



12-9-1847

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 20): December 9, 1847

Ephraim Maxham

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 20): December 9, 1847" (1847). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 20.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/20

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

TERMS, \$2.00: \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1847.

NO. 20.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

TERMS.

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

Miscellany.

[From Noah's Messenger.]

BURIED BUT NOT DEAD.

When they were loyalists, or Tories, of the revolution, the Indians were the most inveterate and severe enemies the Americans could meet. They were led on by bold, mercenary, bad men, who thought more of gold than honor, and who fought for the party that paid most. Among these leaders, in the State of New York, was a man named John Dostader, a descendant, as the cognomen indicates, of a German family, who were traders. In 1779, this Dostader, with a party of his savage followers, proceeded along the interior with the intention of harassing and robbing the rebels. In the course of the journey they passed through a place called Ourlagh, where, while seated in an inn refreshing himself, (having left his red companions carousing in a wood hard by,) Dostader was informed that a chance of a capture of rebels existed. A small company of hardy farmers had been organized, and were to meet that night at the cottage of one of the parties, for the purpose of making out a plan by which to conduct themselves thereafter.

That night, when these poor patriots were debating in fancied security, the Indians, under Dostader's direction, quietly surrounded the house, and without any indication of their motive, suddenly poured a murderous fire in at the open windows. Taken by surprise, the assailed wretches were utterly powerless. The volley—the yell of the savages—the information conveyed to them, above all the din, that they would be killed, "every one of them,"—and a lively indication of the truth of the promise being palpable in the groans of several of their number who lay bleeding and dying, might well render them inert and easy prey. The cottage was at once fired, and of those who did not perish in the flames, or escape, were nine who were taken prisoners. They were carried to the woods and confined by fathoms made of the bark of trees. Among these unfortunate was a stout man named Jacob Deffen-dorf.

"Ha, ha! Jacob," said Dostader, when he discovered his features by the light of a camp fire at which the Indians were roasting their feet and their supper, "we have met again, have we?"

"Yes," replied Jacob, in a careless tone, "matters have changed since you and I were together before. I had you in a peculiar situation then."

"I remember it, Jacob, my dear. You tied my legs under the belly of a horse, and beat me with ramrods. Never fear, we'll pay that score. Rest comfortably, Jacob, to-night—you shall have plenty of exercise in the morning."

"Devil take me if I care!" was the sole answer.

"A good night's work!" chuckled Dostader, repeatedly, as he paced up and down before the fire. And the colloquy ended, although not one of the prisoners nor the captors slept a wink.

As soon as day dawned Dostader informed the trembling rebels that he was about to "make arrangement for their disposal." A private conference of very brief duration was held among the conquerors. A tall Indian ended it by briskly stepping out from the body, and seizing one of the prisoners. Beckoning two others to his assistance, he placed the helpless man against a tree, and made him fast to it. There was no time for remonstrance. Before the intention could be discovered, the tall savage sprang back a few paces and raised his tomahawk. It whizzed through the air, and fell, reddened to the handle. A cry—wild and fearful—arose from among the doomed patriots and he felt it might, for they saw their comrade tomahawked, scalped, and butchered to the death. One by one all were treated in the like bloody and barbarous manner.

"So there are nine less for us to contend with!" cried Dostader, with a hoarse laugh, as they left the bodies in their gore. "We will now proceed to Carriettown, where there is other game to be snared. As for you," he continued, spurning the body of Jacob, "you dog, I have had my satisfaction for your treatment to me."

Three hours after this colloquy was spoken, he who uttered it, with his band, was fifteen miles away.

The dwellers in the region of Ourlagh had heard of these events, of course, for the victims were bound to many of them by ties of consanguinity and by marriage. A search was instituted through the woods, and the mangled bodies were discovered. A crowd of pale men, weeping women, and shrieking children surrounded them.

At last an old man, the father of one of the dead, dissolved the mute spell, and suggested that the ghastly corpses should be consigned to mother earth then and there. The pastor of the vicinity was summoned—hasty graves were dug, for the people feared the return of the murderers—and the bodies were thrown into them just as they (the bodies) were dressed. The trees were then bled to mark the spot, with signs, too, that spoke of the awful circumstances to the initiated, and the mould loosely thrown in and smoothed off.

Twenty-four hours after this rude burial, Dostader and his fellow butchers sat, near Carriettown, carousing in a rude cabin, constructed of pine boards like a long hall.

It was mid-day. They were two hundred strong, and feared no one. The common-rye whiskey of the time and place had done its work partially, and as drunkenness and strength bring their recklessness and defiance to the wicked, these abandoned and cruel creatures were resigned to those influences. In the midst of their revel they were surprised by a terrible report, which scattered the tement in which they were to the winds, while many of the tenants were seriously wounded. On the next ensuing minute, a knot of hardy spirits were cutting their way, right and left, among the affrighted Indians. Absolutely propped upon the back of a horse with an individual behind him to keep him steady, was

a stout and gigantic man, who fired his pistols, as fast as his trembling hands would permit, among the howling, dancing savages. This man's head bore a mountain of bandages, the outside portion of which was white linen, which was matched, in color, by his complexion. Dostader was endeavoring to rally his party, when his eye rested upon this strange figure. The figure urged his horse after him. The chase, being over meadows fenced slightly with limbs of saplings, was unequal. Dostader ran like a drunken man, staggering hither and yonder, and grasping at the air as if he expected to find support there. The mounted figure uttered no sound, but held two immense pistols for instantaneous use, while his eye never wandered from the fugitive. The horse had nearly reached the dying cry, when the latter appeared to lose all volition, for he shook as if stricken by convulsions, and fell upon his knees.

"Well, Dostader, we have not had much of a race for it have we?" said the figure, as he was helped to the ground by his attendant. His voice was weak and piping, and he breathed as if he was a task of extreme difficulty.

"Mercy, Jacob!" exclaimed Dostader, in piteous accents—"Mercy!"

"Yes—I had it from you, eh?" said Deffen-dorf, (for he it was,) sneeringly.

"Go back to your grave," returned the tall, his face turning the color of lead, with terror—"Why do you appear on earth again?"

Jacob laughed as loudly as his precarious condition would allow, as he answered almost at the same time—"I was tomahawked, scalped, and buried, but I did not die!"

The tall looked incredulous, but arose to a standing position.

"No," continued Jacob, marking the air of wonder imprinted upon his enemy's face "in spite of my wounds I revived—was restored to life. Nature, never at a loss in her instincts, taught me to dig my way out of the earth, and I am here. I was not very carefully buried," he remarked *sotto voce*, "or there would be no retribution for you to feel at this moment."

"It is impossible," stammered the affrighted ruffian.

"Is it? Well, come, down on your knees. It is quite possible that I shall kill you, as you did me, according to your own notion."

The tall began to realize the fact, and made a movement towards producing weapons of offence and defence; but Deffen-dorf drew a line upon him, and bade him desist, in a tone that could not be mistaken.

"Now, pray if you can," exclaimed Jacob, cocking his pistol. "Your Indian friend only stunned me. He did not crack my head, but he took the hair off handsomely. When I recovered, I summoned the boys, and swore to follow you to the death. Now pray! for you die."

"Not if I can help it," suddenly cried Dostader, restored to his usual hardness as he aimed a blow at Jacob. He pitched over upon his face with the effort, and never rose again. Jacob had shot him through the head.

A great number of the Indians were slain, and the party returned to Ourlagh fully satisfied with the vengeance they had accomplished.

Incredible as it may seem, Jacob Deffen-dorf entirely regained his health, and lived fifteen years afterward to tell his story. His descendants are now living at Ourlagh, and exhibit indubitable proofs of the truth of all we have related.

A NAPOLEONIC ANECDOTE.

Napoleon sometimes told interesting tales of his early career. One of those, if true, shows how near the world was to the loss of an Emperor. After the siege of Toulon, which his panegyrists regard as the first step to his good fortune, he returned to Paris, apparently in the worst possible mood for adventure. He was at this period suffering from illness. His mother, too, had just communicated to him the discomfiture of her position. She had been just obliged to fly from Corsica, where the people were in a state of insurrection, and she was then at Marseilles without any means of subsistence. Napoleon had nothing remaining but an assignat of one hundred sous, his pay being in arrears. "In this state of dejection I went out," said he, "as if urged to suicide by an animal instinct, and walked along the quays, feeling my weakness, but unable to conquer it. In a few moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual dressed like a simple mechanic, and who, recognizing me, threw himself on my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? What joy to see you again.' It was Demasie, a former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had returned to France in disguise to see his aged mother. He was about to go, when, stopping, he said, 'What is the matter? You do not listen to me. You do not seem glad to see me. What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself!'"

This direct appeal awoke Napoleon's feelings, and he told him everything. "It is that!" said he, opening his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt, he added, there are thirty thousand francs in gold; take them, and save your mother." "I cannot," said Napoleon, "to this day explain to myself my motives for so doing, but I seized the gold as if by a convulsive movement, and ran like a madman to send it to my mother. It was not until it was out of my hands that I thought of what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Demasie, but he was no longer there. For several days I went out in the morning, returning not until evening, searching every place where I hoped to find him."

The end of the romance is as eccentric as the beginning. For fifteen years Napoleon saw no more of his creditor. At the end of that time he discovered him, and asked "why he had not applied to the Emperor?" The answer was, that he had no necessity for the money, but was afraid of being compelled to quit his retirement, where he lived happily, practicing horticulture.

Napoleon now paid his debt, as it may be presumed, magnificently; made him accept three hundred thousand francs as a reimbursement from the Emperor for the thirty thousand lent to the subaltern of artillery; and, besides, made him director-general of the gardens of the crown, with a salary of thirty thousand francs. He also gave a government place to his brother—Blackwood.

Every farmer who has a house and barn, should also have shade trees.

RECEIVING A PRESENT.

A young actress, Mademoiselle R—, with all the attributes of her nation—wit, beauty and talent in her art—entered her apartment in the Rue —, and carelessly threw her shawl on the ottoman. Why was it, that she seemed to droop in grief? There was no rival on the stage for her to dread; not a hair of her silken tresses had changed; not a vow or protestation less had crowned her last effort—and why was she sad?

"Alas!"—and she addressed her only true friend, her femme de chambre—alas! I am the most miserable of earthly beings. My whole heart is absorbed on the subject; my existence is a bane to me without it."

"And who is that happy object?"

"O, Josephine! I have fondly gazed—too fondly fixed my affections—! and then as she mused to herself—where can I find two thousand francs?"

It was of an enamelled dressing case she spoke. As she came home she saw it, asked the price, and was told two thousand francs! and she sighed heavily as she told it.

The door bell rang; the maid went and came in—"It is the English Lord with the unutterable name, madam."

His Lordship entered. He came to offer the homage of his adieu. The entire to the society of such beauty and such talent he proposed to reserve for his future visits to Paris. And he ransacked his brain to find some souvenir to present as a token of his admiration for the charmer.

"I can only be sure of pleasing if I know, dear madam, what will find favor in your eyes."

The prevailing passion for the enamelled dressing case still being her only thought, she exclaimed,

"Yes, there is in the Rue de la Paix what would make me the happiest creature in the world."

"Name it."

"That beautiful dressing case—morning and evening, were it mine, you would be in my thoughts."

"Before an hour passes it shall be your own."

One, two, three hours passed on, and yet no dressing case appeared. The impatient beauty could bear it no longer; she threw her shawl over her neck, called a coach, and drove to the Rue de la Paix. The dressing case sat on the counter.

"What! were you not offered a sale for this?"

"Yes, madam, an Englishman did admire it much, but—"

"What?"

"He only offered fifteen hundred francs—which we refused. He said if we ultimately relented, we might send it to the Hotel Meurice."

"And why did you not send it?"

"Because we could not take the fraction of a farthing less than two thousand francs for it, madam."

"Hark ye!" the eager beauty replied, "I will avow a secret: it was for me he offered to purchase it. I will make up the difference; five hundred francs are an easy sacrifice. Two thousand francs I could not give. Send it to him forthwith. Here are the five hundred francs; and she parted with her last billet.

The packet was carefully arranged, and quickly on its destined way. Our heroine returned home, thinking of the awakening on the morrow, which would see the object of her fancy before her. She fell asleep—she awoke—it was already day. She rang her bell—"Well!" she exclaimed to her attendant, "Well!"

"It is not yet arrived, madam."

She breakfasted. An angel could not be more patient. The clock struck ten, eleven, twelve. She could bear it no longer. A coach was called—Hotel Meurice was its destination. She called the waiter—

"Did a person bring a dressing-case here last evening?"

"O, yes, madam; and a very beautiful one it was. It was for Lord—. You should have seen his delight when he received it. He talked about it to himself. 'I did not know it was such a prize. It is not dear at all. Fifteen hundred francs! why, it is nothing for it!'" And then he added, smiling, 'By my troth, Mademoiselle—' (I could not hear her name) 'must do without it. John, pack it up!'"

"Gracious Heaven! and where is he?"

"On the road to Boulogne, where he is by this time nearly arrived, having left at 10 o'clock last evening, with four horses and a courier."

SCENE IN A GAMBLING HOUSE.

The following very remarkable circumstance is vouched for by Green, the reformed gambler, which we condense, from his work on gambling. There is a degree of romance attached, that in a manner relieves it of the horror excited by that horrible catastrophe. It occurred at New Orleans, some years ago. A sea captain was in the habit of frequenting a roulette table, kept by a Frenchman, in company with a party of gamblers. Green remarks that they played with more fairness then, than is customary or general with them now. The captain was evidently influenced in his visits more by a wish to kill time than for any passion for the sport. He had visited the room frequently, and his invariable bet was twenty-five cents, and winner or loser he never increased it. He visited the place on the night in question.

The sea captain having placed his bet upon the red, sat with his head leaning upon his hand, as if to await the result of the game. The ball fell into the column, and he was the winner. The wheel started again, but the captain did not move, and contrary to usual practice, the amount of his bet was doubled. He won the second, third, fourth, and fifth, the sum doubling each time. Thus it went on to the eighth time, when the gamblers began to be excited, and uttering loud cries, exclaimed, 'He wins again!'"

At this many who were in the room gathered around the table. The result of the ninth and tenth being the same, one of them cried out—"He is a fool! why don't he make sure of what he has won?" The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth, brought the same result, and many exclaimed, 'He is mad!'"

But the game went on and the captain continued heedless. The fourteenth was in his favor. At the fifteenth, thousands were at stake from the small beginning of twenty-five cents, and all eyes seem fixed in amazement. Still he won. The sixteenth was the same. The bankers vociferated curses upon the wheel-player. Others urged the captain to withdraw at

least a part of his winning. Sixteen thousand dollars was at stake for the seventeenth. The ball flew like lightning, but there was no change. The money was piled up before the captain in heavy bank notes, but he moved not a finger nor uttered a word.

At this juncture a husky voice, in seaman's phrase, was heard—"Haul in old captain! you don't bet all that pile against this set of land pirates! haul in; and a hand was stretched forth from one at the table grasping the money and depositing it in a hat. It was the first mate of the captain's vessel. Having thus secured the money, he seized the captain by the shoulder saying—"Come, you have a full cargo, it's time to hoist sail,"—when horrible to relate, the corpse of the captain fell against him. He had been sitting with his head upon his hand throughout all this exciting scene; having died while in the act of betting his first quarter! The mate called for water and dashed it into his face; then for spirits; but all efforts to resuscitate him were in vain. Life was extinct.

The gamblers then demanded that the money should be refunded; but the mate had rolled it up in a handkerchief, put it into the hands of a cabin boy, and charged him to run with it for his life to the ship, and deliver it to the clerk, and summons the crew to the gambling house. The tumult and confusion was so great, that the boy slipped away unnoticed.

When the corpse was laid on the plank, the gamblers again demanded the money of the mate, stating that, as the captain had undoubtedly died betting the first quarter, justice required that it should be returned to the bankers. The mate, in a tone of defiance, replied that the orphan children of the captain needed the money and should have it. Force was then threatened if he refused to deliver it up. Seeing that their threats were unheeded, they rushed upon him with violence, seized his hat, and bore it off; supposing that they had thus secured the money; but to their surprise the hat was empty. A large number who were present took part of the mate, and great excitement prevailed throughout the house.

An assault was made upon the mate. Some cried one thing and some another. "Down with him!" "Get the money!" "Let him alone!" "You have no right to rob him!" mingled with oaths, and imprecations, and curses. At this moment twenty to thirty of the ship's crew rushed in, and one word from the mate brought them to the rescue, and the gamblers were soon made to stand at a distance. Something was said respecting the money, which led the sailors to suppose that the mate had been robbed, and they were about rushing upon Monsieur

Grampin, as the proper person to indemnify him for any loss he might have sustained, but were diverted by the entrance of some twenty of the city watch armed with short swords.

The sailors knew the character of this posse, made up of what are called among them, 'wharf-rat Frenchmen,' and were no more daunted by their array of force, than they would have been by the display of tin swords in the hands of so many trained monkeys. A fracas was, however, prevented between the sailors and the watch, by the assurance of the mate that the money was safe, and a request that they would quietly return to the vessel. He proposed to take the corpse on board, but was informed by the captain of the watch, that a coroner's inquest must be held over it before it could be moved. He then seated himself by the corpse of his captain to watch over it during the rest of the night; and the gamblers returned to the common work of darkness, playing cards and drinking liquor, meanwhile, now and then uttering curses upon the dead body of the captain.

THE WIFE.

It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars.

The man does his part well, but the wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as her neighbor; while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the waters remain unchanged.

No Nicholas, the driver, is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and devotion.

REMINISCENCES OF AARON BURR.

An incident in the life of Aaron Burr which I have never seen in print was related to me some years since. It may afford a moment's interest to some of your readers. When Burr had killed Hamilton in a duel at Hoboken, I was—said the narrator—spending a few days at Branbury—at which place Commodore Truxton then resided. On the day of that sad and fatal duel, I was reclining upon the broad window bench in the parlor of my hotel, before the view by the full curtain which fell before the window. Whilst thus reposing, a gentleman entered the room apparently much excited, and called for a servant in a prompt and earnest manner, ordering him to go immediately to Commodore Truxton, and say to him that a gentleman desired to see him instantly. No sooner had the Commodore made his appearance, than the stranger seized him by the hand saying, 'Commodore, I have killed General Hamilton in a duel, and have cast myself upon your kindness to prevent my arrest, and get me out of the State.'

It was now, (finding that I was the hearer of important secrets not intended for my ear) that I stepped from behind the curtain, and expressed my regret that I had unintentionally overheard the foregoing conversation.

"It is very honorable in you, young man," replied the Commodore, "thus to reveal yourself. You will please to accompany Mr. Burr, and myself."

I followed the gentlemen to the dwelling of the Commodore, who kept both Mr. B. and myself in close quarters until after dark, when he requested us to take a drive with him, in a small close carriage. We rode to Camden, where the Commodore took leave of Mr. Burr, saying, 'Sir—As you threw yourself upon my hospitality, I feel compelled to see you safely out of the State of New Jersey—but I cannot separate from you, without saying that the act of which you have been guilty meets with my most decided condemnation, and no excuse can be offered in your justification! There is the boat, sir! I wish you a safe passage to the Pennsylvania shore, good night, sir!'"

The Commodore and I then returned to Cranberry.

This singular introduction was the means of my enjoying many years of friendly acquaintance with Commodore Truxton.—City Items.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

We copy from the Matamoros Flag the subjoined sketch of a remarkable individual, who lately died at an advanced age, on Padre's Island.

Death of an Old Man. For years past, Padre's Island, extending from the Brazos to Corpus Christi, upwards of a hundred miles in extent, has been uninhabited, save by a single individual, familiarly known as "Old Man Tilley." Here, in a little hut, in sight and hearing of the surf, dwelt this old man, upwards of twenty years, as undisputed a monarch as Alexander Selkirk on the Island of Juan Fernandez. Fishing, hunting and gathering upon the beach the cargoes of wrecked vessels, formed his occupation. His wants being but few and simple, he seldom disposed of what he accumulated in this way, but after rescuing it from the mercy of the waves, left it to perish by the noiseless tooth of time. He seldom sought the society of men to destroy the monotony of his existence, and, excepting when a solitary traveller, journeying across the island, claimed the hospitality of his hut, his solitude was never disturbed by human sounds. He was kind and humane to all who approached him, and, if he cast himself beyond the pale of society, and circumscribed his powers of being useful to his fellow men, he certainly did them no harm. Here, in this harmless and solitary mode, free from the tumult of a jarring world, lived and died this singular old man. He breathed his last on Friday, the 29th ult., and was buried on the ("my own," he called it,) island. From a bleak sand hill the old man's grave overlooks the ocean, the ceaseless roar of which, occasionally intermingled with the howl of the wolf and the scream of the eagle, chaunts the requiem of his departed spirit, and proclaims the eternal truth that the "grave" is a great republic, which drags the proudest of the earth to a level with the most lowly.

In the hands of DeFoe, the life of the subject of this notice, might be made the ground-work of a beautiful romance. The fact that Padre's Island was once the abiding place of the Croukaway, a tribe of cannibal Indians, and his jingles and fables, would be almost every description of wild animals, would seem to favor an undertaking of this kind, and furnish the wof to weave through a story.

CHINESE BOAT TOWN.

Upon a nearer approach to Canton River, the passage of the river becomes a matter of considerable difficulty, and is excessively tedious, owing to the crowd of boats, which are collected together in such numbers, that the scene presented by them is one of the novelties most likely to attract the stranger's attention. The principal feature of this extraordinary assemblage of boats is, that they have not been attracted to one spot upon any particular business, or for any object which having been obtained they would again disperse, but that they are always so collected; and, upon a more attentive examination, it will be found that they are arranged in regular lines, leaving a narrow passage between them, of just sufficient width to allow the largest of them to move its position if requisite. With the exception of these occasional breaks, the whole forms a mass so closely arranged that it is perfectly easy to pass from one to the other, and thus traverse the whole extent, which reaches for a considerable distance. The number of people who are thus accommodated, and who are born, live, and die, with no other home, is astonishing, and to the stranger almost incredible. This river population form an entirely distinct portion of the community, having regulations and laws peculiar to themselves, and are not allowed to marry into the families of any but their own people.—Hutton's Five Years in the East.

A SINGULAR SWISS SECT.

The sect of the Lardonides originated at Yverdon, in Switzerland, about the same time that that of the Irvingites made its appearance in London. A close resemblance subsisted between these two sects, in all their features; and I cannot but think that an authentic account of them, as well as of some communities nearly similar, which arose at the same period in different parts of Germany, in Sweden and in France, would form a valuable contribution to the history of epidemic insanity. Like the Irvingites, the Lardonides boldly took in hand the interpretation of the unfulfilled prophecies; loudly denounced all the rest of Christendom as apostate and drunken with the wine of Babylon; declared themselves raised up to be messengers of one last warning to mankind before the coming of the day of judgment; professed to be governed by apostles who have their vocation by direct revelation from heaven; permitted women to speak in their meetings, and were proficients in the unknown tongues. The Swiss enthusiasts, however, seem to have been a little crazier (or perhaps more hearty in their enthusiasm) than the English. They sent no letters by post, because St. Paul always sent his by some brother or sister, such as Onesiphorus, Tycheus, or Phoebe. They burned a parcel of Caesar Malan's hymn books at their apostle's feet, because the Ephesian converts did the like with their books of magic. Being unable to perform signs and wonders, yet feeling that a mission such as theirs ought not to be without that kind of evidence, they resolved, with great straightforwardness, to make signs and wonders of themselves, which the men effected by suffering their heads to grow (on the principle that all Christians are Nazaries), and the women, by wearing their hair over their faces in the manner of a veil, that being the use for which, according to 1 Cor. xi. 15, a woman's hair is given to her. There were eight Lardonides left in 1837, when I was last in Switzerland; they sat on a bench, with a table before them, holding the last judgment, to which, however, an unbelieving world could not be got to come.—Dublin University Magazine.

ADVANTAGE OF TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

The Devonshire Chronicle says, "A farmer residing near Newton last week sold about 100 bushels of prime wheat, at 7s. per bushel, not having heard that an advance had taken place in the price of that article. On conversing with his neighbor, who resided at the adjoining farm, and stating what a bargain he had made, the neighbor replied, 'why, man, I have sold this same feller a hundred bushels, at 8s., and not so good a sample as thine.' The farmer seemed so mortified at the bargain he had made, his neighbor replied, 'why, dun, thur tak in the

nusepaper, and see the carn markets how the go."

CHARITY.

How little does it seem to be understood in the world. A man defrauds his honest creditors of thousands, and gives something to the poor—he makes a hundred beggars and feeds one. The world writes him down a charitable man; and charity, they say, covers a multitude of sins. Another uses his superior shrewdness in a bargain, and gets his neighbor's estate according to law; but he spends a trifle in educating an orphan—and perhaps sends a dish of cold vituals to the family whose entire subsistence he has appropriated to himself. He too, is a charitable man. A third screws the price of the poor man's labor to the last farthing—but gives a sixpence to the beggar he meets in the street; and he too is charitable. Still, as in times of old, they pay 'tithes, mint, anise and cumin, and neglect the weightier matters of the law, justice, and mercy.' This is the charity of the uneducated heart; the charity that is much abroad in the world; the charity that picks the poor man's pocket of a guinea, and gives back a sixpence, receives his thanks and asks the honest world of lookers on to note the deed of kind humanity, and applaud its author.

UNITY IN TRUTH.

Brethren, if we are true disciples of our Lord, we must love him in unity; that is, we must be united in Him; and in order to be united in Him, we must be united with each other, and in each other, in love and good-will toward each other, and love one another, and use His love; that is, we must love goodness and truth, and try to divest ourselves of all party names, and party feelings, and party brawlings, that our sect, or our persuasion, or our ceremony, or our manner of worship, is better than our brother's or our neighbor's ceremony or persuasion.

We cannot be true disciples of our Lord, while we think in our hearts we are better Christians than our neighbors, for such a thought is not of charity, and if not of charity it is not of love, and if not of love, it is not of the Lord; and he that climb up any other way than the Lord, the same is a thief and a robber, and hath no thought of truth; and he that hath no truth, hath not the Lord, for the Lord is truth itself, and love itself—the way, the truth, and the life.—Rev. James Crammer Oul.

PAY AS YOU GO.

Justice forbids that men should purchase that for which they cannot pay; and that the rule of justice observed through life will always work out competence and comfort. There is but one secret in the successful pursuit of life; whatever be your income—spend less. Whatever be your circumstances—pay when you purchase.

One hundred dollars in a community acting upon this principle, will go farther and do more than five hundred in a community where every body is debtor or creditor—where every sixpence has to be chased till it costs more than it is worth—and the labor of getting, exceeds the labor of earning.

TWO TRUTHS.

A good man—a real Christian—seldom sees a defect in his neighbor. A pure lake reflects the beautiful sky, the clouds, and the overhanging trees; but when it is filled it reflects nothing that is pure. A bad man—a real scoundrel—seldom sees a good trait in the character of his neighbor.

An imperfect glass reflects nothing correctly, but shows its own deficiency. A perfect mirror reflects nothing but bright and pure images.

INSTANCES OF DEVOTION.—Two cases are recorded recently, which deserve more than a passing notice. At the battle of Huanan, Surgeon Lamar was by the side of Capt. Walker, in the Plaza, when the charge was made, and was saved by the devoted act of Capt. Walker's slave David who caught at the lance aimed at him and received it himself. He died in a few minutes. He was honest and faithful, and a favorite of his master. "In death they were not divided."

The other instance we find recorded in a letter written by Lieut. James Elder, and published in the Harrisburg Argus. It will be remembered that when the transport ship Empiro struck near Fowl Key, but one man was lost who Lieut. E. says was steering the ship when she struck, and attempted to save her by putting the helm hard down; but when nearly hard down the rudder struck the rocks, which carried him over and under the wheel several times, the handles of the wheel tearing his high every revolution, the flesh being literally torn off from the knee to the hip. Lieut. E. asked him why he did not let go. He said "four hundred lives are more valuable than one." This brave sailor's name should be known and remembered: he is beyond the reach of this world's recompense, for he did not survive his injuries.

THE DUKE AFTER THE BATTLE.—It was late, it was midnight, when the Duke of Wellington lay down. He had not found time so much as to wash his face or his hands; but, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, after finishing his despatches, on his bed. He had seen Dr. Hume, and desired him to come punctually at seven in the morning with his report; and the latter, who took no rest, but spent the night beside the wounded, came at the hour appointed. He knocked at the duke's door, but received no answer; he lifted the latch,

for so great a loss of friends," he cried, "What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?"—*Poynder's Literary Extracts.*

IT IS NO TRIFLE.—Drinking a glass of spirits is no trifle. A profane word is no trifle. One vicious step is no trifle. Remember this. Impress deeply on your minds that nothing can be a trifle which endangers your future peace, and puts in jeopardy your immortal soul. A little monosyllable has proved the ruin of hundreds. Take care. What looks like a trifle, may turn the whole current of your life. Let wisdom decide when two courses are before you. Before answering an important question consult the oracles of divine truth. He is ruined who runs into danger, because the crime before him appears too trifling to notice.

SINGULAR AFFAIR.

We heard a story related yesterday to the following effect:—On Friday last, while a young seafaring man of promising exterior, was sitting in the Railroad Depot in Boston, waiting the departure of the noon train of cars for this place, his attention was attracted to a handsome black-eyed boy—about a year old, just able to walk, and he made bold to take it in his arms, and amuse himself with it, to which the apparent mother seemed nothing loth. Presently she asked if he would look to the child, while she stepped out to procure some candy, as she was going in the cars, and might want something to keep it quiet during the passage. The young man readily assented, but very soon the bell rang, and no mother appeared. Thinking he might find her in the boat or cars, he went on as far as Salem with his little charge, meanwhile making a thorough search among the passengers, but to no effect—the mother was not there.

He remained at Salem all night, and several charitable ladies, having got wind of the story, called upon him, one of whom offered to adopt the child, but he would not part with it, declaring that if its mother did not reclaim it, he would adopt it himself, and bring it up as his own. He took the morning train for Portland, his little charge still in possession, and passed through our city on his way to the home of his parents in Brunswick or Bath, still fully determined that the boy should be brought up at his expense.—*Portland Advertiser.*

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

Look at the case of Saul and David. Bitter and blasting jealousy filled the heart of Saul, and he sought to take the young man's life. With hellish hate he hunted him even to the dens and caves of the earth. But David conquered his enemy—even the proud spirit of haughty Saul he humbled. And how? Not with harsh words and coarse contumely, for these did never touch the heart with gentle influence. No: but with a weapon, simple as the shepherd's sling, yet sure as the arrow of death. It was kindness! This killed the rankling hatred, and left Saul to live. And when it had done its work, Saul said to David, "Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil." Was not here a victory more glorious, more god-like than Wellington ever knew?

See Joseph in the hands of his wicked brethren. For a few pieces of paltry silver, they sold him into Egypt. Providence, in kindness, broke the bands which held him in slavery, and made him a ruler there. Famine spread over the land her dark mantle, and the cruel brethren of Joseph hungered. They went to Egypt for corn. And now how acted Joseph? More than once he filled their sacks and returned them their money; and then he made himself known. "I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold into Egypt!" Here was kindness—forgiveness. And it crushed to death the spirit of Jealousy, that had made him a slave. He had conquered!

Come further down in the world's history, and tell me what word of all those spoken by the meek and lowly Jesus, the prince of peace, the Saviour of the world, was best calculated to soften and subdue the hard hearts of his persecutors? Are we not asked to listen to the soft sweet tones of that voice—"Father, forgive them!" Oh, here was kindness!—*Weekly Messenger.*

A CHANCE FOR LADIES WITH ADEQUATE MEANS.—The following choice morsel appears in the advertising columns of the *Manchester Guardian*.—"Important to all those ladies who wish to lead a happy life—a respectable youth aged twenty-one—who has been in business for the last four years—decidedly on his own responsibility is at present wishing to join matrimony—Should this Meet the approbation of a respectable lady—wishing to join industry and Sobriety She Shall have his presence or best attention, at any time or place appointed—this will be found a comfortable home—and an opportunity seldom to be met with the advertiser is doing a Very Excellent Retail business is Expected that She will be Possessed of adequate Means—No objections to one from the country—any letters on or before the 10th inst. stating real name and address Shall be Strictly attended to—and all matters at once arranged."

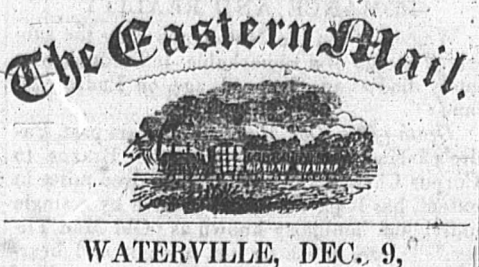
IRON FOUNDRY OF SERAING.

This immense establishment—the most important in Belgium—was founded by the late John Cockerill, but has since been very greatly extended by its present proprietor, M. Pastor. It now occupies a superficial extent of 2170 yards, has six blast furnaces, five of which are employed in smelting, and the remaining one in preparing the metal for superior castings; the produce of the five is about 62 1-2 tons of pig iron 12 1-2 hours, and the latter one 9 tons of fine casting metal in the same period. The quantity of material required to supply the furnaces, in 12 months, is 33,572 tons of iron ore, 34,852 tons of coke, and 14,723 tons of limestone, or other flux; the tall chimneys weigh 41-2 tons each; 11 steam engines are employed, of an aggregate power of 500 horses; the principal forge produces 85 tons of wrought iron monthly. The workshop, for the manufacture of locomotive engines, extends over a space of 1250 square yards, traversed down the centre, by two parallel lines of railway; and the lathes for turning the various delicate parts are of a most gigantic description. To form some idea of the extent of this establishment, the reader must bear in mind that there are upwards of 4200 men constantly employed day and night. In addition to the iron furnaces there are 14 smaller ones for copper, brass, steel, etc. The produce of the rough metal before manufactured, cannot be much less than £1,000,000 sterling.

Death from Excitement.—The lady of Mr. Shaw of Portobello, N. York, died on Thursday night last, under the most painful circumstances. On the night in question, Mr. Shaw was detained by business, and Mrs. Shaw imagining she heard some persons near the house, became greatly alarmed for the safety of her husband. Some of the domestics assured Mrs. Shaw there was no danger to be apprehended, and for a short time her fears were abated; but she still continued much excited, and on hearing the carriage of Mr. Shaw approach the

house she fell down and died immediately afterwards.

ANOTHER CHINESE WONDER.—The Spanish government have recently imported into Havana some 500 expatriated Chinese, to work as negroes. Among them is a physician, who judges of disease solely by the pulse. Such is said to be the practice of the faculty in the "central, flowery land,"—they feeling the pulse in the temporal artery in the wrist and ankle. The governor of Cuba gave him a licence to practice, and he has been doing an immense business. Every one pays \$2 who even enters his house, and he takes some days nearly \$200.



WANTED.—An enterprising Agent to procure subscriptions for this paper. An active man can secure a profitable business for the Winter. Liberal terms will be given.

PREMIUMS.

We offer the following nice and liberal premiums for new subscribers to the Mail. The offer will continue till New-Year.

For five responsible subscribers, for one year, we offer the *Complete Works of Josephus*, in one large volume, beautifully gilded, with a portrait. It usually sells at \$2. The same will be given for four subscribers, paid in advance.

For four responsible subscribers, for one year, a beautiful copy of the *New American Gardener*, or the same for three, paid in advance.

For three subscribers, a copy of *Fessenden's Complete Farmer*, neatly bound and lettered, or a pretty pocket edition of the *Bible*—or either of these for two subscribers, paid in advance.

The whole of the above four beautiful volumes, which usually sell at the shops for \$5, will be given for twelve subscribers, or for ten, paid in advance.

We further offer to our present subscribers, to receive \$1.50 in full for the present volume of the Mail, if paid previous to the first of January next—after which time we shall expect pay according to contract.

Almost any individual can obtain one or all of the above premiums, with very little effort, and receive in addition our very humble thanks. Unless attended to soon, our agent will be along, and he is sure to secure all he sees.

THE VASSALL ESTATE.

It appears, from the following extract of a letter to the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, dated at Washington, that the pretended claim of the Vassall heirs may possibly turn out to be something more than shadow, though we are not aware that it is very deeply exciting the fears of the substantial farmers of Kennebec county, as the papers are saying. Mr. Hayden, late of the Boston Atlas, claims to stand in the same relation to an heirship of the Vassall estate as Mr. Davis, but is satisfied to let the shadow pass without an attempt to clutch it. Even 'General John Vassall Davis' may regret, in the end, his disregard of duty to his god-mother, in 'seldom adopting' the middle name,—though the adoption of it now looks very much like using the old lady's spectacles in hunting up the estate.

"The great Kossuth Case, which has excited so much attention here lately, is succeeded by another of far greater interest and importance, relating to the Vassall estates in New England, and to be argued before the Supreme Court of the United States, at the December term in this city. It is ordered up from the Maine District Circuit Court, to try title under the will of Florentine Vassall, which embraces a dozen large sheets of parchment, and involves all the principles of the old English law, of testaments and descents. It will be something new to the bar, and something glorious to the bench, both of which delight in the *aliquid immensum infinitumque* of the law.

This suit is brought up by an heir of lady Holland, but as she had only a life interest in the estate, and the statute of limitations interposes between her and the foreign heirs generally, the property must, in consequence, descend to the citizen heir of the United States.

The Vassall family is of French origin, and has been traced back to France in the 11th century. Some of them settled in Lombardy, Italy, and afterwards removed to London, and became quite distinguished for wealth and influence in that city.

From this family descended the gallant John Vassall, an Alderman of London, who, in 1588, at his own expense, fitted out and commanded the ships of war, with which he joined the Royal Navy to oppose the Spanish Armada. He had two sons, both of whom were among the original patentees of Massachusetts in 1628.

In the year 1769 his great grandson, Florentine Vassall, caused a monument to be erected in honor of his memory, in the King's Chapel, Boston.

It is from the above named Florentine, that this immense estate is inherited. It includes one twenty-fourth part of the Kennebec Purchase, and embraces various tracts of land, of 5, 10, and 15 miles surface, lying in different counties of Maine, much like those which are held in Texas and Florida, the only States where such kingly grants have been made since the Revolution, and where such principles are now held.

General John Vassall Davis, of this city, for so he was christened, though seldom adopting the middle name, is a loyal descendant of the Vassalls, being the son of Ruth Vassall, the grand niece of Florentine, in which connection he inherited a large estate in Boston many years ago, and shared with his 'dinner table friends,' whose name was Legion, and who, for many long years, partook of his generous hospitality and friendship.

The General claims the whole of the New England estates in right of his heirship, and also in right of possession, which he has asserted for thirty years; and some of the settlers now hold these lands in fee from him, and remain undisturbed. Should the whole claim be adjudged to him, or his possessory right be es-

tablished, or a compromise made with the settlers generally, it will make him and his family one of the wealthiest in New England.

Dr. F. B. Page, of New Orleans, and the Hon. Albert Smith, of Maine are the trustees to this estate.

Now, if General John Vassall Davis should by any possible mischance turn out to be nobody but simple John Davis, we think our well known friend, General John Vassall Smith,—'though seldom adopting the middle name'—will consent to share with him in an effort of his own to establish a title to the Vassall estate through the Smith family. The heir of 'lady John Smith' would delight to be generous to 'the heir of lady Holland.' In this way, if not one of the Vassalls, he might become a vassal of John Smith,—which we predict is as good a 'compromise' as he will be able to secure.

General John Vassall Smith advances a title back of lady Holland. He claims the property as the heir of one lady Noah; but as John is honest enough to admit that the statute limitations cut him off a good way back, he is willing to slide forward to the first foothold he can get. He says he can't tell whether his family is French or Yankee, and does not even know that it dates very far back, though he thinks it has a better prospect of extending forward than the Vassall family. He thinks John Rogers, who was burnt at Smith-field, must have been one of 'their connexions,' and as he had a numerous family, he is willing to adopt him as his grandfather. The next link in the chain is General John Vulcan Smith, who was one of the 'original patentees' of a large coal region in the island of Lemnos. From him he thinks the line runs straight and unbroken to one General John Magog Smith, who was a grandson of lady Noah herself, according to the Mosaic family record,—which John thinks will be good proof after the genealogical branch gets back into the Mosaic dispensation.

John knows nothing about the Spanish Armada, except that it was very much crippled by a great blow, and as his family have always been famous for their blows, he thinks some of them must have been there. One of them had a good deal to do with war, and used to manufacture ammunition for old General John Jupiter—who also omitted 'the middle name'—from whom John also claims descent, as one who moved in the higher circles. He will not pretend that any of them were aldermen, but thinks they may have been, from the fact that they were notoriously great *h-e-a-t-e-rs*.

John tenders his compliments to his 'dinner table friends,'—who he says are double those of the 'lady Holland family,'—and offers to 'compromise' for the land of the whole of them, and set the biggest table in Christendom, if they will foot the bill.

Major Jack Downing and the Man in the Moon are the trustees of Mr. Smith's estate.

The accident to the steamer Phoenix, noticed in our last, as lost on Lake Michigan, turns out worse than was anticipated. Two hundred and forty human beings, mostly German immigrants, were burnt or drowned; and the loss of merchandise and other property is little less than one hundred thousand dollars.

POPE PRUS IX.—The liberal and reformatory course of the new Pope, which is producing so much excitement throughout Europe, appears destined to meet a deep sympathy in this country. A very large meeting was held at New York on the 26th ult., for the purpose of obtaining a tangible public expression of this sympathy. An address to the Pope was adopted. The following letter from President Everett, which was read from the chair, exhibits the views of a wise head in regard to the policy of the Pope:—

GENTLEMEN, I have had the honor, this day, to receive your letter of the 18th inst., inviting me to attend the meeting on the 29th, for the purpose of expressing the earnest sympathy with the efforts of Pope Pius IX. and the Italian people for National Independence and Constitutional freedom. It would afford me the greatest pleasure to be present on this interesting occasion. I regret that I am prevented by my official engagements from enjoying that satisfaction.

The measures pursued by the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome for the political and social reform and elevation of the people, constitute a scene in human affairs as august and affecting as it is strange and unexpected. We behold the head of the oldest government existing in the world—the government most deeply entrenched in the traditions of the past—placing himself at one stride by the side of the most frank and trustful friends of improvement and progress. His example seems likely to be followed at once by Sardinia and Tuscany; and whether seconded or not by Rulers, will, unless woful errors are committed by the leading minds, awaken a spirit in the mass of the people throughout the Italian Peninsula, which will sweep away all opposition. The South of Europe is, I think, on the eve of great events.

Such a spectacle as this; that of a people possessing the most interesting traits of character, (greatly misjudged by foreigners who travel post-haste through the country,) struggling to emerge from the depths of abject misgovernment into the light of liberal and popular institutions, invites a passing reflection upon the all important influence of this country. We do well to assure them of our sympathy. It will cheer some patriotic and thoughtful minds in dark moments. But sympathy alone is but an empty word. They want the substantial aid of a bright example, the instructive lesson of experience. We must show them the example of order as well as freedom; of an intelligent and generous popular action; of public virtues on the part of the union and all its members; (for if Italy assumes any form of confederation) of the pursuits at home and abroad of the great end for which Providence has appointed the families of Man, viz: the promotion of human virtue and happiness, we shall afford encouragement to our brethren in Italy, who are struggling to throw off the abuses and corruptions of ages. But if we pursue an opposite course—if we show them that the worst evils of old and corrupt government may exist under the name and form of republicanism, we shall only encourage them to pursue the same path.

A farmer of St. Albans, Vermont, recently made a grand entry into that place, mounted on a small car drawn by four large hogs. He entered the town at a brisk trot, amidst the acclamations of hundreds who were soon drawn together to witness this uncommon spectacle. After making the tour of the market place three or four times, he went into the wool-pack yard, had his swinish cattle unshackled and taken into a stable together, where they were, regaled with a trough full of beans and

licies, we shall not merely sink into a rapid and deplorable degeneracy ourselves, but shall help, in other parts of the world, to rivet chains which might otherwise be broken.

Cordially uniting in your best wishes for the progress of enlightened reform in Italy, and sharing your warmest feelings of respect for the noble spirit which has been raised up to conduct it,

I remain, gentlemen, very faithfully yours,
EDWARD EVERETT.

A CITY DESTROYED!—The Lewiston Falls Journal annihilates the Portland Advertiser's 'Manufacturing City,' with the following simple statement of facts. We are sorry to hear that Lewiston has had the misfortune to lose what she has never had, and trust that when the public pronounces her a great 'manufacturing city,' she will be in a condition to bear the accusation.

'The Water Power Company having made an additional purchase of real estate, amounting to some 300 acres, have commenced making the necessary surveys, preliminary to the location of a canal, and the engineers are now busied in taking distances, levels, &c. A similar survey was made some ten years since, under the direction of Mr. Perkins, but owing to the lapse of time the benches had been mostly removed, a circumstance which renders a new survey indispensable. We trust no untoward circumstances will now retard the operations of the company, and that early in the next season we may have the pleasure of announcing, as a fact, that engineers are upon the ground, completing the surveys and laying out the streets' of a new manufacturing city.'

RATHER SAPPY.—A couple of editors a little way north have put their heads together to exhibit the real nature of sap, and its effects upon wood. One contends that the iron contained in sap contributes to make it the better ovenwood—though he forgets to carry out the idea, by recommending a bundle of nail-logs for kindling wood. The other more than hints that there is sap in some things besides wood, and that some sap has lead as well as iron in it. Most true, but that is not the kind of sap that is destined to 'set the river on fire,' tho' if it hold in solution a goodly portion of tin, it will very readily get up a flame. Go on, good brethren—the lights of science, as Dr. Stiggraves would say, should not be constrained to gleam through gold spectacles.

AGRICULTURAL VISITS.—The weather and the season seem to indicate at least the approach of the proper time for commencing the system of visits and inspection proposed by the new Agricultural Society. The most economical mode of feeding stock—the best manner of preserving the various fruits of the harvest—the various business and duties of the winter months—all these matters are now to be talked over, and the result, so far as practical, made known. This is one of the most important duties of the society, and one in which its usefulness will be most obvious. We hope the plan will not be neglected, or the proper season suffered to pass unimproved.

CONGRESS.

Congress convened on Monday last. We learn from the Boston Post, that at the seventh balloting, Hon. R. M. Winthrop (Whig) of Massachusetts, was chosen Speaker of the House.

VARIETY.

ASTOUNDING FORGERIES.

State street, yesterday, was the theatre of unusual excitement, particularly among stock-jobbers, brokers, and speculators, most of whom exhibited remarkably elongated faces, and appeared to have been badly 'done for'; and this, as regards some of them, turns out to be literally true. The cause of this strange state of things, was the fact being announced 'on change,' that a large amount of forged paper was afloat, and that one bank was a loser to the amount of about \$10,000. Still more intense became the excitement, when it was made known that the principal party implicated was no less a personage than the redoubtable Geo. Miller, a street broker and bold speculator of no little celebrity, and familiarly known as General Miller.

Up to the time of the closing of the banks yesterday afternoon, over \$65,000 of forged paper had been discovered! The principal part of which purported to have been signed by S. F. Belknap, Esq., one of the most extensive railroad contractors in the country. Mr. B. at times has had business transactions with Miller, and as we learn, had in the course of their business, given him three or four of his own notes of hand, payable to him.

We are also informed that all the notes signed by Mr. Belknap were written by Miller's clerk, who is believed to be strictly honest and upright, he having merely written the notes, leaving it to Miller to obtain the signatures in person, and in no instance having seen one of them signed. Miller has also been particular to go, or send every day to the bank, to procure the notifications of notes coming due, thus enabling him to meet them, by preparing and negotiating others of the same character. Some of the forged paper bears the endorsements of responsible men, thus freeing the holders from loss. Miller left the city for New York on Friday last week, to return, as he stated, on Tuesday last; but the last that has been heard of him is from a gentleman who met him in Philadelphia on Monday, Miller observing that he was 'going South in search of cottons.' Nothing was thought of his absence, until notifications came thick and fast to Mr. Belknap, that his notes were falling due, so as to induce him to make an examination, which led to the denouement. This series of forgeries has been carried on with the greatest boldness of any ever recorded, those of the notorious Col. Monroe Edwards not excepted. We regret to learn that Miller leaves a wife and truly interesting family at his late residence in Waltham, to whom this occurrence must prove one of the most poignant grief.—*Boston Star.*

A farmer of St. Albans, Vermont, recently made a grand entry into that place, mounted on a small car drawn by four large hogs. He entered the town at a brisk trot, amidst the acclamations of hundreds who were soon drawn together to witness this uncommon spectacle. After making the tour of the market place three or four times, he went into the wool-pack yard, had his swinish cattle unshackled and taken into a stable together, where they were, regaled with a trough full of beans and

wash. They remained about two hours, while he dispatched his business as usual at the market, when they were put to and driven home again, multitudes cheering him. This man, it is said, has only had these animals under training six months. A gentleman on the spot offered him \$240 for the concern as it stood, but it was indignantly refused.—*Balt. Pat.*

REFERENCE CASE.—The interesting reference case that has been pending for some days past at the Court House, between Mr. Benjamin Sikes of Ludlow, and the Western Railroad Company, was closed on Saturday evening. The facts of the case appear to be these:—The plaintiff Mr. Sikes, while crossing the railroad track a short distance west of Indian Orchard, with a horse and wagon, encountered the morning passenger train from Boston. His horse was killed and his wagon destroyed. Mr. Sikes was thrown by the concussion some twenty feet from the track, his right arm broken and dislocated, and otherwise injured. The accident happened in December, 1845. For this Mr. Sikes claimed \$20,000 damages, alleging that due notice of the approach of the engine was not given by the ringing of the bell.

In defence, the Railroad Company stated that the bell was rung as usual, and that it was not their fault that the plaintiff did not hear it. They also offered, in mitigation of damages, medical testimony, showing that the injuries of the plaintiff had been aggravated by unskillful treatment. The testimony on this part of the case is represented to have been particularly rich, the doctors disagreeing to perfection. The referees awarded \$2,100 to the plaintiff.—*Springfield Repub.*

THANKSGIVING.—An interesting incident took place, it is said, on Wednesday noon at the south end. Three hundred and ten men, all in the employ of Messrs. Hinkley & Drury, marched out from their Locomotive Manufactory, each one with a turkey on his arm, a present from their employers for Thanksgiving.—*Bost. Transcript.*

"The chief practical difficulty of the Church of England is how to engage and secure the affections of the poor," cried *Times*. And Bishops, with tens of thousands per annum, cry "Hear, hear!"—*Punch.*

Dr. Beecher says:—Never chase a lie. Let it alone, and it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than any one can lie me out of it.

The Chinese call going to law "losing a cow to win a cut."

CANAL BUSINESS.—An avalanche of produce poured into the basin at this city, from the Erie canal, between 9 A. M. on Saturday, and the same hour on Monday. Amongst the quantity were 47,000 bbls of flour, 52,000 bushels wheat, 20,000 bushels barley, 20,000 bushels oats, 360,000 pounds cheese, and 160,000 do. of butter. We shall not starve yet.—*Albany Argus, 30th.*

THEATRES.—Rev. Mr. Thompson repeated last evening at the Tabernacle his discourse against theatres and other places of public amusement and vice. A very large audience was present, and many went away unable to obtain admission.—*N. Y. Trib. 28th.*

The cruelty of the wretch who sits upon the throne of the Two Sicilies ought to be visited on his own head. In suppressing an insurrection against his tyranny, he ordered the Orphan Asylum of Reggio to be bombarded; and recently he directed that the hair and beard of some of the captured insurgents should be pulled out by the roots. That such fiendish conduct should be tolerated a moment by his oppressed subjects is a matter of deep wonder in this enlightened age.

In addition to the information we give from the Brazos, of the probable early arrival of Gen. Taylor among us, we would say that a highly important lawsuit will require his presence in Mississippi, on the first Monday (the 9th) of December. There is, therefore, but little doubt that he will reach New Orleans during the present week.—*N. O. Bulletin, 22d.*

THE WEATHER.—The Canal is closed at Buffalo, and we have reports that it is also closed at other points.—*Albany Argus 30th.*

The Tennessee Conference of the M. E. Church South, closed its session on Tuesday week. There was a small increase of white members during the past year, and a decrease of about seven hundred colored.

A citizen of Cincinnati is erecting a splendid edifice, the marble for the entire front of which he shipped from Italy at a cost of \$200,000.

REMINISCENCE.—Among the compositors in the Cincinnati Gazette office, Saturday last, on Clay's speech, says that paper, were three who in the year 1820 were engaged in the same office on the message of President Monroe—

one of whom, Mr. B. Fisher, assisted in the office at the printing of the message of President Madison, in 1812.

Gen. Taylor, accompanied by Gen. Wool, left Monterey on the 8th November, inspecting the posts, *en route*, and had reached Mer on the 13th, and was hourly expected at the Brazos when the Edith left.

The Troy Post announces the failure of Thos. E. Warren, a stock and exchange broker, of that city, on Monday week.

The Albany Argus says that an avalanche poured into the basin at that city from the Erie canal, between nine A. M. on Saturday and the same hour on Monday. Amongst the quantity were 47,000 bbls of flour, 52,000 bushels wheat, 20,000 bushels barley, 20,000 do. oats, 360,000 lbs. cheese, and 160,000 lbs. of butter.

The Tennessee Conference of the M. E. Church, South, closed its session on Tuesday week. There was a small increase of white members during the past year, and a decrease of about seven hundred colored.

The Bangor stage in leaving Augusta on Tuesday last week, broke down and killed one horse, and broke one of the ribs of the driver, Mr. Holmes.

The Democrats of Boston have fixed upon John L. Gardiner as their candidate for Mayor.

The prices for flour and grain are firm with a day or two in Boston market, and a slight advance has been realized upon the best brands during the past week.

Raised the last summer, on the farm of Edward T. Smith, in Gorham, 160 bushels ears of round corn on 120 rods of land—being at the rate of 213 1-3 bushels, to the acre.—*Argus.*

Rev. Allen Gannett has received and accepted a call to become the Pastor of the Fourth Congregational Church and Society in Beverly.

On the 30th ult., a son of Edwin C. Kimball of Belfast, Me., a fine boy ten years of age, was skating on the mill pond in front of his father's house, when, unknown to the companions who were with him, he accidentally passed into an unknown space, and was drowned.

The Belfast Journal says there has been a real old fashioned Washingtonian movement in

Searsport. About one hundred persons who have heretofore 'taken their liquor when they pleased,' have formed themselves into a taste not Society.

At the last October term of the McCracken Circuit Court, a novel case in the history of jurisprudence came on to be tried. It was an action on the case, brought by a son-in-law against a father-in-law, for fraud in concealing from the son-in-law the fact that the young lady was afflicted with ulcers and running sores, the effects of white swelling, and for false representations said to have been made by the father-in-law before marriage, relative to the young lady's lameness.—*Kentucky paper.*

A NEW IDEA. A boot maker of London has invented a rotary heel to be applied to boots, so that when run down upon one side by uneven treading it can be easily twisted round, thus producing another even surface, and easier locomotion in the wearer.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

SANTE FE LETTERS. Seventeen hundred letters were received yesterday at our office from Santa Fe, says the St. Louis Reveille. This looks as if New Mexico were one of our provinces indeed.

The Duchess de Praslin says: "The aim of a wife is to become the friend, the consolation of her husband, to educate her children, to direct all the household affairs—these are the three missions of woman upon earth; if she does not fulfil them she has lived in vain, she is deserving of no consideration she is a useless and despicable being, like the man whose only occupation is to drink, to smoke, to gamble, and to idle away his time."

At one of our fashionable watering places, recently happened a self important foreigner, who upon hearing the dinner bell rung at half past three o'clock exclaimed, Is it possible you dine at this early hour in this country? Why I have not been used to having dinner till seven or eight in London.

Our second table folks dine very late here, also, was the reply of a Yankee present.

THE SLAVE CASE.—The case before the U. S. Circuit Court for some days past has been decided by awarding the penalty of \$500 against Dr. Mitchell, of Indiana county. The case was tried under the act of Congress of 1733, and for the penalty imposed by that act.

The decision in this case goes somewhat farther than the famous Van Zandt case of Ohio, in which Judge McLean gave an important and well remembered charge. In the case decided here, there was no proof of any attempt on the part of Dr. M. to entice the slave away from his master. Nor was there any proven interference to prevent his return to his owners. He gave him employment, however, knowing him to be a slave, and according to the charge of the Judge, and the inference of the jury from the charge, there was room for the verdict rendered. As we understood Judge McLean's charge, the act of employment, simply was not deemed an offence under the act of Congress, and we doubt if the decision in the case just decided, would have been the same in Ohio.

The case occupied the Court for four days and has excited a good deal of interest.—*Pittsb. Gaz.*

MEXICO.

New-York, Dec. 4, 2 P. M.

The following are additional items from the steamer Alabama, at New Orleans.

The 'Genius of Liberty' has stopped and its Editor is in prison. A revolution has broken out at Guadalupe in favor of the election of Farinas to the Presidency.

A very sanguinary engagement ensued between his troops, and a mob headed by Priests in the Aclym. General Ampudia and many other followers of the Farinas party were killed. The church party was victorious.

General Paredes is at Tulancingo, and has openly pronounced in favor of a monarchy in this movement. He is seconded by the garrison at Mazatlan. Some of the Mexicans have still a most unquenchable hatred for the Americans, and express no desire for peace.

The Mexican congress at Queretaro has removed to Monclia to get rid of the interference of the military by which it has been over-awed.

General Rhea and Santa Anna with a brigade of troops are now at Orizaba, intending to attack the next American train. General Bustamante has gone to Queretaro and has a force of 5000 men at his command. Genl Canales was encountered near the capital by a small American force and defeated with considerable loss.

MISS COBURN NO MORE.—The many who have an interest in the enterprise and self denying labors of Miss Fidelia Coburn, of Queen's Bush, West Canada, will no more direct their contributions for the benefit of the Mission station

which Krishna is not admitted for having committed. No one could show that any pledge was ever given on the conquest of Cuttack, which required the continuance of the payment in question; and manifestly those who were despatched as mere ministerial agents to seize that province, had a very different work to do from setting up a puppet king, as was the case with the king of Poynter. It is your own government alone who have prevented India from becoming a Christian country long ago.

OBITUARY.

Our State has to mourn the loss of one of her noblest sons, in the death of Capt. Moses E. Merrill, of the 5th Infantry, who fell while leading the storming party at the sanguinary conflict of Molino del Rey. Capt. Merrill was a native of Brunswick, Me., and graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, in the year 1826. He was for many years on duty with his Regiment at Green Bay, Mackinaw, and Sault St. Marie, at which places he acquired the respect and admiration of all who knew him. His manners were so retiring, and his modesty so great, that none but those who knew him intimately were fully aware of all his noble traits of character. Attentive to every duty, temperate to abstemiousness, idolizing truth, and always active for the good of others, he in time of peace set an example to his junior officers, which was only equalled by that which he afforded by his dauntless bravery on the battle fields of Mexico.

While under the command of Gen. Taylor, he was among the foremost in the fights, from Palo Alto to Monterey, and in the reports of every action his name is mentioned with distinction. Under Gen. Scott he was equally active and distinguished in all the engagements, from the capture of Vera Cruz till he died the soldier's noble death on the field of victory at El Molino del Rey.

He leaves a widow and four small children, almost destitute of any means of support, and unable even to procure the transportation of his beloved remains to his native land. Ought not the State from which he came, which must always feel a pride in his reputation, to follow the example set by S. Carolina and Georgia, in similar cases, and either provide means for the education of his children, or at least give to his ashes a hallowed resting place?

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.
The great remedy for consumption and the best medicine known to man for asthma of every stage, liver complaints, bronchitis, influenza, coughs, colds, bleeding of the lungs, shortness of breath, pains and weakness in the side, breast, &c., and all other diseases of the pulmonary organs. A very powerful influence, is that of a diseased liver. In this complaint it has undoubtedly proved more efficacious than any remedy hitherto employed, and in numerous instances when patients had endured long and severe suffering from the disease, without receiving the least benefit from various remedies, and when mercury has been resorted to in vain, the use of this Balm has restored the liver to a healthy action, and in many instances effected permanent cure after every known remedy had failed to produce this desired effect.

Besides its astonishing efficacy in diseases above mentioned, we also find it very effective in the treatment of a complaint in which it has been extensively used, with decided success, even in cases of years standing.
It not only emanates from a regular physician, but has also been well tested in all the complaints for which it is recommended. It is not my intention therefore, either to cloak it in mystery, or in any way deceive the public by overrating its virtues; on the contrary, I shall only endeavor to give a brief statement of its usefulness, and flatter myself that its surprising efficacy will enable me to furnish such proofs of its virtues as will satisfy the most incredulous, that Consumption may and CAN BE CURED! If this medicine be resorted to in time.
None genuine unless signed L. BUTTS on the wrapper.
For sale in Waterville by Wm. Dyer; Fairfield, Wm. B. Snow & Co. Sold also by agents generally.

BOSTON MARKET.

Saturday, Dec. 4th.
Flour.—There is more activity in the market, but without improvement in prices. Genesee \$6.25 and \$6.37.
Grain.—Holders firm at 81 and 82c for prime yellow flat Corn, and 72c for white. Oats, Northern 54 and 55c pr. bush.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.
Dec. 6, 1847.
At Market, 1250 Cattle, 12 cokes Working Oxen, 42 Cows and Calves, 3650 Sheep, and about 2100 Swine.
PRICES.—Beef Cattle—Extra, \$6.50; 1st quality, \$6.25; 2d and 3d do from \$4.75 to 5.50.
Working Oxen—Sales ranged from \$69 to \$133.
Cows and Calves—Sales noticed at \$21, 23, and 26, to \$40.
Sheep—Lots taken at 1.33, 1.67, 2.13, 2.67, and one lot of extra Cosses at \$6.
Swine—Dull. Sales at 4, 5, and 6c, and a large number will remain unsold at the close of the market.
N.B.—A good supply of Bees remain unsold at the close of the market.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, on Thursday last, by Rev. R. B. Thurston, Mr. William A. Caffrey, to Miss Mary White, daughter of Mr. H. B. White.
In Albion, by S. S. Saxon, Mr. Moses O. Stiles, of Haverhill, Mass., to Miss Harriet N. Fall of Albion.

DEATHS.

In Fairfield, Dec. 1, Mrs. Sarah Jane Davis, aged 37, daughter of the late Briggs H. Emory.

Advertisements.

LINE for sale by **PARKER & PHILLIPS.**
SINGING SCHOOL.
In consequence of sickness, Mr. BULLARD will not be able to commence his school next Saturday evening, as was anticipated, but will commence on Tuesday Evening next, at the Baptist Vestry. This school is for advanced scholars, and intended to preclude the necessity of drilling half the winter on the first rudiments, but to be more practical; and more time will be spent on the subject of Musical Education, a subject usually neglected in a school for beginners, for want of unity.
A general invitation is given to all singers to attend on the first evening of the school. Terms—\$2.00 for a gentleman and lady.
Dec. 8, 1847.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.
WHEREAS, SAMUEL BROWN, of Winslow, on the 25th day of July 1845, by his mortgage deed of that date, recorded in the Records of the county of Kennebec, Book 124, page 488, conveyed to W. B. S. Mow, of Waterville, his homestead farm, situated partly in Winslow and partly in Sebasticook, containing about one hundred and eighty acres, and bounded southerly by land of Jacob Osborne, northerly by land in possession of said Mow, easterly by land of Eliphalet Flegg and by land of Ticonic Bank or Ticonic Simpson, and westerly by the Kennebec River, which said mortgage was assigned to me by said Mow, on the 25th day of August, 1846, and whereas the conditions of said mortgage have not been complied with, I therefore give notice of my intention to foreclose the same, for non-payment of the conditions.
Waterville, Dec. 7, 1847. **ALFRED BURLEIGH.**

LADIES,
The very best article you can possibly find for your Teeth and Gums, is the *Circassian Tooth Powder*. Try it, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with it, return the box and the money shall be refunded.
For sale by E. H. KILBOURN, No. 1 Boutelle Block.

LATEST NEWS.

JOSEPH MARSTON
HAS just received, at his Brick Block, a fresh and desirable stock of
Foreign, Domestic, Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS,
together with a general assortment of
W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE,
which he offers to his friends and the public as low as can be procured at Kennebec River, for cash, or on short and approved credit.
He has on hand a lot of L. Bayley's superior Laundry STARCH POLISH, which he will sell at wholesale or retail.
Waterville, Nov. 24, 1847. 18.1f

J. F. NOYES, M.D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Late Ass't Physician in U. S. M. Hospital, Boston.
Devotes special attention to diseases of the Lungs and Throat.
Office cor. Main and Silver sts.—Residence, Parker House.
WATERVILLE, ME.

WESTERN Extra & Clear PORK for sale by **PARKER & PHILLIPS.**

CIRCULAR, Cross-cut and Mill Saws, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

FEATHERS and Looking Glasses—A large assortment for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

THE TRUTH IS,
I have on hand at my depot from 50 to 75 gross of Steel Pens, of all sorts and sizes, and at all prices, from 25 cts. to \$1.00 a gross, and if you don't believe that they are of the best quality for that price, call and I will satisfy you without any newspaper bragging.
E. L. SMITH, Treasurer & Col.
Waterville, Nov. 11, 1847. 17f

OX-CHAINS, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

OX-BOWS & AXE-HANDLES, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

THE LAST CALL.
ALL persons who have not paid their Ticonic Village Corporation Tax for 1847, are hereby notified, that unless they are paid by the first of January next, they will be left with an attorney for collection.
E. L. SMITH, Treasurer & Col.

OIL.
PURE Spermin, ref'd Whale, and Lard Oil, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

NAILS.
Cut and wrought Nails, a prime assortment, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

HORSE NAILS, a prime article, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

BUFFALO ROBES for sale by **PARKER & PHILLIPS.**

HORSE BLANKETING, 9-4 wide, all wool, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

IRON and STEEL.
The best assortment to be found in this town, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

BLANKETS—Whitney, Bath, and Duffin—**PARKER & PHILLIPS.**

150 HDS. T. ISLAND and CADIZ SALT, for sale, **PARKER & PHILLIPS.**

JAPAN, Coach and Furniture Varnish, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

I. H. LOW & CO.
HAVE just received a fresh supply of Perry Davis's PAIN EXPELLER, for sale wholesale and retail.
Also, a new arrival of **BURNING FLUID,** and Day & Martin's **BLACKING,** always on hand.
Nov. 30. 19.

GLASS.
WINDOW GLASS, an extra article, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

NOTICE.
CREDITORS of Dr. V. P. COLEMAN, who have signed the assignment of his books of account, &c., are requested to meet at the office of the undersigned on Saturday evening next, at 6 o'clock.
Nov. 30. **EDWIN NOYES.**

DANIEL SANBORN.
COUNSELLOR & ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Waterville, Me.
Will devote his whole attention to the business of his profession.
Office in PRAY'S BUILDING Main Street.
18.3ms.

PAINTS & OILS, of all kinds, for sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

THE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT IN BOSTON.
For years the First and ONLY HOUSE which had adhered to that Popular System of

LOW PRICES
FOR GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.
Is that widely known and UNIVERSALLY CELEBRATED

CLOTHING EMPORIUM,
Oak Hall!!!

GEORGE W. SIMMONS, PROPRIETOR.
The excellence of the plan which he ORIGINALLY designed, and which has been by him so successfully prosecuted, is not only

APPRECIATED BY THE PUBLIC,
but, to some extent,

Approved by the Trade—at least so far as the *fraternal* lately introduced give evidence of their approbation of the only true and

perfect system, which

ENSURES TO BUYERS
Every description of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,
AT THE

LOWEST SCALE OF PRICES!!!
The Elegant display of Goods at

SIMMONS' OAK HALL,
Embracing the latest Importations from

LONDON and PARIS,
Are Manufactured under his own personal supervision and direction: and affords to Gentlemen who would save upon old prices, full

30 to 40 PER CENT.
in the purchase of a good suit of Clothes,

WELL CUT and WELL MADE,
a complete opportunity of selecting from the largest

and best variety of

ELEGANT CLOTHING,
AND

DRESS GOODS, Now in the U. States,
And which may be had by

CITIZENS and STRANGERS.
In addition to a **SUPERB ASSORTMENT of**

Children's Clothing,
At **LOWER RATES** than can be purchased at any other

establishment on the face of the Globe, and at

PRICES LESS
Than ever offered before, even at **SIMMONS'**

P-3—Wholesale Traders, look at this. Thousands of Dozens of Coats, Pants, Vests, and FURNISHING GOODS, CHEAP. Entrance at No. 32,

OAK HALL,
Nos. 32, 34, 36, and 38 ANN ST.,
Near the head of Merchants' Row,
BOSTON.



BOOK and FANCY JOB

JOHN S. CARTER

CONTINUES TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF

BOOK and FANCY JOB PRINTING,

IN GOOD STYLE and AT SHORT NOTICE.

He keeps for sale most kinds of BLANKS in use in this vicinity.

JOB and CARD PRINTING done in good shape and at fair prices.

Office in Pray's Building, three doors below Williams's Hotel, Main Street, Waterville, Nov. 1847. 18f

DAQUERRETYPE MINIATURES,
Taken by a Sky-light.

J. FREEMAN would just say that his stay in town is short, as he will leave the

FIRST OF DECEMBER,
and those wishing for a good likeness will do well to call soon. Persons sitting for Miniatures will not be expected to take them unless correct, and they are satisfied with them.

Miniatures taken without regard to weather, from 9 o'clock forenoon to 4 o'clock afternoon.

Waterville, Nov. 16, 1847.

SCHOOL NOTICE.
MISS SCRIBNER will commence the winter term of her school on Monday, Nov. 29.

Waterville, Nov. 16, 1845. 17f

NO MISTAKE!
But that my NURS, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES, LEMONS, ORANGE, SWEET POTATOES, CANDY, &c., are as fresh and as good as can be procured in this village. Please call and see.
A. LYFORD.
Waterville, Nov. 11, 1847. 17f

HOUSE FOR SALE.
A TWO-STORY HOUSE, pleasantly situated on Elm street, formerly owned by the late Isaac Dodge, now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Nott. The house and outbuildings are in good repair. Inquiries can be made of Mrs. Winslow, or G. H. Dodge, Hampton Falls, N. H.

Nov. 1847. 17

ALMANACS!
J. AND READY ALMANACS, which will be sold very low, wholesale or retail, at the Book and Stationery Depot of J. B. SHURTLEFF.

Nov. 17, 1847. 17

A BOOK FOR EVERY FARMER.
THE AMERICAN VETERINARIAN, OR DISEASES OF ANIMALS, with rules for Treating Man, Beast, and Bird, by S. W. Cole, of the Boston Cultivator. For sale by J. B. SHURTLEFF.

Nov. 17, 1847. 17

SLATES! SLATES!
LARGE assortment, wholesale or retail, from 6 to 15 cents, at

SHURTLEFF'S BOOK DEPOT,
No. 1 Boutelle Block, Old Store of C. J. Wingate—

Nov. 17, 1847. 17

CARDS!
PLAIN, ORNAMENTED and EMBOSSED—an extensive assortment for sale, from 12 1/2 to 25 cents per pack, by J. B. SHURTLEFF.

Nov. 17, 1847. 17

CASH FOR HIDES and BARK!!
The subscriber will pay Cash for Hides and Hemlock Bark, delivered at his Tannery, in Fairfield, the present Fall and Winter.

ANDREW ARCHER.
Nov. 1847. 16.1f

MUFFS!! MUFFS!!

L. CROWELL
HAS Just Received a LARGE ASSORTMENT of Muffs, Boas, Buffalo Robes, Hats, and Caps, which are for sale on reasonable terms.

Also, a new arrival of **BLACKING,** always on hand.
Nov. 30. 19.

ALL kinds of School Books & Stationery;
Also, a new arrival of **BLACKING,** always on hand.
Nov. 30. 19.

Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Chairs, Feather Beds, and Looking Glasses
Nov. 1847. 16.1f

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D.,
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the inhabitants of Waterville and its vicinity.

Office in Ticonic Row, Main Street.

He refers to
Dr. JACOB BIGELOW,
J. B. STODOL,
D. H. STODOL,
J. R. S. JACOBSON, Boston.

WHEREAS my wife DIANNA GORDON, has left my house, and refuses to live with me, I therefore hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

I also hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting either of my three daughters, ELIZA ANN GORDON, NANCY S. GORDON, and MARY E. GORDON, all miners, leaving left my house and gone to parts unknown. I shall pay no debts of their contracting after the date hereof.

Fairfield, Nov. 3, 1847. **WASHINGTON GORDON.**

NOTICE. All persons indebted to Dr. V. P. COLEMAN, by note or book account, are requested to call forthwith, and settle for the same with the undersigned.

Nov. 3, 1847. **E. NOYES, Assignee.**

LOST. On Saturday Evening last, between this Village and West Waterville, a Small Black Wallet, containing Six dollars in bills, and a few small papers. The bills were a 5 on Franklin Bank, Gardner, and a 1 on bank not recollected. Whoever has found it, and will give information to the subscriber, shall be suitably rewarded.

Nov. 3. **WM. LUCE.**

OCTOBER 29TH
25 PACKAGES

Seasonable Goods,
THIS DAY OPENED,

—CONSISTING IN PART OF—
RICH STRIPED, PLAID, PLAIN, COLORED and BLACK

DRESS SILKS!!!

One Entire Case new and beautiful styles. **MOUS, DE LAINES,** richly novel 25 cts. at the low price of 1 shill.

HANDSOME CASSIMERES at 25 cts.

2 Cases **PRINTS,** embracing every desirable style, some very rich at 12 1/2 cts.

Extra Col'd and Black Silk Warp Indianas; Cotton warp do.

Striped, Plaid and Plain Black and Cold Alpacaes, Montevideo and other double width goods.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, Trimmings, &c. Blankets, Flannels, Carpetings, and Rugs.

Crockery and Glass Ware. Feathers, Ladies Shoes, &c. Bag and Fur Trimmings.

Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, &c. &c.

Making with our former large and desirable stock the best assortment to select from to be found in this region. Purchasers are invited to call before purchasing elsewhere, as we pledge ourselves it shall be made for their interest so to do.

All which is respectfully submitted. 15.1f

DOW & AYER.

E. L. SMITH,
dealer in
WEST INDIA GOODS, GROCERIES,
Provisions, Stone & Wooden Ware,
&c. &c.,
No. 1, Ticonic Row. 1-3w

NEW ARRIVAL.
\$1,500 WORTH
OF
'READY-MADE CLOTHING,'
JUST RECEIVED,
BY
CHARLES H. THAYER,

Consisting of the following articles:

Heavy Tweed COATS	Black Cassimere PANTS
Mixed sat. do.	Striped D. S. do.
Blue Ribbed do.	Black sat. do.
Mixed sat. JACKETS	Blue do. do.
Green do.	Blue Ribbed do.
Silk VESTS	Mixed sat. do.
Fancy do.	Cambr Grey do.
Cassimere do.	Check satinet do.
Rob Roy do.	Red flannel do.
Satinet do.	Striped do.
Overalls	Red Flannel Drawers.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Tweed COATS	Black cassimere PANTS
Cassimere do.	Striped satinet do.
Blue cassimere JACKETS	Mixed do.
Mixed sat. do.	Plaid do.
SATINETT SACKS	Fancy Vests

A general Assortment of **DRY GOODS!!!**

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Broadcloths	Tweed	Alpacas	Prints
Cassimeres	Satinets	M. de Lains	Shawls
Doekings	Vestings	Ginghams	Shirts

A large Stock of **PAINTS and OILS,**

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Coach Varnish	Whiting	American Varnish
Furniture do.	Lamp Black	Chinese do.
Japann do.	Gum Shellac	Chrome Green
Spr. Turpentine	Spr. Turpentine	Yellow do.
Minerals do.	French Yellow	Red do.
Lamp Oil	Ven. Red	Coach Black
Pure Grd. Lead	Prussian Blue	Jay do.
Extra do.	Paris Green	Paris Green
Red do.	Umber	Rose Pink
Blue do.	Flake White	

GOLD LEAF, &c. &c.

A general assortment of **W. I. GOODS and GROCERIES,**

HARDWARE & IRON,
NAILS and GLASS.

A LARGE LOT of
Buffalo Robes, Fur, Seal, and Nutra Caps.

The above were bought mostly for cash, and will be sold as low as can be bought on Kennebec River.
Waterville, Oct. 27, 1847. [14.1f]

JOHN HEARD, M.D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
WATERVILLE, ME.
Office in PRAY'S BUILDING, Main St.
Oct. 28, 1847. [14.1f]

REMOVAL!

DR. KILBOURN
HAVING REMOVED FROM "THE OLD STAND,"
No. 2 MARSTON'S BLOCK, to

No. 12
Boutelle's Block,

(The Store formerly occupied by C. J. Wingate)

WOULD inform his friends and the public that he is ready to perform all operations in

DENTAL SURGERY,
after the most approved and scientific methods

WHY HE DID SO:

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

'Are you going to get in that corn to-day?' said John Hendricks to Mr. Butler, the farmer for whom he was at work by the month. 'Yes,' said Mr. Butler, 'we must try to get it in, in the course of to-day.'

'If it is to be got in to-day, we must go about it this morning. It is time it was in, it is half destroyed now. Benton's cattle were in again last night.'

'I know they were. Here, Saul, do you run over to Benton's and tell him his cattle lay in our corn last night, and ask him to take care of them.'

'And he will tell you to put up the fence,' said Saul.

'The fence ought to be seen to. Hendricks, you bring me the axe, and I'll go now and tackle it up a little,' said Mr. B.

Hendricks went for the axe, and having searched in vain for it, returned to Mr. Butler, who was trying to set up a wash tub, which had fallen to pieces in despair of the fulfillment of Mr. Butler's promise, that he would get a hoe to-morrow.

'I can't find the axe, I would as soon undertake to make a thing as to find it in this place. It seems to be a rule with every one who uses a tool here to put it where it can't be found no how. If it was left where it was used last, a body might find something once in a while, but as it is, it's impossible. I expect that the barn will be among the missing some day.'

'Never mind,' said Mr. Butler, in a conciliating tone, 'the axe will turn up in course of the day. You see if you can set these staves up, I want to step over and see if Holmes can come and cut that buckwheat to-day.'

Hendricks did as he was requested. He set up the staves, and looked round for the hoe to confine them in place. 'I wonder,' said he, 'if I am expected to sit here and hold these in place all day. There is no hope between here and the blacksmith's, I dare say. I have done harder work than sitting and doing nothing, and more profitable work for my employer; but I must obey orders. Benton's cows are to have another pull at that corn, I see plainly.'

In due time Mr. Benton came, and Mr. Holmes was ready to go at the buckwheat as soon as he had ground up his new sythe, and spliced one of the fingers of his cradle.

'You have got them set up have you?'

'Yes, but what is a going to hold them up when I let go of them?'

'Here's a hoop,' said Mr. B. I forgot to tell you about it.'

Hendricks took it: while Butler and Holmes were grinding the sythe he put it up and drove it down. 'There,' said he, 'that's the first job I've known to be finished on this ground since I came here three months ago. At this moment Saul returned. 'Well Saul, what's the news?'

'Benton says Hyde's cattle are in the lower meadow.'

'Very likely, I saw a red squirrel running towards the fence, and I thought it likely he would get on it and throw it down. If they find the potatoes, it will save some labor.'

'What about the potatoes?' said Mr. Butler, coming up at that moment.

'Hyde's cows are taking care of them,' said Hendricks.

'You run and drive them out Saul, and find out where they got in, and put up the fence a little, just enough to turn them for the present; I'll see to it in a day or two. Hendricks, you harness the horses, we will try to get a load of that corn in before dinner.'

In about half an hour, during which time Messrs. Butler and Holmes had been employed in splicing the cradle finger, Hendricks came to Butler, and asked, 'where is the harness for the off horse?'

'Oh, I let Finkle have it last night. I didn't know as we should want it to-day. Isn't there something else you can do to-day?'

'Yes, there is enough to do, if a body could ever get at it. There he comes with the harness. You are sure you haven't lost any of the linch pins?'

'Well, it may be,' said Hendricks to himself, 'that some of that corn will be saved after all.'

The reader has had a specimen of the mode of proceeding on Mr. Butler's farm, and will be enabled to form a pretty shrewd guess why it was that Mr. Butler, who had an excellent farm and who was always busy about something, was not 'deemed and taken' by his neighbors to be a forehanded man.

Hendricks, with the aid of Saul, succeeded in getting in most of the corn to which allusion has been made. So that Mr. Benton's cows came home the next day, which was the Sabbath, much less well filled than ordinary.

On Monday morning Hendricks was out by daylight, and at work when Saul made his appearance, which was not until he had given the sun due precedence. Hendricks informed him that a new leaf was to be turned over. 'Things about the place are going to be done this week as they ought to be done,' said he.

'I'm agreed,' said Saul, who was quite willing to work, but wished very much to be relieved from the responsibility of directing his own movements.

'Mr. Butler,' said John after breakfast, 'has that axe come to light yet?'

'I haven't seen it.'

'Here it is,' said Lizzy, 'I found it in the grass in the garden.'

'And took care of it like a sensible body,' said John, taking the axe from her hand, 'Thankee.'

The compliment was not a very polished one, but it brought over her beautiful countenance a blush which she hastened into the pantry to conceal.

'Now,' said he, 'if you and Saul will go at those potatoes, I will put that fence in a shape that will keep Hyde's cattle out of that meadow for some time, I guess.'

'Hyde ought to put up part of it,' said Butler.

'I know he had, but he will never do it, you might as well try to get a hen to do a sum in the rule of three, as to get him to do anything worth while. Come let us have all these potatoes in, and that fence up before sunset.'

'If we get all the potatoes in, it is not much after about the fence.'

'What is the reason it isn't? Who wants the cattle making mortar of the meadow? Come on.'

They got into the wagon which had been brought to the door before breakfast, and Hendricks drove off at a rapid rate, making a great clattering of the loose boards in the wagon, and rendering it somewhat difficult for Mr. Butler and Saul, to keep themselves, or rather the board on which they sat, in place.

'What has got into John?' said Mr. Butler, pausing from his efforts over the butter bowl, and watching the rapidly disappearing wagon.

'I don't know, and Lizzy softly. Now she had better not have made any reply at all to the question, for it was not asked with any expectation of a reply. I say she had better not have answered it, for I am not sure but that she strained the truth a little in so doing. Some passages which had taken place between John and herself as they came home from meeting together on Sabbath evening, and set in the front room together, till the roosters crowed, were in fact the causes of the turning over of the new leaf in the management of the farm.'

Before night the fence was put up, in the most substantial manner, and the potatoes all put in the cellar.

The next morning when they were all at breakfast, John inquired, 'Is Holmes to work for you to-day?'

'He promised to come and do what he could towards finishing the buckwheat. He thinks it will take him a day and a half to finish cradling it.'

'Well, you don't want him to-day. Send the cradle home, and tell him it is cradled.'

'I did it.'

'When?'

'This morning.'

'The look of astonishment and admiration with which Mr. Butler regarded John, was not unobserved by Lizzy, and led her to meditate on the propriety of another retreat to the pantry. But she adopted the expedient of holding a coffee-cup to her lips for a very unnecessary length of time.

'What shall we go at to-day, after we have shocked up the buckwheat?' asked Hendricks.

'I don't know; what do you think we had best do?'

'Have the rye in where we took the corn off?'

'Well, we will go at that then.'

In like manner John's advice was asked daily and followed; so that before winter set in, the farm presented a very different aspect from that which it usually wore at that time. Commonly some potatoes were frozen up, and some portion of the intended sowing left undone, in consequence of the frost overtaking the plow. But now every crop was secured, the grain sown, and up quite green, the house banked, and quite a 'string of stone wall' made. That the corn was all husked in season, might have been owing to the fact that the turning over of the new leaf had inspired the family with such a spirit of industry, that Lizzy had joined them in their huskings, and took her seat near John, that he might break off the ears that were beyond her strength. It happened on one or two occasions that these two continued their labors long after Saul and his father had gone to bed.

In course of time it came to this, that Mr. Butler used to ask John what he was going to do, as though his right to direct operations was unquestionable. For example, one morning John had a stone boat, with several crowsbar in it, at the door.

'What are you going to do?' said Mr. Butler.

'I am going to build a stone wall, on the east side of the meadow. The ground is high enough for a wall to stand, and there are stone enough on the knoll there which ought to come out to make it.'

Mr. Butler made no reply, but together with Saul went to digging stone.

'This looks like a new farm,' said Mr. George one day to his neighbor, as they rode by Mr. Butler's house.

'Yes,' replied his neighbor, 'there is a new hand at the bellows.'

'No, he works by the month.'

'Does he? What makes him drive so?'

'I don't know for certain, but I guess Mr. Butler's daughter is at the bottom of it.'

When winter set in, Saul, though he was a good boy to work, felt a desire to have a little more furniture in the upper story, asked leave to go to the Centre to school. 'Uncle Zeb says he will board me if I'll come.'

'I don't see how I can spare you. We must build in the spring, and we have all the timber to get out and logs to get to the mill,' said Mr. Butler.

Saul looked rather down hearted.

'You can go,' said John, who was sitting before the blazing fire, between Saul and Lizzy.

'I'm a going to stay, that is if they will let me. I tell you what it is, turning to Mr. Butler, if you will give me this cradle, laying his hand on Lizzy's arm, I'll stay and work for you at any day you choose.'

Lizzy turned very red, but neither ran for the pantry, nor pushed away John's hand.

'Well,' said Mr. Butler, who had recently seen what things were coming to, 'that must be pretty much as you and she can agree, mustn't it mother?'

'I guess so,' said Mrs. Butler, dropping several stitches in a stocking she was knitting for John. 'There won't be much difficulty about it then, I guess, said John. Saul must go to school. He may go to college if he has a mind.'

I can get his support out of the farm without hurting anybody, I reckon. Then turning to Lizzy, he said, 'the road is good, and Jack wants to stir himself, and I want to go over to mother's. Suppose you just hop into the wagon and ride with me.'

Lizzy looked towards her mother, and rose up and went to 'put on her things.' The horse was soon at the door, and Lizzy was soon in the wagon, and the wagon was soon at John's mother's, and John's mother was soon introduced to Lizzy, who soon became her daughter-in-law, that is to say, on New Year's eve.

Advertisements.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY, WINTER TERM.

THE WINTER TERM of this Institution will begin Monday, the 23d of Nov., under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss ROSEANA F. HANCOCK, Preceptress, Miss SUSAN D. PERCIVAL, Teacher of Music, and such other assistants as the interests of the school require.

Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to the wants of teachers of Common Schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

The course of study in the department preparatory to College, has been arranged with special reference to that of the University of Cambridge, and to the requirements of the State, and as this is a very important advantage, the friends of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy the high station, will find, in the Department of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

NOTICE. The firm of SCAMMON & NASON is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All the notes and accounts due to the Company are left with SAMUEL SCAMMON, who is authorized to settle the same. Those against whom we have demands are requested to call and settle them forthwith.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 4, 1847. SAM'L SCAMMON. RUFUS NASON.

MACHINE SHOP.

RUFUS NASON, (Late of the firm of Scammon & Nason.)

WOULD give notice that he still continues the business of the late firm, at the old stand, on Temple Street, near Main St., Waterville, where he is now ready to execute, in his usual manner, and on the most reasonable terms, every description of

MACHINERY usually made in an establishment of this kind. Such as

Shingle, Clapboard, & Lath Machines,

With all the latest improvements:

SWEDGING & FUNNEL MACHINES FOR SHEET IRON WORKERS.

MILL SCREWS, STEAM ENGINES, For Shops, &c., the workmanship always being warranted equal to the best.

He particularly calls the attention of Millers to the very important improvement (for which he has obtained a patent) recently made by him in the

SHUT MACHINE.

R. N. is prepared to furnish this excellent article at a half the price usually paid for the machine in general use; and he trusts that no person in want of one will disregard his own interest as far as to purchase, before calling upon him.

Repairing of Threshers, Horse Power, &c., done as usual.

WOOD WORK, large of small, requiring the aid of a turning lathe or circular saw, executed as wanted, at the shortest notice.

The location of this Establishment is so convenient, and the facilities for executing orders with cheapness and despatch are so great, that an increase of patronage is confidently expected.

WATERVILLE, OCT. 1, 1847. 11.15. RUFUS NASON.

ALL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

WHO are in want of Boots, Shoes or Rubbers, walk straight to

A. CHICK & CO'S,

where they will find

Ladies' Gaiter Boots, price from \$1.25 to \$2.00; Ladies' Shoes, from 50 cts. to \$1.50; Puttees, from \$1.00 to \$1.75; Rubbers, from 50 cts. to \$1.00; Misses' shoes and rubbers, of all kinds, and prices to suit the times; Children's shoes and rubbers; Gent's Winter waterproof sewed Calf Boots; Do. pegged—from \$4 to \$7; French Calf Dress Boots from \$5 to \$8.50; Gent's Thick Boots from \$2.50 to \$3; Pegged Calf Boots from \$2.50 to \$4; Gent's rubbers from \$1.25 to \$1.50; And all other kinds of fixings usually found at boot and shoe stores; such as:

Leads, Tools of all kinds, Bindings, Thread, Kid, Linings, &c. &c.

A BOY—16 or 17 years old—can find a place to learn the Boot and shoe trade, by applying soon.

Gent's Boots, shoes and Gaiters made to order; also Ladies' Boots, shoes, &c.

REPAIRING done at short notice.

Nov. 24, 1847. 1847

O. WRIGHT, M. D.

Botanic Physician and Surgeon.

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, that he can be found at his house on Silver St., where he is attending to all cases of disease, in short of any of the important, and generally engaged in medical practice for ten years, he feels prepared to say to the people that they can be cured without being poisoned with the degrading and dangerous medicines which are prescribed in most of the medical works of the present day.

It is not my wish to stir up envy, or to disturb the peace of any circle, by introducing any thoughts upon any one. This is an age of imitation, and one in which all are free to judge for themselves.

Facts relating to my mode of practice none the less important in the observations are particularly applicable to the case of the patient, and are generally acknowledged by the public, and in fact I was in misery to myself. I was obliged to give up my business, and I had lost all kinds of medicine, had the best advice the Doctors in Boston and this place could afford, spent much money—and twice as much in the purchase of medicine, and I had become perfectly worn out of life, and at the suggestion of my friends, I was induced to try a box of your medicine. The first I found to relieve me slightly, still I persevered, and purchased a second box, and I assure you, when I got half through, I found myself getting well, still I kept on, and now I am a well man. My dear Sir, language cannot express my grateful thanks to you, I am once more restored to health, and now in a condition to support my large family, dependent on me. You can use this letter as you please.

Yours respectfully, SAMUEL CARROLL.

AGENTS—WATERVILLE, W. M. DYER; NORRIDGEWICK, BLUNT & TURNER; KENNEBEC, W. M. DYER; ATHENS, A. WARE; ANSON, RODNEY COLLINS; MERCEUR, HANBELL INGLIS; FARMINGTON, J. W. PERKINS; AUGUSTA, J. E. LADD, and the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England.

11-1

BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY

ESTABLISHMENT.

OLIVER HOLMAN AND CO.

No. 124 State Street, Boston.

[OFFICE AND FACTORY.]

HAVE constantly for sale, at wholesale and retail, a large stock of

BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS,

of their own manufacture, of various qualities and styles, suited to the wants of all persons, which they offer at very low prices. The books made at this establishment for fifteen years past have had a very high reputation.

STAPLE AND FANCY STATIONERY; an extensive and varied assortment, comprising almost every article desirable for

PUBLIC OFFICES, THE COUNTING HOUSE, Schools, Engineers, and Professional persons, which will be sold very low. Frequent supplies received from the best sources.

PERKINS'S CARDS, Enamelled and Pearl Surface.

O. H. & Co. are manufacturers' agents for the sale of these Cards, and will furnish scales of sizes and prices to all who wish.

THE PEARL SURFACE CARDS have great celebrity for their superior quality and cheapness; and for business cards, being polished on both sides, are not surpassed by any others.

THE ENAMELLED CARDS, for Copper Plate and Letter Press Printing, and Style Writing, are very beautiful, and for pure whiteness, evenness of surface, and perfect selection, are far before any other manufacture of the kind.

Every variety of Commercial, with the common forms of Law Books, constantly for sale.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL STATIONERY. School Committees, Teachers and Traders supplied with all kinds of School Books and School Stationery, upon the very lowest terms.

ENGINEERS, ARTISTS, AND OTHERS, will find a complete assortment of Drawing Papers, English and American Mathematical Instruments, Pencils, Water Colors, Brushes, Protractor and Tracing Paper, &c. &c.

FAT'S LETTER COPYING PRESSES. O. H. & Co. are constantly supplied with all sizes of the above Presses, which, with every description of Books and materials to go with them, they will supply upon the very lowest terms.

PRINTING of every kind of Blanks, Checks, Circulars, Cards, Bill-heads, Notices, &c. &c. Specimens may be seen.

RULING AND BINDING. Great facilities for Ruling paper to any pattern at short notice, and the Binding of Books in any desirable style.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Buyers for CASH will find great inducements to purchase, and are requested to call before selecting their goods elsewhere. 1-13

NOTICE. MR. BENJ. AYER is a partner in the business of the G. D. W. WATERVILLE, OCT. 15, 1847. [14.3.1]

NEW STAGE LINE

FROM WATERVILLE TO BELFAST.

THE public are respectfully informed that the subscription has been established a New Stage Line, running three times a week between Waterville and Belfast, passing through the towns of Sebasticook, Albion, Freedom, and Bangor.

Leave Waterville at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leave Belfast at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leave Waterville at 2 o'clock, P. M. Leave Belfast at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Way passengers at the same price. Fares from Waterville to Belfast, \$1.75. Fares from Belfast to Waterville, \$1.75.

15th MARCH, 1847. [14.3.1]

JUST RECEIVED, a prime lot of RUBBERS and for sale, cheap, for cash, by

A. CHICK & CO.

BOOTS AND SHOES for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

DR. T. H. MERRILL, RESPECTFULLY offers his services as PHYSICIAN and SURGEON to the citizens of this place. Office No. 2 Main Street, Block.

Residence at the house recently occupied by Dr. Small. Waterville, Oct. 1847. [14.3.1]

DENTAL SURGERY.

DR. D. BURBANK, Surgeon Dentist, AND MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH.

WOULD respectfully inform the public, that he still continues the practice of Dentistry, in the latest and most improved scientific manner. He will be found at his residence, where he is ready to attend to all who may need his professional aid in preserving their teeth or supplying their deficiencies. As he manufactures his own teeth, he is enabled to preserve them in a single tooth to whole sets, that cannot be surpassed as to their perfectly natural appearance and durability, and will insert them in a manner that cannot be detected by the closest observation. The nerves of teeth destroyed, and the teeth preserved by using a nerve paste of his own preparation, without the pain or inconvenience for the patient that is generally caused by the use of creosote, which is used by most dentists.

People wishing for Dental operations will find it for their interest to call at his office, as he has located here for a permanent residence. All operations will be made good. Charges moderate.

Rooms corner of Main and Elm street above the Post Office. 1-1

I have within the last year had occasion to employ the services of Dr. Burbank, in most of the operations of dental surgery, and have been fully satisfied with his work. In one instance he administered the anodyne vapor, suffered no injury from the use of the vapor, and experienced no pain from the operation which was performed while I was under the influence of it. J. R. LOOMIS. Waterville, July 12th, 1847.

THE PILES! A CURE FOR LIFE SECURED!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY.

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Hemorrhoids, Stricture, and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the Relief of Marasmus.

DR. A. Upham,