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Daniel Ripley Wing

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

NO. 10.

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place. A gentleman inquired of him last Friday, if he meant to attend the ball in the evening. What sir said he, if you expect me to make a show of myself? No, sir; Henry Clay and I go in swimming every day together.

SEA SKETCHES.

JOURNAL

VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN.

IN THE BRIG "CHARLOTTE,"
Which sailed from Newburyport for California, Jan. 23, 1849.
By GARDNER WATKINS, Jr.

Brig Charlotte, at Sea, Lat 42° 6' N., Lon. 63° 10' W.,
Thursday, Jan. 25, 1849.

Tuesday, at 11 o'clock A. M., our brig left the wharf at Newburyport. On this interesting occasion the wharf was covered with persons; men, women and children, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, who came to witness the departure of their adventurous sons and brothers; and fair maidens to bid a long and painful farewell to their "Charleys" and "Billies," who can even leave them behind, in the full hope that in their golden adventures they shall get enough of this world's trash—the only thing wanting—to warrant them in welding the chain that links two willing hearts together. The day was fine and the wind fair, and as our little bark unfurled her canvass to the breeze, cheer after cheer rang through the air; first from the multitude on the wharf, accompanied by the waving of white kerchiefs from the fair ones—cheering them on with

"Dreading smiles, wishes and adieu,
Waving kerchiefs and applauding hands!"

and then responded by all on board. 'Twas an exciting time. All hearts were filled with gladness and bright anticipations for the future—fair and pleasant prospects—golden fortunes, to be made in a minute; but which, perhaps, are never to be realized. However, they discover all around them now, on every hand, nothing but bright, calm and pleasant sunshine;

"Prosperous breezes and a smooth sea."

No dark, forbidding clouds are for a moment permitted to protrude themselves upon the opening vistas of a glorious and happy future, which the excited imagination is fashioning out.

The fair light wind begins to freshen, and the big sails to belly out, as if glad to wait from our native home—our "own New-England home," with its rock-bound coast, its granite mountains stern and wild; which is now fast receding from our view, and will soon be lost in "self-ambient foam."

"Adieu, adieu, my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The kind winds blow and breakers roar,
And shrills the wild sea-sound.
You sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in its light;
Farewell, farewell, to him and thee,
My native land—good night!"

Friday, 26th.—Lat. 40, 15, Lon. 60, 21; air at noon 60 deg. Fahr., water 62. To-day about in the latitude of the "still vexed Bermoothes;" getting to be rough sea and stronger wind, but fair—still.

"With gladness breeze, both fresh and free,
Our little bark is gliding
Across the Gulf Stream, at sea—
Its crested waves dividing.
With canvas now so widely spread,
And masts on high appearing,
She seems a spirit swiftly sped
With life and joy appearing.
Yes, o'er the wide, wide-rolling sea,
Our noble bark is going,
And thoughts of parting, warm and free,
In many a heart are glowing.

And such is life—a changing scene,
To-day with friends united,
Then wide, wide oceans roll between,
And grief our souls hath blighted."

Passengers begin to be sea-sick.

Saturday, 27th.—Lat. 39, 24 N., Lon. 59, 18 W.; air, morning, 61, water 61. This is getting to be a life at sea in right earnest. At 6 P. M. reefed top-sails and hoisted vessel to—for the whole night was literally buried under water. As things were not yet arranged in the vessel, her deck was lumbered up as high as the top of the galley, two or three feet higher than the gunnel of the vessel, with a little of most everything loosely lying as it was thrown in at Newburyport—for (it continued to pour in up to the very moment we left the wharf) a great variety of stuff, such as spars, rigging, water-casks, barrels of beef, pork, beans, flour, onions, sea-bread, potatoes, and sundry other kinds of provisions,—buckets, trunks, hencoops and pig-pens, the squalling and cackling of whose inmates could not be heard above the roar of the elements, if indeed they were not dumb with fear—various other kinds of freight, to say nothing of boats, oars, wood, boards, &c. In short, such a heterogeneous mass of stuff I presume was never shipped on deck of any other than an emigrant vessel, bound to California.

The interior of our cabin presented a similarly confused state of things. We have not as yet become very familiar with our new situation; but as we get into a little smoother sea we shall begin to bring order out of chaos. At present we have not got our "sea-legs" on, and we have as much as we can do to take care of our bodies. Some passengers cannot stand at all without firmly holding on to something to steady them; and indeed it will require no little experience to be able to keep the center of gravity over the center of such a doubly compound motion as the rolling and pitching of a vessel in a heavy sea produces. Many are unable, of themselves, to move at all from their berths; but the rolling of the vessel compels them to change their position much more suddenly, and with greater velocity, than they would wish. Some are quite sick. I am not, as yet, and think I shall not be at all "qualmish." So I know not, from experience, the disagreeable feeling which it produces; but I can see in the woe-begone and elongated countenances of others, which present a most wretched libel on the "human face divine," the awful sinking of soul, and utter loss of every gift of God, that sea-sickness produces. Some of the sickest would desire no greater boon than to be thrown overboard; such is the perfect indifference for life which these enterprising who are the most seriously afflicted with this dreadful sickness. And from those who are not sick—especially from the sailors, whose great propensity for mischief and innocent fun at the expense of others is proverbial—the unfortunate victims receive but little consolation.

"I know how to pity you!" "Go it, brother, you'll feel better when you feel well!" "That's right, give the poor fishes something to eat!" All such kind of sympathy you will get enough of, and as for medical aid, every one prescribes a dozen different cures, such as salt pork, milk-warm water, molasses, sea-water, and other abominations; each one of which, like —'s celebrated Balsam of Life, or any other modern medical panacea, is "warranted to cure or no pay."

Some passengers are very much frightened; fearful we shall all be wrecked; would give anything in their possession could they be put ashore again, and they would take an overland route to California, rather than to trust their lives upon such an inconstant element as the ocean. They can readily subscribe to the sentiment of honest old Gonzalo, in the Tempest, "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of dry land; long health, brown furze, anything; the hills above, between; but I would fain die a dry death." One poor fellow came aft and asked the captain "If he had just as lief put him into Chagres, and he would be perfectly willing to let him keep all the passage money, if he would only put him into Chagres!" We were then about two thousand miles from that place! I never saw the most timid more frightened!

"Nevertheless, fear will come upon the bravest mind,
Like the white moon upon the crimson west!"

and, indeed, with nothing but a frail and quivering plank upon which to stand, and the heavens above, and the deep only below, man may well feel the uncertainty of his situation; his own utter insignificance, and his dependence upon that Being who "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm;" who "lifts up the waves of the sea," and who only hath power to make the sea calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Yet I pity the man of fear more than I do the sea-sick man, inasmuch as the latter will soon get the better of his trouble, but the former never; for

"A man too careful of danger liveth in continual torment;
And the thimble is as a skiff unmoved, tossed and mocked at by a ripple;
Who castrated alive good to meet the worst half way."

Now, I prefer the antithesis of all this, and am willing to wait the time of trouble, and always hope for the best when the worst cannot be helped; for it were unwise to murmur against the operations of the elements; and

"A cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of joy within him."

And though the black surge close above his head for a moment,
Yet the happy buoyancy of Confidence rieth superior to despair.

Cause them to anticipate misfortune—there still are many chances.
But if it come, be courageous."

Sunday, 28th.—No observation by chronometer; by dead reckoning, lat. 36, 15 N., lon. 57 W.; air m. 61, water 51. Saw upon the water a topmast, topgallant-mast and yards, supposed to be attached to the vessel to which they belonged. How many vessels, how many human beings, that trust themselves upon the uncertain sea, thus go down to a watery grave, and leave no tongue to tell the dreadful tale!

Wednesday, Feb. 14.—Lat. 2, 21 N.; lon. 23, 30 W.; air m. 100, water 81. We have jumped from extreme cold weather to where the mercury stands at 100. The middle of February.—while we are weltering under the heat of a burning sun, you at home are snugly wrapped up in your mantle of furs, or comfortably seated perhaps by your own cheerful fire-side, viewing from the window the violent, stiff and bitter frigidity of the elements without. While we are under the radiance of an almost vertical sun, at home his slanting rays are niggardly beaming on a frozen atmosphere. At home the whole outward world is shrouded in a cold and snowy mantle, apparently death-struck. The life-blood of vegetation is suspended in its ebb and flow: rivers and little brooks which but lately were sporting and murmuring their expressive music, are hushed to silence, or almost motionless in their channels. The trees that gently waved to the sighing breeze, are stiff and crabbed, and for pendant leaves hang icicles instead; and the sweet flowers are gone. All things external are shrouded in a temporal death. Thus it was but three short weeks ago, and thus it will continue till

"Well apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads."

And yet stern winter, with all its ice and snow, and chilling blasts, is not unwelcome. We like the warmth of our cheerful fire and lights; we like the pure, bright, clear, cold mornings of winter; her early sunsets and long evenings. We can easily protect ourselves from her biting frosts, and blustering snows and storms.—Then let us retire to the far south, and night steal hard upon the day, as if grudging any interruption of his reign of darkness; we can cheer his absence and repel his advancing shades by the kindling light and warmth of our own fires. Let the king of day withdraw his treacherous light when he may—soon as he sinks beyond the sight, we can kindle our own day and enjoy its beams at pleasure.—Through the genial warmth of these long winter evenings, we feel not the chilling frost and ice, nor the hoarse winds that riot in the stiff branches of the trees, and whistle around our dwellings. We can laugh at the raging storm. We experience, too, a sort of pride of self-consciousness stirring, when, by the side of the snow-wrapped earth, with her ice-bound rivers, we feel the pulsations of our own life beat fresh and vigorous—when the being of all things without shows no token of continuance, we feel more consciously our own life-blood glow within us. Give us always a New-England home, with her winters once a year.

RELIGION IN CALIFORNIA.—In every large town in California there are one or more places for public worship. In San Francisco there are eight; one each for Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Swedenborgians, Mormons, Roman Catholics and Hawaiians. The Methodists also have received a Church by arrivals from the States, which they are erecting, though they have no regular minister. The Baptists have the credit of organizing

the first Protestant Church and building the first Protestant place of worship in the Territory. It is as plain a looking church as could be well constructed; is covered with oil cloth instead of shingles, and finished inside with cotton sheeting instead of laths and plaster.—But it is a comfortable place for dry weather, and is very ably supplied by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, formerly of this city. It occupies a fine lot, in a central position, and plain as it is, cost about \$5,000.

The Episcopal clergyman stands among the highest "Churchmen." His motto is probably the favorite one of many others, "Excelsior," as he has called his congregation "The Reformed Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity." So they go in California.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 27, 1849.

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

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

"A GENTLEMAN AND A SCHOLAR."

"New stars" at Harvard are not more numerous than gentlemen, of modern date; and scholars are far from being rare, when every possessor of a square foot of parchment wears it as a guide-board to his otherwise undiscovered title. But "a gentleman and a scholar," in one combination—or in the language of our profession, "under the same head"—everyday assertion opposed, nevertheless—is even more rare than political honesty or christian humility. And yet there are men who present an unquestioned title to the high flattery. Generally their extreme modesty veils them from the world; though now and then one presents himself, with much of the modesty of a new chicken, to demand a fame proportioned to his merits. In such cases, he who lends a helping hand is a public benefactor—and such we claim to be when we "trot out" the editor of a certain little hungry monthly pamphlet published in the great city of New York. With some kind of ex-officio title to a place among literary men, he presented himself at the late Commencement at Waterville College. It was while here as a guest of his Alma Mater, that he conceived the idea, either sleeping or waking, of a title to the compound compliment we have alluded to. And now for the proof—and as none but a gentleman should be allowed to be a scholar, he shall first prove himself a gentleman. Now, being among literary men, and having eaten of the literary potatoes and meat served at the mansion-house, he was bound to judge learnedly of other literary matters. So he wrote to his editorial department as follows—first of the address of Dr. Caruthers:

"The production was not very intellectual; but consisted rather of common-place remarks, and the author, who is a plump and clever Scotchman, seemed to make an attempt to produce effect by his gestures and tones of voice rather than by weighty ideas."

This is testimony to the point—*gentlemanly* in the extreme. But here is another:

"The poem by Sacks was *slip* enough. His whole object seemed to be to receive cheers, and he would almost always smile at his own wit before any one else did. He said some witty things in satirizing our government and policemen, and who could not? Some of his verses were well written in respect to rhyming and style, but the whole production was remarkably destitute of the soul of poetry. We cannot say of him as we could of Mr. Smith, that he is a *natural* poet. There seemed to be great effort in his poem to make out the rhymes without any addition to the sense."

How gentlemanly! and how plain to be seen that the writer knew as much of the poem as of the poet's name! After declaring of Mr. Smith's poem, that though it exhibited "some objectionable rhyming," it presented occasional "touches of the highest kind of poetry," the learned and gentlemanly critic says, in his climax of testimony on this point:

"The strictures on Mr. Smith's poem contained in the Eastern Mail, a small paper published in Waterville, are undeserved. We were informed by one who has the means of knowing, that they were written by Mr. Sacks, in order that the frivolous poem which he delivered on Wednesday evening might not be eclipsed by Mr. Smith's, which was far superior. We learn that Sacks is to send similar criticisms to other papers. We do not fear that Mr. Smith's reputation as a poet will be injured by such a course."

This is enough; and the writer stands confessed a gentleman—whatever may become of truth and veracity.

Having labored for himself thus far, it comes up to prove him a scholar. This is easily done by a few quotations from his own article.

"One hundred years ago Maine was a wilderness, and *nought was seldom heard*, but the shout of the savage and the cries of wild beasts."

How lenient, that *nothing* was allowed to be heard at all!

"They were remarkably well committed, a single individual only being prompted once, and generally well delivered."

A faultless sentence—except that the critic should have given the name of the "single individual" who was "well delivered."

"We noticed that several of the orators wrote upon historical subjects, and exhibited a thorough acquaintance with the origin of the different races, languages, and the secret causes which have produced great events."

A touching illustration of what Lindley Murray would call *conspicuous economy*. In addition to all this, the critic asserts, di-

rectly or indirectly, six times, that he graduated at Waterville; once that he delivered the salutatory of his class; once that he was a fellow student of the President, and once that he presented an "interesting reminiscence" before the alumni.

It is only necessary now that we give a single stanza of the critic's own poetry, to show what he considers a "natural" poet, and in proof that he is competent to judge of "slip" poetry. In the same number with the above is a poem,—Storm at Sea, by Rev. E. Hutchinson,—from which we take a stanza:

"Distinctly the thunders were distantly grumbling,
And vivid the lightnings beginning to glare,
Till, nearer and louder, approached the rumbling,
And all for a terrible storm were prepared."

But enough—we have our case beyond all query, and we now address the author of the above immortal production of the ninety-nine Muses as "a gentleman and a scholar."

No man who knew Mr. Saxe could make the above charge—as no man could conceive of who is not himself capable of resorting to it—and who would resort to it, that could not bend to any degree of poetic or editorial "license" himself? With either the capacity to judge the poem, the honesty to speak out a positive conviction, or the consciousness of an editorial reputation worth preserving, this singularly scholarly paragraph would have remained unwritten. Nothing imparts call to the pen, like self-admitted ignorance—or gives freedom like conscious obscurity;—as the loon makes night more hideous, because nothing but itself listens. No criticism can be independent that is not generous—sufficiently so, at least, to concede evident truth; and none is so contemptible as that which owes all its severity to "green and slimy spleen." Of what gross error do the real scholars of our country stand convicted before this sextuple claimant of a "sheep-skin!" What dunces the Associated Alumni of Middlebury, at whose invitation "Progress" was written—what scholars at the Vermont University, where he was invited to give a poem—how deluded the "Literary Fraternity" and the "Erosophian Adelphi" of Waterville, both of which societies sought to obtain the late "slip" poem!—and what gulls the renowned "Boston Mercantile Association," who are to listen to him for their annual poem in October! What do some of the best American scholars and reviewers know of "natural" poetry, when they proclaim Mr. Saxe the author of "the best American satire yet written!"

O, sapient scholar! how are the literati demolished, and the "highest kind of poetry" made "slip," by the natural gifts of thy goose-quill! How shall the six-fold pride of thy Alma-Mater be magnified till "nought shall seldom be heard" of *our* four of her family!

PROF. KEELY.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal, in speaking of Prof. Geo. W. Keely, whose reception of the honorary degree of LL. D. we mentioned last week, says:—

"Prof. Keely is an extraordinary man. Although possessed of a rich and varied store of knowledge in almost every department of literature, he never can be induced to appear in public, nor permit any of the valuable scientific matter which he has written to be published. With powers of conversation, and affability of manner, which would lead one to consider him of an unusually social nature, he never goes into society, and hardly ever away from home. As an original and accurate mathematician, he is allowed, by scientific men, to be without a superior in this country. His extensive correspondence with men of science in all parts of Europe has rendered his name better known there than here. As a corresponding member of the National Academy of France and the Royal Society of England, he has been highly appreciated. The latter Society has conferred upon him many very decided marks of their respect and esteem. About two years since, he received through Lieut. Col. Sabine, their Foreign Secretary, a very costly and delicate instrument for determining the relative intensity of the magnetic forces, requiring the nicest degree of accuracy in its operation, and a thorough mathematical skill in deducing results from the observations. It is, or was at that time, the only similar instrument in North America, and the third of the kind in the world. His observations with this instrument, and their results, have been published (though I believe, without the author's consent) in the large volume of the Royal Society's "Philosophical Transactions," Part 24, for 1848.

"It is, perhaps, known to some of your readers that the Royal Society have been much interested of late, in the collection of facts tending towards the discovery of some general laws for the operation of the Magnetic Forces;—hitherto an enigma to the scientific world.—They have ascertained that there are, in certain parts of the earth, imaginary lines covering a circuit of four or five hundred miles in diameter, taking an oval form, on every part of which the inclination or dip of the needle (in other words the intensity of magnetic force) is precisely the same; while, as you approach the centre which these lines circumscribe, the intensity increases by a certain fixed and ascertained ratio. These lines are called *isodynamics*, or lines of equal force. The society think they have discovered such lines in three or four places on the earth's surface. One of these is in Russia, and one near the North Pole. Such lines have been noticed and a few observations made, in the British Provinces, extending from Nova Scotia over the greater portion of Canada East and West, as far as the western side of Hudson's Bay.

"This was the field of Prof. K.'s observations, and in the very limited time which he allowed himself to devote to it, limited by the pressure of regular college duties, he was enabled to produce results which were pronounced by the society to be exceedingly valuable, not only to them, but to scientific men throughout the world."

SEVERE ON THE POPE.—The Rev. Joseph Wolff, the well known enthusiastic and intrepid traveller, has addressed a short letter to the Roman people, with whom he claims affinity of early association and education, in which the following pungent sentence occurs:—
"Our blessed Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, was led to the cross. Peter, whose successor the Roman Pontiff affects to be, drew the sword in anger and struck a servant of the High Priest, and smote off his ear; and the sword was here drawn to save the life of the Lord from heaven himself, the Lord said unto him 'Put up thy sword into its place.'—But what did Pius IX? He leaves his chil-

dren at Rome like a coward, escapes to Gaeta, and from thence he exhorts his children in France to unsheath his sword against his children in Rome; not for the purpose of saving either Christ or his Church, but for retaking a patty temporal dominion, which his predecessors in dark ages have grasped, and which he blasphemously calls the patrimony of Peter; and after General Oudinot regained it for him, he sends his congratulations!"

SKETCHES FROM A QUIET CORNER.—No. 1.

Many of your readers will, doubtless, on reading the above caption, turn away in dismay at the sombre idea which it suggests to them. Probably they will conjure up some spectacled, lean visaged old bachelor, who, disappointed at the reception he has met with in his ardent aspirations after fame, fortune, &c., (particularly the &c.) has withdrawn himself into some ancient and rickety tenement, where the numerous conclave of spiders have hung around the walls their gauzelike tapestry, and the lonely cricket sings its mournful requiem by the cheerless fireside. Well, kind reader, if such have been the gloomy conjectures awakened by the designation I have chosen to give to my poor thoughts, you cannot indeed be very severely censured for rapidly passing from this repulsive phantom to the more pleasing and lively images presented to your eye elsewhere. Yet pause a moment and see if the "loath though ugly and venomous wears not a jewel in its head." Cannot one be cheerful even though retiring to some secluded nook, away from the continued noise and rattle, the show and parade of your town life; with its unceasing clatter over stony pavements; its stifled air and confined apartments; its continued jostling of these clayey tenements of ours until they are ready to drop in pieces from mere shaking. Methinks he who can be cheerful amid such Babel scenes has indeed strong claims to the cognomen of Philosopher. Nay, we insist it is in the happy retreat of some quiet spot that we must look for such; where Dame Nature has been left to furnish from her own abundant resources a substitute for those inventions which mankind have so profusely supplied in our crowded marts and cities;—where the rippling of the winding stream may be heard in place of the rumbling hack; where the sloping field with its cluster of stately trees, and the meadow, rejoicing in its luxuriance, with its sunshine and shade, greet the eye instead of the dreary pile of Granite and Brick. Here indeed ought one to display a spirit of calm and lasting cheerfulness, if there be the least capacity of enjoyment in his soul; if he be not dead to the influence of all that smiles in gladness around him. Such objects then surrounding him and pervading the mind with their tranquillizing influence, he may look forth upon the great drama of events, which agitate the surface of human life and mark the moments of the revolving cycle, with that calm contemplation with which one would view the varying scene of an ever moving Panorama.

In thus musing from our own quiet corner upon those passing events, we were peculiarly affected by the misfortune which has recently fallen upon Lamartine—and who is there who has aught of regard for the pure, the noble in man, who feels not a pang of sorrow for the affliction of this gifted son of France. Yes, Lamartine, the Philanthropist, the Scholar, the Christian, is insane! He whose firm, high minded purpose has preserved his country in the hour of peril and guided her safely through the tempestuous storms of her recent revolution—his noble mind bowed down by pecuniary embarrassment which pressed on every hand upon him, has tottered, and may, alas! we fear has fallen from its exalted sphere. Who, that has read "those touching" "Disclosures," can fail to understand in some slight degree, the grief which must have harrowed his soul at the idea of parting with his beloved Mille; that paternal roof where he had passed the happy days of boyhood, where he had listened to the affectionate voice of that dear mother as she instilled into his youthful mind those holy precepts which have since actuated him and preserved him, unsullied by crime, amid the violent scenes he has been called to encounter. Ah, that home where every sport is hallowed by some pious, some revered association must at length pass into the hands of the stranger, and he, who had toiled with unceasing assiduity to retain it; who had revealed the secrets of his heart and "had raised the veil that had so long concealed the sacred emotions of his early years," to gain a paltry sum to keep it from the grasp of his unfeeling creditors—he must at length resign it forever. Frenchmen have ye no shame? Have ye lost all sense of gratitude in the pursuit of your vain, selfish schemes? Could ye thus behold him struggling in poverty to whom ye owe, above all others, the preservation of that *Liberty* of which ye boast; who has reflected an unflinching honor upon the land which gave him birth, and whose writings have shed a halo of glory around your literature, such as it has rarely known? I ask, could you thus cruelly withhold a few paltry francs, and calmly behold that star go down in sorrow and penury?

Let, then, philanthropists of the world arouse, say we, and if possible in some degree atone for the cruel neglect of his own countrymen. And should Reason never again resume her throne in that noble mind, the happy thought of having rendered a just tribute to one of earth's most noble sons, and of preserving that paternal estate, so dear to him, from the cold hearted being who would desecrate its sacred halls, would alone be an ample reward. But if the dark cloud now hanging over his intellect should be removed, and the soul again awake from its lethargy, would not the consciousness of having restored that mind, so sensitively alive to every emotion of joy, to the delight of those favored associations, be a constant source of gratification the most exalted and unalloyed? Still, whatever may be the result of this sad affliction, we feel confident there will not be wanting those who will re-

der to this illustrious invalid and his unhappy family all that assistance which benevolence and sympathy can afford.

Yes, noble man, thy lot is doubly dear,
When suffering worth calls forth the silent tear;
And though thy nation thy pure deeds forget,
In other climes thy memory's flames are seen,
Where'er the name of Victor's friends are seen,
There bright, enduring, will be LAMARTINE.

THE ELECTION.—Further and nearly full returns make it pretty certain that Hubbard is elected. The Age states the votes as follows:

Hubbard, democrat, 36,025
Hamlin, whig, 26,634
Talbot, free-soil, and scattering 7,741

Returns are from 353 towns. Fourteen democratic and twelve whig senators are elected, and there are five vacancies. The proposed amendment to the constitution, providing for winter sessions of the Legislature, is probably defeated.

CHOLERA IN BANGOR seems to be subsiding, though a few deaths continue to be reported daily.

WAR!—WAR!—Since our last number, we hear it said that from one to two cents on the dollar have been made and lost in a place called Wall-Street, because a M. Poussin, an upstart Frenchman at Washington, has written a saucy letter to Mr. Secretary Clayton. If we may draw an inference from the tone of the leading political journals, it will require the skins of about one hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen to make a plaster for the gaping wound in our national honor. Louis Napoleon has been requested to take back his minister, on the presumption that he will send on the hides forthwith, with a new minister to spread the plaster;—in default of which, the hides are to be forthwith taken, in the same way that the mice put the bell on the cat, by resolution! It is confidently asserted that General Taylor won't give an inch, in which case it is presumed Napoleon will insist he shall take something like a rod. Such a rumour is it proposed to call a war with France!

WEEKLY MIRROR.—The publication of a paper with the above title has been commenced in the young city of Bath, by two Blade boys!—RUFUS R. HAINES and HIRAM L. WINE. The Mirror is not over large, but its contents are of the right sort, racy and sparkling; in its mechanical appearance it is a nonpareil of neatness and elegance. The publishers are two upright and downright good fellows; Mr. H. was formerly one of the publishers of the Bath Tribune, and Mr. W. was in his younger days the familiar spirit, the "dainty Ariel" of the editor of the Yankee Blade—and the sayings of "Hiram," from the first to the last, behold they have been duly chronicled in the newspapers, to the edification and delight of all Yankee-doodledom. We wish them all the success they deserve—and that's not small—and hope that while pleasing and profiting the people, they will also "put money in their purse."

LOOK OUT!—The following is a true copy of paragraphs from the Revised Statutes of Maine. Read and be wise—for it is said that those who are interested are watching for an opportunity to enforce the law. Both old and young rascals should be on their guard?

If any person shall, maliciously or wantonly, cut or destroy, or by topping, girdling or otherwise, shall injure any tree or shrub, not his own, standing or growing for ornament or use, or

Shall, maliciously or wantonly, break down, mar, deface or injure any fence, belonging to, or enclosing lands not his own, or throw down or open any gates or bars, not his own, and leave them open, or

Maliciously or wantonly injure, destroy or sever from the land of another, any produce thereof, or any thing attached thereto, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail, not more than one year, and by fine, not exceeding one hundred dollars.

If any person shall willfully commit or trespass, by entering upon the orchard or improved land of another, with intent to take, carry away, destroy or injure the trees, shrubs, grass, grain, hay, fruit or vegetables there being, he shall be punished by a fine, not exceeding twenty dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail, not more than thirty days.

CARS IN READFIELD.—The passenger cars of the A. & K. road commenced running as far as the Readfield station the present week.—We think the business of the road must be much increased—particularly in freight—at that point. The cars will run to Waterville in a few weeks. There are three stations on that road, each of which is but ten miles from Augusta—viz. Winthrop, Readfield and Belgrade. They will take all our winter business. [Augusta Banner.]

Oho!—has the editor of the Banner been taking stock in the "back route?"—or how is it that he begins to smile this way? "They will take all our winter business!" Oh—o—o—oh!

Eliza Cook, the well known English poetess who recently arrived in this country from England, in one of the Liverpool steamers, has commenced the publication in New York, of a literary weekly paper, under the name of "Eliza Cook's Journal."

ANOTHER OF THE BONNEYS. Officer Starkweather states that William H. Stevens, who was arrested on Friday afternoon for having counterfeited bank bills in his possession, is no other person than Hartley Bonney, a notorious counterfeiter, who has passed some time in both the Thomaston (Me.) and Charlestown (Mass.) State prisons. He is brother to Horace Bonney, who was arrested in Lowell a year or two since on charge of passing counterfeited money, and escaped at his trial in East Cambridge owing to a flaw in the indictment, and the two above mentioned are brothers to Hannibal Bonney, who was arrested in New York at the same time with Selden Brainard, and who is at present in Sing Sing for the crime of counterfeiting. [Boston Journal, 17th.]

CASES, Sept. 22, 1849. A shocking affair took place in our village yesterday morning. Mr. Charles Stevens, in a paroxysm of insanity, cut the throat of his youngest child, and then attempted to cut his own, but was prevented from effecting his purpose fully. The child is dead. It is thought he may recover, but not ed habitually ed resto wood; bewo

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—From present appearances, if news from California continues favorable for the next ninety days our town will be largely represented in California. Many of our most enterprising young men are thinking of emigration.

The brig Forest and Charlotte, two vessels which were loaded by citizens of this town, have been quite successful with their cargoes. The Forest is said to have cleared something like 20,000 dollars. [Newburyport Herald.]

FATAL CASUALTY.—Mr. William Williams, of this village, met with a sudden and shocking death on Monday last, under the following circumstances:—He had descended to the bottom of his well, about 25 feet in depth, for the purpose of cleaning it out, when the stones suddenly gave way burying him completely under the mass of stones and earth in the very bottom of the well. Measures were immediately taken to rescue him, but so great was the mass of material to be removed, that several hours elapsed before he was reached. He was taken out dead, and it was the opinion of those present, that he was killed almost instantly by the falling mass. Mr. Williams leaves a family in this village. [Keene, N.H. Sentinel.]

A man called Dr. Wyatt, has been arrested at Spencer, (O.) who is known as the head of an extensive band of counterfeiters. Over \$60,000 in counterfeit money and spurious coins were found in his dwelling, and in a cache in the woods adjoining, plates, dies and implements for striking bills and making spurious coins was discovered and seized. The establishment has been maintained for years.

BUSINESS OF THE A. & K. RAILROAD.—The Lewiston Journal of Saturday, gives some interesting Railroad statistics. The editor says, that on an examination of the books of the Superintendent of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad it appears that the whole number of passengers on the road during the month of August amounted to 37,393, being upon the average nearly 150 per day. Since then an arrangement for through tickets from Winthrop to Boston has been effected, and the number of passengers over the road has materially increased. The number of through tickets for the first thirty days sold at Winthrop station alone, amounted to 416, being an average of 32 per day. The average number from Lewiston Falls since the opening of Winthrop exceeds fifty per day.

We are informed by one of the Directors of the A. & K. Railroad, that there are more than 100 tons of freight in this city, now waiting to be transported to Readfield, over the railway as soon as it is opened to that place. The regular trains will commence running as soon as the new engine, now daily expected, is received from Cambridge. Portland pap.

DISTURBANCES IN CANADA. At a public meeting held at Montreal, Sept. 16th, called by the Ministerialists to address Lord Elgin, the opposition were present in full force and the ministerial President of the meeting was forced to leave the chair. Resolutions were carried condemning Lord Elgin and the ministry. Much firing took place and several persons were either wounded or killed. The military finally restored order.

MORTALITY IN BOSTON.—The whole number of deaths by Cholera, reported to the City Register during the week, ending at noon on Saturday last was 22—showing a decrease of just one-half from the number reported the week previous.

The Cattle show and fair of the South China Agricultural Association, will be held near Estes' School House, in South China, on Saturday, the 6th day of October, 1890, at nine o'clock, A.M. This society was formed for the purpose of improving the stock and awakening an interest in the various agricultural branches in the vicinity.

Premiums will be awarded on stock, crops, manufactures, &c., from the first to the third degree. The premium to be a certificate of merit from the society. All interested, in this and the neighboring towns, are invited to attend.

ALBERT H. CLARK, Sec'y.
South China, Sept. 21, 1890.

The Waldo Agricultural Society will hold its Annual Fair at Belfast, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 2d and 3d days of October.

ASTOR PLACE BROTHERS. The examination of the persons alleged to have taken a part in the riot which occurred in N. Y. a few months ago, is now progressing slowly in that city. Several witnesses have been examined, who identify Jackson, or Ned Buntline, as having been actively engaged in the affair. It also appears that the riot was premeditated, and that persons went to the ground with the avowed intention of creating a disturbance.

Joseph Bailey, Osgood Tyler, Augustus Fisher, and Calvin Blanchard, all of Corinth, Me., have been examined and severally bound over for their appearance at the October Term of the District Court, charged with being participants in the riot and cowardly assault on Asa Walker, Esq., on the evening of Aug. 22d, near South Levant.

Charles W. Holden, proprietor of Holden's Magazine, died on the 13th of June, on the Upper Sacramento, of Billious dysentery.

A Post Office has been established in Township Letter E, Range 1, Aroostook Co., and George A. Nourse appointed P. M.

FRANCE TOO IS COSSACK! Gen Lamoriciere, the French minister, assisted in his official capacity, at a grand review and ceremonial at Warsaw, in commemoration of the surrender of Gergoy. This mark of sympathy has not been held sufficient, and an autograph letter of the President's congratulating the Emperor of Russia on his success, has been sent off from the Elysee, the bearer being M. Fallin de Perigny, one of the most reactionary counselors of Louis Napoleon, whom he unceasingly pushes on to the empire.

MURDER OF CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS.—Four Germans left this place four or five weeks ago, for California, with intention of going through by themselves. Last Saturday a gentleman arrived from the Seminoles agency, on Little River, about 160 miles from this place, and informed us that three of the Germans had returned to the agency destitute of everything except one gun, and very much emaciated, having had nothing to eat for eight days except a dog, which had followed them, and which they had killed and ate. They said that, when about 200 miles upon the trail, they fell in company with about twenty Indians, with a drove of mules, and travelled with them two or three days.

About half of the Indians, with the mules, left them one day, and the others continued to travel also. At night the Germans camped, and after supper three retired to rest, the other acting as sentinel. In the course of the night they were attacked, the sentinel killed and two

manifest. A dose of a quarter of a pill, administered regularly, will have the effect of purging the system, and inducing a healthy action. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and should be used by every one who is afflicted with this complaint. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and should be used by every one who is afflicted with this complaint. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and should be used by every one who is afflicted with this complaint.

MARKETS.
WATERVILLE PRICES.
Flour \$6.00 a 500 Mashes 25 28
Corn 50 33 Goddard 3 4
Oats 75 10 Mackrell, best 5 6
Rye 75 10 Mackrell, 2d 4 5
Eggs 11 Apples 25 75
Butter 14 17 Beef, fresh 5 6
Cheese 7 8 Pork 8 10
Salt 30 30 Lard 10 10
Hops 30 30

BRIGHTON MARKET.
THURSDAY, Sept. 20.
AT MARKET, 900 Beef, 3000 85
Cattle, 5000 Sheep, 300 Cows & Calves 18 00
Swine, 10 yoke working Shorn 125 3
Oxen, 30 cows & calves, Swine, wholesale 4
Beef, Cattle, Extra 35 00 Sows 4
1st quality 5 75 Barrows 5 5
2d 5 25 50 Retail 6 12 6

BOSTON MARKET.
SATURDAY, Sept. 22.
Flour, Genesee 5 75
Michigan 5 37
Ohio 5 50
Grain, No. 1 Corn 10 00
Northern 10 00
Oats 41 Butter 12 2 20
Rye 10 00
Beans 10 00
Hay, ton 10 00
Plaster, ton 9 00

Marriages.
In this town, by Rev. Mr. Cole of Winslow, Mr. Rufus Nason and Miss Kate Winslow, Sept. 22.

In Fairfield, by Rev. Mr. Bates, Esq., Mr. Robert M. Davis and Miss Ann Mason.

In Augusta, Newman T. Whittier of Rome to Sarah A. Hill.

In Whitefield, Henry A. Turner to Salina A. Jewell, Stephen P. Marden of West Cambridge, Mass., to Nellie A. Avery.

In New Sharon, Wm. Lancaster to Adeline Ingalls of Mercer.

In Hallowell, Wm. H. Johnson to Susan B. Twombly, in East Hallowell, James W. Trask to Susan Brown, both of Gardiner, D. K. Kelly to Hannah Mann, both of the Forks, James E. Abbott to Mary A. Hunter, in Farmington, Alex. A. Rowell to Margaret M. Leitch.

In Skowhegan, John Barwise of Gardiner, to Charlotte H. Reed, Eliza Grover, Esq., of Weymouth, to Clara H. Foster.

In Norridgewock, David F. Waugh of Mercer to Sabra W. Shaw of Boston. Levi Butler to Susan Viles in Bangor, Benj. H. Morrill to Anna E. Reynolds, in Bangor, William L. Fries to Louisa H. Marsh, in Bangor, John C. L. Booker, Esq., to Helen Elliot.

Deaths.
In this village, 18th inst., Dennis I. Gibbs, son of Dennis and Phoebe Gibbs, aged 2 years and 5 months.

In Winslow, 20th inst., Frederick Hayden, son of B. C. and E. H. Paine, aged 2 years and 5 months.

In Winslow, Mrs. Sarah Simpson, widow of the late Benjamin Simpson, aged 90 years, 13th inst., Nelson, child of William and Katharine Brown, aged 9 months.

In Clinton, Aug. 14th, Adoniram Stinkler, aged 30 years and 4 months.

In Winslow, George Stratton, son of William Stratton, Esq., aged about 60.

In Clinton, 26th inst., William, oldest son of Wm. G. and Mary Miller, aged 16 years.

In Augusta, Charles Everett, son of William Planted, aged 3 years and 7 months. Abby L. Getchell, aged 19 years, 10th inst. Horace Augustus, son of H. A. Andrews, aged 10.

In Winslow, L. S. Prince, aged 28.

In Mr. Vernon, Nathaniel Currier, aged 72; Anna Gilman, widow of the late George Gilman, aged 71.

In Brunswick, Lydia Story, wife of Dr. Wm. J. Story, aged 79.

In Milwaukie, Wis., Rebecca Kirby, wife of Captain Albert Kirby, formerly of Skowhegan, aged 72.

In East Waterville, Phoebe H. Putnam, wife of Simon Putnam, Jr., formerly of Athens, aged 28; Robert J. Crockett, aged 66.

In Portland, Mrs. Charlotte J. Payson, aged 28. Mrs. Emma, widow of the late Capt. Lemuel Moody, aged 80.

In Pittsford, Mrs. Eliza A. Robinson, aged 72.

In Ellsworth, Eliza A. Robinson, aged 72.

In Mr. Vernon, Nathaniel Currier, aged 72.

In Foxcroft, James Edwin, son of Timothy Hazeltine, Jr., aged 3 yrs. 11 mos.

In Bangor, Betsey, wife of the late Rev. Ebenezer Hamlin, aged 50 years.

In Seabrook, of cholera, Mary, wife of Hon. Pool Molly, councillor in his Excellency John Attean, governor of the Penobscot tribe of Indians.

In Brewer, of cholera, Sarah, wife of Samuel Gilpatrick, aged 52.

In Waterville, at the residence of his father, Sylvanus W. Robinson, Esq., late of Boston, Sept. 22.

In Skowhegan, Charles Albert, son of Rev. Charles C. Cone, aged about ten months.

Advertisements.
NEW FALL GOODS!
RECEIVED this week, at the store of MEADER & PHILLIPS, Sept. 25, 1890.

3,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES OF DRY GOODS!

WILLIAM C. DOW.
HAVING taken the store formerly occupied by WILLIAM & SON, No. 2, Bouteille Block, would invite the attention of purchasers to his stock of goods, consisting of English and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Looking Glasses, Crockery, Glass Ware, Family Groceries, &c., &c., &c.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE.
THIS association is respectfully invited to the citizens of Kennebec County, that a branch of the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF BALTIMORE, LANCASTER & BAKER, to whom applications for Insurance must be addressed.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
ONLY 30 Cents and 25 Packages more of FASHIONABLE FALL GOODS just received at the KIMBALL, Dry Goods Dept. of J. H. DOW, 111 N. 3 Bouteille Block, ESTY, Kimball & Co., Sept. 18, 1890.

GENTLEMEN'S EXCHANGE!!
OAK HALL TRUMPANTS!
Fall and Winter Clothing Cheaper than Ever! The largest and best assortment of CLOTHING and FURNISHING GOODS, at the lowest prices, at the KIMBALL, Dry Goods Dept. of J. H. DOW, 111 N. 3 Bouteille Block, ESTY, Kimball & Co., Sept. 18, 1890.

NEW CARPETING.
A LARGE stock of Common, Fine, Superfine, and Three Ply CARPETING—also, Carpeting, Carpets, Rugs, Carpet Rugs, Rugs, Mats, Rugs, and Carpets, for sale cheap by J. H. DOW, 111 N. 3 Bouteille Block, ESTY, Kimball & Co., Sept. 18, 1890.

NEW FALL GOODS!
JUST received by ESTY, KIMBALL & CO., a NEW STOCK of FALL GOODS, consisting of English and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Looking Glasses, Crockery, Glass Ware, Family Groceries, &c., &c., &c.

FIRST ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS!
J. H. ELLEN & CO.
ARE now opening 15 Cases of FASHIONABLE GOODS, consisting of English and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Looking Glasses, Crockery, Glass Ware, Family Groceries, &c., &c., &c.

CASH FOR WOOL!
CASH, and the highest market price, will be paid for WOOL at the store of J. H. DOW, 111 N. 3 Bouteille Block, ESTY, Kimball & Co., Sept. 18, 1890.

FINE CATTLE FOR SALE.
We have for sale, at Waterville, on Tuesday, Sept. 24th, at 10 o'clock, A.M., a fine lot of CATTLE, consisting of English and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Looking Glasses, Crockery, Glass Ware, Family Groceries, &c., &c., &c.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF TIONICO BANK are hereby notified that their annual meeting will be held at said bank, on Monday, the 1st day of October, next, at 10 o'clock, A.M., in the City of Waterville, Me., for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any business relating to said bank that may come before them.

NOTICE.
The undersigned, being about to commence repairs on the saw-mill of the late J. H. DOW, at Waterville, Me., he claims to be owner of three-fourths and the owner of the other fourth part of said mill being to him unknown—therefore no business relating to said mill should be transacted on or after the 1st day of October, next, at 10 o'clock, A.M., in the City of Waterville, Me., for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any business relating to said bank that may come before them.

PROPOSALS
Will be received, for building three RESERVOIRS for the fire water supply in Waterville, on Tuesday, Sept. 24th, at 10 o'clock, A.M., at the office of ALPHRED LYON, Superintendent, in Waterville, Me.

WINTHROP, PORTLAND & BOSTON.
By the Androscoggin and Kennebec and Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroads.

MEADER & PHILLIPS.
Successors to the late Wm. M. Phillips.
HAVE just received from Boston a large and extensive assortment of Groceries, Crockery & Glass Ware, Feathers, Looking Glasses, &c., &c., &c.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
WILL be opened, Saturday, August 31st, the richest assortment of Hats, Cravats, Scarfs, Stocks, Bosoms, Collars, Shirts, &c.

N. R. BOUTELLE, M.D.
Dr. BOUTELLE, having permanently located himself at Waterville, respectfully tenders his services to such of his former Patients, and the Public generally, as may require the aid of a Physician.

H. H. CAMPBELL, M.D.
Dr. CAMPBELL will pay particular attention to the practice of Surgery in its various branches. Residence—At the dwelling formerly occupied by Dr. Snow.

DR. POLLARD'S MEDICINES.
HAVE this day constituted and appointed J. H. ALLEN, No. 4, Bouteille Block, Waterville, Me., my exclusive agent for the sale of my Pills, Ointments, and Plasters, which have effected many cures where all other remedies had failed.

SELLING OFF!
LAST CALL OF THE SEASON!!
Immediate sale of DRY GOODS, including some of the choicest in the market—fresh and new.

NEW RAILROAD ROUTE FROM KENNEBEC RIVER TO BOSTON.
Daily Line, commencing August 1, 1890, by the Kennebec River and Portland Railroad.

KENNEBEC STEAM NAVIGATION.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
Regular Excursions to Boothbay.

EVERYBODY CAN FIND RELIEF
FROM suffering produced by the attack of these most distressing and fatal diseases, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, and those complaints of the stomach and bowels, prevalent during the warm season, by using

DR. MARSHALL'S
AROMATIC CATHARTIC AND HEADACHE CURE.
This is the most perfect preparation in the world for a CATHARTIC, and is equally effective for the relief of all the various ailments of the stomach and bowels.

COLUMBIAN UNIVERSAL STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
These Plasters will be found a cure for WOUNDS, BRUISES, and all the various ailments of the skin, and for all the various ailments of the stomach and bowels.

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH SHOP.
MR. ELLIS respectfully informs the citizens of Waterville, Me., and vicinity, that he has taken the shop opposite the City Hall, and is now engaged in the manufacture of Carriages, Sleighs, and all articles in his line, and he is ready to order at short notice, and at the lowest prices.

MARSELL'S QUILTS.
JUST received at the Ladies' Exchange, 3 Bouteille Block, and selling cheap.

MISCELLANY.

THE HARVEST MOON.

There's a moon that shines in the autumn sky,
When the summer is gone and the winter light
And I love to walk in its silvery ray,
For 'tis dearer to me than the moon of May.

When the leaf is scar, and the fields are bare,
And lights are streaming in northern air,
When the crickets chirp their mournful tune,
I love the light of the harvest moon.

For once in October I went to the bush;
And at night to old deacon Beldice did I push,
Where the segment I saw of a circle of corn,
Like a breastwork thrown up in defence of his farm.

And there were collected the lads of the place,
To hark for the deacon, with might and main;
And all, when the business was ended and over,
Adjourned to the house, for a touch at the clover.

Then there was a supper of beans that were baked;
'T was solemn to think of the pork that was steaked;
But at last, when each pumpkin had swallowed his bean,
Old Cuff on the fiddle touched "Jack on the Green."

At frolic or feast, who so ready as I?
So I took by the elbow a lass that was shy;
We danced not indeed; but in jigs and in reels,
We waltzed till our hearts were as light as our heels.

Then I tucked her so carefully under my arm,
And I marched her away to her grandfather's farm;
But the way was so long, and the moon was so cold,
That around her I wrapped my Macgregor so bold.

Then we sauntered so slowly and sweetly along,
And we uttered what could be compressed in a song;
And she said, and I said, no evening in June
Was so pleasant to us as the cold harvest moon.

THE STUDENT BOY.

There are some half dozen buildings which form "the college," [Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.]; these are all built of brick, except the centre building, which is the oldest structure, and is built of wood, of beautiful proportions, and painted a clear white. Desirous to occupy my leisure before tea, I strolled out to visit the colleges. (I should remark that the fall term commenced but a few days since.) As I passed near the entrance of one of the "halls," I was arrested by the sight of a large wagon drawn up before the door, from which a sturdy old farmer, assisted by a youth some sixteen years old, was extracting a bedstead, a large chest, a quantity of bed clothes and a bed-tick. "Well," said the old gentleman, as I approached, "we have brought this youngster to live with you, and I hope you will make a man of him." I bowed, sensibly touched by the compliment of being taken for a learned professor. "You seem to have been here a good while," continued my friend. "Ahem," yes, muttered I, not quite relishing the allusion to my age. "Can you tell me where I can get some oat-straw to put in the boy's bed?" pursued he. "I asked at the tavern and they had not any," I started and took another look at the parties. The father was a swarthy, sun-burnt farmer, who must have been nearly sixty summers. His manner was homespun and coarse, with a touch of that infinite dignity which absolute independence of feeling always produces in an honest man. The boy was dressed in a new suit of home-made, had a resolute, determined look, with an appearance decidedly green, as a city lad would say, yet to a close observer the greenness was only skin-deep, and the chap who attempted to pass an imposition upon him would most unequivocally find he had waked up the wrong passenger.

I had got thus far in my involuntary scrutiny, when I was startled by the repetition of the question in a louder tone, the querist supposing me slightly deaf.

"Can you tell me where I can get some straw for this tick?"

"At any of those farm-houses yonder," I answered.

"Over there—ah?"

"And so you have brought this young man to get a college education?"

"Yes sir, if we can carry him through; we haven't much money, but we have calculated that if he keeps school three months in the winter we can get along. Do you think there will be any difficulty in his getting a school this winter?"

He paused for my reply. I turned to the boy, who was also looking at me with an inquiring eye. There was nothing "verdant" in the expression of his bright and clear grey eye. It was hopeful but anxious, determined but modest.

"Don't you think I can get a school, sir?" he asked, rather diffidently, supposing that I hesitated to answer. My eyes filled with tears in spite of me; what the deuce was the matter I don't know; the tear-passion must have been obstructed with the dust. I took out my handkerchief and gave three smart raps against it, then I was as firm as a general officer, and ready to reply.

"Get a school, yes, a dozen of them if you want, my lad; and let me tell you, my brave fellow, that it is from such stuff as you have in you that the world makes men. Only go on as you have begun—here is my address—don't call on the gods if you can possibly stagger through without their help, but if you are going ashore in spite of your best efforts, send word to Montabon Shandy, and you shall hear from me." So saying, I blew my nose three times, so that the college walls resounded, and turned rapidly down the street.

Cor. N. Y. Herald.

THE DRUNKARD'S END.

The Congregational Journal publishes a letter from the venerable David Sutherland, for many years pastor of the Congregational Church in Bath, N. H., in which he describes the awful end of a wretched rum-drinker, in Bath, whose funeral Mr. Sutherland had recently attended. We copy the facts:

"A FRIGHTFUL FUNERAL.—I am an old man of three score and twelve years. During my long ministry I have officiated at upwards of a thousand funerals; and this forenoon I have attended the most affecting of them all. As you are pleased to give publicity to the articles I send you from time to time, I feel in the mood of communicating to you and your readers some particulars of a thrillingly tragic occurrence which took place here night before last.

A good many years ago, Cyrus Dow, one of our substantial farmers, put his property into the hands of a son, taking back a life lease, as a security for maintenance. The young man married and raised a family. Some time ago the wife of the young man died, and since then he gave himself up to dissipated habits. For two or three years the labor of the farm has been done by two sons, who had grown up to manhood. Meanwhile the wretched father grew worse and worse, associating with such as, like himself, had no fear of God before their eyes, and affected to believe there was no hell, and that every body went to heaven when they died. Coming home frequently late at night in a state of intoxication, he kept the family, both old and young, in constant alarm by his blustering threats of burning them all up.

Day before yesterday the wretched man

went over to Vermont with his ten gallon keg to get it filled with hard wine; yes, to Vermont, to that no-tar-tar State, and effected his purpose. The next day he came back, and at the card table, with some boon companions, Flashed with liquor he returned rather earlier than usual for him, went into one of the barns, communicated fire to the combustibles, and then came into the house. Just as the fire was discovered, he took his razor and cut his throat from ear to ear. The two barns and barnyard were entirely consumed, with the entire crop of hay and grain. By the timely arrival of the neighbors the house was saved; but the furniture sadly damaged by the hasty removal. The wretched carcass of the self-murderer was carried out and laid on the grass, where it continued to breathe for about an hour.

Such was the funeral to which I was called to preach to-day.

CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.

Mr. Sullivan Bates, of Bellingham, Massachusetts, who is engaged in cultivating the Cranberry on uplands, gives the following directions and encouragements:

Prepare your soil the same as for sowing grain, by ploughing, harrowing and making it even, then mark it out in drills, 18 or 20 inch apart, hoe them slightly, at first, till the roots become clinched, and afterwards no other cultivation is needed. The plants may be expected to run together and cover the whole soil in two or three years. The Cranberry grown by cultivation usually yields from 150 to 200 bushels per acre; its fruit is two or three times as large as the wild fruit, and of a beautiful flavor; it readily keeps sound from the harvest time of it to the time of harvest again.

Mr. Bates thinks that almost any soil that will grow the potato is adapted to the cranberry. He furnishes the plants for seven dollars a thousand, and the cultivated fruit for \$2 a box, 14 inches square by 7 deep.

The proper time for Fall transplanting is October; and November; for Spring, from the opening of the same till about the 10th of May.

A NEW ZEALANDER'S DESIRE TO BE EX-TERMINATED.—I've been among the New Zealanders, quoth Jack, "and there they use each other for fresh grub, as regular as boiled duff in a man-of-war's mess. They used to eat their fathers and mothers, when they got too old to take care of themselves; but now they've got to be more civilized, and so they eat rickety children and slaves, and enemies taken in battle."

"A decided instance of the progress of improvement and march of mind," said I. "Well, I believe that is what the missionaries call it," replied Jack, "but it's a bad thing for the old folks. They don't take to the new fashion, they are in favor of the good old custom. I never see'd the thing myself; but Bill Brown, a messmate of mine, once told me that when he was at the Bay of Islands, he see'd a great many poor old souls going around with tears in their eyes, trying to get somebody to eat them. One of them came off to the ship, and told them that he couldn't find rest in the stomachs of any of his kindred, and wanted to know if the crew wouldn't take him in. The skipper told him that he was on monstrous short allowance, but he couldn't accommodate him. The poor old fellow, Bill said, took a thorough his heart would break. There were plenty of sharks round the ship, and the skipper advised him to jump overboard; but he couldn't bear the idea of being eaten raw."

[Kaloohah.

ANECDOTE. What a vast deal of meaning is conveyed in the inflection and modulation of the human voice. We have been led to this reflection by the recollection of an anecdote, long since related to us, but which may be new to our readers. It is of a clergyman of Mass., who imbibed all the political principles and prejudices of the days in which he lived, and who was sometimes in the heat of party spirit, led into the impropriety of weaving into his sermons some of the most prominent of his own peculiar political tenets. He was the bitter enemy to the administration then in power in his state, of which Elbridge Gerry was the head. It was customary in that Commonwealth to append to all their proclamations, the words, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts;" and it became the duty of this minister to read the proclamation, appointing a day of Thanksgiving, before his congregation. This he did in a very appropriate manner until he came to the closing sentence, when he abruptly paused as if by surprise, and read the signature at the bottom—"Elbridge Gerry, Governor? God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" [Weekly Mirror.

CURIOUS AMALGAMATION.—Interesting to the Horticulturist.—E. B. Bishop, Esq. of our city, has just shown us the leaves and the flowers of a vine, partaking of the nature of the Cypress and the Morning Glory. A year ago the seed of the Morning Glory and the Cypress were planted together so as to entwine each other. This year three vines came up, and produced, each a different leaf and flower; the Morning Glory has a natural shaped leaf, with a deep orange colored flower, small and round shaped; the Cypress producing leaves and flowers perfectly natural; the amalgamation produces leaves as large as the Morning Glory, with half their size divided out in small spangles like the Cypress, producing a flower of beautiful vermilion red, and half way between the other two in size.—[Van Buren (Ark.) Int.

THE MOUTH.—Aristotle, the Italian poet, has the following stanza upon the mouth, which is enough to "make it water."

Next, as between two little valves, appears
The mouth, where smiles and vermillion keep;
There lurk the pearls, richer than sultan wear,
Now casketed, now shown, by a sweet lip,
Thence issue the soft words and courteous prayers,
Enough to make a churl for sweetness veer;
Thence the smile taketh its rosy rise,
That opens upon earth a paradise.

THE GERMAN. Jean Paul Richter, the odd, exuberant, grotesque German humorist, has the following hit at the precise, plodding, matter-of-fact character of his countrymen:

"I know the Germans like metaphysicians, they wish to know every thing from the bottom, very accurately, in large octavo, with the excess of consciousness, and with a few citations. They rig out an epigram with a preface, and a love madrigal with a table of contents. They determine the course of the zephyr by a compass, and the heart of a girl by comic sections. Like merchants, they mark everything with capitals, and prove everything like jurists. The membranes of their brains are living memoranda-books, their legs are secret telegraphs and odometers. They cut asunder the veil of the nine muses, and measure the hearts of these girls with compasses, and their heads with a gauge."

A little boy, seeing a drunken man prostrate before the door of a grocery, opened the door, and putting in his head, said to the proprietor, "See, here, neighbor, your sign has fallen down."

CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.

HOT-BLAST AIR-TIGHT COOKING STOVE.

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

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

In addition to the above the Subscribers have an extensive assortment, comprising

Stanley's Air-tight Rotary, Congress Air-tight, Wedge's Air-tight, Atwood's Empire, Boston Air-tight, Hatfield's Air-tight,

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 Chamber Stoves, Box and Plate Stoves for Halls, School-Houses, Churches, Stores, &c.

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

ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, such as Axes, Saw, hand and mill, cordage, nails, glass and window sashes, copper kettles, scythes and other farmers' implements, household articles, &c., &c.

Waterville, June 29th, 1898. J. R. FOSTER & CO.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO ALL NOT GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

GOLD can be saved by making purchases from the stock of NEW GOODS, just received and now opening at

No. 1, Ticonic Row, the only exclusive Grocery and Provision store in town. A choice selection of Goods, including Green and Corned Beef, Canned Fruit, and a variety of other articles, at the lowest prices.

Also, a good assortment of Dried Fruit, Canned Apples, Nappes & Fins, Dried Apples, Halibut Heads, Pickles, Tongues & Sounds, Sago, Clear & Mess Pork, Tapioca, Lard, Irish Moss.

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HARDWARE.

HENRY NOURSE & CO.

Importers and Dealers in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND SADDLERY.

HAVE just received a large addition to their stock, comprising a great variety in the Hardware line, to which they will constantly be receiving additions from English and American Manufacturers.

They keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Iron, Steel, Nail, Window Glass, Axes, Ratchet Springs, Awls, Circular, X-cut and Mill Saws, Fine Planes, Fire Dogs, Ovens, Ash and Roller Moulds, Cauldron Kettles, Stove Pipe, Hollow Ware, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Zinc, and Tin Ware.

Also, A complete assortment of the most approved Cooking Stoves.

together with elegant patterns of Parlor toves, common Street Air-tight, Box and other toves.

Also—a full supply of fresh Ground LEAD of different qualities and all other kinds of Paints—Linseed, Spirit, Lead and White Oil, Spirit Turpentine, Gesso, Glaze and Furniture Varnish of the best qualities.

Manilla Cordage, Harness, Sole, Patent, Covering Dasher and Top Leather, Carriage Trimmings, Goodyear's India Rubber

MACHINE BELTING, at manufacturers' prices.

Particular attention given to furnishing all materials for building purposes.

They have just received a large Invoice of Saddle ry direct from the Manufacturers in England, together with various articles of American Manufacture, making their assortment one of the most complete in Maine.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited to this well known establishment, as it is believed every reasonable expectation of purchasers will be answered. Waterville, May 24, 1898. [41-1y.]

NEW MILLINERY GOODS.

AT MRS. F. M. BURBANK'S No. 1 Bottelle Block.

MRS. BURBANK would inform the Ladies of Waterville 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.

Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Fringes, Laces, Edgings, &c. &c.

Mrs. BURBANK will keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of Millinery Goods, and other articles, to suit the wants and tastes of all who may favor her with their patronage. May 9, 1898. 24

FURNITURE WARE-HOUSE.

J. P. CAFFEY & CO., CORNER of Temple & Main-sts., nearly opposite the Post Office, now offer for sale a complete assortment of

CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS, EMBRACING

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

A LARGE STOCK OF Mahogany Stuffed Chairs, Mahogany and cane-back Rocking-chairs, cane and wood-seat do., of various patterns, Children's do., Children's iron Carriages, Cradles, Chairs, &c., &c.

Together with the best assortment and the largest sized to be found in town.

Chamber Sets manufactured to order, painted fancy colors to suit purchasers.

N. B. All kinds of Cabinet Furniture manufactured to order, and at very reasonable prices. Waterville, Oct. 18th, 1898. [10-1y.]

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

NEW AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS.

WINGATE & TALBOT HAVE opened a choice and extensive assortment of the following articles:

Gold and Silver Watches, Rich Jewelry, Silver spoons, Gold Pens, Silver, Shell, Buffalo Horn and Horn Combs, Gold, Guard, Vest and Fob Chains, Hanging, side, Miniature and Parlor Solar Lamps, Vases, Britannia and Plate Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c. &c.

WATCH REPAIRING and ENGRAVING done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

W. & T. are determined that no one who is disposed to patronize the home market, shall find any advantage in going out of town for any article which they can furnish. May 17, 1898.

THE OLD STAND.

LEWEL 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.

All of which will be sold at very low prices, and upon the most accommodating terms. All work manufactured at his shop is warranted. Having had thirty years experience in the business, he feels confident of his ability 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 below cost. He 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 assortment of REFRIGERATORS, of all styles and sizes, which will be sold as low as they can be bought in this or any other market.

All orders thankfully received, and all business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Waterville, April 12, 1899. 38-1y

GRAVE STONE BUSINESS.

W. A. F. STEVENS WOULD respectfully inform the public that he will continue to carry on the

CARRIAGE TRIMMING.

HAIRDRESSING.

first shop south of Hancock's building, Main-st.

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office—over Ely & Kimball's store, Ticonic Row; Residence—on Spring street, corner of Silver street.

J. F. NOYES, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office cor. Main & Silver sts. Residence, Williams's hotel.

DAVID BUGBEE, BOOKS, Stationery and Paperhanging.

No. 2 Kenduskeag Bridge, BANGOR, MAINE.

Orders respectfully solicited, by Stage Drivers or otherwise.

BOOK-BINDING. Old Books rebound—Maps, Pamphlets and every description of Binding executed with neatness and dispatch, and at low prices.

BLANK BOOKS of all kinds made to order—ruling to any pattern. Orders by Stage Drivers or otherwise will receive the prompt attention.

D. BUGBEE, 2 Kenduskeag Bridge.

MRS. E. F. BRADBURY, MILLINER.

MILLINERY, Fancy Goods, Shawls, Silks, Dress Trunks, Corsets, Yarns, Hosiery, Gloves, Needles, Threads, &c., Opposite BUTTRICK BLOCK.

FASHIONABLE DRESS-MAKING.

Florence and Straw Bonnets Repaired in the Latest Style.

MOURING BONNETS AND VELS, With a full assortment of CRAPES, MUSLINS, LAWNS, JACONETS, and other MOURNING GOODS.