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THE LADY WITH THE BALMORAL.

'By Jove!' cried Mr. Frederick Markem, throwing back his chamber-door with such violence that the knob went into the wall about two inches.

I immediately upset my inkstand, for I am a nervous man, and the least noise startles me. I am quick at doing awkward things, and awkward at doing things quickly. I proceeded to gather up the ink, but not with that success and celerity which characterized the spilling.

'Oh, by Jove!' continued Mr. Markem, as he stretched himself out in the arm chair, 'I have seen women—plenty of 'em. Handsome women, too, by the churchful, by the streetful; but never in my life did I ever lay eyes on such a glorious, superb, magnificent, divine, out-and-out ring-tailed snorter, if I may be allowed to use the expression.'

I objected. I did not consider a ring-tailed snorter, whatever it might be, was the proper phrase to be used under such circumstances. I did not know what the circumstances were; it did not make any difference what they were;—there could be no circumstance that would admit of such infelicity of language. No; I objected. Mr. Markem had seriously disturbed me. I was composing a short lyric of eight hundred lines for the *Esthetic Monthly*, and I did not wish to have my celestial train of thought discomposed by terrestrial matter.

But I snubbed a man who was not to be easily snubbed. He went on in an idiotic and extravagant manner, describing a lady whom he had met some twenty minutes previously on the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street. Juno, Hebe, and Eurydice, were just nothing at all beside this mortal maiden; and as to the Venus de Medici—I quote Mr. Markem—she knocked her higher than a kite! 'I myself am not aware of the height to which kites are popularly supposed to attain, but I could picture the airy situation of the Venus de Medici. The lady whose eyes had robbed Mr. Markem of his composure, the least afraid to part with, had, it seems, rendered his destruction perfect by sporting a red and black balmoral skirt, which was conveniently short enough to make a modest display of the prettiest feet and ankles in the world.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Markem, 'you should have seen those feet.'

Then Mr. Markem launched into a dissertation on pedal extremities, in which the Chinese women were literally taken off of their feet, or rather, their feet were taken off of them and placed on the faultless ankles of Perfection.

I was vastly relieved when Mr. Markem at length retired to his own room to drown his restless soul, as he intimated, in the intoxicating bowl. The inebriating vessel so tragically alluded to was the bowl of his meerschaum pipe. In a few minutes such volumes of smoke came pouring through the key hole of the door which separated our apartments that I rushed frantically into my chamber with the vague apprehension of finding him a mass of fire and cinder, bearing no distant resemblance to a half-consumed balmoral.

'Pleasant, this!' said Mr. Markem, emitting from his mouth a cloud of smoke that would have done infinite credit to Mount Vesuvius. 'It cures a fellow's soul so!'

I am an impressive man—nervous men always are; and although Mr. Markem's description of the fair one with the golden locks was entirely too absurd for a moment's thought, I lay wide awake half the night thinking about it. And then I sunk into a troubled sleep, only to dream that I and the lady with the balmoral were being smoked in an immense meerschaum pipe by a gigantic Mr. Markem. To disport with such trifles will the most vigorous minds sometimes condescend!

The next day, in spite of myself, I thought of Mr. Markem's adventure—if it is an adventure to meet a pretty woman and be an idiot ever after. In fact, I did nothing but think of her and the tortuous dream of the previous night. The hot aromatic meerschaum, the lady with the balmoral, and the brooding Mr. Markem, flitted through my vision all day; and in the evening, when I went to see Clementina—we had been engaged two weeks—I was meditative and unhappy. I felt that I was wronging Clementina.

Two days after this Mr. Markem rushed into my room. He had seen her—had ridden in the same stage with her—her dress had brushed against his—her dress! Eastern perfumes had saluted his nostrils—the perfume she used! He had touched her exquisite finger-tips in passing the change; the language was as milk-and-water to express his emotions! The Venus de Medici was again placed in an elevated position; and several uncomplimentary remarks made relative to Mesdames Juno, Hebe, and Eurydice.

'By Jove, Sir,' said Mr. Markem, 'see what I have done!' And he jerked his watch out so violently that I expected to see the brass brains of that domestic animal scattered over the floor. 'By Jove, Sir! when she passed me her fare, two three-cent pieces, what did I do with 'em but drop 'em into my vest pocket, and hand the whip two gold-dollars instead, by Jove! Look at 'em! And Markem opened the watch-case and spilled the two bits of silver into the palm of his hand. Mere money—mere gold dollars, piled up as high as the top of Trinity steeple—could not buy those sacred souvenirs. No, Sir! He would have 'em put on a silk cord, and his children in future generations, should wear 'em, around their necks, and cut their teeth on 'em, by Jove! Part with them! Would I accept his heart's blood as a slight testimonial of his affectionate regards? With this friendly offer Mr. Markem shut up the three-cent pieces in his watch, and restored it to his pocket.

'When the lady got out,' said I, hesitatingly, 'did you follow her?'

'Follow her? No, Sir! Could I imagine for an instant that so ineffable a creature resided anywhere? She is an inhabitant of the air, a denizen of the Milky-way! Follow her? I was entranced, petrified, knocked higher than a kite!'

I could not help asking Mr. Markem if he met the Venus de Medici coming down on his way up? But this showing of pleasantness on my part was the merest counterfeit of jocularly.

The second meeting, and Mr. Markem's enthusiasm, worked like madness in my brain. I went to bed to lie awake for hours; and on falling to sleep I dreamed that I was crushed to death by an avalanche of three-cent pieces which slid from the roof of a palatial mansion in Fifth Avenue. Then I was cast, heels over head, on an uninhabited island in the tropics, where bananas and coco-nuts were stuffed with the same scarce metal; and, being on the verge of starvation, I devoured a large quantity, and was about to die of indigestion when the breakfast-bell rescued me from that unpleasant alternative. I was miserable feverish, and a cup of strong coffee at breakfast only made me more feverish and miserable. I felt that I was doing Clementina an egregious wrong by continuing our present relations; she had ceased to hold that place in my heart which only Mrs. Cobb elect should occupy, and I had ceased to give her that constant adoration which only Mrs. Cobb elect should receive. I determined to see her once more, and break the painful intelligence to her as gently as possible. I dreaded the interview, for, as I have said, I

am a nervous man, and I hate scenes. But it was an imperative duty. Still, I delayed the heart-rending moment; and every evening found me sitting with Clementina, who was all modesty and fondness, and gave me such intoxicating little kisses in the library that, at times, I was not quite so certain that I did not love her; but when I returned to my room, and was no longer in the mysterious atmosphere which always surrounds a lovely woman, I felt that we could no longer be happy together. Clementina, I argued, is not so very superior to fifty other ladies of my acquaintance. It is true she has beautiful hair, fine eyes and teeth, a stylish figure, and a voice like Cordelia's.

Gentle, and low;—an excellent thing in woman!

She is bright, too, and can shoot off a rapartee that snaps like an enthusiastic fire-cracker. But these qualities are not peculiar to Clementina. There is the sarcastic Miss Badinage, and the fascinating Miss Bondon. To be honest, I was trying to convince myself that I wasn't a knave. But I was.

In the meantime Mr. Markem had twice seen the ineffable creature of the Milky-way—once on the street, and once taking lunch at Thompson's. I do not dare to remember how wretched I was. I gave my best razors to our old book-keeper at the office, and never ventured to trust myself within two blocks of the North River. I was irrevocably in love with Mr. Markem's sweet stranger; and Clementina, who had promised to say the life-long words with me—unhappy girl! I pined for her.

I nerved myself for a final interview with my victim. One afternoon, in calm despair, I dressed myself for that purpose. I had brushed my hat for the four hundred and seventh time, calmer and more despairing at each stroke, when Mr. Markem sailed into my room. I am aware that 'sailed' is not a happy expression, but no word will describe the easy, swan-like grace with which Mr. Markem entered my apartment. He was gotten up without any regard to expense. Lord Dunderbary was never so nobbily gante. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like Mr. Markem. He was going to air his magnificence on Broadway, with the hope of meeting the ineffable.

'Cobb,' said Mr. Markem, familiarly, 'behold!—the glass of fashion and the mould of form.' By Jove! if this sort of thing doesn't take her!

'By-the-by, Markem, I am going down Broadway. I'll walk a block or so with you.' Mr. Markem hesitated.

'By Jove! now, I don't know about that—I'm a trifle tender on this subject—tender for you also. If you should see her and become unhappy, it would be no use for you to—'

And Mr. Markem picked at the ends of his cherry-colored neck-ribbon.

'Oh! of course not,' said I.

'Then, by Jove! I'll trust you. But, honor or bright, Cobb! honor-bright!'

We sauntered out of Clinton Place into Broadway. I was very ill at ease, not only from the fact of walking with so gorgeous a person, but at the thought of meeting that woman, the mere description of whose exceeding loveliness had filled my brain with visions like so much hash-beef. I was, moreover, somewhat ashamed of myself for having taken advantage of Mr. Markem's confiding nature; and could not wring the smallest drop of consolation from the accepted assertion that all is fair in war and love.

It was rather too early in afternoon, as Mr. Markem poetically remarked, for the flowers of beauty to blossom in the garden of fashion; so we dropped into Delmonico's to flirt with a thimbleful of Madeira, and eat an *omelette soufflee*, which, to my idea, is nothing but a heavenly kind of soap-suds.

When we again sallied forth the fashionable district of Broadway was a perfect parterre of human lilies and roses. We walked slowly up town, looking earnestly among crowds of dashing belles, sickly fops, and other inferior people, for that divine perfection of a woman who had unconsciously made me the most miserable of men.

We had reached Bleeker Street. An omnibus on the crossing, and an apple-stand on the corner hemmed us in. Mr. Markem suddenly grasped my arm.

'There! there she is!' he whispered.

'Where?'

'There!'

'Oh! said I, with bitter disappointment, 'that is only Miss Bondon!'

'No, no—not she, but the one behind her on the crossing—the lady with the balmoral!'

'Why, you villain!' I shrieked, 'that's my Clementina!' At the same time I gracefully upset an apple-stand.

Mr. Frederick Markem drew his hat over his eyes and rushed down Bleeker Street. That evening he and his Coblenz pipes, his French lithographs and his imitation Etruscan vases disappeared abruptly in a hackney-coach, for a new boarding-place.

Clementina—now the blossoming Mrs. Cobb—leans over my shoulder, and protests against my publishing all that nonsense about 'that odious Mr. Markem'; but I have promised the article for the present number of Harper's Monthly Magazine, and it must be printed in spite of the Lady with the Balmoral.

THE WALDENSES AND THE WAR.—Nestled amid the glens and valleys of the Cottian Alps, are the Waldenses, those primitive Christians of whom Milton wrote in 1659:

Even them who keep thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.

The Journal of Commerce thus speaks of those heroic men:

This wonderful and interesting people are subjects of the King of Sardinia, and of all the boons conferred by the liberal constitution granted by the late Carlo Alberto, theirs was the most needed and most appreciated. From the revolution of 1848 Sardinia received the greatest benefit. But the crowning of that troublous year was the liberation of the Waldenses from petty persecution, the annoyance of priestly bigotry, and the disabilities of countries.

History, profane and ecclesiastical, has devoted pages of eulogium to their heroic fortitude amid persecution, such as the world never saw elsewhere. Poetry has sung her loftiest strains over the noble deeds of these simple mountain peasants, or has wrung from men unused to pity, tears of sympathy and sadness, as they have listened to the dirge wailed over those whose only fault was love for their masters. The old Cossack General Sawarow, after his victories over the French, at Novi, visited them, and in his rough manner bade them pray, but did not withhold his kindness.

Napoleon I was struck with their bravery when they fought for Victor Emanuel I against the French. Napoleon I inquired into their history, and was filled with admiration at their undaunted endurance in sore distresses. He granted them such freedom as they had not enjoyed for centuries, and added an unusual stipend for each clergyman. A century anterior to this, William III not only furnished this poor, and during his time, persecuted people, with money from his own private purse, but at the treaty of Ryswick, as Macaulay informs us, concocted plans which humanely preserved them from utter annihilation. Nearly half a century before William III, Cromwell had effectually interfered in their behalf, and made Pope and Duke tremble at his threat to invade Italy and establish the rights of the Church of the Alps.

War Matters.

GARIBALDI'S EXPLOITS AT VARESE.—The Sardinian correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes from Biella, May 27, the following thrilling letter:

As soon as the news of the brilliant victories won on Wednesday and Thursday last by Garibaldi, at Varese, reached Turin, I hastened to take the railroad, in order to arrive in this city by 12 o'clock. Here I am; and I am therefore able to send you some interesting details about the double defeat sustained by our enemy. It was on Monday evening that Garibaldi's Chasseurs of the Alps arrived at Varese, after a prodigious march of two days. A proclamation was issued by the General, inviting the whole of the Varese province to rise against their oppressors. The appeal was generally listened to, and men of every age and condition hastened to the official residence of Marquis Visconti, the extraordinary commissioner sent by Count Cavot as the coadjutor of the Italian General. In less than two hours the whole of the surrounding country was in arms. Old men, children, and even women, came to the Town Hall, with all sorts of weapons, ready to help the small band (300) of their brethren. Varese was soon fortified, barricades erected, means of defense carefully ordered. Bands of peasants were pouring into the town from the numberless hamlets, villas and villages which deck the picturesque hills of that beautiful country—the finest in Lombardy, and, perhaps, of Europe.

Garibaldi, who is always to be found everywhere when danger is coming, began to array in companies the new comers, and gave the necessary orders for the defense of the country, as he supposed that the Austrians posted at Gallarate would attack him next day. He was not deceived in his expectation, for on Wednesday morning at dawn 8000 Croats and 130 Hussars, with a field battery, marched from Gallarate to Sesto Calende, where the advanced guard of our Chasseurs was posted. This advanced guard was commanded by Capt. Deirtoforis, a young man of great military ability, who only two months ago was in England, and kept a first rate military school at Putney. After a fight which lasted two hours, the enemy was completely defeated, leaving some prisoners in our hands. The Austrians were obliged to retire on Somma, and nothing was heard of them till the next morning at 4 o'clock. This second attack was of a more serious character. It was effected by a brigade, 5000 Uhlans. After a first discharge of their muskets, the Italian volunteers assaulted the enemy with their bayonets, and with so much impetuosity that the Austrian centre was obliged to fall back on its left wing, already engaged by a battalion of our right wing.

Now the fight became general—a tremendous hand-to-hand fight, in which every inch of ground was bravely disputed by both armies. The enemy's artillery was of no more use, because Garibaldi, having none, had ordered his men to fight hand-to-hand with swords and bayonets. At the report of the musketry and artillery, the country people hastened to the scene of action with pitchforks, half-pikes, and cleavers. 'It was a dreadful scene of slaughter,' said an eye-witness to me, 'which lasted three hours.' Nothing can give an idea of the impetuosity of those Italians who could at last revenge so many wrongs, so many cruelties. It was almost madness. Two brothers Strambio, one captain and another lieutenant, were seen to leap into the inside of a hedge of bayonets, and cut down Croats as if they had been puppets. A Count Montanari from Verona, whose brother had been hanged in 1858, by Radetsky's order, was running up and down the bloody field, striking right and left with his powerful sword.

At 7 o'clock, the Austrian General was obliged to give the order for a retreat, as his men were falling in all directions, Garibaldi was close at their heels till they reached the strong position of Malnate, where they stopped to repay their losses.

This is a short but faithful sketch of Garibaldi's exploits. It will be recorded as one of the most brilliant actions fought in the present war, because he had no artillery, and his soldiers were but volunteers scarcely drilled, and unaccustomed to camp life.

THE AUSTRIAN RIFLEMEN.—The following paragraph will show the destructive effect of the fire-arms that have been invented since the last general war in Europe:

A letter received in Marseilles from Valenza bears testimony to the admirable qualities of the Tyrolean riflemen. It is said they harass the French videttes and outposts incessantly. Day and night, it is said, their shots are whistling through the air. The ground on the other side of the Po affords them good cover, and they are ever on the watch. The other day General Renault went out to reconnoiter, attended by his aid-de-camp, and followed by his trumpeter, a few paces behind. The General thought himself beyond range, but while he was looking about him, a sharp 'thug' was heard, and the poor trumpeter fell forward mortally wounded by a Tyrolean bullet in the loins. The General having discovered his error withdrew, and gave up his reconnoissance for that day. On another occasion a soldier of the 90th Regiment went down to the bank of the Po to wash out a few things. While engaged in this peaceful occupation, a bullet struck him in the chest and he fell into the river, whose tide bore his body to the Austrian side of the Po—a bloody tribute to the murderous accuracy of their fire. 'At every instant,' says the letter, 'wounded men are being brought in by the ambulances.'

The Times attributes the loss of so many French officers at Montebello mainly to the

conspicuous character of their uniforms. We quote:

'The fatality in question may be accounted for perhaps in a less romantic manner, by the consideration that the French officers are more signally distinguished on the field of battle by their uniforms than the Austrians. The Austrians long ago abandoned the use of the epaulettes, which has been the 'shining mark' that death, like slander, is supposed to love, and which the French insist upon retaining. The Austrian officers formerly went into action wearing white cloaks, which marked them out conspicuously among the grey-coated masses of their men, but the fearful execution done upon them by the Sardinian riflemen in the war of 1848-9, led the Government to discard this garment also; and no officers are now so well amalgamated with their men in appearance before the enemy as the Austrians. The French officers in comparison stand out in as clear relief upon their companies as did the scarlet-coated and gold-laced British captains in the days of our own Revolutionary war.'

THE TRADE IN LOTTERY TICKETS.—'The individual who buys a lottery ticket is a fool,' says a very eminent philanthropist. If this is so, the fools in the United States may be counted by thousands. At any rate, we can safely say that the man who purchases a lottery ticket does a very foolish action. It has been asserted that capital to the amount of three million dollars is now employed in the African and Cuban slave trade, yielding a profit of seventeen million dollars annually. Dealing in lottery tickets, is at least equally profitable. In the three cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia not less, probably, than \$20,000 per day are spent in these delusive speculations. The owners of these delusive enterprises are of an immense amount; and incur heavy expenses in carrying on their business all over the country. All methods of communication share largely in their custom. The post office and the telegraph are put under daily and extensive requisitions; and even railroad and stage companies share not a little in the patronage of their agents. The proprietors do pay out occasionally round sums in the way of prizes, and yet they grow rapidly and immensely rich. Of course somebody must lose. If they would only never let a prize be drawn, it would be the honestest thing they could do for the public, and the best; for, in proportion as the fact became known, of course, no more money could be swindled out of the people in that way. But the occasional prizes that are drawn are published far and wide, exaggerated and hawked about in every shape, and thus become the nest eggs that cause other hens to lay; or rather the decoy ducks that draw in thousands of victims of whose misfortunes and losses we never hear. Those who become wiser by experience are not anxious to own that they have been fooled; and even if they go on, down they sink in character and fortune, become bankrupt in business—dismissed for swindling, if clerks. If, however, one man in a million does draw a prize; that is, if there is such a thing as a lottery honestly constructed in this country or in Europe, of which fact we are really ignorant, of course he publishes that to let his friends know of his sudden good fortune and riches. The agent publishes it to show his good luck, and the company to show their honesty, and induce others to buy their tickets. But generally speaking the inquirer finds that it is the next number to his that drew the prize. Often probably a man is paid \$20, for asserting that he drew \$2,500. In other cases without any such premiums, men find for their interest to tell the same story. If a man robs a mail of a money letter, or swindles it from some one, or makes a fortune in slave trade, it is easy for him to say he drew a prize in some Havana lottery. Nobody ever would, if he could take much pains to refuse him. Often where a man spends his all and never gets a dollar it is worth a fortune to pretend to have drawn some lucky number. Not long since such a story was got up in New Orleans. A man, rather for fun, or to get the reputation of wealth, dropped into a lottery broker's office in Havana, and ascertained the precise number of a ticket which had drawn \$100,000. Soon after he asked the landlord of the hotel to let the water run over and ask the broker if such a ticket bought from him sometime before had drawn anything, naming the number. The broker understood the plan and had previously been induced to acquiesce in the arrangement. Of course the boy soon came back with the exciting news, and the hotel keeper spread the tidings that his guest had drawn \$100,000. It got over to New Orleans by the next boat, was put in the papers there and ran through the city like wild-fire. The result was, the man found plenty of friends and credit, and eventually made a handsome fortune in business. Who ever did draw that prize was never known. Probably more than half the tickets sold in New York are bogus affairs, unmitigated forgeries, representing not even the shadow of a chance of any sum beyond what the swindler may choose to give by way of bait—a sprat to catch a whale. But it is not only in the money lot that mischief is done. It educates men to rely on chance for their fortune, instead of hard work and honest industry. At first sight it seems a very harmless thing for a man to invest a dollar, the loss of which he does not feel, in hopes of possibly picking up a thousand. But the chances would be in five years he would be much poorer for it, by investing more in fresh tickets, and having become a reckless spendthrift through relying on his luck. But each generation has to learn the same lesson for itself; and we suppose there must be a certain number of victims annually thus ruined, either by law or opposition to it.

THE OPPOSITION PARTY IN THE NEXT HOUSE.—The Baltimore Patriot of June 11th thus reckons up the strength of the Opposition in the next House of Representatives: 'There are now elected at the North one hundred and eleven opposition members, besides the eight anti-Leocompromises nominated and elected by the opposition, and without counting the six Douglas Democrats. The Opposition from the South in the last House numbered fourteen. It has already gained one in Virginia, and surely the defeat of Faulkner is an omen of great significance in the South. Mr. Estess's defection has only hurt himself for New Orleans gave 2,000 American majority a week ago. We expect to gain, at least, certainly two in Tennessee, three in Kentucky, two in North Carolina, and two in Maryland. We expect other gains; but we note only what we regard as certain. These

results will give us at least twenty-four Opposition members from the South.'

SCHOOL-ROOM ETIQUETTE.—We take the following from an article entitled 'Unconscious Tuition,' by Rev. F. E. Huntington, which we find in the 'American Journal of Education and College Review':

Manners react upon the mind that produces them, just as they themselves are reacted upon by the dress in which they appear. It used to be a saying among the old school gentlemen and ladies, that a courtly bow could not be made without a handsome stocking and slipper. Then there is a connection more sacred still between the manners and the affections. They act magically upon the springs of feeling.—They teach us to love and hate, indifference and zeal. They are the ever-present sculpture gallery. The spinal cord is a telegraph wire with a hundred ends. But whoever imagines legitimate manners can be taken up and laid aside, put on and off, for the moment, has missed their deepest law. Doubtless there are artificial manners, but only in artificial persons. A French dancing master, Monsieur Turveydrop can manufacture a deportment for you, and you can wear it, but not till your mind has condescended to the Turveydrop level, and then the deportment only faithfully indicates the character again. A noble and attractive everyday bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. And these are bred in years, not moments. The principle that rules your life is the sure posture-master. Sir Phillip Sydney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman, but then he was the hero that on the field of Zutphen pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parching lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side. If lofty sentiments habitually make their home in the heart, they will beget, not perhaps a factitious and finical drawing-room etiquette, but the breeding of a genuine and more royal gentility, to which no simple, no young heart will refuse its homage. Children are not educated till they catch the charm that makes a gentleman or lady. A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence, munching apples or chestnuts at a recitation, like a squirrel, pocketing his hands like a mummy, projecting his heels near the frontman than his skull, like a circus clown, and dispensing American saliva like a member of Congress, inflicts a wrong upon the school-room, for which no scientific attainments are an offset. An educator that despises the resources hid in his personal carriage, deserves, on the principle of Swedenborg's retribution, *similia similibus*, to be passed through a pandemonium of Congressional bullying.

A CHAPTER ON PRONOUNCING THE NAMES OF PLACES AT THE SEAT OF WAR.—On the 29th of April, the Austrians crossed the river Ticino (Te-chee-no). They crossed at Pavia (Pavee) and Beraguardo (Ba-raguardo), and would have crossed at Buffalora (Boof-fa-lo-ra) had they not found the bridge blown up. They occupied the towns of Novara (No-vah-ra), Vigevano (Ve-jay-va-no), Pallanza (Pal-lan-za), Romagnano (Roman-yah-no), and Verelli (Verche-l'lee), establishing their headquarters first at Robbio (Rob-be-o) and afterwards at Mortara (Mor-tah-ra). They fortified themselves on the banks of the River Sesia (Sae-sa) and as far north as the Lago Maggiore (Lah-go Mad-jor-ah). They pushed their reconnoitering parties as far west as Stroppiana (Strop-pe-nah) and Santbia (San-tia-a), and southward as far as San Giorgio (San Jor-jio) and Voghera (Vo gay-ra) having crossed the Po at Cornale (Cor-nah-la) and menaced Tortona (Tor-to-na). At Frassineto (Fras-se-ne-to) they had a skirmish with the Sardinians, at Pontecurone (Pon-ta Coo-ro-na) they blew up a railway bridge, and at Valenza (Vah-len-zah) destroyed another. So much for the troops of Count Gyulai (Joo li').

Meanwhile the French, crossing the Alps, came pouring down from Mont Cenis (Mon Cenis) [Mon Selnee] into Suza (Soo-za), and pushing forward to join the Sardinians at Turin, which they call Torino (To-re-no), whence the allied troops advanced to fortify the banks of the Dora Baltea (Do-ra Bal-tay-a).

The other division of the French, and the Emperor Napoleon himself, land at Genoa (In Italian Ge-no-va) and proceeded north by railway to Novi (No-vee), where they joined the Sardinian column, whose headquarters were at the impregnable fortress of Alessandria (Aless-and-re-a), and who also held the fortified town of Cassale (Ca-sah-la). The King and Emperor having met, establish their temporary head quarters at Occhiano (Ot che-mah-no), whence they can easily communicate with their respective Commanders—General La Marmora (Lamar-mora) and Marshal Canrobert (Can-ro-bair').

NEUTRALIZING POISON.—A general reader sends the following prescription to the New York Post:

'A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. This oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.'

THE MAINE CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION will hold its Fourth Fair and Exhibition for Premiums, in the city of Portland, commencing Tuesday, the 1st day of September next, in the new City Building, the largest building in the State, and therefore capable of affording ample accommodations. Contributions are invited from the mechanics, artists, and manufacturers of the United States and British Possessions in North America. Medals and diplomas will be awarded to those exhibiting articles that shall be deemed worthy of that distinction. Arrangements have been made with all the railroad and steamboat companies, and they have agreed to take such articles as may be sent to the exhibition free both ways, excepting that the Grand Trunk Railway will charge half freight, and the Portland and Augusta steamer will charge freight on articles weighing more than 200 pounds. This exhibition will doubtless be a very interesting affair in itself, while it is probable that the Great Eastern will visit Portland at this time, and thus add another new attraction to the city. All those wishing for particulars can obtain them by writing to J. R. Miliken of Portland, Secretary of the Board of Managers.

ADVICE FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.—Sir H. Lytton Bulwer, Ex-Lord Rector of Glasgow University, who was a rather fast young man himself, in a recent valedictory address gives the following excellent maxims to the students: 'Never affect (he said) to be other than what you are, either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, 'I do not know.' Med will then believe you when you say, 'I do know.' Never be ashamed to say, whether applied to time or money, 'I cannot afford it; I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me. I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away.'

'Once establish yourself and your mode of life and what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step forward or for the sudden spring over the precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another.

'Learn to say 'No' with decision, 'Yes' with caution. 'No' with decision whenever it meets a temptation; 'Yes' with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely on him. I have frequently seen such a man preferred to a long list of applicants for some important charge; he has been lifted at once into station and fortune, merely because he has this reputation—that when he knows a thing, he knows; and when he says he will do a thing, he will do it.'

PLAIN ENGLISH.—The late lamented Professor Henry Reed, of Pennsylvania, who went in the ill fated Arctic, five years ago, wrote to the purpose, when he wrote:

'But it is the simple Saxon English words, and the Saxon way of putting them together, that people will not be content with. There is forever a pushing away from the purest English, and from the genuine idioms; and what is noticeable, it is the half educated who are always most ambitious of lofty words and high-sounding combinations of them. There is not pomp enough for them in our short, off-hand one-syllable speech. Observe what a propensity there is to substitute the word 'individual' (and unflitting too) for such a clear, simple, short word as 'man.' It seems to be employed as a sort of midway expression between 'man' and 'gentleman,' between 'woman' and 'lady,' as if there was not quite courtesy enough in the word 'man' and 'woman,' and a little more than was wanted in the other words. It is in this way that there may be a false refinement, a mistaken delicacy, that is fatal to the primitive simplicity and nervousness of language. From being too dainty in our choice of words, we come at last to forfeit the use of some of the best of them. Again, I do verily believe, that the good word 'begin,' is in danger of becoming obsolete, so that, after a while, it will sound quaint and antiquated; and yet it is both as old as the language, and as fresh as to-day's talk, known in all the eras of the language, sanctioned by all possible authority, grave, and formal as well as familiar and homely, and expressive of all that is needed. Really some people seem to shun it as if it were indecent, or, at least, vulgarism. Listen almost where you will, and now-a-days nobody is heard of as 'beginning,' for everything is 'commenced.' But what a shock would our instinct of language and some of our best associations receive, if this change could creep on to the pages of our English version of the Bible, instead of reading 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth'—'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom'—'In the beginning was the Word.' Truly that Cambridge copy, that I treasure, and that the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style.' And an eloquent living divine has asked 'Who can estimate the grandeur, the depth, the expansive power, which our language and the German have derived from the national liturgical offices, as well as from the national translation of the Scriptures?' Let those who crave a stiffer word than 'begin,' learn that even Milton, with all his erudite diction, never, throughout all his poems, I believe, uses the words 'commence' or 'commencement'; and let them observe how Shakespeare perpetually makes his beautiful uses of the simple English word, and even content to make it shorter and simpler yet, as in that touching line that tells so much of the guilt-washed soul of Macbeth—

'I gin to grow a-weary of the sun.'

PHYSICIANS.—Always cherish a sneaking kindness for cooks, as more certain and regular purveyors of patients than plagues and pestilence; and there is this advantage in their advice, that no two of them agree, so that the taste of an invalid may always be accommodated. 'Are you out of sorts?' says Montaigne, 'that your physician has denied you the use of wine, and of your favorite dishes? Be not uneasy; apply to me; and I engage to find you one of equal credit, who shall put you under a regimen perfectly opposite to that settled by your own adviser.'

Blunt and even rude, as he sometimes was, Abernethy would not have hazarded so unfeeling a speech as is recorded of Andrea Baccio, the celebrated Florentine physician. Being called upon to attend a woman of quality, he felt her pulse, and asked her how old she was. She told him, 'About three scores.' And how long would you live? demanded the early practitioner quivering her hand and making the best of his way out of the house.

HEARING SERMONS.—The state of a person's mind has much to do with the impressions which a preached sermon makes upon it. Let a person be in a spiritual frame of mind, and quite an ordinary sermon, quite feebly delivered, will much interest him; while if he is in a dark, unrealizing frame of soul, touching divine things, quite an able discourses, delivered in a decidedly superior manner, will fail to be appreciated, and perhaps be subjected by him to captious criticism. The inefficiency of many sermons is owing as much to the wrong state of the hearer's heart, as to the want of talent and fervor in the preacher. There was a man who went to sleep under the preaching of the Apostle Paul, and a large number of individuals who planned themselves on the comprehensiveness and profundity of their hearing denominated him a babbling, and mocked at the inanity of his sayings.

NATURALIZED CITIZENS ABROAD.—It will be seen that the letter which was published to-day from Secretary Cass, respecting the rights of our naturalized citizens abroad, differs somewhat from the tenor of his brief note on the same subject written May 17. In that letter Gen. Cass says: 'I have to state that it is understood that the French government claims military service from all natives of France who may be found within its jurisdiction. Your naturalization in this country will not exempt you from that claim; should you voluntarily repair thither.' This makes the broad assertion that every French-born citizen of the United States, on returning to the country of his birth, could not resist the claim of military service due, by interposing his naturalization here. Whether he was an infant when he left, or whether he had arrived at the age at which military service begins in France, would make no difference. It is no wonder that the announcement of our acquiescence in such a doctrine as that, should produce a lively sensation throughout the country.



But this last communication from the Department of State materially modifies the position assumed in the first note. It is now said that our naturalized citizens, returning voluntarily to the country of their birth, are liable to only such duties and penalties as were actually resting upon them at the time of their emigration. As regards the case supposed above, for instance, the military service must have already begun, so that emigration was legally an act of desertion, or else the claim is merely a just non-interference with the municipal laws of our country, similar to what we see among our own different States. The emigrant cannot complain that the laws of his adopted country will not shield him from the consequences of having broken the laws of his native country, when he voluntarily returns within the jurisdiction of the latter. The only amelioration that seems proper to the case is, that a suitable time should be fixed by each government for the legal expiration of such claims, or that such a principle should become a part of international law.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, & DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . JUNE 23, 1859.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

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Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments, of this paper should be directed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

"EXCUSE MY BAD WRITING."—We shall do no such thing—though we are often requested to do so at the end of a badly written letter. There is no excuse for bad writing in a country where everybody can learn to write if they are not guilty of neglect that admits of no excuse. So you never need ask us to excuse bad writing, if ever so bad. Either write better, or ask no favors. And yet here is a solitary case for violating this rule. We have before us a letter addressed to us by a poor negro in London, who closes his letter with "Excuse my bad writing." Yes, poor man, we can most heartily excuse him for any lack of education, when we know that he was born a slave, and has been robbed by free christian men of all the privileges through which they and their children have secured the blessing of an education; and when we know that for learning to write the poor scrawl he does, and for other violations of the bloody slave code, his back has been whipped to one broad scar from neck to hips. He is now in a free country—so free that he cannot be pursued by men and dogs, and shot down like a wild beast, as he could in the "land of the free" from which he fled. There he tells his wrongs and shows us cruel scars, white he begs from piece to place the means of buying his old father, who is now a slave, and two daughters of a deceased sister. When he was in Waterville a few years ago he made a deposit in the People's Bank, which he afterwards drew, and adding to it what he has since collected, sent the whole to "Mr. Samuel Fessenden," (so he calls him—Hon. Samuel Fessenden, of Portland,) where it is now in Bank. He writes us that he has other deposits in other banks in various places, and that "whosoever the answer come to first from slave State, saying he (the old master) will sell my father and the two children, I will give all that money." Poor fellow! he little knows under what disadvantage he labors. We have written to several of the "great men at Washington" in his behalf, who assure us they will "take an interest for him." This was years ago, and they have so many interests of their own that they seem thus far to have overlooked this poor slave. He dares not make himself known in the matter for fear the master will refuse to sell at all, though the father is too old to be of any value. He says, "the anti-slavery people in England is trying for me"—but they are too far off, and three slaves out of three millions are but a mere trifle. Poor John! we confess we have little hope for you, unless God bears you in mind, and there is small chance for that. The slaveholders are a church-going people, and they make long prayers that you may "obey your masters," and at last get into a back pew in heaven. You have wickedly run away from service, and are even trying to buy your own father. You must be "without God in the world" before this time, and if so you may as well give up. God takes care of nobody but "God's people," and you can't be one of them—you poor black, woolly-headed negro, that can't hardly write your own name! Besides, you endanger the Union, and disturb the "harmony of the democratic party." When the republicans all get into office, as they are trying to, they will "take an interest for you." Wait patiently, and rest assured that if your old father dies a slave, and the two little girls are sold or whipped to death, you may yourself live and die with the consolation that you 'excuse your bad writing.' This is a great deal for a nigger. [Private—God bless you, John!]

MUSICAL CONVENTION.—Arrangements are progressing, we learn, for a grand State Musical convention, to be held in Portland, sometime during the summer. The best musical talent in the State is enlisted.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES.—National delegates have been selected in this town to attend the State convention, soon to be held in Bangor. The Times insists that one of them—Hon. W. B. S. Moor—is not eligible to a seat, being excluded by the following clause in the call:—"No Delegate will be entitled to a seat in the convention whose residence is not established in the town or plantation he claims to represent."

OUR TABLE.  
COURT REPORTS. By the author of 'Charles Anster.' Boston: Mayhew & Baker.  
This is a reprint from the English, and is certainly a remarkable book—charming and interesting to the reader not so much by the singularity of its incidents, though there are much out of the common course, as by the curious manner in which the story is told. Though a novel, it is by no means 'light reading,' for to properly understand and appreciate the work, will tax the intellect as severely as the study of an abstruse metaphysical treatise. The author has great skill in the analysis and delineation of character, and his aesthetic perceptions and revelations are truly wonderful. Some of the descriptive writing, while minutely faithful and even painfully particular, is vivid and graphic to a marvelous transcendentalism, which sometimes verges upon the misty and obscure, may be objected to by some, as well as the quaintness of the language and the use of obsolete words; possibly, too, many will be found dissenting from its philosophy and theological conclusions; but the power and ability of the work, none will question. Our readers may be assured that it is no ordinary book, but one that will stir the appreciative reader to the depths of his soul. For sale at Mathews's.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE.—The July number, the first of a new volume, has a steel engraving, entitled "The Night before the Wedding," a beautiful illustration, and many smaller engravings of domestic scenes and designs. The literature of the number is of the usual excellence. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July is a number so excellent in all its appointments, that even the veteran publisher cannot help manifesting a pardonable pride in contemplating it. The steel engraving—"Sketching from Nature"—is a beauty; so is the fashion plate, which, like all of Godey's, can be realized. Ten other engravings, which are numerous and comprise many patterns of rare merit, will be appreciated by the ladies. The stories we will not enumerate, but the number will be found to possess great attraction in the reading department. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—"Grandmother's Darling," the steel engraving in the July number, is most excellent, both in design and execution—a perfect gem, in fact; the fashion plates are elegant; and the smaller designs and engravings will find favor with the ladies. The stories are good, of course—they always are in Peterson—but there is other interesting reading besides stories to be found, as well as a piece of music. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

A NEW BOOK.—Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chas. of Boston have in preparation and will soon publish a book that will be eagerly sought for—another volume by Mrs. Partington. It will be got up in very attractive style, with illustrations by that prince of artists, Hoppin the old lady and like being felicitously presented. Of the fourth coming volume, which is christened "Knitting-work, a web of many textures," the Evening Transcript says:—

"Though different somewhat from Mr. Shillaber's previous volume, published some five years ago, and of which 30,000 copies were sold, it yet abounds in pleasant and gossamer Partingtonian sayings, fads, poems, and suggestive essays. The opening chapter on the choosing a 'Guardian for life' is running over with fun and philosophy. The greater part of the book is original, while scattered here and there through its pages may be found selected from the author's recent contributions to the Gazette, of which he is one of the editors. At the risk of being charged with telling tales out of school, we venture to give publicity to the following conversation about the volume, between the dame and a prying neighbor, who is perhaps a little jealous of our friend's success."

"So you are coming before the public again," said the inquisitor, looking into Mrs. Partington's little window, at which the dame was knitting. "I am not a publican, she said at length; and though Heaven knows we are none of us too good, the publishers are best, and that's gospel truth." "I mean, said the querist, that you have a new work on the carpet." "Not on the carpet, exactly," replied she, "but something that's cognate to it—knitting work." "Gracious! you persisted in knitting?" "No," was the response; "there isn't nothing cruel in it, like a satire to wrangle like a barbed arrow; it will pleasantly take like a jewel, and for a parrot's tongue, and will make people happy. But there's no knowing who will be well or ill after election, and whether a book goes well or not depends upon the number that buys it. The inquisitor moved along, and Mrs. P. kept on with her knitting."

HOPE FOR AUSTRIA.—The same steamer that brought news of the defeat of the Austrians by the French army in Lombardy, brought also intelligence of a great national prayer meeting in Austria, in which the thirty or forty millions inhabitants of that nation were simultaneously upon their knees before God, to ask his help in killing the French and securing the yoke of tyranny upon Sardinia and her Colleagues. If Louis Napoleon is half as pious a man as the pope, he must tremble in his boots at such a manifestation. If prayers of men move God from side to side in the battle field, he has little hope in anything but hard fighting; Cromwell expected his soldiers "to trust in God and keep their powder dry," but the Sardinians may as well trust in powder and leave God to the Austrians. When will men learn of Christ, and cease praying to a fighting God!

NOT SO BAD.—A trip of some fifteen miles along the highways of Winslow, Vassalboro and Augusta, with considerable inquiry, in Waterville and other towns, convinces us that the damage done to crops by the frost is but little. Corn was considerably nipped in some places, but the average is now as good as usual at this season. There has been some injury to beans, but they were not generally up enough to be killed; and there is time to ripen those planted since the frost. Vines have suffered a little; but we see no reason to think the fruit crop is injured, though some have feared it. Notwithstanding the sad accounts at first received from the west, we have reason to conclude the state of things there is pretty much as here. Later reports so represent it, with some very slight exceptions. The prospect of good crops generally is now fair in this State, as it also is in all others.

A MAINE MAN HUNG.—The Boston Journal says that Geo. H. Lamb, was executed at St. Louis last week for the murder of his wife, who was formerly from Bangor in this State. Her maiden name was Sarah Stafford, she with her father's family having emigrated to the West from Bangor, in 1854. Lamb kept a hotel at Mendota, Ill., and Sarah worked in the same town. They were married in 1856, the marriage being kept private. In December, 1857, Lamb took his wife to St. Louis, where he attempted to poison her, but not succeeding he took her out on the river in a boat and drowned her. He then went back to Mendota and married another woman, to whom he had been engaged previous to his first marriage. The murder was discovered through the exertions of Mr. Stafford, to whom Lamb made the confession, of which the above is the substance.

LOOK OUT FOR THE SHIMMERS.—The Waterville Threes have just procured bats for the company, of the latest style and a very tasteful pattern, which our folks will all doubtless be pleased to see when they choose to mount.

them and parade. By the way, couldn't another trumpet be won on the coming 4th? We understand there are two or three lying around loose, and our boys don't often slight such chances.

A POET GOVERNOR.—John G. Saxa, Esq., the poet, has received the nomination of the democrats of Vermont for the office of Governor. This news will startle those office seekers and demagogues who associate with the name of poet the idea of a garret and short allowance, and who think that poets feel nothing but moonshine, and see nothing tangible but fog. There have been poets of this kind, but Saxa is not one of them. That he is a sound lawyer is plain from the fact that he held the office of State's Attorney for several years, not only to the satisfaction of his constituents, but to the profit of his own pocket; and that he is something of a statesman and a good deal of a politician, is equally evident when it is known that he has stuck to the democratic party ever since he was old enough to learn its principles from his father—during the whole of which time the party in his State has had no more hope of rewarding him than they have now. In person he is a six-footer, and solid at that, with as sunny a face and as merry an eye as ever constituted the upper strata of an alderman. He is a gentleman with gentlemen, a scholar with scholars, a boy with the boys, a gallant with the ladies and every inch a man everywhere. If he is elected governor, of which he can have no hope, he will fill the chair nobly; if defeated, as he expects to be, he will have carried more votes than any other man the party could have nominated. The Green Mountain Boys like and are proud of him, and most of them have shaken his hand; and those who have had the pleasure will vote for him if he can. If he don't reach the public crib he has a well filled crib of his own, where he will laugh over his defeat more heartily than his opponents will laugh at it, and where—he may tell the rest himself:

I see a woman, rather tall,  
And yet, I own, a comely lady;  
Complexion—such as I must call  
(To be exact) a little shady;  
A hand not handsome, yet content;  
A generous one for love or pity;  
A nimble foot, and,—neatly dressed  
In No. 6—extremely gay.

I see a group of boys and girls  
Assembled round the knee paternal  
With ruddy cheeks and tangled curls  
And manners not at all paternal.  
And one has reached a manly size  
And one aspires to woman's stature;  
And one quite a recent prize,  
And all abound in human nature!

The boys are hard to keep in trim,  
The girls are often rather trying;  
And both—like the youthful scheming,  
Seems very fond of steady crying!  
And yet the precious little one,  
His mother's dear, despiteful master,  
Is worth a thousand babies done  
In Parian or in algaestral!

And oft that stately dame and I,  
When laughing o'er our early dreaming,  
And marking, as the years go by,  
How idle was the youthful scheming,  
Confess the wiser power that knew  
How care each earthly joy enhances,  
And gave us blessings rich and true,  
And better far than all our fancies!

"THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS."—This great moral painting, exhibited here last winter, by M. Andreu, is to be taken to Europe by Peter Sinclair, the Scotch Apostle of Temperance, for exhibition. Either attraction ought to draw a crowd; but united they will be irresistible.

"O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?" We have not seen the Portland Advertiser for more than a week—and reading the Argus for so long a time without the proper antidote, is making us rapidly and rabidly democratic.—Hurrah for—but we will wait a little longer.

WAVERY NOVELS.—Old Mortality, and Woodstock, two more numbers of T. B. Peterson & Co.'s cheap edition of Scott's novels, have been received. They are sold at 25 cents singly, or \$5 for the whole set of twenty-six volumes. Send to the publishers at Philadelphia.

THE RAILROAD ACT.—Returns from 194 towns give 11,946 votes for the act and 9,647 against it. It is generally conceded that full returns will more than meet the present majority for the act; so that it is defeated beyond doubt.

VERMONT.—The Douglas men carried the late democratic state convention by a large majority. Both factions were fully represented and ably advocated.

A letter received by the Boston Journal from Lake Providence, La., announces the death of William Tozier, who is supposed to have been from this town. He was a member of Providence Lodge No. 59, A. Y. M.

CELEBRATION AT GARDINER.—The arrangements are completed for celebrating the Fourth of July in Gardiner in grand style.—Col. A. Brewster, Boston, will deliver the Oration. Mayor I. N. Tucker, Chief Marshal, and George W. Wilcox Esq., Toast Master. Music by the Gardiner and Mt. Vernon Brass Bands. The Lewiston Light Infantry has been invited to escort duty, and the Knights Templar of Portland are also expected. The Sons of Temperance of Gardiner and Dresden will appear in procession. The Fire King Engine Company offers two prizes—one of \$100 and one of \$50—to be competed for by the Engine companies which attend. The Floral Procession will be a grand feature of the display. Our friends in Gardiner always conduct affairs of this kind with great liberality, good taste, and success.

THE TERMINATION OF THE MORPHY-THOMPSON CONTEST.—This important chess encounter was terminated on Friday afternoon at the rooms of the New York Chess Club, by the victory of Mr. Morphy, the chess standing: Morphy 5; Thompson 3; drawn 1. This achievement of the youthful chess champion may be placed even above that of any of his European feats. Mr. Thompson is one of the strongest players in this country, and in this contest received, as he generally gives, the odds of the Queen's Knight.

BASE-BALL.—The Tri Mountain Base Ball Club of Boston, and the Portland Base Ball Club will play their return match in Portland on Tuesday the 28th inst.

It is said that Russia has volunteered to say to Turkey that the present troubles in Europe involve no hostile purpose with respect to the latter.

CONSTITUTION MAKING.—The Providence Journal, after detailing the sufferings of those who have sought the golden delusions of Pike's Peak, well says of a peculiarity, if not a passion, of the American character:

"It is noteworthy, that these men, however destitute and distressed, have not lost the American habit of constitution making.—Whatever else they have lost they have not lost their politics, and all rags and half-starved though they be, they have called a convention to frame a constitution. If they do nothing else, they will discuss a fundamental law. Even if the diggings yielded a pan full of the precious metal to every miner, half the men would drop their tools at the first sound of politics, and would rather talk about slavery than wash for gold. If an American ship should be cast away on a desert island, the first thing after saving what floated from the wreck, would be to form a constitution, and the next to quarrel about its interpretation and to amend it. And we doubt not that among those rough miners, drawn from all parts of the country, and not all the choicest specimens of their various localities, there is more practical information, more intuitive sense upon the questions of self-government than one would be likely to meet in the most polished capitals of continental Europe. The habit of political discussion and the constant participation in political affairs render every American citizen a possessor of that science which Sieyès flattered himself that he had brought to perfection."

DUTIES OF UNITED STATES MARSHALS.—The opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Wisconsin fugitive-slave case, has at length been published. We subjoin, for the better information of the public, a paragraph from the official copy of the opinion:

"Although it is the duty of the marshal or other person holding him to make known by a proper return the authority under which he detains him, it is at the same time imperatively his duty to obey the process of the United States; to hold the prisoner in custody under it, and to refuse obedience to the mandate or process of any other government. And consequently, it is his duty not to take the prisoner, nor suffer him to be taken, before a State judge or court upon a *habas corpus* issued under State authority. No State judge or court, after they are judicially informed that the party is imprisoned under the authority of the United States, has any right to interfere with him, or to require him to be brought before them; and if the authority of a State, in the form of judicial process or otherwise, should attempt to control the marshal, or other authorized agent of the United States, in any respect, in the custody of his prisoner, it would be his duty to resist it, and to call to his aid any force that may be necessary to maintain the authority of the law against illegal interference. No judicial process, whatever form it may assume, can have any lawful authority outside of the limits of the jurisdiction of the court or judge by whom it is issued; and an attempt to force it beyond these boundaries is nothing less than lawless violence."

HIGHER OF FREE COLORED PEOPLE.—A New Orleans letter in the Journal of Commerce says:

"The emigration of the free colored people goes on, on a larger scale than ever. The schooner Virginia Antoinette left last evening for Tarsanville, a small port in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, with forty-three emigrants, all kindred. These people were born and raised in the Attakapas country, where they are held in high estimation not only by their brethren of color, but also by the white population. Mr. Pintade, the head of this numerous family, until lately was engaged in commercial pursuits, in which he was very successful. In appearance, these people look more like sons of New England than persons of mixed blood, and their daughters can advantageously bear comparison with our renowned creole beauties."

On the 20th instant, three hundred persons of color take their departure for Hayti, carrying with them a large amount of property. Most of them are from the rural parishes, where they possessed land and slaves. Unprincipled demagogues, under the plea of saving the South, but mainly for extorting money from an inoffensive people, presented, at the last Legislature, laws of such vexatious nature to the free colored people of Louisiana, that they have at once determined upon abandoning forever their native soil!

SUITS AGAINST NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—In the Superior Court at New York, on Tuesday, a libel case was tried, in which the proprietors of the Times were the defendants. At the time of the execution of Donnelly for murder, he made a speech asserting his innocence and accusing Mr. Wm. W. Smith of perjury and with being concerned in the murder. This speech was published in the Times, and Mr. Smith brought an action against the proprietors for a malicious libel upon his character. At the trial, the defendants stated that the report was published by them as a true account of a judicial proceeding, and without malicious motives. The truth of the report was admitted by the plaintiff. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for six cents.

THE CROPS.—Harvesting has commenced in Posey county, Ia. The grain crop is reported to be good, and the yield more than an ordinary crop.

The Little Rock (Ark.) papers say that from every section of the State they have the most cheering accounts of the crops of wheat and corn, so soon to be garnered, and prospectively the best crop of corn ever made in Arkansas. Harvesting has commenced, and the prospects for a large yield of wheat are most encouraging.

The wheat harvest has also commenced in Southern Illinois, and the yield is reported to be the best ever known. The prospects of a good crop of corn are reported as very favorable. The peaches are in great abundance in all Southern Illinois. Apples, pears, and other kinds of fruit are said to promise a wonderful yield.

A trot came off at the Park on Thursday between the Bachelor and the Bean colts, both of Exeter. The former came out ahead each of the three heats. Time, 2:51, 2:47, 2:47.—Bangor Jeff.

Miss Elizabeth Story of Medina, Ill., fell into a trance a few days since, which her friends thought was death, and made preparations for her funeral, but previous to the ceremony she awoke. She refuses all description of her feelings while in the trance.

The Rockland Democrat has kept a record of the delegates chosen to the State Convention thus far, and gives as the result, for Popular Sovereignty, 95; for the slave code doctrine, thirty-four.

SHAME.—Powers' Celebrated Greek Slave is now used in a fashionable Dry Goods store in Broadway, as a model on which to exhibit the latest fashion.

### Foreign News.

A GREAT BATTLE FOUGHT.—The Anglo-Saxon brings news of a great battle, resulting in a woful destruction of life. It seems to have been preceded by one day's fighting in which the result was not decisive. From the large number of killed and wounded, we may well believe that large bodies of men were engaged in different quarters. The great and decisive action culminated at Magenta, a town of some 5000 inhabitants, on the left side of the Ticino river, twelve miles west of Milan, the capital and stronghold of the Austrians in Lombardy. The accounts of this battle, as it is called, are disjointed and unsatisfactory. It is probable, however, that instead of one battle, there were a series of battles in different sections, extending through several days, perhaps from May 31st to June 5th, when the Austrians seem to have been vanquished, and the loss of 32000 in killed and wounded, is intended to include the whole number engaged through five or six days fighting. If this premise is correct, it would seem to prove that the Allies bore down hard upon their enemy, the Austrians, till they approached the right bank of the river Ticino, opposite Magenta, where they found the Austrians had recrossed that river to dispute the narrow passage of the roads leading to the bridge. But all in vain. The passage was forced, and McMahon, the French General of Irish extraction, obtained the mastery of that village. Having obtained this advantage, and his way being open to Milan, it seems the Austrians evacuated that stronghold, and it was occupied by the Allies. This view is in accordance with the following despatches from Napoleon to the Empress Eugenie, in Paris. He was posted at Novara, 27 miles west of Milan, and Magenta is on the river Ticino, 15 miles east. The road leading from Novara through Magenta to Milan, is on a straight line. Napoleon's first despatch reads as follows:

Novara, June 4. At 11 1/2 o'clock a great victory was won at the bridge of Magenta; 5000 prisoners taken and 15,000 of the enemy killed or wounded. The details will be dispatched by telegraph.

He seems to have moved forward towards Milan, for his next despatch is as follows: Magenta, 5th. Yesterday our army was under orders to march on Milan, across the bridges thrown over the Ticino at Turbigo. The operation was well executed, although the enemy, who had recrossed Ticino in great numbers, offered most determined resistance. The roads were narrow, and during two hours the Imperial Guard sustained unsupported the shock of the enemy. In the meantime McMahon made himself master of Magenta after a sanguinary conflict. We repulsed the enemy at every point, with a loss on our side of about 2000 men; the loss of the enemy is estimated at 15,000 killed and wounded and 5000 Austrian prisoners remaining in our hands.

Evening, 5th. The Austrians taken prisoners are at least 7000; Austrians cannon hors du combat, 20,000; three pieces of cannon and two flags captured from the enemy. To-day our army rests for the purpose of reorganizing itself. Our loss is about 3,000 killed and wounded; one cannon taken by the enemy.

His next is dated: Headquarters, 5th. A. M. Milan is in our possession. The insurgent Austrians have evacuated the town and castle, leaving in their precipitation, the cannon and treasure of the army behind them. We are encumbered with prisoners and have taken 12,000 Austrian muskets.

At first sight the Austrian account would seem to contradict the above statement in several particulars, but we must remember that the latest Austrian account is only to the 6th, while the latest French account is up to the 8th. The official Austrian correspondence of Sunday the 5th, contained the following communication of the result of the battle:

The Austrian army had been transferred, during the night from the 4th to the 5th inst., to Abbiategrasso. The same news states that the combat was undecided, and that a further fight is expected.

Abbiategrasso is a village on the canal 14 miles west-south-west of Milan, and probably about 12 to 15 miles from Magenta. This statement indicates that the Austrians were in full retreat, and the statement that the combat was undecided was mere bravado.

On the next day the following official bulletin was issued:

Vienna, Monday, June 6th, 11 1/2 A. M.—A desperate combat took place on Saturday between the 1st and 3d Count Clavin's and Prince Sichtenstich's corps d'armes and the enemy, who had passed Ticino in very considerable force. The result of the contest was undecided. The combat was continued on Sunday. Our troops threw themselves upon the enemy's ranks with ardor, and showed valor and perseverance worthy of the most glorious feat of arms of the imperial army. No doubt the Austrians fought valiantly, but they were evidently overcome, and forced to leave the field to the Allies, abandoning everything to their enemy.

There were rumors in Paris on the 8th that the French loss was from 9,000 to 12,000, hors du combat, Generals Neil and McMahon are said to be among the wounded. Paris papers variously estimate the forces engaged, the French at 100,000 to 120,000, and the Austrians at 130,000 to 180,000.

There is a report that General Canrobert was mortally wounded, and that five French Marshals or Generals were wounded. The Patrie says Marshal Baraguay D'Hilliers was removed from his command and replaced by Forey; Marshal Vaillant is superseded by Randon, and the ministry of war is to be confined provisionally to Gen. Horan.

We have had an intimation that Napoleon was displeased with Marshal D'Hilliers for some short coming at the previous battle where Forey so gallantly sustained himself against the Austrians.

The London Post says that Gen. McMahon was raised on the battle field to the rank of Marshal, and titled as Duke of Magenta. Gen. Garibaldi quitted Secco, and General Durban had retreated to Monsa. It is supposed that Garibaldi was directing his march against Durban.

A dispatch dated Paris, Monday night, to The London Post says the Municipality at Milan proclaimed King Victor Emanuel and presented an address to him in the presence of the Emperor. To-morrow the King will make an entry into Milan.

The London Times in its editorial remarks on the subject says it now seems probable that this hard fighting is even yet undecided, but that on the whole the French have the best of it. The absence of late telegrams by the way of Paris is not considered indicative of French success.

The London Advertiser says it was rumored last night that Government had received a telegram from the British Minister at Vienna, announcing an Austrian victory.

The opinion was becoming current in London that the victory of Magenta was a victory in which the French were defeated, and their failure to occupy Milan, only twelve miles

from Magenta, strengthened this view. The movements which preceded the battle of Magenta are not clearly stated, but it was previously announced that the Allies were about to cross the Ticino to the number of about 100,000 men, and it is presumed that the rapid movement of the allied army prevented the Austrians from completing that retreat which they had commenced, and compelled them to accept battle on the banks of the river.

Kossuth was to leave England for Italy on the 7th inst. He had an interview with the French Ambassador in London. Some 300 Hungarians, who had returned from America were to follow him to Italy.

GERMANY.—A despatch from Darmstadt says that at the opening of Chambers there, the Presidents of both branches of the Legislature declared in favor of war against Louis Napoleon.

RUSSIA.—An important circular from Prince Gortschakoff to the envoys of Russia at the several Courts of Germany, declares that if Germany goes to the aid of Austria, the political equilibrium, resulting from the treaties by which the German confederation is constituted will be destroyed.

LATER.—Later arrivals bring us the following additional items:—

The Emperor of France and the King of Sardinia made a triumphant entrance into Milan on the 8th of June. The Austrians had evacuated Pavia, and withdrawn from Marignano with a loss of 1200 prisoners. The details received of the battle of Magenta show the loss to have been very severe on both sides. Latest accounts say that the Allies were advancing from Milan and that Prussia showed signs of siding with Austria. The armies were preparing for another general engagement. Canrobert was not wounded at Magenta.

The rumor of the defeat of the King of Sardinia was not believed.

The British Ministry were defeated in the House of Commons by 14 majority, and it was expected they would resign.

THE ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS.—More than 30,000 Italians, the flower of the land, have come, says a correspondent of an English paper, and more come daily from all parts of Italy, to enlist as volunteers in the Sardinian army, risking by the very intention in those parts under Austrian rule or influence, the bastinado, torture, death and ruin. No sacrifice can equal the simple tale of the dangers, difficulties, and hair-breadth escapes of these modern heroes, as I have had them from their own lips, always told with that simplicity which belongs to all that are truly great. No lover, to obtain his beloved, would go through what they have done to be allowed to fight for their country. One friend of mine, reared in the lap of luxury, has left his palace in Lombardy, the joys of home, and the comforts of a princely fortune, and is now a simple soldier. Another friend of mine has done even more than leave a life of luxury; he is an artist, and has given up his profession, expiating his pencil, which gave him bread and reputation, for the musket and uniform of a common soldier. Three Roman brothers, one a lawyer high in his profession, married, and the father of a young family, the two others a physician and an artist, both betrothed, have left all. One noble Milanese gave 40 horses and enlisted as a private soldier.

CHAFING UNDER THE COLLAR.—A gentleman, who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the following method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar. He says he gets a piece of leather and, which he terms, a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to lie, singly, between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This fends off all friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by friction, hence, you see, the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheep skins under the collar.—These, he says, do so much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he assures us is better than anything else.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION NULLIFIED.—The Dred Scott axiom, that "the negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect," does not find much favor in Pomeroy, Meigs county, N. Y., as appears by a recent occurrence there, which is narrated by the local paper. It seems that a very pretty girl has been attending school there, to whom one of the F. F. V.'s stands in the double relation of father and master and whose board and tuition were paid by the said F. F. V. The girl is very much attached to her father, but from the fact that he is engaged in buying up slaves in Virginia and shipping them South, she had the good sense to refuse to return to Virginia, for fear of meeting the same fate. Last winter great efforts were made by her father to induce her to return, and as a last resort her mother was sent on to persuade her, but she firmly refused. On her return the mother was shipped South, and it is believed the girl would have gone in the same direction, had she returned.

A few days since the father, accompanied by a hard looking customer, both armed with revolvers, called to see the girl. The girl was not alarmed, but her friends were, believing the design was to kidnap her, and they speedily kicked up such a rumpus that a large crowd was soon attracted to the spot. The Virginians solemnly protested their pacific intentions—the father protesting that he had come to visit the girl and pay her bills, without any intention of taking her away; that, in fact, he had emancipated her, but a deed of emancipation which he exhibited proving invalid on examination, this statement only excited suspicion.

At this state of proceedings an excited negro appeared on the scene and gave a new turn to affairs. He declared that the mother of the girl was his wife—he having married her subsequent to the birth of the girl and lived with her fourteen years; that he had partly paid for her freedom; that he had deeded pecuniaries to his wife and her master sundry pecuniaries, and that according to the law in the States case, he had a right to kill the gentleman, and meant to do it instantly.

Hereupon the Virginians took refuge in a neighboring house, where they supplicated in piteous terms for protection from the wrath of the furious black. After considerable excitement, a compromise was effected, the Virginians and the negro surrendering their weapons into the hands of third parties. The Virginians were then escorted to the river where their revolvers were delivered up to them. So anxious were they to reach "Old Virginia's shore," that they offered fifty dollars to the ferryman if he would land them "safely on the other side," before the darkey could get at them. We are happy to say that the Virginia gentleman has since sent to his daughter a genuine deed of manumission, and she is now free. She is almost white, intelligent and handsome, and would bring a good price in the Southern market.

The National Agricultural Society will hold its Seventh Annual Agricultural Exhibition at Cottage Grove, near Chicago, commencing on the 12th of September. The premium list will amount to \$20,000.







MISCELLANY.

THE GOLDEN HAND.

From out the city's heart and dust,  
A golden hand is ever thrust,  
Uplifted from a mire on high,  
A golden finger in the sky.  
I see it when the morning brings  
Fresh tidings of the living things,  
And the great world awakes; behold  
That golden hand in morning gold!  
I see it when the twilight rings  
Around the earth with softest wings,  
Blushing the last day of the week,  
That golden hand remembers day!  
The midnight comes the toly hour,  
Sleeps fall like dew that hand,  
Stays fall like dew that hand, in light  
Of moon and stars, how strangely bright!  
Below the moon a noisy street,  
Are falling in the night,  
The weakest rise the strongest fall;  
That golden hand is over all!  
Below men wage the war of Trade,  
Fortunes are lost and fortunes made;  
With the great dust of Days between,  
That golden hand is over all!  
Below, in courts to guard the land,  
Gold licks the tongue and binds the hand;  
Stealing in Justice's scales the gold,  
That golden hand above, behold!  
Below, the Sabbath wave serene  
With the great dust of Days between,  
Prescribes within the pulpit stand,  
And over all that golden hand!  
The week-end in the crowded air,  
Below, arises never there,  
Like one whose language cannot speak  
That hand makes Sabbath all the week.

THE GOSPEL BANNER AT THE OPERA.

The editor of the Gospel Banner, for amusement during the recent Boston Anniversaries, went to the Opera—not as a minister, but as an editor!—to see the "infatuation of opera goers." He thus describes his idea of the Italian Opera:

"The spectacle that satiated the eye before the rising of the curtain was a magnificent one. The whole floor was occupied by finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, as were the three galleries rising one above the other into the lofty dome which was brilliantly lighted. And the music of the orchestra, and then a strain of the singing were fine, but the performance as a whole, was thought a bore. Whiskered men and painted women, tricked out in plush and tinsel, growling, and grunting, and shrieking, and squalling, sometimes in solo, and then in duet, and anon the whole swarm like so many cats, gesticulating, and menacing, and embracing, and frowning, and going through with all sorts of antics, in a gibberish that nobody can understand, that is the Italian Opera, as we heard and saw it. Had it not been for a few strains—of which Cistia Diva sang by Madame Laborde's bass singing, it would have been insufferable. And yet, when some performer went through with his or her throat-splitting vocal gymnastics, it was curious to see the audience—such being the fashion just now—go into fits of enthusiasm. To us—and we profess not only to have an ear but two ears for music—a quiet seat on a mossy rock, near some pond full of frogs, would have been quite as edifying, and nearly as musical."

R. FOSTER, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

WATERVILLE, ME.  
Office on Main Street, nearly opposite the Williams House, 44 Residence on Union Street.

NOTICE.

Portland Kerosene Oil Company,  
194 Fore St., Portland, Me.  
ARE erecting works at Cape Elizabeth, for manufacturing KEROSENE OIL, and will be ready to supply the trade of Maine early in August next.  
Parties in this State who desire to purchase regularly in the trade, will be supplied by us with OIL from the BOSTON KEROSENE OIL.

At their Retail Prices.  
Until we are ready to deliver our own manufacture.  
S. R. PHILBRICK,  
Portland, May 24, 1889. Selling Agent and Treasurer.

NEW ENGLAND ALLMENTS.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

THE Eastern States, included in that section of the Union which is most widely known as "New England," contain a large, industrious, and enterprising population, who, in the pursuit of a comfortable and happy life, are constantly exposed to various ailments, and to the influence of a climate which is often very unfavorable to the human system. It is the duty of every citizen to be prepared to meet such emergencies, and to have at hand a remedy which will be sure to cure, and which will be safe to use. The only remedy of the kind, which is known as "THE NEW ENGLAND ALLMENT," is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, which will cure all the ailments of the human system, and which will be safe to use in all cases. It is the duty of every citizen to be prepared to meet such emergencies, and to have at hand a remedy which will be sure to cure, and which will be safe to use. The only remedy of the kind, which is known as "THE NEW ENGLAND ALLMENT," is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, which will cure all the ailments of the human system, and which will be safe to use in all cases.

CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

But that numerous class who devote themselves to literary and other studies, and who are often exposed to the influence of a climate which is often very unfavorable to the human system, are also liable to various ailments, and to the influence of a climate which is often very unfavorable to the human system. It is the duty of every citizen to be prepared to meet such emergencies, and to have at hand a remedy which will be sure to cure, and which will be safe to use. The only remedy of the kind, which is known as "THE NEW ENGLAND ALLMENT," is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, which will cure all the ailments of the human system, and which will be safe to use in all cases.

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LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER, SALT,

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Which they offer as low as can be bought elsewhere.

By the combination of both, trade, we are enabled to turn out a large quantity of goods, at a much lower price than any other store in the village, and

OUR PRICES DEFY COMPETITION.

L. A. & Co. would also state that they are constantly receiving

Pure Coal Oil

direct from the manufacturer, and have now on hand, a perfect

sample of this oil, which will be sold at a very low price, and

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the transaction of a GENERAL INSURANCE BUSINESS,

and is prepared to negotiate and issue policies on all kinds of

property, and on all kinds of lives, and on all kinds of

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Having successfully passed the ordeal to which new discoveries

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Affections of the Liver, Dropsy, Neuritis, Bronchitis,

Chills and Consumptive Tendencies, Disordered

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Diseases requiring a tonic, or

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now beyond question.

The proof of its efficacy are so numerous

and so well established, that it is not possible

to give a full list of them. It is, however,

well known to all who have used it, that it

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