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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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MY COUSIN WILLIAM.
A SIMPLE TALE.

"I was not sure as one human heart could be of another that my cousin William loved me. Not that we ever spoke of such a thing, being mere children—I, seventeen, he, eighteen—keeping June holidays at our grandmother's house. It was an understood thing in our family that no cousins were allowed to fall in love or marry, so our fondness was of course mere brother-and-sister liking. I thought it so till one evening coming home from the rectory, my grandmother and the rector being a long way behind, we stood looking up at Orion, and there, in the star-light, under the yew hedge, William kissed me.

"William kissed me. I smile as I write it now—but then, though I said not a word, nor he either, when I parted from him and went up to my own room, I lay awake half the night weeping. Of course we could never be married—in fact, the notion of marriage scarcely crossed my thoughts—but William loved me—William had kissed me.

"We had only been at the Ivies three weeks—the two families of which he and I were oldest children—yet for a fortnight I had known quite well that William liked me, and for the last few days I had begun to feel that I liked William. Not that we were ever foolish as young people of our age will be; he was too mainly to 'pay attention'—I was too frank to play the young lady in love. Besides, what couple could do the sentimental with a parcel of children ever at their heels? I think we were not alone together a minute all day long. But somehow, in that quaint country-house, our lives grew together day by day—from the early morning when I woke to hear his step on the gravel-walk, and his whistle along the garden below my window—through field-rambles, and rides, and afternoon saunters up and down the yew tree walk—until the last quiet half hour, when his merry face grew serious, and his careless, boy's voice, low, manly and sweet as he read the evening chapter for grandmamma. Then we used to bid good-night on the staircase, and my heart sank back into its grave-self, till his whistle came in with the birds' morning songs at my window, and I woke up again to another happy day.

"Thus I had lived, thinking only of each hour as it passed—each morning, evening, noon, and night, until—William kissed me.

"I woke up at dawn, feeling sad and strange. My head ached—it was not used to weeping and wakefulness. Why had I been so foolish? And all for nothing! For in the broad sunshine at first it seemed like nothing. And little Ada crept into my bed, and put her sleepy lips to mine. 'She did not know—ay, it must have meant that, he would not have done it else, for he was of a shy and earnest nature, though so merry—William loved me.

"Still I felt strange—happy, but strange. William was not in the room when I came down to breakfast, but there was the little white rose that I always found on my plate. I took it up—it looked different from all the other ones he had given me. But when he came in with Ada in his hand, and one of his little brothers riding on his back, we said, 'Good morning, William.' 'Good morning, Mary,' in our usual way. He was so merry, and looked such a mere boy, it seemed impossible that we were in truth such children. It was absolutely ridiculous in me to have had such serious, even sad, thoughts as I had had the few hours before.

"So all the morning we became children again, William and I among our two sets of young folks, and except for an occasional grave look beyond his years, or a sweet, fond, quiet smile turned downwards on me when we walked together, I should have thought it all a mistake of mine that he was or wished to be, anything besides what everybody knew he was—a loving cousin William.

"I do not think he would tell—or any one—from any word or manner of mine—that I had even for a single hour felt as aught but his cousin Mary.

"We made the most of that day; for it was the last when we two should be sole regents of the little flock at the Ivies. Another guest was coming—a grown-up young lady, twenty-one years old, an orphan, and her own mistress. She had been educated abroad, and now was going, or wishing to go again on the continent, as a governess, so she said, and wrote to grandmamma, who rather unwillingly invited her here, which we were all very sorry for, as none of us knew the least in the world about her except that her name was Melanie Blaquiere.

"William pulled many comical, wry faces at having to drive to the coach to meet her, and seemed quite determined not to like Miss Blaquiere at all.

"Oh, Mary, Mary,' he said, as he put me and Ada and James out of the phaeton, to walk home, 'we are so happy, just you and I and the children. When shall we have one of our old drives and walks again?

"Ab, when, indeed? I could see his fond, kind look, as he leaned over the carriage—the look which only came into his eyes when they turned towards me. William, William! we all change—little blame to us for it; but your eyes spoke true that day.

"We gathered at the hall door, in great curiosity, to see William come back with Miss Blaquiere, who was to us quite an awful personage. A governess, too. We hoped she would always sit in the parlor, and pay visits to grandmamma to the Rectory, and clear where she took no notice of us. We pitied William, and wondered whatever he could find to like in her upon, during the long drive home.

"But he seemed to have got through it pretty well—all least to judge by the way they both were laughing as they drove up the garden, and William handed her down with the grace and ease of a grown-up cavalier. I ought to have said, that though but eighteen, he was very manly-looking, strong and tall.

"Miss Blaquiere was quite a little person, and not grave or old in the least. She hardly looked so old as I. I did not notice whether she was pretty, until William called me aside and asked me if I did not think her so. I said 'Yes,' of course, as indeed anybody would. She had a skin like a rose-leaf—delicate features—laughing eyes. In fact, her face had but one fault, though William looked astonished when I mentioned it—certain aspects of expression like a beautifully shaped lantern with the light taken out. For all else, though rather Frenchified, she was very agreeable indeed. The children, liked her—grandmother liked her. William, yes, William evidently liked her. Into such an abundance there was no need for me to throw my mite, so I hesitated a little, to see and judge first, before always rather stung in the small coin of love.

"Melanie—everybody called her Melanie after she had been here a week and a half—had now been with us a week, joining in all our amusements, playing with the children, though not quite so much as she did at first, saying they tired her, and she seemed very soon to grow tired of things and people. She had become an immensely of friendship and confidence on me when she first came, but gradu-

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ally it faded out. It might be my fault—I do not know. But I may as well tell the truth, I did not like Melanie Blaquiere.

"It was not out of selfishness or wicked jealousy, God knows. Because so sure was I of—things which no one else saw or guessed—that it never entered my mind to be jealous. William might talk with her, or walk with her, and she seemed to like hanging on his arm, and patronizing him as a woman of twenty-one will patronize a boy of eighteen, yet it never troubled me in the least, any more than if she had been Miss Miles, the Rector's sister, who kept his house, and was nobody knew how old. It never entered my head as a probability, that—what any one more worldly-wise must have seen was not only possible, but extremely probable.

"Still I did not like Melanie. She made a confidante of me, doubtless wishing to show off before a simple country maiden seventeen years old; and then I found out by slow degrees her real character. There are not many women like her, I trust in God! at least, not English women. Suffice it, that she was altogether false—a painted show—a beautiful falsehood—a creature that revered nothing, loved nothing—a woman with some brain, no heart, and no soul.

"Of course, being young and inexperienced, I was some time in finding out the whole of this, but I very soon saw enough to make me shrink from her, shocked and deceived. I kept it to myself—there was no one at the Ivies for me to tell anything to but William—and how could I tell William?

"Nevertheless, our way of life at the Ivies was completely altered, and the change came very gradually—so that no one noticed it, scarcely even I, until I began to find out that I was left all day ever with the children, while she and William were habitually together. At last, the little ones grumbled—saying cousin William was not so nice as he used to be—that he was getting too much of a man to play with now; and liked best to go about all day with Melanie. One day they told him so to his face, and William blushed scarlet, but said nothing. This struck me as strange, for he was of a quick temper, and could not avoid giving word for word. When he went away, I scolded the children quietly for teasing him, and showed them that it was only his good-nature and politeness to a stranger. And I truly thought so myself—knowing or believing how impossible it was a noble lad like William could have any sympathy with such a woman as Melanie Blaquiere. For her—she would get tired of his company, as she did of everything else, and set him free as soon as she found some one else equally useful.

"This came to pass. The Rector and his sister called, and like most other folk, took a very great fancy to Miss Blaquiere. There had not been such a charming girl in the village for years, Miss Miles said. Such a merry, innocent, warm-hearted young thing! 'Warm-hearted!' innocent! Heaven help us all! But I had not courage to be that mean thing—a backbiter and tell-tale; and she would soon be clear away; so I held my tongue.

"The second week of Melanie's visit matters changed. There was nothing but dining and going between the Rectory and the Ivies. No wanting of William continually to take her to walks and rides. She was well satisfied with the pudge little Rector and his prosy sister for company. True—she made game of them for our entertainment every night; but then she went out with them again next day.

"William had never cared for the Mileses; still he went there with or for Miss Blaquiere every day. He said it was but polite, as he was the only gentleman at the Ivies, and she was my grandmother's guest. But often he came home alone, and wandered about the garden restless and cross. For now, sometimes, the children said, and alas! I could not deny it, that sweet-tempered, kind cousin William was 'very cross indeed.'

"Can't you stay with us one afternoon—just this one afternoon?" cried Ada, calling to him from the hayfield, where we were all sitting. 'Nobody wants you at the Rectory to-day, and we wait you dreadfully, cousin William.'

"He was very fond of Ada always. He came and sat down with us on the haycock. 'Why are you not at Meriton Abbey to-day with Melanie and the Mileses? You like Meriton.'

"No; I did not want to go. 'Perhaps, Ada said wickedly—she was a precocious little thing—perhaps, cousin William, nobody wanted you? Melanie said so, for I heard her.'

"He looked startled a moment, then laughed. 'Oh, so did I. It was only her jest. She is such a merry creature, isn't she, Mary?'

"Very merry. 'I don't think you like her as much as the rest do.'

"Do I not, William? Well, I can't like everybody. Do you like her so very much, then?

"For I wanted to know if he did, and had so rare opportunities now of asking him any serious question. But he passed this off with a jest, and went on plucking the thorns off a branch of wild roses.

"Why do you do that? Who is it for? 'Only Melanie; she wants it for her hair to-night, and one wouldn't like her to wear any thorns.'

"I hate Melanie," said Ada pettishly. 'You never do anything for us children now; it's always Melanie. I shouldn't wonder if, supposing you were big enough, you wanted to be Melanie's sweet-heart. The maids say so.'

"And Ada, after having thrown her shaft, ran away.

"Oh, William! I turned to him, half laughing at the idea. His face started—even shocked me. 'Oh, William!'

"It is quite true, Mary. 'He rose up, and left me sitting by myself alone.

"How well I remember that long still afternoon, lying on the hay, with Ada and the rest playing a little distance off, and the sound of scythes sharpening and wood-pigeons cooing in the plantation, and the great wide starry blue sky overhead, with not a single cloud.

"I hope no one will think that I was what people call 'disappointed.' That William and I should ever be married, was, I always knew, a thing as impossible as that the sun should go down eastward through that midsummer sky. As soon as he went out into the world, our cousinly fondness would necessarily fade into the light of common day; but it was sweet while it lasted. And now to find it a mistake—to know myself only second in his thro-

—that though he dearly liked me, he loved Melanie Blaquiere.

"It was suffered when young, suffered and over soon, in a few hours, so far as any personal pain was concerned, but at the time it was a sharp pang. For years the scent of a hay-field made me turn sick and cold.

"By supper time, when we met, I had conquered everything; he was my dear cousin William once more, and I was his faithful cousin Mary.

"Now began a new life—full of new interests, pains and fears; we never said another confidential word together; but since I could read William's heart in his face, my eyes were rarely off him from morning till night. He was greatly altered; it was more a man's passion than a boy's, that was consuming him. He did not follow her about, or whine, or sigh, or make a fool of himself, as young lovers generally do; but I sometimes caught him gazing at her when no one saw, and I felt he would have laid down his life for that woman.

"That woman, who was—what I knew her to be.

"If William had loved a girl of his age—a girl he could have married—above all, a good, innocent, noble girl—but for him to love Melanie Blaquiere! Whether he thought it hopeless I cannot tell; probably no young lover ever does think the maddest passion quite hopeless; but any one in their senses could see that Melanie cared no more for him than she did for any one else who was amusing and useful to her, while the use and amusement of them lasted. As for marrying William, why, she had told me over and over again that she only wanted 'un bon parti'—that love was mere nonsense and sham, that all husbands were alike after the honeymoon.

"It would be very convenient for her to be married soon, she said, instead of going out governing; and as for the bridegroom, why, she would take whatever heaven sent, and be thankful.

"She repeated this to me with smiles and smirks, one night when she sat at my bed-foot, having come home from a party at the Rectory. And that very evening William had been talking to grandmamma and me, arguing whether, instead of his beginning the world as a clerk in his father's bank, it would not be wiser for him to dash at once across the seas to Australia, work hard, grow rich, and come back in a few years a man, a prosperous man, to settle in England? 'Poor boy! I knew as well as if he had told me, what was in his bold, brave, tender heart! I sickened when I looked at Melanie Blaquiere.

"Things went on thus a few days longer. Sometimes she stayed at home, went about with him, was merry and kind, and William was his own happy self once more. Then she changed her manner, and he was miserable. Sometimes, in a dim, vague way, he let me guess at his sufferings—me, his cousin Mary, that he was so fond of always. But if, made half-desperate for his sake, I hinted a word against his idol, he only said, sharply, 'Oh, I forgot you don't like her, Mary,' and was silent altogether.

"So I found it was no use for me to do anything but sit by mutely and watch.

"The holidays were nearly over. William was going home. His education was finished now, and he was immediately to commence the hard duties of life. Perhaps, in their daily routine, the fatal, silent passion—for, of course, conceived so early, and for such an unattainable object, it could not be anything but silent—would fade away. I hoped so. All I longed for was to get his departure safe over. Strange! I counted the days, the hours, till William went away.

"The last evening came. It was a warm, soft, rainy July night; but I had been in-doors all day, and I went out even in the midst of the rain. I walked up and down by the yew hedge, which sheltered me. The children were all in bed; my grandmamma, Melanie and William I had left in the drawing-room. At last I thought of something I had forgotten to say to William. I had been putting his books and clothes together, as, indeed, he asked me, and it was a pleasure to do anything for him. I did it almost in a motherly fashion; he seemed now such a dear older than I. I came in, and went straight to the drawing-room. My grandmother had gone to bed; the other two were there. Melanie sat on the sofa, laughing immoderately. William stood opposite; there was a dark flush on his face, but he stood unflinching and firm. I knew—I guessed. Oh, poor William!

"Stop, Mary; don't run off—the best joke in the world. William says—shall I tell her, William?

"No—yes, he added, recovering himself. 'I am neither afraid nor ashamed, Mary. I have been telling her what you know—that I love her dearly; that if she will wait till I am my own master, and have a home to offer, I will marry her.'

"He said it so quietly, earnestly, in such mainly simplicity withal, that even Melanie could not laugh any longer at the boy. She only said, lightly,

"Nonsense. How can you be so foolish, William? Why, I am a woman, and you are only a lad of eighteen. Marry me, indeed! 'I will. I will make myself worthy to be your husband. You don't know how much older I have grown since I loved you. Boy as you call me, I can feel like a man—I could not like a man, strong and brave, to meet the battle of the world—if you only love me, Melanie.'

"It was the truth he spoke; his voice, steady, passionate and low, gave evidence of that; even Melanie seemed to believe it. 'Very likely—I don't doubt it. You are a fine fellow. I always liked you, William; but I couldn't wait for you—I couldn't indeed.'

"Don't jest. I love your merry smiles; but speak earnestly this once, dear Melanie. You are not so much older than I. In three years I shall be of age—you will be only twenty-four. Give me till then; hold yourself free till then.'

"Oh, Mary! What an obstinate lad it is! Why, I have had a dozen boys sighing and dying for me, and I never had the least trouble with them before. They were quenched at a word, poor fellows! Really, William, you must have a little sense. This love-making is very inconvenient to me just now.'

"Is it? He flamed up. 'May I ask why?'

"She began to fidget and play with her handkerchief. 'Well, perhaps I had better tell you—you'll know it to-morrow. You see, William, I have a great liking for you. In fact, under some

circumstances, I might have had a nice, harmless little flirtation with you; but I'm going to give up all that sort of thing.'

"Melanie! 'Stop. No need to look so glad. I'm going—to be married.'

"William stood, quiet as a stone. 'Yet, I said, 'you told us all you were not engaged. It was just like you. Who is the fortunate man?'

"Don't sneer; he is fortunate. It isn't every pretty girl that would take up with such a round dumpling of an old person. But love's all stuff and folly. Since he wants me, why, I'll have him. I hate teaching, and I shall make a very comfortable, dashing Mrs. Miles.'

"She danced about the room in exuberant pleasure. Her end attained, there was no need to burden herself with more serious disguises. The mask fell, and showed her to William as I had seen her, and prayed that he might see her, for many, many miserable days.

"He sat down, leaning on his hands. It must have been a cruel moment—the moment that shattered forever his boyish dream—a dream so intense, so unlike a boy's, that I doubt if any one would have broken it save himself. But his nature was so intrinsically pure and noble—it so revolted from everything false, or foul, or mean, especially in a woman—that one glance into this girl's real heart, or rather into the thing which did duty for one—and the charm was snapped for ever.

"William, I whispered, touching his hands. He caught mine, and clasped them hard.

"I know you are true, my cousin Mary. 'Then he rose and walked direct to Melanie, who stood pulling her curls out to the glass.

"Well, William, are you cured? 'Quite,' he said, after a grave bend and smile. 'Miss Blaquiere, I thank you for your confidence. I hope your marriage will be as happy—no, happier, than it deserves to be.'

"And you won't say anything of this little affair of yours, or go and break your heart about me, either? 'Certainly not.'

"Melanie seemed annoyed at his coolness. 'You are the stupidest, oldest boy! And there's Mary crying like a watering-pot. Well go to her, she'll comfort you.'

"She will always, said William, in a low voice, as he put his arm around her and gave her a kiss on the forehead, tender, brotherly, but, oh! not like the first.

"He went away next morning. His life and mine sloped wide apart. We did not meet again for many, many years.

"My cousin William is a middle-aged man now, a prosperous man too, a husband and father of a large family. He comes now and then to see my sisters and me, in our quiet cottage. We are very happy in his coming, and rather proud of speaking to the neighbors about 'our cousin William.'

"We never spent another summer at the Ivies, and never shall again. I told him one day lately that the yew hedge had been cut down. 'What! your hedge?' he said; and with difficulty remembered it. But I saw it, and see it still, sometimes very clear, like a picture in a dream, all in the soft dusk of that mid-summer night, with Orion shining through the trees. And however foolish it is, and however much better things are as they are, than as they might have been, I feel glad that I was William's first youthful fancy, that I had his first shy, innocent, boyish kiss, and that he had mine.

An Unpleasant Propensity.

A propensity to imagine diseases is itself a disease of the imagination principally peculiar to hypochondriacs, but may be excited in those who are not physicians, if they read works on medicine, which they do not, like professional men, apply to the art, but to their own persons; and who, for the want of sufficient knowledge, conjecture often very erroneously. Of this I have seen astonishing instances; not only people who, with features perfectly regular, supposed that their noses stood awry, and who, though slender and sound in every respect, could not get rid of the idea that they were in the last stage of dropsy, but I have seen a lady who, if asked if she had not this or the other local disorder, felt in a moment every symptom of it. Having asked her if she had not the headache, she was instantly seized with it; and on asking, in the like manner, respecting the cramp in the arm, and the hiccup, both these affections immediately took place.

Tulpius mentions the instance of a man who, by reading a great number of medical and surgical books, became quite frantic. 'Monro saw a man who, by studying medicine under Boerhaave, had become hypochondriac. Whenever he attended any of Boerhaave's lectures, he always imagined that he was affected with the disease which had been the subject of it. By these means he was a continual living commentary on the science of phylis; but he had scarcely gone half through this destructive course of medicine, when he found himself so wretched and exhausted that he was obliged to give up the study altogether. Nay, we have had the instance of a person who imagined himself to be actually dead, and who, therefore, would have been starved, had not a friend, who pretended to be dead also, persuaded him that it was customary in the other world to eat a sufficient quantity daily.

The misfortune attending this weakness is not only that it occasions constant fear and dread, and that many diseases are actually excited because people suppose they are afflicted with them; but it induces patients to have recourse to useless and preposterous medicines, and to quackery without end, which often consumes the body much more rapidly than the disease itself would do it really exist.

A STEAMBOAT INCIDENT.—We are informed of a laughable affair which occurred on a recent trip of the steamer Boston from Bangor to this port. An elderly gentleman of this city wished to retire to rest, but discovered that his berth was not only occupied, but contained two persons—rather a liberal supply for a steamboat berth. He made application at the clerk's office for the expulsion of the intruders. The request was promptly attended to, and lo! the occupants were Jonathan and his wife, from 'away down east.' The lady was shown to the ladies' cabin, closely followed by her spouse, who, true to his marital rights, also entered, and commenced his preparations for again retiring with his wife. His operations were suddenly put a stop to by an

expulsion from the room, accompanied with a significant hint that when a gentleman wishes to enjoy his conjugal privileges on board a steambent, he must take a state-room. The affair caused much merriment among a number of the stronger sex, who were determined to, and did, see the termination of it. [Boston Atlas, 9th.

A SHOWER.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT, A. M.

In the valley that I know,
Happy scene!
There are meadows sloping low,
There fairest flowers blow,
And the brightest waters flow.

All serene!
But the sweetest thing to see,
If you ask the dripping tree,
Or the harvest-hoping swain,
Is the rain.

Al, the dwellers of the town,
How they sigh,
How unmercifully they frown,
When the cloud-king shakes his crown,
And the pearls come pouring down.

From the sky!
They desire no charm at all
Where the sparkling jewels fall,
And each moment of the shower
Seems an hour.

Yet there's something very sweet
In the sight,
When the crystal currents meet,
In the dry and dusty street,
And they wrestle with the heat,

In their might!
While they seem to hold a talk
With the clouds along the walk,
And remind them of the rule,
To 'keep cool!'

But in that quiet dell,
Ever fair,
Still the Lord doeth all things well,
When his clouds with blessings swell,
And they break a brimming shell.

On the air,
There the shower hath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its yoice,
And rejoice in its rains.

An English Farmer's Idea of England.

Joseph Barker, the English Reformer, who migrated some years since to Ohio, is now on a visit to his native land; which he views with eyes educated by his experience of America.

We find the following deeply interesting letter from him in a Boston paper:

BETLEY, Staffordshire, England, May 25, 1854.

This country is very beautiful, as you know. But the weather is bad; the sun cannot show himself more than six or eight hours a week, and even then it is not such as we have in America. But the country has a beauty, which, in its way, is not to be surpassed. Its fields, its hedges, its trees, with its gentle slopes and frequent interchange of hill and dale, present so soft, so green, so rich a scene; that nothing can excel it. It is all the eye can wish. But you cannot go far without meeting objects that spoil your pleasures. Before you leave the small steamer that takes you ashore, you see ill-dressed men lifting and carrying loads which overtax their powers. You have no sooner reached the wharf than miserable objects meet your view, such as seldom or never present themselves in America. You have first a lot of beggars, who, nevertheless, are afraid to beg, lest the police should drag them to prison. Next come four ragged boys, all beseeching you to allow them to brush and black your shoes, offering to do the job for a single cent rather than not be allowed to do it at all. You are next distressed by the sight of coarse, neglected creatures, who have never had the opportunity of learning to read or write, and who have been cursed with too much work and too little food from the day of their birth. Here are old, little cottages, adding to the beauty of rural scenery; but the inmates do not own their habitations. All is the property of one man, and the miserable creatures who live in them, and who create the beauty and the wealth with which you are surrounded, are at the mercy or caprice of a single selfish aristocrat. It is for the landowners alone to say when they shall work, what they shall do, and what they shall receive for their work. It is true they are not owned; but the land is owned; and they can only work at it at the pleasure of the owners.

We are now taking our walk in the country, fifty miles from Liverpool. Here is a woman, wheeling a wheelbarrow along the public road, gathering manure. Her husband has a few yards of garden ground, and she is seeking the means of increasing its fertility. A little further on, is another woman with a basket, following the same occupation. She carries her burden of manure on her head. Both these poor creatures are miserable objects. It is an awful thing that women, wives and mothers, should be subjected to such degradation. What comes next? It is a pedlar with a dog-cart. No toll can be demanded for dogs, so the pedlar-pedlar harnesses them, and makes them do the work of the pony or the ass. His business is to collect old bones, old rags, old iron, &c., for which he pays with pins and needles, dirty confectionery, and toys. He earns from thirty to forty cents per day.

This is Keel, a small country town, with aristocratic and clerical magistrates. The magistrates are sitting to pass round surveyor's accounts, to lay a rate, and to decide cases. There is a poor man brought up on charge of poaching. He has killed a rabbit; at least they say so. He says he found it lying on the road. No matter; the law forbids a poor man to touch a rabbit, or any animal called game; and the penalty is twenty-five dollars, or three months imprisonment. He begs for mercy. He declares he never touched a rabbit before. He never was charged with doing so. He vows he will never touch a rabbit again. He assures them that he has not five dollars in the world—that his wife and little ones will starve if he is sent to prison. I could not stay to hear the decision; but I felt my old republican indignation rise, and I could not help indulging in silent curses on English game laws and English tyranny.

What now? Here is a wall on the right side of the road, nine feet high. No man on foot can see over it. It is strongly built, and it cost five dollars a yard. It stretches two miles along the road. It surrounds a park, belonging to one of those magistrates sitting in judgment on the poor laborer who was caught with a rabbit in his hand. He has spent eighteen thousand—nay, fifty thousand dollars, to hide from the eyes of his near neighbors and passers by the beauties of natural scenery around him. He has gone a step further. Inside the wall he has planted trees which rise above the wall, and promise soon to hide the park and the scenery from the man on horseback, as well as from the man on foot.

The weather keeps dull. We have not had as much light and sunshine during the nine days we have been in England, as would make

one American day. It seems as if the sun was sick and about to die. Even when he gets clear of the clouds, he can only half shine. I can hardly understand how men can love the dull, moist, melancholy climate of England, after enjoying the bright and lightsome climate of America!

What is this? It is the Union House—the poor house, or the work house for the neighborhood. This high wall in front is to prevent the paupers from seeing what passes along the road, and perhaps to prevent those who pass by from catching a sight of their miserable, pauper neighbors. Here orphanage, idleness, and old age, want, disease and crime, dwell alone, and waste in sighs and tears and vain regrets the remnant of their miserable lives. And there is no comfort. Books are not allowed, except the prayer-book and bible. Work is imposed as a task, and hated as a curse. No high and elevated thoughts have ever entered the mind of the governor or mayor. If they had, the authorities would deny them utterance. The object is to make assistance or relief to the pauper as painful as possible, and thus deter the poor from seeking it.

In looking at these things I am sad and sick at heart. The vice, the ignorance, the wretchedness everywhere prevailing appals me. But why lose heart? The state of things is improving. It will improve. A wonderful change for the better has taken place since I was young. No one works for as little now as I used to work for eight-and-twenty years ago. And food is cheaper. And books are twenty times more plentiful. And twenty people can read where one could read when I was a child. I will hope then, and rejoice as well as sigh. Better days have come, and far better still are coming.

Hard Water.

What waters are pure—from whence natural hard water is produced—the cause—the philosophy of cleaning—its effects—error in the use of lime—its benefits and virtues.

None of the waters produced by nature are entirely pure and soft; artificially distilled water alone is so, and often then, without care, and some chemical knowledge of the process, is not free from impurities.

The waters from primitive formations, particularly from mountainous districts, are almost pure and springs and wells on sandy plains are nearly so, owing to the rocks and soils being wholly composed of siliceous and other constituents, insoluble in water. All streams and springs in secondary, or limestone countries, contain more or less materials constituting what is called hard water, and often the waters from sudden showers, which have been produced by evaporation from extensive regions of like formation, are sensibly affected.

All waters known as hard, result from some of the acids or their salts being held in solution. The most common are the carbonic acid and the carbonates, and sulphurous and chloric acids and their combinations. All the waters containing carbonic acid gas, and sulphurated hydrogen (the material that makes the sulphur springs of the country), uncombined with the earths, are rendered soft by simply boiling, as the gases are expanded by heat and thrown off, and no deposit is left; but when united with lime alumina (clay) or the metals, boiling deposits a portion, by releasing the solvent, in the form of a hard, stony concretion. The process used by washing-women to cleanse the hard water, by adding lime, ashes, or potash, is a strictly correct chemical process.

Acids and alkalis are antagonistic principles; one destroys or neutralizes the other, and renders both inert and harmless. The sulphurated waters are more difficult to cleanse or purify, than any other class, except the mercurials (acids of common salt, now called chlorates), as they adhere to their combinations with great tenacity.

The effect produced on hard water in washing, where soap is used, is very

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 17, 1854.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His office is at No. 10 State St., Boston. Mr. J. H. Palmer, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

The Black and White Douglas.

Whether anybody in the world thinks of voting for Frederick Douglas, notwithstanding his age and complexion and more sad recollections of slavery, is a matter of much doubt; but as they do say "that such a thing is talked about, there can be no harm in discussing the probable consequences of such a measure. This is what everybody is doing. The Cincinnati Enquirer, among others, comes out with the following very nice hit at the matter:

"We confess we have no anxiety to see any of the Douglas family occupying seats in Congress. They are an active race, and inclined to be ambitious, fanatical and mischievous. Of the two who are best known, Fred is probably the most talented, and Stephen the most unscrupulous. While, as orators, both are exceedingly fluent, Fred has an eloquence to which Stephen cannot pretend; and while the former is, with one exception, the most important individual in the Union, the latter is that exception. In regard to the sectional character of their sentiments, they do not greatly differ—the one being a Southern man with Northern principles, and the other a Northern man with Southern principles. Nor are they, in blood, so far removed as might at first appear, Fred being an Anglo Saxon upon the side of his father, while Stephen may be eminently worthy of a eulogy similar to that pronounced by the negro over his master, that 'if he was a white man, he had a black heart.'"

The right of Fred Douglas to hold a seat in Congress, in case he shall be elected, is unquestionable. There is no negro-phobia in the constitution. When we get Hayti, Central America, and the Sandwich Islands, our national legislature will, of necessity, be a pepper and salt body of Statesmen, and we shall have our candidates for the executive chair, if not our Presidents, of all shades, from the color of the new saddle to the somber tint of freshly broken antirrhoe. Well, what matters it? Let the area of freedom expand. Liberty is a Goddess, though her visage be stamped on a copper medal, and the image of God is the image of God, in spite of the melancholy shade of the fog of ebony from which it is carved. While we are marching on in the triumphal path of manifest destiny, it will not do to notice those little drawbacks which vary but cannot sullie the glories of our progress."

In our opinion, Fred would stand above mediocrity, both in talent and integrity, in any Congress likely to meet while the present wire-pulling system continues. When the leopard changes his spots he may turn to a white man, and Congress to a body of honest men. Till then it is no more his fault that he wears a dark skin, than that he wears a black name.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.—There is little now to look for, from art but artificial brains; and it is even said that her sister, Education, sometimes accomplishes this where there is a good board of instruction—and with so perfect imitation that nothing but practical use can detect the fraud. This kind of "bogos," however, has the protection of law—like sin, only carrying its punishment within itself. But, without starting the "great moral question" whether a lack of brains is 'sin under the law,' we revert to the case of a friend who has just looked us in the face after a visit to the establishment of Dr. Whittman, in Court-st., Boston. The last time we saw him he had but one eye. Now, he exhibits two, and with so much perfection that we can't tell which is the real one. We should call his name, but for the reason that we should thus disclose a fact that his best friends will know only from past acquaintance. It is a piece of, inimitable workmanship, presenting all the movements of the other eye, and commencing the great skill of the artist in the most conclusive terms—to whose efforts we advise everybody who has lost an eye to resort at once for a substitute 'e'en a maist as gude as nae,'—or old.

WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?—The Horticultural blows up those resolutions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, which have lately gone the rounds of the papers and were published in the Mail a few weeks since. After giving the resolutions, which it is not necessary for us to do a second time, the editor says:

"In the first resolution, the committee is made to say, that lichens and mosses are the consequence of disease and decay; and in the second, that lichens and mosses, in a healthy state of the tree, are no injury to the bark, but one of its chief ornaments." How very consistent this! In the first resolution they condemn washing or scraping the bark, and in the third they recommended rubbing it with a stiff brush and washing with whale oil soap. This is more consistency, but all to no purpose.

"We have always believed that lichens and mosses on cultivated trees, whether useful or ornamental, betokened an unhealthy condition, generally induced by wet or ungenial soil, or careless bad cultivation. Whatever indicates disease or debility in trees, whether in the orchard or on the lawn, cannot be a precious ornament, we think. Our advice to those whose fruit or ornamental trees have become mossy, is to pay no attention to the palmyer about ornament, but go about draining and renovating the soil, and then remove the moss, and wash with soap suds."

"In the fourth resolution they are told 'nature is the best and only true guide in horticultural operations.' Now, if everybody believes this, who will carry out the advice of the committee to use the wire brush and whale oil soap? Does nature use any such contrivances? This talk about nature directing horticultural operations, is more moonshine. The gardener and fruit grower has half his time to work in direct opposition to nature. She sends swarms of insects, spiders, bark-lice, and caterpillars, upon his trees, and he must destroy them or see his trees destroyed. Nature sends floods and droughts, and we have to drain and irrigate; she sends high winds, and we must provide shelter. In fact, the life of the gardener is a

continual struggle with nature and her varied phenomena.

Surely this committee must have been badly off for a subject to make resolutions upon.—What will they do next!

Who are the Office Holders?

We are glad to discover that this question is agitating the public mind in a manner that promises not only an answer but a remedy.—So wonderfully has papal, priestly and jesuitical secretiveness operated in our government that the true born sons of Columbia are already cheated of their birthright, and the fair tree of Liberty, which so generously tendered its fruit to the taste of all, is left to be trimmed, engrafted and mutilated by foreign hands. So ingeniously have the wire-pullers and office seekers cast dust in the eyes of the people, that danger is even at the door before the alarm is sounded. Thank God for the alarm!—which comes through the great law that compels the wrath of man to praise Him! But for the folly of the men now in power, the alarm now sounding through the land might have been heard too late.

The Boston Bee, reported to be in the secret of the "Know Nothing" movement, answers the above question by the following statement said to be based upon careful investigation.

Washington, D. C.	Amer.	For.
State Department	13	16
Treasury Department	138	278
Department of the Interior	338	590
Officers and agents in the service of the House of Representatives	10	40
Post Office Department	11	80
Ministers and Consuls	510	914
Coast Survey	151	106
United States Mint	15	20
Light-house Board, Inspectors, and Keepers	25	12
United States Revenue Marine Service	31	392
	35	30
	767	1474

The list of Custom House officers in the different States, shows 215 AMERICANS and 1537 FOREIGNERS. Let Native Americans ponder these facts.

Let Americans and the sons of Americans look at this! If the descendants of the men of '76 can ponder such facts and not rally to the rescue, shake off the slimy and degrading shackles of party, and take hold of their birthright with a strong and sure hand, they are fit only to be trampled under the feet of Padidies and foreign squatters.

Testimonial of Regard.

The following resolutions indicate the high esteem in which Mr. Andrew H. Crosby, of Waterville, was held by the Lodge of which he was a member.

At a regular meeting of "Amicitia Lodge," No. 88, I. O. O. F., held in their hall in the town of Naples, Scott County, Illinois, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased an All-Wise Providence to remove from our midst our much esteemed brother, A. H. CROSBY, who departed this life in Springfield, Illinois, on the 16th inst., Therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Crosby, Society has lost an ornament, the Poor a friend, and this Lodge an embodiment of the great principles of our Order of "Friendship, Love and Truth."

Resolved, That while we as a Lodge deplore his loss, we at the same time deeply sympathize with his numerous relatives and friends, and we hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathies, trusting that they will mourn not as those without hope but that they will meet again in the "Grand Lodge" above, never again to part.

Resolved, That although deprived of the mournful pleasure of attending the remains of our esteemed brother to his last earthly abiding place, we as a Lodge will wear the usual badge of mourning, for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to his relatives; and that we also procure a copy to be published in the Springfield papers.

H. O. WILCOX, N. G.

THO. FARQUHARSON, SEC.

Naples, July 24, '54.

Interesting to Musicians.

We have before alluded to the Piano-forte Manufactory of Messrs. Andrews & Robinson, of Portland, as promising to take a position of much prominence in a department where Boston has thus far had precedence. The establishment embraces a degree of musical and mechanical genius that will in due time make its mark upon the public, if it has not already done so. Their beautiful Music Hall is already the point of musical attraction to Portland, as in due time it promises to be to Maine.

We copy from the Argus the following notice of an important improvement made in the piano by this firm.

"Swell Mute Attachment."

This important invention is creating a great sensation among the manufacturers of Piano Fortes in the United States; and already have the Boston and New York makers visited Portland for the purpose of negotiating for the right of manufacturing in those States. The acknowledged success of the invention in producing new and novel effects, is so well established that orders for Pianos with this attachment are continually being received by Andrews & Robinson, beyond their ability to supply; and we are proud to note this fact, because enterprise and ingenuity should be rewarded.

The "power" of sustaining the tone by the "swell mute," is remarkable; as the vibration does not enter the sounding board, but remains with its full strength in the string alone; instead of diffusing itself over the whole instrument. Thus the greatest imperfection of the Piano is overcome by this means, and thus is accomplished the power of sustaining, yet not overpowering the voice; a difficulty often felt in Piano Forte accompaniments.

As to the tone of the Mute, swelling and decreasing effects brought out under the nimble finger of Hauser, are admirable. "At one moment there is heard a soft and distant strain, gradually coming towards you; as the pedal is let off, it rushes on the ear like a brisk breeze of rich harmony, then receding back into its melodic gentleness, it weaves some plaintive melody, and whispers to the ear again like playful love coquetting with sweet sounds."

One is startled with these peculiarities, and aware that they are so new and unlooked for; and to the concert-player it must be of incalculable advantage in representing musical ideas in all their variety; while the beginner, whose practice is often unpleasant to those who hear it, is assisted with the reduced tone of the attachment, to receive all the benefit of the exercise,

as, without an excessive noise to disturb those around him.

We cordially recommend all lovers of music, and those interested in the art, to visit the establishment of Andrews & Robinson, and examine the "Swell Mute," as we understand there is one at their ware-rooms on exhibition.

A SAD STORY.—About a year and a half ago, Mr. Charles Bates, of Bingham, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Allen S. Davis, of Norridgewock, started together for Australia.—Both left families behind, with many connexions, by whom their return was looked for with the painful impatience and anxiety known only to those in similar circumstances. Together they made the long and tedious journey, together toiled for gold, and together suffered sickness and disappointment. Weary at length of the apparently fruitless effort, they started together to return to their homes. After all their trials, they finally arrived in good health, to the great joy of those who had waited for them; though with less money than they carried away. But what of that, so long as they were again happy with their families? Hardly were congratulations ended, when both were attacked with symptoms of the fatal fever that cuts off so many bold adventurers, and in a few days both were borne to their graves.—Mr. Bates died at Bingham, on the 5th inst., aged 50 years; and Mr. Davis at Norridgewock on the following day, aged 37. In their lives they toiled together, and in death were not divided.

A TONGUE SILENCED.—On Saturday night before Commencement, some one took out and carried off the tongue of the bell of the Baptist church. Since then, the tongueless organ of one sect has only spoken through proxy, on another steeple. Strange as it may seem, the morning call from the old Baptist belfry, uttered by a Congregational tongue, with a good Methodist at the rope, is just as effectual in rousing the sleepers of Waterville as the one-string note from the 'true church.' It pitches upon another key, but makes just as much noise.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—Notwithstanding the severe drought of several weeks past, the crops in Kennebec generally look well. On Sunday there was a fine shower in this place, though its extent was limited. The potato crop will be light, for lack of rain, though we hear of no symptoms of rot. Hay proves better than last year, and prices are from ten to twelve dollars. Corn has also suffered by drought, but promises about an average crop. Though generally late planted, it has advanced rapidly. We saw some ears picked on the farm of Gen. Robinson, some days ago, that were completely matured for harvest. They were of the Canada kind, of which the General has in past years raised eighty-four bushels to the acre. There will be about an average crop of apples, though in some places deficient in size—for what cause we know not. Rain is anxiously looked for, as the only security against an excess of lean kine at Cattle Show.

SMALL COIN.—A very mean innovation, in the matter of mutilating the circulating medium, is circulating in the shape of hammered three-cent pieces marked with a cross, to resemble an old six-cent piece reduced to five. The petty scoundrel who will expose himself to State Prison for two cents, ought to go there by birth-right.

Alek says the darkest spot in his memory was the center of Ticonic Bridge on Sunday night last, between 9 and 10 o'clock. Still, he can't see why the owners should be at the expense of lighting everybody's path, so long as they lighten everybody's pocket.

He advises—while his hand is in it—that the thrifty beef eaters of Waterville should enquire how it happens that good beef steak is sold lower in New York city than in Waterville. He thinks the New Yorkers are getting up a monopoly, and have got hold of the wrong end.

CHOLERA.—Waterville continues entirely free of this disease, and there are probably less than the usual number of cases of dysentery and other bowel complaints. In all these there have been but few deaths.

The death of a French woman is reported this morning, of cholera, induced by an over dose of salts.

THE FAREWELL OF A WRITER.—N. P. Willis, in a late number of the Home Journal, gives an account of the state of his health, and the disorder (consumption) under which he is laboring. No medicines appear to be of any avail, and he is evidently gradually sinking under the attack. He announces that the letters from Idlewild must now cease. From this, his last letter, we make the following extract:

"Consumption, mourned over as it is, seems to me a gentle untying of the knot of life, instead of the sudden and harsh tearing asunder of its threads by other disease—a tenderness in the destroying angel, as it were, which greatly softens for some, his inevitable errand to *Al*. It is a decay with little or no pain, insensible almost in its progress, delayed, sometimes, year after year, in its more fatal approaches. And it is not alone in its indulgent prolonging and deferring, that consumption is like a blessing. The cords which it first loosens are the career ones most confining to the mind. The weight of the material senses is gradually taken from the soul with the lightening of their food and the lessening of their strength. Probably, till he owns himself an invalid, no man has ever given the wings of his spirit room enough—few, if any, have thought to adjust the mainstays to body and soul so as to subdue the senses to their secondary place and play. With illness enough for this, and not enough to distress or weaken—with consumption, in other words as most commonly experienced—the mind becomes conscious of a wonderfully new freedom and predominance. Things around alter their value. Estimates of persons and pursuits strangely change. Nature seems as newly beautiful as if a film had fallen from the eyes. The purer affections, the simpler motives, the humbler and more secluded reliances for sympathy, are found to have been the closest-linked with thoughts bolder and freer. Who has not wondered at the cheerfulness of consumptive persons? It is because, with the senses kept under by invalid treatment, there is no depression of spirits." With careful regimen and the

system purified and disciplined, life, what there is of it, is in the most exhilarating balance of its varied proportions. Death is not dreaded where there is, thus, such a conscious breaking through of the wings of another life, freer and higher."

SLAVE TRADE.—It has been openly charged of late, that the slave trade between the coast of Africa and the United States, was carried on quite briskly, by way of Cuba. The Philadelphia papers of Thursday, contain evidence, at least, that American vessels are engaged in the nefarious trade, between Africa and Cuba. In the United States Commissioner's Court, on Thursday, Capt. Donald, of the brig Grey Eagle, was arraigned, charged with having landed at Cuba six hundred negroes—men, women and children, taken from the coast of Africa. Three or four of the crew of the Grey Eagle were introduced as witnesses. These men testified that they shipped in New York, in March last, on board the Grey Eagle, to go to St. Thomas and other points. Twenty-five days out, Capt. Donald told them that they were bound to the coast of Africa, for a load of negroes. There being no help for it, the crew made no objection. The brig first touched at Cape Palmas, and thence sailed to Cajuda, where she shipped a cargo of 600 negroes. A Spaniard seemed to have chief command of the brig after this, though he and Capt. Donald both navigated the vessel. On reaching Cuba, the brig was run into a creek, the slaves were landed in the night, under protection of the police, the chief having been bribed by the gift of \$32,000, and were thence taken to the plantation of one Don Louis, six hours distant from where they were landed. The next night the crew of the brig followed, and after being concealed there for several days, were paid off, each receiving \$450 in addition to his wages, taken in a small schooner to Havana, and there told to shift for themselves, which they did, and arrived by different vessels in the United States. One of the crew, a boy, however, first made a statement to the U. S. consul at Havana, and was sent home in custody. Three others of the crew were tracked by the police to New York, and there arrested and taken on to Philadelphia. Their testimony corroborated the boy's in all important particulars, and went to establish the facts as above. They stated, among other things, that some fifteen or twenty of the poor negroes perished on the passage.

Thus it appears that if the slave trade is not yet actually established and openly carried on between Africa and the United States, as some of our Southern contemporaries propose to have it, yet American vessels—vessels, too, from Northern ports—are directly concerned in this piratical business. Let our African squadron be withdrawn from the slave coast—let but the slightest encouragement be given to this business—even let it be understood that our Government will not be particularly careful to discover and punish offenders in this line—and we should speedily have a fleet of Northern clippers actively employed in transporting negroes from Africa, to the United States, through Texas, it may be, or some port on the Gulf of Mexico.

INTERESTING FROM KANSAS.—The Worcester Spy announces the safe return of Mr. C. H. Branscomb, late of Chicago, the pioneer of the first New England emigrants to Kansas. He has come back on business, and intends to return West with the next company of Kansas emigrants. His account of that country, and of the prospect of the first band of emigrants is very encouraging. The party were in excellent health and spirits. They had selected and located themselves on a beautiful site for a town, on the right bank of the Kansas river, 40 miles from its mouth, where they had pitched their tents and commenced the construction of their cabins. They have formed a regular squatter organization, of which Mr. Fuller, of Worcester, is President, and Mr. E. Davenport, of Boston, Secretary. Their expectations in relation to the country were realized in every respect; and in the abundance of its springs of pure, sweet and excellent water, it far exceeded their anticipations.

Mr. B. does not anticipate any trouble from slaveholders, if emigrants from the free States will only push forward resolutely and speedily. He says that even the emigrants from the slave States who do not carry slaves, will vote for freedom, and the slaveholders themselves begin to give it up, that the State must be free. One slaveholder in Franklin, Mo., explored the country, and having selected a claim near where the New England company have located, returned to Missouri and removed his effects, including four slaves, on to the location. On his arrival, finding the population coming in from the free States, and judging well the consequences, he re-packed his effects, and took them and the slaves back again to Missouri.

It is now expected that the next company will consist of about 1000 persons, and that they will leave New England the latter part of this month.

SOLOMON BORLAND.—THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER'S OPINION OF HIM.—To avoid the chance of misapprehension, it is better, perhaps, distinctly to protest that we do not wish to be understood as in any way approving the conduct of Mr. Borland in this affair. He is one of the appointments of this administration which we have never been able to understand or commend. In his previous career he had not evinced any special qualification for public business of any sort, but least of all for the delicate and difficult duties of diplomacy. When his promotion was first gazetted, we foreboded trouble from his vehemence and ungovernable passions, and his restless ambition for effect and notoriety.

The want of judgment and dignity, and the disposition to have a hand in 'every man's pie,' as Shakespeare expresses it, which constitute striking features in Mr. Borland's character, were deplorably conspicuous in his conduct at San Juan. Why should the American minister interfere between Captain Smith and the negro boatman, thereby officiously thrusting himself into a vulgar dispute, and exposing his government to unnecessary insult and contempt? It was the business of Mr. Fabens, the consular agent, to afford Capt. Smith the protection which he might justly claim. Mr. Borland forgot his dignity and his responsibility, when he yielded to that impulse of pugilism which has so often involved him in street fights and affairs of honor.

[Richmond Enquirer, Aug. 10.]

RIOT IN ST. LOUIS.—A terrible riot occurred at St. Louis on the night of the 7th inst. (Monday), the city and county election day for members of Congress and for county officers. The riot commenced at about five o'clock on Monday afternoon, and continued all night. According to different accounts, it was begun by an Irishman, who stabbed an American in the back, near the Fifth Ward polls. This was the signal for a general row. The Americans soon rallied in force, and with stones, axes, bowie-knives and fire-arms, commenced a general attack on the Irish, and on their shops and houses. Their low groggeries

first received attention, and were pretty extensively broken up and torn to pieces. The St. Louis Intelligencer estimates the number of houses thus robbed and sacked at not less than from 50 to 60, chiefly Irish doggeries of the lowest kind; and the loss of property, including the bad liquor that was spilled, probably, at about \$50,000. Three men were reported as killed, others as mortally wounded, and many more as injured to a greater or less extent. The military were finally called out, the police proving utterly inefficient, many of them being Irishmen themselves, some few arrests were made, and comparative order at length restored to the city; though at last accounts (the 9th) the greatest excitement still prevailed.

Washington National Monument.

As Elections for members of Congress, &c., will be held during the ensuing months in several States of the Union, the Board of Managers have deemed it their duty to request the Judges or Commissioners who may be appointed to take the ballots of the voters, to put up boxes at the different localities where elections will be held, for the purpose of receiving such contributions as the admirers of the illustrious Father of his Country may think proper to deposit in aid of the great Monument, now in course of erection in this city to his memory.

Patriotic feeling that when this noble and patriotic purpose is presented to the people, they will not hesitate to give their mite for such an object; and it now becomes more necessary, as the funds of the society are rapidly diminishing and may not soon be adequate to carry on the work. A small contribution from each citizen or voter throughout the United States, would be sufficient to complete the Monument,—a work intended to add to their glory as well as to honor the memory of the illustrious dead. A yet half dime contributed by every inhabitant of our country, would rear the grand structure, now in progress, to its destined completion. It will be pitiful, wondrous pitiful, if out of twenty-five millions of souls who inhabit this great country, rendered independent, prosperous and happy mainly by his exertions and devotion to its cause, the sum necessary to erect a Monument worthy of such a man could not be completed for the want of the small pecuniary aid which every American should feel it his pride, as well as his duty to afford.

At the last Presidential election, the plan of obtaining contributions at the Polls, (thus testing the patriotism and liberality of the voters and others) was attempted, though the previous arrangements were not such as to insure a very full collection, the result was as satisfactory as could, under the circumstances, have been expected.

It is therefore desirable that this system should be continued in the different States at all future elections of a local or general nature; and the Board of Managers indulge the hope that on this occasion at the elections to be held in the respective States of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Louisiana, and Florida, contributions will be made in aid of the Monument, worthy of the Countrymen of their illustrious benefactor.

JOHN CARROLL BRETT, Sec. of the W. N. M. S.

BREEDING FROM BROKEN-DOWN AND DISEASED MAKES.—This not uncommon practice is one great cause why there are so many broken down or take on disease from overworking or other errors in management. True, a horse of the soundest and strongest constitution will break down under bad treatment—such treatment as it pains us to witness not unfrequently—but the produce of an old diseased mare will break down under bad treatment more readily than that of sound and healthy parentage. For example, it is well ascertained that broken wind can be propagated, when either sire or dam is affected with that disease; and that, when inherited in either case, there is a very high probability that when any produce of such diseased animals is set to work, it will soon become thick in the wind and become broken-winded at an early age. It is poor policy, therefore, to breed from an old broken-wind or broken-down mare. Better to shoot the old creature, and breed from a young and perfectly sound mother. The colts will be worth enough more to cover abundantly the difference in the cost.—[Country Gent.]

A curious sect of Religionists has just arisen in England; called the Disciples. They believe that Christ will appear in 1864, that the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews over the Russians; the latter event will happen in ten years' time, when the Jews will become a nation in the Holy Land; and that Christ will become their King, that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the rest of the righteous Jews of old, and the few elect among Christians, will rise from the dead, and live forever in Palestine, that the heathen and wicked Jews and Christians will sleep eternal ly.

NEW SLAVE STATE PROPOSED.—We have information from a credible source that a proposition has recently been made to the three nations, the Cherokees, Creeks and Choctaws, to form a State out of the territory occupied by these semi-civilized tribes, admitting them as citizens. This proposal was accompanied by an offer to build them a handsome State House at the expense of the Federal Government. The evident design was to form another Slave State, as there are large numbers of slaves held by all these tribes. But the proposal was rejected by the Cherokees, for the reason that it would place them on a level with other tribes not so far advanced in civilization.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A little boy, a few days since, was playing on the wharf at Newport, R. I., when he discovered something in the water, and, managed to get it out. It proved to be a needle-book, containing nothing but a few slips of paper. This finder, however, gathered the papers together, took them home, and pressed them in a book until they were dried. His uncle then took them to the office of the Newport Mercury. "On examining the papers," says the Mercury, "we found that there were notes to the value of nearly four hundred dollars, drawn in favor of a lady, and from the date, we judged that she resided in South China, Me. It struck us at once that her pocket had been picked at the time of the Friends' meeting; the money, if any, had been taken out, and the needle-book with the rest of the contents, thrown into the dock. On the strength of this, we wrote to South China, and, after a little delay, received an answer from Lowell, containing a description of the notes, and such particulars as made it certain that we had found the rightful owner of the property, and these notes constitute all her worldly goods. She had been to Newport, but how or when the property was lost, she had no means of knowing. The notes were returned to their rightful owner."

RUM MURDERS.—The following record of rum murders last week, with the accompanying remarks, we copy from the New York Mirror of the 2d. The shooting case of McQuestion in Bradford, Mass., may be added to the list, for it appears that the assailant in that affair had just previously visited a "restaurant," and could not give a coherent reason for the outrage which he confessed to have perpetrated.

For three days of the present week, we have had to record four foul murders, done under the influence of rum. We use the term rum to cover the whole list of intoxicating drinks, whereby men are made brutes and savages, and society is hourly afflicted by a worse than pestilence, famine, or war. Of these murders, one was committed on Tuesday, at Syracuse; one in this city on Monday, and another in this city yesterday, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, being the second stabbing case in that house within a month—and the fourth at Brooklyn, yesterday—perhaps a double murder. To these we may add a rum murder of an Englishman, named Ashton, in Virginia, last week, and we doubt not the files of the Mirror, would show a daily case for months past.

Is not this a frightful condition of things, and whatever the plea for individual liberty the right of private judgment, &c., urged against the passage of the Maine law, can there be any longer a doubt that society would be the blessed gainer if the whole rum traffic, from beginning to end, were annihilated. It is all very well to argue for the temperate use of liquor, but experience terribly proves that there is in rum a subtle, insidiously fiend, that begins the destruction of judgment, the moment it passes human lips. Our prisons, penitentiaries, and almshouses filled with the victims of rum; our tax and pauper list swelled chiefly by rum; our communities disgraced by vice and violence, and tens of thousands of families hurled to grief, beggary, and shame and ruin, these are the work of the fiery and insatiable demon—Rum!

We have thought the evil might be mended if bad rum were put down; if low grog-shops were closed, but crime and murder issue from the most respectable places where the fire brand is harbored. There are other things coming within the broad range of temperance, that afflict men—that visit upon the persons who indulge in them, individual sorrow and wretchedness, and shame, but there is no other thing that makes its indulger a beast and a maniac like rum, sending him home to desolate homes, degrading society, and far beyond himself, all the world with ruin and mourning.

When Mahomet pronounced a curse upon the drinker of wine, he showed the wisdom of a legislator who, backed by and experience of ages, set the actual against the theoretical, preferring insignificant sacrifice to overwhelming ruin. He made, and wisely, total abstinence one of the chief virtues of religion. Aye, and because it served the temporal blessing of man. Why is the cholera raging up and down in our midst!—Chiefly let rum and its consequences answer. Rum!—War, has been a pigny destroyer compared with it, and from the time and long before Lot debauched his own offspring, and Alexander's drunken mistress fired Persepolis, and Nero in his cups fiddled over burning Rome, rum has been a perpetual scourge—the fruitful parent of all the foulest crimes on record.

CONVERSATIONAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE SEXES.—What makes those men who associate habitually with women, superior to others?—What makes that woman, who is accustomed to, and at ease in the company of men, superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved, for their colloquial powers?—Solely because they are in the habit of a free, graceful and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation, in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is interchanged continually.—Their asperities are rubbed off; their materials polished and brightened; and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of our character are laid aside, like the harness of a warrior in the time of peace and security.

WHICH IS THE HAPPY MAN?—We know a man in Michigan who lives on the interest of his money, and that is only \$70 per annum. He has, it is true, a small house with one room in it, three or four acres of land, and keeps a cow, a couple of pigs and a few hens, yet he and his wife always appear cheerful and contented, and preserve a respectable appearance on their \$70 per annum.

We know a man in New York who expends \$25,000 per annum for his household expenses. He pays for gas light more than the whole income of the Michigan man. He makes annual holiday presents to more than the whole amount of the property of the Michigan man. It cost him a sum six times as large as the whole income of our philosopher to support a single waiter.

We know them both very well and we think our Michigan friend by far the happiest and healthiest and most enviable man. They are both advanced in years. The cheapness of books and papers place abundance of rational enjoyment in the power of the countryman; an accumulation of physical ills, and a necessity of intense activity, deprives the citizen of calm and quiet enjoyment and reflection. The former, in the probable course of events, will die of old age at ninety, the latter at seventy. Such is the distribution of happiness and wealth.—[Toledo (O) Blade.]

AGGRAVATED ASSAULT.—On Sunday evening last, as Mr. J. N. Gammon was returning from meeting, he met two Irishmen, near the New Mills, one of whom accosted him with, "Are you a Know Nothing?" Mr. G. replied, "What's that to you?"—and the fellow thereupon gave him a blow with a knife, cutting through his coat and vest, but fortunately doing no other injury. Mr. G. knocked him down, and both the Irishmen, then thought it prudent to run. The scamp should receive the severest penalty of the law.

[Gardiner Jour. 10th]

DECISION AND TRUTH.—Whatever you think proper to grant a child let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer; and above all, without making any conditions. Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance, but let your refusal be irrevocable; let not importunity shake your resolution, let the positive "No," when once pronounced be a wall of brass, which a child, after he has tried his strength against it half a dozen times, shall never more endeavor to shake.

INDICTMENT FOR MURDER.—Dr. Graham was indicted yesterday, by the Grand Jury, for the murder of Col. Loring. He pleaded not guilty, and was re-committed to the City Prison. His trial was fixed for next month.

THE EASTERN MAIL,
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
MAXHAM & WING,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
At No. 3-1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.
R.H. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
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Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

OUR TABLE.
LINDARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—The 5th volume of this work, now in course of publication by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, has just been issued. This volume embraces the reign of Henry VIII., an eventful period in English history. The author is a zealous Catholic, and of course endeavors to make out a good case for his own church, but he enjoys a good reputation for honesty and impartiality in the main, and the work is no doubt a valuable one. It is for sale at Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

THE HORTICULTURIST for August displays a tempting pair of Bonneted Peas, for a frontispiece and has also some small embellishments. It is filled with valuable articles upon a great variety of subjects, among which we find one devoted to the Culture of Strawberries—of special interest to all who attempt the raising of this luscious fruit. The Horticulturist is published monthly by Jas. Vick, Jr., Rochester, N. Y., at \$2 a year; colored edition \$4.00.

MARTIN MERRIVALE.—Nos 7, 8, 9 and 10 of this admirable story by Paul Croyton have just been issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. Our interest in the hero, which was awakened by a perusal of the first number, has deepened with each succeeding one, and we await with impatience the conclusion of the story. It is certainly the best thing the author has ever published. For sale at Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

FORBES' BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—The August number shows how that poor little mouse, after much tribulation, was enabled by patience and perseverance to regain possession of its tail; little Neddy Naylor is on his travels, and what he sees and hears, is duly chronicled for the instruction of little readers; another drawing lesson is given, besides numerous pretty stories, anecdotes, poems, &c. Published by F. & G. C. Rowland, Boston, at \$1 a year.

THE SCOUT, FAN, AND FAN.—The August number is at hand, as handsome and interesting as any of its predecessors. Where the editors and publishers do so many good things every month, is past our comprehension; and that any child can be found stupid enough to be insensible to the attractions of this magazine, is what we cannot believe. Published monthly by Evans & Dickerson, N. York, at \$1 a year.

FACT, PUN, AND FAN.
Van Wagner, of Poughkeepsie, an honest and intelligent blacksmith, has turned lawyer. No cause is assigned for this rash act.

They are building a bridge for the Lexington and Danville Road, across the Kentucky river, pointing South, the most magnificent on earth—some span of wire, from cliff to cliff, *twelve hundred feet long!*

The London Panch gets off a good thing for some of the English admiral, whose tardiness astonishes the world. It says, if the 'race is not to the swift,' why wonder at the tardiness of the fleet?

At the close of a silly book, the author as usual printed the word *Finis*. A w/p put this among the errata, with this pointed comment:
Finis! an error, or a lie, my friend!
In writing foolish books—there is no end!

A printer in Albany on Friday night was assaulted for veering a Know-Nothing hat. He intimidated, by a solid blow, prostrating his antagonist, who could select his own hat. [Exchange paper.]

Women, when they talk of a 'good figure,' must mean the figure eight, for that is the figure which is the most pulled in at the middle.

DEATH OF COMMODORE DOWNES.—Commodore John Downes, of the U. S. Navy, died at Charleston, Miss., on Thursday. Com. Downes was a native of Maine, and one of the oldest navy officers in commission. His age was about 80.

Death, though certain, and the most tremendous event that can ever occur to man, is notwithstanding, far less thought of by him, than are dollars and cents, or the fluctuations of the stock market.

A HUSBAND NEARLY A PLATFORM.—All men are endowed with inalienable rights—except poor men. All men who do not pay their honest debts are great scoundrels—except those who do not on a large scale. All men are born free and equal—except negroes. All men are allowed to not think freely—except those who work for a living. All well dressed and accomplished women are ladies—except factory girls.

To find your longitude on the weather map, multiply the square root of the weather gauge, to this add the parallax of the hypotenuse and the quotient will be the answer. This beats old Euclid to sticks.

THE 'KNOW NOTHINGS.'—The Salem correspondent of the Newburyport Herald, after alluding to the fact that the Know Nothing movement has thrown the other political parties in this State into a rather confused condition, says:

It may not be amiss, however, that this idea has seized the public mind, as it will serve to regulate more permanent parties, and stop the infamous bids for foreign votes; and, I will venture, that in the next Presidential struggle, we shall not find one candidate proving that he has Irish blood in his veins, or the other telling how much he loves the 'rich Irish brogue.' If any general hereafter hangs Irish deserters, he will not deny it; and if we send another army to Mexico, we shall no more order the soldiers to uncover and kneel before the priests, than we shall call the priests to suppress the next riot we have at home.

The Boston Pilot, which has all along been stigmatizing the Native movement as bigoted and anti-republican, comes out with the following proposal. It makes a mighty difference where ex-cors, or whose is good:

'Would it not be well to naturalize all respectable Catholic immigrants as soon as the laws will permit, and then, in order to checkmate the German, French, Italian, and Irish imported radicals and anarchists, to agree to an alteration of the naturalization laws?

PAINTED BEAUTIES.—Rouge, we are sorry to observe, (says the Home Journal) amounts to an epidemic scurvy just now in Broadway. It is not more heinous, than we know of, than any other attempted embellishment of the person, but being usually made a secret of, at home, most probably, it is put on without aid or consultation by the wearer herself, and is oftenest unskillfully done. In a new book, which is quite the rage in Paris, called 'Ten Thousand for one Flower,' there are two passages, with which we will leave the ladies' fashions for the present:

'The savage paints his body to frighten his enemies; the woman, not savage, paints her face red and white to charm her friends.' Which of the two is most ridiculously tattooed!

At the seashore, women bathe by themselves, they are clothed with a long robe which conceals them from their own looks; but in the evening you encounter, at the balls, these same women just sufficiently covered to cause the remark how little they are covered; so that they have the appearance of dressing to go to the bath; and of undressing to go to a ball.

Fire in the woods in Glenburn has for some days past been troublesome and threatening. On Thursday, an old house belonging to Dr. Marston was burnt, and with it, about thirty

dollars worth of clapboards stored therein.—Twelve tons of hay, owned by the doctor were burnt in the field. It has required about the whole population of the Pishaw district to preserve the buildings and fences from destruction.—[Bangor Whig.]

Trees on Farms.
Another point of some importance, as connected with farming, is that of scattering trees in the hedges and open fields. On lands devoted exclusively to pasturing, such as are needed for their shade, and scattered generally over a country, they add much to its beauty and picturesqueness. Especially is this the case in this country, where, owing to a damp atmosphere, the falling leaves soon decay and mingle with the soil, instead of becoming dry and littering the land and highways, as with us. Englishmen are justly proud of their old spreading trees. Landlords often enter it in their leases that no trees shall be cut down.—Still in those parts of the empire, where the farming is best, the trees are going. You now see but few in the wheat-fields of the lowlands of Scotland, for instance; and very few in the fields of such farmers as Mr. Pusey and Mr. Mechi. These men do not sacrifice their love for the beautiful in nature. They cultivate trees in their proper places. They are the last men, I suppose, who would leave a country naked and bald; but trees have no longer a place among their wheat and barley.

In our land of scorching summers, let there be trees. It would be barbarous to root them out from our cultivated fields, where they are injurious, without, at the same time, securing their growth in other places, where they are not only harmless but pleasing to the eye—conducive to health, and often more profitable than anything else the soil will grow. Let them study our pasture lands, as gems of beauty and of comfort. Our cattle need the means of coolness in summer and warmth in winter.—Only by attending to this matter shall we ever approach that excellence in this department, which our British brethren have attained.—More depends upon cherishing the trees we have, than upon new. Let trees line our highways. Their roots and tops will be a little injurious to the bordering lands, but not much; the weary traveller and his beast may rest under their shade, or their children shall delight the paler from their produce; and our grandchildren build their houses with the timber they grow. If our roadsides were adorned with a tree once in five rods, the rows alternating with each other, as far as convenient, the roads with the exception of here and there a wet place, which might be intermitted if thought desirable, would not be a whit worse, and in many soils be far better. If one-fourth of these are rock maple, they might furnish sugar for the population, whenever it should be cheaper to manufacture than to buy; and no one can tell what future times may be. Rural dwellings should be adorned by shade trees.—An American farmhouse, under a sun shining intensely at least two hundred and fifty days in a year, is a very different thing from an English country residence, where the sun scarcely shines as many hours, and that mainly morning and evening. Yet the Englishman takes care to provide his residence with trees; the breeze that enter his windows come purified by a previous passage through dense foliage; but too often the American neglects to surround himself with these conservators of health and comfort; so that he and his family breathe air, not only scorching hot, but often surcharged with carbon and ammonia. An American farmhouse, without trees at a little distance—no so near as to produce injurious dampness—is out of all taste, is unfavorable to health and comfort, and in utter disregard of the great law of adaptation to circumstances of situation and climate.—[Albany Cultivator.]

When Macdonell, the Greek Physician was slain, Homer said of him, 'a good Physician is worth as much as a whole army.' Then a good medicine like Ayer's Cathartic Pills, is worth a great deal more, because it cures a wide, works wider, and lasts longer. The circle of the best Physician's labor must be narrow, while such a remedy is available—can be had by everybody, and is worth having.

Sold in Waterville by J. H. Plaisted & Co.

THE BEAUTY OF DEATH.—Sometimes selfishness is merged in that 'perfect love which casteth out fear.' An English East Indian on the coast of Cornwall was recently wrecked. The captain, finding that there was no hope of saving his daughters, who were on board the ship, took them on his knees, and said: 'My children, we will die together!'

VERMONT.—Judge Royce, the Whig candidate for Governor of Vermont, has also accepted the nomination of the Mass Convention, and agreed to its platform. Only two tickets are now in the field—Nebraska and anti-Nebraska.

THE OLDEST CLERGYMAN IN THE UNITED STATES.—A correspondent of the New York Evangelist gives an interesting account of the Rev. John Sawyer, of Garland Maine, who is doubtless the oldest officiating clergyman in the United States. 'Father' Sawyer will be ninety-nine years old next October. He was born in Hebron, Conn., on the 9th of October, 1856. He was ordained in 1787, and has since been active in the duties of the ministry.

LL. D.—The Indiana Asbury University has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Neal Dow, at Portland. The degree of M. L. D. (Doctor of the Maine Law) might have been more appropriate.

WHAT SHALL I TAKE.—A lady acquaintance, says an exchange paper, young, lovely and intelligent, called in a celebrated physician to 'do something' for a rash of blood in the head.

'I have been doctoring myself,' said the languid fair one, with a smile, to the bluff though kind M. D., while he was feeling her pulse.

'Ah! how?'
'Why, I have taken Brandeth's Pills, Parr's Pills, Sainburn's Pills, Bull's Sarsaparilla, Jayne's Expurgator, and Dr. Sherman's Lozenges and Plaster, and—'

'Good gracious, madam!' interrupted the astonished doctor, 'all these things do your complaint no good!'

'No! then what shall I take?' pettishly inquired the patient.

'Take!' exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her from head to foot. 'Take!' exclaimed he, after a moment's reflection—'take off your corsets!'

NOTICES.
We advise our readers to visit the well known establishment of E. T. ELDEN & Co. and secure some of the bargains which they are offering. Their stock is large and well selected, comprising many new and desirable goods to be found at any other house on the river. With their advantages for buying, having always a partner in the market, they are enabled to present the latest and most desirable styles at much less than the usual retail price. Read their advertisements in today's paper, and give them an early call.

Allow us to call your attention to the large stock of Hardware Catalogue, Saddlery, Carpenters' and Machinists' Tools, Building materials, Carriage Trimmings, Farming Tools, Paints and Oils, Iron, Steel, etc., offered at Wholesale and Retail by Burns, Elden & Co., at such prices as will move the necessity of going to Portland or elsewhere to make your purchases. If you are in want of a Cook Stove, you cannot fail to be satisfied in their stock; they have now in stock thirty different styles of the most approved patterns. There you find the famous White

Mountain Air Tight made expressly for them and warranted to give satisfaction; this stove has justly earned the reputation of being the best and most economical stove ever offered in Maine. Call and examine for yourselves.

A CARD.
MRS. HARRIS—Physician, is located in Waterville, and may be found at his residence on Main-st., opposite the Elmwood Hotel, ready to attend to all who may desire her professional services. Refers to Dr. W. M. Cornell, Dr. C. Rolfe, Prof. Moore in the Female Medical School, Boston, and Dr. N. R. Moody, Philadelphia.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.
LETTER FROM GEN. SCOTT.
Edinburgh, N. Y., July 5, 1852.
'DEAR SIR:—The case of Kathairon, with your note by mail, came duly to hand, for which please accept my thanks. No doubt your article is fully appreciated, as I see it has a very general use. In consequence of the price at which you propose to sell it, I should think the purchaser received the full equivalent for his money, and this with its very pleasing effect, would create a large demand. Hoping its sale will meet the success it merits and your diligence deserves. I have the honor to remain, Very truly yours, etc. GEN. W. SCOTT. To E. Thomas Lyon, Esq., 161 Broadway, N. Y.'

SALES OFFICE—NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.
D. P. HARRIS, proprietor, 101 Broadway, N. Y.
G. W. ATWELL, under the U. S. Hotel; Portland: GENERAL AGENT FOR MAINE.
J. MOODY, Agent for Waterville; Sold by Dealers throughout the world—Price 25 cents.

DR. ORDWAY'S HUMOR DISCOVERY!
Hear a Mother's Voice from the Granite State!
MEREDITH VILLAGE, N. H., Dec. 24, '53.
DR. ORDWAY.—Dear Sir:—Since we have kept your medicines for sale, we have used several bottles of the Blood Purifier in our family and from the effects produced, we believe it to be an invaluable medicine, and wish to inform you particularly what it has done to our little boy, (who is now six years of age), and has been a feeble child from his infancy, on account of being afflicted with inward humor, producing indigestion, and consequently, at times, great Emaciation and Enervation of the System.

One year ago last summer and fall he was sorely afflicted with Canker in his mouth and throat, so much so that it was distressing to witness the agony of the little sufferer while trying to eat the softest food. I did not know what course to pursue with him but finally concluded to make a trial of your Blood Purifier and commenced giving it to him about the first of December.

I am happy to say that by taking one bottle his mouth was free from Canker, and his health was improved every day, and after taking three bottles in succession, he (for the first time in his life) appeared to be in perfect health and remained so until he was seized with the influenza in April which left him with a severe cough, but he succeeded in relieving that in a few weeks, but in July he took cold and his cough came on again worse than before, he was troubled with indigestion and loss of appetite, and soon he was so emaciated that my friends were afraid he was going into a decline.

As soon as his cough was relieved we commenced giving him the Purifier again to restore his health and in a short time he began to gain flesh and has been for two months of Almightly God, he is now and has been for the blessing of the picture of health.

I can confidently recommend the Blood Purifier to all who are afflicted with humor in any form.

We have also made use of the purifier as a restorative after being reduced low by fever, and believe it to be the very best of medicines in all such cases, for regulating the secretions and removing all morbid matter from the system and restoring health and vigor.

My husband unites with me in sending our best wishes for your prosperity, hoping you may long live to bless mankind with your Professional services.

Respectfully yours, M. D. SANBORN.
C. W. ATWELL, under U. S. Hotel, Portland.
General Agent for Maine. J. G. MOODY, agent for Waterville.

Markets.


Waterville Retail Prices.

COMMODITY.	PRICE.	COMMODITY.	PRICE.
Flour 8 75	100 Pork, salt	8 a 12	
Corn 1 50	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Beans 1 50	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Eggs 15	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Butter 18	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Cheese 10	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Apples, best 10	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Apples, common 7	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Apples, dried 7	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Maples 1 00	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Hay, loose 12 00	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	
Rye, 12 00	100 Pork, salt	10 a 12	

Brighton Market.—Aug. 10.
At Market, 1400 Beef Cattle, 1000 Steers, 6 pairs Working Oxen, 133 Cows and Calves, 3000 Sheep, and 900 Swine.
Hides—Cattle—Extra, 90; first quality \$8.50. second 8.00—third do. \$7.75; 4th, 7.50. 5th, 7.25. 6th, 7.00. 7th, 6.75. 8th, 6.50. 9th, 6.25. 10th, 6.00. 11th, 5.75. 12th, 5.50. 13th, 5.25. 14th, 5.00. 15th, 4.75. 16th, 4.50. 17th, 4.25. 18th, 4.00. 19th, 3.75. 20th, 3.50. 21st, 3.25. 22nd, 3.00. 23rd, 2.75. 24th, 2.50. 25th, 2.25. 26th, 2.00. 27th, 1.75. 28th, 1.50. 29th, 1.25. 30th, 1.00. 31st, .75. 32nd, .50. 33rd, .25. 34th, .00.

Working Oxen.—A pair of 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120. 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130. 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140. 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150. 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160. 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170. 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180. 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190. 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200. 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210. 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220. 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230. 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240. 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250. 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260. 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270. 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280. 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290. 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300. 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310. 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320. 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330. 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340. 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350. 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360. 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370. 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380. 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390. 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400. 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410. 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420. 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430. 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440. 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450. 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460. 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470. 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480. 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490. 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500. 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510. 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520. 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530. 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540. 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550. 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560. 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570. 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580. 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590. 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600. 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610. 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620. 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630. 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640. 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650. 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660. 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670. 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680. 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690. 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700. 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710. 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720. 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730. 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740. 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750. 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760. 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770. 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780. 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790. 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800. 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810. 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820. 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830. 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840. 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850. 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860. 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870. 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880. 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890. 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900. 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910. 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920. 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930. 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940. 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950. 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960. 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970. 971, 972, 973, 97

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*Copy of a Letter from Captain John Johnson, Astor
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(Signed) JOHN JOHNSON.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints:

Ague	Debility	Headache	Scrofula, or
Asthma	Dropsy	Indigestion	King's Evil
Bilious Com-	Erysipelas	Jaundice	Stomachic

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3x7	1 3/8	2.00	2.17	2.35
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2.10x6.10	1 3-4	1 0-4	1 7-8	1 1-2	1 9-5	2 0-0
3. x7	1 3-4	2 2-5	2 5-0	2	2 5-0	2 7-5
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10x14	5 to 6	"	"	"	8x10, 15	67 to 75
10x15 and 16	5 to 6	"	"	"	9x12, 12	76 to 80
11x16 and 17	6 to 8	"	"	"	9x18, 12	76 to 82
		"	"	"	10x14, 12	83 to 83
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