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MISCELLANY.

Excellent Oration.

The editor of the National Magazine, Rev. Abat Stevens, furnishes, among other spicy matter in his Editor's Table for September, the following delicious specimen of verdant eloquence:

"Our old schoolmaster had a large stock of quaint sayings, some metaphorical, some very deep, and others the meaning of which lay on the surface. One of them, the force and propriety of which we heard beautifully illustrated at a fourth of July celebration, was this:—'Never creep into a hole without seeing your way out.' It was illustrated in this wise: the orator of the day, in a pleasant little village where we were then rusticating, was eloquently depicting the glorious results of the war of Independence, the unmatched valor of the men of Bunker Hill, and those other grandiloquent themes by which fourth of July orators are accustomed and expected to excite our patriotism, and confirm us in the faith that we are the greatest people in all creation. 'Thundering like the cataract of Niagara,' said the speaker, waxing warm, as he described the battle of New Orleans, 'like the tornado in the tropics, like the terrible avalanche of the everlasting Alps, came on the red coats of King George. The gallant Jackson—(cheers)—the gallant Jackson, with his invincible sons of Columbia, met the foe and routed them like—like—'we felt for the orator—he had evidently crept into a hole without seeing his way out; he began again—the gallant Jackson—(cheers)—with the invincible sons of Columbia, met the foe and routed them like—like—anybody.'"

SARATOGA.—Saratoga, the Cheltenham of America—though from the vulgarism one sees perpetrated there, it reminded one more of Ramsate in August—is the paradise of snobs, and is, without exception, the most odious place I ever spent twenty-four hours in. It is famous for some mineral springs, and crowded during three or four months of the year with New York and Boston shopkeepers, and snobs dressed within an inch of their lives; women in excess of Parisian fashion, with short sleeves; men in extra Newmarket and bad Parisian style, crammed to the number of three and four thousand in five or six large hotels, breakfasting together, dining together at two o'clock, smoking and flirting the whole time. The snobs smoke all day, swinging in rocking chairs and spitting tobacco juice between their feet, or over their neighbor's shoulders. The ladies promenade before them, talking loud and making eyes—altogether it is the most forced and least natural state of Society I ever saw. It is the quintessence of snobism, beating Ramsate or Margate in August. In the latter places the cockneys have no pretense whatever, but eat shrimps out of strawberry bottles, and bury themselves in the sand, because they really enjoy it, and don't care a sixpence what other people think of them; whereas at Saratoga if a lady were to go to dinner in a morning dress, or a gentleman walk about in a shooting jacket, public opinion would be so strong against them, that their friends, if they had any, would have to cut them.—[Sullivan's Rambles in America.]

HOMELY TRUTH BRIEFLY SPOKEN.—Of one hundred men, says the Literary World, it would be safe to think that at least seventy-five have a strong idea to be possessed of worldly property—in a word to be rich.—Of these seventy-five, in our active and ready-witted American population, it would rarely happen that one was entirely wanting in the faculty of diligence; and yet few, up to middle age, acquire a competency, or in respect to fortune accomplish their wishes. Can any man give us the philosophy of this frequent result? It appears to us to lie in a small compass.—There is in every community a number of persons determined not to labor, who lend their whole inert energies to the reversal of the order of the Scriptures, 'By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou live.' They then resolve, and maintain their resolution with calm and stubborn uniformity to the end of their days, not to sweat; but to 'keep cool,' and let others do the hard work in the heat of the day. Characters of this stamp are to be found in every town, village, city and district in the country.

And how do they live? Simply by using others. Either by getting possession of their property without paying for it, on a false credit, or by bringing others in, by way of loans and endorsements, to pay their debts. In a word, diligent Americans fail to grow rich, at least to secure a competency, by not collecting the debts they have earned in their calling, or by having to pay the debts of other people.—These are two failings of the country.

OLD TAN A REMEDY FOR THE POTATOE DISEASE.—Owing to the prevalence of disease, I am again induced to recommend planting in old tan, which has proved the best and only remedy I have yet met with; and as a proof of my success, I grew nearly 60 bushels on this principle, and scarcely a bad potatoe was to be found, although planted on heavy clay soil.—They were the admiration of all who saw them; while others planted in the same garden without tan were entirely destroyed. As a further proof of the excellence of this remedy, I was resolved last year, by way of experiment, to try them on the same ground without tan, and the result was that nearly half were bad. I write this, after three years' experience, which has proved most satisfactory. I usually had the ground thrown up in ridges about November, and I allowed it to remain in that condition until the first week in February, when the sides were chopped slightly down, and about three inches of old tan put in between the rows; the sets were whole, and covered with tan and a portion of soil. There is likewise another advantage, viz.: when the potatoes are dug, they leave the ground so clean that they require no rubbing, which assists their keeping.—[E. Bennett, in London Mark Lane Express.]

Here is another proof of the virtues of *fannic acid*, which have been so harped upon. As a mulch in heavy soils, and as a means of retaining moisture, and a covering for tender plants in winter, tan will no doubt be found useful.—The effect produced above, is unquestionably owing to the soil being kept light and freely permeable to the atmosphere, rather than any constituent of the tan itself.

HOW TO EAT GRAPES.—Few people know how to eat grapes. Some swallow pulp, seeds and skins; others, swallow only the pulp, ejecting both seeds and skins.

In a conversation with Dr. Underhill on this subject, he advised that it would be well to observe the following rules, namely: when in health, to swallow only the pulp—when the bowels are costive, and you wish to relax them, swallow the seeds with the pulp, ejecting the skins. When you wish to check a too relaxed state of the bowels, swallow the pulp with the skins, ejecting the seeds. Thus may grapes be used as a medicine, while at the same time, they

serve as a luxury, unsurpassed by any other cultivated fruit.

A man or woman may eat from two to four pounds of ripe grapes per day with benefit. It is well to take them with, or immediately after, your regular meals.—[Water Cure Journal.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... OCT. 21, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts. Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PATTERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

For the Eastern Mail.

Medicinal use of Alcohol.

If the physicians of this country, to whom the cause of philanthropy and benevolence now imploringly appeals, will nobly espouse the cause of temperance by expelling from the practice of physic many of the present alcoholic preparations of medicine, and restrict those for which it may be deemed important to retain to those cases first calling for its use—cases of sudden and violent depression—and unite their combined testimony in favor of the truth, that the present medical use is an abuse, and can be dispensed with, then will they acquit themselves of the fearful amount of responsibility which is accumulating upon them for the propagation of this most fatal and ruinous delusion, that the traffic and use of ardent spirits must be held up because indispensable in medicine.—Better for the health and lives of the community that the very name and existence of rum should be blotted out forever, than that its present extended use as a medicine be entailed upon the world. The advocates of rum, not even F. himself, dare deny the obvious though appalling truth that more lives are lost by drinking rum as a medicine in a single year than are saved by it in a century. The facts which the history of the past exhibits of the connection between Cholera and rum cannot be too often repeated. Thousands are now dead of cholera who fell by taking a little port wine, or brandy and water to prevent their being sick; and this too by high medical authority. Such persons were the first victims almost without exception; with such, the disease was not only more rapid in its progress, but almost uniformly fatal, as hospital practice amply proves. If the experience of Hospital physicians were published it would furnish facts on the connection between rum and cholera, and especially between rum and death, which would abundantly confirm these statements. Says Dr. Bell, 'these have everywhere been singled out as victims of the disease, on its first appearance in a place. At St. Salvador, a seventh part of the population was cut off by cholera. Distilled liquors were freely used among the people. The recovery from an attack of the cholera in a patient otherwise healthy is so wonderfully rapid as perhaps to be decisive of the disease being essentially unconnected with any very marked morbid change in the several organs of the body; but on the other hand when in those patients who have made habitual use of intoxicating drinks, either as a preventive or cure of the premonitory symptoms, the constitution sank, with scarcely an attempt to rally.' In the treatment of cholera alcohol is uncalled for. Says Dr. Kirk, 'great mischief is done by the use of alcoholic stimulants, such as brandy and the like. Carbonate of ammonia, oil of turpentine, &c., are among the safest remedies, and when more active stimulants are deemed advisable tincture of capsicum, liquor of ammonia, &c., are to be used.' Similar testimony has been adduced by the physicians of Montreal, Quebec and along the St. Lawrence river, in our Atlantic cities, and in those on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The solitary instances of immediate relief in sudden and dangerous diseases of the body, which have occurred from a single dose of ardent spirits, is no argument for the necessity of keeping it in the house in readiness for such an emergency. In sudden and dangerous conditions of the body the application of scalding water and the actual cautery to the skin has been successful in preserving life; and yet no one proposes to keep a kettle perpetually boiling, or a red hot iron day and night in the house, that these agents may be always accessible; neither does the community deem it important to appoint an agency to furnish these to him who may happen to think, in his judgment, either would be beneficial in his case.—And yet the cures reported by the application of fire in desperate attacks of disease, are as numerous as any authenticated cases of similar character which have been cured by rum alone, and hence there would be as much propriety in the timely provision of the one remedial agent as the other. The truth is, that this is the last strong hold which rum has upon the public mind, and on the physicians of the country devotes the tremendous responsibility of losing its grasp, or bearing the reproach of its consequences. As Dr. Ticknor very justly remarks, and I acknowledge my obligation to F. for this author's views, 'Alcohol merits a place on the shelf of the apothecary by the side of our most potent remedies.' Who does not know that 'our most potent remedies' are but 'occasionally used to advantage,' and then not without the sanction of a physician? If, however, physicians will not perform their duty from the paramount motives so calculated to impel them to it, the hopes of humanity need not thus be overthrown; for the mighty influence of truth will gradually but certainly compel them to by the force of public opinion. Nurses of the sick know full well that this has within the past year, even, wrought a change in this respect. The Doctor of to-day does not use rum as he did one year ago. The true light on this as

on other subjects involving the physical and moral regeneration of the world, is now shining, and is destined to dispel the clouds of ignorance and imposture, which still linger upon the minds of men even at the expense of the most worthy of the craft. With the masses, says Dr. Granville, 'their judgment or determination of the merit and value of any article of fashion or passing object of attraction, especially in medicine, is guided by a native good sense, and neither priest-craft nor doctor-craft can longer bind the resistless exertions of inquiry; and both the one and the other profession must yield their dogmatism to the light of truth, and maintain their authority by a corresponding conformity to the genius of the age.' And I have no fears that the medical profession, enlightened and liberal as it has become, will be far behind the spirit of the age; their profession, venerable by all antiquity, yet in itself 'ever new.' Even in its infancy, its first professors were ennobled and exalted by its influence, and as their mantles descended through a long line of illustrious successors, we see medicine progressively expanding and shining in the east as a beacon to the shipwrecked mind of man; and in our own time when the human mind is making such astonishing advances, medicine has kept pace with her sister sciences. Among the most distinguished promoters of the collateral sciences, physicians have ever held a commanding rank; thus proving themselves foremost in knowledge as they have ever been in philanthropy, in private and public charity, and in all good will to man. So soon therefore, as the important bearing upon the temperance cause, which the medical use of ardent spirits is occasioning, is felt and appreciated by the community, physicians will everywhere be ready to lend their aid to restrict its use to more proper bounds.

Dr. Carpenter, an eminent practitioner, and able author of physiology, in the University of London, referring to the total abstinence principle, says he believes it to be in the power of the clerical and medical professions combined so to influence the opinions and practice of the educated classes as to promote the spread of this principle among the 'masses' to a degree which no other agency can effect. And he ventures to hope that, whether or not he carries his readers with him to the full extent of his own conclusions, he will at any rate have succeeded in convincing them that so much is to be said on his side of the question, that it can no longer be a matter of indifference what view is to be taken of it; and that, as 'universal experience' has been put decidedly in the wrong with regard to many of the supposed virtues of alcohol, it is at any rate possible that its other attributes rest on no better foundation.

Waterville, Oct. 14th.
[For the Eastern Mail.]
BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.
BOSTON, Oct. 18th, 1852.
Judging from 'Committee reports' the recent agricultural fair in Waterville must have been of more than usual interest. I regret to learn that the egg business is likely to suffer from the 'recent importations,' and must concur in the opinion humorously expressed by the 'Hen Committee,' that eggs are decidedly preferable to legs; and the farmers generally would *feather their own nests* by sticking to the good old fashioned, matronly hen, and eschewing those stilt-like, stalling deformities called Cochins, Chinas and Shanghais. I cannot avoid congratulating the Committee upon their *fool* report; the 'hatching' was capital for so brief a 'sitting.'

Notwithstanding the many attractions the good denizens of Waterville have in their own beautiful town at the present time, I opine that Boston has a few left. Among the throng of visitors who favor us with business calls, I notice quite a number of your shrewd Waterville merchants, all having an eye to the 'main chance'; and here let me add that the mercantile credit of Waterville, as a general thing, is A. No. 1, and the merchants proverbial for prompt payments. Our city merchants, both wholesale and retail, have done and are doing a splendid business; stocks of merchandise are large and well assorted, offering sufficient inducements for purchasers to 'seek no further.' The principal news brought by the foreign steamers, was the recent death of the Duke of Wellington, and the attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon. The Duke is to be interred at the public expense. Lord Nelson's obsequies cost England \$75,000 at least. How much did the United States Government expend in paying the last honors to that illustrious Patriot, Henry Clay? Echo answers—O.

The Webster Movement seems to be gaining strength in the city proper, but elsewhere 'tis only 'kicking against the pricks.' In the opinion of many, he could not have carried this State had he been the regular nominee.

The partisans of both Pierce and Scott are equally sanguine, and political excitement is on the increase. The Webster Boys, numbering some ten or twelve hundred, had a grand torch light procession, a few evenings since; it was, certainly, a brilliant affair, and passed off in right good shape, eliciting the first and only downright enthusiasm that I have heard since the electioneering campaign commenced. Fire Works and flags are the order of the day 'powder monkeys' are supplied with candles (Roman) instead of the old fashioned, red flannel cartridges, while processions lunch on India crackers, minus the cheese, by a 'blue light' and squibs are as plenty in our streets as in the newspapers.

Money is in fair request, and rates much the same as a fortnight since. Paper of the first grade is easily negotiated at six and eight per cent; the general tendency of the market is towards ease.

Provisions of all descriptions are very high, but from recent accounts I should think your butter market as high as asked here, including freight. This important article of food is selling rather lower than a month since in the city,

and the supply is exceeding the demand. Perhaps your enterprising merchants may soon be able to import and sell at a profit to some of our farmers. We shall see.

Miss Kimberly has closed a successful engagement at the Howard Athenaeum; she is an agreeable actress, but rather artificial; with a little more compass of voice she would compare favorably with many actresses who have met the advantage of her in experience.—Miss Julia Bennett is still at the Museum, proving quite an attraction. Estee, the disabled fireman, had a tremendous benefit at this house on Saturday eve, netting him about \$800; this unfortunate man was injured beyond recovery, at the burning of the Tremont Temple some months since.

The New National is advertised now to open on the 25th inst., with a powerful Company; but from its unfinished appearance it seems impossible.

Professor Anderson and Signor Blitz are conjuring coin in abundance.

CHIEF DUEL.

Seven Mile Mirror.

This panorama is now on its way down the Kennebec, and from Bath is to go to Bangor. As a piece of art it excels any panorama we have seen. Some of its scenes are really charming; among which sunset and moonlight seem to have been best adapted to the artist's skill, and he has given them life in which a poet might dream. It is not one of those paintings of which one view is enough—and we know no other similar piece of which this can be said. The fame of the Mirror precedes it wherever it goes, and yet nobody ever seems disappointed. It is truly the climax of the panoramas.

New Furniture.

Messrs. Caffrey's furniture room is an object of much attention just at this time. It contains a larger and better variety of furniture than we are accustomed to see in our village. We don't say this to frighten any of the good husbands who have pleasant homes and good wives. A long winter is just at hand, and a close imprisonment of six months makes it a matter of some consequence to have a comfortable prison. This dread of a cold winter, that has sent so many to California and the grave, admits of an easier remedy than a bad cold.—With a warm house prettily and neatly furnished, and, as will always be the case where these indulgences are, a cheerful and smiling wife—and who cares how cold the weather! The colder the better. Draw the sofa or the easy chair, up to the center table, and tell the wind to howl on till spring. 'Tisn't so much the weather as the home, that is cold—and all for the want of some pretty furniture to throw a warm sunbeam upon the face of the wife! How easy to turn winter into summer! We know an old cardmudgeon whose money actually rusts in his pockets, while he goes wondering and wondering why his wife, who is counted a good sort of woman, can't be as pleasant and smiling as Mrs. Somebody else. The truth is, she has associated with her old dusty and dingy furniture till she has become dusty and dingy too. He can't see why it need be so, while money brings eight to ten per cent! Fough! what do women care for ten per cent! Give them something they can call their own—some pretty tables, chairs, sofas, and all according to your means—and see if they don't draw better interest than any money you have out. Step into Caffrey's and make a little investment of this kind, and in the Spring tell us if the Winter has been so terrible cold after all!

MEDICUS.

"Alek" says he was one of the volunteer committee that went in pursuit of that college bell. It was discovered by its brogue; having ventured a single note of rejoicing at the reception by the Bunkum Theological Institute of the Chapel Bible of Harvard College. The bell and the Bible having both ventured abroad under similar circumstances, the sympathy of the bell led to its arrest. "Bellum regne sunt digitati rex."

OLE BULL'S PETITION FOR NATURALIZATION.—Ole Bull, in making applications to the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States for permission to take the initiatory step for becoming a citizen of the United States, by filing a declaration of his intention, requested permission to perform this act in the Hall of Independence, in presence of the statue of the Father of his Country, with which request Mr. Pitt, the Clerk, readily complied. The Philadelphia Bulletin gives an account of the proceedings, from which we copy the following:

John M. Read and John O'Brien, Esqs., counsel for Ole Bull, accompanied him to the Hall, and remained with him during the ceremony.

When Mr. Pitt read to him that part of the declaration of intentions, which required him to swear allegiance to the United States, and abandon all fealty to the King of Norway and Sweden, the violinist put his hand upon his heart, and in the most impressive manner said—"I desire to be deemed worthy of so great a privilege, and I shall renit no efforts to merit it. I have never sworn allegiance to the King of Norway and Sweden, nor to any other Potentate, nor have I bowed the knee to any but my God"—pointing upwards, and his face beaming with all that he felt within him—"I shall value the privilege of citizenship above every other earthly object, and shall endeavor to introduce hundreds of thousands of my countrymen to so great a boon, that they may all feel the great difference between being a citizen of this glorious Republic, in the full enjoyment of liberty, and that state of existence in which they now find themselves."

Already have thousands of Norwegians settled within the limits of this Commonwealth, in its northern part, and I hope that before another year expires, many thousands more will taste the blessings of liberty in the same locality.—I shall not cease my efforts until my countrymen who wish to emigrate, shall be in the full possession of their natural rights, and in the enjoyment of a farm in Pennsylvania.

J. P. Pinson announces in the N. Y. Tribune, the discovery of a new comet. When first observed it was about two degrees below the pole star, at a small angle to the eastward. It is moving in a south-westerly direction, at

the rate of three-quarters of a degree per day, at the same time rapidly approaching us. It is a fine object, condensing at the center to a nucleus, and although at present telescopic, will no doubt be visible to the naked eye in a few days.

The Weather and the Season.

Our good friends in California, who are sweating themselves into all kinds of sickness, are assured that the season is cool and pleasant here. How we wish some of them were here to enjoy it—and don't they wish so too? We have had but very few hard frosts. On Friday of last week we had a little flurry of snow, just enough to turn the earth a little gray. Fall feed continues pretty good, and the farmers are feeling somewhat relieved in regard to winter prospects. Beef and mutton bear good prices, and the facilities for fattening are better than were anticipated. Good winter apples are selling at a dollar a barrel, potatoes at two shillings the bushel, butter at 20 cts. the pound, best quality, and hay at twelve to fourteen dollars the ton.

MUSICAL.—Madame Sontag has been received with great enthusiasm, in New York. Each concert has been a triumph. She is a remarkable woman. At the age of forty-five, retaining much of her early beauty, and all of her extraordinary vocal powers, she may well be a wonder to American women. A N. York paper well says—

"And while our countrywomen are charmed by the exercise of her talents, they will do well to consider and reconsider, and continue to consider, until they understand by what means it has come to pass that neither the fatigues of rearing a large family, nor the early toils of a most arduous profession, nor the lapse of forty-five years, have been able to destroy or even to impair the vigor of Madame Sontag's constitution, or the brilliancy of her voice, or the beauty of her person! Think of it, O ye pie-eating, cake-making, tea-drinking, stove-living, dance-detesting, algebra-studying, and fresh-air-horring maids and matrons of America!"

Lectures on Phrenology.

Mr. Green, who lectured on this subject at the Town Hall last evening, proposes to give another free lecture on Friday evening. Mr. Green has taken rooms at the Elmwood Hotel, where he purposes to make phrenological examinations and give charts and written descriptions to such as desire them. Those who prefer, will be called upon at their residences.

Put on thy Beautiful Garments.

Aye, Mr. Ragmuffin, this means you. Do you know Tozier? Thought you didn't—there could be no other reason for those wounded pants and that afflicted coat; unless, providentially you are a printer. Tozier has moved to the store on the north corner of Silver and Main-st., opposite the Williams House, and under the best barber's shop in the country.—There he is piling in the new and fashionable clothing in a way to make a ragged fellow like you laugh in his sleeve. You need a new suit; and the economy that has its root in old clothes is getting threadbare. You can't be taken for a charitable man in that suit, when applicants for old clothes are so plenty. Go to Tozier. He is the great renovator of such men as you. If you ever leave his shop a rational man, those who saw you go in will not recognize you.

One of our Patrons.

The P. M. at Palmyra writes us that S. Davis, 1st, who subscribed for the Mail about two years ago, and has thus far forgotten to pay for it, refuses to take it any longer on the ground that "he has taken it as long as he agreed to." Nothing paid!—and probably the P. M. could report the same of the postage. And yet, reader, we find no fault with Mr. Davis! He is probably a conscientious man, and couldn't bear that he should send the paper, when he all the time meant to cheat us out of the pay. We know some others who ought long ago to have done likewise.

Here, for instance—Thomas H. Moor, of North New Portland, who owes for the Mail nearly five years, has gone to California, and the P. M. notifies us of the fact. If any of our numerous subscribers in California should see Thomas we wish they would give him our respects. Poor fellow! we predict for him a sad fate. We had a similar case a year ago. The man never arrived there, but was knocked in the head on the Isthmus, and his body eaten up by the wolves.

We have this week received four articles, from as many different writers, on the subject of 'Alcohol as a Medicine.' If unable to make room for all, we must, of course, favor the two who originated the discussion. One of these articles for each paper is enough for our readers—and it is for their pleasure we look.—Very likely we may find room for others, but not this week.

We thank our friend in Cincinnati for his interesting letter, which we should gladly publish but for its violation of the political neutrality of the Mail.

In Portland, Oct. 13th, Benjamin Getchell was examined on the charge of assaulting and robbing David Moore, of Poland. Moore appeared in Court with the assistance of the police officers. His head was swollen, blackened, scarified and battered in a manner shocking to behold. He at once recognized Getchell among the crowd in the Court room as the person who had assaulted him; he stated in testimony, that Getchell met him on Tukey's bridge, while he (Moore) was counting his money on a log.—They there parted, and the witness went out on the old road towards Yarmouth, on his way home. They met again near the house of Mr. Fields, some six or seven miles out, and hence they went on together for a while when Getchell took out a bottle of rum and offered Moore to drink.—Moore refused, Getchell then got over a fence and got a fence stake, ostensibly for a cane, and the two proceeded on their way a short distance further, when Getchell struck Moore a heavy blow over the head and felled him to the ground, breaking the thick stick in three pieces. He then beat him with one of the pieces, and dragged him to the bushes, where, the bushes being so thick that he could not strike him, he punched him in the face and eyes with the ragged end of the stick, Moore all the while begging him to take his money, but not to kill him. Getchell then took his

money and left him, but returned for the purpose of finishing him, and after jabbing him shockingly with the broken stake left him for dead—exclaiming, 'Damn you, lay there, you are dead now.'

Moore left alone, managed to crawl to the house of Mr. Henry Sturdivant, of Cumberland, where every care was bestowed upon him. Mr. Jacob Merrill, hearing of the outrage, after getting the particulars at Mr. Sturdivant's house, came into the city and informed our City Marshal, which led to the arrest of Getchell.

Getchell was remanded to jail, to await his trial before the Supreme Court in November.

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT AND MAGNIFICENT CITY AT TINIAN ISLAND, IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.—Capt. Alfred K. Fisher, of this town, informs us that when on his last whaling voyage, in the ship America, of New Bedford, (which was about eight years ago,) he had occasion to visit the island of Tinian, (one of the Ladrone Islands), to land some sick men. He stopped there some days. One of his men, in his walks about the island, came to the entrance of the main street of a large and splendid city, in ruins. Capt. Fisher, on being informed of the fact, entered the city by the principal street, which was about three miles in length. The buildings were all of stone, of a dark color, and of the most splendid description. In about the centre of the main street, he found twelve solid stone columns, six on each side of the street; they were about forty-five or fifty feet in height, surmounted by cap-stones of immense weight. The columns were ten feet in diameter at the base, and about three feet at the top. Capt. Fisher thinks the columns would weigh about sixty or seventy tons, and the cap-stones about fifteen tons. One of the columns had fallen, and he had a fine opportunity to view its vast proportions and fine architecture. From the principal street, a large number of other streets diverged. They were all straight, and the buildings were of stone. The whole of the city was entirely overgrown with coconut trees, which were fifty and sixty feet in height. In the main street, pieces of common earthenware were found. The island has been in possession of the Spaniards for a long time. Six or seven Spaniards resided on the island when Capt. Fisher was there. They informed him that the Spaniards had had possession about sixty years; that they took the island from the Knackas, who were entirely ignorant of the builders of the city, and of the former inhabitants. When questioned as to the origin of the city, their only answer was, "There must have been a powerful race here a long time ago."—Captain Fisher also saw on the island immense ledges of stone, from which the buildings and columns had evidently been erected. Some portions of them exhibited signs of having been worked.

Here is food for speculation. Who were the founders of this once magnificent city in the North Pacific, and what has become of their descendants? Whatever the answer may be, they were evidently races of a very superior order.—[Edgartown (Mass.) Gazette.]

SHANGHAI SHEEP.—Sheep all the way from China, good reader! Something of a novelty that. We are accustomed, thanks to Yankee adventure, to the terms Shanghai chickens, Shanghai eggs, &c., but we had no idea that the subjects of the Brother of the Sun and fifty-third Cousin of the Moon had any knowledge of the wool clip or the taste of mutton chops. One would imagine that Chinese sheep would be like everything else that is Chinese—queer, odd, quizzical. But no such thing. These two lambs—for they are young 'uns—are quite as simple and woolly, and dirty, and respectable looking as the most civilized of their European or American brethren. It's of no use saying, "Chow chow," or "Teh ki" to them; they don't understand the green tea language. A long voyage they have had of it, from Shanghai, on the other side of the globe to N. York—which is already a trip long enough to frighten any decent sheep—and then from N. York to this city of abominations. They appear to take it quite quietly, however, and thoroughly to understand the difference between people who wear tight indispensables and those who sport baggy ones. The two innocent little big lambs, propose emigrating to the prairies of Texas shortly, and we expect to hear of their lying down peacefully in the same flock with Mexican and Vermont specimens of their tribe.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

A DRUNKEN BRUTE.—The Cincinnati Commercial relates the following story of a brute: "A married man in this city, who has been for several years past greatly addicted to drinking and abusing his wife, went to his residence in Elm street, recently, and after threatening to kill her, began, according to custom, to hunt about the house for liquor. He finally found a bottle of what he supposed to be whiskey, when his wife, who had been watching him, rushed toward him and dashed the bottle from his hand, whereupon he struck her bleeding to the floor. He afterwards found that the liquor he intended to swallow was corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol. A second more and he would have quaffed the fatal poison. She who preserved his life, he felled like a wild beast to the earth, and when informed of her effort to save him, observed with a fenshish barbarity, 'She deserved a beating at any rate, and it could not come amiss.'"

WELLINGTON.—It is well known that the family name of the Duke was Wesley. John Wesley, that wonderful apostle of Methodism, however, wore the same name. It became the watchword of a new and prodigious religious movement. All the world went crazy for a while about Wesley and his preaching. Wesleyans organized their chapels in every parish in England. It was too much for the Duke. The name was abandoned to the Evangelist, and Mr. Arthur Wesley appeared under the amended cognomen of Wellesley, which is transmitted by his posterity. It is nevertheless doubtful whether John Wesley—the eloquent, the fervent, the faithful—will not be remembered, when Arthur Wellesley, the soldier, is only saved from oblivion by connection with the greater name of Napoleon.—[New York Times.]

MELANCHOLY DEATH.—We learn that on Monday, Mr. Jacob Trahan, of West Camden, formerly sheriff of this county, was musing for some hours. In the evening his body was found in a small pond not far from his house. Verdict of coroner's jury, voluntary drowning.—[Belfast Journal.]

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—As men were engaged in blasting the ledge on Park street, yesterday afternoon, two or three boys ran down the street towards the ledge, and were struck by the falling rocks. One of the boys, W. Godfrey, son of Edwin D. Godfrey Esq., merchant of this city, aged nine years, was struck on the head by a large fragment of the ledge, and he died last evening. Another boy by the name of McKinney was seriously injured in the hip, and one other is reported injured. The boys were so eager to see the blast, on hearing the horns blown, that they rushed on to destruction against warnings and efforts to stop them.—[Bangor Whig.]

THE FACTORY AND FANCY

A letter from California says: "A man from Illinois has just arrived from Independence, having driven the entire distance two thousand miles, all alone and healthy. They cost him about fifty cents apiece in the States, and the cost of feeding them was nothing, they fed themselves. He has been offered eight dollars a piece."

A person meeting an old man with silver hair and a black bushy beard, asked him how it happened that his beard was not so gray as the hair of his head? Because, said the old gentleman, it is twenty years younger!

ONE WAY OF GALLING A MAN A LAR—The Manchester Examiner and Times observe: "We fear the Rev. Hugh Stowell has not so effectually schooled himself in the habits of prudence as to have overcome altogether those violent impulses which sometimes urge the pious soul into the thoughtfulness of our most elementary obligations."

A lady stepped into the store of a vendor of Thompson's medicine at Louisville, and called for a bottle of lobelia. After she had paid for it, she asked the vendor how many kinds of lobelia there were. Only one kind, madam, and this is the right sort, replied the quick.

But, rejoined the lady, you must be mistaken, for I have two kinds of lobelia in my garden—one bears a white flower and the other a red one.

Why, to be sure, madam, replied the disciple of Thompson, there are two plants very much alike, but the one with the white flower is the right one, whereas the one with the red flower is the false one.

Gerrit Smith, the New York abolitionist, having been arraigned in some of the newspapers for his landed possessions, replied through the Tribune, that upon the death of his father, he found himself to be the owner of nearly a million acres of land; but long since he had made an allotment of it to the major part being given to poor persons. He says that he owns no farms, and that he has sold all his land, and that he has given all the scraps and remnants of his father's wild tracts to five farms, or even three. He adds that his home would not cost him \$70 per year.

A barber, in New York city, has created a sign bearing the following words: "Physiognomic Operator and Professor of the Tonsorial Art."

EROM—How cold it has grown, said John Smith to his brother, J. The thermometer's fallen too rapidly to please, I think. The thermometer, I own, said the other, J. Thermometers generally fall by degrees.

John L. Stephens, the well known traveler, and vice president of the Panama Railroad, died at New York on Tuesday evening.

STRONG OF THE BEER—It may not be generally known that common whiting proves an effectual remedy against the effects of the sting of the bee or wasp. The whiting to be moistened with cold water, and immediately applied. It may be washed off in a few minutes, when neither pain nor swelling will ensue.

Mrs. Harris says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bake their water" in her opinion all the bustle is caused by "cooking the steam" on board.

It won't do, when riding in a stage-coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an "all-fired scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure he is not sitting beside you.

Never waste arguments on people who don't know logic from logic, which is the case with one half of those who lose disputation.

Samuel Appleton, of Boston, has contributed \$1000 towards establishing a public library in that city.

The New York Mirror says it is rumored that Bennett, of the Herald, intends to cowhide Greeley, just to see how it feels to be the other end of the stick!

Mr. Duncan, the negro artist of Cincinnati, has lately painted "The Garden of Eden," has been offered \$500 for it.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggested that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches on Sundays.

FOON FOR THE MANYLOVES—A story is in circulation in Middlebury, N. Y., some twelve or fifteen miles from the city, in broad daylight, saw what appeared to be an immense (some thousands) number of soldiers, marching and countermarching through the air! This strange sight, it is said, was witnessed for the space of two hours or more.

The Paris Univers has this startling criticism on Proudhon's new book: "The author is not content with insulting according to his custom, the clergy, Christianity, God himself, but goes further—he insults the Emperor and the Empire."

SEASIDE FRENCH—Young ladies rush out shopping at the pier de charge, and wind up their operations by the charge de charge (to charge to pay).

Jarvis, the painter, was painting Bishop— and the venerable prelate began to renege with him upon which he desisted—course in which he had fallen Jarvis, dropping his pencil from the forehead of his portrait to the lower part of his face, said, with a slight motion to the reverend sitter: "Just shut your mouth, bishop!" By painting upon that feature he "changed the subject."

The Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company have purchased, at Philadelphia, a steam propelled yacht, with which it is proposed to board the European steamers sailing to the United States, and to make the voyage of Newfoundland, and procure from them the foreign news for transmission over their wires for the newspaper press, and by this means anticipate the arrival of the steamers.

The Boston Year—We have seen an apple, raised by J. W. Newhall of Saugus, which weighs twenty, and one quarter ounce, and measures fourteen and three quarters inches in circumference. It is of the variety known as the "Monstrous Pippin." (Boston Journal.)

The Grand Jury of the Fountain (Indiana) Circuit Court failed to find an indictment against Hon. E. A. Hannegan for the murder of Capt. Duncan, his brother-in-law, and has been discharged from duty.

BANK DEBTORS—All the Banks in Bangor have recently declared a semi-annual dividend of 5 percent on their capital stock.

"The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Sutt to a tallow chandler. "Indeed sir, I am very sorry for that." "Yes, sir; do you know, they burnt to the bottom, and they were so long in burning." "You don't candle them, do you?" "No, sir; they were burnt shorter."

INSANE HOSPITAL.—We learned, from a visit to this institution, a few days since, that the restored wing, which it is decided to place in a condition for occupation at once, (the old south one) will be ready to receive patients in about three weeks. The painters and plumbers are now at work upon it. Many improvements have been made upon the former interior or arrangement of the building, suggested by past experience and regard for the comfort of the inmates. Several new and spacious reservoirs have been built within the building and vicinity, for which a supply of water is had from a neighboring fountain. The remaining wing is left unfinished, we learn, from a lack of funds to carry it forward.—[Kennebec Journal.]

ECOLOGICAL.—The Rev. J. C. Stockbridge has resigned his pastoral office in the Baptist church of Woburn, and is to supply Rev. Mr. Granger's pulpit in Providence, R. I., during his absence in the East, a year or more. Mr. Stockbridge is a Christian, gentleman and scholar, as well as a faithful, excellent minister, and his loss will be deeply regretted by his Woburn friends.—[Boston Traveller.]

English advice mentions the total loss of the American ship Mobile, with 72 lives. She was commanded by Capt. Tarbox, belonged to Bath, Me., and sailed from Liverpool for New Orleans on Tuesday, the 27th ult., with a crew of 28 hands and 60 passengers, all of whom, with the exception of 9, perished. On her first night, a heavy gale sprung up, and the ship, which was in charge of the 3d mate, who had mistaken his orders to steer W. S. W. and had steered W. N. W., had made the lee shore when the Captain was called by the loud shriek of the 2d mate, who in half an hour she struck on Arley Bank, and soon after began to break up. In consequence of the high sea, the boats could not be launched. In a few hours, the weather began to moderate, and on Thursday morning the survivors were in sight and came up to the wreck, taking therefrom the nine surviving persons and landing them at Wexford, from which port they were forwarded to Liverpool.

Many thrilling incidents occurred on board the wreck. A lady in the cabin had upwards of \$500 which she offered to a sailor, but he rejected the proffered gift, as it would be useless to him under such circumstances. In a few minutes, a sea swept the lady overboard. The sailor was among the saved.

The Captain and crew did their utmost to save the ship, till one after another were washed overboard and lost. The Mobile was 1000 tons burthen, and a new ship. The American Consul and the Swedish Vice Consul at Dublin, rendered every assistance in their power."

FAMILY CIRCLE AND PARLOR ANNUAL.—The October number of this favorite is received. The engravings—"Maternal Influence," and the Floral picture, are very fine; and there is a good variety of wholesome and entertaining reading.—N. York; James G. Reed, publisher—\$1.00 a year, and worth twice the money.

THANKSGIVING, by proclamation of Gov. Hubbard, is appointed for Thursday, Nov. 25.

THE CRESCENT CITY AFFAIR.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 7th, brings us the particulars respecting the trouble between the Crescent City and the Cuban authorities. According to these, Captain Porter was met at the mouth of the harbor by the Captain of the Port, with motions not to enter; but these were disregarded; he was then ordered, verbally, to "heave to," which he also disregarded, alleging that, with half a gale of wind blowing, it was an unsafe place to heave to. On coming to anchor, the Crescent City was boarded by the Captain of the Port, who asked for the steamer's "articles," and on ascertaining that Mr. Smith's purser's name was on them informed Captain Porter that the Captain General ordered the ship to sea immediately, and that the Havana passengers must go with her; but the officer from the post-office said he would take the mails. Captain Porter refused to deliver the mails until it was decided whether the steamer was to go to sea or not. He further insisted on making a formal protest to the Gov. General. The Captain of the Port allowed him time to prepare the protest, and undertook to convey it to the Governor. But the Gov. General refused to receive it, except through the American Consul, who was then at some distance from the city, so far that no answer could be obtained that night, and the ship was ordered to sea.

You refuse, then, to receive the mails and passengers?" said Captain Porter. "No communication of any kind allowed," said the Captain of the Port.

With this, the steamer took her departure, passing the Moro about 7 P. M. The Spanish officer, Don Guellamo Chacon, the Captain of the Port, it is said, behaved with great courtesy and politeness throughout the whole affair.

The passengers of the Crescent City held an indignation meeting on board, and endorsed the conduct of their Captain as discreet and becoming a brave and intelligent officer, and condemning the conduct of the Cuban authorities, as wholly indefensible, from the facts of the case—contrary to the good faith existing between friendly nations, in utter violation of every principle of dignity and decency, and an insult to the American flag that ought not to be tolerated.

In New Orleans, also, an indignation meeting has been held, in which the conduct of the Cuban authorities was strongly condemned, that of Captain Porter commended, and our government called upon to enforce indemnity.

What will be the end of this affair does not yet appear. It is said that the company will not remove the obnoxious purser from the ship, and that our government will not permit the mails to be meddled with, and that orders have been received at Brooklyn Navy Yard to fit out the sloop-of-war Marion with all possible despatch, probably for Havana.

SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF THE CLAY MEDAL.—A man has recently been arrested in the Kingdom of Hanover, having in possession \$2000 in American coin, a large quantity of valuable jewelry and a large gold medal, which is believed to be the very "Clay medal," which mysteriously disappeared from N. York some little time since. The man is an old convict in Hanover, and had recently arrived from America, where he has been for some time.

THE MAINE BOYS AT SELINGROVE.—There are several dozen lumbermen from the State of Maine, engaged in putting up an immense Saw Mill, at Selingrove, in this county. We are told that they use neither intoxicating liquors, nor tea, nor coffee. Their only drink is pure cold water. Truly these are noble representatives of a noble State.—[Advocate New Berlin, Pa.]

APPEAL.—A man by the name of Joseph P. George was stabbed about 6 o'clock last evening, near the wood-stand, Hammond street, by a youth named James Jones. Three serious stabs were given—two in the breast, and one on the shoulder. They will not, however, prove fatal. Jones, who is 19 years of age, is now in custody. Ram and the loan of a half dollar caused the trouble.—[Mercury, 15th.]

MURDER IN WINDSOR.—On Thursday last, the body of — Morton; son of Robert Morton, of Windsor, aged about twenty-three, was found near the shore of Long Pond, in that town, with various wounds and bruises on his head and throat, indicating that he had come to his death by violence. The verdict of the coroner's jury was, "Murdered by some person unknown." He had been missing some ten days; and the only motive known for his murder was the fact that he was expecting money through the post office, and had taken out a letter a short time before he disappeared. These are the reports here. We do not learn that any person is suspected of his murder.—[Kennebec Journal.]

Rev. the Bishop (Burgess) of Maine, in his address before the late Convention of that Diocese, states the following fact: "On Thursday, the 9th of Oct., I laid the corner stone of Grace Church, Bath, by appropriate solemnities, and address. The past year has brought to light the fact that almost within sight of that spot, the colony under Poplarn, in 1607, actually built within their fort a rude church; and has also disclosed the name of Richard Seymour, clergyman of that colony, and performed the first religious worship ever known in New England. A singular interest was added to our services by recollections like these."

WON'T SOMEBODY HOLD US?—Mrs. Swisshelm in the Saturday Visitor for this morning, says that—"Nothing they (the 'insolent South'—the 'arrogant Southerners') have ever done, did ever rile our temper like a paragraph we find in our exchanges, stating that Mr. Pre-witt, of the 'Yazoo City Whig,' has offered to compare babies with us—to intimate her belief that her mosquito-eaten, flea-bitten, tick-tormented, pismire-persecuted, alligator-menaced, misma poisoned, yellow-fever-chased, sun-scorched Mississippi baby will compare with our Nettle! That woman must be 'clean

daft'; but in our opinion there is so much method in her madness, that she took care not to send that number of the 'Whig' to our office."

She never imagined a baby like ours, or dreamed of anything so perfect. Just think of it, Mrs. Pre-witt; twenty-three pounds in eight months! So white, and soft, and round, with such violet eyes, and such a tooth! Then if you could see that fat foot held up for mother to kiss, and the look of wide wonder that follows my refusal of the expected caress! Poor Mrs. Pre-witt, how we do pity you that you have not seen the baby!

"UP BOYS AND ATTEM!"—It was mooted whether the action to be imparted to his statue should not represent the moment when his cry "Up, boys, and attem!" roused his troops to their last irresistible and victorious charge.—"Up, boys, and attem!" replied the Duke. "I never could have said any such thing. I remember very well that I caused them to lie down for shelter behind a rising ground, and by that means saved many of their lives; but 'Up, boys and attem!' is all nonsense."

Autobiography of Wm. Jordan.

Our rum drinking and rum selling friends will let off some cool jokes. The last one is, the idea of wines being higher in this country because the vintage is shorter in the old country! As though the vintage in the East had anything to do with the wines of this country! Yet gentle tipplers will pull down the loosehouse compounds that are called wines, and think of grapes. Our rum sellers will pardon us for laughing.—Short vintage—Wine higher in America! Ha! ha! If there is a scarcity of hops, the next we shall here, rat juice will rise in price.—[Cayuga Chief.]

Notice.

Hon. Israel Washburn, M. C., of Orono, will address the Whigs of Waterville and vicinity, at the Town Hall this (Thursday) evening, at 7 o'clock.

Per Order.

Brighton Market.

THURSDAY, Oct. 14.

At Market \$200 Cattle, 10500 Sheep and Lambs, and 2100 Swine.

Prices.—Beef Cattle—Extra, \$6.25 a 6.50; 1st quality, \$5.50 a 6.00; 2d, \$4.75 a 5.25; 3d, \$4.00 a 4.75.

Working Oxen—Sales from \$5.00 to \$6.00. Cows and Calves—Sales from \$2.00 to \$4.00. Sheep—Sales from \$1.75 to \$2.50. Extra lots, \$5.00. Swine—At retail, from 6 to 8.

Marriages.

In Dexter, Oct. 10th, Mr. JOSEPH CROWELL to Miss HANNAH HATCH.

In Benton, 7th inst., by Asa H. Barton Esq., Mr. Samuel G. Spear to Mary A. Ames both of Benton.

In Portland, 12th inst., by Rev. J. Pratt, Mr. Henry T. Clark of Danville, to Louisa Stinchfield of Clinton.

In Newport, 5th inst., Lionel Lincoln of Coriann, to Susan B. Gilman, of N. Y.

In Corinth, Asa G. Lovejoy to Mary F. Hackett, both of C.

In Augusta, Wm. T. Studley of Monhegan Island, to Lucy F. Pierce of Zury, Maine of Hampden, to Marcia A. Ormsby of Farmington.

In Winthrop, Guy Dunlap, Jr., of Norridgewock, to A. Jane Tinkham.

Deaths.

In Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 11th, of Consumption, Harriet wife of Dr. R. H. Barry, aged 40, formerly of Vassalboro.

In San Francisco, Eliza H. Soule, of Bangor, Maine; George Woodward; Charles Smith, of Maine; Charles L. Booker, formerly of Bangor.

Deaths on Shipboard. William Bourne, and James W. Soule, of Bangor, Maine; Martin Gilmore, of Belfast, and Mary S. Johnson, of Eastport.

Notices.

The prices at which ESTY & KIMBALL are now disposing of their large stock of Fall and Winter Goods are without precedent in Waterville. Those who have tried it, say that they can buy the best styles and qualities of goods, as low as they can get the inferior grades at other places.

We advise our friends who are desirous of purchasing DRY GOODS at low prices than ever heard of before in Waterville, to read E. T. Elden & Co.'s advertisements, to be found in another column, and give them an early call, as nothing can exceed in quality, styles and prices, the inducements which they offer. They are now opening another desirable assortment of Fall and Winter Dress Goods, consisting of all the latest and most choice patterns.

The main spring of business is money, all persons, therefore, who have been standing six months and more, are requested to call and settle the same without delay.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED! LET WHO WILL SAY TO THE CONTRARY.

Dr. Scovill—Sir:—I have always heard that the pulse of NIGHT SWEATS come on, and the flesh of the legs begin to puff up, that the case of the CONSUMPTIVE IS hopeless. But it is not so. Such was my condition when I began taking your Syrup of Liverwort, Tar and Castile Oil, in April last after having been confined to my bed for two months! My physician had said he could do nothing more for me—my friends had no hopes, and my case was very fatal. But in two days I was up and about, and in a few days I was able to walk, and my cough became quite gone. My Lung was as if a mountain had been removed from them, and I slept without being propped up with pillows in bed. Soon my appetite began to come back to me, and with it strength. I need not here trace the cure through all its stages. It is sufficient to say, that it has proved a CURE, complete, thorough and permanent. I have had no return of the disease, and with proper care anticipate none. You are at liberty to publish this letter. In haste, yours, &c.

JOS. LIBBY.

CAUTION—None genuine, unless there is on the buff wrapper a red ink, signed with a pen, by A. L. SCOVILL & CO.

For sale by A. L. SCOVILL & CO., at their Depot, 301 Broadway, New York, and by all respectable druggists in the United States and Canada. Also for sale in Waterville by WM. DYER.

PRICE—in large bottles \$1.00, or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

Physician's Stand for Sale.

THE Subscriber being about to leave the State, offers for sale his house formerly occupied by Dr. East Vassalboro, and attached to the house, are a barn and good sheds, and about one half acre of land, with some fruit and a number of fine shade trees, also a well of water.

The property is finely situated near the outlet of the "12 mile pond." The mail stage between Augusta and Bangor passes the house each day, and an accommodation stage, which connects with the stage at Vassalboro, and arrives in Augusta in season for the cars for Boston.

The above property has for forty years been occupied by physicians, and is a good location for one about to purchase. For terms and further information, apply by letter to the subscriber, at Chelsea, Mass., or, after Nov. 1st, to the premises. Oct. 1852.

House for Sale.

THE house on Academy Place, built by A. W. B. is offered for sale on reasonable terms. As the land is very valuable, and the house is in good repair, it is a desirable place of residence. The house is now in the hands of J. M. WEST. Oct. 1852.

Girls Wanted.

8 GOOD COAT MAKERS and two pattern makers may find, and can stand constant and good pay by applying to J. M. WEST. Oct. 1852.

The Only True Portrait of Washington.

JUST PUBLISHED.

T. B. WELCH'S MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

Engraved (by permission) from Stuart's only original portrait ever published, in the Athenaeum, Boston.

THIS superb picture, engraved under the superintendence of THOMAS SULLY, Esq., the eminent and highly gifted artist, is the only correct likeness of Washington ever published. It has been characterized as the greatest work of art ever produced in this country. As to its fidelity, we refer to the letters of the adopted son of Washington, Gen. Washington's Pantheons, who says, "It is a faithful representation of the celebrated original; and to Chief Justice TAYLOR of the Supreme Court of the U. S., who says, 'As a work of art its excellence and beauty must strike every eye who sees it; and it is no less happy in its likeness to the Father of his country.' It was my good fortune to have seen him in the days of my boyhood, and his whole appearance is yet strongly impressed on my memory. The portrait you have issued appears to me to be an exact likeness, representing perfectly the expression, as well as the form and features of the face. And says SENATOR CASS, 'It is a life-like representation of the great original.' PRESIDENT FILLMORE says, 'The work appears to me to have been admirably executed, and to be one of the best portraits of the public.' Says MARCHANT, the eminent portrait painter and the pupil of Stuart, 'your print, to my mind, is more remarkable than any other I have seen, for presenting the noble and dignified representation of the Father of his country, which all who ever saw him considered a marked characteristic of the illustrations that he commanded.' Every eye of Washington to the portrait itself, to be seen at the office of this paper, and to the letters of the following Artists, Sculptors, and Scholars, commencing with: ARTISTS—Rembrandt and Eliot, of New York; Neagle, Rothermel, and Lambdin, of Philadelphia; Chester, of Boston; Charles Fraser, of Charleston, S. C.; and the adoption of the original portrait, Hon. Geo. W. Curtis, himself an artist. STATESMEN—His Excellency Milford Fillmore, Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott, Hon. George M. Dallas, Hon. John McLean, Hon. Rufus Choate, Hon. Webster, Hon. Lynn Boyd, Hon. Lewis Cass, Hon. Wm. A. Graham, Hon. John P. Kennedy, Hon. R. C. Winthrop, LL. D. JUNIUS—Hon. Roger R. Taney, Hon. John Dyer, Hon. John McLean, Hon. Rufus Choate. SCHOLARS—Charles Folger, Esq., the well known Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, who says, 'I never knew any other than my painted copy, have ever seen so true a portrait of the Father of his country, as this one. Richard Hildreth, Hon. Edw. Everett, LL. D., Jared Sparks, LL. D., William H. Prescott, LL. D., Washington Irving, Ralph W. Emerson, Esq., Prof. T. H. Henry, Fitz Green, Esq., and FROM EUROPE, Lord Talford, T. B. Macaulay, Sir Archibald Alison, Lord Mayor of London, &c., &c., &c. This portrait will be the true picture of the Father of his country, which all who ever saw him considered a marked characteristic of the illustrations that he commanded. To enable all to possess this valuable treasure, it is sold at the low price of \$5 per copy.

Published by GEORGE W. WELCH, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

Sole Agent for the New England States.

This portrait can only be obtained of Mr. BANCROFT, or from his duly authorized agents.

Persons, by remitting Five dollars to ADDISON BANCROFT, 37 Washington st., Boston, will have a copy of the Portrait sent to them free of postage.

Magnificent Gift Frames, got up expressly for these Portraits, furnished at the low price of \$5.00 each.

JUST ISSUED.

A MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JACKSON.

Engraved by T. B. WELCH, Esq., after the original portrait, by F. SULLY, Esq.

This portrait will be the true picture of the Father of his country, which all who ever saw him considered a marked characteristic of the illustrations that he commanded. To enable all to possess this valuable treasure, it is sold at the low price of \$5 per copy.

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Magnificent Gift Frames, got up expressly for these Portraits, furnished at the low price of \$5.00 each.

COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION.

IT LOOSENS THE COUGH, INCREASES EXPECTORATION, or spitting, promotes the lungs' perspiration, improves the digestion, strengthens the stomach, cleanses the lungs, and thus by the SKIN, the KIDNEYS, and the BOVINE, it cleanses the BLOOD, RENOVATES THE SYSTEM, PREPARES THE LUNGS FOR THE RECEPTION OF PURE AIR, AND IN THIS MANNER PRODUCES COSTIVENESS, but enables all other ailments to be cured. It is a most valuable medicine, and CURE the most obstinate cases of this difficulty.

ANYBODY WHO TAKES IT WITH ANTIMONY, AND BELIEVED to be in consumption, was cured by using DOWNS' ELIXIR.

DR. J. M. WINKLE, REDUCED VERY LOW WITH CONSUMPTION, AND BRONCHITIS, says: "I HAVE USED DOWNS' ELIXIR, AND FOUND NO OTHER REMEDY TO BE SO EFFECTUAL IN ALL OTHER CASES OF CONSUMPTION, AND I HAVE BEEN CURED BY IT."

DR. MCNEAL SAYS: "I HAVE USED DOWNS' ELIXIR IN CASES OF WHOOPING COUGH WITH EXCELLENT SUCCESS."

ROLLIN FORD WAS CURED OF SEVERE PAIN IN THE CHEST, AND DISTRESSING COUGH, BY THE USE OF DOWNS' ELIXIR, BY USING DOWNS' ELIXIR.

REV. J. L. TUTTLE, OF CAMDEN, ME, WAS CURED BY DOWNS' ELIXIR, OF COUGHS, COLDS, HECTIC FEVER, NIGHT SWEATS, AND BRONCHITIS, AND I HAVE USED DOWNS' ELIXIR, AND FOUND NO OTHER REMEDY TO BE SO EFFECTUAL IN ALL OTHER CASES OF CONSUMPTION, AND I HAVE BEEN CURED BY IT."

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MORE SPORT IN TRADE.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS, just received by ESTY & KIMBALL, No. 4 Ticonderoga Row, among which may be seen:

Luxurious Goods, good quality, 25 cts. per yd. Alpaca 17 to 25 cts. Polaines 10 to 12 1/2 cts. Prints 5 to 6 1/4 cts. Ginghams 5 to 7 cts. Sheetings 6 to 7 cts. Tickings 6 1/4 to 12 1/2 cts.

