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Ephraim Maxham

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II....NO. 16.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1848.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, in  
WINGATE'S BUILDING,  
Main Street, opposite W. C. Dow & Co's. Store.  
AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE FORGERY.

BY ROBT. HAMILTON.

It was on a stormy night in the month of December, 1814, in the city of London, in a small chamber of an old and considerable sized dwelling, that an aged man lay at the eve of dissolution. At his bedside sat an individual of middle life, who by the faint light of a lamp, was reading from a tattered Bible some passages suitable to the sufferer's condition, but the latter appeared neither to listen to nor regard him, but occasionally would repeat to himself, wild and incoherent phrases, and pointing with his finger to some object which his fevered imagination presented to his view, would exclaim, "There, there, 'tis he; my boy; my William; the will, the will!" and with a faint effort, endeavored to grasp a parchment which lay upon a table a short distance from the bed; but this the attendant resisted with a force by no means betokening a kindly feeling for the invalid's condition. In vain did the old man again and again essay to possess himself of the document, and again and again was he resigned, till at length nature became exhausted; his eyes rolled wildly; the death rattle sounded fearfully in his throat; a strong convulsive shudder passed over him; a deep and long drawn sigh burst from his bosom, and the spirit had fled to Him who gave it.

For some time Dunraven, for such was the name of the attendant, sat gazing upon the corpse, and it was only by the Bible falling from his hands, that he was recalled to consciousness. He started to his feet; the lamp was fast waning; with a stealthy pace he moved toward the door, and placing his ear to the key-hole, listened if any one was near. Silence reigned everywhere, save when the wild and fitful howlings of the tempest, swept over the mighty Babylon, whose dwellers were wrapped in midnight slumber.

"So all is safe," muttered Dunraven, turning the key in the lock; "now for the accomplishment of my purpose;" then returning to the table, he took up the parchment, and gazing keenly and anxiously upon its contents, a dark shadow passed over his face like the thunder cloud over that of nature; the next instant his keen grey eyes flashed from beneath his eyebrows, like the beams of lightning, and a demoniac smile lighted up his features while he exclaimed, "Now I am secure; we want but thy signature, dear Mammon, addressing himself to the body, "and thou shalt give it, too;" then seizing the corpse he propped it up in bed, and laying before it the parchment, took from an old dusty inkstand the stump of a pen, and placing it in the fingers of the dead, guided the cold hand over the parchment till the name of "Kenton," that of the deceased, was defined in legible characters.

"Good! excellent!" he joyously exclaimed, as he snatched the paper from before the body, which rolled still and lifeless over on its face. "Why the very fingers seemed to move mechanically to my purpose. Now, proud world, the scorned, neglected and aspiring Dunraven shall yet be honored and respected. What thought I have beggared his boy; was he not discarded by his parent? and though on his death bed he relented, and restore him to his father and his riches, he knew not of it. For years he has been a wanderer in a foreign land, unheard of, nay, perhaps is no more. No matter, the deed is done. Dead men tell no tales;" and placing the false will in the secret drawer of the desk, he departed from the house, to inform the relatives.

His obsequies were brief, the friends and kinsmen paid more respect to his wealth than his memory, and the same day that the body was consigned to the grave, was the will of Kenton opened. Judge of the surprise of all when it was found to contain a clear and distinct conveyance of the whole of his immense wealth to Dunraven; not even the smallest sum appropriated to the purchase of mementoes for his nearest and dearest relatives. By some of them, the validity of the will was questioned, but their suspicions were speedily quieted by the evidence adduced of two witnesses, who swore that they had legally subscribed to the same, while the lawyer who had been commissioned to frame the document, substantiated it in every particular.

We may as well here premise that Kenton, feeling the approach of death, directed Dunraven to employ an attorney to draw out a will in favor of his only son, whom he had disinherited, owing to his wild and extravagant propensities. In place of this, Dunraven had caused it to be drawn in favor of himself, and in the event of the fraud succeeding, was to pay to the attorney a certain sum, who was also to procure two witnesses to attest the same. The signature of Kenton he undertook to procure himself. How he did procure it we have shown.

We shall now change the scene to the plains of Waterloo—on that eventful day when the preponderating fate of France and England was decided; when the mighty destroyer of his species, the subduer of Europe, the modern Attila, who stopped not for the cries of the widow and the fatherless in his bloody march to the throne of ambition, was hurled from the summit of power, and quailing before the arms of the allied forces, stricken, humbled and nerveless, fled from that memorable field.

Night had settled over the scene of carnage, where, but some hours before, the clash of sabre, the platoon of musketry, the roar of artillery, the shock of encountering squadrons, the cries of vengeance, and the shouting of conquest, rent the heavens like the last hour of departing nature. Now, the bland blue sky was smiling over all, the diamond lights of heaven were emitting their glorious brilliancy, and the sickle moon was reaping the feeble clouds as they swept past her on the wings of the summer wind. Man, horse and rider, dead and dying, were scattered over the field. Alone, and by the margin of a little streamlet whose waters were red with the blood of battle, a wounded soldier was reclining, faintly essaying to cool his fevered brow and parched lips. He was a tall and handsome man, of about thirty summers, and wore the uniform of a British soldier. Ever and anon he raised himself upon his elbow, casting an anxious glance over the plain. "Not yet! not yet!"

he would despondingly utter to himself. "Will she never come? can any calamity have befallen her? what can detain her?" then falling back, would give vent to his agony in deep and audible groans. At last a solitary figure was seen wending its way among the masses of the slain. It was a young and beautiful female, habited in the peasant costume of sunny France. In her hand she carried a little basket, while, at every few steps, she would pause, and sweetly sing the burden of a plaintive ditty, then, for a few moments, listen, as if expecting it would be answered by some one near. And she was not deceived; that young and wounded soldier caught the well known strain, and in a faint yet melodious voice, repeated the burden. A scream of joy burst from her lips, and hurrying to the spot, she fell upon his bosom, exclaiming with feeble utterance, "My William, he yet lives. Thank God, his Jeannette is happy!"

By degrees, as well as the wounded condition of the young man would admit of, he restored her to consciousness. Her first care was then to staunch the blood which yet trickled from his wound, and administer to him such restoratives as her basket afforded. Sweet and happy were those moments; the pain of the soldier was forgotten in the embrace of the true-hearted woman, and her doubts and fears were relieved in finding her William yet living. Yes, there, on the field of battle, with the slain around them, and the groans of the wounded ringing in their ears, the young wife and husband luxuriated in the raptures of love. The gloom of despondency which had hung over them when he departed for the conflict, was dispelled, and the star of hope burned brightly in the heaven of their hearts.

All that night did the fond wife busy herself in trying to recruit the exhausted strength of her husband, and her efforts were crowned with success. He soon sank into a sound slumber, pillowed upon the breast of his virtuous helpmate, and when he awoke, the sun was bursting the portals of the orient, and he felt the stream of health once more bounding thro' his bosom.

"God be praised," he fervently ejaculated. "I have passed through the furnace; but come, my Jeannette, let us leave this scene of horror. The sight makes me sick at heart."

Three miles from the plains of Waterloo, in a little valley through which the same stream meanders, by which Jeannette had found her husband, stood a little rustic cottage, the abode of a humble, honest, kind-hearted couple. To them Jeannette was distantly related, and thither they directed their steps. It is hardly necessary to say they were received with all the hospitality and kindness their narrow circumstances afforded. For some months there they sojourned, till William had recovered considerably from his wounds, and he, with others, after peace was restored to bleeding France by the abdication of Napoleon, received his discharge from the army without one farthing of provision for his future days.

The young couple had been only shortly allied before the period of our story, at Brussels, where William was residing in attendance upon the officer of his regiment, and where he happened to become acquainted with Jeannette. She was the daughter of a poor but honest widow, who, in the neighborhood of the city, occupied a small cottage, and by the labor of their hands, supported themselves in a comfortable and independent manner. Their courtship was brief, and three months before the battle, their marriage had been only consummated.

Thus circumstanced—a stranger—a very enemy in foreign land—with a young, fond, confiding wife, and without the slightest means of support, or gifted with any profession by which he could procure the common necessities of life, it may be easily imagined that the heart of the young man became a prey to despondency; added to all, the mother of Jeannette had died, shortly after their marriage, and the little effects which belonged to her, had been sold to pay the expenses of her last illness and funeral. The cottage had also been rented by another party, and thus William and his wife became the children of poverty.

Desperate and penniless, he resolved once more to seek the shores of England, to visit his father, to present to him his wife, and seek to be restored again to his favor. He doubted not but that the old man's heart would melt at the sight of the pretty Jeannette, his daughter-in-law, and that if he did not altogether make him his heir, he would, at least, supply him with means to live by, till such time as he could earn a subsistence by his own exertions. His intentions being imparted to Jeannette, together they bade farewell to the kind couple who had straitened themselves to afford them a shelter; and with his knapsack scantily filled with his own and his wife's clothing, a few francs in his pocket, a hoping heart, and Jeannette upon his arm, he took the high road to Brussels.

We will not follow them through their journey; suffice it to say, it was a tedious one—William was still weak from the effects of his wound, and his wife gave signs that she would soon become a mother. At length they reached the coast, where, through the kindness of some fishermen, they were placed upon the shores of England. By slow journeys they passed on to London.

"Jeannette," he said, "behold the end of our journey. In that city resides my father, a rich but miserly man, whose heart is shut against me, because, like him, I would not sacrifice every principle and feeling to the accumulation of gold; for that, I was compelled to leave my home, to seek a living in the ranks of my country, and my reward has been neglect and poverty; yet I repine not, for it was this blessed chance that led me to thee. We must now try to win our way to his heart, and surely if the smile of innocence, and the words of virtue can effect it, thou wilt be successful!"

At length "a kind Samaritan" was arrested by the sufferings of Jeannette, and the earnest pleadings of the husband so unlike the language of the common mendicant and impostor who at every quarter meet you. She inquired the cause, and finding that she was indeed an object of commiseration, although poor herself, she at once proffered her the shelter of her home, which, luckily was in the immediate neighborhood. Having procured a conveyance, Jeannette was taken to her residence, and ere the morning, she had given birth to a child.

and threat of his father. Alas! how fallacious are the visions of youth.

"Is Mr. Kenton at home?" falteringly inquired William.

The old woman stared with astonishment, and it was only on his repeating the question that she informed him that seven months before, Mr. Kenton had died.

"And to whom has he entrusted the settlement of his affairs?"

"To Mr. Dunraven, a good man, and a kind one, as I can testify."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Dunraven, of Oxford street."

"Enough," said William, and turning from the door, at once pursued his way to the residence of Dunraven.

He soon reached the dwelling, and inquiring for Mr. Dunraven, was, with difficulty admitted to his presence, the servant being unfavorably impressed by his haggard appearance. He found "the man of riches" seated at breakfast in a handsome parlor, with every luxury of fashionable life surrounding him. He started at the sight of William in his old and decayed regimentals, and dropping the newspaper which he had been perusing, inquired of him his business.

"I am the son of the late Mr. Kenton," answered William, briefly, "and have called to make inquiry concerning his decease and effects."

Had the old man himself appeared before him he could not have been more confounded. He sprang to his feet, but suddenly recollecting himself, coolly replied, "It was my sorrowful fate, sir, to pay to him in his last illness, those attentions which his son should have paid, and in gratitude for which he bequeathed to me his worldly effects."

"Liar!" shouted William. "He did not—could not—narrow as was his heart, it still had a corner for his child. Show me the will, I command you."

Dunraven spoke not, but walked to the fireplace, rang the bell, and the servant entered, he desired him to show that man to the door, pointing to William.

"Do, sir, as I order you. Turn that ruffian out of doors."

"Let him dare to place a finger upon me," cried Kenton, furiously, "and he shall bite the floor on which he stands." The servant moved not, Dunraven becoming exasperated from the bold and determined bearing of William, advanced himself, and seizing him by the collar, endeavored to eject him from the apartment.

As quick as lightning did the young man free himself from his hold, and the next moment the man of "ill-gotten gain" lay sprawling upon the floor.

To those who are acquainted with the vigilant spirit of the London police, it is almost needless to say that Kenton was soon discovered, and Dunraven having sworn that the assault was coupled with an attempt at robbery, he was committed to await his trial at the next assizes. Poor Jeannette and her infant, thro' the humanity of the kind woman who had afforded her shelter, as well as several of William's relations, who pitied their condition, and despised the memory of the mercenary Kenton, was comforted and supported while her husband lay in prison.

At length the time of trial arrived. Witness after witness was examined, all of whom substantiated the assault, Dunraven, alone, adding to his evidence the attempt at robbery.

One witness was only wanted to finish the evidence, and that one was to speak in favor of the character of the prisoner. He had been an old servant in the family of Kenton, and was discharged principally because he had been a friend to William, and had opposed the harsh measures of the father to the son, as also, that he was noxious to the machinations of Dunraven.

"Do you know the prisoner now at the bar?"

"I do!" answered Kenneth.

"How long have you known him?"

"Since he was a babe in the arms of his mother."

"You know then that he was ever of a turbulent disposition, so much so that his father's ear was poisoned against him by his accuser?"

"This is neither the place nor time, sir," said the counsel, "for such remarks."

"The only place," replied Kenneth, waxing more and more indignant—"when I see an honest man accused of the crime of theft by a hypocrite and forger."

The last word fell on the ear of Dunraven like a bolt of lightning—every muscle in his body was unstrung—his face grew ashy pale, and he could not bear to look upon the court, prisoner, or Kenneth, but let his eyes fall visionless upon the ground.

"Silence, sir," shouted the counsel—"you are to answer, not to traduce the character of the prosecutor."

"That is impossible!" said Kenneth with an imperturbable air of determination, "he is too black for any remark of mine to make him blacker."

At length, the counsel finding that Kenneth was not to be intimidated, resorted to the *sauveur in modo*.

"You never knew the prisoner, accused or guilty of any crime?" was the next interrogation.

"Never!" was the reply.

"But you know that for some fault his father disinherited him?"

"I do not!"

"Have you not heard the testimony of the witnesses who had preceded you—and also seen the will whereby Mr. Dunraven was made the sole heir of Mr. Kenton's property, and his son, the prisoner at the bar, excluded from all right, title or interest whatever in the same?"

"I have certainly seen such a document purporting as much but I know it to be a false one; I know also the contents to be a fabrication, and I hesitate not to say it is a bold and wilful forgery, which I can substantiate by facts and by my oath in the presence of God and his assembled multitude."

All eyes were turned to the witness—who stood there in his white locks flowing over his shoulder, his fine old manly features glowing with the fire of virtuous indignation—his heart bold in the confidence of right, and his hand raised aloft, as if appealing to the throne of God. A breathless silence reigned throughout the court. The prisoner started to his feet. Dunraven endeavored to conceal his emotion by conversing with his counsel, but a volcano was raging in his heart, and he would have gladly returned the whole of his ill-acquired wealth could he at that moment have

escaped from the glance of the court.

One of the judges now interrogated Kenneth—for it was plain from the earnest manner of the old man, that there was some secret of permanent importance to the case, yet to be revealed.

"You speak boldly witness—remember, that if what you have advanced, you cannot firmly substantiate, you will suffer punishment," said the judge.

"I am willing it shall be the punishment of death," replied Kenneth, "if I do not prove every particle of my assertion."

The counsel would here have interposed, but was overruled by the court, inasmuch that if a forgery could be proved having been committed by Dunraven, and which was injurious to the prisoner, it might be accepted of as palliating the greatness of the assault.

"You say," continued the judge, "that the document which now lies before you, is a bold and wilful forgery."

"I do!" answered Kenneth.

"Produce the proof, then. Now is the time to benefit the prisoner."

"The proof—that is—the true document is not in my possession—but I can direct you to where, in a few minutes you can obtain it.—Or, if it please you, send me in the custody of officers and I will lead them to the place—where lies the true and only will which Kenton ever made in his lifetime."

"Be it so?" answered the judge. Conduct the witness to where he says—in the meantime let no one leave the court, we will suspend the proceedings till his return."

The dwelling of the deceased stood but a short way from the court-house, and the document was soon procured. It was found in Dunraven's bed.

The true and false wills were compared and the real one proved. The very lawyer who had drawn out the counterfeit document happening to act for Dunraven in the present instance, being interrogated by the court, to save himself, acknowledged that he had been employed by Dunraven to frame such a document, but he knew nothing more of it. The witness and the signature of Kenton having been obtained he believed by Mr. Dunraven himself. The two witnesses were soon ferreted out; that of Dunraven made clear as the sunshine, and young Kenton was acquitted without the jury leaving the box.

Two months after this, a large crowd was assembled before the prison called Old Bailey, to gratify a morbid curiosity of beholding a fellow creature suffer the last penalty of the law. The condemned was Dunraven, who had been tried for the crime of forgery, and found guilty. The prison clock tolled the hour of eight. The sheriff and officers of justice appeared upon the scaffold, the culprit, pale, haggard, and trembling, ascended the drop—the noose was placed around his neck—the loathsome cap drawn over his features—the signal given and the unfortunate wretch hung writhing and quivering between heaven and earth—a victim of a bloody code, now, thank heaven, abolished.

William, with his lovely and faithful wife, is now living in happiness and affluence. Old Kenneth has not been neglected—the honest couple with whom Jeannette and William after the battle sojourned, have been bettered in their condition, and the good woman, who afforded them shelter in London, needs no longer to fear the frowns of poverty. A young and beautiful offspring sport around Jeannette and William, he ever blesses the happy hour when he wooed and won Jeannette, the peasant girl of Belgium.

## Clippings.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PROPERTY, &c.—Mr. Gaillardet, late editor of the N. Y. Courier des Etats Unis, in writing to that journal from Paris, thus speaks of the late King of the French and his family:

"If certain letters may be credited, the ex-royal family suffers under the pressure of a poverty which seems to be unquestionable, after the report of M. Berryer to the committee of finance, on the proposition of M. Favre relative to the confiscation of the private property belonging to the house of Orleans. The report is against the confiscation, and recommends that the domain be continued under sequestration, its revenues being applied to the payment of the numerous creditors. It proposes that the personal effects of the Princes be restored to them, and that an annual allowance be provided for them, until the liquidation, to which they have all consented, be complete. It seems that since the 24th of February the entire revenue from the family domain has been only 1,700,000 francs. The debts amount to 70,000,000, and if the effects, which are estimated not to exceed 80,000,000 in value, were sold, the proceeds would scarcely be sufficient to pay the creditors. Such is the actual situation of that colossal fortune which the ex-king was said to have amassed."

"The pinching poverty of the ex-royal family is made more painful, it is said, by indulgence in perpetual recriminations, which have brought about a total rupture between the King and his former Minister, M. Guizot. The latter has suffered also the withdrawal of other attachments, the ingratitude of which has affected him more deeply than the loss of his sovereign's favor. In a letter to one of his friends he says that since the 24th of February, he has not had a single line, in token of remembrance, from M. Guizot, his quondam confidential secretary."

INTERESTING LAW CASE.—Circuit Court, U. S.—Leasee of Peter Miller vs. Philip Lerch.—This is a case for a farm of about 145 acres of land in Bethlehem township, Northampton county, valued at about \$12,000. The plaintiff, who is the only heir of Peter Miller, late of Easton, Pa., deceased, alleges that the residuary devise and bequest in the will of the deceased are invalid, being an attempt to create a perpetuity, and not having, for its primary leading object, any charity.

The testator after some minor bequest bequeaths all the residue of his real and personal estate in trust, but exactly to whom it is given in trust is by no means certain, and forms one of the questions in this cause. He declares that none of his real estate shall ever be sold, but the rent thereof, after deducting repairs, and the whole of his personal property shall be loaned to farmers and mechanics purchasing property, who may find it inconvenient to borrow from banks—the loans to be secured by bond mortgage on productive farms,

or houses and lots made safe by insurance, and the interest and dividends again loaned out in like manner; and in case it should happen in the lapse of time that there should be no applications to borrow the said fund—and the same be likely to remain so—if the amount unemployed would safely justify the undertaking, and mechanics and others should be in want of employment, then the income of the said fund shall be applied to the erection and maintenance of an asylum for poor and indigent widows and single women."

The testator's estate is estimated at from \$200,000 to \$300,000. Supposing it to be worth \$250,000 and to be faithfully applied to the purpose of the will, if the law would permit it, in one hundred years it would amount to above \$84,000,000—this at 6 per cent, would produce an income of about five millions of dollars, and the capital would absorb all the monies and property directly, or indirectly, of the county of Northampton, and half a dozen adjoining counties.

The principles involved in this case are as important to the public as the amount in controversy is to the parties concerned. The whole doctrine of perpetuities, charities, mortmain, &c will no doubt receive a full and elaborate discussion from the able counsel concerned, and a calm and deliberate consideration from the learned jurist before whom the case is tried.—[Phil. N. Am.]

ONE OF THE PHASES OF INSANITY.—Perhaps no disease takes a greater number of forms than insanity. Protean in its nature, it seems to have baffled every attempt to classify its phases; and while the researches of human and scientific men present much that is novel and interesting, they contain, in proportion to their extent, little to be considered available. The nature of insanity is either wholly inscrutable, or known too imperfectly to enable the physician to apply remedies with that precision, which characterizes his treatment in many cases of physical disorder.

It is not our purpose, however, to write the thousand and first essay on insanity; but simply to relate an instance of it unlike, in all respects, any that ever came under our notice.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. H. of Canton?"

We were strolling through one of the fashionable thoroughfares of Paris, when a stranger bowed, and addressed this enquiry to my companion. His accent was foreign; and the speaker, in stature much below the middle size, presented an anomaly, which would have puzzled the tailors and phrenologists of all Christendom. His costume, a strange association of the military and monkish—would have left it quite a matter of uncertainty, whether nature had given him legs and arms, descending as it did like a huge bag from his chin to his heels; while his head, or rather the hinder part of it, sustained, by a very mysterious cohesion, something which resembles a combination of cocked hat and cow—exposing a forehead, which, in dimension and development, certainly has no prototype in the works of Gall and Spurzheim.

My friend bowed.

"I am H. Von Artmed," said the apparition, "and I have come to Paris upon business of importance; but it is necessary that I consult you before I undertake it. Will you read this?" and he handed him a small, strangely folded packet, covered with characters, which would set Champollion himself at defiance.

"You are not aware perhaps," he continued, "that I am the Viceroy of Canton. The British Government, just before the outbreak of the late French Revolution, solicited my acceptance of the appointment; and I went thither at an enormous sacrifice of convenience and position. Well, I had resided but a few months in Canton, when I received a telegraphic despatch, announcing the destruction of one of my most valuable subterranean plantations by fire, burnt up by the carelessness of Faust. The Devil, having to preside over a Cabinet Council at St. James, left the furnaces to the care of Faust; and that fellow, in one of his philosophical abstractions, suffered a flame gust to sweep over my estates; and you know the consequences."

"Deplorable, certainly; but what do you purpose to do?"

"I must write to the Devil immediately; and it is necessary that you should assist me."

"I shall be happy to learn how I can do so."

"Thus: My chief miner is ill. I have a gold mine in the Ural Mountains which yields me about two hundred millions annually,—the chief miner is ill—has been ill ever since he swallowed an order, at three days sight, which I gave Charles Albert to pay his troops off. So I cannot send him; and I cannot go myself, as my presence will be required in St. Petersburg next week."

"Well?"

"I propose to make you my charge d'affaires."

"No objection; and when shall I start?"

"He paused a moment. 'On the 22d, at 9 o'clock in the morning.'"

"Why do you designate the time with such precision?"

"Because the Moon is in Apogee; and it is dangerous to quit the earth, this month, at any other time."

"You are an Astronomer, then?"

"No, but the friend of Astronomers. It was at my instance that Otto built an Observatory for Tycho Brahe and I flatter myself that he is not ungrateful for certain suggestions which followed my intervention in his behalf with the King. Did you ever hear of my quarrel with Galileo? It grew out of a difference of opinion respecting that absurd dogma of his, that the world turns round. Galileo was an excellent person, until he invented, or I should say, re-invented the Telescope. After that, he became insufferably opinionated, and I was obliged to renounce his acquaintance."

"Did you know Kepler?"

"Intimately; and he was not less agreeable as a companion, than extraordinary as a man of genius. I have no reminiscences of acquaintance more pleasant, than those which attach to my intercourse with Kepler."

"Apropos—we were together in Gottingen one occasion, and were invited to sup with Bleeden, a Doctor in the University. It was our first visit; and Kepler, instead of participating in, or rather, leading the conversation, which happened to turn upon Astronomy, did nothing the whole evening, but play at domino with the children. In vain Bleeden tried to draw him out; all he could elicit, was an occasional monosyllable; and when, on our return, I ventured to hint to Kepler the unaccountable manner, he said, rather pettishly, 'you never talk tools to a carpenter, when he comes to see; leave it to him, to talk of them

if he likes. When Bleeden invites me to see him again, he will probably understand, that I accept the invitation; not as Kepler the Astronomer, but as Kepler."

"But, gentlemen, I have no time to waste upon reminiscences. I shall be happy to entertain you, however, at No 216 Rue de St Denis, where you will find me at any hour after six. And this was a madman!"

ILL TIMED CRITICISM.—The inhabitants of St. Austell are justly proud of their fine old church, with its beautiful proportioned tower, the fame of their ringers, and the melody of their church choir. These severally had been the theme of admiration for travellers who have the opportunity of making their observations. On a late Sunday evening during Divine services, while 'sweet music rose with voluptuous swell,' the effect was such on a poor wandering musical enthusiast that at the termination of the piece, he sprang up, unable to restrain himself any longer, and gave vent to his emotion by bawling out, 'Very good singing, capital singing, I never seed better singing in all my life, and I've a right to speak, for I'm a judge!' Perceiving the horror depicted on the faces of the congregation with a patronizing air he assured them that "All was right!" and, turning to the minister added, "Go on, master!" The constable walked him out of church after service.

PORK AND BEEF TRADE FROM TENNESSEE.—We have just conversed with a farmer of Hamilton county, Tennessee, who has brought a lot of 75 fat hogs to this market, and learn from him a few interesting facts.—The Railroad Company charged him but \$55 for the use of a large car from Dalton to this city, in which 75 hogs were brought with speed and in good condition. We have seen them on the morning of their arrival, and from their fresh appearance, no one would suppose them to have come from north of the Tennessee River.

By the above figures, it will be seen that the charge for transportation on the Railroad, was only 78 cents a head for these hogs.—They are worth to the producer in this market \$3.50 per 100 pounds, net. This pays the Tennessee farmer well who is about to bring down in a similar way, 100 head of fat cattle. From our acquaintance with the business of packing beef and pork at the inland cities of Chicago and Cincinnati for foreign consumption, after frost sets in, we have frequently expressed the opinion that a like operation might be successfully practiced at Augusta. Good salt is cheap here, and the barrels can be had in the event of an extensive demand on the most advantageous terms. Hides, and such portions of slaughtered animals as are edible and not packed for export, will find a fair market. It is the consumption of the latter in cities, which makes fat cattle and swine to go there to be slaughtered for export. Cattle are driven hundreds of miles to Cincinnati and Chicago to be killed, put up in barrels and sent to foreign nations.

The facilities with which beef and pork can be made in Northern Georgia and Tennessee are well known, nevertheless a few remarks on that head may be not without interest at this time. Our informant who resided within four miles of Chattanooga, says that corn is worth there only ten cents, and wheat forty cents a bushel.

Some may wish to learn what it will cost a pound to make pork and beef on corn at ten cents a bushel.—The latest reliable experiments of this kind, known to us, were made by the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, former Commissioner of Patents. In a public discussion at the recent great Agricultural Fair held in Buffalo, that gentleman stated that three and a half pounds of corn meal, cooked and fed out in thin mush, gave him a pound of pork, live weight. Experiments were made on several hogs and extended through many weeks. The correctness of the general results arrived at by Mr. Ellsworth was corroborated by statements of gentlemen who had tested the matter of making beef as well as pork. With skillful management, four pounds of pork, beef or mutton—Now ten cents for fifty-six pounds of corn is less than one fifth of a cent a pound; so that pork and beef can be made in Hamilton county, Tennessee, at less than a cent a pound on corn. Believing that the elements of a vast trade in the provision line are within the reach of our citizens, we have looked into the production of meat with some care.

Of the 350 head of splendid neat cattle exhibited at the show of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, the best were from the city of Cincinnati. Beef-packing in that city is in its infancy; but the business has every prospect of eminent success. It is expected that 200,000 or more of fat cattle will be put up for English and other foreign markets, at Chicago this fall. Chicago is 1050 miles by water from the tide water.

See the great advantage of the stock growers in Northern Georgia and Tennessee over those of Illinois. Create a market in this city for fat hogs and cattle like that of Cincinnati, and what is to prevent the railroad from bringing hundreds of thousands of these animals down to us, as it now does a very few? Laboring men and their families will soon find living very cheap in Augusta. This will be an important element in the prosperity of its cotton factories, its artisans and mechanics.—[Aug. Ga. Chronicle.]

MAID AND MAGPIE.—On Thursday, a magpie flew in at the open window of a dressing room at Skene-house, and contrived to pick a ring, belonging to Lady Agnes Duff, from the upright stalk of a ring stand, and fly off with it. Lady Agnes's maid, who was alone in the room at the time, and witnessed the theft, without being able to prevent it, was filled with consternation. The ring was worth forty guineas, and she feared that the story of the magpie would hardly be accepted as a satisfactory account of its disappearance. A workman, to whom she communicated the alarm, had seen the bird fly out, and observed that it first perched on the top of a rack of wood, where they found that the ring had been dropped, and was lying on the ground.—[Aberdeen Herald.]

INLENS.—Said the distinguished Chatham to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself, or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous; and unenjoyed by yourself.'"



## Clippings.

**DEACONS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.**—In the days of Baile Nicholas Jarvie's father the office of deacon was esteemed no mean distinction:

Two worthy incumbents not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above named dignity on the same day.—The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his wife what an important prop of the civil edifice he had been allowed to become, and searching the butt and the benn in vain, ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, could no longer contain his joy, but in the fullness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and it is even said, kissed her exclaiming, "Oh, Crumie, Crumie, yere nae langer a common cow now—yere the Deacon's cow!" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate, pious person, and he felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted about this world's honors. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain long ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inwards, "Nelly!" said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "Giff anybody comes spierin' for the Deacon, I'm just owre the gate at John Tamson's!" [Ayr Advertiser.]

**ELECTION OF PRESIDENT IN FRANCE.**—The following is an extract of a letter from a Paris correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce:

The 43d article of the Constitution, as reported by the committee, that the President shall be elected by a majority of the votes which shall be cast by the voters of the French departments and Algiers, and that the election shall be by ballot, was adopted by a majority of 497 votes. The vote being for the 43d Article, 627; against it, 130. And, notwithstanding the positive announcement of the Moniteur that the Ministry were unanimously in favor of the election by the people, the ayes and noes on the Journal of the Assembly show that every Minister voted against the principle, and in favor of the election being confided to the National Assembly. Indeed it could hardly have been expected otherwise, but for the emphatic official announcement of the opinion of the Ministry to the Moniteur; for the proposition of confiding the election to the National Assembly, is more conservative than the plan adopted, and men in power are generally conservative. I never was as warm a Wilkite as my followers are, and if the king had put me in office I would have been no Wilkite at all, said John Wilkes, when the North Briton was in the zenith of its popularity. And no remark he ever uttered was more pregnant with truth. Out of office—without its cares and responsibilities, seeing the vast machine perform its functions with ease and regularity, men think they can manage the machine, and even introduce improvements into its mechanism. By the popular voice they may reach the desired situation—they may essay an experiment or two—but they very quickly become keenly alive to the danger of tampering with so delicate an organization, and far from becoming innovators, they preserve with a most jealous eye a constant watch for the least appearance of innovation. It is so with the Cavaignac administration. The storms which have threatened that ministry—the child of dark days of June—have not been without effect. You can see their conservatism in every act which they have decreed from the 28th of June to the hour this letter is written. Well may the Journal des Debats and the conservative party exclaim, in view of the system the National Assembly has adopted, "God protect France!" The conservatives of this country have not forgotten the stormy scenes which preceded 1804, and led the nation then to make the fundamental change in their Constitution of abolishing the elective monarchy, and proclaiming it henceforward hereditary. But the step is taken. *Alia jacta est.* The first scenes will be enacted before very long, as it is understood the election will take place early in November.

**A GOOD STORY.**—The Buffalo Commercial tells a good story of a collision between two political orators, which aptly illustrates the adage, "The more haste, the worse speed." The Whig Demosthenes, who lived in Buffalo, was engaged to speak at a meeting in a village on the line of the railway, some fifty miles east, and arriving at the station too late for the locomotive, hired a couple of men to work him on a hand car as far as Attica. The Democratic orator, equally behind with an engagement westward, took the same means of conveyance on to Buffalo. The propellers on each car had caught the enthusiasm, and were working like firemen at the brakes of an engine, when the rival speakers met, in the darkness of midnight, when no one was nigh but themselves and their machines. Both conquered, and yet both were vanquished. There was a dense fog, but as the Commercial quietly says, they both saw stars for some time. The collision taught them mutual respect for each other's prowess, and shaking hands, each took the back track.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

**The English Royal Mail Steam Packet Company** (not the Cunard line) has declared a dividend of £2 per share for the last six months. From the report made by the stockholders, we learn that the steamers themselves are as good as they were seven years ago; that the loss of profit in the business with the West Indies, owing to their depressed condition, has been more than compensated by that with Panama and New Orleans. It is also expected that the New York and Bermuda line will prove profitable. The receipts for the last six months were £216,211. The expenditures, £148,758. The company, in order to get the Pacific trade, have expended \$18,000 on the road across the Isthmus, and have agreed to expend 3000 more. This sum was to be repaid by a post office privilege granted to the Company by the government of New Grenada.—*English paper.*

**THE HYDROPHOBIA CASE.**—We published in our last issue, an account of an affecting cure of hydrophobia, which has recently occurred in Camden, N. J. In the Philadelphia Ledger of the 1st inst. we find the following additional particulars in relation to this case:

**The Hydrophobia Case.**—We are happy to be able to announce that Mrs. Burroughs, of Camden, mentioned yesterday as suffering from an attack of hydrophobia, has, through application of chloroform, and the other means adopted by her physicians, had the distressing symptoms of that malady so far alleviated that strong hopes are entertained of her complete recovery. Yesterday she was so much relieved as to be able to swallow a large quantity of milk without a recurrence of the spasms with which she was previously afflicted at the mere sight of water. On Sunday, every attempt to swallow the medicines prepared by her physicians, had the effect of throwing her into spasms, from which she could only be relieved by the exhalation of chloroform.

The arm, which had previously been very painful, lost all sensibility, but Dr. Jackson cut the festering sore on her hand, and she was relieved by the discharge which ensued from the wound, and the limb has since regained its sensibility. The symptoms continued of an alarming nature until late on Saturday night, when they were apparently overcome by the use of chloroform, and she was able to sleep the rest of the night. She continued to improve during Monday, and yesterday was almost tempted to take a drink of water, but the fear of a recurrence of the spasm induced a postponement for the present.

**A FRENCHMAN'S PLEAS.**—The Gazette de Tribunaux reports a case, heading it "Un *Mr. modele*," in which one Defert, accused of ill-treating his wife, showed great fertility of excuses, setting out with declaring his wife's preference, and his love for her perfection also. "But," said the president, "you get drunk every day." "Ah! that is to drown my grief, I have had losses." "You will do absolutely nothing." "Grief, Mr. President, grief, again, it breaks one's arms." "And when your wife expostulates, you beat her?" "Who has seen me beat her? Where are the marks?" "Never, never." "But your neighbors have had to interfere, alarmed by your wife's cries." "And did I not open the door to them, and knew not how sufficiently to praise my excellent, my rare wife?" "But they have seen her cry, have heard her complain." "The simple effect of nightmare, Mr. President; my wife has very troublesome dreams, she dreams I beat her." "But the two teeth you broke in her mouth?" "It! that was the bad quality of the water. We both have broken teeth from it." Defert was sent to prison for a month.

**EXCITING CASE.**—A civil case of an exciting nature, was commenced before Esq. Mark P. Taylor, on Tuesday last, in which the Right Rev. John Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati, is the plaintiff, and Father Huber the defendant.—The suit is one of forcible detainer, the Bishop setting forth that Father Huber occupies the premises of the German Catholic Church, (a building thereunto attached) contrary to his (the Bishop's) will and desire, and, in the law phrase, "by strong arm and &c." Father Huber has been in charge of the German Church, and combats the Bishop's demand of removal, upon the ground that he holds his power and place directly from Rome, and has yet received no Papal notification of removal; while on the other hand, the Bishop sets forth that he has by deed, and legal and ecclesiastical power, control over all premises pertaining to the Catholic Church in this diocese. This case has caused considerable excitement, and much feeling has been evinced, pro and con, in the matter—parties having taken sides. A nonsuit was granted by the Court.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

**CURE FOR HICCUPS.**—Travelling, some time since, by railroad from Columbus to Baltimore, I took my seat immediately in front of a gentleman who was suffering under a paroxysm of hiccups, to a degree that I had never before witnessed. In a few minutes a person appeared from the other end of the car, and took a seat beside him, when he said to him—"Sir, can you tell what is good for the hiccups?" I have been afflicted in the way you see me since yesterday noon, and have had no rest, or relief from a physician to whom I applied for assistance: I am worn out with suffering." To whom the person replied, "Sir, I will cure you in less than two minutes by your watch. Have confidence, for I am sure that I can do it. Hold up, high above your head, two fingers of your hand; lean back in your seat, opening your mouth and throat, so as to give a free passage to your lungs; breathe very long and softly, and look very steadily at your fingers." In less than the time specified the cure was performed, one hiccup only occurring during the trial. The patient could not express his gratitude; while the practitioner only exalted from him, as a fee, the promise that he would extend the knowledge which he had imparted, as freely as he had received it, assuring him that he would never be disappointed in the result.

We were all struck with the fact and many of us considered that the stranger was sent by the appointment of that power, so often designated as a particular providence. Since then, I have often had occasion to practice upon patients in the same disorder, and never without the most signal success.

**KEEN RETORT.**—Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, alluding to a bill brought into the house of lords, said, "he prophesied that the bill would be attempted in the present session; and he was sorry to find that he proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby had desired the house to remark that one of the reverends had set himself up as a prophet, but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet, Balaam, who was rebuked by his own ass.

The bishop replied—"Since the noble lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure I have been reproved by no one but his lordship." A burst of laughter followed the castigation.

The greatest speed ever made by a steamer in our waters, was accomplished the night before last, by our express steamer, News Boy. About seven o'clock she was 25 miles south of the Light Boat, or 53 miles from the city, wind blowing fresh, with a moderate sea. She started for the city, and landed our news collector at Pier No. 1, at nine o'clock, having run fifty-three miles in two hours and ten minutes. The great increase in her speed is attributed to a new boiler made by Mr. Joseph E. Coffee.—*N. Y. Sun, 2d.*

**A NATURAL GAS BURNER.**—A remarkable phenomenon is to be observed in Church Lawton, on the cutting of the Crewe branch of the North Staffordshire Railway, about a hundred yards on the east of the crossing of the Newcastle road, near the locks. A small run of water from the springy banks, passes down the side of the line, and the surface is thickly embossed for some distance with strongly issuing bubbles of gas from the coal beds beneath. No doubt there are numberless other escapes of the gas, in parts of the dry ground also, but the shallow stream of water, by causing the bubbles, discloses the whereabouts of this particular rush. Coming up among the wet sands, the vents of gas have just the appearance of little springs, only they are accompanied by the gurgling sounds of the bubbles, which are heard for some distance. On the application of a light, the whole surface will burst into a blaze, casting up a strong and hot flame of one or two feet in height, which will continue to burn unless a strong puff of wind comes to blow it out. It is remarkable that not the slightest smell can be traced of this strongly inflammable gas.—*[Macclesfield (Eng.) Courier.]*

**WARMTH OF THE SNOW BLANKET.**—At the French Academy of Sciences (March 14th, 1845), M. Arago read a communication on

the warmth imparted to the earth by a covering of snow, and respecting which there has hitherto been much scepticism. M. Arago stated that M. Boussingault had ascertained the truth of the theory beyond the possibility of doubt, during the past winter. He found that a thermometer plunged in snow to the depth of a decimetre, (about four inches) sometimes marked nine degrees of heat greater than at the surface.—*[Medical Times.]*

**AN INFOSITOR AND HIS VICTIM.**—Yesterday forenoon, a young and interesting looking girl made her appearance at the Marshal's office, and claimed the protection of the police against one John P. Smith, alias George Smith, with whom she had eloped from Halifax, and had since lived. She stated that her name was Maria Crannage; that she got acquainted with Smith, who is an Irishman, in Nova Scotia, about six months since; and that he induced her to leave her parents and friends there in his company. Since that time they have been travelling about the country, Smith representing himself as the victim of an accident by which both his legs were broken, and he thereby rendered incapable of active exertions to support himself and his female companion, whom he represented to be his wife.

In this way he imposed upon sundry clergymen, who were induced to contribute to his support, and also to obtain for him passes from the various railroads to travel about the country. They arrived in this city about a week ago, and put up at a house in Batterymarch street, where they have since lived in a state of great destitution, all their effects being a meal bag containing a few articles of wearing apparel.

Yesterday morning Smith beat his companion brutally, which led her to make an expose of his proceedings. The girl was asked if she wished to go back to her friends. She replied that she should not dare to meet them again. Upon her statement officer Clapp arrested Smith upon a charge of fornication, and committed him to jail.

Upon him were found a number of letters of recommendation to officers of railroads and others, which fully bore out the statement of the girl as to his swindling operations. He is supposed to be the same person spoken of in the Troy and Albany papers as levying contributions upon the public in that region.—*[Trav.]*

## The Eastern Mail.

### WATERVILLE, NOV. 9.

V. B. PALMER, 8 Congress-st. Boston, and at his offices in N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, is our advertising agent.

A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.  
SEPT. 25, 1847.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR SIR: I wrote you, weeks since, to express my approbation of the number you sent, but wished, before forwarding, to throw off something adapted to your Mail. This, if my memory serves me, may be my fate to-day, for the course of my late circuit brought me in contact with the Fair at Saratoga.

Your readers know something of Lake Champlain. Who can't or shan't sing a stave of "Back side of Albany?" which, when I used to hear, I lived myself down east, and knew the smell of a clam from the wink of a pickerel. My idea then was of the Lake Champlain of the map—turning up a cold shoulder into Plattsburgh, a bit of his hip at Burlington, and running its legs in one line down towards Albany, with a foot bisected at Lake George. It was picturesque, and a place where a true Yankee sailor might fight, under a ministerial—no, a professional looking man, like McDonough. Poor Downie! a sister's love is hardly embalmment enough of the virtue that sinks before defeat to be canonized by affection! I have seen the tall monument that stands—now broken by patriotic hate—a sea-mark from Ontario, a landmark for Niagara; but how cold is honor's tribute, comparatively, to the simple slab, placed by the hands of Mary Downie, above the grave of him whom his foolish country despised for want of success.

How mean is glory—how noble love! How vain the effort to inscribe them otherwise on the immortal tablet of the heart of man.—Brock's monument was a fit object of the malice of the rascal Lord! What renegade could have defaced the marble that protects the deep slumber of Downie?

"Alone as I strayed on the banks of Champlain,"

I felt all this, and took the morning boat at Plattsburgh. You've heard of Cumberland Head? The bay of Plattsburgh, as it is called, rather this shoulder of the lake, allowing indefinitely for head-works above, puts in below (south of) this projection of land, some three or four miles. Around the head of this the British fleet, under Downie, made its appearance the fine Sunday morning of "the eleventh day of September," when we were a little in the position of the Mexicans at Chertusco, resisting the conquest of a peace. McDonough's fleet was moored in a line, striking somewhat within the head, from an island that lies a mile and a half to the south-east of it, and hither the brave Downie bore up till within point-blank shot of McDonough's weaker cannonade. And he slept the sleep of honor, and we lived on to conquer our own peace in one place and another, till the bloody torrent of New Orleans sealed its acknowledgment. But the fates may change—not I, hope, on this lake, but the Spaniard run up a jolly reckoning in Mexico for centuries, before the Saxon avenger was let loose upon him in the thorny valley of the Rio Grande.

This is Crab Island, which defined McDonough's line, south-east from the head. To the east, and lying along for a dozen miles above and below, is Grand Isle, a fertile and agreeable district of Vermont, nearly a county, a good deal wooded towards the west. We then pass Volcano Island, between it and the west shore, and make our second landing at Port Kent, ten miles across from Burlington, a flourishing outlet for the trade of Keeseville, a

place on the Au Sable, in the iron manufacture. Burlington is the queen city of this lake, a maidenly little queen and a country maiden, with nothing of queenly airs as yet. It rises handsomely from the water, a beautiful town of three or four thousand people, having its college and much of private thrift, and growing promises of trade for the future.—Those who visit it remark on the beauty of its prospect of the lake itself, even twenty miles to Plattsburgh, and fourteen to Essex, and especially of the mountains and the water opposite, as unequalled almost anywhere. Essex, fourteen miles beyond, sits beautifully to receive us at the New York side, before we leave the basin of the lake, beyond the mountain that soon commences to narrow it to two and three miles wide. On the Vermont side is a level country, and to the east, beyond it, the gentle forms of the Green Mountains, as if reposing, the pride of the State. The current of Otter Creek is received here, debouching at the side of a fair basin, a half mile wide, with a sandy beach, yet separated mostly from it by a natural dike. This is the largest river of Vermont, watering its most productive district, but here is its outlet, though navigable a few miles for steamboats, over against the rough outline of Split-rock mountain, a ridge nine miles in extent, between this basin and a rock promontory covered with green, just wide enough for a steamboat deck, and extensive enough for a tavern of stone and its stable; hid from the rest of the world by forest.\*

As we float on, the shore changing at easy curves from little bays to headlands—on the right swelling abruptly, on the left spreading in a beautiful champagne country—under the forenoon sun, we are reminded of the older days of the song—

"Over Lake Champlain proud Burgoyne he comes," when "He thought pomp and nonsense would turn our cheeks pale!"

—when we meant the "Yeomen" who met his foray at Bennington. We pass West Point, and come to the vicinity of Crown Point, one of the most impressive military works in North America. It is nearly entire, entire enough for a ruin, and surrounded by a charming variety of water scenery. I landed at Port Henry, where my business detained me, at which point a bay springs off to the right, three miles across at its entrance and as many deep, as we count the depth of a bay, and not of the water, broader than the main lake to the left. On the peninsula, between the bay and lake, both extending to the south, are the remains of the fort, and against the expanse at their junction, in the old times I allude to, I am told, a fleet of a thousand batteaux was marshalled one June-day morning, containing the host of Burgoyne, his unlucky "ten thousand," which the ministry more than supplied him, whose retreat he never conducted by any Euxine gate.

I was delayed here for the examination of an ore bed. A similar interest solicited me at Plattsburgh. It is a noble deposit of the noblest of the minerals, the democracy of iron, the true and regular subterranean. The bed alluded to is three miles north from the village of Moriah, a pleasant and neat hamlet, to which we rise gradually, in the same distance, eight hundred feet above the Lake. The simple machinery of raising and separating the ore is interesting to a novice, as are the places opened for obtaining it, where they reveal what is said to be the richest magnetic iron in the whole world. I descended into one of these, through the nearly opened shaft, into a room or grotto, commencing ten feet below the surface, thirty-feet in every direction of solid ore. Large quantities are smelted in the vicinity and at forges in the neighboring State; a portion is transported by the Lake and Champlain canal to the Hudson river. Specimens, of course, for quality and beauty are accessible profusely, which connect themselves with the picturesque as readily as with the practical.

The next, next Mail.

Yours, &c.

\* On the line of this river, towards the south, are first Vergennes, but seven miles off it, the city of the Creek—then Middlebury, Brandon, Rutland—the two former in Addison, the two latter in Rutland County. The Champlain Railroad is about to connect these towns, as well as Burlington, with Boston to the east, and by a connection through Bennington or Whitehall, with New York, and bring them into a prominence their character and pleasantness of location eminently entitle them to.

[For the Eastern Mail.]  
JUVENILE POLITICIANS.

We not unfrequently meet with these disgusting bar-room productions in our streets, stores and taverns. At the latter place it is not a little amusing to see what airs they assume. If sitting, their feet are thrown perhaps on the back of another chair, which gives them the form of two sides of a triangle; on their legs lies one of the latest political newspapers—always taken without liberty. The little would-be-gentleman is very intent on looking at the last returns of some election, which he occasionally gets a glimpse of through the volumes of smoke arising from his cigar, which article is indispensable to one of these juveniles; they usually get them on "tick" and pay up once a week, provided they can win sufficient by betting on elections to do so—if not, the seller must be satisfied with the honor or they get in trading with these miniature statesmen. They are ever ready to engage in political discussions with any one, not once being aware of the ignorance they manifest by so doing. They are ready to bet a dime that what they assert is correct; they curse and swear roundly, of course, that being a very essential part of their accomplishments; they can take a little brandy and water, too, occasionally; also, try a hand at cards or dice; in fact, they are adepts in every immoral, ill-behaved act. By some they are called "smart young men"—very capable, knowing fellows.

Now such behavior in boys, is, to well bred people, very disgusting; nothing can appear more so. What a pity that so many parents

allow their sons to follow such a course; how strange it is they cannot see the impropriety, the corrupting influence of such conduct, when example after example is held up before their eyes. They cannot help knowing that such a course leads downward, yes, nine times out of ten, to certain ruin. How long before the eyes of parents will be opened to the above fact? how long before the rising generation be made to know the right path, and made to walk therein? It is strange that people cannot see what a great benefit society would derive by a reform in the rising generation. There are not sufficient pains taken by parents and guardians, in cultivating the morals of those under their charge. It is very true there has been, and is at the present time, much done in the way of improving society; but, instead of beginning with the young and plant twig, the ministers of reform attack the old knotty stubs that are perfectly inflexible—while the young and tender shoots are trodden under foot and left to grow as best they can, after having their fair forms thus disfigured and their minds tainted by rough usage and bad example. Let parents and guardians begin at home; cultivate well that little spot; see that everything is right there. Then they can go and assist their less fortunate neighbors, should they have any such, in weeding their gardens. Such a course, persevered in, I think would be far better than the too common process of leaving home as a secondary place of operation, while our neighbors receive the benefit or injury of all our labors. Let us attend to the nursery; keep it well trimmed, the crooked ones made straight, and we shall soon have a beautiful orchard, whose straight smooth trunks and wide spreading branches will be pleasing to the eye, and the fruit they yield will prove a great blessing, not only to the present generation but to those yet unborn. W—R.

Canaan, Oct. 1848.

**THE LYCEUM.**—Prof. Champlin, of Waterville College, will give the first lecture of the Winter course before the Waterville Lyceum, on Friday evening next. Subject, "Popular Governments."

After the lecture, measures will be taken for completing the organization of the Lyceum, upon a basis which, it is believed, will secure its permanency. It is hoped our citizens will all feel interested in securing a good audience.

### THE ELECTION

Took place precisely according to appointment, on Tuesday; and though we have not yet learned the fact officially, there is no doubt that the millions of voters, in every State in the Union, each for himself, dropped a vote into a hole in a box, on that very day. We say each for himself—each on his own responsibility, and by his own act. How many voted for party, and how many for principles; how many at the suggestions of conscience, and how many of expediency; how many merely for men, and how many for measures; how many on the strength of their own unbiased judgments, and how many at the instigation of demagogues; how many with selfish views, and how many with honest ones—these are other points, upon which no candid and honest man desires to be questioned, much less to reflect. That many voted honestly there is no doubt; that many voted dishonestly there is as little doubt. That many voted understandingly is probable; that as many voted ignorantly is more than probable. That many voted soberly, we would not question; that many were too drunk to know or care how they voted, none will question. Indeed, the rule of "no questions asked," is a very proper one in the matter of voting. It is always so, but especially at this last "crisis," for in our opinion we are not alone in our reluctance to tell who had our vote. Many have resorted to the least of two evils, and we are sure that one resorted to the least of three. We hope it may prove so—and on this point, it being too late to make our doubts available, we will endeavor not to doubt at all. We commend the same course to all who have voted honestly.

## Summary.

**FATAL COLLISION ON THE EASTERN RAILROAD.**—A collision occurred last night between two trains on the Eastern Railroad, which was dreadful in its results—six persons having lost their lives.

The facts, as far as we have been able to ascertain, are as follows: The train was proceeding from Lynn to Salem, with a large party of Whigs on their return from the Whig meeting in Lynn. The train consisted of five or six cars filled with passengers.

The other was a train from Salem, on its way to Marblehead, with a party of Democrats, on their return from a Democratic meeting in Salem.

On reaching the turn-out at the Marblehead junction, the switch, unexpectedly to the engineer, was arranged for the Lynn train to pass to Salem. The consequence was, that Salem and Marblehead train was run on to the wrong track, and before this accident could be remedied and the train removed, the Lynn and Salem train reached the spot, and while going at great speed, ran into the other train. The collision was so violent, that the engines of both trains were smashed, so as almost completely to destroy them.

The cars of the Marblehead train were thrown into a heap and broken to pieces. Five persons in this train were killed instantly, and six others were badly injured, one of whom died this morning.

The following are the names of the killed, as reported:

Samuel Manning, of Marblehead, a young married man.

Nathaniel W. Roundy, of do.

John G. Stevens, of do.

John Cross, of do. about 15 years, the son of a widow.

Henry Trefry, about 20, son of the Cashier of the Marblehead Bank.

A lad by the name of Russell.

Among those wounded was a son of Capt. B. Brown, who had both legs cut off; Moses Hill, Esq. of Marblehead—and others whose names we have not heard.

Mr. John Ennis, engineer of the Salem train

was badly injured.

The Conductor, Engineer and Fireman of the Marblehead train, was somewhat injured, but it is hoped not seriously.

**ADDITIONAL.**—The Salem Gazette contains some additional particulars of the late accident upon the Eastern Railroad on Thursday night:

The engine of the Lynn train, the "Huntress," a massive machine, was badly broken, and the tender well splintered. The appearance of things on the spot yesterday morning betokened a catastrophe—the two engines smashed hard up against each other, and the wreck of baggage crates and a passenger car lying about.

The circumstances attending the exposure of young Trefry to the disaster which terminated his life, were particularly painful. He left his home at a late hour in the evening, and walked to Salem merely for the exercise, intending to return in the extra train, in which he met his sad fate.

Mr. Manning had been to Lynn, for the purpose of hearing Mr. Webster, and had returned to Salem, in the 11 o'clock train, in order to secure a passage to Marblehead, with his townsman, who had been attending the democratic meeting. Mr. Manning was a shoe manufacturer, of the firm of S. Manning & Son.

The poor lad, Russell, was living, when ex-cited from the ruins; but died in the cars, before reaching Salem. He gasped the word "mother," once or twice before the expiration of his last breath.

The trains met precisely at the turn-out, and had but a few seconds more passed away, the collision would have been avoided.

**DREADFUL DEATH.**—A lad about 7 years old, son of Mr. John Webster, agent of the New England Cordage Company, fell into a large vat of water heated to boiling temperature, on Saturday afternoon, at the rope-walk on Northampton street. He had been missing for some two or three hours, and nothing was known of his dreadful fate, until the body was found in the vat, by workmen engaged in emptying it. Coroner Smith held an inquest on the body, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.—*[Boston Journal.]*

A new passenger car, from the Portland Company's factory, elegantly finished and painted, has been put upon the A. and St. L. Railroad—and another will be ready in the course of a few days. The accommodations on the road are equal to those of any railroad in the country.

Indian corn has now become so popular in Ireland, as food, that the potato deficiency will not be felt as in 1846. The revenue returns show favorably; and all reflecting men, if they will only exercise their reasoning powers, will perceive there is no foundation for the excessive despondency which exists.

**CHOLERA.**—At the meeting of the Common Council on Thursday evening it was ordered that the Consulting Physicians be requested to recommend, at as early a day as possible, to the citizens, such sanitary measures as may be proper in relation to the Asiatic Cholera.—*[Boston Bee.]*

**ALABAMA.**—Two United States Senators will be chosen at the next session of the Alabama Legislature, one for the balance of the term of the late Hon. Dixon H. Lewis.

**TEXAS.** the "Star" State, has twenty newspapers published in it, seven of which are democratic, four whig, six neutral, and three religious.

The receipts of bread stuffs in this port have been unusually large during the last few days.—*[Boston Times.]*

**HANDSOME.**—Mr. Corcoran, (of the firm of Corcoran & Riggs, bankers,) who has recently returned from Europe, has presented to Mr. Gordon Smith, a worthy boat builder of Stonington, Ct., the sum of \$1000, as a testimonial of gratitude for his exertions in saving a young daughter from drowning, last summer.

The number of immigrant passengers that arrived at New York on the 4th and 5th, was 6103.

Mr. Jacob Toms, residing a few miles from Boonsboro, Md., raised this season three hundred and eighty-eight bushels of corn on three acres of ground.

**VERMONT.**—The assembly have chosen Stephen Royce chief judge, unanimously, and Isaac F. Redfield, Milo L. Bennett, Daniel Kellogg and Hiland Hall associate judges.

The number of churches in the Boston Baptist Association at the present time, is 51.—Pastors, 46. Added during the year by baptism, 176. Total in all the churches, 8,771.

**Dr. Fiske,** part owner of the mills burnt in Bangor, has \$20,000 insurance. They will be rebuilt.

**EXPORT OF BREADSTUFFS.**—The shipments of Breadstuffs from New York for Europe for the week ending Oct. 30th, were 42,537 barrels of flour, 109,460 bushels of corn and 5,712 bushels of wheat. The shipments from Philadelphia, for the week ending Oct. 27th, were 12,251 barrels of flour, 1,040 barrels of meal, 19,812 bushels wheat and 36,362 bushels of corn. The total exports of Breadstuffs from this country from Sept. 1st up to the latest dates, is 197,860 barrels flour, 12,055 barrels meal, 356,844 bushels of wheat, 2,418,566 bushels corn.

**TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION ACCIDENT.**—Last night, about eleven o'clock, as the torch-light procession was moving along Chambers street, a slight stoppage occurred at the corner of Centre street, and the large truck that carried the stupendous blacksmith's apparatus, with forge, &c., in full blast, and just as the procession was moving on again, a piece of red hot iron was pulled from the fire and placed on the anvil for heating. This created a pushing back of those on the platform, which accidentally knocked off a young man, by the name of James Rooney, eighteen years of age, residing at No. 212 Elizabeth street, and before he could recover himself the heavy wheel of the truck passed up his left leg, commencing at the centre of his foot, smashing both bones in the leg, severing the flesh in two pieces, cutting off the thigh bone just above the knee, dragging the flesh and muscles from the bone, leaving it bare, sticking up some twelve inches, exhibiting one of the most heart sickening sights that the reader could possibly imagine. The right foot of the unfortunate boy was likewise smashed with the wheel. His recovery, from the severity of the wounds, appears to be very doubtful.—*[N. Y. Herald, 3d.]*

No place in the West, says the Toledo Blade, is more in need of mechanics, at the present time, than Toledo.

**OLD WHITEY.**—Genl. Taylor has been offered \$1000 for his favorite war horse, but of course has refused it. He says the old fellow is worth nothing, but he can't think of parting with him. The old horse is quite stiff, but fat, and looking very well indeed.

A Philadelphia letter in the N. Y. Evening Post, estimates the vote that will be thrown for Van Buren and Adams in Pennsylvania, at 80,000.



**CHEAP LIVING.**—Mr. Taylor, in his "Views a Foot," says: "The cheapest city, and one of the pleasantest in the world, is Florence, where we breakfasted on five cents, dined sumptuously on twelve, and went to a good opera for ten. A man would find no difficulty in spending a year there for about \$250. This fact may be of some importance to those whose health requires such a stay, yet are kept back from attempting the voyage through fear of the expense."

**LAW AND ART.**—A Manchester landlady recently levied for rent upon the studio of his tenant, a sculptor, of the name of Clarke, and sold under the hammer about £400 worth of busts for £60. It was proved that the auctioneer sold the head of John Wesley for that of Voltaire; that of the Chantrey as a "bald headed chap"; one of Raffaele as a "long-haired show boy"; and that of Sir Charles Bell, as Deaf Burke's! The jury indignantly at the oppression of the landlady, the ignorance of the auctioneer, and the desecration of the arts, gave the sculptor £550 damages.

**STRINGY CABBAGES.**—The Post has the following joke of a "hard case," who was accustomed to coming home late at night in a "corned" state, and take a cold bite, which was usually set out for him by his kind and forgiving wife.

One night, beside the usual dish of cabbage and pork, she left a wash bowl filled with caps and starch. The lamp had long been extinguished, when the "staggering" sot returned home, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, he stuck his fork into the wrong dish. "He worked away at his mouthful of caps for some time, but being unable to masticate them, he sung out to his wife: 'Old woman, where did you get your cabbage? they are so stringy I can't eat them.'"

"My gracious," replied the good lady, "if the stupid fellow aint eat all my caps that I put in starch over night!"

**SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY.**—About nineteen years ago, Mr. Hail, of Wilton, Connecticut, then a remarkably good student in his collegiate course, was suddenly deprived of his reason and memory. In those circumstances, his father, Rev. Mr. Hail, sent him to Hartford; but finding no relief he sent him to Dr. Chaplin, of Cambridge, Mass. The Dr. said there was no relief for him at the time, but at the age of thirty-six or seven, there would be a change; that the brain was too much expanded for the cranium, and there would at that age be a contraction, which would enable it to act healthfully.

His anxious father and family saw their hopes peremptorily deferred for nineteen years. That time has recently expired, and to their great joy the prophecy is fulfilled. The man began to inquire for his books, as if he had just laid them down, and resumed his mathematical studies where he left them.

There was no trace on his mind of this long blank in his life, or of anything which has occurred in it, and he did not know that he was almost forty years of age.—[Jour. of Com.]

**REMARKABLE RESCUE.**—On Friday evening, at the 6-1-2 o'clock, Dorchester and Milton Train was starting on its way from the Old Colony Depot, a female, having a child of two years of age in her arms, attempted to jump from the platform of the depot on to the cars, and as is usual with inexperienced persons in such cases, she missed her footing and with the child fell between the cars. With great presence of mind, a young man, as we understand, by the name of Clarence A. Dorr, of Dorchester, immediately sprang to her assistance, and seizing her by the hair, sustained her in that position until her shrieks and the shouts of the passengers reached the ear of the engineer, and he stopped the train—at a fortunate moment, it would seem, as but a second previous, the woman's hair gave way, leaving masses of it in the young man's hands. The child fortunately rolled into the middle of the track and the train passed over it safely; and mother and child were taken into the cars, and proceeded on their way.—[Transcript.]

**THE COWHIDE CASE.**—Yesterday, Judge Parsons heard the case of the Commonwealth vs. Ambrose W. Thompson, who pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and battery, with a cowhide, upon the person of W. W. Woodward, the Cashier of the Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank. The allegation was, that during August last, the defendant proceeded to the bank, and in the private room of the prosecutor, after some conversation had taken place between the parties, assailed him with the weapon, which he used over the shoulders of Mr. Woodward, and then struck him a blow with his fist in the face.

The statement presented in mitigation of punishment was, that various unfounded reports had recently been put in circulation, calculated to affect the standing of the firm of Hogan & Thompson, booksellers, to which the defendant belonged. The defendant became very much harassed in mind, in consequence of these rumors, and while in this frame of mind, he proceeded to the bank, and not receiving what he considered a sufficient explanation from Mr. Woodward, he proceeded to inflict the punishment.

Mr. Woodward had been told that the firm had failed, and in a friendly conversation with Mr. Whitham at the bank, had informed him of it. The latter gentleman in the same spirit mentioned it to Mr. Cowperthwait, who, being a creditor of Messrs. Hogan & Thompson, pressed Mr. W. for the author, and after much persuasion, Mr. Whitham gave the name of Mr. Woodward.

In the course of the argument, the defendant's counsel proposed a reconciliation of the difficulty by referring to two persons, a proposition, which was said to have been formerly made to the other side. The counsel for the prosecutor denied that any overtures of a pacific character had been made.

Judge Parsons said he regretted that the parties had not availed themselves of the legal right to adjust the difficulty immediately, and in view of the suggestion of the defendant's counsel, postponed the sentence until this morning. If, no arrangement was made in the mean time, he said the law must take its course.—[Phil. Ledger, Thursday.]

In the coffee plantations of Reconocimiento, Cuba, belonging to Señors Rivalde, there was lately gathered a lemon of the following monstrous dimensions, viz: 19-12 inches in circumference, 16-12 inches high, and weighing 3-12 pounds.

Pecan nuts are obtained in great profusion in the forests of Western Texas. The crop this year is unusually large, and almost, if not fully, equal in value to the entire cotton crop of that state.

During the democratic torch light procession at Philadelphia on Friday evening, a lad named Albert, son of Nathan Coleman, of Spring Garden, was so dreadfully beaten with clubs that he died shortly after. A man named Samuel Maple was also shot in the leg, and another, named G. W. Roberts, severely wounded in the head.

About 8000 sheep have been slaughtered this fall, at Cincinnati, for their tallow.

A large trade in wool is expected to be carried on through Corpus Christi and New Orleans. The wool is brought to the former place principally by Mexican traders from the neighborhood of Laredo, where there are large numbers of sheep, and the wool growing business pretty generally followed.

**CRITICISM ON THE PROGRAMME OF THE WATER CELEBRATION.**—Dr. Elder, editor of the Philadelphia Daily Republic, made the only criticism.

The Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, in their arrangements for the water celebration on the 25th inst., have assigned the editors of New England a place in the grand procession. The programme puts them in the rear of the medical faculty, and in front of the lawyers.

The committee of arrangements would hit the correspondence better by putting the printers first, the doctors next, and the lawyers last; at least, that is the order of the apocalyptic procession. *There famine went before and death and hell followed after.*

## Scissorings.

**PERSEVERANCE.**—The greater the difficulty, the more glory is there in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people.

**APT REPLY.**—"What is the great secret of Odd Fellowship?" asked a blustering opponent of a member of one of our Lodges. "The great secret, sir, is, doing good secretly," replied the other. The questioner was among the missing.

**SINGULAR.**—Speaking of apples, it is rather singular that the first apple in paradise should have turned out the first pear.

A villain by the name of Harding, of great pretensions, lately gained the affections of a woman in Eastport, married her, and then ran away with her money.

"What a beautiful place heaven is!" exclaimed a little boy.

"Why do you think so?" asked his father.

"Because," said he, alluding to the stars, "the nails in the floor are so beautiful."

"Can you tell me, sir, what time the railroad comes in?" inquired an old lady with a bandbox in her arms, of a loungeur about the depot.

"About ten minutes after the depot goes out, ma'am," promptly responded the wag.

**DROWNED.**—We learn from the Portland Advertiser, that a young man by the name of Kittredge, was drowned in the funnel connected with the factory at Biddeford, Me., on Friday morning. He was about 20 years of age.

## ELECTION RETURNS.

Town.	Whig.	Dem.	F. S.
Waterville,	252	158	143
China,	137	96	122
Gardiner,	608	250	120
Hallowell,	487	169	147
Pittston,	220	114	59
Sidney,	251	47	30
Vassalboro',	495	87	59
Winthrop,	144	55	124
Windsor,	195	58	30
Fairfield,	223	161	39
Belgrade,	84	87	30
Winslow,	135	58	30
Farmington,	192	207	82
Chesterville,	50	73	76
New Sharon,	89	91	120
Phillips,	59	140	58
Avon,	27	88	10
Strong,	61	88	16
Starks,	59	42	106
Mercer,	136	31	40
Industry,	50	42	52
Rome,	35	14	1

In the following towns we are minus the Free Soil vote. Probably those who furnished the returns did not feel "anxious" for that party.

Town.	Whig.	Dem.	F. S.
Augusta,	847	486	
Readfield,	175	71	
Sebasticook,	54	107	
Brunswick,	423	332	
Cape Elizabeth,	51	183	
Cumberland,	91	125	
Durham,	125	155	
Falmouth,	184	158	
Freeport,	202	142	
Gorham,	169	235	
Nor-Yarmouth,	283	90	
Portland,	1513	1291	
Pownall,	102	91	
Scarboro,	34	275	
Westbrook,	267	481	
Skowhegan,	147	76	
Norridgewock,	177	166	
Madison,	146	114	
Windham,	95	101	
Bath,	462	287	
Bowdoinham,	150	54	
Georgetown,	13	68	
Phillipsburgh,	119	122	
Richmond,	177	67	
Topsham,	232	116	
Wiscasset,	233	150	
Woolwich,	90	18	
Bangor,	1377	635	375
Brewer,	193	200	73
Orrington,	130	94	21
Hampton,	171	243	84
Heron,	61	108	41
Oldtown,	185	241	40
Medford,	100	51	5
Newburg,	36	150	10
Carmel,	12	maj	
Dixmont,	57	117	52
Orono,	263	152	47
Bucksport,	179	254	159
Ellsworth,	806	227	18
Trenton,	42	99	7
Dedham,	35	40	2
Burnham,	11	88	31
Clinton Gore,	4	17	4

From the following towns we have only the reported Whig gain, from the governor vote in September, viz:—

Town.	Whig.	Dem.	F. S.
Hartland,	13	5	
Palmyra,	13		
Canaan,	12		
St. Albans,	13		
Clinton,	4	13-47	

**PAVILION HOTEL, BOSTON.**—Boston is famous for its good hotels, and in truth they are "excellent by few and equalled by none," as Capt. Cattle says, in the Union. But there is a choice even among them; and one of the very best, in our judgment, is the Pavilion, on Tremont street, near School. Having personally experienced its comforts, we can speak "from book" touching its merits, and we can say truly, it is one of the pleasantest and most agreeable tarry-places we have ever "pitched our tent" in. It is now about eight months since it passed into the hands of its present proprietor, W. RUSSELL, Esq., and if the testimony of hundreds who have registered their names with him can be relied on, he is a most

courteous and accomplished landlord, and just the man to preside over the destinies of the Pavilion. Under his able management, the house, though previously "run down" to a low ebb of public favor, has more than regained its early reputation, and bids fair to be soon at the topmost wave of popularity. While his "bill of fare" is confessed to be the richest and most luxurious in the city, he gives vigilant attention to every other comfort of his guests, and nothing is left to wish for by the most fastidious connoisseur, the *bon vivant*, or the quiet and comfort-seeking sojourner. "Down-Easters" who like a creature comforts, will do well to give the Pavilion a call.

**ONE OF THE PATRIARCHS.**—Mr. Cornelius Tilton, of Waterville, one hundred years old last July, appeared at the ballot box on Tuesday last, and deposited his vote for electors. He voted for Washington, first president, and now voted for the 12th. He is a soldier and pensioner of the Revolution, and we hope he may live to vote for President in 1852.

## Notices.

### CHINA ACACEMY.

The Winter term of this institution will commence on Monday, the 27th of November instant, under the care of Mr. Wm. H. Humphrey, who has, during the Fall term, rendered himself popular as Principal of said institution.

Board in good families from \$1.00 to \$1.50. **EZEKIEL SHAW, Sec.** China, Nov. 6, 1848.

### BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.

The greater the value of any discovery, the higher it is held in the esteem of the public, and so much in proportion is the public liable to be imposed upon by the spurious imitations of ignorant, designing, and dishonest men, who, like the drone in the hive, have neither the ability nor inclination to think or provide for themselves, but thrive and luxuriate upon the earnings of the deserving.

The extraordinary success attending the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry in the treatment of the lungs, and the many singular cures it has effected, have naturally attracted many physicians, as well as the whole fraternity of quacks—and caused unprincipled counterfeiters and imitators to peddle and vend, under the name and appearance of the genuine Balsam, some called "Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar," "Cherry Syrup," "Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry," "Wild Cherry Confection," and sundry other names, by which they attract a long string of "puffs." But of such nostrums we know nothing. It is WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY alone that performs the cures. Let them not deceive you.

The genuine signed I. BUTTS. For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville, Wm. B. Snow & Co., Fairfield, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. (152-3)

### "IT IS TOO LATE."

Was the cry in the French Chamber of Deputies when it was proposed to make Louis Philippe's grandson King; and "It is too late!" is the exclamation of many a dying man who has not taken time to prepare for the hereafter. To keep the internal organization in perfect working order, and render it comparatively impregnable to disease, it is advisable to regulate the system of the weather, small doses of that excellent aperient, disinfectant, and anti-febrile medicine, the Rev. B. HIBBARD'S *Vegetable Anti-Bilious Family Pills*. From a quarter to half a pill each night, will suffice as preventive, or to effect a cure.

The cholera may be amongst us this summer: ship fever, scarcely less fatal, is already here. Be wise in time. Investigate the vital functions, correct the vitiated fluids, give tone to the stomach and bowels by the use of this valuable specific, and then even if any dangerous epidemic should assail you, your system will be in a condition to overcome it. Do not have to say in view of your own prostration and neglect "it is too late!"

For sale by Wm. Dyer and J. H. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the state.

**FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.** The most extraordinary article in the world for the preservation and reproduction of THE HAIR! It is a perfect hair restorer, and has stood the test of time so well and so long as the Mountain Compound—none stand so firm in the confidence of all who have become acquainted with it. No article of the kind has so extensive a sale, nor none so long and constant patronage from the same individuals and families who have begun to use it, as it is an established fact, that more than 200 families in Boston and Lowell only, have made it their staple toilet preparation for the hair, for nearly three years, as certificates, many of them will prove, from the best and most direct authority, from those who have sold the article, and from those who are actual consumers themselves, and have in previous years used several of the most popular "Hair Restoratives," to call them, and many who have tried other articles of subsequent notoriety, all agree that the Mountain Compound is more practical, cooling and healthful to the hair in its tendencies, than any preparation they have ever used. The proprietor, H. W. FOSTER, of Lowell, can produce letters, a host of them, from every part of the N. E. States, in evidence of the above facts. Druggists will sell the article everywhere, can most of them testify to its merits.

Agent for Waterville, Wm. DYER, Druggist. [15]

## MARRIAGES.

In Readfield, Oct. 30th, by Eld. D. B. Lewis of Waterville, Mr. Henry A. Cudworth of Boston, and Miss Sophia M. Nesbitt of Readfield.

In Norridgewock, 23d ult., Mr. Ezekiel Jones, Jr., and Miss L. Emerson.

In Augusta, 20th ult., by Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, Mr. Lewis S. Fickett, and Miss Lydia B. Perry.

## DEATHS.

In Sebasticook, 4th ult., Mrs. Phoebe Gibson, wife of Mr. Samuel Gibson, aged 70 years. Mrs. G. was an amiable and excellent woman, and her death is deeply lamented by a large circle of relations and acquaintances.

Lost overboard, 13th ult., from the brig St. George, on the passage from Charleston to Boston, in a gale, John Mullan, of North Hancock, Me., chief mate.

## MARKETS.

**WATERVILLE PRICES.** Flour, 1 lb. \$6.50 a 6.75; Corn, bush, 50 a 55. Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.25; Oats, 35; Butter, lb., 12 a 17; Cheese, 6 a 8; Eggs, doz., 14 a 15; Pork, round hogs, 7 to 8; Salted, 40; Beef, 50; Codfish, 3 to 4; Mollusks, 28 to 30.

**BOSTON MARKET.** SATURDAY, NOV. 3. Flour—Gen. 5.02, Michigan 5.00 a 5.02 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 5.50 a 5.02. Corn 50 a 52 cents per bush. Grain—Sales Southern white corn 50 a 52 cents per bush. Yellow 77 a 78 per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; 77 a 78.

## BRIGHTON MARKET.

At market 1500 Beef Cattle, about 5000 Sheep and 1500 swine. Beef Cattle—Extra quality, 6.00; 1st quality, 5.25 a 5.50; 2nd quality, 4.75 a 5.00. Working Oxen, few pairs in market; prices from 60 to 100. Cows and Calves, a very few in market 16 to 37. Sheep—Sales from 1.42 a 2.50. Swine—Wholesale 4 for Sows, 4.1-2 for Barrows; Retail, 4 a 5.12.

## Advertisements.

**PREMIUM CHEESE.** Westworth's make, at J. R. ELDEN & CO'S.

**NOTICE TO TEACHERS.** The Superintending School Committee of Loomis, on Monday next at the house of Prof. Loomis, on Monday next, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of examining Teachers for the public schools the ensuing winter.

They will also meet at the house of the Rev. Mr. Bean, in West Waterville, for the same purpose, on Monday the 27th inst., at ten o'clock A. M.

The committee would take occasion to say, that all who expect to teach in Town the coming winter should offer themselves for examination at one of the above mentioned times, as there will be no private examinations. Nov. 3d, 1848.] By order of Committee.

## Ladies!

MRS. BRADBURY has just returned from Boston with a splendid and fashionable selection of **FULL & WINTER GOODS,** together with the latest styles for Bonnets, Caps, Head Dresses, Cloaks, Dresses, Capes, &c.

and now invites your attention to the best assortment of Millinery and Fancy Goods ever offered in Waterville, at the lowest prices. Waterville, Nov. 5th, 1848.]

## WHEELS! WHEELS!!

THE SUBSCRIBER, having removed his shop to the Iron Foundry of Webber & Havland, would respectfully give notice to the public, that he will keep on hand, or manufacture at short notice all kinds of **CARRIAGE WHEELS,**

from those of an ox-cart to a stage-coach. Having followed this business from boyhood, in London and other parts of Europe, he has no hesitation in saying that his work will be found fully equal to any that can be manufactured in this section. He uses none but the choicest quality of stock, and his prices will be found as reasonable as at any other shop. **JAMES MANGAN.** Waterville, Nov. 7th, 1848. (16-17)

At a Court of Probate held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec on the first Monday of Nov. A. D. 1848.

WHEREAS the Commissioners appointed to make partition of the real estate of Rutherford Drummond, late of Sidney in said county, deceased, of which said Rutherford Drummond died seized, have made return of their doings into the Probate Office in law court;

ORDERED, That notice be given to the heirs at law and all others interested in said estate by publishing this order three times successively in the Eastern Mail, printed in Waterville, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta on the 1st Monday of December, at ten o'clock, forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the report of said Commissioners should not be accepted. D. WILLIAMS, Judge. Copy—ATTEST, E. DAVIS, Register. 16-37

## SMITH'S

**CLEANSING COMPOUND.** DESIGNED for removing Grease, Paint, Pitch, wheel grease, &c. from Garments or cloth of any color or texture, without injury to either; as for dressing up hats, &c. especially for cleaning coat-collars.

DIRECTIONS.—With a clean sponge apply a little of the Compound to the article, rub it faithfully and wipe it off with hot water.

**JOSEPH SMITH,** Waterville, Me., Inventor and Sole Proprietor. Price, 25 cents.

CERTIFICATE.—We the undersigned, having used the above Compound, are thoroughly satisfied that it is indeed, in truth what it purports to be.—Wm. Snow, M. D., John Mangan, B. F., J. P. Parnum, Cyrus Fletcher, C. C. Cone, Pastor of N. E. Church, &c. Waterville, Oct. 25, 1848.—The undersigned believe that the community may rely on Mr. Smith's Cleansing Compound as being all that it represents it.—D. M. Sheldon, R. Loomis.

The above Compound may be had at the Proprietor's residence, on Silver-st., first door south of Dr. Chase's. Waterville, Nov. 6th, 1848. (16-17) J. O. SMITH.

## THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

A nameless Grave—Is there no Stone To sanctify the dead? O'er it the willow droops alone, With wild flowers only spread.

## STEVENS & SMITH

WOULD respectfully inform the public that they will continue to carry on the

**Grave Stone Business,** in all its variety of forms at their Shops in WATERVILLE & SKOWHEGAN, as they have on hand a large assortment of

**NEW-YORK & ITALIAN MARBLE,** and an extensive assortment of

**AMERICAN & ENGLISH SLATE STONE,** which they will sell at low prices as can be purchased at any other Shop in the State.

W. A. F. STEVENS. C. S. SMITH. 16

**Dr. Pollard's Dever-Jailing Cure for PILES.**

EVERY form, Pin Worms, Scrofula, Canker, internally and externally, Jackson itch, and all cutaneous diseases, Dysentery, &c., &c., consisting of Medicines put up in six different forms. For particulars relative to each, please refer to his circulars, which may be found wherever his medicines are. The PILLS have not only proved themselves to be sure to do what they are recommended to, but have been used by a certain and speedy cure for internal Canker, and other internal humors, which are so common and yet so fatal, of which nothing is said in the circulars.

Below may be seen a few of the certificates and references relative to the good effects of the medicines:—

I hereby certify that a member of my family has been for upwards of 20 years, afflicted, frequently almost bed-ridden, with the worst form of Piles, and that, after trying many medicines, which were recommended, and the medical treatment of many of the most celebrated physicians without success, a cure was effected by the use of Dr. Pollard's Dever-Jailing Medicines. I can say with the strictest truth that I believe the medicines prepared by A. W. Pollard will soon become the most celebrated for the cures of the common complaint which they are recommended of, and which medicines yet discovered, and will cheerfully say more if called upon at my place of business, No. 88 Main-st., in this city, to do so.

The following certificate is from a respectable merchant, Exchange-st., Bangor.

A member of my family has used for a few weeks only Dr. Pollard's Compound Double Extract, No. 5, for a dreadful Scrofulous humor, which has for many years entirely covered her hands and wrists, frequently preventing her from using them to any advantage at all.—The humor has been entirely cured, and she is now as healthy and no doubts are entertained that a speedy and effectual cure will be the result of a few more applications of the medicine. Previous to using it, almost everything that she ate or drank caused her to feel as if she had been resorted to with not the slightest perceptible good effect.

Here follows the certificate of John Low, Esq., of the old City Market, Bangor.

I am happy to certify hereby that upwards of a year ago, made use for only a few days, of Pollard's Compound Double Extract, No. 5, for the cure of a very uncomfortable and disagreeing humor which I had been troubled with for several months, and which was entirely cured by it to my great surprise and pleasure, for I had tried the treatment of many patent medicines, without any good result, and I don't think it is a sure and universal cure for all cutaneous humors.

References relative to the good effects of the different Medicines prepared by the inventor.—Dr. G. B



## Dentistry

**DR. D. BURBANK,**  
**SURGEON DENTIST**  
**AND**  
**MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL WATER**  
Rooms in Hanscom's Building,  
Cor. Main and Elm sts.  
**WATERVILLE, MAINE**

---

**O. WRIGHT, M. D.**  
*Botanic Physician and Surgeon,*  
Having practiced eleven years in the vegetable medicine, offers his services to the people of Sharon and vicinity. He treats scrofula and debilitated cases on the system which has

been attended with such peculiar success  
to give satisfaction to such as may call  
ADVICE GRATIS, IN ALL CASES  
t. 16, 1848.

**CHEAP CASH STORE.**

THE best bargain for the season are now  
holders of E. L. Smith's Groceries—Provis  
at No. 1 Ticonic Row.

**E. L. SMITH,**  
merchandise just returned from Boston, with a cho  
at of

**Goods,**

orted expressly for this market, now offered  
 as good, if not better bargains than they  
 terville.  
 We have on hand a large assortment of  
**STONE & EARTHEN WARE**  
 or, a good assortment of Wooden Ware  
 including, Tubs, Keelers, Bowls, C  
 pins, Wash-boards, Clothesline R  
 Pails, Measures, Bbl. Co'vre, &  
 Also, a large assortment of  
**GROCERIES,**  
 consisting in part of crushed and Powdered  
 Maize and Brown Havanna do. Portland and No

P. R. do, at 25 lbs. for \$1.00, Box, quinquasecated and Sultana Raisins. Cass Raisins \$1.00. cardenas and Mansanilla Syrup \$1.00. Ningyong, Oolong, Young and Old Tea, \$1.00. Havana, Cabello and Old Java Coffee, \$1.00. White Starfish, Irish Moss, Bago, and other delicacies. Choice of the best Ham of Tartar, Soda, Saleratus, &c., &c. Assorted Fish, Pickled and dry, Pork, Lard, Flour, Rice, Cans, Oats and Beans. T. Brown, received weekly per steamboats, from the West Indies and Europe, all kinds of fruit, preserves and cigars at wholesale and retail, from \$100 to \$1000, per lb. Cigars from 6 cts. a box to 100 cts. per lb. The above are but a few of the goods found at

☞ NO. 1, TICONIC ROW. ☞

Our customers may always be sure of goods at a strict attention. [June

**WATERVILLE ACADEMY**  
*Fall Term.*  
THE FALL TERM of this Institution will  
begin Monday, the 28th of August, under the  
direction of MRS. H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted  
by MISS K. F. HANSCOM, Preceptress, MISS C. A.  
COX, Teacher of Music, and such other as  
may be required in the interests of the school require.  
The prominent objects are the following:—  
To provide moderate expense, facilities for a thorough

The course of study in the department prepared to meet the wants of teachers of Commercially. The course of study in the department prepared to meet the wants of teachers of Commercially. The course of study in the department prepared to meet the wants of teachers of Commercially.

teachers of common schools, also those who are desirous of occupying the position of principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher, understands fully their wants and to forth every effort to supply them. The increasing patronage of the school affords assurance that an enlightened and discriminating board will appreciate the labors of faithful teachers.

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

STEPHEN STANLEY,  
Secretary of Board of Education,  
Waterville, Aug. 2, 1848

**STUDENTS' ENAMELED HALF-PICTURES.**  
A BEAUTIFUL article just rec'd  
of  
J. WILLIAMS & CO.

**WATERVILLE LIBERAL INSTITUTE**  
 The Fall Term of this Institution will close  
 Monday, Aug. 28th, under the charge of  
 J. PALMER, A. B., Principal. Mrs. Susan  
 Palmer, teacher in Music. Such assistance as  
 the school may demand, will be provided.

<b>TUITION</b> —In Languages	- - - -
" Higher Eng. Branches	- - - -
" Common do.	- - - -

Board as usual. **ALPHEUS**  
*Waterville, Aug. 1st, 1848.*

**FRESH FLOUR**  
 RECEIVED every Wednesday, per steamer  
 at ton by F. L. SMITH

No. 1 Tie

**TRUNKS & VALISES.**  
THE best assortment in town to be found at  
J. C. BARTLE  
Cheap Cash

**OIL.**  
PURE Sperm, ref'd Whale, and Lard Oil,  
W. C. DODGE

**JUST RECEIVED,** a good assortment  
Thread Laces, Gimps, Fringes for Val-  
ises, and Embroideries, very cheap at  
Wattville, May 17th, 1868. J. H. BUR-  
MAN, No. 1 BOWLING GREEN

**OX-BOWS & AXE-HANDLES**

**SHADE TASSELS.**  
Dozens received, and for sale by  
ELDER.

**TO BE LET.**  
STORE No. 3 Marston's Block, opposite  
Office, can be obtained by applying to  
Waterville, May 29th, 1845.] JOSEPH M.

**CO-PARTNERSHIP.**  
The subscribers having formed a  
business under the firm of  
**STEVENS AND SMITH**

will respectfully inform the public  
will carry on the  
**GRAVE STONE**  
business in all its variety of forms  
shops in WATERVILLE, & SKOWHEON  
will guarantee to furnish as good an  
at reasonable prices as can be pur-  
any other shop in the State,  
Jan. 8, 1848. { W. A. F. ST  
{ CYRUS S. S.  
N. B. All persons indebted for Gr  
prior to the 8d day of January, 184  
requested to make immediate paymen  
F. STEVENS.

**100 BBLs.** OF FLOUR FIRST RECEIVED  
13  
18

**CHILD BIRTH.**

**A** VALUABLE scientific work, upon the Gestation and Child-Birth, by R. M. W. B. late of Paris, just published by the author. This work contains information upon subjects of highest importance to married persons, especially relating marriage. It will be of great service to those whose means, health, or other circumstances do not permit them to increase the number of their children without great inconvenience, suffering, or expense. A method of avoiding these troubles is given at will, (recently discovered by a celebrated physician.) Fully convinced in this work that no person may avail himself of it at once without comparatively nothing, and are within

il. The process is new, safe, infallible, com-  
ple, and cannot injure the health of the most  
for does it curtail matrimonial privileges in  
Copies of this work will be sent, in a clo-  
of a single letter postage, to any part of the  
or \$1 sent, post paid, to Dr. R. M. WIGG  
Box 2710, New York City. Copyright a  
bookseller allowed to sell this work.

**JUST RECEIVED**  
**A. T. E. L. SMITH'S, No. 1 Ticonic Row,**  
**of Quinces, Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes,**  
which will be sold cheap for cash.