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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 29): February 8, 1849

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. 29.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 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.

[From the Boston Path-Finder.]  
THE OLD PRINTER:

SOMETHING OF A FANCY SKETCH, BUT TOO NEAR THE TRUTH TO MAKE MUCH FUN OF.

I see him at his case,  
With his anxious, cheerless face,  
Worn and brown;  
And the types' incessant click,  
As they drop within his stick,  
Seems of life's old clock the tick  
Running down.  
Years away have flown,  
And the printer long I've known,  
Boy and man.  
Time was when step elate  
Distinguished his gait,  
And his form was tall and straight  
We now scan.  
You could see him every day,  
As he passed along the way,  
To his toll:  
No laborer night and main,  
A living want to gain,  
And some small attain  
In the soil;  
And hope was high at first,  
And the golden cheer he nursed,  
Till he found  
That hope was but a glare  
In a cold, frosty air,  
And the promise, pictured fair,  
Barren ground.  
He never was reckoned bad,  
But I've seen him smile right glad  
At leaved woe,  
While a corresponding frown  
Would spread his features round  
Where virtue's praise did sound,  
If 'twere else.  
Long years he's labored on,  
The morning hues are gone  
From his sky;  
For others are his hours,  
For others are his powers,  
And his days, like passing showers,  
Flitting by.  
You can see him, night by night,  
By the lamp's dull dreary light,  
Standing there,  
With cobweb curtains spread  
In festoons o'er his head,  
That sooty showers shed  
In his hair.  
And when the waning moon  
Proclaims of night the noon,  
If you roam,  
You may see him, weak and frail,  
As his weary step do fail,  
In motion like the snail,  
Wending home.  
His form by years is bent,  
To his hair a tinge is lent  
Sadly grey;  
And his teeth are sore decayed,  
And his eyes their light betrayed—  
Great havoc Time has made  
With his clay.  
But soon will come the day  
When his form will pass away  
From your view;  
And the spot shall know no more  
The sorrows that he bore,  
Or the disappointments sore  
That he knew.

## Miscellany.

### ATALANTA UPON SKATES.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Somewhat more than thirty years ago, in a fine old mansion on the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, lived General Paul Leroux, formerly of the French army, and a devoted Bonapartist. On the final fall of Napoleon, he had emigrated to Canada with his family, and a portion of his once princely fortune.  
Gen. Leroux was a widower, with two twin children, Henri and Eugenie, at your service, my reader. These two, having lost their mother in childhood, had spent some years with relatives in Switzerland. In that wildest country, in the midst of a large household, herself the especial favorite of her grand-uncle, a veteran soldier, Eugenie Leroux was allowed all the wild and headstrong freedom of a peasant girl. At the age of sixteen, when she accompanied her father and brother to the New World, she could boast but few lady-like accomplishments and aristocratic airs; but she was lovely, with the promise of extraordinary beauty, bewitching in manner, and as brave and vigorous as a young Zangara. She was passionate in spirit, impetuous and wayward; fiery and fearless in her resentments, but quick and generous to forgive; ardent and devoted to the death in her loves and friendships. Henri Leroux was possessed of a fine intellect, and delicate physical organization; gentle in spirit, sensitive, studious and religious, the fair beauty of his face, the subdued tone of his voice and his quiet manner, all went to render him a most remarkable contrast to his sister. But I will not dwell further upon his character, as his future life is to form the subject of a subsequent sketch.  
On reaching his Canadian home, Gen. Leroux procured a governess and master for his daughter. Mademoiselle Eugenie soon acquired a good knowledge in English, and made rapid progress in music; but she indignantly overturned her embroidery frame, tossed her paint brushes into the river, and sent her Latin grammar after them. Her poor governess soon resigned in despair of all hope of making a fine lady out of the wild girl of the Alps whom an indulgent father, good, easy man, permitted to follow in all things her own untrammelled impulses.  
Our heroine's early residence in Switzerland had colored her entire after life and character, and the daughter of a soldier, she was, perhaps, not unnaturally, soldierlike, and somewhat masculine in her tastes. She neither trembled, fainter nor shrank with exquisite sensibility and delicate nervousness at the roar of the ordnance, the peal of the musketry or the sharp crack of the rifle. She loved them rather, and at the gleam of arms and the exulting swell of martial music, there ever flashed from her kindling eyes the spirit of a Joan d'Arc. As a horsewoman she was undoubtedly unrivalled in all the Canadas—at least so

said her riding master. She could row like Grace Darling, swim like a mermaid, and then her skating—  
"Her skating? Good gracious!" cries my fair reader, in feminine consternation.  
Wait, honey, and consider. Skating is an amusement which has been long monopolized by our 'natural enemy,' as some lady writer—Miss Martineau, Miss Hannah More or Miss Robinson Crusoe—calls the sterner sex. It is a graceful, a delightful and most invigorating exercise. I speak not unadvisedly, for in my early girlhood I, too, acquired the singular accomplishment, and I now only blush for the false delicacy which has since prevented me from keeping myself in practice.

But Eugenie, fearless of the censures of the over-refined, and scorning the impertinent observations of the canaille, pursued with enthusiasm the favorite pastime of the Swiss winter life; and no sooner did the ice of the St. Lawrence become of a reliable thickness than, accompanied by her twin brother, she might be seen performing her graceful evolutions thereon for hours together. Her skill and swiftness became proverbial, and many were the delighted witnesses of her varied and extraordinary feats. But it is time she was introduced personally to our readers.

On the afternoon of a keen but sunny day in January, Eugenie and Henri Leroux laughingly descended the bank of the St. Lawrence, and Mademoiselle Eugenie, then a strikingly beautiful brunette of eighteen, was suitably, though somewhat coquettishly attired in a short skirt and tightly-fitting jacket of dark blue cloth, richly trimmed with black fur. Upon her head she wore a small fur cap; her raven hair was parted back; the rich brown of her complexion was brilliant with a glow of pleasure, and her large dark eyes were flashing back the sunshine.

After amusing herself for a while, Eugenie observed a burly English Corporal with whom she had a slight skating acquaintance, progressing leisurely toward her, drawing a miniature sleigh.

This, she presently saw, contained the first-born of the Corporal's house, a stout boy of about half a year old, well wrapped in flannel and furs, and rosy cheeked with the healthful wintry air. Eugenie glided along by the little vehicle, chatting pleasantly, and delighting the proud father by her praise of his little child, till suddenly a wild thought darted through her brain; she caught the infant from the cushions, laid it on her head, after the Swiss manner, putting one hand to steady it, and was off like a flash! As for the Corporal, this sensation are more easily imagined than described, to use a novel expression. He stood stupefied for a moment, and then gave a cry, between a groan and a yell, and started in pursuit. He was a tolerable skater, but he knew not with whom he had to compete. Eugenie was now rods ahead of him, looking back and laughing provokingly; now passing so near that he almost grasped her dress; now circling about him with fearful rapidity. At last the poor man became furious, swore roundly at the mischievous girl, and called for aid in rescuing his child. Three or four, Henri among the number, laughing heartily, set out in eager pursuit, but Eugenie, after eluding them at every point, flew back to the little sleigh, lowered the child from her head, kissed him hastily, laid him smiling and unharmed upon his pillow and was off again.

Among the interested though inactive spectators of this strange scene, two British officers stationed at Montreal—Capt. Hamilton and Lieut. Thurston. The former was highly connected and heir to considerable wealth, had a soldierly appearance, a symmetrical form and a fine manly face, happy withal, innocent in its expression.

Thurston was a man of the world, with peculiar English physiognomy, was considered handsome than his companion, to whom he was an attached and devoted friend.  
On leaving the river, after Eugenie and her brother had disappeared, Hamilton maintained a thoughtful silence until he reached his quarters, when he exclaimed, "Thurston, we must make the acquaintance of Gen. Leroux, for by the powers, I would give my commission to know that girl! She is a glorious creature—a *glo-ri-ous* creature!"

"Fudge, Hamilton, she is a merciless little savage—a very good ogress, running away with babies and frightening worthy fathers out of their wits."

The officers found little difficulty in gaining an *entree* into the hospitable mansion of the courteous Gen. Leroux, and ere many months were passed they were on a footing of familiar intercourse with his family. Capt. Hamilton's admiration of Eugenie finally deepened into love, and many things seemed to augur favorably for the success of his suit. The father and brother of the lady were both won over by the many excellencies of the young soldier's character, his intellectual qualifications, and the charm of his manner; but the heart of Eugenie was not so easily conquered. Her lover soon ascertained that many of her feelings, tastes and other prejudices, were opposed to the interest which he sought to create. First, her *amor patriæ* was far stronger than that of most women; she passionately loved *la belle France*, and as passionately hated her enemies. Then she cherished in the depths of her soul, that wild, enthusiastic, adoring love for the memory of Napoleon, which none but a true Bonapartist can fully understand.

Hamilton, like every English soldier, was a worshipper of Wellington, and could never be brought to admit that the generalship of the conquered surpassed that of the conqueror.  
When a mere child, she had seen the great hero; she had a distinct recollection of his face and of his winning smile as he addressed a few playful words to her. Henri Leroux even declared to Hamilton that her right cheek, which had received the imperial salute, had been tattooed from that time, no less august lips having pressed the sacred spot. To her father and brother, Eugenie never spoke of the glorious days of the empire but with mournful enthusiasm—of the Emperor but with tears; yet to Capt. Hamilton she talked proudly of the deeds and reign of the great king-maker, and entered into many and animated discussions of his merits as a ruler and a general.

Such discussions sometimes add a piquancy to friendship, but a degree of discord to love—and our lovers had some serious disagreements. But reconciliation always followed, Eugenie usually concluding in her calmer moments that a live friend was better than a dead Emperor, and frankly sending to the aggrieved

gentleman some pacific message.

During the summer and fall, Gen. Leroux was absent on a tour through the States; and as Henri was much engrossed by his studies, Capt. Hamilton was left a fair field for his wooing operations. He rode and walked, sung and read English with Mademoiselle, and all would have gone on smoothly had he not also talked. But the ghost of Bonaparte was never laid; and that unfortunate last battle, when the 'little corporal' was defeated by FATE, not by Wellington, was fought over again almost daily.

On the return of the General, Capt. Hamilton thought best to consult him, before making a formal proposition of his suit—but he left the matter wholly in his daughter's hands. But Eugenie was too arch a coquette to decide at once; again and again she requested time for consideration, until weeks slipped by and the merry skating days had come round once more.

It was a clear, luminous, moonlight night, late in December, when Capt. Hamilton and Lieut. Thurston met at the house of Gen. Leroux. Thurston had but that day returned from Quebec, where he had been spending some months; and was therefore not altogether *au fait* of the state of affairs between his brother soldier and Mademoiselle Eugenie. The friends, though, were bound upon the self-same errand—to solicit the honor of attending upon Mademoiselle to a military ball which was to be given on New Year's day. As neither gentleman would resign his claims in favor of the other, a playful altercation ensued—Eugenie declared herself unable to decide. At this point Henri laughingly proposed, as the night was magnificent, the important question should be decided by a skating match; or that Eugenie should play *'Atalanta upon skates.'*

The gentleman joyfully assented; Eugenie clapped her hands with childish glee, and retired to don her skating costume. This was somewhat different from the one she had worn a year before; the trimming being of white fur, and for the sake of greater conspicuousness on this occasion, she had placed in her cap a long white ostrich plume. The effect of this dress was to render her more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, as she came bounding into the drawing-room for her companions. General Leroux, after gazing on her proudly for a moment, embraced her tenderly, and declared his intention of joining the little party, to see that no harm befel her, and that all went fair in the race.

On their way to the river, Capt. Hamilton, whose arm Eugenie had taken, looked with sudden seriousness into the roguish eyes of his companion, and whispered:

"May not a question of more moment than that of escorting you to this ball, be also decided to-night?"

"In the same manner, Monsieur?"

"Yes, and may the swiftness of my heel avail where the eloquence of an adoring heart has failed."

"Overtake me, and I surrender prisoner for life; but fail, and it is the lost Waterloo of your wooing. Remember!"

The moon was in its full, and the ice-bound St. Lawrence lay like a broad sheet of glittering silver.

The race was soon fairly begun. Thurston at first seemed likeliest to win, but laying out all his strength in desperate efforts to head Eugenie in her marvellous evolutions, at length sank down utterly exhausted; and the provoking girl turned and flew past him like a wild bird on the wing. The field was now left to Hamilton, who had infinitely more at stake, and he swore a round oath (to himself) never to yield until the victory was his.  
It was a scene of singular excitement. Hamilton, though an admirable skater, never seemed to gain upon Eugenie except by her own permission; for she would now and then flag, as though about to pause, place her hand on her side, and drop her head, as from weariness. Hamilton would redouble his efforts, and the next moment she would be flying about him in bewildering circles, nearer and nearer, till the ring of her skates, and the merry laugh, were in his ear; and then away shot her little form with incredible swiftness, till far down the river her long white plume was floating in the moon-light.

At length Eugenie called back.

"I am getting tired of this, Capt. Hamilton. You can never overtake me; but stop where you are and I will come to you."

Hamilton paused and soon beheld his innamorata swiftly approaching. As she drew nearer, however, she glided along more leisurely and coquettishly. Ah, the moment of thrilling rapture to the lover, when he watched the magnificent girl coming slowly but steadily toward him, with her head archly inclined to one side, her luxuriant hair loosed from her cap, and falling over her shoulders, her arms crossed upon her bosom, her lips apart, and her eyes flashing gloriously and not unlovingly upon him! Nearer, nearer; he reached forth his arms with a joyful welcome! Nearer, nearer; he could see her breath silvered into small clouds by the frost of the still night! When she bowed her head, and shot beneath his extended arm like a winged arrow!

The baffled officer turned quickly, too quickly, alas! for his feet slid from under him, and he measured his length on the ice. He suddenly recovered himself to behold Eugenie pausing at a little distance, and resigning herself to extravagant merriment; her wild laugh ringing like a peal of bells on the clear frosty air. Vexation and misfortune gave our hero new strength, and he again set out with all the energy of desperation. This time he gained upon his treacherous lady-love. Eugenie became really alarmed, when, looking backward, she saw him dashing onward like an eagle in pursuit of a wood-pigeon. She strove eagerly to reach the bank, but in vain. Hamilton saw, with exultation, that the prize would soon be his; he already stretched out his arms, when—she was gone, gone!—and at his feet yawned a chasm in the ice! Fearless of depth and the rheumatism; the gallant captain leaped to the rescue; and, as Heaven would have it, Eugenie rose in the same place where she sank, and was safely lifted from the water and borne to the bank by her alarmed lover. She climbed upon a spot but thinly frozen over; the ice having been cut and removed that very day.

The poor girl was chilled into partial unconsciousness, and Hamilton knelt by her side and tenderly strove to revive her. Her father, Henri, and the Lieutenant reached the spot, but no one interfered with the office of her rescuer. He seemed not to notice the presence of others, as he bent over the fainting girl, and chafed her hands and temples. At last he pressed his lips to hers, and called upon her name in an agony of love and fear. As though she had received a powerful galvanic shock, Eugenie sprang to her feet, rejecting with indignation and hauteur the farther assistance of her presuming lover. Supported by the father and brother, she proudly walked homeward, hurt and mortified by the evening's amusement.

The adventurers reached the house, with icicles depending from every point and edge of their attire, and found themselves pretty thoroughly chilled, but a change of clothing and a trifle of eau de vie soon set all right again.

Eugenie maintained her proud and silent reserve until, as Capt. Hamilton was about leaving, Gen. Leroux, grasping his hand, said, in a tremulous voice:

"My dear young friend, you have saved the life of my child; receive a father's blessing."

Eugenie's heart was touched; she sprang forward impetuously, seized Hamilton's other hand, and looking up, with tearful eyes, said, in a tone to be heard by all present:

"Let me also thank you, my preserver; I have been ungrateful, unwomanly; forgive me!"

A short time subsequent to the little adventure we have narrated, Captain Hamilton was ordered to another station, where he remained during the winter; his affair *du cœur* continued in the meantime pretty much in statu quo. In the spring time he returned, but only to bid his friends adieu, as his company had been recalled to England.

On his announcing this to Eugenie, she threw aside her reserve at once, exclaiming:

"Holy Mother, going! and I—how am I to endure the parting?"

"Great Heaven, Eugenie! it is possible that you love me at last?"

"I do, truly, tenderly; I can never love another—will never wed another. I tell you this my friend, because I cannot wed with you."

"Say not so, dearest; be my wife; go with me to England! I will make any sacrifice for your love. Say the word, and I will leave the army that I may never be the active enemy of your native country. Tell me, my love, will you not be persuaded?"

"Oh, do not urge me, I entreat you; I must not leave my father, a stranger in a strange land; his country, his emperor, his daughter, all lost to him—would he not die of a broken heart? No, no, I will never forsake him, and the poor child burst into tears.

Capt. Hamilton strode up and down the apartment, pale and heart wrung with contending emotion, but he was too honorable, too truly noble, long to hesitate, and respectfully taking Eugenie's hand in his, he said:

"Honor you for your decision; I love you the more tenderly for this beautiful exhibition of filial piety. May God give us strength to endure our common trial, and permit me, at no distant day, to return and claim your hand."

Then, after folding her for the first time to his breast, and kissing away the tears which hung on her long dark eyelashes, he turned hastily and was gone. But he returned in a moment—he had left a glove, and returned to find Mademoiselle Eugenie pressing that same glove to her lips and heart, in her passionate sorrow. She was overcome in confusion, and could scarcely raise her eyes to her lover's as he hurriedly requested her to inform her father that he would wait upon him in the morning to make his adieu.

Early next morning Eugenie sought her father in his library, and with as much calmness as she could command, related the occurrence of the preceding evening.

The General, surprised and agitated, exclaimed:

"Is it possible that you love this man whom you rejected?"

"As sincerely as my departed mother must have loved you in your youth; but I could not make lonely the hearth of our home; I could not forsake you, my father."

You are an angel, Eugenie! the first daughter that ever blessed a father's heart. Yet I cannot accept this sacrifice; I cannot separate you from the man you love, and who is worthy of you; it would be selfish, sinful to do this. Go with Hamilton to England, his happy wife. Go, and take your father's blessing! God forbid that I should cloud your young life with sorrow!"

"Father, dear father, do not call this a sacrifice! The spirit of my mother will aid me in my dutiful devotion to you. Heaven will smile upon me and I shall be happy."

Gen. Leroux sat in thoughtful silence for a moment; then, blushing like a very boy, he said:

"Look here, my daughter, as he took from his bosom a miniature set in brilliant, the portrait of a young and handsome woman—not the long dead mother of Henri and Eugenie."

"What does this mean, father?" asked our heroine, turning deadly pale.

"It means," he replied, "that, foreseeing that I could not always retain you to preside over my household, I have provided a substitute."

"Who and what is she?"

"Have patience, my love, and I will tell all. While on my tour through the States, last Autumn, I met with an old friend and fellow-soldier, an emigrant like myself, and his only child—a good and beautiful girl she is—promised to fill that void in my heart left by your mother; the place by my heart soon to be left by you. I thought to have told you long ago; and the marriage has once been postponed on account of the death of a relative of Marie's."

"And so my grand sacrifice was uncalculated for?" said Eugenie, making an effort to smile.

"Yes, my love, I shall grieve deeply to part with you, but I shall not be comfortless. Now I am going out; when Capt. Hamilton comes you will receive him here, and explain to him the change in your circumstances as regards me. Don't weep, my child—don't, I pray. I will visit you in England with Henri and—my wife, in the course of the summer, and will return to Canada, some time. God bless you, my darling, and the exemplary father took himself off."

Eugenie had hardly time to dry her tears, compose her face and smooth her ringlets, before Capt. Hamilton walked into the library.

He was somewhat surprised at meeting Eugenie again, and expressed much regret at not being able to see her father. The poor girl was sadly embarrassed, and could utter little more than brief replies to the questions of her lover. After a few moments of painfully constrained conversation, the Captain rose, kissed hastily the hand of his lady-love, and not trusting himself to look upon her face, left her once again to her tears. She stood like a statue of grief, and listened to his every step as he descended to the hall below. Then scarcely conscious of the act, she flew rather than ran down the stairs. Her lover heard her light step, and turned toward her. She grasped his arm, leaned her head on his shoulder, and murmured:

"If you must go, George, take me with you. I am not needed here; I shall die if you leave me!"

Under such extraordinary circumstances, Capt. Hamilton soon obtained leave to delay for a short time his departure for England, and in the course of a week his marriage with Eugenie took place, with all the rites of the English and Roman churches.

Of course the bridegroom was pronounced elegant in white gloves and waistcoat; and the bride adorable in satin and orange-blossoms. The usual number of jokes and champagne bottles were cracked at the expense of the former; of gloves and sashes soiled at the expense of the latter.

Then followed forced smiles, blessings, tears, the parting.

That night, hour after hour, in the lonely room which had once been Eugenie's, over a harp whose strings the delicate fingers of the most loved might wake no more, leaned a pale and fair-haired youth, weeping wildly and bitterly, with the feeling that his twined heart had been torn asunder.

That night, in his own room, sat a tall and handsome man, yet in the golden meridian of life, gazing mournfully on the portrait of a beautiful girl in a skating costume, which hung against the opposite wall. There was a strange quivering in the lip of the soldier, a strange glistering in his eye. Then he drew from his breast another picture, and gazed on that till the smile of the lover shone through the tears of the father.

It is evening—the first evening at sea, and Capt. Hamilton and his bride are on deck, watching the last point of American land, as it fades into the blue of the horizon.

The wind blows fair—the vessel feels the pressure of the rising breeze; and amidst of a thousand keels, she leaps to the cheering sea!

Eugenie's sweet eyes were filled with tears, as, stretching her arms toward the dim shore, she murmured—

"Adieu, dear adopted land! father, brother, adieu, adieu!"

Her husband folds her to his bosom, and whispers—

"You have indeed resigned much to follow me."

"Yes, ALL—home, friends, and it may be my religion. And now, dear George, she adds, smiling through her tears, 'will you not admit that Napoleon was the greatest hero the world has ever known?'"

"Yes, yes, I yield at last; but in return for the concession, I take the liberty, my little Bonapartist wife, of kissing you on the Emperor's cheek!"

## HISTORICAL.

### THE LIFE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

BY HENRY A. BUCKINGHAM.

The fate of Major Andre, so tragical and melancholy, has been alike the theme of the scholastic historian, the poet and the painter.

It will be remembered that he was hung at Tappan, and his body placed in the centre of the field where the gallows was erected. When James Buchanan was appointed British consul, he asked of the English government permission to remove the bones of Andre to his native land. The order was granted and they were taken to London by a British packet in 1818, and buried under a splendid monument in Westminster Abbey.

In disinterment it remains it was found that a peach tree, which stood at the head of the grave, had completely entwined its roots around the skull of Andre. Nothing was left but the bones and a leathern string, such as was used in tying up the back of the hair, which was worn long at that period.

His last surviving sister, Miss Margaret Andre, died in London three or four years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-one. The Major possessed some considerable property, and his last will, dated Staten Island in 1778, is now on file in the surrogate's office at New York. His papers, literary and otherwise, he left to a friend in London, to select and publish as he thought proper. If these manuscripts are now in existence they might throw much light upon the secret movements of the British army and Arnold's treasonable correspondence.

Andre's native place was London, where he was born in 1779; consequently he was thirty-two years of age at the time of his execution. As his name indicates, he was of French descent, although his father was a native of Switzerland. He was a merchant of London in the Levant trade.

Young Andre received his education at the college in Geneva, though intended by his father to pursue his own business as a merchant. His father having died in 1769, he chose the profession of arms, which had always been his own desire. He entered the British army—the Royal Welsh Fusilier Regiment—as ensign, at the age of twenty-two. The next year he spent, on leave of absence, his time in travelling through Germany and other portions of continental Europe, improving himself in the language and customs of the nations which he visited.

Andre was a most accomplished man. He spoke several languages with great fluency, was a fine painter, a good poet, and knew something of every branch of the arts. He corresponded with many of the most distinguished literary men of the time. There was an engagement, it is generally understood, between him and Miss Honora Sneyd, who, after his death, became the wife of Mr. Edgeworth, uncle to the two Miss Edgeworths, the well-known novel writers.

He was ordered to Canada with the rank of lieutenant, took passage for Philadelphia, where he arrived in 1774. The late General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, one of the bravest colonels in the Maryland line of the Revolution, was a fellow passenger, and always spoke of

Andre in the highest terms.

He proceeded leisurely to St. Johns by the way of New York, and reached the post where a portion of the regiment to which he belonged was stationed, Montgomery, with the American army, came before St. Johns in the fall of 1775, which surrendered. Andre was taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged and promoted to the rank of captain.

In 1777 he was appointed aid to General Grey, and was present at the battle of Brandywine, the capture of Philadelphia, and the battle of Germantown. He was also engaged at Monmouth, in New Jersey, on the march of Sir Henry Clinton, after his evacuation of Philadelphia to New York. In 1780, when General Grey left for England, he received the appointment of aid to Sir Henry Clinton, and was made adjutant general of the royal army, with the rank of major.

He was a great favorite of Sir Henry, and ardently beloved by his brother officers. In fact, from all accounts, he was entitled to be loved. With varied talents, of no common order, was united the manners of an educated gentleman. A miniature portrait, painted by himself, in Smith's narrative of his own supposed connection with Arnold's treason, represents a young, mild and pensive face. This miniature was probably made before he left England in 1774.

As a poet, Andre was somewhat famous, particularly in the satirical and humorous vein. Not long before his capture and death he wrote the 'Cow Chase,' in allusion to the carrying off a large number of cattle from Hackensack and its vicinity, after his unsuccessful attack on the refugee block house at Bull's Ferry.

He wrote a great deal for Livingston's Royal Gazette in New York, and was supposed to be the author of the account of 'Mischianza,' a tournament given to General Howe at Philadelphia in 1778, by the officers of the British army, at the time of his recall from the command of the British army by the ministry at home.

His correspondence with Honora Sneyd was very extensive, as appears in some little reminiscences she published, occasionally, after his early fate. As an executive officer he was prompt and decisive, and considered the best adjutant general in the service that had held the office during the war. Faithful and loyal he laid down his life for his king and country, and suffered the disgraceful end of a spy.

At what time Arnold commenced his correspondence with the elder Beverly Robinson, a Tory colonel in the British army, whose paternal estate was on the North River, near West Point, but on the opposite side of the river, is not known. Robinson's property had all been confiscated by the provincial Congress of New York.

It may be that Sir Henry Clinton, knowing Arnold's dissatisfaction at certain supposed ill-treatment from the court martial, before which he was tried for certain peculations as military governor of Philadelphia, may have prompted Sir Henry to sound Arnold through Robinson.

Arnold had many bitter enemies in that body. Taking all these things together it is as likely to suppose that the first overture was made to Arnold as that it came from him to the British commander-in-chief. It seems more likely the former, as the immediate correspondence was carried on by Sir Henry's adjutant general and aid, Major Andre, under the assumed name of 'John Anderson, merchant, New York; and by Arnold, under the signature of 'Gustavus.' Most likely Andre's papers, if in existence, could throw light upon a subject much doubted by historians.

Be it as it may the scheme was well, deeply, and, but for almost miraculous circumstances, securely arranged. It may be truly said that Andre was his own executioner, as we will shortly show. Beverly Robinson, being in communication almost daily with his Tory friend on the Hudson, and the frequent bearer of flags of truce, was selected to meet Arnold and arrange the details for the capture of West Point.

Robinson was a man somewhat advanced in years, and it was thought better to entrust the matter to a younger man, one more energetic, and a thorough soldier. Andre took his place; ambition on his part made him forget his peril.

What inducements were held out to Andre are not known. The fire of youth was upon him, and the promotion that would follow success lured him to destruction. Evidently Sir Henry Clinton was his adviser, or he would not have endeavored so strongly to save him after his condemnation and trial. The capture of West Point was thought by Sir Henry the ending of the war. Vain delusion!

On the 20th September, 1780, Andre left New York in the *Vulture* sloop-of-war, never again to return alive. The next day the sloop-of-war anchored in Tappan bay. Smith, the agent, came on board with a communication for Beverly Robinson, which Andre received and opened.

On the same night he landed on the shores of the Hudson in his uniform, under the direction of Smith. Was it vanity that to place himself inside the American lines, Andre, or 'John Anderson,' appearing more dejected than ever, Smith writes. He left him next day not a great distance from Tarrytown to pursue his journey alone to New York. He took a road different from the one directed by Smith.

He was captured at Tarrytown by three militia men, by his own want of judgement and coolness, the events of which are too well known to be related. He was taken to the quarters of Colonel Jameson, who commanded the nearest American lines.

Jameson, with perfect stupidity, permitted Andre or Anderson to write a note to Arnold, the latter undertook to go part of the way with Andre to guide him on his route to New York by land. That night they slept within the American lines, Andre, or 'John Anderson,' appearing more dejected than ever, Smith writes. He left him next day not a great distance from Tarrytown to pursue his journey alone to New York. He took a road different from the one directed by Smith.

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which the colonel sent forward. This gave time for Arnold to escape by his own barge down the river to the Vulture an hour before Washington's arrival from his interview with Rochambeau, the French commander at Hartford. In the meanwhile Andre had become known to Washington in a letter by his own confession.

He was tried by court martial and sentenced to be hung as a spy, and ordered for death by Washington, on the 30th September. Washington felt an interest in his fate and made an effort to save his life. The following anecdote was related to the writer by Matthias Ogden, Esq., a resident of Jersey City, a son of Colonel Ogden, now deceased, at one time Governor of New Jersey. He was then a captain in the Jersey line.

General Washington sent for him to come to camp. He of course obeyed orders. The following conversation ensued:—

"Captain, your brother, Colonel Ogden, has an excellent horse."

"Yes, sir, but I have one as good."

"You know the road well between here and Powles Hook?"

"Every inch, sir."

"I wish to send a communication to the British officer commanding that post immediately. Select twenty men as a proper escort; mount them on your horses you may choose, and come to my quarters at once."

"I will take the men out of my own company, sir, and mount them."

"He was not long in returning. General Washington handed him a packet, and said:—

"Ride as fast as possible to Powles Hook so as to be there by midnight at the extent, and return with the same speed so as to be here to-morrow morning."

"It shall be done, sir."

"A word or two confidentially. Take the commanding officer aside and whisper to him that it is for Sir Henry Clinton and concerns the exchange of Andre for Arnold."

"Captain Ogden, with his escort, rode with such rapidity that they reached Powles Hook about ten o'clock that night. It is now called Jersey City. At that time it was a peninsula, a creek separating it from the main line. Ogden bore a flag of truce, and was admitted, leaving his men on the other side of the creek. The officers were just seated at the mess table for supper when he was introduced."

He delivered his letter, with the talismanic words in private. The officer's face lighted up with joy, he called for a boat, introduced the captain to the officers, who was invited to take a seat with them. Never was he better treated; the wine flowed freely, but there was no jest or joke passing round as usual. It seemed as if the officers anticipated his errand, and awaited with anxiety their commander's return.

It was midnight before he came back, and his countenance was full of gloom. Taking Captain Ogden aside, he said, "Sir Henry Clinton says it is impossible in honor to deliver up Arnold, and if he did, there would be no spies; all would be suspicious of being delivered up."

Ogden immediately left. He found that his men had not been neglected, but well taken care of. They returned and reached camp within the required time. Thus Washington's attempt to save Andre's life failed, as did a meeting for the same purpose between General Greene on one side and General Robertson on the other.

On the 2d of October, 1780, (Andre, who had been relieved, in the hopes of Arnold's delivery, to that time,) was hung at Tappan. He died like a brave man. Washington has been censured for not complying with Andre's request to be shot. Who ever heard of a spy being shot? There is no such record in the annals of war.

To the honor of Captain Ogden be it said, he did not see Andre executed. He refused to go, he thought so much of the man. He perished as much regretted by the American as the British officers.

Among the many proofs of his skill as an artist are drawings in profile of himself and of the Earl of Cathcart, which alone sufficiently show his proficiency in this department of art. That he died justly, by the rules of war, none can doubt, but alas! to protect such a wretch as Arnold! Few names will go down to other generations more pitied and lamented than that of MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.—Holden.

**A MARVELOUSLY STRANGE CASE.**

An action at law was tried in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretenses. The action was brought by James House, Esq., of Corinna, against Luther House of Troy.

The case excited great interest here on account of the strange and apparently unaccountable state of facts which it developed. No one seems able to account for the absolute and entire deception of a whole family, and neighbors and schoolmates, as to the identity of a person after a few years absence. We have procured from a friend who was present at the trial some of the leading facts in the case for the purpose of laying them before our readers.

It appears that Luther House of Troy, son of Seth House, now twenty-four years of age, was an unrestrained boy, and at any time ready for mischief. He has a keen eye and has worked about this city for a few years as a common laborer. And last summer he imposed upon the family of Jos. House Esq. of Corinna by claiming to be their long lost son, and in this character obtaining money and goods to the amount of one hundred dollars. It was for this offence that the present action was brought.

James House, Esq., who is an intelligent man, a justice of the Peace, and is respected by all who know him—a man of property and strongly attached to his children, testified that he had a son by the name of James Rowland House, who left home about three years since in company with a neighbor of his, went to New Bedford where he shipped on a whaling voyage in a vessel by the name of Copia.

The first he ever heard of Luther House, the defendant, was in June last, when three of his neighbors who had known his son Rowland House, saw this young man in Bangor, and asked him if his name was not James Rowland House. He said it was not; that his name was Luther House. But they thought they could not mistake the fact, and insisted upon his being Rowland, after much conversation with him they urged him to return to his father's home with them. This he refused to do.

These men returned home and informed the witness that they had seen his lost son at Bangor, and that he appeared to be partially insane or something of the kind, and declared that his name was Luther House. This intelligence brought the witness and his wife immediately to Bangor, where they searched for their son, but they returned without finding him, or any person bearing his resemblance. The day after the return home of the witness, Mr. Roberts called upon Mr. House for the purpose of procuring his wagon for a journey to Bangor. Mr. House told him that if he found his son Rowland in Bangor to bring him home.—Mr. Roberts returned home, taking with him the young man, Luther House, and then sent for the witness and his wife to come to his house. The invitation was at once accepted.

Luther, the defendant, addressed the witness and called him Father. He then turned to Mrs. House, threw his arms around her neck, kissed her, and said, how do you do mother? Mrs. House stated that she did not at first believe that he was her son. He did not look like her son. His eyes and hair were not the same color that her son's were.

Her son had large light blue eyes, light and somewhat curly hair, a light complexion and smooth clear skin, and was shorter, thicker and heavier than Luther, who has small black eyes, black, coarse, straight hair, swarthy complexion and coarse, rough skin.

In speaking to Luther she said, can it be possible that this is my long lost son Rowland? He answered, yes mother, it is me. She then said to Luther, if you are my son you have got a scar on your knee. He pulled up his pants and showed a scar on his knee. She then said my son had a scar on his breast which was burnt in Mr. Andrew's shop. He pulled away his shirt bosom and showed a scar on his breast. She then said my son Rowland had a scar on his neck under the ear. He held up his neck and showed a scar in that place on his neck. She then said, one of my son's toes lapped over the other—he said, one of mine is so.

The young man then went to the house of Mr. House, and Mrs. House asked him to show her the room where he used to sleep, he went up the stairs to the room where her son slept, and after some hesitation threw himself upon a bed standing in a room and said, this is my old bed. Mr. House and his wife were then fully satisfied he was their son and provided him with clothes, &c. He remained at their house some five months, and the longer he stayed the more they were satisfied he was their son.—He acted strangely and did no work.

Mr. House stated that he believed him to be his son just as much as he believed his wife to be his wife. He said that some years ago there was a negro travelling about the country relating a vision that he had had, and said no one could learn it. But that his son Rowland heard the negro repeat the vision twice and learned it. One day Mr. House said to Luther do you recollect the negro vision? I declare, said he I have not thought of it since I went away, and don't know as I can repeat half of it. He then commenced and repeated the most of it. This confirmed in their minds the fact that it was their son Rowland. Mrs. House stated also that he acted strangely, at times. He would swear, and ask blessings.—When she would ask him questions about the past, he would say, you have been told and believe that I am not Rowland and I will not tell you anything about it. But her strong affection for her son blinded her eyes and made her believe that this young man was her son.

Mr. House stated that some years ago he sold a yoke of oxen and went to Harmony in company with Rowland to see about them.—This young man one day told him all about going to Harmony with him after the oxen.

Miss Rebecca House, daughter of James House, testified that she kept school last summer in Bangor; that Luther House, the prisoner, came to the house where she boarded in company with a neighbor who introduced him to her as Mr. Clark. She took no notice of him. This was on the fourth day of July last in the forenoon. In the afternoon of the same day she came to Bangor and stopped at the house of her uncle, John M. Foster, Esq.—While there this same neighbor called, and began to talk with her about Rowland. He asked her if she thought she should know him if she saw him. She said she thought she would. He then pointed to Luther House, who was some distance from the house, sitting with his back towards her, and asked her if that was Rowland? She said it looked like him if that was he. He then called Luther into the house; and introduced him to her as Rowland House, her brother. He said he called upon her in Bangor without telling her who he was to see if she would know him. He said that he knew this man to be her brother Rowland, for he had talked with him. Still doubting, said if you are my brother you have a scar on your head where I hurt you when you were a little boy. She felt of his head and found a scar.—He then told her he had been in Bangor some time. Why, said she, have you not been at home? Because, said he, I am poor, and my clothes are poor, and I am ashamed to go home. Sometimes I go by the name of Luther and sometimes by the name of John House.

She testified that she thought he was her brother and made him promise to go home.—He in return made her promise not to send word home to her father that he was here. She kept her promise.

Rebecca is a fine looking, intelligent girl, and it is astonishing that she could have been so deceived. When Luther first called upon her he had not been to Corinna. After he had been to Corinna some time, he one day asked Mrs. House where his watch was?

She answered that Rebecca had it, but remarked it is not yours for you have not paid for it. She testified that when her son Rowland was at home, she told him that if he would milk for her till he was twenty-one years of age he might have the watch. He went away before he was twenty-one and consequently had not paid for the watch. She therefore, supposing that he was Rowland, said, you have not paid for the watch, but you may have it if you want it. After being at Corinna some time, he told Mr. House that he had some money due him in Bangor; and he wanted to collect it. Mr. House let him have three dollars and he left for this city. While here he called upon his sister Rebecca, got the watch and six dollars in money of her and went to Thomaston as he said. After a while he returned to Corinna again and went to school a few days.—was quite unsteady and was taken sick. While he was sick Mr. House and family did every thing for him that they could.—After he got better he started for Bangor, Mr. House sending one of his daughters with a horse and carriage to bring him part of the way to this city. A few days after he left, Mr. House got a letter stating that his son Rowland was sick at Pearson's hotel in this city. Mr. House took his horse and carriage and came to Bangor, paid the prisoner's bills at Pearson's and took him home to Corinna again.

It was proved that he had, while at Corinna, stamped the name of James Rowland House upon various articles of clothing.

Several of the neighbors of Mr. House, took this young man to be Rowland House.—Young men who had been schoolmates with Rowland, talked with Luther about the past times, and became convinced that he was Rowland House. At last Mr. Dow came to Corinna, saw Luther, and said that he knew this young man, and his name was Luther House, and no mistake, and that he belonged in Troy.

Thomas R. Gardiner also recognized him as Luther House, and said he had lived by him 17 years. James House then began to doubt the fact of Luther House being his son; and in order to settle the dispute existing in the family and the community, as to his identity, a warrant was issued by Volney A. Sprague Esq. against Luther, for obtaining money on false pretences. He was arrested and examined before S. K. White Esq. of Exeter. Mr.

Seth House, of Troy, was summoned and appeared at the trial, and recognized the prisoner as his son.

During the trial there was great excitement, and about 400 persons were present, and apparently the mass of them in favor of Luther, believing him to be Rowland. The Justice sustained the warrant and upon the adjournment of the Court the sovereign mob hustled the prisoner out of the way.

A warrant was issued against Luther House et als. for conspiracy to obtain goods under false pretences. That cause was tried before Justice Sprague, who discharged them.

Justice White had issued a mittimus against Luther House, for want of bonds, and thus brought him before the District Court.

The case was conducted on the part of the State by the County Attorney, Mr. Waterville. For the prisoner, Abner Knowles, David Barker, of Exeter, and Volney A. Sprague, of Corinna. Mr. Knowles argued the case very ably and with a good deal of ingenuity, and contended that House and his family had deceived the young man instead of his deceiving them—that when he was first seen in Bangor he stated distinctly that his name was Luther House, and if he had opened his eyes to the light around him, might have known that he was Luther House. The Judge charged very strongly against the prisoner. The Jury after being out a very few minutes came into court with a verdict of guilty.

We understand that the Jury, upon the first ballot were unanimous for conviction. We also understand that James House learned some time since, that his son, James Rowland, was in California, to which place he deserted from the vessel he sailed in; and yet he was made to believe that this young man was his son.—Truth is, indeed, sometimes stranger than fiction.

The young man is now in jail awaiting the sentence of the Judge, and is apparently quite happy. When he first went to jail the prisoners there had a barrel of skewers, which they had made to sell to the butchers of our city. He proposed to gamble for the lot, and borrowed 12 skewers to commence with. At it he went, and in less than one hour after he entered jail, he had won the whole barrel, and sold them for \$2. The prisoners think he knows how to play poker and that he is 'one of 'em.'—Bangor Whig.

**FUNCTIONS OF THE SKIN.**—In a very curious experimental paper, Dr. Ducros shows that a coating of gum-lac put on the skin of animals, causes them to die in a longer or shorter time. He next tried the effect of metallic coverings as he entertained the notion that, because they had opposite electrical properties animals so coated would die with symptoms of an opposite nature. He therefore cut off the hair from some animals and covered them with thin plates of tin (tin-foil) and found that they perished with symptoms of debility the reverse of what he had noticed when the coating consisted of a resinous substance. When the tin was covered with a coating of gum-lac the animals perished still more rapidly. He then placed under the influence of electricity some of the animals covered with plates of tin and found that so long as they remained connected with the electrical current their vigor appeared to be restored; but that whenever it was arrested they appeared ready to perish.

**ENGLISH BOWMEN.**—The bow was put into the hand of every English boy at the age of seven, and ceased not to furnish him with both sport and occupation till his arm had lost its strength. Nor was this done as a matter of choice only. From the era of the Conqueror down to the introduction of the musket, laws were repeatedly enacted for the purpose of compelling the yeomanry of England to keep up their skill in the use of this truly national weapon. Thus we find it enjoined, so late as the reign of Henry VII., that "if any parent or master, having a youth or youths under 17 years of age, should suffer any one of them to want a bow and two arrows for one month together, he should, for every such neglect, forfeit 6s. 8d.; and every servant above 17 years of age, and under 60, who received wages, neglecting to furnish himself as here directed, shall, for every default, forfeit 6s. 8d."

**ASTHMA.**—A writer in the Bangor Whig recommends the application of cold water and frictions to the body as a cure for the Asthma. He says he means "merely the applying a very coarse towel, perfectly wet, to the whole surface of the body, and then a dry one, equally coarse, with as much friction as possible. Sea water is preferable, but if not at hand, make your spring water about as salt. The best time for the purpose is the evening, at the retiring hour, and will not occupy more than fifteen minutes."

**A SAD STORY.**—A friend has related to us the facts detailed below. We are assured they are strictly true. We lay them before the public, because they convey an impressive warning. For obvious reasons the name of the young man is withheld. About six years ago, W.—T.—, a son of one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of a neighboring state, graduated with decided credit, at Yale College. He attained his majority about the same time, and then came in possession of \$17,000 in ready money. Thus, all the advantages that wealth, talents, and friends can secure, were at his command.

With the laudable desire of obtaining a practical knowledge of men and things in Europe, before commencing the profession he had selected, he made tour of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, France, &c. Unfortunately, while in Paris he formed associations which led him into all the vices and extravagances of that gay and dissolute city. Spell bound, he lingered there until habits of dissipation and vice were confirmed, and his funds nearly exhausted.

After an absence of ten years he returned to his native land. In the mean time reverses had overtaken his father, under the weight of which the old man sank into the grave. Young T.—was thus left to his own resources.—These, alas, had been so perverted and corrupted that there was nothing left to influence him for good; and from this time his downward course was rapid and without a moment's halt. Step by step he went on, until money, character, friends, were all gone, and he was reduced to the utmost destitution.

The other day this young man came to Covington, poorly clad, and without a cent of money. He begged the privilege of saving a load of wood to obtain a meal's victuals. On the previous night, he said he had pawned a pocket knife for the privilege of sleeping on a pallet of straw in the lowest haunt of the degraded.—"Sausage Row," in Cincinnati.—Such a change had intemperance wrought in a few short years.

We need not enlarge. The bare recital of the facts teaches a moral, and proclaims a warning that all may understand.

The case we have named is marked and peculiar in the rapid stride from wealth and honor, to poverty and degradation; but in other respects it is the history of thousands. The

beginning with all is the same—idleness, bad associations and loose principles. And the end is the same—poverty, disgrace, and wretchedness!—(Covington [Ky.] Journal.

**A CALIFORNIA INCIDENT.**—Many touching incidents daily occur among the thousands flocking to the new El Dorado. Not long since we heard of a clerk in a Wall street bank, who caught the 'yellow fever' so suddenly and had it so severely, that he was carried off by it ere he could procure a change of raiment or take a parting leave of her who had borne him, and who like Rachel of old, when she heard the news, refused to be comforted. Another incident occurred on the departure of the Peytona on her long voyage. As usual a large crowd had gathered on the pier, including several females, to bid a last adieu to relatives, friends and lovers. One girl, who had probably seen seventeen summers, particularly attracted our attention. She was a beautiful blonde, clothed in a plain tho' neat dress—with remarkably rosy cheeks—a lip the bee might swoon on, and soft dark eyes, now a little dimmed by the gathering moisture of sadness. While others were hurrying to and fro, she stood on the edge of the pier gazing earnestly at the vessel, now losing from her moorings. Her eyes were fixed on a handsome young man leaning over the railing, rigged out in California dress, who was no less intently watching the fair girl he was leaving. Just as the vessel began to move in the water and recede from the wharf, the tears unbidden started from their source—tears, in whose dumb grief there was a powerful eloquence, filled her large melting eyes, and stretching out her hands to him, in a most thrillingly plaintive whisper, she said, 'Charley! ain't you sorry now?' The color fled from Charley's cheek, his pale lip quivered a moment, and then he turned, without speaking, to hide himself and his tears in the cabin; and we turned away thinking that that young man perchance was leaving behind him, in that fond and loving heart, a treasure of more worth than all the wealth of California, and thinking, too, were we of those lines—

"When eyes are beaming,  
What never tongue might tell;  
When tears are streaming  
From their crystal well,  
When hands are linked that dread to part,  
And heart is met by throbbing heart—  
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart  
Of them that bid farewell!"

[N. Y. Post.

**THE EASTERN MAIL.**

**WATERVILLE, FEB. 8.**

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

**NO. KEN. AG. & HOR. SOCIETY.**

The Annual Meeting of "North Kennebec Agricultural & Horticultural Society" was held at the Town Hall in Waterville, on Tuesday, the 30th inst., according to notice given. The following is a list of the Officers chosen:

COL. E. H. SCRIBNER, President.  
R. H. GREENE, 1st Vice do.  
JOHNSON WILLIAMS, 2d do.  
JOS. PERCIVAL, Treas. & Coll.  
W. DYER, Secretary.  
AMASA DINGLEY, Agent.  
W. DYER, Librarian.  
COL. E. H. SCRIBNER,  
ALLEN JONES,  
ROBT. R. DRUMMOND,  
H. JAQUITH,  
COL. I. MARSTON.

The report of the Trustees showed a healthy state of the Treasury.

The following premiums were awarded on crops:—\$3 to Jediah Morell of Waterville on Winter Wheat, his crop being 22 bushels from 7-8 an acre of land; \$2 to Frederic Paine of Winslow, for Spring Rye; \$2 to Reuben Eaton of Waterville, on Ruta Baga Turnips; \$2 to H. Jaquith of Albion, for about three thousand seedling Apple Trees.

The following Votes were passed by large majorities, and those relating to the Constitution by more than two thirds the number present voting therefore:—

**Voted,** To appropriate fifty dollars of the funds in the Treasury for the purchase of Agricultural Books for the use of the Society, and that members of the Society be invited to make donations of such Agricultural Books as they may have, for the increase of the Library.

**Voted,** That Jos. Percival, R. H. Greene and Eph. Maxham be a committee to select and purchase books.

**Voted,** To amend the bye laws, by adding thereto the following article, viz: no member shall draw from the Treasury of the Society a premium, after one year from the time it is awarded, but if not withdrawn within one year it shall be forfeited to the Society.

**Voted,** To amend the bye laws, by providing that members shall be helden for assessments, not exceeding one dollar each per annum, until they shall give notice to the Secretary of their wish to withdraw from the Society, and shall have paid all arrearages due to the Society from them.

**Voted,** To choose a committee of one or more in each Town to solicit members.

The following persons were chosen on said Committee: J. F. Hunnewell, China; Fred. Paine, Winslow; Chas. Drummond, do.; Obad. Emery, Fairfield; Asa C. Holbrook, do.; Daniel Allen, do.; J. L. Seavey, Unity; H. Jaquith and Albert Crosby, Albion; Amos Rollins and Crowell Taylor, Belgrade; Isaiah Taylor, Smithfield; J. B. Clifford, Sebasticook; Dunbar Howard, Clinton; Levi Ricker, Waterville; J. H. Haines, Burnham.

On motion of Allen Jones, **Voted,** That the next Cattle Show & Fair be held at Waterville.

On motion of J. Percival, **Voted,** That the next Annual Meeting be helden at the Town Hall in Waterville.

**Voted,** To recommend the getting up of Farmer's Club's in the different Towns.

**Voted,** That the Secretary furnish a copy of the proceedings of this meeting for publication.

**Voted,** To adjourn to the first Tuesday in

October next, at ten o'clock A. M., at this place.

**WILLIAM DYER, Secretary.**

**"THE MORALS OF GARDINER."**—Who would have supposed, after the Fountain's broad ship at Waterville—yes Waterville, not the rum-drinkers—for drinking rum and for that awful "brandy murder," that any rum could be found in Gardiner? A sly work, that of yours, brother Fountain, throwing stones at Waterville from so poor a concealment. Probably you had not seen the fifteen or twenty thousand dollars worth of the filthy stuff concealed in the stores in Gardiner, when you threw up your hands with such holy horror at hearing that somebody in Waterville had sold some fifteen hundred dollars worth in a year. Who then thought of pleading that a single store out of the dozens who sell in Gardiner, had two or three thousand dollars worth of spirits concealed in its den, with steady customers enough to warrant its sale before the boats could add to the supply? No wonder you are shocked at the wickedness of Waterville! And you ought to be interested in the state of the traffic in Waterville; for how, unless we are short, can you find a market for a supply that doubtless would average several gallons to each man, woman and child in Gardiner? Is this the ground of your offence with Waterville?

But to the facts. We are told by a gentleman from Gardiner, that on Tuesday night of last week, one or more individuals entered the store of Mr. Stewart, of that place, and tapped as many rum-punches, as contained liquors estimated by the owner at from two to three thousand dollars. On the following morning the several apartments in which it was stored gave evidence of the greatest spree ever acted in Gardiner—though it is said the Joser considers himself essentially bored by his guests.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

**"THE CALIFORNIA FEVER."**

It is really amusing to one uninfected with this terribly contagious infatuation, to witness the lightning like rapidity of its spread, and notice the immediate effect it has upon those who are "in for it." The Eastern Spec isn't to be named in the "same day of the week;" it is almost impossible to resist the infection. The papers are filled with lumps of gold, and varying in size from a pea to a pound, and from that to any quantity. Vessels of all classes are advertised, each one having the best accommodations—immediate application necessary, as only a few berths remain unengaged. Companies and associations are daily organizing with magical celerity. Shares at all prices, from fifty dollars to the modest thousand; money of no possible object for an outfit! a penny in this way ensures a pound of the thing itself. We leave an acquaintance at night as well as usual; by morning he is transformed into a regular "yellow boy," and must sell out straight; he's one "victim" and 'bound to tote.' Another, whom you deemed fever proof, calls your attention to an article headed 'Ho for California! goods at twenty per cent. discount! splendid bargains! enormous sacrifice!' all in consequence of the proprietor's leaving for the gold diggings. In fact it is impossible to calculate the extent of this infection. 'I'm going to Sacramento,' is the song of the day. 'I reckon' some will sing another and quite a different tune on their return from Sacramento, 'Alguno de estos dias.' But *chanzas aparte*, or seriously, Mr. Editor, should not those who intend embarking in so hazardous an enterprise 'consider well' ere they leave their native land for the dangerous climate of 'placer?' A new and entirely different constitution ought to be manufactured for our northern people going there. I am positive they do not realise the extent of the risk; very few can go through with an entire change of climate and habits of living with impunity. Let them read the conclusion of many advertisements of vessels bound for Chagres, San Francisco, &c.—An experienced surgeon will go out in the ship; (what for?) then, by way of filling up the compliment, they may as well add, 'an old and skilful grave-digger,' and they have all the necessary requisites for a pleasant voyage and a 'good time' in perspective. I fear there will be, among many, more digging of graves than of gold; but 'we shall see.'

**ADIOS.**

**MAD DOGS.**—The citizens of Gardiner held a public meeting on Monday evening last, for the purpose of adopting proper measures for security against mad dogs. Resolutions were passed, apparently designed to relieve the citizens, so far as it could be done without legislation, of undue restraints upon their hostility to dogs. They did not resolve to kill the dogs—but that the life of all dogs found at large without muzzles, "ought to be considered"—whether by the dogs themselves or by their enemies, they do not say—"as forfeited, [to whom?] until it be otherwise hereafter determined." Of course hydrophobia is at an end in Gardiner.

We hear that great excitement prevails in the vicinity of Keene, N. H., in consequence of several persons having been bitten by dogs thought to be mad.

A dog was killed last week in Foxborough, Mass., after having bitten eighteen other dogs, and one horse. Many persons narrowly escaped being bitten. He was at last killed by a man who pursued him with a gun. The man came upon him in the woods, and fired at him a bird charge without effect. The dog turned furiously upon him, and he despatched him with the butt of the gun.

The "mad dog fever," is it now called, prevails everywhere, especially in the large cities, and villages in their vicinity. As yet there is no danger in Waterville, and probably there is no danger till somebody is bitten. It is due to the dogs that nothing should be done till they "begin the row,"—and then the sooner the price of sausages comes down the better, for all—except the dogs.

**LYCEUM.**—There will be a Lecture before the Lyceum on Friday, the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Thurston of Waterville.

[From our Boston Correspondent.]

**Boston, Feb. 5, 1899.**

**Friend Maxham:**—According to statistics furnished in the sixteenth annual report of the State Lunatic Asylum, just published by the Legislature of this State, the married life is much more favorable to a healthy condition of the intellect than the unmarried. I quote the following reasons from the Report: "The unsettled purpose of life with the unmarried, and their solitary, wandering habits, tend to distract the mind and injure the physical health; whereas the necessity the married person has of concentrating his efforts to supply the wants of a family, and his attachment to home and place of rest, all tend to induce habits of sobriety and a healthy activity of body and mind. Man needs the sympathies of his fellow man, and he needs motives to call forth his activity of mind and body sufficient for their own healthy growth and condition. Such sympathies and motives to action are best presented by the domestic relations." As this is experience that speaks truth, we need only say, "A word to the wise," &c.

We have an Italian Opera in full blast at this time; it is a branch of the one which has been in New York. It started with the intention of being an aristocratic pleasure, and by this means reap a 'Californian harvest.' But alas for human hopes! it has had 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' When it first came, there could be seen, in large letters, the following announcement:—'No improper persons will be admitted into the dress circles.' The meaning of this was, that no one could appear there without an opera suit, which is, for gentlemen, a dress coat, white vest, and white kid gloves; in New York they include opera shirts, which are very elegant and cost from five to twelve dollars apiece. I attended, (but not in the dress circle) and saw and heard the whole of an Italian opera, and I would not go across the street to see another. The whole of it seemed to be this. Up rose the curtain; then the fiddles began to scrape; then the horns began to blow; then the little fiddles were wrathful at that, and got the big fiddles to help them; then the horns got the drum to help them: just as that took place, in came a fancifully dressed little fellow, with awful big whiskers, who looked cross at the orchestra, opened a place in the hair where everybody else has a mouth, and began to say something; then the whole of the music, which but a moment before had been fighting among themselves, united and 'hopped on' to him; then he began to rave, and apparently pleaded for the audience to help him—but not a word could we hear.—There they went it, first one then the other; for my part I didn't care which beat. Just then, in came a fanciful looking woman, and began to take his part; first she tried coaxing, then she began to scold, and finally they both got raving mad. Just at that time in came a lot of girls and fellows. My goodness! then the fun began. First one tried it, then another; but it was no go. Then they all took hold and tried it; they hallowed and screamed away until they got tired; then the curtain dropped. They went through about the same thing five or six times, and it was all over. I don't know how those felt who hallowed so, but surely the musicians appeared to be tired enough, and glad to get off so. Why, I would rather saw wood than work as hard as they did. This is my impression of an Italian Opera.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler (she is the one concerned in the great divorce case) has been giving readings of Shakespeare, the past week. She charges 50 cents for admittance. I have not heard her, as I am egotistical enough to think I can read one of his plays cheaper than that; but others don't think so.

Great preparations are being made for St. Valentine's Day, which is the 14th of this month. The show-windows are filled with pictorial and other emblematical designs, suited to the taste and purse of all; they can be purchased from 6 cents to 50 dollars apiece. Some of them are really elegant, both in design and finish, but the most of them are of the lowest kind of taste. Such daubs are not fit for any young man to send to a young lady; but thousands are sold and sent to the ladies—and gentlemen, doubtless; as the senders think for sport—but what sport or wit there is in the uncouth figures is more than I can see.

You will recollect that I wrote to you about the Reform School for Boys. So successful has it been, and so much is it approved of by the public, that a Reform School for Girls is talked of; in fact, the Grand Jury of this county publicly recommend it, as being the best thing that the State could do for itself. I hope they will show no partiality in doing good, but continue to go on as they have begun.

We had about three days' sleighing this last week, but yesterday completely destroyed it. This morning we are in the midst of a rousing snow storm; it comes down as though it meant to stay, but I fear it will turn to rain, as it is growing warmer. I really hope it will make good sleighing, as it makes winter seem so cheerful, and gives an impetus to business.

**ZIGZAG.**

**DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF FIVE LIVES.**







**MOLASSES, SALT, CORN & PLASTER.**  
JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by the subscribers  
75 Hds. Prime retailing Molasses.  
10 Tier. & Bbls. 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 & TARRED CORDAGE.**  
All of the above-named articles will be sold on the most favorable terms for Cash or approved credit.  
Waterville, Oct. 26th 1888. FAINE & GUTCHELL.

**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 Kennebec, 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 new and beautiful patterns of clocks, of 1 day, 20 hours, 8 day and 10 day.  
Also, a splendid assortment of watches, Jewelry, Britannia, silver and plated ware, cutlery, fancy goods, accordeons, trunks, toys, &c.  
Also, for sale Solar Lamp Shades, cut and plain ground, white and chimney. 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, 1888. C. J. WINGATE.

**Dentistry.**

**DR. D. BURBANK, SURGEON DENTIST**

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 system of Medicine, offers his services to the citizens of New Sharon and vicinity. He treats scrofulous, chronic and debilitated cases on one system which has recently been attended with such peculiar success, and he hopes to give satisfaction to such as may call on him.  
ADVICE GRATIS, IN ALL CASES.  
Sept. 16, 1888.

**FREE SPEECH.**

A LITTLE more grape Capt. Bragg's "ingit" Ladies, if you want a good Muff, Victorine or Bon, call at the *Waterville Free Store*, C. R. Phillips, and he will sell you 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, have now become a standard Medicine, universally approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for *Scrofulous, Mercurial and Cutaneous Diseases*; Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Constipation, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Hysteria, Eruptions on the face or body, Cancerous Sores, King's Evil, chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, 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, strengthening the stomach and body, and checking all consumptive habits, the Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters are entirely unrivaled.  
Prepared and sold by  
DAVID F. BRADLEY & SON,  
120 Water Street, Waterville, Me.

AGENTS—Waterville, WILLIAM DYER; Norridgewock, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & No. 10; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Mercer, Hamblin; 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 Boston by E. L. SMITH.

No. 1 Ticonic Row.

**JUST RECEIVED**

A T. 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 BBL'S.** "Gardner Mills Family Flour," just received, and for sale by

Nov. 9th, 1888. (16.) FAINE & GUTCHELL.

**BILLINGS' PECTORAL CANDY.**

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c.

THIS candy is pleasant to the taste and contains no ingredient 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.

**JUST RECEIVED, a fine lot of Sweet Potatoes**

by E. L. SMITH.

**JOSEPH MARSTON,**

DEALER IN

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

West India Goods and Groceries.

Crockery and Glass Ware.

Also, Pure Sperm, Water strained, Solar and Linseed Oils, Coarse, Ground and Blown Salt, Irish Moss, Suet, Hemp and Manila Bedsteads, &c.

The above goods will be sold for cash or short and approved credit.

**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.

20 Boxes do.

10 Bags Old Java, St. Domingo, and P. Cabello Coffee.

5 Boxes Grant's Tobacco.

2 Ties Rice.

10 Bbls. Pork.

20 Quinits 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. BURRAN has just received an elegant assortment of Fringes, and Clock Trimmings.

Nov. 20th, 1888.

**CASH**

PAID for all kinds of SHIPPING FURS at 2c.

C. R. PHILLIPS.

**EXTRACT OF CANCHALAGUA.**  
THIS is a California plant of rare virtues, possessing in a higher degree all the Medical Properties of Sarsaparilla, and a certain prevention and cure for consumption, coughs, colds, influenza, asthma, inflammation, 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.
- 1 " 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.
- 1 " Mixed do.
- 3-4 " Plaid do.
- 1 " Broadcloth Dress Coats.
- 1 " do. do. Frocks.
- 2 doz. 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. Overall.

**BOY'S CLOTHING.**

- 2 doz. Cass. Sacks & Frocks.
- 5 " Satin do.
- 1 " prs. Striped Doeskin 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, 1888. (13-47)

**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 qualities of this stove defy competition.

ALSO,

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

In addition to the above the Subscribers have an extensive 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 small 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 Chamber Stoves, Box and Plate Stoves for Halls, School-Houses, Churches, Stores, &c.

Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron work done to order.

Stove Furnel of every dimension always on hand, with an extensive assortment of Tin Ware.

**HAIRWARE.**

all kinds of Tools, Saws, hand and mill, cordage, nails, glass, pumps, lead, zinc, house fittings, copper kettles, scythes and other farmer's implements, household articles, &c., &c.

Waterville, June 28th, 1888. J. R. FOSTER & CO.,

Rich Saffin and Silk Vestings just received by J. Q. A. BUTTS, Cannan.

**Furniture Ware Room.**

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 open for sale a complete assortment of

**CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS,**

embracing

Sofas, card, centre and Work Tables, of various patterns Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Wash stands, Chamber-sinks Toilet-tables, Light-stands, &c., &c.

WITH A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Mahogany and cane-back Rocking-chairs, cane and wood-seat do., of various patterns, Children's do., Children's willow Carriages, Cradles, &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, 1888. (13-47)

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

**F. & B. C. PAINE**

HAVE, at their mill in Winslow village, a plenty of a good **GROUND PLASTER** as can be bought which they will exchange for money or produce on fair terms.

A CHOICE lot of Groceries, Dry Stuff, Lamp Oil Mats, Tubs, Churns, Brushes, Brooms, &c., for sale by WILLIAM DYER, Druggist.

June 1st, 1888. (13-47)

**FISH FOR SALE.**

3000 LBS. of Fish from 2 to 4 cts. per lb. by JOSEPH MARSTON.

**GLOVES! GLOVES! GLOVES!!!**

BUCK for lined, for backs, common and fine Buck, Norway Donskin, Wool, fringed, Sealmen, Chamotte, Kid, white and colored, and Silk Gloves of all kinds, for sale at the Glove Depot.

18 C. R. PHILLIPS'S.

**FINE Cassimeres and Doeskins, just rec'd by BUTTS, Cannan.**

**FLANNELS.**

RED Yellow, White and Salted Flannels, just received at J. WILLIAMS & SONS.

**PLAIN and plaid ALPACAS, some beautiful styles just received by BUTTS, Cannan.**

**BOOTS, SHOES & CROCKERY, just received by BUTTS, Cannan.**

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

June 1st, 1888.

**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, Elliptic Springs, Anvils, Circular, and Mill Saws, Fire Frames, Fire Dogs, Oven, Ash and Boiler Moulds, 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, common Sheet Iron Airtight, Office Box and other Stoves. Also—a full supply of fresh Ground LEAD of different qualities and all other kinds of Paints—Linseed, Spermaceti and Whale Oil—Turpentine, Turpentine, Japan, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best qualities—

Manilla Cordage, Harness, Sole, Patent, Covering, Dasher and Top Leather, Carriage Trimmings, &c.

**Goodley'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 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, 1888. (41-ly.)

**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,**

32, 34, 36, 38, ANN-ST. Boston.

**LADIES!**

**YOUR LITTLE CHILDREN**

can be fitted out with their Autumn and Winter 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' Overalls made to order.

THE EXTENT OF THIS

**MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT**

Can only be known by a visit.

**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,**

PROPRIETOR.

**A. & K. RAILROAD.**

NOTICE is hereby given that two assessments of five per cent. each, (being the eighteenth and nineteenth assessments,) upon the stock of each and every stockholder in the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company, whose stock has not been paid for in full, have been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and the same will be due and payable to the Treasurer of said Company, at his office in Waterville, as follows, to-wit:

The eighteenth assessment on the first day of February next.

The nineteenth assessment on the first day of March next.

(23rd March.)

Dec. 28th, 1888. EDWIN NOYES,

Treasurer A. & K. R. R. Co.

**MONTHLY BULLETIN, No. 11.**

The Graefenberg Company most earnestly commend to public notice the following

bulletin, which is the only one that has been adopted among their series, and which bears the Seal of the Company, without which none is genuine.

**J. MARSHALL'S UTERINE**

**CATHOLICON.**

A certain cure for Prolapsus Uteri, (falling of the womb) and for all other uterine and

menstrual diseases. This medicine is the only one extant in any country, which cures Prolapsus Uteri. It gives almost immediate relief in even the most hopeless cases, and rarely fails of an effectual cure. A great amount of evidence to this effect is on file, the particulars 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, and it is the only ointment of the