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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1852.

NO. 22.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 3 1-2 *Boutelle Block, Main Street.*
EPI. MAXHAM. DAN. R. WING.

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If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

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POETRY.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sweet to the soul the parting ray,
Which ushers placid evening in;
When with the still expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin—
How grateful to the anxious breast,
The sacred hours of holy rest!

I love the blush of vernal bloom,
When morning glows night's sullen tear;
And dear to me the mournful gloom,
Of autumn, sabbath of the year;
But purer pleasures, joys sublime,
Await the dawn of holy time.

Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease,
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To lull the glad return of peace—
O season blest! O moment given
To turn the vagrant thoughts to heaven!

What thought involved in lurid night,
The loveliest forms of nature fade;
Yet mid the gloom shall heavenly light
With joy the contrite heart pervade.
O, then great source of light divine,
With beams ethereal gladden mine.

Oh, as this hallowed hour shall come,
O, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On living faith's immortal wings—
'Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal SABBATH DAY!

MISCELLANY.

[From Graham's Magazine.]

MONDE HEDELQUIVER.

A TALE OF WINTER-LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By the author of "Sally L's Diary."

[CONCLUDED.]

Rosamonde Hedelquiver to Edith Manners.

WEDNESDAY, 31st.

Well! Alfred Cullen came this morning while I was gone to ride. We did not expect him until evening, because it is a day's journey from Boston. But he stopped last evening at St. O., where he had friends and business, and this morning was brought over.

"Guess who's in the sitting-room with your uncle and aunt," said Hamlet, with a broad smile, as he came to help me out of the saddle.

"Paulina. I dare say, Hamlet."

"No. You go in and see who 'tis. Come, Katy."

I came in straightway, expecting to see Hamlet's pretty sister, Fanny; but saw instead, a man of about thirty years; by no means tall, (for a man, that is; he is a little above me,) by no means large, but noble and graceful, and with a look in the highest degree animated and gentle. He and uncle stood face to face, talking energetically and laughing.

"Here she is!" said uncle, as soon as he saw me. "Here's Monde. Monde, our friend, Mr. Cullen. Our niece, Miss Hedelquiver, Alfred. Ponto, be still; behave yourself, Ponto."

Ponto wouldn't behave himself at all, in the way uncle proposed; he was quite too glad to see me. When I would have stepped forward a little to meet Mr. Cullen, he was jumping on my long skirts and catching them in his teeth; and when I would have shaken hands with him, he sprang up between us, and was so unmanageable that we were forced to disperse with the hand-shaking altogether. We called him a vicious puppy, and boxed his soft ears a little, but as we laughed all the while, he only dragged my skirts the more pertinaciously and jumped the higher. And judge you whether I was not glad that he did; glad that I must be busy scolding him and getting my skirts and gloves and riding-stick away from him; for uncle said, turning to Mr. Cullen—

"How do you like Monde's hat, Alfred?"

"I was just thinking that it is the most becoming thing that I ever saw," replied he.

"I think so," said uncle.

"I can't very well bear having anything about my person commended, you know, especially if it brings such eyes as uncle's and Mr. Cullen's to bear upon my figure; and so I was glad enough to have aunt come into the room, and forward into our midst, that the survey might be broken."

But it was not long, for aunt looked down on my long train, and then said:

"Paulina has been trying to persuade Rosamonde to put on a Bloomer with her, she didn't like to do it alone. But I think Rosamonde is wise in clinging to the long skirts, especially for riding. Do you like the Bloomers, Alfred?"

"Not at all! not at all!" and his eye ran over my figure again.

"Nor I," said uncle. "To tell the truth, with his eyes on my face—Monde wrote us spirited letters; I remembered a certain sort of dash and courage in her character, and I was more than half afraid that she would come amongst us looking up out of a Bloomer, and that the first thing she began to talk about would be Woman's Rights. Not as Heaven knows," added uncle, with increasing seriousness, "because there is not need of changes here, as everywhere else; but the changes proposed are, it appears to me, poor, one-sided things. I would not, therefore, like to hear so thoroughly sensible a girl as Monde, clamoring for them."

"You will make Monde blush," said aunt.

"Not at all, aunt Alice," replied I, doffing my hat; I can bear very well having my bonnet praised, you know, at any time. Ponto, bring me my gloves."

"Yes, that is true," said aunt. And added, after a moment's pause; "I can never make much out of this Woman's Rights business. With sister Eunice, it is 'equal rights, equal privileges, equal pantaloons,' and some more, I don't know what else. I never pretend to understand a word of it."

This was cunning in aunt. We all had a hearty laugh over it. But good-night, dearest; I will finish in the morning.

MORNING.

When I returned to the parlor, after changing my dress, yesterday, uncle and Mr. Cullen sat in their arm-chairs, face to face, talking, with thoughtful eyes, of Congress and Hungary. If Congress would do thus and so, then Hungary could do thus and so, thus and so. If Congress would not, then God help Hungary. They had their eyes on each other's face; they appeared as if they two could sit there and talk forever, never once lacking themes of interest, never once tiring of each other's discourse. And uncle—dear, good man that he is!—let me have a part now and then, by saying—

"Yes, this is what I was saying to you, yesterday, you remember, Monde." And then again—

"And Monde, I see, thinks the same." So that he and Mr. Cullen soon came to speak as much to me as to each other.

Aunt came in, in a jet-black dress, and rich black lace cap with scarlet trimmings. She looked happy, and was as fresh and graceful as a girl—only her cap and collar were both awry, and a lock of hair straggled. Her eyes sought Mr. Cullen's directly.

"Mother," said he, answering her smile with one as genial, "I am as hungry as a wolf. What are you going to have for dinner, I wonder."

"Guess."

"A chicken-pie."

"Yes! as true as you live. I remembered how you liked them, and we made this on purpose for you."

"Thank you! You are always kind. What else have you? I am so hungry!"

"Pumpkin pies and toasted brown bread; it will be ready in less than five minutes."

"Ah, this is good! there is nothing I love so well. But, Ponto, let this paper alone. Here, you little rascal!" (For Ponto was running off with the "Era"; going sideways in a highly comical way, that he might not step on it.) "Ponto grows more roguish; I am afraid you help to spoil him, Miss Hedelquiver."

And in all that he said and did—I mean Mr. Cullen, of course—he was like a good son, running over with delight and sociability at finding himself beneath the home-roof once more.

"The handsomest pie I ever saw," said he, as uncle was beginning to carve it.

I looked at aunt, but she would not look at me. She would say—"I think so too. Rosamonde put on the cross and border. Neither Bessy nor I should ever have thought of such a thing."

Mr. Cullen looked up to me, I knew, and uncle, too; but I was drinking, and kept my eyes down in my tumbler of water. "I am vexed," thought I, for one moment; "for this is what she will keep doing." But the next moment I looked about me undauntedly, and thought—

"Yet if she does I won't be vexed. I will only do those things that I do in such a way that she can't hold me up for admiration. Good! I fancy Mr. Cullen will see something not quite so pretty as that chicken-pie, before many days." And I was full of mirth at the thought of the hodge-podge I will perpetrate if I am troubled.

Mr. Cullen went over to Mr. Munroe's after dinner, and brought Paulina back with him to take her supper with us and spend the evening. She was in the new Thibet, the new collar and under-sleeves, so that she was rather stiff, rather careful about her ways, but pretty as a rose and lily tied together, and Mr. Cullen evidently thought the same. He ate a part of her Baldwin apple, when she complained of its being so large that she could neither hold it with both hands, and she spread them before him to let him see how much too small they were for that; nor eat it if she could hold it. She didn't allow Ponto to come very near her new Thibet, or new under-sleeves, and so Mr. Cullen let the little fellow run over himself and me. He played backgammon with her, game after game, as he talked with the rest, and allowed her to beat him in every game; whereupon she patted his shoulder with her dice-box and called him a careless goose.

"Rosamonde Hedelquiver," said she to me, as she was putting on her furs to go, "what made you keep on this common-looking dress, and these plain duds," touching her finger to my linen cuffs and collar. "I thought you would be all dressed up in your best, and so I put these on. I was mad with myself for my pains when I saw you."

"Ah, this is nothing, any way, Paulina. Here is your hood; it is a beauty."

"Yes, I like it pretty well. I suppose you will ride every day on horseback, just as you have done?"

"I presume so. Let me tie your hood for you. You can't find the strings, can you?"

"No! my fingers are all thumbs to-night. I suppose Alfred will ride with you. Aunt will tease him too. He used to ride with Alice, but he never liked it so well as walking, or going in a carriage. But he is one of those who will do every thing that is required of him."

She was putting on her over-shoes, so that I could not see what sort of expression accompanied these words.

"You needn't expect to see him here again to-night, aunt Alice," said she, hanging on his arm, at the parlor door. "I shall keep him. We're going to have something for breakfast that he likes best of any thing; and I know he'll stay for this, if not for any thing else. Won't you, Alfred?"

"No, no, Paulina. Let him come back," said aunt. We went him there, to-night. Don't stay, Alfred."

"No, I will not, mother," bowing to go.

"Then I will call on an obstinate and real cross pig, if you don't. I heard Paulina say, in tones half-laughing, half-pouting, in the hall.

Uncle took the Tribune, and aunt and I drew near the stove to toast our feet a little.

"I think he attends to her and humors her more and more," said aunt at length, in a dreamy tone. She had been watching a chink in the stove where the flickering blaze was seen.

"Don't you think he does, Frederic?"

"Frederic, don't you think Alfred really means to make a wife of Paulina?"

"I think likely he does," replied uncle, at the same time that he went on with his reading, as if he had not spoken, or aunt either.

Aunt kept her eyes on the stove after this until I rose to leave the room. "Good-night, dear," said she then, kissing me lovingly. She looked as if the last of ever so many cherished hopes was on a flight.

I wrote in a little library that opens out of the back-parlor, and is warmed by the back-parlor stove. Mr. Cullen has just entered the parlor, where he talks softly to Ponto, and

rummages the newspapers. Now aunt comes in, and after the morning greetings, she says, clearing her throat—"So you think Paulina improves?"

"In some respects, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose she does. But breakfast is quite ready, Alfred. Monde, dear—coming this way."

"Yes, dear aunt, I come."

EVENING.

This has been the busiest day! I couldn't even find time to get this already longest of all letters ready for the mail. I will therefore sit here, now that it is all over, now that all have gone to rest but me, and tell you about it; and let me do it in little skirmishing scenes like this.

SCENE I. *The Breakfast Table.*
Judge Hedelquiver. "So Brother and Ben are lending their interests to the Nicaragua route?"

Mr. Cullen. "Yes; and so are Cornish & Brothers. They are much more substantial."

Mrs. Hedelquiver. "The Nicaragua route, the Panama Railroad, free trade, and so on—Frederic and Rosamonde think that these are going to do a little toward making the world over new. They think they are going to do their part in putting down wars and every sort of thing that isn't brotherly and according to what the Gospel enjoins. Monde, have you water? Oh yes, I see. Now I've tried again and again to see what connection there can possibly be between peace and the Panama Railroad, for instance, and I can't. I don't half believe there is any—do you, Alfred?"

Mr. C. (laughing). "Oh yes, mother."

Mrs. H. "Yes, I suppose you do. You and Frederic, and Monde think just alike about everything, I see. Have some more chocolate, Alfred."

SCENE 2. *The Hall.*
Mrs. H. "What do you want to say to me, dear?"

Monde. "I want to tell you—why, aunt, you see I want to write mornings, and then ride when I am tired of it—just as I have done all along. And I have been thinking that Mr. Cullen may feel that it belongs to him to—why, to see to me some, perhaps sometimes to ride with me. But it isn't, you know. I would rather attend to myself, and go alone, as I have done. So you won't let him think, will you, dear aunt, that it is necessary for him on any account, or at any time, to go with me any where?"

Mrs. H. "Why?"

Monde. "Because, if you do, aunt, it will put a disagreeable restraint upon him, and make me very unhappy. I have always been used, you know, to depending upon myself. I have never been a favorite of the gentlemen, or of anybody except a few kind people who could see that there was something in me somewhere that deserved to be loved."

Mrs. H. "And this has been a great grief to you, dear Monde; and is at this minute, as I know by the sound of your voice."

Monde. "Sometimes it grieves me, and then again I am thankful. For it has made me self-reliant, and very loving toward him who will always be near his child and love her."

Aunt, dear, you will promise not to hint, in the remotest way, that he ought to ride with me, or wait on me at any time."

Mrs. H. (dreamily, and as if again hopes were flying). "Yes, I will promise. But I can't see what objections you can have to his riding with you. There's John almost always, you know, in the stable. There is nothing to hinder his going."

Monde. "Nothing to hinder, if it is his own spontaneous will and wish; otherwise everything, in my way of thinking. Come, aunt, you are freeing."

SCENE 3. *Outside the Gate.*
Judge H. "Ready, Monde?"

Monde. "Ready, uncle."

Judge H. "Wait a moment. I want to tell you, Monde, that I overheard what you said to your aunt in the hall, this morning."

Monde. "Did you, uncle?"

Judge H. "Yes; but never mind it. It was only new proof that you are the most sensible girl in creation. It is just the way you ought to feel about it. What he will help you in this. I will take care that he don't do any thing for you because he sees you in need of him."

Monde. "You are the dearest, best uncle that any poor child ever had! Now, if you will help me."

Judge H. "There you are! You mount as if you had some little wings up there among the plumes of your hat. I'll bet you have."

Mr. C. (appearing at the door with a book in his hand). "What! are you going to ride, this morning, Miss Hedelquiver?"

Monde. "Yes, Mr. Cullen."

Mr. C. "And alone?"

Monde. "Yes, sir. Uncle my stick, if you please."

Mr. C. (springing forward to pick up the stick). "Now, I protest against this! I have been thinking that I wanted to ride, and (laughing a little) that I wanted to ride with you. Let me help you off, now, for a few minutes. I will have John ready in—John is in the stable, isn't he, Judge?"

Monde. "If you want to."

Mr. C. "As I must certainly do. Let me help you. Only I am sorry to give you so much trouble. I am sorry I didn't know, in the first of it, that you were going. You will tell me next time, won't you?" (opening the gate for Monde to pass in.)

Monde. "I believe I shall not promise you."

Mr. C. "Promise, at any rate, to let me know it, whenever you are willing to have me with you."

Monde. (with the door half shut between her and him). "I believe I shall not promise that either."

Mr. C. (on his way, with the Judge, to the stable). "Then I will always make you wait for me like this!"

Well, well! I see I might write all night, with my scenes, first to twentieth, inclusive. But I shan't. I shall go to bed, after I have told you that the morning ride was altogether delightful. I never knew such a splendid morning. I never had so agreeable a companion in ride, or ramble, or—shall say it, Edith, for it is the truth—or any where. And I fancy that he found me—quite tolerable. One

could not well be otherwise with him about. We found company here when we returned—two of the professors from Woodstock, together with Judge Brentwood and his wife and daughter, from Craftsburg. They all dined here; and things never went off so strongly. I sat by aunt, and helped her serve the guests.

When I do this, and she can now and then look over the table into uncle's always clear, calm face, and listen to his manly expression, she can know pretty well what she is doing, even if she does sometimes venture upon a little conversation.

While we were giving them our adieux at the door, two other sleighs came up with high-bred horses and loud-jingling bells, taking along fresh visitors to spend the rest of the day and the evening with us. They were wealthy farmers, who wanted to talk of horses and oxen, and different breeds of sheep, with uncle; and farmers' wives, who talked with most interest with aunt, when it was upon butter and cheese, and preserves and bread-making. This, as you must see, left Mr. Cullen and me pretty much to ourselves. But we were at no loss. I can't see how one can ever be at a loss with him; for his vigorous and fresh thought readily comprehends all the philosophy of nature, of morals, and of life; and he communicates himself, as it were, and all that is in him, so magically that—

But see if I am going to write all night! A happy New Year, dearest. Extend the greetings of the season to all in your house.

THY LOVING MONDE.

Monde to Edith.

DANVILLE, JAN. 12, 1852.

Edith, dear, how often I write to you. But it relieves me to throw my story by, and gossip in this careless way. And, moreover, I must be telling somebody how happy I am; and how the days go, day after day, as if on the wings of the morning. I would not have believed there was any thing like it on this earth; that I, or any one, could ever be so thoroughly comfortable. I suppose it is because uncle and Mr. Cullen talk so much of those excellent things that keep us close by Heaven. I don't suppose it is any thing else. Only it is pleasant riding every day, sometimes twice a day; sometimes on Kate's back, sometimes in a sleigh; oftentimes, of late, in a sleigh. It is good seeing aunt so kind, so attentive to all our wishes, and so happy—and so facetious, too, in her way. Hear what a curious thing she said to-day, when uncle and Dr. Puncture were discussing the medical systems. Uncle, by the by, is a homoeopathist.

"Husband seems to think, as you see, doctor Puncture, that the practice of medicine must needs change with all other practices; that the great pills, for instance, as large as bullets, belong to the almost by-gone age of bullets. I don't know, I am sure, but he believes that people will be so refined by the time the transition state is fairly over, that nothing but tinctured air will be thought of for remedies. And if he does, I shall think he is right, doctor."

"Ha! no doubt whatever of that," said the doctor, who is a sort of witty bear. "No doubt you will have implicit faith in the rarefied air-system, if the judge ever comes to preach it. You'll be found with a tube in your mouth, breathing it whenever you have a little indigestion or headache."

Aunt laughed, and filled the huge pockets of the doctor's overcoat with apples for his wife and children.

Hear how diligent I am. I have been writing since five o'clock. I began an hour earlier than usual, because we are to have visitors from Barnet to spend the day, so that I must be hindered.

Mr. Cullen has been reading in the parlor since six; now it is almost seven. He yawns, he moves about; I fancy he is tired of his books. I do not allow him to come into the library in the morning, because then it disturbs me having him near. After they are stirring in all the rest of the rooms, I don't mind it; and he sits here by the hour. He yawns again, and says "Heigho!" and sees to the fire. "Monde!" he says, as if there were something that he will no longer bear.

"What say, sir?"

"It is so hot and stupid here, a fellow can have no comfort." (Shutting the stove door.) "I am coming into your cool room. May I?"

"Yes."

"Shall I disturb you?"—coming.

"No, sir."

"No, sir! so I see. You can write, and talk, and have me about—it isn't so much as if Ponto had come into the room instead of me. I have a good mind to try whether there is a way of disturbing you a little. I shall sit here close by you, and keep soulding. Yes, I see. You smile quietly at this, and go on writing. I am provoked! I want you to talk with me; want you to care more about me than about this old 'commercial pen' of yours. Will you?"

"I can't," laughing.

"Then I will steal your pen. I will hold your hand—thus—"

He stole my pen, and threw it to the other side of the table. He held my hand, and called me "an obstinate thing!" but a dear good girl—a dear good girl, for all that! He would keep my hand; and soon I ceased trying to regain it—for he was telling me in the dearest voice what he had been reading and thinking; so that I forgot everything but that I was happy enough to go straight away to Heaven.

I wish at this moment, Edith, that I might die—for I cannot believe that such happiness as this can last; and I would rather die than have it broken.

I know what you will say. You will say that I love Mr. Cullen; and I expect that I do. I expect that I have loved him since the day that he came. And I shall never regret this, even if I find that it is only friendliness he feels for me, if I find that he loves and marries another—for my life is enriched and beautified by the new emotions, by the love of one so noble and so pure!

For the present, aunt looks smilingly on, and Mr. Cullen's part when he and uncle are both going to ride, and both lay claims to my company. "Frederic, let her go with Alfred! He isn't going to stay long, you know. And besides, I want to stay with you, myself. So just bring my hood and cloak in from the hall, while I am finding the rest of my things."

"Yes, finding the rest of your things!" (this takes a week; and this is why I like best having Monde go with me.)

But, notwithstanding uncle contends, I can see that he likes best seeing me go; and come with Mr. Cullen. Notwithstanding he and aunt send Mr. Cullen or me in every morning to see how it is with Paulina's neuralgia, they are neither of them much sorry to be told that her face is still swelled out of all comeliness of shape with it, so that she will not see either of us. Her mother, by the way, says she took cold wearing such thin stockings over here the day that Mr. Cullen came. She would wear them, she says, because she wanted to pinch her feet up in her tight summer boots.

"A silly puss!" said uncle, when aunt told him about it. "I wonder how a woman can imagine that a person of sense cares a fig whether her foot is like an elephant or a mouse."

We rode a long way to-day, for our visitors were old people, who cared more for talking with uncle and aunt about their fathers and grandfathers and great uncles, than for all Mr. Cullen and I had to say to them. And the day and the scenery were magnificent. I wonder if you know, Edith mine, that one never needs go to Italy because one is longing to look upon deep blue skies, sunsets, and moonlight splendid enough to bewitch one; and upon mountains, great and small, ranging off like troops of living monsters. One needs only come to New England; here, to this hilly town, Danville. And one should come, at least once in one's life, in the winter of the year; for the so much bepraised summer glory must yield to the winter, if many mountains are in the scene, and such noble ones as Mount Washington and its kindred. Their snowy lights are softened by the distance, and their shades deepened, so that, at midday, it is as if they were all of pearl. They lie along the whole eastern horizon; and when the sun takes a golden setting, there can hardly be anything finer of its kind in all Italy, in all Switzerland, I imagine; for a reflected glory is upon the mountains as varied nearly, nearly as the sun as that which immediately surrounds the sun.

We talked of Alice to-day as we rode; and Mr. Cullen had serious eyes and hushed tones, as if he had infinite tenderness for her memory.

"I think as your uncle and aunt do, that you are like Alice in many respects, dear Monde," said he, leaning a little toward me, as if he felt tenderness for me, in that he felt it for the dead Alice. "Only," he added, "as the judge says, you have much the superior character. You have, I see, the pliancy of the reed, when you need to bend, and the consistency of the oak, when you need to stand erect. I like the way you bear praise," added he, after a little pause. "I suppose you would bear the same amount of fault-finding as quietly."

"Try me, and see."

"Yes; for instance, if I tell you that you have a certain obstinate self-reliance, piquant to see."

"Well?"

"And then if I were to tell you that I like a little wickedness, like to close hands with it, and master it?"

"Then I would tell you that you are downright vicious! But you don't master it; you never can!"

"Yes; you ride with me when you have just been saying that you certainly will stay at home. I throw away your pen and hold you fast, when you have just been saying that you will write, that you care less for me than for your old pen. Don't you remember it?"

"Yes."

"So do I. I like to remember it, because, for some reason, it is better mastering you once, than any other woman that I know ten times."

I turned the conversation by showing him the beautiful little brook that went leaping and bubbling amongst the rocks, and iceles, and fairy-like frost-work close by the road. One finds such little brooks at every turn among the hills here at Danville. He looked at the brook, calling it "beautiful!" He took my hand into his, and kept it until we reached home.

He must go home in a few days; he has stayed already twice as long as he intended when he came. I wonder how I can get along without him. I foresee that I shall want him as a child wants his mother.

I will write again soon after he goes.—Heigho! says

YOUR LOVING MONDE.

Monde to Edith.

DANVILLE, JAN. 20, 1852.

He went yesterday morning early; and since that time I go from one chair to another, or from one window to another, sighing, and with untold quantities of lead in my heart. I am disposed not to write, not to talk, or do any thing but turn my eyes Boston-ward, and think of him.

But I shall not be so stupid! I shall put a little stiff barrier—my own flinty will of course—between me and him, so that he shall be there in Boston, and I here, following diligently my duty. I shall lay this letter by, and finish my story for Mr. S.—Then, I shall ask uncle to ride with me over to see Bessy's feeble sister, Mrs. Thornton, who has a whole room-full of little children to see to; and to whom an hour's service now and then, at nursing or mending, is a blessed god-send. Then, I will take my sewing in, and sit a few hours with Paulina, whose neuralgia still afflicts her. I will stay and take supper with her; and if she is cross, as she often is of late, it shall not hurt me, since I will be good-natured.

In the long evening I will be here: I will snap corn, pass round apples; sit now at aunt's feet, helping her in her sewing-plans, and then at uncle's, talking with him of Kossuth, Clay, Cass and Webster.

When they go, if I am in a wakeful mood, I will write here until I am in a drowsy one, and then go to my rest, humbly commending myself to God as his servant, his follower; not the servant, not the follower of any mortal idol whatever. Thus shall my soul be kept loyal unto itself and unto Him—and not the less loyal unto the good one who has chosen me.

TEN O'CLOCK, EVENING.

Uncle sat us and our great basket, full of good things, down at the door of the Thorntons, and himself rode on to Hardwick, where he had business that must keep him until after dinner, as he believed.

The pale mother was "glad and thankful to see us," but a little hurried to have us find her children in such disorderly array; and her house, too—it is a bit of a house to hold ten people, and made of logs. But we took the

children to us, gave them apples and doughnuts, and soon had Mrs. Thornton's great work-basket between us. We finished off three little garments that were on the way, and put on ten patches here and there; Alice, aunt's bright-eyed namesake, counted them. We cut off the long hair of the girl's, and made the short hair of the boys' shorter; and then, when they had all been washed and combed, saw that there is nowhere a prettier, brighter family of children. Aunt, meantime, was like a bee, dipping into this and into that; dragging roll after roll of pieces from her basket, whenever a patch was needed; and helping Mrs. Thornton warm up the pudding and the pies we had brought, and fry the sausages and broil the steak.

Mr. Thornton and his eldest boy came in from the woods just at the right moment—just as all the steaming dishes were ready to go to the table. Uncle, too, came in the right time; in fact, there was never so lucky a day; every thing happened at the right time, and in the right way. There was never so good a dinner; or, at any rate, this was what we all

world could know that every good, every real enjoyment of life, is born of God in the soul. There Love, the Divine Life, the Artist Life, the Blessed Life, whatever we call it, has its genial, its beloved home. Ah, Heaven! to have this life within us, so that we must burst forth into singing; to have it beaming hence upon our friends, our home, upon the earth, crowning them all with glory and light!—this is to know how good God is, in that He made and endowed us specially for this kind of life. Only we have sought out many inventions; have picked up one thing and another on our right hand, and on our left, calling the laborious, unseemly patch-work we have in this way made up, Life. That we must pay a tax grievous to be borne on this, is one of the merciful dispensations, for it brings us to look for that to come, which will come without price, which will surely come, if we will accept nothing else, if we will wait for it, and receive it like little children.

"Thine, dear, MONDE HEDELQUIER.

The Magic of Music.

The sprightly correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who is travelling through Syria, and at last accounts had reached the ancient city of Baalbeck or Heliopolis, gives the following description of the effect which his flute and the negro melody has upon the descendants of Ishmael:

In travelling through Syria, as in other parts of the world, I always carried my flute with me, to relieve the lonely hours at night, and excite a social feeling among the natives. I had fluted my way after the fashion of Goldsmith, through many a difficulty; and now I was resolved to see what the magic of music would do in removing the prejudices of the Arabs. As soon as it was dark, we had a good fire lit in the corner, and, pulling off our shoes, as custom required, we spread our mats close by, and sat down easily to enjoy the cheerful fire, my friends (the Southerners, and the English captain) smoking their chibouks, while I brought forward my knapsack, and commenced putting the pieces of my flute together. The Arabs, who had begun to crowd in, were greatly interested in the strange instrument that I was getting under way; and Yusuf who was rather proud of his civilization, sat by, enjoying their remarks, and giving us a running interpretation. Some thought it was a sort of pistol, with a large touch-hole; but this notion was ridiculed by the more knowing ones, who said it was plain to see that it was a new fashioned pipe, and that they would soon see me put the bowl to it, and begin to smoke.

At last I got all the pieces adjusted, and commencing playing the mysterious motion of the hand, commenced playing that classical air of Old Zip Coon, which I dare say was never heard before among the ruins of Baalbeck. There was the most breathless attention on all sides, interrupted only by the suppressed exclamation of Tahib! Tahib! (good! good!) when I blew a very shrill or false note; and soon the women and children from the neighboring houses began to crowd in, and there was gradually a large circle formed around the room, the audience squatting down in rows, till there was scarcely space enough left to breathe. I blew away with all my might, for not only was I excited with the success of my experiment, but rather inspired with the music I was making, which I assure you was not bad. The familiar airs of home made me sentimental, and I merged into the doleful air "Give me back my heart again!" which was a miserable failure; not a damsel seemed disposed to listen to it. They commenced in the very middle of the most pathetic strain to call for "Old Zip Coon." When I had ended there was no end of the tahibs. Mr. Coon was a decided hit.

In order to vary the entertainments, silence was commanded again, and Yusuf was desired to explain that there would be a song; that it was a song or an old black gentleman who lived in America, who was a pacha among the blacks; that he was called Uncle Ned because he was so venerable, and being very old, the hair all fell out of his head, and there was no hair at all in the place where the hair ought to grow; that he hadn't any eyes to see with, and consequently was as blind as a post or stone wall, or anything else that is supposed to be deficient in eyes; that he neither had teeth to eat the bread with, and he had to let the bread alone and eat something else; that his fingers were as long as the canes in the brake, which was about an average of sixteen feet; and eventually, that one day when he was out in the field, a horrible monster, called Grim Death, came along and caught him by the heel and carried him away, and he was never heard of any more except in this song, which was written in commemoration of these facts.

Thereupon having excited the most profound interest in the history of Uncle Ned, I launched forth into the song, keeping as near the tune as possible, and going through all the motions descriptive of the baldness of his head, the absence of his teeth, and the length of his fingers. At length when I arrived at the final catastrophe, where Grim Death seizes the old gentleman by the heel, I made a sudden motion at the heel of one worthy who was sitting near by, completely upsetting him with fright, and causing a laugh from the audience that seemed as if it would never come to an end! It was the best hit of the evening, and completely removed all restraint.

The women had gradually uncovered their faces, and the men were in such good humor that they paid no attention to it; and we were all as jovial as possible—showing that people all over the world are pretty much the same by nature; and that there are few races so barbarous as not to be moved by music and a spirit of sociability.

Lazy Boys.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work little by little as a child is taught at school. In this way he will acquire habits of industry which will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull

at work. The consequence is, they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rave about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or the almshouse.

With the habit of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found. Where the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the street till late in the evening, learning the vulgar and profane habits of the elder in vice; they may be seen hanging around groceries, bar-rooms, and stores, where crowds gather; but they are seldom found in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect that he became thus. No parents, however poor in these times of cheap books and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness. If they cannot be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept at work, make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious at any business they may undertake in after life.

We know of many boys—young men—old enough to do business for themselves, who can not read, and much less write their names. They, too, are lazy, for ignorance and laziness are twin brothers. We always feel sorry for the such young men—their habits are for life, the twig bent in childhood has grown a distorted tree, and there is no remedy for it. They must pass through life as they have lived—in laziness and ignorance. Think of it young readers, and take heed that your habits and character be not formed like theirs.—[Palmer Journal.

THE FIRST OF WINTER.

"Then, with his black beard glistening in the frost, Under the icy arches of the north, And o'er the still groves of the seasons lost, Battered the Winter forth— Spring, with your crown of roses budding new, Thought-nursing and most melancholy Fall, Summer, with bloomy meadows wet with dew, Blighting your beauties all."

"Where by the log-hearth fire, As the pane rattles and the cricket sings, I with the gray-haired sire May talk of vanished summer-times and springs, And hushfully and cheerfully beguile The long, long hours— The happier for the snows that drift the while About the flowers."

So sings Alice Carey, and so has sung many a poet and poetess before her. But we have fallen upon degenerate days. Poetry is translated into the plainest, matter-of-fact prose. Romance is an Old Fog. Log heap fires have smouldered out, and coal stoves have come in. "The snows that drift the while" blushing visions, not of buried flowers—but of plashy streets and india-rubber overshoes. "Panes" no longer "rattle," since the patent-air-tight-window-sash was invented; and crickets sing no more. The last one expired in 1845, on John Peerybingle's hearth-stone, and a tea-kettle chaunted his requiem.

"Hearth-stones and cheerful fire-sides!" There are none. The domestic circle now gathers grimly around a sheet-iron box, or shrinks into a corner by a dismal black hole in the floor. Gay-hearted revellers seldom dance on the green. May-poles are only used to raise string beans, or are garlanded with cheap flags inscribed with Pierce and King.

"Strike for your altars and your fires!" You might as well ask a Deacon of the Second Presbyterian Church to venerate the household Gods of antiquity. Think of striking for Liberty—and Harvey's self-regulating Furnaces!

December the First, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Two, is no black-bordered giant of the North, with beard of icicles. He is but an apology for his former self—a shabby-gentle, poor gentleman, lank and emaciated, picking his way through muddy streets by gas light, in a fashionable great-coat and a black cotton umbrella.—[Albany Journal.

About the Siamese Twins.

Many persons, who, in days gone by, have taken a lively interest in the welfare of Messrs. Eng and Chang Bunkers, the celebrated Siamese twins, may be glad to learn that those gentlemen are well, and live at Mount Airy, in this (Surry) county, surrounded by their wives and children.

Mr. Eng has six, and Mr. Chang five children, all of whom are apt scholars, and remarkably well-behaved, manifesting the strongest desire to learn their lessons, and to secure the good will of their teacher. They all partake strongly of the most refined Siamese cast of countenance, form, and manner of deporting themselves—in truth, they are a credit to their parents, and the community in which they live.

Messrs. Eng and Chang are alike remarkable for their industry and belligerent dispositions.—They are strict and thorough-going business men, and woe to the unfortunate wight who dares to insult them.

Formerly they resided in Wilkes county, but in consequence of the numerous actions for assault and battery brought against them in the county, they removed into the adjoining county, shortly after which they were fined fifteen dollars and costs, at Rockford, the county seat, for spitting a board into splinters over the head of a man who had insulted them.

As regards the supposed sympathy existing between them, it may be stated that their most intimate acquaintances deem them to be entirely independent of everything of the kind, and give this instance to sustain their opinion, that no longer since they attended an auction sale of logs, and bid against each other until they run up the price altogether above the market rates; also, that on one occasion, Mr. Eng or Chang was taken ill, and took to his bed, where he lay complaining for some time, although his brother scolded him severely all the while for detaining him in bed when he ought to have been attending to the business of their plantation.

On another occasion, as they were passing over the road, a gentleman inquired of them where they were going, whereupon Mr. Chang replied: "I am going over the Blue Ridge in the stage;" and, at the same instant, Mr. Eng, looking over his shoulder, replied, with an arch smile, "I am going back home to look after our wives and children." When questioned about their mother, some time since, by an acquaintance, they stated that they had formerly received letters from her, but latterly they had heard no tidings of her; and even if they were to receive letters from her, written in the Siamese language, they would not be able to read them, as they had forgotten their mother tongue.

They are excellent hands to carry up a corner of a log house—exceeding all their neighbors in cutting saddles and notches in corner logs—both of them wielding the axe with a power and dexterity superior to any of the most expert wood-cutters in this wooden country. When they chop or fight they do so double-handed; and in driving a horse, or chastising their negroes, both of them use the lash without mercy.

A gentleman, who purchased a black man a short time ago from them, informed the writer that he was "the worst whipped negro he ever saw." They are inveterate smokers and chewers of tobacco—each chewing his own quid, and smoking his own pipe; it has been remarked, however, in support of the sympathy supposed to prevail throughout their systems, that as a general rule, when one takes a fresh quid the other does the same. It is also generally admitted that there is a marked difference in the systems and temperaments of the gentlemen, and still they almost invariably draw the same inferences from topics submitted to their consideration, and arrive at similar conclusions. Mr. Eng not unfrequently gives serious offence to Mr. Chang, by jesting him about having one more child than he has. When shooting, (a sport they are very fond of,) one sights, or takes aim, and the other, it is said, pulls the trigger, now, if this be true, it would go far to prove the supposed doctrine of sympathy existing between the brothers; but it is questioned by most of their neighbors.

They readily admit and acknowledge themselves to entertain strong Christian faith or belief, and are regular attendants at Church and other religious meetings, where they deport themselves as becomes good citizens of the land of their adoption. They are strong politicians, and take a lively interest in all the elections that occur in their district. As the writer was informed, by a lady of Mount Airy, they are mighty stay-at-home people, rarely, if ever, going from home, unless called away by business.—[Greensboro' (N. C.) Patriot.

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The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....DEC. 16, 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 Seaboard'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.

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[For the Eastern Mail.

Tobacco—Its Moral Effects.

MR. EDITOR: All extensive reforms are brought about by agitation. In this way only, can a correct public sentiment be created.—Truth loves mainly discipline, while Error hates the light, and becomes formidable when unopposed. Public reforms, moreover, are not effected by the efforts of a single individual; a combination of influences is necessary for the removal of formidable abuses.

The writer has not the vanity to suppose that his essays upon the use of tobacco will go far towards creating a correct public sentiment upon the subject in question; but he does hope that able pens may be enlisted in this cause, and that, in this way, the attention of the public may at length be secured. And he is not without hope that the considerations he presents may lead some to abandon this pernicious practice.

The reasons urged in a former article against the use of tobacco are sufficient to convince the candid. The Moral Effects of the habitual use of this narcotic furnish an argument still more forcible, appealing as it does directly to the conscience. The mind and body are so connected that the one necessarily suffers with the other.

Physical and Moral results are closely connected with each other. If the laws of our physical nature are violated, the injurious results extend into the domain of the soul. When such violation of the laws of our physical nature are voluntary and habitual, the power of Conscience is necessarily impaired. The use of tobacco violates the laws of our physical nature. He who transgresses in this way sins against himself, which he has no more right to do than to sin against his neighbor; and he who is reckless of his own interests will not respect the interests of others.

"To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

That the use of tobacco is a violation of nature, is evident from the difficulty experienced by the novice in acquiring this accomplishment. Nature cries out against the abuse, and her repugnance can only be overcome by persevering efforts. Feed a child with tobacco, and the loathsome weed is repelled with disgust. The same is true of an adult, until he has learned "to conquer his prejudices." Give it to the pigs, and they will say, as well as they can, that it is not fit for them.

When tobacco is taken into a mouth not already narcotized, there is at once a copious flow of saliva, as much as to say "spit it out;" but if this first admonition is not heeded, nature soon speaks in a way not to be mistaken or disregarded. Nausea ensues, and the stomach convulsively expels the vile intruder. But it is mainly to smoke or chew; and the neophyte rallies from his first discomfiture, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, repeats his efforts till nature is worried into submission; an unnatural appetite is engendered, and the loathsome habit is now established. Is there no violence done to Conscience in all this struggle? By those who have been accustomed to regard her voice, the admonitions of this silent monitor have been distinctly perceived in all this debasing process, speaking in fainter and fainter accents till at length her voice is hushed.

The sentinels of life are thus murdered, Conscience is silenced. A vile foe has forced an entrance into the citadel of Physical and Moral Life. The taste is debauched, and an illicit commerce goes on without let or hindrance.

Some degree, at least, of moral debasement must inevitably result from the establishment of a habit which offers such violence to our physical nature. Further consideration upon this point will be given in a future number.

TEMPERANCE.

While at the East we have been enjoying delightfully warm and pleasant weather, in some portions of the West the winter has been very severe. The Belle Vue (Iowa) Press of Nov. 24th, says:

"We have never seen winter set in so early in the season, here in Iowa, during twelve years' residence. Snow has covered the ground

since the 19th day of Nov., and the weather since has been characterized by the rigorous cold of winter."

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

How like wildfire this work runs among the people! The N. Y. Courier is astonished to witness its success, and wonders what there can be in it so interesting to the great mass of readers. Probably there are multitudes of others of the Courier's peculiar principles who are wondering to the same point. The secret is not in the book, and therefore they continue to wonder. Let them look elsewhere, and the solution is easy. It is what is in the public mind, rather than what is in the book. The book meets the prevailing anti-slavery sentiment of the great mass. The Courier wonders why the book is read, but we don't wonder at all at its perplexity. The same error prevails widely among the leading presses and leading politicians. They don't know how generally the public mind has been inoculated with the principles of universal freedom. Even Daniel Webster fell into the same error. Let the Courier open its eyes to the truth in this respect, and it is easy to see why everybody reads and weeps over the sufferings and wrongs delineated by Mrs. Stowe with so much truth.

Convenient Small Change.

Mr. W. C. Fuller sends us through the post-office, at an expense to himself of six cents, two dollars in small gold scales, which he proposes to exchange for the Eastern Mail. The bargain exactly suits us; and in the present scarcity of small change, these little scales will aid in making change in a very snug way.—Any of our California friends who wish for the Mail can secure it by remitting a very small pinch of this yellow dirt. They ought to be saved this trouble by their friends at home, as many of them are. A home newspaper, to a wanderer in California, is a luxury of no small account; and it may go with almost as much certainty as between Waterville and Portland.

The Bangor Mercury publishes the following resolutions, adopted by the members of the Penobscot bar on learning the death of the late David M'Crillis, Esq. Mr. M'Crillis died at the residence of his father in this place, to which he retired a short time previous to his death; and though but little known among us, he brought with him a high reputation for talent and moral worth.

Resolved, That we have heard with sincere sorrow of the death of DAVID M'CRILLIS, of this city, who dying at the age of twenty-four, and a few years after his admission to the bar, had yet done enough among us to commend him to our affection and esteem as an able, kindly, genial and truthful man, and to assure us that had his life been spared, he would have lived to be an honor to his profession and to the city of his residence. Resolved, That we cannot forbear expressing our deep regret that one so gifted in mind and heart should have passed from our midst in the morning of his days. Possessed of excellent natural gifts, an intellect clear and penetrating, a memory minute and capacious, of demeanour mild but firm, giving no assurances that he did not fulfil, endowed with an instinctive appreciation of truth and a ready capacity to separate the true from the false, incapable of cherishing resentments or of forgetting kindnesses, he stood to us as one rarely endowed by what we knew him to be, and recognized, from his habits of industry, temperance and correct taste, as in the certain path to realize all his large and generous promises. Resolved, That as respects his practice as a Counselor at this bar, we would record our sense of his integrity, prudence and sound judgement.

THE WEATHER.—A thin coat of snow and some other trifling indications of winter have presented themselves this week; up to which time the ground has been bare and the weather mild, so that young stock and sheep have secured most of their living in the fields. During the past week considerable plowing has been done, and in one case a young orchard of considerable extent was set out.

Such a season, so favorable in many respects, is hardly within the memory of Mr. "Inhabitant Senior." Col. Johnson Williams recollects plowing his garden about the middle of December, some ten or twelve years ago; though he does not remember the peculiar mildness that has thus far marked the present season. The price of hay has been considerably effected, though it is now worth fifteen dollars in our village.

Congress.

The business of the session has commenced with considerable apparent industry. Knowing that their liberal wages cannot extend beyond the third of March, the members seem willing to proceed to business without the usual dragging process.

In the House, a brief but interesting discussion was had touching the tariff, growing out of a proposition of Mr. Brooks so to amend a motion to refer the whole subject of the President's Message to the committee of Ways and Means, that the portion relative to the tariff might go to a select committee.

Mr. Brooks proceeded to state the reasons which induced him to offer the amendment; the chief of which was that the select committee would be enabled to collect the material facts in season to bring the whole question fairly before the House immediately after the holidays, and before the consideration of any of the appropriation bills. He wished to avoid committing the subject to the Committee of Ways and Means, because in that makeshift it would be swallowed up as most matters are, not relating immediately to appropriations.—Besides, his experience satisfied him that the Committee on Ways and Means would scarcely have time to mature the general appropriation bill. His idea was to get rid of the present surplus reserve, which accumulated revenue he estimated at twenty millions of dollars, and to prevent any future accumulations by enlarging the list of free articles; having especial reference to the raw material, with a view to place American manufactures upon a par with those of other countries.

In reply to some observations from Mr. Brooks in favor of curtailing the revenues of the Government, Mr. Milson, of Virginia, remarked that a small reduction of the tariff will greatly increase the surplus.

Mr. Clingman was in favor of taking up the whole subject of the tariff, and thought that the present duties are far too high. He would be satisfied to see the revenue reduced to thirty millions. He was gratified that the proposition to reduce the tariff came from a gentleman who is identified with the Protectionist party, but he did not wish to be understood as agreeing with that gentleman as to the manner or mode of reduction.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, recollected that when the present tariff was being adjusted, the friends of the protection were confident that the act would so cut off the revenue as to sink the government. They were perfectly confident it could not produce twenty millions of revenue. Mr. B. also said that though the government had a surplus of twenty millions, it was involved in a debt of some seventy millions, and he thought that the present surplus might very properly be applied to a reduction of that debt, if it was not required for the completion of the public works now in progress.—He was satisfied with the tariff of 1846, and was opposed to a return to minimums and specifics.

Mr. Dean, of New York, said he was astonished that his colleague should have brought forward his proposition after the party of which he is a member had fought the battle in the New States of the point of increasing the duties and of encouraging the manufacturers of the country. He was opposed to any change in the principles of the present tariff. At the conclusion of the remarks he moved the previous question, and under its operation, the amendment of Mr. Brook was disagreed to,—yeas 70, nays 90.

Waterville Lyceum.

The following are the officers for the present year: S. P. Shaw, President; E. L. Getchell and J. H. Drummond, Vice Presidents; W. Dyer, Treasurer; J. H. Drummond, Cor. Secretary.

The first lecture was to be given last evening, by Mr. Abbott, the popular historian. Our paper goes to press before further notices are given, though it is understood that this lecture is to be followed by others in quick succession.

Boston Municipal Election.

The old mayor, Seavey, is reelected by a majority of 31 votes out of about twelve thousand cast. Six Whigs and two Democrats are elected Aldermen, and 22 Whigs and 11 Democrats to the Common Council—there being 15 vacancies.

THE LONDON NEWS speaking of the comparative obscurity of the President elect, says: "The news from the United States is that Franklin Pierce is elected President. The event has been considered certain for some time past; yet is the question still heard on both sides of the Atlantic, 'Who is Franklin Pierce?' It is a continuation of the joke which told so well at the time—the same question being asked about Mr. Polk, when the noble Pennsylvania Avenue at Washington—the vast opening leading to the Capitol—was closely packed with spectators from end to end, and the President's carriage, with its train of followers, was slowly making its way, some wag in the crowd shouted, in an inquisitive voice, 'Who is James K. Polk?'

Amidst roars of laughter, in which the President joined, the question was repeated till it echoed within the walls of Congress. There is no harm in this. No disrespect was probably meant; and if it was, certainly no reproach would adhere. There is an English newspaper extant still—(as is perhaps the colonial one from which it made extracts)—an English paper wherein may be seen the inquiry, 'Who is George Washington?' And the paper goes on to inform its readers that this George is an obscure militia-man, who can't help meddling with matters that he does not understand, and who will soon be mercifully remanded to obscurity in Virginia, if he does not provoke his betters too far. Moreover, the reader is desired to judge of him by the company he keeps, one of his intimates being a dirty printer's man, named Ben Franklin. After this no Polk or Pierce need wince under the question as to who they are. It is not as a personal matter that the inquiry need be regarded at all—by them, or by us."

It is true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that since the non-enforcement of the Maine Law in this village, drunkenness and riotous conduct have been on the increase. Nervous was there so much peace and order as when the law was executed last year. Since, however, preaching has taken the place of practice, the cause of Temperance has retrograded. So much for Moral Suasion versus the Law. The first is good enough, as milk is for the babies—but for strong men 'like rum-sellers and drinkers long steeped in intemperance, something more is needed than mere voice of entreaty.—[Ellsworth Herald.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—At the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, a letter was read from the American Consul, Mr. Goodrich, requesting, in the name of one of his fellow-citizens, information relative to a prize said to have been proposed by the Academy for the discovery of perpetual motion. It was unanimously—

Ordered, That Mr. Goodrich be informed that the Academy has not only proposed no such prize, but it has adopted a rule that no communication relative to such a subject be taken into consideration.

PAY THE MON IN HIS OWN MONEY.—POCKET-BOOK DROPPING.—The following incident, says the New York Times, is said to have recently occurred in West street:

A Scotchman and another, from Green county, as they went ashore from a steamboat on the North River side, were met by a 'dropper,' with a pocket-book he had just found, telling the old story, that he must have town, could not stay to get the reward, &c., offering the pocket-book to them for twenty dollars.—The Scotchman wanted it; the other said; do not take it. 'Yes, I will,' said the Scotchman, 'And I will pay the mon in his own money.'—And he did so. If our friends from the country will only remember to 'pay the mon in his own money,' they will find it a perfectly safe operation. If the money is good, and worth a reward, take it—take all the pocket-books offered; but never forget 'to pay the mon in his own money,' and you will soon put an end to 'pocket-book dropping.'

DROWNED.—A correspondent, writing from Greenville in this State, says: "Freeman Shaw, of this place, was drowned on Friday, 6th inst. He fell overboard from the steamer Amphitrite, in attempting to draw a pail of water, while she was passing Burnt Jacket, about five miles up Moosehead Lake, on her last trip for the season. His remains have not been found, as yet."—[Farmer.

Our Bridge we are happy to say is progressing; men are at work and timber and other materials are being procured, two abutments have already been sunk, and while in the ordinary course of events nature will soon give us a bridge of her own construction, we will early in the coming spring have a lasting, permanent and beautiful one that we can cross at all times and at all seasons that it may please us to do so.—[Gardiner Transcript.

From the Pacific.

The steamship Illinois, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on Sunday morning, bringing over two and a half millions of treasure, and between five and six hundred passengers; and also the Pacific mails, furnishing intelligence from California to Nov. 16, from the Sandwich Islands to Oct. 16, and from Panama to Nov. 30.

The returns of the Presidential election in California, had all been received in San Francisco, excepting two counties, on the 16th ult. Pierce's majority would be about 4,500. San Francisco voted as follows: Pierce, 4226; Scott, 4163. Sacramento, Pierce, 3278; Scott, 3637. The Democratic Congressmen are elected by about 8000 majority each. At the different polls in the State, \$1064 63 were contributed to the Washington Monument.

The first Magnetic Telegraph had been commenced at San Francisco, the line contemplated being by way of San Jose, Stockton, and Sacramento, to Marysville, the interior of the State. This was regarded as the commencement of a vast and continuous line of communication with the Atlantic shore.

The California papers contain intelligence from China, that the rebellion in Kwang Si had been finally subdued, and the leader, Tien-tieh, who had fallen into the hands of the Government, was to have been executed at Peking on the 15th of June.

The most important event in California, since last accounts, is the destructive fire at Sacramento, which occurred on the 22d of November, and which is reported to have laid the greater part of that city in ashes. The fire occurred during the prevalence of a severe norther. The loss of property is estimated at \$3,000,000,—but this estimate is based upon the high value usually set upon property in California. Vast numbers were rendered homeless, and several lives were lost. At the date of our last advices, the work of rebuilding had already been commenced, and hundreds of edifices, of one kind and another, were in progress.

There was also a fire at San Francisco on the 9th of November, which was quite destructive. The Alta California estimates the loss at about \$100,000. Thirty-two buildings were destroyed.—[Traveller.

THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—The telegraph gives the following additional particulars of the progress of events in Mexico:

There was but little chance of government succor from the capital. The people of Guanajuato had received Uruga, the revolutionary general, with open arms, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The States of Guanajuato and Tamaulipas had pronounced in favor of the plan.

Judge Concklin had arrived at the capital, on the 14th November, but he not presented his credentials.

The Gardiner Investigating Committee had left for the mines.

Congress had been in session a month, but had done little, except to pass an appropriation of \$600,000 for current expenses, and a bill of impeachment against the former Minister for treason.

There had been no battle between General Valdez the leader of the federal troops, and General Uruga, as previously reported. The former, however, was shut up, in a fortified camp, and had been summoned to surrender by Uruga. His position was considered very critical.

LOSS OF A KENNEBEC WHALER.—A very beautiful clipper-built whaler, rigged as a schooner, was built in Hallowell, or rather in Chelsea, opposite steamboat wharf, in Hallowell, a couple of years ago, by Capt. Job Pierce of that town, and others, for the purpose of making a whaling voyage in the Atlantic ocean between America and Africa. She was commanded by Capt. Pierce himself, a most excellent man and officer, who had then just returned from a five years whaling cruise as commander of a New Bedford ship in the Pacific; he took, with him several of his neighbors, amongst whom was a son of his brother, Elbridge G. Pierce of Farmingdale, viz., Chas. C. Pierce, as carpenter, a son of the editors brother, viz., William Dyer, of Chelsea, a boy about 16 years old; William F. Underwood, of Hallowell, Albert Randall of Yassalboro', and several others of Kennebec origin. She had obtained a cargo of oil and wool on her way home, when she was fallen in with on this side of Bermuda on the 10th of October by the Bremen bark Anna, bottom up, and with no signs of life remaining. Doubtless the 'Lively'—for that was her name—was capsized in a gale of wind that occurred two days before, and there can be little doubt that all on board perished, not one being left to tell the tale! This is sad tidings to this neighborhood, and brings severe affliction to home to many mourning families.—[Augusta Banner.

ANOTHER HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—We learn that a Mr. Jordan was knocked down by two ruffians on York street, at about 7 o'clock last evening, who succeeded in getting his watch but not his money. We do not learn further

MISCELLANY.

SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

The longer life, the more offence,
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence the less gain—
The loss of gain, the loss of pain.
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!
The shorter life, the less offence,
The less pain, the less defence;
The less defence the less gain—
The loss of gain, the loss of pain.
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

A Hard Question.

The "Ingleisle" tells the following:
Mark Hillman has a brother Horatio, a student in one of the Eastern Colleges. In the vacations, Horatio is an occasional visitor at Dulce Dornum, and it is on such occasions that there is rare sport around the old Ingleisle, especially if Caleb Switz happens to be present. Caleb has been to college, and we believe through college; at all events, there is little word knowing, that he does not, at least, know something about, and there is nothing he likes better than to catch a young "Sophomore," as he calls them, and put him through his paces. It was in this way he caught young Horatio, one evening at Dulce Dornum, in the presence of Miss Susan; and after saying that, it matters little who else was present.

"If you please, Mr. Millman," said Caleb, addressing Horatio, "I should like to know if you regard Adam and Eve as the binomial progenitors (connected by the sign plus) of the human race?"

"That is the commonly received opinion," replied Horatio, cautiously.

"But is that your opinion, Mr. Millman?" "Well, then, it is."

"Very well. Now, Mr. Millman, you had two parents, hadn't you, a father and a mother?"

"That is the commonly received opinion," replied Horatio, cautiously.

"But have you any doubt about it?" said Caleb.

"Of course not," interrupted Grandmother Ingletton.

"Probably not," said the Major, with his finger on his nose.

"And," continued Caleb, "your father and mother—they had each two parents, I suppose?"

"I suppose they had," said Horatio, with a peculiar emphasis on "suppose."

"So that you have four grandparents?" continued Caleb.

"By no means; one of my grandfathers is dead," replied Horatio, with the air of one who had made a hit.

"Yes," said Grandmother Ingletton, "that was his Grandfather Weather—"

"Yes—no," said Caleb, a little piqued—"I mean speaking philosophically—"

"I had no philosophical grandfathers at all," replied Horatio, pursuing his triumph, and glancing at Miss Susan.

"Then you will not admit that you even had four grandparents at all?" continued Caleb.

"Why, of course he will," chimed in Grandmother Ingletton—"what's the use of talking about it?"

"Very well," pursued Caleb—"and each of them had two parents; you must have had eight great grandparents."

"Yes, but they are all dead."

"Never mind that. You must admit, that, tracing your ancestors back, the number doubles in each generation, as we recede."

"Admitted, beyond cavil."

"So that you must have had sixteen great great grandparents, and so on?"

"Certainly," replied Horatio.

"I had no idea," interrupted Aunt Patty.

"That I had such a numerous ancestry?"

"Well, Patty," said Major Ingletton, "it will hereafter be some consolation for you to be able to talk backwards, if you can't talk forwards."

"And the same is true, isn't it," continued Caleb, "of every man's ancestry, since every man has two parents?"

"Yes, of course," replied Horatio, "and what of it?"

"Why, then, sir," continued Caleb, "all I want to ask you in this, if the ancestors of all mankind double thus, in each receding generation, how do you manage to trace them all back to Adam and Eve as the great progenitors of the whole human family?"

This unexpected conclusion took the whole family by surprise. The Major broke into a loud laugh—Grandmother dropped her knitting work, threw herself down in her chair, and fell into a profound reverie, scarcely opening her mouth again for the rest of the evening.

PAINTING.

The Old Post Office, opposite Marston's Block, will be occupied this season as a PAINT SHOP, where those desirous of having Good Work at Extremely Low Prices, will do well to call. Having had many years experience as a House and Sign Painter, Glazier, Grainer, and Paper-hanger, the subscriber has no hesitations in saying to those who may favor him with their patronage, in any of the above branches, that they will be pleased with the AMOUNT and QUALITY of the work, or pay for it.

N.B.—Orders for adorning Towns, for SIGNS or HOUSE PAINTING, promptly attended to. W.M. DOE, Waterville, Me.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE AT THE EASTERN MAIL OFFICE, 31-2 BOUTELLE BLOCK, MAIN ST., BY MAXIM & WING.

ELMWOOD HOTEL.

Corner of Main and College Sts., (near the Depot), WATERVILLE, BY JOHN L. SEAVEY.

ELM STREET HOTEL.

No. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON. BOARD \$1.00 PER DAY.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

BY MOSES WOODWARD, PORTLAND.

QUINCY HOUSE.

WHEELLOCK & LONG, 20, 1st St.

THE WILLIAMS HOUSE.

AND GENERAL STAGE OFFICE, BY WILLIAMS & FREEMAN, WATERVILLE, ME.

WILLIAM DYER, Apothecary.

WATERVILLE, ME.

JOSEPH MARSTON.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, West India Goods and Groceries.

MECHANICAL AND SURGICAL DENTISTRY.

DR. BURBANK respectfully informs his patients that he has removed to his new office in Waterville, where he will be pleased to attend to all cases of DENTISTRY, including the use of all the latest and most improved machinery, and the use of all the latest and most improved materials.

GEO. S. C. DOW & CO.

AT STORE NORTH OF RAILROAD DEPOT.

EDWIN COFFIN.

NOTICE: His friends of his removal from his former place of business, corner of Main and College Sts., to the old stand of Z. SANGER, next door south of Boutelle Block. Having considerably extended his stock in trade, he has a large variety of

WATERVILLE, ME.

EDWIN COFFIN, Main St., Waterville.

ATTRACTIONS FOR ALL SEASONS.

W. G. BRIDGE, prepared to furnish the BAFFLES OF THE SEASON in good variety and choice quality, at his Saloon on Main Street.

PRES AND Cakes.

LEMON, Pie, Sicilian Cream, Cake, Butter and Wine Cakes, Sausages and Cold Meat, constantly on hand.

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Portland Advertisements.

IMPORTERS OF FANCY FURS.

MANUFACTURERS OF HATS AND CAPS. COVELL, STEELE & CO., 148 & 150 Middle St., PORTLAND.

GREENOUGH, COOK & CO.

50 Congress and 40 Water St., BOSTON.

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DOWN'S ELIXIR.

THE GREAT NORTHERN REMEDY FOR Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

IT LOOSENS THE CROUCH, INCREASES EXPECTORATION, soothes the inflamed membrane, improves the circulation, stimulates the system, soothes the organs, and restores the SKIN, the KIDNEYS, and the BOWELS, cleanses the BLOOD, restores the SYSTEM, RADICALS, and restores the patient to health.

IT NEVER PRODUCES CONSTIPATION, but unlike all other purgatives, it is a remedy for the system, and will in a few weeks, the patient having proper regard to diet, entirely relieve and cure the most obstinate cases of that difficulty.

THIS REMEDY IS GUARANTEED WITH ASTHMA, and believed to be in consumption, was cured by using DOWN'S ELIXIR.

DR. WINKLE, REDUCED VERY LOW WITH CONSUMPTION, and BRONCHITIS, says, "I HAVE USED DOWN'S ELIXIR, and FOUND MORE RELIEF FROM IT THAN FROM ANY OTHER REMEDY."

CLOTHES received a permanent cure from DOWN'S ELIXIR. The disease was ASTHMA of LONG STANDING, attended with very bad cough.

MR. SAYS, "I HAVE USED DOWN'S ELIXIR in cases of Whooping Cough with excellent success."

ROBINSON WAS CURED OF SEVERE PAIN IN THE SIDE, and distressing Cough, when he used it in a confirmed Consumption, by using DOWN'S ELIXIR.

REV. J. L. TUTTLE, OF CAMDEN, ME., WAS CURED BY DOWN'S ELIXIR, of Constipation, Hysteria, Night Sweats, Dryness of Throat, Biliousness, &c.

When he commenced using it he was believed to be in the last stages of Consumption. See his letter addressed gratuitously to the Gospel Banner, and copied into a circular, which may be obtained generally of our Agents.

Sold by C. W. ATWELL, under the U. S. Hotel, Portland, Me., and by all the Druggists and Dealers in the U. S. and Canada.

CURE YOUR SORE EYES!

The American Eye Salve is recommended with perfect confidence, as a cure for all eye diseases, whether of acute or chronic inflammation, of serous, of purulent, or of scrofulous origin, of the eye.

Please read the following statements: A child in Portland had very bad eyes, weakened by using the AMERICAN EYE SALVE, after having tried all other remedies without the least benefit.

A young lady, of Portland, who for about two years had a sort of tumor on the eye which had been treated by the best physicians without effect, and was believed to be a "CANCER," was cured by a single box of the AMERICAN EYE SALVE.

A blacksmith, in Rockland, who had suffered badly with SORE AND WEAK EYES, and had expended, as he said, more than fifty dollars without obtaining the least relief, was cured by one box of the Eye Salve.

Remember that it is DR. PITT'S AMERICAN EYE SALVE that possesses such surprising efficacy, and, if your eyes are not as well as you wish them to be, lose no time, but get a bottle, and rely upon obtaining IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Sold by C. W. ATWELL, under the United States Hotel, General Agent for the State of Maine, Waterville, Me. Dr. W. Dyer, Dr. H. L. & Co., Waterville, Me. Dr. W. Dyer, Dr. H. L. & Co., Waterville, Me.

MORE FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

1st—Coughs and Colds are now very prevalent, laying the foundation of Consumption, and producing other diseases. All who are so afflicted should make no delay, but at once make use of

DOWN'S ELIXIR.

It often cures a cough in a few days, has lasted for months, and baffled the skill of the best physicians. It is the best remedy for all eye diseases, whether of acute or chronic inflammation, of serous, of purulent, or of scrofulous origin, of the eye.

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Boston Advertisements.

Dr. E. F. WHITMAN, Oculist and Aurist. No. 114 Court Street, opposite Alden Street, BOSTON.

Also inventor and manufacturer of INVISIBLE EAR TRUMPETS.

TO HARDWARE MANUFACTURERS.

THE undersigned having a general acquaintance with the Hardware dealers in the Atlantic cities south of Boston, and also having made arrangements for visiting all the principal cities South and West, at least once a year, offers his services to the manufacturers.

STAPLE AND FANCY HARDWARE.

For the sale of their goods by samples. Would take a few Dollars Agency for goods not bulky.

ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC R. R. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

TWO TRAINS FOR BOSTON DAILY.

STEAM BOAT NOTICE.

IN consequence of the withdrawal of the steam boat "Atlantic" from the route, the following trains will run between Waterville and Portland, in connection with Trains on the A. & S. L. Railroad, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Waterville at 4:00 and 11:00 A. M., and arrive in Portland in season to connect with each through Train for Boston.

Return—Leave Portland at 7:15 A. M. and 1:30 P. M., arrive in Waterville at 8:00 A. M. and 2:00 P. M.

Freight Train will leave Waterville daily at 6:30 A. M., and returning at 4 P. M.

Through Ticket, from Waterville to Boston, \$3, by rail-road, and by rail-road to Portland, and steamer thence to Boston, \$2.50.

Since the 1st of August, connect at Bangor, with each train from Waterville, and returning connect at same place with each train from Bangor to Waterville, via Bangor, \$2.50.

Leave Waterville at 7:00 P. M., and Central Waterbury, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:00 P. M.

Freight train as usual.

The Company will not be responsible for baggage to the amount exceeding \$50 in value, unless notice is given and paid for at the rate of one passenger for every \$50 additional.

THROUGH TICKETS.

FAST TRAVELING! ANOTHER CHANNEL OPEN TO THE GREAT SOUTH & WEST.

NEW ROUTE BY THE FITCHBURGH, CHESHIRE, RUTLAND AND VERMONT RAILROADS.

Leave Waterville at 7:00 A. M., and arrive in Boston at 11:00 A. M.

Leave Waterville at 1:30 P. M., and arrive in Boston at 5:00 P. M.

Leave Waterville at 7:00 P. M., and arrive in Boston at 11:00 P. M.

Leave Waterville at 7:00 P. M., and arrive in Boston at 11:00 P. M.

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