

6-13-1850

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 47): June 13, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail

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

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 47): June 13, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 150.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/150

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

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1850.

NO. 47.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.
At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MY ABSENT BROTHER.

A spell seems thrown around our home,
A charm has lost its power,
For in the circle which we weave,
There's missing one bright flower;
And as we seek to twine the wreath,
To deck the heart's throne dear,
We cannot link the golden threads,
Our number is not here.

There are but four, when all are met
The joys of home to share;
And not without a deep regret
Can we a member spare.
We miss the step we've loved to watch,
And wait, in vain, to hear
The voice whose tones so oft we heard,
In singing laughter clear.

Our mother ever breathes the same
Sweet blessings on her boy,
And every noble act recalls,
With words of pride and joy;
And when within the shades of eve
An hour of rest is won,
Our father, too, the time beguiles,
With praises of his son.

And yet another spirit droops,
Because 'tis sad and lone;
Another heart has lost the ray
Which once the brightest shone:
Thy sister cannot take delight
In joys we used to share;
And things have lost the power to please,
Which once I deemed most fair.

Then as we cannot break the link
That binds us close to thee,
O, haste thee, that in distant lands
Thy stay may transient be;
And may our Father or thee watch,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
And bring thee safely, quickly back,
To thine own cherished home.

LILY LAKEWOOD.

POPULAR READING.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

A STORY OF THE FARM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Edward Bolton had purchased himself a farm, and taken possession thereof. Once, while examining the premises, before deciding to buy, he had observed a light wagon moving along the extreme south edge of the tract of land included in the farm, but it had occasioned no remark. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived with his family at their new home. On the morning following, while Mr. Bolton stood conversing with a farm hand who had been on the place under the former owner, he observed the same vehicle passing across the portion of his land referred to.

"Whose wagon is that, Ben?" he asked, in the tone of a man who felt that another had trespassed on his rights.

"It is Mr. Halpin's," was replied.

"Whose owns the next farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"He takes a liberty with my premises that I would not like to take with his," said Mr. Bolton, who was annoyed by the circumstance. "And there he is himself, as I live! Riding along over my ground as coolly as if it belonged to him. Verily, some men have the impudence of old Nick himself!"

"They always go by that road," replied Ben. "At least, it has been so ever since I have worked on the farm. I think I once heard Mr. Jenkins, from whom you bought, tell somebody that Mr. Halpin's farm had the right of way across this one."

"The right of way across my farm!" exclaimed Mr. Bolton with strongly marked surprise. "We'll see about that! Come! Go with me. I want to take a look at that part of my forty acres."

And Mr. Bolton strode off, accompanied by Ben, to take more particular note of the extreme south edge of his beautiful tract of land. The shape of this tract was somewhat in the form of a triangle with the apex at the southern boundary, near the verge of which ran a stream of water. Beyond this stream was a narrow strip of ground, some thirty feet wide, bounded by the fence enclosing the land belonging to another owner. Its length was not more than two hundred feet. It was along this strip of land that Mr. Bolton had observed the wagon of Mr. Halpin. The gate opening upon his premises was, at one end, and now for the first time, he discovered that there was a gate at the other end, opening from his farm to that of Mr. Halpin—while the ground was cut up with numerous wheel-tracks.

"Upon my word, this is all very fine," said Mr. Bolton. "The right of way across my farm! We'll see about that!—Ben, do you get four good rails and put them firmly into the gate posts on Mr. Halpin's side. Throw the gate over into his field."

Ben looked confounded at this order.

"Do you understand me?" said Mr. Bolton.

"Yes, sir. But—"

"But what?"

"There's no other way for Mr. Halpin's folks to get to the public road."

"That's none of my business. They've no right to make a public highway of these premises. You heard what I said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let it be done."

"Obey orders if you break owners," muttered Ben, as Mr. Bolton turned and marched away with long and hasty strides. "But, if there isn't a nice ten party somewhere about these diggings before to-morrow morning, my name isn't Ben Johnson."

Before reaching his house, Mr. Bolton's excitement had cooled a trifle, and it came into his mind that, possibly, he might have acted a little hastily. But the order had been given to cut off the right of way, and he was not the man to make back tracks in any thing.

"Do you see that, Edward?" said Mrs. Bolton, as her husband entered the house, pointing

to the table, on which stood a pitcher of sweet cream and two pounds of fresh butter. "Mrs. Halpin sent these over, with her compliments this morning. Isn't it kind in her?"

Mrs. Bolton's countenance was glowing with pleasure.

"I always heard that she was a neighborly, good woman," added Mrs. Bolton.

"I don't think much of her husband," returned Mr. Bolton, coldly, as he passed from the room after pausing there for only a moment. "He could not look at the lumps of golden butter and the pitcher of cream without feeling rebuked, and so he got away as quickly as possible."

"Have you done as I directed?" said Mr. Bolton, with knit brows, on meeting Ben, some time afterwards, returning from the part of the farm where he had left him.

"Yes, sir," was the answer of Ben.

"What did you do with the gate?"

"I threw it into the field as you told me."

"You didn't break it?"

"No, sir."

"Very well."

"There'll be trouble, Mr. Bolton," said Ben. "How do you know?"

"Mr. Halpin is a very determined man."

"So am I," replied Mr. Bolton.

"Mr. Dix says the right of way belongs to Mr. Halpin, and no mistake."

"When did he say so?"

"Just now. He came down from his house when he saw me at work, and asked what I was doing; when I told him he said you were wrong, and would only get yourself into trouble. That Mr. Halpin's farm had the right of way through yours."

"Tell Mr. Dix, when you see him again, not to meddle in my affairs," replied Mr. Bolton.

"I am entirely competent to manage them myself. I want no assistance."

As Mr. Bolton turned from Ben, on uttering this speech, he saw Mr. Dix, who owned another farm adjoining his, approaching the place where he stood.

"I want none of his interference," muttered Bolton to himself. Then forcing a smile into his face, he met his neighbor with a pleasant greeting.

"You'll excuse me," said Mr. Dix, after a few words had passed between them, "for a liberty I am about to take. I saw your man, a little while ago, closing up the gate that opens from your farm into Mr. Halpin's."

"Well," Mr. Bolton's brows contracted heavily.

"Are you aware that his farm has the right of way through yours?"

"No, sir."

"Such, however, let me assure you, is the case. Mr. Halpin has no other avenue to the public road."

"That's his misfortune; but, it gives him no license to trespass on my property."

"It is not a trespass, Mr. Bolton. He only uses a right purchased when he bought his farm, and one that he can and will sustain in the courts against you."

"Let him go to court, then. I bought this farm for my own private use; not as a highway. No such qualification is embraced in the deed. The land is mine, and no one shall trespass upon it."

"But, Mr. Bolton," calmly replied the other, "in purchasing you secured an outlet to the public road."

"Certainly I did; but not through your farm, nor that of any one else."

"Halpin was not so fortunate," said Mr. Dix. "In buying his farm, he had to take it with a guaranteed right of way across this one. There was no other outlet."

"It was not a guarantee against my ownership," doggedly replied Mr. Bolton.

"Pardon me for saying that in this, you are in error," returned the other. "Originally both farms were in one. That was subsequently sold with a right of way across this."

"There is no such concession in the deed I hold," said Bolton.

"If you'll take the trouble to make an examination in the clerk's office of the county court, you'll find it to be as I state."

"I don't care anything about how it was originally," returned Bolton with the headiness of passionate men when excited. "I look only to how it is now. This is my farm. I bought it with no such concessions, and will not yield it unless by compulsion. I wouldn't be the owner of a piece of land that another man had the right to enter."

"That little strip of land," said Mr. Dix, "which is of but trifling value, might be fenced off as a road. This would take away all necessity for entering your ground."

"What!" said Bolton indignantly, vacate the property I have bought and paid for? I am not quite so generous as that. If Mr. Halpin must have a right of way, let him obtain his right by purchase. I'll sell him a strip from off the South side of my farm wide enough for a road, if that will suit him. But he shall not use one inch of my property as a common thoroughfare."

Mr. Dix still tried to argue the matter with Bolton, but the latter had permitted himself to get angry, and angry men are generally deaf as an adder to the voice of reason. So the neighbor who called in the hope of turning the new occupant of the farm from his purpose, and thus saving trouble to both himself and Mr. Halpin, retired without effecting what he wished to accomplish.

It would be doing injustice to the feelings of Mr. Bolton, to say that he did not feel some emotions of regret for his precipitate action. But, having assumed so decided a position in the matter, he could not think of retracting a step that he had taken. Hasty and positive men are generally weak-minded, and this weakness usually shows itself in a pride of consistency. If they say a thing, they will persevere in doing it, right or wrong, for fear that others may think them vacillating, or what they really are, weak-minded. Just such a man was Mr. Bolton.

"I've said it, and I'll do it!" That was one of his favorite expressions; and he repeated it to himself, now, to drive off the repentant feelings that came into his mind.

At dinner time, when Mr. Bolton sat down to the table, he found, placed just before him, a print of the golden butter sent to his wife on that very morning by Mrs. Halpin. The sight annoyed and reproved him. He felt that he had been hasty, unneighborly, and it might be unjust; for as one little gleam of reflection came breaking in one after another upon his mind, he saw that a right of way for Mr. Halpin was indispensable, and that if his deed gave it to him, it was a right of which he could not

deprive him without acting unjustly. Passion and false reasoning would, it is true, quickly darken his mind again. But they had, in turn, to give place to more correct views and feelings.

"Just try some of that butter, it is delicious!" said Mrs. Bolton, soon after they were seated at the table.

"I don't care about butter at dinner time," replied Mr. Bolton coldly.

"But, just try some of this. I want you to taste it," urged his wife. "Its flavor is delightful. I must go over and see Mrs. Halpin's dairy."

To satisfy his wife, Mr. Bolton took some of the butter on his plate. He would rather have thrown it out of the window.

"Now try it on a piece of bread," said Mrs. Bolton. "I declare! You act as if you were afraid of the butter. What's the matter with you?"

There was no reason why Mr. Bolton should not do as his wife wished—at least no reason that he could give her. It wouldn't do to say, "I won't touch Mrs. Halpin's butter because I've cut off her husband's right of way across my land, I've nailed up the only outlet there is from his property to the public road."

No, it wouldn't do to say that. So, nothing was left for Mr. Bolton but to taste the delicious butter.

"Isn't it very fine?" said his wife, as she saw him place it to his lips.

"Yes, it's good butter," replied Mr. Bolton, "very good butter." Though in fact it was far from tasting pleasant to him.

"It's more than very good," said Mrs. Bolton, impatiently. "But, wait a little while, and I'll give you something to quicken your palate. I've made some curds—you are so fond of them. If you don't praise the sweet cream Mrs. Halpin so kindly sent over this morning, when you come to eat these curds, I shall think—I don't know what I shall think."

The dinner proceeded, and, at length, the dessert, composed of curds and cream, was served.

"Isn't that beautiful?" said Mrs. Bolton as she poured some of the cream received from Mrs. Halpin into a saucer of curds which she handed to her husband.

Bolton took the curds and ate them. Moreover he praised the cream; for, how could he help doing so? Were not his wife's eyes upon him, and her ears open? But never in his life had he felt so little pleasure in eating.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Bolton, after she had served the curds and said a good deal in favor of the cream, "that I promise myself much pleasure in having such good neighbors? Mrs. Halpin I've heard spoken of in the highest terms. She's a sister of Judge Caldwell, with whose family we were so intimate at Haddington."

"You must be in error about that."

"No. Mrs. Caldwell often spoke to me about her, and said that she had written to her sister that we talked of buying this farm."

"I never knew this before," said Mr. Bolton.

"Didn't you? I thought I had mentioned it."

"No."

"Well, it's true. And moreover, Mrs. Caldwell told me, before we left, that she had received a letter from her sister, in which she mentioned that her husband had often heard you spoken of by Judge Caldwell, and promised himself great pleasure in your society."

Mr. Bolton pushed back his chair from the table, and rising, left the room. He could not bear to hear another word.

"Is my horse ready, Ben?" said he as he came into the open air.

"Yes, sir," replied Ben.

"Very well. Bring him round."

"Are you going now?" asked Mrs. Bolton, coming to the door, as Ben led up the horse.

"Yes. I wish to be home early, and so must start early."

And Bolton sprang into the saddle.

But for the presence of his wife, it is more than probable that he would have quietly directed Ben to go and re-hang the gate, and thus re-establish Mr. Halpin's right of way through his premises. But this would have been an exposure of himself to his better half that he had not the courage to make. So he rode away. His purpose was to visit the city, which was three miles distant, on business. As he moved along in the direction of the gate through which he was to pass on his way to the turnpike, he had to go very near the spot where Ben had been at work in the morning. The unhinged gate lay upon the ground where, according to his directions it had been thrown; and the place it had formerly occupied was closed up by four strong bars, firmly attached to the posts.

Mr. Bolton didn't like the looks of this at all. But it was done; and he was not the man to look back when he had once undertaken to do a thing.

As he was riding along, just after passing from his grounds, he met Mr. Dix, who passed as Bolton came up.

"Well, neighbor," said the former, in a tone of mild persuasion, "I hope you have thought better of the matter about which we were talking a few hours ago."

"About Halpin's right of way through my farm, you mean?"

"Yes. I hope you have concluded to re-open the gate, and let things remain as they have been, at least, for the present. These offensive measures only provoke anger and never do any good." Bolton shook his head.

"He has no right to trespass on my premises," said he sternly.

"As to the matter of right," replied Mr. Dix, "you. By attempting to carry out your present purpose, you will subject yourself to a good deal of odium; which every man ought to avoid if possible. And, in the end, if the matter goes to court, you will not only have to yield his right of way, but be compelled to pay costs of suit and such damages as may be awarded against you for expense and trouble occasioned Mr. Halpin. Now let me counsel you to avoid all these consequences, if possible."

"Oh, you need not suppose all this array of consequences will frighten me," said Mr. Bolton. "I don't know what fear is. I generally try to do right, and then like Crockett, 'go ahead.'"

"Still, Mr. Bolton," urged his neighbor mildly, "don't you think it would be wiser and better to see Mr. Halpin first, and explain to him how much you are disappointed in finding a right of way for another farm across the one you have purchased? I am sure some arrange-

ment satisfactory to both can be made. Mr. Halpin, if you take him right, is not an unreasonable man. He'll do almost any thing to oblige another. But he is very stubborn if you attempt to drive him. If he comes home and finds things as they now are, he will feel dreadfully outraged; and you will become enemies instead of friends."

"It can't be helped now," said Mr. Bolton, "what's done is done."

"It is not too late to undo the work," suggested Mr. Dix.

"Yes it is. I'm not the man to make back tracks. Good day, Mr. Dix."

And speaking to his horse, Mr. Bolton started off on a brisk trot. He did not feel very comfortable. How should he? He felt that he had done wrong, and that trouble and mortification would be before him. But a stubborn pride would not let him retrace a few wrong steps taken from a wrong impulse. To the city he went, transacted his business, and then turned his face homeward, with a heavy pressure upon his feelings.

"Ah me!" he sighed to himself as he went along, "I wish I had thought twice this morning before I acted once. I need not have been so precipitate. But I was provoked to think that any one claimed the right to make a public road through my farm. If I'd known that Halpin was a brother-in-law of Judge Caldwell. That makes the matter so much the worse."

And on rode Mr. Bolton, thinking only of the trouble he had so needlessly pulled down about his ears.

For the last mile of the way, there had been a gentleman riding along in advance of Mr. Bolton, and as the horse of the latter made a little the best speed, he gained on him slowly until, just as he reached the point where the road leading to his farm left the turnpike, he came up with him.

"Mr. Bolton, I believe," said the gentleman, smiling, as both in turning into the narrow lane, came up side by side.

"That is my name," was replied.

"And mine is Halpin," returned the other, offering his hand, which Mr. Bolton could but take, though not so cordially as would have been the case had the gate opening from his farm to Mr. Halpin's been on its hinges. "I have often heard my brother-in-law, Judge Caldwell, speak of you and your lady. We promise ourselves much pleasure in having you for neighbors. Mrs. Halpin and I will take an early opportunity to call upon you. How is all your family?"

"Quite well, I thank you," replied Mr. Bolton, trying to appear polite and pleased, yet half averting his face from the earnest eyes of Mr. Halpin.

"We have had a beautiful day," said the latter, who perceived that, from some cause, Mr. Bolton was not at ease.

"Very beautiful," was the brief answer.

"You have been into the city," said Mr. Halpin, after a little pause.

"Yes, I had some business that made it necessary for me to go into town."

"Another pause."

"You have a beautiful farm, one of the finest in the neighborhood," said Mr. Halpin.

"Yes, it is choice land," returned the unhappy Bolton.

"The place has been a little neglected since the late occupant left," continued Mr. Halpin. "And since your purchase of it, some ill disposed persons have trespassed on the premises. Day before yesterday as I was passing alone the lower edge of your farm—you know that, through some ill-contrivance, my right of way to the public road is across the edge of your premises. But we will talk of that some other time. It's not a good arrangement at all, and cannot be so annoying to you. I shall make some proposition before long about purchasing a narrow strip of ground and fencing it in as a road. But of that another time. We shall not quarrel about it. Well, as I was saying, day before yesterday, as I was passing along the lower edge of your farm, I saw a man deliberately break a large branch from a choice plum tree, in full blossom, near your house, that only came into bearing last year. I was terribly vexed about it, and rode up to remonstrate with him. At first, he seemed to resent my interference with his right to destroy my neighbor's property. But, seeing that I was not in a temper to be trifled with, he took himself off. I then went back home, and sent one of my lads over, in company with a couple of good dogs, and put the property in their charge. I found all safe when I returned in the evening."

"It was kind in you—very kind," returned Mr. Bolton. He could say no less. But oh! how rebuked and dissatisfied he felt.

"About that right of way," he stammered out, after a brief silence, partly averting his eyes as he spoke. "I—I—"

"Oh, we'll not speak of that now," returned Mr. Halpin cheerfully. "Let's get better acquainted first."

"But, Mr. Halpin—I—I—"

They were now at the gate opening upon Mr. Bolton's farm, and the neighbor pushed it open and held it for Bolton to pass through. Then, as it swung back on its hinges, he said, touching his hat politely—

"Good day! Mrs. Halpin and I will call over very soon; perhaps this evening, if nothing interferes to prevent. If we come we shall do so without any ceremony. Make my compliments, if you please, to Mrs. Bolton."

"Thank you! Yes—yes! Mr. Halpin—I—I—"

Let me speak a—"

But Mr. Halpin had turned his horse's head, and was moving off towards the place of entrance to his own farm.

Poor Bolton! What was he to do? Never had he felt so oppressive a sense of shame—such deep humiliation. He had reined up his horse after passing the gate, and there he stood still, undetermined, in the confusion of the moment, what to do. Briskly rode Mr. Halpin away; and only a few moments would pass before he would discover the outrage perpetrated against him, and that by a man for whom he had cherished the kindest feelings in advance, and even gone out of his way to serve.

"Oh, why did I act with such mad haste!" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, as he thought this, and saw but a moment or two intervening between him and the bitterest humiliation. He might repair the wrong, and in his heart he resolved to do it. But what could restore to him the good opinion of his neighbor? Nothing! That was gone forever.

So troubled, oppressed, and shame-stricken was Mr. Bolton, that he remained on the spot where Mr. Halpin had left him, looking after

the latter until he arrived at the place where an obstruction had been thrown in his way. By this time, the very breath of Bolton was suspended. Unbounded was his surprise, as he observed Mr. Halpin leap from his horse, swing open the gate and pass through. Had he seen aright? He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Mr. Halpin had closed the gate, and was on the other side, in the act of mounting his horse.

"Have I done right?" said a voice at this moment.

Bolton started, and on looking round saw Mr. Dix.

"Yes, you have done right!" he returned, with an emotion that he could not conceal; "and from my heart I thank you for this kind office. You have saved me from the consequences of a hasty, ill-judged, ill-natured act—consequences that would have been most painful. Oblige me still further, Mr. Dix, by letting this matter remain with yourself, at least, for the present. Before it comes to the ears of Mr. Halpin, I wish to let him see some better points in my character."

To this Mr. Dix pledged himself. After repeating his thanks, Mr. Bolton rode away a wiser and a better man.

When Mr. Halpin, some weeks afterwards, made reference to the right of way across Mr. Bolton's land, and asked if he would not sell him a strip of land on the south edge of his farm to be fenced off for a road, the latter said, "No, Mr. Halpin, I will not sell you the land; but as it is of little or no value to me, I will cheerfully vacate it for a road if you are willing to run the fence."

And thus was settled, most amicably, a matter that bid fair in the beginning, to result in a long and angry dispute, involving loss of money, time, and friendly relationships. Ever after that, when disposed to act from the first angry impulse, Mr. Bolton's thoughts would turn to this right of way question, and he would become cool and rational in a moment.

A Missouri Electioneering Speech.

Reported for the Spirit of the Times, N. Y., by J. R. H.

An ambitious candidate for Congress, named HONE, affords us the following specimen of Missouri eloquence. Old Bullion must look to his laurels!

"Feller citizens—You orll of you know that in our halls of legislation confusion runs riot, and anarchy reigns supreme. Arouse, then! Shake the dew-drops from your hunting shirts, and fall into ranks. Sound the tocsin! beat the drum! and blow the toot-horn, till the startling echoes, revivatin' from hill top to hill top, and from gopher hill to gopher hill, shall cause the adamantine hills of New England, the ferruginous deposits of Missouri, and the auriferous particles of California, to prick up their ears, and in whispered accents, enquire of their neighbors, 'What can the matter be?'"

"Feller citizens—I repeat it, to your posts! and from the topmost peaks of the Alleghanies, bid defiance to the universal Yankee nation, by shoutin' the terrific watchword, 'Who's afeared?' in such thunder-tones, that quakin' with terror, they shall forget that niggers is—Don your dusty regimentals—burnish up your rusty firelocks—gird on your trusty chargers, and save the nation, or bust a truster!"

"Feller citizens—The great bird of American liberty's flewed aloft, and, soarin' upon the wings of the wind, is now hoverin' high 'er the snow-capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, and when he shall have penetrated into the unknown regions of unlimited space, and then shall have dug down and lit on daddy's wood-pile, I shall be led to exclaim, in the grand, the terrific, the sublime language of Paul the Apostle, in his celebrated epistle to the Aborigines—'Root, little pig, or die!'"

"Feller citizens—The times is critical—blood's gwine to be poured out like soap-suds onto a wash-tub, and every man what's got a soul as big as the white of a nigger's eye, 'll be ready to fight, bleed, and die for his country! Them's the times! You want men in the councils of the nation that you can depend on!—That's me! Elect me to Congress, and I'll stick to you through thick and thin, like a lean tick to a nigger's shin! I'm not going to make an electioneerin' speech. I'd scorn the act. You know me; I've been fotted up among you. Already, on the wings of a topological imagination, I fancy I see you marchin' up to the polls in solid phalanx, and with a shout that makes the welkin ring, 'whoaah for Hone!' come down upon my opponent like a thousand of brick on to a rotten punkin!"

"Feller citizens—I'll tell you now what I'm goin' to do if I'm elected to Congress. I'm gwine to vote for a law allowin' them Northern fellers, men and wimmen, what loves niggers so well, to marry as many of 'em as they want, and are able to pay for. I'm opposed, mentally and morally, constitutionally and conscientiously, to extendin' slavery in any shape manner, or form, under any circumstances whatever, further North than the pint of the lub what the axle-tree of the North Pole turns on, or further South than the 90th degree of South latitude. I'm gwine to vote for annexin' to the United States Cuba and Canada—all the territory north of 49, and all south of 48 60, to the Southern extremity of South America, together with Great Britain and her possessions, and Europe, Asia, and Africa. I'm in favor of buildin' a rail-road and ship canal from the village of St. Louis, situated, as the most of you are aware, in this State, in the vicinity of Alton, in Illinois, to San Francisco, by cuttin' a tunnel plumb through the bowels of the earth, straight as a die. I'm gwine to vote for a bill givin' O'Reilly the privilege of buildin' a telegraph line to the moon, and grantin' him the exclusive monopoly of the same for ten years, with the exception of 100 shares each, which Old Zack and the man in the moon shall be allowed to take. As we're gettin' crowded for room, I shall go for lettin' down the Falls of Niagara a button hole or two, for the purpose of drainin' the lakes and makin' 'em fit to live in, so that our cramped population, which now amounts to 3 1-2 on an average in each township, can have elbow room. I'm gwine to have a law passed to keep milk from turnin' sour in thunder storms, and to keep wimmen from standin' on their heads at camp meetings. And I'm gwine to have another one passed to cause hickories to peel all the year round, and another one still for the expulsion from our borders of prairie wolves and abolitionists, the extermination of prairie fleas and gallinippers, and the annihilation of fleas, bed-bugs and muskeeters."

"Them's my sentiments! Three cheers for Hone! There, that'll do. Come now, and let's liquor!"

The Education of Farmers' Daughters.

Most of the farmers of our country are the sons of farmers; and most of their wives are the daughters of farmers. This shows the propriety of educating our children with reference to our own occupation. The first and most important step towards the improvement of the great agricultural community, is the improvement of the mind, by a proper early education. Until they, as a class, are as well informed as those engaged in other pursuits, they must and will feel a degree of diffidence, a want of confidence in themselves. The most important duty we have to perform, either as parents or citizens, is that of properly educating and bringing up our children. Until the farmers so discharge that duty, as that their descendants rank equal with those engaged in other pursuits, they will be guilty, as they too long have been, of a great dereliction of duty.

I am well pleased to see, of late, able articles in our journals, on the subject of giving our sons an agricultural education; but this should be coupled with a good common education, at least. I am proving the want of this, in almost every sentence I write.

We should also remember, that the education of our daughters is of equal importance, and that common justice requires that we give them an equal chance with our sons. It is true, our women do not vote at our elections, or hold political offices, or manage the out-door concerns of the farm; but it is equally true, that they exercise their full share of influence in all our concerns. They have the moulding, directing, and training the minds of our children—the boys to the age of ten or twelve, and the girls to a much greater age; and nature has admirably fitted them for the performance of this important duty. Their early impressions, derived from the mother, are indelibly fixed in their minds, and have great weight in forming their future characters. Most of us, who had a mother living after we became old enough to recollect, can well remember the fine sympathetic feelings she possessed, and taught us; and these are among the noblest feelings of the human heart. We can also well recollect the rigid principles of morality taught us by her, and the lasting impression they made in our minds. If we look about among our acquaintances, we shall see that wherever there is a well-educated, intelligent mother, there is also an intelligent family of children. And this is a much more important matter, than the rearing of fine high-blooded animals with four legs.

If we will divest ourselves of pride and prejudice, and examine coolly, we shall see that our women have greater influence over us, than we are generally willing to admit.

Nor is the importance of educating our daughters less in a pecuniary, than in a moral and intellectual point of view. Much of the success, prosperity, and comfort of every farmer, depends upon the management of his indoor concerns, by his wife. There is no occupation in which intelligent women are more useful than that of farming. If we will look about among our acquaintance, we shall see that wherever there is a wife of the right stamp, if the husband possesses ordinary industry and ability they will be prosperous. If I am right in this, it shows the necessity of properly educating our daughters, and giving them a proper training in all matters that relate to good housewifery. Let us fit them to make good farmer's wives, and they will answer for those engaged in other pursuits. We should first attend to the useful and substantial part—that well done, if we can afford it, to do something by way of the ornamental. But it is feared that some of our farmers pay too little attention to the former, and too much to the latter.

A young lady, with ever so fashionable an education, if she possessed no knowledge of the kitchen, and the different departments of house-keeping, however well she might show off in the parlor or drawing-room, would make a farmer a very unsuitable companion; she would not be worth as much as Lot's wife after she became saltified, because he could procure from her salt for his porridge.

The first and most important step is, to make our common schools good. If this is neglected, the great middling class of farmers, and almost all the poorer class of people, will fail in giving their children a proper education. We should make our common schools such that our scholars can go direct from them to the academy, to good advantage, or procure a good common education without. When this is done, we shall have an intelligent agricultural community.

—A FARMER.

—[Chickopee Telegraph.]

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible the use of slang-words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth—the proper season for the acquisition of language—be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of slang which he hears; to form his taste from the popular speakers, writers, and the poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast, which bespeaks the weakness of a vain ambition, than the polish of an educated mind. There is no man, however low in rank, who may not materially benefit his financial condition by following this advice and cultivating at the same time such morals and manners as correspond in character with good words.

A HARD CHANCE.—A certain landlord of Concord, N. H., was in New Orleans and had a run of the yellow fever; he knew he was in a dangerous situation, and while he yet had his reason he was anxious to know if there was any chance for his recovery. One day he said, "Doctor, I know I'm in rather a tight place; but I want you to tell me, candidly, if there is any chance for me to get well."

"Just about one chance in a thousand," replied the doctor.

"Well," said the wag, "if that's all the chance there is left I'll take it, for I don't care about dying yet." That man is still living.

ENGLAND'S QUEEN. Queen Victoria is now thirty-two years old, and she is the mother of seven children. The royal race is not likely soon to become extinct.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 13, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and take advertisements at the same rates as required by us. His office is at No. 10, North Main street, New York. N. W. Cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. Cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St. Martin, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

An Interesting Festival.

One of the most interesting festivals of the season was held at Mr. Vernon village, on the 8th ult., by the workmen of the North Wayne & Fayette Scythe Manufactories—known as the celebrated establishment of R. B. DUNN, Esq. The editor of the Maine Farmer had the honor of being a guest, and giving a good account of the festival. From him we learn that "Mr. Dunn has been, until recently, the sole proprietor of these works, and by his untiring perseverance and well directed energy, he has brought them up from feeble beginnings to their present unrivaled extent and prosperity. Having accomplished this, and feeling willing to be relieved, in part from the care and responsibility of a business of such magnitude, an act of incorporation has been obtained, the property at a fairly estimated value, put into shares, and a large part of the stock sold out to such individuals as desired to invest their money in it. On the occasion of this partial withdrawal from the immediate control, the workmen who have so long and faithfully labored with him, and for him, united in showing this mark of their esteem and respect."

On the morning of the festival a procession, embracing more than one hundred men connected with the manufactory, proceeded to the neighboring village of Mr. Vernon, where the ceremony of presenting a silver pitcher to Mr. Dunn, with accompaniments of addresses, music, dinner, toasts, &c., completed the "day's work" of festivity. The procession was greeted with a salute of cannon, as it approached the village; and after uniting with the citizens marched to the meeting-house, where, after prayer, music, and short remarks by Messrs. Yates of the Fountain, Holmes of the Farmer, Rev. Mr. Randall, and others, the ceremony of presentation took place. "The pitcher," (says the Farmer)—"was a large silver one, richly decorated, purchased by the employees of the North Wayne Scythe Factory Company, and bearing this inscription, 'Presented to R. B. Dunn, Scythe Manufacturer, North Wayne, by his employees, as a token of their respect and esteem: May, 1850.'" This interesting part of the ceremony was performed by Mr. E. Giles, of the North Wayne Company, who, in a very eloquent and feeling address, presented it in behalf of his fellow operatives: to which Mr. Dunn answered with much emotion. He presented the corporation with a thousand dollars of the stock, for the purpose of establishing a library for the benefit of the operatives. The procession then again formed and proceeded to the hotel, where they sat down to an excellent collation, prepared with Blossom's usual skill and good taste in such matters, and the time, enlivened by music, pithy sentiments and short speeches, passed away in a most agreeable manner. Indeed, we have never seen on any occasion, or in any place, a festival so full of harmony and social feeling, where all were pleased and none were sad."

MR. DUNN'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen: Associated as we have been in business relations, some for a longer, others for a shorter period, it is natural that we should feel a mutual interest, sprung up between us. Such a feeling, on my part, affords me pleasure to avow; nor have I any reason to suppose it is not reciprocated. This makes the present occasion of deep interest to me, and induces me to occupy a position in your presence, from which, under ordinary circumstances, I should have been repelled by all the instincts of my nature. In all important physical relations, the present is the most interesting between those originating and managing them, and those to whose industry and muscular vigor their execution is entrusted.

It is doubtless for the interest of the employer to treat honorably and compensate fairly his workmen. It is equally for their interest to be punctual and faithful in whatever is committed to them. While each strives to help the other, he is adopting the surest method of helping himself. You will not then, gentlemen, suspect me of selfishness if I devote the time allotted to me, in part, to the history of the establishment with which we are connected, but chiefly to those qualities and habits which are essential to success.

The manufactory in question was commenced ten years ago last January. Things were not very encouraging at the time. The proprietor was in poor health, without rich friends on whom to rely in cases of emergency, and with but little available funds, having invested largely in real estate in 1835, and being embarrassed as surely for others. The place, too, was a gloomy aspect. One shop, a house or two, and an old mill, were the only buildings to be seen. In a word, the reliable sources, more or less, at the time referred to, and since, have been the result of steady industry, integrity and honesty, industrious and honest workmen, and a trust in God.

It would be useless here to advert to the great mental labor and anxiety which the enterprise has been sustained; suffice it to say, that by the Divine blessing, the sound of the hammer has continued to be heard, and these well intended endeavors have been rewarded. The first year, the four hundred dollars of stock were produced. The demand gradually increasing, and more ample arrangements having been made, we are now capable of producing about sixteen thousand dollars annually—scarcely three times as many as can be manufactured in the same length of time by any other establishment in this, or, probably, in any other country. I make no pretensions, gentlemen, to extraordinary sagacity as a business man. If great success has followed my labors, it is doubtless owing, in a measure, to a regard to those principles which generally ensure success. Those principles may have been but partially and feebly apprehended by myself. On that account I cannot omit any reference to my own business methods, and proceed to state some things which observation and my limited knowledge of men and things have convinced me are essential to prosperity and usefulness.

Personal respect, then, has much to do with this matter. We naturally incline to connect ourselves, in business affairs, with those whom we esteem. But to secure this and we must be willing to pay the price—viz., to respect and befriend others. So far as my observation goes, the men most likely to fail in the enterprises of life, are those who pay little or no regard to the courtesies and civilities of good society; men rough and ungentlemanly in their manners, and unchaste and profane in their conversation. It should be your aim, then, to deserve and secure the respect of those with whom you may from time to time mingle. You should do this for your own sake as well as theirs. Moreover, make it a point to benefit others, wherever you can. Aid them when distressed, encourage them when disheartened, and speak kindly to them at all times. It is surprising what an amount of good a well spoken word will sometimes accomplish. Doubtless many of you can recall some piece of friendly advice, given years ago, perhaps in our very childhood, which has since been of great service to us ever since. An instance occurs to my own recollection, of a gentleman who may be present, whose good will to myself and good opinion of mankind have been greatly strengthened by kind advice given by him when I was but a youth. The benefit has been mutual. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Again, great care and discretion should be exercised in the selection of an occupation. All men are not suited to a particular kind of business. Some will do well in one department, while others accomplish nothing in any

other; and doubtless a large share of the failures that occur in business operations are traceable to ill chosen occupations. Every man, therefore, ought to study himself, and ascertain the avocation to which he is best suited. When this is determined, let him give himself up to that business. Let him keep to it, and concentrate upon it all the energy of his mind. It is a pity to see so much the character of one's business that leads on to influence, as tact, steadiness and energy in its management.

Another rule of importance is, "Be always employed, and usefully employed." A man may have an occupation well adapted to his capacity and taste, but what will it amount to if he does not attend to it? An idler, in other words, a loafer, is a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Let him who does not at first succeed in his occupation, take no discouragement, but try again; and if the end aimed at is worthy, keep trying so long as there is reasonable ground to expect success. What would some of the great names of the world be, if they had not persevered in their calling? Their names would never have been handed down to us. Whether their efforts would ever have been successful, or not, we cannot tell. But we know, that if they had yielded to the pressure of difficulties, their names would never have been handed down to us. Whether their efforts would ever have been successful, or not, we cannot tell. But we know, that if they had yielded to the pressure of difficulties, their names would never have been handed down to us.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

Encourage enterprise. A man may be industrious and yet not succeed, for he may be going in the wrong way about it. But the man of enterprise is not only in motion, but he moves to some purpose. He projects, he plans, he executes. He devises great things. He is in other words, a leader, a most despicable character. He belongs to a class of beings for whom God has made no provision—not even for their stomachs. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat." I am not sure, but it would be both wise and humane for society to leave them just where Jehovah does, "Work or die." I know it is sometimes said, "I cannot get anything to do." But there are brief periods in the history of some men, when they cannot get employment, it doubtless true; but if they really want work, they will be likely to get it without any very injurious delay.

hero, or successful general. I say that such a manifestation of respect is not unfrequently extended to them. The man who has made himself conspicuous in human butchery, who has achieved a succession of brilliant victories upon the battle field, returns with laurels upon his brow and victory upon his plumes, to receive the rewards, the congratulations, the greetings and plaudits of assembled thousands. But, sir, I stand not here clothed with any such authority; I stand not here as the representative or vindicator of any such spirit or feeling, but for a far more noble and praiseworthy object. This duty has been assigned to me for the purpose of manifesting to you the deep interest we feel in the scythe manufacture of this country. And I will now, in behalf of the committee, present to you this silver Pitcher. Please accept it, sir, as a small tribute of respect for the well directed efforts which you made in behalf of an important branch of American industry. And may its presentation this day stimulate others to follow the same honorable course which you have chosen; may it have a tendency to induce others to emulate your noble example and virtuous conduct through all the vicissitudes of human life. And now, sir, whenever you may retire from the active scenes of your business life, and under whatever afflictions an eventful Providence may impose upon you, be assured that you will carry with you our best wishes, our strongest considerations of private regard—that you may long live to enjoy the rewards of your industry—that you may continue an honor to your native State, and a blessing to our common country.

REPLY OF MR. DUNN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Although taken somewhat by surprise by this act of generosity, my heart will not permit me to remain silent. And yet I have not words adequate to the full expression of my struggling emotions. I receive the beautiful vessel you have placed in my hands as a memento of friendship—an expression of your sympathetic and kind regards. It is this which gives to the bestowment its chief value. And be assured that the kindly sentiments you have been pleased to indicate in this way, are on my part heartily reciprocated. I respect you, gentlemen, for your industry, I honor you for your fidelity, I love you for your kindness and generosity. And whilst it shall be my endeavor so to live as to deserve the continuance of your regards, it will ever give me joy to know of your prosperity in every laudable undertaking.

Receive, gentlemen, my grateful acknowledgments for the honor you have thus publicly conferred upon me.

TOASTS.

The following sentiments, among others, were offered on the occasion:

By W. A. Blossom. Mr. Dunn, the mechanic, the laborer—the co-operator with the husbandman, furnishing him with the implements of husbandry, aiding him in his industrious and most laudable avocation—the filling of the ground: Long may he live and prosper, and may his last days be as peaceful as his former have been useful.

By A. Woodman. The Workmen of the North Wayne Scythe Company: With hard hands, strong arms, steel backs and iron constitutions, they have wrought from the warm furnace of pure respect, a silver token to their worthy patron.

By W. A. Blossom, Esq. Long may he live, an honor to the temperance cause, and a blessing to a starving community.

By Wm. Jordan. R. B. Dunn and his associates of the North Wayne Scythe Company—Worthy patterns of perseverance, industry and economy. May their example create a feeling of emulation in our State, the legitimate fruits of which will render us a people independent of every other.

By L. D. Emerson. The Ladies—The only chains that bind us; and still we love to hug our chains.

By M. E. Dunn. The North Wayne Scythe Workmen—May the Ladies (their chains) not fly from them, as do the sparks from their anvils!

By J. Haynes. Our musical friends—They have favored us with a delightful treat. The harmony they have discoursed, has so pleased us, we will try to show that we appreciate it, in the concord of our lives.

By E. Giles. The Newspaper Press—Forever may it continue the pride and glory of our country—the main pillar of our nation's prosperity—the chief corner stone of this republic—the bulwark of American freedom.

This sentiment called up the editor of the Maine Farmer, (Bro. Yates, of the Fountain, having left) who, in a few brief remarks, thanked the gentlemen, not only for their compliment to the Press, but for the more substantial support they gave him by their patronage and contributions of their minds to the columns of the newspapers of the day, and offered in response the following sentiment:

The Agents and Operatives of the North Wayne and Fayette Scythe Factories—With minds and hands well taught and disciplined to patient thought and patient labor—excellent specimens of our most valuable citizens. Now England, when she looks upon them, may well and proudly exclaim, "these are my jewels."

By B. G. Coffin. Travelling Agents of the North Wayne Scythe Company—Like the needle to the pole, true to every point: they never can be swayed. May success crown their unwearied efforts.

By H. B. Lovejoy. Employers and employed—May they be in their social relations as united steel and iron.

By E. Hennessey. The North Wayne Scythe Factory and Mechanics—The Factory, one of the arteries of the commercial world—May it continue to be nourished, as heretofore by the active faculties of its temperate and scientific mechanics, with hearts quick and big as their trip-hammers, to make their great annual Thrub one that will make glad the heart and smiling the countenance of the farmer.

By J. Haynes. Skill and industry—Their union as necessary to form the good mechanic, as is the proper union of iron and steel to form a good article of his manufacture.

By C. Hartshorn. North Wayne Scythe Co.—If every wish for their welfare would add a new customer, they would speedily have such a list that their present complement of active and persevering agents could never supply them.

By Miss Eliza Lovejoy. The Operatives of the North Wayne and Fayette Scythe Co.—Somewhat Smutty, but with pure hearts and clear heads. May their prosperity equal their industry, and their real friends be as numerous as the scythes they manufacture.

By B. R. Frohock. Esq. The Employers and Employees of the North Wayne and Fayette Scythe Works—Mutual in their efforts and every one at his post. The World may be sure their Competitor.

By L. D. Emerson. Josiah F. Taylor—like his namesake, old Zack—full of grit and gumption, with a smart sprinkling of the milk of human kindness: Long may his connection with the North Wayne Scythe Company continue.

Every body loves virtuous persons.

A Suggestion.

Mr. Editor: Can you tell how some of our village improvements are progressing?—the new school-house, for instance, and the new burying-ground, the common, &c. Is expense likely to interfere with their progress? The fact is, we are poor, and may as well confess the corn. Some of our school-houses demonstrate that we are awful poor—at least in our own judgment; and what but the most abject poverty could confine us to a longer toleration of the steepings of the old burying-ground?

Now what shall be done? For poverty, like hunger, will break through a stone wall. Can we not resort to some way of raising money except by direct taxation? There is one way by which a handsome sum may be brought into our village's public chest. No one who has ever been in our village, can fail to have noticed that we have a great number of female public characters, in the shape of coves. They patrol our streets, night and day, never missing an opportunity to slip through an open front gate, and crop without scruple whatever green thing they can wisp their tongues around.

No doubt they have the best of motives in all they do, as all their sex have; but the question is, how come they by the right to live at the expense of the public, as well as of the rights of private property? Just let our authorities look at this, and if, in their wisdom, they think it desirable, let them sell licenses to the public pasture. Suppose we have a hundred coves in our streets, and the pasture is as much better than can be had of private individuals as those who make use of it say it is, we should realize seven hundred dollars for the public pasture! a sum not to be sneezed at. It might be well to have the price of a license for wearing a bell put two or three dollars higher, and also to make each owner responsible for all the rose bushes, violets, and garden vegetables which his cloven footed lady may wrongfully appropriate; and if any one is in the habit of setting her trumpet towards any particular house, and blowing more than seventy blasts in succession, or is known to shake out more than five panes of glass in an afternoon by the sorousness of her lowing, to make her owner responsible therefor.

Now Mr. Editor, if this is not any part of the public manners and policy which comes under your particular care, you may throw this paper into the old shoe, and let the cows low on. Yours, ANTI-LOW.

We are requested to state, for the information of all concerned, that Gov. Hubbard, in appointing Justices of the Peace, requires that the necessity for the appointment and the capacity of the applicant be shown.—[Bangor Democrat.]

Ah! brother Democrat; and we hope the request came from the Governor himself—so that your paragraph has a tangible meaning. There is no point where reform may more properly begin. Justices are too often appointed for some petty reason which has no connection with the public good. A capacity for making decisions in accordance with another man's opinion, is too often the only capacity possessed. In many cases a capacity for turning the office to profit, gives it to some mousing pettifogger, whose only claim, as far as mortal can see, lies in his own pocket.

To the want of the proper and varied capacity demanded by the duties of the office, may safely be attributed one half the petty and foolish litigation that does so much mischief. If Gov. Hubbard will attend to reforming this obvious and serious wrong, he will do the State great service.

IMPORTANT. The Boston Bee says that Gov. Briggs was recently seen walking up Washington Street—or down, we forget which—immediately after the arrival of the cars, carrying his own carpet bag, and covered with sweat and dust! Well, we have seen a man who would walk on a worse road than that, carry two carpet bags, and get muddy as well as dusty, for the little office of town representative; and Mr. B. was made governor for carrying his own carpet bag and going without a shirt collar. Who couldn't afford it!

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE for July—which commences a new volume—is richly ornamented with six full page engravings, besides twenty-five fine embellishments scattered through the book. Among the embellishments, besides a brilliant colored title-page, and a tinted engraving of Summer, are sixteen engravings illustrating Scenes in the life of Wm. Penn.—The reading matter is from the pens of popular writers of the finest talent.

For \$3, new subscribers will receive a copy of the work for a year, and a premium three-dollar engraving. Matthews has it.

LECTURES.—Mr. Gerald, the amusing and interesting reformed sailor—the same who lectured at the Town Hall Sabbath evening, will lecture on Temperance at the same place, on Monday and Tuesday evenings next. Mr. G. is a shrewd man, and strikes many good blows for the cause.

LARGE FEET.—Some think that large feet are ungentle, but they are convenient. A person with large feet stands a better chance in a high wind than one of small feet, as he is not so liable to be overet. Large feet are also more convenient for kicking rascals. On the other hand, large feet are inconvenient on account of the expense of shoe leather and stocking yarn. It also takes longer to wash large feet than small. It is still another advantage of large feet, that they put the owner on a substantial footing in society! besides, there's safety in broad foundations everywhere.

IMMENSE BOOM. We are credibly informed that there are over half a million dollars worth of logs confined in Abadasset Bay.—A large number of men have been employed since the freshet in making and securing a boom one mile and a half in length extending from Abadasset point to Pork point. About 500 piles have been driven by the Pile-driver to secure the boom, and the whole cost of catching and booming the logs, it is said will exceed \$5000.—[Gardiner Transcript.]

California News.

The steamship Cherokee, Capt. Windle, arrived at New York on Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from Chagres, having left that port on the 26th day of May, and coming by the way of Kingston, Jamaica, which place she left on the 30th ult. She has 120 passengers, and specie to the amount of \$1,552,361, of which \$1,152,361 was on freight, and \$400,000 in the hands of the passengers. The steamer Panama, from San Francisco, May 1st, had arrived at Panama, and her mails had gone forward by the Georgia, which sailed four hours before the Cherokee. Among the passengers by the Cherokee is Mr. Jewett, formerly Minister to one of the South American States, who has been carefully surveying the Chagres river, with the design of placing steam navigation on it. He thinks it can be done, but that no boat that has yet gone out will answer the purpose. The steamer Raphael Rivas arrived at Chagres May 24th, and was being prepared for attempting the navigation of the river. Persons acquainted with the river doubted her capacity to navigate it successfully.

The delay in admitting California as a State into the Union, is causing great excitement and much ill feeling.

[From the San Francisco News, May 1.] Mining Intelligence. We gather the following from the Sacramento Transcript. Between the North and Middle Forks, but little is doing, in consequence of high waters. The snow as late as the 23 ult., upon the mountains and high lands, was from four to six feet deep. Notwithstanding, there are nearly ten thousand people patiently waiting until the snow and water shall subside, and give them a chance to work.

A rich gulph has been discovered leading into the Mormon ravine. The dirt has to be carried one hundred rods to water, and many persons are at that make from 12 to 16 ounces per day.

Working men about Hangtown have made good wages during the whole winter.

American Camp, four miles above Sonora. Our agent, Mr. McKiernan, accompanied by Mr. Fish, of the firm of Turner, Fish & Co., and Mr. Van Dyke, of the firm of Van Dyke & Belden, both of San Francisco, kindly informed us that they have visited this exceedingly rich diggings, and that they have seen upwards of 16 ounces washed out of one pan—the labor of two hours; a lump of several pounds was taken from the same hole, which they consider a very beautiful specimen of quartz and gold.

A serious riot had occurred at Panama, in which several persons, Americans and natives, lost their lives. A colored native, being charged with stealing a trunk containing \$800, was arrested, and subsequently rescued by the natives. He was again taken, and held in custody at a printing office, upon which an assault was made by the natives, and Mr. Semple, a citizen of New York, was killed. Another citizen of the United States was found murdered near the outside wall. The Consuls of all the Governments interposed, and with the Governor, endeavored to restore order, in which they finally succeeded.

MARKETS. In our last issue for the Atlantic States, on the 30th ult., we stated business was improving; and trade generally was assuming a healthy state; we are now happy to say this state of affairs has continued gradually to improve up to the present time.

Provisions are in good demand, and realize remunerating prices to the importers. We know of no article of which there is a scarcity. Dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, &c., are also in demand at fair prices. With hardware generally the market is overstocked, and with few exceptions this description of goods does not bring the original cost.

With lumber the market is still overstocked, and nearly every arrival adds to the quantity on hand. It now sells at a price below freight and charges, and must continue so until a greater demand springs up, or a decrease of importation takes place.

DROWNED.—Robert Alexander, of Bowdoinham, the Baggage-master, on board the Steamer T. F. Secor, was drowned in the river, a short distance below Gardiner, on Saturday afternoon last. Alexander and another young man were engaged in a playful scuffle near the gangway just forward of the wheel, when, as they leaped against the rail, it slipped from its place, and they both fell overboard.—They succeeded in getting clear of the wheel, and after struggling together and sinking two or three times, Alexander became so much exhausted that his companion was forced to leave him to his fate, in order to save his own life.—He was soon after taken on board a boat, which had put off from the shore, but on going to the place where Alexander was last seen he had sunk to rise no more.

Mr. Alexander was a widower, and he leaves three children to mourn his untimely fate.—We understand that the body was found on Sunday.

IMPORTANT FROM SANTA FE.—The Washington correspondent of the Tribune, under date of 4th, says: Colonel Washington, late military Governor of New Mexico, arrived on Saturday, bringing important news from Santa Fe.

I learn that not long before he left, a public meeting was held to consider the boundary question and the claim of Texas, when a hot dispute arose between a number of citizens and Texans.

PLEASANT RHYMES.

(From the Maine Farmer.)
SOYTHE SONG.

Composed by Mr. Chase, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

Now, gentlemen, I sing a song,
Which 'pon my word shall not be long;
'Tis about these very curious rhymes,
Shown up in crooked Yankee rhymes.
'Tis curious times, this golden age,
And golden dreams are all the rage.

Of all things, first I'd have you know
That telegraphs are all the go;
They have them all the country through,
And thus the printers hear what's new.
'Tis funny times, this golden age,
And I'll explain this great invention.

First, three feet deep they dig a hole,
And in it stand a cedar pole;
Then on the top, ten feet or higher,
Make fast their telegraphic wire;
They stand these poles long in a row,
And by the whole the wire goes so.

And at each end go through a circular,
And when it works the news goes clear.
'Tis a wonderful age, as you must know,
For telegraphs are all the go.

In looking o'er the world, I find
That railroads are the thing to bind;
They're all about, 'as thick as fleas;
And you can steam it where you please.
Clear the track, all are singing,
Hear I the engine bell is ringing.

Then on the Californian shore,
'Tis said that mines of gold are there,
And they say that a man, with a spade and pick,
Will take out lumps 'as big as a brick.
'Tis a curious age, there's no mistake,
For we dream of gold when we awake.

But the greatest thing that I can name,
Are the machines that are made in Maine,
These mighty works were all begun,
And finished, too, by R. B. Dunn.
Then hurray for Dunn, the millionaires,
The man who finds the world in rhymes.

These Yankee scythes are all the go,
From Newfoundland to Mexico,
For every husbandman agrees,
That these scythes cut just like old cheese.
Then clear the way or get run over,
These are the scythes to cut your clover.

I heard a man, not long ago,
Say that Dunn's scythes were bound to mow;
For he left one on his grassy field,
And next day found his grass all mowed.
Ha, ha, ha, now wasn't that funny?
Here's the chance to save your money.

But ere I close, just let me say
That, at no very distant day,
This Yankee will be made *Scythe King*,
For his *Dunn* scythes are just the thing.
They're away down East, and away out West,
And away down South, and I've been told,
These scythes have gone to the land of the dead.

And now, kind friends, do not forget
That *Old Dunn's* scythes cut sharper yet;
'Tis tempered with fire, and late of steel,
Will cut you down, like grass at will.
Then live like men, for a brighter sphere—
Your tarrying place is not here.

CARPETINGS, etc.
At J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH SHOP.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

PORTLAND DYE-HOUSE.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

ANDRESCOGGIN & KENNEDY, R. R.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

LONGLEY & CO.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

REMOVAL.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

JOSIAH THING.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

PERIODICAL DEPOT.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

Cash, and the Highest Price.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

To Builders.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

MANILLA CORDAGE.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

NOTICE.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

CHEMICAL OLIVE SOAP.
J. P. Dyer's, formerly of New Sharon, and sung by Mr. Brett, at the Mt. Vernon festival.

TABACCO—A few boxes choice Brands Chewing Tobacco,
Just received and for sale cheap by
W. C. DOW,
202 Middle Street, Portland, Me.

TO BUILDERS.
A LARGE assortment of Building Materials kept constantly
on hand, consisting of Pine and Spruce Lumber, Planed
and German Glass, Lined Oil and Nails, &c. of which will be
sold in quantities at price to suit customers.

HARDWARE AND IRON.
Z. SANGER,
April 10, 1850.

MANILLA CORDAGE.
Z. SANGER,
April 17.

NOTICE.
THE subscriber is in pressing want of Funds—Persons
indebted to him must call and pay immediately.

WILLIAM WILLEY.
Nov. 21, 1849.

WILLIAM WILLEY.
Nov. 21, 1849.

J. F. NOYES, M. D.
Dr. Noyes having taken special instruction in diseases of the
throat and ear, and again attended Medical Lectures and
Hospital Practice in Philadelphia, and the past Winter, has
returned to his native place, and is now in the city of
Portland, and respectfully tenders his professional services to
his former patrons and the public generally.
Office at the corner of Main and 20th streets.—Residence
at the Williams House.
April 25, 1850.

N. R. BOUTELLE, M. D.
Dr. BOUTELLE having permanently located himself
at Waterville, respectfully tenders his services to
such of his former patrons, and the Public generally, as
may require the services of a Physician.
All calls, in or out of town, promptly attended to.
Office, at Waterville, one door north of J. R. Elden &
Co.'s store.

H. H. CAMPBELL, M. D.,
FAIRFIELD, N. H.
Dr. CAMPBELL will pay particular attention to the
practice of Surgery, in its various branches.
Residence—At the dwelling formerly occupied by
Dr. Snow.

J. V. WILSON, M. D.,
ROTAN PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, DENTIST.
HAS permanently located himself at Waterville, and
is now in the city of Portland, and respectfully tenders his
services to his former patrons, and the Public generally.
Office at the corner of Main and 20th streets.—Residence
at the Williams House.
April 25, 1850.

J. V. WILSON, M. D.,
ROTAN PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, DENTIST.
HAS permanently located himself at Waterville, and
is now in the city of Portland, and respectfully tenders his
services to his former patrons, and the Public generally.
Office at the corner of Main and 20th streets.—Residence
at the Williams House.
April 25, 1850.

J. V. WILSON, M. D.,
ROTAN PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, DENTIST.
HAS permanently located himself at Waterville, and
is now in the city of Portland, and respectfully tenders his
services to his former patrons, and the Public generally.
Office at the corner of Main and 20th streets.—Residence
at the Williams House.
April 25, 1850.

J. V. WILSON, M. D.,
ROTAN PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, DENTIST.
HAS permanently located himself at Waterville, and
is now in the city of Portland, and respectfully tenders his
services to his former patrons, and the Public generally.
Office at the corner of Main and 20th streets.—Residence
at the Williams House.
April 25, 1850.

MRS. E. F. BRADBURY,
MILLINER.
—AND DEALER IN—
MILLINERY, Fancy Goods, Shawls, Silks, Dress
Goods, Worsted, Yarns, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckties,
Threads, &c., Opposite BOUTELLE BLOCK,
WATERVILLE, ME.

FASHIONABLE DRESS-MAKING.
Florence and Straw Bonnets. Repaired in the
Latest Style.

MOURNING BONNETS AND VEILS.
With a full Assortment of
CRAPES, MUSLINS, LAWNS, JACONETS,
and other MOURNING GOODS.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING AND HARNESS MAKING.
BY
I. S. MC FARLAND,
first shop south of Hancorn's building, Main-st.
WATERVILLE.

WILLIAM C. DOW,
HAS taken the Store formerly occupied by J. WILLIAMS &
SON, 202 Middle Street, and is now in the city of Portland,
and respectfully tenders his services to his former patrons,
and the Public generally.
Office at the corner of Main and 20th streets.—Residence
at the Williams House.
April 25, 1850.

ENGLISH & AMERICAN DRY GOODS,
FEATHERS, LOOKING GLASSES,
CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES, &c.
The above Goods will be sold at the lowest market prices.
Waterville, Sept. 18, 1849.

J. R. ELDEN & CO.,
302 Middle Street, Portland, Me.
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
188 and 190 Fore-st. PORTLAND.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

JOHN S. MARSHALL,
CAPT. GEORGE KNIGHT,
Will commence their regular trips Wednesday, the 20th inst., and
leave Atlantic Railroad Wharf, Portland, for Boston, every
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central
Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

Portland Advertisements.

NEW CARPETINGS FOR SPRING TRADE.
POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

POOR & JOSE,
No. 200 Middle Street, PORTLAND.
Have received a splendid Assortment of
CARPETINGS.

Portland Advertisements.

JAMES O'DONNELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
No. 122 Middle Street, PORTLAND.

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

L. D. HANSON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK and FINDINGS, LASTS and BOOT TREES,
ALSO,
N. YORK Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather,

Portland Advertisements.

BYRON GREENOUGH,
Hats, Caps, Muffs, Tippets, Buffalo Robes,
Fur Caps, Buck Mittens, Gloves and Umbrellas.
No. 1 Montreal Block, Middle Street,
PORTLAND.

CASCO HOUSE,
No. 93 Middle Street,
BY
M. E. JOSE, successor to J. M. THOMPSON,
PORTLAND.

COVELL, GREENOUGH & CO.,
Nos. 145 and 150 Middle Street, Portland, Me.
Most respectfully call the attention of the Country Trade to
their large Stock of Goods, consisting of every variety of
Hats & Caps, Muffs, Tippets & Fancy Fur Goods,
Buffalo Robes, Mittens, Gloves, Buck Mittens, Buck
Gloves, Wolf and Buffalo COATS, of their own manufacture—Suspenders,
Combs, Buttons, Dressing Cases, Hair Pins, Hair Brushes,
Mittens of every grade, UMBRELLAS of all qualities, BUFF
ALO ROBES by the bale, etc.—Which they offer to the Trade
at as low prices as can be obtained from any other establishment.

COVELL, GREENOUGH & CO.,
Nos. 145 and 150 Middle Street, Portland, Me.
Most respectfully call the attention of the Country Trade to
their large Stock of Goods, consisting of every variety of
Hats & Caps, Muffs, Tippets & Fancy Fur Goods,
Buffalo Robes, Mittens, Gloves, Buck Mittens, Buck
Gloves, Wolf and Buffalo COATS, of their own