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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 03): July 28, 1859

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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THE VOW FULFILLED.

BY MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.

With all her proud inheritance of noble man- sion, wide forests and meadow lands, Blanche Hueston was neither happy nor satisfied.

He was a strange father, one would deem, to demand such a promise from his only child, and it was true.

To obey, was to give up, at once, all the free happy dreams and hopes of her girlhood, and to bind herself for life to one whom it might be impossible for her to love.

A year had passed since the stern man was borne out of the house and laid in the marble tomb of the Huestons, and all this time the young heiress had dwelt alone in her elegant home.

She looked up and received a glance at once piercing and friendly, from the blue eyes she had been watching the past half hour.

She had just written a reply of this character, and sat moodily reflecting upon its probable effect, on the mild June day when our tale commences.

A sound of carriage wheels rapidly approaching, and finally stopping before the high gate which divided the lawn from the road-side, caused her to start from her reverie and look anxiously from the window.

It was already safe in the keeping of Willis Cameron, murmured Clara, with a mantling cheek; and Blanche moved by her friend's ingenuousness, threw her arms about her and kissed her rosy cheek.

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The Eastern Mail.

'Spoken like my own brave Blanche,' said Clara, plying. 'Let us begin this moment to make you ready.'

'We will obey the sound of the tea-bell first—you need refreshment after your long ride.'

'That is true, and I caught a glimpse of strawberries in the dining-room.'

The two girls with arms entwined, descended the stairs, but their meal was a hasty one, so eager were both to arrange Blanche's wardrobe; and in a few moments they were up in her own chamber, busily inspecting the various merits of silks, laces and jewels.

A headache prevented Miss Hueston from meeting the company in Mrs. Hughes' parlor until the evening of the next day. But, at last, Clara, having placed the last rose in the glistening black hair, and smoothed for the twentieth time the lustrous folds of Blanche's purple silk, took her proudly by the arm and led her down to the drawing-rooms.

An hour later, while she stood conversing with young Stuart, who seemed eager to make her acquaintance, a stranger entered the room, and without noticing her, passed through into the music room.

An impulse she could not resist, made her turn her eyes frequently to the room beyond, where, through the open folding doors, she could watch the group chatting over the music which they were examining.

'I will not look at him,' she said to herself, at last, with a sudden sharp consciousness that she had no right to do so, and turning to Mr. Stuart, she began to eulogize the scenery about the lake.

Presently she was conscious of an approaching step, and Clara's silvery voice repeated, 'Mr. Norwood, Miss Hueston.'

She looked up and received a glance at once piercing and friendly, from the blue eyes she had been watching the past half hour.

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lake, but Blanche, who had been reflecting and schooling herself for a few hours, declined going at the last moment. It was too late to urge her, and calling her strangely perverse, Clara went off with her troop of companions.

If Blanche, however, had meant to punish herself with solitude, she was disappointed, for she had not been ten minutes alone before Norwood entered the room.

'I thought you had gone to the lake,' said Blanche, with embarrassment, as coming toward her, he stood near her and looked earnestly down upon her.

'That was my original intention,' was his reply, 'but—you did not go, Miss Hueston.'

'And could that small circumstance affect your pleasure?' she answered, blushing, and hardly knowing what she said.

'It was all in all,' was his quick reply in a low, but eager tone; then sitting down by her side, he continued rapidly and with a flush on his manly face,

'You have been everything to me ever since we first spoke together, and I have learned that without you there is no charm in any pleasure—I know too well that all the future cannot change my feelings—let me ask you—'

'No, no!' interrupted Blanche, with burning cheeks, 'it is not for me to hear you—do not speak one word like that to me!'

'Why not?' he asked—'tell me why—do you distrust me? do you think I would give a love I did not feel?'

'I know you are the soul of honor and truth,' murmured poor Blanche, 'but let there be a secret between us—I am to be married in two months from to-day.'

For a moment not a word was spoken, but the hand which had taken that of Blanche grasped it suddenly with such force that she could scarcely refrain from crying out.

'And who is to be your husband?' he asked, presently, in an altered voice.

'My cousin, William Hueston, of Georgia. I have never seen him—he were betrothed in childhood.'

'You do not love him?' 'I shall marry him.' 'It was my promise to my father in his dying hour.'

'You do not love him,' repeated Norwood, sternly, 'and marriage without love is sacrilege.'

sung along its pebbly way under the deep shadow of the trees. Here she had sat many an hour in her childhood, dreaming wild, sweet visions of all that could make life beautiful, and the place was a hallowed one.

Suddenly a shadow, not her own, fell across the brook, and a step sounded on the turf—Unwilling to be disturbed, she rose and would have hastened away, but a voice and hand arrested her.

'Strangely agitated, she looked up and met the pale, eager face of Norwood. For an instant she could not speak—her very heart stood still.'

'Norwood!' at length she uttered, 'why are you here? To-morrow—'

'I know all,' he exclaimed; 'but, Blanche, I would see your face once more, hear the voice I love. Can you dream what life has been to me since you sent me from you, how restless, weary and unsatisfied? I know to-morrow gives you to a husband; but to-day you are still mine. And I would look upon my own once more.'

His impassioned words brought back, with overwhelming power, the memory of all they had been to each other. Yet Blanche did not forget her vow. She longed to hear him speak of love; it was balm to her thirsting heart, but she dared not. She nerved herself to feign an anger which she did not feel.

'You are more than rash, you are unkind, cruel,' she said, 'to come to me now and bring back the past so vainly. This hour is consecrated to other thoughts. If you loved me, you would not inflict such needless pain.'

'Say no more!' cried Norwood, kissing her hand. 'You are resolute and I—must leave you once more—go now! Prepare to meet your unknown and unwelcome husband. You shall never see Norwood again!'

And in an instant he was gone. Like a specter he had come and vanished, leaving her all unnerved for the ceremony. She hurried home, but there was no sleep for her that night, and not until the fatal hour drew near did her usual calmness return to her.

'There, Blanche, the veil is beautiful, and hangs right royally on your queenly head. Now if you would only have a rose-bud here and there, it would break the glistening sameness of your dress.'

'Not a flower,' said Blanche, coldly viewing herself in a mirror—'flowers are for such as you and Cameron, who love each other. Jewels are more appropriate for my marriage, but I will wear neither.'

'If it is seven o'clock, Blanche!'

'Well?' asked Blanche, her dark eyes falling to a moment.

'Mr. Hueston is in the library. Shall I go down with you?'

'No,' was the answer, and the bride drew her veil half over her face. 'I will see him alone this one hour. When the clock strikes eight, you and Cameron may come to me.'

GERMAN FUNERAL SONG.

Come forth! come on with solemn song! The road is short, the rest is long! The Lord brought here. He calls away! Make no delay. This home was for a passing day. Here in an inn a stranger dwelt; Here joy and grief by turns he felt; Here dwelling, now we close thy door! The task is o'er, The sojourner returns no more. Now, of a lasting home possessed, He goes to seek a deeper rest— Good night! the day was sultry here, In toil and fear, Good night! the night is cool and clear. Oh! now, ye bells! again begin, And ring the Sabbath morning in. The laborer's week-day work is done, The rest begun, Which Christ has for his people won: Now open to us, gates of peace! Here let the pilgrim's journey cease; Ye quiet slumbers make room In your still home, For a new stranger who has come! How many graves around us lie; How many homes are in the sky; Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare A place with care. Thy home is waiting, brother, there.

The Austrian Square.

With the battle of Solferino and the undisputed passage of the Mincio, the allied army was now ready to commence operations in the celebrated square of fortresses which constitute the bulwarks of Austrian power in Italy. Whether another field battle is to take place or not, the corner fortresses of the quadrangle field are to be the ultimate and necessary objects of attack and defense, where the issue of the war will be decided.

It is situated on a small island in the Mincio at its issue from the Lake of Garda. The Piedmontese in 1848, with a comparatively feeble force, took it in three weeks. Since then it has been greatly strengthened, by fortifications extending beyond the Island and covering the approaches to the river. All the works constitute an entrenched camp, capable of holding a great number of troops.

Mantua is also on an island, covering about one hundred and twenty-four acres, surrounded by what is really an artificial lake formed out of the waters of the Mincio. The dikes of causeways which traverse this lake divide it into four parts; the upper, middle and lower lakes on the northern and eastern sides, and Lake Pajolo, which surrounds the city on the southern and western sides.

Verona is the last and strongest of the four fortresses. It is situated on the Adige, near where the Brenner road, which leads from Germany through the Tyrol, comes into the valley. The city possesses 55,000 inhabitants, and even in the days of the Romans was considered an important strategical point.

Cost of M. C.'s.—Perley, the well informed correspondent of the Boston Journal, says: 'Although each member of Congress only ostensibly receives \$3000 per annum, the annual cost of each "M. C." (if the last Congress be a criterion) is \$16,954 05! This figure of the Treasurer's Department shows, the \$18,954 05 being for contingencies, which means, in plain English, postmasters, pages, clerks, sergeant-at-arms, writing paper, horses, police, newspapers, curricula, envelopes, hanks, suifs, paste, documents, sealing wax, buffalo combs, binding, toilette soap, fuel, oil, barbers, folders, velvet carpets, engraving, looking glasses, black kid gloves, and miscellaneous.' In return for this \$16,954 05 each member gave, last winter, ninety days' service pro bono publico, but we are told that the next House is not only to carry on business from the Speaker's table, but that it will be emphatically a working house. As old Mr. Ritchie used to say: *Nous verrons.*

as it may be, is not, after all, equal to the winter of Lombardy, has nothing of the rigor of that of the peninsular Crimea. And then we have on our side the fortune of our army, with the worthy inheritance of the genius and glory of Napoleon at its head.

PROGRESS IN SARDINIA.—The New York Journal of Commerce thus sketches the character and achievements of the last two kings of Sardinia:

No monarch in Europe was more abused by the London Times and other newspapers, than Charles Albert. The country, when he ascended the throne, was one of the most priest-ridden of all the States of Italy. For years, the king could hardly consider his soul his own, so completely was he under the yoke of the Jesuits. But Charles Albert was a man of good heart and good intentions. This was evident in the testimony which the Waldenses bore to his character, and they knew him well. He had been educated in Geneva, in Switzerland—placed there by his family before they were driven from the continent by Bonaparte in 1806. Whilst at that school he often told his fellow students that if he became King of Sardinia, which was quite possible, he would give his country a constitution. Some years after he had become King, two gentlemen of Geneva, who had been his fellow-students, visited Turin, and were received very kindly by him. After dinner, he made them retire with him to his cabinet, where they all sat a long time smoking their cigars and talking of their school-days. At last one of the gentlemen reminded him of his promise. 'Don't speak of that,' said he, 'for I am just nobody here.' But he intimated that he was not without hope that the day would come when he might fulfill that promise, and fulfill it he did, and that most nobly.

His son, when he ascended the throne, had a task of no small difficulty to perform. Peace must be made with Austria, and that powerful neighbor must be conciliated. This was effected by the aid of France and England, Sardinia paying down the sum of \$15,000,000 to indemnify Austria. Next, the country had to be tranquilized, and the industry of the people encouraged and properly directed. But the young monarch took hold of the work with a strong hand, wisely advised by his excellent younger brother, who was his Mentor for several years, until death removed him; to the great grief of the nation as well as of the King. Surrounded by able ministers, among whom Count Cavour and the Marquis d'Azuleio stand pre-eminent, Victor Emmanuel has accomplished wonders. In ten years that kingdom has made amazing progress in both its material and moral interests. The whole country almost is covered over with a net work of railroads, of which the one from Genoa via Novi and Alessandria, to Turin (some 120 miles long) and that from Turin via Verceil and Novara to the Buffalora Bridge on the Po (whence the Austrians have continued it, via Magenta, to Milan), and the one from Turin up to Susa at the eastern foot of Mount Cenis, have been of the greatest utility in the present war.

An admirable system of public schools has been established, and the children of the poorest as well as the richest are now becoming well educated. The four Universities have been greatly improved. The press is free, and the newspapers of Turin and Genoa are now among the best-conducted journals in Europe, and their extensive circulation outside of the Kingdom of Sardinia has probably provoked the despots of Italy more than any other thing. Above all, religious liberty has been established and maintained. The Waldenses, who are 25,000 in number, now have all their rights, and, aided by Protestants of other countries, they are circulating the Bible and religious books and tracts, in the Italian and French languages, and Protestant places of worship have been opened in Turin, Genoa, Nice, Pinerolo, Alessandria, Casale, Novi and many other places.

It may well be supposed that the Pope and the Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in Sardinia have not been well pleased with all this. In fact the government has had to expel two of the four Archbishops of the Kingdom (those of Turin and Cagliari) and has been compelled to try its hands on the landed property of the church, as the governments of France and Spain have done. The consequence has been that the Sardinian and Papal governments have had no cordial relations with each other for years. In fact his Holiness issued some years ago a sort of bull of excommunication against the Sardinian government. But the days of Hildebrand have long since passed away, and the bull in question was by a British diplomat, which has done no harm at all.

It is not life in too precious; love is too heavenly; friendship is too beautifully eloquent; happiness is too destroyed thus thoughtlessly. Rather let every word, every thought, be weighed in the balance of your heart, stripped of every useless adorning and garniture, and then go forth to fall gently, smoothly, like spring time rain drops, on the ears of your fellow mortals.

The hot breath of the desert siroon is not more deadly than the voice of ridicule. We are afraid of it; we humble ourselves, and crawl in the dust at its command; we degrade ourselves to avoid it. It arouses the most tender passions; the eye flashes, the bosom heaves tumultuously over the feverish fire that rages within it; the heart beats wildly, and an eagle is gone.

Use it not! Life is too precious; love is too heavenly; friendship is too beautifully eloquent; happiness is too destroyed thus thoughtlessly. Rather let every word, every thought, be weighed in the balance of your heart, stripped of every useless adorning and garniture, and then go forth to fall gently, smoothly, like spring time rain drops, on the ears of your fellow mortals.

The Eastern Mail.

KPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JULY 28, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. FRETWELL & 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.

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

AN INCIDENT.—On the 4th of July, at Bangor, while looking from the speakers' stand upon the audience below, our eye rested upon the brown face of a Penobscot Indian. He was an old man, with the tall muscular frame, high cheek bone and dark piercing eyes of his race; and as the orator painted in glowing terms the progress of our people in the arts of conquest and civilization, we could see his broad chest expand with emotion, and imagine his thick red blood quickening, till a tear started from his steady eye down upon his dusky cheek. Then we remembered that the Indian never wept till Christianity gave him tears; but we could not doubt, as the orator warmed with his subject, that this humble relic of a savage race was wondering why the true God was not content to bless the children of the Great Spirit;—why he had seen fit to destroy his red children and give their lands to his white ones;—why the wars and fightings that came from the white man's lust were blest over those which came from the red man's ignorance;—or why the fashions and vices, the powder and rum and folly of civilization, were better for a people than the hunting and fishing and rural sport of heathendom. To be sure, these were not questions for the enlightened audience, but the poor Indian might be excused for asking them; and as we saw his quondary, and thought of the "braves" to whom he had listened among his people, and compared them with the braves of Bangor at their great festival, even we wondered how much all that eloquence and patriotism would profit the Penobscot tribe of Indians!

NEW FIRE ENGINE AT KENDALLS MILLS.—The fire company, and the citizens generally we learn, have never been perfectly suited with the engine they now have at the Mills, for reasons not necessary to be detailed here, and a strong effort is now being made to exchange it for one of different make. A correspondent, writing from that place, insists that two machines are needed, and that instead of negotiating an exchange an additional one should be purchased. Quite a handsome sum, we learn, has been subscribed by the Victors, and our correspondent is confident that something will be done; and that immediately. Says our correspondent—"We have every assurance that the machine will come, not so much from the fact that the Victors are all in for it, but because such men as Orison Burrill, G. W. Witherell and Baxter Mason have put their shoulders to the wheel, having agreed not only to oppose the project, but to give it all the aid in their power. Whichever side they espouse will not fail to be victorious."

SUDDEN DEATH.—Rev. George H. Shepard, son of Professor Shepard of Bangor, died suddenly at Winthrop on Saturday night last. He had gone there to supply the pulpit on Sunday, and although he retired in his usual health, he was found dead in his bed in the morning. For several years he had been subject to epileptic fits, and it is probable that in one of these he died. He is spoken of as a young man of great moral worth and one who gave good promise of future usefulness had his life been spared.

Rev. H. C. Leonard delivered a temperance lecture before the Bowdoin College Temperance Society, in the Chapel, on Monday evening of last week. Encouraging to the friends of temperance are the indications in all directions, nowhere is there a more hopeful state of things at the present time than at our literary institutions. Let it induce all to labor with renewed zeal in the good cause.

"ILLUSTRATED QUADRECE CONSTELLATION."—People have all along been content with "seeing the elephant," but a greater than the elephant—even the "Mastodon"—is here. A paper of eight mammoth pages, containing thirteen columns each, and measuring 70 by 100 inches, is truthfully styled the greatest typographical achievement of the age. It is as large as fifteen New York Ledgers! The filling of this immense sheet of course embraces a great variety of attractive reading, and the mechanical part of the enterprise is well executed. Published by Geo. Roberts, New York, at 50 cts a copy and sold by all the news dealers.

RELIGIOUS.—The work upon the Congregational meeting house is completed, and religious services will be resumed there on Sunday next.

There will be no religious services at the Universalist church next Sabbath, the pastor being absent.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—John J. Dyer & Co., the well known Boston periodical dealers have provided C. K. Mathews with a good supply of the August number of this favorite monthly, so that all who wish can be supplied. See notice in our Table, for contents, &c.

The young men of Augusta are about forming a Christian Union.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The August number opens with an article from the late Rev. Mr. Judd, on 'The Dramatic Element in the Bible,' which though delivered a few times in the life time of the writer, is now printed for the first time. The next article is 'The Ring of Power,' a New England story, by Rose Terry. R. H. Stoddard, contributes 'The End of All,' and Dr. Holland, author of 'Zitter Sweet,' has a fine poem entitled 'Daniel Gray.' Whittier, too, presents a poem, 'My Psalm,' the best of all. 'Birds of the Night,' by Wilson Flagg, will please all lovers of nature, and the continuation of the gossipy Cuban sketch, by Mrs. Howe, one of Theodore Parker's train, is very readable. 'The Zouave' said to have been prepared in Paris, will converge with peculiar interest at the present time when the eyes of the world are turned with admiration to their wonderful exploits. Mrs. Stowe's admirable story, 'The Minister's Wooing,' is continued with unabated interest, and the Professor presents his usual monthly treat of wit and wisdom. The remaining article is on the Italian War, which of course will not lack for readers.

The Atlantic Monthly is published by Phillips Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The July number has the following table of contents:—Lord Macaulay and the Messengers of Greece; The Lifted Veil; Dr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures; part 5th of The Luck of Lady Medley; Sentimental Physiology; The Novels of Jane Austen; The Change of Ministry—What Next?

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 64 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered, free of postage.—When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U. States will be 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

New volumes of all the above works commence in July, and the present is therefore a favorable time to subscribe.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC MONTHLY.—The following are the illustrated articles in the number for August: The Midnight Review, The Soul's Departure, The Belle of the Burning Steamer, Harvest, A Poem, Ellen Claiborne, a Poem, Vagaries of an Artist, Seven years in the Western Land, Fashion Department and Comic Page. The above list shows a small portion of the contents of the number which contains a great amount of pleasant reading. The Great Republic is published by Oakesmith & Co., New York, at \$3 a year; but premium subscribers, paying \$4, get a picture in addition, which brings the magazine at next to nothing.

BOYS AND GIRLS' OWN MAGAZINE.—The August number abounds in good things for the little folks—stories, anecdotes, poetry, sketches, useful lessons, character sketches, puzzles, &c., &c.—with many pretty illustrations. Published by Wm. L. Jones, New York at 75 cts. a year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The August number has two fine steel engravings—Material Affliction, a very touching picture, and a portrait of Rev. Willington H. Collins, of the Detroit Conference. This magazine has higher aims than most of the periodicals of the day, and is of more lasting value. It does not content itself with simply amusing its readers, but seeks to purify, elevate and refine. With its great circulation its influence for the best good of the community can hardly be over estimated. It is published by Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati, under the auspices of the M. E. Church, at \$2 a year.

POOR PERSECUTED GARDINER.—Our Gardiner brethren pretend to discover in the published strictures upon their recent celebration, evidence of a conspiracy among their neighbors, above and below them, to defame their fair city and damage the reputation of its citizens. We know not how it may be with others, but we disclaim any bad motive.—"Naught have we done in hate, but all in honor." For several years myself a dweller in the Coblescoogee, we learned to love the place and its inhabitants; and when the celebration was talked of, we said to our friends, you are sure of hospitable treatment, for you will go among a generous, whole-souled people. Therefore when they came home with anything but a good report, we were provoked—more in sorrow than in anger, though—to administer sharp rebukes, somewhat as we should have chastised a child for naughtiness or rebuked a friend for mean and disreputable conduct. Now, as in the olden time, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

That Bangor dinner, we reckon, troubles the Pearl more by way of unpleasant contrast, than it does us in the digestion—more especially as we were not there to partake of it. As for the drunkenness in Gardiner unless the world is even more given to lying than it used to be, indications were plenty in the streets, that, whether sold openly or on the sly, the supply of rum was fully equal to the demand, and both seemed to be unlimited.

THE DUTTON CHILDREN IN WATERVILLE. By referring to advertisement in this paper, it will be seen that these little girls, who unitedly do not weigh as much as Gen. Tom Thumb, give Levees at the Town Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon, of next week. Our exchanges all speak of them in the highest terms. The Boston papers state that forty thousand persons visited them during their stay in that city; and the Portland papers say that 1500 more people applied than could be admitted, on the last day of their levees in that city. The Portland Advertiser says:

These tiny blossoms of being concluded a very scene. In several of levees on Saturday evening. Every afternoon and evening the hall has been overcrowded, and hundreds were forced to go away, not being able to gain admittance. Upwards of 8000 persons visited them during their brief stay with us. The best evidence of their attractive qualities is, that quite a number attended every exhibition regularly.—In fact the ladies were perfectly carried away with them, and it was quite amusing to witness the eager gaze and listen to their admiring ejaculations, albeit they were all very natural. No one indeed can look upon these graceful little creatures without being interested in them. Go where they may they will be sure to attract the gaze.

Yesterday the Dutton family took a trip to the islands, and to-day they start on a tour east.—They will visit the principal cities and towns, and perhaps will make a short stay here on their return. Our Eastern friends may rest assured that the 'Fairy Sisters' are worthy of their attention.

FIRE.—On Wednesday of last week, a house occupied by Mr. Reuben Buck, about a mile and a half above Kendalls Mills, was burned with all its contents. We do not learn how the fire originated, nor the amount of loss, but understand there was no insurance on the property. The Victors were promptly on hand but so rapid was the progress of the flames, a brisk wind prevailing at the time, and so short the supply of water with only a well to draw from, that they could do nothing.

SICKLES.—The letter of Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, excites the following comments from the New York Times:

While Mr. Sickles stood upon trial for his

life in the capacity of an injured husband, it was a matter of public importance that full justice should be done to him. He is now a free man—absolved from the legal stain of blood; the principle which he represented on his trial has been established, and his future is the future of a private citizen, who may govern his acts by his own standards of duty and decency, so long as in these acts he abstains from crossing the path of the law and of public order. There will be much gossip excited, of course, both in public and in private, by this sudden appearance of the conjugal avenger in the character of a conjugal confessor. There will be fresh sympathies aroused for the dead man who moulders in his grave unrequited, while the partner of his guilt smiles her gratitude up into the face of him whose mercy was so tardy while his justice was so swift. And men who have sounded but a few of those "depths of the human heart" with which Mr. Sickles thinks himself familiar, may shrink with inexperienced horror from the contrast between the husband who laid the whole inner sanctuary of his home open to the public eye in February to save himself from a felon's doom, and the husband who sings aside in July the remonstrances of friends who were to him as a wall of fire in his troubles, with the indisputable assertion that 'it is not usual to make our domestic life a subject of consultation with friends, no matter how near and dear to us.'

PERSONAL.—Rev. Dr. Pattison, late President of Waterville College, we learn, has recently taken charge of The Orend, a literary institution originally established in Worcester, Mass., we believe, by Hon. Eli Thayer. With the aid of members of his own family, and other assistants, he will manage it as a female boarding school; and if daughters must be sent abroad for their education, howlere could a safer and more desirable home for them be found than with this venerable christian gentleman and his amiable and accomplished lady. It will doubtless gratify the numerous friends of Dr. Pattison, in this vicinity to learn that his health has much improved during the past year.

EDITORIAL MORALITY.—Strange how closely some men mark and count their little chickens, even when the paternity goes not a step back of the hatching process. Neighbor Hacker of the Pleasure Boat, flutters terribly because somebody steals one of his little aquatics; and stoutly demands that it be backed with the name of the real owner. Thereupon the great fat man of the Clarion, who might easily swallow the Boat with its captain and cargo, boldly proclaims a regular system of privatizing upon the flock of the latter, in hopes, ashe says, of being called to account, and thus permitted to "twit" the original aggressor by a "rap over the knuckles." Strange morality this, Moses! When "the biggest editor in the State" takes this course, what can we small fry expect? There is but one resort, and this nearly hopeless,—if ever we find a Clarion chicken we are not ashamed to own, we'll hustle it into our own litter—we will, by Moses!

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.—In his recent charge to the grand jury in Washington, Judge Crawford who presided at the Sickles trial, addressed himself to a subject, paramount in importance, and made the following just remarks:

If the young men, who are to be the future men of the country, were brought up with a more decided home rule, and compelled (when compulsion was necessary) to devote themselves to the acquisition of skill in some useful and respectable vocation, there would be less occupation for courts and juries. The engagements and habits of the boy will cling to the man, and upon his standing and character, and his usefulness or the reverse in life.

ROBERT.—A pair of pantaloons and fifty or sixty dollars in money were taken from the house of Mr. Wellington Kidder of Norridgewock, by some scamp, on Friday afternoon, July 15, during the absence of the family.

SOMERSET COUNTY.—The Republican convention for the nomination of candidates for Senators, Register of Deeds, Commissioner and County Treasurer, will be held at Skowhegan on the 18th of August.

The Democratic convention for a similar purpose will be held at Canaan on the 19th.

SENATOR FESSENDEN.—A Western Exchange, among other notices of the members composing the present Senate, contains the following flattering mention of our distinguished Senator, Hon. William Pitt Fessenden.

All have heard of the marked ability displayed in debate by the Hon. W. P. Fessenden of Maine. However exciting the contest, he seems always calm and dignified; not a word escapes his attention, not a weak point avoids his attack.

He is ever ready—but never obtrusive—and so cool and self-possessed in debate, so clear in the expression of his thoughts, that he never fails in riveting the attention of his hearers, and gaining a decided victory over his adversary.

We will not, from a feeling of delicacy, speak of his character as a gentleman, and a personal friend; we will simply say, that as such, we esteem none more highly. Surely no one is more worthy of the honors which we are confident he will attain.

RAIN.—A copious rain of some hours Tuesday night, with gentle contributions since, has given new life to vegetation. It was greatly needed, especially for corn and potatoes, both of which crops are now looking well. The hay crop is mostly secured, and "the oldest inhabitant" can't remember a better one.

POSTPONED.—"Knitting Work," Mrs. Partridge's new work, will not be issued until August 3, in consequence of the great rush of orders for it, which the publishers wish to answer simultaneously.

ENGLAND VS. AMERICA.—A great cricket match will soon be played in New York between the renowned Eleven of England and the best twenty-two cricketers to be found in the State.

CHOATE'S STYLE.—Mr. Everett, in his eulogium upon the illustrious deceased, in Faneuil Hall on Friday, thus spoke of his amplitude of style of oratory:

But he does not deal exclusively in those ponderous sentences. There is nothing of the

artificial Johnsonian balance in his style. It is as often marked by a pregnant brevity as by a sonorous amplitude. He is sometimes satisfied, in concise, pointed clauses, to skirmish with his light troops and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated, and solemn truths told; when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his thought; that you hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance; and broken the centre, and trampled the squares, and turned the staggering wing of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion along the whole line of battle, and moves forward with all his hosts, in one overwhelming charge.

CONSULTING AN ECHO.—A very self-willed and passionate man there was, in our boyhood days, who had long and loud disputes, sometimes with his wife and sometimes with his neighbors. Of course he was always in the right, and they, whoever they might be, were always in the wrong. It chanced that there was in his neighborhood a place remarkable for its echo. One echo was always to be had, and in certain positions, two or three. The vehement old gentleman used, when the dispute did not seem to please him, to walk off in the direction of the echo-hill, talking to himself, and at every step more and more positively laying down his propositions, until by the time he reached the ground, he would shout out, "I know I am right," and immediately it was sent back to him—"Know I am right!"—"Am right!"—"Right!"—"I say she lies," he would cry out, encouraged with the first effort; and the echo replied, "Say she lies,"—"Lies!" Catching up the hint, he would answer—"Well, I do say so." And he was gratified with hearing, "Do say so"—"Say so."

This walk became a great consolation to the pragmatic old man. And he seemed, at length, to think that there was waited to him some intelligent confirmation of his notions. Thus he was wont to hear himself, and listen to his own words reflected from the sides of the hill.

There are a great many persons of a strong nature, inflexible will, self opinionated, and intense in feeling, who never see anything in life except themselves, reflected from those who they meet. It is not their wish to be advised, or to be modified in their notions. They give forth their own convictions, and pour their feelings out upon things and persons to such a degree, that everything is but a reflection of themselves.

Such persons will bear down upon men, in asking their opinions, with such a statement of their own, that timid and complying natures say yes to them, of course; and those who wish to please, or do not wish to offend, say yes, too. And those who say nothing are considered, of course, as giving tacit assent. And sensible men, of contrary opinions, would no more think of resisting them, than they would of catching a wild horse that ran with headlong fury through the streets. But how satisfied is he, after such a career? Rubbing his hands, he says with lordly satisfaction, "I have asked a great many sensible people about this matter, and I have yet to find one, who does not think as I do." The fact is, that he has been out hallooing and listening to his own echo!

If a man is prosperous and influential, there are multitudes who only desire to know what he would like to have advised. It is not always easy to get another's real mind. They stand off, they hesitate and question as if to get at the truth, whereas they are only getting at you. So soon as your bent and wish are discovered they will with great assiduous candor advise you just as you longed to have them—and you have got yourself twice over;—your own mind and its echo!

It is amusing to listen to a dozen gentlemen at a political consultation; or at a board of Directors for some Institution, or of a railroad company upon a question which divides and excites all the number. Each of at least half a dozen men will assure you that he has not as yet met a single man who does not think as he does. At least two or three irreconcilable opinions will be declared to be the current opinion of the community! Each man goes on to those naturally accessible to see himself reflected from them, and reports to his confederate one opinion, and that is his own, echoed five or six times. Men usually find what they wish to find. What they look for that they see.

Let a pretty woman, of agreeable manners, and musical way of talking, who is greatly exercised with some profound question of a Fair or Festival, and who leads the "Opposition," go among the admiring gentlemen who are her friends, and see if she may not come back in triumph to report that every one agreed with her!

Let some amiable pastor go out to see what his people think about his remaining with them, and we will venture to say that he will be almost unanimously fooled into the impression that every man in the parish wishes him to stay as he himself does! Consultation with obdurate men, is only another way of propagating their own opinions.

The same thing takes place in public assemblies. Men who speak to temperance meetings are expected to say what the meeting already believes; the democratic or republican speaker is the echo of the audience with variations; that preacher is sound, with his own people, who eloquently varies and embellishes their own beliefs.

Every considerate man should be aware of this subtle echo of selfishness and conceit. And a wise man should eagerly entertain those counsellings which are the least like his own. It is what others think, that we need to ponder. Conceit is narrow. No man can be very broad who will build with nothing but that which he quarries from himself. There are men enough, when they hear themselves echoed, that think that a god spoke! The number need not be increased!

The Brunswick Telegraph states in reference to the Commencement exercises at Bowdoin College, August 2d, that on Tuesday afternoon an address will be delivered before the united College societies by Dr. Holland, of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, author of 'Bitter Sweet,' Timothy Titcomb's Letters, &c. On Tuesday evening the Germania Band will give a Grand Concert. With eighteen pieces, they will be able to interpret their music with good effect. On Wednesday will occur the exercises of the Graduating Class. Class Day will be celebrated.

DEATH FROM LIGHTNING.—During the thunder tempest of Friday evening, about nine o'clock, the lightning struck the house occupied by Wilbraham Maxwell, on Western Avenue, and as Mr. M. was in the act of closing the attic window he was killed instantly. The lightning entered his neck below the ear, passing around the head and down the chest. The deceased was forty years old, formerly lived in Wells, in this State, and leaves a wife and six children.—[Bath Times.

PEACE RESTORED.—Truly, we know not what a day may bring forth. Individual experience has in all ages confirmed the truth of the maxim; but in these times it equally applies to nations. On the first day of the new year, one man, the Emperor of France, dropped a few words which were universally felt to be the precursors of trouble. On the 22d of April, another man, the Emperor of Austria, dispatched an unreasonable note, which plunged three kingdoms into a bloody war. In the midst of the contest, the 8th of July surprised the world with the tidings of a five weeks' truce. And while men were wondering at the causes of this unexpected event, the 11th of July saw the two Emperors we have mentioned cloaked together, agreeing upon the terms of final peace with the promptitude of a couple of merchants on change, and improving the political condition of twenty-five million of people.

It will be seen that the Emperors Louis Napoleon and Joseph Francis met at Villa Franca on the 11th inst., and, as we learn by a dispatch sent from Napoleon to the Empress, agreed upon a peace, on the following bases:—An Italian Confederacy under the honorary Presidency of the Pope; the Emperor of Austria concedes his rights in Lombardy to the Emperor of France, who transfers them to the King of Sardinia; the Emperor of Austria preserves Venice, but she will form an integral part of the Italian Confederation. Further than this we have no information. Probably nothing beyond the settlement of these bases has yet been attempted. We have, therefore, as the result of the Italian War in 1859, these general facts: Peace, after an expenditure of 100,000 lives, and of an amount of money yet unknown; the erection of all Italy into a confederation, under the temporal authority of the Pope, thus immensely extending that much doubted prerogative; the annexation of Lombardy to the realms of Victor Emmanuel, thus adding 3,000,000 to his former 5,000,000 of subjects, making his leading power in the new Confederation; and the retention of the Venetian States to the Emperor of Austria, comprising about 3,000,000 of people and the great defensive line of the Adige, with its fortresses of Verona and Legnano, making these States, however, a part of the Italian Confederation in nearly the same manner that a large part of Francis Joseph's dominions is included in the Germanic Confederation. It does not yet appear how the Duchies are to be managed, but it is presumed that they will be reinstated. Personally, Louis Napoleon obtains a master influence in Italy through the gratitude of Sardinia. Francis Joseph loses Lombardy with its fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua, but saves Venice, and with it an influential voice in Catholic Italy. Victor Emmanuel nearly doubles his kingdom, while acquiring subjects not homogeneous with his own and merging a part of his sovereignty in the confederation. The Pope is nominally greater than he has been for a century, while his power will probably be even less than it is now. The King of Naples remains as before, except so far as relates to the new confederate relation.

What do the Italian people get? That remains to be seen. It is certain that Napoleon's promise to making them free of the Austrians to the Adriatic, has not been expressly redeemed. It is certain that, however cordially their voice may be heard in ratification of the arrangement between the two Emperors, it did not actually bear any part in the consultation. Still, it is impossible to say, from the brief notification thus far touched upon, but that the hopes of all judicious friends of Italian liberty will yet be realized. The bases of agreement do admit that chance. The Confederacy may be so defined that the people, after all, shall have the ruling voice, even in the Austrian domains of Venice. What we have seen taking place during the last dozen years in Sardinia, we may now witness springing up all over Italy—the gradual access of good order, the reformation of abuses, wholesome laws and essentially popular institutions, whatever forms they may take. For this glorious possibility let us hope—at least for the present.—[Boston Journal.

THE FAIRY SISTERS.—How many of our readers have heard of the FAIRY SISTERS, or DUTTON CHILDREN? They are the smallest specimens of children of nine and eleven years of age, so far as known in the world. They are not bigger than a good sized wax doll. But they are real living dolls. Yes, and one of these beautiful little creatures is worth more than a thousand wax dolls.

Albert Norzou, Esq., under whose management they have been exhibited to large audiences in Boston and vicinity, has furnished us with the following description of them written by a lady who has seen them:

Etta, the eldest, was born in Weston, Middlesex County, Mass., and at the time of her birth, weighed only three and a half pounds. What a dear little baby she was! Can you imagine a beautiful, finely formed little babe, weighing only three and a half pounds? This little new comer attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood, and soon the ladies, little boys and girls, fathers and grandparents, came flocking in to see the little—very little baby. One day, when a very large number of persons were present, Mrs. Davis, the Aunt, wishing to show how extremely small the baby was, placed her in a sugar bowl, and that upon the table, causing great mirth and laughter among the little folks that were looking on. Well, Etta is now, in 1859, eleven years old, weighs fifteen pounds, and is 28 inches high. If you are eleven, do you think you are five or six times as heavy as Etta Dutton is?

I must now tell you something about Dollie Dutton. 'Oh! what a dear little girl she is! all who see her say, 'And nine years old—we can hardly believe our eyes—how very small!'

One little girl, viewing Dollie sitting in her little chair, says: 'Ma, ma, do tell me, can she talk? Is she alive?' 'Oh, yes, dear,' the mother replied; 'we shall see presently.'

It was not long before Dollie arose from her chair, walked forward and spoke a beautiful piece about Anne's chickens; and then the little boys and girls stamped their feet and clapped their hands for joy, to see and hear so small a little orator. Dollie was born in Framingham, Middlesex County, Mass., and at that time weighed but three pounds. At that time Etta was but two and a half years old, and could walk and talk, and weighed eight and a half pounds.

Now my little friends, imagine what a happy day that was for Etta Dutton. A sister—a little sister that she could hold in her tiny arms. Imagine, for once, two human beings unitedly weighing but eleven pounds; the one folding the other, with ease and pleasure, into its little, ah, how small, arms!

From that time to this, these little sisters have lived together in the greatest harmony and friendship, ever expressing the strongest affection for each other as all good little children should. They now unitedly weigh twenty-eight pounds and are twenty-six and twenty

eight inches high, and have not increased in weight a pound each for years. I must tell you another interesting story about these fairy sisters. Soon after the birth of Dollie, a gentleman and lady residing in Boston, hearing of these wonderful little girls, and feeling anxious to see them, went to the house of Mr. Dutton, in Framingham, to see them. After having seen the children, and nearly ready to depart, unnoticed the lady placed Etta in her husband's hat and then walked towards the door, inviting her husband to accompany her.—Upon picking up his hat, he found Etta finely hid away in its crown! [Wall Spring.

SUMMER SORES.—Physiological Science has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are 'bilious,' that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic to fever is 'cooling.' It is a common saying that fruits are 'cooling,' and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonsades, on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to see, that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too much, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence also is buttermilk or even common sour milk promotive of health in summer time. Sweet milk tends to biliousness in sedentary people, sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rye-milk, and the milk-dealers alum to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like water-melon on the system.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

THE MAELSTROM NOT A MYTH.—The ancient accounts of the above-named whirlpool on the coast of Norway were imposing for the terrors which were ascribed to it. It was stated to be several miles in extent—a large boiling cauldron circling round in one great eddy, into which whales and ships were sometimes drawn and carried down forever beneath its horrid waters. That such a whirlpool does exist would appear to be true, but it is not such a terrific affair after all. M. Hagerup, the Minister of Norwegian Marine, has recently given some account of it. He states that the great whirl is caused by the setting in and out of the tides between Lofoden and Mosken, and is most violent half-way between ebb and flood tide. At flood and ebb tide it disappears for about half an hour, but begins again with the moving of the waters. Large vessels may pass over it safely in serene weather, but in a storm it is perilous to the largest craft.—Small boats are not safe near it at the time of its strongest action in any weather. The whirls in the Maelstrom do not, as was once supposed, draw vessels under the water, but by their violence they fill them with water or dash them upon the neighboring shoals.

The Tea plants recently imported from China by the Department of Agriculture, connected with the Patent Office, are in a very thriving condition. Some of them have grown to the height of fifteen inches. Others are just appearing from the seed. The climate seems to be congenial to them, and the experiment is proceeding satisfactorily. Probably it will be found that not climate, after all, but labor, or rather the insufficiency of it in the United States is the impediment to the successful culture of Tea. Much can be done by the ingenuity of our people in substituting machinery for hands, but the patient and unskilled labor processes of the Chinese, as applied to tea making, is not likely to be imitated in any part of the United States. It may not be generally known that not only are the tea leaves picked by hand, but they are also curled up, leaf by leaf, by Celestial fingers. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and a relation of that family, an acute son of New England, has already set his mind upon a tea-curling machine which promises to do for the American crop with a few thousand fingers of steel the work which occupies the digits of a million inhabitants of the Flowery Land.

A FACT FOR LADIES.—A writer on fashion says that flounces, by marking the heights at regular intervals, take away from it, and make a short figure look shorter. For this reason, short persons should not wear stripes running in parallel rings round the dress. Perpendicular stripes upon a dress make the wearer look taller, like the flutes in a composite. It is too much the custom of all who would be considered fashionable, to imitate the prevailing mode, regardless of its suitability to face and form.—When flounces and hoops, as now, are worn, short ladies flounce and extend their diameter infinitely beyond their perpendicular measure, which gives them a most ungraceful appearance. There is nothing more a gentleman's admiration for a lady so quickly as that she has adapted her dress to her stature and figure. In choosing colors, great care should be taken—a gaudy show clothes disgust, and even it were better they should be plainer than the dresses like, than they should run to the other extreme. No one ever loses by simplicity.—Simplicity of manners and simplicity of dress are the greatest charms in the world. And let it be remembered, let there always be a sympathy between yourselves and your dress. The rose would appear less beautiful with the tint of the violet, and yet both are beautiful.—[Indiana Reveille.

THE EMPTY CUP.—If you were to see a man endeavoring all his life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup to his mouth, you would certainly despise his ignorance; but if you should see others, of finer understanding, ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one cup, and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a variety of gilt and golden cups, would you think that these were even the wiser, or happier, or better employed, than the object of their contempt? Now this is all the difference that you can see in the various forms of happiness caught at by the men of the world. Let the wit, the great scholar, the fine genius, the great statesman, the polite gentleman, unite all their schemes, and they can only show you more and various empty appearances of happiness. Give them all the world into their hands, let them cut and carve as they please, they can only make a great variety of empty cups, for, search as deep and look as far as you will, there is nothing to be found that is nobler and greater than high drinking, than rich dress and human applause, unless you look for it in the laws of religion. Reader, reflect upon the vanity of all who live without godliness, that you may be earnest at the throne of grace, to be turned from the creature and seek for happiness in the Creator. The poorest Christian, who lives upon Christ, and walks in daily fellowship with God, is happier than the richest worldlyling. Indeed, such only are happy.

MISCELLANY.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK. From the spring beneath the beech-tree, Where the bubbling waters rise...

PERUVIAN SYRUP!

OR, PROTECTED SOLUTION OF PROTOXIDE OF IRON. Having successfully passed the ordeal to which new discoveries in the Materia Medica are subjected...

Kendall's Mills Adv'ts.

King Philip Air-Tight, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. THE KING PHILIP, for convenience in cooking, economy of fuel, and durability will be warranted to give entire satisfaction...

Portland Advertisements.

P. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY. No. 68 Exchange Street, Portland. THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN THE STRAITS...

White Granite, China and Glass Ware.

E. T. ELLEN & CO. Consisting in part of Full China and Tea sets, of new pattern and of all kinds of glass ware...

Reduction in the Price of Harnesses.

R. B. BOULTER. rateful for past favors, would inform his old customers and the public generally, that he has reduced the price of his harnesses...

THE ATLAS AND DAILY BEE.

The New England Newspaper. The Atlas of Daily Bee and the Weekly Atlas of Bee. The Daily is published every morning, (Sundays excepted), and the Weekly every Saturday...

To Farmers and Dealers in Guano.

THIS GUANO, from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, contains 50 per cent Phosphate and Sulphate of Lime, and the most valuable fertilizer known...

Wm. W. BROWN

Having made some improvement in his establishments, and great inducements to purchasers of Books, and Stationery...

Androscoogin & Kennebec Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. On and after Monday next, May 5, 1859, the Passenger Train will leave Waterville for Portland...

Boots and Shoes.

THE undersigned would inform his friends that he has purchased the exclusive right to the manufacture and sale of Mitchell's Metallic Ties for Children's, Misses' and Boys' Boots and Shoes...

Howard Association, Philadelphia.

Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Venereal and Epidemic Diseases.

A PRINTING OFFICE FOR \$10!

Every Man his own Printer! The Press for the People! This wonderful invention was patented in 1839 and has since that time been the subject of much discussion...

JOHN JOHNSON'S

New Confectionery and Restaurant, 4 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON. THIS subscriber has just fitted up a new and elegant RESTAURANT and CONFECTIONERY, and is prepared to supply the trade with...

BOOKS AND GIFTS!

G. G. EVANS & CO., PROPRIETORS OF THE ORIGINAL GIFT STORE IN NEW ENGLAND, No. 45 Cornhill, Boston.

WILLIAM FISHER,

MANUFACTURER OF FILES & CLINTERS, No. 100 Water Street, Portland, Me.

WELCOME'S GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Phlegm, Inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, it is decidedly the best medicine for the relief of the afflicted...

WATERVILLE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company has been duly organized, according to the charter. Its operations are to be confined mainly to the FARMING INTERESTS...

THE WEEKLY ATLAS AND BEE.

A First Class Newspaper for One Dollar a Year. The Weekly Atlas and Bee offers peculiar inducements to country subscribers. It is one of the largest and best printed papers in the State...

WOOD'S MOWER.

Patented February 22d, 1859. DURING the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of mowers, I have had the opportunity to observe the various kinds of mowers...

OUR CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

Is too extensive for particular description, containing the most valuable works in the various departments of literature, such as History, Biography, Poetry, Fiction, &c.

H. A. BACHELDR.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of WOOD SEAT CHAIRS AND SETTEES. West Waterville, Me.

ORIENTAL BALM.

FOR ALL PAIN. This Balm is an improvement on the Oriental Balm, and is a most valuable remedy for all kinds of pains...

DODD'S NERVE.

Bottles Enlarged - Price as before. The Nerve is a most valuable medicine for the relief of the afflicted with Nerve Pain, Headache, &c.

CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

But that numerous class who devote themselves to literary and other sedentary pursuits, and in consequence of a want of physical exercise, become the victims of languor and debility...

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

The most liberal commission, in money or books, will be paid to persons or associations forming clubs for ten or more books to be sent at one time...

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THE SECRET INFIRMITIES OF YOUTH AND MATURITY.

Just Published, the 25th Thousand. A WITHOUT MEDICINE, or Spermatorrhea, or Gonorrhoea, or Stricture, or any other venereal, venereal, or nervous debility, or any other venereal, venereal, or nervous debility...

THE ONLY REMEDY.

THE Eastern States, included in that section of the Union which is most widely known as 'New England,' contain a thrifty, industrious, intelligent people...

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