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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

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

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEB. 3, 1848.

NO. 28.

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

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

Miscellany.

THE CHRISTMAS BALL;

OR
FANNY MONTGOMERY'S LOW-NECKED DRESS.
By Eva Milford.

'I suppose, Miss Montgomery, you will have your dress cut to come off the shoulders, shan't you?'

This speech was made by Miss Brown, the fashionable dress-maker of our village, to Fanny Montgomery, who with her mother was presiding over the making of an elegant dress, in which Miss Fanny intended to shine at a Christmas ball, at which she particularly wished to appear well. The dress was now being 'fitted,' and Miss Brown stood, shears in hand, ready to cut the already low neck to the prescribed dimensions.

'Oh, no, Fanny!' interposed Mrs. Montgomery, 'pray don't have it any lower than I now is!'

'Mercy on me, Ma'am!' hastily answered Miss Brown 'that don't begin to be low enough. Why, the fashion plates that I have just received from Boston, are as much as two inches lower than that, and Miss Mason and Miss Scott and Miss Robertson all have had new dresses for this ball, and I cut 'em all of them away off the shoulders. I'm sure Miss Fanny's neck is twice as handsome as either of theirs, and I don't see why she shouldn't show it.'

'Oh, mamma, added Fanny, in a pleading voice, 'do let me have it low—I'm sure if Mary Robertson has hers so it must be right, for she is always in the fashion, and—and—I want it so, mamma, very much.'

'Well, child, have it your own way; but I must say I do not think it modest or becoming in a young girl to expose herself in this way.'

'Oh, mamma, I'm sure it can't be immodest when so many people do it.'

'A great many people have been murdered, Fanny; does that prove that it is right to murder?'

'No, indeed, mamma; but this is quite different.'

'How is it different, Fanny?'

'Why—I don't know—because—'

'Lucid reasoning, upon my word, Fanny. But Miss Brown is waiting to hear your decision about the dress. How will you have it cut?'

'Well, I will have it,—low I think—that is, if you do not object, mamma.'

'I am willing, dear, you should have it the way which suits you best.'

'Thank you, I then, Miss Brown, I will have it low, if you are sure it will be becoming.'

'Why was Fanny so anxious her dress should be fashionable and becoming? I don't believe you know, and so I will tell you, reader. A few days previous to the commencement of my story, Dr. Heath had informed us girls that a handsome, wealthy, talented and agreeable citizen, to whom he stood in the relation of cousin, was coming down to spend Christmas in our little village, and would be at the Christmas ball.'

'So girls,' concluded the doctor, 'I advise you all to look your best and act your prettiest, for Hazleton says he wants a wife, and means to see if he can't fall in love down here.'

'Dr. Heath, did you say he was a good-looking?' asked little Annie Selwin, with a roguish smile on her pretty lips.

'Good looking, Annie! why 'tis profanation to apply such a term to him; he is a perfect Adonis, and I expect will carry off all your hearts. We poor village beaux will be quite forgotten, if we are not already.' And poor Dr. Heath, glanced almost imperceptibly, at Fanny Montgomery. Slight as was the glance, Fanny saw it, and went most industriously to work flitting with young Green, on whom she had before scarcely deigned to cast a glance.

Dr. Heath watched her for a few moments with rather a bitter smile, and then turning to Ellen Mason, he devoted himself to her during the remainder of the evening. Fanny watched him out of the corner of her eye, and inwardly resolved, that if Frank Hazleton should prove at all to her taste, Dr. Heath should repent introducing him, to his dying day. So now you understand why Fanny was so anxious to appear to advantage.

The dress was finished, and Fanny was in ecstasies at the smoothness of the set and the graceful outline of the waist; but a slight blush mantled her cheek and brow as she observed how very low the neck was cut.

'You are sure, Miss Brown,' said she, 'that this is no lower than the others you mentioned cutting?'

'Oh no, Miss Montgomery, and not near so low as my fashion plates have them. I'm sure if I had your neck I never would wear a dress a thread higher than that.'

'At this moment Mrs. Montgomery and Fanny's cousin, Lizzy Warren, entered the room. 'How do you do, Lizzy?' said Fanny, 'how do you like my new dress?'

'The material is very pretty,' answered her cousin 'but—'

'But what? Lizzy?'

'Lizzy probably thinks, as I do, that it leaves your neck too much exposed for either beauty or modesty,' remarked Mrs. Montgomery.

'Now mother, why will you keep saying that. You don't think so, do you Lizzy?'

'Why Fanny, since you drive me to it, I must say that I should hardly like to wear it so very low.'

'Why Lizzy, it's all the fashion, and Miss Brown says that all the girls have them so.'

'I know it,' answered Lizzy with a quiet smile, 'but I make it a rule never to do what I do not approve of, merely because other people do. Miss Brown can tell you that she tried very hard to persuade me to have mine made in the same manner; but I believe, Miss Brown, you finally concluded that your rhetoric was only thrown away on me.'

'Why yes, Miss Warren,' answered the dress-maker, 'I found you more set about having your own way than I should have judged from your face.'

'When I know my way is the right one, I

am generally pretty determined upon it. But really, Fanny, don't you think that dress a little too low?'

'No not a bit,' answered Fanny, rather warmly, for she was determined to defend her dress to the death, as the saying is. Lizzy said no more, and Fanny wore the dress.

Christmas night had come, and we were all assembled in the hall in which our village balls were usually celebrated. Dr. Heath and his friend Hazleton had not yet made their appearance, and many bright glances were directed impatiently towards the door.

Decidedly the two prettiest girls in the room were Fanny Montgomery and Lizzy Warren, although their appearance was very different. Fanny, in full consciousness of her low-necked dress and her mother and cousin's disapproval of it, had an unusually haughty curl to her beautiful mouth, and her head perhaps was a little more thrown back than usual, while her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled from a feeling which if analyzed might have proved to have been partly the consciousness of having had her own way—partly a knowledge that she was very handsome, and—looking in the depths of her heart—an uneasy feeling that she had not done well in disregarding the advice of her kind mother. Lizzy Warren, on the contrary, modest, quiet, and retiring, reminded one of a fringed gentian, wet with morning dew, and striving to hide its marvelous beauty under its broad leaves.

The door at length opened, and this time admitted the right personages. As Mr. Hazleton entered, each fair maiden decided in her own mind that the accounts she had heard of his good looks were not exaggerated. He was a man such as "women love to look upon," with his tall, manly form and handsome, intellectual face. He was of course favored with an introduction to every body in the room, and the evening went on right merrily. The ball was nearly half done, and Dr. Heath and his cousin were standing a little apart from the crowd and commenting upon the merits of the gay scene.

'And Frank,' continued the Doctor, 'what do you think of Fanny Montgomery? Was I wrong in calling her the most beautiful girl in Willowvale?'

'Humph! she is certainly handsome and does excellently for a partner at a ball, but I must say I should never care to meet her except at some such place.'

'What do you mean, Frank? Do you know anything about her? Have you ever seen her before?'

'Never.'

'Then why do you speak thus? Do you imagine you see indications of a bad temper, or want of intellect, in her face? If so let me tell you that I have known her intimately for more than a year, and—'

'Is it even so fair cox? Are you so hot in defence of this young lady? But let me explain before you challenge me to mortal combat. I see nothing in her face that would indicate a Katherine or a fool. The only thing which leads me to my opinion, is—'

'Well, is what?'

'Her low-necked dress.'

The Doctor burst into a loud laugh, which for some time would not permit him to reply; but at length, wiping his eyes, he exclaimed:—

'Excuse me my dear fellow; but really, the idea of judging a woman's character by the fashion of her gown is too absurd.'

'Laugh on, my friend; but when you have done, permit me to explain. It is not so much the fashion of her gown as the principle that I think of. A woman who would from vanity expose herself in that manner, cannot have that delicate and refined modesty without which a woman to me can be nothing. Now, this Miss Montgomery would, I make no doubt, waltz with a stranger if she should be asked; and I hold that a woman who would do that, is not fit for a wife to any honest man. She is only a trifle with which a man may chat and laugh and bandy compliments, in his lighter moments; but who would take to his heart and inmost confidence one whom every libertine may clasp in his arms and hold to his breast, although the audacity may be privileged by custom and glossed over with the name of waltzing? Not I, for one.'

'I hardly go as far as you, Frank, although I admit that I should hardly care to call a woman 'wife' whom I had seen waltzing with a stranger. But you were never more mistaken, my dear fellow, than in thinking Fanny Montgomery one of these. She never waltzes with any gentlemen, excepting her brothers and cousin, and once or twice perhaps with me, or some other intimate friend.'

'Harry, I have not the smallest doubt that if I go and ask her to waltz with me, that she will do it, although she never exchanged ten words with me in her life, and knows nothing of me.'

'I would be willing to wager my soul that you could not persuade her to do it by any argument in your power. I have too good an opinion of her.'

'Shall I try?'

'Yes, but I advise you to make up your mind to a mortifying refusal.'

'Well, Harry, will you make me one promise? If she consents—if I can prove to you that she is as false, fickle, and light as I think her, will you accept of my proposal of to-day, and return with me to the city to-morrow?'

'I now clearly see that the chain which holds you here is love to that girl. And trust me, Harry, she is not worthy of it. Your heart is too manly and honorable to be placed in the keeping of such a butterfly as that. Make me this promise, my dear cousin; think of the brilliant prospects that the city opens to you; and why should you sacrifice them for a woman who only looks upon you as one of a string of admirers, and who, when you are away, no doubt gives to any other man the same glances and same ineffable voice which I suppose have turned your head?'

The young doctor cast down his eyes, and for a few moments thought deeply. When he spoke, his voice assumed a more earnest and deeper tone than before. 'Cousin Frank,' said he, 'I know you seek to do me good, and I thank you for it; and you know I have always been disposed to rely very much on your judgment. I trust, however, that you are mistaken in your estimate of Fanny's character; I hope so, most fervently, for I will not deny to you, Frank, that her image fills a large place in my heart. Let this then, be the test,—you notice that she wears a rose-bud upon her bosom, which I have already asked her for, and have been refused. If you can induce her to waltz with you and to give you that rose-bud, I will

leave Willowvale with you to-morrow; and make no doubt that I can soon forget one unworthy of remembrance. Now go and make the trial.'

Frank Hazleton crossed the room, and in another moment made one of the knot of beaux who surrounded the beauty of the evening. After some trivial conversation, Mr. Hazleton made some remarks upon the beauty of a waltz, which the band were playing; and then bowing low, inquired:—

'Will Miss Montgomery do the waltz and myself so distinguished an honor as to take part in it with me?'

Fanny blushed, smiled, and hesitated, but looking up, she encountered the eyes of Dr. Heath, who had, almost without knowing it, drawn nearer and nearer to the group, until he made one of it, and was now listening anxiously for the young girl's answer. Fanny had a pretty large dash of coquetry in her composition, and she wished to make her lover a little jealous: besides that, she had found something very fascinating in the low musical tones of the stranger, and the respectfully admiring looks which his dark eyes had given her. She smiled assent, and the young man's arm immediately encircled her waist, his breath played upon her forehead, and the waltz began. When fatigued with waltzing, nothing was more natural than that they should seat themselves in the recess of a window, to rest and to take breath. Frank Hazleton was deeply read in woman's heart, and well knew all the indescribable arts of delicate flattery, soft words that mean nothing, glances which say more than words, and all the other machinery of flirtation. He was sincerely attached to his young relative, and wished extremely to exhibit to him what he thought to be Fanny's true character. So it is hardly to be wondered at, that at the end of half an hour, when Frank Hazleton rejoined his friend, the disputed rose-bud adorned his button-hole. He gave it to Dr. Heath, saying significantly:—

'You see, Harry!'

'Yes, Frank, I see, and thank you for the lesson. Will you excuse me if I leave you to find the way home alone?'

'Certainly, my dear fellow!'

Fanny, during this short conversation, had been regarding the two young men with anxious looks. She had caught the deeply sorrowful expression of Dr. Heath's face, as his friend gave him the rose, and her heart whispered that she had been trifling too far with a manly, honest heart that had trusted in her; she resolved that she would retrieve her error; she would not waltz any more that night, nor would she talk any more with the handsome stranger, but would exert herself to please the Doctor. After all, thought she, although he is very agreeable and polished, and all that, I would a great deal rather spend an evening with Harry reading aloud to me, than dancing with Mr. Hazleton. I am heartily sorry that I gave him the rose. I wonder what he is saying to Harry; they are looking at me, and Harry seems to be talking about me, but they must not know that I am watching them, though I should like to know why Harry looks so very unhappy. And so Fanny turned away her head and said a few words to Mr. Green, who as usual was paying devoted court to the little lady, and as usual, with very poor success.

When Fanny again looked around, the object of her thoughts was just leaving the room; and as he passed through the door he turned and cast one look toward her. For many a day and many a night was that haggard face, with its mingled expression of reproach, disappointment, sorrow and love, present to Fanny's mind.

Mr. Hazleton did not leave the room with his friend, but neither did he return to Miss Montgomery. He secured a seat by the side of Lizzy Warren, and was soon deeply engaged in conversation on poetry with her. Fanny, however, in the last dance, found herself vis-à-vis with him, and summoning courage, asked in an indifferent tone:—

'What has become of Mr. Heath? I don't see him.'

'He has allowed me to persuade him to return with me to Boston, where he has a prospect of excellent practice; and as we shall go to-morrow morning, he probably has some preparations to make.'

Fanny turned deathly pale, and with difficulty prevented herself from bursting into tears. Mr. Hazleton perceived her emotion, and for one moment felt some compunction at having so abruptly informed her of the consequences of her light behavior; but he immediately repeated to himself, 'It is only the fear of losing one admirer; she will soon forget him in another.'

Hazleton was no doubt larsh in his estimation of Fanny's character; but he had so great a reverence for the delicacy and modesty which throws such a charm around a woman, that, believing Fanny to be a stranger to their hallowed influence, he at once concluded that there could be nothing estimable about her. Had she been dressed to suit him, and had she refused to waltz with him, he would no doubt have appreciated her extraordinary beauty, both of body and intellect. As it was, he regarded her with the utmost contempt, if not abhorrence, and heartily congratulated himself on having rescued his friend from the perilous position in which he had found him.

Fanny went home that night with a heavy heart. She suspected the truth, but not the whole of it. But surely, surely, thought she, he will call upon me to-morrow before he goes. What a fool I was to waltz with that man, when I knew how much he thinks of a woman's being reserved to strangers; and then that rose—no doubt Mr. Hazleton showed it to Harry; perhaps that was what they were talking about so earnestly. Oh, dear, dear! how foolish I have been! And poor Fanny sobbed herself to sleep. The morning came, and at every knock on the door, the color came and went in Fanny's cheek; but no Harry came; and at last, as the poor girl sat gazing from the window, with her eyes filled with tears, the forms of two men, one of which Fanny recognized as Harry and the other Hazleton, or as she mentally termed him, Mephistopheles. Neither looked towards the house; and as the stage rolled from her sight, Fanny covered her face with her hands and gave way to the tears which seemed to be choking her.

A year had passed, and Fanny sat with her cousin Lizzy Warren, working on a bridal dress for the latter. Fanny's cheek was somewhat paler and thinner than when she danced at the Christmas ball; and her hazel eyes had

exchanged their wild gay sparkle, for a softer, and perhaps sadder light. She did not smile so often, but when she did, there was a sweetness in the smile, which, before, it had wanted. Her voice, too, did not trill out so much like a bird's, as it formerly did, but had a slight and subdued pathos in its gentle tones, which, if it made it less brilliant, was indescribably more lovable than the gay and ringing notes of a year before. But perhaps the most observable change was in her dress. It was almost nun-like in its simplicity, covering the neck to the throat, and the arms to the wrist. Lizzy's sweet face had an additional happiness, and any one would have known, by watching the varying color, the smiles which ever and anon dimpled her face, and the expression of sweet and mingled recollection and anticipation which her face wore, that she was about to become a happy bride. She was the first to break a long silence, by saying:—

'Fanny, Frank says he is going to bring down his friend Dr. Heath, to the wedding.'

'Indeed!' said Fanny, and bent more closely over her work.

'Yes, you have not seen him since he left, have you?' pursued Lizzy.

'No, dear. How do you like these plaits?' answered Fanny.

'Oh the plaits are well enough; but I want to tell you a story which Frank told me yesterday, before he went home. Would you like to hear it?'

'Yes very much; tell me,' answered Fanny.

Lizzy proceeded to tell her of the conversation of the two young men at the ball; of the trap which had been laid for her, and into which she had fallen, and of Harry's resolution to forget her, and of his efforts that way. Lizzy concluded with these words:—'But since Frank has been down here so much and seen so much of your goodness, dear Fanny, he has thought he was too hasty in judging your character; and he said he had told Dr. Heath so; for he thinks that he was wrong in forming such a hasty conclusion, and leading Harry to adopt the same. And, Fanny, Frank says that Harry has never in all this year that he has been in the city, once visited a young lady, or expressed even admiration for one. He has never forgotten you; nor, (forgive me dear cousin) have you forgotten him, and why should you longer be estranged? I know, Fanny, that you must seem impatient both in Frank and myself to intrude upon the secret of your heart, in this way; but I thought you had known and loved Lizzy long enough not to be offended at our freedom. Do not sob so, Fanny, but tell me, have I done wrong in acknowledging to Frank that you loved Harry, and have through the whole, and that you have not walked or ridden and hardly talked with any young man since he left?'

'Oh Lizzy!' whispered Fanny, 'he must not tell Harry; I would not have him think I was pining for him.'

'No indeed, Fanny, Frank would not do such a thing. But, continued Lizzy, silly, I should not wonder a bit if you should tell him yourself, in the course of next week. Tell me though, Fanny, shall you wear your low-necked dress at the wedding?'

'Oh, Lizzy! don't mention that dress! I put it away the day after the ball, and have not looked at it since; I will never put it on again, so long as I live.'

And the Doctor came to Willowvale; and then he came again, and again, and in a few months more he came one day and carried away the gem of our village, to light up his own fireside; and years afterward, Fanny Montgomery, or rather Mrs. Dr. Heath, used to tell, as a warning to her own pretty daughter, the history of her LOW-NECKED DRESS.—*Boston Traveller.*

WORKING MEN.

Dr. Channing urges upon working men to study politics—to look into affairs of state—and to understand every thing connected with public affairs. This is excellent advice; and it is particularly desirable in a country where working men have to participate in the election of those who are to make the laws by which the country is to be governed. 'The time' (says he) 'thrown away by the mass of the people on rumors of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history, and interests of their country, and thus establish them on those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus inform themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. The theory of our government is, that all power is derived from the people; but practically power is conferred by the leaders of parties, who, in the distribution of offices, always take care to supply themselves first. This is the result of workingmen neglecting to investigate themselves, and being content to follow the dictation of demagogues.—Every man should make himself acquainted with 'the constitution, laws, history, and interests of his country,' and thus be enabled to exercise his own judgment on public affairs, and to act and to vote independently. If such were the case, parties would act with more circumspection, and the country would be better governed.'

GENDER AND CASE OF AN EGG.—The following occurred in a school not a hundred miles from London:—

Teacher.—What part of speech is the word egg?

Boy.—Noun, sir.

Teacher.—What is its gender?

Boy.—Can't tell, sir.

Teacher.—Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?

Boy.—Can't tell, sir, till it's hatched.

Teacher.—Well, then, my lad, can you tell me the case?

Boy.—Oh, yes, the shell, sir.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MATRIMONY.

The clergy of Iceland have the authority conferred by law, to refuse to marry a woman unless she can read and write. The power is given upon the sound principle, that a woman must first be qualified to instruct her offspring before she be permitted to marry. This principle, says an exchange paper, fully and universally acted on, would advance the world more rapidly in its career of improvement than any other cause within the range of possibility. Were all women instructed and educated according to their capabilities, there would be an extent and degree of domestic education that would influence more favorably the character of a people, than the best organized school system.

The latter indeed cannot have their full effect without the former. What is effected partially by law in a primitive community like Iceland, can be effected much more largely in communities more cultivated and artificial by moral influence and public opinion.

RECOVERY OF A DAUGHTER.

Many years ago, several German families left their country and settled in North America.—Amongst them was a man from Wirttemberg, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools then in that neighborhood, and he was compelled to keep the Sabbath at home with his family, instructing them himself to read the Bible and pray to God. He used very often to read the Scriptures to them, and used first to say, "Now, my children, be still, and listen to what I am going to read; for it is God who speaks to us in this book."

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada between the French and the English. The Indians took part with the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned all the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wirttemberg, while the wife and one of the sons had gone to mill, four miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided among themselves all the children whom they had taken captive.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, and a little girl about two years old, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her; but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and these poor children were forced to go into the woods and gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were nearly killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated the prayers to the Lord Jesus, and the hymns which her father and mother had taught her, the little girl prayed with her and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery, these children remained nine long years, till Regina was nineteen years of age, and her little companion was eleven years old. While captives, their hearts seemed to have been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns she had learned when at home, and she taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one from the hymn-book used at Halle, in Germany:—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Thought in this solitude so dear."

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus, would, some time, bring them back to their Christian friends.

In 1764, the hopes of these children were realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Col. Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition that he made, was that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus both of the poor girls were released.—More than four hundred captives were brought Col. Bouquet. It was an affecting sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The Col. and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, and brought them to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers that all parents who had lost their children might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle; but alas! her child had become a stranger to her. Regina had acquired the appearance and manner as well as the language, of the natives. The poor mother went up and down among the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters.—Col. Bouquet said, "Do you recollect nothing by which your children might be discovered?"

She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn she used to sing with them, and which was as follows:—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Thought in this solitude so dear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hours to cheer."

I am with Him, and He with me,
Even here alone I cannot be."

The Colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the Colonel restored the daughter to her mother. There was no one to the little girl; and as she clung to Regina, and would not let go, the mother took her also to her home.

As soon as Regina came home, she inquired for "the book in which God speaks to us." Her mother was unfortunately destitute of that treasure, having lost everything when the natives burnt the house. A Bible, however, was presented to her, when application was made at Philadelphia; and it is remarkable that Regina had so retained her early instructions, that she was enabled to read immediately, when the precious book was handed to her.

TOO PARTICULAR. An Irishman once dreamed he visited the Lord Mayor of London who treated him with the greatest hospitality, and asked him if he wouldn't take a little something.

He replied he wouldn't mind a little whiskey punch.

"Hot or cold?" inquired his lordship.

His guest preferred it warm, but while the Lord Mayor was out heating the water, the Irishman awoke from his delicious slumber.

"Och!" cried he, comprehending what a fool he was to await for hot punch during the precarious tenure of a dream, "how I wish I'd said cold."

Somebody, who writes more truthfully than postically, says: "An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days, as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

MAGNITUDE OF THE UNIVERSE.

Prof. Mitchell, in one of the course of lectures delivered by him recently in New York, says:—

If we were placed on the planet Neptune, and were to look back, the sun would appear no larger than the planet Venus now does to us. It would be at the immense distance of 3,000,000,000 of miles. The human mind is not capable of comprehending such distances. We have been confined heretofore in our researches to those bodies within the radius of the earth's orbit, and by using the diameter of this orbit, as the base of our triangle have ascertained the distances of other bodies by ascertaining their parallax. This is the apparent change in the place of an object, caused by the real change in the place of the spectator. But now we wander far into space, and this method of measurement fails—the micrometer has been found incapable of measuring accurately such great distances, and the heliometer was invented which overcame the difficulty. Sir Wm. Herschel then selected star No. 91, in the constellation Swan and applied his forty foot telescope, and he found its parallax. Light flies with a velocity of 12,000,000 miles in a minute, through ten long years, before it reaches our eye from that star! and this is one of the nearest. Are stars scattered equally through all space? On looking out upon the heavens we see the Milky Way extended over our heads like a mighty zone studded with millions of stars so distant that their united light gives but an undistinct and undefined whiteness to the whole appearance. Astronomers have attempted to penetrate to the other side of this zone, but until comparatively lately, it has been in vain; for there was a dim, hazy whiteness beyond. Herschel directed his telescope to a star to the Sword Handle of Perseus, but found myriads of stars, and a milky white beyond.

I looked with the aid of the powerful instrument at the Cincinnati Observatory entirely through the milky way, and could see each star standing out distinctly, on the dark, deep blue. Where there appears to be a single star, there are 500, one behind another and each as distant from the others as the nearest are from us. There are tens of thousands of island universes beyond. These we can divide into stratum as we can the milky Way. Lord Ross, with his 54 foot telescope, can see objects so distant as to require 60,000 years for their light to come to us, travelling with the velocity of 20,000 miles in a second. Thirty million years are required for light to come from the star, the most distant that can be seen in his telescope! We find that these stars beyond our heavens, are governed by the same laws as those which are nearest to us. Those island universes seem to be arranged in the same order. For one of those systems to complete a single revolution in its orbit 1,000,000 of years are required. But our sun requires no less than 1,700,000,000 to complete its mighty circuit. It seems as though we almost measure eternity. We know that many of these bodies must have been created 30,000,000 years, or their light would not have yet reached us. While I have been speaking, this earth has moved 68,000 miles, and yet if all the physical strength on the globe were concentrated in one arm, it could not have moved it more than one foot in a 1000 years. These things can give us a faint idea of the omniscience of the Deity.

PREDICTIONS FOR THIS YEAR.

According to a new Almanac, the year of our Lord, 1848, is to be an eventful one. We extract from said Almanac the following sagacious predictions, which will doubtless be fulfilled:—

"Through the whole course of the coming year whenever the moon veales the night will grow dark.—On several occasions, during the year, the sun will rise before certain people, discover it, and set before they have finished the day's work.—It is quite likely that when there is no business doing many will be heard to complain of hard times, but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.—If bustles and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more

REVIEW.

POEMS, by James Russell Lowell. Second Series. Boston: B. B. Mussey.
THE POEMS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Third Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.
EVANGELINE, a Tale of Acadie. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Mr. Longfellow has been before the public for many years. He gave promise in his early poems, which have never been equalled by his own pen, of being the Jamie Thomson of the States. He then had a facility in verse, and an eye for nature. These rare endowments have availed nothing. In seeking the spirit of the continental poets of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, he has lost his own; and to us he has made one of two things apparent—either, as a general fact, that the poets who have attracted him are not worthy of being translated into the English language, or that Mr. Longfellow is not an adept in rhythmical translation. By a mind well trained to the peculiar task—apt in seizing and converting the spirit, together with the manner of expression, of a foreign poet—by one who can reproduce, as by the electrolytic process, the original beauty upon our strong, and, to the gifted in its management, easily moulded English tongue, there are foreign poets whose works may well be engraved on our literature. But it seems to us that Mr. Longfellow is not happy in his translations. He not only fails fully to fuse the foreign poets into good English ones, but has contrived, very painfully for his readers, to fuse his own productions into foreign ones, as it would seem. One is inclined to ask himself, whenever he reads an original poem by Mr. Longfellow—Is this a translation? The author has lost his own identity. He has gone abroad and come home with a moustache, an imperial, long hair, and an embroidered cloak. We see him in a high-backed chair, with a gay dressing gown of ample dimensions, embroidered slippers and a perfumed handkerchief, sitting in his study, and attempting to recite verses on nature with an affected drawl and a womanly sweetness of enunciation. It would soil his delicate French boots to go too near the edge of the river, or to walk through the fields by night would only be to meet the obstacles which Mr. Olapod encountered with the gallant Mrs. Malaprop. In brief, he has ceased to be a poet, and has become a scholar, or, rather, a linguist. He has gained applause for a pretty fancy or two, and has been searching for fancies of like little wonder. He is the Little Pickle—the Spoiled Child of the Muses.

"Voices of the Night" is the title of the first division of this volume. We shall hurry through it, only indicating our criticism, in many instances, by italics.

"Shadows dark and sunlight seen." p. 7.
"A lone leaf falls over me." p. 7.
"The green trees whispered low and mild,
And rocked me in their arms as I would:
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar."
"Spread a vapor soft and blue
In long and sloping lines."
"I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls."

One is naturally inclined to think that Mr. Longfellow was on the celestial walls—but, lest the reader may mistake the thought, we will assure him that the walls of China were certainly not in the poet's mind.

"A Psalm of Life" has been much quoted for its great beauty. The third stanza has a very unhappy terminating line. The poet would tell us the end and aim of existence, and informing us what it is not, at last sums all up in this silly phrase, as the aim of man, "that each to-morrow find us farther than to-day." Then we are told that "Art is long"—though in the poem it is evidently short, being the first syllable of an anapest. Now Art is not long in any sense.

"Our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave." p. 9.

It is not to be concealed that this passage has been much admired—but, on consideration, it will be found only suggestive of what might have been a pretty thought, had it been well expressed. Our hearts are likened to muffled drums which beat themselves! As the figure is imperfect, from the fact that drums are beaten, and do not beat themselves, the poet has only the credit of having failed in his simile. Mr. Longfellow's infelicity of expression again occurs in the same piece. The deeds of men, he tells us, are like footprints in the sand—

"Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again." p. 9.

Sailing spoils the whole force of the stanza, because we cannot reconcile the act of sailing with a walk on the sea shore. Had Mr. Longfellow written—Wrecked while sailing o'er life's main—and substituted a word for "shipwrecked," to avoid a repetition, he would have come nearer to a happy expression of his thought. In the conclusion of the poem there is the same glaring want of judgment—and we are thus particular, because the North American Review, quoted by Boyd's Rhetoric (a school book), has lauded this writer as a faultless master of expression. Such is friendship—and such literary justice, as bestowed at its highest tribunals! What greater inelegance than—

"Be not the dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

And what absurdity is suggested by the closing lines of this Psalm—

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

We forbear to question the taste of many other stanzas, and come to a very elaborate piece on "Flowers." It commences thus—

"Spans full, full, in language quaint and olden,
Who dwell with the celestial Rites,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

Now we seem to have an indistinct recollection that this poem was first published about nine years ago, and we were, then surprised that Mr. Longfellow should give the credit to the Rhine land of having originated this fancy, when it was only a few weeks before its publication that an American writer thus sang:

SENT TO A LADY WITH A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

"The stars shine through the firmament
When all the earth is dark with night,
And God the flower through Earth has sent
To shine by day as sweetly bright.
The flowers are stars to Earth by day,
The stars are flowers to Heaven by night—
And both their glorious forms display,
The lovely earth and sky to light.
I cannot pluck the stars from heaven
To crown thee, whom I fondly love—
But offer flowers which earth has given,
Bright emblems of the stars above."

But this is comparatively of little consequence. The writer of these twelve lines cannot be afraid to stand up in judgment with Mr. Longfellow and his sixty, while the flowers are so blue and the stars do shine. We may here at once notice, also, the fifty or more occasions of the inelegant use of *nor* for *or*—such as

"No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace."

and also the ungrammatical language of the following verses:

"Within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid." (Latin.) p. 16.
"Yet 'thine heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows!" p. 112.

We pass over the Early Poems, the best in every respect in the collection, to notice the translations only so far as to say that as poetry they are vastly inferior to many of the newspaper verses of the day. We shall not pause to point out every instance of false rhythm or false rhyme that has shocked our ears, but quote a few passages as specimens:

"The skipper he stood beside the helm—
With his pipe in his mouth!" p. 38.

"The alarm, the struggle, the relief,
Where flows the fennel's bitter leaf!" p. 51.

"In decent poverty,
And deeds of charity." p. 54.

"And, as on the sacred mistle
He recorded their dismissal." p. 102.

On page 39 occurs—

"Where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool."

This appears to be a softening of the "wool-crested waves" of a Mr. Mallock, to be found in his volume, entitled "The Immortality of the Soul," republished in New York, in 1838. It is bad enough in Mr. Mallock's poem; and is scarcely admissible even in an imitation of an old English ballad!

With sense Mr. Longfellow is sometimes sadly at variance. We have often heard of the perceptions of the mind and of the eye—but on page fifty-second "our ears perceive no more." On page 106 we are told of a "belated tide"; and when we are informed that "a flood of thoughts came o'er him like waters rushing among wooden piers," we are immediately haunted with a suspicion that the poet imagines he has a wooden-head. These wooden piers are constantly crossing the poet's fancy; but it is a source of hope, however, to his friends, as a subsequent stanza declares, that it is not exactly the water on the brain that troubles the bard, but something else, for he takes great care to say—

"Whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years."

We are informed, besides, that "darkness falls from the wings of night, as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle," (p. 108.) This is not a figure or a simile, yet as such the poet would open a serious poem, concluding it, also, with another attempt at a simile, in which he fails as signally. But we must pause upon such faults, after having thanked Mr. Longfellow for enlightening us upon a "great fact" in sacred history. We had supposed that Pharaoh and his host were swallowed up in the Red Sea, but we find it was not so—it was upon the coast.

"When, upon the Red Sea coast,
Perished Pharaoh and his host?" p. 55.

We dismiss scores of derelictions from taste in the lesser poems, and come to "The Spanish Student." It is in the form of a dramatic poem. It is destitute, however, of dramatic power. Pleasantly enough written, with some few allusions to indelicate fancies—in plot or treatment it is devoid of any exhibition of lofty imagination. One matter it fully decides—Mr. Longfellow's inability to sustain himself on an elaborate work. He has frittered away his mind upon conceits and prettinesses, mere curiosities in thought, till we have lost our patience with him; and we regret that he has failed even to take the rank which we were bold enough to predict for him nearly twenty years ago.

[The remainder of this article, which is devoted to "Evangeline," is unavoidably deferred till next week.]

DOGMAZISM.—Maintain a constant watch at all times against a dogmatic spirit; fix not your assent to any proposition in a firm and unalterable manner, till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, till you have arrived at some clear and sure evidence; till you have turned the proposition on all sides, and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you think you have full grounds for assurance, be not too early nor too frequent in expressing this assurance in too peremptory and positive manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to mistake in this corrupt and feeble state.

BATHING.—"Bathe every day!" exclaimed the widow Smashpips, as she propped the flatiron upon the horse-shoe, and looked her neighbor Snubbs right in the eye—"why you don't let! I never used to think of stripping my Joems, and giving him a right down good wash, but four times a year, once in the spring, once in the summer, once in the fall, and once in the winter. However, some children get dirty sooner than others!"

Professor George F. Holmes, of the Chair of Political Economy in William and Mary College, has resigned his Professorship in that venerable Institution.

"Mr. Timothy," said a learned lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangle, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied her adoror, "in thanking you for this flattering compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."



WATERVILLE, FEB. 3.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

There is a strong desire, in all classes and parties at the North, to hear of the termination of the Mexican war. The only question is as to what will constitute an 'honorable' peace. While one would conquer a peace, another would give it, and perhaps a third would beg it. Others still would greet it cordially on any terms, and let honor take care of itself. All these various parties have been more or less gratified within a few days, by rumored 'prospects of peace.' We give our readers all we can find on this subject. The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Courier, Jan. 25, says,

My news from the city of Mexico this morning is positive and direct, that Mr. Trist, notwithstanding his recall does not consider his powers revoked, nor are they revoked; and that, with the concurrence of Gen. Scott, he has agreed to a treaty with Mexico with the Gila as a boundary in pursuance of his instructions.

A telegraphic despatch, to the Philadelphia American has it reported that

The administration has received the basis of a treaty made by Mr. Trist and Herrera. By it, Upper California and the entire country east of the Bravo are to be ceded to us for fifteen millions of dollars.

The reports that Cap. Kerney of the 2d dragons had arrived in Washington with despatches, and that a letter had been received from Col. Twiggs to the effect that a bearer of despatches had arrived at Vera Cruz with a treaty of peace.

The Union of Tuesday week has the following in regard to the Peace Rumors.

Washington is full of rumors about peace. But we cannot understand that official accounts have been received to justify these sanguine calculations.

The only thing which we have heard of any authentic character, is a letter from a distinguished officer who writes from Vera Cruz, on the 3d inst, to a member of Congress, reporting the arrival of the courier from the capital with rumors about negotiation, and the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief that we should have peace at no distant day.

We have no confirmation of these reports from official sources; though we should not be surprised if Mr. Trist, without any instructions or authority, was receiving proposals from the Mexican Commissioners.

The National Intelligencer has the following: The rumor of peace, or rather of propositions for peace, which has floated in the atmosphere of our city for a day or two past, yesterday assumed a more definite form.

We ourselves received a letter from our respected correspondent at New Orleans, under date of the 14th inst., in which he says that he has received information from a source such as to leave little doubt on his mind of its correctness, that "Mr. Trist has signed a treaty, and that it will be received here (at New Orleans) by the next arrival."

THE RIGHT IDEA.

At a late meeting of the Mass. Legislative Agricultural Society, Mr. Hubbard the member from Sunderland, in the course of some excellent remarks, said:

Agriculture was but little attended to in G. Britain until after the Norman conquest. But by the conquerors it was introduced, and the monks greatly exerted themselves to promote its extension. In France great attention had been paid to agriculture. As early as 1761, no less than 13 Agricultural Societies had been organized in that country. So, in Italy and Germany, much attention had been given to agriculture. Indeed, it might with truth be said, that agriculture had kept pace with civilization all over the globe. Barbarians had never been agriculturists. Husbandry was the handmaid of civilization; had he the wealth of John Jacob Astor, and as many sons as Old Priam, he would bring up every son of his to be a farmer.

COAXING AWAY THE GIRLS.—The St. Lawrence Mercury makes the following complaint, which is perfectly reasonable, provided the editor is among the single-blessed—

"During the past summer this county has been visited several times by the agents of eastern factories, and hundreds of girls coaxed away from home to work at cotton-spinning in Massachusetts. Were this trade carried to a moderate extreme only, and a reasonable number of young women left here for home consumption, and to manufacture into wives and mothers, we should not make any very serious objections; but the business is increasing, and already threatens serious consequences."

THE ADVANTAGES OF A RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION.—A lively correspondent of the N. York Mirror, professing to write from Rome, gives the following sketch of a character he meets there:

"Every American artist that comes here sends home a dozen or two portraits of the beggars in the character of Apostles, or Virgin Marys. A sturdy old fellow, who blacks my boots, tells me that he has been painted twenty-eight times in the character of Saint Paul, thirteen times as Joseph, nine times as Saint Peter—he cannot remember how many times as the Roman Father, and as the Head of an Old Man at least a thousand times. One would think that from assuming these characters so often, he would have attained to uncommon sanctity, but he is in truth the greatest rogue I have seen in Italy."

"The rascal prides himself a good deal on being sent so often to America; and the other day he told me that he believed there was not a gentleman's parlor in my country in which he or one of his family were not hung up in a gilt frame. He said to me yesterday, 'my son and daughter have just been sent to America again—one as a Peasant Boy of the Campagna, and the other as a Roman Lady.' Having

detected him that week in an attempt to secrete one of my pocket handkerchiefs, to show his contrition he said he and his daughter (who is quite as great a thief as her father) would sit to one of my artist countrymen for a holy family, if I would promise not to expose him. 'A precious pair you are, to be sure, for a holy family,' said I. 'Why, signor,' said the rogue, 'my religious expression is worth two cents an hour more than that of any other man in Rome.'

CHLOROFORM, AGAIN.—Since our notice of this great pain-killer, we have witnessed several operations, under its agency, in the hands of Dr. Kilbourn. Its superiority to the ether is unquestionable. In two cases of extracting teeth—one a lady of nervous constitution—there was no consciousness of pain; though the operation, without the chloroform must have been distressing. In both cases the patient was not aware the tooth was out till it was seen in the hands of the operator. We have also enjoyed the delightful sensation of breathing the chloroform; but having no teeth to spare, we were deprived of the pleasure of an operation. Our friends who looked on did not even favor us by sticking pins into us, though we had done it for them in a manner that placed them under deep obligation. A single friend condescended to pinch us, for which we were very grateful at the time. How far it would alleviate the pinching of poverty or tight boots, we venture not to say.

Of the entire safety of the chloroform, in such hands as Dr. Kilbourn's, we can have no doubt. Those who stand in need of the horrible operation of dragging out venerable old molar, may drop quietly asleep in his arm-chair, with the full assurance of opening their eyes to see the tormentor lying harmless upon his table. We have seen him pull more than a basket-full, and never with any other result. Those who hereafter bear the tooth-ach—whether patiently or otherwise—must not look to us for sympathy. Go and have it pulled, and if it hurts come and tell us how it happened.

WHAT IS GOING ON.

The following conversation, which took place in the U. S. Senate on the 25th ult. seems to render it pretty certain that the harmony which ought to exist among "Scott and his Generals," has been more seriously disturbed than has been generally supposed. The order of the day was called, when Mr. Crittenden arose and said—

Before this is done, I wish to remark that there is a subject of considerable importance now occupying much of the attention of the public, and which excites much conversation, in reference to which I desire to ask a question or two of the honorable Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. The questions to which I desire to obtain an answer are, first, whether Gen. Scott has been recalled or suspended from the command of the army in Mexico; and, secondly, whether Gen. Worth has been relieved from his arrest, or whether he has also been suspended?

Mr. Cass rose in reply, and closed with the following brief statements:

Gen. Scott is suspended from the command of the army in Mexico, and the command now devolves upon the next officer in rank, who is Gen. Butler. Gen. Scott, as I understand, will attend the Court of Inquiry directed to be held at Perote, for the purpose of investigating all the difficulties which have arisen—as the Senate and the country well know how many difficulties have arisen—between the higher officers. With regard to the other question put by the other Senator, I believe that Gen. Worth has been suspended from his arrest.

Mr. Crittenden expressed his surprise at the announcement, but declined making it the subject of any inquiries at that time. This quarrel in Mexico must be a matter of deep regret with all who value the good name of our military officers.

Judge Redington has resigned the office of judge of the District Court, and Mr. Rice, editor of the Augusta Age, has been appointed in his place. The Portland Advertiser 'hopes' Mr. Rice will make a good judge. We believe he will.

"LAUGHABLE" INDEED!

An editorial in the Portland Argus of the 28th ult. commences thus:

"It is laughable to see the billing and cooing exhibited toward the Liberty party, by Northern whig papers on the eve of an election. The article proceeds, very ably, to prove that the whig presses are engaged in a most culpable and ominous courtship of the Liberty party. We read it over, carefully, and were half inclined to whisper 'beware!' in the ears of the courted party, when we took up the Portland Advertiser of the 1st inst., and read—

"It is laughable to see the billing and cooing exhibited towards Liberty Party Leaders by the Argus and other Polk papers, especially since the partial adoption of the plurality system."

Laughable indeed; but those who have not learned to laugh on both sides of their mouths may as well not laugh at all. Such as know "who shall decide when doctor's disagree," can probably tell which idea to credit in the above ebullitions of jealousy. We, in our neutrality, honestly believe both.

LATEST FROM "HORNBY."

A shrewd correspondent of the Boston Chronotype has written a letter from Hornby, in which, among other excellent fun, we find the following:

As there's been no slayin we don't hear from Portland very often, an have rather lost the run of pollytics, the war, the vetos an other matters of general interest. We've hearn that there's a terrible scabble goin on for the shoes of governor Fairfield. As near as I can find out, Governor Dana wants 'em despret bad, but there's so many others who think their feet will just fit into them, that he's but a sorry chance. There was one Mister Moore who wouldn't take no for an answer, an raised such a rumpus that the Governor had to buy him off, by lettin him wear the shoes a day or two, an his solemn promise that he wouldn't ask for 'em again. But the knowin ones don't 'leve 'ell stick to the promise at all, an though the shoes are a good many sizes too big for him, they think he'll 'break thins' afore he'll give 'em up. An really I don't see why he shouldn't hold on now he's got 'em, for though they're not a ve-

ry good fit for him, they'd be a darned site was for Governor Dana or Dunlap, or half the others that's tryin to get 'em away from him.

WELL DONE.

The following parody upon Poe's poem of "The Raven" is one of the best things of the season. Whose is it?

"Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered lone and weary, over many an olden paper, by the light of burning taper, reading forgotten stories o'er: suddenly I heard a curious, lonely, ghostly, strange, mysterious grating underneath the floor. 'Tis some little mouse, I muttered, underneath the floor—only this and nothing more. And again I trimmed the taper, and once more resumed my paper, aged, forsaken, antique paper, poring its ancient contents o'er: when I heard the same mysterious grating, but much louder than before; and it seemed like some one sawing wood beneath the office floor. 'Tis no mouse, thought I, but more. As I listened, each particular hair stood upright perpendicular—cold, outstanding drops, orbicular—strange, mysterious terror filled my soul with fear and horror, such as I never felt before. Much I wondered what this curious grating meant beneath the floor. Thus I sat, and eyed the floor. And thus watching, gazing, pondering, trembling, doubting, fearing, wondering, suddenly the wall was undulating, as for Danquo's ghost of yore; and while gazing much astounded, instantly therefrom there bounded a huge RAT upon the floor! Not the least obeisance made he, but a moment stayed he, and nothing more. And while gazing at each other, suddenly out sprang another something grayer than the other with the weight of years he bore. Then with imprecations dire, high I raised my boot and higher, and, a step advancing nigher, whirled it across the floor; but the little imp had scattered, and the door was bruised and battered—that it hit, and nothing more!"

Mr. Jonah Crosby, of Albion, states that he killed a pig last week, nine months and twenty days old, that weighed 389 pounds.

REFUGEE SLAVES.

The philanthropic Hiram Wilson, who has been for several years occupied in superintending the moral cultivation of the refugees from slavery, in Canada West, furnishes to the public the following facts. They will be interesting to all who are interested for the slave.

1. On entering the Province in the fall of 1836, he found a colored population of about ten thousand, which has since more than doubled, most of them fugitives from slavery all refugees from oppression; nearly two thirds of them males.

2. So woful has been their experience, in the South, it may be truly said, "They have come up out of great tribulation;" their current testimony as to the cruelty and wickedness of the system under which they were held is convincing, not to say overwhelming.

3. They are widely scattered over the fertile regions of Canada West, between lake Ontario, Erie, Huron and St. Clair; forming various settlements, but many interspersed among the white inhabitants depending on them for employment.

4. They enjoy the salubrious climate and are generally a healthy, robust and athletic people.

5. Possessed of more energy of character and manly vigor than is common to the enslaved, there is the best of encouragement for improving their condition and rendering them useful to their brethren.

6. The laws which govern them are equitable and impartial, knowing no man by his complexion, yet they are to some extent annoyed by prejudice.

7. They reach their asylum in a state of utter destitution, but by persevering industry, many have made themselves comfortable, some as mechanics, some as tillers of the soil, daily laborers, &c.

8. Not more than one in twenty could either read or write when they came there, but many have since learned and have had hundreds of Bibles and Testaments and thousands of religious tracts, books, primers, &c., distributed among them from England and the United States, besides large quantities of clothing.

9. Having sheltered themselves under the protectingegis of Victoria's sceptre where the avaricious man thief could no longer disturb them, many have sought and found deliverance from the thralldom of sin and are consistent christians, mostly Methodists and Baptists.

10. Twelve missionary teachers are there employed, four of whom are ministers of the gospel, all in need of assistance; the pioneer missionary having sacrificed everything but life and laid that upon the altar—bereft of his companion in his absence from home, stricken, smitten of God and afflicted, is about to be deprived of his only shelter for himself and four motherless children. Ceasing from man he trusts in God alone and is disposed to persevere, "taking joyfully the spoiling of his goods."

11. A manual labor school is in progress, at Dawn Mills, western district sixty miles from Detroit, and twenty from the St. Clair river, which promises to be extensively and permanently useful to the Refugees and their children. George Cary is the principal teacher and secretary, to whom all communications respecting said school should be addressed.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The committees for the poor of our city are busy in their good work. Quietly, but effectively, they are dispensing wisely the public charity.

It so happened that a free colored woman needed aid. Her case was attended to; but it was found, that she could not live long. She had three children, and, immediately, steps were taken to obtain for them good situations. Three responsible citizens offered to take charge of them, and bring them up.

A worthy and excellent citizen remarked "We must see that their rights are secured."

"No danger," replied another, "the persons who are to take them are all responsible."

"I know that," was the answer, "but they may die—some accident might happen—and these free blacks sent South and sold. We must put their rights beyond the shadow of a doubt."

It has been done. And this was the action of a slaveholder. Need we say that a spirit like this is fully prepared to do full justice to the colored race? Can any one doubt what such benevolence will do?

We bear our testimony to the true benevolence and hearty zeal, with which the committees of the poor are discharging their duty. They mean that none shall be neglected, and in the case of the poor colored woman, and her children, have given an example which too many of the people of the free States are far from following. [Kentucky Examiner.]

THE NATIONAL SLAVE PENS.—The editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, writing from Washington, gives the following notice of some of the "peculiar institutions" of our National Capitol:

"To-day I had the curiosity, and held it no sacrifice to visit the 'Slave Pens,' of which there are two in this city. A large yard surrounds a small dwelling house, to the latter of which is attached a strong brick building, built very much after the manner of our jails, in which are confined, or rather shut up, negroes who come from a distance and are for sale, or who may be driven south to market. The keeper charges a commission for storing and safely keeping the commodity until called for. They do not allow auction sales here of these chattels now, as was once the custom. The purchaser examines his purchase, and pays for the same, as he would buy a horse or any other person."

REWARD FOR A MURDERER.—The Sheriff of Dutchess County, New York, has offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of one John W. Pine, commonly known as Wesley Pine, who is charged with discharging a gun at Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, on the 9th inst., at the house of her husband, in Pleasant Valley, by which she was badly wounded and has since died. Pine is described as about five feet 11 inch high, 36 years old, of light complexion, dark hair, has had one of his thumbs recently injured, has black whiskers, dark hazel eyes, is left handed, round shouldered, and turns out his toes in walking.—*Trav.*

REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.—The Christian Reflector contains accounts of religious revivals among the churches in the Western part of Massachusetts. Revivals of religion are said to exist in Cheshire, Hancock, Williamson, North and South Adams, Savoy and Florida, all in the northern section of Berkshire county. And in one or two towns in the southern part of the county special interest is said to prevail among the Baptists and Methodists. The Baptist churches in Framingham and on Dedham Plain are also mentioned as enjoying revivals. The same state of things is reported to prevail in Connsville and Rensselaerville N. Y.

The Boston Recorder mentions an interesting and extensive revival among the Congregationalists and Methodists in Shrewsbury, Mass.—*Trav.*

SURGICAL OPERATION.

We see by the Times of the 4th inst. that the value of the Nitrous Oxide Gas has been fully tested. The removal of a wen from the shoulder of a person under the use of this gas was mentioned in the Courant of yesterday. The value of this agent had been proved a few days previous by its perfect success, when administered to a patient about to undergo the removal of the thigh. The operation was done by Dr. P. W. Ellsworth, in East Hartford, being the first capital operation performed, so far as known, under the influence of this kind of gas. Ether has been used, but the former never before, in a case of equal importance.

We understand that the lad, who was the subject of this case, was exceedingly irritable, and has suffered extraordinarily from preceding pain. Ether had been given, at an ordinary dressing, and had totally failed. The limb was removed a few days after, under Wells' Nitrous Oxide. The patient fell to sleep with two legs and awoke instantly after with but one, wondering what had become of the other. Nothing could better prove the superiority of Nitrous Oxide, as few operations are more severe; though perhaps more protracted.—*Hartford Courant.*

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—A lad named John Carver died at Philadelphia on Monday last from hydrophobia. He had been bitten by a dog about nine weeks since, was attacked on Saturday, and on Sunday became raving, howling and biting like a dog, and refusing any liquid that was offered, although he had previously desired it. His mother stated that in the lucid intervals that occurred between the paroxysms of his awful disease, he was conscious of the way in which he was effected, and would beg her not to let him bite any one; he expressed his sorrow for the trouble he was giving her, but said the dog that bit him was the cause of it.—*Traveller.*

ALABAMA GOLD.—We were not aware until lately, that any effort was made in this State to collect gold, but we understand, that during the past year, dust and bars to the value of \$20,000 were sold in Wetumpka. The gold was obtained chiefly in Tallapoosa county, and thus far has proved to be remarkably pure. A merchant of this city sent the New Orleans Mint a few days ago 568 dwts. 7 grs. in bars for coinage and received in return, after paying commission and postage, \$518. The Mint weight before melting was 28oz. and 40,100, and after melting 28, 38-100, yielding 388-100ths—\$520.95 in coin.—*Trav.*

A TALE—WHO WILL LIST IT? The editor of the Richmond (Va.) Southerner, who has been sojourning in the South, writes home as follows:

"We had the painful opportunity of witnessing that self-expatiating life so common to this road. The whole way from above Lynchburg to Wytheville seemed almost blocked with emigrants from old Virginia and North Carolina, travelling to the West and South. We met on our way out and back, including four days, about fifteen hundred people. About twelve hundred were blacks. All these people had taken their last look, perhaps, at the once happy home of childhood, where rest the ashes of their ancestors, and where dwell the mouldering bones of their venerated parents."

WESTERN LIFE.—Two rival suitors for the hand of a pretty Hoosier girl, recently settled their disputes in an original manner. With the consent of the lady it was agreed that she should live with them week about—the lady to choose which should have the pleasure of the first week's visit. The lady, however, declined making any choice, when a foot race was agreed upon, to decide who should take the chance. James Bowman was the winner. At the end of the first week the lady promptly repaired to the residence of Mr. Robert Clark, her other suitor. After remaining with the latter a week, she did not seem inclined to return to her first lover, when a regular fight occurred, which caused the whole party to be arrested.—[Western Iris.]

VEGETABLE LEATHER.—We learn from the New Brunswick Times that Mr. H. H. Day, the celebrated manufacturer of India rubber goods, has been for many months past engaged in experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the value of a new substance recently discovered, called gutta percha, or vegetable leather, for various purposes, and so well satisfied has he become of its importance, that he has sent Mr. A. D. Wyoff to the Indian Archipelago, where the article is found, for the purpose of instructing the natives in the proper manner of preparing it for use here. Those capable of judging, express the opinion that the gutta percha will be found valuable for various mechanical uses. It will probably take the place of India rubber in many cases, and of leather in others. It will doubtless be used for shoes, machine bands, &c. We have seen some of the article prepared for book-binding, and we believe it will be found to be preferable to any other article now used for that purpose.—[New York Eagle.]

Judge Wells has decided in Middlesex County, (Mass.) that a pupil could not be removed from a public school for a bad character. Damages were given to the plaintiff, father of a girl so removed from a grammar school, in Charlestown, two years since, on the ground that the worse a child's character the more need of school influences to reform it.

SHARP REBUKE.—I never go to church, said a tradesman to his parish clergyman, "I always spend Sunday in settling accounts." The clergyman immediately replied, "You will find, sir, that the day of judgement will be spent in the same manner."

Western Reserve College, located at Hudson, Ohio, numbers 351 students, of whom the enormous majority of 240 belong to the Medical Department. The Theological Department numbers 23, and there are 71 undergraduates. The Medical Department is located at Cleveland.

IMMIGRATION TO CANADA IN 1847.—The Montreal Herald of the 15th inst. contains the report of the Immigrant Committee of that city, for 1847, which reiterates the terrible truth, that of 100,000 souls who left the British Isles last year to seek a home in the Canadas, about 25,000 have already perished.

REDUCTION OF WAGES.—The manufacturers are beginning to reduce the wages of their operatives. The Lawrence, Suffolk and Tremont mills at Lowell, and the Stark mills at Manchester, have already adopted this course, as the only one to save them from continued losses in their business.

The Daughters of Temperance at Thomaston, have recently given an elegant Bible to the Sons of Temperance in that town.

A FIGHT WITH CAMANCHES. A letter to the Newark Daily advertiser, dated at Gen. Wool's headquarters, Buena Vista, December 20th, gives an account of a fracas which had recently taken place between Captain Lewis, of the Texas battalion, and the Camanche Indians, sixty miles from Buena Vista. The Indians visited Maycayn and killed several Mexicans, who forwarded an express to Captain Lewis for assistance. Lewis started with seventeen men, and on his road met a party of Indians, numbering about seventy, with whom a hand-to-hand fight ensued, resulting in thirteen Indians killed, the number of wounded not known, when they took to flight. They took eighty horses, and had the pleasure of releasing a number of captives, all of them women and children. One of the Texans was killed, and Captain Lewis, with five of his men, badly wounded.

A RIVER OF GROC.—On Sunday morning last, Mr. Tattall H. Post, deputy sheriff of Illinois district, having learned that a small boat load of whiskey was on its way from Fort Smith to Fort Gibson, and intended for the Indian trade, went in pursuit of it, and having found it, knocked in the heads of twelve barrels, and poured their contents into the Arkansas. The boat was a small ferry-boat, commanded by Capt. Lively, a white man, and manned by several Creek Indians, and is said, with her cargo, to have belonged to certain Cherokee whiskey dealers about Fort Gibson, who were probably making ready for a "merry Christmas."—[Cherokee Advocate.]

A report has been circulated in Washington, which strange enough has obtained some credence, that John Quincy Adams has declared himself in favor of annexing the whole of Mexico, as the certain means of effecting the abolition of slavery. The Washington correspondent of the New Courier pronounces the rumor untrue, and says: "Mr. Adams has declared emphatically and repeatedly, that he believed the absorption of all Mexico, to be inevitable, but never that it was in his view desirable.—The use that has been made of his rumored declaration, renders its correction proper."

POSTHUMOUS GLORY. A good story is told of Gen. Lane, of Indiana. At the battle of Buena Vista, when the Indiana regiment retreated, the General tried every means to get them to return. Becoming enthusiastic, he appealed to them "as they loved their native State, to do their duty." "Come now," says he, "and rush into the thickest of the fight.—I'll lead you, and only think how glorious it will look in history to have it said the whole Indiana regiment was cut to pieces."

LUMBER BUSINESS IN GARDINER.—The Gardiner Mountain contains a statement of the amount of lumber manufactured in that village and by the mills on the opposite side of the river, in Pittston. The total amount of log lumber is 20824 m; Shingles, 16302 m; Clapboards, 1905 m; Laths, 4050 m. The amount of money received for sales on the above lumber is \$445,000. The logs cut in Gardiner about three fifths of that amount, leaving the amount of \$178,000 for profits and expenses of manufacturing.—[Advertiser.]

BIO BOY. A correspondent of Mann's family Physician states that a son of Capt. Charles Moore, of Norridgewock, 12 years of age, weighs 191 lbs. and three quarters! He stands 5 feet high—measures 1 foot 8 inches across the shoulders, 3 feet 8 and a half inches around

the breast, 3 feet 11 inches around the hips,—the arm is 1 foot 2 inches in circumference above the elbow, thigh 2 feet 1 inch, and the leg 1 foot and 6 inches.

The number of vessels built in 1847 in the District of Waldoboro, in this State, was 12 ships, 23 barges, 31 brigs, 25 schooners, 1 sloop, 6 boats, making an aggregate of 23,921 tons.

The estate of Henry Eckford, in the city of New York which cost him, twenty-five years ago, \$30,000,—has been sold in building lots, and the amount realized from the sale was nearly \$400,000.

William Buffum was instantly killed by the bursting of a grindstone at the Soythe Factory at Nasonville, in Rhode Island, on Wednesday morning.

A telegraphic message sent from New York to St. Louis at twelve o'clock, noon, will reach its destination on the banks of the Mississippi at ten minutes before twelve!

The total expense of a voyage of the steamer Washington, from New York to Bremen and back, including ten per cent. for a reserved fund, and a large sum for incidental repairs, amounts to some \$30,000.

Several Whales were seen off Long Island last week, and one was killed near Southampton on Thursday, but his captors were obliged to cut from him at night fall.

A Judge once said to a lawyer who was more remarkable for the number of his words than for the sense of his speeches, that he was "very much like necessity." "How do you make that out?" inquired the loquacious attorney. "Because," said the judge, "necessity knows no law."

Shedden, on reading Fielding's voyages to Lisbon for the good of his health, to an Irishman, sagely remarked, "that the subject was very entertaining." "But," said the Irishman, "he don't tell us whether he died there or not."

THE LAZIEST MAN.—A worthy old citizen of Newport, Mass., who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive, among "them hilllocks," so lazy indeed, that he used to weed his garden in a rocking chair by rocking forward to take hold of the weed, and backwards to uproot it.—had a way of fishing peculiarly his own. He used to drive his old whitehead mare down to the spot where the tautog, (black fish) might be depended on, for any weight from two to twelve pounds,—backed his gig down to the water, put out his line, and when the tautog was safely hooked, start the old mare and pull him out.

The following comes to us from a reliable source, and will, we have no doubt, result in relief to the distressed mother.

MR. EDITOR.—There resides in our prosperous and happy village, Mr. Mangun, an Irish immigrant, a poor peacable, and industrious mechanic. He has recently received a letter from his aged Mother, living in Ireland, who implores her son, in the most affecting tones, to furnish means to enable her children to come to this country. She appeals to him in the most tender language to save from famine, her daughter Catherine. The aged mother seems, indifferent or perfectly reconciled to her own fate of death from starvation.

This touching appeal to her son is not made in vain. Though poor, with a large family to support, he rises with the earliest dawn and labors to 10 or 12 o'clock at night, keeping his family on half allowance, in hopes, by depriving himself and his family of the comforts of life, to obtain some small means to enable an aged Mother, Sister and Brother to come to this Country. A Brother writes he has this day buried two of his children of the famine fever, two more sick in the Poor House. They entertain a hope that they can survive to the first of March, if he writes encouraging them with hopes of relief at that time.

Can the citizens of our prosperous and happy village look upon these heart-rending scenes with indifference? I would ask our humane and wealthy citizens to contribute from their abundant store a small sum to ameliorate the distresses of this afflicted family. The aged Mother calls her son Joseph of old, imploring him to feed them in the land of Canaan. He says he would be to them a Joseph if the Lord had blessed him with a full store.

Yours,

MARRIAGES. In Winslow, by Rev. Mr. Cole, Mr. Wm. Stone, of Thomdike, and Miss Mary Spring, of Winslow.

DEATHS. On the 12th inst. of Consumption, Miss Eliza Augusta Holland, aged 18. She smiled on death, who softly came And take her from disease and pain! For her we need no longer weep!

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES. Flour, bbl. \$7.75 a \$8.00; Corn, bush. \$2 a \$1.00; Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$2.84; Oats, \$1.00; Barley, lb. 16 a 18; Cheese, \$ a 10; Eggs, doz. 16 a 18; Pork, round log, 7 to 8.

BRIGHTON MARKET. Thursday, Jan. 27. At market, 325 Beef Cattle, about 1000 Sheep and 200 swine.

Beef Cattle.—Extra quality, 7 00; first quality, 6 50 a 6 75; second do 5 a 5 75. Working Oxen.—But few in market; prices from 50 to 120. Cows and Calves.—Very few in market. 18 to 34. Sheep.—Sales from 2 a 5 00. Swine.—Wholesale 4 12 a for Sows, 6c for Barrows. Retail, 6 12 a 6 75.

BOSTON MARKET. Saturday, Jan. 29. Flour.—The market has continued steady through the week, with a fair demand for home use. Sales of Green common brands at \$6.50; Rye 7; Oats and Michigan 4 1/2; T. 6 1/2; 12; round hoop Ohio and St. Louis 6 1/2 a 7 1/2; 12 per bbl. Cash. 300 Southern, for export, 6 50 a 7 00.

GRAIN.—Corn has been gradually declining, and sales of Southern yellow flat, new, have been made at 67 a 68 cts. A lot of 5000 bush, on private terms, for export. A few small parcels of new Northern round yellow sold at the depot at 75 and 76 c.

Advertisements.

WATERVILLE LIBERAL INSTITUTE. The Spring Term of this Institute will commence on Monday, Feb. 28th, under the charge of Mr. James M. Palmer, A. B. Principal. Mrs. Susan L. Phillips, Teacher in Music. Such assistance as the interests of the School may demand, will be provided.

Tuition.—In Languages, \$5.00
" Higher Eng. Branches, 4.00
" Common Eng., 3.00
Board as usual.
ALPHRUS LYONS
Secretary.
Waterville, Feb. 1st, 1848.

Waterville Academy.

SPRING TERM.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 28th of Feb., under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss ROSSA F. HANSON, Preceptress, Miss SUSAN D. PIERCE, Teacher of Music, and such other assistants as the interests of the school require.

Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to 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 tending to occupy that high station, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully the wants, and will put forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an enlightened and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers.

Board, \$1.50 a week. Tuition from \$3.00 to \$5.00.—Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$0.50 extra.

STEPHEN STARK,
Secretary of Board of Trustees.

Waterville, Aug. 10, 1847.

KENNEBEC.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta within and for the County of Kennebec, on the last Monday of January, A. D. 1848.

JAMES STARKPOLE JR., Administrator on the Estate of John Cool, late of Waterville in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three times successively in the Eastern Mail, printed at Waterville, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

W. EMMONS, Judge.

A true copy.—Attest, F. Davis, Register.

TICONIC HOUSE,
MAIN-STREET, WATERVILLE,
BY
H. HASKELL.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The subscribers having formed a connection in business under the firm of
STEVENS AND SMITH,
would respectfully inform the public that they will carry on the

GRAVE STONE

business in all its variety of forms, at their shops in WATERVILLE, & SKOWHEGAN, and will guarantee to furnish as good an article and at as reasonable prices as can be purchased at any other shop in the State.

W. A. F. STEVENS.
CYRUS S. SMITH.

N. B. All persons indebted for Grave Stones prior to the 3d day of January, 1848, are requested to make immediate payment to W. A. F. STEVENS.

GRAFENBERG COMPANY'S OFFICE
50 Broadway, New-York,
September 24th, 1847.

THE very great increase of the GRAFENBERG COMPANY'S business in New-England has rendered it necessary to re-organize the General Agency of that State, and to certify, that the NEW ENGLAND BRANCH of the GRAFENBERG COMPANY, is now established at No. 154 Washington street, Boston, and that Mr. Edwin C. Barnes is duly appointed Secretary of said Branch; and that he is authorized to establish Local Depots, and to grant rights to vend the Company's Medicines. Every Agent must have a certificate from the General Secretary, and a copy of the Company's Medicines, which will be sold at very low prices for Cash.

EDWARD RAYTON, Secretary.

GRAFENBERG MEDICINES. The undersigned is fully prepared to establish a GRAFENBERG Dispensary, in any part of New-England (except the State of Connecticut and that portion of Vermont west of the Green Mountains), and also in the British Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.—Immediate application should be made to the undersigned, or by letter. As there will ordinarily be but one Depot in a town or village, the Agency will be very valuable. The leading article to which public attention is invited is the GRAFENBERG VERMONT TABLE PILLS, of which 30,000 boxes are sold each and every week. The following complaints, viz: Constipation, Dyspepsia, Bilious Complaints, Catarrh, Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Impure Blood, Flatulency, Headache, Stomachic, Nervousness, Harbours, Headache, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, and various diseases of the Stomach. In all Chronic Constipation, best medical reliance may be placed upon them. Price 25 cents a box.

The names of the other Medicines are as follows:

CHILDREN'S PANACEA. For summer complaints, dysentery, and all other affections of the stomach and bowels, it is infallible. Price 50 cents a bottle.

GRAFENBERG SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND. Warranted to make two quarts superior to any in the world. Price one dollar a bottle.

GREEN MOUNTAIN VEGETABLE OINTMENT. Wherever inflammation exists this ointment is a positive and speedy cure. Price 25 and 50 cents a box.

GRAFENBERG EYE LOTION. For disorders of the Eyes this Lotion has no equal. For violent inflammation, redness, or foreign substances in the eyes, it is an infallible remedy. Price 25 cents per bottle, with full directions.

GRAFENBERG HEALTH BITTERS. Sovereign to build up the enervated system, restore the appetite and clear the skin. Price 25 cents a package.

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S BALM. This most extraordinary medicine is infallible, positively, in Consumption, whether of the Lungs or of the Throat. It is only sent as ordered at \$5 the quart. Consumptives may be sure of finding in this article that which will not disappoint their hopes.

The *Grafenberg Gazette*, published by the Company for gratuitous distribution, may be had on application to any one of their numerous Agents.

EDWIN C. BARNES, Secy. N. E. Branch.

AGENTS: J. B. Shurtleff, Waterville; Thos. Frye, Vassalboro'; J. H. Sawyer, S. Norridgewock; Snel & Mansmore, Madison; E. Collins, N. Berwick; J. S. Bingham, H. Prevel, Solon; White & Norris, Skowhegan; H. C. Newhall, Canaan; and Thos. Lancy, Palmyra.

To Hon. W. Emmons, Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec:

THE subscribers, Isaac Spencer, & Jane B. Spencer his wife, of Sebasticook, in said County, respectfully represent that Rhoda Wallace, late of said Sebasticook, deceased, on the thirteenth day of June, 1847, at said Sebasticook, died intestate, possessed of a large amount of property, being principally personal property, to wit:—of the value of one thousand dollars, and owing but a small amount if anything, that at the time of her decease she had no children or issue, nor any father or mother then living,—that the said Jane B. Spencer is a sister and one of the lawful heirs of the said Rhoda Wallace, said petitioner, therefore prays that an administrator of the estate of the said Rhoda Wallace may be appointed, and that the said estate may be duly distributed among the lawful heirs of the said Rhoda Wallace, according to law,—and they also pray that Madison Crowell Esq., of said Sebasticook, may be appointed said administrator.

Sebasticook, Jan. 1848.

ISAAC SPENCER,
JANE B. SPENCER.

KENNEBEC.—At a Court of Probate in Augusta, on the last Monday of January, 1848.

On the Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition with this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Eastern Mail printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend on the last Monday of February, at the Court of Probate then to be held in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

W. EMMONS, Judge.

Attest, F. Davis, Register.

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest, F. Davis, Register.

BARGAINS!—BARGAINS!!

JANUARY 1, 1848.

J. R. ELDEN,

One Door North of Boutelle's Block,

Has determined to dispose of his entire stock of

Dry Goods

BY THE FIRST OF MARCH NEXT.

To accomplish this, he offers to purchasers such decided

BARGAINS AND INDUCEMENTS

as must produce a rapid sale.

The following list embraces but a small part of his extensive stock. The prices annexed, however, will show that the above statements are correct:

Eng. Fr. and Ger. Cloths, from \$1.50 to 4.00
Fancy and plain Satinets, 30 62 1/2
Doe Skins and Cassimeres, 62 1/2 1.00
6000 yds. Eng. and Am. Prints, 4 12 1/2
5000 " Patch, 4 12 1/2
4000 " Cashm. & M. de Laines, 12 1/2 20
1200 " Silk & cot. wp. Alpaccas, 20 50
400 " Eng. & Dom. Flannels, 4-4
and 5-4, 25 62 1/2
400 " Red Trill'd do, 25 83
1200 " cold Cambricks, 61-4 8
8000 " bro. Sheetings, 61-4 10
2000 " bleached do, 8 12 1/2
30 doz. Linen Hdkfs, 6 1-4 37 1/2
25 " Cot. Hose, 8 20
15 " Bk do, 10 20
10 " Cashmere, 30 50
10 " White Kid Gloves, 37 1/2 50
10 " Bk do, 25 50

A GREAT VARIETY OF

Fancy Goods.

A good assortment of Plain and Cord

CAMBRICKS,

Muslins, Vestings,
Lawn, Linens,
Linen Cambricks, Linsey Woolsey's
Lin. & Col. Damask, Table Covers,
Silks, Velvets,
Ginghams, Barages,
Delise Stripes, Silcias,
Thibet Cloths, Diapers,
Lyonese do. Crash,
Plaids, Tickings,
Laces, Drillings,
Shawls, Cot. Flannels,
Fringes, Merino Shirts,
Hdkfs, Carpet Bags &c. &c.

1200 LBS. FEATHERS,

[all cleansed,] from 12 1/2 to 40 cents per pound.

A LARGE LOT OF

LOOKING-GLASSES,

at the Manufacturers' Prices.

Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock of Goods, as they may rest assured that prices will be given which will

DEFY ALL COMPETITION.

Waterville, Jan. 1848.

W. F. & E. H. BRABROOK'S

FURNITURE, FEATHER AND CARPET STORE.

No. 48 50 & 52 Blackstone street Boston.

W here may be found an extensive assortment of all kinds of Furniture, Feathers, Carpets, Clocks, Looking-Glasses, Hair and Palm-leaf Mattresses—which will be sold at very low prices for Cash.

Public Houses in or out of the city furnished on Credit.

W. F. & E. H. BRABROOK.

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WATERVILLE.

No. 6 Ticonic Row—Residence at Williams's Hotel.

NEW STOVE 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 Winter Stove, taking less fuel, and performing the various Cooking purposes admirably.

Also, for Sale, the

CONGRESS AIR-TIGHT STOVE.

Also, a Good Assortment of PARLOR 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.

SHEET IRON AND TIN WORK DONE TO ORDER.

J. R. FOSTER.

Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847.

Mr. J. L. Foster, Sir,—I have dealt somewhat extensively in Cooking Stoves, and have tried, as I suppose, the best and most convenient. But, after a trial of the TROJAN, I cheerfully recommend it to the public as the best Cooking Stove now in use for all the different branches of Cookery. In fact it far exceeds any other within my knowledge.

W. A. F. STEVENS.

Waterville, 20th Sept., 1847.

We, the undersigned, having used several different kinds of Cooking Stoves, have now in use Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer. We recommend it to the public as the best and most convenient Cooking Stove now in use. It being complete in all its arrangements, it cannot fail to give satisfaction. Respectfully yours,

CLARK STANLEY,
D. H. WEEKS,
B. S. BRACKET,
NOAH BOOTHBY.

WESTERN Extra & Clear PORK for sale by
FARKER & PHILLIPS.

WATER SAWS. SHUT UP
CIRCULAR, Cross-cut and Mill Saws, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

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

I. H. LOW & CO.

Have just received a fresh supply of Perry Davis's PAIN KILLER, for sale wholesale and retail.

Also, a new arrival of BURNING FLUID, and Day & Martin's BLACKING, always on hand.

