



12-21-1848

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 22): December 21, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

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



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

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 22): December 21, 1848" (1848). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 73.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/73](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/73)

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



# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II.....NO. 22.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 21, 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.

[From Holden's Dollar Magazine.]

## TIME'S CHANGES. A TRUE TALE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

"Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift."

### CHAPTER I.

Some fifty years ago there was living in the city of brotherly love, a young widow named Clarissa Thornton. She was of a respectable family, and her husband, while living, was one of the first physicians in the Quaker city; but the family had seen affliction, and her partner in life dying suddenly, had left her without fortune and without protection in the world. At the time our story opens, she was thirty years of age, and her only child, a son, called Theodore, had seen scarce eleven summers. These two individuals, the mother and son, being left without friends in the middle of a heartless populace, lived alone together in a small apartment in one of the humblest quarters of the town. Mrs. Thornton supported herself and son with her needle, to do which she was obliged to work continually, sometimes sitting up during the entire night.

Little Theodore, at ten years of age, used to devote his time to reading to his mother, passages from her favorite authors. He was an intelligent boy, full of generosity and a noble ambition; but his affection for his mother outweighed all his other good qualities. For her he would leave his play without a murmur; he was glad when he saw her happy, and he wept when he saw her weep. This was owing in part to the natural warmth of his heart, but more perhaps to her usual kindness to him on all occasions. She did not scold him, as many others do their children, and then caress him fondly; but when he needed reproof she did her duty in a kind and gentle manner, which could not fail to have an effect upon his heart. From his mother Theodore learned the first rudiments of science, and under her instruction, both moral and intellectual, laid the foundation for future usefulness in society.

Thus the mother and son lived together, but it was a hard life the devoted widow led.—Theodore did all he could to comfort her, but she became melancholy notwithstanding his kindness, and often while she was engaged with her sewing, large and sorrowful tears rolled down her sunken cheeks.

Her sunken cheeks were paled by anxiety, and grief had made such sad ravages in her once beautiful face, that the companions of her childhood would scarcely have known her then. The rose had fled from her features, the lustre from her eye; and the pale, sickly complexion told too plainly that consumption had marked her for his victim.

So it was. Mrs. Thornton was at last unable to work. A sudden illness stretched her upon a bed of suffering and sorrow. Then would the unhappy woman hold her poor child to her heart, and pray Heaven silently to watch over and protect him after she was gone. The wretched boy knew that his mother was very ill, but he had not divined that death was so near at hand.

Confined to her bed, the widow had no one to take care of her and administer to her wants save Theodore, and his cares were altogether insufficient to procure her necessary comforts. Had she been possessed of money she would not have wanted friends, and any number of physicians would have been ready to do all in their power to alleviate her sufferings; but as it was, there was none to bring her assistance or consolation.

One day the poor woman called Theodore to her bedside, and while his tears fell thick and fast upon her hand, said to him:— "My dear child, when your father was alive and we were prosperous, there were a few who were not ashamed to be called our friends; but when misfortune came they all turned coldly away, and now we are deserted and alone. As long as I could support myself, I was too proud to remind them of their former professions of friendship; but want, and helplessness, and bitter sufferings, crush the spirit which is naturally full of pride. Theodore, my son, there is one individual who can relieve us, and who will, I trust, as soon as we stoop to ask him to come to our assistance. He was a friend of your father, and he is very rich.—Without an effort he could lift us from the dust, and, ah, if he has a heart I am sure he will."

"O, let me go to him at once, mother," sobbed the boy; "then he will come and see you—he will!"

"Do not indulge in vain hopes, my child," interrupted Mrs. Thornton; "you do not know yet how cold the hearts of professed friends often become. But bring me a piece of paper and a pencil, and I will write a note for you to Mr. Harley."

Theodore, full of new hope, bounded off, and dashing away the tears of joy which gathered in his eyes, began to search for a piece of paper suitable to write a letter upon for the rich Mr. Harley. The paper at last was found, and the boy held it upon a book, while with a feeble, trembling hand his mother wrote a brief petition to her husband's friend.

Theodore wrapped his mother's letter up in a clean piece of newspaper, and holding it tightly in his hand, set out, following his mother's directions, to find the residence of Mr. Harley.

At last he came to a house that had the name of that gentleman on the door, and with a fluttering heart he ran up the marble steps. Grasping the important letter in one hand, he rang the bell timidly with the other, and then waited for a servant to appear.

With hopeful countenance he advanced into the presence of a man about thirty-five years of age, who, he was told, was his father's friend.

"Well, my lad, what is your errand?" asked Mr. Harley, looking up with a careless and business-like air from a paper he was reading. Theodore felt the blood rush to his heart like a frozen torrent, for there was something so cold in the gentleman's air that his hopes were destroyed like flowers beneath the frosts of autumn. However, the boy thought of his mother, and summoned all his courage to put the letter into Mr. Harley's hands.

"What's this?" said the gentleman.

"A letter," stammered Theodore, "from—from my mother."

Mr. Harley cast his eye over the contents of the note, and as he did so, Theodore, with an indescribable sinking of the heart, saw his brow darken with displeasure. Then the gentleman raised his eyes to Theodore, and regarded him with such a scrutinizing and unfeeling look, that the poor boy shivered like a culprit.

"Was your father's name Charles Thornton?" he asked.

"Yes sir," replied Theodore.

"Let me see—Charles Thornton!" mused the gentleman; "I have some faint recollection of such a person. Was he a doctor?"

Theodore replied in the affirmative.

"Well, well, I must do something for you, I suppose. Tell your mother that she need not take the trouble of sending you around here again, for I will call on her in a day or two. That will be the best way," and he added, in a lower tone of voice, "there's no knowing when this sort of people are in want, unless one sees with his own eyes. Go now, my lad, and don't forget to tell your mother that I will call upon her in a day or two."

Saying this, the rich Mr. Harley turned his back upon the starving boy, and glanced upon his paper as if nothing had happened.

As Theodore turned to go, a young girl of near his own age entered the room, and when she saw how wretched and full of sorrow he appeared, looked on him kindly, and held the door for him to pass. Her air of tenderness touched the unhappy boy, and large and silent tears rolled down his care-worn face.

Theodore hastened home to acquaint his anxious mother with the manner in which he had been received by his father's friend, and his reply; yet he said nothing of the freezing air of contempt with which Mr. Harley regarded him, for he feared to destroy the hopes of relief which his mother indulged.

On the following day the mother and son looked anxiously for the expected visit, but night came, and Mr. Harley did not arrive.—It was the same the next day, and the next. Then the widow wept over her son, and prayed God to stand by her in that dark hour of affliction.

Meantime, Mrs. Thornton was sinking rapidly into the grave. A few individuals who resided in the same house, touched with pity, contributed something towards supplying her wants, else she might have died long before she did. Theodore was with her always, watching her as if his existence depended on her own. As he saw her fading away, and knew that she was about to die, the grief of his boyish heart knew no bounds.

Meanwhile, the rich Mr. Harley was proceeding about his business as if nothing had happened, and as if he had never known that such a being as Mrs. Thornton existed.

One day when he was in a good humor with himself and with all honest people, his little daughter, the only child he had, got upon his knees, and asked him in winning tones what had become of the poor boy who was there some days before—meaning Theodore. The merchant recollected the circumstance, and then he remembered the wife of his former friend.

"Humph! well!" said he musingly, "I promised to do something for her; it is now more than a week; I ought to go and see how they are getting along. Give me my hat and cane, Julia, and I'll go and see what I can do for that little boy."

"Do, pa," said the girl, gratefully, running for her father's cane. "He did look so sad when he was here."

The merchant walked leisurely into the street and took his way towards the residence of Mrs. Thornton. He found the number without difficulty, and on inquiry, was directed to a room in the fourth story of the house. Mr. Harley toiled up the dilapidated staircase, and at last arrived at the door of the apartment to which he had been directed. He knocked; no one bid him enter. After repeating his summons thrice, with the same result, he threw open the door and entered.

A sad, heart-rending spectacle met his view. Upon a wretched bed, on one side of the room, lay the corpse of a female, and in its cold, emaciated features the merchant recognized the wife of his deceased friend. It was Mrs. Thornton; and, kneeling by the bedside, his hands clasping those of the corpse, and his face buried in the bed clothes, was Theodore, as motionless, and apparently as lifeless, as his mother. Indeed, the merchant might have thought that the boy was dead, had not his frame, at long intervals, shook with a convulsive sob, and then become as still and motionless as before.

The merchant felt strong misgivings on account of his neglect of the family of his friend, for his heart was not sufficiently hardened to withstand the sad eloquence of that sad scene. For some time he could not summon courage to approach the boy and make his presence known. At last he touched him lightly on the shoulder, and spoke his name.

Theodore started, and raised his tearful eyes to the merchant's face; but no sooner did he discern who it was, than he recoiled with a look of indignation and horror.

"You have come," he said, bitterly, "but it is too late. Begone, for we do not need you now—she is dead. You let her die!"

And the boy threw himself upon his mother's bosom, bursting into tears.

The merchant, conscience-stricken, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, and throwing it at the boy's feet, hurried like a culprit from the house.

### CHAPTER II.

It is ten years after the scene I have just described, and the subject of this history has reached his twenty-first year.

I have not space to detail how the youthful Theodore's time was passed during those ten years, but will simply state that through honesty, perseverance, and sober conduct, he had,

without the assistance of friends, succeeded in rising gradually in the world. After his mother's death he was obliged to become an errand boy. Then as he grew up, his employer kept him in doors; and at last he had been made clerk in a wholesale establishment, with a fair salary. It was but a small sum, it is true, but Theodore was young, and being of sober and industrious habits, he needed no extravagant salary for his support.

Theodore had been introduced into the first society in the city of brotherly love, and he mingled with the rich and fashionable of the town. True, he was often looked upon contemptuously because he was only a clerk, but those who regarded him in that light being people he despised, he was altogether too independent to notice.

Theodore saw frequently in company, a young girl toward whom, at first sight, his heart warmed in the mysterious sympathy of love. Like those who feel, for the first time, the influence of the tender passion, his sensations were so new and strange, and yet so delightful, that he yielded his heart without asking himself whether it was wise for him to do so or not. At last the young man succeeded in getting an introduction to his unknown, and was not a little surprised to learn that she was the only daughter of the rich Mr. Harley, and the young girl whom he saw at her father's house ten years before.

Theodore felt a strange sinking of the heart on receiving this intelligence, for it brought up old associations, and opened wounds which time had failed to heal. He remembered all the circumstances of his mother's death, and the sweet face of the child, who had looked kindly on him after he had been coldly repulsed by her father, was painted in vivid colors upon his imagination. And that child, having grown to womanhood, stood before him.

I need not dwell upon this portion of my story. Suffice it to say that Theodore, on becoming acquainted with his unknown, found her every way worthy of his love; and that Julia, struck with the kindness and attention of the young man, as well as his good looks and agreeable manners, insensibly to herself, and still less so to her lover, yielded him her heart.

There is something heavenly in the pure affection of two young beings whose love is unconfessed. To the fervor of passion is added that respect which permits not familiarity as when words have passed between them on the subject. This stage of the passion is that which most abounds in sidelong glances, remarks with hidden meaning, sighs, tears, keen sensibility to the slightest contact with the object of affection, shivering at a touch, a look or a word, and all that strange combination of pantomimic tragedy and comedy attendant on love.

This stage of things did not, however, endure long with the young lovers. It very naturally happened that Theodore took the first opportunity to declare his passion, and at the moment he did so, the happy, blushing Julia gave him to understand that it was returned.

This is the second stage of love; and let me assure the reader that it was a very embarrassing one for Theodore and Julia. They knew very well that the consent of the rich merchant—the father of Julia—could not easily be obtained, and the thought of disobeying him had never entered their minds. However, with as much courage as he could command, Theodore proceeded one evening to ask the consent of Mr. Harley for their marriage.

The merchant heard the proposal very coolly, and then, in a very business-like manner, asked Theodore how he was situated with regard to property, and all that sort of thing.

The young man colored slightly, but replied in a firm voice, that he was receiving a salary of five hundred dollars, and had a little laid by. On the reception of this news Mr. Harley was thunderstruck. He looked at Theodore as if he had been a dog making application to go into partnership with him. True, he was at first inclined to consider it all a joke, but Theodore looked altogether too serious to allow of such a supposition. Then, without uttering a word, with a look of pity and contempt, he gave him to understand that it would afford him great pleasure to see him leave the house.

The order needed no urging. Pale with suppressed indignation, he turned his back on the haughty merchant. It was the second time he had applied to that gentleman for favors; before, he was turned away with a promise, now with a contemptuous refusal; then his little heart was bursting with grief for his mother's sake; and on the present occasion his love for Julia was forgotten in the bitterness of the anger which was boiling in his breast.

It was about a week after this event that the young man met Julia one evening in company, and led her aside to speak with her on the subject of his refusal. The young girl was very unhappy. She said that a wealthy young man in the city had made proposals for her hand, and that it was the determination of her parents that she should accept. She could not, conscientiously, and for that reason her parents persecuted her as if she were guilty of a heinous crime.

"My God!" exclaimed Theodore, bitterly, "this is too much. With me you could be happy, I believe, although I am poor; but they choose to have you miserable with him, because he can boast of wealth. It is infamous."

And in the heat of his indignation, aided also by his strong affection, he allowed himself to be led away, and he spoke then of which, in his moments of cool reflection, would never have entered his heart. He proposed an elopement, and urged his cause with all the eloquence of love. He said he had an offer to go to New York at a salary of six hundred dollars, and painted to the imagination of Julia such a glowing picture of their happiness with each other, although poor, that the unhappy girl, after hesitating long, and considering the sacrifices she would be obliged to make, bro't herself to believe that the step he proposed was not wrong under the circumstances, and promised for his sake, to leave her home and risk her father's anger.

A week after this interview, the two lovers married at New York, as happy as a young married pair can be, except that the thought of Mr. Harley's anger caused any thing but pleasant reflections in the bosom of Theodore and that of his young wife. Soon after Julia wrote to her father for his forgiveness; but on receiving a brief reply, Theodore, pale with indignation and high resolve, crushed the paper beneath his heel, and requested his young wife never again to write to her haughty father.

Julia complied. For a long time the thought of her father's displeasure caused her much unhappiness, but Theodore's presence soothed her, and she soon learned to forget all her cares in the enjoyment of his love.

The young couple were obliged to struggle with poverty at first, but they bore up nobly, hoping for better times. And thus they lived together—frugal, industrious and honest, and more than all, happy and contented.

### CHAPTER III.

As this history is not written merely to please the imagination, but also to instruct the heart, the reader will excuse me for being so irregular in my narrative; and now, when I ask him to pass over with me the space of twenty years, he will do so, I trust, without a murmur.

It was a stormy night in the month of December, 183—. A cold rain fell pattering on the pavements of New York, and a biting wind drove about the corners of the streets, and in to the faces of those who were abroad.

At half past seven o'clock in the evening, an old man might have been seen wandering, homeless, friendless, without an object and without hope, along one of the principal streets of the city. His hat—or rather the article he wore upon his head—not only let the cold-rain through, but even discovered to the eye of the observer a few thin locks of grey hair struggling through divers apertures in the sides and top. His coat was buttoned close around him, and muffled about his face as if to hide his features from the rude gaze of passers-by; but beneath his hat, which was drawn closely over his brows, might have been seen a sunken, lustreless eye, and a visage where fearful ravages had been made by time and sorrow.

As this old man was plodding slowly and wearily along, a carriage drove up at a door but a few paces before him. He saw a man in the prime of manhood alight, and drawing his warm cloak about him, run lightly up the marble steps of an elegant mansion.

At sight of such comfort, the heart of that old man sank within him; but in a moment, fatigue, and hunger, and the pitiless cold, conquered both envy and pride, and staggering forward, the aged sufferer reached out his withered and trembling hand for alms!

When the rich man, who was on the point of entering his house where wealth and every comfort awaited him, looked about and saw before him the half-cold, half-starved, and shivering object who humbly asked for a shilling to buy his supper and his lodgings, he was touched with pity, and spoke kindly to him and dropped a piece of silver in his hand.

"May God bless you!" exclaimed the old man, earnestly; and tears of gratitude coursed down his cheeks.

He turned away; but in doing so, emotion, combined with the fatigue of his body, caused him to stagger and fall like a corpse upon the cold wet pavement. In a moment the rich man was by his side; and, like the good Samaritan, he lifted him up, and speaking kindly, assisted him to reach his own door.

Then the rich man ran for assistance, and recommending the other to the care of his servants, with a heart that beat with the happy consciousness of having done good to a suffering being, hastened to forget the cares of the day in the bosom of his family.

Meanwhile the old man was fed, and warmed, and comforted, and his heart was made happier than it had been for many a day before. At nine o'clock the servant conducted him into a small, but neat room, in which every thing that could add to his comfort was to be found, and left him alone, wishing him a good night's rest. The old man went to bed, and slept until the light of broad day was streaming through the curtain of his window; for the storm had passed, and it was a lovely winter's morning.

When the aged wanderer had breakfasted, he desired to see his benefactor, that he might thank him for his more than human kindness; and was shown into a parlor where he was left alone. A door leading into another room was left partially open, and the old man heard voices engaged in an earnest conversation.—"They were those of a gentleman and lady—and the old man gathered from what he heard that the daughter of these was desirous of marrying a young man of whom they disapproved."

More than once as he listened, the old man pressed his hands to his brow, and once he arose, approached the door hastily, and sat down again. He appeared greatly agitated, and his limbs trembled violently.

At last the voice of a young girl was heard, and as the clear, silvery tones fell upon his ear, they made the old man start.

"He is poor, I know," said the young girl, "but I believe him worthy, and I love him. Forbid our marriage if you will—but I will never marry another!"

And then the old man heard a door close, and it seemed that she who had spoken so firmly, and yet so feelingly, had left her parents alone.

Shortly after, the door between the two apartments was thrown open, and the gentleman who had given the aged sufferer food and shelter for the past night, accompanied by a lady, advanced into the room where he was in waiting.

The old man arose, and with a degree of politeness one could scarce have anticipated, judging from his appearance, thanked them for the kindness he had met with at their hands. To see him as he stood, a trembling, destitute old man, and more than that, to hear the feeling accents of his voice while thanking them, brought tears into the eyes of both the gentleman and his wife. The old man hesitated, but appeared desirous of saying something more. The gentleman told him to go on.

"I was here," said the old man, "when you were talking in the other room, and without intending it, I overheard your conversation. You will pardon me if I speak boldly, but I believe I am doing my duty. It seems that you have a daughter who would accept a proposal of marriage of a poor but worthy youth, did you not oppose her wishes. Forgive an old man who has seen much of the world, and of the world's bitter experience, when he says to you—beware! Do not oppose your daughter's marriage merely because the young man is poor. I once had a daughter myself—and I was rich then like you—and when a young man without property proposed for her hand, I rejected him in contempt. He was as proud as I, though poor. He sneered at my pride, while my daughter wept. I treated them both cruelly, and Heaven punished me as I deserved. Would you know how? The young couple married against my will, and my daughter

left my roof forever! My God! when I think of it, my heart seems bursting with grief! You cannot imagine what agony of remorse I have suffered—what vain regrets have pursued me ever since. My daughter would have come back, but I repulsed her angrily; and I never heard from her again. From that time I have met with nothing but misfortune and sorrow. My wife died of grief; would to God I had accompanied her to the grave and been buried by her side! But Heaven willed it otherwise; I have lived to see my property forsake me, as if the curse of Job were upon my head, and I have seen the friends of my prosperity desert me. O God! it is just! As I did unto others so have I been done unto until now. You—you are the first who have wept? Why, lady, do you cover your face with your hands? and you, sir, you are touched! Thank Heaven that not all the world is cold and selfish! But why, madam, do you regard me thus? you kneel before me?"

Unable to proceed, the old man staggered to a seat.

"My father! my father!" sobbed the lady throwing herself at his feet, and bowing her head upon his outstretched hands.

"My God! it is you! Julia! my daughter—my child," murmured the old man, drawing her to his heart, and mingling his tears with hers. Theodore Thornton stood by in silence; but the father and daughter were not alone to shed tears on that unexpected meeting. He who, thirty years before, was coldly turned away from the door of that same old man when he went to ask, not for himself, but for his dying mother—who was thrust from his presence contemptuously ten years after that event, when he went to ask the hand of his Julia in marriage—he wept more to think that TIME, THE AVENGER, had granted the vengeance for which once he prayed!

In effect, the high had been brought low, and the lowly had been raised up. Mr. Harley, the rich and haughty merchant, by reverses which it is not necessary that I should explain, had become the homeless, friendless, miserable old man his children now beheld him, while Theodore, by honesty, industry and perseverance, had built up a fortune for himself and family.

It was in warning him against this that the old man discovered to Julia that he was her father. I need not dwell upon the scene that followed. When Theodore and his wife learned that those time-worn features, and that shrunken, feeble form, were the remnants of the once rich and haughty man, they raised him from the dust, and instead of forgiving him, prayed humbly that he would forgive them for having disobeyed him, forsaken him, and left him in his old age to suffer privation and want.

There is something sweet and heavenly in mutual forgiveness. It opens the fountains of feeling, and heals wounds that have long rankled in the breast. It was so with Mr. Harley and his children. All was forgiven—all was forgotten, and buried with the past, save the holy lesson of charity and forgiveness, which was too sweet to the memory to be forgotten.

Theodore no longer withheld his consent to his daughter's marriage with the man of her choice, but, recommending the young couple to be industrious, and honest, and charitable—even as he himself had been—blessed the union of two hearts God had joined together.

A RAT! A RAT! The Yankee Blade tells a story of a green horn, who was absorbed during the closet scene in Hamlet where the prince upbraids his mother. A rat, taking advantage of his stillness, approached the peasant, &c., which lay at his feet, in the pit.—The countryman finally found the varmint nibbling his shoe leather, and prepared for action. At this moment the cry of Polonius behind the arras aroused the mad prince, who ran up the stage, crying out, "A rat! a rat! run up a ducat!" just as the countryman brought down, with crushing force, his cow-hide boots upon the offending rat's head, and leaping to his feet he cried with wild delight:—"This way, mister, this way! Here he is; here he is!" at the same time holding up the mangled victim by the tail, to the view of the whole theatre.

AN ANECDOTE. The Cincinnati Nonpareil relates the following, which, if not authentic, is certainly amusing:—"The President elect of this great republic, Gen. Taylor, has an old favorite in the person of a negro, whose skill on the violin is so well known in the neighborhood of the General's residence, that it would be superfluous for us to praise his many efforts to please his old master. It is the habit of the General, when his other engagements permit, to call Dick, (the cognomen of the 'aforesaid' negro) with his violin, to while away an hour. A day or two after the Presidential election, Dick was in his accustomed place saving away for the amusement of Old Zack, and keeping up a desultory conversation with the old hero. Dick had tried several times to speak of something which he was anxious should be known. He at length plucked up courage, and said:

"Has you heard de news, dis mornin, massa Taylor?"

The old General looked a moment at Dick, who had ceased the use of the bow, and then said:—"No. What is it, Dick?"

"Why," said Dick, "de telumgraf and every-body else, sez you're elected President of dese United States!"

"Well, what of that? Play away, Dick."

We left Dick fiddling away for the amusement of President Taylor; and sought the first boat for Cincinnati!

FIRST DISCOVERY OF THE CALIFORNIA GOLD MINES.—From an article in Harper's forthcoming Biographical Cyclopaedia, we learn that the gold mines of California were first discovered by the Jesuits, about the middle of the last century. The Jesuits concealed their discovery from the Government, and the suspicion that they had done so, perhaps had something to do with their expulsion from Mexico. In 1763, Don Jose Galvez, Marquis of Sonora, undertook an expedition into California to ascertain the truth of the reports respecting the gold, in the rivers, in the soil, and in the rocks. He was accompanied by the celebrated Don Miguel Jose de Arana, who, discouraged by a fruitless search of a few weeks, recommended the abandonment of the enterprise, and for contending that the Marquis was insane, or proceeding, was thrown into prison, where he remained several months. Nothing at all satisfactory, however, appears to have

resulted from the search of Galvez; although the Jesuits afterwards disclosed, in Spain and in France, that the charges of discovery and concealment, made against them were true.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

## MARGARET ARNOLD.

We give below an extract from Mrs. Ellet's new work, 'The Women of the Revolution,' assured that it will interest those of our readers who have not the volumes at command. Presuming that they are already familiar with the history of many of the ladies whose biographies Mrs. Ellet has given, we have selected that of one whose name has been wrongfully, we are persuaded, associated with treachery and unpatriotic sentiments. It is a pleasure to find our countrywoman thus vindicated, and by one of her sex. Mrs. Ellet has here displayed true, generous and womanly feeling and the record of the unhappy life and lonely death of Mrs. Arnold cannot but move our deepest sympathy:—

The wife of Benedict Arnold was Margaret Shippen, of Philadelphia. One of her ancestors, Edward Shippen, who was mayor of the city in the beginning of the eighteenth century, suffered severe persecutions from the zealots in authority in Boston, for his Quakerism; but, successful in his business, he amassed a large fortune, and says tradition, was distinguished for 'being the biggest man, having the biggest house and the biggest carriage in Philadelphia.' 'Shippen's great house,' and 'the famous house and orchard outside the town,' was built on an eminence, the orchard overlooking the city; yellow pines shaded the rear, a green lawn shaded the front, and the view was unobstructed to the Delaware and Jersey shores. A princely place, indeed, for that day—with its summer-house and gardens abounding with tulips, roses, and lilies! It is said to have been the residence for a few weeks of William Penn and his family. An account of the distinguished persons who were guests there at different times would be curious and interesting.

Edward Shippen, afterwards Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, was the father of Margaret. His family, distinguished among the aristocracy of the day, was prominent after the commencement of the contest among those known to cherish loyalist principles; his daughters were educated in these, and had their constant associations with those who were opposed to American independence. The youngest of them—only eighteen years of age—beautiful, brilliant, and fascinating, full of spirit and gaiety—the toast of the British officers while their army occupied Philadelphia—became the object of Arnold's admiration. She had been 'one of the brightest of the belles of the Mischianza'; and it is somewhat curious that the knight who appeared in her honor on that occasion chose for his motto a lay leaf, with the motto 'Unchangeable.' This gay and volatile young creature, accustomed to the display connected with 'the pride of life,' and the homage paid to beauty in high station, was not one to resist the lure of ambition, and was captivated, it is probable, through her girlish fancy, by the splendor of Arnold's equipments, and his military ostentation. These appear to have had their effect upon her relatives, one of whom, in a manuscript letter, still extant, says:—'We understood that Gen. Arnold, a fine gentleman, lays close siege to Peggy'—thus noticing his brilliant and imposing exterior, without a word of information or inquiry as to his character and principles.

A letter from Arnold to Miss Shippen, which has been published—written from the camp at Raritan, February 8th, 1778, not long before their marriage—shows the discontent and rancor of his heart, in the allusion to the President and Council of Pennsylvania. These feelings were probably expressed freely to her, as it was his pleasure to complain of injury and persecution; while the darker designs, of which no one suspected him till the whole community were startled by the news of his treason, were doubtless buried in his own breast.

Some writers have taken delight in representing Mrs. Arnold as another Lady Macbeth—an unscrupulous and artful seductress, whose inordinate vanity and ambition were the cause of her husband's crime; but there seems no foundation even for a supposition that she was acquainted with his trust. She was not the being that he would choose as the sharer of a secret so perilous; nor was the dissimulation attributed to her consistent with her character. Arnold's marriage, it is true, bro't her more continually into familiar association with the enemies of American liberty, and strengthened distrust of him in the minds of those who had seen enough to condemn in his previous conduct; and it is likely that his propensity for extravagance was encouraged by his wife's taste for luxury and display, while she exerted over him no saving influence. In the words of one of his best biographers, he had no domestic security for doing right, no fire-side guardianship to protect him from the tempter. Rejecting, as we do utterly, the theory that his wife was the instigator of his crime—all common principles of human action being opposed to it—we still believe that there was nothing in her influence or associations to contravert the persuasions to which he ultimately yielded. She was young and gay, and frivolous; fond of display and admiration, and used to luxury; she was utterly unfitted for the duties and privations of a poor man's wife. A loyalist daughter, she had been taught to mourn over the pageantry of colonial rank and authority, and to recollect with pleasure the pomp of those brief days of enjoyment, when military men of noble station were her admirers. Arnold had no counsellor on his pillow to urge him to the imitation of homely republican virtue, to stimulate him to follow the rugged path of a revolutionary patriot. He fell; and though his wife did not tempt or counsel him to ruin, there is no reason to think she ever uttered a word or made a sign to deter him.

Her instrumentality in the intercourse carried on while the iniquitous plan was maturing, according to all probability, was an unconscious one. Major Andre, who had been intimate at her father's while Gen. Howe was in possession of Philadelphia, wrote to her from New York, in August, 1779, to solicit her remembrance, and offering his services in procuring supplies, should she require any in the military department, in which, he says, the Mischianza had given him skill and experience. The period at which this missive was sent—more than a year after Andre had parted with the 'fair circle' for which he professes such lively regard—and the singularity of the



letter itself, justified the suspicion which became general after its seizure by the council of Pennsylvania—that its offer of service in the detail of cap-wire, needles and gauze, covered a meaning deep and dangerous. This view was taken by many writers of the day; but, admitting that the letter was intended to convey a mysterious meaning, still it is not conclusive evidence of Mrs. Arnold's participation in the design or knowledge of the treason, the consummation of which was yet distant more than a year. The suggestion of Mr. Reed seems more probable—that the guilty correspondence between the two officers under feigned names having been commenced in March or April, the letter to Mrs. Arnold may have been intended by Andre to inform her husband of the name and rank of his New York correspondent, and thus encourage a fuller measure of confidence and regard. The judgment of Mr. Reed, Mr. Sparks, and others who have closely investigated the subject, is in favor of Mrs. Arnold's innocence in the matter.

It was after the plot was far advanced towards its denouement, and only two days before Gen. Washington commenced his tour to Hartford, in the course of which he made a visit to West Point, that Mrs. Arnold came thither with her infant, to join her husband, travelling by short stages in her own carriage. She passed the last night at Smith's house, where she was met by the General, and proceeded up the river in his barge to headquarters. When Washington and his officers arrived at West Point, having sent from Fishkill to announce their coming, Lafayette reminded the chief, who was turning his horse into a road leading to the river, that Mrs. Arnold would be waiting breakfast; to which Washington sportively answered, "Ah, you men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. Go breakfast with her, and do not wait for me."

Mrs. Arnold was at breakfast with her husband and the aides-de-camp—Washington and other officers not yet come, when the letter arrived which bore to the traitor the first intelligence of Andre's capture. He left the room immediately, went to his wife's chamber, sent for her, and briefly informed her of the necessity of his instant flight to the enemy. This was probably the first intelligence she received of what had been going on. The news overcame her, and when Arnold quitted the apartment, he left her lying in a swoon on the floor.

Her almost frantic condition—plunged into the depths of distress—is described with sympathy by Col. Hamilton, in a letter written the next day: "The General" he says, "went to see her; she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child; raved and shed tears, and lamented the fate of the infant."

All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct. He, too, expresses his conviction that she had no knowledge of Arnold's plan till his announcement to her that he must banish himself from his country forever. The opinions of other persons qualified to judge without prejudice, acquitted her of the charge of having participated in the treason. John Jay, writing from Madrid to Catharine Livingston, says:

"All the world are cursing Arnold and pitying his wife." And Robert Morris writes—"Poor Mrs. Arnold! was there ever such an infernal villain!"

Mrs. Arnold went from West Point to her father's house, but was not long permitted to remain in Philadelphia. The traitor papers having been seized by direction of the Executive authorities, the correspondence with Andre was brought to light; suspicion rested upon her, and by an order of the Council, dated October 27th, she was required to leave the State, to return no more during the continuance of the war. She accordingly departed to join her husband in New York. The respect and forbearance shown towards her on her journey through the country, notwithstanding her banishment, testified the popular belief in her innocence. M. de Marbois relates that when she stopped at a village where the people were about to burn Arnold in effigy, they put it off till the next night. And when she entered the carriage, on her way to join her husband, all exhibition of popular indignation was suspended, as if respectful pity for the grief and shame she suffered, for the time overcame every other feeling. Mrs. Arnold resided with her husband for a short time in the city of St. John's, New Brunswick, and was long remembered by persons who knew her there, and who spoke much of her beauty and fascination. She afterwards lived in England. Mr. Sabine says that she and Arnold were seen by an American journalist in Westminster Abbey, standing before the cenotaph erected by the command of the king, in memory of the unfortunate Andre. With what feelings the traitor viewed the monument of the man his crime had sacrificed, is not known; but he saw him standing there, turned away with horror.

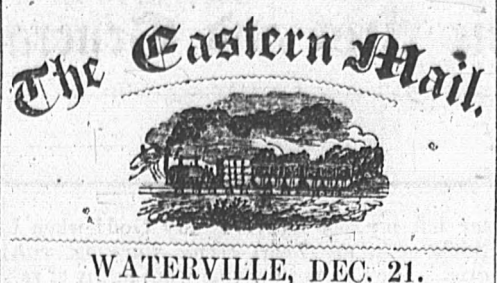
Mrs. Arnold survived her husband three years, and died in London in 1804, at the age of forty-three. Little is known of her after the blasting of the bright promises of her youth by her husband's crime, and dreary obscurity hangs over the close of her career; but her relatives in Philadelphia, cherish her memory with respect and affection.

Hannah, the sister of Arnold, whose affection followed him through his guilty career, possessed great excellence of character; but no particulars have been obtained by which full justice could be done her. Mr. Sabine says, "That she was a true woman in the highest possible sense, I do not entertain a doubt," and the same opinion of her is expressed by Mr. Sparks.

WASHINGTON RUMOR.—A Washington letter mentions a rumor that the Government in Cabinet Council, on Saturday last, decided to send immediately a number of small vessels of war, brig and schooner, to enforce an embargo upon all merchant vessels going into the harbors of Monterey, San Francisco, and other ports on the coast of California, requiring them to come under bonds not to receive on board for transportation, any part or parcel of the gold ore dug from the public lands or mines on the Sacramento, or other parts of the gold region in Alta California. This decision has been come to, to prevent European vessels, as well as those of South America, from transporting vast quantities of the gold ore to be coined in foreign mints, without paying the rightful tax or percentage to the Government of the United States.—[Phil. Inq.]

FLOUR RECEIPTS IN BOSTON.—So far, this year, 181,189 barrels of flour have been brought to this city over the Western Railroad. In the same time in 1847, 206,573 barrels. Decrease in 1848, 25,384 barrels. By water, on the contrary, the amount received in 1848 is larger, viz.: In 1848, 279,017 barrels; in 1847, same time, 242,441. Increase 36,576 barrels. Total receipts in 1848 from all sources, 460,206 barrels. Net increase in 1848, 10,382 barrels. Thus, while the de-

crease of receipts from New York State is about 70,000 barrels, the increase of Southern is about 80,000, of which increase 60,000 barrels are from New Orleans.—[Bost. Trav.]



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

#### A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.

OCT. 11, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR:—There is no traveller that has not had a taste of a night-ride, and there is but one conveyance, in which a single evening is a surfeit.

Whitehall is built of the figure of a bellows, of which the canal, here locking into the lake, is the pipe. Along this is a jam of busy buildings, till you reach the basin, nearly in front of the Anglo Saxon Hotel—a cheapish affair, much praised, however, by many who frequent it. Here is our boat, aboard which we mount with a stride, in company with a throng that were excluded on the principle of Noah. We have hand-boxes, a few; too few, alas, of those who need them; but of trunks of untanned leather, and valises of the same, no lack; and of their owners a grim redundancy. A man takes to his canal boat as to his bride—for better, for worse, thinking little, at such a moment, of the jewels in her ears. Every year tells upon her, and not one is too many. We pass without a warning. The thread of our consequence is not snapped behind us, but is straining before. We do not even hear the cry of all aboard. The sun is hiding his last limb as he sinks in repose, and we are starting—hop! pulled along at a rate not more contemptible than the manner; of which it has been but too plausibly said, that the power of impulsion is in the loins of the boy that rides the nether horse.

Nothing in life so resembles the position of the fish that is trolled through the water as a bait, as the living cargo bestowed in a canal-boat; and yet is this something more than a dash at life, tame, straight and uninteresting as it may be. It is progress. At the least it is a protracted hyphen of connection between the point of desire and the point of attainment. Why would one stay stammering forever upon the first syllable? It is the ultimate that fills the soul, as it is the point through the nose, and the beard of the hook, that makes all the difference between a fish and a gudgeon. In a year or two there is to be a railroad for the office of conveying to Saratoga; why shall we rail at the facilities of the present? A few years since this work was but too great an object of admiration. Let us cast no reflections upon that which can reflect nothing back upon us. The genius of Clinton shines in its turbid waters, nevertheless. In its muddy bends it courses around the beneficent memories of Schuyler, as pure, and more effeminately gentle than those of Washington.

The mystery of torism—befogs it too.—Whether Skene was English I know not. His place is mentioned as having been surprised and taken at the same time with St. John's. The leaden coffin of his wife, which had been entombed in the cellar, was run up into patriot bullets, and the body interred in common earth. He was announced as to meet an assembly of loyalists at Castleton, to devise measures for the common interest—a design that awakened a counter blast from Schuyler, and another from the local council, that dispelled it in smoke. We have a residence of torism in our day, of less dignity than the old, the imagination of a counterfeit. The old tor preferred what was, and dreaded what might be; ours desires what can never be, and loves what is not. A counterfeit of foreign torism he professes, and only realizes a spirit of toadyism towards his prototype, as honor enough to him; as it is. It is, or it simulates the taint of the old corruption, and has its elemental falsehood and baseness without the pretence of training. It is the Pusseyish strain in aesthetics, and politics, and social morals. There was little of honor in that of the monarchist.—Our fathers found it cowardly and bitter, headlong in atrocity when it dared, but incapable of the majesty of daylight. The spirit of republicanism advanced Lincoln and Morgan, while that of torism crept away in Skene.—It was alien in spirit and in destiny.

The land between the Hudson and the lake, in this quarter, is but little broken, following the course of Wood Creek. It is not perfectly drained, is frosty in its character, yet in instances highly improved by cultivation. It has sometimes been a problem, and was discussed this evening, how it should be, that the country immediately upon this route, so near the Hudson, should show so imperfectly.—There must be a moral history to this, formerly supposed to be appurtenant to New York, akin to that of which the late Attorney General complained at Sandy Hill. The church and school-house were but feebly idealized to the minds of those whom Fenno Hoffman distinguished as New Yorkers. The tier of towns adjoining this, to the east, are in obvious contrast to these, and they placed themselves in actual rebellion against their state, from strong affinity for their eastern neighbors, and a contempt of its benignant rule. With the conclusion of the war the west opened, and the intermeddlers of New England entered and made it a garden, leaving this region of the Hudson more imperfectly occupied, to its innate faculties of development. There is good in men of the Hoffman stamp, but it is when they speak in character of the freeborn Hollander, not of the pretender to the line of royal

preferences: not when they forget the common ties of a common republican stock, consecrated at a kindred altar, and that their own.

Nothing so realizes to a man the sudden outcoming of the stars, as the lifting of the lantern at sea, all its phenomena being played within your vision. It seems to be slung up at the stern signal of a steamboat, in response to the glitter of some self-assured twinkler on high. It is not so romantic here. It is more Dutch. But the reflectors we place in either eye of a canal packet, glare and glow like a couple of furnaces. The scene by degrees becomes astir with them, especially as we approach a series of banks, or a village, like this of Fort Ann, which is flanked by locks, and seems really to be a canal port, *per se*. It is not anything else, now. Evening has overtaken us. It is evening within, below decks, in the cabin of the packet. An energetic reader is busy at his pamphlet by the flaring candles, a paler coxcomb is smiling at a book, a pedantic villager babbling over a newspaper. Women in the dim vista are lifting their infants as if from water baptism, and yet are simply lifting them in the air, while others hush such as are doomed to quietness with a rocking motion of the knees, and all occasionally cast such glances towards the door, as give a certain consciousness to the accent of every bore in the cabin. It is a crowded canal-boat; there will be no place for prayers, none for sleep, none for scolding, properly. We are to bear all well; for this a current heroism is in requisition; and perhaps—aye, perhaps, after reaching Dunham's Basin, there will be more vacant space, and a chance for the mattresses!—"There will be no chance for vacancies," I heard some demon say. He inhabited the body of a well-proportioned, middle-aged man, in a great coat, who had the air of the country, and seemed to know it. "Why not?" said four or five, standing like himself, jumping at the chance of conversation. "Ours was the last boat, the stages have been taken long ago." The very desperation of circumstances will sometimes act upon a man, and summon all his vigor. A small hand trunk of black, with a cloth overcoat and umbrella, were all his equipage in this excursion, and these were placed carefully together, and held ever in close watch, till at last, as the candles were burning blue, and the passengers had begun to murmur of the headache, the boat stopped at Dunham's Basin. "Do you leave here?" said a friendly stranger. "The cars will take us all up in the evening from the borough."

"Yes, sir," said I, hoping not to disturb the lurking enterprise within him; "I wish to go through to-night." "Any stages for Saratoga?" called a hoarse voice at my side. "Not any?" was the answer, and "Hum!" the reply; a mere travelling quidnunc. "Only one seat," said a voice at my elbow, as soon as I touched the shore, my trunk, cloak and umbrella being seized at the same instant; "only one seat in the barouche." Thank St. Nicholas, the patron of travellers, and tutelary of the first settlers, there were but three of the great folks for whom the "States" had waited behind us in the morning, and these being aboard the barouche, the driver had conscientiously waited for another small enough to harmonize his load, and I was the man, as much in place as if an ex-Governor of Maine.

John, the coachman, drove like a Jehu.—We passed the stages under the color of travelling lighter than they. Except an interruption or two, as we stopped at a tavern to water, and a gloomy interval of listening to conversation, while I seemed to myself to be dozing, I slept through the night journey, and landed at the regular stage house of the barouche an hour before sunrise, and got a bed.

Yours, ever.

As I walked along, I interrogated a plain man, through whose possessions the canal passed, why they dug the canal by the side of Wood Creek (with vast expense) which appeared of itself to be sufficient. He replied that it was to cut up people's land, and expend great deal of money, and thus to buy influence and votes.—[Silliman's Journal to Quebec in 1820.]

NEWSPAPER PATRONAGE.—It would be useless for us to try to find the author of the following hints; but we must concede to him, whoever or wherever he may be, a familiar knowledge of the matter. He has evidently "been through the mill," and if he has not been thoroughly "ground out," he has at least been taught a lesson, and seems willing others should learn of him.

In the language of a cotemporary, we have to say, that this thing called newspaper patronage, is a curious thing. It is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and is as changeable as the chameleon.

One man subscribes for a newspaper and pays for it in advance, goes home and reads it the year round with the proud satisfaction that it is his own. He hands in an advertisement, asks the price, and pays for it. That is newspaper patronage.

Another man says, "Please put my name on your list of subscribers," and goes off without as much as having said pay, once. He asks you to advertise, but he says nothing about paying for it. Time passes, your patience is exhausted, and you dun him. He flies in a passion and perhaps pays, perhaps not. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another man has been a subscriber for a long time. He becomes tired of you and wants a change. Thinks he would like a Dollar weekly. Tells the postmaster to discontinue, and one of his papers is returned to you, marked "refused." Paying for it is among the last of his thoughts.

Besides, he wants his dollar to send to the city publisher. After a time you look over his account and send him the balance due. But does he pay it cheerfully and freely? We leave you to answer. Yet this too is newspaper patronage.

Another man lives next you—never took your paper—it is too small, (compared with some of the overgrown and sickly sentimental dollar weeklies), it is too small—I don't like its politics—too Whiggish, too Locoocoish, or too something else. Yet he goes regularly to his neighbor's, and reads his by a good stove fire—hands fault with its contents, disputes its leaders, and quarrels with its type, ink or color. Occasionally sees an article that he likes, takes half a dime and buys a number. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another sports a fine horse, or perhaps a pair of them; is always seen whip in hand and spur on foot; single man, no use for him to take a newspaper, gets news enough now. Finally concludes to get married; does so, sends in notice of the fact, with 'please publish and send me half a dozen copies.' 'Tis done.—Does he ever pay for either paper or notice? No. 'But surely you don't charge for such things?' This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another—(bless you! it does us good to see such a man, and we do see them sometimes, and we have seen some such lately.)—another man comes and says—"The year for which I have paid is about to expire; I want to pay for another." He does so and retires. Readers, is not newspaper patronage a curious thing? And in that great day, when honest men are to get the reward due to honesty, which, say you, of those enumerated above, will obtain that reward?

A GOOD WORD.—The Courier and Enquirer gives the following word of caution to those in whose veins the gold fever runs so high as to threaten to carry them off. Much more might, no doubt, have been added, but a single hint is doubtless all that will get attention. For these men could spare time to reflect, they might be advised to sit down and make a careful estimate, and learn that the chances are two to one, that the labor of the ten thousand men who will go to California from New England, if well applied for three years, will produce double the gold the same men will bring from California at the end of the same period. But such a hint will not be taken—and indeed there is one striking reason why it should not, namely, the men who will go to California are not the men who will labor at home; whereas, if they do bring gold from there, they will also bring word that they had to work for it.

A word of caution, which may not be heeded, but which, nevertheless, ought to be pronounced, we venture to throw out for the consideration of those adventurers for California who propose to take the route to Chagres and thence across the isthmus to the Pacific.

Chagres is a small, destitute settlement, in a very unhealthy climate, and incapable of affording even the shelter of a roof to any considerable and sudden accession of strangers.—The means of transportation across the isthmus, which are confined almost wholly to saddle and baggage mules, are very limited, and when arrived at Panama, the stranger finds few inhabitants, and no vessels, or next to none. The steamers of Howland & Aspinwall's line, which are to touch at Panama monthly, cannot, under any circumstances, accommodate more, probably, than 100 to 120 passengers, and for these, places have, for the most part, been secured in advance—so that hundreds will run the risk of being left on the shores of the Pacific, or at Chagres, without the possibility of moving thenceforward, exposed to want, sickness, and all their concomitant ills.

There are now ten or twelve vessels up for Chagres at this port. At Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, many vessels are also up, and these will carry many more passengers than can find exit from the isthmus. We trust these words of caution may have the effect of diminishing the numbers who may be rushing to such certain disappointment, and perhaps death.

LYCEUM.—The lecture of Mr. Judd, on "The Dramatic Element in the Bible," began the regular course on Friday evening. However much was anticipated, we venture to say that none were disappointed. The deepest interest, commencing with the introduction, was sustained to the very close. We took some notes in the first part of the lecture, and designed to give our readers an abstract; but on hearing the speaker through, we dared not mar so beautiful a production. We could not do it justice, or produce an article we should be willing to lay before those who heard the lecture.

On Friday evening, according to notice, the second lecture will be given; the liberality of our citizens having already warranted the committee in preparing a rich bill of fare for the course.

ARRIVAL FROM THE GOLD COAST.—The ship James Cutter, which left California Oct. 11th, has arrived in New Orleans, bringing the most astonishing accounts from the gold region. "The gold is said to be inexhaustible. One lump has been seen weighing thirteen pounds. One man, known to the officers of the ship, had obtained 1800 dollars worth in a single day. Gold had also been discovered at Los Angeles, said to be equal in quality to that at San Francisco. Seamen's wages were one hundred dollars a month. Sixteen vessels were lying at San Blas, short of hands. Necessaries of life had become extremely scarce and high. The citizens had held a meeting to memorialize Congress to establish a Mint in California." So say the reports; and however much they exaggerate, they leave no room to doubt that a vast field for Yankee enterprise is opened in those "diggings." How many have dug for gold without finding any, we are not told.

THE SABBATH IN THE NAVY.—Extract of a letter from the Hon. J. Y. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, to a friend of the Sabbath in Philadelphia, dated Navy Department, Dec. 7, 1848:

"Sir:—Your favor of the 16th November refers to a subject of deep interest to a large portion of our fellow citizens. \* \* \* It affords me pleasure to say that chaplains have been appointed for the Navy, who regularly officiate at their several ports, and that it has been long a custom in the naval service to require no labor on Sunday calculated in any way to desecrate its sacredness."

BOSTON AHEAD IN CALIFORNIA GOLD.—The Pennsylvania of Tuesday contains the following, relative to the first lot of California gold deposited at the Mint:—

"The first gold from the California region was deposited in the United States Mint on Friday last and was immediately assayed.—

Mr. David Carter, an intelligent and adventurous citizen of Boston, (the Yankees forever!) brought this gold, amounting to 1,804 ounces, from California—whence he had just returned, having left Monterey on the 1st of September, and reached Philadelphia by Friday last, the 8th of December. He came, via Payta, in Peru, to Panama, across the Isthmus of Darien to Chagres, thence to Jamaica and New Orleans, and then direct to the Mint, where his treasures were left to be assayed. He obtained the gold in every case from individual operators, in trade and for cash, and has realised very handsomely by his enterprise. The value of the gold, as we saw it in the Mint, cast into bars and ingots, is estimated at \$35,000!! Its exact fineness will be ascertained by the Assayer of the Mint, and a report made to the proper Department on the subject. It is said to be equal to the North Carolina gold, and a little below that of Georgia."

"A GOOD TIME COMING."—The prospect of an easier state of monetary affairs is hailed with notes of rejoicing everywhere. No very tangible reason has been given for the pressure, and of course it is equally difficult to find out through what channel relief is approaching. Nor do we think the public will be over inquisitive on this point, if it only come. Men are generally less anxious to know how they got money than how they shall get it—as an abused conscience is more easily quieted than an abused creditor."

The following monetary article from the Boston Traveller is characterized as well by good news as good sense. Read it and take courage; assured that whether potatoes grow or not, the labor of planting is a great relief to a mind rendered feverish by want of money.

The money market has been quiet the past week, and without material change. The demand, independent of what is supplied by the banks, is limited, and first class business paper is not abundant. Transactions at the Stock Exchange ordinarily indicate the state of the market. The amount of sales the past week has been greater than for some time previous, but, by no means as large as usual when money is plenty.

The upward tendency of prices of dividend paying railway shares, noticed last week, still continues—although some kinds have declined in value. In New York money is reported as abundant, and, as usual in such cases, a disposition to speculate in fancy stocks is apparent.

In some of these, which have for a long time been much depressed, there has been a rapid rise.

The rumors, and official reports respecting the California Gold mines, have no doubt influenced the Stock market. The excitement respecting this new Dorado pervade all classes, and is evidently increasing. The temptation to emigrate to this new region is very strong, and multitudes are preparing to go in search of treasure. The mercantile community have as usual been prompt to take advantage of this new source of wealth, and already many ships are on their way to the Pacific. An immense impetus has been suddenly given to shipments, and the danger is that this business will be overdone, as is often the case.

The accounts respecting the quantity and quality of this gold are certainly wonderful, and if one half the amount that is predicted should come to the States, it must have a material influence upon our currency. If minted, it would supply a deficiency which now exists, of an ample supply of specie, as a basis for our rapidly increasing commerce. Prices would, no doubt, be inflated for a time, and not unlikely a depreciation in the value of gold would follow. Experience teaches us that gold mines or deposits of valuable minerals, or precious stones, are not the sources of true National wealth. The influence upon the character of those who engage in this business, and who become suddenly rich, is usually injurious, and it is possible that the discovery of such valuable deposits as these in California, may prove a curse rather than a blessing to the community.

The finances of the country, according to the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, are in a better condition than was expected, and confidence in Government securities has been strengthened. Six per cent have advanced in New York, to 107 1/2 a-103, with an active demand.

We notice a falling off of imports at that port, compared with those of 1846 and 1847, which is a favorable indication. Exchange on London continues below the specie point, and fear of large exports of specie seems to have subsided.

The open weather which has continued thus far, has been favorable for forwarding produce and bread stuffs to market, and the supply will probably be abundant, unless there should be an increase demand from foreign countries. There is considerable activity in Cotton, and large sales are made at somewhat improved prices. It is probable that the crop of the present year will turn out to be a large one. Receipts thus far are very large, and shipments from New Orleans to Great Britain have been much larger than last year. It is said that an unusual quantity has been sold to the agents of Manchester manufacturers in that city, who have formerly purchased their stock in the Liverpool market."

Business generally is dull, as usual near the close of the year, and there is but little improvement in prices. The result of the present year's business, though not so profitable as was hoped, will still, it is believed, prove much less disastrous than was feared some months since.

GOOD CROP.—Mr. Isaiah Margton, of this town, has just completed the threshing of his crop of oats, and measured up one thousand bushels! What say his brother farmers to this?—have any of them raised as many?—Prices are low just now, it is true; but this matters not. Those who raise such crops are generally able to keep them till a fair price is offered.

HO, FOR CALIFORNIA!—The Journal of Commerce states that twenty-two vessels have already sailed, or advertised to sail for San Francisco, from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Some expeditions have also gone across the country. From all these sources, the population of the gold region, or the country within 100 miles of San Francisco, is estimated, will be increased by the first of June next, to about 9,000 souls.

Among the articles shipped for California, are large quantities of dry goods; 3000 pieces calicoes are said to have been carried out by one vessel, as a part of her cargo—sufficient to give 4000 women a new dress. From New York and Boston, 5000 dozen chip hats, have been sent, besides fur hats, caps, &c. Among other things shipped are enumerated a thousand dozen of Panama hats, from Guayaquil; 30,000 pairs of shoes; 15000 bales of domestics; large quantities of broadcloths; sufficient, the Journal says, to clothe the entire population of

San Francisco and neighborhood, for five years.

The Journal of Commerce adds. "New York jobbers having old stock have many of them made shipments of their unsaleable goods—silks, satins, rich shawls and poor ones. One house sent out one hundred dozen lace veils. Hoes, shovels, pick-axes, and wire sieves, have been a favorite investment; and from the quantity on board each vessel, one would think that Whitney's Railroad most certainly reach the Atlantic from the Pacific in a very few months. Two very valuable cargoes have already sailed from Liverpool for California, either one of which would supply the market for one year;—several also have been despatched from Hamburg and other ports. Shipments of provisions promise better than of dry goods; but from Oregon large supplies will be drawn; and at last accounts several vessels were loading and loaded at Valparaiso with wheat and flour, where it can now be purchased cheaper than here."

GOLD.—A company of 400 men, with a capital of \$30,000 has been organized in Boston, destined for California. They intend to take out the engine and apparatus of a small steamer, to run on the Sacramento river. They take the name of the "Trading and Mining Company."

An individual, about to leave Boston for California, "on speculation," takes out a supply of ardent spirits, dice and playing cards.—He may return with gold—but how it will "burn in his pocket!"

A letter, received in Salem from the Sandwich Islands, says the gold fever rages there to such extent that the country is nearly depopulated in the scramble for the yellow dust! So it goes—and truly was it said,

"Accursed root!  
They blasted fruit  
Is nothing else but evil:  
And yet we grind  
It alone and grind  
And knead it for the devil."

However, if anybody has enough and to spare, we will assist them to find good use for it. It is a dangerous article for unskillful hands; tho' there are those who know how to use it—and we are of the select few.

"There is a debating club in Waterville, Me., which for three successive nights has had under consideration the following question: 'Can an upright man be a downright honest fellow?' The subject was most vigorously debated, but so acute and ingenious were the reasonings on both sides, that there was a tie vote. They will next discuss the following: 'When a house is burnt up, is it burnt down?'"

The above joke started with the Yankee Blade, and went the entire round of the press months ago. Just now the Portland Argus introduces it for a second heat. Before it proceeds further we want to attach a split stick to its tail, by inquiring of the Blade, "If an article found in its columns can be pronounced an out-right slander?"—and of the Argus, "If, when a joke is fairly done over, it ought not to knock under?"

[For the Eastern Mail.]  
TO MY WIFE, F—A W.,  
On Her Fortieth Birthday, and Twentieth year after Marriage, Aug. 10th, 1848.

Long years have passed since you and I  
First joined our hearts together;  
And now, in truth, we feel the tie  
To be as dear as ever.

They're bonds of roses bind us, love,  
Though briars may be blended;  
Yet these do but remind us, love,  
To keep the roses tended.

Long years are past; and yet thou art,  
As dear to me as ever;  
And now, as then, my beating heart  
Would break were we to sever.

Long years are past; yet they glide on  
As lightly and as fleetly  
As the first hour that we put on  
The chains that bind so sweetly.

Long years are past; time still must move,  
And still I'll cling unto thee;  
Still, dearest, shalt thou be my love,  
And now, as then, I'll woo thee.  
Canaan, Dec. 16th, 1848.

[From our Boston Correspondent.]

BOSTON, Dec. 18, 1848.

Friend Macnamé:—It is sad, yea it is sickening, to one's feeling of human goodness, when we witness and reflect upon the dire effects of the degrading vice of Intemperance—that vice which casts out all that is manly or nobly brave in that which God has breathed the breath of life into and pronounced the noblest of his works. Here we have daily, almost hourly exhibitions of it. Scarcely a week has passed since a husband felt necessitated to enter a complaint against his wife for her habitual intoxication. Before the court she was brought with her infant in her arms, and youthful in appearance she scarcely seemed out of her teens. The husband told his tale, and his wish was for her reformation. As she listened, the memories of the past—love's early vows—when she was young and buoyant in spirit—came over her with their sweet influences, and she promised for the future, and sealed the promise with kisses and tears. She hugged her infant closer to her heart, and went her way hopeful. A boy, eleven years old, was found fighting some girls, a few days ago, drunk; and it was proved that he was almost daily intoxicated. He had no mother and his father was found in a place under ground—they called it a cellar—loathsome and drunk. He had no food but rum, and he faithfully fed his only child upon it. Poor boy! "There is a sound of revelry by night," and we will enter and see what makes them so joyous. In this room, devoid of furniture except a table and an apology or two for chairs, almost filled with men and women, they are dancing in the most lascivious and beastly manner, and Wm. Mack, a North-end boy, is as joyful as the rest. Yes, more so. He stumbles; he falls. No matter; on they go, more wildly than ever. More madly become their orgies o'er him; shouting and jumping, screaming and laughing, encircling his body, they are happy. But at this time the Watchmen step in and stop them; they take up his body and he is dead. Cold and leaden he falls, and they have been dancing the 'Dance of Death.' Look here! here is a mother dead drunk, with an infant six or eight months old endeavoring



to obtain food from her breast. In another room, lying on rags, is another mother; on each side of her a little girl—one three, the other five years old—who are trying to keep warm by hugging close to their unconscious mother. There is not an article of food in the house, nor a particle of fuel; but here is a huge can, which holds about three gallons and is partly filled with whiskey. This is no fancy sketch; it was to be seen in a house in Tremont street, in one end of which reside the 'Upper Ten,' who have their good times with their wines, while the other extreme of society have theirs with rum.

The California fever is rising daily; there are eleven vessels advertised to sail thither from this port. The 'Californian Mining and Trading Company's' stock of \$2000 per share, which I mentioned to you two weeks ago, is at 50 dollars premium a share. If there are any of your readers who think of going, let me tell them what Mr. Carter says about it. He is the one who brought on some of the ore to the U. S. Mint, and whose name you have seen in the papers. He said to a friend of mine—'Don't be in a hurry; there is plenty of gold there. You will do as well to go six months or a year from now. As regards getting the ore, it is so plenty, and is scattered over so large a space of country, that it is almost inexhaustible. If you go now you cannot but suffer for the necessities of life, as there is a great scarcity of provisions there at present and will be for a year to come. I have suffered myself for the want of them,' &c. And his looks say as much—as he has lost his health by exposure and privation, sleeping out nights without proper coverings. Digging in the water days, his hands and arms are all lacerated, caused by his not having proper tools to dig with. He was in the Gold Region two months and brought home 36,000 dollars with him.

The Exploring Expedition which has lately returned from the Dead Sea, in Palestine, have brought home with them a part of the Pillar of Salt, which was once Lot's wife—so they say.

A most righteous punishment has been pronounced upon John Renick, for selling obscene prints. His sentence is two years in the State Prison. There is another case now on trial before the Municipal Court, of Nancy Sullivan, for biting off the ear of one of her own sex.

The Whigs of Ward 6 are going to give all the poor families of their Ward a Christmas dinner. They surely deserve a great deal of credit for their good works. As an offset to this, let me inform you that they circulated from the Whig Reading Room, previous to the last election, 192,500 political documents in New England alone. All I have to say to this, is that, they, or any other party, ought to give a dinner to any one who read their documents. I should consider it hard work to do it at that.

ZIGGERS.

## Summary.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—Mr. James McKenney, of Embden, aged 57, was killed on the 2d inst., in the following manner. He was assisting in raising a frame for his son-in-law, Mr. Ashur Cleveland, when, in attempting to put on the plates, one of the brasses, which was held up by a couple of rafters placed in the braces, gave way and fell upon Mr. McKenney and Mr. Cleveland, killing Mr. McKenney almost instantly. Mr. Cleveland, although severely injured, it is thought will recover.

**ANOTHER.**—We learn that a man by the name of Hamden was killed in Farmington on Saturday last, in the following singular manner: He, and another individual by the name of Parker, were engaged in cutting wood, when the axe of Mr. Parker caught in a limb, and glancing struck Mr. Hamden in the thigh, severing the main artery. He lived about one minute.—[Clarion.]

**A SINGULAR IMPOSTER** has visited several towns in Middlesex county during the last summer. His name was to make the ladies believe he was their long absent son, brother or husband, he having assumed all their different characters, to fit himself, to the different circumstances of each particular case.

He was familiar enough with the history and character of the different persons whom he counterfeited to pretty generally succeed in his purpose, which appeared to be to live a week or two with his victims—borrow or beg of them all the money and other valuables that he could, and then privately depart to new quarters.

In one instance he visited a buxom "grass widow" and at the first salutation he threw his arms around her and with many caresses and endearing expressions declared himself to be her long lost husband,—hoped she would forgive him and receive him again as her "dear lord," &c. &c. The lady could not recognize his features and sent for advice to her relations and friends, who came and examined the man; he answered their interrogatories quite correctly, and in cases where he could not, he pleaded the loss of memory occasioned by the lapse of time and trouble, &c., and finally succeeded in establishing his veracity and reformation so far he was invited to remain on trial, which he did for several days, when having borrowed some money of a relation, and thinking, probably, that the widow's friends might find him out, he decamped.

His last attempt at imposture was in Malden, where he represented to a lady that he was her brother, who had been absent many years and was supposed to be dead. She was very much surprised of course and upon the return of her husband, at noon, told him the story, and introduced the "lost brother" to him. Without manifesting any incredulity to the stranger, the husband (who is a constable and somewhat famous as a rogue catcher) invited him to a ride about the town to let him see the alterations which had taken place since he went away.

The invitation was accepted and they went to ride together, but had not ridden far nor conversed long, before the husband had his previous suspicions of his veracity pretty strongly confirmed. To settle the question he showed him the foundations of the old Baptist meeting house, which was removed a few years ago, and asked if he remembered what sort of a building used to stand upon them. He replied in the affirmative, and described the building, which he said was an old farm house, and the occupants, with whom he pretended to have been familiar. Regarding these evidences

as conclusive, the 'brother' was taken before a magistrate and at the conclusion of the examination, he continued his ride to East Cambridge, where he was safely lodged in jail.—[Charlestown Aurora.]

**MR. JOHN DILLON**, one of the Irish agitators, for whose apprehension the British Government offered a reward of £300, previous to his flight to America, spent several days in the town of Galway, awaiting a clergyman of the Church of Rome, habited as a member of a vessel bound to New York. One day, however, while quietly perambulating the streets, he perceived, by an earnest stare from a passer by, that he was recognized by a party whose acquaintance he considered would be more dangerous than serviceable at so critical a period. Taking the alarm, he took a boat on the instant, and set sail for the adjacent island of Arran, where he met shelter and protection at the house of an old friend. He was not many minutes located here when a war steamer was described bearing down with all speed towards the island. All now seemed lost, but the ingenuity of his host interposed, and by a clever ruse he succeeded in baffling his pursuers. Two boats were got ready, manned by crews of the hardy fishermen who dwell in those parts—one a light rowing boat, the other a swift lugger. Into the former Dillon jumped, and was rowed with all speed towards the steamer, while according to directions the lugger, with all her sails set, and with a highly favorable gale, went out to sea, as if flying before the steamer, which immediately gave chase, never once heeding the boat with its passenger, which passed close to her bows, and which gained the port of Galway without causing any observation. In two days afterwards he was on the Atlantic.

**TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.**—Seven Men Drowned.—A heart-rending calamity occurred near St. Johnsville yesterday. Seven men, in attempting to cross the Mohawk in a small boat, were drifted by the current against the rope which is stretched across the river for ferry purposes. The water was high, and the boat struck the rope in such a position as to upset it instantly. Five of the seven men in the boat succeeded in catching hold of the rope; but it broke under the pressure, and the unfortunate men were immediately carried down the river and drowned. We learn, verbally, that they were all laboring men. Their bodies had not been recovered when last night's train passed.—[Albany Eve. Jour. 12th.]

The names of four of these men were communicated to the Troy Budget by letter, as follows:—Patrick and Thomas Darais, Henry Banks, and Peter McCorm. All of them were recently from West Troy.—[Argus.]

**PORK PACKING.**—At the establishment of Messrs. Milwood & Oldersban, at Covington, Ky., they prepare the meat by process of singeing. The hogs after being bled are placed on the floor of a room erected expressly for the operation, covered with straw, which is set in a place, and the process repeated until the bristles are removed. Meat prepared in this way is said to be much firmer, keeps better, and commands a higher price in the London market than when dressed by the ordinary process of scalding.

It is computed that the annual consumption of butter in London amounts to 11,000 tons, and that of cheese to 13,000 tons. The quantity of poultry annually consumed is estimated at about £80,000, exclusive of game. The consumption of wheat annually averages about 2,000,000 quarters. Vegetables and fruits per annum, £1,000,000. Wine, 65,000 pipes—spirits, 11,000,000 gallons.

**A TAME WOLF.**—A Mr. Harwood, of Cincinnati, having succeeded in domesticating a wolf, kept him for a watch dog, and he had proved to be perfectly obedient to him in most things. While he was engaged a few days ago with one of his workmen, the animal became excited at the man, and seizing him by one leg nearly tore the flesh off, paying no attention whatever to Mr. Harwood's efforts to stop him. The ferocious creature was finally killed by the men present with pick-axes, and the wounded man taken care of.

Mr. Clay has entirely recovered. He goes South, however, to spend the winter. He leaves Ashland for New Orleans in a fortnight.

**McFarland**, the celebrated vaulter, accomplished the herculean task of throwing 72 somersets, without resting, on Saturday afternoon last, at the Broadway Circus.

**THE LOST FOUND.**—The missing school teacher, Marietta Smith, has been discovered by J. L. Andrews at a dressmaking establishment in Boston, learning the trade. She first went to Boston, then to Berwick, Me., and finally returned. She is said to have behaved very correctly while in B. The cause assigned for leaving her home is on account of sundry troubles.

A despatch from Washington states that the nomination of Lewis Cass Jr., as Charge d'Affaires to the papal court at Rome, is before the Senate.

Besides the vessels advertised for California in New York, there are nine at Philadelphia, five or six at Baltimore, and as many more at Boston. There are well nigh seventy getting ready in all.

Any one desirous of seeing a fine, hale, and hearty looking set of men, should just drop in at the Bank Coffee House to-day, and observe those bound for California, who are now leaving in a few days, having obtained their papers, and almost the requisite number of men to compose the company.—[Boston Bee.]

**NINE WIVES.**—Mr. Bontricht, of Indianapolis, recently married his ninth wife. It must cost him something for weddings and funerals.

**HEAVY VERDICT.**—John Brown has just recovered \$9,336 against the Mohawk and Hudson R. R. Company, for the damages by flood to his lands in 1832, by the construction of certain embankments. The suit has been pending 14 years.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—On Tuesday last, Mr. Shepard Blanchard, of Searsport, Me., was found dead about 100 rods from his house, and the coroner's jury gave as their verdict that he came to his death by apoplexy.

**NEWBURYPORT.**—The people of Newburyport remembered the poor on Thanksgiving day. The amount taken up at the different churches for the benefit of the Howard Benevolent Society of that town, was \$249 86, as acknowledged by the treasurer.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce of Friday says: "The Cholera fever has pretty much subsided. The Gold fever is still raging."

**WHO CAN BEAT THIS?**—Col. Josiah Staples of Swanville, killed one of the swinish breed the other day, aged 515 days, which weighed 352 pounds! We challenge all Porkmen to find a parallel to this.—[Belfast Republican.]

**LUMBER.**—Bards will be boards another year, and no mistake. There will not be more than one-half the lumbering done this winter in the State than there was the last.—[Bangor Democrat.]

Mrs. Frances Pardon rose from her bed in the night, and went a mile and a half and drowned herself in Lost River, Missouri, on account of the recent death of her husband.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

**WEDNESDAY, Dec. 13.**—In the Senate, Mr. Benton presented a petition from New Mexico, praying Congress to establish a territorial government. The petition protested against the system of slavery, and desires no slavery laws. Mr. Benton said the petition was reasonable in its character and ought to be granted. Mr. Calhoun declared the petition to be unreasonable and insolent. Mr. Benton replied warmly, and Mr. Calhoun rejoined in some animated remarks. A flare-up was threatened. Messrs. Rusk and Westcott denounced the petition. The controversy was continued by Messrs. Benton and Westcott. Mr. Benton was very personal in the debate.

**In the House,** Mr. McLane's resolution for the appointment of a select committee to report in favor of publishing the House proceedings was taken up. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, moved to lay the resolution on the table. The resolution was put on its passage by yeas and nays, and resulted in a tie. The speaker voted in the affirmative, and the resolution was adopted.

**STATE OF CALIFORNIA.**—The bill introduced into the U. S. Senate by Mr. Douglass, for admitting California into the Union as a State, provides that the whole of the country (including both California and New Mexico) acquired from Mexico by the late treaty, shall be admitted into the Union as one State—Congress reserving to itself the right to form as many new States as it shall be deemed proper, out of that portion of said State which lies East of the summit of Sierra Nevada, or California Mountains.

The bill provides that said State shall be divided into two judicial districts, to be known as the Eastern and Western district of California—the Western district to include the country known as California, and the Eastern district of California, and the Eastern district of the country known as New Mexico. Further provisions relate to the establishment of Courts; the appointment of Judges, &c. who are to have a compensation of ten thousand dollars, District Attorney, Marshals, &c.

The bill also provides that until the next general census and appointment the said State shall be entitled to two representatives in the Congress of the United States, one for New Mexico and the other for California; and of course two Senators.

The proposition is to admit these territories at once as a state, leaving the people thereof to frame their Constitution as they please; the object being to avoid the question of slavery at once, which would come up again even if now disposed of as regards the territories, when they apply for admission as States.—[Trav.]

## Notices.

### LYCEUM.

The second Lecture before the Waterville Lyceum will be given on Friday evening, (22d inst.) by Prof. ANDERSON.

**Christmas is coming**—for evidence of which, call at SHUTTLER'S and see the symptoms.

**CORPORATION MEETING.** On application of Purmort Hill and others, I hereby notify and warn the legal voters of Ticonic Village Corporation, to meet at the Town Hall in Waterville, on Friday, the 22d day of December inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.—for the following purposes, to wit:

Article 1. To choose a Moderator to govern said meeting.

Article 2. To see if the Corporation will cause an additional number of Cisterns to be made, and designate where they shall be made.

Article 3. To see if the Corporation will vote to pay members of Engine Company No. 1, for services in the fire department, and if so, how much; or take any action in relation to the organization of Engine Companies.

Article 4. To see if the Corporation will vote to raise a sum of money, by taxation or otherwise, for the above objects;—and transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

E. L. GETCHELL, Supervisor of Ticonic Village Corporation.

Waterville, Dec. 13, 1848.

### RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

Washington, North Carolina. Mr. Fowle—Dear Sir:—Mr. Harvey Hill, whose certificate is given below, is one of our most respectable and honest farmers, and his wife now enjoys good health. Very respectfully yours, Wm. A. SHAW, M. D.

Beaufort County, North Carolina. Chocowinity, near Washington, 12th Aug., 1848.

The undersigned, feeling grateful for the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, deems that it is but an act of justice to say that for the use of that valuable remedy, his wife, long afflicted with what she and all other considered consumption, would have probably been in this life grave. But all the dangerous and unpleasant symptoms have been removed by the use of a few bottles and she now attends to her daily avocations as usual. HERVEY HILL.

Look well to the signature. Remember it must be I BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville. Sold also by agents generally. (15-2w.)

### LIFE AND DEATH.

In the struggle which is in progress between these two principles from the cradle to the grave, Rev. H. H. Ward's Vegetable, Anti-Bilious, Family Pills, will be found a most potent agent. For more than one fourth of a century they have been accounted a specific for diseases of the liver, stomach and bowels, and as among the very best of alternative and aperient medicines for persons of all ages, and in all varieties of seasons and climates. Their operation upon the blood and the secretions, seems to be as salutary as it is certain, and at the same time when the decay of vegetation announces the approach of the most fatal season of our climate, we cannot do better than direct the attention to these facts.

For sale by Wm. Dyer and I. H. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the state.

### FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.

The most extraordinary article in the world for the preservation and reproduction of THE HAIR. FACTS! FACTS!—No article for the hair has stood the test of time so well and so long as the Mountain Compound—none stand so firm in the confidence of all who have become acquainted with it. No article of the kind has so extensive a sale, nor none so long and constant patronage from the same individuals and families who first began to use it. It is a celebrated hair dressing, and more than 2000 families in Boston and Lowell only, have made it their staple toilet preparation for the hair, for nearly three years, as certificates, many of them will prove, from the best and most direct authority, those who have sold the article and from those who are actual consumers themselves, and have in previous years used several of the most popular "Hair Restoratives," so called, and many who have tried other articles of subsequent notoriety, all agree that the Mountain Compound is most practical, cooling and healthful to

the hair in its tenderness, than any preparation they have ever used. The proprietor, H. W. FOSTER, of Lowell, can produce letters, a host of them, from every part of the N. E. States, in evidence of the above facts. Druggists who sell the article everywhere, can most of them testify to the truth of the thing.

Agent for Waterville, WM. DYER, Druggist.

## MARKETS.

**WATERVILLE PRICES.** Flour, bbl \$6.75 a 7.00; Corn, bush, 50 a 55. Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.25; Oats, 30 Butter, lb, 12 a 17; Cheese, 6 a 8; Eggs, doz, 14 cts; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8; Salt, fine 40, Rock, 30; Codfish, 3 to 4; Mollusks, 25 to 30.

**BOSTON MARKET.** SATURDAY, Dec. 18. Flour—Gen. 52, Michigan 50 a 52 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 50 a 52.

Grain—Sales Southern white Corn 56 a 57 cents, and yellow 56 a 57c per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; North River 30.

**BRIGHTON MARKET.** THURSDAY, Dec. 14.

At market 600 Beef Cattle, about 4000 Sheep and 900 swine.

Beef Cattle—Extra quality, 690; first quality, 5 75 a 6 00; second, 5 50 a 5 75.

Working Oxen,—few pairs in market; prices from 60 to 100.

Cows and Calves.—A very few in market 18 to 40. Sheep.—Sales from 1 25 a 2 25.

Swine.—Wholesale 4 for Sows, 4 12c for Barrows; Retail, 4 a 5 1-2.

## DEATHS.

In Canaan, Nov. 19th, Caroline, daughter of Tristram Ricker, aged 18 years.

## Advertisements.

**Selling Cheap!**

Prices Marked Down from 10 to 12 per cent.

**J. R. ELDEN & CO.,**

BEING desirous of reducing their stock have Marked Down their Prices to suit the present depressed state of trade, and now offer to purchasers every article of their Large and Valuable Stock of—

**FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY-GOODS**

AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS.

Having recently returned from Boston with an extensive assortment of Goods, which are adapted to the Fall and Winter trade, combining every choice and desirable style of Imported and American Goods, all of which have been purchased

AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

We pledge ourselves to sell them at a small advance from cost, and to those who may favor us with a call that they shall not go away dissatisfied. Examine the following list of

**LOW-PRICED GOODS**

and convince yourselves that the above statements are correct.

**DRESS GOODS.**

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

2000 yds. cotton warp Alpacaas

(all colors) from 17 to 30c.

1500 yds. silk warp ditto. 37 to 62 1-2

1000 " Lyonese cloths (all colors) 23 to 58

600 " Cameleon Lustres 25 to 30

Silk Warp Cashmeres 46 to 72

Thibet Cloths 90 to 128

DeLisle Stripes 28 to 45

Cameleon Stripes 30 to 50

Mohair Lustres 28 to 60

Queen's Cloths 40 to 48

Eolians 50 to 70

4000 yds. Muslin DeLaines 14 to 20

600 " Gingham 12 1-2 to 18

8000 " Prints, all styles and prices, from 4 to 11 1-2

**SHAWLS.**

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

**FLANNELS.**

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

**16000 YDS. SHEETINGS.**

4000 yds. Merrimack, 39 in. wide, at 6 1-4c.

2000 " New Bedford, 40 in. wide, at 6 1-4c.

1000 " Beaman, 40 do. do. at 6 1-4c.

1200 " Mohawk, 40 do. do. at 6 3-4c.

800 " Suncook, 40 do. do. at 6 1-4c.

1000 " Dover, fine & heavy, 40 in. w. at 6 1-2c.

1000 " Oregon, very heavy, 36 do. at 6 1-2c.

800 " Lake Mills, 36 in. wide, 6

800 " Ogden, 36 do. 5

500 " Family, 36 do. 4 1-2

700 " Manchester, 37 do. 4

600 " very fine sheetings for 4 1-2c.

900 " Remnants, heavy and fine, 3

800 " Bleached do. from 5 to 12 1-2c.

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.

**AGENCY.**

The subscriber is Agent for the sale of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS manufactured by Messrs. Jones & Bennett, Brattleboro, Vt., viz.—improved piano-keyed Melodions, of various sizes, and of superior tone and finish; Acoustic Guitars, cheap and elegant; and a new instrument, single and double reeded; also, improved Seraphines, of various sizes, and reed-organs; all of which will be delivered at Waterville at the same price for which they can be found singly at the manufacturer.

(22-6w.) G. H. CARPENTER, Waterville, Me.

**COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.**

THE undersigned, having been appointed by Daniel Williams, Judge of Probate within and for the county of Kennebec, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of Aaron Brackett, late of Clinton in said county deceased, and estate having been represented insolvent, hereby appoint the last Mondays of January and April next, at 10 o'clock A. M. the office of Crosby Hinds in Sebecusick, in said county, the times and place for attending to said duty, and six months from the fourth day of December inst. are allowed to said creditors for bringing in their claims and vouchers for their debts. MADISON CROSWELL, Sebecusick, Dec. 18, 48. J. CROSBY HINDS.

**REPAIRING.**

FOR the purpose of attending to REPAIRS of all kinds of carriages, including cars, carts, and all carriages, on Railroads, the undersigned constantly employs a first rate hand, at his shop.

FOR SALE—A good second-hand STAGE COACH, for six passengers, which will be sold cheap. (22-6w.) PURMOT HILL, Waterville, Dec. 21, 1848.

**MRS. BURBANK.**

WOULD inform the Ladies that she has just returned from Boston with the latest fashions for Bonnets, Caps, Dresses and Cloaks.

Waterville, Nov. 20th, 1848.

**FRINGES.**

MRS. BURBANK has just received an elegant assortment of Fringes, and Clock Trimmings.

No. 20th, 1848.

**RIBBONS & ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.**

A N ELEGANT assortment of Ribbons and Artificial Flowers, may be found at MRS. BURBANK'S, No. 20th, 1848.

**JUST Received, a Fresh lot of Cranberries** at No. 1, Ticonic Row, by E. L. SMITH.

**JUST Received, a choice lot of Buck Wheat** Flour, by E. L. SMITH.

**JUST Received, another lot of fresh Chestnuts,** by E. L. SMITH.

**BOOTS, SHOES & CROCKERY, just received** by BUTTS, Canadian.

**50 BUS. and 1000 Strings Onions** just received by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

**A CHOICE lot of Groceries, Dry Stuffs, Lamp Oil, Mats, Tubs, Churns, Brushes, Brooms, &c., for sale** Jan. 1st, 1849, by WILLIAM DYER, Druggist.

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

**ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC RAILROAD.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the stock in the Androscoggin &



# **Panorama of Mexico,** Occupying 21,000 Feet of Canvas.

Exhibiting the Scenery, Cities and Battle Fields on the respective shores pursued by the American Army, from Corpus Christi to Buena Vista, and thence to Yalalapa, and from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, a line of country.

Over 3,000 Miles in Extent!!

This stupendous PAINTING, to which the Press 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

**BOYLESTON HALL,**  
Cor. of Boylston and Washington Streets, Boston.

EVERY EVENING, and on every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon, at three o'clock.

Capt. DONNAVAN, 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 given to parties from the country at an hour's notice.

For particulars see bills of the day.

# **MOLASSES, SUGAR, CORN & FLOUR.**

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by the subscribers

75 Hhds. Prime retailing Molasses.  
10 Tier. & Bbls. ditto.  
150 Hhds. Liverpool Salt.  
50 do. Cadiz do.  
100 do. Turks Island do.  
200 Bbls. 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 & GETCHELL.**

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

THE subscriber having returned from Boston with a new and splendid stock, equal to any on the Kennebec, in his 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 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 bought for cash will be sold at prices that cannot fail to suit customers.

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

# **Dentistry.**

**DR. D. BURBANK,**  
SURGEON DENTIST

MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH  
Rooms in Hanson's Building,  
Cor. Main and Elm sts.  
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

# **O. WRIGHT, M.D.,** Domestic 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 such peculiar success, and he hopes to give satisfaction to such as may call on him.

ADVICE GRATIS, IN ALL CASES.

Sept. 16, 1848. **W. C. DOW & CO.**

# **FREE SPEECH.**

A LITTLE more grape. Capt. Bragg's "ing" Ladies, if you want a good Man, Victrola or Box, call at the well-known Fur Store, C. R. PHILLIPS', and he will sell you one just as low as you can find them at any other Store in Waterville.

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, Mercurial and Cutaneous Diseases; Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, hot Humsors, Eruptions on the face or body, Cancerous Sores, King's Evil, chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, 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, and checking all consumptive habits, the Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared and sold by

**DAVID F. BRADLEE & SON,**  
60 Washington Street, Boston.

AGENTS—Waterville, **WILLIAM DYER;** Norridgewock, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware & Anson; Rockwell Collins; Mercer, Hanchell Ingalls; Farmington, 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

**E. L. SMITH,**  
No. 1 Ticonic Row.

# **TRUNKS & VALISES.**

THE best assortment in town to be found at

**J. C. BARTLETT'S**  
Cheap Cash Store.

# **OIL.**

PURE Spinn, ref'd Whale, and Lard Oil, for sale by

**W. C. DOW & CO.**

# **JUST RECEIVED**

A T. E. L. SMITH'S, No. 1 Ticonic Row, a choice lot of

**Quinces, Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes, &c.,**  
which will be sold cheap for cash.

# **100 BBLs.**

"Gardner Mills Family Flour," just received, and for sale by

**Nov. 9th, 1848. (16.) PAINE & GETCHELL.**

# **BILLINGS' PECTORAL CANDY.**

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c.

THIS candy is pleasant to the taste and contains no ingredient that is in the least hurtful; but on the contrary has ever proved highly beneficial to all who have used it.

Singers or Public Speakers will derive great benefit from its use.

Full directions accompany each package.

Price, 12 1/2 cts. Sold in Waterville only by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

# **JUST RECEIVED, a fine lot of Sweet Potatoes**

by E. L. SMITH.

# **EXTRACT OF CANCHALAGUA.**

THIS is a California plant of rare virtues, possessing in a higher degree all the Medical Properties of Sarsaparilla, and a certain prevention and cure for consumption, coughs, colds, influenza, asthma, inflammation, fever and ague, fevers in general, bilious complaints, nervous affections, gout, rheumatism, debility, liver complaint, indigestion, and all diseases originating in constipation of the bowels, or impurity of the blood, or which tend to enervate the system. It gives tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and is remarkable for its animating, strengthening and restorative properties.

For sale by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

# **NOTICE.**

All persons indebted to the subscriber, by note or account, are requested to call and settle before the first day of January next. By so doing they may save cost.

**C. R. PHILLIPS.**  
(30-1 Jan 1)

# **GENT'S FURNISHING DEPOT.**

CORNER OF MAIN AND SILVER STS.

For sale by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

# **J. C. BARTLETT**

HAS just returned from Boston with a large assortment of

**GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,**  
CONSISTING IN PART OF

Knit and Flannel Drawers; Under Shirts; Hdkfs; plain and figured Italian Cravats; Shirts; Collars; Bosoms; Gloves; Hose; Suspenders; Shoulder Braces; self-adjusting Stocks; Comforters; Mufflers; Umbrellas, &c.

# **Together with a large assortment of**

**HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS & VALISES,**  
ALSO

**BUFFALO COATS AND ROBES,**  
which will be sold at prices that cannot fail to suit the purchaser and give entire satisfaction—at prices that will

# **DEFY ALL COMPETITION.**

Cheap Cash Store, Corner of Main and Silver Streets.  
Waterville, Nov., 1848. **184f**

# **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.
- 2 " Single breasted do.
- 1 " do. Lasting do.
- 10 " Robroy & Valencia do.

# **PANTS.**

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

# **BOY'S CLOTHING.**

- 2 doz. Cass. Sacks & Frocks.
- 5 " Satin do. & do.
- 1 " prs. Striped Doe Skin Pants.
- 2 " prs. Cassimere do.
- 1 " 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. 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.**  
(13-1f)

# **A CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.**

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

# **HOT BLAST AIR-TIGHT Cooking Stove,**

with a Rotary Gridiron in a Broiling Chamber, constructed for cooking stews, soups, and in the shortest space of five minutes, without any supply of coal. The principle is well worthy of the examination of housekeepers, as it is simple, safe, and perfectly manageable. The quality of this stove defies 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 Ranges of every dimension always on hand, with an extensive assortment of Tin Ware.

# **REPAIRING.**

J. HAZ will be found at the old stand 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.**  
**J. HILL.**

# **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.**  
**J. HILL.**

# **CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.**

THE Subscriber continues to execute, at the old stand, OAKRIDGE, 8 1/2 C. HOUSE, and ORNAMENTAL PAINTING. Also, GLAZING and PAPER HANGING.

J. HAZ will be found at the old stand 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.**  
**J. HILL.**

# **REPAIRING.**

J. HAZ will be found at the old stand 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.**  
**J. HILL.**

# **WILLIAM. C. DOW & CO.**

WOULD inform their friends and the public, that they are kept constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of

**FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,**  
West India Goods and Groceries,  
FEATHERS, LOOKING-GLASSES, CROCKERY,

# **CHINA WARE.**

Also, Iron, Steel, Hard Ware, Circular and Mill Saws, Wrought and Cut Nails, Window Glass, Lined Oil, Dry and Ground Lead, Coach and Furniture Varnish, Japan, Paints, &c.; together with a Good assortment of

# **HEMP & MANILLA CORDAGE.**

BEST selected Medicines and Drugs, a fresh supply. 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.

Also—a full supply of fresh Ground LEAD of different qualities and all other kinds of Paints—Lined, Spinn, Lard and Whale Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Japan, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best quality—Manilla Cordage, Harness, Saddle, Patent, Covering, Dasher and Top Leather, Carriage Trimmings, 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 direct from the Manufacturers in England, together 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. (14-1f)**

# **SHOES of every Style just received at**

**J. WILLIAMS & SONS.**

# **FINE Cassimeres and Doeskins, just rec'd**

at **BUTTS, Canaan.**

# **RED Yellow, White and Saltbury Flannels just received at**

**J. WILLIAMS & SONS.**

# **OX-BOWS & AXE-HANDLES,**

FOR sale by **W. C. DOW & CO.**

# **FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN**

Commenced in Reality!

# **OAK HALL ROTUNDA OPENED!**

THE HUNGARIAN BALSAM—While we repudiate all quackery, we are always pleased to give credit for that which is truly useful, and to give information which may benefit others. A few days ago, a brother of ours, from Norway, Me., came into our office, in comfortable health, whom we did not expect to see again on earth. We received a letter a few weeks since, from another brother, resident in the house with him, saying that he was confined to his bed, and could not probably continue but a short time. He was a man of our acquaintance, and we saw him enter our office. He has a slight cough remaining, as it would be natural that he should have until he has further time for acquiring strength, of Hungarian Balm, which he used, and he is now as well as before. But he is in comfortable circumstances. The following letter which he addressed to the General Agent for the medicine which has restored him so wonderfully, will show what medicine has been the instrument of the good work.

**RECOLLECT**

**OAK HALL ROTUNDA,**  
GRAND 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

# **OAK HALL ROTUNDA,**

Visited by upwards of 200,000 strangers from all parts of the United States & Europe.

# **RECOLLECT**

**OAK HALL ROTUNDA,**  
GRAND 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272,