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Ephraim Maxham

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. H.....NO. 20.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1848.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, in  
WINGATE'S BUILDING,  
Main Street, opposite W. C. Dow & Co's. Store.  
AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

## Miscellany.

### QUAKER LOVE.

By LEITCH RICHIE.

Many years ago, I spent a day in the town of Elm's Cross, and although no adventure befell me there to fix the place in my memory, I see it before me at this moment as distinctly as that picture on the wall. I had an impression all that day, however erroneous, that it was Sunday. There was a Sunday silence in the streets, a Sunday gravity in the passers-by, a Sunday order and cleanliness in their habiliments. The lines of houses were ranged with the most sober decorum, and the little lawns which many of them possessed were laid out with the square and compass. The trees were not beautiful but neat, for nature was not indulged in any of her freaks at Elm's Cross—and it seemed to me that the very leaves had a peculiarly quiet green, and the flowers a reserved smell. The majority of the better class of the inhabitants of this town were Friends; and it appeared—if my imagination did not run away with me—that, through the influence of wealth and numbers, they had been able to impress the external characteristics of their society upon the whole place.

But no: my imagination could not have run away with me; for the moment imagination enters Elm's Cross, it is taken into custody as a vagrant, and kept in durance during its sojourn. There one loses the faculty of day-dreaming; and although I was a young fellow at the time, half-crazy with sentiment and love of adventure, even the fair Quakeresses, some were beautiful, in spite of their bonnets, had no more effect upon me than so many marble statues. But perhaps it will give a better idea of the spirit of the place, if I say that the only one of them on whom I bestowed a second look had arrived at that time of life when the controversy begins as to whether a woman should be considered as a young or as an old maid.

This middle-aged person (not to use the offensive term offensively), was like all Quakers when they are beautiful, beautiful to excess.—Retaining an exquisite complexion, even when her hair was beginning to change, she seemed a personification of the autumnal loveliness which makes one forget that of the spring and summer. Her voice, mellowed by time, was better calculated to linger in the ear than the lighter tones of youth; and it harmonised well with her soft, dove-like eyes.

That seemed to love what'er they looked upon.— Yet there was no feeling in this love, such as we of the world demand in the love of her sex; the richness of her cheek was as cold as the bloom of a flower; and as, with noiseless step, and demure, nun-like air, she glided past, I felt as if I had seen a portrait walk out of its frame, a masterly imitation of woman, but only an imitation.

This was why I turned round and looked at her again; and as I looked a kind of pity rose in my inexperienced heart that one so fair should pass through life unstirred by its excitements, untouched by its raptures, even untroubled with its sorrows. As the novelty wore off, I hated the cold, formal air of everything around; the atmosphere chilled me; the silence disturbed me; and the next morning I was glad to launch again upon the stormy world, and leave this lonely oasis to its enchanted repose.

Some time after, when giving the history of this day to a friend, who proved to be personally acquainted with the place and the people, he told me that the lady on whom I had looked twice had been for many years not only the reigning beauty of Elm's Cross, but the benevolent genius of the town and neighborhood;—and he related a passage in her early life which made me qualify a little my opinion as to the passionless tranquillity of her feelings, and the uneventful blank of her history. Not that the thing can be called an adventure, that the incident has any intermixture of romance—that would be absurd. It passed over the heart like a summer cloud, which leaves the heavens as bright and serene as before; but somehow or other it infused a suspicion into my mind, that however staid the demeanor and decorous the conduct, human nature is everywhere alike—that the difference is not in the feelings, but in their control.

Her father was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the town, and Martha Hargrave was an only child, the expectant heiress of his fortune, and likewise possessed, in her own right, of £5000 safely invested. In such circumstances, it may be supposed that when she grew up from the child into the girl she attracted not a little the attention of blushing striplings and speculating mammas. These were, with the exception of one family, of her own Society—for Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave were Quakers of the old school, and confined themselves almost exclusively within the circle of Friends. The exception was formed by a widow lady and her son: the former an early intimate of Mrs. Hargrave, now living on a small annuity, from which, by means of close economy, she contrived to save a little every year to pay for her boy's outfit in the world. Richard Temple was well calculated to be the object of his mother's doting affection; he was a fine, spirited, generous, handsome lad, two or three years older than Martha, of whom he was the playmate in childhood, the friend in youth, and something more after that. How it came that a penniless boy thought as he did of the Quaker heiress may seem a mystery; but it must be recollected that the conventional distinctions of society make little impression upon children brought up together upon terms of equality. Richard looked upon Martha as his sister, till he began to feel as a personal injury the admiring looks that were thrown upon her from under the broad brims of the young Quakers; and even when the fact at length forced itself upon him that she was rich and he poor, that she rolled in a carriage, and he walked on foot, that her parents were among the first people in the place, and his only one a solitary and almost indigent widow, the encouragement of his fond and unreflecting mother, and of his own gallant heart triumphed over the misgivings of prudence, and the affection of the boy was suffered to ripen, unchecked, into the love of the young man.

While this process was going on with Rich-

ard, in Martha the wildness of childhood sobered gradually down into the demure circumspection of the Quaker girl. Her step became less buoyant, her glance less free, her speech less frank, her air more reserved; and as time wore on, Richard occasionally paused in the midst of one of his sallies, and looked at her in surprise, in a kind of stupor, in a kind of awe as if he already felt a foreshadowing of the approach of majestic womanhood. But nevertheless, when he came one day to bid her farewell before his exodus into the world, her heart was too full of the memories of her childish years to remember its new conventionalisms, and she stood before him with her hands crossed upon her bosom, gazing into his face with a look of girlish fondness, that was made still softer by the tears that stood trembling in her beautiful eyes. He was to proceed to London, to be completed in his initiation into mercantile business, and might be absent for years—perhaps forever—for his mother was to accompany him; and Martha felt the separation as her first serious distress. Richard was old enough to be aware of the nature of his own feelings; and perhaps if Martha had been in one of her grand moments, he might have dared to appeal to the growing woman in her heart. But she appeared to him on this occasion so young, so gentle, so delicate, that he would have thought it a profanation to talk to her of love. As the moment of parting arrived, he drew her to him with both hands; his arms encircled her waist; and—how it happened I know not, for the thing was wholly out of rule—his lips were pressed to hers. The next moment he started from his bewilderment; his eyes dazzled; Martha had disappeared.—He did not know, when in the morning the stage coach was carrying him from Elm's Cross, that a young girl was sitting behind a blind in the highest room in that house, watching the vehicle as it rolled away, until it was prematurely lost in her blinding tears.

I am unable to trace the adventures of Richard Temple in London; but they appear to have been comparatively fortunate, since, at the end of only three years, he was a junior partner in a young but respectable firm. He had seen Miss Hargrave several times during the interval; but I need not say that their intercourse had entirely changed its character. Richard was not only interested, but likewise in some degree amused, by the transmutation of the young girl into the demure and circumspect Quaker. In essentials, however, she was not altered, but improved and exalted; and even her physical beauty had acquired a new character of loveliness as the development of her moral feelings went on. But over all, there was what seemed to the young man, now that he was accustomed to the common world, an unction of manner, which repelled his advances; and he continued to love on without daring to disclose the secret of his bosom.—What matter? It was no secret to her, whom it concerned; for friend Martha, with all her demureness, had a woman's heart and a woman's eyes. At the end of the three years I have mentioned, Mrs. Temple died, and Richard, now alone in the world, and with tolerable prospects in business, began in due time to ask himself, with a quaking heart and a flushing brow, whether it were possible for him to obtain the Quaker girl for his bride. After much cogitation on this subject, and a thousand misgivings, his characteristic daring prevailed; and addressing to Martha an eloquent history of his love, accompanied by a frank statement of his affairs and prospects, and a solicitation for permission to woo her for his wife, he enclosed the letter, open, in a brief one to her father, and despatched the fateful missive.

The reply came from Mr. Hargrave. It was cold, calm, decisive. He was obliged by the good opinion entertained by his young friend of his daughter, but Martha had altogether different views. Setting aside the oppositeness of their circumstances and position in this world, which would in itself be an insurmountable objection, their religious views were not so much alike as was necessary in the case of two persons pressing forward, side by side to the world which is to come. He hoped friend Richard would speedily forget what, to a rational-minded person, ought to be hardly a disappointment, and when his fortune permitted it, select from his own denomination a wife of his own degree. This insolent letter, as the young man termed it, had no effect but that of rousing the fierce and headlong energy of his nature. He knew Martha too well to believe that she had any share in such a production; and he wrote at once to Mr. Hargrave to say that his daughter was now old enough to decide for herself, and that he could not think of receiving at second hand a reply involving the happiness or misery of his whole life. On the following day he would present himself at his house at Elm's Cross, in the hope of hearing his fate from Martha's own lips, even if in the presence of her father and mother.

When Richard Temple passed along the Dutch-like lawn of the house, with its drilled shrubs and flowers describing mathematical figures on its level green, and ascended the steps, white as driven snow, his hand trembled as he raised the knocker, and he felt his heart die within him. The sound he made startled him by its incongruous want of measure, and he looked round timidly, as if he had committed an indecorum. When the respectable middle-aged servant marshalled him up stairs to the drawing-room, he followed the man with deference, as if he had something to say in the decision. The room was empty, and he stood for some time alone, looking round upon the walls, the furniture, the books, the flowers, and reading in them all the ruin of his hopes.—There was an unostentatious richness in that room, a method in its arrangement, a calm assumption of superiority, which made him quail. The answer he had come to demand was before him. It spoke to him even in the whispered cadence of the trees beyond the open window, and the unobtrusive entrance of the air into the apartment, fanned with faint sweets from the garden. The loneliness in which he stood seemed strange to his excited imagination, and the silence oppressed him; and when at length the door slowly opened, unaccompanied by the sound of a footfall, he started in nervous tremor, as if he expected to behold the entrance of a spirit.

Martha entered the room alone, and shutting the door, glided composedly up to Richard, and offered him her hand as usual. The clasp, though gentle, was palpable; and, as he saw, in the first place, that she was paler than formerly, and, in the second, that a slight color rose into her face under his searching gaze, he was sufficiently reassured to address her.

Martha, he said, 'did my letter surprise you? Tell me only that it was too abrupt—that it startled and hurried you? Was it not so?'

'Nay, Richard.' 'And you sanctioned it?' 'In meaning,' but here her voice slightly faltered: 'if the words were unkind, be thou assured that they came neither from my pen nor my heart.'

'Then I was deceived in supposing—for I did indulge the dream—that my devotion had awakened an interest in your bosom? That interest belongs to another!'

'I never had a dearer friendship than thine,' said Martha; and raising her eyes to his, she added, after a pause, in the clear, distinct, silvery tone which was the character of her voice, 'and never shall.'

'Yet you reject and spurn me! This is torture! It cannot be that the difference in our worldly circumstances weighs with you; I know you better, Martha. Neither can you suppose that on my part there is the slightest tinge of mercenary feeling, for you know me better. Will you not give me at least hope? There are fortunes to be made in the world that would satisfy even your father: we are both young; and to win you, my precious love, I would grudge neither time, nor sweat, nor blood!'

'Richard,' said the Quaker girl, growing still more pale, 'no more of this in mercy to myself—and me. Thou mayst agitate and unnerve, but never change my purpose.'

'What is your purpose?'

'To honor my father and mother.'

'That you may enjoy long life in the land?'

'I said Richard with a bitter smile.'

'That I may honor through them my Heavenly Father, who is above all. Farewell, my early friend; return into the world, where thou wilt forget Martha, and may the All-wise direct thy course!'

She extended her hand to him as she spoke, and he grasped it like a man in a dream. The reply he had demanded was distinct enough in her words, but a thousand times more so in her look, manner, tone. He felt that expostulation was vain, and would be unmanly; and as she walked away, with her noiseless and measured step, and her hands folded before her, he felt indignation struggling with admiring and despairing love. The figure paused for an instant at the door; but the next moment Martha disappeared without turning her head.

Richard never knew, neither can I tell, whether any one watched the stage-coach that day from the upper-story window. Not even a prying servant could whisper anything of Martha, or guess at the nature of the interview that had taken place. She was pale, it is true, but so had she been for some time. Her health, it appeared, was not good; her appetite was gone; her limbs feeble. But this would go off, for her manner was as usual.—She was assiduous in the discharge of her duties, kind to every one, loving and reverent to her parents. Still she was not well and her father at length grew alarmed. They took her from watering-place to watering-place; they amused her with strange sights; they tried every day to give some new direction to her thoughts. Martha was grateful. She was not well; and when many months had passed away, the now terrified parents, after trying everything that science and affection could suggest for the restoration of their only child, consulted once more. The nature of the step they ultimately determined upon may be gathered from the communication received in reply to a letter from Mr. Hargrave:—

'RESPECTED FRIEND:—The inquiry thou directest has been easy. I am connected in business with one (not of our Society) to whom the young man is well known, and by whom he is much esteemed. Richard Temple is well beyond his years. He is of quiet and retired habits in his private life, and is an energetic and persevering man of business, and will I have no doubt, get on in the world.—That this is the opinion of my friend is clear, for I know that he would willingly give him his daughter to wife, who will bring her husband a good dowry as well as a comely person. But Richard, when I saw him last, was not forward in the matter. His thoughts, even in company of the maid, seemed preoccupied.—doubtless by business. Since writing these lines, I have been informed that he visits Elm's Cross in a few days, to arrange some matters connected with his late mother's affairs, the last remaining link of his connection with the place. I am, respected friend, etc.'

EZRA BROWN.

This letter determined Mr. Hargrave to recall his rejection of Richard Temple; and the effect of a conversation he had upon the subject with his daughter proved, to the unbounded joy of the parents, that as yet she had no organic disease.

For some days Martha, though happy, was restless. It seemed as if joy had more effect than grief in unsettling the demure Quaker, for at the slightest sound from the lawn or the street the color mounted into her face. At length an acquaintance when calling in the evening, informed her that she had just seen Richard.

'Thou rememberest Richard, Martha?'

Martha nodded.

'He is grown so comely and so manly, thou wouldst hardly know him.'

'He will call here, peradventure?'

'Nay. He has already taken his place in the coach for to-morrow. Martha grew pale; and the mother hurried out of the room to seek her husband. That night Richard received a friendly note from Mr. Hargrave, begging him to call in the morning on business of importance.

When Richard found himself once more in the silent drawing-room, his manner was very different from what it was on the last occasion. He was now calm, but gloomy, and almost stern; and he waited for the appearance of his father with neither hope nor fear, but with a haughty impatience. Instead of Mr. Hargrave, however, it was Martha who entered the room, and he started back at the unexpected apparition in surprise and agitation. The color that rose into her face, and made her more beautiful than ever, prevented him from seeing that she had been ill; and when she held out her hand, the slight grasp he gave it was so momentary, that he did not discover its attenuation. A painful embarrassment prevailed for some time, hardly interrupted by common questions and monosyllabic replies; till at length Richard remarked that, his place being taken, he could wait no longer, but should hope to be favored with Mr. Hargrave's commands

in writing. He was about to withdraw with a ceremonious bow, when Martha stepped forward.

'Richard,' said she, 'I have no fear that my early friend will think me immodest, and therefore I will speak without concealment. Tarry yet a while, for I have that to say which, peradventure, may make thee consider thy place in the coach a sacrifice.'

'How?'

'Richard,' she continued, 'thou didst once woo me for thy wife, and wert rejected by my father's commands. Circumstances have brought about a change in his feelings. Must I speak it? and a slight smile, passing away in an instant, illumined the bright flush that rose into her face. 'Wert thou to ask again, dear friend, the answer might be different.'

So long a silence ensued after this speech, that Martha at length raised her eyes suddenly and fixed them in alarm upon Richard's face. In that face there was no joy, no thankfulness, no love; nothing but a blank and ghastly stare. He was as white as a corpse, and large beads of sweat stood upon his brow.

'Man, what meanest this?'

cried Martha, rushing towards him; but he threw out his hands to prevent her approach, while the answer came hoarse and broken from his haggard lips.

'Ruin, misery, horror! But not for you,' added Richard, 'cold and beautiful statue.—Not for you, beneath whose lovely bosom there beats not a woman's heart! Pass on your way, calm, stately and alone; softened by no grief, touched by no love, and leave me to my despair. Martha, I am married.' And so saying, he rushed out of the room. Mrs. Hargrave had just entered it unobserved, and now stood beside her daughter. Martha remained in the same attitude, leaning forward, gazing intently at the door, till the noise of the street door shutting smote upon her ear, and her heart, and before her mother could interpose she felt senseless on her face.

It is said, and said truly, that men recover more speedily than women from love disappointments. The reason is, not that they feel them less deeply, for the converse is the case;—the strength of the male character running through all its emotions—but that the cares and struggles of life, and even the ordinary contact with society into which they are forced, serve gradually to detach their thoughts from the sorrow over which they would otherwise continue to brood. Women, at least in the class affected most by such disappointments, have more leisure than men. The world has fewer demands upon them; and they can only exhibit their mental power and loftiness of resolve, by making wholesome occupation for their fevered minds. Of these women was Martha Hargrave. Although stunned at first by the blow, its very suddenness and severity compelled her to reflect upon her position, and summon up her energies. She did not permit her sympathies to lie buried in one absorbing subject, but cast them abroad upon the face of society; and wherever, within the reach of her influence, there was ignorance to be instructed, vice reclaimed, or misery relieved, there was Martha ready, a ministering angel at the moment of need. Under this moral discipline she recovered her bodily health. The fresh roses of youth continued to bloom in her lovely cheeks long after her hair had begun to change its hue; and so the gentle Quaker commenced her descent—gradually, gracefully, glidingly, but still demurely—into the vale of years.

The process was different with Richard Temple; but still of a kindred character. To say that he did not repent his marriage would be untrue; but still he had honor and integrity enough to cherish the wife he had married in return for her love. He devoted himself to business, and to his rapidly increasing family; prospered in both; and in due time arrived at the enjoyment of at least ordinary happiness. But at length a period of commercial calamity came, and Richard suffered with the rest. His fixed capital was still moderately good; but he was embarrassed, almost ruined, for want of money. One day during this crisis he was in his private room in the counting-house, brooding over his difficulties, and in the least promising mood that could be imagined for sentimental recollections, when a letter was placed before him, the first of two lines of which informed him, in a brief, business-like manner, that Martha was dead. The paper dropped upon the floor; and covering his face with his hands, he abandoned himself for a long time to the deep and painful memories of his early years.

On emerging from this parenthesis in the commoner cares of life, he took up the letter to place it on the table; when, on glancing over its remaining contents, he found that poor Martha had bequeathed to him her watch, and the whole of her original fortune of £5000. This completely unmanned the man of business; and throwing himself back in his chair, he sobbed like a child. Although the money was of infinite importance to him at the time, freeing him from his present embarrassments, and paying the way for the splendid fortune he afterwards acquired, he attached a far higher value to the personal keepsake. When he had become quite an old man, it was observed that, as often as he opened the drawer in which the relic was kept, he remained plunged in a deep reverie, while gazing long and earnestly upon his first—last—only token of Quaker Love.

ANECDOTE OF MR. GIDDINGS.—When Mr. Giddings was on his way to Cincinnati, advocating, upon the stump, the principles of Free Soil, and sustaining the Buffalo non-resistance, he met on every hand, the most bold and reckless assertions from Taylorites, in regard to the desertion of Free Soilers, and the increasing prospects of Taylor and Ohio. In the cars, between Columbus and Cincinnati, he happened to be personally unknown. His position seemed to be beside a Taylorite, who dealt in the most wholesale declarations, stating that all Ohio, the Reserve in particular, was getting nearly unanimous for Taylor. Mr. Giddings, putting himself in a teachable attitude, in order to learn the latest news, the following colloquy ensued:—

GIDDINGS. You surprise me, sir. I was not aware that Gen. Taylor had so strong a hold upon the Reserve.

TAYLORITE. Fact, sir; they are all coming over; even Giddings himself is going to vote for Taylor.

G. Indeed! I can hardly be.

T. It is a fact; and he is now actually upon the stump, advocating the election of Gen. Taylor.

G. I have some acquaintance with Gid-

dings, and from that acquaintance I could not have anticipated that he would support Gen. Taylor.

T. I am acquainted with Giddings myself, sir; live within a few miles of him; had it from his own lips, sir; he goes for old Rough and Ready with the power of twenty men.

G. This is to me, sir, the greatest wonder of the campaign.

T. There is no holding out against Buena Vista—they are coming in, all over the country—the grape is doing the business for them. At this instant the cars pulled up at an eating-house, and Mr. Giddings and his new friend adjourned to get refreshments. While standing side by side, an acquaintance from the crowd saluted Mr. Giddings, calling him by name. The truthful Taylorite looked unutterable things, and, sinking down into his boots, disappeared, taking his boots with him, excepting one heel-tap. He has not been heard of since. The passengers thought they smelt brimstone, but probably it was the smoke of the engine.—[Ohio Star.]

MARRIED AND UNMARRIED LADIES.—The situation of a married and an unmarried female, it must be confessed, is very unequal; the former having greatly the advantage in the scale of earthly happiness; and the world makes the distinction still more unequal than nature intended it. At thirty-five the married woman is considered in the noon of life; while the single woman is looked upon as *passée*.—Again, the wife has less necessity to depend on intellectual pleasures as resources against the lassitude of *ennui*. She has duties to perform, let her station in life be what it may, to which the single woman cannot turn to vary the monotony of her existence. The matron, if she be a mother, will find a sufficient stimulus to keep up or revive, in the early instruction which it is one of woman's sweetest privileges to give her offspring, the knowledge and accomplishments which she learned in her own youth. What pleasure can be higher or more unalloyed to the bestower, what sight more endearing to the beholder, than a matron over whose brow the shadow of time, like that on the dial, has passed, yet left much of the sunny light of life behind, leading her fair daughter to emulate the graces of which she herself is so fair a pattern? Or to mark a son, in all the pride of youthful manhood, paying back with love little short of adoration, the cares of her whose gentle instruction first lured him to seek the wider paths of knowledge, and at whose knee his infant prayer was first breathed? Other feelings grow cold, other memories pass away; but the gentle image of the mother who has watched our childhood—her love, her tenderness, her unwearied devotion, will forever be mirrored in the human heart.

TRUE BLUE.—Every one has heard and made use of the phrase 'true blue'; but everybody does not know that its first assumption was by the Covenanters, in opposition to the seditious badge of Charles I. and hence it was taken by the troops of Lesley and Montrose in 1639.—The adoption of the color was one of those religious phantasies in which the Covenanters affected a patriarchal observance of the scriptural letter, and the usages of the Hebrews; and thus, as they named their children *Abakkuk* and *Zerubabel*, and their chapels *Zion* and *Ebenezer*, they decorated their persons with blue ribbons, because the following summary precept was given in the law of Moses: Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generation, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribbon of blue.—Num. 15, 38.

SOCIALISM.—A husband of a capacious temper, who makes his wife suffer from his ill-humor from morning till night, quarrelled with her a short time since, because she ridiculed the doctrines of M. Proudhon; for this husband, though a Socialist, is far from being sociable. The discussion grew so warm that, at a loss for arguments, he seized a superb vase of Sevres porcelain as if he would dash it on the floor. The lady, in alarm, cried, 'Calm yourself, my dear! Be reasonable, if, indeed, M. Proudhon allows that one should possess himself.'—French paper.

AN ANCIENT DAME.—In the travels of Lord Lindsay, the noble author states that in the course of his wandering amid the pyramids of that patriarchal and interesting land (Egypt) he stumbled on a mummy proved by his hieroglyphics to be at least 2000 years of age. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hand a tuberos or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took the tuberos root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it—and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.

USEFUL RECIPE.—Hogs are frequently taken sick, and sometimes die without exhibiting any symptoms by which the uninitiated in such matters, can either infer the nature of the disease, or apply a proper remedy. In such cases, it is frequently of benefit to the sufferer to throw into his trough an ear of corn, dipped in tar and rolled in powdered brimstone.

A BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Butter a pie dish and line it with crumbs of bread, then place a layer of apple (cut as for pie) in the bottom of the dish, sprinkle it with moist sugar, then a layer of crumbs, and so on alternately till the dish is filled, ending with a thick layer of crumbs; pour melted fresh butter over it, and bake for an hour.

At a sale of autographs, in London, a letter of Sterne to Garrick, asking for the loan of £20, sold for £3. The treaty of peace between England and Portugal, signed by Oliver Cromwell, as Protector, sold for £28s. The signature of Robert Ferras, Bishop of St. David's, burnt at Carmarthen, March 30, 1555, by order of his successor, Bishop Morgan, for heresy sold for £2 14s.

mate stood ready with cats in hand, and the quarter-masters were provided with their lashings to seize the culprit to the grating and the gangway. Thereupon the sailor was stripped of all his clothing but his pantaloons, when he was suspected by certain unmistakable indications of being a woman and so he proved. She was regretted and ordered into confinement to await the decision of the Secretary of the Navy whether she shall be discharged from the service or not. We gather the above from the Brooklyn Advertiser. This is the first instance that we ever heard of a woman enlisting in our Naval service, though it is by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Commercial service.—[Bee.]

AMERICAN LABOR.—The following beautiful tribute to labor, is from a speech lately delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, by Daniel Webster.

'I have spoken of labor as one of the great elements of our society, the substantial interest on which we stand. Not feudal service, not predial toil, not the irksome drudgery by one race of mankind, subjected, on account of color, to the control of another race of mankind; but labor, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating those wages into capital, becoming a part of society and of our social system, educating childhood, maintaining youth, claiming the rights of the elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the state. That is American labor, and I confess that all my sympathies are with it, and my voice until I am dumb, will be for it.'

INTERESTING CASE.—In Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, last week, was tried the case of Catharine Oliver and others of the State of Maryland, against Daniel Kauffman, of Cumberland county, for aiding the escape and harboring 13 slaves, claimed as the property of the plaintiffs.

A great number of witnesses were produced by the plaintiffs' counsel, who proved that the slaves were brought on the evening of the 24th of October, 1847, to the barn of Kauffman, and after remaining there part of the night, were taken in his wagon across the Susquehanna river. Several witnesses were called, who were immediate neighbors of Kauffman and obstinately refused to answer any questions or inquiries propounded by the Court or counsel. Being apparently determined to keep silent, they were given into the custody of the sheriff and conveyed to jail. But after remaining there a short time, they concluded it was better to come forward and give evidence. The defendant's counsel took the ground that a case of this kind did not come under the jurisdiction of that Court.

The jury retired, and after being out some 18 hours returned a verdict of \$2000 damages for the plaintiffs.—[Phila. Ledger.]

IROQUOIS INDIANS.—On visiting the Office of Indian Affairs, the other morning, a friend of ours fell into conversation with Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., in regard to the famous tribe of Iroquois Indians, which is said to have been the most powerful group of American Aborigines. We were shown the reprint of a report originally made by this gentleman to the Legislature of New York, on the history of this tribe of Indians, and found it exceedingly rich in the departments of traditionary history and philology. Among the matters discussed in this volume, is the curious fact, in a political point of view, that the principles of the ancient Iroquois confederacy required absolute unanimity in all the cantons, in order to bind them in questions of war and peace.

According to Mr. Schoolcraft, the Iroquois are in a state of advanced semi-civilization; they are producers of a greater amount of grain and other agricultural means than they consume, and appear capable of sustaining a fair rivalry with their Anglo Saxon neighbors in the field of husbandry. Since the publication of the above-mentioned report, the Legislature of New York has made provision for extending a complete school system throughout the tribes within the borders of that State, and also enact laws for their special benefit.

We also understand that under an act passed by the government of the United States, Mr. Schoolcraft is now devoting his entire time to making researches and collecting statistics respecting the Indians of the Great West, with a view to the future policy and legislation of our government respecting them. If it be for no other purpose, but to dissipate the false impression heretofore existing in regard to the manners and customs of the North American Indians, as well as to their character, condition, and general ethnology, the labors of this gentleman must meet with a friendly response from all, on the frontier or elsewhere, who are capable of furnishing authentic information.

Our obligations to these tribes are not wholly performed by giving them money and merchandise. They have claims to the patronage of our government, which can supply them with the blessings of education, christianity, agriculture and the arts. The Indian tribes on this Continent are the remains of an ancient but long-lost branch of mankind, who were the original possessors of the soil. They appeal to our nationality in its highest aspects, and we are responsible for our treatment of them, under the maxims of civilization. The labors upon which Mr. Schoolcraft is now engaged, are not only valuable, but exceedingly interesting, and we hardly know of a public office in the city where one can spend a more agreeable hour than in examining the documents and Indian publications which may be seen at the office of Indian Affairs.—[Nat. Intell.]

ATTEMPT TO RUN AWAY.—Herr Alexander, the magician, started for St. Louis yesterday, and having a good lot of baggage and boxes, chartered a wagon to convey his baggage to the boat. On its arrival at the wharf, the magician, perceiving that a long box, in which he had packed his curtains, appeared unusually heavy to the wagoner, went to his assistance. In taking it down they handled it rather roughly, which caused an audible grunt to issue from the box. The driver, in dismay, retreated and left the magician to manage it himself. He, thinking there was something more in the box than drapery, commenced examining it more closely. Near to the lid there was an aperture cut of finger's length. Preparing a hatchet, he knocked the top of the box, and out jumped a big negro, who had concealed himself there with a plentiful supply of provisions for a week's voyage. The fellow outran all pursuit.—[Lou. Cour., Nov. 22.]





WATERVILLE, DEC. 7.

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

We thank our correspondents—and so, we doubt not, will our readers—for much of the interest found in our paper today. For causes out of our control, our paper has recently had less of our attention than we design to bestow generally. The kindness of correspondents has contributed much to our relief, and much more to the relief of our readers.

#### A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.

SEPT. 28, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR:—The travel of fanciful tourists has usually taken the route of the French adventurer, Champlain, under Indian guidance, in 1609, and struck the waters of the famed and beautiful Lake George, where, after a league or two of divergency, it commenced to continue the figure of the lower reservoir, in a secluded bed, on higher ground. The Indians called it the tail of the lake. In a flying visit, in earlier life, I had received and yet retain an impression of its character, the same, if I may presume to say so, with that embodied in Cooper's unique and exquisite romance, The Last of the Mohicans, which seems to have been vitalized by scenery so bold and new, in the midst of which are laid those gem-like waters. In the mind's eye, historical recollections, also, pass over them, as a cloud scattering brilliants.

From its outlet, however, the way of our boat to-day passed over the track of the first American vessel of Lake Champlain—that of the schooner of Colonel Skene, of Skenesboro, which, in the later years before the revolution, and yet, to our infancy, almost as early as the voyage of Jason, sought its freight of ore from the beds of Ticonderoga, for the iron works established in the former place. This branch of the lower lake was at that time called Wood Creek; and it enjoys, by this title, a shade of historical dignity, a little to the prejudice of that belonging to its romantic and peculiar features. Those Miss Sedgwick has traced in Redmond. Its very borders are set in limits below the general level of the country, as if in a rocky channel, and for much of the distance, partake of a wildness prettily in contrast with the light and beautiful finish of the boat—the *Salvus*—that bears us. By this route the baggage and ammunition of the American army, in the comparatively few batteaux which its commander could command for the purpose, was conveyed in the retreat from Ticonderoga, and followed by the enemy.

To the circumstances of that retreat the great interest attaches, of the location we have left. It was felt throughout the continent, then reluctantly but thoroughly embattled for freedom. The spark entered every farmhouse, and was felt in every heart. It was their Thermopylae, fallen without excuse and without remedy, unexpectedly to those who loved to rely upon it for security, but not to those within it. "I think I am as unconcerned for my person," wrote a young officer, but three weeks before the event, "as any man on the ground. I feel for my country, and there are some, I don't know who, who, for their shameful neglect of this post, will have the anathemas of myriads yet unborn; but the blood will be on their heads, not mine. This is some alleviation. The people at large in this continent, who are professedly engaged in the cause of freedom, seem to have lost every generous sentiment, every manly principle they first had in view." This was written June 14, by one who, having been detached during the winter, had distinguished himself at Princeton, and had returned to share in the dangers of this post. July 9 he writes from the point of rendezvous of the rear-guard, at Manchester: "We are here with our formidable army—not more than fifteen hundred men at most. We have had a considerable body of militia, but they have been more plague than profit—God grant that I may never see them more. The circumstances of our retreat I have not time to give you, but I suppose it will be said the place was sold, or we were all traitors, and cowards. But I authorize you to contradict this in the strongest terms." Again, August 5th, he writes from Stillwater, after the accusation of treachery grew rife: "We had forts and lines requiring 12,000 men, and had not 3,000 effective, many of them militia, boys and negroes. We could have given the enemy a warm reception in a direct attack, but this was not his plan, but to surround us; and no reinforcement of militia could have relieved us. A retreat was determined upon by the general officers in council on the 5th of July, and about daybreak on the morning of the 6th, we began it. It is in reality my opinion, to sum up the whole, had we tarried thirty-six hours longer, we must have been cut off. We should at least have made another Fort Washington affair of it. Now judge; had this army been lost, what would have been the consequence? No army for the militia to have collected to, no stand made." In this drama of correspondence, the moral greatness of Washington speaks: "The stroke is severe indeed, and has distressed us much. But notwithstanding things at present wear a dark and gloomy aspect, I hope a spirited opposition will check the progress of Gen. Burgoyne's army, and that the consequences desired from success will hurry him into measures that will be in their results unfavorable to him. We should never despair. Our situation has before been unpromising, and has changed for the better. So I trust it will again. If now difficulties arise, we must only

put forth new exertions, and proportion our efforts to the exigency of the times." He ordered Lincoln, their favorite, to the charge of the New England reinforcements, and sent Arnold, and Morgan and his riflemen, to the north. New England gave up her hosts. St. Clair was no Leonidas, but his virtues pleaded in extenuation of his misfortunes; and again commended him, in after life, to a trust of critical responsibility. The minor successes of Bennington and Fort Stanwix were won. The accumulation of force raised the spirits of the army; Gates received the command, and Stillwater became, to the menaced independence of the continent, a Salamis.

The contrast of to-day extends to the living freight we carry, so little like the darkened but distinct impression of the batteaux, scarcely sufficient to receive the officers' baggage, yet a considerable part of them landed with ammunition, retreating and pursued by Wood Creek. Huddled and curious, but comfortable and well-fed, and in parts refined and delicate, is the crowd which peoples our roomy decks. And it is the shore by daylight, which on either side entices the attention of those who seldom indeed have left the footing of land, but now seem doubly intent to recognize the near approximation of its features. "That cliff!" says the well-dressed husband to the lady on his arm, pointing to a ledge at his left. "That precipice, mother!" calls a child, in shrill, girlish voice, yet full of sincerity, noticing the same object, and directing to it the attention of a goodly party stretched along the side seats of the promenade deck. "Fine, Colonel!" "No doubt of it!" was the enthusiastic expression and fervent reply of two or three agriculturists on the right side of the boat, the direction of whose handsome eyes, as well as a certain fervor of tone, indicated that a-bey of fat cattle on a green meadow we approached, elicited their admiration. "Let off that boat!" was the more than usually abrupt style of the captain's command, while a tingle of the bell and a pause of the engine, as well as the striking off of a boat's company in the yawl, indicated that some intricacy of the channel was to be examined, or—bless us! or save us!—milk to be taken in for tea.

So it is in these days of the Fair at Saratoga, of day-boats and opposition, and yonder comes "the *Salvus*," as if the devil sent her, for sins of which not a man of us is guilty. This crack boat of the old line had been detained behind for some great folks who were bound to be at the Fair, and whom the company were bound, in good fellowship, for old acquaintance, from personal respect, now I have it, not to disoblige; and so far we had not felt them on our kibe, and had swept every dock with a wind sweep. In truth, we were the popular boat, but the States burned candles, while we had only wood and a single bottle of turpentine to fire up withal. We were too cool, indeed, and our yawl was out for the milk. All was still about our craft, as is on a sunken vessel. Few smiled. The orders were given cheerily on board the States; there was less sea room than usual on her deck, but no such town meeting as we had, with which now, at this crisis, from every crevice and scupper, the *Salvus* was soon black, and reeling, as if made of nothing but logs. The great folks had passed us, doubtless; it was they that charmed us so galvanically as they left us astern. But, softly! said our captain, there's but one landing more ahead, and not a man but will wait for the *Salvus*. Thus it is that even the picturesque receives the go-by in the hurry, the channel meanwhile becoming more difficult, as well as limited, till at the elbow, as every body knows, a steamboat is hauled round as unceremoniously as a wheelbarrow.

Yet the red light of a parting September day plays upon the rocky cliffs, leaving the swampy border of the right shore in deep shadow. This is the path of Rogers and Putnam, and this is South Bay, where they had one of their most headlong fights. Here is the track of St. Clair's baggage, which was overtaken upon its arrival at Skenesboro, leaving to scarcely an officer of the retreating army, a second shirt—money, papers, clothing, everything lost, and the ammunition they attempted to preserve. "Frazer's Light Guard," also says our authority, "pursued the army by land, and overtook the rear guard the next morning, and gave them a severe beating." Here are the wharf-like docks and amphibious shipping, the locks and boat yards of Whitehall. It is now a pretty little Pittsburgh. It was patriotism that cockeyed its name; and certainly Col. Skene was a tory in the war! In a more modern fancy there is somewhere here the Anglo Saxon Hotel, named, as a lad of the place assured us, from a distinguished Indian chief, from Canada. Here in our day is the tip of the real tail of the lake.

Yours, truly,

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MR. EDITOR:—At the late Cattle Show and Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, a resolve was passed, authorizing the Trustees to appoint a committee or committees to visit the farmers within the limits of the Society. I hope the Trustees will appoint a committee of two in each town within the limits of the Society, and one, at least, of each committee to be a practical farmer—one that goes to his regular day's work in his field. If there was ever a time when the farmer needed advice and counsel, it is now.

There are many important things that would call the attention of such committees. They will meet with some farmers who have raised a good crop of potatoes, the past season. Inquire of them how they have done it. They will readily tell you; for the farmer has no objection, when he has raised a good crop, that his neighbors should know how he has done it. Ask him what kind of potatoes he planted; what kind of soil they were planted in; whether they were planted early or late; if he used manure, and if so, whether he plowed it under or spread it on the furrow, or put it in the hill.

Having heard how he raised his potatoes, ask him what success he has had in raising wheat. The State of Maine sends, probably, nine or ten hundred thousand dollars to the South and West, for wheat and flour. It is very important that the farmer should raise his own wheat, if he can. Inquire of him if he has tried to raise winter wheat; and if he has, what success. Ask such questions concerning his corn, hay, oats, field carrots, &c., as you think proper. Having heard his story about his crops, ask him what improvement he is making in the breed of his horses, cattle, sheep, swine, &c. Ask him what he is doing in the grafting line; see what he is doing in ornamenting his grounds about his buildings and by the roadside. Don't forget, before you leave him, to step into his barnyard, and see what he is doing to increase the amount of manure, by mixing muck, turf, soil, or anything else that will make manure. Tell him he need not send to Africa for guano, but save what costs him nothing but a little labor in collecting and hauling to his barn yard.

I think such committees, if any are appointed, should write down such things as they might think would be of use, and have them published in the Eastern Mail or some other paper; and by so doing put others in possession of the accumulated experience of a large number of farmers.

A FARMER.

Waterville, Dec., 1848.

[From our Boston Correspondent.]  
BOSTON, Dec. 4th, 1848.

Friend Maxham:—Within the past week or two, startling rumors have been told, regarding the forcible detention of two girls in notorious houses of prostitution in this city. It appears that they, with others, were at work in the mills at Lowell, and that they were rather short of work and not very well paid at that—when they were accosted by a rather elderly female, who asked them if they would not like to come to Boston and receive better pay, for working at dressmaking and other trades mentioned to them, than stay where they were. The lady in question found enough to accede to her wishes, being dazzled, as they naturally would be, by her flattering descriptions of a city life. They came, and they soon found out that they were wanted for the purposes of prostitution. Two of them did not like their newly acquired position, and after some time they found means to escape, in spite of the locks and keys, which were watched by lynx eyes. It appears, as near as can be learned, that this lady was in the employ of several houses of ill fame, for the purpose of replenishing them with victims; and that she is generally successful in her work. The method they pursue, when they are in want, is to get some rather dashing young man, or some rather showy middle-aged woman, to visit some of the manufactories in the surrounding towns, where by ingratiating themselves with the keeper of a boarding house they get an acquaintance with the girls, whom they flatter with fine tales—contrasting a highly city life with the one they are leading at the factory; long work and better pay—charming them with the luxury of dress, &c. There is no doubt at all that this is the case. I myself know of one who was engaged in the same business some four years ago, and who now keeps a hotel in the State of New Hampshire. He was then the paramour of the well known Ellen Wood, who has been several times convicted for keeping a house of ill fame in this city. He used to make regular trips to the factory villages, for this purpose. Is it strange that prostitution is on the increase? Think of a young girl coming to this city, allured by such tales of falsehood. She soon finds herself deceived—away from home, no friends near, guarded so that she cannot make her escape—will she not be likely to submit to their base purposes, with the hope that she will soon be able to make her escape? But, alas! when can she escape? Virtue gone, nobleness debased, vanity flattered, money and admirers plenty. Until she is so entangled in the net, escape she cannot; and at last she firmly makes up her mind to live a prostitute; then the result is certain. This is no fiction; every week it is done. If there are parents who read this, whose daughters contemplate working at a manufactory, or are already at one, I warn them of the dangers.

The most exaggerated accounts, as we all supposed them to be, regarding the Gold Mines in California, have proved to be scarcely large enough. The amount which had been dug, at the last accounts, has been rated at fifty millions of dollars. Flour was selling at the mines for sixty-five dollars a barrel, and every thing in proportion. Well, men can afford to pay it, who are making from one to five thousand dollars a week. There is a company of one hundred men organized in this city, who are going. They invest from three hundred to five hundred dollars apiece; charter a vessel, load her, and a part of them are to stay and sell the cargo, while the rest go to the mines. All are to share in the success of the undertaking. There is another company in embryo for the same purpose. Success to them.

To-day Congress meets, and one of the first acts of the Post Master General will be—so it is said—to reduce letter postage to three cents, and leave the present restriction on newspapers. Come, Brother Maxham, "give 'em some"; at least do not let this unjust law, which affects all, go without a censure. A tax on the press! If all would speak to their servants in the Government, they would not long be masters, but they would be glad to give the people their newspapers, free from postage.

The Whigs of Ward 5 distributed 350 dollars' worth of Thanksgiving to the poor of their Ward, on Thanksgiving day. Ward 11 had a jollification at the United States Hotel, last Tuesday night, and two hundred sat down to supper which cost one dollar each. They, too, gave 200 dinners to the poor of their Ward. Isn't this praiseworthy?

—Ex-Governor Everett, now President of Harvard University, is to resign his office this

winter. Assumed cause, ill health; but if Madam Rumor is to be believed, he has had, and cannot get rid of, some hard boys for students, and they are so active in the cutting up of their mad pranks, that their classical and eloquent President is glad to slope.

I see, by the New York papers, that they had a valuable lot of emigrants arrive there last Wednesday, being no others than the informers and witnesses on the late trials in Ireland. If Irishmen are true to true Irishmen, they will make this country like Ireland to them—the informers and witnesses—so hot that they will be glad to take themselves to England for her protection. What an honorable position to occupy—to be pointed at as one who was a traitor for British gold.

ZIGZAG.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

I am about to take an imaginary trip to the land of my father, and as I should prefer company rather than to go alone, and the vehicle I take passage in is quite spacious, I will invite, gentle readers, as many of you as have a mind to do so, to jump aboard and go along with me. There is not a doubt but we shall have a pleasant time, as the country through which we shall pass, with very few exceptions, is delightful. I will mention one of these exceptions—hoping the mention of it will give no offence to any of my fellow passengers. So far as good things are concerned the place is not very fruitful; if I mistake not, it is called

"New Keedar,  
Where nothing else will grow  
But hemlock, spruce and cedar,  
And now and then a crow."

But never mind, my good fellows, we shall soon pass this scene of desolation and come into lands more fair; yes, we already catch glimpses of the noble Kennebec, winding its way along down the valley towards its ocean bed, there to repose awhile after its long and toilsome journey. Ah! look, comrades; for there, just before us, spread out in all its loveliness, is that beautiful valley itself. How charming! See those spacious farms, checked off into large fields and pastures. See, too, how along the road side they are ornamented with elegant farm houses, spacious barns, commodious outbuildings, ornamental and fruit trees—making the scene one of surpassing beauty. The picture, however, is not yet complete; for behold in the distance, peeping out from among the hills, that pretty little village just at the west end of that long dam, which you see stretching itself across the entire width of the river, causing it to flow high up its banks for the purpose of putting in motion the sawmills we see yonder. They are called "Somerset Mills," and do honor to the founder—for out of those mills grew that pretty village. The old Kennebec rolls lazily over this trifling obstruction, and after stirring up quite a spray, passes gently along to meet and overcome other and more formidable ones. The traveller's curiosity is increased, as he proceeds, more and more, as the scene grows more animated.

We now approach another village, which is much larger and more business-like than the one just passed. Here they have a fine meeting house, school house, tavern, post office, several stores, and shops of various kinds; here, too, is another dam across the river, making a pond of water that puts in motion quite a number of saw mills, and also shingle, clapboard and lath machines. These mills, all together, employ quite a number of workmen, and during the summer season this little village is all life and bustle. Here is a splendid bridge across the river, the arches of which rest on two piers made by old Dame Nature herself, or, in other words, two islands. This bridge has lately been built, and adds much to the business of the place. We will give this place the name of "Kendall's Mills," and move along down so as to keep pace with old Kennebec, whose waters are getting somewhat impatient in consequence of the late impediment, hard work and struggling it had among the numerous wheels under the mills; it has quickened its pace and goes muttering and fretting along down among the rocks and logs that are continually in its way; it grows crosser and crosser, as its now rock-bound banks approach nearer each other, compressing its body and causing its channel to deepen and its waters to look dark and sullen, as if some mighty struggle was about to take place; and sure enough there is, and we have arrived just in season to witness the scene. See the mighty torrent; how it sweeps along like some mad beast. Now it plunges with a terrible roar over a precipice, and the battle is fairly begun. See it leap from rock to rock; now it is re-buffed and thrown high in the air, and falls back with a groan; again it renews the attack, roars, howls, hisses and bellows along as if the heavens and earth were coming in contact with each other; the fight wages warmer and warmer; the roar has become almost deafening, and the sight appalling. The victory is finally won; that part of this mighty river that so lately passed us in such terrible grandeur, has performed its part in that noisy warfare and has passed gently down into the wide-spreading bay below, as calmly as if nothing had occurred to disturb in the least its now peaceful bosom.

That, my friends, is "Ticonic Falls," and our minds have been so much engrossed by that grand cataract, that we have wholly neglected to notice one of the most beautiful and picturesque villages in all New England. There it is, just on the other bank of the river opposite, spread out before us in all its beauty; and is it not a charming sight? There, a little to the right, are the College buildings, and their extensive and tastefully ornamented grounds; to the left can be seen the several places of public worship, Academy and Institute, situated on Elm street, one of the pleasantest in the place. The business is principally done on Main-st. There are quite a number of streets in the village beside those already mentioned, many of which are tastefully

ornamented with beautiful shade trees; the private buildings are generally elegant and commodious; the public houses are spacious and well conducted; the stores are many, large and well filled with an excellent assortment of goods which are generally sold cheap; the mechanics in the place are numerous and industrious; society is good; advantages for education many, and water power most excellent. Waterville—for that is the name of this pleasant village—is pleasantly situated at the head of navigation on the Kennebec. It has a splendid bridge across the river, near the foot of Ticonic Falls, quite a number of mills and a foundry. On the whole, it cannot, in my opinion, be surpassed in beauty of location, elegance of buildings, good society and beauty of scenery, by any place in New England. In relation to the printing press, lately established in the place, I need say nothing, as it speaks for itself.

I have detained you here, my friends, much longer than I should have done, I am well aware; but you will excuse me, I think, when I tell you that it was in and near this village that I spent many of my youthful days—yes, and years, too. The time was, when I knew every man, woman and child that resided there; nay, more—I knew every cow in the place, by the tinkle of the bell she carried on her neck—every tree, stump, rock, knoll and hollow were familiar to me. That was many years ago. Great changes have taken place since then. Elm street, that now beautiful place, was then a rough, uncared for pasture, and those pleasant College grounds a wilderness. Many of my old acquaintances have gone, "never to return," and others have left for other parts; yet there are many things left that make the place dear to me—brothers, sisters, and many friends, and more than all, a father and mother. Yes; there, a little apart from the village, and west of it, on a gentle eminence, overlooking the village and much of the surrounding country, is my father's mansion, and there my venerable parents now reside. They have long travelled life's rugged path together. May God's blessings ever rest upon them. Methinks I can now see them looking towards me from the window of their chamber, entreating me to come to them.

Readers, I have done. You can now go where you please. I shall spend the night at my father's house, and to-morrow return to the land from whence I came.

W.—R.

PLYMOUTH, Nov. 30, 1848.

DEAR MAIL:—Here I am, revelling in turkey and plum puddings, at the very fountain head of all Thanksgiving dinners—the birth-place of Yankee patriotism. The present inhabitants seem to have learned to appreciate the superiority of the physical over the spiritual benefits accruing from this day's exercises, quite as well as the rest of Yankeeedom.

Our poor simple-hearted Puritan fathers would be very much astonished if they could just drop in to-day and see how much their successors have improved and facilitated the operation of giving thanks for national blessings.

Instead of each one's having the troublesome duty of praying for himself, as in former times, they now get a man to do it all up at once for them, with no trouble or expense to themselves, except paying the sexton for warming the meeting-house. For the minister's labors must, of course, be gratuitous, since no one wishes to hear him. Then those capital arrangements, the poor-houses and benevolent societies, preclude all necessity of looking out for our neighbors' wants, as formerly; or, at least, quiet all conscientious misgivings on the subject. These unpleasant preliminaries having been settled, we have nothing more to do but reward ourselves for enduring so many mercies, by an internal application of chicken pies, pumpkin pies, puddings and "sarse," with a little good old cider, in which to drink the health of our revered forefathers. Everything finally winds up with a grand ball, in which we modern Puritans work off the superfluous enthusiasm and turkey with "healthy" exercise, "till two o'clock next morning."—Verily this is an age of improvement.

As is usual on Thanksgiving days in this quarter, we have a cold sea breeze to sharpen our appetites. Indeed, a day without wind here, is like a summer without mosquitoes, uncommon. The level and treeless surface of this section of the State gives old Eolus a free pass over it.

Plymouth, although the oldest of New England towns, has grown but very little in proportion to its age. Like many others in its vicinity, it has yielded up most of its enterprise for the benefit of the metropolis. Its wealth, which is considerable, is mostly in the hands of retired capitalists, who have no occasion for disturbing the quiet of their native town with the bustle of manufacturing interests, and its miserable harbor forbids all thoughts of commercial prosperity. It has always been the greatest puzzle to me to know how our worthy fathers ever found their way up through this complicated mixture of sand bars and flats. It takes a pretty skillful pilot, now-a-days, to steer anything larger than a mudscow up to the wharf, in pleasant weather.

This is a particularly dull season for Plymouth, as its chief attraction consists in its being a summer resort for city fashionables and antiquarians. The winter finds such persons safely ensconced within brick walls, enjoying the genial warmth of anthracite. Still, even at this time, the "Summet" has some boarders, and to-day, of course, the town is filled with persons returning to enjoy Thanksgiving at home.

The communication twice a day, by cars, has greatly increased the intercourse between here and the city, and a few come at all seasons to see the "lions." Pilgrim Hall, where the ball is to come off this evening, contains quite a number of interesting relics, visible at any time. This reminds me of another queer

idea of the Old Colony people, as they like to be called. They have broken off a large piece of Plymouth rock, and placed it in front of the Hall, enclosed with an iron fence, while the original rock is neglected, and partly covered by a wharf. Just as if it was the rock which hallowed the landing place, and not vice versa.

Yours, &c.,  
C.

FIRE. The store of Mr. Benj. P. Manley, on Main-st., was discovered to be on fire on Tuesday morning last, between one and two o'clock. Our volunteer engine companies were promptly at work, but it was too late to save anything but the adjoining buildings. With judicious and highly commendable efforts, this was effected; though the adjoining building on the east, occupied as a store by Oliver Paine, and as a bakery and dwelling-house, by W. C. Bridge, and standing within a very few feet, was considered in imminent danger, and was mostly cleared of its contents. Mr. Manley estimates his loss at not less than two thousand dollars—no insurance. Not even his books and papers were saved. The building was owned by Nath'l Gilman, Esq., of N. York, and was also uninsured. There were several explosions of small quantities of gunpowder, soon after the discovery of the fire, which no doubt very much retarded the efforts made to extinguish it. We mention this fact as a caution to all who rely upon the kindly aid of their fellow citizens in similar cases. The comparative value of property and life is too well appreciated to admit of an even exchange.

The loss of Mr. Manley embraces all he was worth, and his case should suggest to merchants, mechanics, and all whose entire effects are exposed to destruction by fire, the propriety of securing an insurance.

The following notice from Mr. Manley shows his opinion of the origin of the fire.

REWARD.—The undersigned, being fully convinced that the burning of his store, on Monday night, was the work of an incendiary, offers a reward of two hundred dollars for the apprehension of the individual who committed the act, or for such information as will lead to his conviction.

BENJ. P. MANLEY.

Waterville, Dec. 6, 1848.

THE YOUNG GIANT.—"The Great West" is beginning to realize its greatness, and is threatening ere long to make it known to the Little East. The young giant seems, however, to forget that his venerable parent has not yet attained to full growth, and that while the former may be chuckling over the fact that he has nearly grown out of his breeches, the latter may be already slipping on a new pair. The editor of the Watchtower, published at Adrian, Michigan, after gazing with commendable satisfaction upon the young prodigy, struts out before his readers in the following nice paragraph:

"The time will soon come when the great West will be an overmatch for the niggardly selfishness of the old Atlantic States. They will, by and by, be glad enough if they can maintain an equipose of power against those whom they now turn off with a sort of picurist politeness."

The next census will give Michigan two more representatives, at least, if not three. Illinois will come in for as many more, and Indiana will increase hers to twelve. Wisconsin will claim two more, and Iowa one, if not two. In a few years the State of Minnesota will be on hand with her two Senators and one Representative.

Nebraska will follow close on her heels with the same force. The change of relative strength between us and the East will be rapid, for as we gain they must lose. It is a two edged sword that is cutting into her vitals. In view of these facts, we might reasonably suppose that our older sisters would begin to lay aside a little of their old superciliousness, and think of adopting a policy to conciliate the good will and respect of the younger members of the household, into whose hands the balance of power is destined soon to pass.

Well—one would think the boy had jumped into his father's boots, and thought himself able to run away in them. He may find, when his heels begin to blister, and his calves to chafe, that the old man's well expanded muscles are wanted, and see the need of being measured for a fit of his own. Let him try a stride or two, if he will; and if his strength and bottom prove him equal to the task, he may set up for himself in welcome—certainly he may.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENTS.—During the past season, the pressing demand for dwelling houses has indicated to our citizens not only an increase of population and business, but a strong necessity for meeting the wants of those who are disposed to take up their residence and commence business in our place. There is no deficiency of building lots and water power, but great need of the necessary buildings. It is gratifying to notice that this difficulty is rapidly disappearing. The large number of dwellings in course of completion, considering the season, gives good assurance that another summer will secure a supply fully equal to the demand.

A serious difficulty in the way of the establishment of various branches of business demanding water power and machinery, has been the want of suitable buildings. This objection will soon be removed. A building, 140 feet long and 40 feet wide, three stories high, with abundant water power, is rapidly advancing to completion under the enterprise of Messrs. W. & D. Moor, designed to accommodate such branches of business as the interests of the place or the wishes of individuals may dictate. Messrs. Moor only wait for the demand, to erect another large building in the same vicinity, for similar purposes. As they are deeply interested in advancing the interests of Waterville, they will no doubt offer the most accommodating terms to such as may apply for rooms. Mechanics and others disposed to establish themselves in a favorable location, will do well to inquire into the inducements to settle in Waterville. A good communication with the seaboard, by boats or cars, will be







# DONAVAN'S GREAT SERIAL Panorama of Mexico,

OCCUPYING 21,000 FEET OF CANVAS.  
EXHIBITING THE SCENERY, Cities and Battle Fields on the respective rivers pursued by the American Army from Corpus Christi to Mexico City, and thence to Yucatan, and from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, a line of country.

Over 3,000 Miles in Extent!!  
This stupendous Panorama, to which the French and the People have already accorded the merit of being the most comprehensive and beautiful Panorama ever exhibited in Boston, is now on exhibition at

**BOYLSTON HALL,**  
Cor. of Boylston and Washington streets, Boston.  
EVERY EVENING, and on every Wednesday and Saturday AFTERNOON, at three o'clock.  
Capt. DONAVAN, Author of "Adventures in Mexico," and for seven months a prisoner, during the recent war, will be present to explain the picture, and during the exhibition, will relate many incidents of the war, Mexican life, manners, &c.  
Tickets 25 cents. Liberal arrangements made with Parties and Schools. Exhibitions on request to parties from the country at an hour's notice.  
For particulars see bills of the day.

# MOLASSES, SALT, CORN & PASTER.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by the subscribers

- 75 Hds. Prime retailing Molasses.
- 10 Tier. & Bbls. ditto.
- 150 Hds. Liverpool Salt.
- 50 do. Cadiz do.
- 100 do. Turks Island do.
- 200 Bus. Yellow flat Corn.
- 150 Tons Ground Plaster.

ALSO:  
A good assortment of

**DRY & W. I. GOODS, MANILLA HEMP  
& TARRED CORDAGE.**  
All of the above-named articles will be sold on the most favorable terms for Cash or approved credit.  
Waterville, Oct. 26th 1848. PAINE & GETHCHELL.

# SPLENDID SOLAR LAMPS, CLOCKS & WATCHES, JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS.

THE subscriber having returned from Boston with a new and splendid stock, equal to the best in the line, would particularly call the attention of the public to his beautiful variety of patterns of **SOLAR-LAMPS & CLOCKS**, consisting of centre-table, side and hanging lamps, and a great variety of new and beautiful patterns of clocks, of 1 day, 30 hour, 8 day and alarm.  
Also, a splendid assortment of watches, Jewelry, Britannia, silver and plated ware, cutlery, fancy goods, accoutrements, flutes, toys, &c.  
Also, for sale Solar Lamp Shades, cut and plain ground, wicks and chimneys. The above goods having been brought for cash will be sold at prices that cannot fail to suit customers.

PLEASE TO CALL AND SEE.  
Waterville, Oct. 26, 1848. C. J. WINGATE.

# Dentistry.

DR. D. BURBANK,  
SURGEON DENTIST

AND  
MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH

Rooms in Hanson's Building,  
Cor. Main and Elm sts.

**WATERVILLE, MAINE.**

# O. WRIGHT, M. D.,

Boston Physician and Surgeon.

HAVING practiced eleven years in the vegetable system of Medicine, offers his services to the citizens of New Sharon and vicinity. He treats scrofulous, chronic and debilitated cases on the system which has recently been attended with successful results, and he hopes to give satisfaction to such as may call on him.

ADVICE GRATIS, IN ALL CASES.  
Sept. 16, 1848.

# WANTED.

40,000 YELLOW-ASH Head and Barrel poles to be delivered at the Steamboat landing in Waterville, for which cash will be paid. To be delivered any time from the 1st day of November next.  
Sept. 24th, 1848. (10-5m) THOMAS D. GOODWIN.

# NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS Elijah Woodman, by his deed of Mortgage dated the twenty-fourth day of May, A. D. 1841, and recorded in the records of deeds for the County of Kennebec, Book 126, page 170, conveyed to me, the undersigned, a lot of land situated in Winslow, and bounded as follows, to wit: southerly, by land of Fredrick Paine, easterly, by land of George W. Bruce, northerly, by the road leading by Joseph Eaton's Store and house; and westerly, by the centre of the brook leading from the fence near said Paine's Plaster Mill to the watercourse of the Bridge by Eaton's Store and containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and the said Woodman having failed to perform the condition of said mortgage, I, the undersigned, do hereby give notice of the breach of the condition thereof.  
Nov. 11th, 1848. WILLIAM E. BASSETT.

# FREE SPEECH.

"A LITTLE more grace Capt. Briggs' Jing! Ladies, if you want a good Mill, Vintner or Box, call at the well-known Free Store, C. R. PHILLIPS', and he will sell you one just as low as you can find it anywhere in Waterville, and all within." A new lot just received.

# BUFFALO COATS

CAN be bought of C. R. PHILLIPS' cheaper than at any other store in town. Try and See.

# DR. WARREN'S

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, & WILD CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS.

AT FIFTY CTS. PER BOTTLE.  
SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters, have now become a standard Medicine, universally approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for Scrofulous, Rheumatic, Gouty, Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sour Stomach, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, bad Humors, Eruptions on the face or body, Cancerous Sores, King's Evil, chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, Heretic, &c. &c. Sallow Complexion, and all those disorders which arise from the abuse of Mercury, or from an impure taint in the blood, no matter how acquired.  
The extract here presented is prepared after directions given by the celebrated Dr. Warren, whose name it bears, and will be found superior to any preparation of the kind now in use. It is highly concentrated, entirely vegetable, and very finely flavored to the taste. The change which it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is speedy and permanent.  
As a Spring Medicine for purifying the blood, strengthening the stomach and bowels, checking the humors, and curing the various habits, the Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters are entirely unrivalled.  
Prepared and sold by  
DAVID F. BRADLEE & SON,  
136 Washington Street, Boston.

# AGENTS—WATERVILLE, WILLIAM DYER; Norridgewood, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Mercer, Hamball Ingalls; Farmington, J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd, and the dealers in Medicine generally throughout New England.

# GENTS' ENAMELED HALF-BOOTS.

A BEAUTIFUL article just rec'd at J. WILLIAMS & SONS'.

# FRESH FLOUR

RECEIVED every Wednesday, per steamer, from Boston by

TRUNKS & VALISES.

THE best assortment in town to be found at J. C. BARTLETT'S Cheap Cash Store.

# PURE Spum, ret'd Whale, and Lard Oil, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO.

JUST RECEIVED, a good assortment of Quinces, Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes, &c., which will be sold cheap for cash.

# 100 BBLs. "Gardner's" Family Flour, just received, and for sale by

Nov. 9th, 1848. (16.) PAINE & GETHCHELL.

# FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

I HAVE just received in addition to my former stock, \$2000 worth of

# Ready-Made Clothing,

Making the largest stock and greatest variety ever yet offered in Waterville, comprising in part the following articles:

- 1 doz. Buffalo Over Coats.
- 1 " Wave Beaver do.
- 1 " Brown do.
- 1 " Blue Pilot do.
- 1 " Blue Broadcloth do.
- 1-2 " Heavy Drab do.
- 2 " Cass. Sacks & Frocks.
- 1 " Heavy Tweed Sacks.
- 3 " Br'n rib'd satinett do.
- 2 " Blue do.
- 1 " Mixed do.
- 3-4 " Plaid do.
- 1 " Broadcloth Dress Coats.
- 1 " do. do. Frocks.

# VESTS.

- 2 doz. Double breasted Satin Vests.
- 3 " Single breasted do.
- 1 " do. Lasting do.
- 10 " Robroy & Valencia do.

# PANTS.

- 6 doz. Black Cass. Pants.
- 2 " Mixed do.
- 1 " Strip'd Doe Skin do.
- 1 " Plain do.
- 5 " Black Satinett do.
- 1 " Blue do.
- 3 " do. rib'd do.
- 2 " Mixed do.
- 2 " Pilot Cloth do.
- 5 " Green Jackets.
- 20 " prs. Overalls.

# BOY'S CLOTHING.

- 2 doz. Cass. Sacks & Frocks.
- 5 " Satin do.
- 1 " prs. Striped Doeskin Pants.
- 2 " prs. Cassimere do.
- 2 " prs. Mixed Satinett do.
- 1 " prs. Plaid do.
- 4 " Plaid Vests.

# FURNISHING GOODS.

- 12 doz. Red Flannel Shirts.
- 10 " Striped do.
- 2 " White do.
- 6 " Flannel Under do.
- 2 " Knit do.
- 2 " do. Drawers.
- 8 " Cot. Flannel do.

The above goods were bought for cash, and will be sold lower than can be bought in town.

C. H. THAYER.

Waterville, Oct. 17th, 1848. (13-4f)

# New Fall Goods.

WM. M. PHILLIPS

AS just returned from Boston, with one of the richest stocks of

# DRY GOODS

ever offered in Waterville, which he offers to his friends and the public generally at unusually low prices. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call before purchasing elsewhere, as goods will be freely shown at all times.

A general assortment of

West India Goods and Groceries,

FEATHERS, LOOKING-GLASSES, &c.

# A CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.

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

# HOT BLAST AIR-TIGHT Cooking Stove,

with a Rotary Gridiron in a Broiling Chamber, constructed for cooking steaks cleanly and in the short space of five minutes, without any supply of coal. The principle is simple, and the operation is so easy, that it is quite new and exceedingly desirable. The other qualities of this stove defy competition.

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

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

Stanley's Air-tight Rotary,

Congress Air-tight,

Wedge's Air-tight,

Atwood's Empire,

Boston Air-tight,

Hathaway's Air-tight,

together with

Express,

Ransom's,

and various patterns of useful and convenient elevated ovens, with hollow ware to match in great variety.

The Stock comprises also, a variety of Fancy Cast and Sheet Iron, Parlor and Chamber Stoves, Box- and Plate Stoves

for Halls, School-Houses, Churches, Stores, &c.,

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

# WATERVILLE.

Water, June 28th, 1848. J. R. FOSTER & CO.,

# DISSOLUTION.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Goss & Hill, in the Painting Business, is dissolved by mutual agreement. The books and accounts are in the hands of Joseph Hill, who is authorized to settle the same.  
C. S. GOSS.

Waterville, May 1st, 1848. J. HILL.

# CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

THE Subscriber continues to execute, at the old stand, CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING. Also, GLAZING and PAPER HANGING.

J. Hill will be found at the old stand of Goss & Hill, next building north of Marston's Block. He intends to employ Journeymen, so as to be able to execute with despatch all Work and Jobs they may be called upon to do. And, likewise, PAINTS prepared for use on reason able terms.  
J. HILL.

Waterville, May 10, 1848. 424f.

# Look at this!

JOSEPH MARSTON

HAS just received, at his Brick Block, a fresh and desirable stock of

Foreign, Domestic, Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS,

Comprising, in part, the following articles—

- Broadcloths, Lawns,
- Cassimeres, Linen Lawns,
- Doeskins, M. de Laines,
- Satinetts, Shawls,
- Tweeds, Carpet Bags,
- Gambroons, Linens,
- Denims, Bosoms,
- Vestings, Dickseys,
- Ginghams, Eng. and Am. Prints,
- Mulsins, Bl. & Br. Sheetings,

together with a general assortment of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE,

# LARGE SALE OF Dry Goods,

AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS.

J. R. ELLEN & CO.,

HAVING just returned from Boston with an extensive assortment of English, French and American Dry Goods adapted to the Fall & Winter trade, invite the public to an inspection of their Stock, combining every variety of choice and desirable Imported & American Goods; all which have been purchased at the lowest possible prices and will be sold at a small advance from Cost.

# DRESS GOODS.

The best assortment ever offered in this market; many styles of which are exceedingly rare and in great demand—consisting of

- Alpacas, Cot. Warp, (all colors) 17 to 30c.
- Alpacas, Silk Warp, from 37 " 65.
- Silk Warp Cashmeres " 50 " 75.
- Thibet Cloths " 92 " 1.86.
- Lyonese Cloths (all colors) " 30 " 80.
- Coburgs " 30 " 50.
- Camelion Lustras " 25 " 30.
- M. de Laines (great variety) 15 " 25.
- Delise Stripes " 33 " 50.
- Queen's Cloths " 40 " 50.
- Eolians " 50 " 75.
- Prints " 4 " 12-12.

# SHAWLS.

A large stock of beautiful patterns. All Wool Cashmere, Basket do., Long and Square do., Brk Silk, Stradella, Thibet and Delaine.

# FLANNELS.

4-4 & 5-4 English and Domestic, Orange and Scarlet Satisfactory, Red Twilled, Bleached and Brown Cotton do.

# SHEETINGS.

- 4 Bales Merrimack, 39 in. wide, at 7c.
- 3 " New Bedford 40 do. 7.
- 2 " Ascotney, 36 do. 6-1-2.
- 2 " Lake Mills, 36 do. 6.
- 2 " Ogdun, 36 do. 4.
- 2 " Remnants, 36 do. 3-1-2.

A further enumeration of prices may be useless. An examination of goods and prices will be more satisfactory to those who may favor us with a call.

A great variety of

# FANCY GOODS.

Also, a fine assortment of colored and plain cambrics checked do., mull, Swiss and book muslins, linen lawns and cambrics, Irish linens, Irish do., linen cotton damask, embossed covers, damask do., lace, hosiery, vestings, fringes, edgings, fancy scarfs and hdkfs., carpet bags, berage, blagched sheetings and drillings, silken patches, (new fashions) dresses, crabs, denim, linen, woolseys, tickings, &c., &c.

1500 lbs. Feathers (all cleaned) from 12 1/2 to 40c. Looking Glasses (all sizes) from 12 1/2 to \$1.00.

# CROCKERY & GLASS WARE.

A large assortment than ever before offered in Waterville. Flowing blue, mulberry, china, stone, brown and blue tea-sets, plates all styles, glass creamers and basins, vases, dishes, napkins, pitchers, preserve dishes, numbers, (new pat.) glass creamers and bowls, candle sticks, lamp sals, cases, lanterns, castors, &c., &c.

# W. I. Goods & Groceries.

Ninoying, Southerg, Oolong and Old Hyson TEAS crushed, powdered Havana, P. Rico and N. Orleans SU CARB-Java, P. Rico and Cape COFFEE—Hav Trinidad and P. Rico MOLASSES, Spices of all kinds, box and cask Raisins, Starch, Flour and Corn.

J. R. E. & CO. have the Agency of the Buckfield and Camden Powder Companies and are prepared to sell at Wholesale and Retail.

Patterns and samples given and goods freely shown.

Purchasers would find it for their interest to examine this stock before making their purchases elsewhere, as it would enable them to become better acquainted with prices in the market, if they should not feel disposed to buy of us.

A general assortment of

WILLIAM C. DOW & CO.

WOULD inform their friends and the public, that they keep constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

West India Goods and Groceries,

FEATHERS, LOOKING-GLASSES, CROCKERY, AND

CHINA WARE.

Also, Iron, Steel, Hard Ware, Circular and Mill Saws, Axes, Nails, Window Glass, and Furniture Vanish, Japan, Paints, &c.; together with a Good assortment of

HEMP & MANILLA CORDAGE.

The above goods will be sold at reduced prices, for cash or produce, or on short and approved credit.

BEST selected Medicines and Drugs, a fresh supply—

B Families and Physicians supplied with articles that shall give satisfaction, and at reasonable prices, at

June 1st, 1848. WILLIAM DYER'S.

# HARDWARE.

HENRY NOURSE & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND

SADDLERY.

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

They keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Iron, Steel, Nails, Window Glass, Axes, Bludge Spring Axes, Circular, X-cut and Mill Saws, Fire Arms, Fire Dogs, Oven, Ash and Boiler Moulds, Cauldron Kettles, Stove Pipe, Hollow Ware, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Zinc, and Tin Ware.

ALSO,  
A complete assortment of the most approved

# Cooking Stoves,

together with elegant patterns of Parlor Stoves, common Sheet Iron Air-tight, Office, Box and other Stoves.

Also, a full supply of fresh Ground LEAD of different qualities and all other kinds of Paints—

Lined, Spum, Lard and White Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Japan, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best qualities—

Manilla Cordage, Harness, Sole, Patent, Covering, Dasher and Top Leather, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Goodyear's India Rubber

MACHINE BELTING,

at manufacturers' prices.

Particular attention given to furnishing all materials for building purposes.

They have just received a large Invoice of Saddle & Carriage Harness, and are prepared to execute with various articles of American Manufacture, making their assortment one of the most complete in Maine.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited to this well known establishment, as it is believed every reasonable expectation of purchasers will be answered.

Waterville, May 3d, 1848. (41-1y)

# ALL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

WHO are in want of Boots, Shoes or Rubbers, 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;

Polkas, from \$1.25 to \$1.75;

Rubbers, from 50 cts. to \$1;

Misses' shoes and rubbers, of all kinds, and prices to suit the shoes;

Children's shoes and rubbers.

Child's Winter water proof sewed Calf Boots; Do. pegged—from \$4 to \$7;

# FISH FOR SALE.

3000 LBS. Cod Fish from 2 to 4 cts. per lb. by JOSEPH MARSTON.

# SASH & DOOR FACTORY.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that they are now prepared to execute at short notice and on reasonable terms, at their establishment, near the steamboat landing in Waterville, all orders in their line of business.

They manufacture all kinds of

Doors, Blinds, Sash, Window Frames, &c., which will be based on the most reasonable terms.

All kinds of

Planing, Matching and Jobbing

done to order.

They are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of buildings, with or without furnishing materials; and having good facilities for securing the best of workmen, and furnishing stock at advantageous prices, they are confident of being able to offer as good terms as can be obtained elsewhere. (38 1y)

Waterville, April 12, 1848. J. WING & McCAUSLAND.

# CARRIAGE TRIMMING.

AND

# HARNESS MAKING.