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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II. NO. 50.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, at No. 8 1/2 BOUTWELL BLOCK, AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

An Original Tale.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER:
A TALE OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

WRITTEN FOR THE MAIL BY MUSTAPHA.
CHAPTER IV.

Pedro remained in Toledo but a short time after the death of his mother. The stories of the New World abounding in gold were communicated from mouth to mouth, and readily found many a believer, especially among those whose fortune had become impaired. Pedro was one of those who eagerly looked towards the western world to restore his wealth, and resolved to sail thither on the first opportunity. Not that Pedro loved wealth for itself; not that he was avaricious. He desired wealth only so far as it would enable him to alleviate distress and render him capable of imparting comfort to those who were writhing under the strong grasp of poverty. Perhaps, too, he might have thought he would be more worthy of Catalina's love. He had won her hand when thoughts and prospects of poverty were distant as eternity. Could he now rightly claim her love? These were thoughts that agitated his mind and incited him to make an attempt for retrieving his fortunes.

In a short time an opportunity offered to embark for the New World; and the evening preceding the morning he was to bid adieu to the place of his nativity, he sought Catalina to communicate his designs, from whom he had studiously kept them concealed until now, and bid the object of his dearest hopes a long farewell. She did not, however, receive him as cordially as he anticipated, but he ascribed it to her sorrow for his departure. It was late ere he left his love, and as he pressed her hand for the last time, Pedro looked into her dark eye, and while a tear glistened in his own, he sought Catalina, as she valued his life, his happiness, to forget him not when he was far away; she was the strongest, the only tie that bound him to earth, and he entreated her never to snap that asunder. Ere many years had rolled away he would return, regain the princely home from whence he had been driven, and take his loved one to his bosom. And here, away from the jarring scenes of life, they would dwell, happy in each other's love.

A slight agitation was visible in Catalina, and her eye fell to the floor, but she replied in an earnest, tender tone, 'I am thine, Pedro, now and ever; and no mortal hand can tear from my breast the love I bear to thee, or claim me in marriage, save thine.'

The Spanish maiden ceased, and Pedro answered, 'It is well, I will believe thee, and henceforth I will be true to thee, and hasten to retrieve my fortunes from the room.'

A few hours witnessed Pedro on his way to the New World. The vessel on board of which he had embarked was bound to Cuba, whither she arrived after a very tempestuous voyage. To the governor, Don Diego Velasquez, Pedro immediately repaired and laid before him his letters of introduction. The governor made him a liberal grant of land, with a *repartimiento* of Indians, as this, though slow, was the most sure way to wealth. He continued to till the land, however, but a short time. The memorable expedition under Cortes was fitting out, and to this Pedro resolved to attach himself. He soon won the confidence and esteem of Cortes, who confided to him his most secret plans. But ere they set sail for the unknown shores of the land of gold, a new misfortune revealed itself to Pedro, that well nigh tore his heart strings asunder.

He had, after his arrival in the New World, communicated with Catalina, and received a letter from her in return breathing nothing but love. A second came, and he received it the evening before the fleet was to weigh anchor the ensuing morning. He was on board of Cortes' vessel and alone with him in the cabin. With haste he broke the seal and glanced at the contents. His face grew ashy pale, his eye gleamed with unearthly brightness; his right hand crushed the letter, and his left grasped convulsively towards a chair that stood near by. But he did not reach it and he fell senseless upon the floor. Cortes sprang forward and raised Pedro up, chafed his temples, and at length restored him to consciousness. Pedro handed his commander the crumpled letter to explain this mysterious behavior. The latter received it, and having before been made acquainted with Pedro's history and relations in life, read with astonishment the following—

"Respected Sir:

"Perhaps I should do injustice to you, as well as to my own feelings, to withhold from you longer my sentiments with reference to yourself. The time has been when I loved you feverently, or at least so I thought. That time exists no longer. You gained my consent to be yours, when you occupied a situation in life far different from the one now held by you. When your situation changed, of course our relation to each other changed likewise. Such at least we should expect would follow. I therefore ask you to release me from an obligation which your generous heart will no longer consider binding. Should you wed me, you would wed a cold heart—one that cannot love you, and one that may already be another's. Hoping and expecting you to consider me in no other light than that of a friend, as such I subscribe myself

"Yours, CATALINA NUNEZ.

"To Don Pedro de Leon."

Cortes gazed intently upon the floor for a moment after he had read the letter of the false hearted Catalina, and then turned to his companion, who sat by his side with his face buried in his hands. 'My friend,' he began consolingly, 'think no longer of her who has shown herself false to the regions of the damned. She loved you as long as your wealth dazzled her eyes; but when it had flown, when you were left homeless and destitute, then she no longer regarded you. And such is false-hearted and capricious woman! Let others exclaim her constancy, let others bless her as our ministering angel, our guardian spirit, upon the hand of misfortune, press heavily upon us; but it is not so. She seeks only to reveal in wealth, and her heart, like the plastic wax, receives the deepest impress from him who is weighed down most heavily by her only delight, her only thought, her only wish. But you shall be revenged; your hour of triumph

shall yet come. You shall enter with me the golden fields now dimly shadowed forth, and draw from thence exhaustless wealth. And you shall return, too, with me to the land of our birth, where that false one may behold with her own eyes your honors and your triumph. Now you and I are bound together more strongly than before, and you shall know what a Cortes' friendship is.'

Pedro seized his hand and swore to follow his fortunes, whatever they were and wherever they led him. Henceforth life had but few attractions, and he would live only for revenge. A slight rap at the cabin door interrupted Pedro, and Cortes hastened to see what was wanted. A few words were whispered to him that caused him a sudden exclamation of surprise, and thanking the individual for his kindness he closed the door and resumed his seat by the side of Pedro.

'What think you, inquired Cortes, 'what think you I have just heard? It is nothing less than that Velasquez intends to remove me from the command of the fleet tomorrow. But I will anticipate him; for ere the treacherous governor has risen from his bed, I will be far on my way and certainly out of his power. What say you, Pedro, are you ready to take your departure?'

'Yes,' answered his companion, 'I would go this moment, or whenever my commander desires.'

'It is well,' replied Cortes. 'I go to make ready for our departure, and when I return we will weigh anchor and trust ourselves to fortune.' So saying he withdrew from the cabin and left Pedro alone.

We need not follow him through the long and tempestuous voyage that succeeded; we need not follow him through the dangers he passed—the fierce fought battles of Tlascala, the horrors of the 'Noche Triste,' in all of which he showed himself worthy of his station and one of the firmest props of Cortes' wavering fortunes. So great had become his adroitness in the use of the sword that he had but few equals in the camp; and like Sandoval, he never seemed more gay and yet terrific, than when plunging into the centre of hostile armies. Of Catalina he had spoken but once after the heart-rending letter he received. In the captured army of Narvaez was a soldier from Pedro's native city, and of him he inquired concerning her. The intelligence he gained was that she had married a wealthy but dissipated young man, and they were living in the most extravagant luxury. By comparing the date of her marriage with the time he received her letter, he found it had already taken place when the letter reached him. No word of complaint or exclamation of surprise escaped him, and the observer would not recognize that the intelligence caused him more than a moment's pang; but far different was the case—the tempest was raging within. It gradually, however, passed away, and he became as free, as joyous, and apparently as happy as he was ere misfortune had forced her chance to his lips. Ah! strong is his whose eye reveals it not—whose cheek pales not—whose tongue betrays no unmanly thoughts, and whose form moves erect when the soul is a perfect volcano, when it heaves and struggles to escape.

Pedro had never sought a separate command, for he always desired to be near his chieftain. And Cortes, too, desired him at his side. His arm lost its strength and his eye its confidence, if Pedro was not there, and he appeared to gaze vacantly upon the stirring conflict, like Napoleon without Ney or Bessieres upon whom to lean.

On the morning that witnessed the terrible catastrophe of the 'puente cuicada,' Pedro charged upon the retreating natives by the side of his general. It appeared as if the long delayed hour had at last come—the hour that was to witness the downfall of the proudest city of the western world. On, swept the gay cavaliers, vying with each other in deeds of heroic daring, when an awful peal smote their ears—the shrill notes of the enemy's terrible war-drums. The Indians, maddened at the sound, turn with fierce valor upon their enemy. From every street and lane and house, from a thousand places of concealment, pour a ceaseless multitude of the foe upon that devoted band of cavaliers. Their gay and victorious career is checked, and with sad yet determined hearts they turned to cut a way back to their camp. The enemy were particularly desirous of capturing 'Wallache,' as Cortes was called by the natives, and with terrific shouts they sprang upon him, dragged him from his horse, and were hurrying him away. But there was an eye that beheld him struggling with the enemy; that eye was Pedro's. With a yell of rage he plunged his spurs deep into his charger, and in a moment he was by the side of his commander. In 'horrid circles' swept his good sword among the foe, who, panic struck, released their prize and fell back. In an instant Pedro sprang from his horse, seized Cortes and compelled him to mount in his place; then adding, 'Farewell, my beloved chieftain, and remember one whose greatest desire has been to serve you faithfully; he struck with the flat of his sword the flank of his charger, which soon bore Cortes out of the reach of danger.

But not so with Pedro. The enemy returned upon him, but his coat of mail protected him from their arrows, and planting his back against the wall of a building he kept them at bay for a time with his sword, until from exhaustion it fell from his grasp and he dropped upon the ground. In a moment the enemy were upon him, pinioned his arms and with savage yells bore him away to that prison house whence none had ever issued but to be offered a bloody sacrifice on the reeking altar of the war-god of the Aztecs.

CHAPTER V.

Sandoval, after leaving Cortes' tent, proceeded directly to his own, and assembling some of his most trustworthy soldiers stated to them his determination to attempt the rescue of Pedro, who had fallen into the heathen's hands, and ended with asking them if they were willing to accompany him on so perilous an expedition. They all to a man intimated their willingness to follow wherever he should lead; but selecting only five from the number, that volunteered to accompany him, he bid these prepare immediately for the undertaking. He also ordered them to protect their bodies with coats of mail, over which to place the white cotton garment of the Mexican warriors, in order to resemble the natives as far as possible. Those who were not to accompany him he ordered to lie in ambush outside the city, and perhaps render him assistance on his return.

Having finished his arrangements, and those he had selected returning, prepared for the expedition, with a beating heart and a prayer to the Virgin, Sandoval and his little band set out upon their perilous adventure.

The night favored the enterprise. The moon had risen in splendor; but as if sick at the sight of the horrid rites enacted in the city, she had hid her face behind the dark clouds that were covering the heavens. It was with difficulty that the little band kept on the right way, on account of the darkness; but for this they thanked the Virgin, as it concealed them from the view of the enemy. Silently and with hurried steps, their good swords drawn and beneath their white garments of cotton, they wended their way towards the distant 'teocalli,' from whence issued the gurgling shrieks of victims as the priests tore from their breasts their hot and palpitating hearts to offer upon the altar of the bloody war-god. Sandoval and his comrades shuddered at those awful death shrieks, not knowing but such might be their fate, yet with determined hearts they pressed on and resolved to execute their mission or perish in the attempt.

On they hurried, and at length arrived at the foot of the temple on the top of which were those rites celebrating upon which the damned would blush to gaze. Here our little party stationed themselves and awaited the approach of those who were to conduct the object of their expedition to his death; for they were well aware that the most important captive was always reserved by the barbarians to crown the sacrifice. Nor did they await long; yet the suspense they were under was more harrowing, more terrible than the thought of meeting the enemy in fierce encounter. A man may march boldly up to the bristling bayonet, or may storm with enthusiastic shouts the well defended redoubt, and in the whirlpool of excitement no thoughts of fear or danger may agitate his breast; but compel a soldier to remain inactive—remove the fierce excitement of charging squadrons and the mortal encounter of arm to arm—let him stand and in silence await the approach of that moment which shall ensure to him life or death, and when both are equally certain—let him be thus situated, and his suspense is more dreadful than words can express.

But our little band of adventurers were happily relieved in a measure by the distant shouting of the multitude. Nearer and still nearer the distant sounds approach. With straining eyes and throbbing hearts, Sandoval and his followers anxiously wished the appearance of the foe; and soon their wish was gratified. Suddenly they appeared round the corner of a street, and with their flaming torches and hideous forms they presented a wild and fantastic appearance. In the middle of this body of Indians, Sandoval beheld the object of his expedition. Yes, there indeed was Pedro. In the midst of his enemies, with his arms bound firmly behind him, and with none near as he thought who would succor or pity, he walked with a calm and dignified step toward the place he knew was to witness his terrible death. No useless struggles were made by him; no pleadings for life came from his lips; no unavailing promises. The brave man, when these are useless—when no way of escape is offered—calmly and unresistingly submits to his fate; and the coward strives when all hope has fled, and with vain efforts seeks to prolong his existence.

On they came, little dreaming of the terrible struggle soon to commence, and now they were about to ascend the dread steps of the heathen's temple. But a power was there to dispute the passage—arms that were nerved with the energy that the love of life gives to man.

'God and the Virgin protect us!' was heard in deep and determined tones, and the next instant the gleaming swords of Sandoval and his five followers were hewing a path to where their friend stood in amazement at this unexpected interposition in his behalf. Ah! now was Sandoval at home. The dying shrieks, the swaying forms, and the ringing of steel, told there was fierce work here. And now the lieutenant had nearly cleared for himself a path to Pedro, when, shouting to his friend, 'I come to save you!' he plunged his sword into the only remaining savage that stood between them, and in a moment cutting the bonds that bound his friend's arms, he handed him a rapier he had brought from the camp. But now their situation was desperate. The enemy upon the top of the temple had caught the sound of the conflict, and a perfect torrent of them were pouring down its sides. The surviving Indians of the party that had conducted Pedro hither, seeing assistance at hand, rallied and closed around the Spaniards. With desperate energy they sprang forward and at length succeeded in cutting their way through. But not until Pedro, who was not protected by armor, had received several severe wounds, and indeed it needed all his skill in the use of his weapon to save him from the barbarian spears. In haste they turned from the dangerous position they occupied. One of their number had been pierced by the enemies' weapons, and though not dead they were compelled to leave him to satisfy the whetted appetite of the cannibals into whose hands he had fallen.

Taking the street by which they had come hither, the survivors hastened towards their camp, followed by a host of eager enemies. The darkness helped the Spaniards elude their pursuers, and at length, panting from their incredible exertions, and bleeding from many a wound, they flung themselves across a canal that separated them from their friends, and stood in their midst. A shout went up to heaven for this return as it were from the grave, and tears of joy stood in the eyes of those hardy men—eyes that were unaccustomed to weep.

CHAPTER VI.

A slight noise was heard at the door of Cortes' apartment, and in a moment the conqueror sprang to his feet. The next instant it swung open and Sandoval entered. A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of Cortes as he beheld his lieutenant, unattended and with a shade of sadness upon his features.

'Then Pedro has perished,' said the former, in tones of bitter sadness, 'and his heart is now smothered on yonder altar of heathen abominations. But his death, as well as the sacrifice of others of my brave followers, shall be avenged; and I now solemnly swear to level with the ground every building in our path of yonder accursed city, whether novel or palace, house or temple, until the abominable natives shall bow in subjection to the power of Castile and Arragon.'

He ceased and another entered the room, noiselessly approached the chieftain, laid his hand upon the latter's shoulder, and with an utterance choked by emotion barely articulated, 'My commander!'

The frame of Cortes trembled as if an electric shock had passed through it, and turning he confronted the individual who had addressed him. It was Pedro. With an exclamation of joy Cortes grasped his friend's hand and pressed it between his own. All his troubles were forgotten—his defeat, his losses, the desertion of his allies—all forgotten in this one happy moment.

He thanked Sandoval for the faithful execution of his perilous mission, and Pedro in turn bestowed upon Cortes the warmest expressions of gratitude for the kind regard he had shown in behalf of his preservation. The latter, noticing that Pedro's arm and hand were covered with blood, here interrupted him, and finding several wounds upon his person, commanded that these should be immediately attended to, and he allowed rest after the exciting and fatiguing scenes in which he had been a most unwilling actor.

CHAPTER VII.

The proud city of the Montezumas had fallen beneath the desperate assaults of Spain's chivalrous sons; the name of Cortes rang throughout the eastern and western world as the mighty conqueror of a fierce and warlike race; he had planted the seeds of a powerful nation, and restored to order the vast dominions he had conquered; the tongue of envy and calumny had whispered into the ear of his sovereign words of evil respecting him, and now he resolved to return to the land of his fathers and confront his accusers.

Pedro, who had accumulated a sufficient amount of wealth to redeem his lost possessions, together with glory that would render him distinguished for life, and who had now nothing to detain him in the New World, where fame was no longer to be won, had nevertheless, at Cortes' urgent request, delayed his departure for the place of his nativity until the return of the conqueror. There were, too, a few other choice spirits of that mighty struggle, who accompanied their chieftain to the court of the king to witness his triumph there, among whom was Sandoval.

The waters bore them proudly over from the land of their exploits to the home of their fathers; and with mingled emotions of joy and sadness they stepped forth upon the shores of that land which had nourished them in childhood. The cavalcade at once moved on towards the place where the emperor held his court—the city of Toledo. But the destroyer was about to enter that splendid array, as it swept along amid the shouts of admiring thousands, and tear away the strong, the brave. Sandoval had begun their journey for the interview, when Sandoval was taken ill. His malady rapidly gained ground, and in a few days he expired in the arms of Pedro and Cortes. He had accomplished his task, he had fulfilled his destiny; and like our own gallant Worth, after escaping the dangers of a hundred fights, he returned to the land of his birth only to lay his bones there. His remains were followed to their last resting place by the comrades who had often stood by his side in battle and witnessed that arm, which was now stiff in death, strike down the boldest of the foe—that eye, which death had glazed, flash with fire that sent terror to the heart of the enemy.

The remainder, with sad hearts, resumed their journey towards the city where dwelt the emperor. The roads never, since the memorable return of Columbus, presented such a scene; and the air was rent with thousands of acclamations from the multitudes that had assembled to gaze upon those heroes who had won an empire for Spain by their own indomitable energies. On swept the cavaliers, and wherever they came they met the same brilliant reception, by the express command of the Emperor Charles, who had received word of their approach with the most lively satisfaction.

At length they approached the city of Toledo, and in one mighty torrent the inhabitants poured forth to welcome the little band and greet their way with flowers. All jealousy, all malice, and all envy were forgotten in this first and united outburst of gratitude to that heroic man and his arm-officers, who had gained the brightest gem that sparkled in the diadem of the king. Pedro rode at the right of Cortes, and as he entered the city he raised the visor that concealed his features, and one mighty shout that rose above the thunders of Toledo's artillery burst forth from the multitude, 'Honor to our son, the chivalrous Pedro!' Oh! this was the hour of triumph to him who a few years before had gone forth friendless and unknown from this proud city, and now returned the pride of his country—the theme of a thousand tongues.

At the intercession of Cortes, who stated to the Emperor the invaluable services of Pedro, he at once restored to him his vast possessions and conferred upon him the most distinguished honors. Pedro had been in Toledo near a week, when one evening, as twilight was deepening into the shades of night, he ordered his charger, a noble Arabian steed, and masking himself, rode forth unattended to a distant part of the city. As he turned the corner of a street, he was accosted by a woman attired in tattered garments, who, with her face bent upon the ground, stretched forth her shivering hand and besought him to give her a few rods to save herself and her children from starvation. Pedro bent his gaze upon her; he was not mistaken; it was Catalina. He hesitated a moment between the thought of compassion and revenge. It was but a moment; and drawing from his pocket a well filled purse he dropped it into her hand, and raising the mask he exclaimed, while a smile of triumph played upon his lip—

'It is a pleasure Pedro de Leon would not deny himself, to minister to the wants of Catalina Nunez.'

The guilty woman raised her eyes to the face of the speaker, and uttering a shriek fell senseless to the earth. This was the cavalier's triumph—his revenge.

THE MARRIAGE CRUCIBLE.

A THRILLING TALE OF HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

I was born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighborhood of Montelemary, in the south of France. My father had made many fruitless efforts to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the diligent exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of bellows-mending. This, too, was the humble profession which I was destined to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and lively faculties, both of mind and body, soon grew skillful in my trade, and having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyons, to prosecute my calling there. I was so far successful, that I became a great favorite with the chamber maids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good looks and youth interested in my favor.

One evening, however, as I returned home after my day's rounds, I was accosted by four well dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasanties on my profession, which I answered in a style of good-humored raillery that seemed to surprise and please them. I saw them look significantly at one another, and heard one of them say, 'This is our man.' The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dispelled. 'Perouse,' said one, 'you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid, but come with us.' Seeing all of them to be gentlemen in appearance, I did not hesitate to accept the offer. They conducted me through a number of cross streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterwards we sat down to supper. Being young, thoughtless, and light-hearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hour, and vented a succession of pleasanties which seemed highly to please my chance companions. But they all grew silent and thoughtful ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus: 'The ten persons whom you see before you,' said he, 'are all engravers and citizens of Lyons. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to one another, and formed a happy society, till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St. Dominique there lives a picture merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter, a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, but all whose amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that I myself paid my addresses to her, and was approved by her father, as one by birth and circumstances much her superior. But what was the answer which the insolent girl herself gave to my suit? 'Do you think sir that a woman like me was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?'

'Her charms have been equally felt by us all,' continued the speaker, 'and we hold that she has cast a slur both on us and our profession. We, therefore, have resolved to show this disdainful girl, that she has not indeed been born to the honor of being the wife of an engraver. Now, will you (addressing me) venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who to attain perfection wants only to have her pride mortified and her vanity punished?'

'Yes,' answered I, spurred on by the excitement of the moment; 'I comprehend what you would have me do, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil.'

The three months that followed this strange scene were wholly occupied with preparations for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, my confederates did their best to transform me from a plain bellows-mender into a fine gentleman. Bathing, hairdressers, &c. brought my person to a fitting degree of refinement, while every day one or other of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing, and other accomplishments, and nature had furnished me a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple. Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring these new rudiments of education. But the time came when I was to be made sensible, for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates at length thought me perfect, and in the character of the rich Marquis of Rouperon, proprietor of large estates in Dauphiny, I was installed in the first hotel in Lyons. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture dealer in St. Dominique street. I made a few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind he sent me word one morning that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them. I did so, and was received not by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of that lovely girl, and for the first time in my life, my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchaind my faculties. The fair Aurora perceived my triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! The intoxication of enjoying her presence hurried me on, blind to every thing else. For several months I saw her face every day, and enjoyed a state of happiness only damped by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and by the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, every thing I could require. At length Aurora's father gave a little fête in the country, of which I was evidently the hero. A moment occurred, in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suitor at her feet. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart—yes, I discovered that I was beloved!

I was an impostor, but heaven is my witness, I deceived her not without remorse. In her presence I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sobriety and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the

idea of Aurora with the miserable fate which was to soon fall upon her, when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment, I shrank back with horror, or started up covered with cold perspiration. But self-love would come to my aid, and I thought, if she truly loved me, she might yet be happy. I would devote my life, I swore, to the task of strewn flowers along her path. But all my hopes, all my fears cannot be told. Suffice it to say, that her father believed me when I represented my estate as being in Dauphiny, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself. So there was one baseness of which I was not guilty. We were married. At the altar, a shivering ran thro' all my veins—a general trepidation seized my whole frame—and I should infallibly have sunk to the earth if a flood of tears had not come to the rescue.

A fortnight after the marriage, as had been arranged by my employers, at whose mercy I was, we started for Montelemary, my unfortunate bride believing that we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants, disguised and acting as courtiers to our magnificent equipage. The awful moment of exposure arrived; and when it did come, it proved more terrible than even I had anticipated. The engravers made the carriage be drawn up before a mean miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble but venerable father. Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived, and surprised Aurora was handed out. The engravers came up; they pulled off their disguises; and her whom Aurora had so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her, 'No, madam, no, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honor to you. A bellows mender is worthy of you, and such is he whom you have made your husband!' Trembling and boiling with rage, I would have replied; but the engravers entered the coach, and like the shifting of a scene in a theatre, all our grandeur disappeared with them!

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment I trembled like at the thought of losing the woman I adored, and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wished that those cares might be unavailing. She recovered at length her senses; but the moment that her fringed eyes met mine, 'Monster!' she exclaimed, and again became insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, and to place her on a humble straw couch. Here I remained beside her till she opened her eyes; mine shrank from her glance. The first use she made of speech was to interrupt the broken exclamations of love, shame and remorse, which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The niece of the curate of the parish, however, who claimed to be by, remained beside her, and the poor young victim to my villainy, for she was but eighteen, seemed glad of her attentions.

How shall I describe the horrible night that I then passed? It was not on my own account that I suffered or feared. She alone was in my thoughts. I drenched above all, for my love was still predominant, to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended. But could it be otherwise? Had I not basely, vilely darkened all the prospects of her life and overwhelmed her with intolerable shame and anguish? That night was a punishment that would almost have wiped out any lesser sin. Frequently, it may be believed, I sent to know how Aurora was. She was calm they told me; and, indeed, to my surprise, she entered in the morning the room where I was. She was pale, but collected. I fell before her on the ground, and spoke not. 'You have deceived me,' said she; 'it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness must depend. Do not take advantage of the authority you have usurped. The niece of the curate has offered me an asylum. There I will remain till this matter can be thought of with calmness.'

Alas! these were nothing but deceitful words! Within a day or two after this event, the interval of which I spent in forming wild hopes for the future, I received at once two letters. The first was from the engravers, the cause of my exaltation and my fall. They wrote to me that 'my acquaintance had begun in them a friendship for me; that they had each originally subscribed a certain sum for the execution of their plot; that they wished not to carry their revenge to far; and that they would supply me with money and every thing necessary for entering into some business, and ensuring the credible support of myself and Aurora.' The other letter was from Aurora. 'Some remains of pity,' she said, 'which I feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct, induces me to inform you that I am now in Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your presence; but you will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which will do me justice, and break the chains in which you have bound your victim.'

This letter threw me into despair. I hurried to the curate's, but could learn nothing of Aurora's retreat, although I became assured that the curate and his niece, despising my mean condition, had been the urgent advisers of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Lyons, where the affair had now created a great sensation. I lived unknown, however, and obscure, and saw only the engravers, who, notwithstanding the base plot which they had through me effected, were men of not ungenerous dispositions. As they had driven me out of my former means of livelihood, I conceived myself at liberty to accept a sum which they offered me to enter trade with. They advised me how to dispose of it at once, and I laid it out in a way which speedily and without trouble to me, augmented it greatly. Meanwhile, the father of Aurora had made every preparation for annulling the marriage. This could only be done by publicly detailing the treachery which had been practised. Never, perhaps, was courthous more crowded than that of Lyons on the day on which the case was heard. Aurora herself appeared, and riveted the eyes of all present, not to speak of my own. Unknown and unseen, I shrank into a corner like a guilty thing. The counsel for Aurora stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.—The following is the "Homestead Exemption Bill," now before the Legislature of Maine. Those whose first impressions are against it, will do well to study carefully its probable effects.

Section 1. The real estate of any citizen residing within this state, and any interest he may have therein, or the dwelling-house of any such citizen, standing on land not his own, shall be exempt from attachment and levy or sale on execution to the value of five hundred dollars on any debt contracted by him.

Sec. 2. If any real estate or any interest therein, or any dwelling-house held as aforesaid, shall be attached or seized on execution to be sold or levied upon, and the value thereof shall exceed five hundred dollars, the attachment, seizure, sale and levy shall be effectual to hold or pass what may remain thereof after setting off to the debtor from such part thereof as he may select, five hundred dollars in value, which set off the officer having the execution shall cause to be made and appraised by three disinterested men in the same manner provided by law for setting off lands on levy of execution.

Sec. 3. Such exemption shall not extend to any lien on any property real or personal, obtained before this act takes effect, or any mortgage lawfully obtained.

Sec. 4. No conveyance or alienation by the husband, of any property exempt and set off as aforesaid, shall be valid unless the wife join in the deed of conveyance.

Sec. 5. Nothing in this act shall be considered as exempting any property from taxation or sale for taxes.

Sec. 6. This act shall take effect from and after the last day of December next.

CALIFORNIA.—It seems evident, from all accounts, that the state of affairs at California is somewhat alarming. This might have been foreseen, and indeed was predicted months ago; and on this account the public are prepared to credit the most unfavorable statements made by correspondents from that section. That the Mexicans are proceeding to the mines in large numbers, in organized and armed companies, there is much reason to believe. The natural hostility of our own countrymen to such interference can hardly fail to lead to most disastrous results. Gen. Smith had been driven to take refuge on board a ship in the harbor, at the last accounts; and of course, with no other shadow of government or authority—intoxicating liquors excepted—the disorder must be extreme.

The Annual Meeting of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company was held at Winthrop on Tuesday. The cars came in, agreeably to arrangement, in fine style and well laden. We have heard nothing definite, except that the number of Directors was reduced to seven.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

Flour	\$5.25	600 Molasses	25	40
Corn	75	80 Codfish	3	4
Oats	75	30 Mackerel, best	6	6
Beans	75	100 Hams	5	9
Eggs	10	12 Apples	50	100
Butter	12	14 Pork, fresh	5	6
Chickens	40	8 Pork	8	10
Salt, fine	50	40 Lard	8	10
" rock	50			

BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY June 22.

AT MARKET.	350 Beef Working Oxen	20 10 00
	Cattle, 350 Sheep	20 00 42 50
	Swine, 1900 working Sheep	2 75 3 30
	Oxen, 25 cows & calves	Swine—wholesale—
	Best Cattle—Extra	\$7.00
	1st quality	6.50
	2d do	6.00
	600 625 Retail	4 1/2 6

BOSTON MARKET.

SATURDAY July 1.

Flour—Genesee	\$5.25	Provisions—Beef, mess	12 00
Michigan	5 00	" Pork, clear	12 00
Ohio	5 00	" mess	11 00
Grain—Sour Corn	60	Hams, prime	10 00
Northern	60	" do	9 00
Oats	38	Butter	12 1/2 18
Rye	68	Cheese, new	6
Beans	1 15	Rice	3
Hay, ton	11 00	Apples	100 125
Plaster, ton	2 00	Lard	6

NOTICES.

LITERARY FRATERNITY.
The XXVth Anniversary of the LITERARY FRATERNITY SOCIETY of Waterville College will be celebrated in the Baptist Meeting-house on Tuesday, the seventh day of August, next, at seven o'clock P. M.

Orator by Rev. J. J. CARPENTERS, D. D., of Portland.

Poem by Rev. S. F. SMITH, of Newton, Mass. EDWARD C. MITCHELL, Cor. Sec.

Waterville College, 1849.

FREEDOM NOTICE.—This may certify, that I have this day given to my son, Rufus R. Reynolds, his time till he shall be twenty-one years of age. I shall hereafter claim none of his earnings and pay none of his debts.

PARMENAS REYNOLDS.
Winslow, June 18, 1849. 48.

Purchasers of Dry Goods would find it to their advantage to call at the New and Elegant store of J. R. ELDEN & Co., No. 3 Boutelle Block, before making their purchases, and examine their large and extensive assortment of New Goods, which they have this day received. They are doing an extensive business, and with their large sales and facilities for buying, they are enabled to offer fashionable Goods, and of a superior quality, at a lower price than another concern on the river.

Waterville, June 26, 1849.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY AT HOME.—We have not unfrequently called attention to this article in the columns of our paper, and we have done so with the full confidence that it was a good one, and deserving the patronage of the public. We have had a chance to witness its effects upon some of our friends, which, in addition to the high encomiums passed upon it by our brethren of the press, not in paid puff, but in honest, candid sentiments, from having derived a benefit themselves, makes us desirous of advising all those who have occasion to resort to a remedy for pulmonary affections, to avail themselves of it. We have too much confidence in Mr. Fowle, the general agent to believe that he would thrust this, or any other medicine upon the community, unless he had full faith in its efficacy. In confirmation of which the proprietor offers a mass of testimony from the most unquestionable sources. Neither would we be understood as saying that this will always cure consumption after it is seated, although it seldom fails to relieve the worst cases; but at this season of the year almost every body is liable to a cold, which, if neglected, will lead to fatal results; by taking this medicine, we doubt not many lives may be saved. [New England Washington, Boston.]

None is genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville. 49

NOTICE.—Whereas my wife, Olive Knox, has left me without showing any reasonable cause for so doing, I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

MOSES KNOX.
Fairfield, June 18, 1849. 3w*50

NOTICE.—Persons indebted to us either by note or account, are politely informed that they must call and settle immediately, or we shall be obliged to leave their accounts with an attorney for collection.

J. WILLIAMS & SON.
Waterville, June 18, 1849. 48

For all kinds of goods suited to those who are providing Outfits for California, from Clothing to a six-barreled Revolving Pistol, Oak Hall, Boston, seems to keep the lead, as the cheapest and greatest place in the Union. It is also unrivaled for every variety of Furnishing Goods for Travelers, and Gentlemen who stay at home, Boy's Clothing, &c. See advertisement.

FREEDOM NOTICE.—I have sold to my son, James Pillsbury, his time till 21 years of age, and shall hereafter claim none of his wages or pay debts of his contracting.

GEORGE PILLSBURY.
Winslow, April 7, 1849. 48

FREEDOM NOTICE.—I hereby relinquish to my son, Erastus D. Marston, his time until he is twenty-one years of age; in consequence of which relinquishment I will pay no debts of his contracting, nor claim any of his earnings after this date.

JOSEPH MARSTON.
Attest: B. C. BENSON.
West Waterville, June 13, 1849. 49

MYSTERIOUS. How is it that Estey, Kimball & Co. can afford to sell Goods so much cheaper than anybody else? Every one knows that they always sold cheap enough, and that the amount of their stock and their sales were nearly double that of any other firm in the place, but their present prices are really astonishing. It is of no consequence how low others offer to sell, they are ready to sell lower. It is certain that either their facilities for purchasing give them an advantage of at least 10 per cent over their neighbors, or they are selling less than cost, for they have just opened another large Stock of New Goods at prices still more reduced.

EROSOPHIAN ADELPHI.
The Anniversary of the EROSOPHIAN ADELPHI SOCIETY of Waterville College will be celebrated in the Baptist Church, on next Commencement eve, August 8th. Exercises to commence at 7 o'clock.

Orator by Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of Boston, Mass.

Poem by J. G. Saxe, Esq., of Highgate, Vt. Persons generally are invited to attend.

Geo. M. STAPLES, Cor. Sec'y.
Waterville College, June 30, 1849.

C. K. MATHEWS has for sale "Banning's Common Sense on Chronic Diseases." This book, the design of which is to instruct the people, contains an account of innumerable instances of the use of the Patent Lard and of the many cures it has effected, even of those cases that were beyond the reach of medicine. Price 25 cents.

SUMMER DISEASES.—There is fever in these almost vertical rays which the sun is pouring down upon us, and the seeds of many diseases are germinating under this blazing sky. Don't drink too much cold water; keep the stomach and bowels free from obstruction, and the blood pure by the occasional use of cooling and aperient medicines. All these properties are combined in the Rev. B. Hibbard's Vegetable Anti-Bilious Pills, and we recommend them right heartily as a preventive and remedy for the complaints incident to the season. They are a perfectly safe medicine for even the most delicate child, and we believe them to be infallible as a safeguard against Cholera Infantum, Dysentery and Diarrhea, those fatal scourges of our youthful population.

*Beware of counterfeits and cheats. See that the full name, "Rev. B. Hibbard's Pills," is on the label of each box, and that they are prepared only by Doctor Timothy R. Hibbard, No. 96 John street, New York. All others are spurious and irresponsible, injurious alike to those who take them and to the reputation of the genuine Pills; and there are several such cheats, industriously circulated, with plausible stories of being genuine. None are genuine except as above stated. See that "96 John street," is on the label of each box.

For sale in Waterville by Wm. DYER and I. H. Low & Co., and by druggists and dealers generally throughout the state.

Advertisements.

THE BEST
PARIS KID GLOVES, only \$2.12 1/2 cts. at CHASE'S.

ONLY \$3.00! for those Fine Silk Hats!—Gents! call soon, for they are most gone. Don't forget the place, at CHASE'S.

HATS! HATS! HATS!!!
PANAMA, Maricabo, Manila, Leghorn, Bird's Eye and Pedal, (a new and desirable article), also a general assortment of fine and cheap Palm Leaf and Straw Hats for sale at astonishingly low prices, at

C. R. PHILLIPS'S
BEST selected Medicines and Drugs, a fresh supply. Families and Physicians supplied with articles that shall give satisfaction, and at reasonable prices. June 1st, 1849. at WILLIAM DYER'S.

CARPETING!—CARPETING!!
A LARGE Assortment of common, fine, super and extra fine Carpets, also stair Carpets, Bookings, Painted Carpets and Oil Cloths, for sale cheap by

ESTY, KIMBALL & Co.

SHAWLS!—SHAWLS!!
SILKS!—SILKS!!!

Rich pl'n & emb'd Canton Crape Shawls, do "black Ottoman do "Gro de Rhine do "colored Grenadine do "Cashmere Long do "square do Mode and black Thibet Printed Cashmere do Rich Figured Por de Sor SILKS, do "Camelion do "Black Lustre do 6-4 blk Gro de Rhine do, for Visites & Mant's do "Armour do Rich Watered do Just rec'd at CHASE'S.

REMEMBER, that the best assortment of Hosiery and Gloves may be found at CHASE'S.

MILK PANS.—A large lot of Pans, and other kinds of Earthen Ware, just received at No. 1 Ticonic Row, by

E. L. SMITH.

PARASOLS & Parasollettes. The best assortment to select from, to be found in town. ELDEN & Co.

WOOL! WOOL!
THE subscriber will pay Cash for Fleeces 1 Wool and Wool Skins, at his shop on Pleasant-street, south of the Depot ground.

ALBIN EMERY.
Waterville, June 25, 1849. 3w49*

THOSE cheap Muslins, from Auction, are most gone. Call soon, and secure a dress, at CHASE'S.

STAND FROM UNDER!!

WARREN'S LADIES' EXCHANGE!
STEWART'S EMPORIUM

OF FASHION.
OAK HALL TRIUMPHANT!

EVERY one likes to see advertisements copied from city papers. They are on a grand scale, and probably serve to absorb the gaseous matter from peculiar heads, and thereby easily produce what is so difficult to be found, a perfect vacuum. But the trouble is, they apply about as well to a Village Trader's stock of Goods as they do to the man in the moon. Therefore,

ESTY, KIMBALL & Co.

Would most modestly inform the Public that they still carry on the Importing, Jobbing, and Retailing Business, at their old stand, No. 4 Ticonic Row. They have just received 100 cases more of New and splendid Goods, forming, with their previous superb stock, the Best Assortment on the Western Continent. By their numerous agencies in Europe, in the East, and at the south, by their interests in Navigation, and their connection with the largest manufacturing throughout the World, they are enabled to offer at their DRY GOODS DEPOT, better bargains than can be found on any other portion of the Globe.

We would especially invite the Traders of Waterville, who are anxious to sell cheap, to call and examine our stock, for we are confident that, unless they are selling at enormous profits, we can furnish them with Goods at prices much lower than they are in the habit of paying. Besides, we keep a large assortment than they usually select from; and as we have none but the choicest styles, they would be in no danger of loading their shelves, as they now do, with worthless, unfashionable trash, but could enter into a manly competition without any sacrifice.

But to those who always favor us with a call—we mean, of course, all Cash Purchasers—we would say, that, in the Retail Trade, we keep on, constantly increasing our sales, steady ahead, and far in advance, invariably exhibiting the Largest stock, the Best Assortment, the Most Fashionable Goods, and the Lowest Prices, with scarcely a shadow of opposition, and without paying any attention to trifles, in whatever shape they may appear.

ESTY, KIMBALL & Co.
Waterville, July 5, 1849.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Waterville, July 1, 1849.

Atwood Calvin	Low Ephraim
Atwell C. W.	Lowe Chas. C.
Bickford Harriet	Leonard Mary
Brown Wm. J.	Laury Benj. H.
Bickford Adah L.	Lander Mary J.
Borland James A.	Muncy Rebecca
Burgess Jackson	Muncy Ann
Bennet Gage	Moor Ann C.
Bradley George	Mead Thomas
Burns Thomas	McIntyre Timothy
Burgess James	Marshall Wm. H.
Brown Job R.	Merriam John Q.
Brown Benjamin	Mathew Moses
Bradley E. F.	North Joseph
Crummer William	Norman Julia
Cady Seth D.	Osborn Jacob
Cutler Wm. G.	Perry Alfred
Colcord Caroline	Patterson Chas. M.
Clifford Martha	Pollard Mrs. Martha E.
Cutter Calvin	Priest David
Conner Patrick	Parker Susan
Cummings Foster	Porter Mr.
Clapp Levi W.	Prescott Lewis
Chandler J.	Perry Phebe
Chisam William	Parker John
Clark Robert	Parker Zachariah
Cool Chas. H.	Richardson Olive
Cook Maria L.	Rowe Mrs. Robert
Cull R. L.	Rice Hannah I.
Dustin Wm. L.	Southards Amos
Davis Solomon	Sweeney Michael
Dorr Wm.	Sawyer Mr.
Donahoe Patrick	Soule Charlotte A.
Dingley Daniel	Sedgely Alton
Dickerson Wm. P.	Shorey Augustus
Ellis Chas.	Stevens V. R.
Faunauer W. & D.	Starkey Amos
Felch John	Soule Mrs. Elizabeth C.
Feeny John	Simpson Ruben
Farrell Michael	Spencer Ann
Feeny James	Soule Jonathan
Foley Michael	Silton L. A.
Fogarty Timothy	Shory Reuben A.
Frank Geo. F.	Smith Ann V.
Gallaher John	Shackley Mary E.
Grady Timothy	Sawyer S. R.
Griffin Patrick	Shaw Margaret
Getchell Nathaniel J.	Thomas Dr.
Griswold Virgil	True W. H.
Galusha Thos.	Todd Elizabeth
Hunter John P.	Tozier Walter
Hodgdon Betsey	Tozier Alfred
Hobbs Lydia	Thomas Harriet G.
Hales Samuel	Walch John
Hynes John	Wharf Joseph
Hubbard G. W.	Whitney Mrs. C. T.
Jackins H.	Wyman Chas.
Johnson S. F.	Wilbur B. F.
Kather Michael	Williams Geo. S.
Kenney Geo.	Williams George
Libbey A. C.	Wheeler David
Lane George	Watson James C.
Lewis Geo. A.	Wendell J. B.
Laurence Dr. Samuel	

75 PIECES more of those beautiful styles of PRINTS, (fast colors) for only 6 cents. 12 doz. Fine Linen Hdkfs. for 12 1/2 cents. 20 pieces checked Cambrics, only 10 " Just received by J. R. ELDEN & Co. Waterville, July 5, 1849.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all persons not to buy any of the following described notes—they having been plundered from the pocket of the subscriber on the night of the 28th of June last, viz.:

Note against Benjamin Hursom for \$45, dated March last, and mostly paid, but nothing endorsed.

Note against Benjamin Hursom and John M. Libbey, all paid but nothing endorsed, dated June last, and given for one hundred dollars.

Note against Elisha Holmes, for \$20; dated March or April last.

Note against Asa Hursom, for \$27 and some cents, dated some five years ago, and all paid—payable to Milford Hursom.

Two notes against Benjamin Horn, Jr., dated 27th June last; one for 20 dollars, payable in one year, and the other for 7 dolls. 63 cts. on demand.

Note against Silas Richardson, for 35 dolls., dated August, 1837, and partly paid, but nothing endorsed.

JOHN HURSUM.
Waterville, July 2, 1849. 50

WOOL! WOOL!
THE subscriber will pay Cash for Fleeces 1 Wool and Wool Skins, at his shop on Pleasant-street, south of the Depot ground.

ALBIN EMERY.
Waterville, June 25, 1849. 3w49*

THOSE cheap Muslins, from Auction, are most gone. Call soon, and secure a dress, at CHASE'S.

Two more cases of those cheap PRINTS, and at lower prices, just received by

ESTY, KIMBALL & Co.

JOHN CHASE.
HAS now in store, and is constantly receiving, a fresh stock of

SILK AND FANCY DRESS GOODS, consisting in part of Black, Gros de Rhine, Plain, Chameleon, Broche, and figured Poul de Soie Silks; Printed Lawns, a great variety; Printed Jaconet and Ormandie Muslins; Printed and satin striped Bareges; Printed Paris Albemarle, new styles; Plain and figured De Laines, new styles, all wool; do. do. cotton and wool; Shawls, in great varieties; French and American Gingham; White Goods of all descriptions; Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, &c. Also, a great variety of Bonnets and Millinery articles; Particular attention paid to the selection of Mourning Goods.

All of which are offered at very low prices. May 29, 1849. 45

Opposite the Common, Main Street.

MEADER & PHILLIPS
GIVEN

Goods freely shown at all times and patients elsewhere, as we are determined not to be outdone.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine our Goods before purchasing. Looking Glasses, &c. &c. &c. Also a large assortment of

AMERICAN DRY GOODS. ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND

Successors to the late Wm. M. Phillips.

MEADER & PHILLIPS

JOSEPH THING,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of

Fresh and Salt Fish, Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables and Fruit,

W. I. Goods & Flour,
Two Doors North of Meader & Phillips' Store, MAIN STREET.

With this motto, "Small profits, quick turns and prompt pay," he is determined not to be undersold by any other "Friend of the People" in Waterville.

May 30, 1849. -45-2m

LADIES' EXCHANGE
AND
EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

GREAT SALE
OF
Dry-Goods

AT NO. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

J. R. ELDEN & Co. are now opening 12 cases of Rich & Fashionable Dry Goods, which added to our former large Stock makes the best assortment to be found on Kennebec river. This Stock has been selected with great care, from the best Importing House, and with our facilities for buying we are enabled to sell the first quality of goods, at lower prices than those who keep unfashionable Auction goods.

We invite attention to our assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

Black and colored silks, from 24 cts to \$1.00; Eng. Fr. and linen Gingham 8 20

Scotch do do do 12 1/2 25

Barages—beautiful styles 12 1/2 25

Gingham Muslins—new styles 8 12 1/2

Mus'n de Laines—new styles 11 17

Printed Lawns 8 12 1/2

Plain and figured Tissues 16 25

Linen Lustres 12 1/2 20

India Linens 12 1/2 20

Anticosts 12 1/2 20

Cashmeres—elegant styles 17 25

Corried Cambrics 8 17

Printed Lawns 4 10

Alpacas 17 42

Chambrays 20 32

Eng. Fr. and Am. Prints 3 10

Shawls.
A full assortment consisting of all wool Cashmeres, Broche, Crape, Black & Cold Silk, Ottoman, Stradella, De-laine, &c. &c.

WOOLENS.
Br. Cloths, Cassimeres, Doe Skins, Tweeds, Jeans, Satinets, Vestings & Flannels.

10,000 YARDS SHEETINGS.
1000 yds. Merrimac, 39 in wide, 6 1/4 cents.

700 " N. Bedford, 40 in wide, 6 1/2 "

FOSTERS MOUNTAIN COMPOUND,



FOR THE PRESERVATION AND RE-PRODUCTION OF

FOR beautifying, curling, softening, darkening. Laid down the hair dies Toilet use, &c. For removing dandruff, itching disease from the skin, cleansing, rendering the most dry and torpid Hair soft and silky, this article is infallible and unrivaled. One application will keep the Hair moist a week or more, and no substance is so well adapted to so many purposes. To Loosen it invulnerable, as it keeps the parting of the head elastic and keeps the Hair a splendid lustre. It is the greatest anodyne to the scalp, to the follicle, and gives beauty to the form of dressing the Hair ever invented. Gentlemen and Ladies find it indispensable for cleansing and purifying the scalp, and for the removal of itching, &c. It restores the Hair in bald places, disparted, &c. It cures the Hair in the skin, or pain in the head. To Hair which is stinted or thin, this Compound re-investigates the original vitality of the roots, causes it to grow thicker and

its natural condition its destined texture to be soft and beautiful, and prevents it from drying or fading. For children and young persons it confirms the permanence and stability to the Hair in all seasons.

All persons, who can appreciate a good head of Hair, will at once comprehend its value, where it is lost, and will avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. The proprietors have spoken in its favor in the highest terms. Many thousand persons, who can testify, have had the Hair completely restored by using the Mountain Cure.

The sales of this article have increased from 20,000 to 50,000 bottles in one year, and the increasing demand creates a still larger sale.

For the Physician, Cassell & Dorrings by the Proprietors, H. F. HOSLYER, Cassell & Dorrings, is enclosed with every bottle. H. F. HOSLYER, of Lowell, is enclosed with every bottle.

This Compound is purely vegetable, and the Proprietors have studiously rejected all agents drying or deleterious to the Hair, and capotes and ointments, heating on the scalp, which necessarily combine any of the clear and healthy mixtures and mostly alcoholic hair preparations.

The following short paragraph speaks what the general sentiment of the press has said universally:

For the Mercantile Journal *has published an article on the merits of this compound, and its high reputation, and we recommend a trial of it to those who wish such an article as it professes to be."*—*Boston Mercantile Journal*

W. M. FOWIE, Druggist, Agent for Waterville.
Wholesale by Seth, W. Fowie Druggist, Boston 49

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

LADD'S PATENT HORSE RAKE

THE subscribers are manufacturing this celebrated Rake. They are aware that the public are suspicious of all patents, and that the word 'patent,' attached to an advertisement

ment, carries to the mind of the farmer an un-
favorable impression, and will cause a man
to bluster on his toil-worn hand before he will
even try the "*Steel spring joint tooth Revolver*
Horse Rake." But one has only to see
this rake in operation to become fully satisfied
of its vast superiority over all others. It is
simple in its construction, of great durability
and will rake clean over all kinds of mowing
from the swale to the roughest upland, and win-
d little practices is more easily managed than

any other rake. The subscribers could offer to the public hundreds of certificates from some of the best farmers in Vermont, among which is one from Ex-Gov. Palmer, who has been a practical farmer for more than thirty years. Being well acquainted with many of those who commend it, after thorough use, we are of great value, we very confidently offer

to the farmers of Maine. This Rake has taken a premium at all the principal agricultural fairs in Vermont, and has never failed of taking it wherever it has been exhibited. It has not yet been introduced among the farmers of Maine, and we are fully confident that it has merits which will commend it to extensive use when once fairly tried.

These rakes will very soon be deposited at Waterville, Augusta, Fairfield, Skowhegan, and Anson, at which places farmers are invited to call.

to examine them.
WEBBER & HAVILAND, Waterville
CHAS. D. LAWRENCE, Fairfield.
June 26, 1849. 49tf

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

WE having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of OLIVER WELSH, late of Waterville in said County, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent—give notice that the

months from the nineteenth day of June instant, have been allowed to said creditors bringing in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service assigned us, at the office of Stephen Stark, of said Waterville, the third Tuesday of August and third Tuesday of September, A. D. 1849, from one o'clock P. M. on each of said days.

STEPHEN STARK.
THOMAS W. HERRICK.

June 27. 1849. 49

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate, held at Waterville, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1849.

ISAAC SPENCER, Jr., administrator of the estate of Rhoda Wallace, late of Sebasticook, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance: *Ordered* That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested by posting a copy of the

order to be published three weeks successively in the Eastern Mail, printed at Waterville, if they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the first Monday of August, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

D. WILLIAMS, Judge.

Copy. Attest, F. DAVIS, Register.

KENNERCOT, ss.—At a Court of Probate, held

at Waterville, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1849.

REBECCA DRUMMOND, administratrix of the estate of Rutherford Drummond late of Sidney, in said County, deceased, having presented her account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance: *Ordered*, that the said administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Standard of the County of Kennebec.

lively in the Eastern Mail, printed at Winstonsville, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the first Monday of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

D. WILLIAMS, Judge.

Copy. Attest, F. Davis, Register.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE undersigned, administrator of the Estate of Charles F. Paine, late of Winstonsville,

deceased, by virtue of a license granted by the Court of Probate for the County of Kennebec, he will sell at public auction on the premises in Winslow, on Monday, the sixth day of August next at ten o'clock A. M. the following real estate of which the said deceased died seized, including the reversion of the widow's dower, if necessary, to wit: The undivided half of the store and lot situated in said town of Winslow, and now occupied by C. C. Connelley; and so much of the homestead house as

lot of said deceased, situated in said widow's lot, as is not already set off to the widow of said deceased as dower, as will be sufficient to raise the sum of eighteen hundred dollars, to pay the just debts due from the said estate.

JOSEPH EATON, Administrator.

June 25, 1849. 49