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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II....NO. 25.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, in
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
Main Street, opposite W. C. Dow & Co's. Store.
AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

POETRY.

THE POOR, GOD HELP THEM!

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

[Here are a few seasons lines from one of the most charming of American writers. They have been published, we dare say, again and again, but they are not less attractive on that account.]

Old Winter comes with a stealthy tread
O'er the fallen autumn leaves,
And shrilly he whistles overhead
And pipeth beneath the eaves.
Let him come! we care not amid our mirth
For the driving snow or rain;
For little we reck of the cheerless hearth
Or the broken window pane.

'Tis a stormy night, but our glaze shall mock
At the winds that loudly prate,
As they echo the mean of the poor that knock
With their cold hands at our gate.
The poor, we give them the half-picked bone,
The dry and mildewed bread—
Ah! they never, God help them, know the pain
Of the pampered overfed.

Fill round again with cheering wine,
While the fire glows warm and bright,
And sing me a song, sweet heart of mine,
Ere you whisper the words "good night!"
You will never dream "neath the covering warm
Of your soft and curbed bed,
Of the scanty rug and the shivering form,
And the yawning roof o'er head.

The poor! God pity them in their need!
We've a prayer for every groan;
They ask us with outstretched hands for bread
And we carelessly give a stone.
God help them! God help us! for much we lack,
Though lofty and rich we be,
And open our hearts unto all that knock
With the cry of CHARITY.

Miscellany.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

COMMON BLESSINGS; OR, HOW TO BE GRATEFUL.

'I hope,' said Mrs. Simpkins, 'I shall have more to be thankful for at the close of the year 1848, than I have had during 1848.' She sighed as she uttered, 'the past year has been nothing but trouble, from beginning to end.'

'How can you say so, Maria?' remarked Mrs. Hopkins, her mother-in-law. 'I am sure I don't see what great troubles you have had; your husband and children have been well, and that alone is a sufficient subject of gratitude. Do look at poor Mrs. Ames, who has lost every one of her little ones with scarlet fever.'

'You are always pointing me, mother, to somebody who is worse off than I am, while you never speak of those who are far better off than myself.'

'It is better to remember our mercies, my child.'

'And who can forget their trials, I should like to know. Have I had any peace in my kitchen for months? Have I not been continually changing my help? And now Bridget says, unless I raise her wages, she shall leave me next week.'

'As Bridget appears to be a good girl, perhaps, dear, you had better give her another quarter a week, and thus insure a good cook.'

'I won't do it, mother; she may go as soon as she chooses.'

'But, Maria, you won't get a girl under nine shillings; every family pays that.'

'Then I will go without; I will do the work myself.'

Mrs. Hopkins knew well enough where the work would fall, if Bridget left; she had heard just such boasting before.

'I hope in forty-nine, money will be plentier than I have found it this last year. I suppose you agree with me in this wish, mother, if in no other.'

'Well, I don't know, child, but we have had every thing for our comfort, and some luxuries too. Samuel has been kept from failure; and how much better is that than many whom we know, who have lost all they have made for years!'

'You speak of luxuries. I wonder what you refer to,' muttered Mrs. Simpkins.

'Why, good food, sometimes rich food, well prepared. Rich dresses, too; you remember the nice silks you and the children have had this last year. Good water, too; the Cochituate carried to every chamber, the greatest luxury of all.'

'I wonder you don't add, the sun has shone, and the light has come regularly every morning, under this head, mother. You are very specific in your enumerations. I don't class common blessings among luxuries—every body has these.'

'Think as you may, Maria, these common blessings, as you term them, are truly the greatest favors which heaven bestows—the beautiful sun, the grateful light—I wish you could feel as my friend did, who said he never opened his eyes, but he first thanked God for the birth of a new day.'

'I suppose you are thankful, mother, that you have not had the hydrophobia, nor the cholera, nor yellow fever?'

'There is great reason to be thankful for an escape from these ravages, Maria. Don't, I beg of you, speak so lightly of your many escapes, and your thousand deliverances.'

'I have truly escaped a great deal, mother. I have escaped the trouble of moving, because we were too poor to live in better style; I have escaped the fatigue attendant upon selecting some tapestry carpets; I have escaped ever so many colds, because I did not go to amusements; I have escaped giving a party, because Samuel said he did not feel able to give one this year. Indeed, said the thoughtless, giddy woman, 'I have escaped a great deal more—there's fire, sword, pestilence and famine. None of these have come nigh me.'

is desirable, I know, inasmuch as it procures many comforts; but remember, Maria, what Solomon chose was far better—a bag of wisdom and an understanding heart.'

'You are always quoting some old Testament character; mother. For my part, I think more of some heroes and sages that Scott and Bulwer and Dickens have written about.'

Mrs. Hopkins sighed over such a thoughtless woman, but discreetly kept her temper and made no ill-natured remark. She always prayed that God would turn her heart, for she knew she could not.

The New Year had already arrived; and Mrs. Simpkins demanded of her indulgent husband an X, as she called it, to procure some presents suited to herself and children. As usual, she obtained it, and starting for her shopping expedition she forgot all her grievances.

'But Maria,' called out her mother, 'you are not going out with your feet unprotected, this slippery day; do come back and put on your rubbers; you know you always say you cannot stand on ice.'

'I have not fallen yet, and I don't fear it at all. I am more afraid of another kind of downfall,' said she playfully, as she shut the door. She would have her own way. Gaily she slipped along down the street, and met with no mishap. She found every thing to her mind, and her ten dollars were quickly expended upon a set of chessmen, a fan, a box, and small work box for the oldest daughter.

She took them all in her muff and hands, for she could not wait to have them sent home, so great was her desire to display her purchases. Trotting down the hill, a little distance from her own door, she slipped, and away flew all the purchases in every direction. She tried to rise, but alas! she had dislocated her ankle, and in the effort to save herself had severely strained her wrist! A gentleman near at hand assisted her to rise, and, seeing the difficulty, procured a carriage instantly, and in a moment she was at her own door. The driver rang violently, and soon the cries of Mrs. Simpkins could be heard in all parts of the house, mingled with reproaches that she omitted to wear any protectors to her feet.

Mrs. Hopkins kindly soothed these upbraidings, which were uttered too late, and despatched a messenger for her husband and physician. The surgeon pronounced her ankle badly fractured, and having set the bone and bandaged the swollen limb, amidst shrieks and groans, which only chloroform mitigated into insensibility, Mrs. Simpkins was doomed to suffering unprepared and unprepared. Her pain was intense; she was bruised internally; and with great difficulty could be touched at all. Sleep was banished from her eyes, only as an opiate procured it, and then it was unrefreshing.

As her mother-in-law was sitting by her side, gently soothing her distracted feelings, as she mourned over the loss of slumber, she ventured to ask her, if she did not find this common blessing sleep, a luxury of which she before had never thought.

'Oh dear,' murmured the sufferer, 'I shall never, never be so ungrateful for this blessing again.'

Mrs. Simpkins's eyes were badly affected, and the light was rendered painful, and of course excluded from her apartment.

'I have been thinking,' said she one day as a faint ray shot across her bed, 'what a blessing is light. I never thought of it before; and sight, too; oh, if I could be as I once was!'

'But, said Mrs. Hopkins, 'Maria dear, you will be far better than ever you were, I trust. You are coming to yourself, child, to self-reflection, to gratitude for what you never before prized.'

Mrs. Simpkins sat or lay with her limb extended across the mattress or chair for days. 'If, said she, 'I could only walk!'

'Did you ever prize this blessing, Maria?' again inquired the judicious mother—'it belongs to that class we call common, child. Would you not consider it even the greatest luxury to be able to step out and breathe the refreshing air?'

'I never, never can be insensible to this blessing again,' said the helpless invalid.

'And now, Maria,' pursued Mrs. Hopkins, 'as we again review the past year, do not subjects of gratitude rise in countless numbers before you? Would you exchange them for California gold, even if a mine opened at your feet?'

'Dear mother, I was thoughtless and ignorant of the sources of true happiness.'

'And it is thus,' pursued Mrs. Hopkins, 'God shows us our folly. We are corrected by accidents, we are disciplined by pain, we are made grateful by privation. This fall, which has occasioned you so many, many painful hours, if improved, may be the greatest blessing which ever befel you. To have our hearts opened to new sources of real happiness is worth more than all that prosperity can give, if she fans us with wings of gold.'

Mrs. Simpkins seems possessed of a different spirit. She is kind, grateful and thoughtful; and if the experience of this sickness does not wear off as she returns again to the world, the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine is likely to yield far more satisfactory happiness than any previous year of her life. We truly wish her a happy new year.'

If there are any other Mrs. Simpkinses, alike thoughtless of real causes of gratitude, as they close the past and enter upon the new year, may their experience prove equally beneficial to them likewise.

QUEER LANGUAGE.—If you should go into a house where ladies are making a quilt, and say to them, 'Ladies, you are making a fine quilt,' they would reply, 'Yes, but it takes a heap of trick and right smart thread.'

'Madam, what have you given your sick boy?'

'Oh, I have given him some garden truck, and one kind of truck and another.'

'He is right sorry, (very thin in flesh) ain't he?'

[From the Californian.] SONG OF THE DIRT.

A parody on Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

Did—dig—dig—
To pierce for the golden ore;
Dig—dig—dig—
Till you sweat at every pore.
Dig—dig—dig—
To root in the deep black sand,
And this is to be a citizen
Of a free and Christian land!
And it's oh! to be a slave
To the heathen or the Turk,
To rid the hands of a Christian man
From such dirty and toilsome work!

Wash—wash—wash—
Till the back is almost broke;
Wash—wash—wash—
With your legs and your thighs in soak,
Wash—wash—wash—
Revolving an old tin pan,
And wallowing about with a shake and a splash,
Till you doubt you're a Christian man!
Soul and body and mind;
Mind and body and soul,
Oh! can it be right when they're all confined
To the basin and the bowl?

Pile—pile—pile—
When its only a little heap;
Pile—pile—pile—
Till it "grudery" grows more deep;
Pile—pile—pile—
And stow it away in a bag;
Till you gaze with eyes of wild surprise
On the contents of that rag!

Oh! can it be here I stand?
And can it be gold I see?
Ho! ho! I am off for a Christian land
To spend it on me merrily!

ROSY DEAR, "OLD ZEKE'S DAUGHTER."

A TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

One of the loveliest of the thousand lovely spots that adorn the valley of the Connecticut was the lair of my childhood. It might have been a haunt of fairies and wood-nymphs; for they could not have found a sweeter or more secluded gambling ground; and I did sometimes think I heard strange whisperings in the air, and fairy-like music floating around me; and I did sometimes imagine I saw tiny footprints upon the velvet moss. True, the sober thought of years rather discards the idea that we love to foster childhood's impressions; so I will cherish this, with every flower and leaf and ripple of the singing brook and light and shadow which are daguerreotypes upon my heart. I would love to take you there to-night, dear reader, and by the light of this first autumn moon, talk of the days of "lang syne."

Come, sit with me upon this mossy bank, and see the soft moonlight flitting with those dancing ripples.

Perhaps some of you, who have never seen Miss Cynthia out of the city, have always thought her a staid and sober damsel; but I assure you that in the country she frolics about in a most unmatronly like manner. See her, now dancing down that bo-peep with us through those thick branches, and whispering soft words to every green leaf towards her, and casting loving glances on these sweet flowers at our feet.

And now follow with me this little brook; we will pluck some of those violets that fringe its edge for a memento: now step across the brooks and there, in that little wood beyond, is my Eden, but I cannot take you there, dear reader. There I always go alone. A word—the slightest whisper—there, would break the perfect harmony—that breathes around. I would hear no voices but nature's there. The gentle sighing among the leaves, the occasional chirp of an insect, or twitter of a bird, or a falling leaf, speak in more eloquent tones than ever breathed through earthly lips. And then the sometimes perfect mysterious silence which not even a trembling leaf disturbs—it lulls my spirit, subduces every worldly passion, and with folded hands I sit listening to the still small voice communicating with my soul.

Do you see, through the opening beyond the wood, that little white cottage? That was the home of my little heroine.

Old Mr. Melwood, or old Zeke, as he was always called, was one of those poverty misfortune had been added. He was a cripple, and unable to do little else than ride to the village and leave at the doors of his customers the products of his little farm, which was his only means of support. These were few, but he always found a ready market for them; for every one thought that old Zeke's vegetables were the best, and his eggs the freshest that were brought to the town, and that the berries that pretty Rose Melwood sold, were the sweetest that were ever tasted; indeed, every thing which Rose Melwood had, or said, or did, was the best in the world.

Rose lost her mother in very early childhood; and between herself and her father there existed the greatest fondness. She did not like to hear him called "Old Zeke," for it seemed to her to give an impression of unworthiness; but it was not so, for every one respected the old man. I do not know how he came to receive that cognomen, but I think it was because his infirmities made him seem much older than he really was, and it was something of a feeling of pity that prompted it. But Rose did not love to hear it; and always when, speaking of her parent, she would call him her "dear, dear father," always was she doing some kind action—anything to make dear father happy. And she was his idol; "Rosy, dear," he always called her; every one else came to call her so except when some naughty child at school, who had his falsehood exposed by her unflinching truth, would call her "Old Zeke's daughter." But Rose was the name that all loved to call her by. She was the pet of the village; every one was glad when she came, for she always brought a happy face and heart along with her; and Mary used to say she brought a whole shower of happiness, to sprinkle over every body.

But Rose Melwood had her day of sorrow; and that was when Julia Weston refused to invite her to her birthday party.

This party had been the grand subject of talk, among all the school girls, during "recess" and "whispering-time," for half a year. All expected to attend; all knew what they would wear; and all hoped most earnestly that it would be a pleasant day.

Rose Melwood knew in her little heart what she intended to do that day; but she had told no one for it would be such a sweet surprise, she thought, to bring a wreath of flowers in April. Every day after the snow was off the ground, she would look by the brook and the wood for the first flowers, to see how they came on. She knew just where the trailing Arbutus hid itself, and where the first violet would spring up, and she felt quite sure they would be in bloom before Julia's birthday.

The morning previous to Julia Weston's birthday, I had Rose and two or three of her companions to walk with me; and just as we entered a path which led through the wood, Rosy darted away, exclaiming, "I am going to hide from you now, but I will be with you soon." My young friends wandered off, one by one, in search of flowers and winter green, and I had just entered the path which led to my loved retreat, when I saw through the trees that it was already tenanted, and on coming nearer, discovered Rose Melwood. She was unconscious of my approach, and I never saw a sweeter subject for a painter than she was at that moment. She was sitting upon the ground, with her lap full of flowers, and a half-formed wreath lying beside her. Her bonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, and her long fair hair was falling in rich clusters upon her neck; her small white hands were clasped, and her full blue eyes were turned towards heaven, with an expression of perfect purity, love and holiness. "O, Miss Emily!" she exclaimed, as soon as she observed me, "is not this beautiful? It seems just like heaven to me."

O, Rosy dear? where did you find your flowers?" exclaimed our companions, coming up at this moment; "we have been searching every where, and have not found one."

"Oh! I know their hiding-places," replied Rose smiling; "see here—will not this be beautiful?" she exclaimed, holding up a half-formed wreath; "this is for Julia to wear on her birthday."

"But you are not going to her party!" exclaimed one.

"Why, yes, of course I shall go," replied Rose; "I know Julia expects me to go."

"But she told me yesterday she should not invite you."

"Why not?" inquired Rose sorrowfully.

"Because," replied another, who seemed somewhat vexed that Rose had found so many flowers, "because she says she don't want old Zeke's daughter at her party."

Never shall I forget the expression that passed over Rose's countenance at these words. It was not of anger, but of mingled sorrow and resentment, which we feel when we see that we have been slighted by those we love. She spoke not a word, but her eyes filled with tears, and after a moment she said,

"Well, I will send her the flowers, she will like them, I'm sure."

The truth was, Julia had heard, and talked, and thought so much about her party, that she began to regard herself a much more important personage than she had done before, and to think she must be somewhat select in her invitations; so after some consideration she concluded it would be unmatronly to have it said that old Zeke's daughter was at her party. Besides, she was a year older than Rose, which very much enhanced her own importance, she thought; so, without consulting her parents, she decided that Rose Melwood should not come to her party.

But Julia little thought that by refusing admittance to Rose she was depriving herself and others of all enjoyment. But so it was, for when all were assembled, there seemed some one wanting. No one seemed happy, and each whispered to the other, "I wish Rosy dear was here," and when Frank Weston and two or three of his school fellows came in the sports, nothing seemed to go right.

"Why, where is Rosy dear?" exclaimed Frank in surprise, after looking around the room.

"Julia wouldn't have her here," exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"I should like to know, Miss Julia Weston, why you wouldn't have her here?" inquired Frank with spirit.

"Because I didn't want her here," replied Julia, a little tartly.

"Because she is old Zeke's daughter," replied several voices.

"Well, I wish Julia, you were half as good as old Zeke's daughter," exclaimed Frank. "I declare, this is outrageous. She shall come, or else I don't stay here."

"Nor I, nor I," exclaimed the other embryo gentlemen.

At this moment Mrs. Weston entered the room. "Why, what does this mean?" she exclaimed. "I came to see how happy you were, and really there is not one happy face in the room; what is the matter?"

"Rosy dear is not here," exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Rosy not here? Why, what is the reason?" inquired Mrs. Weston, in surprise.

"Why, Julia has acted like a dunce. She has not invited her," replied Frank.

"Not invited Rosy? Why, Julia, what does this mean? I thought surely you had invited her."

Julia had by this time begun to repent seriously of her conduct. The party which she had looked forward to with so much happiness had been, so far, naught but wretchedness, and in all consequence of her foolish pride. So she acknowledged to her mother the reason, and expressed her sorrow.

At this moment a light tap was heard at the door, and a little girl who lived neighbor to Rose entered with a beautiful wreath in her hand, and presenting it to Julia, said, "Rosy sent it to you."

The scent of the flowers filled the room, and all gazed eagerly at such a quantity of flowers at that season.

"Oh! where did Rosy dear find them? I could not find one, all exclaimed."

"She always knew where the first flowers grew, exclaimed one of the boys."

"She always knew ten times more than any other girl about every thing," was the rather ungallant reply of Frank Weston.

Julia stood holding the wreath, looking sorrowful and ashamed.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Weston, "you are not worthy to wear this wreath to-day—the one who deserves it must wear it. Put on your bonnet and go down to old Zeke's and make the best apology you can to Rosy. Beg her pardon, and ask her to come and spend the remainder of the afternoon for I am quite sure there will be no enjoyment unless she is here; and she is so good a girl, I think she would not refuse to come, though you have treated her so ill. Frank will entertain your company while you are gone, and I hope you will find her happy."

The two girls were soon seen returning, and as they entered the door, all exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come, Rosy dear; now we will be happy."

"But first," said Mrs. Weston, "let us dispose of this beautiful wreath. It should not lie withering here. Julia, it was sent to you, but I presume you do not feel that you deserve to wear it, so you may place it upon the head of the one you think most deserving of it."

Julia took the wreath and with a smile and a kiss, placed it upon Rosy's head, amid the shouts of the children.

"Oh, I had much rather you would wear it, dear," exclaimed Rose. "I am sure I never intended it for myself."

"The good we do to others," said Mrs. Weston, "often returns upon our own heads, and I hope the lesson, Julia, you learn will be of far more value than the wreath."

Soon after the event old Zeke and Rosy left our village, and went to live with a rich relative at the South, who adopted Rosy as her own daughter.

Years passed away. Frank Weston, who had established himself in a distant city, wrote for Julia to come and spend the winter with him. Julia joyfully accepted the invitation. As soon as she had arrived and had been welcomed by her brother, he said, "I have an invitation for you, Julia, to act as bridesmaid this very evening."

"Pray, from whom?" inquired Julia.

"To a certain lady who is to be my wife," replied Frank, laughing.

"Ah! you rogue! Why did not you tell me of this before?"

"I knew that you liked pleasant surprises," replied Frank.

"But I cannot tell whether it will be a pleasant one until I know who it is to be your bride. Come, tell me quick, who is it?"

"No, not until we are married, so now prepare yourself, and hasten to the wedding."

When Frank Weston led in his bride, Julia thought she had never seen a creature so perfectly lovely. But brides are always beautiful, and perhaps she was not more so than many others; but she thought so, and I think Frank thought so too. But it was not her beauty alone that riveted Julia's gaze; it was an impression that she had seen that face before, but she could not tell when nor where.

When the ceremony was over, and Frank presented Julia to his bride, "Do tell me, my sister," exclaimed Julia, "have we never seen each other before?"

"Dear Julia, have you forgotten old Zeke's daughter," whispered the beautiful bride.

A sudden remembrance, such as, "in some hour of your life, reader, has flashed over your mind when you have seen a face or an object that called to recollection bygone days, with a sudden distinctness and a half-joyful, half-sad recollection of her usual happy youthful days, came over Julia's thought. She gazed earnestly at the fair girl for a minute, then, clasping her hand, and turning to Frank, she exclaimed, joyfully, "Rosy dear! yes—yes—it is indeed her—it is our Rosy dear!"

HISTORICAL.
DANIEL MORGAN.

[From the "Cautious Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington."]

The outposts of the two armies were very near to each other, when the American Commander, desirous of obtaining particular information respecting the position of his adversary, summoned the famed leader of the riflemen, Col. Daniel Morgan, to head-quarters.

It was night and the Chief was alone. After his usual polite, yet reserved and dignified salutation, Washington remarked—

"I have sent for you, Col. Morgan, to entrust to your courage and sagacity a small but very important enterprise. I wish you to reconnoitre the enemy's lines, with a view to your ascertaining correctly the position of their newly constructed redoubts; also of the encampments of the British troops that have lately arrived, and those of their Hessian auxiliaries. Select, sir, an officer, a non-commissioned officer and about twenty picked men, and under cover of the night proceed, but with all possible caution, get as near as you can, learn all you can, and by day-dawn retire and make your report to head-quarters. But mark me, Col. Morgan, mark me well; on no account whatever are you to bring on any skirmishing with the enemy; if discovered, make a speedy retreat; let nothing induce you to fire a single shot; I repeat, sir, that no force of circumstances will excuse the discharge of a single rifle on your part, and for the extreme preciseness of these orders, permit me to say I have my reasons." Filling two glasses of wine the General continued, "And now, Col. Morgan, we will drink a good night, and success to your enterprise."

Morgan quaffed the wine, smacked his lips, assuring his excellency that his orders should be punctually obeyed, and left the tent of the Commander-in-Chief.

Charmed at being chosen as the executive officer of a daring enterprise, the leader of the woodmen repaired to his quarters and calling for Gabriel Long, his favorite captain, ordered him to detail a trusty sergeant and twenty prime fellows, who being mustered and ordered to lie on their arms, ready at a moment's warning, Morgan and Long stretched their manly forms before the watch-fire to await the going down of the moon—the signal for departure.

A little after midnight, and while the rays of the setting moon still faintly glimmered in the western horizon, "Up, Sergeant," cried Long, "stir up your men," and twenty athletic figures were on their feet in a moment. "Indian file, march!" and away all sprung with the quick, yet light and steady step of the woodman.

They reached the enemy's line, crawled up close to the pickets of the Hessians as to inhale the odor of their pipes, discovered by the newly turned up earth the positions of the redoubts, and, by the numerous tents that dotted the field for many rods around and shone dimly amid the night haze, the encampments of the British and German reinforcements; and, in short, performed their perilous duty without the slightest discovery, and pleased with themselves and the success of their enterprise, prepared to retire just as chancellery from a neighboring farm-house was "bidding salutation to the moon."

The adventurous party reached a small eminence at some distance from the British camp, and commanding an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Here Morgan halted, to

give his men a little rest before taking up his line of march for the American outposts. Scarcely had they thrown themselves on the grass, when they perceived, issuing from the enemy's advanced pickets, a body of horse, commanded by an officer and proceeding along a road that led directly by the spot where the riflemen had halted. No spot could be better chosen for an ambuscade, for there were rocks and ravines, and also scrubby oaks that grew thickly on the eminence by which the road we have just mentioned passed, at not exceeding a hundred yards.

"Down, boys, down," cried Morgan, as the horse approached, nor did the clansmen of the Black Rhodoric disappear more promptly amid their native heather, than did Morgan's woodsmen, in the present instance, each to his tree or rock.

"Lie close there, my lads, till we see what these fellows are about."

Meanwhile the horsemen had gained the height and the officer, dropping his rein on his charger's neck, with a spy-glass reconnoitred the American lines. The troopers closed up their files and were either cherishing the noble animals they rode, adjusting their equipments, or gazing upon the surrounding scenery, now fast brightening in the beams of a rising sun.

Morgan looked at Long, and Long upon his superior, while the riflemen, with panting chests and sparkling eyes, were only awaiting some signal from their officers to "let the rule fly."

At length the martial ardor of Morgan overcame his prudence and sense of military subordination. Forgetful of consequences, reckless of everything but his enemy, now within his grasp, he waved his hand, and loud and sharp rang the report of the rifles amid the surrounding echoes.

At point blank distance, the certain and deadly aim of the Hunting Skirts of the Revolutionary Army is too well known to history to need remark at this time of day. In the instance we have to record, the effects of the fire of the riflemen were tremendous. Of the horsemen, some had fallen to rise no more, while their liberated chargers rushed wildly over the adjoining plains; others, wounded, but entangled with their stirrups, were dragged by the furious animals expiringly along, while the very few who were unseated spurred hard to regain the shelter of the British line.

While the smoke yet canopied the scene of slaughter, and the picturesque forms of the woodsmen appeared among the foliage, as they were reloading their pieces, the colossal figure of Morgan stood apart. He seemed the very genius of War, as gloomily he contemplated the havoc his order had made. He spoke not, he moved not, but looked as one absorbed in an intensity of thought. The martial shout, with which he was wont to cheer his comrades in the hour of combat was hushed; the shell from which he had blown full many a note of battle and of triumph on the fields of Saratoga, hung idly by his side; no order was given to spoil the slain; the arms and equipments, for which there was always a bounty from Congress, the shirts, for which there was so much need at that, the sorest period of our country's privation, all were abandoned, as with an abstracted air and a voice struggling for utterance, Morgan, suddenly turning to his Captain, exclaimed, "Long, to the camp, to the camp!"

The favorite Captain obeyed, the riflemen, with trained arms, fell into file, and Long and his party soon disappeared, but not before the hardy fellows had exchanged opinions upon the strange termination of the late affair.

Col. Morgan became more and more convinced of the enormity of his offence, as, with dull and measured strides, he pursued his solitary way and thus he soliloquized—"Well, Daniel Morgan, you

tary cortege rode on to the inspection of the outposts.

Arrived at his quarters, Morgan threw himself upon his hard couch and gave himself up to reflection upon the events which had so lately and so rapidly succeeded each other. He was aware that he had sinned past all hope of forgiveness. Within twenty-four hours he had fallen from the command of a regiment and being an especial favorite with his General, to be what—a disgraced and broken soldier.—Condemned to retire from the scenes of his glory, the darling passion of his heart—forever to abandon the 'fair fields of fighting men,' and in obscurity to drag out the remnant of a wretched existence, neglected and forgotten. And then his rank, so hardly and so nobly won, with all his 'blushing honors,' acquired in his march across the frozen wilderness of the Kennebec, the storming of the Lower Town, and the gallant and glorious combats of Saratoga.

The hours dragged gloomily away; night came, but with it no rest for the troubled spirit of poor Morgan. The drums and fifes merrily sounded the soldier's dawn, and the sun arose, giving 'promise of a goodly day.' And to many within the circuit of that widely extended camp did his genial beams give hope, and joy, and gladness, while it cheered not with a single ray the despairing Leader of the Woods-men.

About ten o'clock, the orderly on duty reported the arrival of an officer of the staff from headquarters, and Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, the favorite aide of the Commander-in-chief, entered the marquee. 'Be seated,' said Morgan, 'I know your errand, so be short my dear fellow, and put me out of my misery at once. I know that I am arrested, this is a matter of course. Well, there is my sword; but surely his Excellency honors me indeed, in these last moments of my military existence, when he sends for my sword by his favorite Aid and my most esteemed friend. Ah, my dear Hamilton, if you knew what I have suffered since the cursed horse came out to tempt me to my ruin.'

Hamilton, about whose strikingly intelligent countenance there always lurked a playful smile, now observed, 'Colonel Morgan, his Excellency has ordered me to—'

'I know it,' interrupted Morgan, 'to bid me prepare for trial, but pshaw, why a trial!—Guilty, sir, guilty, past all doubt. But then, (recollecting himself,) perhaps my services might plead, nonsense, against the disobedience of a positive order, no, no, it is all over with me, Hamilton; there is an end of your old friend, and of Colonel Morgan.' The agonized spirit of our hero then mounted to a pitch of enthusiasm, as he exclaimed, 'but my country will remember my services, and the British and Hessians will remember me too, for tho' I may be far away, my brave comrades will do their duty, and Morgan's Rifleman will be, as they always have been, a terror to the enemy.'

The noble, the generous-souled Hamilton could no longer bear to witness the struggles of the brave unfortunate; he called out:—'Hear me, my dear Colonel, only promise to hear me for one moment, and I will tell you all.'

'Go on, sir,' replied Morgan, despairingly, 'go on.'

'Then,' continued the aid-de-camp, 'you must know that the commanders of regiments dine with his excellency to-day.'

'What of that,' again interrupted Morgan, 'what has that to do with me, a prisoner—'

'No, no,' exclaimed Hamilton, 'no prisoner, a once offending but now forgiven soldier, my orders are to invite you to dine with his excellency to-day at three o'clock precisely; yes, my brave and good friend, Colonel Morgan, you still are, and are likely long to be, the valued and famed commander of the Rifle Regiment.'

Morgan sprang from the camp bed on which he was sitting and seizing the hand of the little great man in his giant grasp, wrung and wrung till the aid-de-camp literally struggled to get free, then exclaimed, 'Am I in my senses?—but I know you, Hamilton, you are too noble a fellow to sport with the feelings of an old brother soldier.' Hamilton assured his friend that all was true and gaily kissing his hand as he mounted his horse, bidding the now delighted Colonel remember three o'clock and be careful not to disobey a second time, galloped to the head quarters.

Morgan entered the pavilion of the Commander-in-Chief as it was fast filling with officers, all of whom, after paying their respects to the General, filed off to give a cordial squeeze of the hand to the commander of the rifle regiment and to whisper in his ear words of congratulation. The cloth removed, Washington bid his guests fill their glasses and gave his only, his unvarying toast, the toast of the days of trial, the toast of the evening of his 'time-honored' life amid the shades of Mount Vernon—'All our friends.' Then, with his usual old-fashioned politeness, he drank to each guest by name. When he came to 'Colonel Morgan, your good health, sir,' a thrill ran through the manly frame of the gratified and again favorite soldier, while every eye in the pavilion was turned upon him. At an early hour the company broke up, and Morgan had a perfect escort of officers accompanying him to his quarters, all anxious to congratulate him upon his happy restoration to rank and favor, all pleased to assure him of their esteem for his person and services.

THE GOLD FEVER IN NEW YORK.—How is your health? said we to a bilious looking friend that we met, after missing him for some time.

'Twenty-three carats fine.'

'Your health?' said we again.

'Worth sixteen dollars an ounce.'

We said nothing more and left him, perfectly convinced that he was troubled with the 'Californian fever.'

'What's the price of United States stock?' said we to a celebrated Wall street broker we jostled against a moment after.

'Thirteen pounds of pure gold in one lump!'

'New York Sixes?'

'Perfectly inexhaustible, and more mines discovered.'

We trembled for the few shares we possessed and passed on. Presently we came across a famous divine, who preached every Sunday against the greedy thirst for gold and mammon.

'That was a noble discourse of yours last Sunday, Doctor. If we remember aright the text was, "It is easier for a camel to pass thro' the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."'

'Establish a mint, sir—establish a mint. I have already sent out two sons and four nephews; and we are to share and share alike!'

'The text, Doctor—the text.'

'That be—thundered! The standard value of doubloons is sixteen dollars. A doubloon is an ounce. Thirteen pounds of gold make—'

We did not wait to hear the divine's answer nor was it necessary; he had got the yaller fever.—*Sunday Times.*

THE YOUNG MAN'S COURSE.—I saw him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the

request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed he was unobserved, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by a sordid indulgence. He tho't there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I met him next late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next, reclining in the street; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy on his tongue. Shame was gone.

I saw him yet once more. He was pale, cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting-place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down, and seemed to shake with uncommon anguish. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow. His mother wept to think she had ever given being to such a child.

I thought of his future state. I opened the Bible and read, 'Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.'



WATERVILLE, JAN. 11.

V. B. PALMER, 8 Congress-st. Boston, and at his offices in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, is our advertising agent.

HOW TO PAY.

The circulation of the MAIL must be extended; and to this end we make the following proposal to those who now take it.

Any one who will give us the names of four new subscribers, shall have a receipt for one year on his own account. He must guarantee their responsibility for one year. Any person sending the names of three new subscribers, with pay in advance, shall be entitled to a receipt on his own account for one year.

Who, in these pinching times, can pay a dollar and a half in an easier way than this? Any one, almost, can secure three or four of his neighbors for this object in a few hours, at most. Hand the names to the Postmaster, who will forward them free of expense, and the favor shall be acknowledged by the return of the promised receipt. At least three-fourths of our present subscribers are in want of the receipt, and we want the subscribers. We do not require advance pay; but receive produce, wood, &c., at the highest market price from those who wish to pay it, at a convenient time.

Two active men are wanted, to procure subscribers and collect arrears, to whom good terms will be offered.

OUR TABLE.

PARLEY'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORIES.—The series consists of five works, intended for schools—the United States, England, France, Greece, and Rome. Each work is embraced in one volume, of about 350 pages, and is illustrated, at almost every page, with beautiful cuts representing scenes and persons alluded to. Mr. Goodrich's familiar style, inimitable in its adaptation to the capacity and interest of children, places him beyond competition in the department of history adapted to common schools.

The History of the United States commences with Columbus, passing briefly to the Mayflower, and descending very minutely down to the presidency of Mr. Polk. Its cuts are peculiarly adapted to interest and instruct the scholar.

The History of England commences with the invasion by the Romans, and is brought down to the reign of Victoria, in 1845. It is brief, but exceedingly comprehensive; so that hardly an event or anecdote of any interest or importance is passed over. Her civil and religious institutions are exhibited to the simplest mind, and the relation of church and state made so plain, that the pupil will not only see what that relation is in England, but that it does not exist in our own country. The manners, costumes and habits, at different periods, are presented, with such illustrations as are peculiar to the author.

The History of France commences with the expulsion of the Romans, and exhibits a perfect chain down to Louis Philippe. It is not only useful in schools, but convenient as a book of reference, and interesting to the general reader. The history of this interesting country and people, previous to Napoleon, is but little understood by the masses in the United States. They know more of ancient Greece and Rome than of modern France, or even more modern America—though for reason which we dare not mention in the face of 'the schools.' This book, no less than the last mentioned, should be read and studied in our common schools.

The History of Greece embraces five periods—a poetical and traditionary history, from the earliest times till the institution of the Olympic Festival 884 B. C.; thence to the commencement of the Persian war; thence to the capture of Athens by the Lacedaemonians; thence to the subjugation by the Romans, and lastly to the present time.

The fifth work in the series, the History of Rome, is not yet from the press, but will soon be published.

These books are for sale at the publisher's prices, by J. B. SHURTLEFF, Main-st., who will furnish them to schools in any quantity.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.—We had expected no further competitors for fame among the magazines. The new year, however, has introduced one that promises to win both fame and patronage. The talent embraced in its list of contributors, the neatness of its letter-

press, and the richness of its embellishments, promise that it will rival the very best in the country. A good feature in its design is its strictly American character. The first volume is to be enriched with a serial illustration of the Life of Washington, to be continued thro' twelve numbers—the text descriptive of the pictures from the pen of Headley, the popular author of 'Washington and his Generals.' It promises to be the most beautiful illustrated Life of Washington yet published. We confidently commend the 'Metropolitan Magazine' to such as desire a good one. It is published at 259 Broadway, New York, by Israel Post, at \$3 a year—\$10 for five copies.

'THE DAGUERRETYPE.' Boston, more than sustains its original demands upon public favor. With the lovers of sound, substantial literature it has already become a decided favorite. We love to praise it, for we can do it most heartily.

A WELCOME VISITOR.—We are delighted to find on our table the first number of the 'New England Farmer,' edited by S. W. Cole, Boston. There is something in a name; and after having read the old New England Farmer for about twenty years, it is gratifying to look upon it again, even though there be something Phoenix-like in its features. The editor is too well known to the farmers of New England to leave room to doubt that the paper will be conducted with talent. Price \$1 a year.

'THE SCHOLAR'S LEAF' is the title of a beautiful little paper started at Portland, by Messrs. Walker & Barrett. It is designed, as its name indicates, for general circulation in common schools. The need of such a publication has for some time been apparent to those interested in common schools, and we are glad the enterprise has fallen into so good hands. It is hailed with pleasure, so far as we learn, by those entrusted with the interests of this class of pupils, to whose capacity and amusement it seems to be particularly well adapted. It should be circulated in every school district in the State, and we feel confident that those who aid the matter will feel well rewarded in the benefits which will result to the pupils.—Let the children see that they have a paper of their own, and they will read it. The habit of reading once induced, it will never be relinquished.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

THE MAYFLOWER.

'Tis sweet, as the summer, the night on the sea,
'Tis soft, as an angel, the watch over thee,
Gentle ship! on the wave when the heart is at rest,
And fear still'd with prayer is asleep in the breast;
And they that have left us, in spirit are fled,
The past unforgetten, its tendrils are dead:
O Land, ho! is the tomb of our grief and our fear,
And the womb of futurity's slumbering here,
The dash of the sea shows its guardian near.

There's tempest above us, to leeward we're driven,
There's storm on the billow, and tempest in heaven,
The mast is half broken, the sail in the wind,
Our dread is before us, our hope far behind!
Why not on the ocean His goodness forget?
When water breaks o'er us and daylight is set?
O Land, ho! no! but the rocks of the beach
Are afar, and the speed of the tempest shall reach
Only billows unbroken that of tenderness teach!

All's well, save the boom long panting and worn,
Save the strength uncomplaining, for love has forborne,
Save the shrouds newly spliced, and the masts newly set,
And the sails newly white and the ropes darkly wet;
There are murmuring voices and glistening eyes,
And foam-tassel'd billows and sun-smiling skies—
O Land, ho! there's a cloud white and high,
It is snow on the sea, it is land in the sky,
And the sea is forgot save a tear in the eye!

On sweeps the broad billow, we're fast on our way,
The Pilgrims that float are more anxious to-day
Than when driven by tempest they fled from their wrath,
Or when heaven, with stars full of light, watched their path.

O serve now the Lord! There's no sin against Him
In the land in the shadow of infancy dim:
O Land, ho! and the pledge must be said,
To serve Him who made us, and love Him who bled,
And follow the light which his gospel has shed.

The Mayflower is anchored, she feels the land breeze,
The masts in her hull answer back to the trees;
All pledged and all loyal, the charter they've signed
That each gives to each, thus his freedom to bind;
From the cabin they rise as a nation of men,
Too few for its hope, but its birth-day was then:
O Land, ho! and the breakers in melody roar,
The heart of creation is fresh on the shore,
And God to its land doth his image restore!

LYCEUM.—The third lecture was given on Friday evening last, by Prof. LOOMIS. Subject—'The United States Exploring Expedition.' The lecturer gave a hasty sketch of the circumstances connected with the origin of the expedition, passed briefly over the details of its labors, and presented an interesting summary of the advantages, to science as well as commerce, resulting from its institution. It was a plain and practical lecture, and decided one of the most instructive and useful with which the society have been favored.

By the way, the Committee are meeting decided commendation for their successful efforts, thus far, to contribute to the interest of our citizens, by securing good lectures. A more general sale of tickets, however, will be necessary to the completion of their plan for the winter—a contingency which we doubt not will be met by our citizens.

THE GOLD FEVER.—There are two sides to every story,—and there should be at least two views taken of every enterprise. As yet we have had but one distinct view of the California gold enterprise. This has satisfied us on the main point involved, namely, that there is gold in California. Indeed, we have no room to doubt that it exists there in great quantities. So far we are convinced—and so far so good. The boy that swallowed his sixpence as he started to training, was not fully satisfied with knowing that he had money with him. So those who simply know that there is gold in California, should inquire into the prospect of getting it, before they start to go there. There is gold enough in the coffers of the Czar, and one traveller thinks it easy enough to get at it—with the only exception, that the successful applicant would be sure of leaving his head

in exchange. In the minds of most men this contingency would give rise to a question of expediency. They would stop to inquire into the relative value of the commodities exchanged. In relation to the gold enterprise, inquiry seems to have been confined almost exclusively to one side. It has been enough to know that men get five or ten dollars a day for digging, without inquiring whether board cost five or ten dollars a day, in offset, leaving a balance against the enterprise to the amount of clothing at least. Many have been so moderate in their calculations, as to feel reconciled to a two years' visit to California, with the bare shadow of a prospect of digging a round thousand dollars' worth of the yellow scales; without reflecting that the outfit and outfit, with expenses there, would more than cover the amount, saying nothing of their labor. For the use of such, we give the following estimate, which we advise them to take along in their pockets for reference.

Estimated amount a man will make digging gold in California one year, say 300 days at \$10 per day, 3000
Deduct probable loss of time for the rainy season, say 60 days, 600
2400

An outfit for a two years' absence will cost 300
Passage out, 250
Six months' time lost going, at 30 per mo., 180
One year's board at the diggings, at 15 per week, 780
Passage home, 250
Six months' time lost returning, at 30 per month, 180—1950

From which deduct contingencies, 450
Nett proceeds of two years' labor, 000

Is this all? What is the risk on health and life?—and how much shall be allowed for the hardships endured, the vices contracted, and the many joys of a happy home lost? The life and health insurance companies double their rates on those who undertake the voyage. Say then, you have eight chances out of ten to live two years, at home—for how many golden scales will you sell four of these chances? In going to California you cast them into the balance. The risk of health is no less.

These are matters to be carefully estimated—and when this is done, let all go to California who wish. With a good company and good preliminary arrangements, there is a fair chance for a venture; and those who will carefully weigh this chance, and take it for what it is, may in many cases reap a good profit. We only ask that they should look at both sides of the question, and judge carefully the terms of the contract. Then, if they lose, the fault is their own; and if they make more than they expect, we will take the excess for our advice.

For the Mail.

WE WUNNER WHAT Y'E'RE AT!

John C. Calhoun, my jo, John,
Ye senses sure ye lack,
Ye canna gang wi' Tom, John,
Ye canna gang wi' Zach;
An' sure ye are no hangman, John,
Wi' Foot ye w'na go—
Alack! I wunner what ye're at,
John C. Calhoun, my jo!

John C. Calhoun, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
The mark was on yer back, John,
So crookedly ye went:
But now yer hairs are gray, John,
An' ye're about to go,
We hope ye'll tell us what ye're at,
John C. Calhoun, my jo!

John C. Calhoun, my jo, John,
If ye should e'er be king,
O' we bid South Carolina, John,
'Twould sure be just the thing,
For ye are unco little, John,
An' she's little too,
An' ye w'na aim at muckle noo,
John C. Calhoun, my jo!

John C. Calhoun, my jo, John,
If then it please yer brain
To send yer 'Plebeian,' John,
Awa' down here to Maine,
We w'na stretch his neck, John,
But kindly bid him go,
If he'll only tell us what ye're at,
John C. Calhoun, my jo!

* When Mr. Calhoun was speaking for his 'sheepskin,' the President whispered to one who sat near, 'If any man can convince you that men and women grow on trees, that is the man.' Such was his power as a sophist.

Clippings.

JIM GITY'S BEEF STORY.—The following story was obtained by the editor from one of the crew. It took Jim Gity to show how to hook beef in Keel-boat river.

On a trip up the Tennessee river, Jim and his crew got out of meat. They could not think it fair play to be without meat in a cane country, where there were so many fat cattle. So, as usual, they selected the best and fattest beef they could find; they obtained one that would weigh about 700 pounds. They dressed it neatly and took it on board.

About three hours afterwards, fourteen men came down to the boat with rifles, and charged them with having stolen the beef. Jim did not show fight. The crew paid no attention to what was going on, as they were sitting on the running boards, with their feet dangling in the water—several were lying upon deck on blankets—every one seemed dull and stupid. Jim was seated on the bow of the boat, his head resting on his hand, when again assailed.

'I say, your men have been stealing the best beef in all these parts.'

'There must be some mistake,' said Jim, very quietly.

'You lie; your men were skinning it.'

'There is strangers about there, may be, said Jim.

'Yes, yes, we know there is strangers here on this very boat; they have the beef on board, and we will have it off.'

'The boat is open, go look for yourself, gentlemen, but you will find a mistake, certain, but satisfy yourself, gentlemen, on that head.'

'That we will, and in an instant after have the beef.'

So at it they went, first having placed three men as a guard, to see that the crew did not play some trick. The others made a search by rolling and re-rolling everything in the boat, and still no beef was found. One fellow declared that they had left no place unsearched where the four quarters of a cat could be hid, let alone a big ox.

The same gravity was preserved by Jim; he wished the gentlemen to be satisfied.

The fact was, while the crew were skinning the beef, one of them discovered a man watching them from behind a tree. They took no notice of it, but when they came to the boat,

they told Jim they were caught.

He scratched his head awhile, and then prepared for just such a visit as he received.

He placed the four quarters of the beef on the deck of the boat, and spread the hide over them; on this he spread all the blankets, four men lay down on these blankets. Jim, as before stated, was on the bow of the boat, continually wishing the gentlemen to be satisfied, but they would find a mistake.

'Look about and be satisfied, gentlemen—look where you please, gentlemen, and be satisfied; but there is one thing I must ask of you, not to disturb them there sick men—we buried yesterday with the small pox, and then there four men are very sick—very sick indeed, gentlemen, and I must beg of you not to disturb them; it is always the worst thing you can do, to disturb a sick man, especially if he be near his last: it kind of makes the blood fly to the head, to be disturbed, &c. But long before he had closed his speech he had no listeners.

If ever there were pale faces, fallen jaws, and ghastly looks, among a set of men, it was about that time and place; they moved off without speaking a word. Jim got clear of his visitors, and kept the beef.—[Lime Rock Gaz.]

PREJUDICED DECISIONS.—Appearances are deceitful. At a distance a dew drop has the appearance of a gem. From different positions we have different views of the same object. We should not judge a man's character by a single transaction. Would you judge a forest by a single decayed limb? Would you express your opinion of the value of an edifice by one loose stone? Then judge not a man by one single act of his life. He may have a score of good traits you have not yet discovered. What has been the ruling passion of the man? Has he endeavored to elevate his fellow creatures? To suppress vice in every shape? If so, forgive his one error; it is but a feather's weight in comparison to his good deeds and virtuous achievements.

To condemn and denounce a man for one hasty word he has spoken, one revengeful sentence he has uttered, one spiteful paragraph he has written, one wicked combination he has entered into, one slander he has repeated, one falsehood he has told, one vicious step he has taken, is the height of injustice, oppression and cruelty. Not so did the early Christians.—Not so did the apostles. Not so did the Saviour. Love and forgiveness breathed from their wounded hearts. Imitate them, and judge only by thorough examination, and deep conviction of duty, and you never will have the unhappy reflection of those who have been the instruments of driving to destruction men who, but for one fault, would have been ornaments to society, and rich blessings to the world.—[Toledo Blade.]

TO PARENTS.—Let us who are parents, be ourselves governed by love; let the law of kindness be upon our lips; let us do to others as we would have them do to us; let us see to it that envy and jealousy find no lodgment in our own breasts; that we think as well and speak as well of every body as truth will allow; may that we seldom indulge in the license which truth would permit; that we never reprove, especially in the hearing of our children, to the faults of others, except as examples of warning; then shall our own hearts be right toward our fellow men, and our children, taking knowledge of us, shall be constrained to love and good works.

DEATH SCENES.—Mary, Scotland's frail beauty, met the 'gloomy king' with a degree of resolution not to be expected from her misfortunes, so numerous were they, and deserted by every friend except her little dog.

Sir T. Moore remarked to the executioner by whose hands he was to perish, that the scaffold was extremely weak; 'I pray you, friends, see me up safe,' said he, 'and for coming down let me shift for myself.'

Chancer breathed his last while composing a ballad. His last production is called, 'A ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great pain.'

'I could wish this tragic scene was over,' said Quin, the actor; 'but I hope to go thro' it with becoming dignity.'

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning over a book.

Rosseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to remove him before the window, that he might look upon his garden, and gladden his eyes with the sight of nature. How ardent an admirer he was of nature, is poetically told in 'Zimmerman's Solitude.'

Pope tells us he found Sir Godfrey Kneller (when he visited him a few days prior to his end) sitting up and forming plans for his monument.—His vanity was conspicuous even in death.

Warren has remarked that Chesterfield's good breeding only left him at his death.—'Give Drysdale a chair,' said he to his valet when that person was announced.

Bayle, when dying, pointed to the place where his proof-sheet was deposited.

Clarendon's pen dropped from his hand when he was seized with palsy, which put an end to his existence.

Bede died while in the act of dictating.

Roscommon, when expiring, quoted from his own translation of Dies Ira.

Haller, feeling his pulse, said, 'The artery ceases to beat,' and immediately died.

When the priest, whom Alfieri had been prevailed upon to see, came, he requested him to call to-morrow; 'Death, I trust, will tarry four and twenty hours.'

Nelson's last words were, 'Tell Collingswood to bring the fleet to anchor.'—[Religious Herald.]

GERMAN ORATORS.—The Germans do not like long discussions; they will write endless folios, endure any amount of printed matter, unappalled by size of volume, number of pages, or closeness of type; the biggest blue books would be thought nothing extraordinary; but they will not tolerate, nor can they be brought to listen to a speech of any length out of a lecture-room. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour is the average of an address in the chamber; half an hour is an exception; one of an hour's length is a phenomenon; one of two hours is fabulous; and as to the feat of speaking for five hours consecutively, which was achieved not long since in the House of Commons, it is here not believed possible; or, if credited on assurance too positive to doubt, ranked with rope-dancing and standing heels upwards, or eccentric and useless performances to which humanity sometimes perverts its powers.—[Berlin Cor. Times.]

MEN—HARD CREATURES.—How these men do talk about exercising their right of sufferings! as if nobody in the world suffered but themselves. They don't think of our sufferings; we, poor creatures, must suffer and say nothing about it, and drink cheap tea, and be troubled with the children, and scold and scold our souls out; and we never say a thing about it. But a man comes on regularly once a year, like a farmer's almanac, and grumbles about his sufferings; and its only then just to choose a governor, after all. These men are

hard creatures to find out, and ain't worth much after you have found 'em out.—[Mrs. Partington.]

GREAT BASIN.—There is a remarkable basin in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains.—Some 1000 miles west of the border settlements of the State of Missouri, you strike the Rocky Mountains. This 1000 miles is one uninterrupted prairie, save on the borders of a few rivers where timber abounds. Crossing the southwest pass, (the Oregon emigrant track,) you enter the great basin. This basin is 500 miles across either way, and is 4500 feet above the level of the sea. West of the basin is the Sierra Nevada, or Snow Mountains. In the basin, lat. 40, is the great Salt Lake, 70 miles long. Five gallons of this water, roughly evaporated over a fire, yielded seven quarts of salt. The great basin, in its general character, is that of a desert, but with great exceptions, having much good land.—Near the great Salt Lake the Mormons have settled. The mountains which surround the basin, on their highest summits are covered with snow the year round.—The interior of the basin is mountain and plain—the mountains wooded and watered, the plains dry and sterile. The mountains in the basin rise suddenly from a narrow base of ten to twenty miles, to the height of 2000 to 5000 feet above the level of the plain. They are grassy and wooded, showing snow on their peaks the greater part of the year, and affording streams of water from five to fifty feet wide, which lose themselves in the many lakes and dry plains. The mountains have a uniform belt around them of excellent soil, with rich grass. Between the mountains of the basin is the desert. There is not a particle of outlet for the rains falling, or rivers running from the surrounding mountains into the basin. One of the rivers is large, and 500 miles long—others 50, 100, 200 and 300 miles in length.—By evaporation and sinking into the sand this vast amount of water is disposed of, else it would fill up and become an inland sea. Utah Lake in the basin is fresh, and 35 miles long. Utah and Salt Lake receive the waters of 12,000 square miles. The soil along the eastern portion of the basin, near the two lakes, for 800 miles, is good, with wood, water, and abundant grass. Utah Lake is remarkable for the numerous bold and rapid streams which it receives, coming down from the mountains, all fresh water, although a large formation of rock salt is found imbedded in red clay in the area which it drains. Utah lake and streams furnish the finest and largest trout and other fish, which constitute the food of the Utah Indians during the fishing season.

The shores and islands of Salt Lake are whitened by the spray, which leaves salt on every thing it touches, and a covering like ice forms over the water, which the waves throw among the rocks. When the lake is low in

NOVEL SUIT FOR SLANDER.—In the Middlesex Common Pleas, lately, the Bunker Hill Aurora says that a case for slander, Ayer vs. Pressey, was tried and resulted in a verdict for plaintiff of six cents damages. It appears that the plaintiff was a witness in a liquor case, and under advice of counsel left the Court House without recognizing for his further appearance as the Court ordered. A precept was issued for his arrest and given to defendant, (a constable) who one day seeing the plaintiff in the street, cried out, "stop thief," and gave chase. For this cry of "stop thief," uttered by the constable, the action for slander was brought.

THE LATE CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—Some of the papers state that Mr. Bean, who died of hydrophobia on Saturday morning last, was bitten six weeks ago. This is incorrect. It was six months since. This is important to show how long the virus will remain inactive in the system. It is often asked if there is no cure for hydrophobia. Chloroform has been lately applied successfully to a case in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. Many years since, ex-Lieutenant Governor Childs, of Berkshire, then a young man, was bitten by a mad dog, which resulted in symptoms of hydrophobia. His father, an eminent physician, gave mercury in doses sufficient to produce salivation, and though the patient suffered dreadfully, he was, through the untiring efforts of his father finally cured.—[Traveller.]

A SLEIGH-RIDE ACROSS SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—On Christmas morning last, Mr. Charles Ellett, Jr., the contractor of the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, together with Mr. George Hamlin, drove across the bridge in a cutter, and returned on a round trot. It would truly appear to be a perilous feat, to drive across that apparently frail structure of iron wire suspended 230 feet above the boiling stream at a rapid rate. We are informed by one of the parties, that he should have no hesitation in driving across with a coach and four, at the top of their speed.—[Buffalo Express.]

THE FROG.—A man in Chatham, N. Y., has a frog, 22 years old, which weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds! It is kept in a cellar, and fed on corn meal and cabbage.

HORSE THIEVES.—Mr. Gideon Wilber, of this village, received a handbill from Massachusetts describing three or four horses, wagons, harness, &c. one night last week, and the next day captured three of the horses and a portion of the rest of the property (was found in the possession of the Loomis family in Sangerfield. One Stacy Shaw and Alford were described as the thieves. Stacy, after disposing of his portion of the stolen property, was arrested and tried for passing counterfeit money in Oneida County, and before the bills had reached here, was on his road to State Prison. Shaw was captured in Otsego, by Mr. Wilber, on Sunday last. On Thursday morning of last week, a couple of suspicious-looking individuals by the names of Alford and Phelps, stopped at a house in the east part of this town, and wished to be secreted during the day. The neighbors in the vicinity got wind of it and were making arrangements to capture them when they mounted their horses, and so hotly pursued them that the thieves were obliged to leave their horses and take to the fields. They succeeded in capturing Phelps, but Alford made his escape. The two horses are in safe keeping, awaiting the arrival of their owners. There appears to be a thoroughly organized gang from Massachusetts through to the Canada line, and where one of the company is arrested, any quantity of witnesses are ready to swear him clear. The net has been badly disturbed during the last ten days, and it is hoped that these outlaws may be brought to justice.—[Hamilton (N. Y.) Reflector.]

MISSIONARY TO CALIFORNIA.—The Journal of Commerce announces that Capt. Coffin of the ship Apollo, about to sail from New York to California, has offered to carry out, free of expense, any Missionary who may be appointed by the Board of Missions, and to take out and distribute in the same way any religious books furnished by Christian societies of any denomination. Alderman Alexander H. Schultz will receive any donations of books for this purpose, at his office in New York.

SLAVERY IN NEW JERSEY.—We understand that a state Convention will shortly be held in our city, for the purpose of securing the repeal of laws authorizing temporary residence to hold slaves in this State, and requiring of or authorizing our officers to assist in the arrest of persons claimed as fugitive slaves. This matter was brought before the Legislature at its last session, but the Judiciary Committee of the House reported adversely to the petition, and consequently no action was had in relation to it.—[Trenton News.]

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—The griddle on which cakes are baked should never be touched with grease. First, because it imparts a rancid taste to cakes. Secondly, if a cooking stove be used, it fills the kitchen, if not the whole house, with a smell of burnt grease—so say nothing of the parade, and boasting to one's neighbors, by betraying what we are to have for breakfast. Wash the griddle with hot soap suds; scour it well with a spoonful of fine salt and a coarse cloth. It will then be ready to receive the cakes. After each cake is removed, the salt rubbing must be repeated. If the first does not succeed, try it again, and you will ever after follow this advice of an old housekeeper.—[Am. Agriculturist.]

Real contentment and happiness can only emanate from a virtuous life.

LATEST.—The St. Louis New Era of the 26th ult., contains late intelligence from California, received by Dr. Jett, who had just arrived, via Panama and Chagres. The Dr. says he has read no account exaggerating either the quantity or quality of the gold. He gives the following statement of charges for freight and passengers from Chagres to Panama:—

"The expense of transporting freight from Chagres to Panama is a dollar per hundred pounds, twenty-four miles of which is by land, and the residue by water. The land carriage is performed entirely by pack mules, whose cargo consists each of 300 lbs. weight; five miles of the road is very bad, and nothing can be carried except in packages adapted to being packed by mules. The charge is seventy-five cents a hundred, and six dollars for the use of a mule to ride across to the water transportation. The water carriage is accomplished in large size canoes, the proprietors of which charge 25 cents a hundred; in addition to which each passenger is charged four dollars fare to Panama. On reaching Panama, you have to procure a lighter to take you out to the vessels in the offing, which is an additional cost of four dollars for each trip of the lighter; several, however, going out, can join together in employing one of these small boats.

Four dollars per day are charged at Panama for the poorest accommodations. At Chagres, it is now very unhealthy.

In New York on Wednesday, a man riding in a sleigh suffered his arm to hang on the outside, when it was caught by another sleigh passing, and crushed from the elbow to the wrist.

FOR CALIFORNIA.—The Nantucket Inquirer states that the ship Aurora, Capt. Seth M. Swain, was cleared at that port Tuesday, by Messrs. C. G. & H. Coffin and others, for San Francisco, direct, with passengers, and a cargo consisting principally of buildings framed ready to be put up, lumber, naval stores, provisions and sperm candles. She takes out no intoxicating liquor. Eleven of her passengers belong to Nantucket, five to Fall River, and one to New York.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The General Assembly of Pennsylvania met on the 2d. George Darsie, Whig, was elected President of the Senate, having 19 out of 28 votes. The House, on Tuesday and Wednesday, made eleven unsuccessful attempts to elect a speaker. The House is divided nearly as follows: Democrats 50; Whigs 45; Native Americans 5.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says that the Native American party will hold the balance of power in the Legislature on the election of U. S. Senator.

THE CHOLERA.—The Mayor of New York has issued his proclamation, declaring New Orleans an infected place, and that vessels from said port are by law to be subjected to a visit from the Health Officer at Quarantine. The proclamation is to continue in force till the 1st of next month, and for such further period as it may be extended by the Board of Health.

THE LARGEST BABY YET.—A Race of Giants.—Mr. and Mrs. Randall, the celebrated Scotch giant and giantess, have recently had a son born to them, at their residence, near Mineral Point, Wisconsin, whose weight at three days old was twenty-two pounds! This is their first child, and is, we believe, the first successful experiment in modern times, in the production of a race of giants. They do great things in Wisconsin now-a-days.—[Rochester Democrat.]

DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.—In Montreal, on the 28th of December, an inquest was held on Sarah Griffith, eighteen years old, who died suddenly. A post mortem examination of the body was had, from which it appeared that she died suddenly in consequence of tight lacing, which affected the heart and other internal organs.

THE AUGUSTA BANK ROBBERY.—A Jack, precisely like that on the vault of the Augusta Bank, may be seen at the City Marshal's Office. It is obvious, at first inspection, that it is utterly impossible to pick a lock of such construction. The robbers of the Bank in Augusta must, therefore, have used the genuine key in opening the vault, or have had it in their possession for a pattern by which another was made exactly like it.—[Traveller.]

FATAL OCCURRENCE.—In the African Methodist Church, on Sunday evening, while the Rev. Phillip Scott was commencing a discourse appropriate to the occasion, it being a New Year eve "watch" meeting, a lamp suspended from the gallery fell to the floor with a crash, making a startling noise, instantly arousing and affrighting the whole congregation.

In the excitement and confusion of the occasion, hundreds rushed to the main entrance, the door of which was torn from the hinges with violence, while others literally jumped through the front windows, carrying the whole sash completely from the frame. Seven or eight persons, mostly females, jumped over the railing of the gallery to the ground beneath, who were all more or less injured. This scene lasted for several minutes, and order and quiet were at length restored through the persuasions of the ministers, and the assurance of a number of the city watchmen, who were on the ground promptly, that all danger had ceased.

Louisa Chew, a colored woman, aged about twenty-five years, was in the main aisle endeavoring to escape, when she was knocked down and trampled by others who were crowded around her.

She was taken into the house immediately opposite, and Drs. Teackle and Bradford, upon examination, found that the injuries sustained were of the most serious character. Her skull was severely fractured, and her chest, abdomen, and other parts of the body so injured that, notwithstanding every effort was made to save her life, death ended her sufferings just as the old year departed. Richard Watkins also sustained considerable injury. His left hand was smashed very badly, and he was jammed against the wall with such force as to inflict internal injury, though not of a serious character. Another man named Denton had his lips, cheeks and head severely cut. Mary Dorsey was also carried into Mr. Freeman's house in an insensible condition, from excessive fright and injury—she was much bruised about the body, but not seriously. Mary Jane Smith sustained severe injury in the head and side, having been knocked down by the crowd inside the church. James Thompson, who slipped down the stairs, fell to the floor with violence, having his left arm broken and his head cut in several places. He was able, however, to walk home from the scene of the disaster.—[Balt. Sun Jan. 2.]

MONEY DIGGERS IN TEXAS.—We are informed that for some time past a party of money diggers have been exploring the east end of St. Joseph's Island. They have with them a diving rod, formed in the true magical manner, and said to be possessed of extraordinary magnetic powers. We believe that as yet they have been unsuccessful; but about three weeks ago, Capt. Baker, of this place, and Col. Wm. Varnell, of Salaria, accidentally struck the true mine, and brought from the bowels of the earth a terrapin skull, curiously closed and fastened, containing fourteen antique silver pieces, bearing a strong resemblance to the German Thaler. As we have not seen any of the money, we cannot describe the pieces; but we will procure one, and send it to the Pennsylvania Antiquarian Society, among whose members we trust some one may be found capable of deciphering the inscription thereon.—[Corpus Christi Star.]

SOMETHING NEW.—Messrs Koble & Miller have an establishment in this city whose whole business, employing some \$10,000 worth of capital, is preparing sausage skins for the European market. They attend all the slaughter-houses, obtain the inards of all the hogs, prepare and then ship them across the Atlantic, realizing a large profit in the transaction. We were never more astonished than in learning such a branch of trade was carried on in our city. The people of Europe receive these sausage skins ready for use, as imported from Cincinnati. But this is not all; Western Europe has another establishment, not a whit less singular. It is the establishment of a little German, whose name we did not learn, whose entire business is cleaning hogs' bladders, and making them fit for holding lard to ship to the English market. We learned that he was in a fair way to get rich, sending off per annum over 100,000 bladders. —[Cincinnati Com. Advertiser.]

The Prince de Joinville's name was entered on the 1st inst. at Washington, as a purchaser of the late loan to the amount of some thirteen thousand dollars.

SELF MUTILATION.—The Glasgow (Ky.) Revue tells of a negro who was sold by his master to another man in an adjoining county. When he was informed of the sale, to prevent his master from delivering him, he took an axe and with great resolution laid his left hand upon a stick of wood, and with the right attempted to cut it off; it however required him to make three licks with the axe before his object was effected.

FROM THE BRITISH PROVINCES.—We have Halifax papers to Dec. 27th. They are chiefly occupied with the local affairs of the Province.

The Halifax Colonist offers for sale the Public Money Chest, which it says the Government have emptied, and being unable to replenish it, they have no further use for it.

At Wallace, N. S., Mr. Peter Teed was burnt to death about the 18th ult. He went to his barn with a boy, who carried a light. The light was put too near the hay-mow and set it on fire. The boy ran for assistance, and returned to find Mr. Teed burning to death. Only a few of his bones were recovered. Pictorial head of cattle were also burnt. At Pictou, N. S., the warrant for the execution of McFoynd, who killed and robbed a boy named Keir, had arrived from England, and he was accordingly hung.

A fearful event had occurred in the Canadian Insane Asylum. During the absence of the Superintendent, two patients had been placed in one cell, contrary to the rules. When the cell was opened it was found that one of the patients was dreadfully mangled, both his eyes being put out.

The Cornwall Chronicle says that a woman was lately devoured in the woods, near that place, by wolves. She had been to the house of a neighbor, about a mile and a half distant. As night approached, her husband got anxious and set out in search of her. He found near a bush two wolves, who were devouring the body of the unfortunate woman.

At Yarmouth, N. S., a hoghead of smuggled rum had been seized, but while three half drunken men were at work upon it, the head burst out, and its contents were spilled upon the ground. —[Trav.]

THE LONDONDERY AND THE BLACK HOLE.—The horrible catastrophe of the Irish steamer Londonderry, of which we have published the description and full particulars from the English papers, has caused allusions to the similar, though dreadful tragedy of the Black Hole at Calcutta, which many of our readers may not understand without explanation.

The Black Hole was a dungeon or cellar of about eighteen feet square, in which, when Fort William was captured, in 1756, by the Nabob of Bengal, one hundred and forty-six prisoners were shut up for eleven hours. The place was lighted and ventilated by one single small grated window; but the extreme heat of the weather prevented any circulation of the air. Within an hour the prisoners began to suffer, and some of them lost their lives in less than four hours. At the close of eleven hours, one hundred and twenty-three were dead; and the remaining twenty-three, that survived, barely escaped with their lives from the prostration of a putrid fever, which was the consequence of the incarceration.

In the case of the Londonderry, the number of steerage passengers was one hundred and seventy-four, who, we suppose, were all confined in the fore cabin of the vessel, altho' the British papers speak, generally, of about one hundred and fifty being shut up. The cabin was a much smaller place than the Black Hole, being described as only eighteen feet long by eleven wide, and seven feet high; and to make things worse, the hatches were battened down with tarpaulins, thus cutting off the sole means of ventilation. The poor wretches being shut up from about one in the morning till nearly daylight, were probably confined not longer than four or four and a half hours, yet in that short period no less than seventy-two of them lost their lives by suffocation.

Not to speak of the deplorable nature of this catastrophe, what appears most astonishing in it, is the incredible ignorance it seems to imply on the part, first, of the captain and crew, who shut up so many human beings in such a confined place, and then went about their business, as if not dreaming that any ill consequences could follow; and secondly, of the builders and owners of the vessel, who, in preparing a place for the accommodation of passengers, had forethought enough to provide good hatches to keep out the water, but none to provide the means of breathing when the hatches should be closed. The fact that such a casualty could, under any circumstances, be allowed to occur in a steamer plying to a great city like Liverpool, is not the least wonderful part of the business. Experience shows that it is very difficult to make the world fully acquainted with the plainest and most essential facts of science connected with respiration and the qualities of the atmosphere, as affected by combustion, &c.; but we did not suppose there was any person in England ignorant that a crowd of people could not be imprisoned in any small, close apartment, shut out from all access of air, without the certainty of their speedy suffocation. —[Phil. N. American.]

ANNEXATION OF CUBA.—Our readers are aware that Mr. Miller, of New Jersey, some weeks ago, offered a resolution in the U. S. Senate, calling upon the President for information in regard to the alleged negotiations with the Spanish government for the purchase of Cuba. The resolution was called up on Friday last, and after a little discussion Mr. Miller admitted that he did not believe any such negotiations had taken place; but thought the public mind ought to be quieted on the subject by an official contradiction of the report. Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, asked Mr. Miller if he should oppose the annexation in case it was contemplated. Mr. Miller said he should oppose it, "under all circumstances, in all places, and on all occasions." "Then," rejoined Mr. Foote, "the Senator, I am sorry to say, will be in an awkward position three months hence, for Gen. Taylor is most decidedly in favor of the annexation of Cuba." —[Trav.]

MARRIAGES.

In Discom, by A. T. C. Dodge, Esq., William Willey Jr., and Miss Rhoda B. Montgomery, both of Bangor.

DEATHS.

In Waterville, Dec. 22d, Mrs. Susannah Munson, formerly of Newark, N. J., aged 65. [Will N. J. papers please copy.]

NOTICES.

The following letter from Rev. HENRY WOOD of Concord, N. H., editor of the Congregational Journal, a religious newspaper of a high character, speaks volumes in favor of the good qualities of Wistar's Balsam:

Concord, N. H., March 2, 1868.

Mr. S. W. Fowler—Dear Sir:—Two years ago the past winter, a sudden and violent attack upon my lungs, by exposure to cold, confined me to my room and bed for several weeks, and when I recovered I was so much oppressed by difficulty in breathing that I was incapable of rapid walking and violent exercise and often was unable to sleep or rest upon a bed by night. The suffering was frequently extreme, and judging from the inefficacy of the remedies used, I supposed the disease incurable. Being persuaded to try a bottle of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, without the least confidence in its efficacy or that of any other prescription, no one can fully understand my surprise and joy when I found the difficulty almost entirely removed before one bottle had been used. Having a mortal aversion to medicine, and seldom using it in any form, nothing but sympathy with my fellow sufferers induces me to make this public statement and recommend the article to others similarly afflicted.

With respect, yours truly,
HENRY WOOD.

None genuine unless signed L. BUTTS on the wrapper. For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville. Sold also by agents generally.

BEAUTY AND PROFIT.

Glossy and tight b o t s may be obtained by using

Peel's Chemical Oil Polish,

an article which renders firm and tight the pores of the leather, preserves its elasticity and gives it a lasting and beautiful polish. In short it is decidedly the best article now in use for preserving and polishing boots and shoes, and is the season to attend to these things. The genuine article for sale at wholesale and retail by

E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

Among that class of blessings, and not the least useful, is found the newly discovered medicine, called POND'S PAIN EXTRACTOR, or HEALING EXTRACT. This medicine is no nostrum got up by a Quack, but the extract of a single plant discovered by a talented physician, and all the pains which he has been able to cure, he has cured by this medicine now in use. For bruises, sprains, sore, cuts, scalds, &c., it is an unfailing remedy. Thousands of bottles have been sold within the past year, for a great variety of complaints, with such gratifying success that we are prepared to furnish the most satisfactory proof of its usefulness from numerous persons of the first respectability, and among them a number of Physicians. Remember, the only genuine article to be found in Waterville is sold by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row, he being sole Agent for the town.

THE FOUR GREAT SOURCES OF HEALTH.

Are vigorous digestion, regular action of the bowels, and pure blood. The two latter are dependent on the two former. To keep the stomach and bowels in good order, it is necessary to health as light and heat are to vegetation, and to neglect these important organs, even for a day, is to league with disease and invite at your own suffering. In the whole range of alternative, detergent and aperient medicines, experience and unimpeachable testimony warrant us in asserting that the Rev. R. Hibbard's

Vegetable Anti-Bilious, Family Pills

have no equal. For a quarter of a century, in defiance of all the poisons which have been introduced to compete with them, they have maintained and increased their popularity. Taken occasionally in small doses, they preserve the balance of the system and effectually prevent both constipation and undue relaxation of the bowels, establishing that golden mean, which in the physical as well as the moral system, is absolutely essential to health. They act directly upon all the secretions, and at once control and modify every primary function of the animal organism. In Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, Typhus or Ship Fever, hepatic diseases of every kind, Cholera, Cholera, Dyspepsia, Worms, Summer complaint, general debility, Dropsy, Scrophulous Sore Throat, Croup, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the respiratory organs, they will be found highly efficacious; and may be recommended with equal confidence for the diseases of old and all climates.

For sale by Wm. Dyer and I. L. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the state.

FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.

The most extraordinary article in the world for the preservation and reproduction of THE HAIR. EXTRACT:—No article for the Hair has stood the test of time so well and so long as the Mountain Compound—none stand so firm in the confidence of all who have become acquainted with it. No article of the kind has so extensive a sale, nor none so long and constant patronage from the same individuals and families who have first begun to use it, as it is an established fact, that more than 200 families in Boston and Lowell only, have made it their staple toilet preparation for the hair, for nearly three years; as certificates, many of them will prove, from the best and most direct authority, from those who have sold the article and from those too who are actual consumers themselves, and have in previous years used several of the most popular "Hair Restoratives," so called, and who have tried other articles of subsequent notoriety, all agree that the Mountain Compound is more practical, cooling and healthful to the hair in its tendencies, than any preparation they have ever used. The proprietor, H. W. FOSTER, of Lowell, can produce letters, a host of them, from every part of the N. E. States, in evidence of the above facts. Druggists who sell the article everywhere, can most of them testify to the same thing.

Agent for Waterville, WM. DYER, Druggist.

NOTICE.

In behalf of the friends of sobriety of West Waterville, the undersigned have been appointed a committee to consider the wrong inflicted upon our fellow citizen, Rev. THEOPHILE HILL, the triumphant champion of Temperance principles, in the recent malignant and unsuccessful prosecution brought against him for daring to speak the truth. The friends of Mr. Hill, and of good order, are hereby requested to meet at his dwelling on Wednesday afternoon, 24th inst., to cheer his heart and strengthen his hands by a liberal donation. Come, brethren and friends, let us demonstrate that the Temperance cause is ours. An address is expected on the occasion, at the Free Will Baptist Vestry, at 3 o'clock.

Geo. W. PRESSEY, Committee of Arrangements.

LEVI RICKER, Wm. C. PAGE, CYRUS WHEELER.

West Waterville, Jan. 8, 1869.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

Flour, 100 lbs \$7.00; Corn, bush. 50 c. 85 c. Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.25; Oats, 30 Butter, lb. 12 c. 17 c. Cheese, 6 c. 8 c. Eggs, doz. 14 c. Pork, round hog, 8 c. 10 c. Lard, 10 c. 12 c. Calf, 10 c. 12 c. Mutton, 10 c. 12 c. Beef, 10 c. 12 c. Sausages, 10 c. 12 c. Cakes, 10 c. 12 c. Molasses, 20 c. 30 c.

BOSTON MARKET.

SATURDAY, Jan. 6.

Flour—Gen. 5.02; Middling 5.50 c. 5.62 per lb. Ohio and St. Louis, 5.50 c. 5.62.

Grain—Sales Southern white Corn 56 c. 57 cents, and yellow flat 56 c. 57 per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; North River 39.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY, Jan. 4.

At market 300 Beef Cattle, about 1000 Sheep and 1000 Swine.

Beef Cattle—Extra quality 6.50; 1st quality, (25 c. 6.00) second 5.50 c. 5.75.

Working Oxen—few pairs in market; prices from 68 to 75.

Cows and Calves—A very few in market 22 to 38 Sheep—Sales from 1.25 to 2.25.

Pigs—Wholesale 4 for Sows, 4.12c for Barrows; Retail, 4 a 5.12.

Advertisements.

A CARD.

DR. ROUTELLE, having returned from Philadelphia, will resume the exercise of his profession and respectfully tenders his services to such of his former patrons and the public generally as may require the aid or counsel of a Physician.

Office, as heretofore, over the store of J. Williams & Son, Main St.

Entlemer's Furnishing Goods,

SHIRTS, Bosoms, Collars, Upr. Shirts, Drawers, Trunks and French Gravats, both plain and figured, plain and figured Sattin Scarfs and Cravats, hosiery, black and colored, kid, chamois-lined, cabiners, buck and buck-lined Gloves, Stocks, Shoulder-braces, Suspenders, &c. Together with a great assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES & CARPET-BAGS.

The above will be sold very low for CASH at the old stand, C. R. PHILLIPS'S.

CHATELAIN STORE.

Opposite J. M. Crocker's Book Store.

Don't Forget the Place.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator on the estate of William M. Phillips, 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 demand against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JEDIAH MORRILL.

Waterville, Dec. 25, 1868.

NOTICE.

THE members of the "North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society" are notified that their annual meeting, for the choice of officers and the transaction of other business, will take place at the Town Hall, in Waterville, on Tuesday, the 30th day of January 1869, at ten o'clock, at noon.

WILLIAM DYER, Secretary.

SELLING CHEAP!

Great Reduction in Prices.

J. R. ELDEN & CO.,

BEING desirous of reducing their stock have Market down their Prices to suit the present depressed state of trade, and now offer to purchasers every article of their Large and Valuable Stock of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY-GOODS

AT UNPARALLELED BARGAINS.

Having recently returned from Boston with an extensive Assortment of Goods which are adapted to the Fall and Winter trade, combining every choice and desirable style of Imported and American Goods, all of which have been purchased at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

We pledge ourselves to sell them at a small advance from cost, and to those who may favor us with a call that they shall not go away dissatisfied. Examine the following list of

LOW-PRICED GOODS

and convince yourselves that the above statements are correct.

DRESS GOODS.

The best assortment ever offered in this market, many styles of which are exceedingly rare and in great demand.

2000 yds. cotton warp Alpaca 15 to 28c.
(all colors) 35 to 60
1500 yds. silk warp ditto. 35 to 60
1000 " Lyons cloths (all color) 30 to 50
600 " Camelion Lustres 20 to 26
Silk Warp Cashmeres 44 to 70
Thibet Cloths 87 to 1.25
DeLisle Stripes 25 to 40
Camelion Stripes 28 to 42
Mohair Lustres 25 to 50
Quaker's Cloths 37 to 45
Eolians 50 to 65
4000 yds. Muslin DeLaines 12 1-2 to 17
600 " Gingham 10 to 16

10,000 YARDS PRINTS,

ALL STYLES AND PRICES.

2000 yds. Merrimack, only 10 cts.
2000 " Cocheba, 10
2000 " Manchester, 9 1-2
2000 " good styles & colors, 7
1000 " ditto, 6
1000 " Madder do. 3 1-2

SHAWLS.

A large stock of beautiful patterns. All Wool Cashmere, Basket do., Long and Square do., Bk Silk, Stradella, Thibet and DeLain.

FLANNELS.

4-1 & 5-4 English and Domestic, Orange and Scarlet Salubria, Red Twilled, Bleached and Brown Cotton do.

10,000 YDS. SHEETINGS.

4000 yds. Merrimack, 39 in. wide, at 6 1-4 c.
2000 " New Bedford, 40 do. 6 1-4
1000 " Beaman, 40 do. 6 1-4
1200 " Mohawk, 40 do. 6 3-4
800 " Suncock, 40 do. 6 1-4
1000 " Dover, fine & hea, 40 in. w. 6 1-2
1000 " Oregon, very heavy, 36 do. 6 1-2
800 " Lake Mills, 36 in. wide, 6
800 " Ogden, 36 do. 5
500 " Family, 36 do. 4 1-2
700 " Manchester, 37 do. 4
600 " very fine sheetings for 4 1-2
900 " Remnants, heavy and fine, 3
800 " Bleached do. from 5 to 12 1-2

A further enumeration of prices may be useless. An examination of goods and prices will be more satisfactory to those who may favor us with a call.

A great variety of

Fancy Goods.

Also, a fine assortment of colored and plain cambrics, checked do., null, Swiss and book muslins, linen lawns, dimities, &c. In addition, Irish do., cotton damask, embossed covers, damask, lace, hosiery, vestings, fringes, edgings, fancy scarfs and hdk's, carpet bags, burlap, bleached sheetings and drillings, silken goods, (new patterns) diapers, crash, denim, linen woolseys, tickings, &c., &c.

1500 lbs. Feathers, all cleaned, 12 1-2 to 40c.
Looking Glasses, all sizes. 12 1-2c. to \$4.00.

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE.

A larger assortment than ever before offered. Waterville: Flowing blue, mahogany, china, stone, brown and blue ten sets, plates all styles and sizes, ewers and basins, Y-dishes, napies, bowls, pitchers, preserves dishes, tumblers, (new pattern) glass creamers and low carafes, condiments, lamps, salts, cases, lanterns, castors, &c., &c.

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES.

Ningyong, Souchong, Oolong, and Old Hysons TEAS, crushed, powdered Havana, P. Rico and N. Orleans SUGARS, Java, P. Rico and N. Orleans COFFEES, Trinidad and P. Rico MOLASSES—Spices of all kinds; box and cask Raisins, Starch, Pork, Flour and Corn.

J. R. & E. CO. have the Agency of the Buckfield and Portland Powder Companies and are prepared to sell at Wholesale and Retail.

Patterns and samples given and goods freely sold. Purchasers would find it for their interest to examine this stock before making their purchases elsewhere as it would enable them to become better acquainted with prices in the market, if they should not care to buy of us.

Waterville, Dec. 27th, 1868. E. L. ELDEN.

TO BE LET.

THE "PARKER HOUSE," now occupied by William Dorr. Immediate possession given. Apply to S. S. PARKER.

Waterville, Jan. 3, 1869.

MONTHLY BULLETIN, No. 11.

The Greenberg Company most earnestly commend to public notice the two following medicines, which they have accepted among their series, and which bear the Seal of the Company, without which none is genuine.

1. MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON.

A certain cure for Protrusion Uteri, (falling of the womb) and for all other uterine and urinary diseases. This medicine is not only a constant, in any country, which can cure Protrusion Uteri, it is almost immediate relief in even the most hopeless cases, and rarely fails of an effectual cure. A great amount of evidence in this office on the part of the patients of which will be furnished gratuitously on application, by letter (post paid) or otherwise. Persons suffering from this complaint should not lose a moment in sending for the particulars.

2. LIBBY'S PILE OINTMENT.

This medicine is warranted to cure even those cases where a surgical operation is pronounced the only hope. Its efficacy is most wonderful, attested to by professional gentlemen of the highest standing, and particularly of which will be furnished to any one who may request them. The instructions to the Company's Agents are, to return the money if a cure is not effected. This is sufficient guarantee of its virtue

MOLASSES, SALT, CORN & PLASTER.
JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by the subscribers
75 Hds. Prime retailing Molasses.
100 Tiers. ditto.
150 Hds. Liverpool Salt.
50 do. Cadiz do.
100 do. Turks Island do.
200 Bus. Yellow flat Corn.
150 Tons Ground Plaster.

Also:
A good assortment of
DRY & W. I. GOODS, MANILLA HEMP
& TARRIED CORDAGE.
All of the above named articles will be sold on the
most favorable terms for Cash or approved credit.
Waterville, Oct. 26th 1848. PAIN & GETCHELL.

**SPLendid SOLAR LAMPS,
CLOCKS & WATCHES,
JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS.**

THE subscriber having returned from Boston with a
new and splendid stock, equal to any on the Kenne-
bec, in his line, would particularly call the attention of
the public to his beautiful variety of patterns of
SOLAR LAMPS & CLOCKS,
consisting of centre-table, side and hanging lamps, and a
great variety of elegant and beautiful patterns of clocks,
1 day, 30 hour, 5 day and alarm.
Also, a splendid assortment of watches, Jewelry, Britan-
nia, silver and plated ware, cutlery, fancy goods, ac-
cessories, furs, toys, &c.
Also, for sale Solar Lamp Shades, cut and plain
ground, wicks and chimneys. The above goods having
been bought for cash will be sold at prices that cannot
fail to suit customers.

PLEASE TO CALL AND SEE.
Waterville, Oct. 26, 1848. G. J. WINGATE.

Dentistry.
DR. D. BURBANK,
SURGEON DENTIST

AND
MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH
Rooms in Hanson's Building,
Cor. Main and Elm sts.
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

O. WRIGHT, M. D.,
Botanic Physician and Surgeon.

HAVING practiced eleven years in the vegetable sys-
tem of Medicine, offers his services to the citizens of
New Sharon and vicinity. He treats scrofulous, chronic
and debilitated cases on the system which has recent-
ly been attended with such successful success, and he
hopes to give satisfaction to such as may call on him.

ADVICE GRATIS, IN ALL CASES.
Sept. 16, 1848.

FREE SPEECH.
"A LITTLE more grape Capt. Briggs -ing! Ladies,
if you want a good Mill, Victrola or Bow, call at
the well-known For Store, C. R. PHILLIPS, and he
will sell you one just as low as you can find them at any
other Store in Waterville.
A new lot just received.

BUFFALO COATS
CAN be bought of C. R. PHILLIPS cheaper than at
any other store in town. Try and See.

**DR. WARREN'S
SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, & WILD
CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS,**
AT FIFTY CTS. PER BOTTLE.

SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters,
is recommended as a standard Medicine, universally
approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual
remedy for Scrofulous, Mercurial and Cutaneous Disor-
ders; Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders,
Liver Complaints, Constipation, Weak and Sour Stomach,
Elevated and Burning Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain
in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affec-
tions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, bad Humors, Eruptions on
the face or body, Cancerous sores, King's Evil, chronic
Catarrh, Languor, Delirium, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow
Complexion, and all those disorders which arise from the
abuse of Mercury, or from an impure taint in the blood,
no matter how acquired.

The extract here presented is prepared after directions
given by the celebrated Dr. Warren, whose name it bears,
and will be found superior to any preparation of the kind
now in use. It is highly concentrated, entirely vegetable,
and very finely flavored to the taste. The change which
it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is
speedy and permanent.

As a Spring Medicine for purifying the blood, strength-
ening the stomach and body, and checking all consump-
tive habits, the Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry
Bitters are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared and sold by
DAVID F. BRADLEE & SON,
120 Washington Street, Boston.

AGENTS—WATERVILLE, WILLIAM DYER; NORTWICH,
WEEK, BLUNT & TURNER; SKEWEGAN, WHITE & NORRIS;
ATHENS, A. WARE; ANSON, RODNEY COLLINS; MERCEUR,
HAMIL INGLIS; FARMINGTON, J. W. PERKINS; AUGUSTA, J. E. LADD,
and the dealers in medicine generally throughout
New England.

GENTS' ENAMELED HALF-BOOTS.
A BEAUTIFUL article just rec'd at
J. WILLIAMS & SONS'.

FRESH FLOUR
RECEIVED every Wednesday, per steamer, from Bos-
ton by
E. L. SMITH.
No. 1 Ticonic Row.

JUST RECEIVED
AT E. L. SMITH'S, No. 1 Ticonic Row, a choice lot of
Quinces, Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes, &c.,
which will be sold cheap for cash.

100 BBLs. Gardner's Mills Family Flour, just
received, and for sale by
PAIN & GETCHELL.
Nov. 9th, 1848. (16-)

BILLINGS'S PECTORAL CANDY.
For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c.
THIS candy is pleasant to the taste and contains no in-
gredient that is in the least hurtful; but on the contrary
has ever proved highly beneficial to all who have
used it.

Singers or Public Speakers will derive great benefit
from its use.
Full directions accompany each package.
Price, 12 1/2 cts. Sold in Waterville only by E. L.
SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

JOSEPH MARSTON,
DEALER IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
Crockery and Glass Ware.

Also, Pure Spices; Winter strained, and Lin-
seed Oil, Corns, Ground and Blown Salt, Irish
Moss, Snuff, Hemp and Manilla Bedsteads,
The above goods will be sold for cash or short and ap-
proved credit.
(20-4)

VOLNEY A. SPRAGUE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CORINNA, ME.

JUST RECEIVED BY
J. WILLIAMS & SONS,
1000 Bus. Cadiz Salt.
500 do. T. Island do.
100 Bags Ground do.
20 Hds. Molasses.
5 do. Sugar.
10 Boxes do.
10 Chests Souchong Tea.
5 do. Ningyong do.
20 Casks Blue B. Raisins.
10 Boxes do.
10 Bags Old Java, St. Domingo, and P.
Cabello Coffee.
5 Boxes Grant's Tobacco.
2 Boxes Rice.
10 Bbls. Pork.
20 Quintals Prime Cod Fish, &c., &c.
Also, a first rate assortment of staple Dry Goods, for
sale cheap at the old stand.

NO. 2, BOUTELLE BLOCK.

FRINGES.
MRS. BURBANK has just received an elegant assort-
ment of Fringes, and Clock Trimmings.
Nov. 20th, 1848.

CASH
PAID for all kinds of SHIPPING FURS at
C. R. PHILLIPS'S.

EXTRACT OF CANCHALAGUA.
THIS is a California plant of rare virtues, possessing
in a higher degree all the Medical Properties of Sas-
saparilla, and a certain prevention and cure for consump-
tion, coughs, colds, influenza, asthma, indigestion, fever
and ague, fevers in general, bilious complaints, nervous
affections, gout, rheumatism, debility, liver complaint,
indigestion, and all diseases originating in constipation
of the bowels, or impurity of the blood, or which tend
to enervate the system. It gives tone and vigor to the
digestive organs, and is remarkable for its animating,
strengthening and restorative properties.
For sale by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

**FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

I HAVE just received in addition to my former stock,
\$2000 worth of
Ready Made Clothing,
Making the largest stock and greatest variety ever yet
offered in Waterville, comprising in part the following
articles:

- 1 doz. Buffalo Over Coats.
- 2 doz. Wave Beaver do.
- 1 " Brown do.
- 1 " Blue Pilot do.
- 1 " Blue Broadcloth do.
- 1-2 " Heavy Drab do.
- 2 " Cass. Sacks & Frocks.
- 1 " Heavy Tweed Sacks.
- 3 " Br'n rib'd satinett do.
- 2 " Blue do. do.
- 1 " Mixed do. do.
- 3-4 " Plaid do. do.
- 1 " Broadcloth Dress Coats.
- 1 " do. do. Frocks.

VESTS.

- 2 doz. Double breasted Satin Vests.
- 3 " Single breasted do.
- 1 " do. Lasting do.
- 10 " Robroy & Valencia do.

PANTS.

- 6 doz. Black Cass. Pants.
- 2 " Mixed do.
- 3 " Strip'd Doe Skin do.
- 1 " Plain do.
- 5 " Black Satinett do.
- 1 " Blue do.
- 3 " do. rib'd do.
- 2 " Mixed do.
- 2 " Pilot Cloth do.
- 5 " Green Jackets.
- 20 " prs. Overalls.

BOY'S CLOTHING.

- 2 doz. Cass. Sacks & Frocks.
- 5 " Satin do. & do.
- 1 " prs. Striped Doe Skin Pants.
- 2 " prs. Cassimere do.
- 2 " prs. Mixed Satinett do.
- 1 " prs. Plaid do.
- 4 " Plaid Vests.

FURNISHING GOODS.

- 12 doz. Red Flannel Shirts.
- 10 " Striped do.
- 2 " White do.
- 6 " Flannel Under do.
- 2 " Knit do.
- 2 " do. Drawers.
- 8 " Cot. Flannel do.

The above goods were bought for cash, and will be
sold lower than can be bought in town.
C. H. THAYER.
Waterville, Oct. 17th, 1848. (13-4)

A CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.

THE Subscribers are prepared to offer to their friends
and the Public, J. M. THACHER'S new and justly
celebrated

**HOT BLAST AIR-TIGHT
Cooking Stove,**

with a Rotary Gridiron in a Broiling Chamber, constructed
for cooking steaks cleanly and in the short space of
five minutes, without any supply of coal. The principle
is well worthy of the examination of housekeepers, as it
is quite new and exceedingly desirable. The other qual-
ities of this stove defy competition.

Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer, which is uni-
versally pronounced superior to all open-draught stoves
now in use.

In addition to the above the Subscribers have an ex-
tensive assortment, comprising
Stanley's Air-tight Rotary,
Congress Air-tight,
Wedge's Air-tight,
Atwood's Empire,
Boston Air-tight,
Hathaway's Air-tight,
together with

Express,
Ransom's,
and various patterns of useful and convenient elevated
ovens, with hollow ware to match in great variety.

The Stock comprises also, a variety of Fancy
Cast and Sheet Iron, Parlor and Cham-
ber Stoves, Box and Plate Stoves
for Halls, School-Houses, Churches,
Stores, &c., &c.

Tin, Copper and Sheet Work done to order.
Stove Funnel of every dimension allowed on hand,
with an extensive assortment of Tin Ware.

HARDWARE.
all kinds of Tools, Saws, hand and mill, cordage, nails
galls, pumps, lead, zinc, house fittings, copper kettles,
sawies and other farmer's implements, household arti-
cles, &c., &c.
Waterville, June 28th, 1848. J. F. ROSTER & CO.

RICH Satin and Silk Vestings just received
by J. & A. BUTTS, Canaan.

Furniture Ware Room.

J. P. CAFFEY & CO.,
HAVING removed one door south of their late Shop,
to the building on the corner of Temple & Main-sts.,
nearly opposite the Post Office, now offer for sale a com-
plete assortment of

CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS,
embracing
Sofas, card, centre and Work Tables, of various patterns
Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Wash stands, Chamber-stools
Toilet-tables, Light-stands, &c., &c.

WITH A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
Mahogany and cane-back Rocking-chairs, cane and
wood-seat do., various patterns. Children's
do., Children's willow Carriages, Cradles,
Chairs, &c., &c.

Together with the best assortment of
LOOKING-GLASSES.

To be found in town.
N. B. All kinds of Cabinet Furniture manufactured
to order, on the most reasonable terms.
Waterville, Oct. 18th, 1848. (13-4)

SHOES of every Style just received at
J. WILLIAMS & SONS

AGENCY.
THE subscriber is Agent for the sale of MUSICAL IN-
STRUMENTS manufactured by Messrs. Jones & Burdett,
Brattleboro, Vt., viz.—improved piano-keyed Melio-
dions, of various sizes, and of superior tone and finish;
Aeolophones, a new, cheap and elegant parlor instru-
ment, simple and durable; also, improved Serenades,
of various sizes, and read-organs; all of which
will be delivered at Waterville at the same price for
which they can be obtained singly at the manufactory.
(22-4w.) G. H. CARPENTER, Waterville, Me.

F. & B. C. PAINE
Have at their mill in Winslow village, a plenty of a
good **GREEN PLASTER** as can be bought;
which they will exchange for money or produce on fair
terms.
(Dec. 1848.)

50 BUS. and 1000 Strings Onions just re-
ceived by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

A CHOICE lot of Groceries, dry Stuffs, Lamp Oil
Mats, Tubs, Churns, &c., &c., for sale, for sale
June 1st, 1848. by WILLIAM DYER, Druggist.

FISH FOR SALE.
3000 LBS. Cod Fish from 2 to 4 lbs. each, for sale
by JOSEPH MARSTON.

MRS. BURBANK
Would inform the Ladies that she has just returned
from Boston with the latest fashions for
Bonnets, Caps, Dresses and Cloaks.
Waterville, Nov. 20th, 1848.

BEST selected Medicines and Drugs, a fresh supply.—
Families and Physicians supplied with articles that
shall give satisfaction, and at reasonable prices, at
June 1st, 1848. WILLIAM DYER'S.

HARDWARE.
HENRY NOURSE & CO.,
Importers and Dealers in
**HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND
SADDLERY.**

HAVE just received a large addition to their stock,
comprising a great variety in the Hardware line, to
which they will constantly be receiving additions from
English and American Manufacturers.
They keep constantly on hand a large assortment of
Iron, Steel, Nails, Window Glass, Axes, Elastic Springs,
Anvils, Circular, X-cut and Mill Saws, Fire Frames, Fire
Dogs, Oven, Ash and Boiler Mouths, Cauldron Kettles,
Stove Pipe, Hollow Ware, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Zinc,
and Tin Ware—
ALSO,
A complete assortment of the most approved

Cooking Stoves,
together with elegant patterns of Parlor Stoves, com-
mon Sheet Iron Airtight, Office Box and other Stoves.
Also—a full supply of fresh Ground LEAD of differ-
ent qualities and all other kinds of Paints—
Linseed, Sperm, Lard and Whale Oil, Spirits Turpen-
tine, Japan, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best
qualities—
Manilla Cordage, Harness, Sole, Patent, Covering,
Dasher and Top Leather, Carriage Trimmings,
Good's India Rubber

MACHINE BELTING,
at manufacturers' prices.

Particular attention given to furnishing all materials
for building purposes.

They have just received a large Invoice of Saddle
ry direct from the Manufacturers in England, together
with various articles of American Manufacture, making
their assortment one of the most complete in Maine.
The attention of the public is respectfully invited to
this well known establishment, as it is believed every
reasonable expectation of purchasers will be answered.
Waterville, May 3d, 1848. (11-1y.)

FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN
Commenced in Reality!

OAK HALL ROTUNDA OPENED!

YOU CAN PURCHASE
MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING,
AND ALL KINDS OF
FURNISHING GOODS,
For about HALF PRICE at wholesale and retail, at this
Celebrated Clothing Establishment,

Oak Hall,
BOSTON,
Visited by upwards of 200,000 strangers from
all parts of the United States & Europe.

RECOLLECT
OAK HALL,
GRAND 32, 34, 36, 38,
Ann-st. Boston.

LADIES!
YOUR LITTLE CHILDREN
can be fitted out with their Autumn and Win-
ter Clothing, with but little trouble and
expense, by a visit to

Oak Hall Rotunda,
adapted especially for the sale of every variety
of Boys' and Little Children's
CLOTHING.

Little Girls' Overtures made to order.

THE EXTENT OF THIS
MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT
Can only be known by a visit to
OAK HALL ROTUNDA,
The ONLY Clothing House in the U. States that requires
TWO EXPRESSES
for the Delivery of Goods. The above Cuts
represent them with Drivers in rich
LIVERY.

GEO. W. SIMMONS,
21, 3m. PROPRIETOR.

PRINTING OFFICE.
BOOK AND FANCY JOB

JOHN S. CARVER
CONTINUES TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF
BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING,
IN GOOD STYLE AND AT SHORT NOTICE.

NEW CARPETINGS!

Henry Pettes & Co.
PROPRIETORS OF THE
ROXBURY CARPET FACTORIES.
OFFER FOR SALE AT THEIR WAREHOUSE,
No. 224 Washington Street,
BOSTON,

ALL THE CARPETS made in this large establish-
ment, consisting of
EXTRA SUPERFINE CARPETS;
MEDIUM DO.
CHAMBER AND STAIR CARPETS;
IMPERIAL THREE-PLY CARPETS;
ELEGANT TAPESTRY BRUSSELS;
SUPERB VELVET TAPESTRIES.

It is the only establishment in the city where Car-
pets can be bought or sold directly of the manufacturers.
Every piece is made under our personal superintendence.
We have two hundred and fifty persons
now at work, and can show to purchasers a much
greater variety of Carpets, and at less prices, than any
other store.

These Carpets are received from the factory every day.
The assortment is large, and is constantly changed.
We adopt the LOW-PRICED CASH SYSTEM, and
purchase of any kind of

CARPETING
will find this the place to buy.

HENRY PETTES & CO.

SASH & DOOR FACTORY.
THE undersigned hereby give notice that they are now
prepared to execute at short notice and on reason-
able terms, at their establishment, near the steamboat
landing in Waterville, all orders in their line of busi-
ness.

They manufacture all kinds of
Doors, Blinds, Sash, Window Frames, &c.,
which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.
All kinds of
Planing, Matching and Jobbing
done to order.

They are prepared to contract for the erection of all
kinds of buildings, with or without furnishing materi-
als; and having good facilities for securing the best of
workmen, and furnishing stock at advantageous prices
they are confident of being able to offer as good terms
as can be obtained elsewhere. (38 1y.)
Waterville, April 12, 1848. J. WING & MCGAULD.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING.
AND
HARNESS MAKING.

I. S. MC FARLAND,
first shop south of Hanson's building, Main-st
WATERVILLE.

STONE WARE!!
A large assortment of STONE WARE, just received
and for sale at
June 21st, 1848.

FARMERS ATTENTION!
TWO HUNDRED TONS OF PLASTER, of the best
quality, just received and for sale by the undersigned
at their Mill, near the steamboat landing, where a
good supply of fresh-ground will be kept constantly on
hand. Please call at the store (at the landing) of
W. & D. MOOR.
Waterville, Dec. 27, 1847. 234

GEORGE GOURLAY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
KENDALL'S MILLS.
Residence at W. M. Bates'.
May 20th, 1848—45 1f.

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WATERVILLE.
REFERENCES—Dr. JACOB BROWL, "H. I. BOWDITCH,"
"D. H. STOKER," "J. B. JACKSON," BOSTON.
No. 5 Ticonic Row—Residence at Williams's Hotel.

J. F. NOYES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office cor. Main and Silver-sts.—Residence, Parker House,
WATERVILLE, ME.

A LARGE lot of EARTHEN WARE just received
by E. L. SMITH.

CONSUMPTION CURED!
BUCHAN'S
HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE,
From the Great Freeman—Edited by Rev. Sylvanus Cobb

"The HUNGARIAN BALSAM. While we repudiate all
quackery, we are always pleased to give credit for that
which is truly useful, and to give information which
may benefit others. A few days ago, a brother of ours,
from Norway, came into our office, in comfortable
health, whom we did not expect to see again on earth.
We received a letter a few weeks since, from another
brother, resident in the house with him, saying that he
was confined to his bed, and could not probably continue
but a short time. Judge then of our surprise when we
saw him enter our office. He has a slight cough remain-
ing, as it would be natural that he should have until he
had further time for acquiring strength, of lungs.
But he is in comfortable circumstances. The following
letter which he addressed to the General Agent for the
medicine which has restored him so wonderfully, will
show what medicine has been the instrument of the good work.

Boston, Feb. 16th, 1847.
Dr. D. F. Bradlee—Sir: I cannot refrain from saying
a word to you in commendation of Buchanan's Hun-
garian Balsam of Life. Here is a plain statement of the
case, and if they are of any service in inducing the
sick to seek relief at the source from whence I ob-
tained it, I shall be happy to see them do so.

My residence is Norway. Me. Three years ago last
fall, I took a violent cold, which left a cough of the most
aggravated kind accompanied by a severe pain in the
left side. Last June I had a severe attack of bilious
and to quit all work, and was confined to my house
until four weeks since. During that time I received the
best of medical attendance and tried nearly all the medi-
cines which are recommended in such cases, but found
no relief, but grew worse and for the last three
weeks was confined to my bed. Two of my physicians
gave me up as past recovery. But as fortune would
have it, I heard of the Balsam and immediately procured
a bottle. This gave me immediate relief, and six bot-
tles have entirely broken up my cough, and placed me
in a situation to resume, with advancing health my usual
occupation. Yours truly, CHURCHILL COLE.

JOYFUL INTELLIGENCE!
Another life saved after the Doctors could do no more.

Dr. Bradlee, Sir, I take pleasure in giving you a state-
ment of the beneficial results of Buchanan's Balsam, on my
daughter, who had been for a number of years afflicted
with a bad cough, pain in the side, rapid consumption, and
all those pains and troubles which attend that insidious
disease, CONSUMPTION. I employed several distinguished
physicians at great expense, who, after numerous vi-
sits finally declared that they could do no more. I was
then advised by a friend to try Buchanan's Hungarian Bal-
sam. I did so, and the result has been most astonishing.
My daughter is entirely cured and is now attending to
her accustomed duties. I paid Two Hundred Dollars
for Physicians and Medicine, without any sort of benefit
while Six Dollars worth of Balsam has removed the dis-
ease, restored strength and brought on healthy action.

Yours,
J. YOUNG.

AGENTS—WATERVILLE, W. DYER; NORTWICH, WOOD-
HEAD, BLUNT & TURNER; SKEWEGAN, WHITE & NORRIS;
ATHENS, A. WARE; ANSON, RODNEY COLLINS; MERCEUR,
HAMIL INGLIS; FARMINGTON, J. W. PERKINS; AUGUSTA, J. E. LADD,
and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout
New England.

PLAIN and plaid ALPACAS, some beautiful style
just received by
BUTTS, Canaan.

THEY DO SAY
THAT BUTTS of Canaan is selling goods a little chea-
per than any other person in that vicinity. Some of
his neighbors say he intends to fail and is running off his
goods at any price to raise money. We are really
sorry that it troubles them much more than his sell goods
low, and in truth

IT IS A PITY
that the poor fellows are obliged to sell some goods so
much cheaper than if he was not here—Molasses, for in-
stance, for 27 cts. instead of 28—Ningyong tea for 30 cts.
instead of 37, &c., &c. Still

The Fact Cannot be Got Over,
and we advise one and all to call on him before he fails,
as he is selling goods at prices that defy competition—
Butter, eggs, produce, &c., taken in exchange for goods
at the lowest prices. Don't forget the Old Brick Store
on the corner, where you are saving from 15 to 25 per cent.
on your purchases by

20. KEEPING BUTTS THERE.
BOOTS, SHOES & CROCKERY, just re-
ceived by
BUTTS, Canaan.

GLOVES! GLOVES! GLOVES!!!
BUCK for lined, fur backs, common and fine Buck,
Norway Doe Skin, Wool, fringed, Cashmere, Chamoles
lined, Kid white and colored, and Silk Gloves of all
kinds, for sale at the Glove Depot,
C. R. PHILLIPS'S.

FINE Cassimeres and Doe skins, just rec'd
by
BUTTS, Canaan.

FLANNELS.
Red Yellow, White and Salubury Flannels just re-
ceived at
J. WILLIAMS & SONS.

**THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF
TOBACCO AND SEGARS**
To be found in Waterville, for Sale by
W. L. SMITH.

J. D. CHANDLER'S
Livery &