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BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

'There go the widow and her brother-in-law again! I declare I can scarcely ever look out of the window now-a-days without seeing those two people walking or riding together—its shameful, I think!'

'Oh, its horrid!' chorused three or four voices together.

'I wonder they do not see the impropriety of their conduct,' said a very sedate-looking lady, (Mrs. Miller,) who with her mother and sister, had come to spend the evening with their dear friend, Mrs. Webb. 'It seems to me, she went on, 'that if I were so unfortunate as to be left a widow, I would be exceedingly circumspect in my deportment—but some persons have no discretion.'

'And Mrs. Gilmer is one of the number,' remarked Mrs. Parker.

'Yes, indeed,' chimed in Mrs. Webb. 'To think of her being seen out riding and walking so often with any man, and she not yet out of deep black for her husband. Oh, that reminds me—ladies, you ought to hear how aunt Sally cut her up—very innocently, of course—the other day. Tell all about it, aunt Sally, do.'

'Aunt Sally' needing no pressing. Very deliberately she knitted round to the seam-stitch, then folded her stockings evenly, and laid it on the table beside her; took off her spectacles and placed them near her knitting; then taking a pinch of snuff, leaning back in her chair, and looking around at the ladies, who were all awaiting her narrations, she commenced.

'Well, there ain't much to be told, but howsoever, what there is of it you're welcome to hear. You see, the other day I made up my mind that I'd take a good, long walk. I don't go about so much as I used to, but sometimes I get sort of low-spirited, you know, and I find nothing is so good in that case as a long brisk walk. So as I was saying, I made up my mind soon after breakfast that I'd go out, so I got on my things and off I went. 'Twas as purty a day as one would see—last Tuesday, I think it was—or was it Wednesday, Clara?'

'It was Wednesday, aunt Sally,' replied Mrs. Webb.

'Well, Tuesday or Wednesday, whichever day it was, 'twas a proper fine day, so I went along, stopping at the dry-goods shops to look at all the cheap things. I was always a great hand for that. I remember when I was a young girl like Lucy or Becky here, there was nothing amused me so much as to look at all the calicoes, and silks, and the rest, at shop doors, or in the windows. Well, as I was going to say, I went on and on, enjoying myself every bit as well as if I was looking at a play, when all of a sudden, just as I had crossed a street, who should I see a few feet ahead of me but Mr. Edward Gilmer and his sister-in-law. They must have turned the corner while I was picking my way along the crossing, for it was very muddy. They were going just as slow as could be, just putting one foot in front of the other, as 'twere, and talking, talking all the time.'

'Hadin't they the little boy with them?' interrupted Mrs. Miller. 'I should think she'd like to have him along.'

'So they do almost always,' put in Becky Webb. 'Just for a blind, you know.'

'Of course, nothing else in the world,' said Mrs. Webb.

'They had him along that day,' resumed aunt Sally. 'I kept my eye on them, for fear I might lose sight of them in the crowd, that I didn't notice "little Arty," as she calls him, at first; but I saw that his uncle lifted him over every gutter, and set him down again as careful as if he were a chancy toy that he was afraid of breaking. And when they got to Smith's—you know there's always a crowd about there, he picked the child up and carried him in his arms the length of maybe five or six houses.'

'How I hate such hypocrisy!' exclaimed Mrs. Miller, biting off the end of her sewing-needle energetically. 'Much he cares for his dead brother's child, to be sure.'

'But you see he's courting the child for the sake of the mother, and Mrs. Parker laughed disagreeably. 'Of course they want the little dear to love the new papa that is to be. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they are learning the boy to say papa instead of uncle.'

'Oh, shocking! His father's ghost ought to appear to them!'

'I'm sure I wish it could,' said aunt Sally. 'So I kept them in sight, and I was going to tell you, and at last in they went to one of the better stores, and in I went after them determined to see what they were after. The store was purty well filled, and they didn't see me where I took my stand, but I could see them plain enough, and what do you think it was they were looking at?'

'White satin, I suspect,' said Mrs. Miller. 'Brussels veils, blonde lace,' suggested the others.

'No, you're all off your wrongs, though Mrs. Miller came near being right. 'Twasn't white satin, but it was the purest silk you ever sat eyes on, a kind of light tawn color, and every bit as shiny and good as satin.'

'That's for wedding visits,' said Becky Webb.

'Well, let it be for what it may,' said Mrs. Parker. 'Isn't it the most shameful thing for a woman to be looking after such things, and she not out of her year's mourning for her husband?'

'Yes, indeed,' replied Mrs. Miller. 'It's even too soon yet for her to be thinking of second mourning. I do say that a widow ought to keep to full black for at least two years, if she has any respect at all for her husband's memory. But how do we interrupt you, aunt Sally, you must excuse us, indeed.'

'It doesn't matter a bit, I'm most through now. But where was I? Oh, about the silk. Well, they looked and looked, and talked and talked, and at last they agreed it would do, I suppose, for the shopman began measuring it off. So you may guess how I felt about such doings then, and thinks I'll give her something to think of anyhow.' So I crossed over to the counter and stood close beside her, and asked to see some black silk. She turned round, surprised like when she heard my voice, and we shook hands and talked quite friendly, and she stood her boy up on the stool he'd been setting on to shake hands with me. He seemed kind of bashful, and she laughed a little, and said that Arty was forgetting me, he said so seldom. Thinks I there's a chance for me, so says I, 'Like enough he doesn't know me, but I'd remember him if I hadn't seen him for years.' Then she smiled again and said, 'You think you would?' 'Why,' says I, 'I'd know him at the other end of the world, he's so like his father.' Then she colored a little, and began to smooth down his curly hair, and says she very quietly, 'Yes, Arty is very like his father. I am thankful the resemblance is so great; if it extend to mind and heart as well as to person, I shall have nothing to wish for in his regard.' 'Except that he may be longer-lived,' says I. 'Yes, Mr. Gilmer was a proper good man, and it seems hard he wasn't spared awhile longer. I suppose Arthur doesn't remember him, though

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to be sure it isn't very long since he died. It seems like 'twas only the other day.'

'Oh that was cute of you, aunt Sally,' said Mrs. Parker. 'What did she say to that?'

'Nothing for a minute or maybe more. I wish you'd been there to see her; she first turned red, and then white, and she had as much as she could do to keep from bursting out crying right there at the counter. I saw that plain enough. But after a bit she says, "It seems a long dreary time to Arty and me."

'Yes, I expect it does, but she ought to be ashamed to tell it, if it does seem so long to her,' said Mrs. Webb. 'And such a good, kind husband as he was, too, and to see her choosing fiery for her second marriage before he's hardly cold in the ground.'

'How any woman can act so!' exclaimed Mrs. Miller. 'But what more, aunt Sally?'

'I didn't say any more to her. I was satisfied that she was struck with what I said, for she only shook her head when Edward Gilmer wanted her to look at something else. So they went away, he looking at her very anxious as they passed out, for he hadn't heard what I was saying to her, and when he saw her face he must have thought she was sick, or fainting, or something of the sort. So he took charge of the silk, and I guess that was all the purchase they made that day.'

'And that was too many. But that was a capital bit of yours, aunt Sally. I'm so glad you thought of it. But is it not strange that she does not get some lady to go shopping with her?'

'Oh, she wants to keep it secret, you may depend,' rejoined Mrs. Webb. 'Besides, how could she have the face to begin to talk about it? For my part, I'd give her a piece of my mind if she would but hint at such a thing to me—oh, here you are, Mrs. Black, rising to meet a lady just entering. "I had quite given you up. You see you're the last to get here, for all you have only to come from the next house."

'I thought I should not be able to come at all,' replied Mrs. Black, after exchanging salutations with the other visitors. 'For just as I was ready to come, Betsy Smith ran in to tell me that the two good people over the way had gone out together again, and I do believe she stayed more than an hour talking about them.'

'We were just talking about them too,' said Mrs. Webb.

'And thereupon the inexhaustible subject was renewed with fresh interest.'

'Poor Mrs. Gilmer was unfortunate in her "over-the-way" neighbors, Medsames Webb and Black. For several weeks her "going out" and "coming in" had kept all eyes and tongues in both houses busy. The domestic of both were taken into confidence—to what meannesses will not people descend to gratify a paltry inquisitiveness?—and between maids and maids the widow's house was well watched.'

'One day, Mrs. Black came running in to Mrs. Webb's, brimful of excitement.'

'I haven't a moment's time to sit down, but I want to tell you. While ago I saw Mrs. Gilmer go out, and I thought I would send Ann over to borrow something, and see what she could find out from Letitia. She was in one of her huffy moods, and wouldn't hardly speak to Ann; but Ann is no dunce, and she found out something.'

'What was it?' questioned all the Webb family in a breath.

'Why, maybe you recollect that embroidered Swiss robe that Edward Gilmer gave to his sister-in-law, not very long before his brother died?'

'I do,' said Becky, eagerly. 'She never got a chance to wear it only once, and then I saw her all ready for a party, and it was the loveliest dress I ever saw.'

'Well, that identical dress—I know it must be from Ann's description—Letitia had just done ironing, and most beautifully too, Ann says. So Ann was admiring it, and says she, "That looks like getting ready for a wedding." Said Letitia, "Maybe it does, and maybe it doesn't," and that was all the speech Ann could get from her. She always was a hateful girl, that Letitia, there's no getting a word out of her. If she was like other girls we could have found it all out long ago. However, the Swiss dress settles the matter to my mind. What use could she have of such a dress at this season if she was not going to be married?'

'None at all. Oh, we'll see something before very long,' said Mrs. Webb, and nodding acquiescence, her friend hurried off.

'Things must be coming to a head if the Swiss dress is done up ready for wearing,' said aunt Sally. 'Now we must watch close, or we'll miss it after all.'

'The others agreed that she was right, and a regular plan of espionage was adopted. The watchers relieving each other at stated times. The day passed, and the next was then on duty, to his close, when Becky, who was then on duty, gave the signal, and all rushing to the windows, saw a carriage standing before the widow's house. Pretty soon they saw a trunk brought out and placed very carefully on the carriage. Then Mrs. Gilmer and little Arthur appeared and took their seats in the Venetian blinds, the Blacks and the Webbs had seen all, but so far from having their curiosity satisfied, they were sorely troubled for further knowledge. That the trunk contained the bridal apparel was evident to all, since the bride-elect wore her usual dress of black, but why so much mysterious secrecy about their proceedings? To be sure they might well try to keep them secret; she at any rate, might well be ashamed to have it known that she was already thinking of marriage; but still, as they were going to get married, why not be honest and above board? as aunt Sally said. Further "observation" was evidently needless, and aunt Sally volunteered to watch through the night, as she was certain they would come back late, and she wouldn't miss seeing their return for the world. So she took her station in an easy-chair by the window.

'Whether curiosity was powerful enough to prevent her "sleeping at her post," the family to confess that she "heard nothing," though she never slept a wink the whole night thro'.'

'What was to be done now? In spite of Letitia's "business," it was decided to send Ann again to reconnoitre, on pretence of returning what she had previously borrowed. She came back with the intelligence that there was no one in the house but Letitia, who was as "close-mouthed as ever." There was nothing for it,

but to continue a vigilant watchfulness, which they did, and were rewarded ere the close of the day by seeing the carriage return, but lo! it contained only the lady and her child.

'Where on earth is he?' queried the irritated gossip.

'There's the trunk back again, too, and she's in her mourning attire yet—the deceitful thing. You may depend the marriage is to be kept secret. Wait till to-morrow; if 'tisn't in the morning papers, then it's to be kept secret.'

It was not in the morning papers, at least as far as they could ascertain, although, after consulting their own paper, they sent all round the neighborhood to borrow other journals of intelligence.

'Now don't it beat all?' was Mrs. Webb's exclamation at last. 'You see they do mean to keep it secret, but if I live till after dinner I'll find it out—that I know.'

In pursuance of this determination, the worthy lady (in company with Becky) sallied forth early in the afternoon, 'called in' at Mrs. Parker's, related all they knew, (which was very little), and all they surmised, (which was a great deal), and very easily prevailed on Mrs. Parker to bear them company in a call upon 'the bride.'

She was in the back parlor, teaching her little boy to read. On the appearance of the visitors, she rose to meet them in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, somewhat to their surprise.

'We have come to offer our congratulations,' Mrs. Gilmer said Mrs. Webb, with a meaning smile.

For an instant Mrs. Gilmer looked slightly perplexed; then with a bright smile she replied, 'Oh, you have heard of the wedding!'

What she would have added the ladies could not guess, for she was interrupted by the entrance of Letitia in search of Arthur, and when she next spoke, it was to make some polite inquiries after Mrs. Parker's family.

'But what has become of the groom?' asked Mrs. Webb, returning to the charge at the first opportunity.

'He has gone to New York.'

'To New York, and without you?' queried the amazed gossip.

'Certainly. I could not think of taking such a trip even to gratify Edward,' replied Mrs. Gilmer, looking down at her black dress with an expression that told she had not forgotten that she had buried her dead.'

'Well, no, you could not be expected to go on a wedding trip, all things considered,' said Becky. 'But it is a wonder Mr. Gilmer was willing to go without you.'

'He was rather disappointed, I believe, when I declined going, but I fancy his regret at my absence did not long continue, and again that bright smile, which the observant visitors tho't so uncalled for.'

'I suppose we will soon lose you as neighbors?' said Becky.

'Oh, no. I like this house very well, the neighbors also, and Edward will continue to board here, at least for a time, his bride being too young and inexperienced to take charge of a house yet.'

'Why, we all thought—' began Mrs. Webb; but Mrs. Parker, who was a woman of presence of mind, interposed, giving her a significant glance at the same time.

'I suppose the young lady is an acquaintance of yours.'

'She has been like a younger sister to me from her infancy,' was the reply. 'Our parents were neighbors and friends. But since my marriage I have only seen Celia a few times, as she was at a boarding-school till within the last few months. She is a dear, sweet girl, and I am greatly pleased that Edward has won her. I have no doubt they will be very happy.'

'We thought there must be a wedding in prospect,' said Mrs. Parker, smiling, 'when we saw you out so often with Mr. Gilmer.'

'Yes, I had to do all the shopping Celia required, and that kept me busy for a few days. Besides, there were matters connected with the settlement of my husband's affairs that frequently demanded my attendance, and I was glad to have Edward's company and advice on those occasions.'

'I presume so, indeed. Women are so helpless in law matters. Of course, you were at the wedding?'

'I should much rather not have gone, but I knew both parties would have felt hurt had I declined going, especially as it was quite a family gathering, no one but relatives being invited.'

'That is the kind of a wedding I like,' said Mrs. Parker. 'Some people do make such a parade and show on such occasions. I think it is ridiculous. But, I declare, it is high time I was on my way home.'

And rising as she spoke, her movement was gladly imitated by her friends, who were yet in a state of bewilderment from the complete 'upsetting' of all their fancies and imaginings.

'What ninnies we have been making of ourselves!' was Mrs. Parker's exclamation, as Mrs. Gilmer's door closed upon them.

'I am so thankful that you stopped me that time,' said Mrs. Webb, drawing a deep breath. 'I should have blundered out that we all tho't she was the bride.'

'I knew it, and I was resolved she should not hear of our folly. I do not wish to lose her friendship.'

'Nor I. I declare I will never again believe any report until I ascertain that there is some foundation for it.'

And Mrs. Webb looked as if she had been imposed upon; quite oblivious of the fact that it was herself who had started the report, and worked herself and friends up to a virtuous indignation against a "match" that had never been in contemplation.

happiness and real friends than a large one unpaid. Anything unpaid for is uncomfortable. To an honest man, debts are demons, and an indebted house a haunted house, full of creeping horrors and disquietudes as that described by Hood. Thirdly, we like small houses, because they look sympathizing. They are like people not over-dressed, more ready to make acquaintance. A big house is like a big man—unaccountable. Stately porticos and lordly halls are like the titles D. D., L. L. D., etc. imposing, distant, and inclined to be repellent.

In the fourth place, we like a small-house because it excites no envy. It matters not how elegantly it is furnished, how tastefully surrounded and adorned by shrubbery and flowers, its observers are its admirers and friends. It does not fall under the 'evil eye,' and no man who has a soul would wish even his house—to be an object of envy. Everybody can say, and is encouraged to say, 'I can build such a house,' which words are equivalent to a blessing.

Fifthly, we like a small-house, because it must always remain the people's house.—The industrious mechanic can earn such a house. The diligent laborer can own, by patient industry, such a house. The widow can live in such a house; and what a rich rational comfort it is to live in such accommodations as of necessity must be the dwelling-places of nine-tenths of the race? Sixthly, we like small houses, because in such most of us begin life. It is with small houses that the affections of young couples, the first cares and joys of married life, are mostly associated. Most of us begin 'in a small way.' In the last, we prefer a small house, because it is not so far removed from our last narrow home. Only a few steps down, and our weary feet are there; but from the large palace to the narrow grave, the change is too abrupt. I've grown sober over these orders of architecture, and will stop.

[Ohio Farmer.]

COMMENCEMENT.—The word commencement is so often wrongly interpreted, that our readers may not take it amiss if we give its proper signification. The verb to commence in its collegiate sense, is peculiarly technical, and means 'to take a degree in a university or college.' Formerly the verb was much used. For instance, in Winthrop's Journal we find this passage, 'Nine Bachelors commenced at Cambridge,' and in the Historical Sketch of the First Church in Boston, the following—Charles Chauncy was afterwards, when qualified, sent to the University of Cambridge, where he commenced Bachelor of Divinity. Trumbull, too, in his Progress of Dullness, has this couplet:

'A scholar see him now commence,
Without the aid of books or sense.'

Commencement, then, is the time when students in colleges commence Bachelors, or the day on which degrees are publicly conferred. The manner in which this season was commemorated at Cambridge in 'ye olden times,' was far different from that which at present obtains there. In his almanacs, Nathaniel Ames was wont to insert, opposite the days of Commencement week, remarks which he deemed appropriate to that period. His notes for the year 1764, were these:

'Much talk and nothing said.'

'The loquacious more talkative than ever and fine harangues preparing.'

'Much money spent, much liquor drunk.'

His only note for the year 1756 was this:

'Many Grapes to drink,
Give the Head-ach to the Day.'

Commencement Day was generally considered a holiday throughout the Bay province, and in Boston the metropolis, the shops were usually closed and little or no business was done. About ten days before commencement, a body of Indians from Natick—men, women and papooses—commonly made their appearance at Cambridge.—[Troy Whig.]

'PUT THE BEST FOOT FORWARD.'—You have heard that old proverb, Mrs. Bantam, that merit wins? To some extent this is true; but after all I have found that mere noise will go a great way toward making a man's fortune. Make yourself a sheep and you will be eaten, is a true French proverb. If a man would be known he must after all put himself forward. It seems a pity that I should teach such doctrine as this; but facts are stubborn things, as another proverb has it. Facts go to show that a man to be known must not only have power to do, but must do if he would be appreciated. The only way people can find out whether a man is capable of doing is by seeing him do. They will not set a man at a task unless they have some assurance that he can do the work assigned him. This, I fear, is giving encouragement to that nuisance, forwardness, but, nevertheless, it is the sure way to success; if a man puts himself forward, and fails, then was he to him; but if he succeeds his fortune is made. The measure of his doing will be as to whether he fails or succeeds.—Woe to him who enters the arena and fails in the athletic games! He might as well have his head cut off at once!

Longunions will never be invited to deliver a poem at any college commencement until he has shown the powers that be that there are poems in him. It is the same in every lane of life; a man must first show that he can work in a certain way before he will be employed to do that work. Hence, in order to succeed one must be ready to enter the broad world whenever opportunity occurs. There are no men whose business it is to hunt up men of merit. The world looks for its men, and takes them ready made. Much talent has been lost to the world because men have lacked the courage to make themselves known. It is from this fact that so many men of merit are unknown in the earth. There are men at the plow far more capable of doing Congress work than many that are doing.

[National Magazine.]

VICTORY TO JESUS CHRIST.—A missionary was once preaching in a chapel to a crowd of Hindoos, a strong native aimed a blow at him from behind the desk, intending to knock him down. Happily, it fell on his shoulder, and did him little injury. The hearers, however, enraged at the offender, seized him and secured his person. 'Now, what shall I do with him?' asked the missionary. 'Give him a beating,' said some; 'send him to the judge!' cried others, 'and he will receive two years hard labor on the roads.' 'I can't follow your advice,' he replied. Then addressing the culprit, he said, 'I forgive you from my heart, but never forget that you owe your escape from punishment, to that Jesus whom you "reused in me." The effect on the Hindoos

was most impressive. They saw it and marvelled, and unable to keep silence, shouted aloud, 'victory to Jesus. Christ, victory to Jesus Christ.'

[From the German.]
THE ROSE BUSH.

A child sleeps under a rose bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweety it rests, and on dream-wings flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.

And the years glide by.
A maiden stands by the rose bush fair;
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest.

And the years glide by.
A mother kneels by the rose bush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of angels bedim her eyes.

And the years glide by.
Naked and lone stands the rose bush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound.

And the years glide by.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men whose uninterrupted success in trade has been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink Bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

'Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars.'

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

'Do you see that dam, my friend?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. The water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. The large paper-mill is kept in constant motion by the simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough of money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What is the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back; with out accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses and you will soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!'

[Trenton True American.]

TASTE IN DRESS.—No female should, by any means, neglect to study dress as an art; by which we mean that exercise of taste and judgment which teaches what style and color of dress is most becoming to the face, figure, age, etc., and also what fashions and customs best blend and harmonize with each other. The following rules illustrating this subject may be confidently relied on and advantageously applied. Short females should never wear flounces to their dresses, because the undue breadth which it gives to the lower part of the person tends to diminish its height. For the same reason they should never wear large check patterns or stripes running round the waist. Tall females as a matter of course, may wear their dresses on principles diametrically opposite to this. Stout females should wear dark-colored dresses and simple patterns, as they diminish the apparent size of the figure; the skirt also should have few or no flounces, except where the figure is above the ordinary height. Thin females should wear light-colored dresses, and patterns displaying breadth of design, such as large checks, broad stripes, etc.; flounces may also be freely adopted, as they serve to diminish the angles of the figure, and to impart a certain degree of rotundity. Young females have a wide latitude allowed them for dress; gay colors and more fanciful styles may be indulged in, so long as they do not amount to over-dressing or unsuitableness. Elderly females should attire themselves in a neat, quiet manner; the materials of their dress should be substantial, the colors dark, and the design small. Above all things they should avoid a juvenility of style, since, instead of making old people look younger, it has an immediately opposite effect, and only serves to bring out more prominently, and to contrast more painfully, the youth of the dress with the age of the wearer. Dark females look best in light colors, which supply a pleasing contrast to the complexion; or in yellow, which sheds a subdued violet hue favorable to brunettes. Fair females appear at the best advantage in black, on account of the contrast which is derived from it; or in light green, or in sky blue, both of which colors possess the power of imparting to pale complexions what are called complimentary tints.

[Dictionary of Daily Wants.]

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—We have learned full particulars of the Balloon Ascension at Adrian, on Thursday, its subsequent descent, and its second ascension and runaway with the aeronaut while beyond his control. It is a brief narrative, but of thrilling interest. A man lost in the sky! There can scarcely be a more terrible thought. It makes the flesh creep and sends a shudder through every nerve.

The first ascension took place about nine o'clock in the morning. It was on the occasion of a large Sunday School celebration at Adrian. The balloon was a very large and well constructed one, being about the height of a two-story building when inflated and ready to cut loose from its fastenings. Messrs. Bannister and Thurston took seats in the car, attached to the balloon, and ascended safely and steadily. After remaining about 40 minutes in the air, they alighted in the woods in the town of Riga, Lenawee county, near Knight's station on the Southern Road, distant about 18 miles west of Toledo. Several men came to the assistance of the adventurers, and they proceeded to prepare the balloon for packing to be taken back to Adrian.

In doing this the monster balloon was turned

partially upside down to disentangle the netting and to reach the valve. To do this, Mr. Ira Thurston, one of the aeronauts, took off his coat, and got astride of the valve-block. He then suggested that the car be detached from the balloon while he should hold it down with his weight. This proved a fearful calculation, for no sooner was the still inflated body relieved of the weight of the car than it shot into the air with the suddenness of a rocket, taking Mr. Thurston along with it, seated upon the valve of the balloon, and holding on to the collapsed silk of the air-ship in that portion of its bulk.

In this perfectly helpless condition, the inflated man sped straight into the sky in the full light of his companions, even more helpless than himself. So far as is known, there was no means for him to secure his descent whether safe or otherwise. The part of the balloon filled with gas, was full twelve feet above him, so that there was no chance for him to cut it and escape. He could only cling to his precarious hold and go wheresoever the currents of air should take him.

Without regulation or control of any kind the balloon continued to mount upward, sailing off in the direction of this city and Lake Erie. The fatal ascension took place about 11 o'clock, and at a few minutes past noon it was seen in the town of Blissfield, Lenawee Co., about three miles high, and about the size of a star in appearance. It was still going up and on! At a quarter past 1 o'clock it was last dimly visible going in the direction of Malden, as ascertained by compass bearings taken by parties observing it.

What is his exact fate baffles conjecture; but that it is horrible, almost beyond precedent, there can be no doubt. There is not one chance in a million for a successful escape. Whether the unfortunate man was carried up so high as to become benumbed and senseless, death ensuing—or whether he fell off at length from his tremendous altitude, to have his breath sucked from him in his fearful descent, and to be sunk in the lake or dashed into a shapeless mass upon the earth, it is doubtful if any save God will ever know. The mind stands appalled in contemplating this fearful disaster, and blindly gropes in mazes of wonder at where his place of sepulture shall be.

Mr. Thurston was an experienced balloonist, having built several; and this being his thirty-seventh ascension. He was formerly a resident in the vicinity of Lima and Rochester in Western New York, but has lately resided in Adrian, where he was extensively engaged in business as a nursery man. He was a widower, having lost his wife last winter. He leaves an interesting daughter about seventeen years of age to mourn her father's unknown terrible fate!

A despatch published yesterday, from Detroit, stated that the balloon came down four hours after it went up, near Lake St. Clair, Canada. Mr. Thurston was seen upon it a short time before

learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness cannot be understood; but to a later period, when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy, old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to snap the blade, or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side, where he was cutting a stick, a thoughtful parent, or some indulgent relative, will commonly forthwith buy him another; not seeing that, by doing this, a valuable lesson is lost. In such a case, a father may properly explain that penknives cost money, and that to get money requires labor; that he cannot afford to purchase new penknives for one who loses or breaks them; and that until he sees evidence of greater carelessness, he must decline to make good the loss. A parallel discipline may be used as a means of checking extravagance.

These few familiar instances, here chosen because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every one the distinction between those natural penalties which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them.

[British Quarterly.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL B. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 30, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTINGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

J. BURRILL & Co., No. 36 Kilby Street, Boston, are authorized to receive Advertisements for the Mail, on the same terms as the above named agents.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to "Maxham & Wing," or "Eastern Mail Office."

Cattle Show and Fair.

The North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society will hold their annual Show and Fair at their grounds in this village on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week (Oct. 5th, 6th and 7th), and should the weather prove favorable, we see no reason why it may not prove as profitable as any gathering of the kind in former years. Stock never looked better, and a good show in this department is therefore confidently looked for; and we see no reason for anticipating even a partial failure in any point of attraction. Let every one do his and her part, and though people have just returned from a very successful State Show, we will present them with something worthy of their notice. Let every farmer and mechanic come himself, bringing his wife and children and whatever he may have of their handwork or successful growing. Holidays are all too few with us at the highest count, and it would be the height of folly not to improve this crowning festival of the season. The Programme of the exhibition is as follows:

TUESDAY—Examination of Neat Stock, Swine and Poultry by Committees; and Disciplining Oxen.

WEDNESDAY—Examination of Horses, of all classes; and Trial of Speed for Society's Premiums.

THURSDAY—Exhibition of Ladies' Riding; Address and Reports of the several Committees; with a scrub race at 2 o'clock P. M., for two prizes of \$15 and \$10—any gait, best three in five.

The examination of articles in the Tent, by the committees, will be on Wednesday forenoon, and all interested are requested to be promptly on hand and govern themselves accordingly. A dinner, be it remembered, is now provided for all the members of committees.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—Monday of last week, as we learn from the Home Journal, was a day of accidents in Gardiner:

Mr. Richardson, while driving his oxen, carelessly stepped before them, was knocked down and one of the oxen trod upon his head just behind his ear, inflicting an injury, from which he died on Tuesday morning. On the same day, Edwidge Perry, Deputy Sheriff, was thrown from his carriage and seriously injured, on his head, and receiving a sprain that is likely to be long in getting well. The son of L. Clay, Esq., was also thrown from an ox-cart and had his leg broken.

IMPORTANT TO THE SHOE INTEREST.—

Higgins, Bradley & Dayton, of Boston, have in press a work entitled "The Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Assistant and Guide." It will contain information of the most valuable character respecting the rise and progress of the trade, the history of India Rubber and Gutta Percha, and their connection with the manufacture of boots and shoes, being a perfect key to the whole mystery of the art. Also a perfect system of scales and diagrams, enabling the shoemaker to cut his own patterns, from the French boot to the delicate slipper. The book will contain the history of Vulcanization Sulphurization in the art, as practiced in England and America, and the important Patents for this branch of manufacture ever issued in the United States or Europe, and an elaborate treatise on Tanning. As this is the only book of the kind ever published, and covering as it will the entire field, it will, no doubt, have a very wide sale. The boot and shoe interest is the largest and most important to our domestic trade. We understand that the Assistant and Guide will be sold only by agents.

The California State election has resulted to the triumph of the Democrats, who have carried the State by about 10,000 majority. The Legislature will be largely democratic. San Francisco elected the People's ticket for local officers and a Republican delegation to the Legislature.

THE HUTCHINSONS.—This favorite band of singers gave a concert in Portland on Monday. We wish they would come this way, for we are suffering for the lack of good music in this region, and it would do our souls good to hear the Hutchinsons.

OUR TABLE.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.—The September number of this origin of the Cosmopolitan Art Association is beautifully embellished and filled with choice readings. Two large steel engravings—Anne, Page, and a portrait of Mlle. Ross Bonheur—are given, with numerous finely executed wood cuts. Something of more than ordinary beauty and excellence is promised for the December number, the first of a new volume. We shall publish the programme of the Association for the coming year, as soon as it is made public. The Art Journal is issued to subscribers at \$2 a year—Publishing office 518 Broadway, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—For illustrated articles the October number has Reminiscences of Mexico, Alfred Tennyson, Minna's Dowry, Glances at Natural History, An Episode in the Life of the Princess Elizabeth, Pleasures of Salmon Fishing, Poe's Raven. In addition to numerous good stories, we will instance among the best articles, Reminiscences of Mexico, the Critique on Tennyson, Ancient and Modern Modes of Sculpture, and Mummies. The Fashion department is full and reliable, and as usual, is accompanied by a beautifully colored fashion plate, and numerous patterns and designs. Leslie gives two magazines in one—each a model of its kind. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The engravings in the October number—Duck Shooting, and a portrait of Catherine Von Bora, the wife of Martin Luther—are very fine, indeed no magazine in the country surpasses this in the beauty of its embellishments. Its contents, too, are admirably chosen for family reading, and will be read with interest and profit. Published by Swornstedt & Poe, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

JUVENILES.—Mayhew & Baker, 208 Washington Street, Boston, send us two very attractive toy books for children—ones, "The Picture Alphabet of Droll Moral Tales and Words, and their meaning illustrated," with a picture on every page in colors, just the thing for little ones learning their letters; the other, "The Wonderful Adventures of the Little Man and his Little Gun," of whom Mother Goose long ago said:

"He went down to the brook to shoot a little duck."

And he shot her right through the head, head, head."

The story is told in a way to please little folks, and the illustrations are humorous and comical. Both of these pretty toy books we presume can be found at Matthews's.

THE UNLOVED.—Although the course of the "Autocrat's" love ran smoothly enough, disturbed by no rude jolt, and he secured the gentle schoolmistress as a companion for life without trouble, yet in the very height of his felicity he remembers that there are others not so fortunate, and his heart goes out with a loving pity for the disappointed ones of earth, who in this life are mateless and travel the long path alone. Listen to him, as he sings, and if your own heart is in the right place you cannot fail to love him more than ever—

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest

Where the sweet waiting singers slumber,

But of their silent sister's breast

But die with all their truest number?

A few can touch the magic string,

And many a lute is proud to win them;

Alas for those that never sing,

But die with all their truest number!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone

Whose song has told their hearts and story;

Weep for the voiceless, who have known

The cross without the crown of glory!

Not without Leonardo's broad-winged

O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow,

But where the glistering night-dews weep

On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign

Save whitening lips and fading tresses,

Till death pours out his cold wine

Slowed dropped from Mleury's craving press—

If singing breath or echoing chord

For every hidden pang were given,

What endless music would be poured

As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

Mr. JOHN R. PHILBRICK, a much respected

citizen of our village, of which he had long

been a resident, died on Saturday morning

last, when within a few days of being sixty-

nine years old. At the time of his decease he

was President of People's Bank.

Mr. CLARK STANLEY, of West Waterville,

who was so severely injured last week, died

on Wednesday. A post mortem examination

revealed a severe fracture of one side of the

skull on the back part of the head, and on the

other side a collection of coagulated blood.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The cable still

refuses to testify; for although some feeble

signals pass through the line, yet operators fail

to obtain anything intelligible. "I know well

enough what you mean," says Sambo, "but

dog my horse if I can tell what you say,"

and the operators at Valentia and Trinity Bay

appear to be relatively in a similar predicament.

Experts are confident that there is a

defect at the farther end of the cable, and do

not hesitate to locate it precisely 240 miles

from the English shore. How they arrive at

that result we know no better than we do how

the astronomer can tell to an inch the length

of the comet's tail; but science is science,

that's all we say."

DARING FEAT.—Francis Butler, a Canadian

French lad, who has smelt salt water some, we

believe, earned a silver dollar pretty quickly

yesterday morning, by climbing to the top of

our engine company's flagstaff, 140 feet high,

and reeling the halyards which were carried

away during the late gale. For ten feet or

more, at the top, he was compelled to "shin

up" the bare pole, but that didn't seem to

trouble him, and the whole thing was done in

about ten minutes.

ANOTHER APPALLING CALAMITY ON THE

OCEAN.—On the 13th of September, the

From our Western Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Sept. 29th, 1858.

DEAR MAIL:—I am, for the first time, since I

wrote to you, for the reason that your whole

time has been engrossed with your State elec-

tion, which has terminated so gloriously. You

have well earned the name of *Star of the East*.

We knew the Republican principles were pre-

dominant in the lumber State; but we were

not prepared for so clean a sweep. It was

equal to one of our prairie fires. It drove

everything out of the grass before it. If you

could see a large fire running over our broad

prairies, driving out hogs, rattlesnakes and

every other reptile, you would view the Maine

election as we see it out west; and we can all

see the Democracy running before the

fire, that has raged so furiously in the old Lum-

ber State. The first good news we heard from

the east was that the *Star* that never set, had

put on new colors, and was shining in the

firmament with new lustre, and lending the

Republican army to final victory, with a

majority of 16,000, and leaving only enough Bu-

chanan men for seed, to be set up and knocked

down next year. And then Maine comes in

next week adding new lustre to the *Star*. Il-

linois—the State that Douglas has had in his

pocket for so long a time, is arising in its

majesty, and will leave him far behind. The

State is convulsed from side to side, meetings

are held in every school district, and the peo-

ple were never so fully aroused as at this time.

Lincoln, who leads the Republicans, has now

spoken with Douglass in joint debate four

times; and he has used the little Giant up

the more than a match for Douglass. Dou-

glas has been overrated in this as well as the

eastern part of the Union. When you have

read one speech of his, you then know all he

does, and all he can say. His speeches are a

rehash, and he has such a volubility of words

that one who did not follow him closely would

think that he was talking something new all

the time. But when he comes before an in-

elligent audience, and is met by such a man

as *Abraham Lincoln*, who takes him up upon every

corner and point, carefully understands him,

he cannot launch out into deep water before

he takes his soundings. Heretofore, what he

could not offer in argument, he would make up

in bombast, calling his opponents all Abolition-

ists, and advocates of negro equality; and there

is no man living that has got so much brass in

his face, as Douglass. Lincoln is cool, and

collected; never gets off the track; never

states a position that he has not the proof at

hand, and keeps his temper. Douglass gets

mad, loses his temper, shakes his locks at Lin-

coln, threatens to "bring him to his milk," and

"trot him down into Egypt," where the South-

erners all live, and show him up. Well they

have been down into Egypt, and have had

two debates the past week, and Lincoln has

come off conqueror, and discomfited Douglass

on every point. Douglass went down with

his cannon and fired away, but he could not

raise his friends from the vasty deep.

You no doubt see the speeches of Lincoln

and Douglass in the papers, and no one that

reads them carefully, but sees that Douglass

cannot sustain himself upon the position he

has taken. "Popular Sovereignty," and the

"Dred Scott decision" cannot be sustained

upon the same platform. If the Dred Scott

decision is sustained, Popular Sovereignty must

fall, and that is all the platform he stands upon.

That is his god. And whom the gods wish

to destroy they first make mad. The National

Administration are organizing, and bringing

out tickets in all the districts; and the feeling

of enmity between the factions, as exhibited, is

of the bitterest and most vindictive kind. It

is evident that the war will be carried to ex-

trêmes; and nothing will be left undone by

the Nationals to defeat Douglass. I assure

you who are now looking to Illinois, and watch-

ing the political battle going on, and waging

hotter and hotter, that the defeat of Douglass

is sure. He knows this himself, and the new

tack he has taken fully confirms this, and his

friends give it up. He now is courting "old

line Whigs, Henry Clay Whigs," and beseech-

ing them to go for him; and has got James

C. Jones, an ex-Senator and old Whig, to come

and stump the State for him; evidently feeling

that his destiny hangs upon old Whigs. The

old Henry Clay Whigs will never forgive him

for stamping this State against old Hal, in

1844, and using every epithet against him,

such as "murderer, thief, and duelist," and

accusing him of holding a pistol in one hand

and Bible in the other. Do you think they

could now vote for the man that traduced him

in that way? No! I write you more upon

this subject than I should but for the interest

the whole country takes in our contest; and

we intend to give a good account of ourselves.

Our State fair has just been held, and there

were men from all parts of the State. I have

just returned from Centuria, where the fair

was held, and upon inquiry I learn the

Douglass stock is depreciating, and all other

stock rising. Illinois can beat the whole world

in raising stock of all kinds—good as well as

spurious. Every kind and grade was upon

exhibition, and it would have done you good to

see the *glory of Illinois* penned up on 25

acres. There was stock from Missouri, Ohio,

Kentucky, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa and Mich-

igan; but Illinois, the old Sturker State, took

the prizes. As to crops they are about the

same throughout the State, and may be stated

1-4 crop oats, 1-3 crop wheat, and 2-3 crop

corn; enough to feed us all, and a little for

Maine. It is hard upon the farmers and coun-

try merchants, who have looked forward with

confidence for a great crop this year. Our

fruit this year is nearly a failure, and we shall

have to go to Maine, to get a drink of pure

POETRY.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man who has the town escaped:
To him the whistling breeze, the murmuring brook,
The shining pebbles fringed
Virtue's and wisdom's love.
The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God dwells higher in his soul;
Each verdant sod a shrine,
Whereby he kneels to heaven.
The nightingale on his wings slumber down—
The nightingale awakes him, fluting sweet—
When shines the lovely red
Of morning through the trees.
Then he addresses them in the plain, O God!
In the ascending pomp of dawning day,
Thee in thy glorious sun,
Thee in the building branch.
Where comes the breeze in the waving grass,
Or over the flowers streams the faint, late, rest;
Inhalas the breath of prime,
The gentle air of eve.
His arched-decked thatch, where dawns back in the sun
And play and frolic, invites to sweeter rest
Than any hall of state,
Or beds of downy soft.
To him the plumpie plover chirp,
Chatter and whistle, on his basket perch,
And from his quiet hand
Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.
Oft wanders he alone, and thinks on death;
And in his grave-yard, by the graves,
Sits, and beholds the cross,
Death's waving garland there.
The stone beneath the elders, where the text
Of Scriptures teaches joyfully to die:
And with his scythe stands Death,
An angel, too, with him.
Happy the man who thus has 'scape'd the town!
Him did an angel bless when he was born—
The cradle of the boy
With flowers celestial strewed.

THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though three score years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men:
I am not old; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone in my journey so long
Of three score miles and ten.
I look behind, and am once more young,
Boys and girls, and boys and girls,
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.
I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shriveled, and haggard, and grey,
But I look on her blooming and soft, and fair,
As she was on her wedding day.
I do not see my daughters and sons,
In the fleshness of women and men,
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then:
And, as my own grandsons ride on my knee,
Or plays with hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
Twas bright-eyed and full of wit.
'Tis not long since—it cannot be long—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.
A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!
A strange, and dream, in my dream;
For old as I am, and I feel as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.
Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How bright and bold, though it seems to grow old,
Is the heart of the young.
Forever young—through life's old age
Hath every nerve untried;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young!

Kendall's Mills Advmts.

STOVES, HARD-WARE AND BAR IRON.
AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

GILBRETH & RICHARDSON,
Hot Air Furnaces and Fire-Frames,
PLOUGHS and BROAD-CAST SEED SOWERS,
Paints, Oils and Building Materials,
Farmers' Tools and Cut from Sinks,
Carpenters' Tools, House Trimmings, Paint
Chairs, Glass, and Leather Binding, Weymouth
Bait, Glass, Shrubbery, Oil Cloth, Carpeting,
Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead and Zinc, to
gether with Britannia, Tin, Japanese,
Stomach and Sheet Iron Ware, &c.
Having had experience in the Furnace business, we were pre-
pared to furnish, and set in the best manner, and at the lowest
prices, any work in the market, and constantly have on
hand, BARNS' UNPAID FOR AIR FURNACES
which we will set and warrant.
Among our variety of Cooling Stoves, we have the
"KING PHILIP AIR STOVE,"
which requires no fuel, and is so arranged that it gives entire
satisfaction, and they with all the above goods will be sold as
cheap as at any other place of the river, for cash.
To the River and all kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron Work done
on order.
J. GILBRETH,
GEO. RICHARDSON.

J. W. CHANNING,
Painter, Grainer, and Paper Hanger.
House, Signs, and Ornamental Painting, of all kinds, executed
in the best manner and on reasonable terms.
Shop over H. Pratt's Store.

Dr. A. BACKUS,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.
KENDALL'S MILLS, (Fairfield, Me.)
References:—E. B. ORT, M.D., Father, Butler Co., Penna.;
J. F. MORSE, M.D., Farmington, Me.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills.
This new store will inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills
and vicinity, that he has opened a Retail
DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE,
at the stand formerly occupied by L. A. TAYLOR, Kendall's Mills
where he will keep on hand a good assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Confectionery & Cigars,
which he will sell as low as can be bought elsewhere.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared.
July, 1858.

Dr. A. PINKHAM,
SURGEON AND DENTIST.
now permanently located at KENDALL'S MILLS, and will
be his attention to Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH mounted upon gold, Platinum, and
Silver Plate, in an appropriate and durable manner.
Office next door to Phillips' Furniture Rooms.
Kendall's Mills, April 14, 1857.

DUNTON & FOSTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Waterville, Me.
Office on N. Main Street, nearly opposite the Williams House.
J. DUNTON, (49) RICHARD FOSTER.

T. A. FOSTER,
Physician and Surgeon,
WATERVILLE, ME.
Residence and Office in the Chase House, Silver Street.

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Portland Advertisements.

P. W. BAILEY'S
BOOK BINDERY.
No. 69 Exchange Street. Portland.
THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.
WHERE you can have Made, Bound, and Printed, in the
very best and every kind of Book from a folio bible to
bible's primer.
Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes.
BAILEY'S, 68 Exchange Street
Orders for Binding may be left with MAXWELL & WING, at
the "Eastern Mail" Office, Waterville.

H. L. DAY,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
No. 21 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.
Constantly on hand all sizes and qualities of Wrapping
Paper, Book Paper, and Stationery, and all kinds of Paper
Cash paid for Paper Stock.

CHARLES J. WALKER & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
SOLE LEATHER, AND LEATHER.
French and American Calf Skins,
LININGS, BINDINGS,
Kid and Goat Stock, Rubber Goring, Shoe Duck, Pig, Lamb,
Blue Nails, and Sheepskin, and all kinds of Leather.
No. 106 Middle, corner of P. M. Street.
6 43 PORTLAND, ME.

PAINTING, GLAZING AND PAPERING.
W. M. J. MORRILL.
Will promptly answer all orders for PAINTING, GLAZING,
GLASS and PAPERING; promising that all his work shall be
executed in such a manner that the valuable reputation he
has already established in this vicinity, will not be forfeited.
Shop at H. Pratt's Block, Main Street, Waterville.

ELMWOOD HOTEL,
Corner of Main and College Streets, (near Depot.)
WATERVILLE.
BY JOHN L. SEAVEY.

WILLIAM DYER,
Apothecary and Druggist,
WATERVILLE, MAINE.
Medicines compounded and put up with care.

PAINTING,
Graining, Glazing and Papering.
G. H. ESTY continues
to meet all orders in the
above line, in a manner that
has given satisfaction to his
best employers for a period
of several years. His experience
in the business is extensive,
and he is prepared to execute
all orders promptly and to the
satisfaction of his patrons.

INSURANCE!
Waterville Mutual Fire Insurance Company,
WATERVILLE, ME.
This Company has been duly organized, agreeable to the
charter. Its operations are to be confined mainly to the
FARMING INTEREST. Its risks are limited to dwelling
houses of the safest class, with their contents and out-
buildings. The salaries of its officers are to be fixed by vote of
the members at their annual meeting.

THIN CLOTHING,
OR EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Selling without regard to Cost!
In order to close the stock, at
July '58. THAYER & MARSTON'S.

"Haslam's Spermatorhea Rings,"
FOR arresting that most difficult and often fatal derangement
of the procreative organs—Nocturnal involuntary emissions.
A letter enclosing two dollars will procure one sent by return
mail.

E. K. BOYLE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
UNITY, (Waldo County) MAINE.

EDWIN COFFIN,
Dealer in
Hardware, Stoves,
Sheet Iron & TIN WARE
PUMPS, &c.
Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools
PAINTS,
Oils and Glass, &c. &c.
One Door North of the Post
Office, Waterville, Me.

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM.
W. A. CAPREY,
At the New Ware Room, No. 3 Boutelle Block.
Offers for sale a large and
valuable stock of
PARLOR,
Dining-Room
and Common
FURNITURE,
Embracing
Sofas, Mahogany
Chairs, etc., etc., at
cheap prices, and on
easy terms.

READY-MADE COFFINS.
Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order.
Waterville, June 22, 1858.

FALL GOODS
MEADER & PHILLIPS'S
JUST received and now opening at the Dry Goods Store of
MEADER & PHILLIPS, Morrill Building, Main St.,
ADAPTED TO THE FALL TRADE
DRESS GOODS in great variety, and at prices that ought
to satisfy purchasers.
Also a large lot of CARPETING, all kinds, styles and
prices, in making your fall purchases, to call at
MEADER & PHILLIPS'S.

ICE CREAMS, FRUITS, ETC.
G. F. LASSALLE,
Fruits, Confectionery,
Cakes, Pies,
OYSTERS, CIGARS, &c.
COPLAND'S Superior
Wagon Cake supplied at
short notice.
Families and Parties sup-
plied with Ice Creams, Cakes,
Oysters, etc., at short notice.

ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS, CANDIES & CIGARS,
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
His store is in next order for the accommodation of ladies
or gentlemen, and is in the hands of Oysters, Ice Creams or
refreshments. Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
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Look at this and save from 25
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