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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 30): February 17, 1848

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. 17, 1848.

NO. 30.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN

WINGATE'S BUILDING,

MAIN STREET, (Opposite Dow & Co's Store.)

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

If paid within six months, 1.75

If paid within the year, 2.00

Country Produce received in payment.

Miscellaneous.

THE THIRTEENTH CHIME.

A LEGEND OF OLD LONDON.

BY ALICE D. B. REACH.

It was in one of the earliest years of the

reign of Henry the Eighth, and on a glorious

summer's day, that two men sat in earnest

conversation together in the oak-panelled parlor

of a small house abutting upon St. Paul's

Churchyard. The one was a soldier, the other

was a priest. The former was habited as an

officer of the yeoman of the guard—his morion

surmounted by a plume of feathers lay before

him on the table, and his rich scarlet and gold

uniform shone gay and glistening in the sun-

shine. He was a young man, but vice and un-

bridled passion were stamped, like Cain's mark

upon his face. His eyes were bloodshot; his

mouth coarse and sensual, and his whole bearing

fierce and swaggering.

The priest's forehead was high and massive,

and his eyes deep-set and bright. As he glanced

at his companion, his thin, pale lip curled un-

pleasantly, and the scorn of his smile was with-

ering. But the soldier perceived it not, as he

carelessly set aside the silver stoup from which

he had been imbibing plentiful draughts of such,

and remarked—

"And so, Bully Friar! thou has absolved

my sins—truly their name was legion—but that

butts not now; they are rubbed away like

rust from a sword blade."

"Doubtless thou art pardoned. Have I not

said it?" returned the priest. "And as he spoke

his lip curled more palpably than ever.

"That swaggerer, pinned by the cross-bow

bolt at Thame?" said he, the yeoman of his

transgressions—

"Think not of it," replied the priest.

"And the murder done at the Binkside?"

"Forgiven."

"And the despoiling of the Abingdon mer-

cer?"

"I have absolved."

"And the vow broken to Sir Hildebrand

Grey?"

"It will not count against thee."

"And the carrying off the pretty Mistress

Marjory?"

"Hath been atoned for."

"And oaths, lies, imprecations innumerable?"

rejoined the captain. "Not so much that I care

about such petty matters; but when one is at

confession, one may as well make a clean breast

of it."

"In the name of the church, I absolve thee.

And now, Captain Wyckhamme, thou must

perform a service for me."

"It is but reasonable. Thou art my helper

in matters spiritual—I am thine in matters

earthly. I will serve thee, Father Francis."

The worthy Father Francis smiled. It is

possible that he deemed the arrangement a

better one for himself than for his military

friend.

"Therefore say the word," continued Wyck-

hamme; "and, lo! my bountiful forgiver of

transgression, I am thine, for good or evil."

Father Francis bent his keen black eye

steadily upon his companion—gazing as if he

would peer into his soul. At length he spoke,

slowly and calmly—

"Thou hast a yeoman in thy company of

guards—name him."

"Marry, yes. A fine stalwart fellow; he

draws bow like Robin Hood, and I would ill

like to abide the brunt of his partisan. What

of him?"

The priest started up—his eyes flashed—his

nostril dilated. Catching Wyckhamme's arm

with his brown sinewy hand, and clutching it

convulsively, he said, hoarsely—"Ruin him!"

"Ruin him!" repeated the officer of the

guards, somewhat surprised at this unexpected

outburst. "Ruin him! Marry, man, belike

ye; he is the flower of my company."

"I say, ruin him," cried the priest. "Thou

art his officer, and there are a thousand ways.

Plot—plot—so that he may rot in a dungeon,

or swing from a gallows. He is a canker in

my heart."

"But wherefore art thou set against the yeo-

man, Father Francis? Ask Captain Wyckhamme."

"He has crossed my path," said the priest,

moody.

"Crossed thy path—how?" demanded the sol-

dier.

Father Francis looked wistfully at the ques-

tioner, and muttered, "To love."

"Hum—why—marry I would do much to

oblige thee," began the soldier—when his com-

panion interrupted him.

"We are in each other's secrets," he said.

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoul-

ders.

"And with men like us to be in each other's

secrets is to be in each other's power."

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoul-

ders still higher.

"Art thou resolved?" inquired Father Francis

quietly.

"I am," was the reply, "Mark Huntly will not

long live to thwart thee."

"This well," muttered the priest—"but the

blow must be immediate."

"It shall fall to-morrow," said Wyckhamme,

"leave the means to me. But I say, Father,

how dost thou propose to get possession of the

maiden, and when?"

"To-night," replied the monk, and his eye

glistened, "I am her father confessor."

Captain Wyckhamme smacked his lips.

"A sweet duty, by my faith to listen to the

flattering thoughts of youthful female hearts:

I almost would I were a monk."

"Curses on thy licentious tongue," exclaimed

the churchman in a voice suppressed with pas-

sion. "Listen—I have imposed on her at mid-

night solitary penance. At the dead hour of

the night she is to kneel before the shrine of

the Virgin in the cathedral. I shall be there."

"And attempt to carry her off?"—she will

scream."

"There are gags."

"She will fly."

"There are bonds, and secret keeping places

that the world wots not of, at my disposal

—while Mark Huntly—"

"Is my part of the job. Priest, it is a well

laid scheme—I think it may prosper."

"It must," answered the Priest; "but the sun

hath passed the meridian, it is not time thou wert

on thy way homeward?"

"Marry you say true," exclaimed the other,

"and I will plot my share in the matter as I ride."

"Do so," said the priest, "and farewell."

It was near the hour of midnight when the

light figure of a woman closely muffled in its

draperies, glided cautiously and timidly along

the quiet pavement, and tripped up the steps

towards one of the side entrances of the cathed-

ral. The door of a chapel, from which ad-

mittance might be had into the main portion of

the building, was open. As she crossed the

threshold the damp chill of the air, so different

from the genial atmosphere without made her

pause. It was but for a moment and then she

entered the cathedral. It was an awfully sol-

emn place. No work of men's hands could be

more grand; its shadowy vastness seemed not

of the earth. The eye could only dimly trace

its proportions by the gorgeously colored light

admitted by the painted glass, and imagination

supplied the rest—Here were the vast cluster-

ed pillars, the echoing aisles, the groined and

arched magnificence of the roof, and over all a

silence of the dead; the intruder crossed her

arms upon her bosom, for the place was chill—

—and the next moment Mabel Lorne knelt be-

fore the shrine of the Virgin.

"She had hardly passed a minute in devotion

when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder;

with a fluttering heart she started to her feet,

and beheld the face of Father Francis dimly

seen close to hers.

"Father!" she exclaimed.

"Daughter," returned the priest, in a voice

trembling with passionate eagerness, for he

thought he had his victim in his clutch, "thou

must go with me!" and at the same instant, be-

fore she could make a motion to prevent him,

he slipped a kerchief prepared for the purpose

over the lower part of her face, and she was

unable to utter a sound.

"Come, sweet one, come!" said Father Francis,

in a low tremulous voice, as he attempted

to seize her arm and waist. Surprise and des-

pair, however, gave Mabel strength making a

frantic effort, she freed herself from his rude

grasp, and fled. Uttering a muttered imprec-

ation, the priest pursued, but his flowing robes

hindered his progress. With a reeling head,

and almost insensible of what she did, Mabel

flew over the pavement; she tried to make for

the door, but her confusion was too great to en-

able her to discover it—she heard the foot

steps of the priest close to her, and fled un-

wittingly whither she went.

"Halt! now I have thee," panted the monk, as

the fugitive appeared driven into a corner of

the building, and he made a plunge forward to

grasp her. He was disappointed. A low-

browed door stood open in the wall leading to

a spiral stone staircase, and up it she flew like

the wind. As Mabel put her foot upon the first

step—a loud clank through the cathedral

moving under the maiden's grasp.

The danger of his position immediately

flashed across him—he knew that there were

many within the chapels and cells attached to

the cathedral, sleepless watchers of the hours—

and he feared that the unusual number of

chimes would attract immediate attention.

Muttering a deep curse, he turned, and Mabel

heard him hurrying down the staircase. Cauti-

ously she followed, and on reaching the bot-

tom, heard his voice communing with a brother

monk.

"I am certain," said the latter, "that the clock

struck thirteen."

"So I deemed, brother Peter," replied the low

tones of the monk; "and I have come forth to

inquire how it could be so."

Cautiously keeping in the shadow, Mabel

glided past the speakers; she saw the door

opposite her, and fled towards it. As she ran,

Father Francis caught a glimpse of her re-

treating form, and made a wild gesture of rage

and disappointment. The next moment Mabel

was in the open air, and was soon locked

and bolted in her own little room. Sinking on

the floor, she cried bitterly, and then rising,

she said, "I have no friends here. With the

first blush of morning I will procure a good

palfrey, and fare forth to Windsor. Mark must

know all!"

A bright breezy morning had succeeded the

fair, calm night, and the sun was yet low in

the horizon, when Mabel Lorne, mounted up

on a spirited palfrey, left behind her the west-

ern outskirts of London, and pushed merrily

on through green fields and hedges, in the di-

rection of Windsor.

Father Francis, very much discomfited by

the bad success of his attempt, and not being

altogether easy about the consequences, had

watched the maiden more closely than she was

aware of, and on her setting out for Windsor,

he had ascertained her destination through a

groom—determined, although he hardly knew

for what purpose, to follow the fugitive. Sud-

denly recollecting, therefore, some ecclesiasti-

cal business to be settled with the prior of a

monastery near Datchet, the priest provided

himself with a pacing mule—an animal gener-

ally used by the churchmen of the period, and

the better breeds of which were little inferior

in powers of speed and endurance, to the horse,

and was speedily ambling along the great west-

ern road. He saw the fair country around as

though he saw it not, and only looked eagerly

ahead at every turn of the road, expecting mo-

mentally to behold the fair fugitive. But he was

disappointed. Mabel's palfrey carried her well;

and when she drew rein at one of the postern

gates of the castle, the priest was still a good

mile behind.

A yeoman of the guard was standing sentinel

at the little nail-studded wicket, leaning upon

his partisan, and whistling melodiously. To

him she addressed herself:

"You have a comrade named Mark Hunt-

ley," she said; "fair sir, I would speak with

him."

The soldier looked at her with some inter-

est, stopped his whistling, and said hastily,

"Are you Mabel Lorne, fair mistress?"

"That is my name," said Mabel blushing.

"Then, by St. George, I am sorry for thee,

returned he of the partisan. "Mark Huntley

was a good fellow, and a true—and—"

crush his benefactor. And through Denmark, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal, drums were beating, trumpets sounding, and city and country were filled with gleaming sabres and floating banners, as the gathering host rolled on towards the field of conflict. Napoleon's proposals for peace were contemptuously rejected. All crowned heads united to trample in the dust a sovereign raised to the throne by popular suffrage. It was a war of hereditary kings against the right of the people to choose their rulers. If France may dethrone the Bourbons and elect Napoleon; England may dethrone the Guelfs and elect a Cromwell. "Death to Napoleon," was the watchword by which monarchal Europe was banded.

MAHOGANY.—Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, in the latter end of the seventeenth century, had a brother, who was the first that brought from the West Indies some mahogany logs to London, for ballast. The Doctor was then building him a house in Covent Garden, and his brother, the Captain, thought they might be of service to him, but the carpenters found the wood too hard for their tools, and it was laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanted a candle-box, and got a cabinet-maker to make it out of the useless wood lying in the garden. The box was made, and the Doctor was so pleased with it, that he got the cabinet-maker to make him a bureau of it, and the fine color and polish of it induced him to invite a great number of his friends to see it, and among them the Duchess of Buckingham. Her Grace begged the Doctor for some of the wood, and got Woolaston the cabinet-maker, to make her a bureau also, on which the fame of mahogany and Woolaston was much raised, and it became the rage for grand furniture. No other wood has excelled it yet.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

SCRAPS FROM THE COMIC ALMANAC.—Stays were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century, as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious, and finding nothing would cure her, he put a pair of stays on her in order to take away her breath, and so prevent, as he thought, her talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London who was not condemned to wear stays. The punishment became so universal that, at last, the ladies, in their own defence, made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day.

AN UNEXPECTED RENCONTRE.—A gentleman who resides in the vicinity of Camden Town, a widower, with a pretty large family, advertised for a wife in the Sunday Times, of course under a fictitious signature.

A communication in reply was received, the signature of which was also fictitious; and after a brief correspondence by letter, arrangements were made as to time and place for a personal interview. At the appointed hour, the gentleman was in waiting in a private room in one of the West-end hotels; and soon after his fair correspondent made her appearance, thickly veiled, and closely muffled against impertinent observation. She entered, of course, with downcast eyes, which she did not venture to raise until the voice of her swain in respectful greeting fell upon her ear.

She started, looked up, and the next moment uttered a loud shriek, in a tone which the gentleman fancied was not unfamiliar to him. He took the liberty of lifting her veil, and behold—his eldest daughter, whom he had supposed safe at her boarding-school at Hammer-smith. It is needless to say that he took precautions to keep the "Sunday Times" out of the young lady's hands for the future; as, however eligible a medium it might prove to him for obtaining a wife, he had no desire that his daughters should employ it to obtain husbands.

A DOUBLE OPERATION.—A few days since, a lady elegantly dressed entered one of the magnificent dry goods establishments in Chestnut street, and desired to be suited with a cashmere shawl, something worth looking at—none of your fiddle-dee-dee trash or trumpery knockabouts, but an article up to concert pitch, and soaring to at least \$400. This was at last accomplished, when the lady, giving her name, and saying she was staying with a relative, the charming wife of a celebrated dentist, ordered it to be brought by one of the clerks to the M.D.'s forthwith. In the meantime, the lady started off to the dentist's, and having introduced herself, informed that enlightened operator that she had a dear brother who was sadly a martyr to the tooth-ache—that he held the "forfeits" in unutterable dread—that he invariably swooned at the bare mention of ether—and that she had prevailed on the youth by means of a stratagem to come to his abode, at the same time requesting him to divert the youth's attention at first by alluding to business and other topics of the day.

All this was punctually promised on the part of the dentist, and in due time a ring was heard announcing the arrival of the "martyr." The lady, taking the hint, immediately started off, and meeting the shawl and bearer in the hall, laid hold of the former, at the same time telling the clerk to take the bill to her relative, who would settle it. The lady walked out and the clerk walked in, when the dentist said—

"Glad to see you my dear sir. Pray, sit down. Of course the steamer is not in yet! How is business? Sit down—sit down—pray you sit down!"

The clerk was delighted to find that aristocracy was "but a name," and so he was in a hurry to be off. Here the shrewd dentist adroitly turned the conversation on teeth, and was pleased to find that his patient did not suspect his motives.

"By the by," laughed the clever operator, "I am not busy this morning; permit me to look at your teeth." Without a moment's hesitation the clerk seated himself in the sufferer's chair.

"You have toothache now and then, I perceive," mused the doctor, edging over the martyr with the forceps concealed in his hand.

"Sometimes, not often," was the answer of the innocent.

"Oh, yes, I see; that is the tooth, I think," added the cunning dentist, looking into the open mouth of his visitor.

"Yes sir, that is the one that used to ache when I was a child."

"Exactly, that one. Allow me again—moment. There?"

"It was the work of an instant. Crack!—crack!—the tooth was out; and the agonized victim sprang madly out of the chair at the throat of the dentist.

"Villain—murderer—what do you mean?" spluttered the unfortunate, with his mouth full of blood.

"It's all over now!" parleyed the dentist.

"Yes, sir, said the victim, 'and you may thank your stars that it is not all over with you. And now, sir, (handing him the bill for the shawl), with your permission we will come to a settlement.'"



WATERVILLE, FEB. 17.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The recent partial introduction of the pieces of the old composers, seems to be opening the eyes of the lovers of psalmody to the inferiority of modern compositions. It is only by contrast that their utter destitution of soul and power is revealed. No wonder the number of candidates for 'treasons, stratagems and spoils,' has been increasing, while the fashionable music of the day has no affinity for 'souls' that are worthy of the name. Whitfield said that it was 'not fair that the devil should have all the good music,' and proceeded to adapt the devotional hymns of the Methodists to the old popular song-tunes of the English and Scotch. The rescue was one among the numerous causes of the wonderful success of that denomination. The simple music of the Methodists has continued to move souls to this time; and we believe it is only in the same degree as they have receded from their old devotional spirit, that modern fashionable tunes have been introduced among them.

If our self-styled 'Professors of music' are not alarmed at the rapid way in which their insipid compositions are going down to the grave of the Capulets, we trust they will open their eyes and see if reformation can save their laurels. A revival of old tunes is progressing everywhere; and the contrast is uniformly effectual in condemning modern tunes, as without power to move the soul, and consequently very much worse than useless. We are glad to see the experiment progress. It shows that nature will not yield to the dictates of fashion. The horse will not fat on shavings, even if induced by the aid of green spectacles to eat them.

The Boston Courier says: 'nine-tenths of the fashionable church music is a libel on devotion, and ought to be hoisted from society.'

The Cambridge Chronicle, published at headquarters of science says, 'we hope another generation will be able to make church music what it should be—devotion, not noise.'

Somebody, and we cannot tell who, distinguishes modern church music as 'one continued drawing of common chords,

Sing—song—
Ding—dong—
String—strong—
Ring—wrong—

This is the *allegro* style. The *adagio* is like unto it, except that there is a slight prolongation of sound, thus—

Si—ng—so—ng—
Di—ng—do—ng—
&c., &c.

Some singers, in order to give greater effect to their performances, introduce a hitch and a jerk, as thus—

Si—hi—ng—so—ho—ng—
Di—hi—ng—do—ho—ng—
&c., &c.

and so on, through six or eight stanzas long metre. This is generally done six times every Sunday. Before this fashionable murder of a hymn is finished, those of the audience who are not mentally cursing the stupidity of the choir are fast asleep. It is a matter of wonder that clergymen do not protest against such 'profanation'—they must see that the general character of the singing neither inspires devotion nor aids piety."

YIELD TO THE LADIES. The following is from a sensible article in a Buffalo paper. The writer is discussing the claims of the ladies to a monopoly of the seats at public assemblies. He does not fully decide the question whether a gentleman shall surrender a comfortable seat by the side of his wife or other lady companion, to any wearer of a bonnet who may choose to look with a wishful or jealous eye upon his comfort. He evidently leans to the unpopular side—perhaps a bachelor, with fears of remaining so—and needs advice; in which case he had better yield the point, to all ladies who have too much modesty to accept it save in an emergency, and to no others. Those who stop and look at the desired seat with a manner that says, "Out of this, sir!" may safely be classed with the latter—though it must be confessed they are often pitied for their ridiculous position, when such appeals have been successful.

The most polite and difficultly in ascertaining what is required of them, by good sense in this matter. The ladies are undoubtedly the case as the gentlemen. No lady can feel quite agreeable in depriving a gentleman of a seat in which he has ensconced himself, and in which he is congratulating himself he can see and hear as he wishes. At least the lady who can set a gentleman adrift in such a way, must be destitute of that delicacy of feeling which should entitle her to regard. But the driving of gentlemen from seat to seat is not all; when a gentleman attends a lady to an assembly, it is important that he should sit near her if he would attend her home again. He takes his seat by her side, and after a while some damsel comes along and looks, as much as to say, "That seat, if you please, sir." What can the gentleman do? Shall he enter on an explanation of his reasons for keeping his seat? This would not do. He must give it up, and find his lady again as he can. There are many other evils connected with this custom of leaving seats to accommodate ladies. It takes away half the comfort of going to an assembly. Cannot some reasonable way be devised, in which the ladies can be well treated, and these disturbances and inconveniences avoided?—*Somebody* ought surely to be done, for the evil is grievous, though few have courage to complain.

The population of Buffalo, as shown by recent census, is 50,521—an increase of 10,000, in little more than twelve months.

DENTON OUTFIT. There can be no doubt that there is in existence a secret that gives its possessor a strange power over the horse. [We have heard singular but well vouched stories to this point. It has been said that the last possessor of the art, a singular personage at the west, died some years since without communicating it. We remember seeing in the papers wonderful details of his success, with expressions of regret at the supposed loss of the art. Whether this power is derived from chloroform, magnetism, electricity, ether, steam, water or wind, we know not—but that it did and does exist there is no doubt. A person bearing the name of Denton Oufit, has made his appearance in Tennessee, possessing this singular art. A late Nashville paper says of his success in that city:—

"Of his wonderful skill in the management and taming of horses, hundreds can testify. A few experiments that I saw with my own eyes would satisfy the most incredulous. A few days since, in front of the Union Hall, a strange and wild horse, the property of Dr. Hall, of Gallatin, was presented to him for a trial of his skill, and in less than ten minutes he made him as gentle as a dog, the horse followed him about wherever he went. The same horse would not permit an umbrella to be hoisted over him, but in the hands of Oufit, he soon became as familiar to an umbrella as a bridle, and would stand perfectly still, while the umbrella was not only hoisted, but rattled about his head, and struck on his face with it.

Several other cases, equally as remarkable I could state, but the above will suffice. The great beauty of the art is its simplicity, and the short time it takes him to communicate it to others.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MR. EDITOR.—One day last Fall, I had the pleasure of spending an hour or so in the Nursery of Friend TABER, in Vassalborough. I was much pleased with the arrangements and neatness of the place, and with the system and order observed in keeping the great variety of trees and shrubs—each by itself and distinctly labelled; which is a safeguard against those mistakes and disappointments in regard to kinds, particularly in fruit trees, which are so vexatious. Friend Taber's prices, too, are very low, considering the choice selection of his varieties. As the Spring draws near, we think our farmers and gardeners should be reminded, that it will probably be for their interest to procure, and set upon their premises, a few, at least, of the best kinds of fruit trees; especially when they can be procured in our own neighborhoods, and at a trifling expense. Many neglect this branch of husbandry, no doubt, because they cannot see the returns in one year. Many farmers are unwilling to spend a dollar, unless they can see an immediate profit. They are too willing, in matters of this kind, to obey the injunction of scripture, "Take no thought of the morrow," which divine commandment, I imagine, was never intended to prohibit a man from taking measures to provide himself and family, or even his posterity, to some extent, with the necessities or even the comforts of life. I hope there will be more attention paid to this business, in future, than has been for a few years past.

In closing, I would ask if there is any one branch of agriculture, which, in the long run, pays more profit, in comfort and cash, than this same fruit business?

Yours, &c.,
FRUIT EATER.

February, 1898.

Our correspondent's hint is a good one; but farmers are not alone interested in this matter. All who have gardens, if only a few square rods, may have fruit; and the advantage to taste and health, derived from bestowing the little attention they require, will more than balance the amount paid for trees and shoots. No garden should be destitute of fruit trees, whether connected with a farm or not; and every man should be farmer enough to take delight in their culture, whether he owns a farm or not.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

MR. EDITOR. Being one of the number who profited by the notice of "School Examinations," in your sheet last week, I am disposed to give you some account of those proceedings.

MR. PALMER'S Examination took place, agreeably to the notice, on Thursday afternoon. From the entire absence of "fathers and mothers, one and all," on that occasion, it is reasonable to suppose that your paper was not read much till evening. From the same, and other circumstances, it may be inferred that the general notion is, that a Public Examination lays neither parents nor pupils under any obligations. On the part of pupils, a voluntary absence of half the school is vexatious enough to the teacher, of course; but injustice to him is not the worst feature. It indicates a want of moral courage in maintaining their own claims, and a consciousness of manifest injustice to themselves during their term of study. Parents must receive their reprimand from a higher authority. Considering the method of examining the classes, or rather the fragments of classes, they sustained themselves very well. No leading strings were put out to assist them; nor were they allowed to display too much of the Jonathan, by "guessing." They knew. If such an occasion serves as a key to the system of teaching, the system is worthy of notice. It aims not to teach words, but things; not to store the mind with isolated examples, but to instill and establish principles; not to make the ready recitation scholar, but the independent thinker. This school has numbered about seventy, during the term.

MR. HANSON'S school numbered a hundred; average, eighty-five. This shows a painful irregularity, but some in advance of the other school. The Examination, from the number and size of the classes at this school, occupied the greater part of the day on Friday. Still, had you been there, I hardly think you would have felt tired—especially if you had occupied

a seat where you could have seen the happy faces of all the scholars, and the very pretty faces of many of them. Many of the remarks made about the other school are applicable to this. There were, however, more advanced classes, and they all appeared to enjoy the examination as well as the spectators. Classes in Geometry, Algebra, Physiology and French, would not have suffered beside like classes in some higher institutions we know of. Miss HANSON'S classes, or some of them, were particularly entertaining to me—though for what reason I cannot say, for they all acquitted themselves honorably.

Undoubtedly an official notice will acquaint you with the moral government of the schools, which is worthy of much commendation.

Don't tell the readers of your sheet what a treat they lost by not being present, for they may be offended with you for not publishing that notice a day sooner last week. When examination comes again, you just go yourself, Mr. Editor, and then tell the people the real, yes, vital importance of attending to these matters. Tell them there are sins of omission as well as commission; and some deeds, trifling in themselves, are momentous in their effects.

Yours truly,

We insert the article below without comment, leaving it for those who have more interest in sustaining the claims of chloroform than we have, to answer the queries of our correspondent.

CHLOROFORM.

MR. EDITOR.—In the present rage for trying experiments, this article is becoming very fashionable; and as what is fashionable is too generally considered as healthy, I wish as one of the utilitarian class, to enquire of the defenders of this nostrum, if the dangers attending its use do not more than counterbalance its benefits.

First, is it advantageous to the delicate nervous threadwork so marvellously and kindly spread over the whole system by a beneficent Creator, to have their action suspended in such a sudden and consequently violent manner?

What is the effect of having the galvanic battery frequently applied to the system? Does it not deaden the sensibility, and continually require more powerful applications to have any effect?

Are not the nerves of so delicate a nature, that common sense may lead us to believe, that their regular functions cannot be disturbed, without risk of serious injury?

The melancholy case of Dr. Wells, of New York, affords a sad instance of its dangerous effects. Your readers will recollect he was the one claiming the invention. And before his final act of suicide we have his testimony that the crime for which he was imprisoned, was occasioned by insanity, brought on by the use of Chloroform. This was believed to be the case by other physicians in New York, and Hartford, who state him to have had an unimpaired character before this transaction.

It is stated in a New York paper, that the society of Paris for the encouragement of science; had awarded him Twenty Thousand Francs; by some this is doubted, but of this there is no doubt, he is dead; died by his own hand, and thus fell a victim to his own invention, through insanity brought on by its use.

This beautiful net work, spread over the whole frame for our safety as well as happiness, should not be thus severely dealt with, and it would seem no further warning would be necessary to deter from its use, all who regard health as an invaluable blessing. P. B.

NEVER DESPAIR.—Major Noah, of the N. Y. Sunday Times has the following good article, which we most cordially commend to such loafers and gentlemen as have an idea that 'the world owes them a living'.

'Never despair,' says the millionaire, buttoning up his coat pockets, and addressing a shivering mendicant. 'Never despair,' says the prosperous banker through his buttery cheeks, to the ruined, bankrupt merchant. 'Never despair,' says the flourishing man to his much less fortunate neighbor. It is a golden battle cry in the struggle with life; but while all appreciate it, very few adopt it. 'I will not despair,' is a declaration easier made than verified.

We remember one instance of two unfortunate kicking care and despondency to their progenitor the evil one, and doing so with success. Two decayed young men of spirit, who had been chased into a gallop by want, all the way from the Mississippi to the Hudson river, arrived in New York one rainy Sunday morning in December. They were then landing from a boat in which they had been working their passage, and they sat down upon the end of the wharf.

'Well, what shall we do for a lodging,' inquired one of them.

'Don't know—do you?'

'No. Let's take a walk.'

Shabby and dirty they strolled along Broadway, until they reached a mean looking drinking shop. Here they entered, imbibed their last sip of beer, and commenced reading the papers.

'Oh,' exclaimed one, as his eye glanced over the advertisements, '\$25 are offered for the best New Year's address for the carrier of this paper—all competitors are to hand in their effusions by to-morrow evening.'

'Well,' said the other, 'I'll try for the prize.'

'You?'

'Yes I. Landlord, can you lend me a few sheets of paper, a pen and ink?'

The articles were furnished, and the scrivener worked in silence four long hours, at the end of which he shouted—

'It's done.'

'Read it,' said his companion.

A despairing man is unfit for social intercourse with the world. He cannot overthrow difficulties nor combat dangers which retreat when boldy they are confronted.

When the reverse engenders despair, and begets the gnawings of despondency, the victim is fit for criminal depredations or suicide. Every one's motto should be, if constitutional peculiarities will permit, 'Never Despair.'

THE LYCEUM. The project of organizing a Lyceum seems, without exception, to be favorably received. What, then, remains to be done? Simply to call a meeting, organize, and go ahead. Why not do this at once? Who will move in the matter? When shall the meeting be called, and at what place? Will some one answer, and thus do our citizens a favor?

Since the foregoing was in type, we have been informed that the proposed move has already been made, and are authorized to give notice that a preliminary meeting will be held at the Town Hall on Friday evening next, at 6 1-2 o'clock. A lecture may be expected from ISAAC C. PRAY, Esq. We trust the ladies and gentlemen of Waterville will exhibit a becoming interest in the proposed association.

VARIETY.

DEATH FROM IMPERTEMPERANCE.—Between ten and eleven o'clock last night, Coroner Andrews, of South Boston, was called to hold an inquest on the body of one James Kelley, who keeps a small rum shop in A street, S. Boston, and who was found dead in his bed. From the testimony, it appeared that Kelley was intemperate in his habits, and that on the night of his death he was put to bed by his wife, so dead drunk as to render it difficult to ascertain if he was dead or alive. At last his lethargic state so alarmed his wife that she sent for a physician, who, on his arrival, found that he was dead, but at what moment he died it was difficult to ascertain. His clothing was found to have been perfectly drenched with sweat, so powerful were the efforts of nature to overcome the foul poison with which she had been overloaded. The verdict of the jury was, death from intemperance. He leaves a wife, but no children. Spirituous liquor is hurtful enough at all times, but the poisonous mixture which is manufactured for the lower classes and called brandy, is as sure poison, eventually, as Prussic acid.—*Bost. Paper.*

HORRIBLE DEATH. Dr. Isaac Hamberlain, a worthy man an old citizen of this county, came to his death, a few days since, in a most shocking manner. One day last week, Hamberlain with two other gentlemen, left Sattara for a bear hunt, and proceeded to Lake George, where it forms a junction with the Sundown River. A short time after they landed from their boat, the dogs entered the cane and immediately struck a trail, and Dr. H. followed them but a short distance, when he came up with them and a very large bear in the thick cane.

Dr. H. fired at him, the ball entering his head at the upper part of the nose, without doing much injury other than to infuriate him. He turned and made at Dr. H. The Doctor endeavored to get out of the animal's way, but the cane being very thick, he could move but slowly, and laid run but a short distance when the bear overtook him, seized him by the thigh and jerked him to the ground, and completely stripped Dr. H.'s leg of flesh and muscles. By this time the dogs again seized the bear and got him off.

Dr. H. then attempted to rise but could not, being so badly torn. He then got out his hunting-knife; the bear left the dogs and attacked Dr. H. the second time, and tore him very much.

This time Dr. H. succeeded in cutting one or two gashes in the throat of the bear, but not deep enough to do him any material injury. The dogs again diverted the attention of the bear from his victim, and he left Dr. H. and engaged with the dogs; put in a few moments the bear came at him the third time, when Dr. H. made a stroke at him, but the bear seized the knife by the blade, wrenched it from Dr. H. and threw it some distance from him, and seized Dr. H.'s arm and mashed it into jelly. By this time the cries of Dr. Hamberlain brought one of his companions to his rescue, and he, seeing the awful situation of his friend, fired and struck the bear in the neck, which caused the beast to leave his victim and take to flight; but another of the company coming up, in an opposite direction, encountered the bear and shot him.

Dr. Hamberlain had his wounds tied up, and was then carried to the boat, to be carried immediately to Sattara, but he expressed his unwillingness to return without having his formidable antagonist with him. His desire was gratified, and he and the bear were taken to Sattara, where eminent medical aid was brought to his assistance, but he died on the fourth day after, suffering during the time the most excruciating pain. The bear was very large, though poor, weighing 340 pounds with his entrails out.

[Yazoo Whig, 31st Jan.]

MONETARY AFFAIRS IN NEW YORK. The N. Y. Tribune of Thursday, says in relation to the money market, that it is "without particular change, but no easier than last week. Good paper is in fair supply, and first class signatures sell at 1 1/4 per cent. per month. On calls loans are 7 per cent. on the best securities, and the supply is not large. Specie continues to come in freely. The exchanges in the South and West are all largely in our favor, and coin has become a better remittance than bills. About a half million of specie has been received here within two weeks from various parts of the interior. The specie in the Banks is larger than it has been for some time. The exports of Breadstuffs are now moderate again, but of Cotton there is an increased amount going forward, both from this port and the South. The supply of Bills is considerable, and the market is flat."

The Journal of Commerce says, money is easy. Specie has increased in the Banks until they have now some six and a half millions. There are no arrangements making for the shipment of specie.

In this city, the money market is a little easier, though ruinous prices are still paid for money by those who are compelled to procure it at short notice.—*Boston Traveller.*

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. In a certain 'Ladies' Moral Reform Society,' existing and many miles from the banks of the Kennebec, the members were obliged to sign a pledge not to "set up," as it is termed, or do any thing else that might be supposed to have a tendency, however remote, to immorality. One evening, as the President was calling over the names, to know whether each member had kept the obligation, a beautiful and highly respectable young lady burst into tears, and on being

questioned as to the cause, said she feared she had broken the pledge. "Why, what have you done?" asked the President. "Oh," sobbed the young lady, "Dr. — kissed me the other night, when he waited on me home from meeting." "O, well, that is nothing very bad," said the President; "his kissing you does not make it that you have broken the pledge." "O, but that isn't the worst of it," exclaimed the conscientious young lady, "I kissed him back again!"—[*Bath Tribune.*]

BOLD RASCALITY.—We learn from the Boston Mail, that about ten o'clock on Monday evening as Mr. Jas. J. Tucker was approaching his residence, No. 27 Vernon street, he saw lying upon the snow near his door, a man apparently intoxicated. In answer to the inquiry, why he was lying upon the snow, he replied that he was "to drunk to get up," and requested Mr. Tucker to assist him, at the same time stating that he lived at South Boston. The manner in which he spoke led Mr. Tucker to suspect that he was feigning intoxication, and keeping his eyes upon him, he gradually approached his door. While feeling for his night key, the man suddenly sprang from the ground, and attempted to seize him by the throat, but Mr. Tucker evaded the attempt, so that the villain only grasped the collar of his coat. Foiled in his purpose by a vigorous resistance, he relinquished his hold and took to his heels.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A few days since, Mr. Addison Spaulding, of Dracont, went to his meadow with his cart oxen and horse, loaded his cart with muck, and started for his home. In going out of the meadow, the wheels became 'set' in the mud. Mr. Spaulding put his shoulder to the wheel and spoke to the oxen; the instant they started, the axle-tree broke; and let the loaded cart-body drop upon his leg fracturing it severely, and holding him fast to the ground. He was a mile from home, with no one within hearing to help him, and was unable to extricate himself. He finally succeeded in reaching his shovel, with which, after an hour's labor, he succeeded in so far unloading the cart that he was enabled to get his leg from under it. He then crept to his horse, and, by means of the harness, got upon him, unhitched the tugs, and rode home. His leg was amputated, on Thursday last, below the knee, by Dr. Kimball of this city, Chloroform being used in the operation with entire success.—*Lowell Courier.*

SALE OF PRINTS.—The largest sale of calicoes, which ever occurred in this country, was made yesterday by Haggerty, Draper and Jones. It was the stock of the Fall River company, Messrs. Robeson, bankrupts, extending to twelve or fourteen hundred cases. The sale drew an immense and very spirited company and under the circumstances, was considered a good one though the prices paid, 6 1/2 to 10 1/2 cents below the recent private sale prices. N. Y. Jour. Com.

INTERFERENCE IN OLD TIMES.—During a session of the General Court, holden at Newton, in 1739, Peter Hoshaker was censured for drunkenness, to be whipped, and to have twenty stripes sharply inflicted, and fined five pounds, for slighting the magistrates on what they could do, saying they could but fine him.

We learn that among the passengers in the Stonington train for this city this morning, was a poor Irish woman with five young children, the youngest of whom, a nursing infant, died in her arms, while in the cars between Stonington and Providence. The woman states that she has been in the country but a few weeks, and that her husband died here soon after landing. She was on her way to this city, in search of relatives, and brought with her the dead body of her infant. Before the cars arrived at the depot, a benevolent gentleman stated the facts to his fellow passengers, and collected nearly \$15, which he gave the bereaved mother, who received it with many heartfelt expressions of thanks.—*Bost. Jour.*

FATAL ACCIDENT. Mr. Hezekiah Walker, a resident of Peru, Oxford county, Me. (formerly of Falmouth) went to his barn on the evening of the 26th ult. to feed his cattle. While in the haymow he made a mis-step, and fell to the lower floor, striking on the back of his head, fracturing his skull and killing him instantly! He was a man held in high esteem for his amiable character, and was one of the leading men of Peru. He was between 60 and 70 years of age.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF POWIS.—This nobleman was shooting on the 7th of January, at his estate in Montgomeryshire, with his brother and two of his sons. A pheasant rose, at which one of the sons fired, but the contents of the gun struck the Earl in the thigh. The wound was not thought very dangerous, and for some days recovery seemed to be almost certain, but an unfavorable turn came on and the Earl died, somewhat suddenly. The Earl was 65 years of age, a high Conservative in politics, and sat for 33 years in the House of Commons, as member for one of his father's boroughs. He was a grandson of the celebrated Lord Clive the conqueror of India.

A DISTRESSING CASE.—One of the citizens of Belleville, Ill., recently discovered a stranger lying upon the sidewalk, and apparently much intoxicated. He benevolently procured him a bed in a livery stable, where he remained till next morning, when he died. From papers found upon his person, it was ascertained that his name was John D. Holdman, that he was a physician, and formerly from New York. He had been two or three days in the place, constantly intoxicated, but no one knew his business or history. It was also proved that on the evening previous to his death, he had entered the shop in front of which he was found, and, being troublesome, and refusing to leave, the proprietor of the shop had pushed him violently out of the door—in falling his head struck upon the pavement; and that, so far as was known, he never spoke afterward.

EXECUTION IN MEXICO.—A letter from Monterey, in the Philadelphia North American dated January 1, mentions the sentence by court-martial, of private Gibrilthy, mounted volunteer cavalry, to be shot at Buena Vista, for mutinous conduct; private Nucent, same corps, to be hanged for shooting a Mexican; and A. D. Lonn to be hanged; at Camague, for murdering Wm. Munson. The sentence had been approved by Gen. Wool, and ordered to be carried into effect.

Louis Joseph Papineau in 1836 was speaker of the Canadian parliament, with a majority of twenty to one at his back. In 1837 he was an outlaw, with £1000 on his head. In 1838 he was to be put to death, unless he found in Canada. In 1847 he culminated, once more his anathemas against colonial rule. In 1848 he will be the successor of Sir Allan McNab, the hero of Fort Schlosser, as speaker of the third united parliament of Canada. Such are the vagaries of political life.

HAPPINESS.

It is no in titles nor in rank;
It is no in wealth like London bank,
To purchase peace and rest:
It is no in making muckle war;
It is no in books; it is no in fear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich or great,
But never can be blest.—Burns.

SUMMARY.

Opium was obtained at a drug store in Alleghany, (opposite Pittsburgh) by mistake, instead of rhubarb, and administered to two children, after suffering hours in the most excruciating agony, died, and was thus relieved of pain. The opium acted as an emetic upon the other, and it was thus almost miraculously saved.

In anticipation of the probable appearance of the Cholera in this country, the medical institutions of Geneva and Buffalo have made arrangements to send Prof. Coventry, of Geneva College, to Europe for the purpose of learning in advance the most approved mode of treatment.

It is reported that some gentlemen from Pennsylvania have purchased a mountain in Ossipee, in the expectation of finding coal, and are at present making explorations. We hope it will succeed better than the speculation in Rhode Island, where coal was found in inexhaustible quantities, but would not burn!

A rencontre took place a week or more since in the House of Representatives of Louisiana, between Messrs. Ferrier and Bearce, two members of that body. The subject was examined by a committee, and upon their report the House ordered that Mr. Ferrier should be imprisoned for twelve hours in the parish jail.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: 'the last lot of hogs, for the present season, will be slaughtered to-day. The number has already reached 400,000.'

CHLOROFORM. There is reason to believe that this article is used for the purpose of intoxication. The Boston Medical Journal says: 'The demand for chloroform almost exceeds belief—and we are almost disposed to ask under what circumstances it can be all used.'

Joseph Bonaparte's fine property at Bordentown, has been purchased for a summer-boarding-house and hotel. It will form a popular watering place, we doubt not.

A Philadelphia Physician has tried Chloroform for Asthma, in his own person, with eminent success. He was relieved in a few minutes.

We learn that the official returns by the recent census make the whole population of Texas 140,000.

The Cotton Manufacturing Company at Augusta have suspended operations and discharged all hands.

A western editor commences a long exhortation to bachelors with the following words: 'Come, you poor, miserable, lonely, desolate, vulgar-fractional parts of animated nature, come up here and be talked to.'

Three million pairs of boots and shoes are annually manufactured in Lynn, Mass.

Dr. Jona. Huse has been appointed Post-Master at Camden, in place of Hon. E. K. Smart, resigned.

The West Garland P. O. has been discontinued.

The Montreal Courier of the 8th inst., says 'We understand that the Governor General received by the last mail, a Despatch from the Home Government, in which it is announced to him that a new and satisfactory Postal arrangement has been made with the United States, and that it will come into operation in April next.'

The Augusta Farmer says—Judge Rice commenced his official duties at the sitting of the District Court in Belfast, on Tuesday.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, pastor of the Second Universalist Society, in Boston, has signified his intention of removing to New York, at the close of his present engagement.

When the question was agitated in London, which would be the safest place to put Napoleon, so that he could not get out, a gentleman who had a long suit pending, advised the ministers to put him in a court of chancery.

The Archduchess Maria Louisa, it is stated, has left all her diamonds, which she received from Napoleon, and the value of which, it is said, amounts to 6,000,000 florins, (about £600,000) to her brother, the Emperor, with a request that he will divide them among the female members of the imperial family.

A gentleman walking through the streets of Mexico, saw a soldier sitting on the steps of a portico gambling with dice. 'Do you not know it is wrong to gamble with dice?' said he. 'How can I help it,' replied the man, 'I'm one of the skeleton regiment!'

A friend in Washington writes to the editor of the Boston Journal, that the no. of Whigs friendly to the nomination of Judge McLean for the Presidency is daily increasing in that city.

The amount of Cheese received at tide water on the Hudson last year, was 41,000,000 lbs. of the value of more than \$2,000,000.

SPRING TRADE.—The Spring business in New York, says the Tribune, is opening with considerable spirit and is likely to be sustained during the present month. As the season advances the extent of our business will depend much on the state of our national affairs and the financial ability of the country.

RETURNED.—Capt. Crockett, of Thomaston, who was missing, has returned. He had been into the country a few days, to see his friends!

After the ringing of bells, and searching the woods, with dire forebodings of mischief; to be quietly returns as though nothing had happened.

A FIRE at Great Falls, N. H. on Friday evening, destroyed property in Park's & Harris' Building, to the amount of \$5000.

A sad accident occurred at Philadelphia on Monday morning. Two little children, a girl of five and a boy of two, belonging to Michael McConnell, were left in a room together while the mother went to market. The little girl playing at the stove set the boy's bed on fire, and before assistance could be rendered by breaking in the door, the poor little fellow was burnt to a crisp.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Mr. Whitney addressed the New Jersey Legislature on Tuesday in favor of his plan for the construction of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and on Wednesday concurrent resolutions in favor of the project were adopted by the two houses.

The motion of Mrs. Restel's counsel for bail has been denied by Judge Hulbut, of the New York court.

SHOCKING DEATH.—Mr. A. B. Ferry, of Lake County, Illinois, recently attempted to cross a threshing machine while in full operation, when his foot slipped and he was drawn into the machine, and both legs horribly crushed more than half way up to the knees. So much time elapsed before a physician could reach him and apply the proper remedies, that he expired of his wounds.

RECRUITS AT BANGOR.—We learn from inquiry at the recruiting office, that fifty-seven recruits have been enlisted by Capt. G. W. Patten, since the arrival of that officer in this city, in August last.—Mercury

Charles E. Leighton, of Bangor, was arraigned before the U. S. District Court, on Tuesday week, in that city, for robbing the Bangor Post Office, in December last. He pleaded guilty. He is a youth, to whose former good character several witnesses testified.—Judgment was suspended for two weeks.

Mr. J. P. Whitney, formerly of the State of Maine, died in New Orleans, Jan. 30, of scarlet fever, after a sickness of only 48 hours. His brother, Stephen Whitney, was drowned some years ago, near Lincolnville, Me., while crossing a river in an open boat.

NOTICE.

There will be a public installation of the Officers of the Waterville (Masonic) Lodge, on Monday evening, Feb. 21st inst., at 6-1/2 o'clock, at the Universalist Church: an address will be delivered on the occasion by R. W. Rev. C. Gardner: members of the Fraternity, and citizens generally are respectfully invited to attend. Wm. M. Phillips, Sec.

INK. Superior black record ink, warranted of the first quality, is put up by H. C. Keith, N. Vassalboro'. We have used it, and think it superior to any other.

A single statement like the following, ought to be a sufficient inducement to any one suffering with diseased lungs to make a trial of Wm. B. Balam, and test his lungs in their own case:

Florence, Oneida Co., N. Y., May, 1846.
Mr. S. W. Fowle, Dear Sir: I take pleasure in stating to you my experience in the use of Wm. B. Balam's Fluor Cherry.

Sometime in February, 1845, I was attacked with a difficulty of the lungs, which brought me in appearance to the brink of the grave. I consulted those who were called skilled physicians, who pronounced my case incurable. My friends at night did not expect to find me alive in the morning. I was induced, as a last resort, to try Wm. B. Balam's, and after taking the first bottle I felt great relief. I continued to use it, and after taking four bottles, I considered myself cured, and for the last year I have had no occasion to use any medicine for the lungs, and believe myself entirely well.

J. T. GRILEY.

For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville, Wm. B. Snow and Co., Fairfield, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. (30-2w.)

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

Flour, bbl. \$7.75 a \$8.00; Corn, bush. \$3 a \$3.50; Rye, \$1.75; Wheat, \$1.34; Oats, 37¢; Butter, lb. 15¢ a 18¢; Cheese, 8¢ a 10¢; Eggs, doz. 12¢ a 15¢; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY, Feb. 10.

At market, 425 head Cattle, about 1100 Sheep, 1700 swine.
Beef Cattle.—Extra quality, 6¢; 1st quality, 6 00 a 6 25; 2nd do 5 00 a 5 25.
Working Oxen.—But few in market; prices from 80 to 110.
Cows and Calves.—Very few in market. 24 to 38.
Sheep.—Sales from 2 a 5 00.
Swine.—Wholesale 4 1-2¢ for Sows, 5¢ for Barrows. Retail, 5 a 6 1-2.

DEATHS.

In this village, at 8 o'clock this morning, of consumption, Mr. DANIEL FAIRFIELD, aged 60 years. Also, very suddenly, Mrs. CAROLINE E. ELDON, wife of Mr. JONAS E. ELDON, and daughter of the above, aged 24 years. These deaths were in the same family, and within five minutes of each other.

In this town, on the 5th inst., Helen Josephine, daughter of David and Laura Leighton, aged 3 yrs. and 3 mos.

Sweet child, thou hast gone to thy joyous rest; But we'll not forget thee, our only and best; Although we have parted, thy beautiful face, Whose image still lingers, time will not efface.

Oh! when will the tears of sorrow be dried
In the bosoms of those so sorely tried;
Yet we know, though thy form in the dust doth lie,
Thy spirit's at rest in the glorious sky. C. M. B.

Advertisements.

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY CHRONOTYPE.
EDITED BY ELIASE WHIGHT.
Published by White Potter & Wright, 15 State st., Boston.

TERMS.—DAILY ONE CENT, each number. For any sum forwarded to the publishers free of expense, they will send the paper at that rate till the money is exhausted. WEEKLY.—Two dollars in advance, or for any shorter time at the same rate. For five dollars, three copies will be sent for one year.

This publication is made in the most strict of newspaper typography. It is independent of all sects, parties, or classes, expressing freely the views of its editor, and of such correspondents as he thinks proper to admit on all points of human interest. It advocates equality of human rights, and the abolition of slavery, through land reform, cheap postage, abundance from intoxicating drinks, exemption of temperance men from taxes to repair the damages of drinking, a reform in writing and spelling the English language, the abolition of capital punishment, universal and kindly tolerance in religion, life and health insurance, and all other practical forms of association for mutual aid and generally, Progress.

It also gives the news from all parts of the country in the condensed and intelligible style.

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 ROSA A. HANSON, Preceptress, Miss SUSAN D. FIERCE, 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 intending to occupy that high station, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully their wants, and will put forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an 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 \$5.00 extra.

STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees.

Waterville, Aug. 10, 1847.

KENNEBEC, ss.—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 STACKPOLE Jr., Administrator on the Estate of John Cook, 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 weeks 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 of the 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

W. 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.

Jan. 3, 1848.

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.

GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S OFFICE

50 Broadway, New-York,

September 24th, 1847.

THE very great increase of the GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S business in New England has rendered it necessary to re-organize the General Agency there. This is therefore to certify, that the NEW ENGLAND BRANCH of the GRAEFENBERG 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 without such certificate.

EDWARD BARTON, Secretary.

GRAEFENBERG MEDICINES.

The undersigned is fully prepared to establish a GRAEFENBERG DEPOT in all places of proper size in New England (except the State of Connecticut and that portion of Vermont west of the Green Mountains), and also in the British Province of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Immediate application should be made either personally 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 in this Agency is the GRAEFENBERG VEGETABLE PILLS of which 90,000 boxes are sold each week. The following complaints yield with certainty to their power: *Acidities, Bile, Constipation, Catarrh, Colic, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Imperfect Digestion, Fluor Albus, Green Scour, Headache, Heartburn, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, and various diseases of the Stomach.* In all CHRONIC COMPLAINTS the most implicit 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.

GRAEFENBERG 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.

GRAEFENBERG EYE LOTION.

For discharges from the eyes, it is the most infallible. For violent inflammation, weakness, or foreign substances in the eyes, it is an unfailing remedy. Price 25 cents per bottle, with full directions.

GRAEFENBERG HEALTH BITTERS.

Sovereign to build up the enervated system, to restore the appetite, to cleanse the blood, and to give strength to the system. Price 25 cents a package.

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S BALM.

This most extraordinary article is called positively in Consumption, Bronchitis, and Bleeding at the Lungs. It is only sent as ordered at 50¢ the quart. Consumptives may be sure of finding in this article that which will not disappoint their hopes.

The *Graceland 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. Shurtell, Waterville; Thos. Fry, Vassalboro'; J. S. Sawyer, S. Norridgewock; J. C. Dimmock, Madison; R. Collins, N. Anson; B. Smith, 2d, Bangham; H. Perceval, Solon; White & Norris, Skowhegan; H. C. Newhall, Canaan; and Thos. Lancy, Palmyra.

W. A. BURLEIGH, M. D.

Operative Surgeon

AND

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Refers to JOHN HUBBARD, M. D., Hallowell.

H. H. HILL, M. D., Augusta.

SCHOOL.

THE Spring Term of Miss SCHUMAKER'S School will commence on Monday, 28th of Feb. Instruction will be given in the various English branches usually taught in Select Schools and Academies; also in the French Language, Drawing, and Painting.

Waterville, Feb. 6th, 1848.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been a full and complete owner of the estate of Orea Doolittle, late of Waterville in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are to send to said Estate as requested to make immediate payment to

SAMUEL DOOLITTLE.

January, 31st, 1848.

COPARTNERSHIP.

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.

Jan. 3, 1848.

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.

GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S OFFICE

50 Broadway, New-York,

September 24th, 1847.

THE very great increase of the GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S business in New England has rendered it necessary to re-organize the General Agency there. This is therefore to certify, that the NEW ENGLAND BRANCH of the GRAEFENBERG 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 without such certificate.

EDWARD BARTON, Secretary.

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BRAGAINS!—BARGAINS!!

JANUARY 1, 1848.

J. R. ELDEN,
One Door North of Bowdell'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, 60 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 Twill'd do. 25 33
1200 " col'd Cambricks, 6 1-4 8
8000 " bro. Sheetings, 6 1-4 10
2000 " bleached do. 8 12 1-2
30 doz. Linen Hdkfs, 6 1-4 37 1-2
25 " Cot. Hose, 8 20
15 " Blk do. 10 20
10 " Cashmere, 30 50
10 " White Kid Gloves 37 1-2 50
10 " Blk 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,
Sil

