



8-2-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 02): August 2, 1849

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 02): August 2, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 105.
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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1849.

NO. 2.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING,
At No. 3 1-2 Bouteille Block, Main Street.
TERMS—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

POPULAR STORIES.

THE INTERESTING STRANGER. OR, DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

BY EMMA C. ENDURY.

On a hot sultry afternoon, in August of 18—, a tall, pale, melancholy-looking gentleman alighted from the stage-coach at the door of the Eagle Tavern, in Buffalo, and, after a few minutes' conversation with the bar-keeper, was ushered into a handsome private parlor, while his baggage was carried to one of the finest bed-rooms in the house. Perhaps, had the stranger mingled carelessly with the loungers on the piazza, after his arrival, he would have attracted little more attention than the companions of his wearisome journey, for, excepting a slight moustache on his upper lip, there was nothing to distinguish him in external appearance. But his quiet, grave deportment, and the desire for seclusion which he exhibited, excited the curiosity of the news-mongers, and a thousand conjectures were immediately set afloat. The stranger, however, seemed little disposed to satisfy the spirit of inquiry which prevails so extensively in American hotels; for, after taking possession of his apartments, he appeared no more that evening, and the waiter, who carried to him his supper, for he had given him a hard dollar—that he wore a flowered silk dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, and that he was going to stay in Buffalo a month. The next morning the interest which he excited extended to the no less curious gossip of the gentler sex; and, when the bell rung for dinner, many an eye was turned to the closed door of Room No. 2, in hope of seeing its inmate emerge from his retirement. They were not doomed to disappointment. After all were seated at table, the stranger glided quietly into the dining-hall, and took a seat at the foot of the well-filled board, apparently unconscious of the piercing glances which were directed towards him. Notwithstanding the profusion of dainties which were officiously offered him by the waiter, whose heart had been won by the stranger's single dish, and refusing all the luxuries of the desert, finished his frugal meal with a bit of dry bread and a glass of iced water. His abstemiousness and abstraction of manner excited the attention of every one, and when he silently rose to leave the table, many a glance followed his slowly-receding form. The ladies had not failed to observe his stately figure, his fine aquiline nose, the melancholy softness of his dark eyes, and the beauty of his hands, which were small, white and tapering, as, according to Napoleon and Byron, all aristocratic hands should be. They at once decided that he was a person of some distinction; perhaps an English nobleman incognito, or at least a rich and well-born Southerner. But a week had elapsed before he chose to give any other idea of his rank and station than might be derived from the register of the hotel, where he had inscribed, in a very elegant hand, the name of 'Charles Stuart Montague, New Orleans.' Polite, courteous and gentlemanly to every one whom he chanced to encounter, particularly to females, he soon won the suffrages of all by his civilities, while he excited general sympathy by his uniform sadness of deportment.

Among the inmates of the house was Hon. Mr. Windlespin, an extensive land-holder and ex-member of Congress, who, with his two daughters, had recently returned from a visit to France, and now occupied elegantly furnished apartments in the hotel. The saloon appropriated to this family was directly opposite to that occupied by Mr. Montague, and the ladies were dying with curiosity to learn something about their handsome neighbor. The heat of the weather compelled both to leave open the doors of their respective apartments, and the many furtive looks which the two Misses Windlespin cast upon the tempting room had enabled them to catch a glimpse of a richly-encased writing-case upon the centre table, and a guitar leaning against the chimney-piece, while they had several times enjoyed the opportunity of watching the solemn step of the melancholy stranger, as, attired in said silk dressing-gown, he paced the limits of his apartment. They reflected much upon the singular mystery which seemed to involve him. What could make him so unhappy? He was evidently rich, handsome, and they were willing to believe accomplished—for the mournful strains of a flute were sometimes heard at the dim twilight, and occasionally a few chords on the guitar, struck as if with trembling hand, resounded through his lonely room. What could be the cause of such deep despondency?

But Mr. Montague had not been quite insensible to the vicinity of the elegant Misses Windlespin. A graceful bow had frequently marked his consciousness of their presence as he passed the door of the parlor; and, more than once, he had paused at the entrance of the dining-hall, while they swept by to take their places at table, acknowledging his politeness by a profound courtesy *a la mode Paris*. In the course of the changes which daily occur at a public table, Mr. Montague had gradually moved up, until, as one of the oldest boarders in the house he occupied a seat next to the Windlespin family. A fine opportunity was now offered for those civilities which cost so little and are often productive of so many pleasant results. By degrees the abstraction of the melancholy gentleman was beguiled by the charms of his fair neighbors, and the ladies noticed, with no small degree of satisfaction, that they could induce him, not only to prolong his stay at table, but also to exchange his frugal fare for the dainties, which they so much enjoyed. In short, an acquaintance between them had fairly commenced, and they mutually congratulated each other when the 'interesting stranger' actually accepted an invitation to pass an evening with them.

Miss Grace Windlespin was a sentimentalist, while her sister Catharine affected vivacity and brilliancy. The elder was all poetry—the younger all fun and frolic. Grace spoke in a gentle voice, and raised her blue eyes sweetly and languidly to the face of those whom she addressed; while Kate (for so, in

imitation of Shakespeare's heroine, she affected to be styled) turned the full light of her bold laughing glances on every one worth looking at. The one delighted in the soft pleasures of sensibility—the other in the ready repartee and saucy jest. In short, the sisters were alike except their excessive affection. Neither of them exhibited her natural character; all was assumed for effect, and each had studied the part best suited to her style of beauty. The slightly-bending figure, pale complexion and long chestnut ringlets of Grace were admirably suited to her very poetic manner; while the blonde hair, rosy cheeks and somewhat dumpy person of her merry sister were equally suited to the devil-may-care character which she chose to assume.

Their father was one of those kind of persons who are constantly engaged in visionary schemes of wealth. Nobody better understood how to puff up a bubble—nobody was better skilled in 'mapping out' landed estates—nobody possessed in such perfection the gift of 'fortune telling' as the Hon. Mr. Windlespin. Originally a country shop-keeper in Jersey, his first start in life had been rather an odd one. Taking advantage of the mania for 'the real estate speculators,' which pervaded the whole country, he, in company with several others, projected a new city, to be located upon their extensive and somewhat barren farms. Accordingly a large hotel was built, a meeting-house raised, and some half a dozen dwelling-houses were ranged along what was meant to be the main street. In an incredibly short time all was completed, and every thing was ready except the people who were required to occupy the infant city. These were still to be found, and the company began to discover that it would be exceedingly inconvenient to pay 'interest money' without some assistance. At this juncture the genius of Mr. Windlespin devised an expedient for bringing their new settlement into notice. He advertised in all the papers that a purse of fifty dollars would be 'danced for' by twelve *Communipaw* negroes—the dancers to be selected from as many as chose to try their skill previous to the grand effort. The scene of these new *Attila* was to be the extensive plain which fronted the hotel at 'Scipio Africains'—for such, was the sounding title which Mr. Windlespin, after a careful search into an old copy of Leprieur's dictionary, had chosen for the infant city. The idle, the dissolute, and the shiftless—the people who are most easily led to change their habits, like wandering Arabs, are the very men who were most anxious to win such a queer and novel amusement. Accordingly Mr. Windlespin's plan succeeded admirably. On the day appointed for the selection of the sable candidates for 'salarial honors,' several hundred people were assembled in and about the hotel, while a still greater number of the dark race were gathered to exhibit their skill. Certain rules were laid down for the governance of the assembly—a place was cleared for the exhibition—the negroes came forward by tens, and he who could tire down all his companions was set aside as worthy to compete for the prize. The first day was consumed in this important investigation; thirty first-rate professors of the double-shuffle and heel-and-toe exercise had been chosen, and the following day was to be devoted to the selection of the appointed twelve; from this reduced number of candidates. The hotel was filled to overflowing—the dwelling houses were no longer empty shells; but, furnished with camp beds, offered shelter and repose to the wearied spectators, and even the meeting-house was appropriated to their accommodation. The second day similarly spent, except the concourse of visitors had increased, and the excitement of the scene had produced sundry brawls and broken heads. The third day and last was appropriated to the performance of the selected twelve, and the final adjudication of the purse. Never had a victory been purchased at such a sudoriferous expense. One after another, the dancers withdrew exhausted, until only three were left, who seemed to bid defiance to fatigue. Hour after hour they continued their exertions, until they seemed to be converted into mere machines, and with staring eyes, stiffened limbs, and shining faces, appeared like monstrous images, moved by some mechanical force. At last the spectators became completely tired with the exhibition of perpetual motion. They insisted the prize should be equally divided between the three indefatigable dancers, and thus the singular entertainment closed.

But Windlespin had not been idle during those three days. His brandy was very excellent—he made 'glorious' rum punch—his cigars were real 'Habanas,' and his customers had fully enjoyed the manifold creature comforts which he offered them. When they prepared to return home, most of them carried in their pockets the deed of a building-lot in the town of Scipio-Africans, for which they had paid ten per cent. of the purchase-money, and given a bond and mortgage for the remainder; while a few, being persuaded that the neighborhood of such a hotel was a most desirable addition to the comforts of a family, concluded to take immediate possession of the house already erected. Thus did the incident city receive its earliest inhabitants, and though it has never yet been obliged to enlarge its borders in consequence of over-population, it still drags on a sickly existence, having, however exchanged its original euphonious title for the more simple but no less expressive one of 'Niggertown.'

Mr. Windlespin's grand stroke of policy remained yet to be shown. As treasurer of the company, as well as officiating master of the hotel, all money derived from the custom at the bar, as well as from the sale of the building-lots, had passed through his hands. After the affair was over, he called a meeting of the commission for his trouble. He did not think it necessary to inform his confederates of the fact that every thing had been purchased on credit, and that so far from paying the expenses, he had, by using their names, rendered them liable for the debt which had been incurred, but quietly pocketing the lion's share of the spoils, he bade adieu to the limits of 'Niggertown,' in order to try his luck in a new field.

Such was Mr. Windlespin's first essay in fortune-hunting, and several affairs of a similar nature had so increased his means, that he found himself quite a respected resident in one of our northern cities, almost before he was aware of his elevated position in society. He was finally chosen a member of congress for the district, and though, owing to some dubious transaction, his seat was disputed, and he was unanimously resigned what he knew he could

not keep, yet he never relinquished the prefix of Honorable, to which the choice of his constituents entitled him. Shortly before the appearance of Mr. Charles Stuart Montague upon the scene, Mr. Windlespin had taken his daughters to Paris, where they received the benefit of foreign polish for six weeks, and then returned as highly accomplished as a modern boarding-school, a journey in a French diligence and a taste of French cookery could make them. They meant to marry, and to marry rich, and therefore each had chosen a part which, while it offered a wide field, was, likely, as they supposed, to occasion no rivalry.

Mr. Windlespin was too busy to be long in doubt as to Mr. Montague's circumstances. He managed to discover that he was a widower, sorrowing over the recent loss of a beloved wife, and that he had come to the north with the double motive of dissipating his grief, and purchasing a certain description of merchandise, which he designed to send to the city of Galveston, where a branch of his widely-extended commercial house was established. This news was of course communicated to the young ladies, and while Grace became doubly sentimental, Kate, the amiable romp, determined to win him from his vain regrets by the charms of gaiety. Leaving his daughters to pursue their matrimonial plans, Mr. Windlespin determined to make the most of his present opportunities, and, if possible, to gain some percentage on account of the interesting stranger. He accordingly sounded a friend, a careful old Scotchman, who dealt largely in the kind of goods required by Mr. Montague, and endeavored to secure a handsome commission from him, in case he brought him so profitable a customer. But the crafty old fellow was not to be caught with fair promises; he required proof of Mr. Montague's ability to become a cash customer, and accept an invitation to meet him at Mr. Windlespin's apartments. But the scene which met his eyes when he entered the parlor at early twilight, was not calculated to give him a very exalted opinion of his anticipated dealer. The elegant Mr. Montague, attired in pantaloons of spotless white, with gaiters of the same snowy hue, extending within an inch of the toe of his shining boot—a blue silk fancy jacket, fastened to his waist by a sash of crimson net—an embroidered collar, turned back from his throat, and embroidered ruffles dangling over his delicate hands, seemed to the rough old borderer like the very personification of effeminacy and folly. But when he only half rose from his graceful attitude, and extended the tip of his finger to the visitor, while he directly turned from him to continue his flirtation with the sisters, Mr. Mac Donald lost all patience with himself for having been foolish enough to expect any benefit from such a 'popinjay.' But even Mr. Mac Donald could not read the character of the interesting stranger. Early on the following morning, he had scarcely reached the counting room, when he was surprised by a visit from Mr. Montague, and the old man could scarcely identify the hero of the past evening's manoeuvres in the keen and practised man of business who now addressed him.

'I never talk on business in the presence of ladies, sir,' said the elegant gentleman, 'and this, I hope, will account for my silence on the subject last evening; if I am rightly informed, however, you are the very person to whom I was advised to apply by my friend Mr. Ticker, of New Orleans.'

'Ah, Mr. Ticker, cashier of the Sugarcane Bank, you mean; an old friend of mine,' answered Mr. Mac Donald, 'did he give you letters to me?'

'No, sir,' answered Mr. Montague; 'when I left New Orleans, I was not certain whether I should visit Buffalo, or limit my journey to New York, and therefore I brought no letters to any one in this city. However, you probably know your friend's hand-writing, and, if so, these papers will answer our purpose better than a mere empty introduction.' With these words he drew from his pocket-book sundry certificates of deposit in the Sugarcane Bank, which bore the signature of the cashier.

'That is his hand, sure enough, and a crabbed fist he writes too,' said Mr. Mac Donald, after a close scrutiny of the proffered papers. While examining the signatures, the careful old man had not forgotten to glance at the amounts, and he thus learned that the sum of thirty thousand dollars was at that moment lying in the Sugarcane Bank to the credit of Charles Stuart Montague.

'I am desirous of purchasing some twenty or thirty thousand dollars worth of goods,' said the gentleman carelessly, 'and if I can get them sufficiently cheap here to pay the cost of transportation to New York, I would rather buy in Buffalo than hunt among the Pearl-st. jobbers in that Babel of a city. I mean to pay cash, and shall ship the goods immediately to Galveston.'

'What an immense business those southern merchants must do,' mentally exclaimed Mr. Mac Donald, 'he speaks of dollars as if they were pebbles.'

Mr. Montague continued: 'If you are disposed to let me have the specified articles at fair prices, with a liberal discount for cash, I will immediately make arrangements to have them sent on. However,' he added, noticing the cautious Scotchman's hesitation, 'perhaps you had better take till to-morrow to think about it, and, in the mean time, I will look round the market, and may possibly be able to find better bargains than you can afford me.'

'Hang the fellow's boldness,' thought Mr. Mac Donald; 'if he were a rogue he would not be so indifferent about the matter.' He determined, however, to consult Mr. Windlespin before he made his decision, and therefore fixed upon the following day to settle the affair. Mr. Windlespin took the opportunity offered by Mr. Montague's daily visit to his daughters, and in the course of a private interview with him by which he, Mr. Windlespin, bound himself to take half the risk, on condition of receiving half the profits of the sales made to Mr. Montague. Mr. Mac Donald preferred this method to the original proposition of a certain percentage, as it gave him the opportunity of gaining an advantage over both the parties. Accordingly Mr. Montague was waited upon by Mr. Mac Donald, and a close and hair-splitting negotiation was carried on for some time, which resulted in the purchase of goods to the value of twenty thousand dollars, which were to be delivered to Mr. Montague's agent in New York free of all expenses. In return, Mr. Montague handed to Mr. Mac Donald certificates of deposit to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, which

were easily negotiable in New York at three per cent. discount; and as some time would be required to complete the transaction, the stranger agreed to prolong his stay in Buffalo until the delivery of the goods in New York.

In the meanwhile, the elegant widower was managing equally well in his love affairs. He listened to Kate's wild sallies with a languid smile, and patted her round cheek or clasped her luxuriant waist in a most brother-like or rather *cousin-like* fashion. To Grace he was all courtliness and gentleness; if he took her hand it was with an air of timid respect, which would have done honor to a *Paladin chivalresque*, and if he ventured to hang over her, as she sat in one of her sentimental attitudes, it was with a look of tender melancholy which melted her very heart. Each believed herself the favorite. Kate could draw him from his trance of grief, and Grace was allowed to sympathize with him. He talked to one of the gayeties of New Orleans; to the other, of the domestic happiness he had enjoyed there; and when, at length he was induced to exercise his musical talents in their behalf, he played fandango on the guitar for the lovely Kate, while he poured forth the mournful voice of the wailing flute for her sentimental sister. But, notwithstanding all her exquisite sensibility, Grace Windlespin beheld with secret satisfaction the returning cheerfulness of the bereaved widower. He talked less of departing joys, and seemed less despairing of future peace. The miniature of his lost wife was no longer pressed to his lips with all the fondness of passionate love whenever his feelings were overpowered by tender recollections, and, though he still wore it about his neck, it was suspended upon a hair chain, the gift of the gentle Grace, and presumed to be a tress from her own chestnut locks, though in reality derived from the store of a fashionable barber in the neighborhood. His watch-guard was braided by the hands of the lovely boyden who had laughingly promised him her garter for the purpose; and, in short, each had reason to suppose herself the true magnet of attraction.

But matters were now drawing to a crisis. The goods were sent on to New York, and Mr. Montague received tidings that they had been duly received by his agent. The certificates of deposit were negotiated by two of the Wall street brokers, and Mr. Mac Donald, after paying himself, handed to the young southerner the balance. It became necessary, therefore, for Mr. Montague to repair to New York, in order to superintend the shipment of his merchandise, and he felt himself obliged to settle his *affaires de coeur* before his departure.

'How happy could I be with either, were I other dear charmer away.'

Sung the 'interesting stranger, as he reflected upon his position between the rival beauties. But he managed with his usual adroitness. The gentle Grace contrived to secure an uninterrupted interview with him, and received a proffer of his heart and hand, both of which gifts she lovingly accepted, together with a delicate locket, containing some of her adorer's raven hair, set in a circle of aqua-marine gems—emblems, as he said, of her transparent guilelessness of character. A merry game of romps with Kate afforded him a chance of whispering a declaration in her ear, and an elegant diamond ring, 'only less brilliant than her own bright eyes'—to use his elegant phrase—was received by her as a pledge of betrothment from Mr. Charles Stuart Montague. Having arranged these little matters to his satisfaction, he departed, leaving his flute, his guitar, and his writing-case, in charge of the ladies until his return. Meanwhile the sisters—each imagining she had outwitted the other—kept their own secret, and patiently awaited the moment when the lover should return to claim his bride.

Scarcely a month had elapsed, however, when intelligence of a most startling nature was received. The certificates of deposit, which had been forwarded by the New York brokers to their agents in New Orleans, when presented to the bank for payment, were pronounced to be forgeries! An inquiry was immediately instituted respecting Mr. Charles Stuart Montague, and the result of the investigation was, that no such person was known to the cashier of the Sugarcane Bank, and that the signature to the certificates, though admirably well executed, were only excellent imitations of the rugged characters in which Mr. Ticker usually traced his name. But the length of time which was required to ascertain that fact, had afforded the gentleman full time to complete his plans. The goods which he had purchased in Buffalo, had been sold at auction by his confederate, as soon as they reached New York. Mr. Montague arrived there in time to divide the spoils; and, instead of shipping the merchandise, they concluded to ship themselves for Texas; while Mr. Windlespin and Mr. Mac Donald, who had endorsed the certificates, were left to reimburse the brokers, and to pocket their own loss.

The ladies were filled with amazement and grief, and, in the first overwhelming burst of anguish, revealed to each other the alarming fact that Mr. Montague was actually engaged to marry both! His writing-case was opened, and found to contain some rose-tinted paper, a stick of pink sealing-wax, and an agate seal, with the impressive motto, *toujours fidele*. But, upon further examination, a private drawer was discovered, containing the following letters:

'DEAR JACK—Why the deuce don't you get on faster with your Buffalo scheme? It will cost as much as it is worth if you stay much longer. I believe you like the trade of gentleman, for whenever you take it up you let every thing else hang by the eyelids till you get into some scrape which drives you ahead. What do you expect to gain by courting those two girls, when you can't marry either of them if they were as rich as Jews? For my part I don't see the use of playing the devil when there is nothing to be gained by it. By the way, I promised to send the enclosed letter as the only means of preventing Mistress Molly from advertising you, as she does not know where you are. I hope you will be duly grateful to Your friend, T. M.'

The enclosure was still more curious: 'U are a Big scamp and a Blackhearted villain. If u hav no Kumpashun for me u mite Hav sum for ure own Flesh and blude; here I am a Washin and goin out to dase work to feed ure seven starvin childer while u are a travellin About jist like a jentleman; u ought to Bee ashamed so you ought and if u don't come home and lake after us I will advertis u in all the papers. Any Boddy would no n by ure discrepshun u most insinivatin man—oh

when I think of ure butifol Long hare and ure Hansome face I culde forgiv u every thing only cum back and i will forgiv u and i will work fur u agin jist like i alwase did so as to save ure Little wite Hands so no more at present from ure

'affectionate Mary Mugson.'

About two years after the events just recorded, Miss Grace Windlespin (who had long since discovered that her aqua-marine locket, like her sister's diamond, was false as the lover's heart) was led to the hymeneal altar, as the phrase is, by a very respectable tailor; while Miss Kate had tamed down her wild spirit so far as to marry a country schoolmaster—an elderly widower, with several children. The truth was that Mr. Windlespin's land speculations had ended in total ruin, and the ladies had no time to pick and choose among their admirers, when they daily feared the exposure of their actual circumstances. They were married with great parade, however, and immediately after the ceremony the happy couples set off on a bridal tour—the two husbands having no doubt that the father's wedding gift would pay all such little extra expenses. Among the places of note which they visited was the famous Auburn prison. The time chosen was the hour when the inmates are usually led out to dinner, and the ladies stood quietly regarding the gangs of men, who, with folded arms and locked step, moved forward, as if with a single impulse, like some complicated machine. Suddenly Grace uttered a loud shriek, and threw herself tenderly on her husband's bosom. One of the prisoners had dared to look at her as he passed, and, unobserved by his keeper, had even given her a knowing wink. Kate kept her own counsel about it, and did not appear to notice the instant look of the handsome man; but, notwithstanding his shaven head and prison garb, she, as well as Grace, had recognized the features of 'the interesting stranger'—the elegant Mr. Charles Stuart Montague—alias, Jack Mugson, the swindler!

ONE OF NAPOLEON'S GOOD ACTS. A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Napoleon was conversing with Josephine, when one of his officers entered and announced a young woman from Lyons.

'What is her business with me?'

'Some petition,' answered DeMerville, the officer.

'Show her into our presence,' said he.

The officer soon appeared with a lady leaning upon her arm, whose face, as much as could be scanned through thick folds of a veil, was very beautiful. She trembled as she approached the door.

'Mademoiselle,' whispered her guide kindly, pressing her hand, 'take courage, but answer promptly whatever question the emperor proposes: he detests hesitation.' Then ushering her into the spacious apartment, he bowed and retired.

The trembling girl, perceiving Napoleon, on whom her fondest hopes depended, forgot herself and her timidity; she thought only of *amour*. Throwing herself at the feet of Napoleon, she exclaimed in a voice choked with emotion, 'Mercy, sire! I sue for mercy and pardon.' She could articulate no more.

Josephine stepped from her partial concealment, and then approaching the ground, contributed more by her sympathising words of encouragement to restore the courage of the young petitioner, than even the emperor, by the kindness of his manner as he bade her rise.

'Your petition, mademoiselle,' said he.

Henriette Armond (for that was her name) looked imploringly at the emperor and exclaimed:—'Ah, sire, I ask pardon for Louis Delamarre, who is condemned to be shot on to-morrow! Oh! grant him your royal pardon!'

A cloud gathered on the brow of Napoleon, as he interrupted her with—'A deserter, mademoiselle, he has twice deserted. No, he must be made an example for the remainder of the regiment.'

'But the cause of his desertion?' cried Henriette, in agony; 'He was compelled to join the army against his will.'

'What was the cause of his desertion?' interrupted Napoleon.

'Two weeks since,' answered Henriette, 'he received news that an only remaining parent, a mother, sire, was on her death-bed, and, longed, day and night, to behold her son again—Louis knew that relief or release from his post was impossible. His mind was filled with one thought—that she might not close her eyes forever, ere they rested on a son she loved so fondly.'

'Did she die?' asked the empress with interest.

'No, madame,' replied Henriette, 'she at last recovered. But he hardly had received her blessing, been folded in her arms, ere he was torn from her grasp by the officers of justice, and dragged hither. O! must he die? Mercy, sire! I beseech you!'

'Mademoiselle,' said Napoleon, apparently softened, 'this was the second offence, name the first, you omitted that.'

'It was,' said Henriette, hesitating and coloring—'it was—that he heard I was to marry Conrad Fernat, whom I detest as much as he does,' answered Henriette, with naïveté.

'Are you his sister, that he feels so great an interest in your fate?' asked the Emperor.

'O, no, sire,' said Henriette, her lovely cheek assuming still deeper the hue of the rose, 'I am only his cousin.'

'Ah only his cousin,' repeated Napoleon, glancing at Josephine with a half suppressed smile.

'O, sire,' cried Henriette, 'recollect the anguish of his widowed mother, when she recollects the affection of her son for her is the cause of his death. What,' she continued, 'can I do to save him?' and the poor girl, forgetting the presence of royalty, burst into tears. The kind hearted Josephine glanced at the emperor with tears expressive of pity and sympathy. She noticed the workings of his face, and felt at once it was very uncertain whether Louis Delamarre was to be shot the next morning.

Napoleon approached the weeping girl—She hastily looked up and dried her tears—'Mademoiselle,' said he, 'would you give your life for his? would you die could Louis Delamarre be restored to life, liberty, and his mother?'

Henriette started back, deadly pale, looked fixedly at the emperor for a moment, then turning away, she buried her face in her hands.

After a silence of some minutes, Henriette looked up, an air of fixed determination resting upon her face. 'I am willing,' she said in a low tone of voice. Napoleon looked at her in

surprise, as if he had not anticipated so ready an answer to his proposal. 'I will see you again; in the meantime accept such apartments for your accommodation as I shall direct.'

As soon as the door closed upon the fair petitioner, Napoleon walked to the window against which Josephine was leaning, and said:—'I see how it is; Louis Delamarre is the lover of this young girl. True to woman's nature, she has braved difficulty and danger to beg for his release.'

'How strong must be the love she bears for him,' said the empress.

'Ah!' returned he, 'I have a mind to subject the same love to a severer test. Much I doubt whether she will give her life for him. Nevertheless, I will see.'

'Sure,' cried Josephine, 'you are not serious. Louis certainly can be pardoned without the death of Henriette.'

Napoleon drew her nearer the window, and they conversed in a low voice:

Henriette stood alone in a magnificent apartment. Hours passed unobserved, so intensely was she absorbed in reverie; a small folded paper was tightly grasped in her small hand. On it were traced these words:—'A deserter is condemned by the laws, to suffer death.—If you wish Delamarre restored to liberty, the means are in your power. Ere day dawns he may be on his way to join his mother whom he so much loves.'

'Ah!' murmured Henriette, 'do not I love him too? Pressing her hands upon her heart, as if to still its tumultuous beating, she paced the apartment. The door opened and the Chevalier DeMerville entered. He paused ere he articulated, 'Mademoiselle.'

'I am ready,' replied Henriette, 'my decision is made.'

DeMerville appeared to comprehend the import of her words. He looked upon her in reverence as well as admiration, as she stood with the high resolve impressed on her beautiful brow. 'Follow me,' Mademoiselle, said he. They traversed long corridors and numerous suites of superb apartments, and descending a staircase, quickly reached an outer court communicating with the guard-house. Entering this Henriette was ushered by her guide into a small apartment, where she was soon left to herself.

On a chair was flung a uniform of the regiment to which Louis belonged. On a table lay a large plumed cap. Henriette comprehended all in a moment. Quickly habiting herself in the uniform, she stood before the mirror, and gathering her beautiful brown tresses in a knot, placed the cap upon her head.—She almost uttered a cry of joy at the success of her transformation. She knew that she was to be led to the fatal ground at the morning's dawn, but she shrunk not back. Love triumphed over timid woman's nature. 'Louis is my mother will bless me in her heart,' she whispered; 'Louis himself will never forget me. Ah, often has he sworn that he loved me better than all things beside.' Drawing a lock of raven hair from her bosom she pressed it to her lips and she then breathed a prayer to Heaven.

Morning dawned. The sound of footmen aroused Henriette. She started up—grasped the band of hair, awaiting the summons. The door opened and two soldiers entered repeating the name of Louis Delamarre, they suddenly led her forth to die. The soldiers, whose bullets were to pierce the heart of Louis had taken their stand, and only awaited the word of command from the emperor, who was stationed at the window commanding a view of the whole scene.

'O,' cried Josephine, who stood by him, but concealed by the window drape from the view of those below. 'O, sire, I can endure it no longer; it seems too much like a dreadful reality. Mark the devoted girl. No shrinking back. See she seems calmly awaiting the fatal moment.'

'Stop,' cried the emperor from the window, 'Louis Delamarre is pardoned. I revoke his sentence.'

A loud burst of applause from the lips of the soldiers followed this announcement. Not one of them but loved their comrade. The next moment, ere they could press around to congratulate the supposed Louis, DeMerville had eagerly drawn the bewildered Henriette through the crowd, back to the cell from which she had emerged but a few moments before.

'Resume your dress again, Mademoiselle,' hurriedly whispered he. 'Lose no time.—The emperor wishes to see you. I will return soon.'

Henriette was like one in a dream, but a gleam of delicious hope thrilled her soul; she felt the dawnings of happiness break upon her heart. Soon again resuming her pretty rustic habiliments, DeMerville re-appeared, and once again she trod the audience-room of the emperor. Lifting her eyes from the ground as the thrifty door swung open, she beheld Louis. An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of both, as, regardless of others they rushed into each other's arms.

Napoleon stepped forward. 'Louis, Delamarre,' said he, 'you have just heard from my lips the tale of this lovely girl's devotion and courage. Do you love her as she deserves?'

'I could die for her,' answered Louis proudly.

'Well, well,' cried the emperor, 'this severe test of one will suffice. So dutiful a son, so faithful a lover, will doubtless make the best of husbands. You, Lieutenant Louis Delamarre are discharged from your regiment. Return to your native valley, with Henriette as your bride.'

'Here,' said the benevolent Josephine, emerging from the recessed window, 'here are one hundred louis d'ors, as the marriage dowry, Henriette.'

A charming blush suffused the cheek of the beautiful girl, as she received the purse from the hand of the empress.

'Long live Napoleon,' exclaimed Louis, as with a heart too full of grateful emotion for further utterance, he took the hand of Henriette, and, making a graceful obeisance, quitted the apartment.

Professor Olmstead, of New Haven, supposes that the present dry state of the atmosphere is very favorable in its effects upon the public health, and that electricity has very little to do with the cholera.

In St. Joseph's county, Ia. there were manufactured last year eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-six pounds of oil of peppermint, worth, at the low rate of one dollar and fifty cents per pound, \$13,284.

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

FARM FISH AND TURTLES.—The Bingham (Mass.) correspondent of the Boston Journal, of the 26th ult., speaking of a visit to the fish pond of Miss Thomas, near that place, says: We took the youngest members of the party to visit Wear River Iron Foundry, and the river near it, and Miss Thomas' pets—the fish and turtle in it. This child of nine years old has fed these fish four years with bread. She was first amused by throwing the crumbs into the water when she sat her meals on the stones of the bank, and seeing the fish dart for them, she soon took an interest in the fish, and has fed them regularly since. Strange as it may seem, they know her voice. On our request, she brought the turtle, she did so, and called "turtle, turtle, turtle," several times; directly we could see the turtle popping their heads up over the pond, then swim to her, and take the bread from her hands. The fish did the same; several hundreds of fish, consisting of large black pouts, six to eight inches long, shiners and minnows of all sizes, flocked around her perfectly tame. The turtles were of two kinds, snappers and the common yellow spotted ones. This was a most interesting sight, and well worth a long ride to see it. The distance is but half a mile from the Old Colony House, and depot of the railroad near it. The taming of these fishes shows much kindness and regular treatment will do, aided by a gentle voice, in taming animals which have been considered stupid.—[N. Amer. and U. S. Gaz.]

SLAVERY IN WASHINGTON.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune mentions the following incidents:

A poor woman was put into jail about a week since. It is the jail that cost the people of the United States nearly or quite sixty thousand dollars. Had this poor woman committed any crime? Not the least in the world. Her mistress wants to sell her for money, that's all. She puts her in jail simply to know where she is when she finds a customer. This poor woman offered for sale, expects to be confined in a few weeks. She has a husband and mother, but neither of them are allowed to go into the jail to visit her. The husband tried to talk with her through the grating window, the other day, but was driven off by some menial of the establishment. Amanda, the slave woman, is a member of the Methodist Church, which takes the name of Bethlehem. I hear she is in good standing in the church, and sustains a fair and good character generally. The mistress—the owner—the trader—who is she? She is Miss A. B. a venerable spinster, a few years ago from Virginia, and now residing in this city. She brought with her this woman, her mother, and two or three children, upon whose wages she had lived for some years past, and now proposes to put Amanda into her pocket. She (Miss A. B.) is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, belongs to McKendree Chapel congregation, and attends class regularly. I am glad to say some of the brethren are a little stirred about this transaction.

Within a few days another young wife, with an infant in her arms, has been put into the same People's Jail. She was seized upon by the Sheriff, and one hundred and eighty dollars levied upon her. This is done by a woman, too, a Mrs. or Miss M. of Prince George's County, Md. Mrs. M. sold the woman a few years since, with her two children, for six hundred and fifty dollars, and has received the entire sum, within fifty dollars, and the interest, (say, eighty dollars,) and now levies upon her for this balance. The husband procured a purchaser, and has himself contrived to pay up three hundred and fifty dollars of the original sum. The balance is yet due, not to the woman, but to some one else, who made the purchase. The lawyers have got hold of the case, and whether the anxious husband will be able to save his wife, or be compelled to give her up, Heaven only knows.

These few slight incidents will help you to see, a little, how we live and get on in this part of the country.

WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR?—I can conceive of no reason why he should, but of ten reasons why he should not.

It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

It is vulgar; altogether too low for a decent man.

It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman according to Webster is a genteel man, well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear, than go into the street and throw mud with a clod-opper.

It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

It is foolish. "A want of decency is want of sense." Pope.

It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person to which it is aimed.

It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

TWO CHRISTIANS.—Two good men on some occasion had a warm dispute; and remembering the exhortation by the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," just before sunset, one of them went to the other, and knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; the other, at the same time cried out, "the sun is almost down." This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in, brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating matters, of redressing grievances, and of reconciling brethren?

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.—The great question whether cholera is infectious has been made the subject of a singular experiment in St. Petersburg, by order of the czar. Four murderers, sentenced to death, were put on a bed lately occupied by four cholera patients who had died, and yet the murderers did not take the disease. It was then announced to the murderers that they were about being placed on beds in which four persons died of malignant cholera, and that if they escaped the disease, their lives would be spared. But instead of cholera beds, the culprits were put into beds which had not been occupied by diseased persons, and yet such was the effect of their fears, the four died within three days.

The other day one of widow B's admirers was complaining of the tooth-ache. Mrs. B's son immediately spoke up—

"Well, sir, why don't you do as ma does?" She takes her tooth out and puts 'em in when-ever she wants to."

A few minutes afterwards, the boy was whipped on some pretence or other.

HORSE SHOES WITHOUT NAILS.—There have been many improvements attempted upon horse-shoeing, by attaching the shoe to the foot without the use of nails, but all devices have hitherto fallen short of the desideratum—a method of shoeing without nails, applicable to general service. Mr. William Darry has lately patented a new method which consists of the common felled shoe, fastened on by means of iron wire staples—that have undergone the process of annealing—introduced into the wall of the hoof, through holes bored into it, taking nearly the same direction and course that the nails do. The staples are turned downwards, so that their ends emerge within the canal of the hoof, where by means of pliers they are brought into contact and twisted together, and the twist afterwards turned and beaten down snugly within the canal. The deeper the fulling, therefore, the better. The staples are introduced on either side, and the number, as in the use of nails, being left to the judgment of the practitioner.—[London Paper.]

Very few, even mechanics, are aware how much machinery there is in their own bodies. Not only are there hinges and joints in the bones but there are valves in the veins, a forcing pump in the heart, and other curiosities.—One of the muscles of the eye forms a real pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form which has been calculated by mathematicians, to be strong for pillars and supporting columns—that of hollow cylinders.

Last week a blackbird and thrush were observed courageously fighting a cat belonging to a family at Newington, striking their foe at all sides with their bills. The cat was compelled to retire, when the object of the bird's anxiety was found to be a wounded thrush, upon which puss intended making a meal. The wounded warbler was removed, and its faithful guardians then took their flight.

CONJURINGS.—Why is the price current like a young lady's back? Because it shows the rise of cotton.

Why is a kiss like heartless worship? Because it is "lip service."

When did Napoleon make the Catholic sign of devotion? When he crossed the Alps.

Why is a gentle mist like a note nearly arrived at maturity? Because it's falling dew.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.—A coffin, made from the board of health.

A young kitten from the cat o'nine tails.

A quack prescription prepared from the bark of a dog-day.

A glove for the right hand of fellowship.

The great toe of a foot of poetry.

The foal of the night mare.

A comb, made from the horn of an Irish bull.

A piece of the planet that caused the eclipse of the honey moon.—[Portland Transcript.]

GOOD ADVICE FROM ONE WHO IS CAPABLE OF GIVING IT.—Mr. John H. Prentice, in retiring from his position as a newspaper editor, which he has filled through forty years, gives the following opinions 'on the subject of newspapers. They may be regarded as purely disinterested, because they come from one who has severed his connection with the press.

"No man should be without a well-conducted newspaper. He is far behind the spirit of the age unless he reads one, is not upon an equal footing with his fellow-men who enjoys such advantage, and is disregarding of his duty to his family in not affording them an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of what is passing in the world, at the cheapest possible teaching. Show me a family without a newspaper, and I venture to say that there will be manifest in that family, a want of amenity of manners, and indications of ignorance most strikingly in contrast with the neighbor who allows himself such a rational indulgence. Young men, especially should read newspapers. If I were a boy, even of twelve years, I would read a newspaper weekly, though I had to work by torch-light to earn money enough to pay for it. The boy who reads well will learn to think and analyze; and if so, he will be almost sure to make a man of himself, having vicious indulgence, which reading is apt to beget a distaste for."

"The fare to Lawrence by railroad for two of us, an' what is it?" asked an honest Hibernian at the Boston railroad station. "One dollar and twenty cents," was the answer of the obliging ticket-seller. "An' can't you be taking less?" "Not a penny." "Then just give us two tickets for a dollar and we'll walk out the balance!" was the earnest demand of Patrick.

A wager was laid on Yankee peculiarity, to answer one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a down easter was interrogated: "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I can do it mister," said the Yankee.

"Then, why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?"

"Do they," was Jonathan's reply.

"Twenty-two carats! They make a great fuss about California carats. I've got mor'n fifty in my garden as good as they've got there, and my blood boils—don't talk to me of your twenty-two fine carats." And Mrs. P. looked into her jar of pickles with the utmost complacency.

FROGS AND THE CHOLERA.—The Sun says it was made cognizant of a case on Sunday, which probably came near the cholera. A man, who the evening before had been drinking freely, and had eaten twelve frogs for his supper—an unusual diet with him—was taken down in the morning and died before night.—This, of course, should serve as a caution to people not to eat twelve frogs for supper during this hot weather. The Sun should have stated whether the frogs were eaten raw or not. [Mirror.]

"I DID NOT THINK."—The Portsmouth Journal says that two boys went into a store in that town, and looked at some knives; when they left, a knife was missing. The thoughtless boy had some salutary reflection before the next morning, as is shown by the fact that the knife was thrown into the store by a boy who passed so rapidly that he could not be recognized. With the knife was a billet which ran thus: "Mr. Abbey.—I did not think a moment, last night, when I took this knife from your store. Please forgive me."

A frolicsome young lady belonging to one of the most respectable families in New York, was found patrolling the streets late on Tuesday evening, in male attire, "for the fun of the thing," as she said. One of the police had arrested her, and was conveying her off to the station house, when the captain of the district recognizing her, and knowing whence she came, conveyed her home, with a little "advice gratis." Her parents had gone out of town—hence the "spree" and another verification of the old adage, "when the cat's away," etc.

BEEF ROOT VINEGAR.—Many families purchase their vinegar at very considerable annual expense; some "make do" with a very indifferent article; and others, for want of a little

knowledge and less industry, go without. It is an easy matter, however, to be at all times supplied with good vinegar, and that, too, without much expense. The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise without cost, will make from five to six gallons of good vinegar, equal to the best made of cider or wine. Grate the beets, having first washed them, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in many other ways which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into an empty barrel; cover the bung hole with gauze, and set it in the sun; and in twelve or fifteen days it will be ready for use.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

Dr. South says:—"The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should always be both hanged up, back to back, only the one by the tongue and the other by the ear."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 2, 1849.

RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

In our last number we briefly alluded to several plans before the public, giving their outlines, and finally expressing a preference for that proposed by Mr. Degrand.

We like this project, first because it appears to be divested of the objections and difficulties which are presented by the peculiar state of the public mind in regard to Railroads; shewing themselves like rows of bristling bayonets, to the bold man who dares to suggest the idea of another; and second, because we believe it to be the only project certain of a successful issue.

Reasoning from past experience in the building of Railroads, it is evident that the subtraction of near \$100,000,000 from the business capital of this country, to be applied to the construction of this great work, would cause great financial embarrassment and commercial distress: but in the plan of Mr. Degrand, by the creation of \$98,000,000 in government stock payable in London, this rock in the way of Railroad enterprise is entirely avoided. The stock, by the facility with which it can be converted into money in Europe, becomes the means by which we draw to us a portion of the immense floating capital of the old world, and thus by the aid of government credit we build the road to San Francisco, with the means of our neighbors on the other side of the Atlantic, strengthening instead of disturbing our own money market, by the diffusion of this immense sum through the industrial classes of our population.

This we regard as the masterstroke in the project under consideration. It has a successful precedent in the Western Railroad of Massachusetts, in the construction of which Mr. Degrand himself materially aided, and any one conversant with the history of that important work, will understand and appreciate the great and permanent influence of the State loan upon the money market of Boston. Suffice it for our present purpose to say, that the sterling bonds then issued became in great demand for remittance to England, and that they were almost entirely absorbed for this purpose, the Western Railroad having disposed of them at a handsome advance.

A similar result might occasionally be expected in the disposition of the government stock created for the San Francisco Railroad. The late serious disturbances in the old world have operated to the prejudice of the different securities, and those of the United States have consequently been looked upon by European capitalists with greater favor and have met with an active and advancing market. This feeling in favor of United States securities, has been largely counted upon by financial writers, as an essential element in producing monetary ease here, and thus far the result has fully justified the expectation. Looking upon this plan then in its financial bearing, it strikes us as particularly adapted to the condition of things in a comparatively new country, where the most serious want is, for sufficient capital to meet the vast increase of business.

Timid and superficial observers will be startled at the idea of a loan of such magnitude for the purpose of constructing a railroad, but it would require no labored argument to prove that even if Government was finally obliged to pay its own stock, without repayment by the railroad, it could make no better or more profitable investment; for who cannot see at a glance, that the advance upon the countless millions of acres of government land, created by the construction of a railroad, would pay the entire loan ten times over. But there is no fear of such a result; the road itself would be a sure and profitable work, with ability to pay handsome dividends, and to meet the demands of government within the allotted time.

One great cause of the late stringency in the money market of this country, from the effects of which we are still suffering, has been the heavy importation of railroad iron, for the numerous enterprises which the 'go ahead' spirit of New England has undertaken, and it is this injurious operation which Mr. Degrand proposes to avoid by confining the materials for the construction of the San Francisco Railroad to those of American manufacture. Thus does the projector not only provide in his plan for the furnishing of capital, without disturbance to the finances of this country, but he materially aids us in that respect, and also suggests the way by which this great sum can be made to impart additional activity to all branches of national industry.

Finally, we consider Mr. Degrand's plan the best which has been offered, because it is by far more likely to meet with success in the event of its adoption, inasmuch as the company will be furnished at once with efficient means for operation, and will be subject to no hindrances, either arising from the caprices of legislation, or from land negotiations and settlements; both of which objections are prominent in the other plans.

We could pursue this interesting theme, but must be content for the present with the few remarks we have made. In conclusion it may

not be out of place to call the attention of our readers to the recent report made by the directors of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, published in the columns of the Mail a fortnight since. The statistics therein given must, we think, be highly satisfactory to the stockholders, and we trust will be instrumental in bringing forward the friends of internal improvement to the support of a work, which is of so much importance to the interests of this part of the State.

Railroads for some time past have been suffering under the general depression of the period, and more enterprises of the kind have been undertaken than could conveniently be carried out with the means of the people of New England in the time required; but the period is not far distant when this interest will revive, and investments in this description of property become popular again.

The magical influences of a railroad must be experienced to be realized fully, but it cannot be doubted that the Androscoggin and Kennebec road, built at an expense of less than \$25,000 per mile, with favorable grades and curves and running through a country rich in agricultural resources, with abundant and wonderful water privileges, will prove a very safe and profitable investment.

THE CIRCUS.—Possibly the more moral portion of our readers did not suppose us in veritable earnest, when we proposed, in our last, to attend the Circus, and return and report to them what we saw there. We were not joking—but have discharged our duty and are ready to report.

Now—why did we go there? and what did we see there? Why should we not go, when the legislature of Maine had so far sanctioned the exercises, as to make Sands & Co. a proponent of terms on which they could visit Waterville and the other towns in the State? Why should we not go, when the town of Waterville, through its official agents, had taken pains to negotiate a contract with Sands & Co., based upon the recommendations of the higher State authority, for making a visit of 'one day only' to our village? Is there any reason why we should so far reject the advice of the powers that be, as to refuse to look in upon the exercises of the ring, merely on account of our own personal notions of morality, when such pains had been taken for our amusement?—Reader, we are made of no such stuff as this; and when the legislature plans, and his excellency the governor approves—and last of all, when the selectmen of our own choosing execute, we either say amen, or put ourselves in a favorable position to become reconciled. To this end we went; and as our conscience was relieved, through the generosity of the Company, of the twenty-five cents bias, under which many others labored, we commend ourselves to the confidence of our readers as an impartial judge of what we saw.

What did we see? We saw a multitude of men and women—drunkards, profane swearers, thieves, gamblers, the lewd of both sexes, speculators and business men of all classes, lawyers, merchants, doctors—a few good Christians, a large number of men and women of tolerable morality, a larger number of no morality, and a larger still of most intolerable immorality. This was our first view, and these our first impressions. Why did we remain there? Why should we have fled?—we had met these same individuals elsewhere—at their places of business, in the streets, in public assemblies, and even at church! They harmed us nowhere else, and why should they here? So we say this is not the reason, in our opinion, why the circus should be discontinued—for on this principle the worship of the Sabbath would be abolished at once.

We saw husbands there who had decided that the circus was an unfit amusement to be witnessed by their wives. Why? There was no obscenity there, and are women more susceptible of vicious impressions than men? Can these men tell their wives why they should be kept at home, while their lords spend their money and laugh and grow fat?

We saw one of our selectmen there. This encouraged us. We saw that two others were absent—and this disheartened us. The first told us by his presence that he had been instrumental in introducing an amusement in which he had confidence, and that he was willing to hazard his own example to sustain his own act. The last left us to fear that a source of immorality and vice had been introduced, against which they dare not trust even their own strong minds—that our sisters and daughters were to be exposed, through their agency, to indecencies or other improprieties, against which their own sisters and daughters had been forewarned. Were these conclusions natural? They, too, were first impressions—and like all first impressions are doubtless liable to amendment.

We saw there a multitude of respectable young men, who declined offering their gallantry to the ladies, because it was not a proper place for ladies. How, then, was it a proper place for gentlemen? Here is a popular error, and one that the ladies only can correct. These amusements are rendered unfit for gentlemen, because the influence of the ladies is not brought in to purify and exalt them. So long as those gentlemen who discover their evil tendency persist in attending them and excluding the ladies, their character will continually grow worse. How, then, can the brothers, and sweethearts, and husbands, be saved? The ladies—or the selectmen—must do it; and the latter will not till prompted by the former. What, then, ladies, remains to be done? Snatch from them every unit amusement, purify it, and share it with them. Only see to it that in saving them, you are not yourselves lost! We commend this only as the last resort.

We saw many fathers there without their children. How is this? Have a care for parental example—will you? Last of all, and most singular of all, we saw

that a large share of the 'respectable' portion of the audience arrived at a late hour—just after dark. Was 'Mrs. Grundy' looking out at the window?—Had the town of Waterville, in her associated dignity, approved what made individuals ashamed?

While looking at these things, our 'mind's eye' was inadvertently opened, and some things flitted through that channel. We saw that all amusements, however naturally innocent, which are supposed to be injurious, almost inevitably bring injury to society; and that, therefore, those who condemn any of the popular amusements of the day, should look carefully to see whether such condemnation is necessary. We saw that opposition, when really demanded, should be decided and strenuous; and that other opposition than this is worse than none.—We saw that a license for the exercises of the circus, would be construed into a license for the people to attend them; (just as a license to sell rum operates as a license to drink it;) and that, consequently, it is folly to find fault with those who spend their time and money, and contract evil associations, so long as they can fall back upon the commendatory certificate of the corporate authorities. We saw that so long as a majority of the voters in town are in favor of patronizing any particular amusement, whether wise or foolish, it is a very delicate matter for the selectmen to interpose their veto; and that, consequently, those who are opposed to such amusements should vote in town meeting to instruct the proper authorities accordingly. And lastly, we saw that Sands & Co. would probably reduce the circulating medium of Waterville and vicinity, by fair contract with the town, at least two hundred dollars—a simple exchange of two hundred dollars currency for two hundred dollars in *fun*;—that however desirable such commercial transactions may be when money is plenty, they should not be too frequent in hard times; and that we join in a petition to the town authorities, that the next visit of the circus to Waterville be deferred till such time as our neighbor of the Banner can visit us over the "river route" railroad.

WHEAT.—Why is it said that the raising of wheat must be abandoned in Maine? Is any one disposed to abandon the potato crop? We venture the assertion that more good fields of wheat than of potatoes will be reported by the farmers of Maine next fall. The Messrs. Pearson, at their beautiful farm near this village, have one of the best fields of winter wheat we ever saw. It will doubtless be one of the most profitable fields on the farm. It is of the *Red Chaff* variety. Those who are in need of encouragement in this department of farming—and an important one it is, the production of bread—should go and see it on the ground. It will not hurt them to go over the remainder of the farm—unless they are inclined to covet what is not their own. There are other things there, worthy of notice, and among them is a charming view of the village of Waterville, which renders the farm one of the most delightful in our vicinity—always bearing in mind the beautiful seat of Col. Scribner, of the 'Fairmount Farm.'

ACCOMMODATION.—What a comforting word!—and one of the best accommodations recently introduced here, is Smith's Accommodation 'Grocery Express.' It positively annihilates one of the most prominent evils of domestic life—that dreadful cry from the kitchen that proclaims the demands of the cook. Regular as the clock, the Express is at the door to learn the wants of the kitchen, and in the shortest possible time the supplies are in the pantry. No lugging of pails or trundling of wheelbarrows; no sending of Bill or Tom with the market basket; and in fact, no knowing anything about the whole matter except paying the bills. And all this comes 'for the asking,' the only object of the enterprise being increased sales—and everybody knows Smith sells 'cheaper than the cheapest.'

WHAT NEWS?—Our friends in neighboring towns, especially those who take the Mail, will always confer a special favor by sending us interesting items of news, or anything that will make a good paragraph. No matter about the finish—we will see that it appears in respectable garb. Fires, accidents, deaths and marriages, extra crops, fine animals—such matters as these will always command our thanks.

FRUIT.—Those who have neglected their orchards, and those who have none to neglect, will find occasion to regret their negligence this season. Most kinds of fruit promise to be abundant in this section. Some one, the other day, in speaking of a fine orchard in a neighboring town, said that the grandfather of the present occupant, who originally owned the place, declined planting an orchard because he should not live to eat fruit from it. The son, like too many other sons, neglected it because his father did. The grand-son, caught the idea of the age, and planted an orchard—of which both his father and grandfather lived to eat the fruit. Let those who will, take warning, that their grand-children may never have such an ancestor to be ashamed of.

"The work goes bravely on" upon the line of the A. & K. Railroad. The grading is rapidly verging to completion, and the laying of the rails will soon commence at this end. We are told that the 'preferred stock' is very freely taken, and that nothing now gives reason to doubt that the road will open early in the Fall.

PLAINNESS IN DRESS.—We find the following good paragraph in the annual 'Epistle' from the late Yearly Meeting in London:

We have often had to remind our friends of duties of plainness and moderation in reference to dress. Without any diminution of interest on this point, we feel it right at the present time to advert more particularly to those duties with relation to the furniture of our houses and our general manner of living. We are apprehensive that a degree of display, of luxury and of self-indulgence, has crept in amongst us,

tending not only to gratify the vain mind, but more or less to benumb the spiritual faculties; and the effect is often not less injurious upon the children of those who, in these particulars, are departing from our testimonies. We fear also that some, who are in moderate or even in limited circumstances, being led away by a desire to imitate those whose means are more ample, have been induced to set out in life on a scale of expenditure unsuited to their income, and have thereby been led into a course which has ended in ruin; and where this may not have been the result, their time, their strength and their hearts have, in consequence of the efforts to meet such expenditure, been absorbed by the pursuits of business, to a degree detrimental to their religious growth, and to their usefulness in the church. We feel at the same time a concern that, whilst restrained from a vain, self-indulgent, or an imprudent expenditure on themselves and their families, our dear friends may be preserved from parsimony and the snare of accumulating property, to their own and their children's hurt. Rather let them regard the larger means which the self-restraint we have recommended would leave at their disposal, as adding to their stewardship for the alleviation of poverty, and watchfulness, and for the good of their neighbors.

Extract of a letter from Mr. William Bartlett Jr. a passenger on board Brig Charlotte, which sailed 23d January for San Francisco.

BRIG CHARLOTTE, April 28th, 1849.

Lat. 42 S. Lon. 80 W.

We are thus far on our way, having been prospered in health, and generally in good weather. We had a remarkable short run to the line, only 22 days from Newburyport, with studding sails set the whole distance, except 24 hours in the Gulf. After crossing the line, we had a dead calm for 10 days. We were up with the Falkland Islands, lat. 51, lon. 57, in 47 days from home. In 84 days from Newburyport, we were at the entrance of the straits of Magellan, on the western side. We hope to be in Valparaiso by Thursday next. The brig, with the exception of being constantly wet, is pronounced by all the best sea boat they have ever seen. She has several times made 13 knots per hour, and run one whole 24 hours with top gallant sail set, 12 knots per hour.—We have never pumped her oftener than once in 48 hours. The captain is as pleasant a man as ever trod the deck of a ship. I have not heard him utter a cross word to a person on board, and the crew and passengers would do anything for him. We hope to be in San Francisco in 40 days.

The following persons from this vicinity, sailed in the Charlotte—Gardner Waters Jr. and Chas. H. Waters, Waterville; Wm. K. Hudson, Greenleaf Page, Rufus Kendall and Henry Gullifer, Fairfield; Albert Foster and W. N. Guptill, Clinton. They are now, doubtless, digging and pocketing the yellow lumps in California. Success to the fine fellows—and such they most truly are.

One brig Charlotte from Newburyport, and Mary Wilder of Pittston, were at Talcahuana, Chili, May 9, bound for California.

The bark Sultote, from Belfast, arrived at Valparaiso, May 19th, and sailed thence for California May 24th.

SUMMARY.

FATHER MATHEW IN BOSTON.

The reception of the great apostle of temperance at Boston was a most hearty one. It took place at Faneuil Hall, where Josiah Quincy, who presided, introduced Father Mathew in the following very pithy remarks—(as reported by the Boston Traveller.)

I cannot help thinking, ladies and gentlemen, what our Puritan fathers would say, if they could be present upon this occasion; if those men who came over, Puritans of a Puritan stock, in order to escape from everything like a regular, systematic, church government, could come to-night and see this assembly of their children, met for the purpose of welcoming to their shores, a *Roman Catholic priest*. (Applause.)

And yet, fellow citizens, what a progress it marks in the course of human affairs; what an advance in the liberality of one sect, and one class of men towards another; what an improvement has taken place in that and in many other circumstances? and how much this depends upon our free institutions; how much depends upon that equality of religious rights which has been guaranteed to us and to every citizen of the United States!

We have here no form of religion supported by Government. No man is obliged to pay fines to support a hierarchy in which he does not believe. Here, then, is but one mode in which any sect, or the teachers of any sect, obtain power; and that is by the example that they set; by their purity and the holiness of their lives and their doctrines. Here, I believe, more than in any other place in the world, the precept is carried out in the feeling of the people,—"By their fruits ye shall know them." If a man is conscientious and virtuous, if he shows that he has the spirit of his Master, the people at large declare that he is a Christian. (Applause.)

This has established no small degree of sympathy between us. But there is no one here, who does not feel how much has been done by the people of Ireland for the United States of America. It is owing to them that our railroads have been completed.

It is owing to them that our canals have been dug. It is their physical power, and the cheap labor that they have brought here, that have enabled us to go on in this course of progression to the final prosperity which we all enjoy. (Applause.)

We, therefore, fellow citizens, may differ from our distinguished friend, as it regards the position which the Apostle St. Peter holds to the church; but we all believe in the doctrine of the apostles.—Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of person, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.

But it is only in this relation that I welcome our friend. He comes to us also from the Emerald Isle; he is an Irishman. (Applause.) One of the last times that I had the honor of standing in this place, this hall was crowded from roof to floor. There were thousands of our fellow citizens here; and what was the object of their enthusiastic meeting? We had heard that the Providence of God had deprived our fellow citizens of Ireland of the means of support; and the citizens of Boston came together, and they at once raised a sum of money and fitted out one of their own ships of war, and sent it on this mission of mercy across the Atlantic. (Applause.)

There has however been one great drawback to this picture. There has been one vice, prevalent among that class of citizens, which has filled our penitentiaries and our almshouses. The poor Irishman, coming from a country where he had hardly the rights of man, where he had none of the advantages of edu-

PLEASANT RHYMES.

[From the Boston Post.]
PYRAMUS AND THISBE.
A CLASSIC LOVE STORY—BY J. G. S.

PRELUDE.
This tragedy tale which they say is a true one,
Is old—but the manner is wholly a new one.
One Ovid, a scribbler of some reputation,
Has told it before in tedious narration.
In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,
But which nobody reads on account of its silliness.

YOUNG PETER PYRAMUS—(call him "Peter,"
Not for the sake of rhyme or metre,
But merely to make the name complete—
For Pyramus lived in the olden times,
And in one of the worst of Pagan climes,
That flourish now in classic fables—
Long before—

Long before—
Either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a Christian name—
Young Peter then was a nice young fellow,
As any young lady would wish to know;
In years I mean
He was rather green,
That is to say was just out of the blue,
A little too short, and a trifle too lean,
But a "fine young man" as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day queen.
And Peter Pyramus led a life of ease,
That flourish now in classic fables—
Long before—

Long before—
That every young maid
With a pretty maiden—(he call'd her his "dove")
A little Miss THISBE, who lived next door,
(They slept, in fact, on the same floor,
With a wall between them and nothing more—
Those double houses were common of yore—)
And they loved one another, the legends say,
In that very beautiful, beautiful way.

And every young blade
Are wont to love before they grow staid,
But black-day for the laws of trade,
And a little accident checked their joy,
And gave them, awhile, the deepest annoy;
For some good reason, which history cloaks,
The match didn't happen to suit the old folks!
So THISBE's father and Peter's mother
Began the couple to worry and bother,
And tried their utmost to break them apart,
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other!
But who ever heard
Of a marriage deterred
Or even deferred
By any contrivance so very absurd,
As scolding the boy and caging his bird?
But Peter, who wasn't discouraged at all,
Obtained his mistress by other means,
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
Which wasn't so thick,
But removing a brick
Made a passage-way rather provokingly small.
Through this little chink the lover could greet her,
And eavesdrop when she was counting the sweets,
While Peter kiss'd THISBE, and THISBE kiss'd Peter,
For kisses, like flowers, will grow in the night,
Will manage to creep thro' the smallest of holes!
'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love,
Laid a nice little plot
To meet at a spot
Near a mulberry tree in a neighboring grove!
For the plan was all laid
By the youth and the maid,
(Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly
bold ones.)
To run off and get married in spite of the "old ones."
In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,
The mulberry tree impatient to find,
While Peter, the vigilant matron to blind,
Watched leisurely about some minutes behind,
While waiting alone by the trying tree,
A terrible lion
Came roaring along, quite horrid to see,
And caused the young man to flee!
(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
Blood—and a terrible thing among the ladies!)
But losing her veil she ran from the wood,
The monster leaping after her with blood,
Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil
All sprinkled o'er,
And reckoning with gore,
Turned all of a sudden exceedingly pale,
And sat himself down to weep and to wail—
For soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter
Made up his mind in a very short time,
That THISBE was dead, and the lion had eat her!
So breathing a prayer,
He determined to share
The fate of his THISBE—(he loved her to the last!)
Now THISBE returning and viewing her beau,
Lying dead by the veil (which she happen'd to know)
She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring,
And seizing the knife,
That had taken his life,
In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring!

MORAL.
Young gentlemen! pray recollect, if you please,
Not to make assignments near mulberry trees,
Since your mistress he missing, it's very ill bred
To be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead.
Young ladies!—you shouldn't go strolling about,
When your anxious mamma don't know you're out!
And remember this, that the lion had eat her!
From kissing young fellows thro' holes in the wall!

LEGAL PHRASE.—Bless me, Mr. Pounce,
what is this? (reads) "For that, whereas the
said John Snooks, on blank day of blank, with
force and arms, broke and entered a certain
dwelling-house of the plaintiff's and made a
great noise and disturbance for a long time, to
wit, for the space of twenty-four hours."
'That, sir, is the declaration in trespass.'
'But the man only knocked; he didn't make
any disturbance at the door for twenty-four
hours.'
'A mere formal allegation, sir, not necessary
to be proved.'
'But he didn't break in doors, to wit, twenty-
four doors. There are not twenty doors in the
house—he didn't break any.'
'Pooh, sir, don't you see it's laid under a ri-
delictus.'
'Laid under a what?'
'A videlicet, that means you must not prove
the allegation if it's immaterial, but if it's ma-
terial, you must.'
'But what's the use of it, then?'
'The use of it, my dear sir! But you don't
understand these things; they're vocabulary ar-
tis.'
'And what may that be?'
'Why, (aside) words that raise doubts, swell
costs, and enable the "professional man" to
make the most of a very small case.'

A wag went into an eating house, and after
giving his order to the servant, sat down, and
was not troubled with the presence of him
again for nearly twenty minutes, when, at last,
the servant came, and said:
'Here's your things sir.'
'You must be mistaken,' replied the wag.
'I'm not a customer, am I? If I am not mis-
taken I have been a waiter here for a long
time.'
The servant let the plate fall, and vomited.

An amusing incident recently occurred at
the Old Church, Calcutta, during divine ser-
vice. The night was stormy and the congrega-
tion thin. A jolly fat man was present, who
seemed to think the place a good retreat from
the rain. While the preacher was expatiating
on the duties of good soldiers, Jack listened
with becoming attention till he had ended;
when starting up and putting forth his hand
deprecatingly exclaimed, "And what do you
say for the sailors? don't they do their duty?"
The blood rushed to the preacher's face, the
clerk nearly swooned, the congregation stared,
but Jack caring for nothing, took his hat, and
walked out with an air of indignant defiance.
[Calcutta Englishman.]

KEEN.—We do not remember a sharper re-
flection than that of the poet Rogers, lately
printed in London; he said that Mr. Croker,
the author of the article in the Quarterly Re-
view on Macaulay's History, intended murder,
but had committed suicide.

CUTE.—The Yankees as a race are cunning
and no mistake, it strikes out all over them
with a sort of wooden-nutmeg aspect. The
last resource to raise the wind which one of
the genuine species adopted was as shrewd as
unscrupulous; having bought a bushel of shoes
and discovering that they were made of

rotten wood and consequently worthless for the
legitimate purpose, he sharpened the ends and
sold them for oats!

RATHER PARTICULAR.—Some years ago,
a young man, from just across the Connecticut,
who was attending our village academy, be-
came sadly infatuated with the notion that all
our maidens were in love with him. While
in this state of mind, it fell to his lot one evening
to see Miss H—— safely to her father's
domicil. On arriving at the door, the lady in-
vited him to enter. He did so. After a few
moments' conversation he arose to leave, and
Miss H—— was showing him to the door, she
innocently enough remarked that they would
be pleased to see him again—
Here was an occasion for the exercise of Jonathan's
courage and moral principle. Ex-
panding himself to his tallest height, with a
graceful but determined inclination of the head,
he replied "I should be happy, my sister, to call as
a friend, but not as a feller!"

HITTING HARD.—Such fraternal love! said
Lord Beaumont in the British House of Lords,
I such brotherly protection, as France is now
extending to Rome, have never been seen by the
world, since the days of Cain and Abel.

The Secretary of Nova Scotia, in recom-
mending measures against the spread of the small-
pox, said it was a loathsome disease—destroy-
ing life, created a great deal of terror, and im-
paired the looks of the inhabitants!

Some fair daisy commences an advertise-
ment in a New York paper, with—"A young
lady wishes an engagement." We should like
to know the disengaged young lady who does
not wish an engagement.

Never despair; never trifle; never murder;
never insult; never degrade; never perjure;
never quarrel; never cheat; never covet; never
steal; never gamble; never scoff; never
slander; never lie; never swear; and never
forget any of these commandments.

Many years ago, as Judge Tompkins, after-
wards Governor Tompkins of New York, was
sentencing a man to be executed for a murder
in Orange county, and while he was in pathetic
terms, admonishing him to repentance and
preparation, the criminal, looking up to the gal-
lery of the church in which the court was held,
exclaimed in a loud and clear voice, "keep or-
der there, will you—I cannot hear what the
judge says to me!"

"Are these rooms to be let?" said a polite
gentleman to a handsome young lady, as he
placed his foot across the threshold. "Yes sir,"
"And are you to be let with them?" "No sir,
I'm to be let alone!"

Here's an excellent chance for any person
desirous of securing a country residence:—
'I wanted to rent a house on Mellow avenue—
located immediately alongside of a fine plum-
garden, from which an abundant supply of the
most delicate fruit may be stolen during the
whole season. Rent low—and the greater
part taken in plums.'

Advertisements.
ANOTHER STOCK OF NEW GOODS.
GREAT EXCITEMENT IN TRADE!
E. J. Kimball & Co. in the Field!

COMPETITION PUT DOWN!
HAVING completed our arrangements for supplying
ourselves with GOODS at the Manufacturers'
and Importers' prices, and being prepared to take ad-
vantage of the important AUCTION SALES, by means
of a Partner on the spot, we are now enabled to sell for-
eign and domestic goods, at a lower rate than any
other firm in town.

We are now receiving another valuable Stock, making
our assortment the largest, richest, and most varied of
any in the place, consisting of
Foreign and Domestic, Fancy and Staple Dry
Goods, Crockery and Glassware, Carpets,
Furniture, Looking Glasses, &c., &c.
Also, an extensive assortment of GROCERIES, in a de-
partment by themselves.

We would particularly call the attention of the Public
and Ladies especially, to an entire NEW STOCK
of the most fashionable DRESS GOODS, Fancy and other
Clothing, in the new and beautiful styles of Silk,
Linen, Mohair, Plaid and Plain changeable Lustrés,
Thibets, Alstons, Lustrés, a new and splendid article.
Eng. Sc. Fr. and Am. Ginghams, 8 to 20c.
Linen Ginghams and Lustrés, 12 1/2 to 25c.
Muslin Ginghams, 8 to 16c.
Barages, 10 to 16c.
Printed Lawns, 8 to 17c.
India Linens, Lawns and Muslins, 17 to 30c.
Alpacas and Alpines, 15 to 100c.
DeLaines, 12 to 23c.
Eng. Sc. and Am. Prints, 3 to 11c.
Patches, 3 to 10c.

Hosiery, gloves, ribbons, gimps, fringes, laces, edgings,
silks, linens and cotton hdkfs., parasols, canes, all colors,
silk and checked cambrics, cambric, book and
Swiss muslins, linen lawns, linen cambrics, Irish-linen,
curtain muslins, bleached sheeting, colored cambrics,
kneeling caps, carpet bags, moccasins, all colors, boys'
cassimers, brown linens, alscians, linen, cotton, brown,
bleached and colored table covers, French embossed ta-
ble covers, toilet covers, robes, fancy hdkfs., scarfs and
kerchiefs, green large veils, cord and tassels, &c., &c.

SHAWLS.—A complete assortment of cashmere, silk,
crape, thibet, fancy, &c., also a great variety of
BROADCLOTHS, cassimers, vesting, dog skins, tweed,
satinets, gambroons, cordings, satins, velvets, red flau-
nel, green bookings, cloths for children, and tailors' trim-
mings.

SHEETING.—Fine, heavy and other grades, from al-
most any price to 4-4s. per yd. Denims and tickings,
8 to 12 1/2 cts. Striped shirting, blue and brown drill-
ing, 8 to 11 cts. Diaper, crash, cotton warp, table cut-
tery, Crockery, Feathers, and Looking Glasses, at Boston
wholesale prices. Also, a large stock of

CARPETING,
consisting of the common, fine, extra fine, and the super-
fine; also, stair carpeting, stair rods, carpet binding,
silk, plush, and other goods, at wholesale prices.
In offering our STOCK OF GOODS to the public, we
would call the attention to the fact, that we keep the ar-
ticles we advertise, together with many others not enu-
merated, and are not in the habit of exaggerating in
quantity. The amount and variety of our stock, and our
extremely low prices, render every species of hum-
bug and deception unnecessary. We shall exhibit a gen-
uine specimen of our style and price, and we are ready to
prove to cash purchasers that they cannot ascertain
how low goods can be bought in Waterville, nor find
the best assortment until they call on

ESTY, KIMBALL & Co.,
No. 4 Ticonic Row,
Waterville, 1899.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby
given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed
Administrator on the estate of MOSES APPLETON,
late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, de-
ceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving
bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having
demands against the Estate of said deceased, are desired
to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to
said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to
SAUEL APPLETON.
July 9, 1899. 3w1

FANS FOR THE MILLION!
ALL who have not supplied themselves with "HEAT-
DISPENSERS" had better wait moderately till
CHASES and get a supply.

THE BEST
PARIS KID GLOVES, only 62 1/2 cts.
at CHASE'S.

HOLD, FRIEND!
If you do not call and pay WRENT, by the 10th of Au-
gust next, either you or he must suffer. Don't
forget.
Waterville, June 21. 48

A CHOICE lot of Groceries, Dry Goods, Lamp Oil,
Mats, Tubs, Churns, Brooms, &c., for sale,
June 1st, 1899, by WILLIAM DYER, Druggist.

10 Patterns more New Styles BERRAGES, open today
at CHASE'S.

CIDER Vinegar, just received at No. 1
Ticonic Row, by E. L. SMITH.

LINEN Handkerchiefs, of all qualities and
prices, may be found at ELDEN'S,
No. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.

THE Subscribers are prepared to offer to their friend
and the Public, J. M. THACHER'S new and justly
celebrated
HOT-BLAST AIR-TIGHT
COOKING STOVE,

with a Rotary Grindstone in a Broiling Chamber, con-
structed for cooking steaks cleanly and in the shortest 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 quali-
ties of this stove defy competition.

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

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

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

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

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

HARDWARE,
all kinds of Tools, Saws, hand and mill, cordage, nails,
glue, pumps, lead, zinc, house fittings, copper kettles,
scythes and other farmer's implements, household arti-
cles, &c., &c.
Waterville, June 28th, 1898. J. R. FOSTER & CO.,

O. WRIGHT, M. D.,
Botanic Physician & Surgeon.
RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has re-
turned to Waterville. House on Silver st., one door
above the Parker House. Having been engaged in the
practice of medicine for twelve years, he confidently of-
fers his services to the inhabitants of Waterville and vic-
inity. Persons living at a distance can apply for medi-
cine by letter, giving a description of the complaint.
July, 1898.

PARTICULAR NOTICE
TO ALL NOT GOING TO CALIFORNIA.
(YOLD can be saved by making purchases from the
stock of NEW GOODS, just received and now open-
ing at

No. 1, Ticonic Row,
the only exclusive Grocery and Provision store in town.
A choice selection of W. F. Goods and Groceries, com-
prising in part the following articles, viz:—Early crop
Cardinals, Molasses, Manna, and sugar syrup, Port-
land, Porto Rico, brown and white Havana, Crushed
and Powdered sugar, souchong, Ningyong, Oolong, Heber,
Mace, Currants, Raisins, Peppor, Ginger, Pi-
ment, Cinnamon, Cloves, prepared Horse Radish in
bottles, an excellent article, ready for table use, Manila
and Hemp bed cords, together with a variety of other
articles usually to be found in a W. F. Goods store.

E. L. SMITH,
No. 1 TICONIC ROW
Ap 1899.]

NEW ARRANGEMENT!!
THE STEAMER
HALIFAX,
CAPT. R. F. BRACKETT, will, until further notice,
leave Vassalboro' (Getchell's Corner) for Bath, every
day, Sunday excepted, at 5 o'clock A. M., August, at
6 1/2 o'clock A. M. Gardner, at S. Gardner, at S.
Stages will leave Waterville same day, at 1 1/2 o'clock
A. M., to convey passengers to Vassalboro' to meet the
boat.

RETURNING—Will leave Bath for Vassalboro', every
day, Sunday excepted, at 1 o'clock P. M., Richmond
1 1/2 o'clock, Gardner 3 1/2 o'clock, August 5.
Fare through, 75 cents.—Neals extra.

PHOENIX, Captain Jewell,
will leave Waterville every morning, (except Sundays),
at 5 o'clock, and Augusta at 11 o'clock, or on arrival
of the Boston boats.

Persons wishing to pass on this ship will do well
to engage soon as they will take but a limited num-
ber of passengers. If desired, some small lots of light freight
will be taken.

For freight apply to
Capt. Geo. Davis, Bath.
T. J. SOUTHERN, Richmond.
J. P. PHILBROOK, Augusta.
Capt. EDWIN COFFIN, Waterville.
Gen. S. S. SIMONS, Waterville.
JOSEPH BURGESS, Fairfield.
Dr. W. A. BURLEIGH, 46
June 6, 1898.

THE OLD STAND.
LENUEL STILSON
CONTINUES to manufacture and keep on hand at his
shop in Waterville, all kinds of
CARRIAGES,
embracing Chaises, Gigs, open and top Buggies,
Phaetons, Rockaways, Wagons, &c., &c.
All of which will be sold at very low prices, and upon
the most accommodating terms. All work manufactured
at his shop warranted. Having had thirty years
experience in the business, he feels confident of his ab-
ility to give general satisfaction to all who may purchase
of him.

He is now finishing up
Two Six-Passenger COACHES,
well and substantially made, which will be sold at a
great bargain—much lower than can be bought elsewhere.

REPAIRING,
of all kinds, embracing painting, trimming, ironing, &c.,
done at short notice, on the most reasonable terms.
In due season he will be prepared with a good assort-
ment of SLEIGHES, of all styles and sizes, which
will be sold low as they can be bought in this or any
other market.

All orders thankfully received, and all business en-
trusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
Waterville, A. F. Stevens.
W. A. F. STEVENS

WOULD respectfully inform the public that he will
continue to carry on the
Grave Stone Business,
in all its variety of forms at his Shops in WATERVILLE
& SKOWHEGAN, as he has on hand a large assort-
ment of

NEW-YORK & ITALIAN MARBLE,
And an extensive assortment of
AMERICAN & ENG. SLATE STONE,
which he will sell and warrant at as low prices as can
be purchased at any other shop in the State.

Mr. C. S. Smith, his late partner, will be constantly
at the shop in Skowhegan, to wait upon customers.
Waterville, May 9th, 1899. 16

AM. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Expense of Insurance Reduced 25 Per Cent.
Prof. BENJ. SULLIVAN, President.
THE LEADING FEATURES of this Company are—
Great reduction of the rates of premium, being one
fourth less than other companies, payable in cash an-
nually, semi-annually or quarterly, annual participation of
the insured in the profits, ample guarantee capital, and
the business transactions greatly simplified and its ex-
penses lessened by the whole being retained in a Cash
Fund.

REFERENCES.
Hon. Edmund Dwight, A. H. Vinton, D. D.,
Rev. G. C. Gray, Rev. G. W. Blagden,
J. G. Rogers, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Esq.,
Of De Laines, Cashmere, Balzoni, Berages, Muslin,
Organdies, Linens, Lawns, Ginghams, Prints,
&c., &c., we have a large stock.

Our facilities for purchasing give us a superiority over
most others, and enable us to offer our customers dif-
ferent and superior styles at lower prices. Our endeavor
always has been to give a good article at the very low-
est prices, and we are now prepared to offer everything
at a small advance; but at any rate

We will not be Underbid on any Article.
LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS have ever
been our motto. Investigate for yourselves, and oblige
us.
J. A. JONES & CO., 1 Tremont Row, Boston,
May, 1899. 1

BUTTER AND EGGS WANTED,
for which the highest market price will be given by D. &
A. Sinker Provisions and Grocery dealers, north
door Marston Block.
Waterville July 10 1899.

BEST selected Medicines and Drugs, a fresh supply
Families and Physicians supplied with articles that
shall give satisfaction, and at reasonable prices.
June 1st, 1898, at WILLIAM DYER,

HARDWARE.

HENRY NOUSE & 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, Cut and Mill Saws, Fire Frames, Fire
Dogs, Oven, Ash and Boiler Mottos, 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 toves, com-
mon Sheet Iron, Air-tight, Box and other toves.
Also—a full supply of fresh Ground LEAD of dif-
ferent qualities and all other kinds of Paints—
Lime-seed, Sperma, and White Oil, Spirits Turpen-
tine, Jute, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best
quality—

Manilla Cordage, Harness, Sole, Patent, Covering
Dash and Top Leather, Carriage Trimmings,
Goodgear'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
clothes 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, 1898. (11-1y)

NEW MILLINERY GOODS,
AT
MRS. F. M. BURBANK'S,
No. 1 Boutelle Block.

MRS. BURBANK would inform the Ladies of Water-
ville and vicinity, that she has just returned from
Boston with a large assortment of Bonnets and other
Millinery Goods, and respectfully invites their attention
to her Spring Stock; in which may be found
French, English and American Bonnets,
of the newest styles.

Barages, Ribbons, Flowers, Fringes, Laces,
Edgings, &c., &c.
Mrs. BURBANK will keep constantly on hand a com-
plete assortment of Millinery Goods, and trusts she may
be able to meet the wants and tastes of all who may fa-
vor her with their patronage.
May 9, 1898. 24

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM
J. P. CAFFEY & CO.,
CORNER of Temple & Main-sts., nearly opposite the
Post Office, now offer for sale a complete assort-
ment of
CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS,
embracing
Sofas, card, centre and Work Tables, of various patterns
Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Wash stands, Chamber-sinks
Toilet-basins, and all the latest styles of 400 tons
burthen—was built at Richmond, the present season, by
Thomas J. Southard, Esq.—is owned by Albert Ballard
& Co. of Boston, and is one of the finest ships of this
voyage in the harbor. This ship has a spacious cab-
in on the upper deck—50 feet long by 28 wide—their
gear one ever finished in this State.

Persons wishing to pass on this ship will do well
to engage soon as they will take but a limited num-
ber of passengers. If desired, some small lots of light freight
will be taken.

For freight apply to
Capt. Geo. Davis, Bath.
T. J. SOUTHERN, Richmond.
J. P. PHILBROOK, Augusta.
Capt. EDWIN COFFIN, Waterville.
Gen. S. S. SIMONS, Waterville.
JOSEPH BURGESS, Fairfield.
Dr. W. A. BURLEIGH, 46
June 6, 1898.

THE OLD STAND.
LENUEL STILSON
CONTINUES to manufacture and keep on hand at his
shop in Waterville, all kinds of
CARRIAGES,
embracing Chaises, Gigs, open and top Buggies,
Phaetons, Rockaways, Wagons, &c., &c.
All of which will be sold at very low prices, and upon
the most accommodating terms. All work manufactured
at his shop warranted. Having had thirty years
experience in the business, he feels confident of his ab-
ility to give general satisfaction to all who may purchase
of him.

He is now finishing up
Two Six-Passenger COACHES,
well and substantially made, which will be sold at a
great bargain—much lower than can be bought elsewhere.

REPAIRING,
of all kinds, embracing painting, trimming, ironing, &c.,
done at short notice, on the most reasonable terms.
In due season he will be prepared with a good assort-
ment of SLEIGHES, of all styles and sizes, which
will be sold low as they can be bought in this or any
other market.

All orders thankfully received, and all business en-
trusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
Waterville, A. F. Stevens.
W. A. F. STEVENS

WOULD respectfully inform the public that he will
continue to carry on the
Grave Stone Business,
in all its variety of forms at his Shops in WATERVILLE
& SKOWHEGAN, as he has on hand a large assort-
ment of

NEW-YORK & ITALIAN MARBLE,
And an extensive assortment of
AMERICAN & ENG. SLATE STONE,
which he will sell and warrant at as low prices as can
be purchased at any other shop in the State.

Mr. C. S. Smith, his late partner, will be constantly
at the shop in Skowhegan, to wait upon customers.
Waterville, May 9th, 1899. 16

AM. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Expense of Insurance Reduced 25 Per Cent.
Prof. BENJ. SULLIVAN, President.
THE LEADING FEATURES of this Company are—
Great reduction of the rates of premium, being one
fourth less than other companies, payable in cash an-
nually, semi-annually or quarterly, annual participation of
the insured in the profits, ample guarantee capital, and
the business transactions greatly simplified and its ex-
penses lessened by the whole being retained in a Cash
Fund.

REFERENCES.
Hon. Edmund Dwight, A. H. Vinton, D. D.,
Rev. G. C. Gray, Rev. G. W. Blagden,
J. G. Rogers, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Esq.,
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June 1st, 1898, at WILLIAM DYER,

CARRIAGE TRIMMING.

AND
HARNES MAKING.
BY
I. S. MC FARLAND,
first shop south of Hanscom's building, Main-st
WATERVILLE.

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WATERVILLE.
REFERENCES.—DR. JACOB BOWEN,
" H. I. BOWITCH,
" D. H. SPENCER,
" J. B. S. JACKSON.
No. 5 Ticonic Row—Residence at Williams's Hotel.

J. F. NOYES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office cor. Main & Silver sts.—Residence, Williams's hotel
WATERVILLE, ME.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL, BY
DAVID BUGBEE,
BOOKS, Stationery and Paperhangings,
No. 2 Kenduskeag Bridge,
BANGOR, MAINE.

** Orders respectfully solicited, by Stage
Drivers or otherwise.

BOOK-BINDING.
Old Books rebound