



12-23-1847

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 22): December 23, 1847

Ephraim Maxham

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 22): December 23, 1847" (1847). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 22.

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

TERMS, \$2.00; \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1847.

NO. 22.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
WINGATE'S BUILDING,

MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE BOW & CO.'S STORE).

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Country Produce received in payment.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Herald and Journal.]

U. S. REPRESENTATIVES' HALL.

BY F. A. GRAFTS.

This magnificent apartment is in the form of an ancient Grecian theatre, ninety-five feet in length, and sixty in height. Twenty-six massive marble columns, the capitals of which are of Italian marble, executed in Italy, support a splendid dome, with painted caissons, to represent that of the Parthenon at Rome. From the centre of this dome is erected, to admit the light, a handsome cupola, richly painted and ornamented, by a young Italian. Under the sweeping arch, near the dome, is placed the model of a colossal figure of Liberty, by Canova. Beneath this figure, on the entablature, is sculptured, in stone, the American eagle, in the act of taking wing.

Above the main entrance into the hall stands a beautiful statue in marble, representing History recording the events of the nation. She stands in the attitude of listening, with her head turned on one side, a pen in one hand, a book in the other. Her position is graceful, her light drapery floats around her, and the winged car in which she stands seems to be in motion over the globe, on which is figured, in basso-relievo, the signs of the Zodiac. The wheel of the car serves as the face of the clock in the Hall. The work was executed by Signor Franzoni, an Italian. Regarding this Muse of History as God's recording angel, we shall see in the volumes before her, written with the pen of a diamond, the treasured detail of ambition's career, of oppression's iron rule, of corruption's serpent course; see the record of villainy, of treachery, of innocent blood unavenged, of God from the ground; of heavenly privileges trampled under foot, and fearful tokens of coming judgment disregarded.

Between the massive columns of this apartment is suspended, in festoons, fringed drapery of crimson merino, from rods variously decorated. The gentlemen's gallery occupies the semicircle behind the range of columns, and that appropriated to the ladies and those who accompany them the upper part of the loggia, and above the Speaker's seat. The portrait of Lafayette, at full length, by a Frenchman, decorates the panel on the west side of the loggia, and Washington, of the same dimensions, occupies the panel on the opposite side.

It is often difficult to hear distinctly the speakers, on account of the echo, but another difficulty is the confusion among the members themselves, who are often seen reading, writing, conversing with loud voices, calling the Speaker to order, or correcting him, and walking about the hall, while an honorable member is addressing the chair; to the great edification of his constituents at home, to whom the mails will, groaning, bear the precious burden! No member is allowed to speak more than one hour at a time. When one has consumed the amount of time, if the speech excites attention, in an instant a dozen, perhaps, are on their feet, vociferating "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker," when some one is recognized as "having the floor," and then the rest must wait (listening sometimes) at least an hour. Many of the members are generally absent from their seats, by reason of sickness, and other causes, except the vote is to be taken on some important question. I would like to notice the personal appearance of distinguished members, but cannot now, only adding, that when ex-President Adams, at a late day in the last session, (detained by sickness at his home,) made his appearance at the door of the Hall, the member speaking at the time ceased, and many rushed to meet him, political opponents among the rest. As he took his seat, the House, by unanimously rising, expressed their congratulations on his recovery. It was an imposing scene. His step was feeble, as he leaned his arm on his attendant, his countenance pale and emaciated, and his head entirely bald. His voice was weak and tremulous, so that few could hear him. The assembled tribes expected from the patriarch a *valde dictum*, but were disappointed. He has undoubtedly trod that arena of war the last time; "he has fought his last battle, and won laurels untold." In his life he has been, "a fruitful bough," "the archers shot at him and hated him, but his bow abode in strength."

On the last day of his life I sat by him at dinner; he was unusually good-humored; repeated several witty sayings which he had just read in the *Corsair*, a well known Copenhagen newspaper, and spoke of the journey which he should undertake to Italy in the summer. After this we parted; he went to the Theatre, and I home.

On the following morning, the waiter, at the hotel, where I lived, said, "That it was a very remarkable thing about Thorwaldsen—that he had died yesterday."

"Thorwaldsen," exclaimed I, "he is not dead, I dined with him yesterday."

"People say that he died last evening, at theatre," returned the waiter.

I fancied that he might be taken ill; but still felt a strange anxiety, and hastened immediately over to his house. There lay his corpse stretched out on the bed; the chamber was filled with strangers; the floor wet with melted snow; the air stifling; no one said a word; the Baroness Stampe sat on the bed and wept bitterly, and I stood trembling and deeply agitated.

A farewell hymn, which I wrote, and to which Hartman composed the music was sung by Danish students over his coffin.

ANECDOTE OF THORWALDSEN.

In the work entitled 'The True Story of My Life,' by Hans Christian Andersen, translated from the Danish, by Mary Howitt, occurs the following interesting passage relating to the great sculptor, Thorwaldsen:—

"One morning at Nyso—at the time when he was working at his own statue—I entered his work room and bade him good morning; he appeared as if he did not wish to notice me, and I stole softly away again. At breakfast, he was very parsimonious in the use of his words, and when somebody asked him to say something at all events, he replied in his dry way, 'I have said more during this morning than in many days, but nobody heard me. There I stood, and fancied Andersen was behind me, for he came and said good morning—so I told him a long story about myself and Byron. I thought that he might give one word in reply, and turning myself round, and there had I been standing a whole hour and chatting about to the bare walls!'

We all of us brought him to let us hear the whole story once more; but we had it now very short."

"Oh, that was in Rome," said he, "when I was about to make Byron's statue; he placed himself just opposite to me, and began immediately to assume quite another countenance to what was customary to him. Will you not sit still," said I; "but you must not make those faces." "It is my expression," said Byron. "Indeed," said I, "then I made him as I wished, and everybody said when I was finished, that I had hit the likeness. When By-

ron, however, saw it, he said, 'It does not resemble me at all; I look more unhappy.'

'He was above all things, so desirous of looking extremely unhappy,' added Thorwaldsen, with a comical expression.

It afforded the great sculptor pleasure to listen to music after dinner with half shut eyes, and it was his greatest delight, when, in the evening, the game of *loto* began, which the whole neighborhood of Nyso was obliged to learn; they only played for glass pieces, and on this account I am able to relate a peculiar characteristic of this otherwise great man—that he played with the greatest interest on purpose to win.

He would espouse with warmth and vehemence the part of those from whom he believed that he had received an injustice; he opposed himself to unfairness and rallery, and even against the lady of the house, who for the rest, had the most childlike sentiments towards him, and who had no other thought, than how to make everything most agreeable to him.

In his company, I wrote several of my tales for children—for example, 'One Luck Oin' ('Ole Shut Eye'), to which he listened with pleasure and interest. Often in the twilight, when the family circle sat in the open parlor garden, Thorwaldsen would come softly behind me, and clapping me on the shoulder, would ask, 'Shall we little ones hear any tales tonight?'

In his own peculiar natural manner, he bestowed the most beautiful praise on my fictions, for their truth; it delighted him to hear the same stories over and over again. Often during his most glorious works, would he stand with laughing countenance, and listen to the stories of the Top and the Ball, and the Ugly Duckling. I possess a certain talent of impoverishing in my native tongue little poems and songs. The talent amused Thorwaldsen very much; and as he had modelled at Nyso Holberg's portrait in clay, I was commissioned to make a poem for his work, and he received therefore, the following impromptu:—

"No more shall Holberg live," by Death was said,
'I crush the clay, his soul's bonds heretofore';
'And from the formless clay, the cold, the dead,'
Cried Thorwaldsen, 'shall Holberg live once more!'

One morning when he had just modelled in clay his great bas-relief of the procession to Golgotha, I entered his study.

"Tell me," said he, "does it seem to you that I have dressed Pilate properly?"

"You must not say anything to him, said the Baroness, who was always with him: 'It is right, it is excellent; go away with you!'

Thorwaldsen repeated this question.

"Well, then," said I, "as you ask me I must confess, that it really does appear to me as if Pilate were dressed rather as an Egyptian than as a Roman."

"It seems to me so too," said Thorwaldsen, seizing the clay with his hands and destroying the figure.

"Now you are guilty of his having annihilated an immortal work," exclaimed the Baroness to me with warmth.

"Then we can make a new immortal work," said he in a cheerful humor, and modelled Pilate as he now remains in the bas-relief in the Ladies' Church in Copenhagen.

His last birthday was celebrated there in the country. I had written a merry little song, and it was hardly dry on paper, when we sang it, in the early morning before his door, accompanied by the music of jingling fire-iron, gongs, and bottles rubbed against a basket. Thorwaldsen, himself in his morning-gown and slippers, opened his door, and danced around his chamber; swung round his Raphael cap, and joined in the chorus. There was life and mirth in the strong old man.

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EXCAVATIONS IN POMPEII.

The political state of Italy has lately engrossed so much attention, that little time has been found for its antiquities.

Since the discovery of the 47 gold coins, and more than 250 silver coins, together with gemmed earrings, a dwelling house has been excavated near the Forum, which surpasses in richness and elegance all that has been hitherto discovered. The open Vestibule is paved with mosaics, the walls decorated with tasteful paintings. The *Atrium* opens into the *Tablinum* and the reception room, and the latter leads into the dining room, which is painted with mythological subjects, the size of life. Here were several triclinic couches, not unlike our modern sofas, richly ornamented with silver. The reception room looks into a garden with a beautiful fountain adorned with numerous mosaics, and a small statue of Silenus; the basin is surrounded with the most exquisite sculptures in marble. Adjoining the dwelling is another four-wheeled carriage, with iron wheels and many bronze ornaments. In the kitchen also, are many ornaments and utensils of bronze, and the traces of smoke are visible in many places, after the lapse of 18 centuries. The apartments of the dwelling house contained numerous elegant utensils of gold and silver, candelabra, vases, bronze coins, several cases of surgical instruments, &c. What is extremely rare is, that there is a second and even a third story, which are ascended by a wide flight of stairs. On a small painting near the stair-case is the name and rank of the owner, in scarcely legible characters; and from

which it appears he was one of the *Decurii*, or Senators of Pompeii. All the walls and the rooms are ornamented with comic and tragic paintings, one of which represents a young girl with a mask and a flagellator. This is the most recent excavation in Pompeii.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE HOE AND THE SLATE.

As I was riding in the stage, looking to see what could be seen, as all passengers do, my eye was attracted by a lad bearing on his shoulder a bright new hoe with a handle attached to it, and on his hoe-handle there was suspended a slate. "Noble representative of a northern laborer!" I exclaimed.—"March on, brave boy! march on! Keep thy grasp on both the hoe and slate, and thy country will be grateful for the day that gave thee birth. Let manual labor and intellectual effort go hand in hand, and heeding the God of our father, we are safe."—[N. York Evangelist]

A MORNING WALK.

By Miss Martineau.

[The celebrated Miss Harriet Martineau is travelling in the East, and forwarding her interesting sketches to the People's (Eng.) Journal. The following is the result of one of her morning walks in the vicinity of Jerusalem.]

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem which are reported by the monks to be the scenes of the acts and sufferings of Christ. There is no certainty about these; and the spots regarding which there can be no mistake, are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the traveller turn away from such as may be fabulous. About the site of the temple, there is no doubt; and beyond the walls one meets at every turn assurances of being where Christ walked and taught, and where the great events of Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I found in one ramble.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna. Here there are many tombs cut in the rock, with entrances like door-ways. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that, in the days of Jewish idolatry, children passed through the fire in honor of Moloch. This is the place called Tophet in Scripture; fit to be spoken of as it was, as an image of hell. Here, in this place of corruption and cruelty, where fires hovered about living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead,—here was the imagery of terror—"the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." The scene is very different now. The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with springing wheat; and the spreading olives and fig trees cast their shadows on the rich, though stony soil. Streams are led from the pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once hellish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas returned his bribe. For the burial of strangers it was used in subsequent ages; for pilgrims that died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but the channel-house marks the spot.

The pools all around Jerusalem are beautiful; the cool arching roof of some, the weed-tufted sides and clear waters of all, are delicious. The pool of Siloam is still pretty—though less so, no doubt, than when the blind man, sent to wash there, opened his eyes on its sacred stream.

The fountain of Siloam is more beautiful than the pool. It lies deep in a cave, and must be reached by broad steps which wind down in the shadow. A woman sat to-day, in the dim light of reflected sunshine, washing linen in the pool.

We were now in the valley of Jehosaphat; and we crossed the bottom of it, where the brook Kedron must run when it runs at all; but it seems to be now merely a winter torrent, and never to have been a constant stream. When we had ascended the opposite side of the valley, we were on the Mount of Olives. The ascent was steep—now among tombs, and now past fields of waving barley, decked with the shade of olive trees. As we ascended the opposite hill seemed to rise and the city to spread. The horsemen in the valley below, and a woman with a burden on her head, mounting to the city by a path up Moriah, looked so surprisingly small as to prove the grandeur of the scenery. Hereabouts it was, it is said, and may reasonably be believed, that Jesus mourned over Jerusalem, and told his followers what would become of the noble city which here rose upon their view, crowning the sacred mount, and shining clear against the cloudless sky. Dwellers in our climate cannot conceive of such a sight as Jerusalem, seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The Moab mountains, over towards the Dead Sea, are dressed in the softest hues of purple, lilac, and grey. The hill country to the north is almost gaudy with its contrast of color; its white or grey stones, red soil, and crops of vivid green. But the city is the glory—aloft on the steep—its long lines of wall clearly defining it to the sight, and every minaret and cupola, and almost every marked stone by the brilliant sunshine against the deep blue sky. In the spaces unbuild on with the walls, are tufts of verdure; and expressed springing here and there from some convent garden. The green lawns of the Mosque of Omar are spread out small before the eye, with their groups of tiny gray moving people. It is now so glorious a place to the eye, what must it have been in the days of its pride! Yet in that day, when every one looked for the exulting blessing, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" there came instead, the lamentation over Jerusalem, that killed the prophets and stoned the messengers of Jehovah, and whose house must be therefore left desolate.

The disciples, looking from hence upon the strength of the walls, the massiveness of the temple buildings, then springing 480 feet from the bed of the brook below, and the depth and ruggedness of the ravines surrounding the city on three sides, might well ask when those things should be, and how they should be accomplished. On the fourth side, the north, where there is no ravine, the Roman army was encamped. We could not see that rising ground, once covered by the Roman tents, but to-day with cere fields and olive grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives; but it could not do any harm to the city; and the only available point of attack—the north side, was guarded by a moat and three walls. The

siege was long; so long that men's hearts failed them for fear, and at least one famished woman ate her own child; and at last the city was taken and nearly destroyed; and of the temple, not one stone was left upon another. Now we were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We stood where the doom was pronounced; below us was the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple courts; and over to the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of that 'great tribulation, such as was not known from the beginning of the world.'

From the summit of Olivet, we went down to the scene of that other tribulation—that anguish of mind which had perhaps never been surpassed from the beginning of the world. 'When Jesus had spoken these words,' (his words of cheer after the last supper,) 'he went forth,' we are told, 'with his disciples, over the brook Kedron, where was a garden.' The garden we entered to-day from the other direction, and left it by crossing the bed of the brook. It is a dreary place now, very unlike what it must have been when 'Jesus oftentimes resorted hither with his disciples.' It is a plot of ground on a slope above the brook, enclosed with fences of loose stones, and occupied by eight extremely old olive trees—the oldest, I should think, that we saw in all our travels. I do not mean that they had been growing in the days of Christ. That is supposed to be impossible; though I never could learn what is the greatest age known to be attained by the olive tree. The roots of these were supported by little terraces of stones, that neither trees nor soil might be washed down the slope by the winter torrents. But little remains of these once fine trees but hollow trunks and a few straggling branches. It is with the mind's eye that we must see the filling up of the garden enclosure, when Jesus 'ofttimes resorted thither'—his orchard of fig, pomegranate, and olive trees, and the grass of young springing corn under foot. From every part of it the approach of Judas and his party must have been visible. By their 'lanterns, and torches, and weapons,' gleaming in the light, they must have been seen descending the hill from the city gate. The sleeping disciples may not have heeded the lights and footsteps of the multitude; but step by step as it wound down the steep, and then crossed the brook, and turned up to the garden, the victim knew that the hour of his fate drew near.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

Falleth now from off a tree.

A withered leaf;

This lesson taught to me,

Life is brief,

Hear it say,

Mortal, soon thou'lt follow me

To decay!

Droppeth now from off my head,

A silver hair;

Plainer preacher never said,

For death prepare;

Filled with gloom,

We follow time with solemn tread,

To the tomb.

Mountheth now on wings of air,

To the sky,

A little dew-drop, pure and clear,

Far up, on high,

Hear it say,

All above the earth is fair,

Watch and pray!

Night of sorrow come not here,

'Tis perfect day.

GOING TO MARKET.

John Thompson—commonly called Johny Thompson,—residing in the adjoining county of Montgomery, attends the city market twice a week, and lately, almost invariably went home a little blue. Two or three months ago he indulged on one occasion more freely than usual, so that it was necessary for him to take a little rest in the bottom of his wagon, while his horses jogged along towards home. Coming to a tavern, however, the horses as was their usual custom, drew up before the door and halted. The landlord perceiving how things stood, had the horses unhitched and stabled for the night, but as the night was warm the inebriated owner was not disturbed.

At daylight next morning before anybody was astir, Thompson got awake; stupefied and bewildered with the debauch, he knew not where or what he was. Scratching his head and rubbing his eyes, and staring around, he finally gave vent to his thoughts in this wise:—

'If I ain't Johny Thompson I've found a wagon; and if I ain't Johny Thompson I've lost a pair of horses.'

The occurrence caused him to be most heartily laughed at by his acquaintances; and he operated so strongly upon him as to induce him to reform his habits thoroughly, and he is now one of the most steady and respectable men that travel the Germantown road to and from market.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

PIUS IX. One of the most agreeable of the first acts of the Pope, was this: In order that he might be informed of all grievances, and render the access of complaints to himself as easy as possible, he caused a letter-box to be put on the outside of the palace, in which the people were invited to deposit letters for him. The key, he kept, and went himself for the letters. The night of his election he wrote to his two brothers, informing them of his election, but requesting them not to come to Rome, and not to expect any office. There are other incidents of less importance, but yet showing the character of the man—such as these: Immediately on his accession, he sold off a part of the carriages, horses, &c., of the establishment, and so reduced the expense and pomp of the office.—He found that the table of the palace was furnished with seven successive courses or dishes, and directed the royal cooks thereafter to prepare only three, as that was the number to which he had been accustomed, &c.

WHAT A MERCHANT SHOULD DO.

A merchant should be an honorable man. Although a man cannot be an honorable man without being an honest man, yet a man may be strictly honest without being honorable. Honesty refers to pecuniary affairs; honor refers to the principles and feelings. You may pay your debts punctually, you may defend no man, and yet you may act dishonorably. You act dishonorably when you give your correspondents a worse opinion of your rivals in trade than you know they deserve. You act

dishonorably when you sell your commodities at less than their real value in order to get away your neighbors' customers. You act dishonorably when you purchase higher than the market price, in order that you may raise the market upon another buyer. You act dishonorably when you draw accommodation bills, and pass them to your banker for discount, as if they arose out of real transactions. You act dishonorably in every case wherein your external conduct is at variance with your real opinions. You act dishonorably if, when carrying on a prosperous trade, you do not allow your servants and assistants, through whose exertions you obtain your success, to participate in your prosperity. You act dishonorably if, after you have become rich, you are unmindful of the favors you received when poor. In all these cases there may be no intentional fraud. It may not be dishonest, but it is dishonorable conduct.—*Gilbert—Lectures on Ancient Commerce.*

HOW A HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE.

M. B., a grave and accomplished man, has a lovely wife, who, until recently, had never given him any serious occasion for uneasiness. This husband, confident, as many are apt to be, under such circumstances, had, at the commencement of the season, permitted his wife to depart for Normandy, in the country, to the house of some friends, where she was to pass the entire summer, while he was to be absent in Germany, attending to some business of the greatest importance.

The husband and wife had bidden each other adieu. M. B. was making his preparations for his departure, and entered the private chamber of his wife, to find there some object which he required. This was placed on a small rosewood secretary. By a fatal piece of clumsiness, in moving this piece of furniture, M. B. overturned it. The fragile secretary broke as it fell; and, in picking up the fragments, the unhappy husband found there several letters, which had escaped from a secret drawer, that had been so completely concealed, that accident alone could have betrayed it.

These letters were written to Madame B., in a very tender style, by an interesting and rich young man, dangerous in every respect. The husband read them with resignation; he saw that the ruin of his conjugal happiness was in progress, but was not yet complete. The evil was not yet irreparable. The only peril was in the place of her abode.—But what could he do? Give up his journey? It would be to lose a large fortune. To take his wife with him was difficult, and then the peril was only adjourned until his return. What was necessary was to keep him in check, and compel him to destroy himself by his own influence. But how, at a distance, could he overcome an adversary fortified with such advantages, and who had the impetuosity to insinuate that the husband, being old, and in poor health, would probably soon leave his wife a widow, and that then he should be but too happy to marry her. "He would not do so," said the husband to himself; "but then she thinks he would. I am not old; my health is very good; I shall not die at present; but then he would persuade her to the contrary."

While he was thus wavering in irresolution what to do, an unexpected circumstance compelled him to hasten his departure. Hardly had he crossed the Rhine, when a letter informed him that his wife's admirer had gone to pass the summer in the same chateau where she was making a visit. "I have only to hurry," he thought; "I must endeavor to return in a month; I hope, by that time, no unfortunate event will have occurred." But, at the end of a week, the business, which made his journey necessary, took such a turn, that M. B. was obliged to repair to Russia, to go from there to the east. The least delay would ruin everything. Promptness, on the other hand, zeal and activity, would assure to the traveler the most magnificent results. It was at least, a six months' journey. It was an assured fortune. But the danger was alarming. The unfortunate man calculated, that the time of his arrival in St. Petersburg might be a fatal moment to his hopes in Normandy. For a moment, he thought of giving up everything, betraying the interests confided to him, renouncing his fortune, and returning to France, to watch over his dearest possession.

But reflection suggested another idea, that might combine all, and the oddity of which was most pleasing to his imagination. The business upon which he was traveling required the greatest secrecy. It was necessary that his presence should not be suspected in those places which he was to traverse. M. B. had resolved to maintain his *incognito*. The interests which he left behind him in France required it yet more. M. B. gave it out in the papers that he was dead. A German newspaper announced the melancholy tidings, in all its details. M. B. was drowned in the Rhine, and his body had never been found. A burgomaster furnished a certificate of the fact. All the papers copied this piece of news, and the magistrate's certificate permitted no doubt of it. Madame B. believed herself a widow. The husband had sent on, with the account of his own death, a will, by which he left his wife hardly sufficient to maintain herself, even with the most rigid economy. It was, he said, all that he possessed. The widow, who was endowed with an excellent heart, felt a sincere grief at the loss of her husband. During all the time of her deepest affliction, there was no opportunity to address her with a single word of gallantry. Propriety and reason alike opposed it. The husband's expedient had, therefore, this advantage—it arrested at once the peril, and it also changed the position of the adversary.

It was no longer a breach of faith to her husband that he now could seek. This change of position, and his former promises, placed him in the attitude of an applicant for her hand in marriage—a suitor, to be her future husband; and the widow was too prudent to risk her future upon a promise, rather than await the legal ties. The admirer found himself, in turn, on the edge of a precipice. Menaced in his seemingly prosperous career, taken in his own snare, obliged to take a serious path, the end of which would lead him to church, and a marriage he did not care to have, he saw that retreat was his safest course. When he had quitted the chateau, the widow, who had begun to be consoled for her loss, saw through the emptiness of all the fine sentiments, which were so promising in theory, but which proved so hard to practise. She was forced to acknowledge that he loved her only enough to betray, but not enough to marry her. She saw herself deserted, alone, and poor. After such a lesson, it was with in-

expressible joy that, last week, she received a letter contradicting the sad news of her husband's death; and when, some days after, he himself arrived at the chateau.

ANTIQUITY AND USE OF BEDS.

It was universally the practice, in the first ages, for mankind to sleep upon skins of beasts. It was originally the custom of the Greeks and Romans. It was particularly the custom of the ancient Britons before the Roman invasion; and these skins were spread on the floor of their apartments. Afterwards they were changed for loose rushes and heather, as the Welsh a few years ago lay on the former, and the Highlanders of Scotland sleep on the latter to the present moment. In process of time, the Romans suggested to the interior Britons the use, and the introduction of agriculture supplied them with the means of the nearer convenience of straw beds. The beds of the Roman gentry at this period were generally filled with feathers, and those of the imps with soft down of reeds. But for many ages the beds of the Italians had been constantly composed of straw; it still formed those of the soldiers and officers at the conquest of Lancaster; and from both, our countrymen learnt their use. But it appears to have been taken up only by the gentlemen, as the common Welsh had their beds thinly stuffed with rushes as late as the conclusion of the twelfth century; and with the gentlemen it continued many ages afterward.

Straw was used even in the royal chambers of England till the close of the 13th century. Most of the peasants about Manchester lie on chaff at present, as do likewise the common people all over Scotland; in the Highlands, heath also is very generally used as bedding, even by the gentry; and the repose on a heath bed has been celebrated by travelers as a peculiar luxury, superior to that yielded by down, in France and Italy, straw beds remain general to this day. But after the above period, beds were no longer suffered to rest upon the ground. The better mode, that had anciently prevailed in the East, and long before been introduced into Italy, was adopted in Britain; and they were now mounted on pedestals. This, however, was equally confined to the gentlemen. The bed still continued on the floor among the common people. And the custom, that had prevailed from the beginning, was retained by the lower Britons to the last; and these ground beds were laid along the walls of their houses, and formed one common dormitory for all the members of the family. The fashion continued universally among the inferior ranks of the Welsh within these four or five ages, and with the more uncivilized part of the Highlanders down to our own times. And even at no great distance from Manchester, in the neighboring Buxton, and within these fifty or seventy years, the persons that repaired to the bath, are all said to have slept in one long chamber together; the upper part being allotted to the ladies, and the lower to the gentlemen, and only partitioned from each other by a curtain.

The dining or discubitory beds, on which the ancients lay at meals, were four or five feet high. Three of these beds were ordinarily ranged by a square table (whence both the table and the room where they eat were called *triclinium*) in such a manner that one of the sides of the table remained open and accessible to the waiters. Each bed would hold three or four, rarely five persons. These beds were unknown before the second Punic war; the Romans, till then, sat down to eat on plain wooden benches, in imitation of the heroes of Homer, or, as Varro expresses it, after the manner of the Lacedaemonians and Cretans; Scipio Africanus first made an innovation; he had brought from Carthage some of these little beds called *punicum*, or *archaica*; being of a wood common enough, very low, stuffed only with straw or hay, and covered with sheep skins, *beduin's pellibus strati*. In reality, there was no great difference, as to delicacy, between these new beds and the ancient benches; but the custom of frequent bathing, which began then to obtain, by softening and relaxing the body, put men on trying to rest themselves more commodiously lying along than by sitting down.

For the ladies, it did not seem at first consistent with their modesty to adopt the mode of lying, accordingly they kept to the old custom all the time of the commonwealth; but from the first Caesars, they eat on their beds. For the youth, who had not yet put on the toga virilis, they were not long kept to the ancient discipline. When they were admitted to table, they only sat on the edge of the beds of their nearest relations. Never, says Suetonius, did the young Caesars, Gaius and Lucius, eat at the table of Augustus; but they were sent in into loca, or as Tacitus expresses it, *ad lecti fulera*. From the greatest simplicity, the Romans by degrees carried their dining beds to the most surprising magnificence. Pliny assures us it was no new thing to see them covered over with plates of silver, adorned with the softest mats, and the richest counterpanes. Lampadius, speaking of Heliodorus, says he had beds of solid silver, *solido argento habit lectos et triclinaria*, and cubicularia. We may add, that Pompey, in his third triumph, brought in beds of gold. The Romans had also beds whereon they studied, and beds whereon the dead were carried to the funeral pile.—*Phil. Post.*

WHAT THE WORLD WANTS.

We want self-governing men, for they only can do that work, without which the earth must continue to groan in bondage. Political institutions and literary institutions are of no avail. Standing armies are straw, when arrayed against the excited passions of a free people. The Republics of South America have been fields of blood, scenes of anarchy and despotism—a burlesque upon the name of Republics; and the reason is, they have no religion there. The brute force of arms cannot now hold men—they must govern themselves. But they can never govern themselves till they fear God and keep his commandments. We cannot have civil liberty even, to say nothing of giving the Gospel to every creature under heaven—without men—men who were nurtured amid prayer, devoted to God and to the salvation of men from their infancy. We need whole generations of missionaries who shall rise

REVIEW.

POEMS, BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—Second Edition. Cambridge: John Owen.

We know nothing further concerning Mr. James Russell Lowell than is furnished by this volume. It may be that it is better for us that our knowledge is thus limited; for, if the young gentleman's poetical egotism but faintly shadow his every day zeal for ill-treated humanity, we are perfectly conscious of the extent of his dreams as well as of the peculiar stuff of which they are composed. It is a besetting, and we may say, a besetting sin of young men to publish at too early an age. The madness fastens upon them, and drinking that which they suppose to be draughts of pure fame, they are soon intoxicated. This inebriate state is apparent from certain indications common at the festivals of Bacchus—noisy declamation, water-standing eyes, gigantic sympathies, and, possibly, utter confusion of tongues. Heated with the first love of the Muses, the aspiring poet (and all men are poets) sighs deeper, breathes quicker, thinks more warmly and less thoughtfully than those whom this critical period has spared to better tastes and triumphs. The Kentuckian who could speak louder, dive deeper, and come up drier than any of his fellows, is no type for the bardings of the age. It is only here and there that a poet can be found in our midst who can speak louder in oracles, dive deeper into truth, and ascend out of the ocean of poetry uncontaminated and unhurt. Even the success of many of our so-called eminent poets is no reality. It is the merest fiction; and, heretical as we may seem, we are free to suggest that even Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, and several others, will step back to give place to those whose seats they have usurped. The farce of 'The Fame of our Poets' is nearly ended—the people perceive the trick of the plot, and are fast preparing for a hearty laugh at what they have esteemed along and along as a 'serious domestic drama.' Hillhouse is dead and forgotten—the of the silver shell and golden tongue, whose feet touched no ground that did not reward his glowing heart with heavenly beauties. Fairfield, unwept, unheeded, and unsung, is gone, the poet by profession, by suffering and by genius. He is unknown—Fairfield, who hymned his Clara, sung the high sounding dirge of the 'Cities of the Plain,' and then toiled at the loftier task of painting with his vigorous pencil the woes and death-agonies of overwhelmed Pompeii. We hear now the sounds of his flaming lyric tongue, as the Priests prepare the sacrifice—we listen to the eloquence of the martyr Paul—and, with sorrow, behold the cypress twined with the poet's deathless chaplet of mingled myrtle and laurel. Peace to his memory! Such are the names that shall not die; and, of the living, yet more than one shall outlive the mockery of the age by which they are masked—men who in regions far remote from those where dragon-presses fume with incense as false as it is vain—men who have not the close association to aid them in becoming, in a single hour, the idol of a powerful circle. We quarrel not with those who are thus blessed. They are welcome to all the good they can earn for themselves, and they will be rewarded for all of it that they can accomplish for their age and mankind, of which they talk incessantly, as if man were not long to be man as he has been for ages. We must have an increased faith in humanity, forsooth! There can be little else save decrease of faith and rank Atheism from humanitarians, who would knock away the only prop human nature possesses, by substituting Man for Jesus Christ—that only faith that is worth possession, and without which all else is conventional hypocrisy and delusion. We send this 'increased faith' whence it came, because we cannot swallow it. The osophagus of our humble mind cannot hold it, even though we take it piece-meal, and nicely sugared with the honied phrases of the Cambridge poets. While this 'increased faith' is on the way home, we will protest, contrary to its spirit, that the sweet cries of Peace and Non-resistance, so far as any earlier practical establishment of them is concerned than the building of the New Jerusalem, are mere grace-notes in the active music of the age—that they will not be sustained. They may be the mere embellishments and beauties of individual minds. Their truth is great, but it will not prevail. To our way of thinking and anticipating, the world is now on the highway to the bloodiest wars which can exhibit man as he is by education. We can perceive no possible hope for an escape from these alarming calamities. The increase of facilities for the destruction of life, commonly used as an argument against the probability of future wars, is precisely graduated to the spirit which threatens to arise from beneath the ashes of peace; and we mistake the signs of the times, if some of our peace brethren do not soon seize firelocks in the service of Pius IX., though we are not aware that that monarch has contemplated doing anything to free his own benighted children in this country from the slavery, temporal and spiritual, which the mere spiritual supremacy, as it is termed, of his predecessors has entailed upon them. But we sympathized with Greece and Ireland, and why not with Italy? It is a pity we cannot sympathize with ourselves!

If we have departed too far from our subject, it is only that we would be in fashion with 'great periodicals,' some of those in which, we presume, Mr. Lowell has received his ovations. We are gratified to learn that he has been kindly cherished. Had he not, we should have taken especial care not to do for him as the *savage Quarterly* is said to have done for the darling Keats; and, jesting apart, we desire to be understood that there is not a little in Mr. Lowell's poems which is really healthy and happy, agreeable to the ear and conformable to the understanding—downright good verse, as the world goes, and poetry such as the *American Review* could never spontaneously

appreciate. We hope to have space to show some specimens of pure ore, struck out by the author in a happy hour, when he has forgotten the lessons of his school, and has permitted himself to give promise of a future better used than the past of his poetical life. Let him eschew fanciful metres.

'A Legend of Brittany' is the longest, and, unquestionably, the weakest poem in this collection. Mordred, a knight-templar, is a 'sworn celibate'—a use of the noun not justified, we think, though Wordsworth has sung of the 'wooded celibates of St. Bees.' It is more correctly applied to the state of bachelorship, as Bishop Taylor, in his *Rule of Conscience*, uses it, 'among those who pretended to the purities of celibate, or Stillingfleet, 'so the celibate of the clergy was strictly enjoined,' or by Boyle, more recently, 'He, that said it was not good for man to be alone, placed the celibate amongst the inferior states of perfection.'* But odd words and the odd use of words are common with minds that otherwise are not happily attractive, just as male birds always need the gayer plumage to win the affections of the less tawdry mother—just, indeed, as Mordred did Margaret. He despoiled the cottage girl of her fame, and it is

'Enough that Margaret by his mad steel fell,' and that the Templar perishes at the funeral, but in what manner we are not precisely informed. This is the subject, and small subject, it must be confessed, it is for upwards of eight hundred verses. In the entire production there are only a few good stanzas; the twenty-second and twenty-fourth of the first part are the best. The whole contains nothing beyond a general inkling of the peculiar faith of the author, which, on page 145, in his own language, he has unknowingly though very happily termed

'The vague love of human kind.' Now this faith in humanity is very well to build theories upon, but nations and individuals are proverbially ungrateful, and the abusive epithets applied to good and great men of past ages, by those of Mr. Lowell's class, go very far to prove that the truth is covered by our assertion. Mr. Lowell himself is a living instance of an ungrateful spirit, for there is no poet of ancient or modern times, to whom he is more indebted for the spirit of his songs and sonnets than Wordsworth. The bard of Rydal Mount taught him to be a poet, while a few sips from the dainty goblet of Shelley, and a draught or two from the delicate, rose-wreathed chalice of Keats, and, perchance, a sprinkling from the murmuring fountain of heart-born Motherwell completed the transformation. We detect this in the poems, and know it from no other source, having never till now read a single line in any way connected with the author. Is it not ungrateful, then, to style Wordsworth

'An old man faithless in Humanity?' Surely this is the unkindest cut of all. Mr. Lowell should remember the fate of those children who were torn to pieces by the two and forty bears for their insolence to reverend age.

But we are exceeding reasonable limits, and must now leave much unsaid that ought to be known for the sake of the republic of letters. We do not agree with Mr. Lowell in his views of poetical art. More than once he affects to despise the perfection of the poet's science and the attainment of a poet's fame. This comes with a bad grace from one who is very far from being a master of the first rules of composition, and who is eaten up with a passion for fame. The fable of the fox and the grapes forces itself upon our attention. Mr. Lowell is a very miserable rhymist—the worst that we have met with. He does not know what a true rhyme is, for our ears are repeatedly shocked with recurrence of the self-same terminating sounds. Out of scores of these, we select a few as specimens, and we should be puzzled to find anything so bad in the whole accumulation of rhymes which has floated up the Kennebec for the last fifty years.

'All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging' p. 86.
'Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful' p. 85.
'I screamed with horrible delight,
And in my brain an awful light' p. 93.
'Like sunny wavelets in the sea,
In gazing on the brilliancy' p. 97.
'A smooth gurgle wanders,
As the blue stream murmurs' p. 100.
'Where thy stainless clay doth lie,
Dreams of summer, silently' p. 102.
'Thou didst dwell in mysteries,
Awfully wild memories' p. 102.
'So thou hast shed some bloom of gaiety,
But never one of steadfast cheerfulness,
Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity,
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness' p. 231.
'More trembly secret than Aurora's tear
Shed in the bosom of an eagle' p. 7.

So much for rhymes, though we may add that there are some absolutely worse, if such could be the case, as *wood and wood, ear and whiter, sense and innocence*. In rhythm he founders and splashes about quite as loosely. *Power, toward, heaven, even, &c.* are made dissyllables, in defiance of custom and propriety. Consequently we have often four feet instead of five, and sometimes almost marvel that so original a bard should have left himself a single foot to stand upon. Among the bad rhythm of his blank verse and pentameters, we find such attempted cheating with bad measure as—

'To do him fealty and service true' p. 26.
'Soon to return, for power made love sweet' p. 33.
'All eyes toward the altar; damp and raw' p. 54.
'I could but guess, and then toward me came' p. 69.
'They are wrong from me but by the agonies' p. 68.
'Between the substance and the shadow of Truth' p. 74.
'Which souls of a half-greatness are best with' p. 76.
But it is not with such harsh and unpoetical numbers that we can carry. They are like the gates of Milton's hell to our ears. It is with Mr. Lowell's sense that we would have a colloquy. What is meant by saying (p. 24) that the endurance of sorrow is

'The desperate knife
Where with the cable of our dreams we share?'
We can understand such a figure as sorrow's

cutting the cable of our dreams, but how we could share the said cable except by dividing and giving the desperate knife one half of it, or by devouring the whole between us, is past our simple comprehension. Again, (p. 26) with respect to the heart, we are told

'What'er in life is harsh or out of tune
Is all shut out,'
(a consummation not to be enjoyed by mortals while Mr. Lowell despises Art,) and it is added

'No boding shade of blight
Can pierce the opiate ether of its moon!'
Is this poetry? We have a heart, we trust, open to the sufferings of humanity, and pronounce our utter conviction of the absolute necessity of the abolition of all attempts to impose such stuff upon the public either as rhyme or reason. That we may not be charged with destroying the context, let the passage have the benefit of it. Mr. Lowell says, 'fill the heart with sunshine quite'—then 'close it around its warm delight,' and 'no boding shade can pierce,' &c. We suppose so. Quite fill, as Mrs. Glass would say, a heart with sunshine, as you would a pint bottle, and it closes round its 'warm delight,' so that no shade of blight can pierce it, of course; for where there is no interruption of sunshine there can be no shade. Mr. Lowell, moreover, indulges us with 'mighty thoughts that are growing fledged to sail with a darkening shadow.' When they are grown, full fledged, they may be mighty—but it is impossible to assure the world on that point—and they may sail, but it will be in some such craft as Mr. Lowell has the honor to pilot with his 'darkening shadow.'

But we must close. We shall have hopes of Mr. Lowell, if he will reform his poetical creed. There are verses of his of old fashioned excellence, such as would do honor to some of the worthiest of bards—verses not indulging in the cant of an 'increased faith in humanity,' but showing us what man is and may be. Such writing may have an effect—but the lyrics which sound of mighty thoughts advancing which are never realized, are like the cries of Bugaboo, by servants, to frighten unruly and thoughtless children.

With the following excellent verses we take our leave of Mr. Lowell and all his follies and affections, which are legion.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old,
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits ears,
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble ears,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare,
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of tottering limbs with brown arms bare,
And wears in his easy chair,
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
Hardy frame, a harder spirit;
King of two lands, he holds his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes of joy with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toll-worm merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! I scorn not thy state,
That with all other's level stands;
Large charity doth never sleep,
But only whitens, soft, white hands,
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son! I scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toll only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of soil,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove true to your heirship past;
By record of a well-filled vest;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

VARIETY.

TRUTH WELL EXPRESSED.—The Governor of Tennessee, in his Inaugural Address, says: 'I firmly believe, and take pleasure in announcing, that no State can prosper in a long career of true glory in the disregard of the claims of justice and the injunction of the Christian religion. A flood-tide of apparent prosperity may come, filling for the time the avenues of trade, and satiating the cravings of taste and curiosity, yet sooner or later it has its ebb, and either drowns with its abundance or leaves the void greater than before. History is a silent but eloquent witness of its truth, and from her undying lamp sheds a stream of unceasing light along our pathway. The fabrics of ancient greatness, built by injustice and consecrated to ambition, are now fitting shadows before us, starting up from behind the broken pillars and fallen columns that were reared to perpetuate the genius by which they were wrought.'

RENOVATION OF ORCHARDS.

Prune thoroughly and dig well and deep round every tree, and cut away all the sprouts. Then scrape off all the loose bark and dig out the boxes with a sharp knife and pointed wire; then throw around each tree about half a bushel of unbleached ashes, cover with six inches of good manure, and cover the whole up with at least one foot of good earth, and by this method old trees will renew their youth, and if

washed with cold soap suds frequently after a shower, they will be much invigorated. Every farmer should have a portable force pump, or rather a small fire engine, to sprinkle his orchard. One worth sixty dollars, with metallic valves to throw weak alkaline solutions on the trees, would soon make a fortune to the fruitist.

THE HAPPY GIRL.

Ay, she is a happy girl—we know by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.—*Boston Post.*

OCCUPATIONS.

What an absurd idea it is which supposes that an occupation gives character to a man, apart from the honest nature of that occupation. One occupation is just as honorable as another, if it is an honest one. The man who holds the plough, yields the hammer, or drives the jack-plane, is just as much estimated in the eyes of his Creator as a preacher or orator, banker or merchant. But alas for the pride of the present day, and the notions of vulgarity imbibed and ingrained in too many fathers and mothers, and these trades-people too, that so far from remembering the good old times 'when Adam delved and Eve spun,' nothing will do but to educate their sons, and daughters for ladies and the learned professions. All labor is honorable, and the mechanic and merchant are alike honorable in their professions as they are intelligent, honest and industrious. Without these requisites no occupation can make a man honorable. Those who do no labor, follow after a most dishonorable calling—that of idleness. The rich and the poor can labor in their separate spheres, but to do good all labor must be directed to some object of utility, whether it be in objects of taste or necessity. Let mechanics pride themselves in their occupations; let them by intelligence, good manners, industry, economy, and honesty, feel a consciousness of those virtues practised, and in a very short time we predict an influence exerted by them, as powerful as they are strong in numbers.—*Scientific American.*

INSTRUCTING A CARRIER.—The fun lovers had a hearty laugh on Wednesday, at a process which was going on in Main street. It seems our good neighbor, Father Cist, had occasion to employ a new carrier for his Advertiser, and having caught a very green one, sent him round with the one before employed 'to learn the places.' As they came to each subscriber's door, they chanted a large "C" on it, that the new one might know it when he came again. Thus they passed on. When they got out of sight, the wags took their turn, and C's were soon to be seen on each side of the street in wonderful abundance. Yesterday, we are told, our neighbor's ordinary edition was exhausted in an astonishingly short time.—*Om. Atlas.*



WATERVILLE, DEC. 23.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT.

The following from the Boston Courier is so precisely what we would say on the subject, that we adopt it and commend it to particular notice without exception.

A few men, and sometimes, one or two, advance wondrous in this department of benevolence, taste and piety. Trees are planted by the road side, burial grounds are beautified, schools are elevated, the architecture of public and private edifices undergoes a favorable change, fairs are improved, streams of water, are brought into use in mechanical operations, the manners of the community are refined, and the moral tone of society is made more conformable to the Divine regulations. Instances are at hand, all over New England, to illustrate and testify to the power, almost magical, which has thus been beneficently exercised, and deep is the debt of gratitude due to such individuals for their public spirit.

Place side by side, with this picture, the absence of public spirit in a town. Let the few rich or leading men be actuated solely by a private spirit, and attend to their individual concerns, without the slightest reference to the public good, and in some cases act in direct opposition to it. Here, all is stereotyped with dullness, decay, death. Roads, fences, houses, grave-yards, poor-houses, meeting-houses, and business of every description in retrograde. The land is good, there is money, men and talent, but all are locked up in the strong box of indolence, or imprisoned in the ice-bergs of a cold and self-deceiving selfishness. Private spirit is rampant, in slander, suspicion, meanness, rapacity, lusts, infidelity, or a dead state of religion approaching to it. The community may get along in some sort, and some persons may think well enough, but the progress in intellectual, physical and moral aspects, is very much like the rate of a team of oxen harnessed to an old shed, and permitted to have their own way, with plenty of fodder before them. Some such towns, to the disgrace of New England, are yet to be found, but they are growing less and less numerous, and must either die out, or catch the spirit of the times and advance.

But some will say, it is of no use to make the attempt in our place, to adorn, to enrich, and make respectable, for the community are so insensible and so hostile to all innovations. Nevertheless, try, and persevere, and rise above the opinion of those who misrepresent such efforts. Others will declare that they are too old, or too young, too rich or too poor, too learned or too illiterate, to make the attempt. Never mind for that. Try. Many are so occupied with political matters, about which, however, they know nothing, that they cannot move a finger for any public work, which will make the town attractive and honorable. Let not public spirited men slumber on this account.

Begin, by planting a tree, or setting out a rose bush in your own premises; if you can do nothing more. Paint your house, or repair your fence, and that will be something. Try and get a new school house in your district, and that of the most improved model, and then procure a teacher above the ordinary standard

of your village, and encourage him after you get him, to put forth his energies. Get a minister, not only of approved piety, and one who will look well to his flock, that no souls are lost through his negligence, but also, one who has an eye to taste, and order, and beauty, and diligence, and enterprise, that he may occasionally, throw in his influence, like another Nehemiah, to build up the walls of the material as well as the spiritual Jerusalem. C. C. B.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

WHO SHALL BOW?

MR. EDITOR:—The writer is not much given to fault-finding, especially on account of any inconvenience to which we gentlemen are subjected, in consequence of any regulations that the ladies see fit to establish; we ask permission, however, to bring our grievances within the beams of the *'Eastern Mail'*, and to hope they may thereby be dispelled or alleviated. I would speak of what may be called the 'Science of Street Salutation.' It appears that the ladies (with some exceptions) have fully concluded not to bow to a gentleman in the street, unless the following circumstances combine: first, he must bow; second, the gentleman must be an acquaintance; and, third, then the lady must be graciously willing. Now in order to gain a bow from a lady, (which I assure you is quite a circumstance) we find much difficulty in conforming to these requirements—more particularly that of bowing first—for how can we be the first to salute, unless we know who the lady is? and how are we to recognize a lady, when her head is all covered in bonnet and veil? It is a well established fact, that a gentleman rarely notices the particulars of a lady's dress; he could hardly even recall the color; it is her general appearance that he observes. It follows, therefore, that to distinguish a lady, he must be privileged with a view of her face, or hear her voice. I will now state a case of frequent occurrence. A gentleman in the street sees a lady before him, going in the same direction. He, of course, walks fastest, and approaches her, soon gets near; as may be expected, he cannot recognize her by the back of her bonnet; he finds himself opposite to her, and what shall he do? He must either turn his head and look under her bonnet, or pass on without speaking. The former does not always answer the desired purpose, especially if there is a veil in the way; and here let me remark, that though a lady can see out through a veil, it is not so easy to see in through one. Then to look with that earnestness the circumstances require, if the lady prove not to be an acquaintance, causes one to ask as if he was looking where he had no business to. And to adopt the other resource, pass on without speaking, will never do; for it might be a friend, who would consider us deficient in politeness; it even might be the very person to whom, of all others, we would wish to be very polite. In these truly trying situations we have to resort to expedients for relief; one of which is a kind of half bow, that may pass for one or not, as the case may be. If it proves to be an acquaintance to whom we make it, she will consider it a bow; if not, not one. This affords but slight relief, and is very likely to fail altogether. We would rather be over obsequious, than otherwise, to the ladies, and many are the bows made to the wind, in consequence of addressing them to we know not whom. Considering these circumstances, would it be improper to ask of the ladies that assistance which 'bowing first on their part' would afford?

[Well—this is laughable, that we should be called upon to act as umpire in a question of etiquette! We must decline. We should be as likely to quote Jack Downing or Governor —, as Chesterfield or Count D'Orsay—and possibly a little more so, for the former have common sense, while one of the latter is the greatest fool we can think of. But we have relief from another source; we have, among our acquaintance, one lady with a very kind heart, who offers to make the following response.]

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Our friend has laid his grievances before us, hoping that they may be alleviated by some ray of consolation from the *'Eastern Mail'*. We sincerely sympathize with him in his fancied griefs, for such we must be allowed to term them for reasons we will give. The principal grievance laid before us, is the mode of street salutation now practised by the ladies of our village. He complains that it is very difficult to salute a lady first, unless he knows who the lady is. In this we perfectly agree with him; but would ask, would it be decorous for a lady to address a gentleman first, unless she knew him? which, during the prevailing fashion of short cloaks, in which the gentlemen completely muffle themselves, would be quite as difficult for a lady to recognize an acquaintance in a gentleman thus ensconced, as when a lady is prudent enough to guard her lungs from the winter air by a veil. As to the fact, which our friend thinks so well established, that a gentleman never notices the particulars of a lady's dress, but merely her general appearance, we do not agree, for we have often heard gentlemen recapitulate the color of the bonnet-ribbon of every lady in church, (much to their shame, however;) but in this we merely wish to show that some gentlemen (in fact the majority) are extremely observing of the minutiae of a lady's dress, and therefore better qualified to recognize first the lady whom they meet or pass in the street. The unpleasant circumstance of a gentleman seeing a lady before him, and being unable thus to recognize her, and as unwilling as it would be impossible to look under her bonnet, we would suggest, as an easy remedy for this evil, if the lady is some distance before the gentleman, it is not absolutely necessary that he increase the speed of his gait, but walk quietly along, and allow the lady to do the same, in happy ignorance of the fact of a gentleman being behind; but if the relative gait of the two individuals be such as to render it necessary for them to pass each other, we will assure, in the name of every lady of our town, that the curiosity we have all inherited from our common mother should prompt her to look sufficiently round

to reveal her features to any gentleman behind, despite bonnet and veil. And, moreover, if our friend would only manifest, by some token, that lady to whom he wishes to be so very polite, perhaps she might be induced to doff bonnet and veil, and allow her fair face to be gazed at. The expedient of the 'half bow,' we disapprove. Let it be a frank, open bow, or none. No lady is satisfied with a half bow. Even if a gentleman should bow to a lady with whom he has no acquaintance, where would be the harm? She would put some good construction upon it, and only remark, 'That gentleman is exceedingly polite.'

We commend the desire of our friend to be 'over obsequious than otherwise to the ladies,' and would also assure him, that no bow was ever 'made to the wind,' but, will eventually receive its reward, by raising the individual in the estimation of those, to whom he has been polite. Our friend asks, considering all these circumstances; would it be improper, for a lady passed by a gentleman, to bow first, to which we answer decidedly, yes, for how could a lady speak first to a gentleman who is advancing behind her? would he wish her to carry a mirror in her hand, in which would be reflected the image of the corner, and thus carry to her mind the fact, as otherwise she would be ignorant of it.

Still, we are unable to endorse the reply of our friend. She is too anxious to dodge responsibility. We never set great value upon the 'bows and scrapes' of fashion; but so long as common safety requires that all (especially ladies) should be free to select their own acquaintances, we contend that whichever is allowed the first bow, should allow the other to turn the 'cold shoulder' at option. Now, whether politeness can reconcile itself to giving this privilege to a gentleman, is the question with us. We contend that the ladies shall have the privilege of the first bow—and shall act accordingly: still leaving the matter open for the discussion of the knowing ones, after calling to our aid that conspicuous fool of fashion, Count D'Orsay.

THE OLD BLOCKHOUSE. We like the suggestion of the Maine Farmer, that means should be taken for the preservation of the old Blockhouse in Winslow, nearly opposite this village. It is a most interesting relic, and intimately associated with the early history of our State in times that tried men's souls. A few years, and all these old landmarks will be lost. We doubt not our generous neighbors in Winslow have enough of the spirit of '76 to induce proper measures not only to preserve this interesting monument, but to give it additional interest.

GEN. TAYLOR AT NEW ORLEANS. The enthusiasm with which Gen. Taylor was received at New Orleans, if we may judge from the newspapers, was beyond all bounds, and must be regarded, we presume, as an indication of the extent to which the war spirit prevails. No tokens by which the patriotic people might manifest their adoration of military glory, were neglected. The Catholic bishop who addressed the General in the Cathedral, said:—

"While as Christian ministers we will give glory to God for the brilliant success of our arms in the Mexican war, we may be permitted to join with our fellow-citizens in the expression of their admiration for the magnanimous hero who, raising with a firm hand the glorious banner of our country, traced the way for our undaunted band and led them through the hardship of a glorious war, to the victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista."

At a favorite jump of one of the dancers at the St. Charles theatre, Gen. Taylor is said to have been so much aroused as to throw her a bouquet which he held in his hand. Whereupon, as the Picayune says:

"The admirable young French woman, determined not to be outdone in courtesy selected one—the best from a shower of bouquets flung to her on the stage, and with a respectful courtesy presented it to the laureled chief. He looked at the moment as if he had won a Buena Vista victory on the field of Beauty."

The New Orleans Bee, in allusion to the general's visit, says:

"He was welcomed not by hundreds or thousands but by the whole city. Like a populous hive New Orleans poured forth its living swarms to greet him, and during his stay he was envied by the multitude who were never tired of gazing on the war worn lineaments of the veteran, and reading in his expressive countenance the record of a life of stirring activity, unstinted by a single thought or action that would not honor humanity."

IRON WORKS. A site and water privilege on Emerson's Stream, near this village, have recently been purchased by two or three capitalists of Waterville, under a contract for the immediate erection of extensive iron works. There is capital enough in Waterville to occupy a large portion of the extensive water privileges in our village and vicinity, and we are glad to see it invested for the advantage of the place, and, as we doubt not the result will show, of those who make the investment. How much better this, than to look abroad for an importation of capital and enterprise—attended, as they usually are, with a proportionate importation of mechanics and laborers, regardless of the ability of the place to supply them. If we make our own improvements, so far as we have the means, we can do our own labor, so far as we have competent laborers, instead of yielding the best places to mechanics and artists from abroad. If Boston capital can be profitably invested in Waterville, so can that of our own citizens; and we are glad to find there are some who are not disposed to wait till all the best chances are taken by capitalists from abroad. We need no importations of either capital or enterprise, till our own are brought into successful operation. When this is done to the utmost, we care not how much turns this way from abroad, or whether it comes from Boston or China. But our citizens should be watchful to secure the best chances

for themselves; otherwise they may find room for regret when it will avail nothing. There are doubtless rare opportunities here for investing capital in the various branches of manufacturing, and those who move earliest will be likely to secure the best bargains. Waterville is destined to see great improvement in the coming ten years; but much of it must be effected by the money and enterprise and labor of her own citizens. The sooner they are brought into action the better.

The papers are paying high compliments to Judge Wells, on his first appearance upon the bench, in Portland.

We learn from a notice in the Eastern Argus, that the Unitarian clergyman at Kennebunk, who refused to read the Governor's proclamation for thanksgiving, and substituted the proclamation of Gov. Briggs of Mass., has been compelled to give notice of a dissolution of his connection with his church.

PREMIUMS.
We offer the following nice and liberal premiums for new subscribers to the Mail. The offer will continue till New-Year.

For five responsible subscribers, for one year, we offer the *Complete Works of Josephus*, in one large volume, beautifully gilded, with a portrait. It usually sells at \$2. The same will be given for four subscribers, paid in advance.

For four responsible subscribers, for one year, a beautiful copy of the *New American Gardener*, or the same for three, paid in advance.

For three subscribers, a copy of *Pessenden's Complete Farmer*, neatly bound and lettered, or a pretty pocket edition of the *Bible*—or either of these for two subscribers, paid in advance.

The whole of the above four beautiful volumes, which usually sell at the shops for \$5, will be given for twelve subscribers, or for ten, paid in advance.

We further offer to our present subscribers, to receive \$1.50 in full for the present volume of the Mail, if paid previous to the first of January next—after which time we shall expect pay according to contract.

Almost any individual can obtain one or all of the above premiums, with very little effort, and receive in addition our very humble thanks. Unless attended to soon, our agent will be along, and he is sure to secure all he sees.

YANKEE LUCK. We are informed that Messrs. Haviland & Tuttle, patentees of a water-wheel extensively known and used in this section, have recently disposed of one-fourth of their right, to the Fulton Iron Co., South Boston, for \$8,500! If they do as well with the remaining three quarters, the ingenuity of the inventor will be well rewarded. Three of these wheels have been ordered by the Boston Mill Dam Company, and our townsman, Mr. E. O. Wheeler, has been engaged to put them in operation. They are already extensively used in Massachusetts. They are now manufactured by Messrs. Webber & Haviland, at their iron works in this town.

SEIZURE OF CANADA EXPRESS MAILS.
The Montpelier (Vt.) Patriot, of Thursday, in relation to this matter, says:

"We published last week a letter of instructions from the Postmaster General to the P. M. at this place, relating to an attempt of a concern called 'Cridge's Boston and Montreal Express' to run mail matter over the United States post routes, from Canada to the steamers at Boston, after the mail arrangements existing between the two Governments had been broken off by the illiberality of the British Government."

"We understand that on Tuesday, this Express, with some one or two thousand letters, came in contact with Mr. Deputy Marshal J. E. Dodge, somewhere between Burlington and St. Albans—that the letters are held at Burlington and the express driver is lodged in the Chittenden County jail."

McHenry Boyd, Esq., who was accidentally shot in Philadelphia lately, on his wedding day, has died from his wound.

The circumstances of this fatality are painfully interesting. Mr. Boyd had but recently returned from London, where he officiated as secretary of legation after the death of Mr. Gansevoort Melville; he was young, wealthy, and on the very day of the accident had put the capstone to the edifice of his worldly happiness by marriage with a lovely and amiable young lady of Maryland; the journey to Philadelphia was for the purpose of embarking on a honeymoon tour to Europe.

THE ALLEGED FORGERY.—The sensation produced in State street yesterday by the appearance of Mr. Miller, was equal to that caused by the original charges of forgery. It is but justice, we think, to Mr. Miller and all parties concerned, that while an investigation is promised, the opinion of the public should be in some degree suspended as to the guilt or innocence of the parties named. It is certainly to be hoped, for the credit of our city, and its business men, that the charge of forgery may prove false. We learn from a citizen of Waltham, who, though not a personal friend of Mr. Miller, has yet a good opportunity to know the sentiments of the people there, that from the first moment of the circulation of the charges against Mr. Miller, they have been entirely discredited by all classes of its citizens. Both of the parties named in these transactions are well known there, and the opinion we speak of is based upon the business operations of both gentlemen in that town. It is Mr. Miller's birth-place and from his boyhood he has been constantly engaged in business there. No man in Waltham has done more to build up the place, or to aid mechanics or laboring men; and we are assured that aside from the precarious reputation of the business in which he is engaged, as a dealer in stocks, deemed by many as a species of gambling, and by which fortunes are made and lost in a day, no discreditable suspicion had ever been attached to his name; he has an interesting and lovely family, to which he is tenderly attached, and which alone should restrain him from the commission of any disreputable act. He himself springs from one of the oldest families in Waltham, whose reputation is stainless; and though his friends have been deeply pained by the publication of the late reports, they have ever felt, in com-

mon with the citizens of the town, the utmost confidence that he would be able to relieve his name from the reproach that for the moment has rested upon it.—*Bost. Traveller.*

THE GREAT FALLS MURDER.—Three men have been arrested at Great Falls, N. H., charged with the murder of Freeman, viz: Luther Fernald, (son of the tavern keeper there;) James Usher, and a person named Burnham. The verdict of the coroner's jury had not been announced at the last accounts. Usher is lately from the New Hampshire State Prison, and is said to have borne the names of Hammett, Gardner, and Nutter.

Among the rumors afloat, one is that Usher was suspected of having been connected with the Parker murder at Manchester. The suspicion against these three men amounts almost to certainty, and the excitement of the people against them, and the elder Fernald, is intense.

Drowned in Hampden, Me., on the 27th ult. Mr. Benjamin Gubbi of Hermon, aged 28 years. He was cutting a log in jam to loosen the mass, which suddenly started, precipitating him into the rapids before he could make his escape. In about one hour afterwards his crushed and lifeless body was found three feet below the surface of the water, in a mass of logs below. His two distressed brothers and other companions made every effort to save him, but all in vain. He has left a widow and one child of two years to mourn his early death.

Drowned in Camden, Me., on the evening of the 25th ult. Mr. Robert Ogeir, aged 54 years and 11 months. He was at work in the cotton factory at Camden harbor. While crossing from the factory to the cloth bars he fell into the stream, and although his body was taken from the water in a short time, yet his spirit had gone to God who gave it. He has left a wife and children, aged parents, brothers and sisters, and a large number of relatives, to mourn his sudden exit.

The new Clerk of the House of Representatives has removed four of his assistants—Messrs Medrey, Harris, Brown, and McLaughlin; and appointed Messrs. Mudd, Anderson, Morehead and Harper, in their places.

STRANGE GIBLETS.—We have often heard of the fowl that laid golden eggs, but we never thought that the fable to a certain extent would be verified. On Sunday last, the members of Major Gallay's Battalion visited Gen. Taylor to the annual dinner, given in commemoration of the Feast of St. Barbe, the patron saint of artillery; but as the time for the General's departure was fixed for nine o'clock, it was impossible for him to attend. The officers and members of the Battalion, however, were determined that the "old hero" should not leave without receiving some testimonial of respect. Accordingly, on Sunday morning last, they sent Gen. Taylor a huge pasteboard turkey done brown. When the artificial fowl was opened, to the astonishment of all it was found to contain a splendid pair of gold epaulettes and a sash of the costliest description! These were presented by the officers and members of the Battalion, in token of their veneration and esteem for the honored chieftain, who has so nobly filled his part in the battles waged against the foe.—*New Orleans Delta.* 17th

CAUTION.
It is understood that an individual is traveling about this county, and is probably now in this town, making certain enquiries in regard to the case of Dr. V. P. Coolidge, and apparently with the purpose of ascertaining the opinions of Jurors drawn for the trial of that case. Such an interference with the course of public justice it is believed is unjustifiable. A conversation, conducted as it might be by such an agent, might lead to the formation or declaration of opinions in regard to the matter to be tried, on the part of jurors drawn, which would give an unwarrantable advantage to the accused, and greatly embarrass the proceedings at the trial. Persons drawn as jurors, and all others would do well to avoid holding any conversation with that agent, (whose name we are told is Greenleaf,) which would in any way indicate opinions in regard to capital punishment generally, or in regard to the guilt or innocence of Dr. Coolidge, who it is well known is soon to be tried on an indictment found against him at the late session of the Court in this County.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS.
The unparalleled and astonishing efficacy of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, in all the diseases for which it is recommended, curing many cases after the skill of the best physicians was unavailing, has effected a large and increasing demand for it. This fact has caused many unprincipled counterfeiters and imitators to palm off spurious mixtures, of similar name and appearance, for the genuine Balsam. Some are called "Syrup of Wild Cherry," "Balm of Spikenard," "Wild Cherry Confection," &c. Another, "Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," mispelling the name, and forging certificates to resemble those of the true Balsam. "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry" is the only genuine. The rest merely imitate the name of the original, while they possess none of its virtues.

LOOK WELL TO THE MARKS OF THE GENUINE.
The genuine Balsam is put up in bottles, with the words "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Philadelphia," blown in the glass; each bottle bearing a label on the front, with the signature of H. WISTAR, M. D.

This will be enveloped hereafter with a new wrapper; copyright secured, 1844; on which will always appear the written signature of "H. WISTAR, M. D."

For sale in Waterville by Wm. Dyer; Fairfield, Wm. B. Snow & Co. Sold also by agents generally.

MARRIAGES.
In West Waterville, on the 10th inst., by S. Kimball, Esq., Mr. Robert Hasey, to Miss Sybil F. Cornforth.

Stoves, Stoves!
HENRY NOURSE & CO.
HAVE on hand a large stock of COOKING STOVES, consisting in part of:
Sizer's Air-tight,
Hager's Air-tight,
Troy Improved Air-tight,
The justly celebrated Stewart's Improved Air-tight,
Troy-Victory, Troy Parlor,
Hathaway Improved,
Bosworth's Revolving Flue,
and the
KENNEBEC,
a new and much improved Cooking-Stove.

PARLOR STOVES.
Common Sheet Iron, Air-tight, Office, Box, and other Stoves,
all of which will be sold at reduced prices, which cannot fail to satisfy purchasers.
Waterville.

IRON AND STEEL.
THE best assortment to be found in this town, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

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W. C. DOW & CO.

The publication of our paper has been delayed one day, on account of not receiving our paper according to arrangement.

C. K. MATHEWS'S PERIODICAL DEPOT.
All the Magazines and monthly Periodicals of the day, will be furnished to subscribers at subscription prices free of postage, at his Book-store, Main St. Waterville.

A liberal discount from the regular price will be made to clubs.

LOST.
On Friday, last, between Mrs. Bradbury's shop and E. L. Smith's house, a BLACK KID WALLET, containing six or eight dollars in money, some papers and a piece of green silk fringed. Among the papers was a certificate from a Superintendent School Committee to the lady owning the wallet. Any person finding the above mentioned wallet and leaving it at this office, or with E. L. Smith shall be suitably rewarded.

BOOK AND FANCY JOB
JOHN S. CARTER
CONTINUES TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF
BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING,
IN GOOD STYLE AND AT SHORT NOTICE.
He keeps for sale most kinds of BLANKS in use in this vicinity.
JOB AND CARD PRINTING done in good shape and at fair prices.
Office in Pray's Building, three doors below Williams's Hotel, Main street.
Waterville, Nov. 1847.

DAQUERRETYPE MINIATURES,
Taken by a Sky-light.
J. FREEMAN would just say that his stay in town is short, as he will leave the
FIRST OF DECEMBER,
and those wishing for a good likeness will do well to call soon. Persons sitting for Miniatures will not be expected to take them unless correct, and they are satisfied with them.
Miniatures taken without regard to weather, from 9 o'clock forenoon to 4 o'clock afternoon.
Waterville, Nov. 16, 1847.

SCHOOL NOTICE.
MISS SCRIBNER will commence the winter term of her school on Monday, Nov. 29.
Waterville, Nov. 16, 1845.

NO MISTAKE!
BUT any who NUTS, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES, LEMONS, ORANGE, SWEET POTATOES, CANDY, &c. are as fresh and as good as can be procured in this vicinity. Please call and see.
A. L. FORD.
Waterville, Nov. 11, 1847.

HOUSE FOR SALE.
A TWO-STORY HOUSE, pleasantly situated on Elm street, formerly owned by the late Isaac Dodge, now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Nott. The house and outbuildings are in good repair. Inquiries can be made of Mrs. Winslow, or G. H. Dodge, Hampton Falls, N. H.
Nov. 1847.

ALMANACS!
JUST received—**gross MAINE and ROUGH J. and READY ALMANACS,** which will be sold very low, wholesale or retail, at the Book and Stationery Depot of J. B. SHURTLEFF.
Nov. 17, 1847.

A BOOK FOR EVERY FARMER.
THE AMERICAN VETERINARIAN, OR DISEASES OF ANIMALS, with rules for Training, Managing, and Breeding, by S. W. Cole, of the Boston City Hospital. For sale by
J. B. SHURTLEFF.
Nov. 17, 1847.

SLATES! SLATES!
LARGE assortment, wholesale or retail, from 6 to 15 cents, at
SHURTLEFF'S BOOK DEPOT,
No. 1 Boutelle Block, Old Store of C. J. Wingate.
Nov. 17, 1847.

CARDS!
PLAIN, ORNAMENTED and EMBOSSED—an extensive assortment for sale, from 12-1/2 to 25 cents per pack, by
J. B. SHURTLEFF.
Nov. 17, 1847.

CASH FOR HIDES AND BARK!
The subscriber will pay Cash for Hides and Hemlock Bark, delivered at his Tannery, in Fairfield, the present Fall and Winter.
ANDREW ARCHER.
Nov. 1847.

MUFFS! MUFFS!!
L. CROWELL
HAS Just Received a LARGE ASSORTMENT of Muffs, Boas, Buffalo Robes, Hats, and Caps, which are for sale on reasonable terms.

All kinds of School Books & Stationery,
Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads,
Chairs, Featherbeds, & Looking Glasses
November, 1847. 16.1f

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D.,
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the inhabitants of Waterville and its vicinity.
Office in Ticonic Row, Main Street.

He refers to
"DR. JACOB BIGELOW,"
"H. L. BOWDITCH,"
"D. H. STORER,"
"J. B. JACKSON," BOSTON.

DANIEL SANBORN,
COUNSELLOR & ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Waterville, Me.
Will devote his whole attention to the business of his profession.
Office in PRAY'S BUILDING Main street.
18.3ms.

HORSE BLANKETING, 9-4 wide, all wool, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

IRON AND STEEL.
THE best assortment to be found in this town, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

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W. C. DOW & CO.

NEW ARRIVAL.
\$1,500 WORTH
OF
'READY-MADE CLOTHING.'
JUST RECEIVED,
BY
CHARLES H. THAYER.

Consisting of the following articles:
Heavy Tweed COATS, Black Cassimere PANTS
Mixed sat. do. Striped do. do.
Blue Ribbed do. Black sat. do.
Mixed sat. JACKETS, Blue do. do.
Green do. Blue Ribbed do.
Silk VESTS, Mixed sat. do.
Fancy do. Canada Grey do.
Cassimere do. Check satinet do.
Rob Roy do. Red flannel SHIRTS
Satinett do. Striped do.
Overall do. Red Flannel Drawers.

BOYS' CLOTHING.
Tweed COATS, Black cassimere PANTS
Cassimere do. Striped satinet do.
Blue cassimere JACKETS, Mixed do.
Mixed sat. do. Plain do.
SATINETT SACKS, Fancy Vests.

A general assortment of
DRY GOODS!!!
Consisting in part of the following articles:
Broadcloths, Towels, Alpaca, Prints
Cassimere, Sateen, M. de Laune, Patchs
Doekings, Vestings, Gingham, Shaws
&c., &c., &c.

A large Stock of
PAINTS AND OILS,
Consisting in part of the following articles:
Conch Varnish, Whiting, American Vermilion
Furniture do. Lamp Black, Chinese Green
Japann, Gum Shellac, Chrome Green
Spir Turpentine, Grd. Verdigris, "Yellow
Lined Oil, French Yellow, "Red
Lamp Oil, Ven. Red, "Coch
Pure Grd. Lead, Prussian Blue, Jay do.
Extra do. Litharge, Paris Green
Red do. Umber, Rose Pink
Gla do. Flake White

GOLD LEAF, &c. &c.
A general assortment of
W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES,
HARDWARE & IRON,
NAILS AND GLASS.

A LARGE LOT OF
Buffalo Robes, Fur, Seal, and Nutra Caps.
The above were bought mostly for cash, and will be sold as low as can be bought on Kennebec River.
Waterville, Oct. 27, 1847. 14.1f

NEW STOVE STORE!
MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.

THE Subscriber has taken the Store formerly occupied by APPLETON & GILMAN, North side the Common, and East side of Main Street, where he will keep constantly on hand a General assortment of the most approved

Cooking Stoves
THAT CAN BE FOUND ON THE KENNEBEC.
To those who want a Cook Stove, particular attention is invited to Smith's

PATENT TROJAN PIONEER,
MANUFACTURED BY
LEWIS P. MEAD & CO., Augusta.

Where the unrivalled scale and high Testimonials of its Cooking Qualities, render it the most popular and convenient Stove now in use.
This stove can in a few moments be so disconnected as to make TWO PERFECT STOVES, and the Oven part used for a Summer or Winter Stove, taking less fuel, and performing the various Cooking purposes admirably.

Also, for Sale, the
CONGRESS AIR-TIGHT STOVE,
Wager's do., Stanley's Air-Tight Rotary do.,
Empire Union, Express, Maine Farmer,
Hathaway, Hot Air, Boston (two ovens),
Paragon, Iron Witch, and Parlor
Cook, comprising all the New and
Improved Patterns.

Also, a Good Assortment of PARLOR AIR-TIGHT STOVES, (Cast and Sheet Iron), Franklin, Box and Cylinder Stoves of Various Patterns; Fire Frames, Hollow and Brittanian Ware; Sheet Iron, and Tin Ware.
Mr. E. DUNBAR is employed here, and will attend to all repairs, as usual.

SHEET IRON AND TIN WORK DONE TO ORDER.
J. R. FOSTER.
Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847. 9.1f

Mr. J. R. FOSTER, Sir,—I have dealt somewhat extensively in Cooking Stoves, and have, as I suppose, the best and most convenient. After the trial of the TROJAN, I cheerfully recommend it to the public as the Best Cooking Stove now in use for all the different branches of Cookery. In fact it far exceeds any other within my knowledge.
W. A. F. STEVENS.
Waterville, 29th Sept., 1847.

We, the undersigned, having used several different kinds of Cooking Stoves, have now in use Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer. We recommend it to the public as the Best and most Convenient Cooking Stove now in use. It being complete in all its arrangements, it cannot fail to give satisfaction. Respectfully yours,
D. H. WEEKS,
B. S. BRACKETT,
NOAH BOOTHBY.

WESTERN Extra & Clear PORK for sale by
PARKER & PHILLIPS.

CIRCULAR, Cross-cut and Mill Saws, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

FEATHERS and Looking Glasses. A large assortment for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

I. H. LOW & CO.
HAVE just received a fresh supply of Perry Davis's PAIN KILLER, for sale wholesale and retail.
Also, a new arrival of **PERUNING FLUID**, and Day & Martin's BLACKING, always on hand.
Nov. 30. 19.

THE TRUTH IS,
I have on hand at my depot from 50 to 75 gross of Steel Pens, of all sorts and sizes, and at all prices, from 25 cts. to \$1.00 a gross, and if you don't believe that they are of the best quality for that price, call and I will satisfy you without any newspaper bragging. J. B. SHURTLEFF.

OX-CHAINS, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

OX-BOWS & AXE-HANDLES,
FOR sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

THE LAST CALL.
ALL persons who have not paid their Ticonic Village Corporation Tax for 1847, are hereby notified, that unless they are paid by the first of January next, they will be left with an attorney for collection.
E. L. SMITH, Treasurer. Col.

OIL.
PURE Sperm, red'd Whale, and Lard Oil, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

LATEST NEWS.
JOSEPH MARSTON
HAS just received, at his Brick Block, a fresh and desirable stock of
Foreign, Domestic, Fancy and Staple
DRY GOODS,
together with a general assortment of
W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE,
which he offers to his friends and the public as low as can be bought on Kennebec River, for cash, or on short and approved credit.
He has on hand a lot of L. Bayley's superior Laundry STARCH POLISH, which he will sell at wholesale or retail.
Waterville, Nov. 24, 1847. 16.1f

J. F. NOYES, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
(Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Late Ass't Physician in U.S.M. Hospital, Boston.)
Devotes special attention to diseases of the Lungs and Throat.
Office cor. Main and Silver sts.—Residence, Parker House.
WATERVILLE, ME.

W. I. Goods and Groceries,
FEATHERS, &c.,
all of which will be sold as cheap as can be bought in this town or on the Kennebec River, for cash or approved credit.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE!
OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL, MAIN ST.
Waterville, Oct. 1847. 12.1f

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DON'T FORGET THE PLACE!
OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL, MAIN ST.
Waterville, Oct. 1847. 12.1f

It is a Fixed Fact
THAT E. L. SMITH has just received, and now offers for sale, at wholesale or retail as good an assortment of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Of as good a Quality, and at as low Prices, as can be found in Waterville.

HE HAS ADOPTED THE
ONE PRICE SYSTEM,
and all who trade with him will get their goods at a low price, without bantering, or fear that they are not used as well as their neighbors.

The following are a few of the Goods he has on hand:

2,000 lbs. Codfish,
1,500 " Halibut,
500 " smoked do.
500 " Spring Fish,
1,000 " Pollock,
Box Herring,
Nos. 1 and 2 Mackerel,
Napes and Fins,
Tongues and Sounds,
Pork, Lard,
Sweet Potatoes,
40 bushels Onions,
500 strings do.
Cranberries,
100 dozen Eggs,
1500 lbs. New York Cheese,
600 bushels Salt,
S. E. and W. S. Oil,
Oranges and Lemons,

100 barrels extra Genesee FLOUR,
Havana, Trinidad and Syrup Molasses,
Portland, Porto Rico, Muscovado, brown and white Havana, crushed and powdered Sugars,
Souchong, Heber, Ningyung, Oolong, Young and Old Hyson Teas,
Rio, Marigabo, Porto Cabello and Old Java Coffee,
Cocoa and Chocolate,
Saleratus, Soda, Cream Tartar,
Rice, Sago, Tapioca,
Citron, Raisins, Currants, Figs,
Sap Sugar, Nuts of all kinds,
Irish Moss, Spices of all kinds,
20 doz. Painted Pails,
The best assortment of Tobacco and Cigars to be found in Waterville.
Brooms, Cords, Lines, &c. &c. &c.

STONE, WOODEN & EARTHEN WARE.
DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—NO. ONE, TICONIC ROW.

C. J. WINGATE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER, WATERVILLE, MAINE,
(New Store, opposite Messrs. Sanger & Dow's.)

OFFERS FOR SALE A GOOD AND EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF
WATCHES AND CLOCKS,
Gold and Silver Ear Rings,
Finger Rings,
Watch Chains,
Watch Guards,
Seals and Keys,
Ever Pointed Pencils,
Belt Buckles,
Wallets and Pocket Books,
Snuff Boxes,
Hemming's Best Needles,
Silver Spoons,

Gold Beads, Breast Pins,
Jack and Pen Knives, Scissors,
Shaving and Toilet Soap,
Razors and Razor Strops,
Shaving Brushes and Boxes,
Gold and Metallic Pens,
Fancy Work Boxes,
Combs, of all kinds,
Hair and Clothes Brushes,
Toys for Children,
Accordeons & Accordeon Books,
Butter Knives,

Parse Rings and Tassels,
Bag Clasps and Trimmings,
Silk Purse,
Tooth Brushes,
Cologne,
Plated Spoons,
Bracelets, Gold Snaps,
Steel Beads,
Spectacles of all kinds,
Hair Oils and Perfumery,
Violin Strings, wet and dry Card Cases,

Splendid Solar Lamps,
Consisting of HANGING, with and without shades; also SIDE and CENTRE, with plain and cut Shades, Prism Lusters, &c.

The above Lamps afford a most brilliant light by burning the common Oil. Also for sale
EXTRA LAMP SHADES, WICKS & CHIMNEYS.

SILVER-PLATED & BRITANNIA WARE,
Consisting of Coffee Pots, Tea Pots, Sugar and Creamers, elegant Cut Glass and Common Casters, Cups, Candle Sticks and Lamps.

AGRICULTURE, &C.

PLOUGHING.

The great superiority of ploughs of modern date, over those which were used by our fathers, is well described in the following paragraph from the New England Farmer.

"Forty years ago, a 'breaking up' team was a formidable affair. Never less than two yoke, frequently four, and often five yoke of oxen, with two men to drive, one to hold the plough, and one to 'keep her in,' by riding upon the beam, and one to follow the plough in order to mend the balks, and with a hoe to turn the furrow-lice, which would not go over without being assisted, were customarily required in this great operation. Then the field, after being ploughed, presented any thing but a neat appearance, and looked more as if it had been rooted by the hogs than if it had been broken up by art and skill. Now, unless the soil is very tenacious and difficult, the operation is accomplished often by one—seldom more than two yoke of oxen are needed, with only a man and a boy; and the sward is inverted with neatness and precision, so that it may be brought at once into nice cultivation."

THE QUEEN BEE.

The Queen, at once the mother and the mistress of the hive, is distinguishable from the rest of the society by the great length of her body, and the proportional shortness of her wings. It is the office of the queen bee to multiply the species by depositing eggs in the waxen cells. These cells vary in size, according as they are intended for the rearing of drones or of workers. The royal cells, those intended for the rearing of queens, vary in shape and direction. They hang perpendicularly, and somewhat approach to an inverted acorn and cup in shape, and are much more massive in structure. In these the eggs are deposited which are destined to become queens, and a stock, at the swarming season, generally contains from three to six, or sometimes even nine of these cells. The working bee comes forth a perfect insect in about twenty-one days after the egg is deposited; the queen in about sixteen days; and the drone in about twenty-four days. These periods probably vary with the state of the external temperature. Bees, when deprived of their queen, have the power of selecting one or more worker-eggs, or grubs, and converting them into queens, thus showing that there is no inherent difference in female ova. To effect this, each of the selected grubs has a royal cell formed for it. Few questions in natural history have created more controversy among naturalists than this power of the bees to make a perfect queen; and although it has now become as well established as any fact can be, there are yet many who doubt, and some who absolutely deny, the power. The latter persons seem to have a vague notion about there being common eggs and royal eggs. There is no such distinction. Any common worker-egg is capable of producing a queen.

GOOD ADVICE.

Cultivate your own heart aright, remember that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Do not begin farming by building an extensive house nor erecting a spacious barn till you have something to store in it.

Avoid a low and damp site for a dwelling house. Build sufficiently distant from your barn and stock-yard to avoid accidents by fire.

I like to see a man of family, attend with great solicitude to the mental wants of his children, as well as their physical necessities; seeing well to it, that they obtain that which adversity cannot deprive them of—a good education.

I like to see a man industriously engaged at some useful occupation, having an opinion of his own, but open to conviction, if he be wrong on any subject.

I like to see a man patient and forbearing towards his fellow men, looking at the bright side, as well as the dark side of each man's character, aware of the infirmities of human nature.

I like to see a man benevolent and charitable, beginning first at home, and if wealthy, extending his charitable influence abroad; not for the sake of popular applause, but from a sense of duty and obligation.

I like to see a man willing to abide by the law of the land, and if he be a civil officer, mild and accommodating, yet firm and resolute, when it becomes his imperative duty to act.

I like to see a man polite and gentle; respectful to superiors, courteous to inferiors, reverential to the aged, affable to equals; and especially attentive, when occasion requires, and obsequious to the ladies.

I like to see a man respect and keep the Sabbath-day, attend church, and read daily a portion of the Scriptures.

I like to see a man public spirited, ahead in any enterprise that will benefit the community, having the sense to perceive, and the patriotism and generosity to act for the welfare of his countrymen.

FOWL TALK.

Col. Jacques of Boston, says he has an infallible rule for distinguishing young poultry, from old, in the market. The tail-feathers of young poultry are connected to the body by a small neck, presenting an appearance as if a string had been drawn tightly round that part of the body. As poultry grow older, this neck gradually enlarges till in the course of time it becomes no neck at all. We have a word more on this matter. Market-men may easily practice a *fool* cheat upon their customers by tying strings around their old fowl-tails, and removing them before they offer the poultry for retailing. But the tale of their regency will entail disgrace upon their stalls, and thereby curtail their business, for we mean to publish in detail the particulars of every such tail-tying transaction that we can get wind of.—*N. E. Farmer.*

FATTENING POULTRY.

It is asserted in the 'Transactions of the Society of Arts,' that there is great advantage in fattening geese, turkeys, and in short fowls of every description, on potatoes mixed with meal. On this diet they are said to fatten in less than half the time ordinarily required to bring them to the same condition of excellence on any kind of corn or even meal itself. The potatoes must be boiled, and mashed fine while they are hot, and the meal added just before the food is to be presented.

VINES ON RAILROAD EMBANKMENTS.

A correspondent of the Daily News throws out a hint to railway companies which is at least worth repeating for what it suggests,—even if he be over sanguine as to the particular growth which he recommends. "Travelling," he says, "along the lines which now intersect the country in various parts, I have frequently been struck with the idea that the extensive embankments formed by the cuttings might be turned to good account by planting vineyards on that land

which now lies idle. I am satisfied, from observation, that the sunny sides of these embankments are admirably adapted for the growth of vines in most instances, particularly in Kent and Gloucestershire. In the twelfth century, we find mentioned that there were extensive vineyards in this country—above all in the two mentioned counties—the wine of which excelled all the rest of the kingdom, and was very little inferior to the French. The Isle of Ely was termed the Isle of Vines, and tithe was regularly taken of vines. It is only reasonable to suppose that vines, under the improved climate of this country, greater skill in cultivation, and general advancement in science, would be grown to higher perfection at the present day. Our first vines were transplanted from Gaul, about the third century; and were peculiarly fitted for this climate, and even ripened in the frosts of advancing winter. The fruit was of the same color, and probably of the same species, as the black muscadine. An experiment of this kind might be tried without incurring much expense, and ultimately, perhaps, prove a source of considerable profit. It must, likewise, be remembered, that vines will grow where wheat would decidedly fail."

LIME IN PLANTING TREES.

Many object to planting trees, either for ornament or use, in consequence of the numerous failures they experience. This, however, it should be recollected, is not a necessary result. With proper care, there is no more difficulty in transplanting than in planting and propagating from the seed or germ. In setting trees, we have found that they do best when taken up in the fall, about the time the leaves drop. Fruit and forest trees, shrubs and perennial plants of all descriptions, may, at this season, be removed with perfect success. In setting, we usually put a small quantity of lime in the hole—about half a peck to a tree, mixing it thoroughly with the mould, in order that it may be easily accessible to the roots, which ramify in every direction in quest of food. An English publication says that an extensive plantation of trees has been formed within a few years, without the loss of a single tree, and has been effected simply by putting a small quantity of lime in the hole before depositing the tree. Four bushels are said to be amply sufficient for an acre. The effect of the lime is 'to push on the growth of the plant in the first precarious state.' There seems to have existed, at first, an apprehension that liming the tree would force it on prematurely, but this apprehension experience has demonstrated to have been perfectly groundless.—*Vermont Agriculturalist.*

Advertisements.

OCTOBER 29TH

25 PACKAGES

Seasonable Goods,

THIS DAY OPENED,

—CONSISTING IN PART OF—

RICH STRIPED, PLAID, PLAIN, COL'D

AND BLACK

DRESS SILKS!!

One Entire Case new and beautiful styles MOUS, DE

LAINES, richly worth 25 cts. at the low price of 1 sh.

HANDSOME CASHMERE at 25 cts.

2 Cases PRINTS, embracing every desirable style,

some very rich, at 12-13 cts.

Thibet Cloths, all colors. Rob Roy and Galapagos.

Extra Col'd and Black Silk Warp Indianas; Cotton warp

do.

Striped, Plaid and Plain Black and Col'd Alpacaes,

Montreys and other double width goods.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, Trimmings, &c.

Blankets, Flannels, Carpetings, and Rugs.

Crochery and Glass Ware. Feathers, Ladies Shoes, &c.

Bag and Purse Trimmings.

Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, &c. &c.

Making up our former large and desirable stock

the best assortment to select from to be found in this region.

Purchasers are invited to call before purchasing else-

where, as we pledge ourselves it shall be made for their

interest so to do.

All which is respectfully submitted. 15. tf.

DOW & AYER.

E. L. SMITH,

dealer in

WEST INDIA GOODS, GROCERIES,

Provisions, Stone & Wooden Ware,

&c. &c.,

No. 1, Ticonic Row. 1,3w

THE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN BOSTON.

For years the First and ONLY HOUSE which had ad-

hered to that Popular System of

LOW PRICES

FOR GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,

is that widely known and UNIVERSALLY CELEBRATED

CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

Oak Hall!!!

GEORGE W. SIMMONS, PROPRIETOR.

The excellence of the plan which he ORIGINALLY de-

signed, and which has been by him so success-

fully prosecuted, is not only

APPRECIATED BY THE PUBLIC,

but, to some extent,

Approved by the Trade,—at least so far as the Imitations

lately introduced give evidence of their ap-

probation of the only true and

perfect system, which

ENSURES TO BUYERS

Every description of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,

AT THE

LOWEST SCALE OF PRICES!!

The Elegant display of Goods at

SIMMONS' OAK HALL,

Embracing the latest Importations from

LONDON AND PARIS,

Are Manufactured under his own personal supervision

and direction: and affords to Gentlemen

who would save upon old prices, full

30 to 40 PER CENT.

in the purchase of a good suit of Clothes,

WELL CUT AND WELL MADE,

a complete opportunity of selecting from the largest

Stock Every Variety of

ELEGANT CLOTHING,

AND

DRESS GOODS, Now in the U. States,

And which may be had by

—CITIZENS AND STRANGERS—

In addition to a SUPERB ASSORTMENT of

Children's Clothing,

At LOWER RATES than can be purchased at any other

establishment on the face of the Globe, and at

PRICES LESS

Than ever offered before, even at SIMMONS'.

Persons—Wholesale Traders, look at this. Thousands of

Dozens of Coats, Pants, Vests, and FURNISHING

GOODS, CHEAP. Entrance at No. 33,

OAK HALL, 33

Nos. 33, 34, 36, and 38 ANN ST.,

Near the head of Merchants' Row,

BOSTON.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY,

WINTER TERM.

THE WINTER TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 23d of Nov., under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss Roxana H. HANSON, Preceptress, Miss Susan D. FLEMING, Teacher of Music, and such other assistants as the interests of the school require.

Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to meet the wants of teachers of Common Schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

The course of study in the department preparatory to college, has been arranged with special reference to that pursued in Waterville College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in the State, and, as this is a very important advantage, the friends of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are intending to occupy that high station, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully their wants, and will put forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an enlightened and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers. The terms for 1847 begin on the 1st day of March, 24th of May, 30th of August, and 22d of Nov.

Board, \$1.50 a week. Tuition from \$3.00 to \$5.00.—Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$6.00 extra.

STEWART STARK,

Secretary of Board of Trustees.

Waterville, Aug. 10, 1847.

CHOICE TOBACCO & SEGARS for sale

by

PARKER & PHILLIPS.

NOTICE. The firm of SCAMMON & NASON is

this day dissolved by mutual consent. All the notes

and accounts due to the Company are left with SAMUEL

SCAMMON, who is authorized to settle the same. Those

against him or the Company are requested to call and

settle them forthwith.

SAML SCAMMON.

RUFUS NASON.

Waterville, Sept. 4, 1847.

MACHINE SHOP.

RUFUS NASON,

(Late of the firm of Scammon & Nason.)

WOULD give notice that he still continues the business

of the late firm, at the old stand, on Temple Street, near

Main st., Waterville, where he is now ready to execute,

in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms,

every description of

MACHINERY

usually made in an establishment of this kind. Such as

Shingle, Clapboard, & Lath Machines,

With all the latest improvements.

SWEDGING & FUNNEL MACHINES

FOR SHEET IRON WORKERS.

MILL SCREWS, STEAM ENGINES,

For Ships, &c., the workmanship always being war-

ranted equal to the best.

He particularly calls the attention of Millers to the very

important improvement (for which he has obtained a pat-

ent) recently made by him in the

SMUT MACHINE.

R. N. is prepared to furnish the excellent article at a

bout half the price usually paid for the machine in gen-

eral use; and he trusts that no person in want of one will

disregard his own interest so far as to purchase before

calling upon him.

Repairing of Threshers, Horse Power, &c., done as usual.

WOOD WORK, large or small, requiring the aid of a

Planing Lath or Circular Saw, executed as wanted, at

the shortest notice.

The location of this Establishment is so convenient,

and the facilities for executing orders with cheapness

and despatch are so great, that an increase of patronage

is confidently expected.

Waterville, Oct. 1, 1847. 11. tf.

ALL

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

WHO are in want of Boots, Shoes or Rub-

bers, walk straight to

A. CHICK & CO'S,

where they will find

Ladies' Gaiter Boots; price from \$1.25 to \$2.00;

Ladies' shoes, from 50 cts. to \$1.50;

Gent's Boots, from \$2.50 to \$3.50;

Rubbers, from 50 cts. to \$1.50;

Misses' shoes and rubbers, of all kinds, and prices to

suit the shoe;

Children's shoes and rubbers.

Gent's Winter water proof sewed Calf Boots; Do,

Do, "segged"—from \$4 to \$7;

French Calf Dress Boots from \$5 to \$6.50;

Gent's Thick Boots from \$2.50 to \$3.50;

Pegged Calf Boots from \$2.50 to \$4;

Gent's rubbers from \$1.25 to \$1.50;

And all other kinds of fixings usually found at boot and

shoe stores; such as,

Lasts, Tools of all kinds, Bindings, Thread,

Kid, Lining, &c. &c.

A BOY—16 or 17 years old—can find a place to learn

the boot and shoe trade, by applying soon.

Gent's Boots, shoes and Gaiters made to order; also

Ladies' Boots, shoes, &c.

REPAIRING done at short notice.

Nov. 24, 1847. 1847

STAY COWS.

Put into the possession

of the subscriber, on the 28th of Oct., two

cows, one a dark chestnut, and the other a bright

red. The owner is requested to prove property

pay charges and take them away. JAS. A. CROMMET.

Waterville, Nov. 1, 1847. [15. tf.]

TYPE FOUNDRY.

S. N. DICKINSON,

52 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

OFFERS his services to the Printers throughout the

country as TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDER.

He can furnish fonts of any required weight, from Dis-

mond to English. He will warrant his manufacture to be

equal to that of any other foundry in the country. His

prices are the same as at any other respectable foundry,

and his terms are as favorable as can be found elsewhere.

He casts a very large assortment of Job Type, Leads,

Cuts, Metal Furniture, Quotations, &c., &c. He has just

got up a Combination Metal Stereotype Block, which

will be found of great utility to Book Printers, and also

gather the most economical Block in use.

Constantly on hand, Brass Rules, Metal Galleys, Com-

posing Sticks, Cases, Stands, Galleys, Furniture, &c.

Entire facilities furnished at short notice.

A series of Text Letter, suitable for the Headings of

Newspapers have just been completed; and as he is con-

tinually adding to his assortment, and to his facilities for

Type Founding, he would respectfully ask the attention

of Printers to his establishment.

The Type on which this paper is printed was fur-

nished by S. N. DICKINSON and he has the liberty of re-

ferring to the proprietors for any information that may

be required.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, SAMUEL BROWN, of Winslow, on the 25th

day of July, 1847, by his mortgage deed of that

date, recorded in the Records of the county of Kennebec,

Book 34, page 485, conveyed to W. B. S. Moor, of Wat-

erville, Maine, a certain parcel of land situated partly in Wins-

low and partly in Sebasticook, containing about one hundred

and eighty acres, and bounded southerly by land of Ja-

cobus Moore, northerly by land of Jacobus Moore, easterly

by land of Elphinstone Pligg and by land of Ticonic Bank

or Tufton Simpson, and westerly by the Kennebec River;—

which said mortgage was assigned to me by the said Moor, on the 25th day of August, 1847.

And whereas the conditions of said mortgage have not

been complied with, I therefore give notice of my intention