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Daniel Ripley Wing

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## EUTHANASIA.

I revere that man, whose life is occupied in discovering the secrets of the Universe, and revealing the beauties, laws and arrangement of the celestial worlds. He seems to rank with a higher order of beings, hold a more intimate companionship with the Deity, and cherish a more exalted idea of his infinite wisdom and power.

Mathematical philosophy is the basis of all truth. The Universe is a temple, and its laws the Godhead; and he who first extends the demonstration, beholds greater manifestations of the Divine mind.

It is a science embodying the excellence of every other. Do you admire the fine pictures of poetry and song? Then upward and behold the stars, identifying by their lettered arrangement the metre, and by their chiming symphonies the musical cadence of poetry. Do you delight in the glowing descriptions of the poet? Look above, and view the panorama of the heavens, that ever-moving canvases of eternity, representing the tangled mazes of unnumbered worlds.

Happy—in the words of Gilbert Wakefield—that man, who lays the foundation of his future studies deep in the recesses of geometry—that purifier of the soul, as Plato called it—and in the principles of mathematical science, compared with whose noble theories our classical literatures are as the glimmering sparks of a taper to the meridian splendours of an equatorial sun.

Such was Dr. Bowditch, the expounder of the mechanism of the heavens. A little before his decease, he asked a friend, who stood near, what were the two Greek words which signified "easy death." Not recurring to his mind, he was directed to look for them in Pope's "Essay on Criticism," where he found the word in a letter addressed to Pope by his contemporary, Dr. Arbuthnot. It was EUTHANASIA. "Ah," said Dr. Bowditch, referring to his own condition, "this is, indeed, euthanasia."

There is a terror in the silent tomb,  
That narrow entrance to a world unknown;  
No earthly light illumines its sombre gloom,  
But death there sits upon his ebony throne,  
Prepared to give its dread and final doom  
To the lone spirit from its prison flown.

No mortal yet this vestibule hath passed,  
That leads unto the palace of the skies,  
Then down to earth his viewless form hath cast  
To rend the obscure veil from human eyes,  
Or teach the love a spirit only hath,  
In which men make vain effort to be wise.

But the deep scholar, he of sinless soul,  
Whose eye hath scanned the wondrous works of God—  
The flaming words that in his circuits roll—  
The instant crawling on the tuffled soil—  
Doth not repine to reach Death's marble goal,  
And dream of Heaven beneath the cold, damp soil.

For Nature's voice hath made his soul believe—  
Heard in the music of the chiming spheres  
That glow in splendor round the brow of eve,  
And light the footsteps of the fleeting years,  
That when the soul this weeping world doth leave,  
A higher home in heavenly light appears.

Lo! he, who read the star-beangled page,  
Sublimely showing the Creator's plan,  
Feared not the warnings of approaching age,  
But looked beyond the sepulchre of man.  
Immortal Bowditch! Heavenward-pointing sage,  
May I, like thee, the future prospect scan.

Thy hand hath traced the mighty hand Divine,  
And marked the course of each wand'ring star;  
Thy aid revealed the viewless orbs that shine,  
Eclipsed by distance in the ether far.  
But thy eye gave no limited range to sight,  
Thine wing'at thy flight through greater wonders aye.

'T was easy dying, when thy mind surveyed  
Mysterious truth, and won the secret key;  
And Heaven's glories, to thy sight displayed,  
Cheered on thy spirit with a glad surprise.  
Ah! well thou might'st by angels be conveyed,  
When blooming joys in boundless prospect rise.

The way to bliss lies through the mouldy tomb,  
A joyful passage to the sainted shade;  
And though he slumbers at his deathly gloom,  
And ghastly terrors there his soul engage,  
He looks beyond where flow'st immortal bloom,  
And endless rest his fading fears assuage.

PHILADELPHIA.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE MORMON CITY.

An overland travelling correspondent of the St. Louis Intelligencer furnishes the following descriptive sketch of the Mormon capital of Utah:

The city of the Great Salt Lake is beautifully laid out within a short distance of the western slope of the mountain forming the eastern end of the valley. It contains eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants, who are mostly engaged in agriculture, though a portion of their time is devoted to mechanical pursuits when understood. The streets of the city intersect each other at right angles, and each block is half a mile square, with an alley from east to west and north to south. Each block is called a ward, and has a bishop to preside over its government, whose duties are to act as magistrates, tax collectors and preachers, as well as street commissioners. The city and all the farming lands are irrigated by streams of beautiful water, which flow from the adjacent mountains. These streams have been with great labor and perseverance led in every direction. In the city they flow on each side of the different streets, and their waters are let upon the inhabitants' gardens at regular periods, so likewise upon the extensive fields of grain lying to the south of the city. There is a field thirty miles long by six and ten wide, a portion of which is cultivated by any who desire. This field was moving with wheat, barley and oats, nearly ready for the sickle when we were at the lake, and a finer field of wheat never grew in any country; the berry was large, full and plump, and of a superior whiteness. We were convinced that no country in the world could produce better crops of wheat than this valley, or larger amount to the acre. The system of irrigation prevents any thing like rust or smut striking the crop, to blast the expectation of the farmer. The productivity of the soil will always secure him an abundant crop.

Within the valley, and including three other settlements of this people in the vicinity, there cannot be far from thirty thousand inhabitants. Forty miles south they have a village, and another 110 miles farther south, among the Utah Indians—I suppose—where fine forests of all kinds of timber abound, while little or none for mechanical purposes, excepting pine, grows in the vicinity of the valley.

The character of this people has changed but little since their exodus from the States. The leaders and all appear to be more "free and easy," and the great body as persevering, industrious and obedient to the higher powers as ever. Money is very plenty among them—principally gold—much of which came from the California mines. The religious character of the whole body has degenerated into mere amusement, frolic, &c.; not even a semblance of true piety is kept up. In the vicinity of the city is a warm spring which has been brought into the city, and public baths erected. The water is highly medicinal. Each citizen has a building lot appropriated to his use, but is not the absolute owner, as he cannot dispose of it to a gentile without the consent of the church; neither can a Mormon move away or take a journey without the consent of the church. Each member is allowed to take up and cultivate as much land as he pleases, but he can only sell such improvements as he may make upon the land. One tenth of the produce of the land, or the accumulation of each individual, as well as one tenth of his time, belongs to the church, and is rigorously exacted.

The houses are mostly one story high, though some of them are neat little cottages. They have nearly completed a spacious court-house, two stories high, 40 feet square. The first story is built of freestone, and the second of sun-dried bricks, which are of a fine red color, and appear well adapted to the climate. They are about to erect a temple and other public buildings. Eber Kimball's house is a large two story stone building, some 50 feet by 35

feet, yet it is not large enough to contain one half of his numerous wives. The prosperity of this people is truly astonishing. They have flocks and herds, and most of the good things of the earth in abundance. We saw about 3,000 of the finest, fattest cattle on an island in the Salt Lake, that we ever put eye upon. In the morning you may see lads driving hundreds of cows from the bounds of the city to be herded within two or three miles and then driven back at night. The regulations of the valley in regard to stock are, that it shall be fenced, while the gardens and fields are left with a slight protection in the way of a fence.

Brigham Young is the Alpha and Omega of the sect; his word is law. He is emphatically the thinking, breathing organ of this whole people; and yet he is an ordinary-minded man without the "hard horse" of Joe Smith or many of those who surround him; his quiet, good-natured disposition—in short, his amiability of character has, and will keep him, the leader of the Latter Day Saints.

This valley is capable of sustaining a population of 150,000; it is from 30 to 50 miles wide, and from 160 to 180 miles long; nearly the whole of the valley is fit for cultivation if irrigation be resorted to. Hemmed in on all sides by mountains, upon whose tops lies perpetual snow, one would suppose that the climate is much colder than it really is both in summer and winter.

The writer of the letter incidentally mentions that the Mormons have formed a treaty "offensive and defensive" with the Utah Indians; and further, that many of the Indians have been baptised in the Mormon faith.

## A New Wonder in Machinery.

The Albany Knickerbocker thus describes a new steam-engine recently patented by Mr. Black of that State:

Mr. Black's machine, we believe, is perfectly original, the power being applied directly to the driving wheel, without the interruption of any cylinders, piston-rods, walking-beams, steam-chests, condenser or other apparatus. By this means an immense amount of friction, room and money is saved. This wheel, of which we speak, is a submerged one, and is so contrived that an immense hydraulic power is obtained without any cost whatever. Several of these engines are already in operation—one near Williamsburg, where it is employed in sawing lumber and getting out floor planks. This one operates most successfully.

Much more, in fact, has been effected, than even his most sanguine friends have dared to hope. It drives the machinery with a degree of speed and force beyond any previous calculation. A two horse power was produced by two jets of steam, from two tubes an eighth of an inch in diameter, with the consumption of only one bushel of coal in the space of ten hours, and was kept during the whole time in active use, sawing timber and boards; the expense of the fuel required being about 25 or 30 cents in this market. What will render this application of steam and water of general adoption, is the fact, that it needs no ingenious artisan or machinist to construct it. A common mechanic or mill-wright, can build a machine of this description, and keep it in repair. It dispenses entirely with the steam-engine, so costly and expensive, and is so much safer, requiring for a given power, a much less pressure, or weight of steam to the square inch.

A MANIAC MILLIONAIRE.—The New York Evening Post, after briefly alluding to the eccentricities of McDonough, the deceased millionaire, has the following:

"Another case, scarcely less remarkable than his, has just become public in Illinois, in the person of Jacob Strawn, of Jacksonville, a very extensive land holder and cattle dealer, and probably the wealthiest citizen of the State of Illinois. He is the owner of some forty thousand acres of land in the state, and his agricultural and other business transactions have been of an extent corresponding with his landed possessions. For years he has been by far the most extensive cattle dealer in that, or any other of the western states, and has, by continued and the most unremitted exertions, accumulated a princely fortune.

Mr. Strawn has been even more extensively known for his eccentricities of character, than for his great wealth. For days and nights in succession, he has been known to pursue his business without intermission, never sleeping, unless whilst riding in his saddle. He chose his wife, as he would a farm, or a lot of cattle, by mere inspection of her person, selecting her from among her sisters, who were called to the door at his request, and married her without any more of ceremony than was necessary to complete a moneyed transaction, and conform to the laws of the state. Every thing with him was a matter of money and business, pursuing these at a sacrifice of every thing else; indeed, attaching no value to any thing which could not be measured by a pecuniary standard.

The St. Louis Union of the 16th inst., states that Strawn was brought down the Illinois River, the day before, a maniac, in charge of some of his friends, who were trying to convey him to the Lunatic Asylum at Columbus, Ohio. His insanity was brought on by the terrible tasks to which every energy of his mind and body had been subjected for years in the pursuit of wealth.

In order to induce him to travel in the direction of Columbus without violence, it had been necessary, says the St. Louis paper, to deceive him by the promise of great rewards for accompanying his protectors. Even in this, his all-absorbing passion was predominant. Bonds to a large amount, with large penalties in case of breach of contract, were regularly executed, to secure him the compensation agreed upon. Even before leaving the boat, and with the appearance of a correct regard to business, he had the agreement read—re-read it himself—and called the attention of the by-standers to see that every thing was correctly and explicitly understood.

"And this," continues the print above quoted, "is the value of wealth! Life, health, great energy, every thing devoted to the utmost stretch to secure immense possessions and to enjoy nothing. Truly, after all, there are greater slaves than they who come, and go, and labor at the bidding of another. There are those who are poorer than they who are fed by the slow and unwilling hand of charity, and there are none more to be pitied than those who bow down in adoration to their countless thousands, knowing neither comfort, pleasure, recreation, or intellectual enjoyment in sight besides their treasures!"

POLYGAMY AMONG THE MORMONS.—The editor of the Daily Free Democrat, of Wisconsin, gives an account of a visit paid by one of the Mormons by the name of Mills, fresh from Beaver Island, the rendezvous of about 400 of those singular fanatics. He stated that Strang, the man who got himself proclaimed King on the 5th of July last, had been imprisoned four times, but each time got clear, on some technical informality. When asked if the authorities did not collude with Strang, for the sake of getting the Mormon vote, he said he guessed there was some wire-pulling. Strang has two

wives—his first about his own age, say 35—the last, married last summer, 17 years old. Mr. Mills lived a year with Mr. Cheeseman, who had three wives—one old and two young ones, all have separate beds; the younger have one child each, and the oldest has four or five. Mr. Cheeseman has had two more wives, but one bolted and the other poisoned herself.

Mr. Mills says, it is generally supposed that families composed of a plurality of wives, live peacefully and happily, but that it causes bickerings, heart burnings, and continual strife. He says there is a division of sentiment among them in regard to the practice, the women advocating it as strongly as the men; that a year ago they were about equally divided in regard to it, but that the tide of public sentiment is getting strongly against it, and that this change of sentiment against polygamy, is owing to discussion, and the practical developments of the system. He thinks that it might be defended from the Old Testament, but that strict morality forbids it—that it makes men tyrants, and women brutes, and that very few of the saints practice it. Their Tabernacle progresses slowly. Adams, who, for ambitious purposes of his own, got Strang proclaimed King, has fled to Mackinaw, where he is now conducting a theatre, and Strang himself, by last advices, has got into trouble.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 19, 1850.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. HOTEL, PORTLAND,

Dec. 7, 1850.

Cities and villages, even like cattle and horses, always exhibit an indescribable something, that indicates the degree of their thrift or unthrift, without resort to tangible facts.

If we knew nothing of her railroads and other enterprises, the most hasty trip through Portland would assure us that her progress in the march of improvement is onward,—not rapid, like that of some of the cities of the west, but safe, steady and healthy. With abundance of capital, great local advantages, and men of good capacity and liberal views, she is laying a broad foundation for substantial and enduring prosperity. There is evidence of this in every avenue by which the city is approached, and in every street into which it is divided. This is what every observing traveller discovers, and this is the reputation she is gradually sending abroad.

From my quiet and agreeable quarters at the "States" it requires some resolution, in the severe storm that prevails to-day, to rally forth in search of the various objects of interest I would otherwise report. And indeed, perhaps it is better for me to remain within; at least if it is true, as I believe, that we form a pretty correct idea of a place from its hotels. These are seldom allowed to misrepresent the people among whom they are located. Thus I am liable to a favorable opinion of Portland.

There are few hotels in New England that bear, and justly, a better reputation than this. It is one of the few agreeable, quiet, easy first-class houses I have happened to see. With hotels, as with gentlemen, some class themselves naturally and without an effort, number one; while others reach that eminence with so much labor and affectation, that they seem too much exhausted to retain it, or to hold on with so much effort that they keep us in constant pain lest they should fall from caste. The "States" slips into its number as naturally and gently as one's foot settles into a worn slipper. Its merits are more felt than seen, depending rather upon the excellent order and good attention that prevail in every department, than in massive pillars and stately rooms—briefly, more in substance than in show.

There is talk of a new building, one that shall be measured and planned from the signs of the times, the prospects of the city, and the capacity and popularity of Mr. Woodward as a landlord. Such a hotel, with such a landlord—such an outside for the present inside of the "States," would constitute an enterprise worthy of those who have the good name of the city at heart. It is a point not likely to be long neglected.

The introduction of gas, in lighting the city, is a popular affair. Its convenience is as yet tested only in one or two of the principal streets. You must not inquire how the streets have heretofore been lighted. This would call out a bad example for Waterville. Three kinds of light, I am told, had been thoroughly tried, for many years, namely, moonlight, starlight, and fog-light. The first was found brilliant enough, but irregular; the second more permanent but less serviceable; and the last the best of all, as tending to introduce the present agreeable substitute for all the three. Strange, but true, Portland was never a lighted city till the introduction of gas. In the stores, halls and public houses the gas gives the best satisfaction, and the work of putting up fixtures for its use is making rapid progress in all parts of the city.

A work of much interest, and some just pride, here, especially in its connection with other improvements, is the depot of the York and Cumberland Railroad. The building itself exhibits more chaste and simple beauty, and more positive convenience, in proportion to its cost, than any other I have seen in New England. It was designed by Mr. Robinson, the City Engineer, and is by no means the only work that has contributed to his well deserved popularity in his profession. As the engineer of the Y. & C. Railroad he has exhibited some of the best constructive engineering in New England.

The manufacture, properly speaking, of real estate in the vicinity of the depot, by displacing water with earth, is producing a decided convulsion in real estate transactions in that section of the city; something like the effect that would result to a household from opening a broad street past the back door. Mr. C. Q. Clapp has the honor of originating a movement that is to add so many cool thousands to the taxable property of Portland. All who can are embarking in an enterprise that promises to be so profitable, till there seems to be danger that what was designed to become a part of the best harbor in the world, will ultimately be converted into building lots.

The new street along the front of the city, which is to result from the connection formed between the A. & S. L. and P. S. & P. Railroads, continues to be regarded as a valuable improvement for Portland. Though the connection was promptly effected, as the wants of the public seemed to dictate, the filling and grading seems to have made poor progress. Another season will produce a great change.

The great interest of Portland is in her railroads. They have drawn deeply upon her floating capital; and the consequent rise of real estate probably exceeds the whole amount of stock taken. Instead of looking back with regret and distrust upon this part of their enterprise, like some of the stockholders of the A. & K. Railroad, the people of Portland would venture the same again,—aye, they stand in watch for still bolder undertakings when opportunity offers. I venture the prediction that the great work of the contemplated European and North American Railway, which I cannot doubt is destined to ultimate completion, will find in Portland a fair proportion of its immense capital.

But, here—there is no inspiration in a snow storm, except for a "cold thrust" or a stormy topic. Wait till the sun shines, and we will write again. When I can look out among the many attractions said to exist here, get a peep at some of the lions, and perhaps "see the elephant," you shall hear from me.

Yours, M.

## Let those Boys Alone!

Strange, how some men's nerves are chafed by the merry laugh of boyhood! Nobody could think they were ever boys themselves. They seem not to know that boys have certain rights as well as men; and would banish all the balls and bows, and sleds, from the streets, to give full sweep for a trotting match. If a boy happens to laugh aloud, it is an awful violation of the quiet of the village; and there cannot be found, within a mile of them, a place where the boys can play ball without great danger of damage to somebody or something. A hand-sled is a perfect bugbear to such men; and we have known them, out of sheer malice, to sprinkle ashes in the favorite spots for coasting, for fear the little fellows should get an hour of merry play. Such men do more to make bad boys, and to fasten bad habits and bad characters upon the boys of a village or neighborhood, than would ever be done by vicious playmates. To thrust a boy from the walk, where he has as good a right as you, is only to tempt him to use bad language. To harass and vex him in his play, if he be a boy of any spirit, must of course excite his worst passions, and expose him to the charge of being a "saucy boy." We recently saw one of these "very dignified men" thrust from the walk a little fellow and his sled, with a single sweep of his foot, exclaiming at the same time, "Get out of the way, you little brat!"—and when the boy showed a disposition, though without the power, to knock him down as he deserved, he was threatened with being reported to his father. "Boys will be boys," and they may be safely allowed to be so, if men will be men.

Let those boys alone, then! What harm are they doing? If their merry laugh is disagreeable, the fault is yours. None but a little frost-nipped soul is ever wounded by seeing others happy. Boys are seldom saucy or intrusive towards a man who appreciates and respects them, while they have an almost instinctive power of detecting a mean man. Some men are always at war with the boys. Some they threaten, some they report to their parents, and others they whip. These men are without exception small minded men, and as great a nuisance to parents as to children. They convert good boys to bad ones. They tempt boys to be saucy and quarrelsome, by first being so themselves. Such men have no right to complain. Let them play, we say.

Give them a chance to slide and play ball. Help them to be cheerful and merry, and you do much towards making them kind, respectful and virtuous.

The following sentiment was recently offered by a Son of Temperance somewhere in New England:

THE RAILROAD TO RUIN.—Surveyed by avarice, chartered by county commissioners, freighted with drunkards, with grog-shops for depots, rum-sellers for engineers, bar-tenders for conductors, landlords for stockholders, fired up with alcohol, and boiling with delirium tremens. The groans of the dying are the thunder of the trains, and the shrieks of women and children the whistle of its engines.

By the help of God we will reverse the engine, put out the fire, annihilate the charter, and save the freight.

The Kennebec Transcript, Gardiner, comes out with a most tasteful new head. From being a very small and unassuming sheet, a year since, the Transcript has, at various steps, taken its place among the handsomest papers on the Kennebec. Its merit seems to force its growth, as a thriving boy, compels a resort to larger breeches. It is a spirited and very agreeable paper.

PERIBOOT AND KEN. RAILROAD. A meeting of the Directors of this road, for the purpose of definitely locating the route, is to be held at the Elmwood Hotel, in this place, on the 27th inst., as will be seen by an advertisement in another column. The location of

this road is a question of great importance to this section of the State; and, in its relation to the great project of the European and North American Railway, one to which the people of New England are looking with much interest. The importance of a true location—a location dictated by the broadest liberality and the soundest policy—will doubtless move the board of directors to a careful and candid consideration of all the facts that can be brought to throw light upon the subject. Whatever may be the "gauge" of the road, the proposed meeting will be no place for "narrow gauge" views.

## A RAMBLE ABOUT HOME WITH SUBSCRIBERS ABROAD.

Now we turn short on our heels, and are to see what progress we can make up Main-st. towards "Pious Hill." We may conclude to make a long pause at the common, and even take you back, after pointing at the town hall—the same that brother Drew so reverentially tipped his hat to—to look briefly at the early history of the town. But we have not arrived there yet.

The prominent objects here on the right are the two large yellow buildings between the Williams House and the common; one occupied by Mr. Johnson, saddle and harness maker, and Mr. Warren Williams as a dwelling-house; and the other by Mr. Josiah Thing as a provision store and dwelling-house. The first of these is entitled to a place among the ancient worthies. It was built by Mr. David Nourse, father of Henry Nourse, hard ware dealer, and was for several years occupied by him as a dwelling-house. After Mr. Nourse, it was several years occupied by Mr. Julius Alden, his son-in-law; and since old age has shown its work upon it, a great variety of tenants have filled both its business and domestic departments.

The other building, on the corner, is still older, falling not much short of two score and ten. It was built, but not entirely finished, by Mr. John Rogers—not of Smithfield memory—who sold it to Messrs. Morrill & Stratton, who occupied it as a store till Mr. Morrill built the well known Morrill store, nearly opposite. Since that period it has, like its neighbor, been subject to all sorts of tenants and all kinds of business. Both these buildings have a strong hold in the memory of the ladies of Waterville—each having been, in its turn, tenanted by the millinery establishment of the village. There the good mothers, that now are, resorted for new bonnets and fancy toggery, as the daughters do now. There they basted in signal of each party and ball, and there rigged themselves with artificial flowers, ostrich feathers, and bits of ribbon; setting an example of economy, taste and social culture that will be most zealously followed from this day till New Year's, at least. Here is valuable property, though the buildings seem rapidly approaching their last service.

Now, give us your arm, while we show you something more agreeable. There is little satisfaction in looking at these old crumbling tenements, that indicate rather the age and decline of our village, than its vigor and prospects. Just turn your eye to the large new three-story front, on the other side of the street. There is one of the best improvements that has been effected in our village the past summer. This is known as "Plaisited Building," so named from the proprietor, Dr. Plaiside. On the ground are two spacious stores, one the drug-store of I. H. Low & Co., and the other filled by a very respectable stock of dry goods, crockery and groceries, whose proprietor refers the public to the prophet Jonah for a sign.

The second story is devoted to offices and store rooms for those who occupy below. The third story is devoted exclusively to a spacious public hall. It is christened "Appleton Hall." It is large enough for all ordinary occasions, and as our village has long seen the need of such a hall, no doubt the owner will find it a good investment. The building was originally built by half its present size on the ground, and two stories high. It was erected some twenty years ago, by Messrs. Alden and Allen, who occupied it for several years as a drug store. It was bought about a year ago by Dr. Plaiside, in connection with other property, of Mr. Gilman of N. York, and enlarged to its present size during the past summer. It is one of three large and fine new buildings that have contributed to improve this section of Main-st.

But we must go on. For many years after the erection of the Nourse house, on the other side, the barn belonging to it stood near where this next store is—now occupied by Messrs. Crowell & Sinkler. This building was erected by Nath'l Gilman, and some twenty-five years ago was occupied as a common country store by Capt. Phillips, father of Charles R. and G. A. Phillips. Like most of the buildings in this vicinity, it has had a variety of tenants, and its external appearance would allow it to boast of having rendered some service to the business of Waterville.

Now we come to Marshall's. Here we first tasted the luxury of oysters in Waterville. There is no forgetting such places. You recollect it?—his ice creams, oysters, spruce beer, and kindred luxuries? On this spot, previous to the present building, stood an old dwelling-house. Simeon Mathews first traded in it. It was ultimately removed down upon Front street, and for some time occupied by Mr. Robert Philbrook, father of J. P. Philbrook, Esq., now of the Thornton House, Saco. It has now reached the humble capacity of a blacksmith's shop, and is occupied by Mr. Noah Boothby; so that the same walls that in by-gone days listened to the "sparkings" of the grandfathers and grandmothers, that now are, see only the sparks that fly from the anvil; and even the floors on which they "tripped the light fantastic toe," are desecrated by the vulgar tread of oxen and horses! And such sad havoc, and even worse than this, time works upon the best of us!

But here we come to another of the few nice things we shall take pleasure in pointing out to you. This is an extensive shop in its kind, and among the best on the Kennebec. This is Bartlett's clothing and furnishing store. Here the best sample of nakedness that ever entered Eden, if he could control a few Xs, might in half an hour convert himself into a finished dandy, with changes adapted to the season. From an overcoat to a silk glove—from a buffalo robe to a swansdown wristband—anything called for can be furnished. This building is the one long known as the old Morrill store. It was built by Jediah Morrill, Esq., who for many years occupied it in the usual line of country stores of that day—W. I. goods and groceries, dry goods and crockery, and a "little something" else, according to the fashion of all similar stores at that day. Mr. William Blair afterwards traded here, and was succeeded by Messrs. Parker & Phillips, and Mr. Wm. M. Phillips. After the decease of Mr. Phillips the store passed into the hands of Messrs. Meader & Phillips, now of the firm of Wm. H. Blair & Co. in the elegant brick store a few doors further up.

But we are going further than we intended. Excuse us till to-morrow, and you shall have our arm again.

FIRE. At 2 o'clock Friday morning last, fire was discovered bursting from the roof of a two-story wooden building on Temple street, owned by Dea. Scammon, and occupied by Mr. Joseph Hill as a paint shop. It was too late to save the building or contents, and the efforts of the firemen were directed to the adjoining building, occupied below by Mr. Rufus Nason as a machine shop, and above by several persons as a carpenter and joiner shop—containing below all the valuable machinery, including a steam engine, and above a considerable amount of tools. A considerable portion of the machinery, and some of the tools, were saved in a damaged state; but the building, with the rest of its contents, was destroyed. By the judicious efforts of the firemen the further progress of the fire was here stopped.

Mr. Hill lost, in addition to his stock of paints and tools, thirteen sleighs, and several others were destroyed that belonged to his customers. He estimates his loss at 4 to \$500. Mr. Scammon's loss embraced only the building, worth perhaps \$300. Mr. Nason's loss, including the building and machinery, is probably not less than \$1200. There was no insurance on any of the property.

The Directors of the Penobscot & Kennebec R. R. at their meeting on Friday, unanimously made choice of Geo. W. Pickering, President; Moses L. Appleton, Sec.; Geo. A. Thatcher, Treasurer.

A PRIMITIVE EDITOR. The editor of the Belfast Journal states that several of his editorials are written on birch bark. This is an example of primitive economy that we very much like. Will the worthy editor of the Journal dine with us on Thanksgiving day, on our usual dish of sawdust pudding? We shall look for him.

"In the State of Maine, we have understood some distance up the Kennebec river, near the lumbering regions, is a place where it is reported the Sabbath stops."—[Rev. Mr. Judd.]

The above paragraph, which is going the rounds of the papers, is *exactly* an error. We have conversed with one of the oldest lumbermen on the river, who says he has often been at the place suggested, but never saw the Sabbath there, and don't believe it ever 'stops' there.

A NEW AND SUCCESSFUL PLAN OF ROGUERY.—Heretofore the invention of the telegraph has told heavily against the thieving fraternity. On Saturday, however, a shrewd rogue or rogues, turned this wonderful invention to the purpose of illegally filling his own pocket, at the expense of a worthy broker of this city. It appears that on the day in question, a broker in State street received what purported to be a telegraphic despatch from a person in New York, ordering that a certain note for about \$500 should be paid on presentation. The note was presented and paid, but it was afterwards discovered that the whole affair was a forgery throughout.—[Traveller.]

The following correspondence we find in the Bangor Mercury: BANGOR, NOV. 28, 1850.

MR. WM. BARTLETT: Dear Sir:—Mr. J. H. S. of Portland, has left a demand with me against you of \$6, for immediate collection. Respectfully Yours, BANGOR, DEC. 6, 1850.

MR. J. H. S.: Yours dated at Eden, the 28th ult., is received. Never heard that such proceedings as collecting demands was known in that garden. I am, Sir, Yours, &c., WM. BARTLETT.

THE MISERIES OF MOVING.—What a dislocation of comfort is implied in that word moving! Such a heap of little, nasty things, after you think it all got into the cart; old dredging boxes, worn out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind, if it was to save your soul, they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters.—[Charles Lamb.]

At Castle Donington (Leicestershire) a few days ago, the keeper of Mr. Batby's menagerie went into the area of the carriages in a state of intoxication. He came in contact with one of the bears, and after a considerable contest, man and the beast rolled down to the elephant, who immediately seized the bear by the chain with which it was secured, and extricated him from the rude grasp of brute, keeping him suspended until he had recovered himself. How fortunate that the elephant was sober!—[English Paper.]



## The Good Time come for Purchasing Goods

**ESTY, KIMBALL & Co.**

**DRY GOODS, CARPETING, CROCKERY, FEATHERS,**  
**AND GROCERIES.**

By preparing for a change in their firm have just made a large addition to their cheap and useful stock.

By forming the most extensive and cheapest of every which they will dispose of in a way that will show nothing more, by low price. To those who are aware of the manner in which the old clothes to be closed, and the best method of doing business to be entered upon in the Spring, this advice is sufficient; but those who are not, the following prices are presented as suggestions, and the prices of the goods will be about 67-  
**PRINTS, from 3 to 10 cents per yard.**

Ginghams,	8	12
D'Laings,	10	20
Cashmeres,	17	25
Alpaca,	17	25

Do. silk warp, from 22 cents to 62 1-2 per yard.

4-4 Lyone's Cloths,	25	40
Thibets, all wool, extra,	67 1-2	\$1.12-14
Dress Silks,	42	1.00

Do. silk warp, from 22 cents to 62 1-2 per yard.

Press Goods of all styles, qualities and prices.  
Bay State Low Slawls, 72 by 144, extra quality, 5 to 6  
Do. " 63 by 126, " 2 to 3  
B-I Cashmere Shawls, all warranted, 6 to 8  
7-4 " " 8 to 10  
Fancy Shawls, all kinds and prices.  
Lancaster Quilts, extra size and quality, 1.50 to  
Common Carpeting, all wool, 46 cents per yard.  
Fine " 50 " 60 " 1.00  
Superfine do. 67 to 72  
3 Ply do. 96 to 1.00  
Painted Carpets, 33 to 40.  
Feathers, 12 1/2 to 37 1/2 cents per pound.  
Purchasers are respectfully advised to call. Attention is  
drawn to the above and patterns given and Goods will be  
sold at such prices as will convince all that no deception is intended.  
WATERVILLE, Nov. 7, 1880. No. 4 TROSBROOK ROW  
EDDY, KIRKLAND & Co.  
**NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS**  
Just opening at the "Morrill Building," by

W. M. H. BEAR & CO.,  
A very large and well selected stock of  
**DRY GOODS,**  
among which may be found a large assortment of  
**CLOAK & DRESS GOODS;**  
A All-wool Thibets, Silk and Wool do, Lyons and Gilets of all  
grades and prices. Also, a large stock of M. de Lait  
and Cashmeres, Alpines, Cashmeres, Alpines, Laines; Sh  
and colored Silks and Satins, Velvets for Trimmings,  
Muslins, Laces and Cambrils,  
Prints of every style and color. Also, Madras and Pina  
Patches, Sheetings, Flannels, Broadcloths,  
Cashmeres, Doakins and Satinets.  
**S H A W E L S,**  
Bay State, Long and Square Shirts, every grade and pr  
Cashmeres, Whites and Colored, Black Silk do., Gloves, Hat  
Shards, and every article usually kept in a Dry Goods Store.  
**CARPETINGS.**  
The largest assortment ever offered in Waterbury. Mats, Rugs,  
Rug and Oil-Cloth Carpeting.

*Crockery Ware and Feather.*

A very large assortment of Crockery and Glass Ware; and which may be found whole. Dinner Sets, in white, blue, & Mulberry. From our grade ware.

**W. L. GOODS & GROCERIES.**

A very large stock of W. L. Goods and Groceries, Flour, Oil and Lard, &c., which will be sold as low as possible.

Our Goods freshly shown; and warranted to prove as represented. Customers are requested to call and examine.

WM. H. BLAIR,  
EDWD. G. MEADER,  
G. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

Morrill Building, Main-street,  
Ct., 1890.

**PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.**

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has entered into Partnership with Mr. WILLIAM A. WALKER, for the purpose of carrying on the

**Clock and Watch Repairing Business**

in all its different parts; and the business will be carried on under the firm of J. M. CROOKER & Co. All Clocks and Watches entrusted to them shall be carefully and faithfully repaired, and returned at the shortest notice. Correspondence solicited, and answered in the best manner.

They would further state, that in consequence of the retirement of Mr. CROOKER, the business will be carried on by Mr. WALKER, who is a competent workman, and has been

Watches and Jewelry, they have just purchased in New York  
 and Boston an entire New Stock of  
**Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Fancy Goods**  
 Cutlery, Books and Stationery of all  
 kinds; Paper Hangings, Curtain  
 Paper, both plain and fig'd,  
 and many other Goods usually kept in their line, which  
 would invite their friends and the public to call and examine  
 the same on next Monday morning at 10 o'clock, at the  
 location. Don't forget to give us a call at the old stand of  
 Crocker—one door north of BEST & KIMBALL'S store  
 Waterville, Nov. 1, 1880. **IN W. M. CROCKER**  
 J. W. WALKER  
**Union Mutual Life Insurance Company**  
 INCORPORATED IN MAINE IN 1849.  
 THIS Company is in very successful operation, and com-  
 mends to those who may wish to insure their own or  
 the property of others, and to all secure respectable  
 persons, to those of any other company, which were chartered in  
 other States or in Europe.  
 Dividends are paid to Life Members as made Annual.  
 The insured is NEVER made below the amount of his premium

and; the annual premium amounts to FORTY DOLLARS, payable yearly, the sum of money bearing interest, is taken FORTY HALP.

✓ CALIFORNIA risks taken at corresponding rates, with like to the above, on the business of the

LOCAL DIRECTORS—Charles Jones, Esq. Portland; John Lang, Vassalboro'; Joseph H. Williams, Augusta.

Assessors—John S. Abbott, Noy, Norridgewood; John L. Smith, Farmington; C. C. Crosby, Esq.; Bangor; D. B. Cook, Bangor.

Application to be made to the Agents at their offices, or by mail.

CHARLES S. MATTHEWS Agent.

Waterville, Oct. 1, 1860. Om18

**FLOUR IN BAGS.**

FRESH FLOUR, in Bags of 1-4 and 1-4 lbs., received of Gardner Miller, Ground from white Genesee Flour, and made at mill, For sale at

May 10-14

**WAIN & GETCHELL.**

**A NEW STOCK FROM BOSTON.**

PRIME SMOKED HERRING, 5 lbs. barrel. H. 5 lbs. Napes and Fin; best quality salt Cod, 10 lbs. Clear Pot; Corned Fish of all kinds.

Fresh Fish and Vegetables rec'd every day  
 AT JOSIAH THING'S,  
 Two doors north of Williamson's Hall.  
**Bounty Land for Soldiers**  
 Of the War of 1812, of the Florida and other Indian Wars  
 since 1790, and for the commissioned officers of the  
 U. S. Navy—who served for a month and upwards, and  
 received no land,—(and if dead, for their widows or minor chil-  
 dren), obtained under the new law by THOMAS W. M.  
 BICK, Attorney and Counsel at Law,  
 Office in Boutelle Block, over J. R. Elden's store,  
 Waterville, N. H., 1850. last

**Rubbers! Rubbers!**  
 ALL kinds, qualities and sizes may be had CHEAP at  
 No. 7. 85 A. CHICK  
**NEW AND ELEGANT CLOTHING**  
*Fall and Winter Styles*  
 At the Old Stand on Main-st., one door North of J. M. Crocker's.  
**O. C. TOZIER**  
 HAS just received the largest and best variety of Gentlemen's

**XX Clothing and Furnishing Goods,**  
ever offered in Waterville, which he will dispose of at prices  
must ensure a speedy sale, as he goes for

**"QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS"**  
Among his assortment may be found Overalls, Sacks; Pa-  
Press, New York and Hollis Coats; Broadbrims, Gaiters, and  
Suits and Suspenders; Hats, Pants, Coats, Suspenders, and  
Robbery Vests; Ladies Rubber Coats, Pants, Overalls and Cap

**Gent's Furnishing Goods**  
A general and well selected assortment, embracing Hats, Pa-  
umbrellas, Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Cravats, Muffs, Flap  
Shirts and Drawers.

**Boys' Clothing.**  
A general and very good assortment, at low prices.

**O. C. TOBIER**  
Waterville, October 8, 1860. 11

**LOOK AT THIS!**  
JUST RUN DOWN AND SEE THE NEW BOY F  
KIP BOOTS, which will be sold cheap FOR CASH  
BY E. P. WHEELER.

**Notice to Builders.**

**TW** County Commissioners of this County, determined to accept bids for building a new coming season, will receive sealed proposals from brick masons, carpenters, painters and glaziers, the erection and finishing of two wings to the present County House, each thirty-five by twenty-five feet, according to plans and specifications on file in the Clerk's Office. Specifications if the work will be found at the same place. The Commissioners meet at the County House on Monday, the 16th of December, for the purpose of opening such proposals as may be offered; and all persons desiring to bid for any part of it, are requested to hand in their proposals on or before that time. The work to be complete as early in the following autumn as practicable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County, this 1st day of August, 1890.

W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

August 1, 1890.

**Gen's Winter Boots.**

**NEW BOOKS.**  
J. M. CROOKER & Co. have just received some of the following new books, which they are offering at the lowest prices.  
The Cavalier's Life  
Token of Friendship  
The Valley  
The Coral  
The Home Offering  
Lady's Album  
The Forget-Me-Not  
The American Housekeeper  
The American Cottages Life  
The Union of Boston College  
Nov. 7, 1890.

**BURNERS' BURNERS!**  
A NEW and Fresh lot of Ladies' and Gents' BURNERS, just received at MARKS & Co. No. 51  
Also, a good variety of SOOTY and SMOKE.



