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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. 20, 1849.

NO. 9.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING,
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TERMS.
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If paid within the year, 2.00

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POETRY.

SONG OF THE WATER DRINKER.

Oh, water for me! bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cools the brow, it cools the brain,
It makes the faint one strong again;
It cools the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, life, infant purity.
Oh! water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim—fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flower, drink nought but dew.
Oh! water, bright water, a mine of wealth,
And the ore that it yields are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengthens life and limb;
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like the quaffing of goblets of morning light.
So, water, I will drink nought but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing flowers,
Brushes the dew from the morning flowers.
Oh! cheerily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flies abroad, his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying and weaving snow,
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the life long night.
So, hurrah for thee, water! hurrah! hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!

MISCELLANY.

TAKING TOLL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the village of Q., which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day, he drove off towards Lancaster in his wagon, in which, among other things was a gallon demijon.

On reaching the town, he called first at a grocer's, with the inquiry,
'Have you any common wine?'
'How common?' asked the grocer.
'About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine.'

'Yes; I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell for a dollar.'
'Very well. Give me a gallon,' said Mr. Smith.

The demijon was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business. Among other things to be done on that day, was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster.

Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and she chatted with her for ten minutes or so. As he was about stepping into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijon was a little in his way, so, lifting it out, he said to Mrs. J.,
'I wish you would take care of this till I come back.'

'O, certainly,' replied Mrs. Jones, 'with the greatest pleasure.'
And so the demijon was left in the lady's care.

Some hours afterwards Mr. Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijon.

'What is this?' was his natural inquiry.
'Something that Mr. Smith left.'
'Mr. Smith from Q?'
'Yes.'

'I wonder what he has there?' said Mr. J., taking hold of the demijon. 'It feels heavy.'
The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

'Wine, as I live!' fell from his lips. 'Bring me a glass.'
'Oh no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch his wine,' said Mrs. Jones.
'Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No—no. Bring me a glass.'

The glass, a half-pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guileless of grape-juice as a dyer's vat, which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

'Pretty fair wine that; only a little rough,' said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.
'It's a shame!' remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, 'for you to do so.'
'I only took it to see the husband, laughing. No harm in that, I'm sure.'
'Rather heavy toll, it strikes me,' replied Mrs. Jones.

pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had burthened it.

'I wonder if that really is wine?' said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijon again. The cork was removed and his nose applied to the huge bottle.

'Yes, it's wine, but I'll vow it's not much to brag of.' And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store-keeper's lad appeared.

'Mr. Smith says, please let him have the jug of antimonial wine he left here.'
'Antimonial wine!' exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly spreading over his face.

'Yes, sir,' said the lad, taking up the demijon to which Mrs. Jones pointed with her finger, and departing without observing the effect his appearance had produced.

'Antimonial wine!' fell again, but huskily from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. 'Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How dreadfully sick I feel. Send for the doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!'

'Antimonial wine! Dreadful!' exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. 'Do you feel very sick?'
'Oh yes. As sick as death.' And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. 'Send for the doctor instantly, or it may be too late.'

Mrs. Jones ran first in one way and then in another, and finally had presence of mind enough to tell Jane, her single domestic, to run with all her might for the doctor, and tell him that Mr. Jones had taken poison by mistake.

Off started Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately the Doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his office would permit, armed with stomach-pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

'Oh Doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!' gasped the patient.
'How did it happen? what have you taken?' inquired the doctor eagerly.

'I took, by mistake, nearly half a pint of antimonial wine.'
'Then it must be removed instantly,' said the Doctor, and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long, flexible India-rubber tube, and a rum! nump! went the doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

'There!' said the doctor, 'I guess that will do—now let me give you an antidote.'
A nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down to take the place of what had just been removed.

'Do you feel better now?' inquired the Dr., as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning, with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

'A little,' was the faint reply. 'Do you think all danger past?'
'Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system.'
'I feel as weak as a rag,' said the patient.
'I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!'

'Don't think of it, returned the Doctor.—'Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever.'
The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the Doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith, having finished his business in Lancaster, was just stepping into his wagon, when a man came up and said to him and the store-keeper, who was standing by,
'Have you heard the news?'
'What news?'
'Mr. Jones has taken poison.'

'What?'
'Who? Mr. Jones?'
'Yes. And they say he cannot live.'
'Dreadful! I must see him.' And without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his horse, and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

'How is he?' inquired Mr. Smith, in a serious voice.
'A little better, I thank you. The Doctor has taken it all off of his stomach. Will you walk up?'
'Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet.—The Doctor was still by his side.

'Ah, my friend!' said the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, 'that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me.'
'What antimonial wine?' inquired Mr. S., not understanding what his friend meant.
'The wine you left here in the gallon demijon.'
'That wasn't antimonial wine.'
'It was not?' fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.
'Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine.'

whose words were hardly coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.
'What is that?'
'You must become a tottler.'
'Can't do that,' replied Mr. Jones.
'Then I can't promise.'
'Give me a day or two to make up my mind.'

'Very well—and now good-by. The sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home.'
And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the tottlers, the story of his taking toll was all over town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that, it became an old story.

BREAKING A COLT.

Some good people, who raise colts, are not aware that they are thinking animals, and have feelings, passions and affections, very much like human beings. They cannot talk—that's all. People who do not appreciate the character of horses, are apt to treat them like brutes, without love or mercy, and any appeal to their glorious intelligence. 'The horse knoweth his owner,'—and he knows much more,—he knows when he is treated as a Christian's horse should be—and in respect of treatment the Turk and Arab have much the advantage of us in civilization. These pagans make friends of their horses—they love each other, and in the sandy desert or the wide plain they lie down side by side, and each is equally ready to resist the approach of an enemy.

It is not often so with us. The colt is left to grow up to manhood wild in the pasture, with very little acquaintance or sociability with his master. As soon as he is thought strong enough to work, he has a saddle or harness slapped upon him, so hard as to make him tingle again. He is put into some strange cart or wagon, without understanding what is wanted, and being bewildered in his ignorance, and exasperated at such rough handling, it is generally the case that he exerts his best strength to get out of the scrape and avoid his enemies, by plunging, kicking, throwing himself down, and sundry other such vile tricks, (as they are called), as would naturally occur to a poor beast who thought himself most villainously abused.

While this is the operation in the mind of the unsophisticated colt, the horse-breaker is swearing at his vicious obstinacy, laying on the licks with the string or the butt of the whip handle, and thus the colt is made to bleed at every stroke. His intention is to subdue the beast to obedience. He may succeed, but it will only be by destroying his noble spirit, and rendering him a tame, passive beast of burden, working only as he is forced, but without ambition or good will. The man is the most ignorant brute of the two. He is destitute of all proper knowledge of the animal who 'knoweth his owner,' and should be beaten with many stripes himself.

The fact is, the colt should be treated with unvarying kindness, except when he is manifestly vicious, contrary to his own knowledge, after having been fairly taught. When he is taken up for breaking, he should be kept hungry and thirsty, and be fed from the hand of his master; while all the little tokens of praise, fondness and approbation, which are as gratifying to a horse as to a woman, should be liberally bestowed upon him. No act of rudeness or unkindness should inspire him with fear; and in a short time he will come to his master, as to his best friend. Let him feel that he is safe in the hands and care of man, and he will place confidence in that attention which is bestowed, and with a light heart will exert himself to please his rider. Bestow upon him the whip, and jerk him about with the halter and bridle, and his temper will rouse to resistance or sink to stupidity.

A horse may be taught, like a child, by those who have won his affections; but the method of teaching is by showing distinctly what you want him to do, not by beating him because he does not understand, and perform at the onset. Judicious management is required in the course of instruction, for these creatures, like men, have very different intellectual capacities and tempers; but all may be mastered by kindness, while the best, the most high-spirited, the most generous, will be ruined by beating.

To illustrate this point, which we mean to enlarge upon hereafter, we will relate a little circumstance that occurred during a tour to the White Hills. Having a horse, a fine light gray saddle-poney, we undertook, with a friend, to ride to the summit of one of the mountains. Federal—that was his name—and he belonged to Niles—would have done anything for me, for he and I had become well acquainted, and he was a most noble-hearted fellow. Federal clambered up according to my directions. I thought I could see the best way and guided him accordingly. We got at last upon the peak, where was a level of some yards square, and Federal, who never had been up so high in the world before, as we slackened the rein, turned three times round to look at the prospect, and then set up a scream of delight. It was not a neigh, nor whinny, nor any common mode of talking for a horse, but it was a regular hurrah, as much as to say, 'O! thunder and lightning! Ain't this glorious?'

After a while, we turned to descend, and gave Federal his own way. It seemed at times rather a ticklish job; but he managed it well. The rascal stopped now and then and made a survey as carefully as could be done by an engineer. He turned and tacked, and worked ship, like an old sailor among the breakers, and being careful and surefooted, he came down as safe as a tortoise. But we brought up at last against a fence—having taken a different direction from that by which we ascended. We rode at the fence fairly, but Federal stopped short. 'You fool,' said I, 'can't you jump?' Tried it again—no go. I stopped a moment, and thought I to myself this horse has never leaped a fence in his life. I felt sure he would have tried his best for me at any time, and would have broken his neck sooner than have refused, if he had known exactly what to do; and as soon as I saw his head raised about two or three inches, and his ears pricked up brightly, and felt the muscles of his sides swell under the saddle, I knew he had caught the idea; that was all he wanted, I gave him the hint to try it, and over he went like a swallow, at least two feet higher than

was necessary. The little scam meant to make a sure job of it. He was no sooner down, than he wheeled about looked at the fence and snorted, as much as to say, 'What do you think of that?' and trotted off. Ever afterwards during our journey, Federal was on the look-out for some excuse for leaping. A log, a run of water across the road, even a stone bridge, he uniformly pricked up his ears at, and leaped across—giving a snort each time, to announce his joy at having discovered a new feat.

The moral of this matter has been stated at the outset. Federal only needed to understand what we wanted, to do all in his power for its accomplishment. He was only a hired horse, but we understood and loved each other. He was little but high-spirited, noble, generous; no whipping on earth would have managed that horse so readily as kindness and encouragement. Pulling, jerking, whipping and spurring, might have been tried in vain to make him leap the fence: with a moment to think about it, and a nice dose of flattering applause, he flew over like an experienced hunter.—[Boston Times.]

NATURE AND RELATIONS OF WATER.

No living thing can exist except it contains water as one of the various parts of its system. To so great an extent does this go, that in a thousand parts of human blood, nearly eight hundred are pure water. The distribution of organized beings all over the world, is to a great extent, regulated by its abundance or scarcity. It seems as if the properties of this substance mark out the plan of animated nature. From man at the head to the meanest vegetable that can grow on a bare rock, thro' all the various orders and tribes this ingredient is absolutely required. Insuperable and inodorous in itself, it takes all the peculiarities of other bodies, assuming with readiness the sweetness of sugar, and the acidity of vinegar. Distilled with flowers, or the aromatic parts of plants, it contracts their fragrance, and with equal facility becomes the vehicle of odors the most offensive to our sense.

We talk about the use of water, and imagine that nature furnishes us a perennial supply. The common philosophy of the people is doubtless advanced so far as to admit that, in an unknown manner, this substance is created in the clouds, descends as rain for the use of animals and plants; but whence it comes, or where it goes, never enters into their consideration. Men constantly forget that in this world nothing is ever annihilated; an atom once created, can by no process be destroyed! The liquid that we drink to-day has been drunk a thousand times before; the clouds that obscure the sky have obscured it again and again; and if the sorrows of mankind are as many as the philanthropist may well fear, he might suspect a great part of the ocean is, perhaps, made up of tears that have fallen from the human family. In the air their sighs die away, and in the ocean their tears are all lost. This using over and over again is a striking characteristic of the ways of nature; the beautiful and vile—the great and small—are mingled together; the tears that you shed in the depth of grief to-day, may be squirted to-morrow thro' a hose-pipe, to clean the dirt of the streets; or whistle away through the squeak of a locomotive, to scare some dillatory cow off the track. So much for the sorrows of man.

What then becomes of the immense quantities of water, which thus entering as a constituent of the bodies of animals, gives to their various parts that flexibility which enables them to execute movements, or combining with vegetable structure, fits them for carrying on their vital process.

After the course of a few years, all existing animals and vegetables entirely pass away; their solid constituents disintegrate and take on other conditions, and the water, lost for a time in the ground, at last escapes in the form of vapor into the air. In that great and invisible receptacle, all traces of its ancient relations disappear; it mingles with other vapors that are rising from the sea by the sun. From the bodies of living animals and plants, immense quantities are hourly finding their way into the reservoir.

In a crowded city, from the skin and by the breath of its numerous inhabitants, clouds of vapor are continually escaping—we see this visibly going on in the cold weather of winter, and, though invisible, the process is equally active in summer—the escaping arising from the drink we take, or from all those various portions of the system that are doing each moment, for the life of individual being is made up of the successive death of all its constituent particles. In the same manner, from the forests and meadows, and wherever vegetables are found, water is continually evaporating, and that to an extent far surpassing what we might at first be led to suppose. In a single day, a sunflower of moderate size throws from its leaves and other parts nearly 20 ounces weight.

How enormous, then, must be the quantity which escapes from the surface of a great continent! Yet all this is thrown into the air, and there it mingles with other portions, some of which are coming from living races, and some derived from the surface of the ground, and some from the remote regions of the sea. It seems as if nature had taken sure means that here all traces of identity should be lost. The winds, proverbially inconstant, blow at one time from the coast of Europe, at another from Africa, at another from Asia.

In the republic of the universe there is a stern equality. The breath of the King intermingles with the breath of the beggar; and the same quiet atmosphere receives the exhalations of the American, European, Asiatic, and the African.

The particles that have risen from the dead intermingle with those from the living; and if this were not enough, the winds and the tempests obliterate every distinction, and dash in one common confusion, these relics of every part of the globe.

A man of average size requires a half-ton weight of water a year; when he has reached the meridian of life, he has consumed nearly three hundred times his own weight of this liquid.

These are statements which may seem to those who hear them for the first time very wonderful, and as they are daily verified, might lead you to doubt whether the existing order of nature, as dependent on the waters of the sea, could for any length of time be kept under such a heavy consumption.

The human family consists probably of a thousand millions of individuals; it would be

a very moderate estimate to suppose, that the various animals, great and small, taken together, consume five times as much water as we do, and the vegetable world two hundred times as much as all the animal races. Under such an immense drain it becomes a curious question what provision nature has made to meet the demand, and how long the waters of the sea, supposing none returned to them, could furnish a sure supply.

The question involves the stability of existence of animated nature and the world of organization; and no man, save one whose mind is thoroughly imbued with an appreciation of the resources upon which the acts of the Creator are founded, would, I am sure, justly guess at the result. There exists in the sea a supply which would meet this enormous demand for more than a quarter of a million of years.—[Professor Draper.]

SONNET.

There is a nobler strife than clashing spears,
A nobler peril than the battle-field;
'Tis when, with trust in God won as a shield,
'Midst universal hisses, scoffs, and sneers,
The man of truth with brow serene appears,
And stands forth singly for the right appealed
To the Eternal Empire; nor will yield
One backward step, from policy or fears.
The savage, bandit, nay, the brute is steeled
Against bristling danger—'neath the worm appears
Beneath the foot his tiny sting, to crave
A venomed vengeance; but immortal years
Are full of glory for the Christ-like brave,
Who dare to suffer wrong, that they from wrong may save.

HOW CAPT. ADAMS DID IT.

'My father,' said the General, 'told Col. Wood one evening, that he was going over to F.—the next morning, to collect a debt of Capt. Adams, and invited Col. Wood to ride over with him. 'We shall get a fine breakfast,' said the old man, and be back again by noon.'

So, the next morning, away went my father and Col. W. to collect the debt of Capt. Adams. It was a fine frosty morning, and after a two hours' ride they arrived at the Captain's tavern. As they drove up, out came the Captain and right glad did he seem to see my father and Col. Wood.

'Walk in, gentlemen,' said he—'take a seat in No. 1. Hello, Sam! take this horse to the stable, and rub him down well. Of course you'll have breakfast, gentlemen? Jim—kill a couple of fat pullets, and get 'em broiled. Two—already, gentlemen, in half an hour.'

'Well, when my father and Col. W. had warmed themselves, the Col. proposed to take a stroll about town, while my father was settling with the Captain; but no sooner did my father enter the bar-room than the Capt. began again.

'Here's a nice toddy,' said he; 'I don't believe you have tasted a better—try it.'
And sure enough, my father found it the very best gin toddy he ever did try. Before he could finish smacking his lips, the Captain was at his elbow, and kept up such a continual jabbering, that my father couldn't get his drink in edgewise.

Presently in came the Col. and the bell rang for breakfast. Everything was neat as a new pin, fine steak, prime chickens, fresh eggs, and rare coffee, and such good stuff.

'Take it easy,' said the Captain, as he bowed in and out with the fixings. 'I'll have the horse at the door in good time.'
Breakfast ended, sure enough, there was the horse already, and all, my father and Col. W. had to do was to jump in.

'Well,' said the Captain, as he gave the reins to my father, 'all right, I take it, gentlemen—call again soon—do—pleasant ride to you—good morning!'

Now as they drove home, said Col. W. to my father,
'Did you get your debt paid?'
'No! said my father. 'What prime toast!'

'Yes,' replied the Colonel; 'but why didn't you get your money?'
'Why? said my father, 'the fellow bluffed me square off with his brown toast and toddy; I'll be whipped if he gave me a chance to ask him for it.'

SENSEOPATHY.—A correspondent whose ad experience has been very impartially divided between Homoeopathy and Allopathy, sends the Providence Journal the following parody on the lines which have lately gone the rounds of the papers touching these two schools of medicine:

Take the open air,
The more you take the better,
Follow nature's laws,
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go,
To the Bay of Biscay,
Let alone the Gin,
The Brandy and the Whiskey.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no dread of sickness
Make you over fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or at least you ought to.

ILLUSION IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.
The following interesting extract from a private letter, descriptive of a singular optical illusion on the Catskill Mountains, written, says the N. Y. Tribune by an eye witness, has been handed to us by a friend for publication.

when the rainbow disappeared, and the phenomenon of Monday last succeeded, each person saw his own shadow of huge dimensions, reflected on the cloud and surrounded by a halo of light, but was unable to see that of his neighbor. I shall never in my life see anything of the kind again, and if I had not seen it, I could have formed no conception of its effect; it was perfectly thrilling. The poems of Ossian, the Children of the Mist; the Death-fetich of the Germans; the Spectral Pantheons that were fearful visions to less enlightened ages, were all realized distinctly and palpably before us. This visit to the Catskills have revealed to me more of the wonders of Nature than all else that I have seen put together.

Yours,
C. T. D.

COUNTRY PASTOR'S ADVICE TO EDITORS.
The Editors of the New York Independent received, a few weeks since, the following advice from a country pastor, which we presume he had learned by his own experience:

'My advice to you is this:—If you must show your zeal, find out some dead dog, like Fourierism, and kick that most lustily; or attack Garrisonism with all your batteries—speak out! manfully against it—see that it gets no quarter. If you are in want of work, scare up some small game, and fire away by columns and platoons. Let out your valor in this way. But is sheer temerity, and not courage, to run a tilt with the real sins and evils that you meet. Just let them alone, as one would an irritable mastiff on the road; then you may have peace, praise, and subscribers.'

'I charge nothing for advice, and pay my own postage; you will see at once, therefore, that I must have your welfare very deeply at heart.'

CUBA.—This island is about the size of the State of Maine. It contains a population at the present time, of one million four hundred thousand, of which about six hundred and ten thousand are whites, one hundred and ninety thousand are free colored, and six hundred thousand slaves. Its principal harbors are the finest in the world. It has one hundred and ninety-five miles of railroad completed and in successful operation, and sixty-one miles in course of construction. It is well watered by numerous rivers, and its surface, except in the central portion of the island, diversified with mountains. Only two-fifths of its surface are cultivated. Of the remaining three-fifths, now unused, one is probably worthless, leaving one-half of its agricultural resources undeveloped. The climate is so genial, that it yields two crops a year of many of its productions.

SLOW AND SURE.

In forty years of steady work, so Eastern travelers say, The Chinese make a porcelain cup of Oriental clay; In Bagdad they form easily a hundred in a day; But princes seek and prize the one—the other's thrown away.

The chicken walks from out its shell, and goes its food to find,
While helpless lies for months and years the child of human kind;
Which yet, by gradual growth, o'ersteps all else in strength and mind,
O slow of thought! remember this—the thankful and resigned!

Considerable amusement is caused by an anecdote which is going the rounds, and of which President Bonaparte is the hero. He went to review the troops at Troyes. When the car containing the President and suite stopped, an old man, a laborer, came up, and in a voice that made the echoes tremble, cried, 'Hurrah for Napoleon!' A smile of thanks already played round the lips of the Executive power when the old man resumed as if to complete his thoughts: 'Hurrah for Napoleon—who is dead?' Thereupon the bell rang, and the train continued its route.

The editor of the Albany Dutchman has been regaling himself with a 'bast with a locomotive,' which he thus sums up: 'We returned home on Thursday, after a trip of 600 miles, and in about three and a half days, having in that time passed over four states, nine railroads, four exes, and a barouch. Anybody that has done more in that time, will please forward his address and the small balance he owes us.'

THE ASSENT.
The spell is broken—she has laid
Her trembling lips against his cheek;
On hers there is a deeper shade
Of crimson, but she does not speak;
Her voice is hushed—her voice is still—
'Tis given, half without her will!

ADVICE GRATIS.—INDEPENDENCE.—A friend who came up in the Patchin a few days since, told a good joke of Capt. W.—The worthy Captain observed a tall Yankee sitting on the taffrail, with two thirds of his body projecting over the water, smoking and kicking his heels in a very unconcerned manner, remarked to him: 'Friend if you fall overboard, we shan't stop for you.' Jonathan replied: 'Well I ask no favors. I can catch your darned old boat any way.'

The Jersey Times, quoting an article in the New York Express, approves Macbeth's recipe against cholera: the first ingredient of the prescription is, of course, to be taken literally; the second not 'exactly so':—
'Sow all the country round!
Hang those who talk of fear!'

HIGH FLOWN.—It is said that a young man who knows dictionary by heart, made use of a beautiful expression while 'acting nice' in walking with some ladies, not a great way from here. Says he, 'Thers's an exuberance of lightning bugs this evening, Miss.'

I know an excellent old lady who always dated from the time 'when her horses ran away'—to be sure it was a remarkable feat, and she used to remark in describing it, that she put the firmest reliance on Providence till the breaching broke, and then she gave up.

A hair oil man advertises that he has raised a luxuriant crop of the largest of an egg in twelve hours.

COMFORTABLE.—A Burman soldier being asked the definition of happiness, answered, 'Being turned into a buffalo, and lying down in a meadow of grass higher than the level to eat all day long without a single mosquito to annoy.'

SMUT IN WHEAT AND OATS.

The true cause of smut in wheat and oats, in my opinion, is because the seed that is sown was not ripe when cut. By the seed not being fully ripe when cut, the proper qualities to produce good wheat or oats are not properly matured in it. Although at the same time that there is not sufficient substance in the seed to produce the wheat or oats, there is a material difference between the substance that produces the stock, and the substance that produces the grain. What more fully convinces me that the above is the true cause of smut, is, that I bought some seed oats from one of my neighbors this spring, and sowed them; when they headed, there was at least one third of them, black heads. I was surprised and sorry, and made some inquiry of my neighbor what was the cause of so many black heads. He told me, the reason of it must be by a mistake that was made when he threshed his seed oats. He cut one half of his crop quite green, the other half quite ripe, for seed, stacked them side by side, and when he sent his son after them, he took the wrong stack. Another of my neighbors sowed some old seed and some new; the old seed was ripe when cut, the new was green; he sowed them in the same field, the same day. There were no black heads in the old oats sown, but the new seed were about one third black heads; so much difference in them that you could tell them to the very land sown, and almost to the furrow. Now, if this is the true cause of smut in oats, it undoubtedly must be the true cause of smut in wheat. If it is not, I would like very much if some of your subscribers would inform me what is the true cause. [Corr. Phil. Dollar Newspaper.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 20, 1849.

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

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncared for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The regular monthly mail brings full intelligence from California. In addition to the general news which we copy from other papers, we have a full journal of the voyage of the "Charlotte," which sailed from Newburyport in December, and in which went passengers Messrs. Gupit, Hudson, Gardner and Charles Waters, Rufus Kendall, and others from this section. This journal was written only for private amusement, and for the gratification of his friends at home, by Mr. GARDNER WATERS, JR., but at our particular request we are permitted to give it to our readers. To-day we have only room for the following extracts.—The accident to young Hudson, of which we gave a brief notice a few weeks since, is thus recorded:—

"Monday, June 14th.—Last evening a very melancholy accident happened on board the Charlotte to one of our passengers; a young man, beloved and respected by all on board, was shot in the leg by the accidental discharge of a pistol from the coat pocket of another person. The tibia, just above the ankle, was very badly shattered. Several specula have been removed. The ball, or rather slug as it was, entered the centre of the front of the leg, and inclined a little upward from a horizontal, but neither to the right nor left. Its location cannot be ascertained; it cannot be felt with a probe, and cannot be removed without making so wide and deep an incision as to endanger the safety of the limb more than leaving the ball in the leg. Leaden balls and shot are thus frequently left in the flesh; nature forms a sort of cyst about them, the wound heals, and the ball is never after troublesome. In this case, it is supposed that the ball went to the centre or just beyond the tibia, between it and the fibula, and then dropped a little to where it is impossible to feel it with a probe. But 'tis a bad fracture, very bad. O, the anxious slug! had it, like the seeds of Epicurus, but 'swerved a little from the exactest line,'—but no, rendered crazy by fire and powder, these deadly balls are perfectly indifferent where they strike or who is the victim.

"The unfortunate young man was taken to the Hospital this morning. We have a very skillful and experienced physician aboard (Dr. Gupit, a member of our company) but as there is so much motion in a vessel at sea, it would be unsafe for the wounded person to remain in her. Another young man, belonging to the same company, will remain with him, and he will probably have the best of care taken of him. The physician of the place has a good reputation, and appears to be skillful in his profession."

We pass to the

ARRIVAL IN THE BAY.

"Monday, July 23d.—At 11 o'clock A. M. we saw the anchor and ran in front of the city of San Francisco. It seemed like sailing into New York harbor—such a forest of masts! We can count now more than a hundred vessels anchored in front of the town. The wind blows very strong from the north-west, and we cannot get ashore to-day; provoking enough! It is six months to-day since we left home.

"Tuesday, 24th.—Wind continued very strong from the north; towards night it lulled a little and the vessel was hauled in nearer to the town. She will commence discharging her freight tomorrow. We find some of the vessels that left Talcahuana with us have been here some time, and others have not yet arrived; several vessels coming in to-day. Not only the passengers, but the officers and crew of

many of the vessels leave for the 'diggins' as soon as they arrive—the gold fever raging as high as ever—and the vessels are left, some of them, to the mercy of the wind and waves. I cannot now attempt any kind of a description of California, and don't know as I shall at all, for I presume upon every arrival of the steamers from this place, any amount of 'letters from California' are made public, so you will get all that kind of information through the press. A few facts we have learned to-day: wages for all kinds of labor are very high—common day laborer, \$10; mechanics, \$12 to \$15 per day; common sailor, cook, steward, &c., about \$150 to \$200 per month. Most articles of clothing are cheap, and so are provisions. Flour, when we first got in, \$6—now \$10 per bbl. and rising; pork \$24; beef, no sale, enough of it here, fresh and nice; lumber, (it don't make much difference whether pine or hemlock boards) retails from \$300 to \$500 per M.—by the cargo, \$275. One little article, dried pears, we bought in Talcahuana for our own use, but found we could not cook them at all; we paid a cent and a half and sold them here for 30 cents per lb.—pretty good per centage.

Thursday, 26th.—Got all our stuff out of the vessel to-day; set up our tent on the shore a little ways from the city, and, for the first time, to-night shall bivouac in our own domicile. It will take us a few days to put our boat together and get every thing ready for a fair start for the mines, but whether we shall go up the river as soon as we get ready we are not yet decided. It is the sickly season now, and before we make any desperate efforts to gain more we shall be pretty careful to preserve what we already possess—good health. What's all your gold worth without that? There seems to be no doubt that there is gold enough for all and to spare. According to estimate, there are in California, now, about 70,000 souls, and still they come. A great many vessels are due here from the Atlantic States, that have been out over 150 days."

In a letter to his father, Mr. Waters gives the following relative to their plans, and particularly in regard to Hudson:

"We have to work all day putting up our boat, till it is too late to see to write. Our camp, or rather our tent, is pitched in the sand on the beach, about a mile from the city. We shall get our boat ready to launch tomorrow, and think we shall start for the diggings the last of the week. I fear we shall not see or hear from Charles or Hudson before we go. I regret it very much, but think we cannot better their or our condition by waiting. We shall leave directions for them to remain in the city after they arrive, till they see or hear from us again. Anybody can find work enough to do here every day, and make from eight to fifteen dollars a day. I would risk either Charles or Hudson here, even without a friend, or a cent in their pockets."

EXCITEMENT AT PANAMA.

The Panama Star of Aug. 27, several numbers of which have been handed us, contains the proceedings of a meeting of "Americans in Panama," to consider the various abuses complained of by those who have been detained at that place. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Committee, who have endeavored to get at all the facts in relation to the subject referred to them, by inquiries of the agents and from other sources, there are no reasons for a long detention of Americans in Panama, beyond the interest or caprice of the agents.

Resolved, That we consider the course pursued by the proprietors of the Pacific steamers in New York, in advising passengers to arrive at Panama on the first of the month, and then detaining or allowing their agents to detain, the steamers until the last, as a wanton trifling with the health and lives of passengers, and as such deserving of the severest condemnation.

Resolved, That we consider the agents at Panama, Messrs. Zachrisson, Nelson & Co., as unsuitable persons for the situation they hold, and that in our opinion it is the duty of Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall to appoint some other agent or agents, who will treat the passengers, and all others desirous of obtaining information, as gentlemen, and who will dispose of the tickets for sale here in a fair and equitable manner.

Resolved, That we consider the American Consul at this port unworthy of the station; that so far from rendering assistance to Americans in distress, he has always been disposed to take advantage of their necessities for his own benefit; that we consider such a course as an insult to our Government, and hereby advise all persons having influence in the States to exert it for his removal.

Resolved, That from the great embarrassment which Americans and others experience, from the mismanagement and misrepresentation of agents at Panama, we recommend all persons coming this route to provide themselves with through tickets, as the agents of the steamers here are generally the agents of sailing vessels from this port to San Francisco, and thereby have the power of extorting, or do extort, enormous prices from those whose poverty and suffering in a strange land ought to entitle them to aid, rather than imposition and oppression.

Resolved, That all bona fide tickets ought to be transferable to any one intending to sail in the steamer for which they are issued, the present regulations being only enforced to advantage a few, to the detriment of the many.

Resolved, That having been informed of the great imposition practiced upon passengers in the Pacific steamers, as Americans we will not submit to any injustice or ungentlemanly treatment from the officers of the same, either towards cabin or steerage passengers, and further we are determined to protect ourselves and such other from all unfair treatment either on sea or on the land.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Panama Star, and that copies of the same be forwarded to the principal cities in the United States, with a request that all papers in the Union will publish the same.

Wm. D. Stover, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., acted as chairman of the meeting, and John H. Redington, son of Silas Redington Esq. of this place, as secretary.

On the margin of the paper containing the above resolutions, we find the following written in pencil by Mr. Redington:

"I send you one day later from Panama, as we have had considerable of a 'row' since yesterday. Stover and myself received letters

from the American Consul, Mr. Nelson, stating that unless a full retraction of our resolves was made in 12 hours, we should be arrested and detained here for trial. Great indignation was excited among the Americans, and a determination was formed by all the Oregon passengers to resist, by force if necessary, any such arrest. Finding that they had gone too far, they sent for one of the committee and withdrew their threats. You will find the result of the special meeting in the paper. I never saw so great an excitement. Four hundred Americans now here, all well armed, would have resisted the whole city successfully, and taken the steamer by force, had the arrest been attempted."

True grit, boys!—and true sons of Maine! It does us good to see you carry your own banner of freedom with you, even in foreign territory. Where you find a false representative of your country, teach him how to be an American; and show to all, even if you get short of other rations, that your stock of independence is large enough to last you through, till you get home where there is enough more. The servant of your own flag didn't frighten you, eh! 'Good on your heads,' boys!

THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE.—Gen. Dearborn makes the following mention of this interesting relic, which he saw in his late trip through Maine:

At the mouth of the Sebasticook, which falls into the Kennebec, nearly opposite the lower part of the village of Waterville, was a second military station called Fort Halifax, which was built in the same year and in the same manner as that at Augusta. 1817 all the edifices were standing, but now there is only one block house left; and I trust that gentlemen in the vicinity will purchase and repair it, that it may be perpetuated as a sample of the fortresses when our ancestors were contending against the savages, who were liege subjects of the King of France, and as a memorial of those years of peril and fortitude when he who tilled the earth was obliged to be armed, and in times of alarm men, women and children fled from their humble dwellings and sought shelter in these pristine and important fortifications; for they were the only places of refuge from the ruthless and terrible visitations of Indian warriors.

Mr. Mathews of the Blade, in copying the above, adds the following pretty paragraph:

In our mind the old weather-beaten building is connected with a thousand pleasing associations, for in happier days, alas it was a milestone in our weekly or rather daily pilgrimages to the shrine of our heart's devotion.—If Pope could not bear to see a post-rudely torn up from the ground, which he was wont to contemplate daily when a child, we may well be pardoned for a slight gush of feeling at the mention of this old familiar bulwark.—Gen. Dearborn's suggestion is well-timed, and we hope will not be neglected by the citizens of W. It would be a shame to leave this memorial of "long syne," dilapidated though it is, and shorn of its pristine glories, to topple into the Sebasticook, or to make a bonfire for the delight of some urchin Erosstratus.

How is this?—It seems to us that the following law, passed at the last session of the legislature, has a decidedly sober look. Just look at it, farmers, and see if you can tell what it means:—

An Act, to prevent the sale of Intoxicating Drinks at Cattle Shows.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled:—

SECTION 1. If any person, not being duly licensed therefor, shall sell or expose to sell, during the continuance of any Cattle Show or Fair, and within two miles thereof, any intoxicating drinks, he shall, upon complaint and conviction of such offence before any justice of the peace, be punished by imprisonment in the county jail, not exceeding ten days.

SEC. 2. This act shall be in force from and after its approval by the Governor.

[Approved, Aug. 15, 1849.]

Now, if we understand this, we ask what right the farmers have to hold their Cattle Show in our village, and thus deprive us of the use of rum for two entire days? If the Legislature could be here during that time, and witness our sufferings, the Governor would have to call an extra session to repeal the law. How could Gov. Dana "approve" of stigmatizing "respectable" rum-sellers as criminals, by making imprisonment the penalty instead of a fine? Allow us to say to you, farmers of Kennebec, that inasmuch as this law was made for your sole benefit, and must operate greatly to the injury of all the rest of us, it is hoped you will not pay much attention to it this year. If any poor scamp should undertake to sell rum, "give him Jesse," for ten full days and nights in Augusta jail; but here are a few of us, who drink "moderately," but must have a little—we are too respectable to be seen drunk when our homes are so near, and don't like to drink at a low rum-hole—you must wink in our direction a little, if you think of giving any attention to this new and strange law. We must have a little favor, or you will find strong opposition in carrying out your new idea of what is criminal. And inasmuch as some of you got decidedly "rich" out of the traffic last year, you should bear in mind that our village ought to profit out of the only "high" day that remains to us this Fall.

FACTS.—Hon. H. A. S. Dearborn, of Massachusetts, has recently made a tour through various interesting sections of Maine and communicated a series of articles for the Boston Atlas. The resources of our State, as they have presented themselves to the eye of a shrewd and practical man like Mr. Dearborn, evidently excite a broad estimate of future prosperity. After mentioning various railroads in progress, Mr. D. remarks:

To those who ever doubt, and are prone to look with distrust upon the grand efforts which are being made, for the developing the internal resources and extending the means of physical and intellectual intercourse between all parts of the several and of the United States, by improving the navigation of rivers and harbors, the construction of canals and railways, and the elevation of magnetic telegraphs—the most wonderful and important invention of man—this commendable illustration of wise and far-reaching presence, determined energy and indomitable perseverance, on the part of the intelligent, adventurous and industrious citizens of Maine, may appear rash, precipitate and extravagant. But there is no living man who can form a just and adequate estimate of the wonderful revelations of the next twenty-five

years, however sanguine and confident are his views, in relation to the progress of internal improvements, and the unexampled speed with which this country is advancing in population, prosperity, wealth and power, from the culture of the earth, the establishment of manufacturing, that spirit of commercial enterprise, which has made known our flag to every civilized and savage people, on the shores of every continent and island throughout the surface of the globe, the working of the inexhaustible mines of coal, copper, lead, gold and other metals and minerals.

One of his prominent paragraphs, embracing, part which no doubt contribute to suggest the above, is the following:

In navigation, Maine holds a high station, for in 1847 it amounted to 373,763 tons, being one-seventh of the whole United States, and it is only exceeded by that of Massachusetts and New York; while the number of vessels built in the State, in the same year, was 346, which measured 78,548 tons, and exceeded, by more than a third, the tonnage of those built in the five other New England States, by a quarter that of the State of New York, and was three times as much as that of Pennsylvania."

Here are facts that may well make a Maine boy feel proud, as well abroad as at home.—Let them be appreciated.

SOMETHING NEW.

While the great project of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific has nearly monopolized public attention, a few ingenious individuals, in a private way, have been maturing a plan that looks more tangible, and more like communicating with the gold region, than either Whitney's or Degrand's. Perhaps it promises less ultimately, but its immediate availability gives it an advantage over every thing else. The plan contemplates the organization of a "Camel Transportation Company;" the object of which is the transportation of freight and passengers between the eastern and western seaboard. Maj. Webber has been engaged in an effort, in the vicinity of Boston and elsewhere, to complete an arrangement for the importation of one hundred camels, which is judged a sufficient number to test the scheme. Many individuals whose means of judging are extensive, do not hesitate to commend the project as one of rare merit—among them Mr. Darby, the geographer, and E. F. Miller, Esq. of Salem. Both these men are familiar with the character and habits of the camel, and give it as their opinion that it is in all respects peculiarly adapted to the enterprise. Its great power of endurance, in both hot and cold climates, is well known. Mr. Miller, in a letter to Maj. Webber, says of the Camel:

"Transportation by them is the cheapest of any accomplished by animal power. The equipment required is of the simplest kind.—There is no carriage to break down, nor harness to give way. There is no road needed, the roughest path sufficing. No shoeing is needed, except in rare cases of long continued travel over a sharp, gritty path, and then a simple kind of 'boot,' or buskin, of hide or leather, is all that is required.

"The foot of the camel is peculiarly adapted to traversing rough and rocky, as well as sandy regions, never slipping (unless where there is mud) and less liable to injury in travelling than that of almost any other animal, unless it may be the elephant.

"They are very capable of carrying small howitzers, or mountain guns, on their backs, (ordinarily bearing with ease from six to eight and ten hundred pounds, according to the relative size and strength of the animal), and the Persian army has a corps called the 'Camel Artillery,' armed with brass swivels mounted on pack saddles, borne on camels. A force, as it seems to me, even better suited to Indian warfare, in a rough country, than our celebrated 'Flying Artillery.'

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—It is gratifying to witness the uniform commendation bestowed upon this institution by the many distinguished visitors who attended the last Commencement. Among these, editors and correspondents of papers seem to have been unusually numerous; and though they seem generally to agree in avoiding personal praise, they meet on a general level of wholesome and substantial commendation, such as must be gratifying to all its friends, and favorable to its interest.

The Freshman Class, as we are informed, promises to be larger than for many years.—The good impression carried abroad is thus manifesting its fruits; though the effects of the last anniversary, which was unquestionably one of the very best, cannot of course be seen till another year. Hereafter the class of 1849 will be shown to have contributed its full share to the honor of its Alma Mater.

WOULD YOU?—The editor of the Banner in alluding to the lectures of Dr. Spencer, at Augusta, adds:—"He says he can cure people of tobacco-chewing, smoking, snuffing, swearing, and rum-drinking. If he can do the latter, we propose that one or two hundred dollars of our road money be appropriated by our Selectmen for the cure of drunkenness in our town."

Hold on, brother Drew!—if you effect this matter before the next session of the legislature, your city will be mis-represented there. "Sixty rum-shops" personified in the legislature in the "prince of rum-sellers," by an "overwhelming majority" of the freshmen of Augusta—and drunkenness all cured!—what an idea! Don't mention this "road money" project again, brother Drew; it makes us nervous.

Here it is again! How in the name of wonder do they do it? We will be off to Kendall's Mills, or Winslow, or West Waterville, next week—we will, without looking for the consequences or feeling in our pockets. Hear what the N. E. Washingtonian offers as an apology for the lack of editorial matter:—"The 'Senior' is attending a public meeting in another section of the county, and the 'Junior' is recreating among the White Mountains."

OUR RAILROAD.—The laying of the rails commenced at the depot in this place on Tuesday, and the iron track is progressing with railroad speed towards Readfield. A few such

working days as we have had this week will give us the shrill whistle of the iron horse, as he snorts his fire and smoke in our very midst. Then shall two bottles of harsaborn be sold for a shilling, and sent to the editor of the Banner for a health offering.

Edwin Noyes, Esq. of Waterville, has been appointed Superintendent of the road, and has entered upon his duties.

BOSTON TAILORS. The strike of the Boston journeymen tailors has become a matter of some interest. "The Journeymen Tailors' Society," which is said to embrace a large portion of the 'journs,' among its numbers, prohibits the execution of work below stipulated prices. Those prices the employers refuse to pay. At present the tailors are reaping a rich harvest from the strike—very high prices are paid to such as can do the better kind of work. The proprietors of the large clothing houses, to the number of forty are out with a card, in which they pledge themselves not to employ, under any circumstances, a member of the "Journeymen Tailors' Society."

So the matter stands—and we were looking for a rise in the price of ready made clothing. But THAYER still "keeps right on" at former low prices, and has a most excellent stock.—Those who buy for winter use will do well to secure good bargains before prices go up.

ROBBERIES IN BANGOR. The Whig mentions three cases of robbery in that city within a few days—as follows:

ROBBERY. We learn that the dwelling house of Mr. Stephen Walker was entered by robbers on Monday night.

ANOTHER. The dwelling house of Mr. A. Jones, of the firm of Smith & Jones, Marketmen, was entered at an early hour on Monday morning through a back window, and the robber passed through two rooms and an entry and entered the bedroom where Mr. Jones and his family were asleep and took his pantaloons and vest, and a watch hanging in the room, and a pair of embroidered slippers. There were about \$70 in the wallet and pockets of the clothing. The pantaloons were found thrown across the stone wall of a neighboring field, with the watch in the pocket.

ANOTHER. The dwelling house of Mr. A. S. Hall in Brewer, opposite this city, was entered through a stable a few nights since, and several rooms passed through and a trunk of papers, and a work box containing seventeen dollars, taken from the parlor. The papers were scattered about back of the barn, and the money carried off.

AN ERROR. We made an error in the letter of our Bangor correspondent, two weeks ago, which he has just pointed out to us. The programme of the graduating class was put for the exercises of the Junior and Middle classes, and vice versa. These should be corrected, comments standing as before.

RAPID TRAVELLING. Mr. Geo. Wilshire, of the firm of Wilshire & Co., Cincinnati, O., called at our office a few days since with copies of the Cincinnati Gazette and Cincinnati Enquirer, which he took from the offices of publication in Cincinnati four days previous! Mr. W. came by regular course of cars, boats and stages, in precisely two hours less than four days—a distance of thirteen hundred miles—with his wife, children and servant. His route was to Sandusky—thence to Buffalo, Albany, Boston, Portland and Waterville. Those who propose to go West will be surprised to learn that this speed may be attained by any one, without extra effort or expense. Mr. Wilshire merely steps out for a few days, to visit his native State and old friends—try his hand at fishing and moose hunting among the lakes—give his family an airing with a ride of three thousand miles—try the various New-England markets in his line of business—and return in season for afternoon service at church. That's all.

[P. S.—Cincinnati papers of the same date arrived in Augusta in the course of the following day—a matter of no surprise now, though we shall expect to hear of even greater things when the 'river road' reaches—somewhere.]

At the September Term of the Supreme Judicial Court, holden at Norridgewock, Thomas W. Herrick, of Waterville, and James W. Merrill, of Athens, were admitted to practice as Attorneys and Counsellors at law in the Courts of this State.

THE ELECTION.—No election of Governor by the people, Dr. Hubbard coming very near an election. A Democratic majority in the House—though some whig papers claim otherwise. We count the whig strength there but little more than last year. There is a considerable whig gain in the senate.

THE KENNEBEC BAPTIST ASSOCIATION closed its annual session in this place to-day. Rev. Mr. Crowell acted as Moderator, and presided through a most harmonious and interesting session.

LUCKY GOLD SEEKERS.—A San Francisco correspondent of the Nantucket inquirer says: "I saw my friend Joseph Jordan, of Tahiti; he had been to the mines ten days, and got \$1300 over and above all expenses. Another from Tahiti dug ten days, and got \$500, net."

The same correspondent says: "For our house, which cost, at home, 100 dollars, we got 1300 dollars; for the tent, which cost 50 dollars, we got \$250; our wagon cost 100 and sold for \$12 dollars; a 'cook stove,' which cost 15 dollars, sold for 125; for 50 lbs. of saleratus we got 150 dollars (three dollars per lb.); for 1500 lbs. of bread, 165; for 100 lbs. of butter 100 dollars."

A letter in the Taunton Gazette, from a member of Leonore Company says:—"We were the first large, well organized company in the country, and we sustain an excellent name here. Our business is trading and mining. We have sold nearly \$8000 already, and our cargo is valued at \$100,000.—We intend to speculate some, buy or get some land, and run a steamboat. Every body says that boat is worth to us \$100,000 and we have been offered \$20,000 as soon as she is finished, and you would not wonder at this statement if you should stand one day on the banks of the bay and see the number of sails of every class plying between the mines and San Francisco."

THE BATH TRIBUNE states that there are 4,500 tons of shipping now on the stocks at Brunswick and Thompson, Me.

The boat is well under way and will be completed in about a fortnight. We have sent off to the mines a party of 41, five or six of whom will return to-day bringing back the boats."

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Boston Traveller makes the following summary from a great variety of California letters which they do not publish:—

"A letter from Benicia, from a member of the Edward Everett's company, states that on the 12th of July, 60 of the men were sent up to the mines, and that on the 18th, all but 20 of the company went up, some remaining at Benicia to construct a large boat for navigating the Sacramento. It was proposed to carry up the company's stuff by this boat to Sacramento city, where their building was to be erected. The first enterprise which the company contemplated was to turn a stream called the Juba, a thing, the letter-writer says, never attempted before, for the reason that no company had ever, as yet, held together long enough to accomplish it, or even to make a beginning.—Eleven of the Everett's company left the day after they arrived at Benicia; but the writer expresses an opinion that the remainder would hold together. [Our readers will remember that a letter which we published yesterday, dated at San Francisco the 1st of August, reported the entire disbandment of this company. It may be that the report arose from the fact stated above, that eleven of the company had left.] Those who quit, the writer says, were not men whom it was desirable to retain, and they were parted with, not only without their share of the property, but without the regrets of the remaining company.

"There is said to be game enough of all kinds, and an immense quantity of wild cattle all along up the river, which were taken by the gold hunters when occasion required. Two cattle, weighing 500 each, were shot by members of the Everett's company on the 7th of July. One of the Directors of the company was chased by one of the wounded animals and caught between the horns and tossed, and injured considerably, his gun being broken to pieces.

"The Everett's Co. has decided not to sell any more of their stuff, except 10,000 shingles, which were sold for only \$30 a thousand.

"Gambling is spoken of as the common recreation of the region, many going to the mines and getting a few thousand dollars, and returning to lose it all in a day perhaps at the gaming table.

"Ten thousand men were at San Francisco about the first of July, awaiting conveyances to the mines, the only means of getting up being by small sail boats, which were literally jammed full at every trip. The boats could only go forty miles up the river, and passengers were charged \$30 for the passage, to find themselves.

"The writer says he was offered \$18 a day to work at his trade (that of a carpenter, we believe), for three weeks, with a prospect of a longer engagement—and pay every day in advance. He did not accept the offer, he says, for the reason that if one half of what he heard was true, he could do better at the mines. The company was offered 20,000 dollars for the building they carried out with them, to be put up and covered—the frame being 25 by 40.

The Government offered 100,000 dollars for the removal of 14 guns, which were on the shore, to a fort about 3 miles distant, to be hoisted up the fort, about 100 feet high.

A letter from San Francisco, from a house painter, states that the writer had engaged to work for several weeks, at 15 dollars a day, after which he intended to go to the mines. A good grainer could get 20 dollars a day.

One letter states that a whale ship was on shore not far from San Francisco, with not a soul on board; no anchors down; fore, main, and mizen top-sails sheeted home; sails blowing; and 12 hundred barrels of oil on board.—No one went near her. Sailors were getting 150 a month.

CALIFORNIA POSTAGE. Good news from a far country costs nearly as much as it did in patriarchal times. Mr. Gardner Waters of this village, who takes an interest in the gold enterprise, has been paying postage for a few days past, at the following rate:

Sept. 15th, one letter (not single)	\$3.60
" " " " " single	40
" 17 " " " double	80
	\$4.80

Hum!—what would it cost to carry on a 5 years' courtship, at that rate, in the way they "did it in our day?" The man that did the "gentle thing" both ways, would have to dig.

Brown University, at its late Commencement, conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. on Prof. Geo. W. Keely, of Waterville College.

DEATH AND ROBBERY.—A Chicago paper states that Mr. Stratton of the Sagamore House, and formerly of Bangor, died of cholera after nine hours' sickness, and within five minutes of his death, was robbed of \$800 which he had placed in his pocket book under his pillow.

ANDROSOGOGON RAILROAD.—The Lewiston Journal states that Mr. Williams is now surveying the first section of this road. It is designed to put it under contract as early a date as possible.

THE HEALTH OF BOSTON.—The health of our city is rapidly improving. The number of deaths during the week ending on Saturday was 160, being 45 less than the No. during the week previous. Of the whole No. 44 were reported of cholera, and 45 of dysentery and other diseases of the bowels. Only one death of cholera was reported to the Register during the 24 hours ending at noon on Saturday.

Mr. William Hayden, of Lewiston, Me., in his wallet, containing thirty-five dollars in money and papers of value stolen from him at the Boston and Maine Railroad Depot, on Friday evening.

SHEEP FROM THE KENNEBEC.—The Steamer Ocean, on her trip from Hallowell to Boston, on Monday night of last week, had more than 1000 sheep on board; twenty of which died before the Steamer arrived at Boston. A correspondent of the Traveller complains bitterly of "the intolerable stench that pervaded the boat." The Fountain states that no less than 14 sheep and lambs were dragged out to the wharf, dead, before the boat left Gardiner.

William H. Mills, Esq., has been elected Mayor of Bangor, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Mayor, Mr. Abbott. The Bath Tribune states that there are 4,500 tons of shipping now on the stocks at Brunswick and Thompson, Me.

FARMERS' HOME.

THE SABBATH.

To him who for six days a week
Can rarely call an hour his own,
How sweet to watch the Sabbath break,
And bless the light that Heaven hath thrown!
Oh! welcome more than tongue can name!
The dearest morn that greets our soil,
Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim,
Which shuts the busy world of toil.

From morn to eve—from morn to eve—
Still waking but for work alone;
Oh, Heaven! it is a blissful reprieve
To have one day to call our own—
One day to breathe a wider span
Unfettered by the bonds of trade,
To leave the plodding world of man,
And view the world which God hath made.

[T. SWAIN.]

WELL DIRECTED LABOR.

A single stroke of an axe is of little consequence; yet by the continual application of that small power, properly directed, what amazing effects are produced! The sturdy oak and lofty pine do not simply own its power, but whole forests lie before it, and the wilderness becomes a garden.

Industry, well directed, will give a man a competency in a few years. The greatest industry misapplied is useless.

As an example, there is my neighbor, Seth Steady, the blacksmith, is not only an industrious man, his industry is applied to one object. His hammer is heard at dawn of day, and the fire blazes in his shop, during the evenings, from the 20th of September till the 20th of March. Go to his shop at any time of the day for any kind of work, you are sure to be waited upon. The consequence is, his purse is filled with dollars, and his cellar well filled with provision; and that's what I call quite comfortable. Although suitably liberal, and enjoying the good things of this life as he goes on, ten years of health will enable him to purchase a good farm.

As a contrast, there is my friend, Nat Notional, the busiest and most industrious mortal in existence; as the old saying is, "he has too many irons in the fire," and with all his industry, he goes behindhand.

He has a fine farm, but instead of pursuing the cultivation of it, he flies off, and seizes on every new project that occurs.

A few years ago, he concluded to give up the dairy business, in consequence of the low price of butter and cheese; sold his cows at a low figure, and purchased sheep at a high rate, for wool then demanded a high price. By the time he got fairly into the raising of wool, down went the price of wool, and up went the price of butter and cheese. He then sold his sheep, and purchased cows again, for cheese was up and wool was down. And finally, he changed his business so often, because he wasn't contented to thrive, little by little, as Seth Steady did, that he got completely used up, and is now only fit for California, or some other wool-gathering project.

So you see that well-directed labor is sure to meet its reward; while he who keeps a dozen irons in the fire, and none of them hot, will as surely meet with the fate of poor Nat Notional.

KEEP THE PREMISES CLEAN.

Every cultivator should keep his premises as clean as possible, for the important purposes of saving manure and promoting health. Some discerning persons remark that in the hot summer, while vegetation is in a flourishing condition, it is more healthy in the country than in the city, but the reverse is the case in September and October, as at this season many vegetable productions have come to maturity and are decaying, filling the air with noxious gases and odors; hence arise fevers, dysentery, and other complaints, which are more common in the country early in fall. We give this view of the subject, which some have presented, and we will make a few remarks on the subject that claim the particular attention of every cultivator, whether this view be correct or not.

Keep the premises, particularly around the dwelling, perfectly free from every substance that will stain the air. Every decaying vegetable or animal substance should be removed a good distance, and then covered in earth, for the purpose of manure.

The pig-pen, though at a respectable distance, should be supplied with loam to absorb all liquid matter. All manure in the barn-yard should be covered with loam, sand, or mud, to save it from waste, and to keep the air pure, as, in the changes so common to the wind, the air is liable to be wafted from the barn to the house.

Cellars should be made as clean as possible, particularly as they communicate directly with the dwelling above, and any foul air produced is then very liable to pass into the house. All vegetables in the cellar that are tending to decay should be removed immediately. It is best to ventilate cellars thoroughly by opening doors and windows, and to keep the door open as little as possible that communicates with the rooms.

Necessary often produce a foul atmosphere around them; and as the dwelling is near, the offensive air is often wafted to it, and even when not perceptible, it is often operating injuriously. Some prepare these conveniences and cover with loam or other substance all night soil, so as to do away entirely with all unpleasant and unwholesome effects. When this is not the case, charcoal, plaster, chloride of lime, or other disinfectants, should be thrown into the vault, to absorb all noxious odors.

Water from the sink should be absorbed in loam, &c., for manure, instead of rising in foul gases, and being blown into the house. There are some cases of malignant and fatal disorders going through a family, while the rest of the neighborhood are in good health. This is often owing to some local cause, some foul puddle, pool, or stagnant pond, near the dwelling, or a general negligence as to keeping the premises clean.

Decaying weeds, grass, potatoes affected with the rot, potato tops, pumpkin and other vines, and various productions, are undergoing decomposition in the fall; and in the aggregate the amount is large, and filling the air with pestiferous gases. Farmers may do much good to themselves and the community by burying all such substances, and converting them into manure. Make them into a compost heap, well covered with loam, to absorb the gases. [N. E. Farmer.]

COLOR OF COUNTRY HOUSES.—The color of a cottage is next in importance to its architecture. As a general rule, I think dark colors (chocolate, for instance) are not in good taste, as in most seasons of the year they are gloomy, and not calculated long to please. For stables and out-houses they are more tolerable. There is enough in the country, when the trees

are not in foliage, to excite melancholy, without sombre houses or dead-pole fences and summer-houses. Every thing in and around a cottage ought to look gay and cheerful; and hence brilliant colors for buildings, such as white, straw, light pink, &c., are far more preferable, to my taste, as they never encourage a feeling of sadness, but appear in cheerful contrast with the surrounding landscape. [Corr. N. E. Farmer.]

BLACK SHEEP.

A neighbor selected a very likely young ram which he designed "turning out," and at shearing time made known such intention to his "headman," Peter. The shearing being over, Peter came to his master and said that the lamb he had selected would not do to "turn out," unless he wished to have black sheep in his flock. "How do you make that out, Peter?" said his master; "the lamb is the whitest in the flock." "That may be," replied Peter; "but I tell you half his lambs will be black, for he has a black streak under his tongue."

The master and myself, in talking upon the subject, came to the conclusion that a greater man than Peter had advanced the same opinion, and accordingly we picked up an old Virgil and commenced the search. After no little trouble, we found the following:—(Geo. 3-387.)

"Lilium autem, quavis aris et candido ipso,
Nigra subest udo tantum cum lingua palato,
Religio, non maculis infuscat vellera pulvis
Nascuntur."

The English of which, I presume is, But, though the ram himself may be white, reject him under whose moist palate there is a black tongue, that he may not darken the fleeces of the lambs with blackish spots.

Whether Peter borrowed the idea from the "Mantuan Bard" or not, is a matter of no consequence. The question for you, Mr. Botts, or some of your correspondents, is, Is the idea correct? We have, you see, the opinion of a "book farmer" and a practical one—of an ancient and modern one—a great man and a little one.—[Southern Planter.]

BARREN FRUIT TREES.—To cure barrenness in fruit trees, change the soil. If the soil is clay, or a cold, muddy soil, remove a part around the roots, and put instead gravelly or sandy loam. If the soil is now too light and porous, change a part for a more compact soil. Apply several kinds of manure, such as ashes, lime, or old lime mortar, soap suds, sink water, plaster, soil, &c. Another aid to productivity is moderate pruning, to expose the branches to air and sun. Clipping off a part of the present year's growth, in July, tends to the production of fruit buds. If a tree is not sufficiently vigorous, manure and cultivation will render it more fruitful. After all that is done to render a tree productive, some kinds will bear but sparsely, as they are naturally poor bearers, and it is impossible to change the natural habits of a variety.—[N. E. Farmer.]

TO CURE A STIPLED HORSE.—J. B. Goddard, of Norwich, Conn., writes to the American Agriculturist, as follows:—

Take one gallon of urine, and put therein a small handful of junk tobacco; boil down to one quart; then add two ounces of oil spike, one ounce of oil of amber, two spoonfuls of spirits of turpentine, and two spoonfuls of honey. Put it into a jug, and cork it tight for use. Process of application: Rub the stiff-bone lard with the mixture, fifteen or twenty minutes; then dry it in thoroughly with a red-hot fire shovel; then ride the horse forth and back one hundred yards. Repeat the above two or three times, and the cure will be effected.

INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR HEN LICE.—Boil up a quantity of onions in water. When the onions become soft, mash them up, and with the water stir in Indian corn meal till sufficiently thick to give out to the hens and chickens when cool. They will eat it, and not a louse will be found on them twenty-four hours after, and they will cease to infest their roosting-places after.—[Corr. N. E. Farmer.]

BE CHERRFUL.—Who will not heartily respond to such sentiments as these?

A great deal of the sorrow experienced in the world we bring upon ourselves. Everything is smiling and beautiful around us. The forest is not decayed—the rivers and brooks are not turbid—and the sky is not clothed in sackcloth. Nature, throughout the year, is delightful; and why should man be sad? His heart has not been schooled right; his passions have not been subdued; he is altogether too selfish, and is therefore miserable. We know many individuals who are as crabbed and cross as they can be when they are not making money fast. If they lose a sixpence by way of trade they feel like gnawing flies; if a debtor has turned bankrupt it takes full six months to erase the scowl from their brows. We are acquainted with one man, worth at least one hundred thousand dollars who suffers unaccountably in his mind for fear he shall die poor. He knows not what it is to enjoy a moment's peace of mind. Another we have seen, who pays no taxes without a curse, and is eternally railing against the assessors for doing their duty. Now, all such people make the pangs they daily feel, and are miserable in the midst of pleasure. Let them live like human beings, with gratitude in their hearts, and kindness on their lips, and all their fears and sorrow would instantly vanish. All should be happy. It was Heaven's design that we should be so, when he created us in his image, and made, with infinite wisdom this glorious world and streched above us the illimitable skies.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS VERIFIED.—The Decalogue has been thus tersely and quaintly rendered into rhyme; and would, in this shape, be a good exercise for the memories of young children:—

1. I am the Lord thy God—serve only me;
2. Before no idols bow the impious knee;
3. Use not my name in trifles nor in jest;
4. Dare not profane my sacred day of rest;
5. Ever to parents due obedience pay;
6. Thy fellow creature, man, thou shalt not slay;
7. In no adult'rous commerce bear a part;
8. From stealing keep with care thy hand and heart;
9. All false reports against thy neighbor hate;
10. And ne'er indulge a wish for his estate.

On Mr. Jefferson being presented to the French Court, some eminent functionary said to him:—You replace Dr. Franklin, Sir?—'I succeed Dr. Franklin,' was the reply, 'no man can replace him.'

It is ingeniously confessed in the life of Hobbes, that for a man who lived so long, his reading was inconsiderable. Nay, he used to say, that if he had bestowed as much time on reading as other men of letters, he should have been as ignorant as they.

A Frenchman once saw a gentleman walk up to an open snuff-box in the hands of another, and take a pinch of snuff, having prefaced the act with the words, 'May I take the liberty?' On the next day, the Frenchman went into a tobacco shop and asked for a half-pound of liberty.

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 Grind in a Broiling Chamber, constructed for cooking steaks, cleanly 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, Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer, which is universally pronounced superior to all open-draught at this season in use.

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

Stanley's Air-tight Rotary, Congress Air-tight, Wedge's Air-tight, Atwood's Empire, Boston Air-tight, Hathaway's Air-tight, together with

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

The Stock comprises also, a variety of Fancy Cast and Sheet Iron, Parlor and Chamber Stoves, Box and Plate Stoves for Halls, School-Houses, Churches, Stores, &c.,

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

HARDWARE. All kinds of Tools, Saws, hand and mill, cordage, nails, glue, pumps and hose, house fittings, copper kettles, scythes and other farmer's implements, household articles, &c., &c. Waterville, June 28th, 1848. J. R. FOSTER & CO.,

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 and Importers prices and being prepared to take advantage of all the important AUCTION SALES, by means of a partner on the spot, we are now enabled to sell for CASH, at wholesale or retail, at a lower rate than any other firm in town.

We are now receiving another valuable Stock, making our assortment of **NEW STOCK** of the most fashionable DRESS GOODS, Fancy and other Goods, among which are

Foreign and Domestic, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Crochery and Glass Ware, Carpets, 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 **EXTENSIVE STOCK** of the most fashionable DRESS GOODS, Fancy and other Goods, among which are

DRESS SILKS, the new and beautiful styles of Silk, Linen, Mohair, Plaid and Plain changeable Lusters, Thibets, Alastia Luster, a new and splendid article, Eng. Sc. Fr. and Am. Gingham, 8 to 20c.

Linen Gingham and Lusters, 12-12 to 25c. Muslin Gingham, 8 to 16c. Barages, 10 to 16c. Printed Lawns, 8 to 17c. India Linens, Lawns and Muslins, 17 to 30c. Alpaccas and Alpines, 15 to 100c. DeLaines, 12 to 23c. Eng. Sc. and Am. Prints, 3 to 11c. Patches, 3 to 10c.

Hosiery, gloves, ribbons, gimps, fringes, laces, edgings, silk, linen and cotton hdkfs., parasols, flannels of all colors, plain, striped, and fancy, shawls, cloaks, coats, &c. Swiss muslins, linen lawns, linen cambrics, Irish lins, curtain muslins, bleached sheeting, colored cambrics, knitted cottons, cambric bags, muslin veils, &c. &c. Bonnet cases, brown lins, silicles, linen, cotton, brown, bleached and colored table cloths, French embossed table covers, toilet covers, robes, fancy hdkfs., scarfs and cravats, green barge velvets, cord and tassels, comb, &c. &c. Shawls.—A complete assortment of cashmere, silk, crapes, thibet, fancy, &c., also a great variety of BEDDING, including, cassimere, vesting, do. skins, tweed, satinetts, gamsons, coating, satins, velvets, red flannel, green backing, cloths for children, and tailors' trimmings.

SHAWLS.—A complete assortment of cashmere, silk, crapes, thibet, fancy, &c., also a great variety of BEDDING, including, cassimere, vesting, do. skins, tweed, satinetts, gamsons, coating, satins, velvets, red flannel, green backing, cloths for children, and tailors' trimmings.

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HARDWARE.

HENRY NOURSE & CO. Importers and Dealers in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND SADDLERY.

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

Also, a full supply of fresh Ground LEAD of different qualities and all other kinds of Paints—Lined, Sperm, Lard and Whale Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Japan, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best quality, and all other articles.

Manilla 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. [41-1-1]

NEW MILLINERY GOODS. AT

MRS. F. M. BURBANK'S No. 1 Boutelle Block.

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. 24

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM

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

CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS, EMBRACING Sofas, card, centre and Work Tables, of various patterns Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Wash stands, Chamber-sinks Toilet-tables, Light-stands, Teapots, &c., &c.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Mahogany Stuffed Chairs, Mahogany and cane-back Rocking-chairs, cane and wicker seat, of various patterns, and a large stock of do., Children's Willow Carriages, Cradles, Chairs, &c., &c.

Together with the best assortment and the largest sized of **LOOKING-GLASSES,** to be found in town.

Chamber Sets manufactured to order, painted fancy colors to suit purchasers. N. B. All kinds of Cabinet Furniture manufactured to order. Waterville, Oct. 18th, 1848. (13-1-1)

NEW ESTABLISHMENT. NEW AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF **JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS.**

WINGATE & TALBOT HAVE just opened a choice and extensive assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Rich Jewelry, Silver Spoon, Gold Pens, Gold and Silver Keys and Pencils, &c. &c. Also, a large stock of Gold, Guard, Vest and Fob Chains, Hanging, side, Miniature and Parlor Solar Lamps, Vases, Britannia and Plate Ware, Clocks, &c. &c.

WATCH REPAIRING and ENGRAVING done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms. W. & T. are determined that no one who is disposed to patronize the house, should find any obstacle in going out of town for any article which they can furnish. May 17, 1849.

THE OLD STAND. LEMUEL 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 feels confident of his ability to give general satisfaction to all who may purchase of him.

He is now finishing up Two Six-PASSenger COACHES, well and neatly fitted out, which will be sold at a great bargain—much lower than can be bought elsewhere.

REPAIRING, of all kinds, embracing painting, trimming, ironing, &c., done at short notice, on the most reasonable terms.

In due season will be prepared with a good assortment of **SLEIGHES**, of all styles and sizes, which will be sold as low 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, April 12, 1849. 38-1-1

W. A. F. STEVENS WOULD respectfully inform the public that he will continue to carry on the

Grave Stone Business, in all its variety of forms at his Shop in WATERVILLE, and SKOWHEGAN, as he has on hand a large assortment of

NEW-YORK & ITALIAN MARBLE, And an extensive assortment of **AMERICAN & ENG. SLATE STONE,** which he will sell and warrant at as low prices as can be purchased in the State.

Mr. C. S. Smith, his late partner, will be constantly at the shop in Skowhegan, to wait upon customers. Waterville, May 9th, 1849. 16

AM. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Expense of Insurance Reduced 25 Per Cent. Prop. RENT, SULLIVAN, PRESIDENT.

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, semi-annually or quarterly, annual participation of the insured in the profits, simple guarantee capital, and all the business transactions greatly simplified and its expenses lessened by the whole being reduced to a Cash Standard.

Hon. Edmund Dwight, A. H. Vinton, D. D., F. C. Gray, Rev. G. W. Blagden, J. C. Rogers, J. Russell Bowditch, Esq., Prof. G. H. Ticknor, J. J. Dixwell, Esq., John C. Warren, M. D., J. H. Wolcott, Esq., J. V. C. Smith, M. D., Medical Examiners, W. E. Blake, M. D., BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, President.

OLIVER BENTLEY, Actuary, 4 State St. R. T. DAVIS, M. D., Agent and Medical Examiner for Waterville. Office, No. 2 Ticonic Row, Main street. (26-1-1)

STONE WARE!! An extensive assortment of STONE WARE just received and for sale at J. MARSTON'S. 48. **FANS FOR THE MILLION!** ALL who have not supplied themselves with "HEAT-RESISTERS" had better walk moderately to CHASES and get a supply.

SAVINGS BANK For the Widow and Orphan. AGENCY for the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Co. Agents. Assured by the National Fund Life, for 1 year, for the whole term. (44-49) April 23, 1849. ALPHRUS LYON.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING.

HARNESS MAKING. BY

J. S. MC FARLAND, first shop south of Hancock's building, Main-st WATERVILLE.

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, WATERVILLE.

OFFICE—over Esty & Kimball's store, Ticonic Row; RESIDENCE—on Spring street, corner of Silver street.

J. F. NOYES, M. D. PHYSIC