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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 23): December 30, 1847

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. 30, 1847.

NO. 23.

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.

## Poetry.

### THE SONG OF LABOR.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
Heap high the golden corn!  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn!  
We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storms shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.  
When spring time came with flower and bud,  
And grasses green and young,  
And merry Robin, in the wood,  
Like mad musicians sung,  
We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.  
All through the long, bright days of June  
His leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.  
And now with Autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.  
There, richer than the faded gifts  
Of golden showers of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.  
Let vapid idlers loiter in silk  
Around their costly board,  
Give us the bowl of sump and milk  
By home-spun beauty poured.  
Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly heart,  
And bless our corn-fed girls!  
Then shame on all the proud and vain  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of the Yankee's grain,  
His wealth of golden corn.  
Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly;  
But let the good old crop adorn  
The little our father treads,  
Still let us for His golden corn  
Send up our thanks to God!

## Miscellany.

[From the Union Magazine.]

### THE JEWESS OF CONSTANTINA.

Translated from the French by  
MRS. MARY THOMPSON.

NATHAN, a rich Jew, a dealer in trinkets and jewelry, had just been raised to the rank of Rabbi, and intended to retire from business; he had one lovely daughter named Lea, who was beloved by Ben-Aissa, an Arab Sheikh, and by Maurice Hanviers, an officer in the French army. Nathan was ignorant of this, but the fanatical old man would have scorned these alliances; the daughter, the names of whose ancestors were written in the word of God, and who had reigned in the promised land, could never marry a Mussulman, nor a Christian; he had chosen a husband for her from among his own tribe.

Maurice one day went to the shop of the merchant, to receive a pocket-book, upon which he had had his initials embroidered. Nathan handed it to him.

'Lea surpasses the fairies,' said the Frenchman, 'in the art of embroidery.'

'You flatter the daughter of a poor Jew too much,' replied Nathan.

'Say, rather, of my benefactor, answered Maurice, 'when almost killed at the siege of Constantina.'

'You owe me nothing, you owe nothing to my daughter; I should have done the same for any one; treat me as an enemy; it is all I ask of you.'

'Never!' cried Maurice; 'on the contrary, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude, my friendship.'

'In your country,' replied Nathan, 'I know the Israelites, forgetful of the law, associate with idolaters; but here the God of Moses has more faithful followers; and no possible friendship can exist between a Christian and a Jew.'

Then holding out his hand, 'this pocket-book is worth three gold pieces.'

'Here they are,' said Maurice; 'you are really cruel!'

'I have spoken the truth, and now leave me!'

Kadidja, a young Arab, the sister of Ben-Aissa, knew and loved Maurice. She had watched him enter the market-place, open the pocket-book, and take from it a note which had been hid within it by Lea; and she said to herself, 'I understand this mystery.'

She immediately joined Bou-Taleb, to whom she was to be married, and who was reclining on a mat before the Cafe.

The note which Maurice received from Lea informed him that her father was going to marry her to another, therefore he must demand her in marriage on the morrow.

Saint Aubin, a Franco-Algerine farmer, and an intimate friend of Maurice's, accosted him, and inquired if a military convoy would soon leave for Philadelphia, as he had property to take with him to his farm, and he did not think the road safe.

At this moment, Dominick, a horseman, in the service of Maurice, came to inform him that early the next day they had orders to escort, as far as El-Arouch, a convoy for Philadelphia. The two friends congratulated themselves upon the prospect of traveling in company, and left the market-place, followed by Dominick.

Bou-Taleb had heard all that passed, and immediately went in search of Ben-Aissa, whom he found wandering around Nathan's house, in the hope of seeing Lea. Bou-Taleb proposed to him to attack the convoy.

'I refuse,' said the Sheikh; 'if we are defeated, we shall be obliged to make terms with these Christians; wait at least until they furnish a pretext for a quarrel.'

'It is true then that you have become the friend of these people?'

'The French have left me a shelter for my head, and a place in the mosque for prayer.'

'And it is a descendant of the Prophet who resigns himself to the dominion of strangers!'

'It is the will of God! The Christians are the most powerful—let us submit to fate!'

But when Ben-Aissa heard that Maurice (who he knew was his rival) was to command the escort—'Forget what I have told you,' he cried, 'you may depend upon me!'

In Nathan's house Lea was sitting alone, buried in deep thought. Her work had fallen from her hands, and lay at her feet unheeded. Her nurse entered the room, but she saw her not. She spoke.

'Lea, my dear child!'

'Ah! is it you, Bethzabee! I was dreaming—I was very unhappy. Alas! I have no longer a mother! and my father is so gloomy and morose that his love is more like hate—no tenderness—no loving words.'

'But Nathan is a good man.'

'I know it, but the study of the Talmud and the ceremonial of religion occupy his whole soul.'

She retired to her chamber with her nurse, and Nathan entered the house, followed by attendants carrying merchandise. He was scarcely alone when some one knocked. Bethzabee opened the door and announced 'a veiled female.'

'It must be an Arab,' said Nathan to himself, 'for the Jews do not hide their faces. What do you want with me?' he demanded of her; (she raised her veil) 'I do not know you.'

'I am come to render you a service.'

'Tell me the bad news you have to communicate quickly?'

'Your daughter loves a Christian.'

'The proof?'

'This pocket-book, that he has lost.'

Nathan took from it his daughter's letter: 'Shame and grief!' he exclaimed, after having read it. 'But what motive have you for acting thus?'

'I love Maurice, and he despises me; I am revenged.'

'Depart, you have brought misery to my house!'

He called for Lea. When she entered, her father said in a melancholy voice, 'To-morrow your marriage with Ben Rabi must be solemnized.'

'Leave you, my father?' replied the trembling girl.

'It is said in the Bible, 'A woman must leave her father and mother, to follow her husband.'

'I scarcely know this Ben Rabi.'

'You refuse him, because you love another.'

'My father!'

'Dare you deny it—this letter?'

'Yes, my father, I do love him, but I will not marry without your consent.'

'You shall never marry him! and you will marry the husband I have chosen for you.'

'It is impossible.'

'Impossible! unworthy girl! kneel!' he then took a roll of parchment, containing extracts from the Talmud—which according to the Jewish custom is enclosed in a wooden case, and hung near the door—and read in a grave and severe voice:

'The guilty daughter, who shall have bestowed her soul and body upon a Nazarene, or upon an Infidel, shall be turned out by her nearest relative, disowned by her tribe, and regarded as dead; they shall denounce her in the temple, and at funerals; and while still living, her name shall be engraven on her tomb.'

'Pardon! pardon, my father! Do not inflict upon me this punishment; I have not deserved it.'

'Accept Ben Rabi.'

'It is impossible.'

'How impossible, but through a disobedient heart?'

'I am a Christian,' she said, rising from her knees.

'I do not believe you; it is false!' cried the Jew, beside himself. 'A solemn ceremony is necessary to consummate the abjuration.'

'During the long hours which Maurice passed in our house, struggling between life and death, the venerable priest who attended upon him with me, instructed me in the religion of the gospel, and sprinkled my brow with the water of baptism.'

'Christian! Christian—oh! to have my race dishonored by you; you have signed your own death-warrant, miserable child.' (He drew a poignard.)

'Ah! strike, my father; since I must renounce Maurice, I care not to live.'

'Come, then; I am the Rabbi, the executioner of the law, and he dragged Lea into her room.'

thought it best to offer life and liberty to the prisoners, on condition that they should write to the Governor of Constantina, to send money for their ransom. Maurice and Saint Aubin refused; the death of their soldiers must be avenged.

Kadidja, wandering among the tents, was met by Bou Taleb, who (fearing the approach of the French,) proposed to marry her that night, and afterwards escape with her to the desert. 'You can meet me,' he said, 'without the camp, and your faithful slaves can accompany us.'

'But, how?' replied the young girl; 'the sentinels will prevent me?'

'Your guide must repeat the words, Medina and Mohammed.'

Without making a reply, Kadidja left him in haste.

Ben Aissa, thirsting for the death of Maurice, seeing that Bou Taleb wavered, declared to him that Kadidja loved the Frenchman.

'God pardon me,' said the Arab, 'I ought to have thought alone of him, and not of the love of a woman.' But furious at having been deceived, he gave orders to his Kabyles to fetch the prisoners.

The Kabyles returned—the site was empty. 'Who, then, has dared?' demanded Bou Taleb.

'It is I,' replied Kadidja, (who that moment entered the tent). 'I delivered them.'

'You do not then know that the Frenchman is my rival?' enquired Ben Aissa, angrily.

'Cease to be jealous, my brother,' replied the young Arab; 'she whom you both love exists no longer.'

'Dead!' exclaimed the Sheikh—'dead! Yet, Lea, once more, living or dead, these eyes shall look upon thy beauty!'

In the cemetery of the Jews, upon the hill of Sidi-Meidi, Ben Aissa sought for the tomb of Lea. It was night when he arrived there, and as he approached, he was astonished to hear Nathan calling his daughter; as if she still lived. The mysterious conduct of the Jew filled him with amazement; he silently quitted the cemetery, and ordered his Kabyles to guard the road, that if Lea were still alive, he might yet make her his own. At length Nathan issued forth, followed by his daughter.

'Ah! she said, 'the fresh air revives me, I thank God for having spared my life.'

'I have delivered you from this tomb, which will still retain your name,' said Nathan to her, 'I have performed my duty, fulfil yours. My slave Yacoub waits for you with two horses, to conduct you wherever you please to go.'

'Since I must be separated from you, I will go to Philadelphia, to the convent of the Daughters of Misery; there I shall await the day of my marriage, when you will have consented to bless it. Let not our separation be eternal; oh, my father! say that we shall meet again.'

'Never,' replied Nathan, with painful effort. 'You used to call me your beloved child, and often you have said with a mournful voice, that I resembled my mother. If she had been alive, you would not have refused to her my pardon.'

'Enough, enough,' said the old man, endeavoring to appear calm.

'Ah! at least permit me to bathe your venerable hands with my tears, since you will not allow me to weep in your arms. If some day you consent to my marriage, you will come to France, will you not? you will come and sit at my hearth; an empty house is so lonely.'

'My God!' said the Rabbi to himself, 'let her not see my grief.'

'You will come—not now, but some time hence—when your anger has passed away; when you remember only how you once loved me. We will love you so much. Give me this hope to take with me to my new country. You must, I cannot be happy without it.'

'Do not detain me,' said Nathan, struggling against his relings. 'I must order the horses.'

Lea remained alone; she gathered flowers, and strewn them over her mother's grave.

As soon as Maurice regained his liberty, he hastened to the tomb of her whom he loved. Judge of his emotion, upon seeing (as he supposed) the spirit of Lea wandering among the trees—his joy upon discovering that she was not dead. The youthful couple tasted for a moment the happiness of meeting again; but Lea shuddered; she fancied she saw two eyes sparkling through the shrubs. Maurice left her to ascertain the cause of her alarm. They were Ben Aissa's eyes, but he avoided Maurice, and returned to the young Jewess, whom he covered with his cloak, and was dragging her away, when Nathan sprang upon the Arab, struck him with his poignard, and disappeared, struggling with him.

Maurice finding no one—returned. He found Lea insensible. Nathan, believing he had killed the ravisher of his child, returned also—seeing Maurice, he threw from him the poignard.

'Again between my child and me. Depart quickly, both of you,' said the Jew; 'may I never hear your names again.'

'Ah! wait at least until she revives,' cried Maurice, 'that your pardon may be to her a gleam of hope for the future.'

'When Lea was restored to consciousness, she endeavored by her prayers, her grief, and her tears, to soften the heart of her father.

In a broken voice he said, 'I do not know you. I had a gentle and lovely daughter, the comfort of my old age. I have lost her, forever. I shall never see her again, either in this world or the next. I shall leave Constantina, the witness of my grief. Behold your road, and this is mine,' and he left them.

Ben Aissa, wounded but not dead, had dragged himself to the spot, and upon seeing Maurice with Lea, a horrid thought crossed his mind: he cried for assistance—troopers arrived—he accused the Frenchman of having stabbed him. Lea was going to name her father, but Maurice prevented her; he was carried off by the troopers.

Poor Lea, hid beneath her veil, passed the night protected by Bou Taleb and his Arabs. She waited for the return of Yacoub, whom she had sent in search of his master. Nathan alone could save Maurice.

Kadidja sought the young Jewess: 'Marry Ben Aissa,' she said to her, 'and Maurice shall live.'

Lea refused.

'Ah! you do not love him as I do, who am despised. I spoke to him when the guards conducted him to the Keobah; he has destroyed my last hope—I am no longer your rival. Some words which escaped from my brother, informed me that Maurice was not guilty, and that you are acquainted with the murderer.'

There is something, then, which you value more than Maurice?'

'Yes,' replied Lea, 'there is something which I place above my love; I glory in it, and I praise that God whose law has been revealed to me. He is good, he is just, he will save the innocent.'

She left the tent in haste. As Ben-Aissa, supported by his Kabyles, entered, 'A veiled female,' he said to them, 'is going to present herself at the door El-Kantara; if that woman cries out, you must gag her, and execute my orders; it is enough for you to know that your Sheikh has a right to act as he pleases.' The Kabyles went away. 'I have caused the mute slave, the bearer of Nathan's reply, to be arrested,' said Ben-Aissa to his sister. 'He will return to save Maurice.'

'He can do it then?' cried Kadidja.

'But he shall not,' answered the Arab; 'I shall wait for him in the way, and he shall go no farther, for I have his daughter in my power. In saving Maurice, he will lose his child.'

'But you do not know that at the risk of my life I will purchase that of this Frenchman? You have no pity; I will go to meet Nathan.'

'Miserable girl! I shall still have strength to make you repent,' he said, impeding her progress.

'Think you that I shall allow you to accomplish this odious revenge?' exclaimed Kadidja. 'Never! Heaven will inspire me.'

With these words she escaped by the same way that Lea had gone. A procession of Jews descended the mountain—several Rabbins walked in front; one of them held in his hand an open book; two slaves followed, bearing on their shoulders the expiatory goat.

'It is the day on which they come to make their ablutions on the borders of the river,' said Ben-Aissa. 'If Nathan would only come—here he is.'

'Why this sudden return?' inquired one of the Rabbins.

'Honor compels me to go to Constantina.'

'Arrest him,' cried Ben-Aissa.

'I remember you,' said Nathan, 'it was with you I struggled on that fatal night, and it is you who have dared to accuse an innocent man!'

'Leave him to perish.'

'By Jehovah, I will declare the truth before all,' said the Jew.

'One word more,' and he pointed to a rock on the right; 'there my Kabyles hold suspended, and ready to dash into the torrent the maiden whom you denied me.'

'Oh! cried Nathan, overcome with terror, (and hesitating for a moment) 'God of my fathers, yet this one sacrifice to thy glory.'

He stepped forward—Ben-Aissa fired a pistol—they beheld the body of a female fall into the ravine.

'Ah! I have killed my child!' exclaimed Nathan, 'my daughter; it was she; my God! I thought I was strong—I was only cruel. Punish me, I am a murderer!' He fell insensible into the arms of the Rabbins and his attendants.

'At least,' said Ben-Aissa, in a gloomy voice, 'she will never belong to another. And you, he continued, turning to Nathan, 'I shall prove that Maurice was your accomplice; you will not have saved either him or your daughter.'

He was going away, when Maurice appeared with Lea, and followed by African troopers.

'She lives!' cried Nathan, rushing with open arms towards his daughter. 'Ah, I have forgotten all, except that you are my child, and that nothing in the world can separate us again.'

'But who then has fallen into the gulf?' asked Ben-Aissa, going towards the edge.

'You are my prisoner,' said Maurice, arresting him. 'Your brothers, on demanding money for ransom, have delivered you up as a hostage.'

'Leave me!' replied Ben-Aissa. 'Who has been cast into the abyss?'

'Look!' said Bou-Taleb, pointing to some Kabyles, bearing in their arms the lifeless body of a female.

'My sister!' exclaimed Ben-Aissa with distraction, 'my sister!—Oh! I am accursed!—God is just!'

## A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenebrous that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life, is impregnated with death—health is made to operate its own destruction! The food that nourishes, contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors perishing among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world!

## SANTA ANNA.

It is now twenty-six years since Colonel Santa Anna rose from obscurity, a partisan of Iturbide; under whose auspices he drove the Spaniards out of Vera Cruz, and was appointed governor of that city in 1821. He was the faithful slave of the usurper, his imperial master; but having incurred the displeasure of that caricature of royalty, and being threatened with the loss of his commission, he seduced his regiment to revolt, invited the old revolutionary chief Victoria from his mountain concealment to head the rebellion, and thus had the merit of detroning the emperor and restoring the republic. But the republic not rewarding that merit in a degree equal to his expectations, Santa Anna revolted again, and against it, marching, in 1823, with a corps of six hundred fellow traitors from Tampico to Louis Potosi; where he spread his flag, modestly proclaiming himself Protector of the Republic. This patriotic speculation entirely failed—the rebel was captured and dismissed to retirement on his Xalapa estate for five years. In 1825 he was partially restored to favor and in 1828, after the Presidential election of that year, he again got up a rebellion for the purpose of deposing Pedraza, the President elect, and substituting Guerrero, the defeated candidate. This enter-

prise happened to be successful; and Santa Anna was rewarded with the post of secretary of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, early in 1829. It was in the same year that Spain sent her last invading army, under Barradas who landed at Tampico, to be beaten and captured with his whole force by Santa Anna. Yellow fever, and the incompetency of Barradas, were powerful auxiliaries; but this was the most glorious exploit of Santa Anna's life.

From that moment, until he took the reins himself, the standing occupation of Santa Anna consisted in making and unmaking Presidents. He detroned Guerrero, and put Bustamante in his place—taking care to have Guerrero shot for treason—in 1831. Next year Santa Anna turned against Bustamante, and actually had Pedraza, his former victim, brought back from exile, to finish some two or three months of his unexpired presidential term. In 1833, Santa Anna was elected President himself, put down several insurrections, refused the Dictatorship offered by the army, as Caesar did the crown; and, in 1836, destroyed the Federal Constitution and system of independent States, (similar to our own,) substituting the central system, by which the sovereignty of the States was merged in a consolidated central government. Elated with the success of his schemes, and still at the head of affairs, Santa Anna marched into Texas, to commit the butcheries of the Alamo, and suffer, at San Jacinto, the retribution of an overthrow more disgraceful than was ever, perhaps, suffered by any general, great or small, before his time.

In 1838, he rose again from the contempt into which that disgrace had thrown him, and distinguished himself by suppressing the Federal insurrection of Mexico, and ordering that unlucky patriot or adventurer, to be shot on the field of battle. Then came, within the same year, the attack of the French admiral, Baudin, on the castle of San Juan de Ulloa; which gave the Mexican hero, the opportunity to repel the descent of the Prince de Joinville, and lose a leg in the service of his country. This was next to the capture of Barradas, the most glorious of his feats, and gained him the title of *Benemerito* or the Well-deserving of his country,—to which his whole life has proved he has a very equivocal claim.

In 1840 we find him at his old trick of revolutionizing a President out of his chair. Bustamante was again deposed. Santa Anna became dictator; and his leg was buried in the capital, at the church of San Pablo, with more honor and pomp than will be, hereafter, perhaps, bestowed on his entire body. In 1844, Paredes made his first essay at a *pronunciamento*; and, in 1835, the *Benemerito* (his buried leg torn out of its grave by enraged lepers) was banished to Cuba; where he remained, until he was sent, or passed, back to Mexico, to be made President and Commander-in-Chief once more, and as such, raise large armies to fight great battles with our own forces, and lose them. In the conflict with the Americans of the North, his genius and his fortune have always failed him. He never before showed half as much talent, courage, energy, or devotion to his country as he has displayed in the present war. All, however, has proved in vain. Every fight has been a defeat. His star and his reputation have sunk together. Power and popular appreciation have all been withdrawn. Friends and country abandon him alike—and now, an object apparently of equal contempt, and hatred, the *Benemerito* submits to the commands and the arrest of Penay Pena, a President appointed by himself, and awaits the result of a degrading trial, and perhaps ignominious conviction.—U. S. Gazette.

## A LIVE YANKEE.

Col. Snow, the well known temperance reformer, celebrated in the history of the country as the man who 'struck Billy Patterson,' and a wag of the first water, finds some of his numerous jokes served up in this manner:—

'Every body in New York knows 'Colonel Snow,' of the metropolitan police department; an enthusiastic temperance reformer, an efficient officer, and one of the most incorrigible wags in town. He comes in of a morning to the tonorial establishment of that prince of artists in his line, Mr. James Groat, in Ann Street, and with a face beaming with honest excitement, remarks, 'Well, the steamer's in at last. She has made quick time; but she brought away her pilot, and carried away her pipes. She had a fine 'lot' of passengers; more than a hundred and fifty. The news she brings is not—' Here half a dozen listeners 'under treatment,' arrest the barber's hand, and wiping the latrine from their faces, inquire with eagerness, 'What steamer is it? The Hibernia or Caledonia?' 'Oh, bless you, no!' replies the Colonel; 'Oh, no; the Olive Branch ferry-boat from Brooklyn; she came over very full this morning, and in about six minutes; she carried back the pilot she brought away, and at the same time she carried away her pipes.'

'That was a dreadful scrape opposite the Tribune office,' said the Colonel, the other morning; 'and not a soul interfered, except the dirty rascals who were engaged in it.' 'What scrape was that?' asked a victim: 'I didn't hear any of it.' 'They were scraping up heaps of dirt there all the afternoon, and putting them into carts, for manure. Some of it was beautiful! The Colonel's last game was with a load stone. It was not a little amusing to see half a dozen sage, grave, but quite gullible persons around him, trying its attractive powers with their penknives. 'There ain't much steel, I guess about them knives,' observed Snow—'or else this ain't loadstone! I didn't know how it might be; I picked it up out in the Park, and it seemed quite like a load in my pocket. Mind to left it?' And all this without the movement of a single muscle.'

## SENTENCED TO DEATH.

In the Supreme Court at East Cambridge, on Monday, George Hunnewell, convicted last week of burning his mother's house, was brought in for sentence. When asked if he had any thing to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he remained mute, pressed his hands upon the rail of the dock, sat down, and rested his head on his hands in such a manner as to conceal entirely his face. Chief Justice Shaw then addressed him upon the terrible circumstances of his crime, and the almost infinite depravity of mind and heart which it indicated. He had made the most cruel and dastardly attacks upon his mother's honor and peace. He had so long kept her in such a state of alarm by his threats and violence, that she was, distressing as it must have been to a

mother's feelings, compelled to procure his restraint by imprisonment, and his conduct when restored to liberty proved that her fears were but too well founded. After familiarizing his mind with the atrocious idea, he had carried into execution his cherished and most unhappy and malevolent revenge. The crowning act of his guilt was the destruction by fire of his sick and helpless brother. That feeble and harmless brother was sacrificed to his malice, and his death was, under the circumstances, murder.

Referring to the prisoner's intemperate habits, his honor expressed a hope that the awful fate which it had brought upon the prisoner would serve as a warning to others to shun that detestable and debasing vice, the habit of excessive indulgence in intoxicating drinks; and if any who heard him were inclined that way, he hoped they would seek to regain the path of sobriety, which is the only path of safety and of peace. Then addressing the prisoner again, he employed him to employ the short time allotted to him on earth in seeking the mercy of God, by sincere repentance, and earnest and persevering prayer for forgiveness. He then pronounced the sentence, that for the crime of arson in the night time, he be hanged by the neck till dead, at such times as the executive department shall appoint. 'Not a motion was observable in Hunnewell's frame until the words 'hanged by the neck' were slowly but emphatically uttered by the chief justice, and then the heaving of his shoulders indicated strong convulsive action. He did not raise his head till the officer touched him. He then rose with a quick motion, spoke not a word, hurriedly put on his cap, and almost rushed out of the court room with the officers. When he got into the street, he gave vent to his pent up rage in the most dreadful oaths and imprecations against the judge, his family, mankind and the Almighty! and after he was returned to his cell he continued to inveigh and blaspheme in the same awful strain. *Excelsior.*

## A GOOD STORY.

A certain Captain Bacard left Marseilles for China, but, being buffeted by the winds, he hauled up in the harbor of Tunis, to wait weather. The collector of the port came on board. Capt. Bacard represented that he was freighted for Canton, that he had nothing to do with Tunis, and that he only put in from distress of weather. But the collector exhibited the manifest necessity that he should fork over. Capt. Bacard did not fork over in a rage; but instantly repaired to the palace of the Bey, demanding justice.

'Good Frank,' said the Bey, 'I am your friend. God is great. What do you want of me?'

'Highness,' answered Capt. B., 'your custom house has robbed me. I have forked over—fork back



## VARIETY.

**SEASONABLE ANECDOTE.** Many years ago, there was a scarcity of grain in Norwich, Conn., and a man of family applied to the miller for the purchase of a grist, but he like others now a days, was disposed to avail himself of the general dearth for his own gain, whereupon the applicant cursed him.

Cursing was, in those primitive times, an indictable offence. The delinquent was summoned to appear before one Squire Hyde to answer. At the time specified he was there, Bible in hand, to encounter the plaintiff's counsel, who very eloquently described the enormity of his offence, arraying statute and precedent against him in the most conclusive manner. Nothing daunted, the defendant met the law with gospel, beginning with this text, 'Cursed is he that withholdeth corn from the poor.' 'I did curse him, and now Squire Hyde do you curse him, for one of your curses is worth two of mine.' The plea was overwhelming, and the defendant was acquitted.—*Rough and Ready.*

## PATHETIC EFFECT.

A Yankee, whilst sojourning in London, was met by a number of young, dashing John Bulls, requesting him to visit the Theatre to see Miss Helen Fawcett perform the Queen in Hamlet. The young Londoners were warm in their eulogies of her acting, and contended that she was superior to any one living, in pathetic points frequently causing the female portion of the audience to shed tears. Jonathan was silent, and on the approach of evening the party started for the Theatre. All passed off exceedingly well until the end of act fourth, when one of the party asked Jonathan what he thought of the impersonation.

'Isn't it thrilling?' asked another.

'Look at that lady in yonder box, with her face buried in her handkerchief,' said a third, twirling his opera-glass playfully. 'I declare I feel almost ready to weep myself.'

In this way every person present made some observations on the astonishing pathos and power of the delineations of the great actress, when our Yankee friend spoke up.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you appear to be in ecstasies' cause that girl plays on the agony so—why I saw the same piece played in America; I was settin' in the pit, and was by golly 'bliged to hist my brown cotton umbril over my head to prevent my sheep's gray jacket from being drenched with the showers of tears that fell from the boxes!'

The young critics remained mighty silent the balance of the performance, not one of them daring to open his mouth on the subject of pathetic effect.

**BETTING.**—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped.

'I'll bet you a quarter,' said Jack, 'I'll make you go over this bridge,' and with that struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly.

'You take de bet den,' said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge.

'I won dat quarter, any how,' said Jack.

'But how will you get your money,' said a man who had been hearing what was said.

'To-morrow,' said Jack, massa, give me a dollar to get corn, and then I take de quarter out.'

**ANECDOTES.**—The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a croupy who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. 'O, excellently!' answered the servant, 'we live on very friendly terms, every morning we beat each other's coats, the only difference is he takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on.'

A virtuoso organist once played a piece of music in so masterly a style that all the listeners stood in silent admiration. When it was finished, the bellows-blower jumped up, rubbed his hands and exclaimed, 'We did that capitolly!' 'Hush!' said the organist, 'I must be the only performer here.'

A new piece was commenced; but in the midst of one of the finest passages the music ceased. The performer looked at his organ with astonishment. The bellows boy put out his head from the node where he labored, and exclaimed, 'If you are the only performer, why don't you go on?'

**GOVERNOR SMITH OF VIRGINIA**, who has distinguished himself in a former message, by the momentous propositions which he made in regard to the colored population of the State, pursues the same subject in his recent message to the Legislature. He declares that the happiest state of the negro is slavery, and that freedom degenerates and demoralizes him. He admits that as population increases slave labor grows unprofitable, and hence the condition of the slave becomes less comfortable. He argues, therefore, the necessity of an outlet for the slaves of the old States, and says that in the absence of such outlet the masters themselves must be driven out. He demands therefore, the annexation of new territory for purpose of providing places for the superabundant slave population of the South, and he recommends anew the deportation of the free negro population of the State.

The Governor stigmatizes them as thoughtless, idle and vicious, recommends their deportation by counties to Liberia, or to some other country where slavery does not exist. He defends this proposition from the charge of cruelty, and argues at length the humanity as well as the policy of the plan. One general sentiment of indignation replied to this proposition when it was first proposed by Governor Smith, and we have too much confidence in the sense of justice which pervades every part of the country to doubt that a similar reception awaits it now.—*Proc. Jour.*

**ANECDOTE OF PIUS IX.** We find the following anecdote in one of the Paris Journals.—Cardinal Lambruchini wrote to several communities engaging them to offer up prayers that the Pope might be removed from his state of blindness. One of these letters was sent to Pius IX. who caused the cardinal to be invited to come and see him.—The cardinal having replied that he was ill, and could only go the next day, the Pope sent a message that he would wait on the cardinal. On this the cardinal hastened to the Quirinal, and on being introduced to the Pope the Holy Father placed in his hands the letter which he had addressed to the communities. When the cardinal had read it, the Pope said 'You now see that I could not go to bed without pardoning you.'

**CURIOUS CASE.** The Boston Transcript states that a child about four years and a half old, son of Mr. J. H. Sweet, of South Reading accidentally swallowed a copper cent some two months since. Several physicians were called in; and he was made to vomit at intervals for twenty-four hours after the accident. Subsequently he remained pretty well with the exception of a difficulty of swallowing. Mr. Sweet

still suspecting that the cent was still lodged in the throat, took the child last Thursday to Dr. Wyman of Cambridge, who passed a probing instrument down the little sufferer's throat, and distinctly felt the cent. The Dr. then made a sort of double hook of common covered bonnet wire, which he passed into the throat, and on the first trial, succeeded in hooking up the cent, which was lodged in the esophagus standing edgewise! The child is now as well as ever.



WATERVILLE, DEC. 30,

## WATERVILLE COLLEGE.

We find the following in the last number of the Maine Farmer. Dr. Holmes seldom dodges the truth, let it hit where it may. On the first count we plead guilty; and the charges, against Waterville College can doubtless be sustained. In noticing the annual catalogue he says:

This is the neatest and best printed catalogue of the season. We are glad to see that this young institution contains a goodly number of students. Although this college is young, compared with many others, and its funds not so abundant, and has had as many of the rebuffs of the world as others of the poor class, it is nevertheless a sterling good institution. The faculty of instruction are men equal to any in the sciences which they respectively teach; and the young man who wishes to obtain instruction for the love and utility of it, can obtain it there at very moderate expense.

## LONDON AND ROME.

We find in the Boston Traveler the following comparison between ancient Rome and modern London. It is from Rev. Mr. Stoughton's Lecture, published in the Liverpool Albion.

If Rome rose to eminence by arts, London had risen mainly by trade. Whatever glory our arms might have brought us, they had brought us nothing else. It might have been the practice to speak of arms as noble and of commerce as ignoble, but of this he had yet to learn the meaning. He thought the time would come when posterity would award the palm to London rather than to Rome, feeling that the former had on it the blot of slavery.

But it was time to look at the arts. The temple of Jupiter, built for Domitian, eclipsed all other temples in splendor. The building was in the Grecian style of architecture. Before it was the Forum, the courts of justice, the senate house and the temples of Saturn, Fortune, and Jupiter; close by was the Emperor's palace, of which it was sufficient to say that it became the majesty of Rome's Emperor. The baths were most extensive. The Pantheon measured 108 feet by 148 externally; the portico projected seventy feet. In the interior were recesses containing sculpture to the deities, and over its magnificence, light was beautifully admitted from an opening in the roof. The houses of the Romans were most expensively constructed. The villa of Scorus, which was burnt down by the slaves, cost £885,000. The house called the golden house of Nero was one hundred and twenty feet in height. The banqueting room in this house was made to revolve. On the aqueducts for supplying the city with water Nero and Trajan kept seven hundred architects employed.

The sewers of Rome were most substantially built. They were sixteen feet broad and thirty feet high, and though so old they had not given away to the present day. In the temple was a golden pillar on which were marked the distances to the different cities. Next the roads to the cities were placed the tombs; so that a Roman, when leaving his city, would look last upon, and when returning, would first see the tombs of his ancestors. Internally, their houses were magnificently furnished.

The decorations of the house of Scorus were noble.—The walls of the rooms were divided into compartments by columns of ivory. Above the columns were painted the signs of the zodiac. Bronzed lamps were placed in the rooms, the tables were of citron wood, the couches of gold, the cushions of silk, the pavement mosaic, the vases of Corinthian brass, and the house further adorned with statues. But in all this decoration it was but the reflection of Greece. It was never much more than copying. The Romans had never much sympathy with the fine arts.

London was inferior to Rome in its architecture. The Romans, however, plundered the world to enrich themselves, and in this they were little to be envied.

The London of the nineteenth century was an improvement upon the eighteenth. Many of the modern churches of London had justly called forth the censures of critics. But there were buildings of note. The Houses of Parliament, the Royal Exchange, and other building, were proof of its advances. It was also improving in the grand constructions of Gothic art. If any other place in the country were named, it might be Liverpool, which vied in its advances with ancient Rome.

A taste for arts was more prevalent with us than it was in Rome. In domestic conveniences we excelled the Romans. Though charcoal was very largely used, they had no chimneys to their houses, the smoke escaping by the window or a hole in the roof.

For intellectual cultivation the Romans had the Temple of Apollo, furnished with a library and an apartment for poets to make verses. There poetry was prepared with care; but, if we judge by Horace, they availed themselves of this library to borrow poetry and adapt it to Roman taste. He cautioned them lest, like the jackdaw, who stripped other birds of their feathers to clothe himself, they be similarly found out.

The literature of the Augustæ Age wanted depth. The present age showed it to be different. We could compare with any in art. In books, since the invention of printing, we might select those of which the Roman could have had no idea. Now the lower classes were advancing, and the coming times indicated an equality of mind and mind. Now authors being read by, were writing for, the million. The freemasonry of learning was passing away. London was the antipodes of Rome. In relation to science it was as far removed from Rome as could be imagined. Science of which they never dreamed was followed by modern men. In the practical knowledge of the heavenly bodies, the Romans were deficient. Our knowledge was of an enduring character, and in this the benefits of the empire which we had won were to endure forever.

The colosseum covered five acres: its length was 615 feet, and its width 510 feet. In its amphitheatre there was seat room for 87,000 spectators. But what sights were presented! There were the conflicts of wild beasts. Then the gladiator's fights, whose lives when vanquished depended on the motion of the hands of the spectators, to be set at liberty or slain in their presence. Christian men were also sacrificed there, to please the Roman people. This did not look like civilization. Such exhibitions, if attempted here, would be put down by the voice of the people.

In amusements, though not all that could be wished, London was in advance of Rome. There was a better state of society, the effect of combined causes, working for centuries. Our insular position was favorable to us. We had also the discoveries of art; but, like the Romans, were originally rude tribes, and our practices not to be subdued by a lesser power than that of Christianity.

The last question was, would it continue? We might fall as ancient Rome had done. Any attempt to give an answer was unnecessary and presumptuous. Xenophon said, that, if Athens were insular and had an empire of the sea, it could annoy others, and at the same time be out of danger. This remark was applicable to ourselves. This protected us more than Rome. Our danger must be by sea; and if our supremacy on the sea be put down by a nobler power, it must be by one in advance in civilization; and our loss of empire would not necessarily stop our advances in civilization. Our power, if put down, would be by elements within, but not by those without. Had Rome been faithful she would have stood, but her vices made her an easy prey.

To our young men we looked with interest for the future; with pain on such as were dissolute, but with pleasure on those who were advancing under the consciousness of their relationship to angels. To those who had virtues; to those whose capacious minds were panting after improvement; to those who were living in the present life, but aspiring after the future; to those young men England might say 'they are my jewels.' Only vice and impiety could overturn us, and, though we had our army, our navy, our wealth, and our luxury, we should be under the curse of Heaven, and should fall, but, encouraged by the continuance of virtues, we might hope our path would be upwards in the course of modern civilization.

**TAYLOR AND CLAY.**—The N. Orleans correspondent of the Charleston Courier says:—'I am told that the General expressed the warmest admiration and respect for Mr. Clay, but dissents from some of the opinions as to Mexico expressed in his recent great speech. It is said his views are very similar to Mr. Calhoun's in regard to taking and holding a line in Mexico.'

## OUR TABLE.

'THE BOSTON ALMANAC,' for 1848, comes to us for its usual welcome. It presents its usual claims—and this is enough to say of it. Nobody should visit Boston without this little guide in his pocket.

'THE FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC,' for 1848, sixty pages, with beautiful engravings. This is a pretty, very pretty, table ornament. Its statistical tables, and its selection of anecdotes, are highly useful and interesting. For sale at Shurtleff's Book and Stationery Depot.

'THE AMERICAN VETERINARIAN,' is a work of 288 pages, on the diseases of domestic animals, showing the causes, symptoms and remedies, and rules for preserving and restoring health; with directions for training and breeding. The author, Mr. S. W. Cole, of Boston, is a distinguished agricultural writer, and we have no doubt this book is got up with proper labor and research. If the merciful man ought to be merciful to his beast, then every farmer ought to be in possession of this book. It contains information relative to the horse, which can hardly fail to be worth the cost of the book, to the owner of even a single horse. It is a cheap, but very neat work, and is meeting an extensive sale. A few copies may be found at Shurtleff's Depot, Main-st.

'ANCIENT HARMONY REVIVED.' This is a collection of those 'good old tunes' that used to aid rather than obstruct the worship of our grandfathers. We hail their revival as we would that of the simple piety they used to revive in the hearts of our ancestors. There is devotion—the very soul of it—in those old tunes, and it begets devotion in the hearts of the congregation. If they could be once fully restored to the good graces of the fashionable world, the mass of the tunes now in common use would soon be forgotten. It seems to us that the soul of church music has departed. When do we see it move an audience? Certainly never, in the tinseled in which modern composes array it. Popular fiddlers are striving to imitate cats and dogs, but writers of sacred music seem to aim at nothing at all. If the heart is to be moved, the old composers must do it. Revival hymns are mostly set to old music, because modern tunes cannot move the soul. Old fashions in dress are occasionally revived, and we trust the experiment will be made with music. Let some of these old tunes be well performed by our choirs, and the difference between them and those in use will be readily seen. One has life and inspiration, while the other is dead.

This work is from the press of Masters, Smith & Co., Hallowell, and is very neatly executed. We wish it success. For sale at the Bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Main-st.

'THE DAGUERTYPE' more than sustains its pretensions. It has no rival in this country, and must be well sustained.

'THE UNION MAGAZINE,' edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, New York. This is one of the very choicest magazines of its class. Its plates and other decorations are unequalled, and its list of contributors embraces the best talent of the country. The story of 'The Jewess of Constantina,' on our first page, is taken from this work—though the selection is made with reference mainly to the length. Many of its articles are of rare merit. Price 63. It may be seen at this office.

'THE JOHN-DONKEY' is a rich publication of fun, something on the plan of the 'Yankee Doodle,' in New York. It has been suggested

that this is no relative of the 'donkey wot wouldn't go.' It picks up its ears well at starting. It is peculiarly rich in caricature.

## AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

The New Orleans Delta of the 14th, contains letters from its correspondent at Vera Cruz to the 6th, from which we glean a few items of interest.

The British Minister left Vera Cruz yesterday (Dec 3.), with an American escort. He will be puzzled to find the Mexican Government to which he is accredited.

A lamentable feeling pervades the army at Mexico, owing to jealousies and heartburnings, envy and malice and political prejudices. Gen. Scott has arrested Pillow and Worth. The circumstances which led to this step are believed to be these: Two letters emanating from the American camp, published in the United States, have been read by Gen. Scott. In an order published to the army, he prematurely decided who wrote them, and impeached the honor, patriotism and services of the two generals, who are eulogized in those letters. One of the generals (Pillow) denies, in a card published in Mexico, the authorship of the letter attributed to his pen by Gen. Scott. The other general (Worth) prefers charges against Scott, and Scott arrested him for contempt. Gen. Pillow was arrested because he appealed from an opinion of Scott, requesting the latter to transmit the appeal to the Secretary of War. Scott refused in a hasty manner, whereupon the former remarked, 'I will do it, sir.' 'Then I arrest you, sir,' was Scott's reply.

It is said that on a visit to the theatre by Gen. Pillow, an audience of over 3000 being present, he received three hearty cheers; immediately after which the audience gave three more for Gen. Worth.

Lieut. Malahowsky, of the New York volunteers, died at the Globe Hotel, in New Orleans on the morning of the 3d inst., of vomit. He was a Poleander, by birth.

Gen. Marshall took up the line of march for the interior yesterday, (5th) with a train of seventy wagons, laden with grain and subsistence. The troops numbered near 2000.

On the morning of the 3d inst., information was lodged with the military commandant that a party of guerrillas, numbering near 300, were concealed in the chaparral nine miles south of the city. Two companies of the 1st infantry, were ordered to surprise them. The attack was well-planned, and the companies succeeded in getting upon them before they were aware of it; a volley was poured into them, and as usual, they vanished, leaving behind them twelve of their party dead. This was one of the haunts of the guerrillas; and by this prompt and well-arranged attack, it has been completely broken up. None of the attacking party were injured.

The Arco Iris of the 7th, records a tragic affair which took place in the village of Medellin, on the evening of the 4th. A detachment of American soldiers was quartered there for the night. About eleven o'clock some of them started for a ball in the village, but with perfectly peaceable intentions.

Some of the party took alarm, however, and one of them, a black fellow and a guerrillero, went to the door and discharged a pistol at the advancing Americans. The Americans immediately returned the fire, killing six persons and wounding ten, one of whom died shortly afterwards. One of the wounded was a woman.

The Mexican Secretary of War has been accused, in secret session, of high treason. Party violence and the Secretary's regard for the United States are assigned as the causes of this accusation. It is hinted that the Secretary was born at Pensacola.

## NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

Old Santa Klaus was a little too late in laying down his Christmas bundle at SHURLEFF'S, and it has been carefully preserved for New Year's Holiday. The old fellow had selected a beautiful and bountiful lot of toys for his favorite children in Waterville, and was no doubt sadly disappointed that Carpenter & Co.'s Express was so slow to get him along in season. But Shurtleff kept them in nice order for New Year's presents, and will make a pretty display this evening and to-morrow. There will be close work to see who gets the first choice.

To CORRESPONDENTS. We have several articles on file—especially poetry—which will have attention soon.

[Correspondence of the Traveller.]

## CITY OF MEXICO, 19th, Sept. 1847.

On the 11th inst. we left San Angel to the assistance of the party bombarding the castle of Chapultepec, and on the 14th a portion of our regiment were detailed for storming the castle, the rest remaining in reserve to cut off the retreat of the enemy. Chapultepec has been used as a military academy, and is situated on a high hill protected by batteries and breast works—a most formidable affair, you may depend. A portion of Twigg's Division led the assault, ably supported by the marines. Battery after battery gave way to their attack, and after about two hours fighting, the stars and stripes floated from the towers of Chapultepec. We were engaged cutting off the retreat, and the slaughter was immense. Some poor creatures, who had thrown away their muskets, came up to us imploring mercy, and I am proud to say, that in no case did I witness the request made in vain. We were now about two miles from the city, and proceeded towards it without delay.

The enemy were evidently determined to dispute every inch of ground, and had planted batteries along the whole line of road. Two we took by assault, and a third appeared likely to give us some trouble; it consisted of about 12 guns, and the work was not unlike that at Cherubusco; the position commanded the road to the city, and the pieces of the enemy raked our whole line.

On each side of the road were rows of trees, and in the centre an aqueduct; under the arches of the latter we were sheltered, and continued perseveringly to fire upon the enemy's canons whenever we had a chance; we had also a 68 pound howitzer, and a 24 pounder playing upon the work. The grape from the enemy was very destructive—they had got the

range of the arches, and raked them most terribly. One shot killed 7 men in the arch below, the one in which I was stationed, and a grape shot struck the abutment close to my head and splintered it, one of the splinters struck me smartly on the head, stunning me, and causing the blood to flow. In a few moments after, I saw a 6 pound shot take off the leg of an officer and of a sergeant; in fact it was dangerous work, and I hope now we have got rid of it.

The firing continued till sundown, and during the night we were engaged in making breastworks for our pieces, in order to open with effect at dawn; but when daylight came, the enemy had evacuated the work and the city. Into the capital we marched, and took our position in the grand plaza. We had a little street fighting during the day, and at night we were quartered in the corridors of the National Palace, which is a magnificent building.

Santa Anna had fled to Gaudalupe, with an army of 20,000 men. It is perfectly inexplicable to me how we thrash these Mexicans, however superior they may be in numbers or position. We walk up (as at Contreras) to 22 pieces of artillery, and drive away 7000 men from them, with bare musketry and bayonet, and about half their number; and here, with two pieces and 2000 men, we made a strong Mexican force *camose* from a work that their whole army could not take from 5000 of our troops.

There is nothing very special about this city—the cathedral and palace are splendid, and the streets are generally spacious. The war is as far off conclusion as ever. Santa Anna meditates the recapture of the city. I do not suppose that Gen. Scott will pursue him further. The American policy is to retain what they have got that is of use to them; if they want more, to take it and make the most of it. But it strikes me they won't find their conquests in this quarter worth retaining.

P. S. Our company lost 1 in killed, 3 in wounded. To give you an idea how a company is racked upon a campaign, by battle, disease, hardship and exposure, I have to say, that company F, numbered 90—joined since 10 recruits—total 100. At present we are stationed in the citadel of Mexico, and number 55. The balance are sick, wounded, or have been assassinated, died from disease, or have been slain in battle. Assassinations are very common here; it is dangerous for a U. S. soldier to walk the streets alone.

**MURDER IN SANBORTON, N. H.**—On Sunday night last, a man named Dennis Magin, was killed at a railroad shanty in Sanborton, N. H. There are several statements as to the manner of his death. The brother of the deceased, Charles Magin, states that Dennis was killed by two men named John Hartigan and Patrick Hartley, in consequence of Dennis being mistaken for his brother Charles, who had discharged them from his employ, he being a railroad contractor.

Another statement is, that he was killed during a general row in the cabin. The two suspected parties fled from Sanborton during the night, and Charles Magin brought the body of his brother to this city for burial. While the funeral procession was passing through Broad street, yesterday afternoon, Magin saw one of the suspected murderers enter a house. He immediately informed police officer Boardman, who sent notice to Marshal Tukey, and five officers were shortly on hand. The house was surrounded and searched, and Hartley and Hartigan found. They were conveyed to jail to await the movement of the N. Hampshire authorities.—*Tran.*

Gen. Patterson, while in Jalapa, governed with a rigid hand. The Mexicans complain bitterly of the recent execution, under his directions, of two young officers, Ambrosio Alcala and Antonio Garcia, who were taken at Jalcomulco with a party of guerrillas, some time since, and who were alleged to have broken their parole. This the two officers and their friends denied, but the evidence was too strong against them to permit their escape.

When the sentence was published, the whole city rose to beg for the lives of the young men, and deputations were sent to Gen. Patterson from the council, from the resident foreigners, from the clergy, regular and secular, from the ladies of the principal families, and the ladies of the convents, beseeching him to spare the lives of the unhappy youths, but without avail. They were hanged in the Plaza de San Jose, at noon, of the 24th ultimo. Their bodies were delivered over to their friends, and after lying in state a few hours, were buried with the highest honors that public grief could devise.

The whole city put on mourning, solemn processions lined every street, and the *misere* was chanted in the churches. A gloom was thrown over the city, which is not yet entirely dissipated.

**MELANCHOLY AFFAIR.** A shocking affair occurred at Buffalo Rock, on Monday last.—The Chicago Constitutionalist thus describes it. Two sons of Mrs. Thornton, had been at play—the eldest 14 years of age, the younger only six. While engaged in their fun, the elder took a gun from one of the rooms of the house, saying that he was going to shoot birds. He stepped into the yard and told his brother that he would shoot him, and immediately cocked the piece, brought it to an aim and snapped the trigger. The gun flashed in the pan, when he again primed it, picked the flint, brought it to an aim, fired, and shot the brother through the right side. The gun proved to be loaded with eight buck shot. The hapless boy lived but a few hours.

There is a strange fatality, it would seem, hanging over this boy, and as singular as it may be, it is true, that he was the cause of his father's death some three or four years since. In attempting to drive some cattle out of a lot near the house, he threw a chip of wood at a steer, which passed over the creature and struck, with the hard edge, his father's wrist—making, what was then deemed, a slight scratch, but which soon inflamed and finally caused his death.

**GAMMON.** At the opening of the Northern Railroad, Hon. Linus Child, agent of one of the Lowell factories, said:

'The time was past, when labor could be considered degrading, if it ever had been in this country. In relation to the morals and health of the manufacturing cities, they could not be better any where; for every one was interested in them, and his own little daughter was taught in the Sabbath School by a factory girl.'

Does Mr. Child send 'his own little daughter' into the mill, to assist in the performance of the labor which he so highly respects?—*Portland Argus.*

**THE MORMON COLONY.**—The editor of the St. Louis Republican [Dec. 1.] has had a conversation with Mr. Little, a high officer in the Mormon Church, who left Missouri last March for the Mormon City of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, and has just returned, having left the future home of the disciples of

Joseph Smith late in August last. He and others explored the Valley, which is about 80 miles by 20—100 acres of ground had been planted with corn, potatoes, turnips, &c., which the colonists were irrigating. Ten acres are to be enclosed by a stockade, as a defence against the Indians, and within some 200 dwellings are erected. On his return to St. Louis, Mr. Little met the Mormon emigrants in detached parties—many of the married men had been taken to fill the California battalion, and little boys, in some cases, were driving the teams barefooted. Two hundred oxen had died of eating a poisonous herb, and cows were used in their stead. Provisions were scarce, and even at the settlement game was far from abundant, and starvation was feared.

## INFLUENCE OF RAILROADS.

Hon. J. M. Niles, in his late address before the New Haven County Agricultural Society, makes the following judicious remarks in relation to the influence of railroads:

'It has been supposed by many, that the system of railroads and canals, by bringing the products of the West into competition with those of the Atlantic States, would operate injuriously to the agricultural interests of the latter, and reduce the value of land. But on a full development of that system, the result will be otherwise. Were agriculture and commerce the only great interests of our country, this consequence might have followed. But manufactures, the other great interest, supply local markets for the farmer; and the railroad system is already exerting a powerful influence in establishing manufactures in the interior, to points remote from the water; and thus creating local markets for those products of the farm which would not justify transportation to our commercial cities on the seaboard. Whilst railroads bring the great staples of the West into competition with those of the Atlantic States, they enable the latter to send to market, at a good profit, a great variety of products, which could not otherwise be done, and which will not bear transporting from the Western States. And this system, by its influence in evolving the various resources of the country, and increasing its wealth, exerts a favorable influence on agriculture generally, and more especially on sections contiguous to our commercial towns and manufacturing districts. While it brings the flour and provisions of the West into the market on the seaboard, it enables the farmers in the Atlantic States to avail themselves of the markets, where local ones do not exist, for hay, milk, vegetables, fruit, and various articles, which, were it not for those facilities, would bear transportation a few miles only.'

**GOV. BIBB vs. THE OREGON RAILROAD.**—Gov. Bibb, of Ohio, has sent a special message to the Legislature of that State, giving reasons why, in his opinion, Whitney's railroad ought not to be built under government patronage. He says, 'the grant to one individual, his heirs and assigns forever, of a territory more than twice as large as the whole State of Ohio, is a monopoly too monstrous to be tolerated in a free country, and urges, besides, that the location proposed is too far north; after introducing various propositions and arguments in defence of his position, Gov. B. recommends the passage of resolutions by the General Assembly, 'adverse to the adoption of Asa Whitney's Railroad project, and in favor of appropriations by Congress in aid of a national system of railway "post roads," such as Congress may in its wisdom "establish."

**ACCIDENTS.** On Saturday afternoon, a young man, a native of Natick, who was walking upon the track of the Worcester Railroad, and watching a down freight train, was struck by the 2-14 o'clock up passenger train, run over and killed instantly.

The Great Barrington Courier records a fatal accident on the Housatonic Railroad, on the 13th. A negro, under the influence of liquor, crawled into one of the 'cattle guards' and placed himself directly under the track, and while there undertook to look out to see if the cars were coming. When rising to peep out the train happened to be close upon him, and before he could lower himself, the 'cow catcher' on the engine caught him directly in the neck, and in an instant severed his head from his body.

On Saturday evening last, as Miss Francis Ann Baker, a very interesting young lady, eighteen years old, daughter of Mr. Cushing Baker, was walking through the attic of her father's store, situated on Utica street, Boston, she made a false step and fell through the scuttle to the floor, a distance of thirty-five feet. When taken up she was entirely insensible, and so continued till her death, which occurred in about two hours. Her mother and brother were witnesses of the sad calamity.

**RAILROADS.**—The Eastern Railroad has declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 pr ct.—the Taunton Branch of 4 pr ct.; the Saco and Portland of 3 pr ct.

The Con. River Railroad Co. have declared a dividend of 4 pr ct. for the last 6 months, besides having a balance to carry to the reserve fund. Subscriptions to the new stock for the extension of the road to the Vermont line, are to be paid in monthly instalments of \$10 per share, commencing with January.

## COLORED ENVOYS.

The Senators Ardoun and Delva, (men of color) presented to the King of the French, Tuesday, letters accrediting them as Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Hayti to France, for the exchange of the ratifications of the 15th of May last.

These colored Senators could gain no such admission to the republican presence of the Chief Magistrate of this free people.—*Cour. and Enquirer.*

The great medal, to be presented by the state of Louisiana to Gen. Taylor, is now in progress in N. York. The dies alone will cost \$1,000. They are in the hands of the best artist in that line in this country. On the obverse is the battle of Buena Vista, from a very spirited design, and on the reverse the arms of the state.

**DISASTROUS FIRE.** A fire occurred in Scarborough on Monday night, which consumed the dwelling house and all the outbuildings on the farm of Capt. Joshua Moulton—near the Corner. The destruction was complete; eight cows, four oxen, hogs, horse, heavy crops of hay and corn, were all burned. The loss cannot be less than \$3000. Insured for \$1000. Capt. M. was an industrious, frugal man, and we regret to hear of this sweeping misfortune. Charles Coffin, a young man about 20 years of age, was committed to jail in this city on Wednesday, charged with setting the fire, and he will be examined to-day or to-morrow.

Mr. Oliver



## THE ELEPHANT AT LARGE.

We learn from the North American, that the Zoological Institute of Messrs Raymond & Waring, in Walnut street Philadelphia, on Wednesday last, was the scene of a thrilling terror for about three hours in consequence of the large elephant of that establishment becoming uncontrollable and doing serious damage. It appears that about one o'clock, the keeper of the animal, William Kelly, was cleaning him and preparing him for the afternoon's performance, in the recess where he is kept, when, being unchained, he started toward the ring. The keeper spoke to him, and as he did not stop as soon as he ought to have done, the keeper struck him with a spear.

This exasperated the animal, and he made a pass at the keeper with his tusks, throwing him up twice in succession, to a considerable height. The keeper fell in front of a cage, and as he did so, the elephant made a third pass at him, but missing him, struck the cage, which he captured a stove filled with fire that stood in front of it.

The cage fell with Mr. Kelly under it, and when he was rescued, it was found that the unfortunate man had received serious fractures of both legs, one of which—the right—was obliged to be amputated.

The enraged beast then passing towards the ring again, the elephant doors were introduced and succeeded in driving him back to his place. He now became more furious, and broke to pieces two cages in this recess, containing the small animals referred to above, and which were let loose. Thence he returned to the ring, somewhat damaged the curb of it and likewise did a trifling injury to the seats. He was at last secured by dropping a rope noose from the top of the dome of the building into the ring, and drawing this, when he entered the ring, around his fore legs.

While thus entangled, in making passes towards those on the platform and in the saloon above him, he got into the narrow western gangway, where by effectual application of the harpoon, he was goaded into submission, and surrendered. After fastening his tusks to his fore legs, and securing his legs together with strong chains, Herr Driesbach the celebrated wild beast tamer, made his appearance, and taking the subdued beast in charge, bore him in triumph to the ring, where he caused him to lie down in perfect submission. Herr Driesbach, then standing on the conquered mammoth of the forest, addressed the spectators present in the following impromptu speech:

Gentlemen:—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I am impelled to say that this is the proudest day of my life. Napoleon and other gentlemen have their monuments in stone, I have mine in a conquered living elephant.

This speech was answered by rounds of applause.

At the time the elephant was in the western gangway, the Mayor had a loaded six pounder manned by volunteer artillerymen, pointed at the door ready to fire at him in case he should rush for the street. Another six pounder was stationed by him at the back door on George street, and some fifty musketeers were kept in readiness near at hand.

The only animals killed by the elephant, we believe, were a couple of monkeys. A rare rabbit was devoured by one of the dogs. The animals which escaped were all returned to their cages, without harming any one.

The elephant it appears was the well known Columbus. He is a refractory beast, and has cut up his didos before.

**HIGH HANDED OUTRAGE.**—A sad affair occurred on the College premises last night, or rather about 2 o'clock this morning. There was some disturbance in the college yard, and the Lyceum door was broken open with an iron bar in the hands of one of the rowdies, when they proceeded to ring the bell. The noise brought out Tutor Joseph Emerson, who then called Tutor William Goodrich, (son of professor G.) and the two sought to arrest the disturbers of the peace. Tutor Goodrich was struck over the head with an iron bar, in the hands of one of the riotous persons, and Tutor Emerson was cut in the arm, by another person who attempted to stab him with a sword cane.

His wound is not a serious one; but Tutor Goodrich was left upon the ground insensible, and to-day much anxiety is felt for him, though he is not regarded as in imminent danger. The snow on the ground enabled the officers of the college and others to trace the supposed assailants to their rooms, and this morning two young students, one named Tower, of Philadelphia, and another named Ewing, of Tennessee, were arrested, and examined before Justice Bennett, and each put under \$4,000 bonds for a further examination next week.

One of them found bail, and it is probable that the others will do so before night. If they are proved guilty, we trust that the severest punishment of the law will be meted out to them. This is a sad affair in every aspect.—*N. Haven Palladium, 24th.*

## MELANCHOLY INTELLIGENCE.

**Death of Senator Fairfield.**  
It is our painful duty to announce the death of Hon. John Fairfield, a Senator of the United States from this State. The intelligence was communicated to this city on Saturday, by telegraph—from which we only learn that he died on Friday last, at 8 P. M. at Washington. It must have been very sudden, as he was in his seat on Thursday. We shall have the particulars by to-day's mail.

A valuable man has fallen! One whose name and virtues are well known throughout the Union. His term of office, had he lived, would have expired in 1851. He has been in the Senate several years, and was a most useful member of that body.—*Eastern Argus.*

The Boston Traveller, in noticing the death of Mr. Fairfield, says:  
"His health has not been good for some time. He has been troubled with a difficulty of breathing, which occasioned fits of great distress; and it was probably in one of these fits that his death occurred."

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin says that "a demonstration in favor of Gen. Zachary Taylor for the next President will, in the course of this week, be made here by the Taylor men from all sections of the Union; and a national central Taylor committee is to be appointed. The duty of this committee will be the organization of the Taylor party, and to put all things in trim for the next campaign." This letter was written on the 14th; but the week has gone by, and no demonstration has been made. Rumors have been recently rife. A candidate from Massachusetts (not Mr. Webster, but one of the champions of the protective system) has been named as Vice President, to run on Gen. Taylor's ticket.

About \$3,000 have been collected in the several churches in Milwaukee for the survivors of the Propeller Phoenix. The Odd Fellows were also taking up collections.

**GREAT ROBBERY.**—The Agent of the Chester County Bank was robbed on Friday last, in the cars, near Philadelphia, of a large sum of money—said to be \$50,000.

One of the two prisoners has confessed the murder of Richard Freeman, at Great Falls, N. H., and implicates the tavern keeper's son Fernald, who had been examined and discharged, but has been re-arrested.

**LONG FREIGHT TRAIN.**—The New Engine on the Western Railroad—the North Carolina—came into Springfield from the West one day last week, with a train of one hundred and eighteen cars!

The black tongue, a fatal epidemic, is quite prevalent in Duxbury, Connecticut. Several persons have recently died with it, and others are not expected to live.

## CONGRESS.

We have looked closely to see what our national legislature are doing, that would interest our readers, but find nothing yet. They are evidently preparing for an arduous campaign, but the battle is not yet begun.

## BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS.

The unparalleled and astonishing efficacy of Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, in all the diseases for which it is recommended, curing many cases after the skill of the best physicians was unavailing, has effected a large and increasing demand for it. This fact has caused many unprincipled counterfeiters and imitators to palm off spurious mixtures, of similar name and appearance, for the genuine Balm. Some are called 'Syrup of wild Cherry,' 'Balm of Spikenard,' 'Wild Cherry Confection,' &c. Another, 'Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry,' misspelling the name, and forging certificates to resemble those of the true balm. 'Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry' is the only genuine. The rest merely imitate the name of the original, while they possess none of its virtues.

## LOOK WELL TO THE MARKS OF THE GENUINE.

The genuine Balm is put up in bottles, with the words 'Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, Phila.' blown in the glass; each bottle bearing a label on the front, with the signature of H. WISTAR, M. D. This will be enveloped hereafter with a new wrapper; copyright secured, 1844; on which will always appear the written signature of 'L. BUTTS.'

For sale in Waterville by Wm. Dyer; Fairfield, Wm. B. Snow & Co. Sold also by agents generally.

## WATERVILLE PRICES.

Flour, bbl. \$7.75 a \$8.00; Corn, bush. \$2 a \$1.00; Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.34; Oats, \$1.00; Butter, lb. \$18; Cheese, \$8 a \$10; Eggs, doz. \$18 a \$20; Pork, round hog, to \$8.

## MARRIAGES.

In Canaan, 30th inst., by Samuel Haynes Esq., Mr. Harrison Cole, of Sebasticook, and Miss Frances Goodridge, of Canaan.

In Cabotville, Mass., on the 14th inst., by Rev. J. G. Warren, Mr. Lyman D. Bushee and Miss Hannah Winn, of Waterville.

## DIED.

In Fairfield, 2d inst., Mr. Caleb Emery, aged 63 years 11 months.

## Advertisements.

## LADIES!

YOU can find the best MUFFS and other FURS at Phillips's, ever offered in Waterville, and at prices lower than at any other store in town. 23-Dec. 30.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

**KENNEBEC, SS.**—Taken and attached on several writs of attachment, by the consent of the several Plaintiffs and of the Defendant and delinquent therein, the following described articles, which will be sold at Public Auction, at the office lately occupied by Dr. V. P. Coombs, in Waterville, in the county of Kennebec, on Tuesday, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1848, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to the highest bidder therefor—unless sooner disposed of at private sale, viz:—A large quantity of selected Drugs and Medicines; Anatomical Preparations; a large assortment of Glass Phials and Bottles; all the Furniture and the Library in said office; together with the Surgical Instruments and Apparatus, and all other articles in said office, belonging to said Coombs, and attached on said writs as his property. A particular schedule of the articles to be sold will be exhibited at the time and place of sale. Dated at Waterville, the 25th day of December, A. D. 1847.

JOSEPH NUDD, Deputy Sheriff.

## BOOTS! BOOTS!!

THIS day received by A. LYFORD, a prime lot of PHILLIPS's, ever offered in Waterville, and will be sold as low as can be bought anywhere on the river. Waterville, Dec. 30, 1847. 23rd

## FARMERS ATTENTION!

TWO HUNDRED TONS OF PLASTER, of the best quality, just received and for sale by the undersigned, at their Mill, near the steamboat landing, where a good supply of fresh-ground will be kept constantly on hand. Please call at the store (at the landing) of W. & D. MOOR. Waterville, Dec. 27, 1847. 23rd

## FITCH MUFFS.

YOU can buy a first-rate FITCH MUFF at Phillips's for eight dollars. Don't forget to call and examine.

## W. A. BURLEIGH, M. D.

Operative Surgeon  
AND  
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,  
WATERVILLE, ME.

## RECEIVED THIS DAY.

PER Carpenter's Express, a fine assortment of FITCH MUFFS and VICTORINES, which will be sold cheaper than ever. C. R. PHILLIPS.

At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the last Monday of December, A. D. 1847, within and for the County of Kennebec.

A CERTAIN instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of CHAS. W. GILMAN, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having been presented by ISAAC REDINGTON, the Executor therein named for Probate.

CHAS. W. GILMAN, That said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Waterville Mail, printed at Waterville, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the last Monday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. W. EMMONS, Judge. 3rd 23

## ROBES.

BUFFALO ROBES and COATS, cheap for cash, at C. R. PHILLIPS's. 23-Dec. 30.

## AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,**  
THAT the four Assessments of five per cent. each, (being the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth assessments), on the amount of stock subscribed for by each Stockholder in the Androscooggin and Kennebec Railroad Company, (being Two Dollars and Fifty cents on each original share subscribed for), have been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and that the said assessments will be due and payable to the Treasurer of the Company, at his Office, in Waterville, as follows, to wit:

The SIXTH assessment on the first day of Feb'y next.  
The SEVENTH assessment on the first day of March next.  
The EIGHTH assessment on the first day of April next.  
The NINTH assessment on the first day of May next.

EDWIN NOYES,  
Treasurer of A. & K. R. R. Co.  
Dec. 27, 1847. 23rd

## GLOVES.

THE best assortment of GLOVES in Waterville, to be found at C. R. PHILLIPS's.

## NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, SAMUEL BROWN, of Winslow, on the 25th day of July, 1843, by his mortgage deed of that date, recorded in the Records of the County of Kennebec, Book 134, page 488, conveyed to W. B. S. Moor, of Waterville, his homestead farm, situated partly in Winslow and partly in Sebasticook, containing about one hundred and eighty acres, and bounded southerly by land of Jacob Osborne, northerly by land in possession of Abiel Pratt, easterly by land of Eliphalet Flag and by land of Ticonic Bank or Ticonic Simpson, and westerly by the Kennebec River,—which said mortgage was assigned to me by the said Moor, on the 25th day of August, 1845; And whereas the conditions of said mortgage have not been complied with, I therefore give notice of my intention to foreclose the same, for nonfulfillment of said conditions.

ALFRED BURLEIGH,  
Waterville, Dec. 7, 1847. 3w20

## LOST.

On Friday, last, between Mrs. Bradbury's shop and E. L. Smith's house, a BLACK KID WALLLET, containing six or eight dollars in money, some papers and a piece of green silk fringe. Among the papers was a certificate from a Superintendent School-Committee to the lady owning the wallet. Any person finding the above mentioned wallet, and leaving it at this office, or with E. L. Smith shall be suitably rewarded.



## JOHN S. CARTER

CONTINUES TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF

## BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING.

IN GOOD STYLE AND AT SHORT NOTICE.  
He keeps for sale most kinds of BLANKS in use in this vicinity.

JOBS AND CARD PRINTING done in good shape and at fair prices.  
\*Office in Pray's Building, three doors below Williams' Hotel, Main street.\*  
Waterville, Nov. 1847. 18th

## DAGUERRETYPE MINIATURES.

Taken by a Sky-light.

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

FIRST OF DECEMBER, and those wishing for a good likeness will do well to call soon. Persons sitting for Miniatures will not be expected to take them unless correct, and they are satisfied with them. Miniatures taken without regard to weather, from 9 o'clock forenoon to 4 o'clock afternoon.  
Waterville, Nov. 16, 1847.

## SCHOOL NOTICE.

MISS SCRIBNER will commence the winter term of her school on Monday, Nov. 29.  
Waterville, Nov. 16, 1845. 17th

## NO MISTAKE!

BUT that my NUTS, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES, LEMONS, ORANGES, SWEET POTATOES, CANDY, &c. are as fresh and as good as can be procured in this Village. Please call and see.  
A. LYFORD,  
Waterville, Nov. 11, 1847. 17th

## HOUSE FOR SALE.

A TWO-STORY HOUSE, pleasantly situated on Elm street, formerly owned by the late Isaac Dodge, now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Nott. The house and outbuildings are in good repair. Inquiries can be made of Mrs. Winslow, or G. H. Dodge, Hampton Falls, N. H.  
Nov. 1847. 17

## ALMANACS!

JUST received a gross MAINE and BROUGH'S AND READY ALMANACS, which will be sold very low, wholesale or retail, at the Book and Stationery Depot of J. B. SHURTLEFF.  
Nov. 17, 1847. 17

## A BOOK FOR EVERY FARMER.

THE AMERICAN VETERINARIAN, or DISEASES OF ANIMALS, with rules for Training, Managing, and Breeding, by S. W. Cole, of the Boston Cultivator. For sale by J. B. SHURTLEFF.  
Nov. 17, 1847. 17

## SLATES! SLATES!

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

SHURTLEFF'S BOOK DEPOT,  
No. 1 Boultie Block, Old Store of C. J. Wingate.  
Nov. 17, 1847. 17

## CARDS!

PLAIN, ORNAMENTED and EMBOSSED—an extensive assortment for sale, from 12 to 25 cents per pack, by J. B. SHURTLEFF.  
Nov. 17, 1847. 17

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

ANDREW ARCHER.  
Nov. 1847. 16th

## MUFFS!! MUFFS!!

L. CROWELL

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

ALSO,  
All kinds of School Books & Stationery;  
Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads,  
Chairs, Feather Beds, & Looking Glasses  
November, 1847. 16th

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

Office in Ticonic Row, Main Street.  
He refers to  
DR. JACOB BIGELOW,  
"H. I. BOWDITCH," Boston.  
"D. H. STORR,"  
"J. B. S. JACKSON,"

DANIEL SANBORN.  
COUNSELLOR & ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Waterville, Me.

Will devote his whole attention to the business of a profession.  
Office in PRAY'S BUILDING Main street.  
18. 3ms.

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

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

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

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

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

GLASS.  
An extra article, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO.

HATS & CAPS.  
OF all kinds, cheap at Phillips's, No. 1, Pray's Building.  
18. 3ms.

NOTICE.  
THE undersigned having sold out his Store and Tin Ware business, respectfully gives notice to all indebted to him, that an immediate settlement is requested.—He can be found at the New Store of J. R. FOSTER, on Main Street.

EDWIN DINBAR.  
The Rooms formerly occupied by the undersigned.  
Waterville, Sept. 25, 1847.

## NEW ARRIVAL.

\$1,500 WORTH  
OF  
'READY-MADE CLOTHING,'  
JUST RECEIVED,

BY  
CHARLES H. THAYER,

Consisting of the following articles:

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

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Broadcloths	Tweeds	Apoccos	Prints
Cassimere	Satinet	M. de Lains	Patches
Doekins	Yestings	Ginghams	Shawls

Boys' CLOTHING.

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

A general Assortment of  
DRESS GOODS!!!

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Broadcloths	Tweeds	Apoccos	Prints
Cassimere	Satinet	M. de Lains	Patches
Doekins	Yestings	Ginghams	Shawls

A large Stock of  
PAINTS AND OILS.

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Coach Varnish	Whiting	American Vermilion
Furniture do.	Lamp Black	Chinese do.
Japan do.	Gum Shellac	Chrome Green
Spl. Turpentine	Grd. Verdigris	"Yellow
Limeced Oil	French Yellow	"Red
Lamp Oil	Van. Red	Coach Black
Pure Grd. Lead	Prussian Blue	"Blue
Extra do.	Litharge	Paris Green
Red do.	Umber	Rose Pink
Glue	Flake White	

GOLD LEAF, &c. &c.

A general assortment of  
W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES.

HARDWARE & IRON,  
NAILS AND GLASS.

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

The above were bought mostly for cash, and will be sold as low as can be bought on Kennebec River.  
Waterville, Oct. 27, 1847. [14th]

## NEW STORE STORE!

MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.

THE Subscriber has taken the Store formerly occupied by APPLETON & GILMAN, North side the Common, and East side of Main Street, where he will keep constantly on hand a General assortment of the most approved

Cooking Stoves  
THAT CAN BE FOUND ON THE KENNEBEC.

To those wanting a Cook Stove, particular attention is invited to Smith's

PATENT TROJAN PIONEER,  
MANUFACTURED BY  
LEWIS P. MEAD & CO., Augusta.

Where the unrivalled sale and high Testimonials of its Cooking Qualities, render it the most popular and convenient Stove now in use.

This stove can in a few moments be so disconnected as to make TWO PERFECT STOVES, and the Oven part used for a Summer or Parlor Stove, taking less fuel, and performing the various Cooking purposes admirably.

Also, for Sale, the  
CONGRESS AIR-TIGHT STOVE,  
Wager's do., Stanley's Air-Tight Rotary do.,  
Empire Union, Express, Maine Farmer,  
Hathaway, Hot Air, Boston (two ovens),  
Paragon, Iron, Witch, and Parlor  
Cook, comprising all the New and  
Improved Patterns.

Also, a Good Assortment of PLASTER AIR-TIGHT STOVES, (Cast and Sheet Iron), Franklin, Box and Cylinder Stoves of Various Patterns; Fire Frames, Hollow and Britannia Ware; Sheet Iron and Tin Ware.

Mr. E. DUNBAR is employed here, and will attend to all repairs, as usual.

This stove can in a few moments be so disconnected as to make TWO PERFECT STOVES, and the Oven part used for a Summer or Parlor Stove, taking less fuel, and performing the various Cooking purposes admirably.

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Paragon, Iron, Witch, and Parlor  
Cook, comprising all the New and  
Improved Patterns.

Also, a Good Assortment of PLASTER AIR-TIGHT STOVES, (Cast and Sheet Iron), Franklin, Box and Cylinder Stoves of Various Patterns; Fire Frames, Hollow and Britannia Ware; Sheet Iron and Tin Ware.

Mr. E. DUNBAR is employed here, and will attend to all repairs, as usual.



# THE COUNT DE DIJON.

Of this eccentric but benevolent French nobleman the following anecdote is related—

One morning during the last winter, being at his country residence, he recollected that the lease of an inn called the Red Cross, about three leagues distant, had expired. The landlord was soliciting a renewal; but wishing to judge of the state of the premises, he set out on foot, although the weather was intensely cold, and the snow falling.

At some distance from his chateau he overtook a wagoner walking by the side of his cart. Between pedestrians acquaintance is soon made; and it was not long before the count discovered that the man's name was Penot, his wife's name Marianne; that he had five children, and as many horses; and that all he had to depend on for the support of his family and cattle was his errand-cart.

But all at once, while they were walking on in earnest conversation, the leading horse made a false step, fell down and broke his leg. At this sight the wagoner cried out in despair, and began to use epithets which are not to be found in any vocabulary of polite conversation.

"You do wrong to utter such language, my friend," said his companion; "your conduct in this small misfortune is really sinful. How can you tell what may be the intentions of Providence towards you?"

"Will you hold your peace?" replied the wagoner. "I wish you were in my place, and that you were losing that fine horse instead of me. Do you know that he cost me twenty-five louis? Do you know how much twenty-five louis are? I am afraid not. What will my poor Marianne say?—No, if God were just, he would never have permitted the horse of a poor man like me, with a large family, to have broken his leg."

"And I tell you again, my friend, that it is wrong to doubt the goodness of God, and for twenty-five miserable louis."

"You talk very much at your ease about twenty-five louis, as if you knew anything at all about them. Did such a sum ever find its way into your pocket, I wonder? Oh my poor horse! Twenty-five louis are not to be found upon the highways."

"Well, I will give you the twenty five louis; so compose yourself," said the count.

"Oh, you are making game of me into the bargain!" exclaimed the wagoner, throwing a contemptuous look at the well worn brown surcoat of his companion. "You will give them to me—you will steal them then, I suppose? Come, say no more about it but lend a hand at unharnessing the poor beast. Marianne, poor Marianne! what will she say!"

The count readily did as he was desired, and gave all the assistance in his power; but this accident having caused considerable delay, they did not arrive until late at the Red Cross Inn.

"Can you give me a room and a bed?" said the count to the landlord.

The latter seeing a foot traveller, covered with snow, and without either a cloak or an umbrella, haughtily replied, "There is no room for you here; you must go elsewhere."

"But I should have to go a league further, which would not be very pleasant in frost and snow; let me have any place; I am not particular."

"I should think not, indeed," replied the hostess; "but our inn is not for every one that comes here. I admit none but respectable people—all wagoners; I will admit your companion, but not you."

"Allow me at least madame, to share the supper and room of my companion."

"As to that, it is no concern of mine; you must settle it with him."

The count then turning to the wagoner, repeated his request.

"Well, be it so. Come, then, good woman, supper for two and a comfortable room."

When supper was over, they paid their reckoning, and retired to their apartment; the count then made some inquiries respecting the people of the house.

"I know," replied Penot, "that they have well feathered their nest; this is the only inn in the district, and during the nine years that they have kept it, they must have laid by a pretty good sum.—Oh, if my poor Marianne and I had such an inn, I should not grieve so much for the loss of my horse!"

"Well, if this house suits you, you shall have it."

"Why, how bravely you talk! First you say you will give me twenty-five louis, and then you say you will give me an inn. I can not help laughing at the idea. However, take care; I tell you I won't be played upon."

"No play in the count. I tell you that if you like this house, I will give it to you," replied his companion.

"And I tell you again, that if you say another word, I will turn you out of the room," said the wagoner.

He seemed a likely person to do so, therefore the count said no more.

The next morning the count rose early, and repaired to his solicitor in the next town. After some conversation between him and the solicitor, the latter set off for the Red Cross.

On reaching the inn, he told the landlord that the count had arrived.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the landlady, where is he? Why would he not honor us by putting up here?"

"He came here, but you refused to admit him, replied the attorney."

perceive it, in a temper to be avoided, by all means. A sullen man is bad enough; what, then, must be a sullen woman, and that woman a wife; a constant inmate, a companion day and night! Only think of the delight of setting at the same table, and occupying the same chamber, for a week, without exchanging a word all the while! Very bad to be scolding for such a length of time; but this is far better than 'the sulks.'—Dr. Alcott.

## GAMING.

Burgh, in his Dignity of Human Nature, sums up the evils of this practice in a single paragraph:

"Gaming is an amusement wholly unworthy of rational beings, having neither the pretence of exercising the body, of exerting ingenuity, or of giving any natural pleasure, and owing its entertainment wholly to an artificial and inflated taste;—the cause of infinite loss of time, of enormous destruction of money, of irritating the passions, of stirring up aversion, of innumerable sneaking tricks and frauds, of encouraging idleness, of disgusting people against their proper employments, and of sinking and debasing all that is truly great and valuable in the mind."

Let me warn you, then, my young readers, nay, more, let me urge you never to enter this degrading road. Shun it as you would the road to destruction. Take not the first step,—the moment you do, all may be lost. Say not that you can command yourselves, and stop when you approach the confines of danger. So thousands have thought as sincerely as yourselves, and they fell.—The probabilities that we shall fall where so many have fallen," says Dr. Dwight, "are millions to one; and the contrary opinion is only the dream of lunacy."—Dr. Alcott.

## ANECDOTE OF LISTZ.

The following capital anecdote of this great pianist, we find in the 'Golden Rule,' translated from the French:—

A short time ago Listz was travelling through Germany giving concerts. He travelled in princely style, preceded by a courier who prepared his relays, and accompanied by his secretary. One day he arrived at a small city whose inhabitants it was said, were extremely desirous to see and to hear him. The concert had been duly announced, the name of Listz had been long famous throughout Germany; the pianist's sole misgiving was on account of the smallness of the room that was engaged, which he feared might not be large enough to contain the crowd of his admirers.

Judge, then, what must have been his astonishment when he saw before him only a couple of dozen of auditors, slovenly looking, and seeming almost ashamed of the smallness of their number.

He waited, walked up and down among the little group of artists, had his pianos tuned two, three times over, sought every possible pretext for delaying the commencement of the concert, hoping to see some accession to his audience. But at length he was forced to begin. All at once, while playing his magnificent fantasia upon Don Juan, a luminous idea entered his mind. He rose in the middle of the piece, advanced toward the edge of the stage, and bowing very politely to his audience:

"Gentlemen," said he to them, "you have music enough, I presume, and so have I; would you do me the honor to come and sup with me?" This singular invitation was accepted with an enthusiastic hurra. Listz does everything in the best style. He conducted his audience to the first hotel in the city, where he had that morning alighted, and ordered a magnificent supper. The amphitryon and his guests separated at a very late hour, mutually enchanted.

The next day the shrewd pianist announced a second concert. This time the saloon was crowded, more than two thousand persons being present. They came, attracted undoubtedly by the talent of the artist; but it is not probable that they may also have counted somewhat upon the supper?

## Advertisements.

### C. K. MATHEWS'S PERIODICAL DEPOT.

All the Magazines and monthly Periodicals of the day, will be furnished to subscribers at subscription prices free of postage, at his Book-store, Main st. Waterville.

A liberal discount from the regular price will be made to clubs.

OCTOBER 29TH

25 PACKAGES

Seasonable Goods, THIS DAY OPENED,

—CONSISTING IN PART OF—

RICH STRIPED, PLAID, PLAIN, COLD AND BLACK

DRESS SILKS!!

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

HANDSOME CASHMERE at 25 cts.

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

Rob Roy and Galapagos. Extra Cold and Black Silk Warp Indianes; Cotton warp do.

Striped, Plaid and Plain Black and Cold Alpaccas, Montreys and other double width goods.

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

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

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

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

All which is respectfully submitted. 15, tf.

DOW & AYER.

E. L. SMITH,

WEST INDIA GOODS, GROCERIES, Provisions, Stone & Wooden Ware, &c. &c., No. 1, Ticonic Row. 1,8w

STRAV COWS. Put into the possession of the subscriber on the 26th of Oct., two cows, one a dark chestnut, and the other a bright red. The owner is requested to prove property by charges and take them away. JAS. A. CROMMET, Waterville, Nov. 1, 1897. (15,6)

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 ROKANA 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 in tendency 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 the public are fully appreciating the value of the instruction, and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers. The terms for 1897 begin on the 1st day of March, 24th of May, 30th of August, and 22d of Nov. Board, \$1.50 a week. Tuition from \$5.00 to \$5.00. Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$6.00 extra.

STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees. Waterville, Aug. 10, 1897.

## CHOICE TOBACCO & SEGARS for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

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

SAMUEL SCAMMON, RUFUS NASON. Waterville, Sept. 4, 1897.

## 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 Shops, &c., the workmanship always being warranted equal to the best.

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

SMUT MACHINE.

R. N. is prepared to furnish this excellent article at a half the price usually paid for the machine in general use; and he trusts that no person in want of one will disregard his own interest 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 dispatch are so great, that an increase of patronage is confidently expected.

Waterville, Oct. 9, 1897. 11,tf. RUFUS NASON.

## 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; Polkas, from \$1.25 to \$1.75; Rubbers, from 50 cts. to \$1; Misses' shoes and rubbers, of all kinds, and prices to suit the shoes;

Children's shoes and rubbers. Gent's Winter water proof sewed Calf Boots; Do. pegged, from \$4 to \$7; French Calf Dress Boots from \$5 to \$6.50; Gent's Thick Boots from \$2.50 to \$3; Pegged Calf Boots from \$2.50 to \$4; Gent's rubbers from \$1.25 to \$1.50;

And all other kinds of fixings usually found at boot and shoe stores; such as:

Lasts, Tools of all kinds, Bindings, Thread, Kid, Lining, &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. &c.

REPAIRING done at short notice. Nov. 24, 1897. 18,tf

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

THE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT IN BOSTON.

For years the First and ONLY House which had adhered to that Popular System of

LOW PRICES FOR GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,

is that widely known and UNIVERSALLY CELEBRATED CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

Oak Hall!!

GEORGE W. SIMMONS, PROPRIETOR.

The excellence of the plan which he ORIGINALLY designed, and which has been by him so successfully carried out, is now being imitated by many, but to some extent, but, to some extent, but, to some extent,

Approved by the Trade,—at least so far as the imitations lately introduced into the market are concerned,—the probability 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 and sold under the supervision and direction:—and affords to Gentlemen who would save upon old prices, full 30 to 40 PER CENT.

## 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 BLOCK.

Residence at the house recently occupied by Dr. Small. Waterville, Oct. 1897. (14,tf.)

## 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 who may need his professional aid in preserving their teeth or supplying their deficiencies. As he manufactures his own teeth, he is now prepared to manufacture from a single tooth to whole sets, that cannot be surpassed as to their perfectly natural appearance, and durability, and will insert them in a manner that cannot be detected by the closest observer. The nerves of teeth destroyed, and the teeth preserved by using a nerve paste of his own preparation, without the pain or inconvenience for the patient that is generally caused by the use of crotono, which is used by most dentists.

People wishing Dental operations will find it to 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.

I have within the last year had occasion to employ the services of Dr. Burbank, in most of the operations of dentistry, 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, 1897.

## THE PILES!

A CURE FOR LIFE SECURED! DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY.

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Hemorrhoids, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impure Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the Relief of Married Ladies.

THE VEGETABLE PILE ELECTRICITY, invented by Dr. A. J. Upham, is the only really scientific remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American Public. Mark this: it is an INTERNAL REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—speedy and permanent. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1/2 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its action, and does not produce any of the cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This Medicine attacks the disease at its source, and removing the cause, renders the cure CERTAIN and PERMANENT.

CURE FOR LIFE GUARANTEED. The Electuary contains NO MINERAL MEDICINE; NO ALOES, COLICYNT, GAMBAGE, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, and no injury to the system. If taken according to the direction a cure for life is guaranteed.

Pamphlets giving valuable information respecting this remedy, 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 Electuary.

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 Electuary. I have been a sufferer from the Bleeding Piles for 10 years past, and I have been reduced to almost a skeleton, with loss of appetite, and general derangement of the digestive organs. My eyes also 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, had the best advice the Doctors in Boston and this place could afford, spent much money—and twice submitted to painful operations, but I had become perfectly tired of life, and at the suggestion of my friends, I was induced to try a box of your medicine. The first I found to relieve me of the disease, and I was cured in a second, and I assure you, when I got half through, I found myself getting well, still I kept on, and now I am a well man. My dear Sir, language cannot express my relief, and I thank you for the cure you have given me, and now in a condition to support my large family, dependent on me. You can use this letter as you please.

Yours, respectfully, WM. DYER, NORRIDGEWICK, BLUNT & TURNER, Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Mercer, Hannibal Ingalls; Waterville, W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd; and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 11-y

AGENTS—WATERVILLE, WILLIAM DYER; NORRIDGEWICK, BLUNT & TURNER; SKOWHEGAN, WHITE & NORRIS; ATHENS, A. WARE; ANSON, RODNEY COLLINS; MERCER, HANNIBAL INGALLS; FAIRMINGTON, J. W. PERKINS; AUGUSTA, J. E. LADD, and the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 11-y

BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONARY ESTABLISHMENT.

OLIVER HOLMAN AND CO. [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 professions, which they sell at very low prices.

The books made at this establishment for fifteen years past have had a very high reputation.

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

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

PERKINS' CARDS. Exemplified and Pearl Surface.

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

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

THE ENAMELED CARDS, for Copper Plate and Letter Press Printing, and Style Writing, are very beautiful, and for pure white surfaces, evenness of color, and perfect selection, are far before any others manufactured in this country.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTICE. MR. BENJ. AYER is a partner in the business of the undersigned from this date. G. S. C. DOW, Waterville, Oct. 15, 1897. (14,3w.)

## NEW STAGE LINE

FROM WATERVILLE TO BELFAST.

THE public are respectfully informed that the subscribers have established a New Stage Line, running three times a week, between Waterville and Belfast, passing through the towns of Sebasticook, Albion, Freedom, Knox and William's Hotel, Waterville, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Eight o'clock, A. M.

Returning, leaves the Phoenix House, Belfast, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Nine o'clock, A. M.

Fare from Waterville to Belfast, \$1.75. Way passengers in the same proportion. FURNISH HALL, Waterville, 15,4w. MOSES McFARLAND, Belfast, Proprietors.

## \$10,000 STOCK.

Dow & Ayer, No. 4 Main Street, Waterville.

Reg leave to call the attention of purchasers to the most extensive and desirable stock of DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE, FEATHERS, PAPER HANGINGS, WEST INDIA GOODS, &c. &c., to be found in this part of the State, comprising every description of useful and fashionable Goods, adapted to the present and approaching season.

In WOOLLENS we can offer German, Eng. and American Cloths, of extra, super and common grades; French and German Dressings, various qualities; super medium and low priced burl, cold and daisy Cassimeres; extra heavy and cheap Satinets from the best manufacturers.

FLANNELS—We have in store five bales Assorted Flannels, such as 3, 4, 5 and 6-4 width, of all qualities; extra heavy and medium red (will'do); plain red and yellow do; Salisbury do, all colors; dom. and cotton do.—making the best assortment to be found on the river.

HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS, of all kinds. Our stock A. A. THIBETTS, INDIANAS & LYONNE CLOTHS, ROB ROYS & GALA PLAIDS, SILK & COTTON WARP ALPACAS, of all colors and qualities, SILK STRIPED DO.; BUENA VISTAS; SUP. & COMMON BL. & COLORED

Alpines und Affghans. CASHMERES, MOUS. DE LAINES, &c. &c.