



10-1-1857

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 12): October 1, 1857

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 12): October 1, 1857" (1857). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 531.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/531](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/531)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



Incidents of the late Disaster.

From conversation with Mr. George, a very intelligent passenger, and others, the New York Times obtains the following interesting facts:

"Some of the incidents described to us as occurring before or about that time were truly thrilling. One man, floating in solitude, and terrified at his loneliness, after shouting himself hoarse, to find a companion, saw at length a man with two life preservers fastened about his body drifting towards him. His heart leapt with joy at the welcome sight, for the feeling of desolation which had overcome him was terrible to endure. He called to the other to join him, if possible, and made every exertion to meet him half way. There was no reply, but the other drifted nearer and nearer. They touched. The living man shrieked in the face of a corpse.

Mr. George says, 'I never felt so thankful in all my life. I never knew what gratitude was before. I do not know whether I cried or not, but I know I was astonished to hear my own laughter ringing in my ears. I do not know why I laughed. That verse, 'God moves in a mysterious way,' kept passing in and out of my mind, as if I had been the pipe of an organ. It did not come to me by my own volition, but somehow made me remember it. When the lights approached nearer, a score of voices sprang up around me, crying, 'Ship ahoy,' 'Boat ahoy,' and then I began to shout too. And I had never any doubt that I should be saved, till I saw the lights pass by, about half a mile from where I was, and recede in the distance. Then I began to give myself up for lost indeed. But I slowly drifted towards her again, till I could make out her hull and one of her masts, and presently I floated close to her, and shouted, and was taken up. When I got on deck I could not stand. I did not know till then how exhausted I was.'

'Psychologists probably will be able to account for one fact that has come to our knowledge, connected with this night of terror. We heard a passenger describe his sensations in this wise: 'I guess I had been about four hours in the water, and had floated away from the rest, when the waves ceased to make any noise, and I heard my mother say, 'Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?' I hadn't thought of it for twenty years at least. It had gone clean out of my mind. I had a sister that died of consumption more than thirty years ago, and when she was sick—I was a boy of eleven or so—a neighbor had sent her some early hot-house grapes. Well, those grapes were left in a room where I was, and I ought to have been skinned alive for it, little rascal that I was—I devoured them all. Mother came to me after I had gone to bed, when she couldn't find the fruit for sister to moisten her mouth with in the night, and said 'Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?' I did not add to the meanness of my conduct by telling a lie. I owned up, and my mother went away in tears, but without flogging me. It occasioned me a qualm of conscience for many a year after; but, as I said, for twenty years at least, I had not thought of it, till when I was floating about benumbed with cold I heard it as plain as ever I heard her voice in my life—I heard mother say, 'Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?' I don't know how to account for it. It did not scare me though. I thought it was a presage of my death.'

We questioned nearly all the passengers of the Central America arrived yesterday by the Empire City, and received various replies. We found no one who would confess to a dread of death *per se*. One thought of his family, his friends, and struggled for life for their sakes. Another, who had stowed away, enjoyed the treasure which he could be saved if he was. A third who had lost everything, wanted to begin life anew, and make his fortune over again. A species of fatalism consoled some.

If their time was come it was come, and they saw their comrades in misfortune fall in their last struggle and sink, with scarcely a pang. One man told us he went to sleep in the water.

**LIEUT. WILLIAM LEWIS HERNDON.**—The conduct of Lieut. Herndon, commander of the Central America, is everywhere spoken of in the highest terms. His foresight in ordering the upper works of the vessel to be cut away so that the floating fragments might afford succor to passengers after the wreck, is mentioned by Manue, and Capt. Badger testifies to his intrepidity and noble behavior. Lieut. Herndon was well known as the conductor of the famous United States Expedition to the Valley of the Amazon, in 1851 and 1852. He was a native of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and was about 40 years of age. His family are in New York, where they have for some time resided. He was the brother-in-law of Lieut. Maury, and was for some time connected with the National Observatory at Washington. It is stated that his life was insured for \$5000, for the benefit of his wife, at the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city.

**THE WORTHLESSNESS OF GOLD.**—On Saturday, the last day the steamer remained afloat, when it became evident that they were likely at any moment to be buried beneath the waves, wealthy men divested themselves of their treasure belts and scattered the gold upon the cabin floors, telling those to take it who would, lest its weight—a few ounces or pound—should carry them to death. Full purses, containing in some instances \$2000, were lying untouched on sofas. Carpet-bags were opened by men and the shining metal was poured out on the floor with the prodigality of death's despair. One of the passengers, who has fortunately been rescued, opened a bag and dashed about the cabin \$20,000 in gold dust, and told him who wanted to gratify his greed for gold to take it. But it was passed by untouched as the veriest dross. A few hours before he would have struck down the man who would have attempted to take a grain of that which he now spurned from him.

**NOBLE CONDUCT OF A MERCHANT.**—The brig Marine, which so opportunely rescued about one hundred of the passengers from the ill-fated Central America, is owned by Elisha Atkins, Esq., of Boston. It is creditable to that gentleman, that he declined compensation for the assistance rendered by the brig, although much expense was incurred by the detention. In the midst of so much gloom, the above fact shines forth with peculiar brightness.

**MR. ASHBY.**—The New York papers are filled with accounts of the loss of the steamship Central America, and every item of news is read with interest by all classes. The Express says that the feeling in favor of Mr. Ashby is growing more general, and those who know him best doubt the truth of the reports which are circulated concerning him. Mr. McCarty, chief engineer of the Golden Age, worked side by side with Mr. Ashby during the gale, and saw his whole conduct from beginning to end, and although he says but little now, yet from the tenor of his conversation it appears that Ashby did all that man could do to save the passengers of the ship. He states that Ashby owned the first boat, and in doing so was

caught by the ropes and drawn under the guards, and then into the sea, when Captain Herndon was heard to say, 'Poor Ashby is lost.' But he rose and was drawn on deck; after which he succeeded in lowering a boat, which was filled with ladies, and placed under his charge.

While this boat was being filled a number of men rushed to the gangway to get into it, when he ordered them back, saying the ladies and children should go first; but they not heeding his orders, kept pressing to the boat, when he drew a knife and threatened the life of any man who should get in the boat, until the females and children were saved.

Ashby is the person who distinguished himself so much during the great riot between the natives and Americans, at Panama, as the leader of those Americans, who fought so bravely. He still bears the marks of that fight upon his body.

STATEMENT OF A MAINE MAN.

Among the rescued passengers from the wreck of the lost steamship Central America, was Mr. W. F. Fletcher, of Bloomfield, Somerset County, Me. He had resided six years in California, and was returning home to enjoy the fruits of his labors. He has given the following narrative of the disaster:

The gale blew very fresh at the time of leaving Havana, and kept increasing up to Friday noon, when we were all called on deck to lay on the weather side—she being then on her beam ends—and bail out. All the steerage and a few of the cabin passengers went to work. One string of pails went to the steerage, one to the cabin and one to the engine room. I had charge of the one going to the steerage. After a few hours all were engaged in passing the buckets. We bailed out all that forenoon, the next night and the next day, till near 8 o'clock in the evening. About dusk on Saturday we fired two guns and the captain spoke a schooner, telling her to lay by, as we expected to sink every moment. But she went off. As the boats that successively went to the bark Marine came up, passengers would jump into the water, and cling to their sides, and being taken in, loaded them heavily. As the last boat came up, a man jumped into its center from the deck—some twelve or fifteen feet. This boat was obliged to put off before fully loaded for fear of being swamped by numbers who looked upon it as their only hope. A large portion of the passengers had pouches of gold about them, either in dust or coin. These were flung carelessly aside, and any quantities of the precious metal could be freely picked up without opposition—perhaps not so easily secured. All on board behaved admirably. About 8 o'clock, just previous to the ship's going down, and as we all stood forward, I said to the men: 'There will never be as many die again as coolly. Boys, let us all die like true Californians.' An old man, who had been mining for some years in California, from the same place as myself, named David Smith, of quite a religious turn of mind, felt no hope of rescue. His last words, a moment before we went down, were the exclamation, 'My God, we shall all perish!' I suppose he was lost. Life preservers were plenty, and each had secured one for himself. As soon as the water struck the hurricane deck she made one pitch forward, then she pitched astern and struck in an instant, and went down as quick as lightning. Those on the stern went off first, those on the bow last. I was forward and was one of the last that went off. I must have gone under fifteen or twenty feet—so far at least and so long that I had to breathe water while under. On coming up I found plenty of things to cling to, and got hold of one, which I held on to about fifteen minutes, till three Irishmen grabbed it, when I left it, as I was becoming so numb that I was obliged to warm up a little by swimming exercise. Though a large quantity of material was floating about, still there was a good deal of desperate fighting to appropriate articles promising the most security. I next got hold of a trunk, but it soon fell to pieces. But a flour barrel directly came in my way; in clinging to it I soon got chilled and had occasion to leave it and swim to get warm. But I did not let it get far out of my way. I observed the Irishmen still fighting for the door the last I saw of them, and they are doubtless lost. After a while I came across a barrel, concluded the board was better than a barrel, and so swam up. I was floating along in this manner for ten hours or more. When I heard the waves coming I would rise up and they would go over my shoulders. I was picked up Sunday morning about six o'clock. Through the whole time I felt I should be saved, but the instant I got on board the bark Ellen I *revelled*. It was before daylight that the mate heard the cries of the men and went and told the captain that 'the sea was full of men.' The captain when he could see any one would bear down to him and throw out life-buoys and draw in the man with ropes.'

Mr. Fletcher had a gold hunting watch in his pocket throughout the whole time. Of course it was ruined.

**HEROISM OF THE PASSENGERS.**—The details of this disaster are full of heroic incidents. One informant says: Five hundred men with death yawning before them at any moment, stood solid as a rock, nor made a movement for the boats until the women and children had been all safely transported to the brig, after which about forty of the crew and male passengers in a few trips reached the latter vessel before the steamer went down.

**RESCUE OF THE WOMEN.**—It is one of the noblest things in the world that all the women and children were saved. Think of the loss of the Arctic, where there was no discipline on board of the ship, and every one ran wild, and half were lost on that very account. Before we left the steamer the captain came down into the cabin repeatedly to cheer us up, and to say that he would take care of us, and we should have a better chance for our lives than he. From the beginning to end he forbade any man to get into the boats until all the women and children had been carried off.

**THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.** The public are now inquiring the cause of the late disaster to the Central America—for nearly all agree that the ship was herself, in a great measure at fault—and various theories are advanced, but without any satisfactory result thus far. The fact is, the steamer was not seaworthy, much less able to meet a storm such as prevailed on the southern coast two weeks

since. As long ago as 1854, or when she had been afloat but three years, passengers were afraid to go to sea in the 'George Law,' as she was then called. The complaints against her grew louder until at last the press took it up, and the company having been prosecuted for crowding her with more passengers than the law allows, drew her into the dry dock, last spring, and shortly afterwards advertised that the Central America would sail for Aspinwall with dispatch. This is the old dodge. When a boat is known to be dangerous her name is changed, and the public are too late made aware of the cheat by some such terrible calamity as that which has just occurred. This is why sailors always speak ill of a craft bearing a second name, and predict disaster to those who go in her. And this is why, if all other reasons fail, a strict inquiry should be made of the seaworthiness of the steamer, and the company held legally responsible if they are proved to have imposed on the public an ill-constructed boat. [Springfield Republican.]

**RATHER COOL.**—A Mr. Taylor, of Colcoes, N. Y., one of the Central America's passengers, saved, was in the water ten hours. He was floating about, on a plank with another man, a New Yorker, and states that after having been in the water four or five hours, with scarcely a hope remaining of being picked up, his companion addressed to him the following query in the most *nonchalant* tone: 'Well, Taylor, where are you going to put up to night?'

**THE HEROISM OF CAPTAIN HERNDON AND HIS COMPANIONS.**—The gloom of the terrible wreck of the steamship Central America is irradiated by an exhibition of manly magnanimity too rarely witnessed to be passed with ordinary regard. The one bright, particular fact which stands out in shining relief from the otherwise unbroken blackness of that sorrowful calamity on the sea, is the saving of every woman and child in a company of five hundred souls. There, at night, on that storm tossed ocean, in a ship fast settling and sinking in the waters, and doomed to go down beyond all help, a band of brave and self-forgetting men, 'placed'—to quote the narrative of one of them—in the only three boats saved, all the women and children, and they were safely put on board the brig Marine, of Boston. While according due credit to every passenger who participated in this noble act of chivalrous humanity, it is only reasonable to suppose that the wonderful order and complete success with which it was executed, were attributable in no small measure to the admirable discipline of the ship, and the coolness and firmness with which it was enforced by the Captain.

This more than gallant conduct of Commander Herndon, literally realized the prophecy of his wife, who, before the telegraphic despatch was received announcing the loss of all the officers except Mr. Frazer, is reported to have said that she had no hope of her husband's escape, 'for he would stick to the ship to the last, and would save every body else before he attempted to save himself.'

But, for a company of self-sacrificing spirits, all of whom behaved so well, we would not single out any one of the number for special eulogy. There were manifestations of courage and endurance among those who perished and those who survived, quite as exalted as any with which history or poetry has moved the wonder or excited the sensibilities of mankind. Indeed, there were others, cast away in that fearful gale, who displayed resolution and unselfishness of the highest character. Among these we would rank Captain Kelly, of the ill-fated steamer Norfolk, as well as the commanders of the vessels which rescued those who were recovered.

We refer to these exhibitions of bravery and self-devotion because they are eminently worthy of applause and remembrance. Fame has embalmed the memory of many who have won an immortality of renown by displays of prowess and disinterestedness not so truly heroic and pure as the unostentatious heroism of Herndon and Kelly. Yet the enraptured martyr, who behaves with no more genuine intrepidity at the stake, or the impetuous chief, who dares danger and bears suffering with no more firmness of mind, has his name consecrated in the recollections of men forever, while the equally deserving individual whose nobleness of spirit has not the advantage of a conspicuous theatre and a great cause for its exercise and illustration, is scarcely recognized, and soon forgotten. The fact is the result of no actual difference of merit, but arises merely from those circumstances of time, place, and occasion, which in the one case, renders our actions and conduct public and historical, and in the other obscure, private, and uncontradictory.

The truth is, that the virtue or the valor which the world has adulated and honored so much in the persons of patriots, generals, philanthropists and martyrs is more common than most of us are aware of. It dwells latent in many a bosom where the crowd would not look to find it, nor would suspect it could reside. Underneath the coarse vestments of the peasant there often beats a heart instinct with more natural tenderness, generosity, courage, and fortitude, than is covered by the rich and sumptuous habiliments that enrobe a king, and there are thousands of humble men and women—humble in the mean way they live, in the lowly roof that covers them, in the scanty dress they wear, and in the hard mental toil to which they are reduced—whose souls are yet 'pregnant with celestial fire,' and who daily and hourly, in the brave struggle with adverse fortune and the cruel scour of their more fortunate sisters and brothers, are fighting, silently and unobserved, a battle with the temptations of sin and the frailty of mortal affections, in which the triumph is far nobler than the best and the proudest ever won on the 'fabled field' or at the stake of the enthusiast. The greatness of soul which mankind commemorate by marks of public esteem and recollection, bears a very small proportion to that to which they erect no memorials, and of which they do not even dream. [Philadelphia Journal.]

**SNARED BY THEIR GREEDINESS.**—Many of the country Banks of Massachusetts, as well as those in towns and cities on the seaboard, will be serious sufferers by the heavy failures in Boston. Instead of attending to legitimate business in their own localities, and accommodating business men and customers at home, the officers of these institutions have been in the habit of going to Boston with their funds, and buying paper in the streets at exorbitant rates. The Transcript says some of these gentlemen were among the 'anxious inquirers' in that city last Saturday.

FOUND DEAD.

There is a certain indescribable pathos in the following lines from the pen of Mr. Albert Leighton:

Found dead—dead and alone!  
There was nobody near, nobody near,  
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—  
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,  
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,  
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear.

Found dead—dead and alone,  
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.  
Many a weary day went by,  
While wretched and worn he begged for bread;  
Tired of life, and longing to die,  
Peacefully down with the silent dead,  
Finger and cold, and soiled and pale,  
Had wasted his form and stored his brain,  
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,  
With a pillow of stone, was the outcast found.

Found dead—dead and alone,  
On a pillow of stone in the roofless street—  
Nobody heard his last faint sigh,  
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat.  
No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,  
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,  
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone!  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own.  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor;  
Who mourns and weeps with a wailing sound  
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

was her authority, and not her persuasions that Jasper submitted to in not tearing the books; for when she forbade him to do it, and put his hand away when he attempted it, she spoke in a stern manner, showing that she was displeased, and she put his hand away with a motion firm and decided enough to show Jasper that she was stronger than he was, and to frighten him a little. Thus what she taught him was really the necessity he was under of obeying a power stronger than his own.

When Mrs. Bleeker saw that the experiment had succeeded, she wondered a little at first, and then she said:

'Yes, but I can't take so much time with him. The picture-books are not worth it.'

Mrs. Bleeker, though in many respects a very sensible woman, could not see that the object of such discipline as this was not to save picture-books, but to save the boy.

[Harper's Story Book for August.]

**A THREE-MINUTE HORSE.**—A certain Dr. Blank had a horse so thoroughly used up as to be worthless—the











Kendall's Mills Adverts.

STOVES, HARDWARE AND BAR IRON, At Kendall's Mills.

Where you can have Made, Magazines, Pamphlets in all kinds of type and every kind of Book, from a folio bible to a child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own taste. BAILEY'S, 68 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Orders for Binding may be left with MAXIM & WING, at the Eastern Mail Office, Waterville.

TO THE TRADE.

We are just receiving our SPRING IMPORTATIONS OF CROCKERY WARE,

Direct from the Pottery, and are prepared to job all kinds of crockery ware.

Our RETAIL DEPARTMENT is well stocked with China, Glass and Cast Iron Ware,

Also, in common Table Cutlery, Eastern Ware, (rich plated and common.) Tea Trays, Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons, Dish Covers, Tea and Coffee Sets, Table Mats, Painted Toilet Ware, with many other articles in the

HOUSE FURNISHING LINE. April 24, 1857. 150 STEELE & HAYES, Portland.

PAPER WAREHOUSE, No. 21 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Constantly on hand all sizes and qualities of Wrapping Paper, Stationery, and all kinds of Printing and Stationery.

Cash paid for Paper Stock. 150

WILLIAM B. SNELL, Counsellor at Law, FENDELL'S MILLS, - - - SOMERSET COUNTY.

Particular attention paid to procuring Soldiers' Land Warrants.

JONATHAN H. DRUMMOND, Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public, Office with Boutwell & Newell, Residence on College Street, at the "H. A. Smith House."

Building Materials, SELLING cheap for cash. Coffin, Hardware and Store Ware, Main Street, Waterville.

W. O. LONG, NINGYONG, SOUCHONG, and YOUNG HYSON, Just received by F. H. GETCHELL.

THE MEDICINE That Never Fails!

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills. The subscriber would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by F. A. WOOD. Kendall's Mills, where he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Crockery, and Glassware, which he will sell as low as can be bought elsewhere.

Dr. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

Portland Advertisements.

F. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY, 64 Exchange Street, Portland.

THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

WHERE you can have Made, Magazines, Pamphlets in all kinds of type and every kind of Book, from a folio bible to a child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own taste. BAILEY'S, 68 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Orders for Binding may be left with MAXIM & WING, at the Eastern Mail Office, Waterville.

TO THE TRADE.

We are just receiving our SPRING IMPORTATIONS OF CROCKERY WARE,

Direct from the Pottery, and are prepared to job all kinds of crockery ware.

Our RETAIL DEPARTMENT is well stocked with China, Glass and Cast Iron Ware,

Also, in common Table Cutlery, Eastern Ware, (rich plated and common.) Tea Trays, Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons, Dish Covers, Tea and Coffee Sets, Table Mats, Painted Toilet Ware, with many other articles in the

HOUSE FURNISHING LINE. April 24, 1857. 150 STEELE & HAYES, Portland.

PAPER WAREHOUSE, No. 21 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Constantly on hand all sizes and qualities of Wrapping Paper, Stationery, and all kinds of Printing and Stationery.

Cash paid for Paper Stock. 150

WILLIAM B. SNELL, Counsellor at Law, FENDELL'S MILLS, - - - SOMERSET COUNTY.

Particular attention paid to procuring Soldiers' Land Warrants.

JONATHAN H. DRUMMOND, Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public, Office with Boutwell & Newell, Residence on College Street, at the "H. A. Smith House."

Building Materials, SELLING cheap for cash. Coffin, Hardware and Store Ware, Main Street, Waterville.

W. O. LONG, NINGYONG, SOUCHONG, and YOUNG HYSON, Just received by F. H. GETCHELL.

THE MEDICINE That Never Fails!

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills. The subscriber would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by F. A. WOOD. Kendall's Mills, where he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Crockery, and Glassware, which he will sell as low as can be bought elsewhere.

Dr. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterville, Me.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!!!

THE greatest offer in gold, gold, gold!!!

A PLANTED GOLD PREMIUM, worth five to one hundred dollars, is now being offered.

Subscribers in all parts of the State, and in all parts of the country, are invited to take part in this grand lottery.

No expense, no outlay, no capital required for agents. An entire new plan is proposed, by which any person can succeed in making a large fortune, and yet not incur any risk.

Private circulars, for the inspection of agents only, with full list of premiums, will be sent to all who desire it, on receipt of a stamp to pay return postage. Some agents have earned a hundred dollar prize in one week.

Every family should read at once a Newspaper from New York City, without interfering with their local papers, which of course cannot and should not be dispensed with. But New York being the great commercial and business centre of the Continent, no farmer, mechanic, or professional man, or merchant, is in communication with New York City, by means of his local newspaper. Hence, if he does not read a New York paper, he is in a measure cut off from the news, and thrilling incidents now pouring throughout the country.

A VALUABLE GIFT. Every subscriber will receive with each new No. of his or her paper, one of the most beautiful gold plated medals ever issued. Just imported from Europe, and for which we have obtained the exclusive agency for this country. This is the most beautiful and valuable medal ever issued, and is worth more than a penny and a half of the finest quality of the same time. It will last for years, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

For list of premiums and full particulars, address HALL & WEST, Publishers, New York City.

\*These medals supplied to the trade at a profitable discount.

Young America Target Profit.

MANUFACTURED BY THE YOUNG AMERICA TARGET PROFIT.

This Profit is designed for young men and boys who wish to enjoy the exciting sport of firing at a mark, at the most trifling expense, and with the least risk. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

As America is a shooting nation, the Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection of medals.

The Young Americans must learn the art by which their independence was secured. Hence this Target Profit is just in time, and must meet with universal sale among our youth throughout the South and West. The target is made of a single piece of wood, and is so constructed that it can be used in any place, and at any time, and is a valuable addition to any collection