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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 33): March 6, 1851

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1851.

NO. 33.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. E. WING.

At No. 31-2 Bowdoin Block, Main Street

Advertisements, or within one month, \$1.50

Ad paid within six months, " " " 2.75

Ad paid within the year, " " " 4.00

Most kinds of Country Produce, taken in pay

ment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are

paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements, or within one month, \$1.50

Ad paid within six months, " " " 2.75

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ment.

still no business came. After waiting till

deferred made the heart sick, one bright morn-

ing a course-looking knock down sort of

a young man was seen making toward the office.

How the heart of the young man bounded at

the sight of his first client! What success, and

cases, and fees danced in the vision in a mo-

ment!

"Are you the lawyer?" said the man, hastily,

taking off his hat.

"Yes, sir, that's my business. What can I

do for you?"

"Why, something of a job, I reckon. The

fact is, I have got into a little trouble, and want

a bit of help. And he took out a five dollar

bill, and laid it on the table. The young law-

yer made no motion toward taking it.

"Why don't you take it?" said he. "I don't

call it pay, but to begin with—a kind of wedge

—what do you call it?"

"Retention-fee, I suppose you mean."

"Just so, and by your taking it, you are my

lawyer." "So take it."

"Not quite so fast, if you please. State your

case, and then I will tell you whether or not I

take the retention-fee."

"The case fellow started.

"Why, mister, the case is simply this. Last

spring I was doing a little business by way of

selling meat. So I bought a yoke of oxen of

old Maj. Farnsworth. I was to have them for

one hundred dollars."

"Very well—what became of the oxen?"

"Butchered and sold out, to be sure."

"By you?"

"Yes."

"Well, where's the trouble?"

"Why, they say, that as I only gave my note

for them, I need not pay it, and I want you to

help me to get clear of it."

"How do you expect me to do it?"

"Plain as day, man; just say, gentlemen of

the jury, this young man was not of age when

he gave Maj. Farnsworth the note, and there-

fore, in law, the note is good for nothing—that's

all."

"And was it really so?"

"Exactly."

"How came Maj. Farnsworth to let you have

the oxen?"

"Oh, the godly old man never suspected that

I was under age."

"What did you get for the oxen in selling

them out?"

"Why, somewhere between one hundred and

thirty and one hundred and forty dollars—they

were noble fellows!"

"And so you want me to help you cheat that

honest old man out of those oxen, simply be-

cause the law, this human imperfection, gives

you the opportunity to do it! No, sir; put up

your retention-fee. I promised my dying

mother never to do such a thing, and I will

starve first. And as for you—if I wanted to

help you to go to the state's prison, I could

take no course so sure as to do what you offer

to pay me for doing. And depend upon it,

the lawyer who does help you, will be your

worst enemy. Plead minority! No; go, sir,

and pay for your oxen honestly, and live and

act on the principle, that let what will come,

you will be an honest man."

The coarse young man snatched up his bill,

and muttering something about seeing Squire

Snappall, left the office.

So he lost his first fee, and his first case.

He felt poor and discouraged, when left alone

in the office; but he felt that he had done right.

His mother's voice seemed to whisper, "Right,

my son, right." The next day he was in at old

Maj. Farnsworth's, and saw a pile of bills lying

on the table. The good old man said that he

had just received these for a debt he expected

to lose, but a kind Providence had interposed

in his behalf. The young lawyer said nothing,

but his mother's voice seemed to come again,

"Right, my son, right."

Some days after this a man called in the

evening, and asked the young man to defend

him in a trial just coming on.

"What is your case?"

"A bee-hive!—surely that could not be

worth much!"

"No, but the bees and honey were in it."

"Then you really did steal it?"

"Squire, are you alone here—nobody to

hear?"

"I am all alone."

"Are you bound by oath to keep the secrets

of your clients?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well, then, twist up, and me! I did have

a dab at that honey. There was more than

seventy pounds. But you can clear me."

"How can I?"

"Why, Ned Haven has agreed to swear that

I was with him fishing at Squamscott Pond

that night."

"So, by perjury, you hope to escape punish-

ment. What would you afford to pay a lawyer

who would try his best?"

"The man took out twenty dollars. It was

a great temptation. The young lawyer sagged

for a moment—but only for a moment."

"No, sir, I will not undertake your case. I

will not try to shield a man whom I know to

be a villain, from the punishment which he de-

serves. I will starve first."

"The man with an oath bowed out of the of-

fice, and made his way to Squire's office. The

poor lawyer sat down alone, and could have

cried. But a few dollars were left to him in

the world, and what to do when they were

gone, he knew not. In a few moments the

flush and burning of conscience was gone, and

again he heard his own mother's voice—

"Right, my son, right."

"Days and even weeks passed away, and no

new client made his appearance. The story

of his having refused to take fees, and defend

clients got abroad, and many were the gibes

concerning his folly. Lawyer Snappall declared

that such weakness would ruin any man."

The multitude went against the young advocate.

But a few noted and remembered it in his fa-

vor.

On entering his office one afternoon, the

young man found a note lying on his table.

It read thus:

"Messrs. Snappall & Co. compliments to Mr. Lou-

don, and requests, if it be not too much trouble,

that he would call on her at his earliest con-

venience, as she wishes to consult him profes-

sionally, and with as much privacy as may be

possible. Yours, &c. Mrs. Henshaw."

How this lady troubled him! He read the

note, and it might lead to business, it might be

the first fruits of an honorable life. But who

was Mrs. Henshaw? He only knew that a

friend by that name, a widow lady, had lately

arrived on a visit to the family who resided in

that cottage. At his earliest convenience, if

he should go at once, would it not look as if

he was entirely at leisure? If he delayed,

would it not be a dishonesty which he had

vowed never to practice? He whistled a mo-

ment, took up his hat, and went toward Rose

Cottage. On reaching the house, he was re-

ceived by a young lady of modest, yet easy

manner. He inquired for Mrs. Henshaw, and

the young lady said:

"My mother is not well, but I will call her.

Shall I carry you into her room?"

"London, if you please."

The young lady cast a searching, surprised

look at him, and left the room. In a few mo-

ments the mother, a graceful, well-built lady

of about forty, entered the room. She had a

kind, sweet face, and a look that brought his

own mother so vividly to mind, that the tears

almost started to his eyes. For some reason,

Mrs. Henshaw appeared embarrassed.

"It is Mr. London, the lawyer, I suppose,"

said she.

"At your service, madam."

"Is there any other gentleman at the Bar of

your name, sir?"

"None that I know of. In what way can

you command my services, madam?"

"The lady colored. 'I am afraid, sir, there

is some mistake. I need a lawyer to look at a

difficult case, a man of principle, whom I can

trust. You were mentioned to me—but I

expected to see an older man.'

"If you will admit me, said London, who

began to grow nervous in turn, so far into

your confidence as to state the case, I think I

can promise not to do any hurt, even if I do no

good. And if on the whole, you think it best

to commit it to older and abler hands, I will

charge you, nothing and engage not to be of-

fended."

The mother looked at the daughter, and saw

on her face the look of confidence and hope.

"The whole afternoon was spent in going

over the case, examining papers, and the like.

As they went along, London took notes and

memoranda with his pencil.

"He will never do," thought Mrs. Henshaw.

"He takes everything for granted and unques-

tioned; and had I not designed to mislead

him, yet it seems to me, that he would take

the moon to be green cheese, were I to tell

him so. He will never do; and she felt that

she had wasted her time and strength. How

BOYS' CORNER.

The following is sent us by one of the good boys, as we think, who wrote it when fifteen years old. Read it, boys, and remember it too.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

BY ALBERT M. DYER.  
The Lord is merciful and just,  
In his kind care I'll put my trust;  
I'll always try to be upright,  
For "Thou God seest me."  
When tempted to a secret sin,  
Sincere shall be my heart within;  
I'll turn and quickly from it flee,  
For "Thou God seest me."  
When with companions, bold, profane,  
Who take thy precious name in vain,  
I tremble, Lord, and think of thee,  
For "Thou God seest me."  
If troubles overcloud my path,  
I'll not give vent to foolish wrath,  
But try to pray on bended knee,  
For "Thou God seest me."  
The Bible I will daily read,  
And to its holy Law give heed,  
And always live in fear of Thee,  
For "Thou God seest me."

PROFANITY.

MR. EDITOR.—I want to say something to the boys this week about using profane language. And I hope every boy will read what I write, for I do think that there is nothing done by any little boy which makes him appear so very bad as to hear him swear.

I sometimes hear little boys try to swear large, like men, and I suppose they have heard some men use the same kind of words, and think it will make them appear like men if they use the same great words.

But I have never known a good little boy to swear or use any bad words; and I wish I could make all the boys in this village remember what was once said by a man who knew all about the subject. He said—"TO SWEAR IS NEITHER BRAVE, POLITE NOR WISE." Now I don't know but that that would be a good text to preach from, and I think that any lady who knew how to write a sermon might write a good one from this text. I should like to see some of our ministers try it, for I think it would be a good text if it is not found in the Bible, for they could find a great deal in the Bible which means the same thing. But how is it with the boys, whom I heard swearing under my window a few days ago. It seems to me if they could think of this, as every good boy ought to think of it, they would see in a minute that it is very wicked and improper to swear. But I do hear boys swear like men in the street, and I wish I could do something to make every one who does so just stop and think—look at the word *swear*, see how mean it looks—and when a little boy connects it with it, it looks worse yet. *Swear*. Just look at it—it does look pretty, or lovely, or noble, or good. Well now, look at two other words, and see how they look when they are put together—*damn you*—can you see any thing in those two words that you think looks noble and good? Do you think that repeating them, and applying them to some of your little play-mates, would make you appear any better in the sight of the good and the wise, and the virtuous? I know you do not, and still I hear some of you repeating these words, and some of you using the name of the Supreme Being before them. O how wicked such boys are; they must never expect to be beloved until they leave off using such language as this. I have sometimes thought it would be right to call the names of such boys as I hear swear in the streets, but I don't want to; and I hope that all who read this will think of the matter, and never be heard to say any more wicked words by.

UNCLE JACOB.

I WISH I WAS A MAN.

Charles W. had been conversing very earnestly with his father, and when they separated a casual observer would hardly have failed to note the disappointment and discontent expressed in his countenance. The occasion of this was his father's refusal to allow him to skate that day upon a pond, a little way from the village, the favorite winter resort of all the fun-loving boys in the neighborhood. There had been several days of weather so warm that his father judged it imprudent for him to venture upon the ice. Charles stood, for some minutes, striving in vain to bring his mind to acquiesce in his father's decision. He was generally an obedient boy, and ready to acknowledge that his father knew best what was for his good; but, in the present instance, his desire for the forbidden pleasure proved too strong for the spirit of filial obedience; and, though in outward act he was obedient to the unwelcome decision, in spirit he was a rebel against parental authority.

"I wish I was a man, for then I could have my own way," said he, as with an impatient gesture he moved from the spot where he had been standing.

This remark, though uttered aloud, was not intended for any one's benefit, but only as a vent to his own chafed and irritable feelings, yet it reached the ear of his uncle James, who, at some little distance, had been an attentive observer of the scene. Approaching his nephew, he said—

"As you have been disappointed in your plans for the day, suppose you take a walk with me."

Charles was not in a mood to be very much pleased with anything, yet, as his uncle James was a great favorite with him, he did not feel disposed to decline an invitation, which, at another time, he would have been delighted to receive. His uncle, after conversing with him in his own pleasant way, until the cloud had quite cleared from his brow, observed—

"I accidentally overheard you make a remark this morning something to this effect, that you wished you were a man, for then you could have your own way. Now, my dear boy, as the fact is that I am a man, and therefore must necessarily be much better informed in regard to all that pertains to the state of manhood than yourself, allow me to correct your error, and assure you that if you expect to have your own way when you become a man, you will be grievously disappointed."

As you call it, when you are a man, as much as you now do, your experience will differ from that of most men."

"I always supposed," said Charles, "that when I became a man I should have nothing to oppose my wishes."

"It is true that when you become a man, parental authority will not interfere with any of your plans; but you will find your plans thwarted, and your wishes opposed by many circumstances and events which you cannot control or alter, and disappointments will be strewn much more thickly in your path than they now are. Does the man who sends his ships, laden with merchandise, to some foreign port, and hears that his treasures have found a place of deposit in the great store-house of the ocean's depths, have things to his mind? Or does he who bears to the grave some friend, dear to him as life, have his own way? Do they who encounter the unnumbered sorrows, sicknesses, and disappointments of life, have things to their would choose to have them?"

"I think, uncle, you present a very gloomy picture of that period of life to which I have always looked forward with eager delight."

"I have no wish to do so, my dear boy. It does not follow that you must necessarily be unhappy if you do not have your own way when you become a man. Do you honestly think that boys are any happier who are permitted to follow their own inclination, than those who are restrained by kind and judicious parental authority?"

"I know they are not half so happy. There is Dick Mason who always has his own way; but I never knew such an uneasy, discontented fellow. He never seems to enjoy himself, except when he can get up the excitement of doing some mischief."

"It is a great misfortune for boys to have their own way, for they do not know what is for their own best good, and if they have kind parents to guide and control them, it is a blessing for which they cannot be sufficiently grateful. It is also true, that when the boy becomes a man it is still unsafe, and incompatible with his highest interests for him to have his own way, and the same kind Providence which in childhood placed him under parental care and control, continues by other and various means to guide, control and govern his actions. Now, the way for a boy to be happy, is cheerfully and promptly to yield his own will to the will of his parents, cherishing a thorough conviction that they know best what is for his good. If in childhood you learn cheerfully to submit to parental authority, it will prepare you, when you become a man, to yield your will to the will of that wise and holy Providence which guides and controls all the affairs of men, and cheerfully to bear those trials and disappointments in which all have some share; but which fall with a crushing weight, upon the discontented and repining."

"I think, uncle, I shall try in future, to bear more cheerfully the disappointment when thwarted in some favorite scheme."

"I hope you will. Those who set out with the determination to have their own way, and chafe and fret at everything that opposes their wishes, always find enough in life to make them thoroughly wretched. Such a course is as foolish and absurd as it is wicked; for men, as well as boys, often find that their own way is not the best way. An individual once left his home in the morning with the intention of taking passage on board a certain steamerboat, but when he reached the wharf he found he was too late; the boat had left. Now he did not have his own way, or this event had not occurred; perhaps he murmured about it—as you did this morning about not going to the pond—but the boat would have taken, was burned to the water's edge, and the detention which annoyed him so much, probably saved his life."

When Charles and his uncle had nearly reached home, one of Charles' schoolmates came running to meet him with the intelligence that Dick Mason had fallen through the ice into the pond, and had, with the greatest difficulty, been rescued from drowning."

"What do you think now, Charles," said his uncle, "of the advantage of having your own way?"

"This lesson was not lost upon Charles. It did him more good than several days of skating would have done. The next time that filial obedience and self-will had a contest in his mind, I am happy to say that the triumph of the former over the latter was complete." [Arthur's Home Gazette.]

In a late number of the Knickerbocker is an anecdote of "childish heroism," which will go straight to the hearts of parents:

"You are fond of telling stories of children, of their loves, rogueries and heroisms; let us make an addition to your stock of tender anecdotes. A hearty, generous boy of my acquaintance, between six and seven years old, in a neighboring town, was afflicted with a dangerous chronic disease, that rendered a surgical operation necessary. The little fellow bore his periodical attacks bravely, but his parents saw that at each return his suffering increased, until at last they yielded to the advice of the attending physician, and consented that their darling should undergo the necessary operation, although they knew that it would be at the peril of his precious life. The father told his boy, with an unguished heart, that he must submit to a dangerous and painful operation, and asked him if he would for his mother's sake, consent. The little fellow listened gravely and replied, that he would do as his father requested; but they must allow him to name his own time. Nothing more was said to him on the subject; but at the end of a week, he said to his father—'Now I am ready, papa; let them operate on me to-morrow.' Notice was sent to the surgeon, who came, attended by his students and assistants. The preparations were all made, the child was undressed, and a loose gown put over his shoulders, when he was taken into the room where the operation was to be performed. He saw the tub placed under the table that was to catch his blood, and permitted himself, without a murmur, to be laid upon the board, and voluntarily stretched out his little arms to be bound. The sponges were placed around his body; then looking up to his uncle, he said—'Now tell my papa and mamma to go out of the room and I shall be ready.' His parents were already gone, but he was afraid that they were there, and would be distressed by his cries. But he uttered no cry. Either was administered to him; and the operation was performed. But the little hero never again opened his eyes to bless those whose happiness was bound up in his existence."

A GREAT SPLASH.—Three or four little boys, with aprons on, stood on the curb stone in Chestnut street. The water of the gutter was dammed up to enable the workmen to make some repairs, and there was quite a dirty puddle extending across the street.

One of the little boys cried out as the top of his voice, "Now, see what a great splash I will make!" and then, without a word, he plunged into the water, and came up with a loud splash, and a bold flourish; but half way across there was a hole, made by taking out a large paving stone, and suddenly plunging into this, down he went into the muddy

water, and came out in a hurry, well soaked and not a little chagrined at the issue of his great splash.

When boys or men call upon bystanders, to see what a splash they will make, it is not a rare thing to find them, shortly after, creeping out of the mud-hole. —[Y. P. Gaz.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...MARCH 6, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect for the Eastern Mail, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us. Tribune Building, 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 State St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

Social Equality.

A friend has handed us a copy of a lecture delivered before the Belfast Lyceum by Nehemiah Abbott, Esq. It embraces some excellent common sense views of society, and hints at defects in a forcible way. It is too long for insertion, entire in our columns, but we shall endeavor to work up the substance of it by occasional extracts. We commence with the following:

The great fabric of humanity is diversified, but not unequal in its proportions. It is multifarious, but not disconnected in its parts. It stands the proud monument of its great Artificer, riveted and bolted together by his hand, and cannot be jostled or wrenched asunder by the puny will or heartless contrivances of man. Pride tempered up with ambition, often attempts to break up the beautiful connection, but nature repels her miserable efforts.

Still the arbitrary and artificial distinctions among men, are and ever have been the worst plagues of society. They are unnatural and foolish inventions of narrow and selfish minds, got up and sustained to gratify base and sordid passions; and wherever they exist to any considerable extent, there exist discord and bitter animosities; there, a social war, fanned, as it were, by the breath of the furies, rages between the different members of society. On the one side, pride, arrogance, conceit, and contempt, are shooting their poisoned arrows of cold indifference and haughty neglect; on the other side, envy, hate, revenge put in action by wrath, by mortification, by conscious worth, and by the biting pangs of a wounded spirit, infest the whole moral atmosphere with malice and destruction.

It may be said that such a state of feeling, and action is inconsistent with duty; that distinctions ought not to array neighbor against neighbor, and break society into hostile fragments. Very true, but such is human nature; and whilst nature is strongly opposed to duty, duty is usually the weaker party. Duty commands us to love our enemies, but how few obey the command against the natural promptings of the soul. Duty admonishes us to return good for evil, nature repels the admonition. Duty turns the other cheek, also, but nature returns blow for blow. Duty is not always true to itself. It sometimes faints by the wayside; sometime slumbers on its post; but nature is a flame that is never extinguished; a voice that is never tired or hushed.

Society ought to be so constituted and conducted as to inspire the highest possible degree of sympathy and love among its members. Whatever begets hatred or dislikes should be rooted out. Whatever inspires love, or awakens friendly feelings, should be retained and fostered with watchful solicitude. Fraternal affection is the bond of social union; the silken cord that binds and holds society together; the great central luminary of rational existence; the great exponent of nature and of God. Keep it alive, and its cheering rays will penetrate and warm every family circle, every heart; extinguish it, and the social system would become a howling wilderness, bleak and dreary as the natural world without a sun. Its life-giving pulsations would stop beating at once. Locked in the icy chain of misanthropic feeling, life, in it, would become cold and cheerless—a journey in the valley of death.

Contemplate the relations of man to his fellow man; see how our welfare is involved in social union; how that union is created and preserved, and we shall see the connection between fraternal affection and the peace and harmony of society. We shall see that the world needs more of that divine principle.

No sentiment of the heart contributes so largely to fit man for the duties and trials of life as this; and none certainly does so much to swell the sum of human happiness. It delights in the joys of others, and seeks to heighten them. It feels for others' woes, and relieves them. It sees others' rights and respects them. Whilst it bears the soul against the commission of wrong, it does not abandon the wrong-doer to perpetual scorn and contempt. Unlike mock sanctity, and hypocritical pretension, that does not encounter vice for fear of infection, it takes the wrong-doer by the hand, lifts him up, treats him with compassionate forbearance; and, by its kind and forgiving sympathy, awakens within him a better spirit. Affection is a balm of constant and universal efficacy. The good and the bad alike yield to its all-subduing influence. Hearts of stone and of ice, as well as of kindness and sympathy, cannot resist its melting beams. All the voices of nature and of being, whether pitched upon the base key of sordid avarice, or swelling in the treble strains of maddened passion, it modulates to its own sweet subduing music. Reason is overcome by the prompting of self-interest; fear by its dread of force; permanent good by transient pleasures; but love is a weapon that never fails—a soft subduing power that always conquers.

By it, pleasures are heightened, sorrows assuaged, passions subdued, virtue encouraged, vice reformed, and by it, all other means being insufficient, God reconciles a lost world to himself. Then let it be kept alive, burning in all its native fervor! Let no social distinctions damp or quench it with their barren or feebled pretensions! It may be said that distinctions among men ought not to weaken the power of fraternal affection between them. That may be; but they do so, and they ever will, so long as man remains man. To rise above this weakness, we must change our human, for a divine nature. Affection, if it exist at all, is rarely strong between individuals separated by arbitrary distinctions. Like a beautiful plant in the vegetable kingdom, it flourishes best where it is neither choked by underbrush about its roots, nor shaded by the lofty branches of overtowering greatness. But unlike the sun, its cheering rays are most intense when radiated in a lateral direction. Its

ascending and descending power is weak and feeble. As it gropes its way along, in measured steps, up to superiority, or down to inferiority, it becomes chilled by the frosts and snows, that all along choke up its pathway.

How can a man love, with true fraternal affection, those who slight him with their cold neglect; who look down upon him as unfit to participate with them in their social relations? How can a man's heart be warmed with that generous sympathy towards a supposed inferior, that it feels towards an equal? It does not; it cannot. It may, when stimulated by a lively sense of duty, warm up to the temperature of benevolence and charity, but it can never burn with the melting fervor of genuine affection. Those who imagine themselves standing on an eminence far above the common level of mankind, are apt to look down on the trials and sufferings of the masses below them, with, at best, no higher feelings than a heartless pity; whilst those, who have experienced the haughty insolence, the cold indifference, or even the languid compassion of assumed superiority, feel but a sluggish commiseration for its severest afflictions.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Rail Roads.

MR. EDITOR.—I wish to call the attention of the Stockholders of the A. & K. R. R. Co., and the Directors of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad Co. to a consideration of facts, in which they are mutually interested. I am informed that the Corporators of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad have located their road on the route leading through Newport, and that they cross the Kennebec at the College Rips in Waterville. This location I consider a very injudicious one for the interests of either of the above named Companies.

If the Penobscot and Kennebec Co. are determined to adopt the Newport Route, there is no necessity of crossing the Kennebec at the College Rips. If it is an object to adopt the most direct route from Waterville to Bangor, the road should cross the Kennebec at Kendall's Mills, Fairfield, Somerset County.

By casting the eye on the lithograph of Appleton's survey of the Newport Route, it will be perceived that a direct line from the depot in Waterville to Hunter's Mills, Clinton, will cross the Kennebec to the north of Kendall's Mills, and this is a very level route. I have yet to learn any good reason why an unnecessary curve in the road should be made to the south, to shun the flourishing village of Kendall's Mills, one of the finest business localities on the Kennebec. It is said, and I doubt not truly, that this village now furnishes more freight for the A. & K. R. R. than Waterville does, and it will doubtless continue so to do for the future, unless from necessity she is compelled to unite herself with the Kennebec and Portland R. R.

Kendall's Mills will never rest satisfied until she can be accommodated with a railroad at her own door. Her citizens are now taking measures to unite with the lower route, so called, and when that connexion is formed all the business of the Kennebec valley above Waterville will be diverted from the Penobscot and Kennebec and A. & K. Railroads, and will pass down the Kennebec.

If the Penobscot and Kennebec Co. are so anxious to shun the county of Somerset as to make an unnecessary curve in their road, they can hardly expect we should have much sympathy for their road. Kendall's Mills is the only business locality in Somerset county thro' which the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad can pass if the Newport route should be finally adopted; and a depot at that place would accommodate the up river freight from Somerset county better than any other place below Skowhegan. The policy that diverts a Railroad from Somerset county will divert the business from such Road. When we form our Railroad connections then we shall form our business connections. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

SOMERSET.

Correspondence of the Mail.

BANGOR, Feb. 23, 1851.

The Railroads of Maine are now attracting, as they should, great attention. The recent census shows that during the last decade, of all the free States, ours has increased at the lowest rate. A well advised system of Railroads will change this to a more desirable and honorable fact. I have sought to arrive at current views in this city respecting existing projects, but can express only some general speculations. A strong interest is here attaching itself to the Penobscot river Railroad as most important to Bangor. The Pen. & Ken. Road is not forgotten, but probably will not be built very soon by eastern capital. The acceptance of the proposition made to the A. & K. R. R. would however without doubt secure its rapid construction. It seems both honorable and just that different sections should assume the cost of a great public enterprise in relative proportion. The present indications are that Bangor capital will go northward or eastward. Is it then fair and wise for the Stockholders of the A. & K. R. R. to secure the early construction and connexion of the Pen. & Ken. R. R. by guaranteeing to make it a six per cent. stock for 20 years? Perhaps this step will not greatly increase their burdens even for the first few years, and may be eventually very profitable. It will not be considered a large estimate to set the income of the Pen. & Ken. R. R. at \$60,000 for the first year—the interest of \$1,000,000, which may cover the cost. The additional business which the A. & K. R. R. would receive from the opening of this source would go far toward paying the running expenses.

The opening of a Railroad by Bangor capital up the Penobscot river, will increase this business. The prospective American and European R. R. may with considerable confidence be relied upon, to add a large increase within the period. Besides these, there will be a rapid increase from the development and improvement of the great interior resources of the State. It has seemed to me the belief in this city that the advantage of the proposed bargain would be the immediate construction of the Road, but that the ultimate profit would be with the A. & K. Road.

May there not be something here worthy of the attention of the Stockholders of the latter. If the proposed guarantee shall bring foreign capital into the State to construct 50 miles of Railroad through its very heart, which will be but a link in one of the noblest systems of Railroad, and Penobscot capital shall be expended beyond and in connexion with it, will not the certain ultimate advantages be so great as to warrant some patience for a brief space, if indeed that patience shall be actually demanded? For it seems by no means clear but the faith of the Stockholders of the A. & K. R. R. will be as severely taxed without as with the proposed connection on the terms offered. This is but a partial view of the matter. Other considerations may be found which look the same way, but if the scheme appears practicable it may be reasonably left here.

Yours, B.

A RAMBLE ABOUT HOME WITH SUBSCRIBERS ABROAD.

Well, friend, we have treated you about as civilly as one does an umbrella, that he spreads suddenly in a shower, and then leaves to spend a week of sunshine behind the door. This is not our whim, but our necessity; and it is because we think so much of you, that we believe you will excuse it.

We left you standing here at the corner of the Common, near Capt. Coffin's hard ware and stove store, with the snow a foot deep around you—just as it is now. We had pointed you to the fence around the Common, and told you of the general reform in progress in the Town Hall. Here we thought of giving you a quiet fireside recital of some matters connected with our town and village history, but as the weather is fine we leave these for a stormy day and take a kind of "touch-and-take" ramble here and there, pointing out this and that, just as we please.

There has been a strange lengthening of shadows in this portion of Main street within a year. Appleton Hall, as we told you, rests on the shoulders of what was before a two-story building; and here opposite is a tall elegant brick building that acknowledges its predecessor only as a back shed. There stood the old Hasty store, of most ancient memory, where you bought your first fig of tobacco. It fell back to give place to the present occupant, just as a plain old gentleman backs the wall when a white gloved dandy enters the drawing-room. Not that this building is one of the dandy class, but on the contrary one of the most truly genteel and substantial buildings in the village. By joint approval of its several occupants it has been christened "Morrill Building," in honor of its proprietor, of whom it is a good representation. The sign of W. H. Blair & Co., which you see over its beautiful glass front, invites you into one of the most elegant stores on the Kennebec. We told you it was a representation of its owner, and of course if you step into it you will find it as good inside as out. On the second floor, front, is the office of Dr. Noyes, and the third story is dedicated to the mysteries of the goat and gridiron. The Masonic Hall indicates the prosperity and enterprise of the venerable order in Waterville. When completed it will compare with the best in the State.

But we must hurry on; and leaving for another time a quiet lounge in this neighborhood, we must jerk you along past the old Dr. Wright house, so called, Mathews' Bookstore, Penney's confectionary shop, Wingate's Building, Simonds' Cabinet shop, West's tailoring establishment, Mrs. Lyford's millinery shop, Mrs. Bradbury's ditto—but stop! Here is one of the long shadows again. This old brick building, that was, has also shouldered a third story; and its neat granite front, with modernized appendages, renders it one of the best buildings on Main-st. Directly under that mortar you enter one of the best Apothecary shops in the county—Wm. Dyer's, as the sign tells you. With its fashionable glass front, it has a city-ish and inviting aspect that almost makes you hanker for a dose of pills. Directly over it, very appropriately, is the office of Dr. Wilson, where every body goes for Cough Candy. That store in the north end is J. S. Chase & Co.'s, so well known to all ladies of taste, and so generally complimented for the temptations it offers to economical mothers and fashionable daughters. Over this, as before the renovation, is the law office of T. Boutelle—of which it is enough to say that it deserves as much praise as any lawyer's office, and needs as little help in making the acquaintance of our readers. The third story is devoted entirely to the hall and appendant rooms of the Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance. It is elegantly furnished, though as yet hardly complete in all its fixtures. The weekly meetings of both orders are well attended and highly interesting, and both may safely report themselves in a flourishing condition. This building without any whimsical regard to orthographical usages, has been named "Phoenix Block."

On this spot, at your birth-day, stood a little square roofed, one story building, long occupied by Mr. Boutelle, as an office. In the revolutionary process of improvement it was dragged away to the corner of a lot just east of Den. Stilson's carriage shop, where it had various occupants, of various qualities, till last Summer, when it went the way of all old buildings, and is now known no more. Its successor, whose improved fortune and appearance we have been discussing, was built by Mr. John Burleigh, some thirty years ago, for its present owner, Mr. Boutelle. With long years of hard service, under numerous occupants, it was in a fair way to yield its location to another; but the magical power reputed to belong to "rich owners" was brought to bear upon it, and like a poor printer who suddenly digs up a money-pot, it came forth rejuvenated as you see.

But—meet us here to-morrow. We are in a hurry.

The Higher Law.

The editor of the Bath Mirror has the credit of the following very ingenious expression of opinion of the relative merits of the higher and lower laws:—

"We hope after several more sessions of Congress have passed in useless and protracting political discussions, and the country has become fully satisfied of the impracticability and impossibility of forcing men to yield their claims on property—a claim sanctioned by laws human and divine, and by the customs of the world for thousands of years—some practicable method may be devised by which the country can get rid of the institution so destructive to its interests and peace."

Why the editor of the Mirror should so zealously "hope" to get rid of a claim so long sanctioned by God and man, is more than we can divine; but how God and man both came to agree in sanctioning a claim which the editor of the Mirror regards as "destructive to the interests and peace" of the country, is equally mysterious.

It is a singular fact, but one we have often observed, that those who are weak enough to argue that God approves of slavery, usually end with the assertion of their own opinion, that God approves of a bad or wicked institution. So that the editor of the Mirror is not without example in the above ridiculous blunder.

Lectures on Electrical Psychology.

Prof. Mitchell, assisted by Dr. Freit, is to give a lecture on this science, accompanied by experiments, at Appleton Hall this evening. Prof. Mitchell has the reputation of being a man of some learning, and more philosophy; and we cannot but expect something interesting in his lectures, and curious in his experiments. Our neighbors at Bangor, last winter, were most zealously moved in his favor, and his "wunderwurkyng" was proclaimed far and wide through the press. We feel safe in advising our friends to go and hear him this evening.

GOODRICH'S HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS.

—This truly magnificent work, issued in numbers by Wilkins & Carter, of Boston, is now completed, and can be had of them and their agents. It makes two volumes of 600 royal octavo pages each, beautifully printed on fine paper, and illustrated and embellished with 70 maps and about 700 engravings in the best style of modern art. Written as it is in a liberal, progressive spirit, and its pages enlivened by illustrative anecdotes, personal adventures, sketches of character, &c., it is unequalled as a history for the million. It must be peculiarly attractive to the young, in whom it can scarcely fail to beget an early love for historical knowledge; and we would commend it to the attention of parents as one of the most instructive and entertaining books that can be placed in the hands of their children. It is published in 30 numbers, at 25 cents a number, and can be obtained of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

LYCEUM. We have had two lectures during the past week, one on Friday evening, by Mr. Dwight, of Boston, and another on Monday evening, by Rev. Thos. S. King, of the same place. The first, on Music, was a well written and highly poetical production, most decidedly creditable to its author, and as decidedly interesting to the audience. The lecture of Mr. King was one of great beauty and elegance; and so far as its premises were true, (and here we beg leave to doubt) of more than ordinary merit.

We are unable to give notice of the next lecture.

Brother Drew, of the Banner, has been honored by Gov. Hubbard with the appointment of commissioner to the World's Fair. In return—most ungratefully—he nominates His Excellency for Governor "for seven years to come!" and inquires "who seconds the motion?" Mary Magdalen rendered seven an unlucky number, by having seven devils—otherwise we should second it. Where is Dr. Mann?

We have received from Wilkins & Carter, of Boston, a copy of a musical work published by them for the use of juveniles in common schools, entitled "THE NORMAL SONG BOOK, or Music Reader; a collection of Songs, Rounds, Progressive Exercises, and Solfegeos." It will be found at the Bookstores.

Congress adjourned on Tuesday. The usual stormy debate wound up the session, with the passage of the Appropriation Bill.

The Cheap Postage bill was passed and signed. River and Harbor bill lost.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—Decision of character is one of the most important of human qualities, philosophically considered. Speculative knowledge is not the chief end of man, it is action. We may, by a fine education, learn to think most correctly, and talk most beautifully; but when it comes to action, if we are weak and undecided, we are of all beings the most wretched. All mankind think themselves weak, beset with infirmities, and surrounded with dangers. They want, above all things, a leader, with that boldness, decision, and energy which, with shame, they do not find in themselves. "Give us a man," shout the multitude, "who will step forward and take the responsibility." He is instantly the idol, the lord, and the king above men. He, then, who would command, above his fellows, must excel them more in energy of will than in power of intellect.

MRS. SWISHELM'S OPINION OF THE GREK SLAVE.—Every woman should see this Greek Slave. Look at it a time, and try to learn the outline of human form divine. See that beautiful sweeping curve down the side from the arm-pit to the hip, and note the difference between it and a whalebone bodice, with the wedge shaped seams now in vogue—note the proportion of the waist to the neck. We regret exceedingly that it is not sometimes exhibited in drapery that it is not used, in fact, for model by fashionable artists. Modelists should be compelled to fit their contrivances on a form of the Greek Slave, and then let your sketchers and engravers "follow copy." This plan would save us an incalculable amount of saraparilla, liver oil, hair tonic, cosmetic soaps, and dyspeptic pills, to say nothing of the coffee, tea, and champagne. If every woman had a waist like the Greek Slave, consumption and many other diseases would go out of fashion, and vulgar.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

The wretch deserved to be bowstrung, who being pressed to stay a little longer, replied: "I will. Fifteen minutes will make no difference; my wife is now as mad as the cat."

A cornet to a "brack" regiment of the line was asked by the military examiner whether the cornet moved round the corn or the other way round the sun. The younger was astonished at the question, and after hesitating for some time, said: "I don't know, but by way of a compromise—Sometimes the one and sometimes the other."

A Lesson in Arithmetic. Teacher, John, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?

John, "Three, sir."

Q. No; how would be left, you ignorant?

Ragged Uchlin. Please give me a short pipe?

Barman. Can't do it. Don't know him.

Ragged Uchlin. Why, he gets drunk every Saturday night.

Barman. Oh! does he, my little dear? Then here's a nice long one, with a bit of wax at the end.

The Way it was Done.—She leaned over Sakiti, unnoted by him, until, face to face, her eye met his.

"What sayest thou, Sakiti?"

"I am yours, heart and soul."

"Through life and through death?"

"Through life and through death!" softly whispered Sakiti. And he drew a new world opened its portals of joy to the two lovers.

A young gentleman, in describing the effect of his first walk, says he thought he was going to heaven on a band of music. For fifteen minutes he appeared to be swimming in a sea of roses, with a blue angel. This soon changed, he says, to delirium of peacock's feathers in which his brains got so mixed up with low necked frocks and melody, that he has had no fuses ever since.

What is the best attitude for self-defense? said a pupil (putting on the gloves) to a well known pugilist. Keep a civil tongue in your head; was the significant reply.

It is said the Rochester rappings are caused by a partial dislocation of cracking of the knee joints. What next?

R. H. Gardiner, Esq., in reply to a letter from Edw. Swan, Esq., and others, declines a re-election to the office of mayor of Bangor.

Among the curiosities lately added to the Schenectady Museum, is a manuscript, containing the souls of twenty-four misers, and the fortunes of twelve printers—nearly full.

A friend travelling in Florida, says of the mosquitoes—"Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast-iron kettle, and their bills will make a watering-pot of it before morning."

When are women fathers? When they are sisters (sisters), which is not unfrequently the case.

Why will next year be the same as last? Because last year was eighteen hundred and fifty, and the next will be eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

Girls who sit down and walk away, steal roses from Aurora's face; but when they yawn in bed till ten, Aurora steals them back again.

Good Toast.—The following toast was drunk at a dinner given by the New-England Society of San Francisco:—"The old grasshopper on Faneuil Hall—When we forget it, may we be kicked to death by its kindred."

Shocking.—The following painful narrations were gleaned from the Saco Democrat:

Thomas Woodward, of Biddeford, committed suicide on Tuesday, 18th ult. He had been at work in one of the mills of the Laconia Co., but was discharged two or three weeks since on account of his intemperate habits, and has since that time been on a drunken spree.

On the day he committed the fatal act, he went out and purchased some poisonous substance and returned home about noon. He then shaved himself, knelt down and prayed for some time, and afterwards went to bed. His wife supposing it to be the effects of liquor, took no notice of his movements. She discovered him about an hour afterwards, but life was extinct.

His body was opened by physicians, and a quantity of arsenic and laudanum was found in his stomach.

On the 11th ult., Eliza B. Seavey, a little girl of six years of age, daughter of Mr. James Seavey, of Saco, fell beneath a sled loaded with two heavy logs. One of the iron-shod sleds, with its enormous weight passed its entire length over one foot and ankle. One bone of the leg was broken and the flesh torn from the bone for several inches. The wound was dressed by Dr. T. Edgcomb, of Buxton, and through several pieces of the bone have come out, the leg is likely to be healed without permanent injury. The little girl was near the school house at the time of the accident, and with several of her school mates attempted to get upon the sled and fell beneath it.

Wonderful Sheep Story.—The Rochester, N. Y. Advertiser of the 4th inst., states the following as a fact within his knowledge.

Two Sheep, belonging to William Drum, Esq., of Webster, strayed from the fold on the night of a heavy snow storm in December, and were buried in a snow-drift, where they remained forty-two days, and were taken out alive last week. Mr. D. missed the sheep, but supposing they had perished, he made no search for them. Last week, while crossing his farm, he saw two dark spots in the snow, which led him to suspect that his sheep were buried there. He made a hole through the crust of the snow with his foot, and found his sheep not dead as he expected, but alive. They were some distance from each other, and wore a rather lean appearance from fasting over forty days. They had eaten the roots of the grass for some distance around them, and this was of course their only subsistence. They were returned to the fold, and are now apparently in as good health as their mates. We have heard of sheep being buried beneath the snow twenty days, but the instance we have noticed being more than double that period, is truly wonderful.

Industry Rewarded.—A True Story. An intelligent gentleman of fortune, visited a country village of Maine, not far from Bangor, and was hospitably received and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters—two of them in rich dresses entertained the distinguished guest in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was finally completed; when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies—watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about one year, the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now resides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose fortunes she shares, she won by her judicious deportment and well directed industry.

So much for an industrious young lady.

[Bangor Whig.]

Suits Against United States Officers. Deputy Sheriff Coburn yesterday arrested U. S. District Attorney Lunt, upon a complaint made by Alexander P. Burton, of Salem, charging that the defendant maliciously and without any just and probable cause, under oath, made a complaint in writing before B. R. Hall, Esq., one of the Commissioners of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the State of Massachusetts, against the plaintiff. Damages are laid at \$10,000. Mr. Lunt was required to give bail in that sum for his appearance for trial in the Court of Common Pleas, in Essex County, on the third Monday of March next.

A writ was served yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Coburn, on the bodies of George T. Curtis, and Patrick Riley, both of Boston, and damages laid at \$10,000, charging them with arresting and causing to be arrested, and with beating and ill treating one Frederick Minkins, alias "Shadrach," on the 15th inst. The writ is returnable to the Court of Common Pleas of Suffolk County, at the next term. The parties were held for their appearance at that time, in the sum of \$10,000 each.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—On Thursday last, several of our citizens visited Moosehead Lake, when their attention was called to a large break in the bluff of a small island, which terminates what is called the sand bar at Deer Island. It seems that by the action of the frost, about thirty feet of this bluff had broken off and fallen down. Projecting from the side of the break, about three feet beneath the surface, was the skull of a man, connected with the other bones of his frame, showing that he had been buried in a bent position with his head the lowest. The top of the skull had in it a hole about as large as a silver dollar, which had been broken in and which probably terminated his life. The flesh and all the integuments and the soft portions of the bones had decayed, and there were large trees growing over the place where he was buried, showing that he had probably lain there for nearly a century, or a great many years at least. We learn that the remains were to be taken up and examined by anatomists.—[Bangor Whig.]

THE CUBAN TRIALS.—The third trial of Gen. Henderson, at New Orleans, for a violation of the neutrality laws in respect to the late Cuban expedition, commenced on the 17th ult. The Piquayne says two trials have been had, and the prospect of conviction diminishes. The second trial resulted in a jury equally divided, while the first had eight for conviction, and four only for acquittal. The third, to judge by the current of things within the court-room and without, will not be more decisive, unless, indeed, the accused be acquitted. A conviction seems to be out of the question.

The New York papers state that Rev. Mr. Gibson, Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Innocents, at West Point, last Sunday took his congregation by surprise, by reading from the desk a recantation of Protestantism. Rev. Mr. White, of New York city, lately at St. Luke's, has also gone over to the Roman Catholic Church. Other similar defections are likely soon to take place, if they have not already.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.—On a late ride from Waterville to Bangor in the mail stage, one man at every stopping place enquired for intoxicating liquor and drank freely where it was to be had. At one place however, where a lady presided, he was usual called for "strong drink." She modestly replied she kept none, but said to him he could be supplied with tea or coffee, also with fruit, pie, &c., but nothing would answer his purpose but rum or brandy.

A passenger seeing his distress informed him he had a bottle of brandy, of which he might take a glass if he would procure a tumbler.

On asking the lady to lend him a tumbler for the above purpose, she replied—"mine are all temperance tumblers—I cannot lend them for such uses."

The owner of the brandy smiled and observed—"There is principle and no mistake."—[Bangor Whig.]

INDICTMENT FOR MURDER.—We understand that the Grand Jury of Middlesex county, at their late session, found a true bill against Stephen D. Carey, for the murder of Mr. Heywood, the depot master at Lincoln, by shooting him while he was in pursuit of Carey as a robber.

MULES VS. HORSES.—A correspondent of the South Carolina Farmer and Planter, who appears to have had much experience in raising mules and horses, states that he has kept a particular account of the expenses of each, for the last ten years, and he says, "in no instance have I ever been able to bring the horse to the plow, for less than from fifty to sixty dollars; on the other hand, I have invariably brought the mule to the collar for twenty to twenty-five dollars." In regard to the comparative expense of keeping, he says, "the mule can be kept in as good condition as the horse, and will perform the same labor, however severe, in the same time and on about one-half the feed." In addition to this, the mule will out-live the horse by fifteen to twenty years, and is seldom sick or crippled.

A POWERFUL VOICE.—An English paper in 1824, in describing the effect of Catalina's voice at a musical festival, says:—

"Such was the torrent of sound she emitted at one moment that the glass globes pendent from the central chandelier were powerfully agitated and struck against each other."

We don't think this a remarkable case, by any means. We once knew a woman (and not a professional singer either) whose voice was so loud and powerful that it sometimes cracked the windows of a neighboring house, and often drove her husband into a rip-hammer shop as a refuge from the noise. He finally became deaf and comparatively happy, but was always troubled with a "ringing in his ears" occasioned by the old sounds.—[Boston Post.]

QUALIFICATIONS OF MEMBERS OF A STATE ASSEMBLY.—In the Virginia Constitutional Convention, now sitting, the committee upon the subject of qualifications for members of the State Assembly, have made a report, one clause of which disqualifies "ministers of the gospel and priests of every denomination," from holding seats.

A witty clergyman, who was one member of a similar Convention in another State, moved an amendment to a provision like this—to add the words "unless such minister of the gospel shall have been suspended or excommunicated for heresy or immorality."

The Kennebec Journal says that preparations are making for the commencement of the depot and other railroad buildings in Augusta, also for the grading of the road through the city. The passenger depot is to be in the rear of the Stanley House.

SUMNER AGAIN DEFEATED.—At the first trial in the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Wednesday last, no choice of Senator. Second ballot, no choice. Mr. Sumner at each balloting, falling two short of an election. Only five members absent. Further action postponed one fortnight.

NEVER SATISFIED.—Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we are speaking of, in the conduct of a child about

three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor, compassionately, "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him, and then mother," he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door." It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are other children who take the same view of things.—[Boston Post.]

SALE OF OLD COIN.—At a sale of old coins in Philadelphia, on Thursday night, a half dollar with the head of Washington dated 1792, sold for the enormous sum of \$18. A Washington cent of 1792, sold for \$2.12-1/2. An American silver dollar of 1838, with the flying eagle, brought the large price of \$5, and a half dollar of the same coinage, \$7.25. Four old Massachusetts shillings brought \$3.60, and a three-penny Massachusetts piece sold for \$2.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A singular affair happened in connection with the special train to Concord, on Wednesday evening, resulting from the determination of two Irishmen to steal a ride on the railroad—a thing of daily occurrence. The two men got upon the cars at Waltham, and were ordered off at Robert's crossing. One of them got off, while the other hung on to the rear of the last car. Here he caught hold of his companion by the hand, and he not succeeding in getting upon the car, was drawn along in this way nearly to the next station, dragging his feet and legs upon the track. The Irishman said he was afraid to let go of him for fear he would kill him. The man's feet were badly lacerated, and he was brought down in the train on Thursday morning, and carried to the hospital.—[Banker Hill Aurora.]

RAILROAD MEETING AT BANGOR.—We learn by the Bangor Whig, that the mass meeting in favor of a road from Bangor up river, held in that city, on Tuesday last, was numerously attended. The Whig says, the Mayor of the city presided, assisted by several Vice Presidents. The convention was addressed by a large number of speakers, and among them several men of capital who voluntarily pledge their means to promote the object. The meeting was very enthusiastic and unanimous, and passed strong resolutions in favor of the road.

NOTICES.

Give J. R. ELDER & CO. an early call, if you are in want of DRY GOODS. We are now receiving a large stock of goods, and making arrangements for Spring trade, they offer their goods, for thirty days, at a GREAT SACRIFICE.

For value received I promise to pay Every Body or order, on demand, with interest, the amount of their money in Bonds, Stock, or any other security, or in Cash, at the option of the holder, at the Store, North End Hancock's Building, near Elmwood Hotel.

Geo. H. GRIFFIN.

The splendid stock of NEW GOODS this day opened by Esty, Kimball & Co. proves to be the very thing needed to supply the deficiency in the desirable styles of fashionable goods.

Every body can preserve their Leather—and keep their feet from "boiling" Frank Miller's Blacking of FRANK WHEELER.

WATERVILLE, Feb. 1881.

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ANDROGOGGIN & KENNEBEC R.R.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, March 10th, further notice. Trains will run as follows:

WATERVILLE at 6:15 A.M. and 1 P.M., and arrive in PORTLAND at 8:25 A.M. and 4:45 P.M. To connect with Boston Trains same day.

WATERVILLE at 7:30 A.M. and 2:15 P.M., and arrive at WATERVILLE at 11:15 A.M. and 6 P.M.

Passengers are expected to purchase tickets before entering the cars.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

At Waterville stages for Bangor connect with all trains for Bangor, and connect with all trains for Bangor, and connect with all trains for Bangor.

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## Portland Advertisements

**ROBERT I. ROBISON.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN  
**SPERM, WHALE AND LARD OIL**  
Sperm Candles, Oil Soap, &c.  
ly No. 17 Exchange St., **PORTLAND.**  
**FURNITURE WAREHOUSE.**  
52, 54, 56 Exchange-st., Portland.  
**WALTER COREY.**  
HAYING much enlarged and improved his Cabinet and Chair  
Factory, offers for sale the **LARGEST, CHEAPEST & BE-**  
assortment of  
**HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE**  
ever offered in this State, and equal to any in New England.  
**French Drawing Room & Chamber Furniture**  
Rich Chamber Sets, (Landscape and Flowers.)  
Together with all kinds of the more common articles.  
**UPHOLSTERY** work to all its branches.

**Live Geese, Common & Russia Feathers.**  
Curled Hair, Cotton and Palm Leaf Mattresses. A first rate  
sortment of  
**LOOKING-GLASSES,**  
in Gilt, Mahogany and Walnut Frames. PAID BY  
This stock comprises almost every article in the House of  
Furnishing Linen, which cannot fail to attract the notice of the  
chambers are invited to call. PAID BY  
Jan. 7, 1861. PAID BY

**PLUMMER & STEVENS,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN**  
**FANCY GOODS,**  
Combs, Brushes, Wallets, Cutlery, Sewing Silks,  
Clocks, Buttons, Threads, and Gaiter Stripes, &c.  
**Oil Carpentings, Books & Stationery.**  
Manufacturers of and Agents for  
**SHAVING SOAP, PERUMERY, &c.**  
13 & 14 MARKET SQUARE, OPPOSITE CITY HALL,  
D. C.

**S. H. STEVENS,** 1y38

**DAY & LYON,**

**Wholesale and Retail Paper Warehouse,**  
No. 21 EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND.

CONSTANTLY on hand, or manufactured to order, all the  
quilities of Printing and Book Papers; Wrapping, Rail  
Hoard, and other Papers, of various colors (colored  
all the varieties of Manilla Paper, also, Trunk, Book  
Binders' and Bonnet Boards, House and Ship, Sheathing,  
Parrel and Utensils in roll, and in sheets, the various  
Fancy Colored and glazed Mini Papers, together with a large  
 assortment of Fools Cap, Lot and Letter Paper, ruled and unruled  
and of all kinds.

**D. & L.** are also agents for **EDWARDS & HOLMES**, and will  
import **IMPROVED SALAMANDER SAFES**, at the low  
prices of the original. People buying here will save from 25 to 50  
Sept., 1860.

**LEFAYE & CO.**

**Booksellers, Publishers, and Job Book Binders**  
No. 68 EXCHANGE STREET.

1388 PORTLAND, ME.

Messrs Maxham and Wing, Eastern Mail Office, Waterbury, will receive packages, and return them by mail, at the lowest Portland prices, without any additional charge.

**BANKS & HATCH,**  
No. 72 Exchange Street,.....PORTLAND,  
DEALERS IN

**Watches, Jewelry, Cutlery, Spectacles,**  
GOLD BRADS, GOLD AND SILVER PENCIL CASES  
Silver Spoons, do. Combs, Butter Knives, Thimbles, Plated  
Britannia Ware, Tea, Coffee, and Cocoa, Paper Folders, Ink  
Purses and Purse Trimmings, Pen and Ball and  
Brushes, Steel Pens, Tea Trays, Fans, Cases, Shell and  
Combs, Perfumery, &c.

**Cases Mathematical Instruments,**  
Thermometers, Quarters' Scales, Dividers, Surveors' Compass  
and Chain, Spy Glasses, and the Gun Companies  
Gold Foil and Plate and Mineral Talc, for Dentist's  
Watches, Jewelry and Mathematical Instruments carefully

**HALL CORNER**

**WALDRON & CO.**  
*Grocers and Commission Merchants,*  
1285 and 1300 Forest. PORTLAND.

**HAVE now on hand**

1937	1000 Cakes Nails,
	1000 Qts. Cod and Pollock Fish.
	1000 Hds. T. and Lin. SALT.

**Premium Ground Rock Salt.**

**WALDRON & CO.,—PORTLAND,**

Are the only manufacturers of the real "PREMIUM" BRAND of Rock Salt, which is known to be traded at the lowest prices. Purchasers are cautioned to obtain the "Premium" brand, by "Waldron & Co." which will always be found thoroughly cleaned, and superior to any other brand. Price, 1-3-4.

Manufactured by "WALDRON & CO." Portland.

**E. GAMMON & CO.**  
**BRUSH MANUFACTURER**  
141 NORTH ST. FAYETTE

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF  
**BRUSHES**  
Tailors' Pat. Dressing Brushes, and Machine Brushes  
of all kinds, to order.  
AN ASSORTMENT OF FEATHER DUSTERS.  
Country Dealers supplied on as good terms as at Boston.

**J. S. PAINE,**  
No. 113 Middle street, PORTLAND,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS,**  
Constantly on hand, the largest assortment of the above  
in the city, warranted equal to the best.

ALSO, DEALER IN  
SHEET MUSIC, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,  
and Musical Merchandise of all kinds.  
*Piano Fortes, Seraphines, and Melodons*  
constantly on hand, and manufactured by  
PIANO FORTES TO LET, on the most favorable terms.

**W. OIL STORE**

OLD STORE.

**WILLIAM A. HYDE,**  
(Late of the firm of Robinson & Hyde.)  
Has removed to the new building of **WILLIAMS & CAR-**  
**NO, 203 FORT,** near the foot of Plum Street,  
where he will keep constantly for sale  
**SUPERM, LARD AND WHALE OIL,**  
AND SPERM CANDLES.  
Wholesale and Retail at the lowest market prices.  
Portland, July, 1850.

**SMITH, HERSEY & Co.,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
West India Goods, Teas, Paints, Oil, Lumber  
Put & Pearl Ashes, & Country Produce generally.  
AGENTS FOR SALE OF  
PORTLAND SHEETINGS, & TRIPES AND DRILL  
— ALSO —  
Best Cold Smoked Salmon.

Lawrence Rosewende Cane Company, First Street,  
Feb. 28, 1860. **City Hall Building, FORT LAMAR,**  
ST. JOHN SMITH,  
T. C. HENRY,  
N. M. PATERSON.

**N. J. GILMAN,**  
128 Middle, corner of Union St., Portland,  
ME. GOLD and SILVER Pens, Silver Spoons,  
G Forks, Butter Knives; Fruit Knives; Spoons  
Napkin Rings; Gold and silver Pencil Cases; Thin  
Blade Silver Liver Knives; Ware Silver and  
Pins; Rings; Bracelets; Gold and Gold Fob and  
Chains, Key rings.  
Clocks, daily, 20-hour, and 12-hour. Gold, with steel  
Perfumers—Lathin's celebrated Perfumery, also, Hedy  
superior quality.  
Toilet Cases—Rich Fans, Velvet and Steel Bags, Shell  
and Ivory Cases, Pins, Pomades, Moustache Brushes, Hair  
Combs, Dressing Cases, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Horn and  
Bone Combs, Hand and Towel Rings, Hair Pins, Hair  
Steel Bells, Rag and Puss Trimmings, Brown Windsor and

WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRED.  
UNITED STATES HOTEL  
BY  
MOSES WOODWARD.  
PORTLAND.  
JOHN DOW & CO.  
Commission Merchants and Wholesale Dealers in  
Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods.  
105 Middle St., Portland, (Deering's New Block).  
PORTLAND, ME.  
BARNUM & FIELD,  
SALESMEN IN  
Custom Made Clothing, and Gentlemen's  
Furnishing Goods.  
105 Middle St., PORTLAND, & 4 HILL St., BOSTON.  
We invite attention to a rich and elegant Stock of

**RAILROAD HOUSE—W. WATERVIEW**  
BY I. B. TOZER.

THIS HOUSE is entirely new, having been erected last season and finished about August. It has five rooms, Bed, Dressing, and other Furniture. Its location near the Depot, and but a short distance from the beach, renders it especially desirable for visitors. The food and stews in the vicinity afford the best inducement for those who can be found in New England.

No effort will be spared to make the KENWOOD House quiet and agreeable lounge, for those who prefer either hotel or pleasure.

Sept. 19, 1860.

**Dr. Pollard's Canker Syrup.**

I HAVE seen of the best articles ever offered to the public for the cure of the Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Gullet, and certainly nothing so efficacious as Dr. Pollard's Canker Syrup. I have used it several times, and find it cures all cases of the disease. It is sold at 251 Congress street, near the Court House, PORTLAND.

**SILKS! SILKS!**  
H. ELDEN & Co., are now prepared to offer the best  
J. assortment of Black, White, striped, figured and change  
Silks to be found on Kennebec River.