



8-17-1848

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 04): August 17, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 04): August 17, 1848" (1848). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 55.

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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. 17, 1848.

NO. 4.

The Mail is published every Thursday Morning
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

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

Miscellaneous.

THE SILVER ARROW.

A TALE OF SAVOY.

Upon the summit of a lofty cliff in mountainous Savoy stood the castle of Count Rudolin, frowning grimly in the midst of sunshine upon the peaceful cottages below. Stern, rough, and half-inaccessible, it was a fair type of its lord, the last Count of his line. And the sunny brightness, so lavishly poured upon it, was truly like the sweet influences of his young and gentle daughter. Father and child had the same name, but nothing more in common. Where sympathy is wanting there is little intercourse, so that while he regarded his daughter solely as his heir, his repelling roughness caused her to look upon him merely as her guardian and natural protector.

In the deep narrow valley at the foot of the hill lay a humble cottage, buried in the shadow of its lofty neighbor. The old cottager, Melchior, was the minstrel and wise man of the whole barony. In those days, the offices were commonly united, and the harper, who delighted high-born lords and dames with his minstrelsy, was the repository of the peasants' unwritten lore, the story teller whom they always welcomed, the seer whom they revered. Melchior pretended to little of the latter character, except when it was forced upon him, or could be made advantageous to his interest. Albert, his adopted son, was a manly youth, deeply versed in the "gay science," and yet the master of a spirit well fitted to lead in the front ranks of strife.

The adopted mother of Albert was foster-mother to the infant Countess Lilien, and from earliest childhood, notwithstanding the disparity of their conditions, an intimacy had grown up with their growth between the peasant's son and the daughter of Count Rudolin. She, the gentlest and loveliest of little maidens, was not the one to think of rank, and his strange wild heart burning with poetic fire, knew that it could disgrace the friendship of none, even of the loftiest. And no dreams of love had yet entered the thoughts of either. Their ages were the same, but the matured soul of Albert naturally found itself sustaining her frailty and womanly spirit. This difference compensated for the equality in years, and placed him in the relation which man instinctively bears to the other sex. Their meetings had always been frequent, almost daily, yet neither of them ever dreamed of the inevitable result. Though the peasant's son and noble's daughter might be freely together as foster brother and sister, who could suppose they would dare to form a stronger tie?

They were now sixteen, and just arriving at a knowledge of the truth. The woman's nature of Lilien first perceived it, and her reserve, her absence from their place of meeting, and above all, her tone as she uttered the words: "We are sixteen," conveyed it also to Albert's mind. Though yet unworn in the world's ways, and trembling with the delicious consciousness of a first love, she had sufficient pride of ancestral birth to feel that they must meet no more. But Albert was more hopeful. He too saw the barrier between them, but he also knew the power of an invincible energy, and resolved never to yield his faith.

It was several days since they had last seen each other, and both looked eagerly forward to a grand fête which the Count was preparing for his dependants. Such had been an immemorial custom in the barony, and one that he hardly dared to interrupt, though his taste was not in festivals and merry making for the poor. Perhaps he endured it less unwillingly, because the jovial unthinking tenantry would endure a year of oppression more readily, after a single day of pleasure. Upon this occasion feats of wrestling and archery throughout the day, followed by dancing in the great hall of the castle, amused the people and delighted not unfrequently the surly Count himself.

The morning of the festival dawned, and neither Countess Lilien or the young minstrel peasant imagined that their respective fates were crowded together within that single day.

The great court of the castle was early thrown open for vassals as they assembled from every part of the barony. It was the only place near by which was well adapted for such occasions. From the walls of the castle itself, a long smooth path of ground stretched even to the verge of one of those tremendous gorges, so common in that broken country. It was a fissure between two portions of the small hill, running sheer down for a hundred feet, until where a mountain torrent dashed fiercely along over its rocky floor. The width of this fearful chasm was not more than thirty feet, and the edges were connected by a light movable bridge. This was the only defence of the castle on that side, and there, at least, made it almost impregnable.

The sport commenced, but Albert took no part and carelessly beheld the scene. Almost all his attention was directed towards the young Countess, in watching for stray looks, in receiving a chance smile, and more than once her shy innocent glance, resting on him for a moment, sent the blood thrilling swiftly through his veins. He busied himself for some time until a strange scene called his attention elsewhere.

There was a singular unskillfulness among the archers, that might well have provoked a milder man than the Count. He himself was a fine marksman and felt the disappointment as keenly as could the unluckiest competitors. At last each seemed shooting worse than the one before him; he rose from his seat and coming hastily forward, seized a bow from a peasant's hand. But even his skill was not exempt from disgrace. The arrow struck the target nearer than any before it, but still at a most provoking distance from the centre. The Count shook with rage and shame.

"Bring hither my own cross-bow," he shouted, and the silver arrow. I can do nothing with these awkward things. They, at least, will not fail."

"Beware, Count Rudolin," said Melchior, "the silver arrow is not to be used on light occasions."

"And why not, meddler? He stamped with fury as he spoke."

"Remember, noble Count, that your ancestor received that arrow from a dealer in magic for a particular mystic purpose, and the time of that has long since passed. Think too of the fatal caution which accompanied the gift,—to use it only where life or death to the House of Rudolin was concerned, for when the shaft should miss its mark, the unskillful archer should find it in his own heart."

"I am not the unskillful marksman whose arrow can miss," said the Count, sternly, as he received the shaft and bow. This arrow, which had descended through many generations to the heirs of Rudolin, was delicately moulded of virgin metal. The shaft was hollow and skillfully ornamented with strange characters, and aside from the magic powers commonly attributed to it, was indeed a sure weapon in the hands of a good marksman. The Count examined it reverently, placed it in the bow and turned to take aim.

In his agitation he did not carefully draw the bow string, and as he abruptly wheeled about, caught the string against his doublet, and, of course, discharged the shaft. It whizzed swiftly through the air and lodged in a tree, which projected right over the fearful fissure already mentioned. All hurried to the spot.

The trunk of the tree was only a few feet from the narrow bridge, but where it pushed its boughs broadly out, there was nothing beneath them, except the torrent which roared far down the cliff. The tree itself could be easily climbed by a hardy mountaineer, but unfortunately, the arrow had lodged in a dead branch, which seemed unable to bear the weight of a man. Any attempt from the land to loosen it would inevitably cause it to drop into the torrent.

At one glance the Count saw all the hazard of an attempt to regain the arrow. Yet as a work of magic, whose loss would be followed by a curse, he could not bear to lose it. Rather his castle, any thing, than that on which his life depended.

"Five hundred crowns," cried he, "to the man who will place the silver arrow in my hands!" There was a wistful buzzing among his retainers, but no one stirred. The Count marked this and knew what must be the price of such fearful danger.

"I will grant," he said, slowly and loudly, "any boon in my power and consistent with my honor, which he shall demand." At these words, he noticed a youth in the back of the crowd striving to break loose from those who would restrain him. The Count continued: "The reward shall be given by the hand of the Countess Lilien." Albert broke desperately from the grasp of his friends.

If success was in the power of man, his light, agile form seemed most likely to obtain it. It was easy to ascend the tree up to the point where the dead limb struck off from the trunk. Here he stopped a moment and coolly formed his plan. There was no other course than to advance boldly upon the rotten branch overhead, and to return in the same manner. He stepped lightly and nervously forward. His eye was fixed upon the silver arrow, as it glittered before him, loosely hanging to the branch with nothing between it and the torrent but a hundred feet of air. It was reached and in the bold youth's hand. Had he moved on without stopping, the decayed wood might have borne its burden a little longer, but the unavoidable pause in grasping the shaft brought his whole weight upon a particular point. The branch cracked. He threw the arrow at the Count's feet just as the bough broke from the tree with a crashing noise and fell down the abyss. A cry of terror burst from the crowd.

In that dreadful moment, when his sole support gave way, the youth's daring coolness did not fail him. With a nervous effort, that snapped the rotten bough clear from the tree, he sprang forward as far as possible into the air. His only hope was to catch the bridge, just on one side, in his descent, and he barely succeeded. His fingers just closed upon the rail, and though the sudden shock in falling, nearly swung him away, life depended upon his grasp, and he steadily maintained it for a second. Then he lightly leaped upon the bridge, crossed it, and picking the arrow from the ground, whence no one had thought of removing it, placed it in the Count's hands.

The peasants broke into shouts of triumph. Even the Count's harsh features wore a smile of admiration as he said,

"Now, gallant boy, ask the boon."

Albert looked steadily at the young Countess until she shivered under his gaze. He stepped forward and offered to take her hand within his own. Trembling with recent excitement, and conscious of nothing but the movements of one, so miraculously preserved to her love, she yielded to the only impulse of her heart, and knelt with him at her father's feet.

Count Rudolin whitened with rage at this presumptuous act. A storm of passion was in his heart which almost burst the frame that was unable to contain it. For a few moments his retainers looked to see him fall in convulsions, as had often happened when anything roused his ungovernable fury. At length he spoke a few words in a hoarse, stammering hiss:

"Bind and dungeon the madman. On with your sports, spiteful fools!"

Without noticing Lilien, he walked hurriedly to the castle, the silver arrow still in his hands. In his joy at its recovery, he had vowed not to part with it throughout the day. The only reward of its restorer was a dungeon.

In the evening, the great hall of the castle was brilliantly illuminated, and thrown open for dancing. Count Rudolin was there, somewhat more composed than he had shown himself a few hours before. But with a darker expression than common upon his countenance. The talisman of his house was still firmly grasped in his hand as if he feared to lose it again. Perhaps he thought of what young Albert had gained in exchange for risking his life.

Lilien too was there, no longer quietly beautiful, but discomposed, and each moment casting around vague glances, which seemed to implore assistance. Melchior received one and obeyed the mute sign to approach her.

"Can you not save him, father Melchior?"

"No harm of life or limb will come to Albert. I know that which will set him free, and if it comes to the worst I will speak."

"Save him then as he is. Can you talk so coolly of the dangers to the son whom you have adopted as your own?"

"Countess Lilien, he can be relieved only by your own fall. Do you consent to the sacrifice? Behold you before you speak."

"I need no thought. Say what you know—no matter what happens to me. I cannot be more wretched than I am now."

"Then I will do it," exclaimed the old man. "It is time,—full time that the whole truth was known."

He struck his harp; the dancing ceased, and all gathered around the minstrel for his accustomed song and tale. But when their attention was secured, he commenced abruptly with the recital of his story, addressing himself particularly to Count Rudolin.

"There once lived a baron whose life was cheered by a good and beautiful lady. She died and left him but one pledge of their happiness—a newly born child. Years passed by, and the young Countess arrived just upon the verge of womanhood, lovely as her mother before her, and blessed by all. But unfortunately she loved a peasant, and this awakened the baron's wrath. The Count Rudolin, discovering that she was not his child,—

"Stop!" shouted a loud voice. The Count placed himself in front of the old minstrel and eyed him sternly. "Melchior, it was of Count Rudolin that you spoke. Speak on now what you have to say."

"I spoke," said Melchior, calmly, "of the noble Count Rudolin and my daughter, Lilien. The nurse who attended upon the Countess at her death, was my wife. She had been angered by her lady, and had vowed a deep revenge, which should strike into the very House of Rudolin. This was done by palming off another child as the daughter of the Countess. Her mistress soon died, and who was there to suspect or know more than the confidential nurse?"

"What proof is there that you do not lie?" said the Count, coolly, without manifesting belief or disbelief in the story.

"My own oath, and the attested confessions of my wife, just before her own death, are sufficient. But there is another kind of testimony, to which you will give greater credence.—The silver arrow of the House of Rudolin was given to your ancestor just before the birth of an heir. The child brought with him into the world an arrow distinctly marked upon his arms, and this has distinguished all his descendants. You bear such a mark upon your own person, and you have heard that your child also carried this seal of its descent. Look here!" He bared the finely swelling arm of Lilien up to her snowy shoulder, but there was no trace upon that soft, fresh skin.

"This should suffice for you. I demand my daughter, Lilien."

"It is enough!—take her. By heavens, false man, I might have known that no blood of mine could have sought to mingle itself with a peasant's race. Aye! bring forward young Albert. He shall have the very boon he asked this morning. Stop! he is not your son—I have been told that you adopted him."

"He is not my son. I adopted him many years since," Melchior replied.

"Then, in the fiend's name, let them wed.—Summon the chaplain hither."

And in a few moments they were duly married.

"Melchior, I have interrupted your story.—I will finish it for you. Count Rudolin found that she was not his daughter, and married her to a chance-born, who felt it no dishonor to mingle his poor blood with that of a traitor's daughter. And the betrayed man soon worthily punished the traitor. Mark that part of the story, false Melchior. Now, let this merry-making cease. Away! all of you."

"My Lord Count has not quite finished the story. When the nurse gave her own daughter to the lady, she took a child in exchange. And that child is Albert, whom you, noble Count, unthinking of Providence, in your haste have married to my daughter. See! upon his arm is the arrow which belongs to the House of Rudolin." There was indeed a faint, straight mark upon the flesh which bore some similitude to an arrow.

The whole form of the Count Rudolin seemed torn with silent yet terrible emotion. There was no joy at recovering a son manifested in his working features, but shame at the degradation to his race in that marriage and rage against him who had caused it. He tottered up to Melchior and raised his arm, while his white lips whispered, "my blood is joined with yours, traitor." The blood suddenly rushed to his face in apoplectic fullness: he dropped his arm and wavered a moment, then fell heavily to the ground. The shaft which he had held loosely in his hand, was pointed upwards and transfixed his body as its whole weight pressed suddenly upon it. He stirred once and died. Melchior solemnly waved back the peasants as they crowded around the body. "It is true then, that this fatal arrow, when it had missed the target, should find its mark in the archer's heart. Let the body be removed. Yet why do I command in this hall, Albert of Rudolin, thou art lord here, and you, Lilien, are mistress as before."

[Holden's Dollar Magazine.]

THE GEORGIAN IN NEW YORK.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

When I was a very young man, (it would be exceedingly impertinent for you to ask how long ago,) I left Savannah in a vessel bound for New York. We were all well when we started, but after we had been a few days out, an August sun began to do duty with our crew. One man died, and another became very sick. On the morning of the sixth day, we reached the "Highlands," and our captain called a council of war, among the passengers, to consult as to the course we ought to adopt, in reference to our sick seaman; "for," said he, "the health officer at the Quarantine ground hates Georgia, for the trouble it gives him, and if he finds any body looking the least pale, he will put us under the yellow flag for a week." We overhauled our sick man, put clean garments upon him, shaved him and telling him to keep "a stiff upper lip," and not let the doctors suspect his indisposition, we constituted him cook *pro hac vice*, and propping him up in the "cabin," awaited with some trepidation our "medical fello."

We anchored at Staten Island, and in a few minutes a boat, with a yellow flag flying at the stern, came up. "Where are you from?" said a handsome looking young man in glasses. "Georgia, sir," answered the captain. "Ah, here's trouble for me, I'll be bound," soliloquized Esculapius, as he came on board. "Must your passengers, sir," added he. "We have passed in review." "Call the crew forward."

Done accordingly. "Where is John Mathews?" asked Medicus, calling the roll. (That question was easier asked than answered, however, for he was our dead man, and we had thrown him into the sea.) "We have lost him at sea, sir," responded the captain; "we have had some severe weather."

"John Jones?" This was our cook *pro tempore*. "Hallo! cook? come out!" No answer. "He cannot very well leave the cabin at present, doctor—he's engaged, but if it's necessary to see him, perhaps you will do me the favor to step there." And there he went, our poor fellow, mangle the shaving, and clean shirting and propping, wore the indubitable marks of grim disease. We saw at once that our artifice was "no go" with the physician. He felt Jones's pulse, and then said quietly to his assistant, "Take this man to the hospital, he has got that miserable Georgia fever."

"What do you mean, sir," said I, "by coupling Georgia with such an adjective?"

The doctor looked at me with perfect amazement. At last, he touched his hat to me, and replied, "I beg your pardon, sir—I ought not to have coupled Georgia fever with so contemptuous an expression, for I have no doubt that it has done immense good in its time—I wish it more extensive usefulness for the benefit of mankind. If you will allow me, I will retract my hasty word, and declare that the cook has got the blessed Georgia fever. Will that suit you?"

No, it did not; but what could I say? I had just abused the man for cursing the Georgia fever, and I could not, therefore, object to his blessing it; although I could not help feeling that the last was worse than the first, and that his meaning was, that if it killed all the Georgians, it would be a benefactor to mankind. My friend saw that he had me at a disadvantage, and leering at me through his glasses, (I hate a man who wears spectacles—I have known some honest men who used them, but I never saw a dishonest man who did not,) continued his instructions to his assistant. "Take the man to the hospital, Mr. Smith, and tell the carpenter to have his coffin ready by this time to-morrow. And tell him, also, to get another of about five feet ten inches, (looking at my height) ready for the day after, as there are some premonitory symptoms in one of the passengers."

"I see you put a proper reliance on your skill, doctor," said I to him, "but you need not trouble yourself about that last coffin. There will be no use for it. I shall not take your physic." He laughed heartily, and shook me by the hand. "You may go to town, captain," were his farewell words as he left the vessel. We subsequently learned, that the cook died about the time designated.

After reaching the city, I strolled to one of the banks, upon which I had a draft, presented it, and received my money. The date, &c., of the check, told of course where I was from, and I saw that the teller sneered as he read it. "Can I leave this on deposit, sir?" asked I of him.

"No," answered the little Yankee, talking through his nose, "not unless you are introduced to our cashier by a gentleman. We don't care about receiving Georgia deposits."

"Look here, stranger," said I, (putting my hat on one side of my head, in regular Georgia fashion, and talking through my nose,) "if your cashier wants to be introduced to a gentleman, I have no objection to make his acquaintance. Call him, and I will give him a chance he seldom gets; but if you mean that I am to find another gentleman in New York, all I have to say is, I don't work miracles."

"I see," answered he, "that your qualifications for the discovery are not very great, but we decline the deposit without a compliance with the rule."

By this time I had begun to ascertain that Georgia was not held in the highest repute in that region, and I became a little more humble and subdued in my future negotiations. One of my objects in visiting New York was to insure my life, and to this purpose I now directed my attention, taking the precaution, however, of working the miracle of finding a gentleman to introduce me—one of my former Georgia friends. We went together to the insurance office, where he introduced me to the President, and I stated my object.

"Ah," said he, "this speaks volumes for you, sir. To see a man of your years, of such deep reflection, of such prudent foresight, is delightful, is gratifying; it denotes a high state of civilization, sir, a very high state; it is an excellent commentary upon the character of the people where you live. (Huzza for Georgia, thought I, here is a man, at last, who can appreciate her.) Yes, sir, we will insure you with pleasure; I like your looks, sir, much; very much; (what a sensible man, thought I,) you are a little pale, but so much the better; it denotes temperance. Yes, sir, we will insure you at the lowest rates. Mr. Nicoll, (addressing the secretary,) get a blank in common form, and come here and fill up a policy on the life of Judge —, I think Mr. B. called you so, sir?"

"Yes, sir," answered I, with a great deal of satisfaction, "I am a judge." [I should like to see the man in Georgia, who is not, or has not been a judge.]

"Ah," resumed he, "your community are indeed civilized. I see they rise superior to vulgar prejudices; they do not estimate a man's worth by his years. Youth, sir, youth is the very age of wisdom; passions a little excitable, it is true, but there are no stubborn, rooted prejudices within. Solomon, sir, Solomon was quite young, when he commenced his writings; we shall hear of you hereafter, sir, no doubt. Mr. Nicoll, you need not ask the usual questions. The looks of the gentleman are enough. Fill out the policy for life at one per cent. for Judge —, of Vermont; I think you said Vermont, sir?"

"No, sir," answered I, considerably abashed, "I said Georgia, sir."

My dear reader, I have no doubt you have seen instances of sudden surprise in your time; a man, for instance, in the midst of a waltz, with a fair confiding one hanging in his arms, "going it" through all the mazes, and just at the instant that he was executing his most graceful whirl, having it whispered to him, by some good-natured friend, that his confidential clerk had absconded with all his money, and ruined his house; or a thirsty soul, who had been kept from his usual stimulants for a week, because he could not get them, and, in his haste and anxiety, mistaking a gill of aquafortis for his loved liquor, and swallowing it; perhaps you have seen some slight astonishment

of this kind, but either would give you but a faint idea of the petrified look that the worthy president put on when he heard that terrible word "Georgia." He could not utter a syllable for some time. At last he said in a subdued tone—

"This is a bad business," and then added, "are you determined on effecting this policy, sir? Have you considered the expense?"

"Certainly, I have; I understood you to say that you would insure any amount, at one per cent."

"Ah, I was mistaken, I misunderstood the State on the subject; you came. We rank Georgia at extra hazardous. We charge two per cent. and would rather not take the risk at any rate. Don't you think you are rather young, sir, to commence this precaution?"

"No, sir," answered I, "I have thought well on the subject; I am not a robust man, by any means, as you may see by my complexion, although as you correctly observed just now, my features indicate temperance, and are therefore in my favor."

"I spoke hastily, sir," said he, "patience does not always when you came. We rank Georgia at extra hazardous. We charge two per cent. and would rather not take the risk at any rate. Don't you think you are rather young, sir, to commence this precaution?"

"No, sir," answered I, "I have thought well on the subject; I am not a robust man, by any means, as you may see by my complexion, although as you correctly observed just now, my features indicate temperance, and are therefore in my favor."

"I name \$20,000 then," said I. He regarded me in mute astonishment.

"Twenty thousand, sir! five thousand is our highest Georgia risk."

It was my turn to show astonishment.

"Why, sir," exclaimed I, "they told me that every foot of ground in Wall street is worth \$6000. Do you value two yards of Georgia, with a soul and spirit tacked to them, at less than one foot of Wall street?"

"We value things as we please, sir, and if you don't like our terms we will close this interview."

"I must submit," said I, "make it \$5000."

"Take your pen, Mr. Nicoll, and add a clause in the margin, that if the gentleman falls in a duel, the policy shall be void."

"I have no objection," said I, smiling; "I am a peaceable, quiet man, and apart from that, my station would keep me from fighting."

"And, Mr. Nicoll," resumed he, "add, also, that if the gentleman falls by his own hands, the policy shall be void."

I smiled again. "You are taking unnecessary trouble, my good sir; I shall make no attempt on my own life."

"And, Mr. Nicoll," continued he, "just add, that if the insured falls by the hand of Justice, (i. e., by the hangman,) the risk shall terminate." It was added; the policy was signed and the premium paid, and as I left him, I gave him a parting thrust.

"That last clause about the hands of Justice, sir, is ridiculous surplusage. I have lived in Georgia, man and boy, my whole life, and I never heard of such a thing as Justice there. You forget, sir, we are in a high state of civilization there, appreciating merit in youth, and above the prejudices of age! Good morning, sir."

He sighed and bowed, and I left him, determined to hail from Vermont until I reached latitude 33, and then to take care not to hail from Vermont, lest I should fall "by the hands of Justice," and vacate the policy.

It is recorded in Joe Miller, page 56, that a Hibernian bricklayer laid a wager with one of his countrymen, that the latter could not put him in a hole, and carry him up a ladder, to the top of a four-story house. A shilling was the amount of the bet, and the task was successfully accomplished. "I've won," said the carrier, "give me the shilling." "Faith and so you have," answered his land, "but Pat, when you reached the third story, your foot slipped, and then I had great hopes ye would fall."

The time has nearly arrived for the expiration of the risk on my life, and I suppose that the New York company will pocket all the premium and incur no loss; but last year, in passing through the county of B., I got a fever, and then (as my Hibernian friend said) I had great hopes of fixing them!—[Orion Magazine.]

A ROADSIDE CONFAB.—And so, Squire, do not take your county paper?"

"No, Major; I get the city papers on much better terms; and so I take a couple of them."

"But Squire, these country papers prove of great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better their publishers can make them."

"Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and you thereby obtained a customer, did you not?"

"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And made more than three dollars by it. Now, if your neighbors had not sustained the press and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means of advertising your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in one of these papers. Did that cost you anything?"

"No, but—"

"And your brother's death was published with a long obituary notice."

"Yes, yes, but—"

"Add the destruction of your neighbor Briggs' house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated, till the authentic account of our newspapers set them right."

"Oh, true, but—"

"And when your cousin Splash was out for the legislature, you appeared much gratified in his newspaper defence, which cost him nothing."

"Yes, yes, but these things are news for the reader. They cause people to take papers."

"No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all are like you. Now, I tell you, the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the Printer will put it in types, with a heavy black line over it, and with all your riches this will be done for you as a grave is given to a pauper,—your wealth, talents, and all such things, will be spoken of; but the Printer's boy as he spells the words in arranging the types to these sayings, will remark of you, 'the mean old curmudgeon! he is even sponging for an obituary.' Good morning, Squire."

A HARD CASE.—The Prisoners' Friend Society, had, recently, under their care, an interesting case. In 1845 there resided in London a family consisting of a man, his wife and three children. They were in moderate circumstances, and as happy as they could wish.

In an evil hour the husband left for America, hoping to better his condition. Nothing was heard from him for over a year. He then wrote to his wife, instructing her to sell off the property and remit the money to him, but not to come herself until he wrote again, as this country was sickly and he was unprepared for her reception. She did so, but no second letter came, and at the end of six months, sick at heart, she determined to seek him in America. Her friends supplied her with a trifle of money, and she crossed the Atlantic. On arriving at Rochester, she found that her husband lived about 10 miles distant, and was married to a second wife. A magistrate was informed of the facts and arrested the man for bigamy. While in charge of the officer, he (the husband) procured a pistol, and, to escape the law, threw his brains out. The guilty husband then lay dead, and the wife stood among strangers, without money or a home, while her children were in England. She was offered a passage to New York if she paid half price, and to procure it she stole a coat, but was detected—tried for larceny, and under the name of McCarty, was, a few months since, sentenced to the Prison for two years. The Prisoners' Friend Society examined her case—found she had been more sinned against than sinning, and procured her pardon. She is now the matron in a benevolent institution—appears an exemplary woman—and is saving money to bring her children to this country.

A YANKEE HEROINE.—A very interesting case came under the supervision of our Alms House Commissioner a few days since. A family had moved from New Haven, Connecticut, to near Springfield, Illinois, a few years since. Last winter both the father and mother fell sick and died, leaving among strangers a daughter scarce sixteen years of age, and four small children. The daughter, a delicate but very beautiful girl, was a true heroine, and knowing that her parents had died poor, and that among strangers her little brothers and sisters would be subjected to many hardships, and would be shut out from opportunities of mental culture which they could enjoy in their native State, she at once determined to travel back to Connecticut. Selling off the few household articles left, she laid in a store of provisions, and with two lean horses which her parents had brought to the West, she started with her little brothers and sisters in an old cart. With a brave heart and holy purpose she commenced her journey, and for weeks cooked their victuals by the way side and slept in the old cart. At length they arrived in this city. The last morsel of bread was used up—the last penny spent. Trusting and single minded, she did not give way to despondency, and Providence did not permit them to suffer. A friend gave food to the worn out horses. Her case was mentioned to Mr. Leonard, our worthy Alms House Commissioner, and she was promptly assisted on her journey. In due season she arrived among her friends and is now doing well. What a noble wife she will make for some fortunate fellow.

SYRACUSE AND THE SALT WORKS.—Syracuse, New York, in 1820, consisted of "one house in a swamp," and now is a fine little city containing upwards of 15,000 inhabitants. It owes its prosperity to its advantageous situation on the canal and its salt works; of which latter a correspondent of the Baltimore American writes as follows:—"It is not the canal alone which has made Syracuse. Its salt manufacture has added vastly to its rapid growth in wealth and population. During the past few years the annual manufacture of salt has been from 2-1/2 to 3-1/2 million bushels. Three bores have been made into the earth to the depth of two thousand feet, the salt water is forced up by steam and water power into a building sixty feet above the level. It is then sent through pipes and bored logs to the different factories. The works extend five miles. It is manufactured in two ways, by evaporation and boiling. By the first method, the salt water is poured upon a broad surface twelve feet square and six inches deep, and thus exposed to the heat of the sun. Sliding roofs are prepared for all the evaporating works, by means of which the salt water is covered in wet weather. In dry seasons the vats 'dry off' twice. The salt that remains is of the best quality. The particles are very coarse and beautifully crystallized. The evaporating works cover a very large area, and as you look upon them from a distant and elevated spot, they very much resemble a broad lake. But the greatest quantity of salt is made by boiling. There are from twelve to twenty large kettles in each building. They are kept constantly full of salt water, and a large fire is constantly burning underneath. The workmen, who are ever suffering with intense heat, (thermometer over a hundred) are employed in scooping the salt from the kettles. After a little draining it is ready for market. Hundreds and thousands of barrels of this salt are packed weekly and sent afloat upon the 'raging canal.' A person remaining even but a short time in Syracuse, could not spend an hour more profitably and pleasantly, than in visiting the salt works."

GOOD SWIMMING.—One day last week, says the Perth paper

VARIETY.

THE SOLDIER'S BOY.—There are a thousand little incidents of domestic affliction, connected with the present Mexican war, that will never be recorded by the pen of the historian, or even woven into the fabric of the legendary writer, who shall attempt to portray some of the minutest lineaments in story or in song.—Yet such are in very truth a part of its history, and though future times may never read their record, yet are they written as with a pen of iron on the hearts of the widow and the orphan. In every shout of triumph that has waked the echoes of our whole broad Union, as the news of each successive battle won has come to our ears on the Southern breeze, a veil of sorrow has mingled mournfully with its rejoicings, rising from the lonely hearthstones of the widow and the fatherless. Poor solace to them, that the husband and the father had died a soldier's death, in the foremost rank, "with his back to the field, and his feet to the foe." Poor solace, even though the glorious banner of the stars and stripes had been his winding sheet and shroud, for to such torn and bleeding hearts the peans of glory have no music; on such hearts the wreaths of fame, however laurelled, fade and wither into nothingness or become but the gloomy decorations of despair.

Last May, as I was wandering through the pleasant country of Onondaga, New York, I stopped at a little tavern in the good old farming town of Camillus, to inquire of a quondam college friend, in whose fate I felt some interest. Before the house a half dozen boys were playing a game of ball—the boy's delight in the merry spring time, all the world over.—As I gazed upon them I saw a broad built boy, (whose accents I had already discovered smacked strongly of the "Vater Land") in the excitement of the game, strike a delicate youngster not half his size; in a moment the embryo Dutchman lay sprawling in the dust, with that light form standing over him, with a clenched fist and a flashing eye. At length the boy arose from the ground and skulked off. The game was broken up, and his young conqueror came up to the porch in which I was sitting.

"What is your name, my boy?" said I.

"Joseph S—"

"Do you like to fight, Joseph?"

"Yes, when a fellow strikes me, I do. My father is a soldier, and he won't stand a fellow striking him more than I would."

"Is your father with the army, Joseph?"

"Yes, down in Mexico—but he'll be home next Spring, when they get through fighting."

Joseph was a fine looking, intelligent boy of ten—full of life and animation—with a calm, resolute look in his clear grey eye that did indeed give evidence of a soldier's blood burning in his veins. I conversed with him for some time, when he left me with a glad leap and the cry, "There's my mother—good-bye, sir."

He joined a lady on the opposite side of the street, and both soon vanished into an elegant house near by.

Six months have passed since then, and that bright-eyed boy was forgotten in the lapse of time and every day incident, or rather his memory slumbered with a thousand other memories, which only some strong, connecting link of association can again call up to vivid remembrance. Yesterday as I was perusing the news of Mexico, I noticed among the names of the gallant American officers whose life-blood was poured out before the walls of Mexico, the name of Capt. F. K. S—, of Camillus, N. Y.

As I read the recital of his chivalrous bearing amid the rain of balls, and the storm of swords, and of his gallant death in the foremost of the battle, then—there came up in the memory that bold-eyed boy on the village playground of that quiet little town. Yet he came not to the eye of memory with that erect carriage and that clear eye which were his as the conqueror of the play-ground. Ah no! his form was bowed with grief, and his bright eye was dimmed with tears. His father "was to return in the next Spring time, when the fighting would be over." Alas! he came in the sad Autumn time, and for him there is no returning Spring. He came not with the martial step and the battle eye, but stretched at full length upon the soldier's bier, and with an eye forever closed. No more for him the battle's roar. No more the fierce charge and the clash of steel on steel. And after the fighting is over, no more for him the quiet home; the fond embrace of wife, or the sweet music of the children's voices.

"To die," they say, "is noble, as a soldier." They tell us that glory shall forever encircle his tomb, and his name shall go down to distant times amid the records of his country's fame. Time shall not erase it from the tablet of a nation's remembrance, but in its noiseless and irreverent flight, shall add new lustre to the glory of the dead, as gazed back upon through the dim vista of years. Be it so; yet all this may not, cannot, dry the tears of domestic grief, though pride may mingle in their flow, and there may be many lone hearts in their wide land, whose desolate despair will never cease to curse the demon war, wrapped as he is in the gay adornments and brilliant trappings of glory and renown.

I shall often think of that bold boy, as time rolls on. Perchance he, too, will be soldier.—Perchance, years hence, on some battle field of his country, he, too, will find a soldier's death and a soldier's glory. Then some fireside will be made desolate—some fond hearts wrung; and tell me, should glory come arrayed like an angel of light, and sit forever by that lone fireside, and talk forever to those broken hearts, will not they, too, curse the demon of war?

But war and we must yet for a while continue to blast the earth. Still, far through the clouds of battle, methinks the star of peace is beaming, like a beacon light amid the fierce waves of the ocean. March on thy zenith, pure, bright star! Scatter thy radiant brightness the dark clouds which now enshroud thee. Then shall the storm of conflict cease its muttering, and the rainbow of peace and good will, arching from pole to pole, shall span the universal world of God.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

THE GLORY AND THE GRIEFS OF WAR.—As the volunteers marched up Broadway on Thursday, we saw in the crowd on the sidewalk, two women, walking along by the regiment, both weeping bitterly. One was about fifty years of age, the other perhaps thirty, and the latter carried a baby in her arms. They were strangers to each other, and when we first observed them, were some distance apart; but being jostled together by the crowd, they looked into each other's face, and seemed instantly to feel the bond of common grief, and without exchanging a word walked on together. We saw the gaze of many turned towards them, and men made way for them kindly, with that respect which is involuntarily paid to affliction, and the additional regard which on such a day is paid to the mother of the soldier who fell in battle, or to the soldier's widow.

The scene was striking, and full of painful interest.

The whole day's proceedings preached a solemn peace sermon to the city; nor do we believe that any military enthusiasm was raised

in any heart by this display. When the regiment left us for Mexico, there was a thrill of hope, of expectation, of ambition, not only in the soldiers, but in thousands who remained.—There was none of the poetry of war on their return. Haggard, worn out, wounded men, they presented in their downcast faces, the evidence that the glory of war is but for the few,—the labor, the wounds, the anguish, and the grave for the many. [N. Y. Jour. Comm.]

A RARE CLIENT.—A good joke has been told us of a young lawyer who sports a shingle in the vicinity of Wall street. One of the warmest days of last week, he was called upon by a Frenchman, with a request that he would immediately accompany him to his house, as he wanted his advice. Without a moment's loss of time our lawyer threw down his books and started, consoling himself during a long walk up Hudson street with a vision of \$5 retaining and a long bill of costs. Upon arriving at the domicile of his client, he was ushered up stairs, introduced to the wife of the Frenchman, and very complacently waited the opening of the business. "Monsieur," said the client, "they've got small pox like de devil down stairs, and up stairs they've got it a—sight worse, and they have shut up the gangway." Without waiting to hear more, the lawyer caught up his hat, and giving the Frenchman a not very polite benediction, bolted from the house, returning to his office in no very enviable state of feeling, after his walk of three miles, to give his advice to a man surrounded by small-pox patients.

A SHOP WINDOW CAT.—A small crowd gathered before a window, recently, to admire the figure of a cat which was there, as if for public inspection. Nearly every one was delighted with its likeness to life. "But still," said Augustus, "there are faults in it; it is far from perfect; observe the defect in the shortening of the eye, too, is bad; besides the mouth is too far down under the chin, while the whiskers look as if they were coming out of her ears. It is too short, too,—but, as if to obviate this defect, the figure stretched itself and rolled over the sun.—'It is a cat, I vow,' said a bystander. 'It is alive!' shouted an urchin, clapping his hands. 'Why, it's only a cat, after all,' said Mrs. Partington, as she surveyed it through her specs; but Augustus moved on, disappointed that nature had fallen so far short of his ideas of perfection in the manufacture of cats.

ELECTRIC PHENOMENA.—The great lightning storm of the 19th of June, which extended for some seven hundred miles in length, presented at Trenton, N. J., some facts that are deserving of particular record. The extensive iron works at that place, belonging to Peter Cooper, Esq., of New York, became charged with electric energies from the storm. The iron damper connected with iron chains, was attempted to be lowered during the storm. The first person that laid hold of the chain was knocked down; a second made the attempt and shared the same fate, and a third received a severe shock. A fireman stirring the melted iron in the furnace, received a shock when he touched the molten metal with his stirrer. A tin dipping-pan under the bellows was bruised as if a 56 lb. weight had fallen in its centre from a great height. There were in the works at the time between two and three hundred men, and about 2000 tons of iron, some in a state of fusion, some in a heated state, and the residue cold. [N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

A BLOODY TRAGEDY.—The last accounts from Paulding, Miss., furnish us with an instance of determined resistance to a brace of bloody outrages which deserves a record if only as a due to the courage of the victor.

The person to whom we allude is a Mr. James Harvey, residing in the southwestern section of Perry co., Miss., and his assailants a notorious robber leader named Gale Wages, and one of his band named Charles McGrath. Wages has a wide reputation as a lawless villain; his fame extending from the eastern Mississippi to the Rio Grande, and being illustrated with several incidents in the way of large rewards for his apprehension as a murderer, and threatened lynchings on the heel of murderous depredations.

Harvey is a poor, respectable and industrious farmer, who purchased the little property on which he now resides, from Wages' father. At the time of the purchase he paid the principal part of the money down, and left the remainder, as it appears, to be liquidated at the expiration of a note, which falls due in 1850.

While in quiet possession of this property Wages, who for a long time had not been seen or heard of in Perry co., appeared suddenly before Harvey's door on the evening of the 20th of June last accompanied by McGrath. The first overture which Wages made was to present the note payable to his father and to demand immediate payment of the sum. Harvey attempted to remonstrate with the villain, but as they threatened to take his life unless he settled up, he amused them with promises to obtain the amount the next day, and finally while talking, secured a retreat into his house. The marauders understood the movement, but pretending not to notice it in its true light, they departed, contenting themselves with reiterating their determination to have his life, unless he kept his word, and had the money for them on the morrow.

Harvey—who well knew the characters with whom he had to deal, and what he might expect at their next visit—determined to meet the crisis like a man. He therefore immediately removed his family to his own father's house, and returning with a negro man, put his little castle in a state of siege.

On the morning of the 21st, leaving the negro inside with the musket levelled to cover his advance, he ventured out to reconnoitre, but no sooner had he taken the third step from the door, than a musket ball whizzed by his ear, and in a thicket, but a few yards distant, he saw the demonic faces of the murderers, glaring at him. Swinging round the angle of the house, he escaped a second shot, which imbedded itself in the surface of the building, and obtained entrance at a back door.

Inflamed with rage at the dastardly attack, he clambered to a port hole which he had made for his rifle, and taking deadly aim, as Wages and McGrath advanced for their concealment, let fly and laid the leading miscreant on the ground, weltering in his blood. He then rushed forth with the other musket, giving the negro the first to reload. Wages seeing him advance, half raised upon his side and made another shot with a pistol, upon which Harvey deliberately blew him through the heart. By this time, the negro was at his side, and McGrath, dismayed by his leader's overthrow, sought safety in flight. The race was short; Harvey knew the ground, and compassing the miscreant's course, by a short cut, he soon headed him off, and, waiting for his approach, lodged a ball in his brain.

Oh, be assured, a real, great misfortune, which visits thy fellow-men as well as thyself, comes but seldom. The sun is seldom fully

eclipsed, often as it is obscured by clouds.—We are never surprised at the rising of any pleasure, but only at its oversetting; on the other hand, when in sorrow, we are astonished at its commencement, and think its termination the most natural thing in the world. What a strange astronomy our hearts have learned. [Richter.]

THE COPPER REGION—Singular Discovery.—The correspondent of the Buffalo Express, writing under date of June 14, from Ontonagon, Lake Superior, says:

"Mr. Knapp, of the Vulcan Mining Company, has lately made some very singular discoveries here in working one of the veins, which he lately found. He worked into an old cave which was excavated centuries ago. This led them to look for other works of the same sort, and they have found a number of sinks in the earth which they have traced a long distance. By digging into those sinks, they find them to have been made by the hand of man. It appears that the ancient miners used on a different principle from what they do at the present time. The greatest depth yet found in these holes is 30 feet; after getting down to a certain depth, they drifted along the vein, making an open cut. These cuts have been filled nearly to a level by the accumulation of soil, and we find trees of the largest growth standing in this gutter; and also find that trees of a very large growth have grown up and died, and decayed many years since; in the same places there are now standing trees of over three hundred years' growth. Last week they dug down into a new place, and about twelve feet below the surface found a mass of copper that will weigh from eight to ten tons. This mass was buried in ashes, and it appears they could not handle it, and had no means of cutting it, and probably made fire to melt or separate the rock from it, which might be done by heating and then dashing on cold water. This piece of copper is as pure and clean as a new cent; the upper surface has been pounded clear and smooth. It appears that this mass of copper was taken from the bottom of a shaft, at the depth of about thirty feet. In sinking this shaft from where the mass now lies, they followed the course of the vein, which pitches considerably; this enabled them to raise it as far as the hole came up with a slant. At the bottom of the shaft they found skids of black oak, from eight to twelve inches in diameter, which were charred through as if burnt; they found large wooden wedges in the same situation. In this shaft they found a miner's gad and a narrow chisel made of copper. I do not know whether these copper tools are tempered or not, but their make displays good workmanship. They have taken out more than a ton of cobble-stones, which have been used as mallets. These stones were nearly round, with a score cut around the centre, and look as if this score was cut for the purpose of putting a withe round for a handle. The Chippeway Indians all say that this work was never done by Indians. This discovery will lead to a new method of finding veins in this country, and may be of great benefit to some. I suppose they will keep finding new wonders for some time yet, as it is but a short time since they first found the old mine. There is copper here in abundance, and I think people will begin to dig it in a few years. Mr. Knapp has found considerable silver during the past winter."

FELL INSIDE.—A capital stage riding anecdote is related of Lamb. He was one day returning from a dinner party in the suburbs of London. (We believe that Mr. Irving was with him, and has the credit of importing the story when it was new.) It was rainy, and the stage of consequence crowded, when a gentleman attempted an entry, but paused and asked somewhat doubtfully, "Are you all full inside?" "I don't know how it is with the other gentlemen," said Lamb, in his own quiet way, "but I must say that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me!" [N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

FEMALE HEROISM.—The Earl of Dundonald, in his biographical sketch of the family of the late Mr. Coutts, speaking of this gentleman's grandmother, (a daughter of Sir John Cochrane) relates the following anecdote: "Sir John Cochrane being engaged in Argyle's rebellion against James the Second, was taken prisoner, after a desperate resistance, and condemned to be hanged. His daughter having notice that the death warrant was expected from London, attired herself in men's clothes, and twice attacked and robbed the mails which conveyed the death warrant, thus giving time for the friends of her husband to make intercession with the king, who granted a full pardon. This beautiful heroine was the great-grandmother of Lord Dudley Stuart."

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PRIVATE FORTUNE.—The large sums which His Majesty was supposed to have placed in foreign funds were no doubt a great object of curiosity with the possessors of his portfolios; but all that is produced is an account showing that he had possessed in America \$55,000, which all the proceeds being re-invested, had increased in 1847 to \$72,600 five per cents, that is, about \$18,000, producing \$900 a year. There is no trace in these papers of any English funds; but we have heard, and believe the truth to be, that all the King possesses out of France is a sum of about £10,000 in the British funds, yielding about £300 a year; and the Queen has, it is said, about £500 a year in the Austrian funds, a legacy from an aunt, one of the Archduchesses. And to these three small and accidental resources is reduced all that malevolence has said of the avareous accumulation of the King.—*Quar. Review.*

There is nothing which creates so much uneasiness as a somnambulist in a family. A gentleman of Albany awoke and found the partner of his bed missing. Without waiting to put on his clothes, he rushed into the garden to look for her. After hunting every nook in vain, he was about to return, when, casting his eye up on the roof of the house, there she sat upon the balustrade, gazing on the moon. He hurried up, and, after a great deal of exertion, succeeded in bringing her back to bed. When told of it in the morning, she could not believe it.—There are some husbands, too, who walk in their sleep, and their wives find it extremely difficult to get them back to bed; and in the morning they also have no recollection of it.

In old times justice was rendered whenever required. In 1640, at Boston, Master Edward Palmer was hired to build a pair of stocks for the city; and on being adjudged for asking too high a price for them, was sentenced to be put in them for one hour. Capt. Stone was mulcted in the large sum of £100 for calling Justice Cudlow a just-ass. In March, 1634, it was decided that musket balls of a full bore should pass currently for a farthing a piece, provided that no man should be compelled to take more than twelve pence at a time in them. No garment was to be made with shirt sleeves, where, by the nakedness of the arm might be discovered. Robert Lattenstol was fined 2s for pre-

senting his petition on so small and bad a piece of paper. Our forefathers stood no nonsense in those times!

SCIENTIFIC STEALING.—The slaves in the West Indies hook run in a very scientific manner. They first fill a bottle with water and invert the nozzle into the bung of a barrel full of rum. Water being the heaviest sinks down and the spirit rises in its place, and Coffee thus makes a swap on scientific principles.



WATERVILLE, AUGUST 17.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.

The annual literary festivities of this flourishing institution commenced on Tuesday evening, the 8th instant, when an Oration by the Rev. L. BRADFORD, of Rhode Island, and a Poem by the Rev. S. W. FIELD, of Hallowell, were delivered before the "Literary Fraternity." The subject selected by Mr. Bradford was one which frequently has been the theme for such occasions—the Obligations of Literature to the Bible. The speaker, in many respects, enlivened and adorned his subject with truthful thought and appropriate illustration, presenting the opinions of literary men with respect to the value of the Bible, in a pleasing and powerful light. The chief defect in the argument was the omission of one of the most important truths of history; which was overlooked probably in the aim to show the indebtedness of the ancient Greeks, in their literary character, to Eastern nations where the Bible was preserved. The omission, to which we can allude but briefly, is this—that the preservation of the literature of Rome and Greece is to be ascribed to the early Christians. The Greek language was preserved by the Septuagint, and the Latin translations, of which there were many, rescued the Roman tongue from annihilation. Josephus was studied and regarded by the Christians more than by the Jews; and the remnants of Greek literature were faithfully cherished for the light which they threw upon the diction of the New Testament. Nor is it to the early study of the Bible that we are indebted for the poets and authors of Greece only. Had there been no Bible we should have lost the codes of Justinian and Theodosius. The Fathers of the Church were the preservers of all the literature which is known. It is not necessary, however, to pursue this interesting topic, though it is fair to presume, and not difficult to prove, that all the chronology, history, philosophy and poetry of the ancient world would have been lost had not the Bible existed.—Much as we might compliment Mr. Bradford for his matter, we must take exceptions at his manner. His enunciation was oftentimes slovenly, his pronunciation misdirected and painful to the ear, and his quotation of a single sentence from the Latin epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren spoiled, by placing the accent on the penultimate syllable of "circumspice," thus making his Latin more spicy than correct. We are thus plain, because any one who accepts the task of enlightening Athens at her literary festivals should be perfect in all that appertains to the graces of speech.

Mr. Field swept his lyre with unambitious fingers, thus dismissing criticism, inasmuch as he accomplished handsomely and agreeably all that he attempted. His poem was devoted to Retrospections of College Life, and though his delivery was tame, and his voice scarcely audible, yet the young gentlemen of the Fraternity, who were happily near him, enjoyed the allusions and descriptions in which he indulged, and gave hearty applause at the points where it was most merited.

On Wednesday the Commencement exercises brought forward the young gentlemen who were to receive their several degrees. An appropriate prayer was offered by the estimable President of the College, the Rev. Dr. SHELTON. The orations, generally, were distinguished for their clearness, force and simplicity in truth. The style of delivery was creditable to each one, and showed that advantages are enjoyed at this college, which, if properly used, cannot but satisfy the wants and ambition of those who desire a liberal education. The oration of Mr. HYDE and the poem of Mr. BARTLETT were more prominent from their delivery and interest than the others, and, therefore, are selected for a word of commendation. The former was feelingly spoken, and exhibited an enthusiasm which in the walks of active life must be restrained to be beneficial to society. Earnestness is only safe where it is mated with corresponding power of judgment. To convince, we must be calm as well as earnest. Mr. Bartlett's subject was "Ireland"—a theme of uncommon interest at the present moment—and he touched upon the history of the Isle with flowing and animated numbers, occasionally varying his metre for the purposes of pathos and description. In matter and manner he was very pleasing, though a little more modulation of the voice would have made his task easier to himself.

The music by the Waterville band was all that could be desired, and we trust that our townsmen will give encouragement to so worthy a musical enterprise. It is folly to send abroad for a fancied superiority, when we have the elements of the highest excellence among ourselves. If we are unwise enough to impoverish our people by sending abroad for our railroad iron—we need not be so foolish as to lose all the thousand chances of music, by denying to our own people the reward which we are called to bestow on great occasions—and which alone can be the cement of a musical sodality.

The "Erosophian Adelphe" arranged for an Oration and Poem in the evening; and we were treated with the presence of the Rev. Mr. JUDD, of Augusta, as the orator, and of Mr. THURBER, of Worcester, Mass., as poet. Mr. Judd's oration was entitled "Christ and the Scholar," and its subject was not unlike that of Mr. Bradford. It was an ingenious discourse, written with rhetorical beauty and excellence, and altogether of a high order. He wisely confined his discourse to the intellectuality and humanity of Christ, avoiding allusions to the divinity and spirituality of the Savior—that character in which alone as sons of God we can worship him, who declared that he was the light of the world! The occasion demanded no more. The object of the discourse was obtained by the means proposed to illustrate and enforce it; and a parallelism, suggested probably by the sentence of Rousseau, "Socrates died like a Philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God," (made the subject of Mr. Wirt's seventh letter of the "British Spy") was carried on by Mr. Judd with a discrimination and excellence rarely exhibited among our modern scholars. Whether we contemplated the interest of the subject or the method of its treatment, we were equally pleased, because it is seldom that the vastness of any theme is met with adequate power and comprehensiveness of illustration.

Mr. Thurber's poem was of the satiric cast, and was highly flavored with Attic salt. Reason and Conscience formed his text, and the effort boasted that which is not common to poets of these days—design. It was a poem that will stand the test of time. Much of it was extremely beautiful. The description of a mill in motion was truly picturesque and faithful—and the hits upon professional life of every kind were given in fair measure. There were a few passages which might have been exchanged without detriment to the design of the satirist. The delivery of the poet was not unpleasing. It was not powerful. Much of the strength of the composition was lost in an occasional slurring of the syllables not altogether unimportant.

The College dinner was served at the Mansion House belonging to the Institution. It was an excellent repast, and superior to the dinners of some more richly endowed institutions. At the conclusion of it, the Alumni met, when liberal donations in behalf of the enlargement of the College Library were made; and the sum of \$10,000, in process of collection during the past year, was announced as being completed. This is well; and we trust that with this increase of the funds of the institution we may learn of an enlarged disposition on the part of our citizens towards colleges generally. Every farmer should be highly educated. Agriculture has been sadly neglected. Science has yet her widest soil to benefit. Prejudice and Ignorance must give way before the action of Truth and Intelligence.

It was with extreme chagrin that we last week found ourselves unable to issue the Mail. Supposing there would be no difficulty in obtaining paper, at short notice, from a neighboring mill, we neglected to order till it was too late to remedy a disappointment by sending to Boston. When we at length got a supply, it was too late for our usual date, and we had no resort but to rely upon the generosity of our patrons. Our cordial thanks are tendered for the kind manner in which the disappointment has been met, so far as we have been able to learn.

SINGULAR RASCALITY.—Some "unmitigated villain" entered the premises of Mr. Purmort Hill, Commencement night, and mutilated several carriages, by nearly sawing off the shafts. On the same night the same villain—for we will not think that two such could be found—committed a similar outrage upon several carriages in the yard of Dea. Stilson. The garden of Mr. Boutelle was entered a few nights previous, and injury done which marked a degree of meanness seldom found, and the pole of Mr. Freeman's steamboat coach was sawed nearly off one night last week, by which the lives of some passengers who were taken to the boat before the injury was discovered were endangered. There seems to have been no motive for these exhibitions of unalloyed rascality, but to give vent to the pent-up meanness of a soul too small to give it room.

ADJOURNMENT OF THE LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature adjourned without day on Friday morning last, after a session of ninety-four days, during which one hundred and fifty Acts and sixty-seven Resolves were passed.

BUFFALO CONVENTION.—The Free Soil Convention, which assembled at Buffalo on the 9th inst., nominated Martin Van Buren for President, and Charles F. Adams, son of J. Q. Adams, for Vice President. The vote for the Presidential candidate stood, for Van Buren 244; for Hale 181; scattering 41. Fifty thousand people were said to be present.

MORE ANNEXATION.—The National Intelligencer has the following statement, from authority upon which it places "entire reliance": "The arrangements are nearly completed for the contemplated new Republic, to consist of the Mexican provinces on the Rio Grande, with San Luis as the capital, and Tampico and Matamoros as the seaports. General Shields is at the head of the movement, and is now probably at San Luis in general council to make the final arrangements. Many have already gone from New Orleans to meet him; the American force will not be less than five thousand men. Our Government [the Executive] were consulted; but they said that they would neither aid nor oppose it. They will aid it, notwithstanding their declaration. They can leave arms, ammunition, &c., at Tampico, and on the Rio Grande, and let the invading force take them. Further annexation is the object, after the new Republic of 'Sierra Madre' has declared its independence of Mexico."

Upon the above paragraph the "Boston Traveller" makes the following remarks: "A paragraph in another column, from the National Intelligencer, respecting a contemplated new republic, to be composed of the Mexican Provinces on the Rio Grande, to be called the Republic of Sierra Madre—reveals the truth, no doubt, in regard to a measure

which the public will look upon with astonishment when it is quite too late to prevent the appalling evils which the execution of it will entail upon this Union. A combination of politicians and speculators is on foot, to prosecute still further the objects of the Mexican war, and to commit new depredations upon Mexican territory, with a view to the creation of a new republic, to be annexed to the U. States, after the manner of Texas, as soon as certain forms can be gone through with, to cover up the iniquity of the transaction. This grand scheme of robbery and annexation, is said to have the countenance of some of the officers of the late army in Mexico. Gen. Shields is mentioned by the Intelligencer, as the chief and leader in the movement.

PROGRESS OF FREE SOIL PRINCIPLES.—It is now manifest that the free soil party is decidedly predominant in the House of Representatives—so much so as to render it certain that no other than free territories can hereafter come into the Union. The House has re-affirmed its position on this important subject, by its strong and decided vote on the Oregon bill. In respect to the passage of that bill the correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes as follows:

"WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—The Oregon bill has passed the House at last, and passed with the provisions of the ordinance of 1787, which excludes slavery forever from the territory.—The question was upon the anti-slavery proviso, and the vote was unexpectedly strong in favor of it. It passed, says 114, says 88—majority of twenty-six. The vote is certainly very creditable to the House, for it was apprehended that many of the northern members would flinch from this test, fearing that it would interfere with their party interests, at this juncture.—The bill finally passed by an overwhelming majority of 129 to 71. Thus the Wilcox proviso party, or free soil party, is in the ascendant in the House.

The measure will come to the Senate, therefore, with all the weight which the popular branch can give to it, and the responsibility of its defeat will be very heavy.

The Senate will not venture to smother the bill as they did last year, by sending it to a Committee composed of a majority of Senators from slaveholding States. Their plan, as I learn from several senators, is to adopt the Compromise Bill, as a substitute for the Oregon Bill, and send it to the House to be defeated by a majority greater than it was before. I know of some three additional southern Whig votes that will be cast against it, when it comes back again. A conference may be resorted to between the two Houses, and I suppose the result will be the adoption of Mr. Benton's project, for a temporary government after the fashion of the Louisiana territorial government established in 1804."

In the Senate, Aug. 10, the Oregon Bill amended so as to embrace the principle of the Missouri compromise, passed by a vote of 33 to 21. Previous to its passage a very interesting and exciting discussion took place—disunion being boldly and openly threatened by the Southern Senators. Mr. Webster, who has been anxiously enquired for of late by the friends of freedom, was present and made a strong speech against the Bill, in which he declared his uncompromising hostility to the further extension of slavery.

The fate of the amended Bill in the House is thus told by the Boston Traveller.

The House of Representatives has again boldly asserted its free soil principles, in spite of the threats and menaces of the Southern Senators, by rejecting the compromise amendment introduced by the Senate into the Oregon Bill. The vote in the House was 121 to 84. The compromise, therefore, cannot be agreed upon—and it remains to see whether Mr. Calhoun's threat will be executed, that the South would take the matter into their own hands.

STILL LATER AND BETTER.—We clip the following from the Traveller of Tuesday:

The Senate have been forced by the moral power of the House of Representatives, into the adoption of the bill for the government of Oregon, anti-slavery proviso and all. After struggling through the whole night of Saturday, amidst repeated unworthy attempts of its Southern enemies, to kill off the bill by speaking against it, the Senate finally, on Sunday morning, receded from its Missouri compromise amendment, and passed the bill precisely as it came from the House.

The bill has been signed by the President, and Gen. Shields nominated Governor of the Territory of Oregon; and his nomination has been confirmed by the Senate. The appointments of Judges and Secretaries for the Territory were likewise confirmed.

At New Orleans, Judge Buchanan has delivered a written Opinion in the case of soldiers [six privates and two non-commissioned officers of the 4th Kentucky Volunteers] praying for relief from arrest at the Carrollton camp, where they are detained by order of Colonel Williams of the aforesaid regiment. Petitioners set forth that they enlisted to serve during the war only, and they aver that when the order from the commander-in-chief in Mexico was promulgated announcing that peace was concluded, that they were virtually discharged from the service. Petitioners further set forth that they came on there under the command of their officers and encamped at Carrollton; they then left the camp knowingly contrary to orders, but in the full belief that they were free to go where they choose, the war being ended. His Honor decided that the treaty of peace was not yet legally made known; not having been officially promulgated, and that even if such were the case he would not deem it his duty to interfere with the arrangements made by the Executive Department for mustering the troops out of service. The petition of the Volunteers was therefore dismissed, and the prisoners remanded back to the authority of their officers.—*N. O. Delta.*

Of course, for who ever heard of a Judge deciding in favor of soldiers against an officer?—And so these poor fellows, having fought the battles of their country in a capacity so humble as to be debared them from cash, or honor, or anything but hard work, now return to the land they have helped to render glorious, to be held in bondage and degraded at the will of some three half-penny dog in office, who is ambitious to do something for once in his life, by which it will be remembered that he ever wore epaulettes. Who is this Colonel Williams? At all events he contrived to keep himself singularly out of public notice during the war; and it is for this very reason, perhaps, that he now thinks himself justified in kicking up a row, on a small scale, so as to escape the humiliation of utter forgetfulness.

ALMOST A MURDER.—We learn from the Ken. Journal that on Tuesday night of last week a man named Joseph Nickless was stabbed in a street fight in Augusta. The wounded man was at first thought to be mortally injured, but is now recovering. Two young men—George McLaughlin and Stephen Pallen—were arrested, bound over for trial in October, and not obtaining bail were committed to jail. Rum is said to have been at the bottom of the affair.

CONGRESS.—This body adjourned finally on Monday last.

THE SLAVE CASE.—The jury in the slave abduction case, tried at Washington, after twenty-four hours deliberation, returned into court with a verdict of guilty against Drayton, for stealing negroes as charged in the indictment.

SOMERSET AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—The Legislature has incorporated a company to build a railroad from Carriunk Falls down the valley of the Kennebec river to Waterville, with power to extend it to Augusta, on either side of the river, in case the Bangor road should not elect to make this place its terminus.

CHILD POISONED BY COBALT.—On Saturday a child of Philip Dougherty of this city aged 18 months was found helping himself plentifully to a mixture of Cobalt and molasses set on the table to kill flies. An emetic was immediately given and for hours the child continued to bring up pieces of poison—but rapidly sunk and died in the course of the day. [Bangor Whig.]

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.—The friends of this Institution will be glad to learn, from a statement published by Pres. Labaree in the Vermont Chronicle, that the attempt to raise funds to endow permanently Middlebury College, has thus far been very successful. Of the \$75,000 which it is proposed to raise, \$25,450 have already been secured, and thus the first instalment on the subscription made due. This sum has been raised in eight months, at an expense of only about \$500. Forty-nine clergymen have subscribed \$5,500 of the above sum.—[Traveller.]

A MONSTER SNAKE.—We yesterday reported the killing of a large snake at Milton, and we are now called upon to record the killing of a monster. On the 4th instant, Mr. Lyman Whitman, (who resides at No. 23 Nashua st.) in company with a friend, was gunning in the town of Dunstable, New Hampshire, near the somewhat celebrated springs, and discovered a large black snake slowly crawling along with his head elevated some distance above the ground. Mr. Whitman fired, wounding the reptile, which hissing, started furiously towards him, when a second shot from his friend brought him to rest; but it was not until a third and fourth charge had been given him, that he succumbed to his assailants. Upon measuring him, he was found to be nine feet and seven inches in length.—[Boston Journal.]

TORNADO.—A correspondent of the Farmer, at Milo, writes that a severe thunder-shower and tornado passed over part of the towns of Brownville and Sebec, on the 27th ult., doing much damage. In Brownville, the wind demolished a large barn and out-buildings of Mr. Daniel Smith, and house and barn of a Mr. Rider. In Sebec, three houses and four barns were completely demolished.—[Journal.]

STEAMBOAT SUNK.—The steam tow-boat Malden, owned by G. C. Child, Esq. of this town, was sunk at the wharf in Bath, on Sunday night last. A very high tide had raised her guard over the wharf, when the tide fell, the guard caught upon the wharf, the boat careened, filled and went down almost instantly. It was about midnight when the accident happened, and the crew, who were asleep on board, had barely time to escape with their lives.—The boat was removed the next day, and will soon be raised and put upon the route again.—[Ken. Jour.]

GREAT CORN FIELD.—A traveller writes to the Toledo Blade, from the Wabash Valley: "I viewed the 1000 acre field of corn (on Wabash Prairie) of the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, late Commissioner of Patents, where this year 60,000 bushels will probably be raised without hoeing, simply ploughing the corn two or three times. I may say, too, that I saw 5000 acres, all adjoining."

Corn is raised by contract, for 4 to 6 cents per bushel, taken from the field. Hogs are raised on clover, oats and corn, and it is not unfrequent to find farms with 1500 of these grunts. On the Grand Prairie, no less than 10,000 cattle, from one to four years, were feeding in different herds, for the Eastern market, for a compensation of ten cents per head per month.

Mrs. KIDDER.—whose Cholera Cordial has saved more lives, and alleviated more pain than any other medicine ever discovered—has set up an elegant carriage!—not to gratify the indulgence of her own ease, or to make an ostentatious display of her own wealth, but to carry relief to the distressed, healing to the sick, vigor to the weak, and security to the strong. It is a beautiful vehicle, from the hands of Slade & Whitton, decorated by Hopps & Nichols; may its wheels grind the numerous ills flesh is heir to into earth, and leave man and woman as pure and blooming as they were in Eden before they ate enough to ruin their constitutions. [Boston Post.]

WASHINGTON, AUG. 2.—The President this morning transmitted to the House of Representatives an interesting and important message upon the condition of the new territories. In answer to a resolution of the House he informs it that, from the best information in possession of the Department, he estimates the number of Indians in the three territories of Oregon, California and New Mexico, to be 72,139, of whom 23,309 belong to Oregon, 16,390 to Upper California and 31,900 to New Mexico.

For the protection of Oregon three or four posts will be required, to be thus situated: one near the mouth of the Oregon river, one near the principal settlement in the Willamette valley, and the third at some eligible point on the direct and most travelled route from this settlement to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. For this service it is proposed to detail a force of 1000 men, to consist of five companies of cavalry, two of artillery, and five of infantry, of 100 men each. For the defence of California posts will be established at San Diego, Monterey, San Francisco, Pueblo de los Angeles, and San Luis del Rey, five in all, and in addition to these, two on the frontier along the Gila river, provided it shall be ascertained that the route of the Gila is the most direct and practicable for the transport of troops, stores and munitions. The force necessary to be detailed for the garrisons of these posts is 1800 men, to consist of six companies of dragoons, two or three of artillery, and the remainder infantry, each company to be one hundred strong.

In New Mexico there will be formed garrisons at Santa Fe, Albuquerque, and Socorro, in addition to which another will be required on the East side of the Rio Grande opposite El Paso—"in the State of Texas." (I quote the Secretary of War's words.) For those four posts, 1200 men will be necessary. For the defence of the frontier of Texas, along the lower Rio Grande, it is supposed 1500 men will be required, distributed in garrisons at suitable points along the river. The whole force to be disposed at these various stations will be 5000 men, or full fifty companies of one hundred privates. The establishment of three or four posts along the route to Oregon and New Mexico is also suggested. [N. Y. Com. Adv.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

IRELAND.—Threatened Insurrection.—The chief interest of the foreign news is centred in poor, miserable Ireland, where matters have come to a pass which threatens a general and sanguinary outbreak. The following details of the news will be found interesting:

One of the Cork papers of the 15th instant gives the following respecting a threatened massacre:—"A circular was read on Wednesday evening, July 12, at some of the clubs in this city, and we suppose throughout the country, which ought to open the eyes of any who yet doubt the designs of the disaffected. We do not say that those designs will be executed, but that a general massacre is intended, there can, we apprehend, be little ground for disbelieving. The plan, in fact, is resolved on, and it is with the purpose of working it effectually out that the clubs have been formed and the members drilled and armed. The circular we allude to bears the signature of one of the 'felons' now in custody. It was directed to the president of each club, gave sundry instructions respecting the organization, and exhorted all to be ready against, we understand, the 8th of August. Some of the 'Confederates' deny, we are told, that the 8th of August was specified, but admit that the circular intimated that a day would be appointed."

At present there are said to be 182,000 of them armed, ammunitioned and drilled, and waiting but the word to rise. Until that be given, they are to employ themselves enlisting and drilling others, none of whose names are to be sent up to head-quarters (Dublin) until they are armed and in the same state of discipline as the 182,000 whose names are already enrolled there. When the signal for slaughter is raised, each club is to fall to, in its own neighborhood, in order to baffle the military and police, who will necessarily be so concentrated as to be unable to meet the rebellion at every point; and when any club has conquered resistance in its district—that is, assassinated all the loyalists who dwell there, then it is to assist any neighboring club in want of aid. Some thousands of the rebels, it is calculated, will be cut down in this sort of warfare, but the extent of the insurrection they expect, will, notwithstanding, insure its triumph—in their own language, they may fail in hundreds of places, but they will succeed in thousands. This is the plan of proceeding.

A letter from Dublin dated July 17, states that the club organization is daily assuming a more alarming aspect—more secret in the mode of proceeding, but more concentrated and systematized, whilst branch clubs are extending far and wide into the rural districts. A Privy Council was held at Dublin Castle on the 18th, at which the Lord Lieutenant presided, when it was resolved to proclaim the following places under the Coercion Act:—County and city of Dublin, county and city of Cork, county and city of Waterford and county of the town of Drogheda.

The Government have been prompt in following up the proclamations issued on the 18th by notifications, setting forth the days and places appointed for granting licenses to keep arms. The commissioners of police in Dublin issued a notice that they will attend at their office in the Lower Castle-yard, for some days, to receive applications for licenses. Similar notices have been issued in all the proclaimed districts.

The police have received information that depots of arms exist in some parts of the metropolis, and that they were to make strict searches in the suspected localities. Orders have been given from the Commander-in-Chief's office, to all officers belonging to regiments in Ireland, on leave of absence in London, to repair immediately to rejoin their respective regiments quartered in that country. His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge left by the mail train on Wednesday night for Liverpool, en route to Dublin, and the Marquis of Worcester, to join the 7th Hussars.

LATER.—By the arrival of the Acadia, we have seven days later intelligence. We make the following brief extracts from the Traveller, which contains long and full accounts of the state of things in Ireland, showing that a bloody contest must soon take place between the Government and the people. From the strong and efficient measures adopted by the Government the struggle will probably be a brief one.

The excitement continued, unabated, but at the latest dates there had been no outbreak.—Preparations for a civil war, however, were going on actively, in various parts of the country, and matters, it would seem, were approaching a crisis. On the 25th ult., the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended by Parliament, and a special messenger was immediately despatched to carry the new act to Ireland. He reached Dublin early the next day, and the Lord Lieutenant at once put in force the new powers with which he had thus been invested.

Several arrests, it is said, had been determined upon, some of them of persons not before openly connected with the rebellious movement. Many warrants had been made out, and awaited the arrival of the act authorizing the Lord Lieutenant to take the necessary steps. Mr. S. O'Brien and other leaders who were organizing clubs and arming the people throughout the country, were to be taken into custody at once.

The Government was sending troops in great numbers into the country, and no measures were left unemployed to overawe and subdue the rebellious spirit of the Irish people. Meanwhile the organizing of clubs and the arming of the people were going on with alacrity, and with a determination which would seem to render a conflict inevitable.

ENGLAND.—There was great excitement in Liverpool on the 27th, caused by a fabricated story, that the rebellion had actually broken out in Ireland. The story was, that the railway station at Thurles was on fire, and that for several miles along the line the rails had been torn up, the insurgents intending to capture the trains as they arrive; that dreadful fighting was going on in Clonmel; that the troops had been overpowered, some having refused to act; that the contest was also going on in Kilkenny, where, also, the insurgents had

been successful, &c. The news spread and caused great alarm, and a general suspension of business. It was ascertained, after a while, however, to be a hoax.

The magistrates of Liverpool, it is said, have determined to arrest the leaders of the Liverpool demagogues. Dr. Reynolds, anticipating this course, has fled to Birmingham, to which town an officer has been despatched with a warrant for his apprehension.

THE CONTINENT.—We have late intelligence from Bologna, stating that four of the Legations had declared against the Pope. Some were for joining Tuscany, and others were disposed to go over to Upper Italy. A Provisional Government had been declared at Bologna. From France there is nothing exciting; and the news from the continent generally is not particularly interesting or important. Letters from the Continent speak favorably of the crops, and that the potato disease was not extensive.

Notices.

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 Blithen'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 of 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, Pits, 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.' (2 Im.) August 3d, 1848.

MARRIAGES.

In this village, on Sabbath evening last, by Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Mr. Sherman Hale, and Miss Almira F. Thayer, both of Waterville.

By the same, on Thursday last, Mr. Jonathan Bates of Waterville, and Miss Maria H. Knowles, of Fairfield.

In W. Waterville, July 12th, by J. S. Burgess Esq., Mr. Justin E. Hurd of Norridgewock, and Miss Caroline Witherspoon of Waterville.

In Fairfield, on Thursday last, by Rev. Mr. Nye, Mr. John A. Jenkins of Waterville, and Miss Sarah A. Hanson of Fairfield.

In Providence, R. I., May 31st, by Rev. Mr. Janieson, Mr. Charles S. Goss of Unity, and Miss Harriet Lewis of Vassalboro'.

DEATHS.

In this village, on Monday night, Wm. Henry, son of William C., and Sarah W. Bridge, aged 3 years, 5 mos.

Advertisements.

J. D. CHANDLER'S
Livery & Stable,
SILVER ST., OPPOSITE THE "PARKER HOUSE,"
WATERVILLE.

Passengers taken to and from the Boats, and other places.

CLINTON ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on W. Tuesday, August 30th, and will continue sixteen weeks, under the supervision of EZRA THOMPSON, Esq., with such assistants as the interests of the school may require. H. RICHARDSON, Schoolbook, Aug. 16th, '48. Sec. Board of Trustees.

SCHOOL.

THE FALL TERM of Miss Scribner's School will commence on Monday, the 25th of August. Instruction will be given in the various Eng. Branches usually taught in select schools and Academies; also, in the French Language and Drawing. Such assistance will be obtained as the interests of the school demand. Tuition, from 2.00 to \$4.00. Waterville, Aug. 8th, 1848. 4-t

NOTICE.—The shares as originally subscribed for upon the books of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company by the following individuals and firms will be sold at public auction on Friday, the 22d day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the office of the Treasurer of said Company, in Waterville, for the purpose of paying assessments due thereon with interest and costs of sale—to-wit:

Wardsworth Bolter, Moscow,	1 share.
Geo. W. B. Leonard, Monson,	1 "
Cushman Bigelow, Norridgewock,	2 "
Artemas Heald, "	2 "
Wellington Kidder, "	4 "
Levi Powers, "	2 "
James Taylor Jr., "	2 "
Joseph Taylor, "	2 "
Benj. F. Whyte, "	2 "
Allen Ansel, Bloomfield,	2 "
Janet L. Allen, "	2 "
Levi Emery, "	10 "
Ja's Cleaveland, "	2 "
A. & P. Coburn, "	20 "
Peter Kimball, "	2 "
John Kimball, "	2 "
Geo. W. King, "	4 "
James B. Dascomb, "	2 "
Samuel & William Parker, "	10 "
Sumner Parlin, "	2 "
Daniel Snow Jr., "	6 "
Nathaniel Grant, Skowhegan,	2 "
William M. Lewis, "	1 "
Moses Littlefield, "	2 "
Thomas Robinson, "	2 "
Osgood Sawyer, "	2 "
Ruel Weston, "	2 "
William McLellan, "	5 "
Willis Currier, "	2 "
Chauncey B. Bickford, Belgrade,	1 "
James Bickford, "	1 "
John G. Dunn, "	1 "
William T. Mills, "	1 "
Ezekiel Page Jr., "	1 "
Geo. J. Penny, "	1 "
Thomas Penny, "	1 "
William Taylor, "	2 "
Emily Wentworth, "	2 "
Willard Vivian, "	1 "
Actor Hunter, Clinton,	2 "
Phoebe Ann Currier, Chesterville,	1 "
Joseph C. Bates, Fairfield,	1 "
Milton Chase, "	2 "
John Deering, "	2 "
Benj. L. Deering, "	1 "
Butler A. Emery, "	1 "
Geo. P. Gullifer, "	4 "
Daniel C. Hall, "	2 "
Jos. F. Nye, "	2 "
Hudson Osgood, "	2 "
G. H. Quimby, "	1 "
William Tobey, "	4 "
Rodney Wyman, "	2 "
Increase Wyman, "	2 "
William Sparin, Sebasticook,	2 "
Kendall Decker, Smithfield,	6 "
Calvin G. Hale, Norridgewock,	1 "
Leonard Avery, Waterville,	1 "
Peter Cannon, "	1 "
Benj. W. Chipman, "	4 "
James L. Crommett, "	4 "
William E. Harris, "	5 "
David Huston Jr., "	1 "
Simoon Keith, "	3 "
Jason W. Moor, "	2 "
William G. Penny, "	1 "
Isaac Perry, "	1 "
Simoon Tozer, "	2 "
Chas. Weeks, "	1 "
Ransaler Wyman, "	2 "

EDWIN NOYES, Treasurer of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company.

Waterville, Aug. 16th, 1848. (4-4w)

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

Abigail Bearce, Readfield,	2 shares.
Franklin Bell, "	4 "
James B. Bell, "	4 "
Ezra Bonney, "	2 "
James W. Boynton, "	2 "
David Bowker, "	2 "
Wm. P. Caldwell, "	2 "
J. L. Carr, "	2 "
Wm. Cochran, "	1 "
Jno. O. Craig, "	1 "
C. D. Crosby, "	1 "
James Currier, "	1 "
Samuel Currier, "	1 "
Lewis E. Davis, "	1 "
Benjamin Davis, "	1 "
Stephen Dorman, "	1 "
Wm. H. Dudley, "	1 "
Jno. V. Dunbar, "	2 "
Joseph Earl, "	1 "
Wm. Elliot, "	4 "
James Fillebrown, "	52 "
Dana B. Fogg, "	1 "
Isaac Ford, "	1 "
Geo. Gile, "	2 "
Asa W. Hammond, "	1 "
Nehemiah Hanson, Jr., "	1 "
Dudley Hays, "	1 "
Nancy W. Hains, "	8 "
G. W. Hains, "	2 "
Wm. Harvey, "	1 "
Gilman Hawes, "	1 "
James Hazeltine, "	2 "
Barnabas Hodge, "	4 "
Clarissa Hillman, "	2 "
Francis H. Hutton, "	2 "
Francis Hunt, "	2 "
Henry Hutchinson, "	1 "
Noah Jewett, "	1 "
Albert Johnson, "	2 "
Wm. M. Jose, "	1 "
E. & O. Kent, "	6 "
George B. Kittredge, "	1 "
Marinda Lambert, "	4 "
Benj. L. Lombard, "	2 "
Asa Luce, "	1 "
R. B. Norton, "	10 "
Jarvis M. Norcross, "	1 "
James Packard, "	2 "
Alben Packard, "	2 "
Samuel Packard, "	2 "
Samuel Perkins, "	2 "
Detsey J. Pierce, "	4 "
Joseph Robinson, "	2 "
Ezekiel Robinson, "	2 "
Lucy Shuburn, "	2 "
John Smith, "	100 "
John Smith, Jr., "	4 "
Cyrus L. Springer, "	1 "
H. P. Torsey, "	1 "
George C. Vance, "	2 "
John Vosma, "	2 "
Andrew Walsh, "	1 "
Osgood Whittier, "	1 "
William H. Whittier, "	2 "
Hiram Whittier, "	1 "
D. C. Williams, "	2 "
Allen F. Williams, "	2 "
Samuel N. Williams, "	3 "
Miles Williams, "	1 "
Jos. H. Underwood, Fayette,	10 "
William F. Eaton, Greene,	1 "
Ezekiah Muzzy, "	1 "
Osman Curry, Leeds,	1 "
B. B. Dudley, Mt. Vernon,	2 "
David M. Greely, "	2 "

EDWIN NOYES, Treasurer of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company.

Waterville, Aug. 16th, 1848. (4-4w)

WATERVILLE LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

THE Fall Term of this Institution will commence on Monday, Aug. 25th, under the charge of Mr. JAMES M. PALMER, A. B., Principal. Mrs. Susan L. Phillips, Teacher in Music. Such assistance as the interests of the school may demand, will be provided.

Tuition—In Languages - - - \$5.00
Higher Eng. Branches - - - 4.00
Common do. - - - 3.00

Board as usual. ALPHEUS LYON, Secretary.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.—Whereas Calvin Reynolds, on the 28th day of September, 1844, conveyed by mortgage deed to me, Jeremiah Arnold, a certain lot of land, situated in Sidney, in the county of Kennebec, and bounded as follows: beginning at the river county road on the south-east corner of the land on the west side of said road, of lot No. 43, thence westerly on the south line of said lot, to an allowance for a road between the first and second miles, thence northerly by said allowance to the centre of lot No. 43, thence easterly on the centre of said lot to the river county road, thence southerly by said road to the first mentioned bounds; and whereas the condition in said mortgage deed has been broken, now therefore, by reason thereof, I claim a foreclosure of the same. JEREMIAH ARNOLD, Waterville, Aug. 16th, 1848. 4-3w

LEFT. At my shop, through mistake, by the hack—A SADDLE, a new FUR, covered with sheepskin, marked H. D., on the top. Said trunk was left some five or six weeks ago, as belonging to my boarders, and the contrary was not known by me till now. The owner is requested to call and take it away. Waterville, Aug. 8th, 1848. 4-3w A. LYFORD.

STRAY COWS. CTRAYED from the subscriber, on the 7th inst., two young Cows—one a dark red, with holes in the ends of her horns; the other, a light red, with some white and a star in the forehead. Whoever will return them, or give information where they may be found, shall be suitably rewarded. WASHINGTON GORDON, Fairfield, Aug. 10th, 1848. 4-3w

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 ROSA F. HANSON, Co-Principal, Miss CATHERINE A. COX, Teacher of Music, and other assistants at the interests of the school require.

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

Board, \$1.50 a week. Tuition from \$3.00 to \$5.00.—Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$2.00 extra. STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees.

Waterville, Aug. 2, 1848.

STEAMER ROUGH & READY.

WILL run on the Kennebec river, from Waterville to Bath, as business may be. 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 board. 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

