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Ephraim Maxham

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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. 16, 1847.

NO. 21.

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.

Miscellaneous.

The last number of the "Daguerreotype" contains a critical notice of the works of Hans Christian Andersen, several of which have been translated from the Danish, by Mary Howitt. The notice is from Blackwood's Magazine. Among the extracts we find the following stories, "The Swan Duck" and "The Emperor's New Clothes." Nothing could be prettier than the first, or more ingenious and laughable than the latter.

THE SWAN DUCK.

A FABLE.

"So, we are to have this tribe too!" said the other ducks, "as if there was not enough of us already! And only look how ugly one is! we won't suffer that one here." And immediately a duck flew at it, and bit it on the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no one any harm."

"Yes, but it is so large and strange looking, and therefore it must be teased."

"These are fine children that the mother has! said an old duck who belonged to the noblesse, and wore a red rag round its leg. 'All handsome, except one; it has not turned out well. I wish she could change it.'"

"That can't be done, your grace," said the mother; "besides, if it is not exactly pretty, it is a sweet child, and swims as well as the others, even a little better. I think in growing it will improve. It was long in the egg, and that's the reason it is a little awkward."

"The others are nice little things," said the old duck; "now make yourself quite at home here."

And so they did. But the poor young duck that had come last out of the shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pecked, and teased by ducks and fowls.

"It's so large!" said they all; and the turkey-cock, that had spurs on when he came into the world, and therefore fancied himself an emperor, strutted about like a ship under full sail, went straight up to it, gobbled, and got quite red. The poor little duck hardly knew where to go, or where to stand, it was so sorrowful because it was so ugly and the ridicule of the whole poultry yard.

Thus passed the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duck was hunted about by every one; its brothers and sisters were cross to it, and always said, "I wish the cat would get you, you frightful creature!" and even its mother said, "Would you were far from here!" And the ducks bit it, and the hens pecked at it, and the girl that fed the poultry kicked it with her foot. So it ran and flew over the hedge.

On it ran. At last it came to a great moor, where wild ducks lived; here it lay the whole night, and was very tired and melancholy. In the morning up flew the wild ducks, and saw the new comrade. "Who are you? asked they, and our little duck turned on every side, and bowed as well as it could. "But you are tremendously ugly!" said the wild ducks. "However, that is of no consequence to us, if you don't marry into our family. The poor thing! It certainly never thought of marrying; it only wanted permission to live among the reeds, and to drink the water of the marsh."

"Bang! bang!" was heard at this moment, and several wild ducks lay dead amongst the reeds, and the water was as red as blood. There was a great shooting excursion. The sportsmen lay all around the moor; and the blue smoke floated like a cloud through the dark trees, and sank down to the very water; and the dogs splashed about in the marsh—splash! splash! reeds and rushes were waving on all sides; it was a terrible fright for the poor duck.

At last all was quiet; but the poor little thing did not dare to lift up its head; it waited many hours before it looked round, and then hastened away from the moor as quickly as possible. It ran over the fields and meadows, and there was such a wind that it could hardly get along.

Towards evening the duck reached a little hut. Here dwelt an old woman, with her tom-cat and her hen; and the cat could put up its back and purr, and the hen could lay eggs, and the old woman loved them both as her very children. For certain reasons of her own, she let the duck in to live with them.

Now the tom-cat was master in the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, "We and the world." That the duck should have any opinion of his own; they would not allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

"Can you put up your back and purr?" said the tom-cat.

"No."

"Well, then, you ought to have no opinion of your own, where sensible people are speaking."

And the duck sat in the corner, and was very sad; when suddenly it took it into its head to think of the fresh air and the sunshine; and it had such an inordinate longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the hen of it.

"What next, I wonder!" said the hen, "you have nothing to do, and so you sit brooding over such fancies. Lay eggs, or purr; and you'll forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim on the water!" said the duck—"so delightful when it dashes over one's head, and one dives down to the very bottom."

"Well, that must be a fine pleasure," said the hen. "You are crazy I think. Ask the cat who is the cleverest man I know, if he would like to swim on the water; or perhaps to dive—to say nothing of myself. Ask our mistress, the old lady, and there is no one in the world cleverer than she is; do you think that she would much like to swim on the water, and for the water to dash over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duck. "Understand, indeed! If we don't understand you who should? I suppose you won't pretend to be cleverer than the tom-cat, or our mistress, to say nothing of myself? Don't behave in that way, child; but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. Have you not got into a warm room, and have you not the society of persons from whom something is to be learnt? But you are a blockhead, and it is tiresome to have to do with you. You may believe what I say;—I am well disposed towards you—I tell you what is disagreeable; and it is by that one recognizes one's true friends."

"I think I shall go into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Well, go!" answered the hen.

And so the duck went. It swam on the water, it dived down; but was disregarded by every animal on account of its ugliness.

One evening—the sun was setting most magnificently—there came a whole flock of large beautiful birds out of the bushes. Never had the duck seen anything so beautiful. They were of a brilliant white, with long slender necks. They were swans. They uttered a strange note, spread their superb long wings, and flew away from the cold countries (for the winter was setting in) to warmer lands and unfrozen lakes. They mounted so high, so very high! The little ugly duck felt indescribably; it turned round in the water like a mill-wheel, stretched out its neck toward them, and uttered a cry so loud and strange that it was afraid even of itself. Oh, the beautiful birds! the happy birds! it could not forget them; and when it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom of the water; and when it came up again it was quite beside itself.

And now it became so cold! But it would be too sad to relate all the suffering and misery which the duckling had to endure through the hard winter. It lay on the moor in the rushes. But when the sun began to shine again more warmly, when the larks sang, and the lovely spring was come, then, all at once, it spread out its wings, and rose in the air. They made a rushing noise louder than formerly, and bore it onward more vigorously; and before it was well aware of it, it found itself in a garden, where the apple-trees were in blossom, and where syringas sent forth their fragrance, and their long green branches hung down in the clear stream. Just then three beautiful white swans came out of the thicket. They rustled their feathers and swam on the water so very lightly! The duckling knew the superb creatures, and was seized with a strange feeling of sadness.

"To them will I fly!" said it—to the royal birds. Though they kill me, I must fly to them!"

And it flew into the water, and swam to the magnificent birds, that looked at it, and with rustling plumes, sailed towards it.

"Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bowed down its head to the water, and awaited death. But what did it see in the water? It saw beneath it its own likeness; but no longer that of an awkward greyish bird, ugly and displeasing; it was the figure of a swan.

It is of no consequence being bred in a farm-yard, if only it is in a swan's egg.

The large swans swam beside it, and stroked it with their bills. There were little children running about in the garden; they threw bread into the water, and the youngest cried out, "There is a new one! And the other children shouted too, "Yes a new one is come!" and they clapped their hands and danced, and ran to tell their father and mother; and they threw bread and cake into the water, and every one said, "The new one is the best! so young and so beautiful!"

Then the young one felt quite ashamed, and hid its head under its wing, it knew not what to do. It was too happy, but yet not proud; for a good heart is never proud. It remembered how it had been persecuted and derided, and now it heard all say it was the most beautiful of birds. And the syringas bent down their branches to it in the water, and the sun shone so lovely and so warm. Then it shook its plumes, the slender neck was lifted up, and from its very heart, it cried, rejoicingly, "Never dreamed I of such happiness when I was a little ugly duck!"

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

One day a couple of swindlers, who called themselves first rate weavers, made their appearance in the imperial town of A. They pretended that they were able to weave the richest stuffs, in which not only the colors and the pattern were extremely beautiful, but that the clothes made of such stuffs possessed the wonderful property of remaining invisible to him who was unfit for the office he held, or was extremely silly.

"What capital clothes they must be!" thought the Emperor. "If I had but such a suit, I could directly find out what people in my empire were not equal to their office; and besides, I should be able to distinguish the clever from the stupid. By Jove, I must have some of this stuff made directly for me!" And so he ordered large sums of money to be given to the two swindlers, that they might set to work immediately.

The men erected two looms, and did as if they worked very diligently, but in reality they had got nothing on the loom. They boldly demanded the finest silk, and gold thread, put it all in their own pockets, and worked away at the empty loom till quite late at night.

"I should like to know how the two weavers are getting on with my stuff," said the Emperor one day to himself; but he was rather embarrassed when he remembered that a silly fellow, or one unfitted for his office, would not be able to see the stuff. "Tis true he thought, so far as regarded himself, there was no risk whatever; but yet he preferred sending some one else, to bring him intelligence of the two weavers, and how they were getting on, before he went himself; for everybody in the town had heard of the wonderful property that this stuff was said to possess."

"I will send my worthy old minister," said the Emperor at last, after much consideration, "he will be able to say how the stuff looks better than anybody."

So the worthy old minister went to the room where the two swindlers were working, away with all their might and main. "Lord help me!" thought the old man, opening his eyes as wide as possible. "Why, I can't see the least thing whatever on the loom." But he took care not to say so.

"The swindlers, pointing to the empty frame,

asked him most politely if the colors were not of great beauty."

The poor old minister looked and looked, and could see nothing whatever. "Bless me!" thought he to himself, "Am I, then, really a simpleton? Well I never thought so. Nobody knows it. I not fit for office! No, nothing on earth shall make me say that I have not seen the stuff!"

"Well, sir," said one of the swindlers, still working busily at the empty loom, "you don't say if the stuff pleases you or not."

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful! the work is admirable!" said the old minister, looking hard through his spectacles. "This pattern, and these colors! Well, well, I shall not fail to tell the Emperor that they are most beautiful!"

The swindlers then asked for more money, and silk, and gold thread; but they put, as before, all that was given them into their own pocket, and still continued to work with apparent diligence at the empty loom.

Some time after the Emperor sent another officer to see how the work was coming on. But he feared like the other; he stared at the loom from every side; but as there was nothing there of course he could see nothing.

"Does the stuff not please you as much as it did the minister?" asked the men, making the same gestures as before, and talking of splendid colors and patterns which did not exist.

"Stupid I certainly am not!" thought the new commissioner; "then it must be that I am not fitted for my lucrative office—that were a good joke! However, no one dare even suspect such a thing."

And so he began praising the stuff that he could not see, and told the two swindlers how pleased he was to behold such beautiful colors, and such charming patterns. "Indeed, your majesty," said he to the Emperor, on his return, "the stuff which the weavers are making is extraordinarily fine."

It was the talk of the whole town.

The Emperor could no longer restrain his curiosity to see this costly stuff; so, accompanied by a chosen train of courtiers, among whom were the two trusty men who had so admired the work, off he went to the two cunning cheats. As soon as they heard of the Emperor's approach, they began working with all diligence, although there was not a single thread on the loom.

"Is it not magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown, who had been there before. "Will your majesty only look? What a charming pattern! What beautiful colors!" said they, pointing to the empty frames, for they thought the others really could see the stuff.

"What's the meaning of this?" said the Emperor to himself. "I see nothing! Am I a simpleton? I not fit to be Emperor?" Oh, he cried at last, "charming! The stuff is really charming! I approve of it highly; and he smiled graciously, and examined the empty looms minutely. And the whole suite strained their eyes and cried, "Beautiful!" and commended his Majesty to have new robes made out of this magnificent stuff for the grand procession that was about to take place. And so it was ordered.

The day on which the procession was to take place, the two men brought the Emperor's new suit to the palace; they held up their arms as though they had something in their hands, and said, "Here are your Majesty's knee-breeches; here is the coat, and here the mantle. The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; and when one is dressed, one would almost fancy one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of this stuff."

"Of course!" said all the courtiers, although not a single one of them could see any thing of the clothes.

"Will your imperial Majesty most graciously be pleased to undress? We will then try the new things before the glass."

The Emperor allowed himself to be undressed, and then the two cheats did exactly as if each one helped him on with an article of dress, while his Majesty turned himself round on all sides before the mirror.

"The canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession, is in readiness without," announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"I am quite ready," replied the Emperor, turning round once more before the looking-glass.

So the Emperor walked on, under the high canopy, through the streets of the metropolis, and all the people in the streets and at the windows cried out, "Oh, how beautiful the Emperor's new dress is!" In short there was nobody but wished to cheat himself into the belief that he saw the Emperor's new clothes.

"But he has nothing on!" said a little child.

And then all the people cried out "He has nothing on!"

But the Emperor and the courtiers—they retained their seeming faith, and walked on with great dignity to the close of the procession. —Blackwood's Magazine.

A WEDDING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Mr. Papy's, in his amusing Diary, gives a detailed account of the marriage of Lady Jemima Montague, daughter of the first Earl of Sandwich, to Mr. Carteret, in 1665.

After the return from church, he says, "All saluted her but I did not, till my lady Sandwich asked her whether I saluted her, or no. So to dinner; company divided, some to cards, others to talk. At night to supper, and so to talk, and which, methought was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayer as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too; and so after prayers soberly to bed, only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtains were drawn with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night; but the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me, indeed, ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial."

"Talleyrand once said that the art of putting men in their proper places, was perhaps the first in the science of government. We do not always succeed; sometimes we send men to Congress whom we ought to send to the State prison; and place men on the bench who ought to be set before the bar; men are seen laboriously thumping the cushions who ought to be thumping the scroll."

—You will sometimes see a college graduate who cannot write a page of good English, nor even spell well such Eng-

lish as he can write. The noblest rivers come down from the loftiest mountains; and the most useful lives flow from the highest aspirations and desires in youth."

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.

BY A. DE COSTE.

"My dear husband, you must be out of your mind. Is it possible that you wish to present that boy to the Emperor?"

"Yes, I tell you, I will."

"Napoleon will laugh at you."

"The Emperor is too kind to laugh at those who fight well, and who have boys. So, then, no more words, my dear wife. Dress up the little fellow in the best style; and you, my boy, do not be afraid, and try to remember well the sentence which your mother has taught you."

It was in the year 1813, some time after the battle of Dresden. The great conqueror had returned to France to claim more soldiers, and his country—to which all sacrifices were nothing, when glory was at stake—had given him a new army, which, at the very first battle, showed itself worthy of its predecessors. When new regiments were formed all through France, when a multitude of young countrymen were learning how to carry and load a musket, I also was growing up for the glory of Napoleon; but, alas! I was only five years old, and every day my father was cursing the folly he had committed by not having married twelve years sooner.

"What can I do with that?" he was accustomed to say, looking at me. "That is good for nothing. Five years old! confound it, if he was ten years older he would make a good dragon; and then, by my side, sword in hand, he would march and fight the enemies of France—but only five years!"

My dear father gave a tremendous kick to his favorite dog, because I was not born twelve years sooner. Abraham's sacrifice was the most natural thing in his eyes.

On that very memorable day there was a great review on the Place Carrousel. Twelve hundred horsemen, commanded by my father, had arrived the day before at Paris from Versailles, to be inspected by the Emperor. Eight days previous I had received as a present a complete uniform of the brave and immortal Thirteenth Regiment of Dragoons. My father had formed the resolution to present me on that very morning to his beloved Emperor. My mother had taught me for two hours a sentence to be repeated to the great man. At half-past eight my nurse began to wash my face and hands, and soon after I was dressed up in my splendid uniform. My mother, though deeply devoted to the Imperial Government, was against my presentation; but how much she would have been afraid if she had known how I was going to be presented. At nine, precisely, the favorite trooper of my father came to announce that his horses were ready. Down stairs we went, I was delighted with the noise produced by my little sword on the stone steps; but when we arrived in the yard, what was my surprise, my joy, when I beheld a beautiful poney, caparisoned exactly like the battle-horse of my father! In a moment I was in the saddle, proud as a prince. From her window, my mother saw me; she did not know if she ought to cry or laugh. But we were gone!

Happy and contented, soon we arrived where the regiment was waiting for its Colonel. At the word "march," pronounced by the powerful voice of my father, we started for the Place Carrousel. Sword in hand, I was at the head of the regiment, between my father and the Lieutenant Colonel. At the demand of the sentinels of the Castle, first of all I answered, "France, Thirteenth Dragoons." After that we took our line.

At twelve the drums beat, the trumpets sounded. The Marshal Lobau, with that formidable voice which had made him surnamed the Stentor of the Army, was commanding the parade. The Emperor comes—his eye sparkles—his noble countenance beams with pleasure—and as he gazes on those fine troops, he thinks he sees once more the bright sun of Austerlitz. For one moment he has forgotten the campaign of Russia. The review begins; it is made with the scrupulous exactness which is customary with the Emperor. But every soldier in the army knows what he requires. He has gone through all the ranks. "It is well," he says, "the infantry is beautiful! He approaches me; my little heart beats violently. I endeavor to recall the phrase which my mother has taught me, but, alas! it has escaped me. My confusion is increased by the anger of my father, who was swearing to make me remember my little speech. The great man is before our trumpeters. At the word 'attention!' spoken by my father, to great was my confusion that my word would have fallen from my hand had it not been retained by my dragonne."

"Who is that soldier?"

"Sir, he is my son. Since his infancy you have provided for all his wants. He has desired to thank you himself. Alfréd, speak to his Majesty."

My poor speech was a hundred miles from my memory. My eyes were fixed on the countenance of Napoleon, who was looking at me kindly.

"Boy, dost thou love thy father?"

For a moment I was composed, and I cried out with enthusiasm, raising myself in the stirrups:

"Vive l'Empereur and the Thirteenth Dragoons! Death to the Russians and to all enemies of France!"

The Emperor smiled; he could understand how devoted were his soldiers, by hearing such an exclamation from one of his children.

"He ought to be ten years older," said the Emperor; "he would have made the campaign."

He passed on, and when my father, who had accompanied him to the left side of the regiment, was going back to his post, the Emperor said to him, "To-morrow you may send your little dragon to the military school of St. Cyr. Berthier will dispatch you the commission."

We passed on before the Emperor, who bowed to us with that grace which was personal to him when he was satisfied. My dear mother, though I had forgotten the compliment she had taught me, had heard my little phrase, for she had glided almost in the midst of our horses.

In the evening an aide-de-camp brought my commission as pupil of St. Cyr. On the following day my father was on his way to gather new laurels, but alas! I never saw him again.

SATISFACTION FROM EDITORS.

When the John Bull newspaper first started, many gentlemen felt offended with the freedom of its remarks.

A gallant colonel, a near relation of an illustrious house, taking amiss some innocent freedom of the editor, determined to curb his wit by a smart application of the horse-whip. Well, the colonel, full of martial fury, walked himself off to the John Bull Office, in Fleet-st., burning with revenge, grasping in his right hand the riding master's whip of the regiment. Intimating his wish to see the editor, he was politely shown into the room, and informed that the editor would wait on him in a moment. Like a chafed lion, he walked up and down the room during the interval, flourishing his weapon of vengeance: when the door opened, and in marched an individual of the Brobdingnagian species, clad in a thick white fuzzy great coat, his chin buried in a red cotton handkerchief, with a white broad oil-skin hat upon his head, and a most suspicious looking oak-stick under his arm.

"What might you want with me sir?" asked this engaging looking individual.

"I wished to see the editor."

"I am the editor, sir, at your service," said the Brobdingnagian, taking from his rest the stick of about the thickness and size of a clothes prop.

"Indeed!" ejaculated the colonel, edging away towards the door; "ho, another time."

"Whenever you please, sir," and the parties separated.

WHAT THE POPE HAS DONE.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce, in an article which sums up the popular traits and measures of Pope Pius IX., has the following. Certainly his Holiness has some things in his character that would look well in other men.

"Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was elected Pope June 16th 1846 and assumed the title of Pius IX. He at once entered upon a course the reverse of that which his predecessor had pursued. He went through the streets on foot, which the five preceding popes had never done. He preached, which no pope had done before for three hundred years. He sought the society of men of talents and information, and spent much time with them, and with the officers of the government, discussing projects of reform. He gave audiences without the ordinary ceremonies, and appointed days on which the meanest subject could have free access to his person. Nor were these mere tricks to gain popularity, but the fruit of an honest desire to be acquainted with the wants of his people, that he might relieve them. A common soldier brought to him a loaf of miserable bread, and said it was a fair sample of their rations. Pius took the loaf and laid it on the plate of the minister of war, whom he had invited to dinner; and as the astonished functionary turned pale, charged him with the fault. After that he went through the barracks, found 4000 loaves of a similar character, which he distributed to the poor; he degraded the minister, imprisoned the bakers, and gave each soldier money to buy bread for himself."

On the 16th of July, just one month after his elevation, appeared the first great act of his administration, in a decree of amnesty for political offences, which returned to liberty, their country, their homes, and the rights of citizenship, the victims of previous tyranny, to the estimated number of 6000. Many of them were in great poverty, and a subscription was started in Rome for their relief. Marini, Governor of the city, represented to the pope that a dangerous political motive had prompted the movement. The Pope called for the subscription paper, put down his own name for 100 and Marini's for 10 scudi, and ordered it to be handed around among the nobility. Riezi, the leader of an insurrection at Rimini the previous year, called on him to return thanks for the restoration of his liberty, and was received as a son rather than a rebel, and during a long and affectionate conversation, Pius took from his desk a copy of Riezi's revolutionary proclamation, and said that although parts of it were wrong, it contained many useful suggestions of which he should avail himself. Galetti, another rebel leader, who had been in prison three years, presented him a memoir on the reforms which were needed in the law of mortgages, and received in return a medal of honor. This conduct showed that he sympathized with the motives and actions of the political offenders, as well as with their sufferings. He in fact put himself at the head of the reform party, and set himself busily at work to bring about those very changes which a few months before it was treason to think of. "My people," said he, laying his hand on the New Testament, "may expect justice and mercy from me, for my only guide is this book."

He sent out circulars to the governors of the provinces, requiring them to investigate and report upon the temporal and religious condition of the people, and the methods of improving them, and especially with regard to the diffusion of education, and the establishment of a military school for poor boys at Rome. With the same object, he re-instituted a board of education, which had been first established by Leo X, but never called together since his time. He appointed a number of committees, partly of ecclesiastics and partly of learned laymen, each charged with the investigation of some subject which concerned the public welfare and the drawing up of plans for meliorating the condition of the people. Among these subjects were the following—Reform of the municipal organizations—Reform of the criminal and civil code, the commission on which have already reported in favor of trial by jury—Suppression of vagrancy—Improvement of forests and rivers—Construction of railroads—The condition of the Jews in Rome—The tariff on imports—The duties upon salt and other articles of home production—The sanitary condition of towns, and the erection of gas works. He proposed also to his council the abolition of capital punishments, which had long been monopolized by the clergy. The cardinals who composed this council were some of them shocked at the infallible radicalism of the Holy See, and one of them told him that if he did not alter his system, the people would demand a constitution. "And why," was the answer, "should I not accede to their desire, if a constitution is necessary to the welfare of my subjects?"

"It was a saying of Pius that he who is not a fool half of the time is a fool all the time. Robert Hall, who held a similar opinion, on being reproached by a very dull preacher with the exclamation, 'How can a man who preach-

es like you, talk in so trifling a manner?' replied, 'There brother, is the difference between us; you talk your nonsense in the pulpit, I talk mine out of it.' The eminent Doctor South, being in the midst of a frolic on one occasion, and seeing a dignified, unbending acquaintance approaching, exclaimed, 'Stop! I must be grave now; there is a fool coming!'

BARON TRENCCK AND THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

The following is an extract from a life of Baron Trencck, by Maj. Whittingham, of the British Army:—"Whilst a handsome young officer he attracted the regards and won the affections of Fredericks' youngest and favorite sister, the Princess Amelia, who was as much distinguished by her beauty and wit as by exalted rank. Alas, she was also a philosopher like her brother. Her affections, therefore, had their full play in the absence of all religious restraint."

The great Frederick decidedly objected to his sister's becoming Mrs. Trencck. He at the same time wished to avoid all scandal, and to combine these objects, no time was to be lost. He therefore gave Trencck, who was his own aide-de-camp, strong hints to mind and mend his conduct. His hints were thrown away. Who that has been young himself can wonder at the young lieutenant's blindness and obstinacy? It is not every day that a beautiful, witty and accomplished princess, sacrifices everything for the love of a simple gentleman. And was the favored object to risk nothing in return? The secret meetings continued, but were, in fact, no secret to the penetrating eye of the all-powerful king. Arrests for pretended military crimes were the next measures adopted to warn the lover and to protect the lady in spite of herself. But Trencck was no sooner freed from these restraints than he again flew for consolation to the arms of his illustrious mistress. A longer incarceration was next decreed. From this, however, Trencck made his escape, and fled to a town beyond the Prussian dominions. There, in his indignation against what he styled Frederick's tyranny, he soon forgot what he owed to one who had sacrificed for him everything which the world holds dear. In his blind anger he irreparably injured his royal mistress. He

"Robbed her of that which not enriched him, And left her poor indeed."

He had the audacity to display, at a large dinner party, the portrait of the Princess Amelia, Frederick could, therefore, no longer pretend entire ignorance of her conduct, nor endeavor to provide her with a suitable husband. Nothing but vengeance remained; and for this, the imprudence of Trencck soon furnished the enraged monarch with an opportunity which he did not neglect. The rest is told by Trencck himself, who, as regards the Princess Amelia, endeavors to atone by his silence in his book for his verbal Garrulity. But it was too late; he had betrayed the secret; and his subsequently affected reserve was a work of supererogation.

After the death of Frederick, and in the closing winter of their lives, the unhappy lovers again met, he a broken down old man, she an unusually plain old woman; for, in her deep despair, she had, while still young, purposely destroyed her beauty. The interview between them—they who had parted so young, so beautiful, and so devoted to each other—must have been strange and affecting. She had always proved faithful to her absent or imprisoned lover; and this fact throws a redeeming grace over the weakness of her youth, and gives an additional interest to her misfortunes. Frederick, who respected his sister's abilities, was, up to the period of his death, kinder and more attentive to her than to any other member of his family. She on the other hand, probably aware that he, after his own fashion, had acted all along for her advantage, returned his affection, and in her life of sorrow she appeared to have had no other consolation than the fraternal kindness of one of the most cold-hearted beings who ever existed. A more melancholy history is scarcely to be found even in the immortal fictions of genius."

WINTER EVENING.

Now the evenings are long, and now is the season when young people should store their minds with useful knowledge. There is a time for all things, and the sports of winter are not to be denounced. Exercise is absolutely necessary for the promotion of health, and sluggishness in youth is a bad presage of manhood. But yet there is much time that may be profitably spent in reading, in writing, and in mathematical studies.

Choose good books, therefore, and endeavor not to be entangled by teachings which are not comprehended by the teachers themselves; for if the blind lead the blind they both shall fall into the ditch. No, procure the best historical books and learn what the world has been as well as what it now is. Think for yourselves as you progress, "and believe not every tale." The history of our own country ought to be familiar to every son of this

We have thought it better to give our readers an abstract, embracing all important points, of the president's Message, than to permit it to fill nearly our whole sheet. The abstract was telegraphed to New York.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

After returning thanks to Providence, the President says:

No change has taken place in our relations with Mexico since the adjournment of Congress. The war in which the United States was forced to engage with the government of that country continues. It is sufficient for the present occasion to say, that wanton violations of the rights of persons and property of our citizens, committed by Mexico—repeated acts of bad faith through a long series of years, and disregard of solemn treaty stipulations for indemnity to our citizens, not only constituted ample cause for war on our part, but were of such aggravated character as to justify us before the world, in resorting to the extreme remedy of nations. With an anxious desire to avoid a rupture between the two countries, we forebore for years to assert our clear rights by force, and continued to seek redress for the wrongs we had suffered by amicable negotiations, in hopes that Mexico might yield to pacific councils and the demands of justice. In this hope we have been disappointed. Our Minister of Peace who was sent to Mexico was insultingly rejected, the Mexican government refusing to hear the terms of adjustment which he was authorized to propose, and finally, under unjustifiable pretences, the Government of Mexico involved the two countries in war, by invading the territory of Texas, and striking the first blow, and shedding the blood of our citizens on our soil.

The United States were the aggrieved nation.—Mexico commenced the war, and were compelled in self defence to repel the invader, and vindicate the national honor and interest, by prosecuting it with vigor until we could obtain a just and honorable peace.

The existence of war having been declared by Congress, it became my duty under the Constitution and laws, to continue to prosecute it. And this duty has been performed through every stage of its progress. I have manifested a willingness to terminate it by a just peace, but Mexico has refused to accede to any terms which could be accepted by the United States.

The President speaks of the loss of brave officers, &c., recommends that the government should take care of their families. He recapitulates the victories of our armies, and states that the Peace Commissioner was appointed with no power to interfere with the military operations. He was authorized to exhibit his instructions to the General in command, and in the event of a treaty being concluded and ratified on the part of Mexico, he was directed to give him notice of the fact.

The commissioner did not reach the headquarters of the army till another brilliant victory had been achieved at Cerro Gordo. His presence with the army in a diplomatic character was made known to the Mexican Government from Puebla, on the 12th of June. Many weeks elapsed after the receipt of this, but no overtures were made, nor was any desire expressed by the Mexican Government to enter into negotiations of peace. The commissioner took with him a project of a treaty, by the terms of which the indemnity required by the United States was a cession of territory, well known as the only indemnity in the power of Mexico to make, for the just and long deferred claims of our citizens, and to reimburse the United States for the expense of the war.

To reject an indemnity by refusing to accept a cession of territory, would be to abandon all our just demands. A Treaty of Peace, without providing for indemnity would enable Mexico to relieve herself from her just liabilities. No treaty which does not provide ample means of discharging these demands, can receive any sanction.—That Congress contemplated the acquisition of territorial indemnity when it made provision for the prosecution of the war is obvious. It is manifest that Congress contemplated a territorial indemnity, from the fact that an act, passed upon an executive recommendation, appropriates three millions of dollars to that express object. The entire sum remains in the treasury still, applicable to that object.

The doctrine of no territory is the doctrine of no indemnity; its sanction would be a public acknowledgement that our country was wrong.

The terms of treaty proposed were not only just to Mexico, but were deemed of the most liberal character. The commissioner was authorized to agree to the establishment of the Rio Grande as the boundary, and to obtain the cession of New Mexico, the California, and the privilege of a right of way across the isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The boundary of the Rio Grande, and the cession to the United States of New Mexico and Upper California constituted an ultimatum that might be manifested not only to Mexico, but to all other nations, that the United States was not disposed to take advantage of a feeble power. The commissioner was authorized to stipulate for the payment of such additional pecuniary consideration as was deemed reasonable.

The terms of the treaty proposed by the Mexican Commissioners were wholly inadmissible.—They negotiated as if Mexico was victorious and not vanquished. The cession proposed by the Commissioner of the United States was believed to be more in accordance with the convenience and interests of both nations than any other cession which Mexico could be induced to make. The Mexican government could not long continue to hold and govern them, especially Upper California. The sagacity of European nations directed their attention to that province, and should we relinquish our claim, an effort would be made by some foreign power to obtain a possession which might involve us in more expensive war.

The President recapitulates the advantages to those provinces if brought under our rule. He states that but an inconsiderable portion of the Mexican people would be transferred by this arrangement. Believing his continued presence with the army would be productive of no good, he determined to recall Commissioner Trist, and says—I shall not deem it proper to make any further overtures of peace, but shall at all times be ready to consider any proposal which may be made by Mexico. Our arms have been everywhere victorious, and negotiations have failed, questions arise as to what manner the war ought to be prosecuted, and what should be our future policy.

We should secure and render available the conquests made, should hold and occupy all which may fall into our possession—should press military operations and levy contributions to defray the expenses of the war.

Meanwhile, as Mexico refuses all indemnity, we should adopt measures to identify ourselves by appropriating permanently a portion of her territory. I cannot favor the policy which has been suggested, to withdraw our ar-

my altogether to a designated line, and simply hold and defend it. To withdraw would disgrace the nation in its own estimation, and in the eyes of the world. To recede to a line, and simply hold and defend it, would not terminate the war; on the contrary it would encourage Mexico.

Never has it been contemplated by me as an object of the war, to make a permanent conquest of the Republic of Mexico, or to annihilate her separate existence. We demand an honorable peace, and that peace must bring indemnity for the past, and security for the future. It may be deemed proper for our commanding Generals to give encouragement and assurances of protection to the friends of peace in Mexico in the establishment and maintenance of a free republican government, to those who, by their own choice, are able and willing to conclude peace. This may become the only mode of obtaining peace. Could such be the result, the war would thus be converted into an enduring blessing to herself.

If we ultimately fail, we must continue to occupy her country, taking the full measure of indemnity in our own hands, and to do this for our own safety and our established policy. It may be that the Mexican Government have misunderstood our forbearance—the prosecution of the energetic policy proposed must soon undeceive them. They may have drawn false inferences from a supposed division of opinions in the United States on the subject of the War, and may have calculated to gain much by protracting it.

The Mexicans having shown themselves to be wholly incapable of appreciating our forbearance and liberality, it was deemed proper to change the manner of conducting the war, by making them feel its presence according to the usages observed, under similar circumstances, by other civilized nations. Accordingly, instructions were given by the Secretary of War to Major General Taylor, to draw supplies for our army from the enemy, without paying for them, and to require contributions for its support. General Taylor replied that it would have been impossible hitherto, and is so now, to sustain the army to any extent by forced contributions of money or supplies, for the reasons assigned by him. He did not adopt his instructions, but declared his readiness to do so, should the army reach a portion of the country which might be made to supply the troops, and continued to pay for the articles of supply which were drawn from the enemy's country. Similar instructions were issued to Major General Scott on the 3d of April, 1847, who replied from Jalapa, on the 20th May, 1847, that if it be expected that the Army is to support itself by forced contributions upon the country, we may ruin and exasperate the inhabitants and starve ourselves.

The same directions were given to him that had been given to General Taylor. In this respect measures have recently been adopted by which the internal as well as the external revenues of Mexico, in all places in our military occupation, will be seized and appropriated for the use of our army and navy. The policy of levying upon the enemy contributions, in every form consistently with the laws of nations, which it may be practicable for our military commanders to adopt, should in my judgment be rigidly enforced, and orders to this effect have accordingly been given.

The Message calls the attention of Congress to the condition of our citizens in China, and recommends that Congress pass a law for the punishment of American criminals in that country.

The Secretary of State has submitted estimates for opening diplomatic relations with the Papal States.

For the remainder of the present fiscal year, a loan of \$18,500,000 will be sufficient, provided Congress taxes tea and coffee, and gradually raises the price of public lands. Should these measures be adopted early in the session, the loan may be reduced to \$17,000,000. Should the war be continued till June 30, 1849, a further loan of \$20,500,000 will be required for the fiscal year ending on that day, in case no duty be imposed on tea and coffee.

The tariff of 1846 is said to have worked admirably, and the President recommends that it be not disturbed. The warehousing system is said to have worked well, and an adherence to its provisions is recommended.

The coinage of the Mint and branches, for the past year, is over \$20,000,000. The converting of foreign coin into American is estimated at \$10,000,000. The public lands will be surveyed and ready for market during the year 1848. The President recommends a graduation and reduction of price.

A reciprocal and satisfactory postal arrangement has been made with Bremen, but nothing satisfactory has been arranged with England.

The President asks authority to increase the regular army and volunteers.

Brazil will soon appoint a minister to the United States.

The imports of the year ending 30th June, amount to \$146,545,000. Exports, \$158,648,000, of which \$150,000,000 are domestic produce. The benefits to the treasury are \$26,346,000, of which from customs, \$23,747,000; land, \$2,498,000.—Expenditures, \$59,451,000, of which \$3,522,000 are on account of public debt. The estimate of receipts for the year ending June 30, is \$48,425,800, including balance in the treasury, if peace is not concluded, or \$6,615,000, if vigorous measures are taken to augment contributions from Mexico.

The President recommends strongly a duty on tea and coffee, and he estimates 3,000,000 dollars income from this source. He states that the financial system established by the Constitutional Treasury has been eminently successful, and he recommends a strict adherence especially to its vital provision of separating the government from all connection with the banks. Some amendments are recommended.

Imports of specie for the fiscal year, 24,121,000 dollars. He recommends a Mint in New York, urges the establishment of a territorial government in Oregon, and grants of land in that country to actual settlers. He states that the revenue of the post office department has been sufficient the past year to defray all expenses.

The remainder of the message embraces statements in regard to the Indian tribes—operations of the navy—contracts of mail steamships—postal arrangement with Great Britain—and other matters not important enough to be interesting to the majority of our readers.

He concludes by referring to the words of the first and most illustrious of his predecessors relative to the danger to our Union of characterizing parties by geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western.

"A correspondent at Baltimore recently told a good and quite too elaborate story of a wag who last summer started a dinner-table full of eager feeders, with the intelligence that an iceberg had found its way up the bay to within fifteen miles of the city; that it had been chartered from the city authorities, steps cut in its sides to the top, and an ice-cream establishment opened upon its summit; two milk cows having been elevated to the top and fed on sugar, were giving ice-cream every time they were milked! This is almost as big a story as Dan Marble's, of the man who drove the machinery of two saw-mills with the whey which ran from his immense cheese-presses."



WATERTOWN, DEC. 16,

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.

We are permitted to make the following extract of a letter from Sergeant J. M. Downer, of the Mexican army, to his brother in this place, dated at Santa Fe:

"Of all the places I ever saw or read of, this caps the climax. The town, at a little distance, as well as all other Mexican towns and villages, has precisely the appearance of a number of brick kilns; none of the houses, except the churches, are more than one story high, and all made of mud, or as they call it, sun-baked brick; but you can imagine how hard the brick are, when they only get about three or four days' sun on the mud after they are shaped. However, the houses are very comfortable, the wall being about two feet in thickness, the roofs flat. They are cool in summer, and very warm in winter.

"By a late order of the commanding officer of this post, all gambling, drinking, and fundangoes are prohibited, and Capt. Jones of 3d Regt. M. V., appointed Military Marshal of Santa Fe, to carry into effect these orders. Notwithstanding these restrictions, fundangoes, cardplaying and liquor continue to circulate pretty freely. The far-famed game of 'Monte' is here the prevailing game, and thousands upon thousands of dollars are daily lost and won upon it. A man named Belt, belonging to Capt. Grove's company, was shot dead the other night, at a fundango, by a private of the Artillery. A weekly newspaper is now printed here, called the 'Santa Fe Republican,' in English and Spanish, the first number (which I send along with this) appeared last Friday.

Every thing is much cheaper here than I anticipated, except provision. I bought a pair of pants the other day, for \$8, of French cassimere, and a pair of very fine calf boots with fancy tops for \$6, at Murphy's. McKnight lately arrived and has opened a splendid assortment of goods on the west side of the Plaza. Flour is worth \$20 per bbl and bacon about 25 cts. per pound. When we arrived here, I believe it was 50 cents. The country affords neither corn nor pork, but they have plenty of sheep, which they sell to the Quartermaster for 8 cents a pound. We draw two-thirds rations of mutton and one-third of bacon, and we also draw pickled onions—a very nice pickle I assure you. This is done to prevent scurvy. We are all delighted with the idea of going to El Paso. There is plenty of good grazing all winter, as well as corn.

LARGE HOGS. We recently saw in our streets, ready for market, a couple of hogs, 17 months old, raised by Mr. David Webb, of this town, the united weight of which was 1113 pounds—one weighing 559, and the other 554. They were bought by Messrs. Parker & Phillips, at \$8.50 per hundred. One of these hogs drew a premium at the late fair in this place.

Mr. W. also drew a premium on cheese; of course his hogs were not fatted on cream. If any of his brother farmers have done as well with their pigs, he would doubtless be glad to hear of it.

We learn that Wm. Matthews, Esq., the witty editor of the *Yankee Blade*, who has recently been indisposed at Waterville, has again resumed his labors over the *Blade* in Boston.

Memo's Family Physician.

We are sorry to be obliged to correct Dr. Mann in the above announcement. Mr. Matthews remains seriously ill, though slowly convalescing.

FROM WASHINGTON.

In the Whig caucus, on Saturday night, Mr. Vinton was nominated as Speaker, but declined on account of his health.

Mr. Winthrop was then nominated, receiving 59 votes, out of 97 present.

The Democratic Caucus made no nominations.

On the 1st ballot for Speaker on Monday, whole number 220. Mr. Winthrop had 108; Lynn Boyd, of Kentucky, had 61; McClelland of Michigan, had 23; Mr. Clemenand, of Illinois, had 11, scattering 17.

2d ballot, whole number 219—necessary to choose, 110—Winthrop had 109—Boyd 82—Scat. 28.

3d ballot, whole number 218—nec. to choose 110—Winthrop had 110, Boyd 64—McClelland 14—Scat. 30.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was accordingly elected Speaker.

Mr. Winthrop then rose and in an appropriate address, returned his thanks to the House for the honor which it had conferred on him. He was sworn into office by Mr. Adams of Massachusetts, the oldest member of the House.

After some debate, relating to the rules, Mr. Levin of Pennsylvania, nominated Mr. French as the candidate for Clerk. By a vote of 112 to 110 the House then adjourned.

SENATE.—The Senate was called to order by the Vice-President, Mr. Dallas, at noon.

On motion of Mr. Fairfield of Maine, the daily hour of the meeting of the Senate was fixed by a vote of the Senate, at noon.

On motion of Mr. Cameron of Pennsylvania, four daily papers were voted to be allowed to each Senator during the session.

The Senate then adjourned at quarter past one o'clock.

In the Senate Wednesday, Mr. Dix of New York, presented a series of Resolutions from the State of New York, in favor of Mr. Whitney's project of a Railroad to the Pacific.

Mr. Dickinson of New York, also presented resolutions from his State in favor of equal newspaper postage.

On motion it was ordered that the usual committees be chosen by the Senate on Monday.

Mr. Hannagan of Indiana, introduced a bill for the relief of the heirs of John Paul Jones.

It was passed immediately, and sent to the House.

In the House, Nathan Sergeant was chosen Sergeant-at-Arms, and Mr. Horner, Doorkeeper.

Thursday, Dec. 9.—In the Senate various petitions were presented.

Mr. Giles of Conn., announced the decease of the late Senator Mr. Huntington.

A series of resolutions, as usual on such occasions, was adopted.

The Senate adjourned over to Monday next.

The House previous to its close yesterday, proceeded to elect a Postmaster. Whole number of votes 221. L. C. McCormick had 110; Mr. Johnson, the present Postmaster, received 111, and was declared re-elected.

Mr. Broadhead, of Pennsylvania, gave notice on Thursday, of a motion to repeal that portion of the law of last session relating to postage on newspapers within thirty miles of place of publication.

Mr. PILLSBURY, Rep. to Congress from Texas has arrived and taken his seat.

MR. MARCY'S REPORT. This document, from the secretary of war, narrating the great achievements of our arms in 1847, is of course very long. To retain what we already possess in Mexico, it is proposed that the regular army, consisting now of 21,533 men, be filled up by recruits to the full limit fixed by the law, viz. 28,814 men, exclusive of officers. The number of volunteers, already enlisted for the war is reckoned at 20,000. This force, however, is not regarded as sufficient. The secretary proposes, therefore, to raise ten additional regiments of regular forces for the war; and as even this may not be sufficient, he asks of Congress authority to raise, if necessary, 20,000 additional volunteers.

MR. MASON'S REPORT. The secretary of the navy, gives a document of moderate length. During the year it is not believed that more than 8,000 men have been in employment at one time, although the act of Aug. 1846 authorized the employment of 10,000.

POSTMASTER GENERAL JOHNSON. Among the reports from the various departments of the Government, that from the Postmaster General will possess peculiar interest, says the Philadelphia Ledger. It will propose a uniform cheap postage for letters all over the Union, proving to the advocates of cheap postage the full realization of all their predictions of the result of the adoption of that system.—Much of the success of this experiment is no doubt due to the attention and close supervision of the Postmaster General himself.

Portland Argus.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 8TH.—One of the great features of the session is already developed, in the appearance of a new balance of power party in the House—the abolition party. That party has long held the balance in some of the States in very close elections; and the House is so closely divided that the three abolition members may exercise a decided influence in its legislation. We have already seen indications of the fact, that the Northern Conservative Whigs and the Southern Conservative Democrats have been brought by this new movement into harmony of action, on the great questions connected with the war, and its consequences.

The Senate is the body, however, upon which is mainly to depend the character of the measures of this Congress, and there, if I am not much mistaken, the Whigs and the Southern State rights party will be, ultimately, found in harmonious action.

The President does not reconfirm, in his message, the establishment of a mission to Rome, but I learn that it will hereafter be proposed. Mr. Wickliffe has been recalled from Turin, and thus, some five Charges are to be appointed. Mr. Trist will, it is supposed, have either Rome, Naples or Turin.

Mr. Wadell of New York is, I learn, very strongly recommended for one of the vacancies.

The number of messages and documents which Congress has ordered is very great, and the reason given in the Senate by Mr. Allen, for

this course, is that the documents are this year of more than ordinary importance, and will be too voluminous to go into all the newspapers. There is another reason also, to wit, that the cost of printing has been very much reduced under the contract system.—*Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

DEATH OF EVE.

'Twas evening—and the twilight was passing lovely. Elam's burning god, had passed to other climes; but its lingering beams, with an artist's skill, had tinged with a halo of brightness the dark masses of clouds that floated in the western sky—appearing to the eye of the beholder like the golden impress of hope 'mid scenes of darkness and adversity. The moon with her silver crescent had wheeled her course through the arched canopy, and, suspended near the horizon, cast its gentle beams upon the pale features of the Mother of Mankind, as she reclined upon a couch at the door of a lonely tent, commanding a view of the western sky. The balmy air of evening fanned her pale cheek and played amidst her falling locks, that plainly declared an acquaintance with the silvery hand of time. She seemed intently gazing upon the fair scene, spread out before her, as her eye wandered o'er the varied landscape and anon rested upon the sparkling gems that studded the vaulted firmament. But soon she ceased to look abroad. The animated smile with which she had welcomed the delightful scene was changed to sadness, and she was apparently absorbed in contemplation. The evening's surpassing loveliness had forcibly recalled to mind the scenes of other days. Memory, with her attendant train, carried her back to the time when she first opened her eyes amid the blissful scenes of Paradise, and demaded a short survey. How striking and sad the contrast with her present condition!

Where was now that gushing fount of peace and happiness, beneath whose base she had enjoyed many a cool, luscious draught? Where the youthful and sprightly form, the elastic step, the blooming countenance, the sparkling eye? Where those delightful scenes, that so often had filled her soul with a charm divine, and led her fervently to adore their great Creator? Where that beautiful Eden, with its golden fruit hanging pendant from many a bough—its spring-like verdure and fragrant flowers—its fair groves and murmuring streams—its balmy breezes, that stole over the senses with a calm and soothing power, and its ten thousand attractions, fitly calculated to delight their every sense? But, most of all, where was that sweet communion she had so often enjoyed with the great Author of those lovely scenes? That feeling of unmingled pleasure, with which she was wont to welcome the hour when favored with an interview from Heaven. The scene, how changed! The lightness and animation of youth had given place to the imbecility of age; the vigor and strength of intellect had become impaired by the destroying hand of time.—Driven from scenes so lovely, withheld from intercourse with heaven, in vain her painful, restless spirit sought relief. But how were all these pangs renewed, by the bitter recollection that she had precipitated herself from the glorious mount of happiness to this depth of ruin—this cavern of misery; and not only herself, but all succeeding generations would be involved in her transgression. It was Sin that had wrought this mighty downfall. That she could ever extricate herself from this darkened pit, was doubtful; that she had blasted and obscured much that was fair and beautiful in nature, was sure. It was Sin that had changed the earth with its blushing verdure to a wilderness—the garden of the Lord to a desert. But for this they might have lived in perpetual youth, and known no diminution of happiness. But now sorrow and darkness had become their portion here, and no cheering hope shed a glimmering ray of light upon the tomb, or pointed to brighter spheres beyond. The communion with God had by reason of sin been suspended, and no way was known by which it might be renewed; yet she could not endure that she should utterly cease to exist—that all the noble powers of mind were to be forever annihilated. Something within whispered 'Not so;—that the spirit was designed for a higher, a noble state of existence; and she clung to life, as twines the ivy round the oak, yet all was darkness and uncertainty. Thrilling recollections of the past, and fears with regard to the future, filled her mind with darkness, and led her on to the borders of despair.

But suddenly a mirrored lamp was lighted within her soul, a ray of heavenly light beamed upon her understanding. A messenger of love had been commissioned to visit her with the glad tidings of salvation, and in strains that angels only use whispered words of hope and consolation to her soul. It pointed her frame to the lowly dust, to which it must ere long return—her spirit upward to purer regions, to which she would rise in beauty surpassing that of pastime youth, and freed from every worldly sin, engage in higher and wondrous scenes far more beautiful than those through which she had roved in the first days of her existence. And there she would dwell in the presence of that high and holy being, from whom she had been separated by a single act of disobedience. It was enough! There was redemption, there was hope! Death, which she had contemplated only with feelings of terror, had at length arrived, but it spoke no terror to her soul. Faith gilded the dark valley of death with a heavenly lustre and shed a cheering light upon scenes beyond. Hope, lightly waited a smile upon her pale features and animated her mild eye; and calmly as dies the ripple from off the retreating wave, or the sweet strain of the murmuring brook in the distance, her spirit passed away.

SEBASTIEN, DEC. 4, 1847.

VARIETY.

SUPPOSED MURDER.—The Great Falls, N. H. Sketcher gives an account of the disappearance of a man named Richard Freeman, of Berwick, and various facts which lead to the suspicion that he had been murdered. He left a tavern in Berwick on Sunday evening, where it is said he won money in gambling. Shortly after the time of his leaving the house a horrid shriek, and groans were heard by several persons, across the river near the bridge—and on search being made on Monday morning, his wallet was found on an Island in the river, to which it had been washed by the waves, destitute of money. An examination having been made by the inhabitants of the village, without any clue to the mystery, the Selectmen offered a reward for the recovery of the body, and for the detection of the murderer, if it should appear that a murder had been committed. A postscript in the same paper adds the following:

THURSDAY, 12 1-2 o'clock P. M.—A club has been found in Fernald's stable, on which are various spots of blood. One of his carriages has been found to be bloody, and a buffalo with blood on it. Newly made wagon tracks have been discovered above a burying ground one mile above the village.

We have since been to the spot where the wagon appears to have been turned, and find it so near the river as to render our opinion that if the wagon was there on Sunday night, it was certainly two feet under water—the river was then high. The Factory Company has sent to Milford, and ordered their gates shut there, to keep the water back while the river here can be more thoroughly searched.

CASE OF POISONING FROM BAD DENTISTRY.—I was called to see James Bowen, in Coventry village. I found him labouring under febrile action, with an eruption on his lips like that commonly called "cold sores," and as such I regarded it. The tongue was red on the tip and edges; the centre and posterior part was covered with a thick white coat. I treated the case with what I considered appropriate remedies, for three days, without much improvement in any of the symptoms. At this time there appeared dyspnoeal eruption upon the entire surface of the body. It appeared in minute red points, spreading rapidly in a circular form and becoming confluent, giving the entire surface a red and puffed appearance, closing the eyes in less than twelve hours. I found the tongue covered with ulcerating patches, and the lining membranes of the mouth much inflamed.

While examining the mouth I discovered a plate running across the roof, to which was attached an artificial incisor tooth. As the symptoms had been somewhat anomalous from the beginning and did not yield to remedies, but on the contrary increased in violence from day to day, suspicion rested upon that plate as being the offending cause. I stated this as my opinion, but the patient thought it could not be possible, as he had worn it for four years. Not being satisfied under such circumstances without an examination, I removed the plate, and there found the cause of all the mischief. At the point where the tooth is attached to the plate, I found a mass of corroded metal as large as half a pea. It had passed out from under the plate, was diffused throughout the mouth and conveyed with the saliva into the stomach.—All the violent symptoms disappeared in a few days. Upon inquiry I found that the tooth had been broken from the plate and was soldered on by a travelling or itinerant dentist, for which he charged and was paid one dollar. The patient had since worn it about four months. The date was good gold, but the solder was some pernicious compound applied by an ignorant and unprincipled pretender, whose name to the patient is unknown.—*Corr. of Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

DEATH IN CAPT. BODESH'S COMPANY.—

J. H. W., (probably John H. Warland Esq.) the Mexican correspondent of the Boston Atlas, in a recent letter from Perote, mentions the burial, on the morning of writing, of three privates, in the yard in front of the Castle of Perote. He says: 'One of the deceased was Tuttle, one of Capt. Bodish's company of Grenadiers. We know not who this fallen soldier is, but think it quite likely that he was a resident of Somerset county, and that his friends reside there. There are a number of families of the name in Canaan and adjacent towns. The Atlas correspondent writes that there has been an average of seven deaths a day, at Perote, for the last two months.'

THE STEAMERS NEWS AT NEW YORK.—

The New York Express of last evening, gives the following account of the effect of the Britannia's news upon the New York Market:

'The merchants are still without their letters by the steamer. The published accounts have had a most favorable influence. They have, to a great extent, dispelled the clouds that, have for some weeks hung over Wall street. There is quite a buoyancy in the market. The belief is, that confidence is, in a great measure, restored, and that Bills on England will again become current, and the necessity of shipping specie cease.'

It has had a favorable effect on Cotton; the holders of which feel that it has touched the lowest point of depression, and that the prices would recover. The market is firm and improving for Corn, and an advance of three cents is asked. Flour and Breadstuffs generally are all better.

FROM HAVRE. By an arrival at New York, the Journal of Commerce has received Port au Prince papers to Nov. 14th. From these it appears, that the man-of-war, reported by Capt. Whelden, of N. York, as blown up, was the bark Constitution, not the Nautilus. The vessel was at anchor in the harbor of Port au Prince on the afternoon of Nov. 7th, when suddenly, the quiet of the city was disturbed by a noise louder than thunder, shaking the city to its foundations. The magazine of the bark had exploded,—by what means was not known, and the vessel, thrown into the air by the explosion, fell into the yawning deep, carrying down with her nearly her entire crew, together with several Spanish and Haytian prisoners which were on board, and many women and

VARIETY.

THE TOILS OF A NEWSPAPER.

Newspaper literature is a link in the great chain of miracles which proves the greatness of England, and every support should be given to newspapers. The editors of these papers must have a most enormous task. It is not the writing of the leading articles itself, but the obligation to write that article every week, whether inclined or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction, disease of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to the task, remaining in one spot. It is something like the walking of a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow feeling, for I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself, it appears nothing: the labor is not manifest: nor is it the labor, it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One week is no sooner corrected and printed than on comes another. It is the home of Sisypheus, an endless repetition of toil, a constant weight upon the mind, a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery.—*Maryjatt.*

A London correspondent of the Boston Traveller writes,—

Another horrible chapter in the modern history of France is just finished. Peers of France are the heroes. Count Bresson and Count Mortier are their names. The first, Count Bresson, Peer of France, and Ambassador from the Court of France to the King of the Two Sicilies, formerly Ambassador at Madrid, has died at Naples by his own hand. The second, Count Mortier, also Peer of France, and French Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Sardinia, son of the late Marshal Mortier, Duke de Treviso, attempted to murder two of his children, and to commit suicide with a razor! These horrible, these truly appalling incidents, have been the dreadfully exciting topics of the French capital for the last ten days. But they follow too closely the Frassin tragedy to affect deeply the public mind of France, which seems thoroughly corrupted. M. Bresson, the distinguished member of the modern school of French diplomacy, allowed his ambition to outstrip his judgment—that ambition was disappointed—disappointment preyed upon his mind—this mental disease prompted him to commit the fatal act, which robs France of a faithful servant, and startles the world. Count Mortier, another Peer of France, attempts to murder his own children. He is struck with madness, for he believes in his wife's infidelity. To efface his conjugal disgrace, he resolves to destroy himself and his offspring! Strange hallucination! This paroxysm of jealousy had its origin in an insane delusion. Count Mortier barricades himself with his two children in his room—armed with two razors he prepares for the bloody tragedy. He tells his son that he must die. The unhappy boy exclaims that he does not wish to die, and struggles to get away! The little daughter says that she will die with her father, and the father is preparing to execute his horrible design, when the door is broken open, the maniac Count is secured, and conveyed to a lunatic asylum!

WATER THE HENS.

During the last season, Mr. Joseph Wilcox, of this town, having occasion to administer lime water to a sick horse, inadvertently left a pail of the preparation in his barn, which remained there for some months, serving as a favorite drink for his hens. He soon afterwards found that the laying of his hens was apparently increased to a considerable extent. Becoming convinced of the (to him new) discovery, he has during the present season kept his hens constantly supplied with lime water, placed in troughs within their convenient access, and the result has been an increase in eggs of some fourfold as compared with previous experience. He is willing to share the benefits of the experiment with his neighbors, if they will try it; and hence this publication. The newness of the discovery (though it may not be new to all), is claimed only as applicable to the modes of imparting the lime in this case—it is used in another form for the same purpose, having been previously understood by many.—*Wayne Sentinel.*

VALUABLE RECIPE.

The following we clip from the Southern Cultivator. The Editor says: "Take one pound of pounded logwood; boil it in a sufficient quantity of water until all the substance is out of it; then take about half a gallon of the liquor, and dissolve one ounce of verdigris and half an ounce of alum in it; boil your yam in the logwood water one hour, stirring it, and keeping it loose. Take out your yam; mix the half gallon that contains the verdigris and alum; and put your yam into the mixture, and boil it loose all the time, and taking it out every hour to give it air, after which dry it, then boil it in soap water, and it is done."

The above will dye six pounds of cotton yarn an elegant deep blue. After which, put in as much yarn into the same liquor, and boil it three hours, stirring as above, and you will have a good pale blue; or boil hickory bark in liquor, and you will have a beautiful green.

Rest assured there is no imposition in the above. It is cheap. Any person following the recipe, will find it proves satisfactory."

ECONOMY OF HAY.

The following modes for economizing feed for neat stock, which we extract from an exchange, we would recommend to the attention of our readers generally as deserving of regard. Mix coarse straw and similar coarse materials with about one-third the quantity of hay; sprinkle over it a small quantity of brine; pass the whole through a cutting machine, and feed it out in deep troughs, and none of it will be wasted by being trodden under foot. A very large quantity may be prepared at a time, if found convenient to do so.

Fill a large tight box with any desired quantity of chopped corn-stalks, and with about twenty-five parts their bulk coarsely ground meal mixed equally through them. Let steam pass into them from a boiler for an hour, and they will then form a most nutritious and palatable food for cattle, especially for milk cows.

Or the meal may be boiled with a large quantity of water, and then poured, while boiling hot, upon the chopped food, without steaming. In both cases a small quantity of salt should be sprinkled over them.

Every means of saving hay is of vital importance to the farmer, for it is far more pleasant to be able to sell hay for 10 or 12 a ton than to purchase it at that price, to keep alive a herd of starving cattle.

Cobs soaked in a solution of salt, make an excellent feed for oxen, cows and young cattle, and by many are deemed preferable to marsh hay, especially during winter. This is a matter of importance, and one that should be regarded as such by all.—*Ger. Tel.*

PUNCTUAL TO A PENNY.—A much esteemed farmer of North Northumberland—one of those men "whose word is their bond"—was told by some friends that they were about to visit Edinburgh. Shortly afterwards he said to them, "I find, on looking over my books, that I owe Mrs. — of Edinburgh a penny, will you be so kind as to pay it to her?" The commission was accepted, and the penny handed over. On the travellers in Edinburgh, they saw the lady, and apprised her of the payment which they had to make. "Oh," replied the creditor (equally conscientious as her debtor), "I can take it on the Sabbath day; but, any like, you can just pit it in the meeshonary box, there on the mantelpiece. *Gateshead Obs.*

A good anecdote is related of Dr. —, who formerly had a large portion of medical practice in the upper part of Merriam college. Rev Mr. P., a venerable congregational clergyman, was ordained over the parish in the neighboring town of Canterbury more than thirty years ago. The physician attended, and upon his return home some one inquired, "Well doctor, what kind of a time did you have?" "Oh, pretty good," said the doctor, "I saw the ordination, and we had enough to drink; afterwards we ran horses: to be sure my mare got beat, which cost me ten dollars, and I got a kicking. But on the whole it was a pretty good time. *Portsmouth Gaz.*

"JARVIS the painter was never considered, we believe, as a strictly pious man, in the general acceptance of that term; nor was he, so far as we can learn, a very rigid attendant upon the observances of the Christian Sabbath. Certain it is, that on one occasion a neighbor of his remonstrated with him for not going to church on Sunday, and set forth the certainty of future retribution for the habitual omission of that sacred duty. JARVIS replied: 'Well, it is the same thing, any how. You say I shall be damned if I don't go to church, and I'll be damned if I do!' The argument was a non-sequitur, and the deacon 'g'n in.'"

Advertisements.

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 worth 25 cts. at the low price of 1 shill. *HANDSOME CASHMERE* at 25 cts. 2 Cases *FRANCE*, embracing every desirable style, some very rich, at 12 1/2 cts. Thibet Cloths, all colors. Rob Roy and Galapagos. Extra Col'd and Black Silk Warp Indianas; Cotton warp do.

Striped, Plaid and Plain Black and Col'd Alpaccas, Montecris 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 Purse Trimmings. Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, &c. &c.

Making up 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. tr.

DOW & AYER.

H. L. SMITH.

WEST INDIA GOODS, GROCERIES, Provisions, Stone & Wooden Ware, &c. &c.

No. 1, Picnic Row. 1,3w

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

APPEARED BY THE PUBLIC, but, to some extent,

Approved by the Trade,—at least so far as the Imitations 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 superintendence 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

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.S.—Wholesale Traders, look at this. Thousands of Dozens of Coats, Pants, Vests, and FURNISHING GOODS, **CHEAP.** Entrance to No. 33,

OAK HALL, 20

Nos. 32, 34, 36, and 38 ANN ST.,

Near the head of Merchants' Row, BOSTON.

LOST. On Saturday Evening last, between this Village and West Waterville, a Small Black Wagon, containing Six dollars in bills, and a few small papers. The bill was a V. C. Bank Note, Serial No. 100,000, and was not recollectible. Whoever has found it, and will give information to the subscriber, shall be suitably rewarded. WM. LUCAS.

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

WATERVILLE ACADEMY,

WINTER TERM.

THE WINTER TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 22d of Nov., under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss Roxana F. HANSON, Preceptress, Miss Susan D. PIERCE, Teacher of Music, and such other assistants as the interests of the school require.

In 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 meet 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 pursued in Waterville College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in 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 intending to occupy that high station, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully their wants, and will put forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an excellent and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers. The terms for 1847 begin on the 1st day of March, 24th of May, 30th of August, and 22d of Nov. Board, \$1.50 a week. Tuition from \$2.00 to \$5.00.—Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$2.00 extra.

STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees.

Waterville, Aug. 10, 1847.

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a Note running to Stephen Nye, and signed by John Davis 2d, for thirty dollars, dated December 4, 1844, as said note was given without any valuable consideration. Waterville, Nov. 11, 1847. JOHN DAVIS 2d.

CHOICE TOBACCO & SEGARS for sale by

PARKER & PHILLIPS.

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

SAM'L SCAMMON, RUFUS NASON.

Waterville, Sept. 4, 1847.

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 the best 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 Ships, &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 bout 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 so far as to purchase before calling upon him.

Repairing of Threshers, Horse Power, &c., done as usual. WOOD WORK, large or 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. 7, 1847. 11. tr.

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;

Pelkas, from \$1.25 to \$1.75;

Rubbers, from 50 cts. to \$1;

Misses' shoes and boots, of all kinds, and prices to suit the shoes;

Children's shoes and rubbers.

Gent's Winter water proof Gaiter Boots;

Do, pegged, from \$4 to \$7;

French Gait Dress Boots from \$5 to \$6.50;

Gent's Thick Boots from \$2.50 to \$3;

Pegged Gait Boots from \$3 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,

Lasts, 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. 18tr

STAY COWS.

Put into the possession of the subscriber, on the 25th of Oct., two stay cows, one a dark chamois, and the other a bright red. The owner is requested to prove property pay charges and take them away. JAS. A. CROMMET. Waterville, Nov. 1, 1847. [15. tr.]

TYPE FOUNDRY.

S. N. DICKINSON,

50 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

OFFERS his services to the Printers throughout the country as TYPE and STEREOTYPE FOUNDER. He can furnish casts of any required weight, from Diamond to English. He will warrant his manufacture to be equal to that of any other foundry in the country. His prices are the same as at any other respectable foundry, and his terms are as favorable as can be found elsewhere.

He casts a very large assortment of Job Type, Leads, Cuts, Metal Furniture, Quotations, &c. &c. He has just got up a Combination Metal Stereotype Block, which will be found of great utility to Book Printers, and also gather the most economical Book Metal.

Constantly on hand, Brass Rule, Metal Rule, Composing Sticks, Cases, Chases, Stands, Galleys, Furniture, &c. Entire orders furnished at short notice.

A series of Text Letter, suitable for the Headings of Newspapers have just been completed; and as he is continually adding to his assortment, and to his facilities for Type Foundry, he would respectfully call the attention of Printers to his establishment.

The Type on which this paper is printed was furnished by S. N. DICKINSON and he has the liberty of referring to the proprietors for any information that may be required.

CASH FOR OATS.

10,000 BUSHELS Wanted by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

TO THE LADIES!

White and sound teeth are both an ornament and a blessing. The best security for their advantage is to be found in the use of the

CIRCASSIAN TOOTH POWDER.

This elegant Dentifrice, with very little use, eradicates the scum from the gums, and prevents the accumulation of tartar, which not only blackens but loosens the teeth, and accelerates their decay.

The Dentifrice removes the prevailing causes of offensive breath, preserves the healthiness and firmness of the gums and renders the teeth beautifully white, without injuring the enamel in the least, as I have prepared and used it myself these ten years, and feel confident in recommending it to the public.

P.S. Those making a thorough trial of it, and not being satisfied, by returning the box the money shall be refunded.

E. H. KILBOURN, Dental Surgeon,

No. 1 Bowdoin's Block, Waterville.

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 MARSTON'S BUILDING.

Residence at the house recently occupied by Dr. Small.

Waterville, Oct. 1847. [14. tr.]

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 and scientific manner, at his Rooms, in Hanson's Building, where he is ready to attend to all the perfectly natural appearance and durability, and will insert them in a manner that cannot be detected by the closest observer. The nerves of teeth destroyed, and the teeth preserved by using a nerve paste, which is prepared 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 operation. All operations will be made good. Charges moderate.

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

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. I 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; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder; Inflammation and Morbid Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the Relief of Mercurial Lard.

THE VEGETABLE PILE ELECTRICITY, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished Physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, or Hemorrhoids. It is an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and gives valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of Agents, gratis. D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

Great Success of Upham's Pile Electricity. PORTLAND, ME., March 14, 1847. DR. UPHAM—My Dear Sir:—I cannot express to you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the wonderful cure I have experienced by the use of your truly valuable Pile Electricity. I have been a perfect martyr to the Bleeding Piles for 10 years past, so that I became reduced to almost a skeleton, loss of appetite, and general debility, rendered my existence a misery. My eyes became affected, and in fact I was in misery to myself. I was obliged to give up my business. I had tried all kinds of medicine, but had been advised by the Boston and New England Physicians to try the Pile Electricity. The first I found to relieve me slightly, still I persevered, and purchased a second, and I assure you, when I got half through, I found myself getting on my feet, and in fact I became a well man. My dear Sir, language cannot express my heartfelt thanks that I am once more restored to health, and now in a condition to support my large family, dependent on me.

Yours respectfully, SAMUEL CARLTON.

AGENTS—Waterville, Wm. DYER; Norridgewock, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Mercer, Hamilton & Ingalls; W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England.

Blank Books and Stationery

ESTABLISHMENT.

OLIVER HOLMAN AND CO.

No. 124 State Street, Boston.

[OPPOSITE BROAD STREET.]

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 been of the 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.