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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 46): June 7, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II. NO. 46.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, at No. 3 1-2 BOUTELLE BLOCK, AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

## Miscellany.

### POOR GENEVIEVE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

Shortly after the conclusion of the late war, a gentleman, distinguished as a scholar, a wit, and a politician, who stood high in the walks of literature, and had risen to the most dignified offices by his talents and worth, was proceeding up the Mississippi in one of the first steamboats that ever plied on the bosom of that mighty stream. He was a self-made and self-sustained man, a little past the period of blooming youth; but his person was striking, his countenance highly intellectual, his manners polished by intimate intercourse with society, and his voice exceedingly melodious, and capable of discoursing most eloquent music. During the course of the voyage, which was not in the most favorable season of the year, he became gradually indisposed, and finally, so ill, that at his own request he was put on shore at one of those little French villages, between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis, whose size bears no proportion to their age, and whose growth is so slow, that like the current of a stagnant stream, it is next to impossible to tell whether they are advancing backward or forward. The agitation of removal, and the heat of a summer day, so aggravated his disease, which was a bilious fever, that he became partially delirious, and, being without a servant, in a strange place, would have suffered, had not an elderly lady, who was looking out at a window, been charitable enough to have him conducted, or rather carried to her house. Here he was placed in bed and immediately attended by a physician, who administered to him so successfully, that the next morning his delirium had subsided into one of those low desperate fevers so harassing to the constitution, so difficult of cure.

His returning consciousness disclosed to him the form of one of those ministering angels called woman, sitting at his bedside, as if awaiting an opportunity to perform some kind office. The sick traveler at first took it for a vagary of his brain, but after rubbing his eyes and gazing awhile, recognized a female, with a cap such as French attendants usually wear, a plain gown, and a black silk apron, with a sweet, gentle, and expressive face, apparently bearing the impression of a deep solicitude. Perceiving him to be awake, she enquired, in a voice of exquisite melody, if he wanted any thing. Instead of answering the question, the sick man, whom I shall call Hartland, though that was not his real name, asked two or three times, in a low feeble tone,

"Where am I—and who are you?"

"You are in St. Louis, and I am poor Genevieve, your servant; can I do anything for you, sir?"

O, a nurse they have provided for me, I suppose, thought Hartland, I shall therefore stand for no ceremony with her. "My good girl, I will thank you for a glass of something to quench my thirst, I am burning up, I believe."

Genevieve took his hand, and after holding it a little while, laid it on the bed, saying, as it were to herself, "it does indeed burn like fire." The touch of her hand was so soft, that Hartland could tell that she pined him with all her heart. At this moment the physician came, and our traveler recognized in him an old acquaintance, a Senator whom he had known at Washington, and a very eminent man in his profession. He felt extremely grateful at having so gentle a nurse, and so able a physician. Yet his recovery was so slow that he did not great credit to either nurse or doctor, for it was nearly six weeks before his fever was fairly broken.

During that time he relapsed more than once, and there were periods when all, and himself among the rest, despaired of his recovery. Day and night Genevieve was his attendant, and he might almost say his guardian angel. If he opened his languid glassy eyes in the day, she was sitting by his bedside; and if he asked for anything at night, he was administered to by her gentle hand, and soothed by her gentle voice. At such times he was occasionally puzzled by a vague perception that he had somewhere seen her before; but it passed away like a dream, when with all his efforts, he could neither recall the time nor the occasion. More than once he thought he saw her wiping her eyes as he awakened from his miserable intervals of partial oblivion; but he ended in being convinced that it was a mistake, since what was she to him, or he to her? Genevieve had said she was his nurse. Poor Genevieve, she was then hired for his service, and her attention to him were to be repaid in money. Still his soul could not resist the sacred impulse of gratitude, and he promised before his Maker, that whether he lived or died, he would make her ample amends.

At length he became convalescent, and, in proportion as he recovered, Genevieve gradually relaxed in attendance, which was now supplied by a male servant. Hartland was a little hurt at this, and indeed seriously missed the soft voice, and gentle, compassionate look of Genevieve. I suppose her month is up, thought he in a pet, and she is waiting to be engaged for another. Still Genevieve came sometimes, though not so often as before; and Hartland being now recovered from a state of almost infantine helplessness, began to study her a little more attentively. There was something about her that puzzled him. Though dressed like a waiting maid, her appearance and demeanor did not seem to belong to that class, and in the conversation he had with her, he discovered a well cultivated mind stored with that polite information becoming a well bred woman. Everything she said or did exhibited a quiet, lady-like simplicity and decorum. There was also something in her deportment toward him so different from that which usually exists between the nurse and the patient, that Hartland, half the time did not know how to behave himself. He sometimes insisted on her being seated, but she always declined with a look of humility that sunk into his heart. At first he was puzzled, next interested, and finally there stole into his heart one of the softest of all possible feelings for Genevieve, compounded of full-grown gratitude and new-born love.

One day, while the doctor was with him, it suddenly occurred to Hartland to ask where he was, how he came there, and most especially to

whose kindness he was indebted for such benevolent attentions; hinting at the same time that he presumed it was the doctor who had interposed in his behalf.

"You are mistaken," replied his friend; "I knew nothing of your situation till I found you here."

"Indeed, and how came I here?"

"I will tell you, for you ought to know, in order to return thanks in the proper place. You are in the house of Mademoiselle de F—, a young lady of French extraction, a great heiress, of lands, mines, and what not, extending no one knows where; and withal, a most beautiful, amiable, accomplished woman. She is a ward of mine, or rather was, for she is now of age, and might have been married long ago, but for a singular scruple which she entertains at the risk of passing the remainder of her life in single blessedness."

"Ah!" rejoined Hartland, not a little interested at the heiress. "Ah! and what may this scruple be?"

"She imagines, or rather fears, it is her great possessions that attract so many admirers wherever she goes; and faith, notwithstanding her accomplishments, she is probably in the right. She is waiting to be loved for herself alone, and from being almost surrounded by interested admirers, has contracted a sort of contempt, if not aversion to men, which, in spite of the feminine gentleness, not to say tenderness of her disposition, displays itself in a uniform indifference, if not haughtiness, towards almost all those who aspire to her good graces. She once told me she never saw but one man toward whom she felt almost irresistibly attracted, and he treated her as if she was nobody."

"I should like to see her," answered Hartland, "for independent of the obligation I owe her, she must be something of a curiosity. Such humility is not often coupled with wealth, beauty, and accomplishments. But you have not yet told me how I came to be here."

"You were seen by a good old aunt who resides with the young lady, and who happened to be looking out of the window as you were landed in a state of partial delirium. She apprised Mademoiselle de F— of the circumstance, who immediately gave directions to have you brought here."

"Upon my word, I owe her obligations which I can never repay."

"That is more than you know," said the doctor, smiling.

"I should, however, at least, like to thank her. Where does she hide herself? How happens it I have never by any chance seen her, or heard her voice? and when will she permit me to express my gratitude?"

"It would not be etiquette, you know," replied the doctor, again smiling with a sweetness I never saw in any other man. "It would not be etiquette for a young lady to visit a young single gentleman like you, in his bed-chamber. But in a few days I shall let you out of the cage, and then you will see her. Take care of yourself; the climate is inviting, but it will cost a long siege, and perhaps not surrender at last."

The doctor then rose to depart, when Hartland, with a degree of hesitation that surprised himself, and the color rising to his pale cheek, asked—

"But, doctor, now I think of it, who is the gentle, kind, attentive nurse, to whom I verily believe—meaning no reflection on your skill—I am indebted for my recovery. I owe her much, and you must put me in some way of expressing my obligations."

"She is paid for her attendance," replied the doctor, carelessly, "and will accept of nothing from you, except what you will not perhaps be willing to bestow on her."

"What do you mean by that, doctor?"

"Nothing," answered he, as he departed with another significant smile.

Hartland fell into a reverie. The words—'she is paid for her attendance,' grated harshly on his ears. He wished it had been voluntary for her then he could have ascribed it to some motive that would have flattered his self-love, or, to do him justice, appealed to his gratitude and affections, and merited a different acknowledgment than mere sordid money. He tried hard to persuade himself that he owed poor Genevieve nothing but her wages, while his heart told him that such attentions as she paid him could never be bought with gold. But what could the doctor mean by his mischievous smiles, and the equivocal phrase of 'she will accept of nothing from you, but what you will not perhaps be willing to bestow on her?'—Hartland could make nothing of this, and became buried in a perplexity of thought, from which he was roused by the steps of Genevieve, who entered the room with slow timidity, and asked in trembling accents after his health.

"I am quite well, dear Genevieve, thanks to your blessed kindness, which I can never repay."

"My wages are already paid," answered she, with apparent simplicity; "and now that you are quite recovered, I am going away. I came to bid you farewell, to express my wishes for your happiness, and to ask you sometimes to remember poor Genevieve."

There was something so exquisitely touching in her voice, her look, and the dewy lustre of her eyes, as she pronounced these words, which entered the very soul of Hartland.

"Genevieve," said he, "sit down by me, and hear what I am going to say. Nay, I insist upon your being seated, for you have much to hear, and it does not become one who owes his life to you to be seated while you are standing."

"It does not become one like me to be seated in the presence of one like you," replied Genevieve, as Hartland, with respectful violence, compelled her to place herself by his side on the sofa.

"Genevieve," said he, "you have saved my life. Is there any wish of your heart ungratified—anything within the power of man to do, that will contribute to your happiness, or that of any one dear to you? If there is, I will do all that man can do to repay as far as possible obligations that can never be cancelled. Tell me, Genevieve—dear Genevieve—for you are very dear to me—tell me in what way I can prove to you that I am not ungrateful. Do not leave me with a load of obligation on my heart that will weigh me down to earth with a sense of absolute degradation. My life will be comparatively worthless, unless you permit me to consecrate it to your happiness."

"To my happiness!" reiterated the trembling girl. "My happiness does not depend on the wealth or benefits. I can accept nothing from you except—except your kind remembrance."

I am already paid my wages, and my object was simply what I said. I came to bid you farewell, and wish you health and happiness."

"She was rising to go, but Hartland detained her."

"Genevieve, do not or will not comprehend me. I love you sincerely, tenderly, and faithfully."

"And you prove it by thus insulting me."

"Insulting you, Genevieve! Do you take me for such a wretch? Is such a declaration insulting?"

"From one like you to one like me, it is more than insulting—it is degrading to me, dishonorable to the other. But it is time I should go, if I wish to preserve, as a source of future gratification, the remembrance of having humbly administered to the wants of one who has repaid by wishing to degrade me."

And again she made an effort to leave him, but Hartland detained her.

"In the name of Heaven, what do you mean, Genevieve? What do you suspect, that you thus reproach me with insulting and degrading you? Do you think me such a brute and villain as to do the one or the other? Is the proffer of a sincere and ardent love, from an honest man to a virtuous woman, insulting and degrading? Is the devotion of a true heart that I would tear from my bosom if I thought it capable of deceiving or betraying one who has filled it to overflowing with love and gratitude?"

Those alone who have seen Hartland in the halls of legislation, moving down hearts with his irresistible eloquence, can judge of the effects of his words on Genevieve.

"Tell me—tell me, Genevieve," added he, "what you think and what you fear."

"Are you not the great orator, statesman, author? Is not your name on every tongue, your words in every mouth. Do you not stand high among the highest of your country, and may you not aspire to be still higher? And am I not a menial without wealth, name, or family, to render me worthy of sharing your honors? No, sir! I understand you but too well. You would—she burst into tears and could proceed no further."

"I would make you my wife," cried Hartland with a tone and expression that could not be mistaken. "My dear wife, to live with me and be my love forever."

"What! Poor Genevieve—me—your nurse your servant—your—"

"Preserver!" interrupted Hartland. "Yes; I would ensure the happiness of my future life, by sharing it with one who, in her humble garb and humble occupation has proved to me that neither grace nor dignity, virtue nor refinement, is confined to any situation of life, or dependent on wealth or splendor. Will you consent to trust your happiness with me?"

"Are you really in earnest?" faltered she, with tears and trembling. "What! poor Genevieve?"

"Poor Genevieve! Are you not rich in virtue, grace and beauty? And is not such a heart and mind as yours worth all the wide lands of your mistress, whom I am yet to see and thank for her kindness? Yes, 'Poor Genevieve,' I am in earnest—serious and solemn as a man can be at the moment when the happiness of his life hangs on the decision of a moment."

Genevieve, wept as she reclined on his shoulder for an instant, then started away before he was aware of her intentions and turning exclaimed as she retreated through the door she exclaimed, "You shall see me again and receive my answer."

Hartland did not exactly know what to make of all this. But he had felt the heart of Genevieve throbbing against his side, and seen her parting look. Neither could he be mistaken; and he remained in the happy anticipation that all would end as he wished. From this he was aroused, in an hour or two, by the entrance of Genevieve in her bonnet and cloak, who delivered a message from Mademoiselle de F—, purporting that she desired to see him, if he felt himself strong enough to leave his room.

Hartland sought to detain her for a moment for the answer she had promised. But she only replied, with a look and accent he could not comprehend, "You will receive it soon from my mistress."

"Shaw!" exclaimed he, "what care I for your mistress?"

"But you must care for, and love her, too, for she is far more worthy of your heart than Poor Genevieve."

"If I do may my—"

"Hush! do not swear, lest you should forswear yourself the next minute. Remember what I say. In less than a quarter of an hour you will forsake poor Genevieve. You will not acknowledge your love for her in the presence of my mistress."

"Come," cried Hartland, seizing her hand, "lead me at once to your mistress, and put me to the test."

Genevieve did not reply, but led him into a spacious apartment. No one was there to receive him, and Genevieve immediately left the room, merely saying, "I will tell my mistress you are here."

He remained a few moments, looking out on the scene before him, but unconscious of its loveliness, when he was aroused by the opening of a door, and turning round, perceived a female advancing, with hastening steps. Her face was entirely hidden by a thick black veil, which descended below her waist, and the contour of her figure not seen.

Hartland advanced to pay his compliments and express his acknowledgments, which he did with his usual grace and fluency. But the lady made no reply, and for a few moments seemed greatly agitated. At length she slowly put aside her veil, and disclosed the blushing face of Genevieve!

In an instant he comprehended all. "Genevieve!" he exclaimed, "is it possible?"

"Yes," answered the well-remembered, gentle voice, which had so often soothed his pains and quieted his impatience in the hours of sickness.

"Yes, once Poor Genevieve, your nurse—now rich and happy Genevieve, for now she has found, in the man she would have selected from all the world, Hartland, dear Hartland, will you forgive me? It is the last time I will ever deceive you."

Hartland was not obtuse, and the forgiveness was accorded by folding her in his arms, and imprinting a kiss on her trembling lips.

"How can I ever repay you for your gentle care and noble generosity?" said he.

"By always remembering and loving Poor Genevieve. But you are not so much a stranger

as you think. No one in this wide land is ignorant of your name; but I—I am an old acquaintance."

"You, Genevieve?"

"Yes. Do you remember travelling north about ten years ago, and accidentally falling in company with the family of Mr. M—, a Creole gentleman, consisting of his wife and niece, a little girl about eleven, and very small for that age? Well—I was that little girl; but you know it is the fashion to consider such tiny women as nobodies. I was not named to you nor do I know that you heard me called any name but 'Jenny.' At all events, you took no other notice of me than sometimes to pat my head in passing, and once you gave me a kiss in sport. We parted—you to forget me, I to remember you forever. I knew you, the moment you were brought hither; and now you have my history. This humble person, and all that I inherit, is yours, and be assured I will forgive your infidelity should you forsake your humble nurse, Poor Genevieve, for her mistress."

"Forsake poor Genevieve!" cried Hartland, "I must be without memory and without gratitude when I forget who hovered and watched over the dark days and nights of my pain and weakness, and whom I many times fancied I must have known in some future state of existence. No; should you ever, in our journey through life, perceive, or fancy you perceive, any diminution of my love, you have only to dress and look as you did at my bedside, and become Poor Genevieve again, to receive my heart once more and forever."

"Ah me!" exclaimed she "I see I must make up my mind to always having a formidable rival. But I will try to reconcile myself to the calamity, and be content to share your heart with Poor Genevieve."

Just at this moment the Doctor came in, and seeing at the first moment how matters stood, began good humoredly to banter his friend.

"Well, Hartland, the mystery is disclosed, I perceive. You first fell in love with the nurse, and have deserted her for the mistress. The exchange is very sensible, judicious, and prudent."

"It is no exchange, Doctor. She shall always be Poor Genevieve to me—the object of my enduring love and gratitude."

Genevieve looked at the Doctor with a smile of proud consciousness, which he returned with one of affection.

The Doctor passed from this world, but a little while ago, and when he died the victims of poverty and disease lost a most benevolent friend, and the country one of its noblest citizens.

Genevieve and Hartland still survive. The former has never had any cause to regret her experiment on the disinterestedness of mankind; and the latter, while steadily pursuing a career of honorable ambition, blesses the hour when he yielded to the dictates of love and gratitude. If at any time he seemed to forego the enjoyment of domestic happiness, in the pursuit of fame, his wife had only to put on her homely gown, her little nurse's cap, and become Poor Genevieve again, to awaken all his early love, and win him back to the hallowed shrine of home. Yet, strange to say, the rich heiress is not jealous of Poor Genevieve. They live together in most perfect harmony, and it is impossible to say which loves the other best.

STRANGE DISCLOSURES.—Some of the inhabitants of Burlington are very much exasperated at Bishop Doane's failure to pay his debts. He is accused by a writer in the Police Gazette with some very dishonorable conduct. Among other naughty doings of the Bishop this writer says that not long since, his Reverence went to a very worthy and respectable lady, a member of his church and a widow, and asked her if she did not design to do something for the cause of Jesus and the church, at the same time informing her that she must furnish him with fifteen hundred dollars.

Why, Bishop, says she, you know I have not got that amount of money by me. Well, but, says he, you have bank stock; sell that and furnish me with the above amount and I will give you a mortgage upon St. Mary's Hall, that shall be as valuable if not more productive than your bank stock. At the same time he assured her that the investment would be perfectly safe and could remain for any length of time she desired upon the property. The lady acted in accordance with his desire and request, sold her bank stock, and furnished him with the money. About a week or perhaps more passed on when she called upon the Bishop and reminded him that life was uncertain, and that she desired the mortgage which he had promised to furnish her, upon condition of her loaning him the above mentioned sum. Why, ah, ahem, really, my dear madam, said he, this business was done in haste, and I am really sorry to inform you that St. Mary's Hall is already mortgaged for as much if not more than it's worth. (The widow's feelings can better be imagined than described,) as the inmate cormorant had possession of almost her whole living.

An honest and industrious carpenter, who had for some time past been in the employ of the Bishop, was engaged to be married to a lovely and interesting girl, who in addition to her other claims, had a snug little fortune of 1,000, of which fact Bishop Doane was not ignorant. One day this pious financier was much pressed for money, and finding that neither Third street nor wall street could raise the wind for him, he goes to this carpenter, and by his holy conversation, persuades him to ask his sweetheart for the \$1,000; the money is loaned to the Bishop, a few months afterwards his reverence fails and makes an assignment, the girl is vexed at her loss, she blames her intended, a quarrel ensues, and very soon the engagement is broken off. The lover loses his sweetheart and also suffers heavily by the Bishop's inability to pay him the amount due for work done at Riverside. This case is both amusing and distressing.

A worthy Quaker of our borough, known throughout the country as a careful apothecary and useful citizen will lose at least \$500 by this failure in God, for monies loaned at various times, besides all this, he will be minus several hundred dollars for drugs and perfumery furnished the pupils of St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College. Friend A. had repaid the utmost confidence in the Bishop, and in years gone by has been known to speak of Dr. Doane as a man of unaffected piety and irreproachable integrity. We think that the parents of the young ladies who have been educated at St. Mary's ought to be made ac-

quainted of the fact that no settlement has been made by the Bishop with W. J. A., for the perfumery, &c., furnished their daughters.

Besides the drawing master who has taught in St. Mary's Hall, and the College, loaned to the Bishop his all—a few hundred dollars—and lost that and his salary besides. In view of all these facts and many other of a kindred nature, Bishop Doane is said to have received one hundred dollars worth of wines, at a single time from the Captain of the John Stevens, while a poor washerwoman, a widow, whom he had cheated out of seven years services, was actually suffering all the horrors of want and privation, and numbers of laboring people, servants, and others, are straightened to their last extremity by his bankruptcy. If half the charges against the Bishop are true, he has pursued a course of conduct which cannot be justified by any honest man, much less a Christian Bishop.

## Agricultural.

PROFITS OF HENS.—Dr. I. Barstow, of Chicago, kept an account of the expense and income of fifty hens, for one year. The cost of keeping on corn was about twenty-five cents for each hen. The hens average ninety-one eggs each. One of the editors of the Prairie Farmer states that he has kept forty hens the past year; that the cost was about the same as given by Dr. Barstow, but the fowls averaged only sixty-five eggs each. The fowls in both cases were confined in a yard, but one lot of them were allowed to have their liberty for a part of each day. They were fed with fresh meat occasionally.—[Albany Cultivator.]

REMARKS.—The estimate of expense here given for fowls kept confined appears far less than it should be to maintain them in good growing condition. We have now more than one hundred on hand, and purchase food at prices ranging from one and a quarter to one and a half cents per pound. Meat, which is regularly given to them, costs from two to three cents; potatoes less. The average range of prices is here given. The cost of keeping has never been less than one cent, or more than two cents, a head per week. Two cents each, if fed with all grain, will not be far from the amount, and I cannot well exceed this sum. One cent per head is not sufficient, and dry swill, such as peelings of potatoes, turnips, cabbage leaves, boiled potatoes, &c., together with meat, will be required to constitute good keeping.

Our grain bill now is one cent for each fowl, corn being at present seventy-five cents per bushel; to which boiled potatoes, &c., are added to make up the deficiency. A final statement will be given when the stock of vegetables on hand are consumed. The hens are laying well considering the season of the year, and some particularly bad management, which we may allude to hereafter. We now, January 19, count two hundred and sixty-two eggs, commencing with one on the 29th day of November, the thirtieth of which month, together with the 2d and 4th days of December, are the only blank days; and, considering the uncertainty and difficulty of our new experiment, there remains the flattering hope that 'tis pretty well done.—[Farmer and Mechanic.]

USE OF LONG MANURES.—Those farmers who are determined not to increase their quantity of manure by mixing it before its decomposition with cheaper substances, which may thus be converted into manure, would do well to plow it into the land after regular crops, in the late summer or fall, or before late turnips. The objections usually urged against this practice are, that the soluble parts may be washed away during the rains of winter, and that the amount will evaporate, or be otherwise dissipated.

Very little ammonia will pass off, or indeed exists until formed and liberated by fermentation; and if plowed into the ground, the carbonaceous matters of the soil will receive and retain it; at any rate the loss of ammonia will be very much less than if left to ferment in an open barn-yard, thus permitting the atmosphere to carry off ammonia. Again, manure occupying the upper stratum of earth, say the upper six inches or more of soil, undergoes very little decomposition during winter, and indeed none goes at all when the thermometer ranges at or near the freezing point; and when slightly more warm than this, the small proportion of manure, as compared with the bulk of the soil, is insufficient to generate heat.—The fact of leaving clayey soils or heavy loams, roughened on their surface by the plowing which turns in the manure, enables the winter to disintegrate its ultimate particles; the frequent freezings and thawings will render such soils more pulverulent, and more capable of absorbing ammonia, than three springs plowings with a dead surface during winter. Nor need the farmer fear much loss of the inorganic or mineral parts of his manures, for these are protected from the winter rains by the vegetable substances with which they are combined. To prove this, try to dissolve out any of the mineral constituents of straw by soaking in water, and you will find they are insoluble until the vegetable matters protecting them from solution can be got rid of, or altered, in their proximate condition, either by fermentation or burning.

The practice of applying fresh farm-yard dung before autumn plowing is now much practiced both in Europe and this country, thus producing fair crops of turnips, and saving time in the spring and more valuable parts of the year.—[Working Farmer.]

A NEW MANURE.—Robert Bryson, Esq., of Cumberland county, about eight miles from Harrisburgh, has been experimenting for the last ten years, to make exhausted tan-bark available and valuable as a manure. Besides his magnificent farm, he likewise carries on the tanning business. Finally, after a great deal of expense and many failures, he has succeeded in discovering a method of producing from the tan an efficient manure. This is his plan: He has his tan wheeled out on a level piece of ground, and levelled off, two or three feet thick. Over this he spreads a layer of two to three inches of lime, and over that again a stratum of tan, then a layer of lime, and so on. He lets the beds so prepared remain for two years; at the end of that time he finds himself in possession of a bed of manure, the effect of which upon the land can hardly be surpassed for the richness of its product and the durable fertility which it imparts.—[Lancaster Co. Pa. Farmer.]

GOOD FARMING.—One of our subscribers, a

farmer, living in Corinth, raised the last season on one acre of land, one hundred and fifty bushels of marketable potatoes. He sold for forty bushels of these in market, for forty dollars and the balance he disposed of at his farm for eighty three cents a bushel.

All the butter made in his dairy last season he sold in this city for twenty cents a pound. This man is of the opinion that Farming in Penobscot is a very profitable business.—[Bangor Whig.]

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.—Queer things happen in this world. A few years ago, a young man on the banks of the southern Mississippi eloped with the daughter of an old planter, as the father would not consent to the marriage. Time rolled on; the daughter died, and the father and widowed husband met on the bloody but victorious field of Buena Vista. On that terrible day, amid scenes of carnage and valor, the gallant young hero sustained well and nobly the gallantry of his countryman, and the old hero, extending to him his hand for the first time since the marriage of his daughter, said: "Sir, my daughter was a better judge of character than I am. Here is my hand." Two years have passed away. A President is to be inaugurated. The son-in-law, now a member of the United States Senate, is appointed chairman of a committee to wait on the President and inform him of his election. Then again the father and son-in-law met. This was a proud day for Jefferson Davis. It was his hour of victory. We would rather have been Davis than Taylor. The sweet whisperings of the spirit voice of the departed one must have been with him there.

DEATH OF MADAME ROTHSCHILD.—Extract from a letter, dated Frankfort, Germany, May 8th, published in the Newark Daily Advertiser:

"Madame Rothschild, widow of the founder of the banking house, died here yesterday. She had lived many years alone in Jew street, an old unfrequented quarter, where her established herself, and which she always refused to leave; though her eldest son the present head of the banking house has been long living childless and also alone in one of the most splendid houses of the Gell, the principal street of Frankfort. She was 99 years old."

## Anecdotes.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, when one day riding through the country, was saluted by a fellow who was lying in the ditch.

"Halloo, Father Wesley, I'm glad to see you. How do you do?"

"I don't know you," said Mr. W., reining up his horse. "Who are you?"

"Don't know me? Why, sir, you are the very man who converted me!"

"I reckon I am," said Mr. Wesley, putting spurs to his horse, "at least one thing is evident—the Lord had nothing to do about it!"

Sir Walter Scott, on one occasion, was desirous of rewarding the wit and importunity of an Irish beggar by the present of sixpence, but found he had no small coin in his purse.

"Here, my good fellow, said the baronet, 'here is a shilling; but mind, you owe me sixpence.' 'God bless your honor,' exclaimed Pat, 'may your honor live till I pay you!'

The author of Ivanhoe was highly tickled at the naive reply.

A sailor, calling upon a Liverpool goldsmith, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The shopkeeper beckoned him into a back room, and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot. "O," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet, but I'm going to California, and would like to know the value of such a lump before I start." The jeweler started him out of the shop.

Josiah Winslow was one of the early Governors of Massachusetts Colony. It is said that at his funeral the Rev. Mr. Witherell, of Scituate, prayed that "the Governor's son might be half equal to his father." The Rev. D. Gad Hitchcock observed afterwards, "that the prayer was so very reasonable, it might be hoped that God would grant it; but he did not."

An Englishman once told an Irishman that porter was his meat and drink, and soon after Pat found him, having become heavily loaded, lying in a ditch. After surveying him for some time, he exclaimed: "Arrah, my honey, you said it was meat and drink to you; by my soul! it's a much better thing; for it's washing and lodging too."

"Dennis, darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?"

"Whist, Biddy, I'se trying an experiment! 'Murder! what is it?"

"What is it, did you say? Why it's giving hot water to the chickens I am, so they'll be ather laying boiled eggs!"

Delaware will never yield an inch," said a patriotic Delawarean, when the Pea Patch case was being tried.

"If she did," replied a bystander, "she would lose half her territory."

"What device shall I have upon my sign?" asked a gentleman about to open a house of entertainment, with his bar more fully provided than his parlor. "Put on it the picture of a horn with yourself crawling out at the little end," said a bystander.

"I tell you," said a warm friend of a newly elected Senator, to an old sober-headed politician, "your party may say what they please, but you cannot deny that Mr. C— is a sound man."

"That's just what we're afraid of," replied



**ALMOST A DUEL.**—The following is the mode in which they settle presidential duels and brotherly brawls in France. It is extracted from a Paris paper.

A considerable sensation has been created in Paris by a quarrel which took place two days ago between the President of the republic and his cousin, Napoleon Bonaparte, the late ambassador at Madrid. It is hardly necessary to state that the quarrel had arisen with respect to the dismissal of the latter from his office as ambassador. It appears that Napoleon, in the first place, called upon his sister, the Princess Demidoff, when his language with respect to the President was so violent, that she intimated to him that she would dispense with his further visits. He then proceeded to the palace of the Elysee, and had an interview with the President. A very violent scene took place respecting the letter written by the President on the subject of Napoleon Bonaparte's speech to the deputation which waited on him at Bordeaux; in the course of which, after a great deal of recrimination on both sides, Napoleon suddenly called the President a bastard, and told him that he was not only a kite's egg put into the eagle's nest, but that the whole of the Bonaparte family knew him to be so. A scene followed which baffles description. The President flew to his sword, and declared that he would immediately fight the slanderer, but the attendants interfered, and the parties were separated. Still the President insisted that the stain on his honor should be wiped out by a duel, and has appointed two friends to make the arrangements on his side for a meeting. In the meantime, however, a council of ministers was called on the subject, and it was resolved that the duel should not be allowed. M. Odilon Barrot, and all the ministers, declared that the President, as the first magistrate in the State, could not fight, and that such a thing could not be thought of. In this state the affair at present remains, but it is unnecessary to say that the affair creates an immense sensation at Paris, and greatly complicates the position of all parties at the eve of the election.

**MARRYING IN HASTE.**—A young Yankee girl named Bacon left her home in Barre, Massachusetts, to go to some friends in Illinois. Arriving at Buffalo, she took passage on a lake boat for Detroit. She writes to her brother at Barre as follows:—"After I got aboard the boat, I thought I would look around and see who my travelling companions were. Saw no one whom I knew, but the first one I did see is now my husband. It was Monday night we first met, and Thursday we were married just as soon as we could find a magistrate after landing at Detroit. He, that is my husband, immediately procured a boarding-place in a private family, removed our baggage thither, sought employment for himself, which he very readily obtained, and has now gone to work at the tanning business and I to washing. And she that was, a week since, Miss Elizabeth Bacon, is now Mrs. Decius Peckham, at your service." We hope Mr. Peckham may prove a faithful Benedict, and not one of those who change their wives as often as they do their residence.

**SINGULAR PETRIFICATION.**—An article in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, descriptive of Detroit, makes mention of a most remarkable fossil, to be seen in that city. The building erected for the use of the bank of Michigan, now in the use of the government of the U. States, is constructed, in part, of a species of shell limestone, brought from the island in lake Erie, and polished for the purpose. One of the surfaces presents a section of a petrified human face and skull. In preparing the stone for the chisel, the petrification was divided from front to rear, vertically, so that it shows a profile of the face, a transverse section of the cranium, with petrified folds of the brain itself. The block from which this curiosity was obtained is of a large size.

**AN HONEST MAN AND A GOOD WIFE.**—The Lowell Courier has an account of the meeting of sixty or seventy former creditors of Daniel Ayer, of that city, at his house, and through his invitation, to be paid some \$6000 of old debts, with interest, and to be regaled with an excellent supper. Mr. Ayer stated to his company that after he went into chancery in 1844, being unable to pay his debts, his wife sold their exempted furniture for \$50, and employed an agent to buy for her a piece of land belonging to the Locks and Canals Company. This was the germ of his present prosperity. On that piece of land, a profit of about \$2000 was obtained, and he has since been engaged in trading in real estate, and has made thereby in the years 1845, '46, '47, and '48, \$24,000. The most mysterious part of the business is that Mr. Ayer says his family expenses since that time have been but "about \$300 per year, and my family have boarded out since my failure." He then returned his thanks to the company for his discharge in chancery and then distributed to them the amount due to each in gold and silver.

After this had been done, Hon. Tappan Westworth, in behalf of his creditors, made some appropriate remarks, and presented to Mr. Ayer, a neat silver pitcher, with a proper inscription, in the names of Daniel West, Joshua Stetson, David Paige, Josiah E. Short, J. P. Jewett, and 38 others, whom he had paid in full out of his earnings after his failure.—The company, consisting of merchants of Boston and Citizens of Lowell, then sat down to their entertainment, which was "as good a supper as the city of Lowell could afford," and the occasion was one of mutual pleasure to them and their host.—*Courier.*

**MR. J. D. STEWART.**—This person, who was accidentally wounded by a musket ball, while getting out of a railroad car, in the Bowery, on the evening of the Opera House riot, is recovering. The ball, a very large one, was on Tuesday extracted, and it is miraculous how he escaped instant death. The ball entered the neck and passed between two of the main arteries, which lie within the one-hundredth part of an inch of each other, and lodged in the back about two inches from the surface, from which place it was on Tuesday last extracted. The attending surgeon says that the arteries were separated by the force of the ball, and thus escaped being severed, a thing which would not probably occur more than once in a million of cases.

**MR. PARROTT, the consul at Mazatlan, who arrived at Mobile in the Severn, reports—**He found the road from Vera Cruz to Mazatlan lined with travelers to California. A perpetual stream of emigrants and adventurers, traveling by every conceivable mode of conveyance, in wagons, carts, &c., on horses, mules and a-foot—some without hats or shoes—in pouring across the country, intent on reaching the gold regions of the West. The opportunities of conveyance in vessels from Mazatlan to San Francisco are abundant. Mr. Parrot has recently been to the latter place, and is of opinion, that unless some active measures are adopted by our government, the inhabitants will organize a government for themselves. They complain greatly of the neglect of Congress at the last session to give them a territorial government.

**CUBA.**—The slave trade is again very active in Cuba, several thousand slaves having been landed within the last two months, and other thousands being shortly expected. The Captain General's fee is generally understood to be three doubloons a head, or fifty-one dollars.—This cause and the general arbitrary conduct and character of the present Captain, General Roncali, have increased the disposition of the Cubans to get rid of their Spanish masters, and to come into the American Union; and if that measure could be amicably effected between the Governments of the two countries, there are few of the Creoles or native Cubans, who would not hail it with joy. The latter, dislike the trade which yearly increases the number of barbarian Africans in the Island, usually imported from warlike tribes. The Spanish policy, on the other hand, favors the introduction of this class, for the very reason of its tendency to keep down any disposition on the part of the Cubans to rise for their own independence. But for this cause Cuba would doubtless have been independent long ago. It is only a few weeks since the Spanish paper at New York, La Cronica, recently established there as an advocate and organ of the Spanish interest in Cuba, openly avowed that Spain would lay the Island in ashes and blood, by arming the slaves, sooner than to permit the overthrow of its dominion there. *Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.*

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 7.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

COCHITUATE SPRINKLINGS.—No. 3.

BY DOCKY WATTY.

It is an undeniable fact that public sentiment is rapidly gaining ground against capital punishment, and the late execution of Washington Goode, the disgusting details of which have reached you, created a sensation in this city which has never before been equalled under similar circumstances.

At the time when executions were public, it was my misfortune to be an eye witness of this terrible administration of the law on three miserable fellow creatures. I was quite a boy at the time, and was led to the scene by that curiosity which belongs to boyhood, without a due appreciation of the horrible nature of the occasion. More than twenty years have since elapsed, but the recollection of those unhappy beings, as they stood upon the scaffold, will linger while memory holds its seat. The dull, deathlike sound of the drop—the convulsive struggles of the victims, with white caps drawn over their faces—and finally, when the soul had left its earthly tenement, the appearance of the bodies hanging lifeless from the gallows—these visions of the past come up before me again, with forms as palpable as though of yesterday.

Thousands and tens of thousands were there too, of both sexes and of all ages; the tide which set in near the wharf on which the scaffold stood, was covered with boats filled with eager spectators, and piles of boards which stood upon the adjacent wharves were thronged with humanity of all sizes.

During the execution the tide ebbed, and the boats were left aground on the soft yielding mud peculiar to our docks. Then came the frantic exertions of the boatmen to get their living freight out of the predicament; hundreds were plunging about waist deep in the mud, pushing with feeble effect their overloaded boats; shouts, oaths and laughter were mingled together in discordant union—and there, in the midst of the infernal din, swung the unconscious forms of the murderers, whose final agonies this motley assemblage had gathered to witness.

"Hence! horrible vision, hence!"

I was then, or from these scenes I have become, convinced of the demoralizing influence of public executions, and I am thankful that these spectacles are now shut out from the eyes of the masses.

The taking of human life by the execution of the laws, is an act of fearful retribution; but it is extremely doubtful whether any penalty but that of violent death, from the visible and sure approach of which man instinctively recoils, can restrain the bad passions of mankind from the commission of crimes, which shock the senses by their horrible wickedness.

"I will not die the death of a pirate," said the murderer Goode, when he was found weltering in his blood, which he vainly hoped would drain his life upon its current. The scaffold had terrors for this man, to which any other punishment would have been light.

I dismiss this subject with the hope that it may not suggest itself to me again, under similar circumstances.

The onward march of the cholera, the plague of modern days, has set our city authorities busily at work, in devising precautionary measures. All the filth of yards and cellars has been emptied into the streets, and last week all hands have been engaged in flushing the drains, an act which is performed by allowing the taps in all the houses in the city, together with the hydrants in the streets, to run uninterruptedly for six hours, two or three wards at a time.

The abstraction of so large a quantity of Cochituate water, will very naturally account for the diminished quality of these sprinklings, and I hope the readers of the Mail will make due allowances for the dryness of this bucket.

For the Eastern Mail.

A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.

OCTOBER 20, 1847.

**My Dear Sir:**—The show-ground was arranged on Monday night, but in the order of destiny I reach it on Tuesday morning. It was laid out with abundant care, for every body knew that at this point, where every body goes, there would be abundance of observers. It was up, on the same convenient plain to which I have alluded so often, as rising most gradually, imperceptibly almost, from the more abrupt bank east of the springs, on the border of which the town has begun extending. At one point here the cute Dr. Clark, the most fortunate proprietor of the Congress spring,

built his private dwelling, fronting upon his favorite grounds, a plain one, now left as we say, in the most melancholy sense of the order of human affairs, to his equally fortunate heirs; and at another, McLaren, the proprietor of the Pavilion hall and fountain, a few years since, enjoyed his pillared mansion, in somewhat of the Corinthian style. Passing this, the eastern thoroughfare entered the village, crossing the valley between the Pavilion and Flat-rock springs, at the former of which, McLaren had sunk a tube of forty feet, and brought up a cure for consumption!—certainly it is water full of life. About the plain, the classical bull's hide of Virgil's story might be cut in strips, and stretched for miles, if you would, in circuit, and enclose nothing upon which luxury hereafter may not conveniently extend its rendezvous, with space and range enough for the sports and shows, which in the progress of the accumulation of man, or afterwards, will constitute the attraction of crowds that for these may brave the fervors of the leisure-born Elysium. Beyond this line, without where the horizon meets it, is the lake, itself a mirror of gaiety and luxury while the world lasts—as it is now of the bluest summer sky, of the purest summer clouds, of cultured headlands and wooded heights, in all the brilliant variety of its beautiful extent. Beyond the channel of the fountains, along which the village of the present day is built, chiefly to the West, we need pause only to say that for its species of business, the accommodation of strangers near the springs, it has a busy air, and beyond, where the ground with the scale of building rises, presents something of magnificence.

The agricultural panorama rested on the plain already described, and consisted of a temporary but substantial enclosure of boards, within which the business of the show was conducted, and the display of products and animals made. Temporary structures were erected within large enough to bear, and durable enough to outlast at least the pressure of the occasion. Buildings for fruit and vegetables, for implements of husbandry and inventive skill, the ladies' hall for fabrics of tasteful or mechanical industry, pens and standings for the exhibition of animals around the area, had arisen like shadows and so were to depart. Admission was gained, for that coin of the State which is borrowed from the Spaniard. In general the appetite and expectation of the company had exceeded the meat provided, and as the rush of the same parties was met at one point and another, their expression was not unlike that of a certain animal, which also was on exhibition, which having run and tasted of one heap of food and another, unwilling to stay at any, at length looks off into vacancy, as if uncertain where or whether to begin again. These had too soon found themselves disappointed. Others were more deliberately enjoying objects as they found them, inly admiring what they saw, and positively wondering soon that other objects should remain, and never suspecting the show could be deficient, till assured, by those to whom preceding fairs had been familiar, that this had fallen behind them. Enough however was here, aside from the company, which was indeed a splendid representation of the property of the Empire State, to engage a liberal-minded curiosity for half a day, and leave enough to assure a zest to the visit of to-morrow. For the afternoon had its own special attraction in the thousand dollar trotting match, for which the challenge had been issued a year, and for which the spirit of a portion at least of a people, never yet supposed to be deficient in spirit, was pledged not to show the white feather. The Governor was met in the grounds, and his Canadian friends, not idly wasting the moments in the halls, but fronting the rear of a herd of animals, and averring, in one phrase and another, the incomparable merits of each. The Major was struck with a yearling half-Durham, and was nearly kicked out of daylight for feeling of his quarters, with no other effect apparently than an increased admiration of his symmetry. The Gentleman caught an expressive expression from the Canadian patient, which he transferred to all the stock in the States, both native and fancy, and was by no means dissatisfied with the Fair. In the mean time, he whispered to me his satisfaction, as a domestic man, with a particular flock of Dorking hens, as a charming variety—in truth the only specimen.

The Devonshires were a pretty show. Our acquaintance from Osego was the principal master of these, and truly his taste in the choice of animals, and, for aught I know, his skill in their selection and breeding, ought not to be called in question. Except the red deer themselves, which are not red, and like other animals, in general, are but clothed not dressed as to color, with living pools of Heshbon for their eyes, nay, of the fall forest, their basins spread with leaves,—no quadruped that cleaves the hoof excels them in beauty, and none is so fit to succeed the native pioneers of the hills of Osego. It may be that the short-horned Durham would low more pleasantly in the ears of the gentle Mr. Effingham, who would have the silver moon itself pilled, if it were to look on him, or the lion of the press to breathe on him like a spaniel or crouch to him like a whelp, but the Durham is to feed, to fatten, and to sell, and may succeed the mastodon in the Skota valley. For oxen the Devonshire is the charming type; the cow preserves the breed, and in prosperous times may lead you out a calf at fifty dollars, red and sprightly as though clover was made for him, and for beef this type is no shadow, but a substance that does not belie its shape. Beauty is but skin deep, the flavor is below it. The Hereford, I confess, dark and girding round about the chest, the least pot-bellied, with short legs and open horns, is a beast not to be struck across the nose or goaded in the thigh, but driven patiently by word of mouth. The Hereford ox is not to be seen, having taken orders in a cask of red, and chewing the cud of satisfaction in the lineal succession,

without reminding one of a fat priest, but this, when it comes to acting, is better than a lean minister. To see, to use, to indulge, and to eat, is the pious of the Devonshire's escutcheon, which it is ill to challenge—but when it comes to milking, there is another tale. Let alone the Alderney, which was offered to show, which has truncated horns in this instance, and may prejudice the race,—the Holsteiness, which is an old favorite and wears the bell in Rees' Cyclopaedia,—the Ayrshire is the thing now-a-days, runty and fawny in its crosses though it be, the belle of the Cultivator. When Mr. Tucker says she, he means an Ayrshire; other females he designates. And in this he speaks to the popular ear, as well as to leading scribes. In my day the Ayrshire was known in the native breed, as the Rolan was called the big potato. She was the fancy of milk-maids and dairymen, when the world was young, and still her figure is exchangeable in any farmer's pocket-book, for more Vs. of the nearest solvent bank, than that of any other name. The twelve quart pail is in fashion with the Ayrshire native, and that creaming of the froth above its brim, which foretells a new shawl to the dairymaid. A mammoth ox was exhibited for money, which was said to have attracted a distinguished savan to the show, in the expectation of seeing a mammoth fossil.

With sheep, my great friends were too familiar to be fault. In that choice stock of the north, the show was hardly a county affair. Here were Saxones and Long-wools, (the Anglo-Saxons), and a male of double excellence, the Rambouillet, but where were the wool-growers and wool-bearers of the State? A flock of a thousand, on its way to Kentucky from Vermont, supplied to my friends a ten minutes' subject of remark, as specimens of a staple growth, but their minds by noon returned to the nobler champion of the day, with the little clouded star of victory in his forehead, and that capacious brain and chest which ensure, to his successful race, its fire and bottom.

Yours truly,

[From our Boston Correspondent.]

Boston, June 4, 1849.

**Friend Maxham:**—We jostle on about the same as usual; business is rather duller with me, and it is the general complaint; perhaps it seems duller than it really is, because we have been expecting it to be better as the season opened. But alas! we find the words of scripture verified, that 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' We who have but little, cannot but have the thought constantly before us, that that may become better. Then good bye to all the pecuniary air castles which we have built, and our dreams of future freedom from slavishness, or the long anticipated possession of a house of our own, or the dreams of 'a little farm well tilled.' But pshaw! what's the use of pouring out to you my dreary thoughts, just as though I were the only one who had them; whereas there is plenty of company hereabouts with whom I can find sympathy, and as misery loves company, I find plenty here.

I really envy you your residence in the country. I want to get where the bright sun smiles o'er bright blossoming flowers, sparkling waters, merry birds, the green grass, and luxuriant trees, all inviting us to come and gambol in their midst, and unite with them in their harmonious thank-offering to our common Father. I am tired of bright paving stones, brick houses, prison birds, hot-house plants and stunted grasses; give me the free breezes, that whisper to the ear sweet refreshing tones, and with their rustling wings fan the care-worn brow and make it forget the thorns and dwell among the roses.

I will now tell you a little of the much that is constantly going on here. Among the many queer things, there is none which, take it all in all, as regards the shrewdness of the thing, is more worthy of mention than the offer of Mrs. Kidder to the city, that they can have as much as they wish, gratuitously, when the cholera comes, of her 'Cholera Morbus and Dysentery Cordial.' This is spoken of by all the papers, talked about in all circles, and the result will be a great addition to her already decent sized fortune, which she has made from the sale of her Cordial. Everybody, having their curiosity excited, will try it just for the fun of the thing, to see if it what it's cracked up to be. Shrewd woman, she.

Well, 'Charley's occupation's gone.' Only think of it; the generous, whole souled, free hearted, universal favorite, 'Excelsior,' is no more. It has united with the 'Washingtonian.' But our Charley, everybody's Charley, has become an ex-editor, although he is going to write occasionally for the Washingtonian when the spirit moves. 'Oh, dear me! how I regret that in transferring the subscribers, they did not transfer Charley too. Well, it's done, and if Charley will only give us plenty of his Slack, we will enjoy it, as we are one of the 'transferred.' We have this consolation, that if we are to be transferred, we could not get into so good quarters any where else in the city.

As you know, the past week was Anniversary week; and as I found leisure, I dropped into some of the meetings. I cannot resist the impulse of sketching two or three which I attended. Among the good things said and done, nothing pleased me better than the Union Meeting of Sabbath School scholars, of forty of the Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal and Congregationalist schools. There were between four and five thousand children present. The exercises were held in three different churches, where addresses were delivered by different clergymen and other friends of the cause, interspersed with singing, &c. After the exercises were concluded, they all united with their teachers, and marched to the Common, preceded by the Brigade Band. Near the fountain there was a platform erected, where more addresses were made, and the children united in singing 'America' and 'Coronation,' after which the waters were let into the foun-

tain, and as the waters arose in their majesty and purity, sparkling in the sunbeams, the children caught the spirit of the pure water, and hailed its visit with a cheering welcome, spontaneous and hearty. Wasn't this cheerful and holy? I myself caught the inspiration, and joined with them. My heart leaped in its own early purity; I forgot the present, and mingled in the sweet past, with its unbroken hopes and early brightness. There was but one drawback to it all. Where were the other schools? I hope no sectarian spirit prompted their exclusion; if so, I do not wish to know it, as it would cloud the memory of its brightness.

Monday evening an overwhelming audience gathered at the Park street Church, to listen to an address from Charles Sumner, before the American Peace Society. At the time of opening it was impossible to get even standing room, and hundreds went away unable to get admittance. This augurs well for the spread of Peace principles. After his peculiarly fascinating introduction he proceeded to state the point in his discourse to which he desired particular and close attention, which was—'The object of the society is the abolition of the whole institution of war, and the entire war system.' He divided his discourse into 'The characters of wars and their evils, the means for their overthrow and the prospects of success.' His magnificent exposition of war and its attendant evils, and the picture which he drew of a battle field, were awfully grand and thrilling, and it moved the hearts of his auditors and made them shudder. It would be vain in me to attempt to describe the fervid and impassioned words, as they so eloquently fell from his lips. His conclusion was a rapid glance at the triumphs of peace—showing that the cause had gained and was still gaining new force, and that its success would be complete and triumphant, as it was growing bright and brighter.

But I must close by saying that the New England Anti-Slavery Society held a session of three days; the various Missionary societies have been numerous attended, and a great interest has been rekindled thereby; Temperance, almost everything of a moral or religious nature, has had its meetings, and they have been very spirited ones.

We have the most golden accounts that we have ever received from California. The fever is taking fresh start, and depend upon it, it will carry off a great many more soon, as new companies are forming quite rapidly again. The business prospect is so dark ahead that many will be induced to close up their business, and, as two or three have expressed it to me, 'save what we have got and try to better ourselves.'

ZIGGERY.

**N. E. ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY.**—At the late meeting of this society (the Garrison school) in Boston, the following were the regular resolutions.

1. *Resolved*, that the experience, observation and reflection of the past year have already deepened our conviction of the soundness of those principles and the wisdom of those measures, by the promulgation and prosecution of which we have been hitherto laboring to promote the Anti Slavery cause, and that we now reaffirm our belief, that it is at once the policy and the duty of Abolitionists to push on this enterprise with unflinching zeal and energy, on the firm ground of 'No Union with Slaveholders in Church and State.'

2. *Resolved*, That—in the language of the Rev. John Burnett, of London—"if we are thorough Anti-Slavery men, and believe that slavery is a sin against God, we believe that that is a sinful Church which sanctions slavery and we must leave it."

3. *Resolved*, That—in the language of the Rev. Dr. Morrison of London—"we firmly believe that America is the main pillar which now upholds slavery throughout the world; and we believe also that the main pillar of slavery in America, both as regards the slave holding principle, and the detestable prejudice against persons of color, is the supineness, the guilty supineness, and the tricky, time serving conduct of those Christian ministers who do not boldly lift up their voices against those great and crying abominations."

4. *Resolved*, That—in the language of the same distinguished divine—"far, far better would it be for the north to give up her relation with the South, by which relation a system is upheld, which is nefarious in the eyes of God and of the good, than to retain her connexion, and with it her slaveholding spirit and institutions."

5. *Resolved*, That it is our duty to agitate the question of slavery till the soil of New England is pure enough to free any man who sets foot upon it; and meanwhile we pledge ourselves to trample under foot any law which allows the slaveholder to hunt the fugitive through our borders, and not only to make N. England, so far as in us lies, an asylum for the oppressed, but to proclaim the fact so loudly that the glad tidings may reach every slave hut in the South.

**MARBLE WORK.**—It is said that "dead men tell no tales,"—and as this is doubtless true, it would seem to be due to them, that those who tell tales for them, should not make them ashamed. In looking through the church-yard at the various efforts to perpetuate with the living the memory of the dead, who has not thought of the Irishman's apology on introducing his friend—"He's a better man than my politeness,"—the dust below was of better workmanship than this stone.

We have seen no better work, in this department, than that which has come from the shops (at Waterville and Skowhegan) of Dea. STEVENS. In the finish of the work, and in the taste and arrangement of the lettering, grave stones and monuments from his shops may be distinguished from those from others, in most of the burying grounds in this section. Marble and stone, of all qualities, from the choicest Italian to common slate, offer a variety for selection, from which all tastes may be gratified; and the extent of his business enables him to meet orders at very low prices.

Some samples, that sustain this praise, have lately been placed in the burying ground in our village. Two or three are faultless in simple beauty and finish, and as such we commend them to the notice of those whose taste will dis-

tinguish them from others. The maiming of "unchiseled hands," as well as "unlettered verse," so common in efforts of love for the dead, are painfully discordant to the feelings of those who delight

"To contemplate

The solemn portal which the loved have passed," and the affection that prompts a monument to the memory of the dead is too sacred to be wounded by either.

In the other departments of Marble work, at the shops of Mr. Stevens, we have noticed the same evidences of skill and good taste; and the extensive patronage of his establishment is giving good evidence that the public are not only satisfied with his work, but with his prices and manner of doing business.

**THE SAXONIA ORCHESTRA.**—This famous band, so much admired in Boston and other places where they have performed, give a concert at the Town Hall this evening. From the unbounded applause bestowed upon them in other places, there can be no doubt that their performances are of the first order.

**THE HUTCHINSONS.**—The Original Hutchinson Family, the same that went to England (including "Abba," as we are informed) have at last consented to favor Waterville with a visit. They will give a concert at the Congregational church on Saturday evening of next week—the 16th inst. It is needless to say that the lovers of music and song will all be there. By universal admission, their Concerts are rich beyond those of all their rivals—faultless almost beyond criticism, unless their beautiful temperance and anti-slavery songs are an exception. The Hutchinsons will meet a cordial welcome in Waterville, and we regret that an engagement for Monday evening in Skowegan will limit them to one evening with us.

**MORE GOLD HUNTING.**—According to the Portsmouth Journal, there has been quite a movement among a portion of that community, not for paltry gold dust, and unshapely lumps, but for a lot of real doubloons to the amount of nearly half a million dollars. It appears that a certain person, during a voyage from Liverpool, became possessed of the fact, from one of the crew, that during the political troubles of a certain place, thirty thousand doubloons were placed on board the vessel to which the informant belonged, by a person who had fallen under the displeasure of the authorities. After placing the treasure on board, the owner did not again make his appearance before the vessel sailed. The vessel was however pursued, and finally her crew concluded to bury the treasure on an island, the latitude and situation of which were given. The day after they had buried the treasure, they were captured and thrown into prison, where the captain and mate died, and the remainder of the crew, save the informant and two blacks, were totally ignorant of navigation, and of course could not find the place again. Finally a schooner was fitted out under shares of 25 dollars each, the holders of which were to receive 500 dollars per share, if the trip was successful.

A schooner from Boston for the scene of the buried treasure, which is said to be the Little Corn Island, in the Bay of Honduras, not far from the route to Chiapas. The Island was found, but the particular spot could not be identified. The curiosity of the natives was aroused, and after digging various holes, the vessel left and arrived at New Orleans on the 19th of May. How much gold was obtained has not yet been made public, but most probably the treasure seekers are wiser men than when they started upon this wild goose chase.—*Traveller.*

Mr. John Carson, one of the hands employed on board the steamer Governor, fell into the river at Bangor, on Tuesday week, and was drowned. His head struck the guard as he was falling. His body was recovered in a short time, but life was extinct.

Mr. C. Blake has been appointed by the President, Collector at Belfast, Me., in place of General Marshall, removed. Messrs. Brown, Kimberly, Cole, Robinson and Keller, clerks in the Second Auditor's office of the Treasury, have been removed by Secretary Meredith.

The constables of the town of Sacco, says an exchange, have been ordered to arrest all the boys that may be found in the streets during ordinary school hours, and to carry them to such place as the Superintendent of Common Schools may direct.

**APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.**—Abbot Lawrence, Minister to England. George P. Marsh, of Vermont, Minister Resident, to the Sublime Porte, at Constantinople, in place of Dabney S. Carr.

Col. McClung, of Mississippi, Charge d'Affaires to New Grenada, in place of Benj. A. Bidlack, of Pa.

Ex-Governor Kent, of Maine, Consul to Rio Janeiro, in place of Gorham Parks.

Dr. Foote, of Buffalo, (Editor of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser) Charge d'Affaires for Venezuela, in place of Benj. G. Shields, of Ala.

The Lewiston Falls Journal, of the 26th ult., says, an Irishman, by the name of Shen, was killed on Monday, while attempting to get upon the gravel cars when in motion. He was so drunk that he lost his hold, and falling across the track was literally cut in pieces.

**THE BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY** are strikingly illustrated in the following statement, which we copy from the N. Orleans Delta of the 26th ult:

**Putative Free Negress found to be Slave.**—A day or two since, a free colored man, named Francois Tomassin, appeared before Recorder Seuzennau to enter a charge of assault and battery against another negro, named Alexander Priere, who has passed as free, and has been universally considered as free born by those who knew him. The complainant, in revenge for the violence on his own person, has revealed, however, some facts which entirely change the social position of the accused, and reduce him and his whole family, who, like him, have been reported free, to slavery. The story runs thus:

Several years since, George Heno, a butcher, who had acquired a fortune in this city, left for France, where he resided until death.—When leaving here, he disposed of all his slaves but one, a young girl, who, in consequence of her being blind, and without mentioning her, he told to go and take care of herself. In the lapse of years, the blind girl became the mother of two children, a son and a daughter. The son, now a full grown man, is the party accused in the above mentioned case; and the daughter is herself the mother of several children. The family of Mr. Heno have always resided in this city, and having never seen the blind girl since he dismissed her, she had passed from their memory. His son, Geo-



Heno, being informed of the statement of Tomassin, now appears and claims the whole Priere family—mother, son, daughter, and grand-children—as his property, and has instituted proceedings to place in his possession.

A dance and general riot took place at the house of an Irish woman named Coggins, at Lynn, on Saturday night. Isaac Richardson, a citizen of the town, and an intertemperate man, joined in the company, and at midnight laid himself down under the window. A crowd gathered outside, who threw some nauseating substances into the room; which drove the inmates out. Richardson was found dead in the morning, in the place where he laid him down at night. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by intoxication and exposure.

At Warren, N. H., a week or two since, the house of Rowell Leathers was burnt down, and his wife was burned with the house. It is now supposed that Leathers locked his wife in the house and then set it on fire—having previously sent away his child. He has been lodged in at Haverhill Jail.

GOLD.—The Isabelita Hayne, which arrived at New York on Tuesday, from Rio, reports having exchanged signals with the U. S. ship Lexington, with 350,000 dollars in gold on board.

Too Big.—The inhabitants of Skowhegan are circulating a petition praying for a division of the town. Better sell out one half to the proposed city of Augusta.

Our old favorite, "The Excelsior," has been joined in matrimony with the "New England Washingtonian," previously the best temperance paper in the world, and now just twice as good as before.

HAVE PATIENCE.—We shall very soon have a new font of very small type, which will confine our advertisements to a much smaller space in our paper. We beg our readers to have patience; times are hard, or this improvement would have been completed before now.

### Notices.

DOOR, SASH AND BLIND FACTORY.—Wing & McCausland, continue to answer all orders for Doors, Window Sashes and Blinds, Planing, Sawing, Joining and Matching, at their manufactory in Waterville.

Contracts for Building, to any extent, promptly executed.

THE PEOPLES FRIEND.

The above motto is chosen, because we can think of no other that so emphatically expresses an appropriate signification.

Providence has scattered along the rugged path of human life many little things that contribute greatly to the comfort and happiness of every body. Hence their great value; and well may they be called "the Friends of the People!" Among that class of blessing, and not the least useful, is found the newly discovered Medicine, called

PAIN-DESTROYER and Healing Extract. This medicine needs no fulsome puff to bring it to notice. Wherever it has had a fair trial it has given universal satisfaction. Ask the thousands that have been relieved and benefited by its use within the last year, and they will tell you that no other Pain Extractor in the world, will remove all pain from Burns or Wounds as certainly and suddenly, or give so speedy relief in all cases of internal Soreness or pain. It is pleasant and safe to take internally; and is unsurpassed for healing or as great Family Medicine.

To meet the extensive demands for it a large supply has just been received at No. 1 Ticonic Row, by

BENEFITS IN SICKNESS.

The United States Health Insurance Co. will contract to insure Males & Females between the ages of 15 and 65. Allowances of \$3, \$5 and \$7 per week, during sickness, for any term from one to five years. Premiums payable annually. N. R. BOUTELLE, M. D., Agt.

WILLIAMS'S CRAYON DAGUERRETYPE MINIATURE ROOMS.—Over J. R. Foster's Store Store.—Mr. W. would respectfully inform the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, that he has taken rooms over J. R. Foster's store, where he is prepared to execute Daguerretype Likenesses in the latest style of the art, for a few weeks. Miniatures neatly set in Lockets, Pins, Rings and Canees. Paintings and engravings copied with accuracy.

Ladies and gentlemen are invited to call and judge for themselves.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

20 men of good moral character and affable address, to whom the subscriber will give profitable employment, as traveling agents, for the sale of an exceedingly valuable and useful article of Medicine. None need apply unless good references can be given. A preference will be given to superannuated Clergymen. Address personally or by letter, Dr. E. Small, 7 Suffolk place, Boston, or Mr. E. L. Smith, Wat. Me. (3w-44)

PURCHASERS OF GOODS! be not deceived! call at Head Quarters, if you wish to get the best articles at the LOWEST prices. A stranger might be led to believe that there are but one or two places in town where goods are sold, or where anything like an assortment can be found. Yet IT IS A FACT, that People do find the way to

No. 1 Ticonic Row, and obtain Goods as low as they can be bought at any other store in town.

Examine for yourselves the extensive stock of W. I. GOODS and GROCERIES now opening, (having been selected from the latest importations, and bought for cash at the very lowest terms), and you will be satisfied they are MARKED DOWN at "Hard Times" prices.

E. L. S. would take this opportunity to inform his customers, and purchasers of Groceries and Provisions generally, that he is selling goods at a profit, and that his only object in remaining in trade is to make money; yet he pledges himself to satisfy all who may favor him with a call that he will sell them goods as low, to say the least, as those who profess to trade merely for the benefit of the "Dear People."

Witness: JOSEPH HUDSON.

Waterville, May 26, 1849.

The Cholera at Richmond created such a panic in the Virginia House of Delegates, that they voted, on Friday last, to adjourn to some place other than Richmond.

### MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.			
Flour	\$5.25	600 Molasses	25
Corn	75	80 Codfish	3
Oats	75	30 Mackerel, best	8
Beans	75	100 Hams	9
Eggs	10	12 Apples	50
Butter	12	14 Beef, fresh	5
Cheese	6	8 Pork	8
Salt, fine	40	40 Lard	10
Rock	20		

### BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY May 31.			
AT MARKET.	400 Beef Working Oxen	7000	11000
Cattle	550 Sheep	1400 Cows & Calves	2000
Swine	10 yoke working Sheep		275
Oxen	35 cows & calves	Swine—wholesale—	450
Beef Cattle—Extra	\$7.50	Sows	
1st quality	90	275 Barrows	
2d do	60	675 Retail	41-2

### BOSTON MARKET.

SATURDAY June 3.			
Flour—Genesee	\$5.25	Provisions—Beef, mess	1200
Michigan	5.00	Pork, clear	1200
Ohio	5.00	" "	1100
Grain—Sour Corn	65	" prime	1000
Northern	60	Hams, nor.	800
Wheat	1.00	" "	12
Rye	68	Cheese, new	16
Beans	115	Rice	3
Hay ton	1100	Apples	100
Plaster, ton	200	Lard	125

### Advertisements.

#### New Goods,

This day received and now opening, at the NEW STORE, NO. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

RAZORS, OF THE FINEST QUALITY, Pocket Cutlery, Scissors, AND SHEARS, Also, Razor Strops & Brushes, For sale cheap by WINGATE & TALBOT.

WOODEN WARE. JUST received, a new supply, such as chopping trays, Bowls, Tubs, rolling Pins, clothes pins, wash boards, Saws, Boxes and Buckets, also, Willow Caskets, Baskets, Market and Fruit do., &c.

SAVE YOUR EYES. If they trouble you from weakness or age, or if you are short-sighted, just call and examine the extensive assortment of spectacles at WINGATE & TALBOT'S.

CALL AND SETTLE. J. C. BARTLETT, may be found at the store of J. R. Elden & Co. All persons indebted to him, on note or account, are requested to call and settle immediately, as they will be lost by so doing.

CRAPES. Shawls, received and selling cheap at ELLEN & CO'S.

PARASOLS & Parasollettes. The best assortment to select from, to be found in town.

LINEN Handkerchiefs, of all qualities and prices, may be found at ELLEN'S.

FREE DOM NOTICE.—This certifies that for a valuable consideration, I have relinquished to my son, George Hunter, the remainder of his time during his minority, as they will be lost by so doing.

MILK PANS.—A large lot of Pans, and other kinds of Earthen Ware, just received at No. 1 Ticonic Row, by

NEW LIME.—Just received for sale by

RICH DRAPERY CURTAINS, Transparent Curtains, Just received at CHASE'S.

NEW Styles DeLaines just received by BUTTS, Canaan.

CLOCKS.—An extensive assortment of 30 hours, 8 days, Gothic and common, at Wingate & Talbot's.

FLOUR and CORN, of superior quality, received every week per steamer, at No. 1 Ticonic Row, by

PORK.—Clear and Mess Pork for sale by the bbl. or retail, at No. 1 Ticonic Row by

CHEESE.—A prime lot of western Cheese, just received at No. 1 Ticonic Row by

BOOTS & SHOES

AT CHICKS OLD STAND

OPPOSITE Williams's Hotel, may be found the best assortment of Boots and Shoes ever offered for sale in Waterville. The subscriber spares no pains or expense in the selection of stock, and employs the best of workmen, and he intends to manufacture none but the best of work. Those who have traded with him for the last six years know well how to appreciate his work. To those who have not, he would say, they have only to call and examine for themselves, and if they want anything in his line they can be fitted to a better article, and at a less price than at any other store. He also tenders his thanks to his old customers, and asks a continuance of the patronage they have so generously bestowed.

He has, in addition to his stock of Boots and Shoes, a prime assortment of Findings, Lasts, and Stock of all kinds for the trade, at a very small profit for cash.

ONLY \$3.00! for those Fine Silk Hats!—Gents! call soon, for they are most gone! Don't forget the place, at CHASE'S.

CARPETING!—CARPETING!!

A LARGE Assortment of common, fine, super and extra super Carpets, also state Carpets, Bookings, Painted Carpets and Oil Cloths, for sale cheap by

AN EXCELLENT CHANGE for those who wish to COMMENCE HOUSEKEEPING.

The subscriber, intending shortly to leave Waterville, offers his HOUSE, FOR SALE, OR TO LET, and would prefer to dispose of the FURNITURE, &c., which is mostly nearly new.

The situation is very pleasant and central, (on Temple, near Main St., and no property in the village is more likely to realize the value promised by the railroad, now so near its completion. Inquire of

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1849.

BETSEY ANN HUTCHINSON, widow of John Hutchinson, late of Winslow, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

Ordered, That the said widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Eastern Mail, printed at Waterville, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

Witness: D. WILLIAMS, Judge.

Copy Attest: F. Davis, Register. [3w46]

Witness: JOSEPH HUDSON.

Waterville, May 26, 1849.

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Waterville, May 26, 1849.

### O. WRIGHT, M. D.

Botanic Physician & Surgeon.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has returned to Waterville: House on Silver st., one door above the Parker House. Having been engaged in the practice of medicine for twelve years, he confidently offers his services to the inhabitants of Waterville and vicinity. Persons living at a distance can apply for medicine by letter, giving a description of the complaint.

The unlimited success that has attended the use of my medicines, for twelve years, induces me to offer them to the public. I ask for only a fair trial, to satisfy the most skeptical of their invigorating and restoring power, confident that they will stand upon their own merits.

I am not compelled to resort to the usual method by which most of the syrups and pills now in vogue are forced upon the public—by boastful challenges and glaring puffs of 50,000 cures, 20,000 written certificates of cases considered incurable. Under such pleasing garbs earth's afflicted ones have tenaciously seized upon them as the boon of life, but found they were deceitful destroyers which flattered but to kill. True they have produced a change—as any poisonous compound will—a change from better to worse, as many will testify who have used them—a fact which ought to induce all to be cautious in their selection of remedies, and swallow no medicine without knowing its composition. The vegetable medicines, accommodated to circumstances, cure every curable disease. No medicine prescribed but that which acts in harmony with the laws of Nature.

ADVICE GRATIS.

June 6, 1849. 46if

PRINTS! Prints! Another case those cheap Prints just received, and now opening at Elden & Co's New Store.

JOHN S. CHASE

HAS now in store, and is constantly receiving, a fresh stock of

SILK AND FANCY DRESS GOODS, consisting in part of

Black, Gros de Rhine, Plain, Chameleon, Broche, and figured Poul de Soie Silks;

Printed Lawns, a great variety;

Printed Jaconet and Ormandie Muslins;

Printed and satin striped Barges;

Printed Paris Albatross, new styles;

Plain and figured De Laines, new styles, all wool; do. do. cotton and wool;

Shawls, in great varieties;

French and American Gingham;

White Goods of all descriptions;

Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

Also, a great variety of Bonnets and Millinery articles;

Particular attention paid to the selection of Mourning Goods.

All of which are offered at very low prices.

May 29, 1849. 45

NEW GOODS!

Great Rush at the New Store, No. 3 Boutelle Block!

10 PACKAGES

SEASONABLE GOODS,

JUST opened, consisting in part of rich striped, plaid, plain and figured GINGHAMS,

20 Muslin Gingham, richly worth 20 cts, which we shall sell at the low price of

10 elegant striped Lawns, for

12 fine cut Cambrics

20 Mull Swiss, from

15 Mous. de Laine, beautiful styles,

8 Acetastias, very fine,

25 Prints, desirable, some very pretty,

10 Patches, new patterns,

2 Doz. thin shawls, large size,

do. do. worth \$7.25 at the low price of

6 doz. linen Hdkfs, large and fine

10 do. do. warranted all linen

4 Bales M. C. sheetings, 40 inches wide

2 Oregon very heavy

1 Benmet do

20 small check'd green Gingham

15 Scotch do. at the low price of

8 do. do.

Also a fine assortment of Barges, Belzaries, Angela Plaid, Laces, Edgings, Hosiery, &c., &c., making up a large and desirable stock, the best assortment to select from to be found in Waterville. Purchasers are invited to call and examine this stock before purchasing elsewhere, as it is plain to see that it should be made for their interest go to do. All orders promptly attended to.

Goods sent to any part of the village free of expense.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. R. ELLEN & CO.

### THE OLD ESTABLISHMENT

But New Goods!

J. M. CROOKER

HAS just returned from Boston, and offers for sale the largest and best assortment of

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry & Fancy Goods

Ever before offered in Waterville,

which he will sell as low as they can be bought in any other Store on Kennebec river.

ALSO,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND PAPER HANGINGS

Those who are in want of house paper will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere, as I have the largest stock of Paper Hangings ever offered in Waterville.

CLOCKS & WATCHES Cleaned and Repaired in a workmanlike manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

Coffin Plates furnished and engraved in a better style than any other Watch makers Store on the Kennebec.

J. M. CROOKER.

Waterville, May 18, 1849. 43.

ANOTHER STOCK

OF NEW GOODS.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN TRADE!

Esty, Kimball & Co. in the Field!

COMPETITION PUT DOWN!

HAVING completed our arrangements for supplying ourselves with GOODS at the Manufacturers' prices, we are now enabled to sell at a lower rate than any other Store in Waterville.

We are now receiving another valuable Stock, making our assortment the largest, richest, and most varied of any in the place, consisting of

Foreign and Domestic, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Crockery and Glass ware, Carpeting, Feathers, Looking Glasses, &c.

Also, an extensive assortment of GROCERIES, in a department by themselves.

We would particularly call the attention of the Public and Ladies especially, to an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable DRESS GOODS, Fancy and other goods, consisting of

DRESS SILKS, the new and beautiful styles of Silk, Linen, Mohair, Plaid and Plain changeable Lustrés, Tibbets, Albatross Lustré, a new and splendid article.

Eng. Sc. Fr. and Am. Gingham, 8 to 20c.

Linen Gingham and Lustrés, 12 1/2 to 25

Muslin Gingham, 8 to 16

Barages, 10 to 16

Printed Lawns, 8 to 17

India Linens, Lawns and Muslins, 17 to 30

Alpacas and Alpines, 15 100

DeLaines, 12 to 23

Eng. Sc. and Am. Prints, 3 to 11

Patches, 3 to 10

Hosiery, gloves, ribbons, gimpes, fringes, laces, edgings, silk, linen and cotton hdkfs., parasols, flannels of all colors, plain and checked cambrics, cambric, book and Swiss muslins, linen lawns, linen cambrics, Irish Linens, curtain muslin, blue and white sheeting, colored cambrics, knitting cotton, carpet bays, morris, all colors, Rouen casimires, brown linen, silicas, linen, cotton, brown, bleached and colored table covers, French muslin, table covers, toilet covers, fancy hdkfs., scarfs and cravats, green barge veils, cord and tassels, combs, &c.

SHAWLS.—A complete assortment of cashmere, silk, cash, flannel, fancy, &c., also a great variety of

RETAILERS.—Cashmere, vesting, de-skin, tweed, satinetts, gambrons, coating, satins, velvet, real flannel, green bucking, cloths for children, and tailors' trimming.

SHEETING.—Fine, heavy and other grades, from almost any price to—4 cts. per yd. Denims and ticking 8 to 12 1/2 cts. Striped, blue and brown drilling, 10 to 12 cts. Carpet, crash, cotton warp, table cutting, Umbrellas, &c.

Crockery, Feathers, and Looking Glasses, at Boston wholesale prices. Also, a large stock of

CARPETING,

consisting of the common, fine, extra fine, and the super-fine, stair carpets, stair rolls, carpet, bedstead, hearth rugs, mats, blue, painted, and all other cloths.

In offering our STOCK OF GOODS to the public, we would call the attention of the fact, that we keep the most complete and up-to-date stock of goods in the place, and we advertise, together with many others not enumerated, and are not in the habit of exaggerating them in quantity. The amount and variety of our stock, and the low prices, render every article of our stock, a bargain and a deception unnecessary. We shall exhibit a genuine specimen of CASH SELLING, and we are ready to prove to CASH PURCHASERS that we can meet any low low price that can be brought in Waterville, nor find the best assortment, until they call on

ESTY, KIMBALL & CO.

Waterville, 1849. No. 4 Ticonic Row.

J. V. WILSON, M. D.

Botanic Physician and Surgeon.

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Waterville and vicinity.

Dr. WILSON has been engaged in an extensive practice of Medicine and Obstetrics for the last eight years, and he flatters himself that by strict attention to his duties, he will merit the confidence of the community. He attributes the success of his practice to the healing properties of those Vegetable Remedies used by him, which act in harmony with the laws of Nature, and with the best of medical science. He considers that all curable diseases can be cured without the use of Bleeding, Blistering, or Poisons.

Dr. W. would particularly call the attention of those interested in Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry, and will perform all operations on the Teeth, in the best manner, at his office, when not engaged with the sick.

REFERENCES.—Prof. J. M. Comings M. D., Prof. Calvin Newton M. D., and Mr. M. D. W. Westcott; James Osgood M. D., J. W. Chapman M. D., William Johnson M. D., Boston.

OFFICE opposite Esty & Kimball's store, in Phillips' Building, Main-st.

WORCESTER, May 25th 1849.



