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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT 6, 1849.

NO. 7.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING,

At No. 3-1-2, Boutele Block, Main Street.

TERMS:—

One copy in advance, and within one month, \$1.50.

If paid within six months, \$1.75.

If paid within the year, \$2.00.

Most kinds of Country Produce, taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

POETRY.

THE OLD MILL.

By JAMES R. LOWELL.

Handed with broad daylight her hill—

And, murmuring the long day's loss,

The cedar's shadow, low and still,

Creeps o'er the old mill of gray moss.

Warm sunbeams fall the valley's cup,

The aspen's leaves are scarce stirred.

Only the little mill sends up

Its busy, never-ceasing hum.

Chimney the smoke-filled air that hangs

The road along the mill-pond's brink.

From 'neath the arching herbage stems

My footstep scares the shy chick.

Beneath a bony buttwood

The mill's red door swings open wide;

The whitened miller, dust-embued,

Fills past the square of dark, inside.

No mountain torrent's strength is here—

Sweet Beaver, child of forest life,

Keeps his small pike to the east.

And gently, with the miller's will,

Swift slips, undine along the race.

Unhushed, and then, with fluting brook,

Flows the dim wheel with light and grace.

And, laughing, hurls the little drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost

The quivering mill-stone hums a whirl,

Nor how, for every turn, are lost

Atoms of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes

With drops of some celestial juice,

To see how beauty underlies

Forever more each form of use.

And more: 'neathneath I saw that food,

Which now so dull and darkling seems,

Thick, here and there, with human blood,

To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,

Shut in our several cells, do we

Know with what state of beauty runs

Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wise day shall come

When this fine oversight of night,

No longer sullen, slow and dumb,

Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the world,

Life of itself shall dance and play,

And fresh blood through Time's thrum veins be hurled,

And labor meet delight half way.

POPULAR STORIES.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

BY MISS LUCY AUSTIN.

Dear Julia:—Here I am at last at Niagara,

in the midst of a tremendous crowd, and I can-

not tell you how shy and frightened I feel, nor

how often I wish myself back again in our old-

fashioned, quiet parlours. But do not think I

am disappointed. It is not that. I could not

be so unfaithful to my dear old grandfather and

grandmother, who have undertaken this jour-

ney merely on my account. I am glad to find

they are none the worse for their fatigue, and

are very much pleased with everything around

them, which is more than I am. You ask me

to tell you the names of the people here; how

can I undertake such a task? Crowds of old

ladies, crowds of young ones, and gentlemen to

match, so you may imagine how I feel among

them. The dinner-bell is ringing, and I have

no time to say any more, but do write me

soon, and tell me how my canary birds are,

and if you take good care of them. I think

the small one is very delicate,—pray do take

care of him.

Yours affectionately,

MARY SPENSER.

Dear Mary:—I received your letter, and

was never so disappointed since the time I split

the ink on my new ball-dress last winter. Is

that the way you write from Niagara? I never

heard anything like it. See what it is to be

a favorite of fortune, petted to death by a

dear grandfather and grandmother! I expected

a long list of beans and fritations! I expected

a letter seven or eight pages long, describing

all sorts of enchanting things, and behold!

you send me a miserable little epistle, complain-

ing how tired you are, and that you only know

seven people, and you don't say whether it is

seven ladies or seven gentlemen. (I should

think seven gentlemen were a very good begin-

ning; and you wind up with your canary birds.

Really, I have no patience with you. I

thought you would have been much better off

at home with your canary birds, your proper

sphere, and taken me to Niagara! Yours, etc.

JULIA.

My Dear Julia:—Don't be offended at the

stupidity of my last letter, nor that I have not

written since. Really, I have so many ac-

quaintances that they take up all my time.

There are several very agreeable gentlemen

here; and you know I was always very fond of

walking. There is a very pleasant family of

From Frank Howard to his friend Sam Wilnot.

Dear Sam:—Come on here, as fast as you

can! Come to Niagara, and you will never

want to go away. We are very crowded here;

but I say, the more the merrier!—there are a

great many beautiful girls here from all parts

of the Union. Last week I was very much in

love with a fair blue-eyed beauty, from Vir-

ginia; but somehow or other on Sunday I was

very much taken with a lady with great black

Spanish looking eyes. Since then, she and I

have flirted at a great rate. Remember if you

come here, no interference in that quarter.—

When shall I expect you?

FRANK HOWARD.

Samuel Wilnot to his friend Frank Howard.

Dear Frank:—At it again old fellow! So

I must beware of a pair of Spanish black eyes,

must I or I shall have a Spanish dagger point-

ed at me! Why, you know I can't come soon-

er than a week from the date of yours, and by

that time the Spanish lady will have been suc-

ceeded by how many, Frank?

Dear Julia:—I would not come home for

any thing in the world: it is a perfect Para-

dise here. Last night I had a most delightful

serenade, by moonlight. Mr. Howard prom-

ised me one yesterday; but I did not believe

him. I am going out to walk with him direct-

ly, and the mean time I devote you. I wish

you knew Mr. Howard; I am sure you would

like him he is so very agreeable, and so—so

—I don't know what to call it; but he has so

much of that devotion of manner of which I

have so often heard you speak, and which is

so fascinating, although it means nothing at all.

Dear me! I am so thirsty, and I cannot get a

drink, my tumbler is filled with flowers; and I

might go to the lengths of drinking out of my

pitcher but that is filled with flowers too. One

must do without many conveniences, at such a

place as this; but it is all amply compensated

for.

Your affectionate friend,

MARY SPENSER.

Dear Sam:—I am sure I don't know what

you mean by Spanish eyes. Dark hazel ones,

you mean, and a soft voice, and a light step.

Sam! Sam! you are welcome to all the Span-

ish eyes in the world, only don't dare approach

Miss Mary Spenser. I have been walking

with her every day for some time.

FRANK HOWARD.

Dear Julia:—Grandfather is beginning to

talk about going home. I can't bear to think

of going away, and it will be so dreadful. Re-

sides, how can I? This is Wednesday. To-

morrow, I am to go to the great rock with Mr.

Howard. On Friday he is going to show me

a beautiful spring, and on Saturday there are

a great many places that we have to walk to.

It seems very wrong to be so fond of a strange

place and to prefer it to home; but I cannot

help it, indeed I cannot.

Yours affectionately,

MARY SPENSER.

Dear Sam:—Well, I think you are right, it

is just as well for you to stay at home. The

weather is not very hot, and I am sure one

wastes a great deal of time at these places. I

don't think I shall come home for some time.

I shall stay at least as long as the Spensers

do. Oh, what a girl that Mary Spenser is! I

think she likes me too. There are arrivals by

the whole sale every day; but I see none so

charming as she; but I hear a noise, and peep-

ing through my blinds I can see a straw bon-

net below. Who can it be? I must finish my

letter, and run down and see.

Yours in haste,

FRANK HOWARD.

Dear Julia:—I am getting tired of Niagara.

I shall have no objection now to go home,

whenever my grandfather pleases. I wonder

how I could have been so delighted here. It

gives me no pleasure now it is so crowded and

is so very warm. There are a great many

new arrivals, but I do not know any of them.

I do not wish to know any of them, Julia.

I wish I was at home. I wish I had never

come to this place, and yet I was happy, very happy

—I am not so now.

No! Mary was no longer happy, and Miss

Elton, the new arrival, was the cause of it.

Frank Howard had been devoted to her.—

It all was now, when her eyes, dimmed as they

were with tears, fell on the seal, and she read

these words.

Suddenly, the idea struck him of sending this

to Mr. Howard. It might remind him of old

times, it might bring back to his mind all those

walks in the woods! It might—what might it

not do? He had never seen it. So much the

better. There could be no harm in sending it

then. He could not know who it was; but

Mary fancied that, by a sort of magnetic in-

fluence, it might, as belonging to her, awaken a

remembrance of her in the heart which she

believed had once loved her.

Having got her mind upon this, Mary was

not slow to execute it; but we will now resume

the story-teller's privilege of opening other

people's letters, and see what is going on be-

tween Frank Howard and his friend Samuel

Wilnot.

My Dear Sam:—You say nobody ever had

so many adventures as I have; but here is one

I think will puzzle you. Last night I received

a paper, containing a very pretty seal, with the

words; "Hope consoles me." It was di-

rected to me in a lady's hand, without any sig-

nature, and has the New York post-mark, and

I can't imagine who has sent it to me in this

way. Come and see if you can help me de-

cipher the mystery.

FRANK HOWARD.

Towards evening, Wilnot appeared in his

friend's room, and, sitting down burst into a

loud laugh.

Let us see it. Out with the precious seal!

Well, it is very pretty; but, you may depend

upon it, it's a hoax.

No! it is not. I have had a plenty of

hoaxes; but this is not one. Do you know I

think it is from some young lady who is in love

with me?

You do?

And I mean to search for her, if I have to

go all over the Union.

You do?

Yes, I mean to search for her until I find

her, and when I do, I will offer myself to her.

You will?

Yes.

How will you know how to find her?

By means of the seal itself. I invite you

to the wedding.

Thank you.

Howard was in earnest. He was so am-

used by this little incident, and his curiosity so

strongly excited, that he spared no pains,

wherever he went, to try and discover the

owner of the seal. He went to the society

everywhere, and devoted himself to the most

attractive young ladies, and when in conver-

sation with them, would introduce somehow

or other, the words "Hope consoles me." He

would say it as an introduction, speaking of

his fear of not pleasing, but would add, I hope

to improve, and this hope consoles me, or at a

parting he would never again to meet the

lady, and add, but hope consoles me. In vain,

nobody ever blushed or took notice of the words

in any way—or appeared to attach any par-

ticular meaning to them. A year passed away

and found him still bent upon this singular

purpose—we give an extract from a letter written

by him to Sam Wilnot.—

I begin to be of your opinion now. I be-

lieve to believe the seal is a hoax, sent by some

fun-loving friend. Indeed, notwithstanding

your repeated protestations of innocence, I

sometimes strongly suspect you. I have re-

peatedly watch-dog, as you call it to dozens

and dozens of young ladies, but I am con-

vinced it never fell upon a conscious ear. I

MISCELLANY.

JEFFERSON ON THE SLAVE QUESTION.

The annexed letter from Thomas Jefferson to the Hon. Edward Coles, formerly Governor of Illinois, has been brought to light by the agitation in Kentucky in reference to the convention about to be held in that State, of the prospective emancipation question.

MONTICELLO, Aug. 25 1814.

Dear Sir—Your favor of July 31st was duly received, and was read with peculiar pleasure. The sentiments breathed through the whole, do honor to both the head and the heart of the writer. Mine on the subject of the slavery of negroes have long since been in the possession of the public, and time has only served to give them stronger root.

The love of justice and the love of country plead equally the cause of these people, and it is a moral reproach to us that they should have pleaded it so long in vain, and should have produced not a single effort—nay, I fear not much serious willingness—to relieve them and ourselves from our present condition of moral and political reprobation. From those of the former generation, who were in the fullness of age when I came into public life, while our controversy with England was on paper only, I soon saw that nothing was to be hoped. Nured and educated in the daily habit of seeing the degraded condition, both bodily and mental, of those unfortunate beings, not reflecting that degradation was very much the work of themselves and their fathers, few minds had yet doubted but that they were legitimate subjects of property as their horses or cattle. The quiet and monotonous course of colonial life had been disturbed by no alarm; and little reflection on the value of liberty; and when alarm was taken at an enterprise of their own, it was not easy to carry them the whole length of the principles which they invoked for themselves. In the first or second session of the Legislature after I became a member, I drew to this subject the attention of Col. Bland, one of the oldest, ablest, and most respectable members, and he undertook to move for certain moderate extensions of the protection of the laws to these people. I seconded this motion, and as a member, was more spared in the debate; but he was denounced as an enemy to his country, and was treated with the greatest indecorum.

From an early stage of our Revolution, other and more distant duties were assigned me, so that from that time till my return from Europe in 1789, and I may say, till I returned to reside at home in 1806, I had little opportunity of knowing the progress of public sentiment here on this subject. I had always hoped that the younger generation, receiving their early impressions after the flame of liberty had been kindled in every breast, and had become as it were the vital spirit of every American, that the generous temper of youth, analogous to the motion of their blood, and above the suggestions of avarice, would have sympathized with oppression wherever found, and proved their love of liberty beyond their own share of it. But my intercourse with them since my return, has not been sufficient to ascertain that they had made towards this point the progress I had hoped. Your solitary but welcome voice is the first which has brought this sound to my ear, and I have considered the general silence which prevails on this subject, as indicating an apathy unfavorable to our hopes. Yet the hour of emancipation is advancing in the march of time. It will come; and, whether brought on by the generous energy of our own minds or by the bloody process of St. Domingo, excited and conducted by the power of our present enemy, if once stationed permanently within our own country, offering asylum and arms to the oppressed, is a feat of our history not yet turned over.

As to the method by which this difficult work is to be effected, if permitted to be done by ourselves, I have seen no proposition so expedient, on the whole, as that of emancipation of those born after a given day, and of their education and expatriation at a proper age. This would give time for a gradual extinction of that species of labor, and a substitution of another, and lessen the severity of the shock which an operation so fundamental cannot fail to produce. The idea of emancipating the whole at once, the old as well as the young, and retaining them here, is of those only, who have not the guide of either knowledge or experience on the subject. For men probably of any color we know brought up from their infancy without necessity for thought or foresight, are by their habits, rendered as incapable as children of taking care of themselves, and are extinguished promptly wherever industry is necessary for raising the young. In the mean time they are pests to society by their idleness, and the deprivations to which this leads them. Their amalgamation with the other color produces a degradation to which no lover of his country, no lover of excellence in the human character, can innocently consent.

I am sensible of the partialities with which you have looked towards me as the person who should undertake this salutary and arduous work; but this, my dear sir, is like bidding old Priam to buckle on the armor of Hector, *trimestibusque humeris et intule ferrum cingi*. No. I have over-lived the generation in which mutual labors and perils begat mutual confidence and influence. This enterprise is for the young; for those who can follow it up, and bear it through to its consummation. I shall have all my prayers, and these are the only weapons of an old man. But, in the mean time, are you right in abandoning this property, and your country with it? I think not. My opinion has ever been that until more can be done for them, we should endeavor with those whom fortune has thrown on our hands, to feed and clothe them well, protect them from ill-usage, require such reasonable labor only, as is performed voluntarily by freemen, and be led by no repugnance to abdicate them and our duties to them. The laws do not permit us to turn them loose, if they were for their good, and to commute them for other property, is to commit them to those whose usage of them we cannot control. I hope, then, my dear sir, you will reconcile yourself to your country and its unfortunate condition; that you will not lessen its stock of sound disposition by withdrawing your portion from the mass. That on the contrary, you will come forward in the public councils, become the missionary of this doctrine truly christian, insinuate and inculcate it softly but steadily, through the medium of writing and conversation; associate others in your labors, and when the phalanx is formed, bring on and press the proposition perseveringly until its accomplishment. It is an encouraging observation that no good measure was ever proposed which, if duly pursued, failed to prevail in the end. We have proof of this in the history of the endeavor in the British Parliament to suppress the very trade which brought this evil on us. And you will be supported by the religious precept, "Be not weary in well doing." That your suc-

cess may be speedy and complete as it will be honorable and immortal to yourself, I shall as fervently and sincerely pray as I assure you of my great friendship and respect.

THO. JEFFERSON.

EDWARD COLES, Esq.

Too Much of a Good Thing. Long since, when the nodding plume was in the ascendant, and epaulettes and regimentals at a premium, a certain military corps wishing to appear at muster with a slight touch above the vulgar, despatched one of its members out into the neighboring towns in search of music for the occasion. The mission was performed with zeal and promptness. Our committee engaged the services of every musician with whom he came in contact, without asking whether he played on a trombone, a horse-fiddle, or a jewsharp, until he had counted up thirteen. The muster day, like all other days in prospect, at length arrived. Arrayed and surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of militia muster, our veteran corps paraded; and when about to take up the line of march, they appeared at the head of the column, the well selected band of thirteen musicians, nine of whom were equipped with huge bass drums! What amount of the roll of distant thunder was heard from the muster ground that day, history hath not recorded.—[Providence Journal.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 6, 1849.

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

HANSON'S HISTORY of the Old Towns of Norridgewock and Canaan.

We alluded to this book last week. We have since read it; and our surprise has been to discover the extent of labor the author has devoted to his undertaking. And this labor has been economically bestowed—no waste of research in securing unimportant items. In short, he has made a most interesting and useful book; one that will be profitable in the hands of all who have an interest in the valley of the Kennebec.

We take the liberty to make a few extracts, meantime advising our readers to obtain the work. Here is a sketch, from the introduction, that prepares the reader to be interested in the history:

"How great a change is here! 'Roll back the tide of Time!' Scarcely a century has passed away, since 'here lived and loved another race of beings.' The silent river, as it rolled its constant journey to the sea, bore on its bosom some dark-eyed Indian maid in her light shallop, or at the most, a company of hunters or warriors, as they paddled their white canoes across its blue surface. Where stands the busy mill, then drank the antlered moose. Where now is heard the locomotive's scream—the steambot wheel—then howled the wolf, then leaped the salmon, then fled the caribou. The 'all-beholding sun,' as he gazed down upon our splendid stream, saw only nature and her children. Inanimate Nature and Irrational Life were here in all their solitary beauty, but only the wild, uncultivated red man stood among the beasts and birds—God's representative on earth—to rule the creatures subject to his power."

"The vales and uplands of the Kennebec were the favorite haunts of a great tribe. Here they dwelt, among their hunting grounds, their fields, and the graves of their fathers. In the neighboring ponds and streams they captured the trout, and in our own blue river they caught the golden salmon. The moose, the caribou, the brown deer, the bear, the rabbit, and the partridge were hunted and secured, and the common wolf, the fox, the beaver, the marten and the wild loupereux. Here gleaned their canoes, here were grouped their wigwags. The songs of festivity and mirth were heard at their joyful feasts,—the low beautiful Indian song of sorrow and affection, breathed in sweet union with the voices of nature,—the wild war-whoop, all these were here. When the tribe and its allies would have a great gathering, the Androscoggin, the Saco, and the Kennebec poured their dusky warriors and braves into the great Merry-meeting bay. When time of trouble, of disease or massacre occurred, the sacred vale of Norridgewock was filled. All that was dear,—all that was sacred, all that the unsophisticated Indian loved were here scattered in rich profusion. All this has passed away! Like the mist of morning they have faded, nor left a lingering wreck behind."

Of the origin of the name of our beautiful river, the author gives us the following idea:

"There was a prominent sachem of the Canaan, who flourished about the year 1660, named Kennebec, and it has been long conjectured that he was one of a long line of the same name, from whom the Kennebec river and tribe received their names. It is highly probable that a sachem named Kennebec, from some other tribe, out of dissatisfaction, left his own people and, followed by his family and few others, settled in the wilds of Maine. From him and his followers proceeded the Kennebec tribe, and the Kennebec of Indian history, was doubtless a lineal descendant of the first Kennebec. History is silent, however, and reasonable conjecture is our only authority."

"The first notions," says the work, of the Abenakis, or Eastern Men, as the name signifies, who originally occupied a large portion of the State, "are of their selling lands to the hardy and adventurous sons of England, who flocked in and began to people the rich inter-vals and teeming slopes of the State of Maine."

"James Smith bought of Ramegin, a so-called by my Indian name, or Robinswood, so called by English name, a part of my land beginning at Merry-meeting Cove, and called the maine river into a rock, called Winslow's Rocks, in the long reach, and in broadest eastward over the hills, running through the great marsh, with the privileges reserved to me as hunting, fishing, fowling, and other games." For this large and beautiful tract of land, the extent and value of which will at once suggest itself to all acquainted with the locality, Ramegin was to receive annually, November 1st, one peck of corn. The deed bears date May 8, 1648, and is signed Negrin, Songrewood, and two English; Robinswood, Mr. Thomas, Pevazagasko, and Robin. He sold the island of Jeromesquum in the year following, and in 1654, he sold Negagagag, (Woolwich) to Edward Bateman and John Brown."

The Show and Fair of the Franklin County Agricultural Society, will be held at Farmington, on Wednesday and Thursday October 3 and 4.

LETTER FROM PANAMA.

We are permitted to make the following extract of a letter written from Panama, by a gentleman who left this place for California about the 1st of July. Though the letter contains no real "bits of gold," and does not actually hail from the Placer, it is still interesting as coming from one whose face is gold-ward, with as fair a prospect of getting.

"A quantum out of the real stuff"

as any who have gone the same way, at the same time.

PANAMA, July 19, 1849.

I am now in Panama. My health is very good, and my spirits and prospects, if possible, better still. We meet emigrants on the Isthmus every day, returning from California, and all tell the same story as to the quantity of gold and the best way of getting it—and they prove it by the weight of their purses. I have seen and handled some of the big lumps.

We arrived at Chagres July 9th, in the steamer Crescent City, making the passage from New York in 8 days and 17 hours. The weather was showery and very warm, the thermometer standing above 100 in the shade. In the fire room it was 137. One of the men on coming out of the fire room drank about two quarts of water, which came near killing him, as any reasonable man would suppose. One boy was sun struck. Besides these two cases there was no sickness except sea-sickness.

At Chagres the little steamer Orus came and took our baggage, and landed us with it in the town about 10 o'clock Tuesday. Chagres is one of the towns on the Isthmus, under the government of New Grenada. It is composed of about 100 houses, or huts, that are made of cane set up endwise, the roofs thatched with cocoa leaves—one story high, without glass windows, chimneys or floors. They make the fire by which they cook—what little they do cook—by filling in a few sticks between stones in one corner of the room, to set their pots on. They have no necessity for cooking much, for almost everything grows spontaneously; consequently they don't have to work much for a living. This is, as you are aware, a tropical climate, and everything grows the year round. It is their winter now, all that they have. I suppose you would like a description of the people, if nothing more. I will do the best I can on one sheet of paper.

They are a mixed race, the Spaniard with the Negro and Indian. Their color is yellow or black, according to the mixture, I suppose. The best class of men dress in white pants and jackets, with bosomed shirts, Panama hats and light slippers. The women wear a light loose dress, with with gawags above the waist and very low in the neck; Panama or palm-leaf hats, and their toes tucked into slippers down at the heel, which, with the caution required to keep them on, gives them a long sluggish gait, neither graceful or agreeable. The poorer class of men can hardly be said to dress at all. Sometimes a pair of pants, with the legs tied around the waist; sometimes frocks, but as often nothing, and especially when at work, entirely naked. They are called very honest, but indolent; drink, but not to excess; gamble some, and are fond of money, but have little use for it. Their language is exclusively Spanish, consequently I could not talk with them.

But to proceed on our journey—five of us took a canoe and left Chagres, proceeding up the Chagres river. We had the assistance of three natives, two to row and one for a pilot. We proceeded about nine miles that night, and at about 3 o'clock went ashore to go to bed. We were some wet, and slept on the ground. You may think that was beginning to "see the elephant," but we suffer no inconvenience, except in thinking of it. We slept well and took no cold, though I expected to when we lay down. Indeed, I find colds are not common here. The natives sleep in the open air on the ground. Chagres river is very rapid when high—and this being the case now, our progress is very slow. The scenery is very beautiful, everything so richly green. Orange, lemon, coconut, and lignumvitae, and indeed every variety of tropical tree and vine may here be seen, and they grow in luxuriance. I never before saw such soil! and there is an astonishing variety of birds—parrots, birds of paradise, &c. The wild animals are said to be numerous, though I saw but few. I saw no monkeys wild, though I heard them occasionally.

We were four days going to Cruces, fifty miles. This place contains about 200 huts, and does a considerable business in its way, mostly transportation across to Panama. They have a Catholic church here, which religion is the religion, judging from what I saw. We attended services in the evening, when they christened a child, which required much ceremony. They afterwards sang for a long time, though I did not much like the style, which was too nasal. The leader would sing a solo, and the congregation respond.

At noon on Monday we had got our luggage packed on mules, and with one between us, to ride by turns, we started for Panama—across a rough, mountainous country, to follow a path through valleys and mud, or over hills—thru' a narrow cut in the rocks, from 5 to 20 feet deep, just wide enough for a mule—sometimes over a plain with a good road. This was decidedly romantic. The road across the Isthmus, 200 years ago, was paved, but it has not been kept in repair. The continued rains, and the travelling of the mules from year to year, have loosened the stones so that it is now very rough in many places. I walked about 12 miles that night, when we put up as usual, got our coffee, and went to bed. We slept on dried hides and canes, but in our wet clothes. You may ask why wet? It is the rainy season now, the streams are high, and we get wet in crossing them. The weather here is now like our dog-days in New England.

The next day we came through to Panama about noon. Some were sore and lame, though I believe I got along better than the

rest of them, and my health is now good and my courage above par.

Panama is an ancient town, the houses being built mostly of brick, covered with some kind of cement. The walls are very heavy, and the roofs covered with a material much like that of our pudding pots. Every house is a castle of itself—large, two or three stories high; no windows, but instead, heavy doors which are open during the day. Each house is entirely surrounded with a piazza. Churches are very numerous, but dilapidated. The city is walled in, and contains 8000 inhabitants, has a convent, &c. Bells are ringing most of the time today, although I cannot tell why; probably it is some high day.

This city is not very well supplied with water. Forty-two mules and as many muleteers are all the time engaged in bringing water into the city, a distance of two to five miles. This is all done on the mules' backs. I have not seen a wheel carriage since I left N. York. All freighting is done on the backs of men and mules. The mules are very small, averaging about 500 pounds.

We have bought our tickets to go in the bark Tasso, as she sails immediately and the steamer does not. She is a nice bark of 300 tons, and provides as well as the steamer.

One word as to the passengers who came with us in the Crescent City. They are a smart and intelligent set of men as you often see together. Some of them have left families, and business that paid from three to five thousand dollars a year. So I don't think, if I do see the elephant, it will be at as great a sacrifice as will be made by some others.

LETTER FROM BANGOR.

AUGUST 31, 1849.

On Monday last the flags of the shipping in the harbor were displayed at half-mast, and from 3 o'clock to 5 P. M. the places of business were generally closed, while the funeral services of William Abbott, Esq. the late Mayor, were conducted. He died of typhoid fever on the night of the 25th, at the age of 76. He was an excellent man, and his name, together with his public services, was a legacy to the city. He was a communicant of the Union-st. Unitarian Church. One of the Orthodox Congregational clergymen was associated with the Pastor in the funeral solemnities.

There are propriety and wisdom in the respect thus paid to the dead, smitten down from the place of eminence. Even if the blank creed—the heart-chilling nihilism of the atheist, were true, this would be well; but associating with this the hopes and well sustained assurances of Christianity, there is large positive good in arresting for a space the hurried tramping of men, hushing the din of business, and calling a thoughtful world to reflection.

There is also good reason for humble recognition of human frailty and divine providence, in the established fact that cases of cholera are occurring in the city.

The exercises of the Anniversary of the Theological Seminary occurred on Wednesday. The examinations were well sustained. That of the Middle Class in Theology was unusually interesting. On Monday evening there was public speaking by members of the Junior and Middle classes.

The order of exercises was as follows:

The Sublimity of the Christian Character, as seen in the Apostle Paul. B. C. CHASE, Cornish, N. H.
The Intercession of Christ. J. B. COOK, Somersworth, N. H.
The Progress of the Church. J. K. DERRING, Norway.
Draining the Church. G. W. DUNSMORE, New York.
The Artistic Dressing of Truth. LEWIS JESSUP, South Middleton, N. Y.
The Duty and Power of Rebuke. E. P. LITTLEFIELD, Wells.
Moses at the Red Sea. B. G. SKOW, Brewer.
The Office of the Spirit in Regeneration. PHILIP WEAVER, Bangor.
The Struggle of Life. O. H. WHITE, Boston, Mass.
Address to the Class. By Prof. SMITH.

Some of these parts gave assurance that the world will hear from their authors. They displayed an excellence highly honorable to any institution.

The exercises of the Graduating Class occupied Wednesday forenoon. The members and subjects were as follows:

Hopk. D. A. WASSON, West Brookfield.
Individuality an Element in Social Progress. EDWIN LEONARD, Bangor.
The Manly Scholar. JOHN P. SKELLEN, Saco.
Destiny and Duty. HENRY BLODGETT, Bucksport.

These did not exhibit the diversities and extremes of talent which sometimes appear. There was rather an evenness, and a degree of goodness which led us to look for a rank of useful men, rather than examples of "splendid men."

On Tuesday evening Prof. Warner, of Amherst College, addressed the Society of Inquiry on Missions. His theme was the fitness of missionary culture to elevate man for the present life. He pictured man as proud of intellect and deluded.

"In pride—in reasoning pride—our error lies," as a selfish being, as capable of benevolence, as endowed with conscience; and the proposition was made evident, because missionary culture aims in due proportion to guide the intellect, restrain selfishness, develop benevolence, and enlighten conscience. "The production was one of scholarship and talent. A degree of triteness in the topics ceased to be objectionable in the freshness of the discussion which embraced also passages of great beauty.

On Wednesday afternoon Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, addressed the Rhetorical Society on Humility—a novel subject perhaps, but as to appropriateness needing no apology before Christian students. The address was sufficiently able and beautiful, and it may be singular. It is understood that he holds some peculiar views of important subjects, which perhaps, underlying his discourse, made some of his topics

indistinct to hearers of discrimination, who were not informed of those views.

Arrangements were made for a social meeting and dinner of the Alumni next year. It will occur thirty years from the graduation of the first class, and the natural reminiscences and flow of feeling must be expected to make the occasion one of delightful and impressive interest.

Thus has passed another of the Anniversaries of an institution which is with the best reason highly esteemed by the Congregationalists of Maine. It has furnished to them more than half their Ministers now in the state, and many to other parts of New England, and to the West. It deserves more than it has yet received in the way of endowments. The Anniversary, which has just closed, is every way creditable to it, in comparison with former ones by no means remarkable, but as always very pleasant.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Chochituate Sprinklings—Number 7.
By Dicky Watty.

I have rather neglected you of late, friend Maxham, but perhaps for your benefit, as I could not have furnished your readers with anything very interesting from the tri-mountain and fountain city. We have been all agog here to see "Old Zach," and extensive preparations have been making for his reception; our military companies are brushing up their accoutrements, cavalades are forming, any quantity of marshalls have been appointed for the procession, and, in short, the citizens have been exerting themselves to give the old hero a greeting worthy of his fame and station; but at last the telegraphic wires bring us intelligence that he has been again attacked by severe illness! and it is now feared that he will omit the promised visit. Much as I should like to see him, I hope the old gentleman will not extend his journey hitherward, if his health is likely to suffer in consequence.

The Cholera is rapidly disappearing from this city, and in a very short time there will be no traces of it left. It has almost ceased to be a subject of conversation, and no anxiety is manifested in regard to it. The Autumn trade has opened vigorously, and the mercantile community have now full employment. Domestic goods, as you will remember I predicted in a former number of the "Sprinklings," have materially advanced, and, in the opinion of intelligent manufacturers with whom I have recently conversed, must reach yet higher prices. Cotton and wool, as you know, have both advanced beyond the comparative prices of manufactured goods, and the last steamer brings us intelligence of a further rise of 1-4 penny per lb. on cotton in England. The expectation, therefore, of a corresponding rise in domestics is perfectly justifiable.

The overflow from the pond on our Common, descending to the Public Garden, forms there a beautiful fountain about ten feet high. New and beautiful jets have been added to that in the pond; one of a vase-like form is so arranged that a cloud of mist is constantly ascending from its centre; another throws out from its base a circle of fine spray parallel with the surface of the pond, while in the midst a tall column of water ascends. Both of these jets have a fine effect, and when the setting sun rests upon them they are strikingly beautiful.

The journeymen tailors here have struck for higher prices, and many of them have been idle for several weeks. They post sentinels from their number, around the entrances to every ready made clothing store of note, and go so far as to stop any one who carries a bundle which they suspect to contain work; this course has occasioned considerable trouble, and will lead to serious difficulty if persisted in. I should be glad to see the journeymen tailors employed at better prices, but I am forced to believe the present movement a very unwise one.

Our banks have recently been making up their annual returns, and money is a little more stringent; the street rates range from 8 to 10 per cent. per annum.

Where is "Adios?" Wake him up; bid him tune the lyre, and invoke the immortal nine.

"Certainly we will. Good friend 'Adios,' our humble respects to you; and will you oblige our noble friend, 'Dicky Watty,' and his ardent admirer, 'Dicky,' with a word that shall make us better acquainted with you and your friends; whether 'nife' or 'twenty'? Is there news from California? or have you been elsewhere?"

COOLIDGE—AGAIN.

Dr Mann continues to pursue this matter with furious energy, and it must be acknowledged, with most unexpected success. In his last he gives several additional affidavits, all tending to show that the body buried at Canton was not that of Coolidge.

John Simmons, neighbor to Coolidge's father, testifies that he has known Dr. C. from infancy; was one of those who examined the body the first time, and was one of the committee who made the second examination. Heard Coolidge's father, before the coffin was opened, describe the marks by which he might be known. Also heard it admitted, after examination, that these marks did not exist. There was a prominent scar on the face, at which the father appeared surprised, and requested that it might be closely examined to see if it was not from a recent wound. Examined the scar himself and found it a deep callous, evidently from a severe wound. Has heard Coolidge's father and others assert that he had no such scar. He expresses the strongest confidence that it was not the body of Coolidge.

Elisha B. Leach, an old familiar schoolmate, who was present at both examinations, expresses the same opinion, with equal confidence. Samuel Bean was present at the examination, and heard the father say that he could

certainly tell if it was his son, by one of the thumbs being shorter than the other; heard him describe various respects in which the corpse might be recognised—but after we made an examination, we found all his signs and marks to be completely false; such as being very slim, and narrow, and delicately formed, particularly the little delicate, slim hand, which was expressed as wearing 'ladies' gloves,' it proved to be a great, clumsy, coarse featured body, that in my opinion never could have worned less than one hundred and eighty or eighty-five pounds, with its present growth in health. I was very careful to compare and examine the thumbs, as I supposed that would determine the case in a moment. I could find no difference in said thumbs, could find no scar cut with a sickle, or any edged tool upon the thumbs; I examined them minutely; the corpse was not bloated or swollen in the least degree in any part of it; there seemed to be a sort of sweat all over the body. The skin appeared wrinkled a very little all over and the flesh appeared sunk away, particularly across the temples, and left to view very wide cheek bones. The eyes were farther apart than is usually seen in the face of yankees. It seemed to be formed, particularly the width of the cheek bones and eyes, more resembling an Indian than a white man. His thumbs and fingers, were larger and longer than those of men usually. His thumbs were considerably larger and longer every way than my own. The skin was very thick and hard inside of the thumbs, fingers, and particularly on the ball of the hands. After we examined it carefully, and Joseph Coolidge had affirmed it to be very much different from that of his son, he said there was a mystery about those thumbs which he could not understand, and that scar on the cheek,—for there was none on the thumb cut with a sickle, or any thing else on the body. He said it is possible that it may be something else on the cheek, let us look at it again, and even after the coffin cover was put on, it was again taken off by unscrewing three screws, that Mr. Coolidge might find some mark if possible, which was on his son, and we then examined it carefully again, particularly the thumbs, but the second experiment proved as unsuccessful as the first, the scar was not in the right place, it was on the cheek instead of the thumb. Joseph Coolidge then examined a little place on the chin, which appeared to be some little rupture on the skin, and asked if it could not be the same as the scar. Mr. Simmons, and I think some other person with him, examined the scar with a stick, to ascertain fully to the satisfaction of Mr. Coolidge, whether it was an old scar or a little rupture on the skin, they then pronounced it to be a hard, smooth, callous scar occasioned by a heavy wound upon the cheek, the beard standing full and heavy all around the scar, but none on it. They then all gave it up that it was a heavy scar. It appeared to me to have been made by some sharp instrument. I could not tell but it presented the appearance as though it had been done a number of years. Joseph Coolidge then seemed to be satisfied on those marks thus described, that there was no mistake but these scars were on this body, and not on his son; he said that Valorous had but little hair on the top of his head, (he was the first one who spoke about the hair,) and he observed that it was very thin and bare, the last time he saw him in prison. He then said that this corpse had too much hair on the top of his head to be Valorous. He observed also that the eyes of this body were too far apart, and the hands too large to be those of his son. He said that he never could get on a glove that Valorous wore, and he said at the same time, that these hands were a great deal larger than his own, which any one could see was the fact. The contrast was very great. I have now in my possession a measure, on which is the particular measurement of the limbs, made at that time in the presence of all.

Then follow a dozen or fifteen others of the same point, with a certificate from the chairman of the selectmen, that he knows them to be "respectable citizens,"—and finally, a letter from Wm. H. Stevens, Esq., who assisted in taking the testimony, closing with the assertion that "the testimony of his friends and neighbors is quite conclusive, that the body at Canton never could have been the body of W. P. Coolidge."

How these things can be, and yet all be fair and honest, we cannot see. Why the matter has not been legally investigated, and the result given to the public, that public must judge for themselves.

The Kennebec Journal says, in relation to the recent deaths in Vassalboro reported to be cholera—"From the recent account we have received of the death of Geo. Wiley of South Vassalboro, and his son, a boy of thirteen, we believe they died of Asiatic cholera. The father who died first, had for several days suffered with a severe diarrhoea, but it is not known that the son did. His father-in-law, an old man, died suddenly of the same disorder. Medical aid was sought too late to all the cases. This was about a fortnight ago. We hear of no deaths since in that quarter."

SHAME!!—On Friday night last, during the rain, a fellow "few degrees milder than a common thief," removed a pane of glass from the window of Mr. Lyford's Confectionery, on Main street, and stole two glass jars of candy. The fellow is not now positively known, but things are in a train that render his detection and punishment certain.

"The Phonetic Advocate," devoted to the contemplated orthographic revolution, has just entered its second volume. It is published semi-monthly, at Cincinnati, Ohio, by Longley & Brother—subscription price \$1.00 a year. We commend it to the friends of the System. Holden's Magazine, at \$1 a year, is the very cheapest, and among the very best of the magazines. Its selections are wisely made, and its original articles are of a high order.

FARMERS' HOME.

THE HARVEST SONG.

Shout, reapers! shout your harvest home!
Shout praises to the glorious God,
Who poured the rain, who warmed the sun,
Who bountifully gave our harvest home.
He made the spring with happy breath,
Blow milder air each from the east,
Till, bursting from the bounds of death,
Up from the green and spiky blade.
In verdant fields his goodness flowed
On every hill, on every plain,
His providential care bestowed.
The early and the latter rain,
He beckoned to the harvest south,
And called young summer into birth;
Then crowned with blessings sent her forth
To till upon the golden earth,
And bade her reap her harvest home.
The soil her varied riches yield,
That man might from his labor reap
The income of each fruitful field.
And next, as onward rolled the year,
Brown autumn, with her plenteous corn,
Shook from her lap the ripened ear,
The bearded grain and yellow corn.
And when, with fruitful harvest spent,
The land from labor sought repose,
Old winter from the north he sent,
To wrap her in his hoary snows;
And bade her lie by quietude,
And bide her wait the spring and flood,
Till balmy spring should breathe again
His fragrance o'er each flower and bud.
Thus all the seasons, in their turn,
At his command their treasures pour,
That man with grateful heart might know
The bounteous Giver to adore.
Then turn each eye, and bend each knee,
In praise to Heaven's eternal throne,
While every heart swells gratefully
Thanksgiving for your "harvest home."
And ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye
And higher praise to God be done,
Oh, ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye ye
To the glad shout of "HARVEST HOME!"

HINTS ON HARVESTING WHEAT.

As the time for harvesting wheat is fast approaching, I submit the following suggestions, through your paper, to the wheat-growers of this country. I am one of those who believe it best to cut wheat just as soon as it will do—that is, when it is "in the dough," as we term it. Having two neighbors, some five years ago, both driving farmers, one contended for cutting wheat when in the dough state, while the other as firmly contended that it should stand at least a week longer, until it was thoroughly ripe. At that time, I thought them both on extremes, but in the harvest of 1845, I determined to test the matter by a fair trial. Accordingly, in a field containing ten acres, I cut and shocked up six acres in one day when in the dough, letting the other four acres stand one week longer before I cut it. The result was, the first cut stood up well in the shock, the straw being stiff and the heads straight. In the second case, nearly all the shocks fell down, (this happened a storm of wind and rain before it would do to thresh,) in consequence of the straw being broken and limber, and the heads being curled. The last cut was more damaged by the rain than the first. I then threshed it out of the shock, keeping it separate; and on comparing the two, the first cut showed a plump, clear-looking grain—the last, a grain somewhat shrunk, and of a darker brown color. When made into flour, the latter showed a yellowish cast, while the former was almost as white as snow. The first cut did not shatter out and waste in handling, like the latter. The straw of the first was bright, and equal to hay to feed cattle on in the winter, while the latter was comparatively worthless. By what natural process the sap ascends the stalk after it is cut, so as to prevent the grain from shrinking, I leave for the scientific to determine. It is a well known fact among farmers, that Indian corn, cut and shocked up when the blades are entirely dry, will turn bright, and be good feed for cattle—from the substance remaining in the stalk, I suppose. —[Corr. Phil. Dollar Newspaper.]

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

It is a fact that in all the best agricultural countries in the Eastern States, agricultural societies have for a long time existed, and have been munificently sustained. This has been done because experience has proved that their influences are productive of great good to the agricultural interest. In the first place, they have had the effect of placing the leading interest of the country prominently before the people. This has made those engaged in agriculture feel their importance as a professional class. It has stimulated their industry, and made the individuals composing that class emulous to rival each other in every branch of their business. The finest stock has been procured from abroad, and the general stock of the country has been made to attain a high point of excellence. Farming has been done with more system, more neatness, more economy, and with greater profit. Experiments have been made in the composition and value of manures, and everything that could be made available to increase the fertility of the soil has been employed for that purpose. Waste lands and brush pastures have been ploughed up, and the earth worked to a great depth, and a new source of wealth has been found in lands which before had been scarcely worth fencing. The black mud, or mud, in sloughs, ponds, bottoms of brooks, &c., the accumulation of ages, has been carted out, thrown in compost heaps, made to ferment, and manufactured into valuable manure, and when generously distributed on worn-out or exhausted soils, has made a liberal return for the labor thus bestowed. Farmers have learned that small farms half cultivated; that it was more profitable to raise eighty bushels of corn on one acre, than upon two acres; that it paid far better to grow four tons of timothy upon one acre than upon four acres. These results begot a disposition to farm upon a system; to make neat and beautiful farms, and to beautify the country with good farm-houses, out-buildings, fences, gates, and other improvements, which make the business of farming pleasant, desirable and profitable. It is this state of things that has induced men of capital, taste, and education to become identified with the agricultural class.

The same fact may be generally stated in regard to some other distinct branches connected with agriculture. Horticulture, as a branch of agriculture, is now receiving great attention in many portions of the Eastern States. The advances which this science has made (it may properly be called a science) within the last few years, has even astonished its most ardent friends. Valuable varieties of fruits have been produced, which were unknown in former years. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, strawberries, grapes, currants, gooseberries, &c., have been greatly improved. It is now esteemed essential to the health and comfort of farmers, that they should cultivate the most valuable fruits. Common fruits may be regarded as an advance from the savage or natural state of such fruits, while the excellent varieties are an evidence of the most refined civilization. It is even now stated by intelligent pomologists, that they have only arrived at the starting-point of horticultural improvements. If so, to what perfection fruits must attain, before they reach the point of improvement!

If objects like these can be promoted by agricultural societies, there cannot be too many of them. In this great agricultural state, they should be extensively patronized. In our own county, the agricultural interest should not suffer for the society to languish. The chief interest of our citizens is agriculture. It is here the basis of all other interests. We wish to see it prosper. We would especially be glad to see agriculture here carried on as a system, farms cultivated with taste, residences neat, but not expensive, roads fine, bridges safe, and an air of real prosperity presented everywhere. Our farmers have seen fortunate times within the last few years. We mean those who have had crops and stock to sell. There are some, as it is stated in the old proverb, who "never have a dish when it rains porridge;" some that complain of the times, when they take no pains to make them better. We anticipate that hereafter farming will yield a sure, if not a great profit in our state.—[Illinois Journal.]

At once into business and a fortune. They may wait until doomsday, and longer if possible, before their fond expectations will be realized. If there is a kind of life we abominate, it is a lingering, waiting, lazy dreamy sort of existence over which angels and true men weep with unfeigned sorrow.

ASHES ON GRASS LANDS.

There is scarcely any part of the country where leached ashes cannot be obtained in greater or less quantity; and in the vicinity of asheries, abundance may generally be had. If the following remarks by Count Chaplart are applicable to soils of whatever materials they may be composed, a knowledge of this property of leached ashes would, in many instances, be of very great value. At all events, the experiment is easily performed upon a moderate scale.

The ashes, produced by the combustion of wood in our common domestic fires, give rise to some very remarkable results. Without being leached, these ashes are much too active; but after having been deprived by the action of water of nearly all their salts, and employed in this state, under the name of buck-ashes, they still produce great effect.

The action of the buck-ashes is most powerful upon moist lands and meadows, in which they not only facilitate the growth of useful plants, but if employed constantly for several years, they will free the soil from weeds. By the use of them, land constantly drenched with water may be freed from rushes, and prepared for yielding clover and other plants of good kinds.

It has been frequently supposed that ashes applied to wet, heavy soils, are injurious. This is probably owing to the application being too uneven, and in too large quantities, and to the want of mixing them intimately with the soil. Chaplart says, "Wood ashes possess the double property of amending a wet and clayey soil by dividing and drying it, and of promoting vegetation by the salts they contain."

It is well known, that the evenly spread and intimately intermixed layer of ashes which soils receive by burning the turf, produces extraordinary effects upon grass lands.—[Gen. Far.]

SAVING MANURE.

In the busy season of summer, the farmer will, generally, have but little time for making manure, by collecting and preparing various materials; but he should diligently attend to saving all manures produced by his animals, as, without care, there is a great loss at this season, by the hot sun, drying winds, and occasionally drenching rains.

Allow animal manures to lie only for a few months, exposed to these wasting influences, and more than half their virtues will be dissipated. A little labor will save manure from waste, and pay fourfold the expense. Place the manure under shelter, or, if this cannot be done conveniently at this busy season, place it in the shade, as the rains of summer will not generally penetrate far into a heap. And to save the liquid part, and extend or divide the solid part, so as to prevent heating, mix loam, sand, or mud intimately with the manure. By adding mud, peat, muck, or clay with manure for dry lands, and sand, gravel, or light loam with that for clayey or wet lands, the texture of the soil will be permanently improved by the application.

When we consider that the farmers of New England are proverbial for their economy, we can hardly account for their allowing so great a waste in manure. They would cautiously guard against the waste of a crop, even to the amount of a single dollar or dime; and yet they allow their manures to be wasted, to the value of many dollars annually. If a hen, squirrel, bird, or any other small animal is known to be feasting daily on the labors of the farmer, it is carefully guarded against, or the crop secured, to prevent the petty depredation.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

But old Sol may pour his scorching rays on the manure heap, the parching winds may carry off its fine gases, and the rains may pour in floods upon it, and carry off in solution its most valuable product; and all this is unheeded by thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of provident farmers—provided they intend to be, and so they are generally, but on this subject they have not reflected.

When cultivators have given this subject a thorough investigation, they will no more allow a waste of the materials that produce crops, than allow animals to devour crops without permission. We hope that every man who tills the soil will give this subject a candid examination, and act upon the light which must beam upon the reflecting mind; and the consequence will be a saving of manure to the amount of millions of dollars annually.—[N. E. Farmer.]

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit association. The Blacksmith comes and says, "Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association." "Well, what can you do?" "Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of iron implements." "Very well, come in Mr. Blacksmith." The Mason applies for admission into the society. "And what can you do, Mr. Mason?" "Oh, I can build your barns and houses, and stables and bridges." "Very well, come in, we can't do without you." Along comes the Shoemaker, and says, "I wish to become a member of your society." "Well, and what can you do?" "I can make boots and shoes for you." "Come in, Mr. Shoemaker, we must have you." So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes and wants to become a member. "And what are you?" "I am a Rumseller." "A Rumseller! and what can you do?" "I can build jails, and prisons, and poor-houses." "And is that all?" "No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor-houses with paupers." "And what else can you do?" "I can build the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and fill the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt." "Is that all you can do?" "Good heavens!" cries the Rumseller, "is that not enough?" [Punchkeeps Blacksmith.]

DREAMY LIFE.

Wouldn't you call a man a dreamy life, who would spend all his time fishing up oysters with the expectation of finding a pearl? But he really more unwise than hundreds, who with their hands in their pockets and spears in their mouths, are waiting for something to turn up or turn over that will throw them

AT ONCE INTO BUSINESS AND A FORTUNE.

They may wait until doomsday, and longer if possible, before their fond expectations will be realized. If there is a kind of life we abominate, it is a lingering, waiting, lazy dreamy sort of existence over which angels and true men weep with unfeigned sorrow.

GRAPHIC.

The Germans call a thimble a finger-hat, and a glove a hand shoe.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.

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

HOT-BLAST AIR-TIGHT COOKING STOVE.

with a Rotary condition in a Broiling Chamber, constructed for cooking steaks clearly and in the shortest space of five minutes, without any supply of coal. The principle is well worthy of the examination of housekeepers, as it is quite new and exceedingly desirable. The other qualities of this stove defy competition.

ALSO,

A complete assortment of the most approved

Cooking Stoves,

together with elegant patterns of Parlour stoves, common Sheet Iron Air-tight, Office Box and other stoves. Also—A full supply of fresh, Ground LEAD of different qualities and all other kinds of Paints. Lard, Sperm, and Whale Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Japan, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best quality. Manila Cordage, Harness, Sole, Patent, Covering Dasher and Top Leather, Carriage Trimmings, Goodyear's India Rubber MACHINE BELTING, at manufacturers' prices. Particular attention given to furnishing all materials for building purposes. They have just received a large Invoice of Saddle direct from the Manufacturers in England, together with various articles of American Manufacture, making their assortment one of the most complete in Maine. The attention of the public is respectfully invited to this well known establishment, as it is believed every reasonable expectation of purchasers will be answered. Waterville, May 3d, 1848. [41-ly.]

HARDWARE.

HENRY NOURSE & CO., Importers and Dealers in HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND SADDLERY.

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

ALSO,

A complete assortment of the most approved

Cooking Stoves,

together with elegant patterns of Parlour stoves, common Sheet Iron Air-tight, Office Box and other stoves. Also—A full supply of fresh, Ground LEAD of different qualities and all other kinds of Paints. Lard, Sperm, and Whale Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Japan, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best quality. Manila Cordage, Harness, Sole, Patent, Covering Dasher and Top Leather, Carriage Trimmings, Goodyear's India Rubber MACHINE BELTING, at manufacturers' prices. Particular attention given to furnishing all materials for building purposes. They have just received a large Invoice of Saddle direct from the Manufacturers in England, together with various articles of American Manufacture, making their assortment one of the most complete in Maine. The attention of the public is respectfully invited to this well known establishment, as it is believed every reasonable expectation of purchasers will be answered. Waterville, May 3d, 1848. [41-ly.]

NEW MILLINERY GOODS,

AT MRS. F. M. BURBANK'S

MRS. BURBANK would inform the Ladies of Waterville and vicinity, that she has just returned from Boston with a large assortment of Bonnets and other Millinery Goods, and respectfully invites their attention to her Spring Stock; in which may be found French, English and American Bonnets, of the newest styles. Barages, Ribbons, Flowers, Fringes, Laces, Edgings, &c. &c.

MRS. BURBANK will keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of Millinery Goods, and trusts she may be able to meet the wants and tastes of all who may favor her with their patronage. May 9, 1849.

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM

J. P. CAFFEY & CO., CORNER of Temple & Main-st., nearly opposite the Post Office, now offer for sale a complete assortment of

CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS,

embracing Sofas, centre and Work Tables, of various patterns Bureau, Bedsteads, Tables, Wash stands, Chamber-sinks, Toilet-tables, Light-stands, Teapots, &c. A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Mahogany Stuffed Chairs, Mahogany and cane-back Rocking-chairs, cane and wood-seat do., of various patterns, Children's do., Children's Willow Carriages, Cradles, Chairs, &c. &c. Together with the best assortment and the largest sized Looking-glasses, Chamber Sets manufactured to order, painted fancy colors to suit purchasers. N. B. A large quantity of counterpane, manufactured to order, on the most reasonable terms. Waterville, Oct. 18th, 1848. [13-4f.]

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

NEW AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS.

WINGATE & TALBOT

HAVE just opened a choice and extensive assortment of the following articles: Gold and Silver Watches, Rich Jewellery, Silver Spoons, Gold Pens, Silver Pencils, Silver, shell, Buffalo Horn and Horn Combs, Gold, Guard, Vest and Fob Chains, Hunting, side, Miniature and Parlor Solar Lamps, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c. &c. WATCH REPAIRING and ENGRAVING done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms. We are constantly on hand a large stock of goods, and are disposed to patronize the home market, shall find any advantage in going out of town for any article which they can furnish. May 17, 1849.

THE OLD STAND.

LEWEL STILSON

CONTINUES to manufacture and keep on hand at his shop in Waterville, all kinds of

CARRIAGES,

embracing Chaises, Gigs, open and top Buggies, Phaetons, Rockaways, Wagons, &c. All of which will be sold at very low prices, and upon the most accommodating terms. All work manufactured at his shop is warranted. Having had thirty years experience in the business, he is confident of his ability to give general satisfaction to all who may purchase of him.

REPAIRING.

Two S. L. LANGRISH COACHES, well and substantially made, which will be sold at a great bargain—much lower than can be bought elsewhere.

PAINTING.

In due season he will be prepared with a good assortment of S. L. LANGRISH, of all styles and sizes, which will be sold at low prices as they can be bought in this or any other market.

All orders thankfully received, and all business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Waterville, A. P. 1849. [38-1f.]

W. A. F. STEVENS

WOULD respectfully inform the public that he will continue to carry on the business of

Grave Stone Business,

in all its variety of forms at his Shops in WATERTVILLE & SKOWHEGAN, as he has on hand a large assortment of all the latest styles of Gravestones, and is prepared to execute all orders in the most satisfactory manner. Waterville, May 9th, 1849. [16-1f.]

NEW-YORK & ITALIAN MARBLE,

And an extensive assortment of AMERICAN & ENGLISH SLATE STONE, which he will sell and warrant at as low prices as can be purchased on any other establishment in the State. Mr. C. Smith, his late partner, will be constantly at the shop in Skowhegan, to wait upon customers. Waterville, May 9th, 1849. [16-1f.]

AM. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Expense of Insurance Reduced 25 Per Cent.

THE LEADING FEATURES of this Company are—

Great reduction of the rates of premium, being one fourth less than other Companies, payable in cash annually, together with the latter Styles of Summer Dress Goods; also, Crapes & Silk Stuffs, (Visits, Shawls & Fringes, Parasols, Gingham, Prints, Hosiery, Gloves, &c. &c.) All in want of the most fashionable articles should not fail of calling on us before purchase, as the latest importations show a remarkable falling off in prices. ESTY, KIMBALL & CO. Waterville, July 16th, 1849. [41-1f.]

STONE WARE!!

A extensive assortment of STONE WARE just received and for sale at ESTY, KIMBALL & CO. June 21st, 1849. [48-1f.]

CARRIAGE TRIMMING

HARNESS MAKING, I. S. MC FARLAND, first shop south of Hanson's building, Main-st WATERTVILLE.

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, WATERTVILLE. Office—over Eddy & Kimball's Store, Ticonderoga Row. RESIDENCE—on Spring street, corner of Silver street.

J. F. NOYES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office cor. Main & Silver-st. Residence, Williams' hotel WATERTVILLE, ME.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

DAVID BUGBEE, No. 2 Kenduskeag Bridge, BANGOR, MAINE.

Orders respectfully solicited, by Stage Drivers or otherwise.

BOOK-BINDING.

Old Books rebound—Magazines, Pamphlets and every description of Binding executed with neatness and dispatch, and at low prices. BLANK BOOKS of all kinds made to order, and sent by mail, or delivered by Stage Drivers or otherwise will receive the prompt attention. D. BUGBEE, 2 Kenduskeag Bridge.

MRS. E. F. BRADBURY,

MILLINER, AND DEALER IN—

MILLINERY, Fancy Goods, Shawls, Silks, Dress Goods, Worsteds, Waters, Hosiery, Gloves, Needles, Threads, &c., ORRISBORO, Waterville, Me.

FASHIONABLE DRESS-MAKING.

Florence and Straw Bonnets Repaired in the Latest Style.

MOURNING BONNETS AND VEILS,

With a full Assortment of CRAPES, MUSLINS, LAWNS, JACONETS, and other MOURNING GOODS. VOLNEY A. SPRAGUE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CORINNA, ME.

J. D. CHANDLER'S

Livery Stable, SILVER ST., OPPOSITE THE "PARKER HOUSE," WATERTVILLE.

Passengers taken to and from the Boats, and other places

O. WRIGHT, M. D.,

Residing at Waterville, Me., has returned to Waterville—House on Silver-st., one door above the Parker House. Having been engaged in the practice of medicine twelve years in the country, he 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. July, 1848.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Glazing, Papering, Gilding and Imitations of Wood and Marble.

WM. M. DOE, having taken the shop recently occupied by J. P. Caffrey & Co., nearly opposite the Post Office, on Main Street, will attend promptly to the calls of the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, who may require his services in any of the above branches. No need apply unless they want GOOD work, and are willing to pay a fair price for it. [34-1f.]

G. H. BRABROCK & CO.

DEALERS IN Furniture, Feathers, Carpets, Floor Oil, Cloth, and Straw Matting.

Nos. 45, 50 and 52 Backstreet, Boston.

WOULD inform their customers that they have recently enlarged their place of business, and made a valuable addition to their former stock of Goods.—They would invite those purchasing

FURNITURE

to give them a call, especially those who are opening Public and Boarding Houses, and do not find it convenient to pay cash for their goods, as they are prepared to furnish them, and make the payments satisfactory to purchasers.

Dr. W. Longley, Dr. David Howe, Jr.

J. V. WILSON, M. D.,

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FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.

FOR THE PRESERVATION AND RE-PRODUCTION OF THE HAIR.

FOR beautifying, curling, softening, darkening, La Roche's Tonic, &c. For securing, preventing, and curing itching disease from the skin, cleansing, rendering the most dry and turgid Hair soft and silky, this article is infallible and unrivalled. One application will keep the Hair moist a week or more, and no substance is left to soil any article of dress. To Ladies it is invaluable, as it keeps the parting of the head clean, and gives the Hair a splendid lustre. It is the greatest auxiliary to the toilet in curling and giving beauty to the form of dressing the Hair ever invented. Gentlemen and Ladies find it indispensable for cleansing and purifying the scalp, and preventing the Hair from falling out. It restores the Hair in bald places, restores a thin, brittle, or heat in the skin, or pain in the head. To Hair which is stunted or thin, this Compound re-invigorates the original vitality of the root, causes it to grow thicker and to its natural length, changes its dead and tawny to a luxuriant and beautiful hue, and prevents it from drying or fading. For children and young Misses it cures the permanence and stability to the Hair in after life.

All persons, who can appreciate a good head of Hair, or wish to preserve it, or restore it, where it is lost should avail themselves of this soverely good article. It is universally spoken in its favor in the highest terms. Many thousand persons, who can testify, have had their hair completely restored by using the Mountain Compound.

The sales of this article have increased from 20,000 to 50,000 bottles in one year, and the increasing demand denotes a still larger sale.

A Physiological Essay and Directions by the Proprietor, H. W. FOSTER, of Lowell, is enclosed with every bottle.

This Compound is purely vegetable, and the Proprietor has studiously rejected all agents drying or deleterious in this composition, and especially those heating ones which necessarily combine any of the clear perfumed mixtures and more or less of alcohol in their preparations. The following short paragraph speaks with the general sentiment of the press has said universally: