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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 07): September 7, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

TERMS, \$2.00; \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1848.

NO. 7.

The Mail is published every Thursday Morning, WINGATE'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE).

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

Miscellaneous.

(From Graham's Magazine.)

AUNT MABLE'S LOVE STORY.

BY SUSAN PINDAR.

'How heartily sick I am of these love stories!' exclaimed Kate Lee, as she impatiently threw aside the last magazine; 'they are all flat, stale, and unprofitable; every one begins with a *soiree* and ends with a wedding. I am sure there is not one word of truth in any of them.'

'Rather a sweeping condemnation to be given by a girl of seventeen,' answered Aunt Mabel, looking up with a quiet smile; 'when I was your age, Kate, no romance was too extravagant, no incident too improbable for my belief. Every young heart has its love-dream; and you, too, my merry Kate, must sooner or later yield to such an influence.'

'Why, Aunt Mable, who would have ever dreamed of your advocating love stories! You, so staid, so grave and kindly to all; your affections seem so universally diffused among us, that I never can imagine them to have been monopolized by one. Beside, I thought as you were never—' Kate paused, and Aunt Mabel continued the sentence.

'I never married, you would say, Kate, and thus it follows that I never loved. No, I perhaps not; I may be, as you think, an exception; at least I am not going to trouble you with antiquated love passages, that, like old faded pictures, require a good deal of varnishing to be at all attractive. But, I confess, I like not to hear so young a girl ridiculing what is, despite the sickly sentiment that so often obscures it, the purest and noblest evidence of our higher nature.'

'Oh, you don't understand me, Aunt Mable! I laugh at the absurdity of the stories. Look at this, for instance, where a gentleman falls in love with a shadow. Now I see no substantial foundation for such an extravagant passion as that. Here is another, who is equally smitten with a pair of French gaiters. Now I don't pretend to be over sensible, but I do not think such things at all natural, or likely to occur; and if they did, I should look upon the parties concerned as little less than simpletons. But a real, true-hearted love story, such as 'Edith Pemberton,' or Mrs. Hall's 'Woman's Trials,' those I do like, and I sympathize so strongly with the heroines that I long to be assured the incidents are true. If I could only hear one true love story—something that I knew had really occurred—then it would serve as a kind of text for all the rest. Oh! how I long to hear a real heart-story of actual life!'

'Kate grew quite enthusiastic, and Aunt Mable, after pausing a few minutes, with a troubled smile crossed her face, said, 'Well, Kate, I will tell you a love story of real life, the truth of which I can vouch for, since I knew the parties well. You will believe me, I know, Kate, without requiring actual name and date for every occurrence. There are no extravagant incidents in this 'owre true tale,' but it is a story of the heart, and such a one, I believe, you want to hear.'

'Kate's eyes beamed with pleasure, as kissing her aunt's brow, and gratefully ejaculating—'dear, kind Aunt Mable!' she drew a low ottoman to her aunt's side, and seated herself with her head on her hand, and her blooming face upturned with an expression of anticipatory enjoyment. I wish you could have seen Aunt Mable, as she sat in the soft twilight of that summer evening, smiling fondly on the young, bright girl at her side. You would have loved her, as did every one who came within the sphere of her gentle influence; and yet she did not possess the wondrous charm of lingering loveliness, that, like the fainting perfume of a withered flower, awakens mingled emotions of tenderness and regret. No, Aunt Mabel could never have been beautiful; and yet, as she sat in her quiet, silver-gray silk gown, and kerchief of the sheersiest muslin pinned neatly over the bosom, there was an air of graceful, lady-like ease about her, far removed from the primness of old-maidhood. Her features were high, and finely cut, with a tinge of sarcasm lurking upon the lip, but for her full, dark-gray eyes, so lustrous, so ineffably sweet in their deep, soul-beaming tenderness, that they seemed scarcely to belong to a face so worn and faded; indeed, they did not seem in keeping with the silver-threaded hair so smoothly parted from the low, broad brow, and put away so carefully beneath a small cap, whose delicate lace, and rich, white satin, were the only articles of dress in which Aunt Mable was a little fastidious. She kept her sewing in her hand as she commenced her story, and stitched away most industriously at first, but gradually as she proceeded the work fell upon her lap, and she seemed to be lost in abstracted recollections, speaking as though impelled by some uncontrollable impulse to recall the by-ones long since passed away.'

'Many years since,' said Aunt Mable, in a calm, soft tone, without having at all the air of one about telling a story, 'many years since, there lived in one of the smaller cities in our State, a lady named Lynn. She was a widow, and eked out a very small income by taking a few families to board. Mrs. Lynn had one only child, a daughter, who was her pride and treasure, the idol of her affections. As a child Jane Lee was shy and timid, with little of the gawky and thoughtlessness of childhood. She disliked rude plays, and instinctively shrank from the lively companions of her own age, to seek the society of those much older and graver than herself. Her schoolmates nicknamed her the 'little old maid,' and as she grew older the title did not seem inappropriate. At school her superiority of intellect was manifest, and when she entered society the timid reserve of her manner was attributed to pride, while her acquaintance thought she considered them her inferiors.'

'This was far from the truth. Jane felt that she was not popular in society, and it grieved her, yet she strove in vain to assimilate with those around her, to feel and act as they did, and to be like them, admired and loved. But the narrow circle in which she moved was but

at all calculated to appreciate or draw forth her talent or character. With a heart filled with all womanly tenderness and gentle sympathies, a mind stored with romance, and full of restless longings for the beautiful and true, possessed of fine tastes that only waited cultivation to ripen into talent, Jane found herself thrown among those who neither understood nor sympathized with her. Her mother idolized her, but Jane felt that had she been far different from what she was, her mother's love had been the same; and though she returned her parent's affection with all the warmth of her nature, there was ever within her heart a restless yearning for something beyond. Immersed in a narrow routine of daily duties, compelled to practise the most rigid economy, and to lend her every thought and moment to the assistance of her mother, Jane had little time for the gratification of those tastes that formed her sole enjoyment. 'It is the perpetual recurrence of the little that crushes the romance of life,' says Bulwer; and the experience of every day justifies the truth of his remark. Jane felt herself, as year after year crept by, becoming graver and silent. She knew that in her circumstances it was best the commonplaces of every-day life should be sufficient for her, but she grieved as each day felt the bright hues of early enthusiasm fading out and giving place to the cold gray tint of reality.'

'With her pure sense of the beautiful, Jane felt acutely the lack of those personal charms that seem to win a way to every heart. By those who loved her, (and the few who knew her well did love her dearly,) she was called at times beautiful, but a casual observer would never dream of bestowing upon the slight, frail creature who timidly shrank from notice, any more flattering epithet than 'rather a pretty girl,' while those who admired only the rosy beauty of physical perfection pronounced her decidedly plain.'

'Jane Lynn had entered her twenty-second summer when her mother's household was increased by the arrival of a new inmate. Everard Morris was a man of good fortune, gentlemanly, quiet, and a bachelor. Possessed of very tender feelings and ardent temperament, he had seen his thirty-seventh birthday, and was still free. He had known Jane slightly before her introduction to her home, and he soon evinced a deep and tender interest in her welfare. Her character was a new study for him, and he delighted in calling forth all the latent enthusiasm of her nature. He it was who awakened the slumbering fires of sentiment, and insisted on her cultivating tastes too lovely to be possessed in vain; and when she frankly told him that the refinement of taste created restless yearnings for pursuits to her unattainable, he spoke of a happier future, when her life should be spent amid the employments she loved. Ere many months had elapsed his feelings deepened into passionate tenderness, and he avowed himself a lover. Jane's emotions were mixed and tumultuous as she listened to his fervent expressions; she reproached herself with ingratitude in not returning his love. She felt toward him a grateful affection, for to him she owed all the real happiness her secluded life had known; but he did not realize her ideal, he admired and was proud of her talents, but he did not sympathize with her tastes.'

'Months sped away and seemed to bring to him an increase of passionate tenderness. Every word and action spoke his deep devotion. Jane could not remain insensible to such affection; the love she had sighed for was hers at last—and it is the happiness of a loving nature to know that it makes the happiness of another. Jane's esteem gradually deepened in tone and character until it became a faithful, trusting love. She felt no fear for the future, because she knew her affection had none of the romance that she had learned to mistrust, even while it enchanted her imagination. She saw failings and peculiarities in her lover, but with true womanly gentleness she forebore with and concealed them. She believed him when he said he would shield and guard her from every ill; and her grateful heart sought innumerable ways to express her appreciating tenderness.'

'Mrs. Lynn saw what was passing, and was happy for Mr. Morris had been to her a friend and benefactor. And Jane was happy in the consciousness of being beloved, yet had she much to bear. Her want of beauty was, as I have said, a source of regret to her, and she was made unhappy by finding that Everard Morris was dissatisfied with her appearance. She thought, in the true spirit of romance, that the beloved were always lovely; but Mr. Morris frequently expressed his dissatisfaction that nature had not made her as beautiful as she was good. I will not pause to discuss the delicacy of this and many other observations that caused poor Jane many secret tears, and sometimes roused even her gentle spirit to indignation; but affection always conquered her pride, as her lover still continued to give evidence of devotion.'

'And thus years passed on, the happy future promised to Jane seemed ever to recede; and slowly the conviction forced itself on her mind that the whom she had trusted so implicitly was selfish and vacillating, generous from impulse, selfish from calculation; but he still seemed to love her, and she clung to him because having been so long accustomed to his devotedness, she shrank from being again alone. In the mean season Mrs. Lynn's health became impaired, and Jane's duties were more arduous than ever. Morris saw her cheek grow pale, and her step languid under the pressure of mental and bodily fatigue; he knew she suffered, and yet, while he assisted her in many ways, he forbore to make the only proposition that could have secured happiness to her he pretended to love. His conduct preyed upon the mind of Jane, for she saw that the novelty of his attachment was over. He had seen her daily for four years, and while she was really essential to his happiness, he imagined because the uncertainty of early passion was past, that his love was waning, and thought it would be unjust to offer her his hand without his whole heart, forgetting the protestations of former days, and regardless of her wasted feelings. This is unnatural and inconsistent, you will say, but it is true.'

'Four years had passed since Everard Morris first became an inmate of Mrs. Lynn's, and Jane had learned to doubt his love. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' and she felt that the only way to acquire peace was to crush the affection she had so carefully nourished when she was taught to believe it essential to her happiness. She could not turn to another; like the slender vine that has been

tenderly trained about some sturdy plant, and whose tendrils cannot readily clasp another when its first support is removed, so her affections still longed for him who first awoke them, and to whom they had clung so long. But she never reproached him; her manner was gentle, but reserved; she neither sought nor avoided him; and he flattered himself that her affection, like his own passionate love, had nearly burnt itself out, yet he had by no means given her entirely up; he would look about awhile, and at some future day, perhaps, might make her his wife.'

'While affairs were in this state, business called Mr. Morris into a distant city; he corresponded with Jane occasionally, but his letters breathed none of the tenderness of former days; and Jane was glad they did not, for she felt that he had wronged her, and she shrank from avowals that she could no longer trust.

'Everard Morris was gone six months; he returned, bringing with him a very young and beautiful bride. He brought his wife to call on his old friends, Mrs. Lynn and her daughter. Jane received them with composure and gentle politeness. Mrs. Morris was delighted with her kindness and lady-like manners. She declared they should be intimate friends; but when they were gone, and Mrs. Lynn, turning in surprise to her daughter, poured forth a torrent of indignant inquiries, Jane threw herself on her mother's bosom, and with a passionate burst of weeping, besought her never again to mention the past. And it never was alluded to again between them; but both Jane and her mother had to parry the inquiries of their acquaintance, all of whom believed Mr. Morris and Jane were engaged. This was the severest trial of all, but they bore up bravely, and none who looked on the quiet Jane ever dreamed of the bitter ashes of wasted affection that laid heavy on her heart.'

'Mr. and Mrs. Morris settled near the Lynn's, and visited very frequently; the young wife professed an ardent attachment to Jane, and sought her society constantly, while Jane instinctively shrank more and more within herself. She saw with painful regret that Morris seemed to find his happiness at their fireside rather than his own. He had been captivated by the freshness and beauty of his young wife, who, schooled by a designing mother, had flattered him by her evident preference; he had, to use an old and coarse adage, 'married in haste to repent at leisure'; and now that the first novelty of his position had worn off, his feelings returned with renewed warmth to the earlier object of his attachment. Delicacy toward her daughter prevented Mrs. Lynn from treating him with the indignation she felt; and Jane, calm and self-possessed, seemed to have overcome every feeling of the past. The consciousness of right upheld her; she had not given her affection unsought; he had pleased her passionately, earnestly, else she had never lavished the hoarded tenderness of years on one so different from her own ideal; but that tenderness once poured forth, could never more return to her; the fountain of the heart was dried, henceforth she lived but in the past.'

'Mr. and Mrs. Morris were an ill-assorted couple; she, gay, volatile, possessing little affection for her husband, and what was in his eyes even worse, no respect for his opinions, which he always considered as infallible. As their family increased, their differences augmented. The badly regulated household of a careless wife and mother was intolerable to the methodical habits of the bachelor husband; and while the wife sought for Jane to console with her, though she neglected her advice—the husband found his greatest enjoyment at his old bachelor home, and once so far forgot himself as to express to Jane his regret at the step he had taken, and declared he deserved his punishment. Jane made no reply, but ever after avoided all opportunity for such expressions.'

'In the meantime Mrs. Lynn's health declined, and they retired to a smaller dwelling, where Jane devoted herself to her mother, and increased their small income by the arduous duties of daily grooming. Her cheek paled, and her eye grew dim beneath the complicated trials of her situation; and there were moments when visions of the bright future once promised rose up as if in mockery of the dreary present; hope is the parent of disappointment, and the vista of happiness once opened to her view made the succeeding gloom still deeper. But she did not repine; upheld by her devotedness to her mother, she guarded her tenderness until her death, which occurred five years after the marriage of Mr. Morris.'

'It is needless to detail the circumstances which ended at length in a separation between Mr. Morris and his wife—the latter returned to her home, and the former went abroad, having placed his children at school, and bought Jane to watch over them. Eighteen months subsequent to the death of Mrs. Lynn, a distant and unknown relative died, bequeathing a handsome property to Mrs. Lynn, or her descendants. This event relieved Jane from the necessity of toil, but it came too late to minister to her happiness in the degree that once it might have done. She was care-worn and spirit-broken; the every-day trials of her life had cooled her enthusiasm and blunted her keen enjoyment of the beautiful; she had bent her mind to the minor duties that formed her routine of existence, until it could no longer soar toward the elevation it once desired to reach.'

'Three years from his departure Everard Morris returned home to die. And now he became fully conscious of the wrong he had done to her he once professed to love. His mind seemed to have expanded beneath the influence of travel, he was no longer the mere man of business with no real taste for the beautiful save in the physical development of animal life. He had thought of all the past, and the knowledge of what was, and might have been, filled his soul with bitterness. He died, and in a long and earnest appeal for forgiveness he besought Jane to be the guardian of his children—his wife he never named. In three months after Mrs. Morris married again, and went to the West, without a word of inquiry or affection to her children.'

'Need I say how willingly Jane Lynn accepted the charge bequeathed to her, and how she was at last blessed in the love of those who from infancy had regarded her as a more than mother.'

'There was a slight tremulousness in Aunt Mable's voice as she paused, and Kate, looking up with her eyes filled with tears, threw herself upon her aunt's bosom, exclaiming, 'Dearest, best Aunt Mable, you are loved

truly, fondly by us all! Ah, I knew you were telling your own story, and—' but Aunt Mable gently placed her hand upon the young girl's lips, and while she pressed a kiss upon her brow, said, in her usual calm, soft tone, 'It is a true story, my love, be the actors who they may; there is no exaggerated incident in it to invest it with peculiar interest; but I want you to know that the subtle influences of affection are ever busy about us; and however tame and commonplace the routine of life may be, yet believe, Kate,' added Aunt Mable, with a saddened smile, 'each heart has its mystery, and who may reveal it!'

SCENE IN COURT.—A trial for murder in the first degree, came off a short time ago, within less than a hundred miles of civilization. The accused was a big negro, shining black, with hair as stiff and coarse as the teeth of a carding machine. Clerk.—Prisoner, look upon the juror—juror, look upon the prisoner. Do you challenge?

Counsel for the prisoner.—Not pre-emptorily. Clerk.—Have you formed or expressed any opinion with regard to the guilt or innocence of the accused? Juror.—Why, what a question. How should I? [Clerk repeats the question.] Juror.—Why, I never seen him before. Clerk.—Answer the question, yes or no. Juror.—No, sir—ee!

Court.—No sport here—it is too serious a matter. Clerk.—Have you any conscientious scruples? Juror.—I have a few left. Clerk.—I mean about inflicting capital punishment. Juror.—None whatever, I do assure you. This emphatic declaration brought the prisoners counsel to his feet, who was going to argue that the manner in which the juror's last answer was given was a good cause for a challenge, but was stopped by the Court.

Clerk.—Are you akin to the prisoner? Juror.—What? [Clerk repeats the question.] Are you akin to the prisoner? Juror.—Who do you take me for? Clerk.—Are you akin to the prisoner? Juror.—Your face is blacker on Sundays than mine is on week days, and your hair is wool. Are you akin to the prisoner? Clerk.—Answer the question. Juror.—Akin to the d—! my family are respectable white people!

Here the cloudy brow of the Court indicated that the conference should be cut short, and the prisoner's counsel boding no good from the juror's contemptuous opinion of his client, challenged the juror for cause, namely, an opinion expressed. Juror continues.—What! am I insulted by that blackguard clerk, and now one of his hired bullies has challenged me; no, I'll fight his clerk first, and his bully afterwards. Court to Juror.—Sir, you are challenged, you may retire. Juror.—I never turned back on friend or foe—I'll not retire.

Court.—Sir, you are committed for twenty-four hours for contempt of Court. Sheriff, take him into custody. Here the sheriff, who was a resolute, good-natured man, walked off arm in arm with the prisoner. Juror.—Why, sheriff, I voted for you, what are you about? Sheriff.—Oh! nothing, you can eat with me and sleep in my room. Juror.—You are both savage and kind, Mr. Sheriff; I refused to vote for your adversary, because when he was sheriff he never summoned me as juror—I thought he slighted me. I am the first juror called since you were elected, and I am in jail! I'll whip you, the Court, the clerk, his bully and every body else. Why, I am going to be married to night, and have fifteen miles to ride.

The sheriff explained matters to the Court, and the sentence was commuted to one hour's custody. THE GREAT TUNNEL.—I will attempt a brief description of my visit to the 'tunnel of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Favored by an invitation from one of the contractors to accompany him and several other gentlemen, which was gladly accepted, we set out in the early train, the distance from this being twenty-five miles, then a walk of one mile brought us to the river, which was crossed. The first thing in order was to view the work going on, the most novel part of which was the process of making brick, a minute description of which would lengthen this beyond my present leisure. Suffice it to say, that they have one and a half millions burnt and ready to lay, one and a half millions ready to burn, and the process of making going on at the rate of forty-four thousand per day. Other materials preparatory to the process of laying brick are in a forward state—in short, all is ready for that process as soon as the engineer shall give the workmen the orders. The view of the works of art and nature being over, being guided by a polite friend, with a small lamp in one hand, four of the party mounted the tow path and entered the tunnel at the west end. Here the eye is forcibly struck with the magnitude of the work. Advancing by a narrow and at present rugged pathway, guided as aforesaid with a dim light, we proceeded two thousand feet, when we arrived at the opening of two shafts running up to the top of the mountain, each eight hundred feet. Whilst at this point two blasts were let off near the east end of the tunnel—the reverberation was tremendous. From thence we proceeded to a point near the east end, where fifty men were at work each with his little lamp (reminding one of the story of the lower regions) removing what is called the heading, about thirty yards of which yet remain. Returning, eight other blasts were let off, which, no doubt, if General Taylor had been present, would have reminded him of the battle field of Buena Vista. On entering the tunnel, the opposite end presents a light about the size of a street lamp, increasing in size as you approach it. This work is being prosecuted with vigor and, indeed, I have reason to believe the whole line of work is—there being in all two hundred and fifty men on this section; the work in the tunnel being prosecuted by day and by night, there being a double set of hands. The tunnel proper is 3,232 feet long.

The formation is one continuous slate rock, which is apparently very hard, but on being exposed readily yields to the action of the atmosphere and becomes disintegrated.

There appears to be but one opinion prevalent in this place, (apart from the contractors,) and that is, the work will be completed by the time contemplated in the contract—that is my opinion. Great order and healthfulness prevail on the works, and but one man on the sick list at the tunnel.—*Corr. Alexandria Gazette.*

MAKING A 'V.'—A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise of his profession; by the ludicrous bids of a fellow, whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the Ivory-headed hammer, looking round the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out:—'Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?'

'I take one five dollar bill.' 'Done, you shall have it.' Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room—'My good frin, you go out with me, I give you half the money!'

'Done! said the fellow. 'Horrah! burrah!' shouted the audience.—The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh and coolly forked out the V.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH. People using the telegraph should be careful to wait for the last letter of the message, or otherwise deplorable mistakes may occur. For example, on the 10th of April last, the clerk at a remote station, somewhere in the north of England, received the following information from London:—'The Chartists have risen!'

At this stage of the message, the terrified clerk rushed out of the office to proclaim that the revolution had commenced, so that he lost the remainder of the sentence, which consisted of these words—'in public estimation by their peaceable proceedings.' Returning, however in time for the beginning of the next sentence, he read—

'A Republic has been universally proclaimed! Out went the horrified clerk again, to tell the awful news, while the telegraph tranquilly continued—even by the Chartists, to be a humbug.' In a minute, he was again at his desk, watching the jerking needle. This time it said—

'The Queen has been seized!'

The clerk, who was a loyal young man of nervous temperament, immediately fainted away, while the needle continued—with a slight attack of toothache, which, however, did not prevent her attending the opera at Covent Garden, where the national anthem was demanded,—here the clerk rousing himself, read—

'and executed amid shouts of applause.' Rushing from the terminus with a wild scream, the unhappy young man immediately emigrated to Texas, leaving his fate to be an awful warning to all nervous telegraphic clerks.—[English paper.]

MINES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Permit me to give a brief review of such of the rich mines on the south shores of this Lake as I have been able to visit thus far. My first visit was to the Pittsburg and Boston mine at Eagle River. This mine has improved steadily for the past year. They will ship from 900 to 1000 tons of copper in masses and stamps, averaging over 50 per cent., and much of it will produce from 60 to 80 per cent.—this season. There can no longer be any doubt that this mine will, with its present good management, pay all outlays for opening mines, buildings, and stamps, within one year from this time, amounting, as I am advised, to about \$140,000. The water stamp, erected last fall, works much better than the company anticipated, and contributes largely to their revenue. Levi Hanna, the present Superintendent, kept an account of the expenses during the month of June, stamping nothing over ten per cent. In fact, to an unpractised eye, a large portion of it does not exhibit any, or so little copper that it would be thrown away as worthless. The net product exceeded \$3000, establishing beyond a doubt the proper or best possible mode of separating the copper from the rock where it is of less quantity than 40 to 50 per cent., and where it exceeds that per cent, it will be better to ship it where fuel and labor cost less. This experiment, I confidently believe, will enable some companies now idle to resume, if any encouragement is offered by our government. They charge \$2.50 per acre for these barren rocks, at least for all purposes except for copper, and require companies to buy entire locations amounting to 14,000 or 15,000, when 50 to 100 acres is all that any of them will require for an age to come, while on the north shore miners are invited to make locations at 80c per acre, and five years credit, with permission to surrender with a light forfeiture. Many are now abandoning their locations on this side, not being able to risk the cost of location and the expense of opening and proving up their mines. Most of the mineral lands are now in market, and must be entered or will be offered for sale in August. The locations on this river are not subdivided, and will not be sold before one or two years—before which time, I trust, Congress will see their true interest, and be more just to the pioneers here.

Of the riches of these mines no one can longer doubt. Where capital and good management have been combined, the final result will be more productive where good locations have been made than from any investment in our country; but it requires both. Large expenditures have, in several cases, been made without returns, and these are now abandoned in some cases; in others a small force of explorers continue. Next to the above mine, I visited the North American, where some good openings have been found in two or three veins; but from want of knowledge of the country, or of proper management, their large expenditures have not produced as much as some others. They have sunk some 150 feet in one shaft, and from one cross-drifting to another vein, they are getting a considerable amount of good stamp ores, and when the mine is opened I have no doubt that alone will produce a good interest in one investment, and the Superin-

tenant feels very sanguine of finding, as he goes down, richer masses. My opinion has undergone a change on this subject; I would rather have a rich lode of stamp work than the large mass found in the Pittsburg and Boston. I have, during my stay here, been confirmed in this opinion. This location appears to be in the heart of the mineral district. The veins are of different kinds, generally running east and west, with an occasional cross vein, all carrying native copper, thickly diffused, from the surface, in one blast. A ton or more of as bright, rich stamp, has just been thrown down in a shaft, as I have ever seen.—[*Corr. N. Y. Express.*]

ROMANCE AT ROME.—A curious incident occurred at Rome, and was narrated to us by a general officer who was present at the time. A young lady was destined by her parents for the cloister. She had regarded herself as the wife of one to whom she was much attached. The parents not approving this marriage, placed her, as is usual in such cases, in a monastery, where she could never see him; and she commenced her novitiate. Before doing so, however, the young gentleman found means to communicate to her that he would attend in the church at the conclusion of her novitiate, and that if she still loved him and preferred marriage with him to taking the veil, he would be there to claim her, and give her the home and protection which her own family would deny her. The year rolled slowly away. The novitiate had ended. The profession was publicly announced; the bells rang merrily, as for a bridal; the first flowers of spring were blooming on the floor of the monastic chapel. The cardinal had arrived; the young novice, fair as the young moon in May, knelt with her white veil floating behind her, and her eye glancing eagerly from face to face in the assembly till it rested on him whom, for that long and sad novitiate, she had never seen, and whose presence at this moment assured her of his faithfulness in the past. The service proceeded till the cardinal asked the usual question: she at once declared her unwillingness.—The cardinal was astounded. The assembly was greatly excited; and on being asked again for her reasons, she pointed to the young man, who was present, and said boldly, 'My wish is to be married to that gentleman!' She was the next instant on her knees to the cardinal, beseeching him to forgive her, and to permit the marriage. The feelings of the cardinal and all the assembly were deeply moved. The service ceased. The cardinal declared that she must not be received into the sisterhood, as she had herself refused her consent. He made inquiry, and in the end himself married the young couple. And thus she found at once the home and protection she required, and the want of which would otherwise have consigned her against her own wishes to the cloister for ever. This, however, is a scene that cannot be of frequent occurrence.—*Mr. Seymour's Pilgrimage to Rome.*

A TON OF COAL.—An amusing little incident has come to our knowledge recently, which we must publish, notwithstanding it may involve us in the risk of visiting from the vendors of black-diamond, similar to those which so much overcame us a year ago. But no matter, let them come; with Faneuil Hall in full view of our sanctum, and from long looking at its venerable proportions, feeling imbued with some of the spirit of 7 and 6, we don't care a snap if they all come at once. There is much wit and a great deal of truth in the little story which we hasten to give for the admiration of all men.

An Irish laborer on a coal wharf in this city was destined to become one of the 'outsiders,' from the dissatisfaction of his employer at something in his conduct; and in the conversation which led to his discharge his employer dwelt upon his stupidity, and said that he had employed him for a long while, and he didn't see as he had learnt anything.

'Be Jabbers,' says Pat, 'there's one thing I've learned of your honor, sure, in that same time.'

'And what is it?' growled Seales.

'Why,' replied he, significantly, 'I've learnt that sixteen hundred makes a ton; and that I never learnt in my old rithmeite, any how.'

He stepped out as he spoke; probably had he stopped a moment, he would have gone off with a junk of coal in his hat instead of a brick.—[Boston Pathfinder.]

COLD WATER AND PROSPERITY.—We had the pleasure of hearing James Buchanan, Esq., deliver an address before the Howard Society, on which occasion he related the following circumstance:

'Several years ago a gentleman dined with him who had risen, by his own industry and integrity alone, from humble life to a proud elevation in society. On being invited to take a glass of wine, the following conversation ensued:

'Do you allow persons at your table to drink what they please?' asked the guest.

'Certainly,' replied Mr. B.

'Then I'll take a glass of water.'

'Ah, indeed! And how long have you drunk cold water?'

'Ever since I was eleven years old.'

'Is it possible? And pray what induced you to adopt the principle of total abstinence?'

'Seeing a person intoxicated.'

'Well,' continued Mr. B., 'if you have had the firmness of purpose to continue up to this time without taking intoxicating drinks, I do not wonder that you have reached your present position.'

Mr. B. afterwards learned that the person he saw intoxicated was his father!

THE TELEGRAPH.—Our city papers now have news headed 'Two hours from New Orleans.' Seven days in advance of the Mail. 'Who will say now that this is not a 'progressive' age! Two thousand miles in two hours! Our forefathers would as soon have believed in the possibility of a trip to the moon. We wish old Doctor Franklin could just be allowed to make a visit to these parts for a few months—would not the old gentleman be astonished? He would own up outright, that this nineteenth century, with its railways, magnetic telegraphs, Oregon and California settlements, European revolutions, &c. &c. was about the most wonderful that has ever rolled along since the birth of time.—[Phila. Post.]

They have some 1500 lawyers in Gotham; yet, strange to tell, people of all professions contrive to make money there.

VARIETY.

THE GAZELLE HUNT.

On the following morning, we started before daylight, for Bushire, in company with the prince. Horsemen had been previously sent forward, in different directions, to look out for the haunts of the gazelles, and after we had proceeded for about a fursuk, news was brought that several of those animals were close at hand. The arrangements for the chase were now so managed that we soon surrounded the destined prey by a very large circle. The signal was then given, hawks were cast, and away we galloped as fast as our horses could carry us. The manner in which the hawks attack the antelope is most remarkable, for immediately on the bird being let free, it singles out a deer, and having overtaken it, perches upon its head and flaps its wings over the eyes of the animal, until it is so blinded and baffled in its movements, that the dogs come up and pull it down. In this manner about a dozen gazelles were killed, when the rifle being brought into play, the hunt assumed a different aspect, and as the hunters were too much engrossed in the sport to take heed of where their shots might strike, in case of their missing the gazelles they fired at, the amusement was not unattended with danger. In the present case, however, all went off, for some time, without any further accident than the wounding of several horses and dogs, when an adventure occurred of which I was an eye-witness, and which, but for the promptitude of oriental justice, might have been forever enveloped in mystery. The episode of this day's hunt was as follows:

I was lagging somewhat behind, after having assisted in killing a gazelle, which had been pulled down close to me by a couple of greyhounds, when suddenly a horseman at my side levelled his gun, seemingly, at another antelope which was bounding along at some distance, and fired; the ball, however, did not strike the deer, but entering the breast of an Arab considerably to the right of the apparent mark, killed him dead on the spot. As may be imagined, a general hub and cry arose, and in a few moments the greater portion of the hunters had crowded to where the corpse lay, wetting in its warm blood. 'How did it happen?' 'Who killed him?' 'Poor Abdullah! ill luck to the careless hand that pulled the trigger!' 'His father's grave is defiled, and he himself shall be choked with the filth of all uncleanliness.' 'What an ass must he be, who knows not a man from a deer!' Such were the exclamations that were uttered on all sides. As for the man, whose gun had sped the fatal ball, he sat motionless upon his horse, his face deadly pale, and his teeth firmly clenched together, while his eyes seemed immovably fixed upon the body of him he had just slain. I know not how it was but suspicion rose in my mind that the deed had not been entirely accidental, and the more I reflected, the more that idea became confirmed; for I remembered that the shot was fired, the gazelle and the man who had been slain were by no means in the same line. It appeared, moreover, that these suspicions were not confined to myself alone, for in a few minutes a horseman rode frantically up, exclaiming, 'My son! my son! where is he?' This last person was as his words implied, the father of the dead Arab. I had never beheld a countenance so full of agony as that of the old man, as he gazed upon the corpse; a moment afterwards, however, it became convulsed with rage, for some one whispered in his ear the name of the man by whose hand his son had fallen. As if animated by all the vigor of youth, he spurred his horse violently, and at the same time drawing his sword, he rushed up to the slayer of his son, and aimed a blow at his head, which the other narrowly avoided. Before there was time to renew the blow, the bystanders interfered, and attempted to calm the old man's rage by observing that what had occurred was the effect of accident. 'An accident?' cried the Arab; 'it was never an accident that turned the muzzle of the assassin's gun towards my poor boy's heart; had any other but Ali Acmah fired the shot, I might have believed it was accident; but Ali Acmah has long desired the blood of his victim; I am ready to swear on the koran that the murder was premeditated. But why do you hold me? Let me strike at the foul heart of the wretch. Let me send his soul to hell.'

It was in vain that his friends essayed to pacify the old man; in vain attempted to hold him back, his struggles were so violent, and the horse he bestrode so spirited, that he would soon have disengaged himself from their hold, had not the prince rode up. His presence caused a momentary silence, which was however, immediately broken by the old Arab, who, darting from his horse, threw himself upon his knees before Hussein Ali Meerza, and having loudly accused Ali Acmah of wilfully murdering his son, claimed the right of revenging the blood, as being the nearest relative to the fallen man. The prince having dismounted, proceeded to seat himself upon a mound, which was spread for him on the ground, and bade both accuser and accused to be brought before him. The latter soon told his tale, which was, that Ali Acmah and his victim had been at bitter enmity with each other for some time, and that the former had been more than once heard to say that he longed for young Abdullah's blood; that, in fact, this was not the first attempt at assassination, for a few months before Abdullah had been shot at while sitting under a date tree, in the vicinity of Bushire and it was strongly suspected that Ali Acmah had fired the ball, which had been lodged in the turban of the young man.

To this accusation Ali Acmah replied, that he had never felt any hatred towards Abdullah; that as for the shot fired in the date grove, he wished that his beard might be plucked from its roots, if he knew from whom it came. 'It was an unlucky fate,' he continued, 'that caused the ball from my rifle to enter the body of the young man, for I had aimed at a gazelle; as Allah is Allah, and Mahomed is his prophet, I speak no lies. I am ready to pay the price of blood; it is due from me, for I have slain a man, although unintentionally.' 'You lie, vile wretch! foul swine! burnt father! I'm a rosbog!' cried the old Arab. 'You are an assassin, you wished to kill my son. O most noble prince, issue of the king of kings, give the life of this man—let me slay him with mine own hand. Does he think that blood-money can ever repay me for the loss of my child? Oh, no!—may the blood of my ancestors be defiled, if I accept of any ransom! Let me have blood for blood, vengeance for vengeance.' An investigation of some length now ensued; witnesses were called; the mutual positions of the dead man, Ali Acmah, and the gazelle, at the moment of the shot being fired, were examined into; and at length it became clear to every one present that the fatal event was the result of no accident, but of premeditated vengeance. The prince had now no second course to pursue; and having asked the bereaved father whether he was inclined to accept of the

price of blood, the old man returned in a firm solemn voice:— 'In no other manner but by the death of the assassin.'

'Take, then, your due,' said Hussein Ali Meerza. 'I am here to administer equal justice to Persians and to Arabs, and can refuse it to none.'

On hearing these words, the murderer threw himself upon his knees, and having confessed his guilt, entreated for mercy in the most suppliant terms, calling Allah to witness that he had received the grossest provocation from him he had slain. It was however, in vain that he spoke. There was one man only present who had power to save his life, and that man was the father of Abdullah. Coldly drawing forth his sabre, the old Arab advanced towards the kneeling criminal, and exclaiming, 'O Abdullah! thus do I revenge thy blood!' with one powerful blow he severed the head of Ali Acmah from his body.

I had before this frequently been witness to the awful speediness of Oriental justice, but never had I beheld a scene more imposing than the one which had just taken place; for in the space of one short half-hour the murder had been committed, the accusation made, the witnesses examined, and the criminal condemned and executed. It must be observed that justice was meted out in this instance most impartially; for had not the crime been clearly proved, the murderer would have been acquitted. He would still, however, have been exposed to the vengeance of the dead man's family, who would have sought his life by every possible means.

The fatal event which had occurred having naturally put a sudden stop to the chase, the retinue of the prince collected together in good order, and we proceeded in the direction of Bushire, where we arrived about noon.—[Savile's Journey from Shiraz to the Persian Gulf.]

THE WOMEN OF CYPRUS.—The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus, is curious in connection with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their wife her own; the Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in the face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall, and slightly formed—there is a high souled meaning and expression—a seeming consciousness of gentle empire that speaks in the way lines of the shoulder, and winds itself like Cytherea's own cestus around the slender waist—then the richly abounding hair (not obviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids; of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is gracefully beautiful, but these the maidens of Limosel—their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall like Julia's Cashmere in soft luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in the face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their brilliant sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all of the bright cities of the Ægean, and may yet weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted Isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture or the bitterness of love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing 'polities' of the women, meaning I fancy, their tact and their wily ways, the word, however, plainly fails to express one half that which the speakers would say; I have smiled to hear Greek, with all his plenteous fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary 'Je ne sais quoi.'—[Æthien.]

FASCINATING A BULL.—It is said that bulls are very fond music, and that a man can fill his way from one end of the field to the other without danger provided he keeps up a jolly tune. A couple of Irishmen this spring were hired as laborers on a farm in Winchester county, and were so much annoyed on going to work, by a bull, that they had to take something of a circuit around the field where the animal was kept.

'Be jabes,' says Pat one morning, 'I've got it, Phelim dear, we can chate the bull, an cross the field.'

'An' how will ye do it, Pat?' 'Mighty aisy; I'll take along my fiddle and fascinate the brute. I'll give him 'Garry Owen,' and 'St. Patrick's day in the morning.'—Wont he be frisky?'

Pat was as good as his word—off both started to work, and reached the dreaded field—Phelim's courage began to ooze out a little, so he got behind the stone-fence, while Pat gallantly entered the field. The bull was feeding at some distance when Pat began to play. He raised his head listened for half a moment, then with a wild roar made for Pat.

In vain did Pat change the tune; it was of no use, and the bull was within a few feet of him, when he took to his heels. It was too late, however, and Pat found himself stretched all sprawling, in an apple tree, the thick branches of which sustained him in mid air. On a bough near him hung his fiddle. Fortunately Pat had received no injury, save a few scratches.

Phelim slowly raised his head, and looked over the wall. 'Pat, Pat, have you fascinated the bull?' 'No, be jabes! divil a bit ov it; the rackhall has fascinated me and the fiddle both. Their employer soon reached the spot and Pat, after descending safely, told the story with the utmost simplicity.

'Ah!' said the farmer with the greatest gravity, 'you didn't play the right tunes. He is an American bull, and wont listen to any thing but 'Hail Columbia, and 'Yankee Doodle.'

Whether Pat ever tried these tunes, our informant did not tell us.

CHARLES LAMB'S SISTER.—The Boston Transcript publishes for the first time the following, which is a letter from Lamb to Coleridge. 'My Dearest Friend;—White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will give you the outlines; My poor dear, dearest sister in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only in time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be removed to a hospital. God has preserved me my senses,—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgement I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Morris, of Blue-coat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but thank God I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me the former things are passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel. God Almighty have us well in his keeping.'

RESPONSIBILITY OF SOCIETY.—An excellent divine of this city, a friend of ours, said to

us one day.—We have not yet learned the responsibility of society to individuals. We talk much of the responsibility of individuals to society, we forget that society is bound to protect all her children.'

I was sometime since dining with a distinguished Judge of the Queen's Bench, in London. The conversation turned, as you may well imagine, on condition of the poor. I said to the Judge,

'Sir, did you observe those poor children, ragged and encrusted in filth, which you passed to-day driving from your house to Westminster Hall?'

'No; I observed none.'

'Yet you must have passed some hundreds.'

'It is very likely; but it did not occur to me to observe them.'

'And what must become of those poor children?'

'Some of them will die of disease, some will emigrate, and some I shall probably hang.'

'What means can they have of obtaining an honest living?'

'I am sure I do not know.'

'Is there any alternative for them but to beg, steal, or to starve?'

'I presume not.'

'And have you considered their condition, ascertained their wants, and done what you could to avert the evils to which they are exposed?'

'Not at all. I have been otherwise engaged.'

'Let me tell you, then, sir, that I would rather take my stand at the day of judgement with those you hang, than yourself.'

AERIAL WARFARE IN PRUSSIA.—Mr. Coxwell, the English aeronaut, whose exploits on the continent we have already noticed, is at present demonstrating his novel system of aerial warfare at Elberfeld, in Prussia. On the 17th instant he ascended, in company with a German gentleman, and when the balloon had attained a considerable altitude, Mr. Coxwell descended from the car to the aerostatic battery, and commenced a sham bombardment of the town beneath him. This performance in mid air at once amazed and amused the spectators, whilst a party of scientific gentlemen decided that the ingenious plans of Mr. Coxwell might prove available for immensely useful purposes in actual warfare. The day after his ascent Mr. Coxwell was invited to the Literary and Scientific Institution of Elberfeld, where a lecture from the pen of the scientific aeronaut was read to the gentlemen present. Mr. Coxwell was then appointed a member of the society, and solicited to make another ascent, which will take place this week.

What are riches, glory, pride, Laurel wreath or jewelled crown, When upon life's troubled tide Weary, wayworn man goes down? What are mankind's dearest pleasures But the fitful meteor's gleams? What his grandeur?—what his treasures? Moonlight on a mountain stream.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Men of sense, I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and-twenty, during their age of detestability; men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course perhaps of self-humiliation, submit to fill those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are extracted at the altar; such men want for their companions, not dolls; and women who would suit such a man are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the ringletine full of song and sentiment; who cannot walk; cannot rise in the morning; cannot tie her bonnet string; faints if she has to lace her boots; never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair; would not for the world prick her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepherdess; dance like a dervise at Almack's; ride like a fox-hunter; and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's country house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve, and half-a-quarter of bodice.—[Mrs. Thompson.]

A SIMPLE INVENTION.—The most profitable inventions have generally been the most simple, if not the most obvious. What could be more simple, for instance, than the balance-handle knife—the idea of making the handle heavier than the blade, so that the latter may not fall upon the table when the knife is laid horizontally? And yet the English inventor has made an immense fortune out of his lucky thought. Gen. Mosely, of Kentucky, is likely to reap a rich harvest from an idea hardly more complex. It is of an irregular piece of iron, or eccentric lever, no bigger than an ordinary castor to a table, which forms a perfect window fastener, by which weights and pulleys may be dispensed with. The operation of it is as certain as it is simple; and the expense of attaching it would be fifteen cents a window, instead of three dollars, which is about the cost of attaching the present apparatus. Gen. Mosely has also received a large sum from this little contrivance—the plan of which he whittled out of a block of wood in about ten minutes.

SHAKING THE COMMONWEALTH.—Cist, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, tells a capital story about a constable in Pennsylvania. He had served a legal precept of some sort, on a particular friend of his, who, greatly drunk at the time, rebelled against the law and its myrmidon, seizing the officer and shaking him almost to pieces. The parties meeting a few days after, Jim, the offender, was profuse in his apologies. 'You know, Jake,' said he, 'I would not have served you so if I had been sober; it was the whiskey did it all.' The official at last mollified and relented under Jim's expostulations. 'As to the shaking, said he, 'I don't bear any malice, or vally it a cent on my own account; but as an officer, Jim, recollect who ever shakes me, shakes the commonwealth!'

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; 'where, as a good German has it, the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall;' tell me not of never-disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not. I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

of a female—comprising a straw bonnet trimmed with pink ribbon, a black figured silk shawl, a dark calico dress, five skirts and under clothes, and stockings and shoes—was found yesterday morning in a small wood, on the south side of the Worcester Railroad, about a mile this side of the Cambridge Crossing. Some of the garments were in a soiled condition, and the whole appeared to have been left there prior to the rain on Friday. A woman dressed in exactly similar apparel was seen on Wednesday or Thursday, by some of the men employed on the Railroad, walking in company with a man on the Milldam road.—[Boston Traveller.]



WATERVILLE, SEPT. 7.

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

Our friends will bear in mind that the columns of the Mail are at the service of all parties for the publication of political notices. They will be inserted gratuitously, and without regard to parties.

MINUTES BY THE WAY.

We have somewhere read a 'Journal of a Tour from Down East to Maine,' and a 'Trip from N. York to Gotham.' Neither of these indicate half the travel embraced in our trip of three weeks. Half the notes of travel, which fill columns and folios, are written at the authors' residences, with no knowledge of places and things described except what is drawn from worm-eaten books. We have read an interesting series of letters from Niagara Falls, embracing a correct sketch of everything between Long Island and the giant cataract, while we knew that the author's travelling expenses came within the sum of a single dollar paid for the 'Traveller's Guide.' 'Jo,' we once heard a Boston editor say to the well known Joseph B.—'Jo, the steamer has arrived and we want some foreign letters.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'I will have one ready in an hour, and another in two hours—shall they be from London or Paris?' 'One from each place.' The next morning we read the two letters 'from our foreign correspondent!'

But this is nothing to us—nor would we insinuate that our neighbor Drew, of the Banner, did not actually travel over a great portion of Maine, regulating the weather, seeing the partridges, rabbits and brethren, just as he pretends—for our neighbor Drew is a minister, as well as an editor. Nevertheless, we also claim to have seen some things as well as others, all the way from Ticonic Falls to the utmost extreme of the Cape Cod Branch Railroad—and out of what we have seen shall, after the example of the editor of the Banner, see how many columns we can make.

One advantage Waterville Bay possesses over Massachusetts Bay, is its security from fogs. Our steamers arrive and depart without the least mystification, while the Boston steamers often grope for hours without being able to find the wharf. Our departure from the South end of Balloon Wharf, and the passage through the Narrows between Nobody's Island and the main land, afforded few objects of note to the traveller. As the boat approached the Kennebec Channel our eye involuntarily turned for a last look at Ticonic Bridge, as it lay stretched from shore to shore, basking in the spray and sunshine. We plead guilty to the wicked idea of an enormous caterpillar reaching in its unneighborly hunger for a single morsel of the quiet town of Winslow; and though confident our neighbors well understood the first law of nature, our neutrality was sorely tested in the question whether he would or would not 'get a bite.' But leaving our query before the legislature, and the bridge in the care of Mr. Barton, and the stockholders, we turned our mind to forgetting the things that were behind, and our eye to the ruins of Fort Halifax, the village of Winslow, and the beautiful farm of Mr. Dingley. Capt. Faunce had so often looked upon these interesting objects that we could not summon courage to ask him to stop the Balloon while we dug a bullet from the logs of the old block-house, or petitioned its generous owner to guard well its worm-eaten ribs for the gratification of our grand-children. We had just time to wonder whether cows and swine were still sheltered where patriots once sought refuge—whether that pile of mortar had yet reached the rafters, or the port-holes shaken off their goggles of hemlock slabs, when, from shame or other cause, the venerable old pile dodged behind a structure of more modern birth, and left our queries to be answered by what remains of the spirit of '76' in the hearts of its friends in Winslow.—Sacred—abused record of better days and better men!—whether the spirit it hallows shall exist longer in mouldering wood than in living flesh—its own history is answering.

Among the thousand and one beautiful villages and hamlets that stud the banks of the Kennebec, the eye of the traveller will seldom rest with more interest than upon the little cluster of buildings at the mouth of the Sebastocook. There is no display of costly mansions or modern cottages, No smoking forge or rambling mill, No bustling mart or sparkling rill, No walled vaults or mounting spires, but the spire of the humble and venerable village church—an unpretending school-house—a bridge—a few dwellings—some charming trees, and a sandy point projecting into the Kennebec. There is nothing in all this, to give interest to a sketch, without something more striking—and yet we venture to persist that there is not in the whole valley of the Kennebec a sweeter little nest than the one so easily described. Why it is so, we shall not tell, but

leave the reader to see if it is not so, while we glide along with the Captain.

The acres of logs that line the banks from Waterville to Bath, give the traveller a clue to the prosperity of our state. Like the men engaged in cutting and getting them to market, their rough and bruised exterior is no index to the 'clear stuff' beneath the bark.—Like them, too, when scattered over the world and brought into use, they give life to trade, exercise to skill, and beauty to social life.—But we have not yet reached Bath—we are hardly out of sight of Winslow—from which place we must proceed with our 'Minutes' next week.

NINE MILES OF FLOUR.—The quantity of flour burnt up on the pier was about 15,000 barrels, which being placed endwise would extend over nine miles, the same being two feet deep and as many wide.—[Albany Knickerbocker.]

And if it were made into one dough-nut, it would take a frying-pan as large as Lake Michigan to do it in; or, if mixed with a suitable quantity of milk and water, it would make dough enough to cover the faces of all the politicians north of Mason & Dixon's line.—[Boston Traveller.]

Very likely, for two-thirds of them are already dough, and need to be covered with nothing but the blush of shame. If we had the 15,000 barrels converted into ready money, we would engage to buy up one-half the dough-faces for any party that might want them, and have enough left to pay double their value for the other half. Two-thirds of it, used by the distilleries, would furnish all the liquor drunk in the capitol during an entire session—or the whole, converted into swill, would feed the entire 'swinish multitude' whose votes are pledged against our party next fall.

Pine apples are now raised by steam.—Excelsior.

How high, pray?—Excelsior.

Twenty-five to thirty-four cents each.

CARPETS.—There have been manufactured at the Large Carpet Factories in Roxbury belonging to HENRY PETTES & CO., within the year commencing August 1, 1847, and ending August 1, 1848, upwards of Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand yards of Carpeting.

This large quantity has all been sold at their Ware-house in Boston. They manufacture all descriptions of Ingrain and Three Ply Carpets, Tapestry Brussels and Velvet Pile Carpets and Rugs—and have become celebrated throughout the United States for the variety, excellence and beauty of their articles. [Boston Paper.]

POTATOES.—A correspondent of the Hallowell Gazette, who writes from Fort Fairfield, says the potato rot does not prevail extensively in that section; though a lot of four acres, planted by the writer, is badly injured,—showing an instance of 'early planted potatoes being attacked, while those planted later escape, and burnt land potatoes being diseased, while those planted on ploughed land near by are exempt from disease, and there being no difference in the virulence with which different varieties planted on the piece have been attacked.'

Voters should look well to the primary caucuses about these days. We have noticed that success in political matters, as in all others, depends very much on taking things by the forelock. Those who are behind-hand should be slow to find fault with the measures of those who are up and doing.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM, with its myriads of curiosities, and its elegant and costly improvements, is commended to the attention of all who visit Boston.

Those who visit Oak Hall should be careful not to leave the city without seeing other wonders, under the impression that there is nothing else worthy of notice.

THE FAIR. A list of premiums, committees, &c., for the approaching Cattle Show and Fair, will appear in our next.

SUMMARY.

A FUNNY RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday evening, as the last train of cars from Lowell was approaching Boston, two of the hindmost cars accidentally parted from the train in Medford, about five miles distant. The occurrence was not discovered, however, until after the Conductor had supped in the city and returned to the Depot, when he was astonished to find that two of his cars, containing some 100 passengers each, were among the missing. He instantly despatched a locomotive on the return track, and the lost cars, with their population, were brought into the city after a detention of about an hour and a half, by this both amusing and vexatious oversight.

TERRIBLE BITE OF A SHARK.—Yesterday evening, while some boys were swimming at Bintel's shipyard, near the mouth of the Falls, one of them was observed, about thirty yards from the raft of logs, struggling in the water. He uttered no cry, but struggled on until he reached the logs, when he called for help. Capt. W. D. Roberts, Mr. Bell, and another person, ran and pulled him out of the water, when they discovered that his left leg had been nearly bitten off by a shark. The fish appears to have caught him as he was drawing the leg up, as the wounds are above and below the knee. The flesh on the inside of the leg is torn open near three inches in width, exposing the bone and showing the indentation of the teeth on the bone. On the outside the flesh is also torn, but not so severely—the teeth were deeply sunk in the flesh, making terrible gashes. We would not learn the name of the boy, but understand that he belonged to the brig Knighton, now in our port. He is about fifteen years of age. The gentleman who witnessed the struggles of the lad did not see the shark, though we understand one was seen off the County wharf on Wednesday. It is a rare occurrence for sharks to come so far up the harbor.—[Baltimore Sun.]

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—We are pained to announce a melancholy accident that occurred yesterday afternoon, at the residence of Gen. Arthur. A bright and lovely boy, 5 years old, son of Lieut. Arthur of the Army, and grand-

son of Gen. A., received an injury, last Saturday, from a pretty severe fall upon the door-step, though no dangerous consequences were apprehended. Yesterday afternoon, however, while at play with a younger brother, he again fell from a wheel-barrow with which the two were amusing themselves, and before medical aid could be obtained, he ceased to breathe! The previous injury must have been more serious than was supposed, and contributed mainly to the painful and fatal result.—[Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.]

THE NIAGARA started a speculative action in Flour and Corn, by the advices of a decided failure in the potato crop throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Large purchases and shipments from New York to Liverpool and ports in Ireland, have forced up freights to 7 a 11d. for corn, thus reviving disconsolate ship-owners, and depressing the market for exchange on London to 8 3-4 a 9 and 9 1-4. The money market of London was rapidly contracting, in the daily expectation of a rise in bank rate of interest, and the marked depletion of the bank vaults, a loss of more than a million sterling being established by the returns for last month. A like speculative movement for a rise in Grain had commenced on the Continent, with the natural effect upon exchanges, and drain of bullion from England.—[Boston Traveller.]

SLAVE STAMPEDE IN KENTUCKY.—The City of Lexington on the 7th inst. was filled with excitement on account of the discovery of a well-laid scheme for a wholesale absconding of slaves in that vicinity. A white man named Patrick Doyle is said to have aided and counseled their escape. Fifty or sixty armed white men were sent from Lexington in quest of the runaways on the 10th inst. and it seems that the most of them were overtaken near the line of Harrison and Bracken Counties, and recaptured after a fierce struggle, with the loss of one or two killed and several wounded on the part of the slaves. Upward of sixty slaves decamped, but it is supposed that only six escaped to Ohio. The Kentucky papers are highly indignant at this attempt of their colored brethren to reach the Free Soil of Canada. Doyle, the chief conspirator, is confined on all hands to a man of education. He was arrested and is now lodged in Lexington jail, to stand his trial for murder. His captors were with great difficulty restrained from laming him immediately after he was caught. At the earnest solicitation of Gen. Desha he was spared. The Kentucky papers represent Doyle to be weak-minded, yet they are unanimous for his imprisonment with Fairchild, in the State Prison.

The plot seems to have been indifferently arranged. The slaves were well armed, but were not well supplied with provisions. A heavy rain storm occurred on the night of the stampede, which, by swelling the streams, materially retarded the progress of the sable emigrants.—Tribune.

THE PARIS FASHIONS.—Mr. Scott, a respectable New York tailor, is sojourning a few weeks in Paris, with the view of learning how the French make clothes. Mr. Scott writes, under date of Paris, July 4th:—

'Most of the Americans here wear their clothes until they are ready for patching, rather than purchase a coat in Paris. The tailors here make very good over-coats, vests and pantaloons; but they seldom make a good dress or frock coat, and never equal the trade of Broadway. There is no egotism in saying that Americans are the best dressed nation in the world; and tailors here have told me that they expect the time will come when it will be necessary for them to send to N. York for fashions. Many persons have asked me where I bought my dress coat, and on my informing them that I brought it from New York, said, 'I thought so, for our tailors can't make such a coat.' That is the case also, with my blue cashmere sack, and several of the trade here tried to imitate it, but the collar bothered them; and it was not more than a week after I showed them the shape of it, before they were very numerous on the Boulevard des Italiens.'

ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—On Friday, Mrs. Caroline Winnett, residing at Brooklyn, was shot at by Joseph Bulkeley, a paper hanger, residing in New York. Between them there had been some former acquaintance and subsequent quarrel. The woman had once suffered a fracture of the skull, and had been trepanned.—Fortunately the ball struck upon the silver plate and glanced off, slightly wounding her. The man made his escape.—[Com. Adv.]

ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD.—We learn that this Company has transported 6257 passengers over this road since it was opened for the regular running of the cars, July 20, to August 21—making an average of 174 per day.

There has been a regular increase in its business every week, and the present week it has averaged over 200 passengers per day. 4—The Company has not, until now, been able to transport much freight, but it is calculated that this part of its business will increase the receipts of the road considerably.

Since about the 1st of August, the track layers have laid the timber and iron as far as Dunn's Corner, four miles from North Yarmouth Depot, and the engine with a train of timber and iron, ran as far as this point, Friday morning. As soon as the ballasting is completed, the cars will be run to that point, and they will probably run as far as N. Gloucester about the middle of October, and soon after, in connexion with the Androscooggin and Kennebec road to Lewiston Falls.

The new broad gauge engine, the 'Montreal,' built by the Portland Company, will be put on the road by the middle of September, when a third passenger train will be run each day on the road.—[Portland Adv.]

ILLINOIS.—Full returns make the following exhibit:—Senate, 18 democrats, 7 whigs; House, 52 democrats, 30 whigs. Democratic majority on joint ballot, 46.

The St. John papers state, that a destructive fire is raging in the woods on Cape Breton, which has destroyed many of the farm-houses and granaries in the country around Antigonish, and the saw mills of Mr. James Frazar at West River.

LOSS OF CHARACTER.—Robert Andrews, foreman to a respectable nurseryman at some distance from Philadelphia, who had lived with his employers ten years, and had a good character, one Saturday night after applying for his wages, claimed pay for a young man up to that day whom he had discharged some days before. His master said, looking him steadily in the face, 'Robert do you want to cheat me by asking wages for a man that you discharged yourself eight days ago?' He had no sooner said this than the miserable conscientious-looking man's blood froze his face, as if he had been stabbed to the heart. When his master saw him so much affected, he told him that he might still labor as he had done, but that

SPRING & SUMMER Clothing.

C. H. THAYER. WOULD inform his friends and the public that he has just received in addition to his former stock...

BOYS' CLOTHING. 12 Tweed Frocks 3.25 3.50 12 " Sacks 3.00 3.25...

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES. comprising in part the following articles: 10 Hhds Molasses, 8000 lbs. H. B. Sugar...

ALL Wool Cashmere and Broche Shawls. A few beautiful styles at very low prices at WILLIAMS'.

HARDWARE. HENRY NOUSE & CO. Importers and Dealers in HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND SADDLERY.

COOKING STOVES. together with elegant patterns of Parlor Stoves, common Sheet Iron Airtight, Office, Box and other Stoves.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WHO are in want of Boots, Shoes or Rubbers, walk straight to A. CHICK & CO'S, where they will find...

DISSOLUTION. THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Goss & Hill, in the Painting Business, is dissolved by mutual agreement.

CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING. THE Subscriber continues to execute, at the old stand, CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, and ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

CO-PARTNERSHIP. THE subscribers have formed a connection in business under the style of PAINE & GETCHELL.

NEW STORE AND New Goods! PAINE & GETCHELL. HAVE just received from Boston a choice and select assortment of DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

CORDAGE. will be kept constantly on hand, and of the best quality. WHITE LEAD, GROUND & Dry, for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

Look at this! FOREIGN, DOMESTIC, FANCY and Staple DRY GOODS. comprising, in part, the following articles: Broadcloths, Lawns, Cassimeres, Linen Lawns, M. de Laines, Shawls, Tweeds, Carpet Bags, Gambroons, Linens, Bosoms, Vestings, Dickies, Gingham, Eng. and Am. Prints, Bl. & Br. Sheetings.

DR. WARREN'S SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, & WILD CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS. AT FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE. SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters, have now become a standard Medicine.

MACCARONI, a superior article, at WILLIAMS'. THE Place. WHERE Goods may be bought as low, to say the least, as at any other store in the country, is at J. WILLIAMS & SONS, NO. 2, BOUTELLE BLOCK.

Dentistry. DR. D. BURBANK, SURGEON DENTIST. MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH. Rooms in Hanson's Building, Cor. Main and Elm sts. WATERVILLE, MAINE.

GOOD GOODS. It will cost purchasers nothing to look at them and we are always happy to show them, whether we sell or not. C. A. L. and we will sell you goods cheaper than you can buy at any other store in Waterville.

STEEL BEADS & BAG CLASPS. JUST received at Shurtleff's Bookstore No. 1. Boutelle Block. Mar. 22d, 1848.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT. MRS. F. M. BURBANK, from BOSTON, WOULD respectfully announce to the Ladies of Waterville and its vicinity, that she has taken rooms in No. 1 Boutelle Block, (2 doors south of the Post Office.) lately occupied by C. J. Wingate.

HATS AND CAPS. CHOWELL has just received an assortment of Hats and Caps, which will be sold on reasonable terms. All kinds of School Books & Stationery; Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Chairs, Feather Beds, & Looking Glasses.

THE CAMPAIGN COMMENCED! ESTY & KIMBALL, No. 4, Ticonic Row, HAVING increased their Stock of Goods by that of G. Kimball & Co., and by large purchases just made at a price that shall sell it at once, and place it beyond the reach of competition.

WILLIAM. C. DOW & CO. WOULD inform their friends and the public, that they keep constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, West India Goods and Groceries, FEATHERS, LOOKING-GLASSES, CROCKERY, and CHINA WARE.

IRON AND STEEL. THE best assortment to be found in this town, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO. WESTERN Extra & Clear PORK for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

GROCERIES, GROCERIES. JUST RECEIVED, a good assortment of Thread Laces, Gimps, Fringes for Visits, Linen Ribbons, and Embroideries, very cheap at Mrs. BURBANK'S, No. 1. Boutelle Block.

GREAT BARGAINS. For a Short Time. Prices cut down from 20 to 30 per cent. THE undersigned being anxious to close up their business in this place, offer their large and desirable stock, consisting of every description of Dry Goods, Carpets, Crockery and Glass Ware, Feathers, Shoes, &c. &c.

COX-BOWS & AXE-HANDLES, FOR sale by W. C. DOW & CO. J. R. ELDEN & CO'S, (One Door North of Boutelle Block.) MAY be found one of the largest and best assortments of W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, that can be found on the Kennebec River.

50 Dozens received, and for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS. DR. T. H. MERRILL, RESPECTFULLY offers his services as PHYSICIAN and SURGEON to the citizens of this place. Office No. 2 Marston's Block. Residence at the house recently occupied by Levi Dow.

SASH & DOOR FACTORY. THE undersigned hereby give notice that they are now prepared to execute at short notice and on reasonable terms, at their establishment, near the steamboat landing in Waterville, all orders in their line of business.

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

PAINTS & OILS, of all kinds, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO. SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE, JAPAN & VARNISH for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS. LIME for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

MONTHLY BULLETIN, NO. 6. THE SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND of this Company is almost universally acknowledged as the best medicine for Sarsaparilla. It is a vegetable compound, and is entirely free from mercury.

IRON AND STEEL. THE best assortment to be found in this town, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO. WESTERN Extra & Clear PORK for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

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MACHINE SHOP. RUFUS NASON, (Late of the firm of Scammon & Nason.) WOULD give notice that he still continues the business of the late firm, at the old stand, on Temple Street, near Main St., Waterville, where he is now ready to execute, in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms, every description of MACHINERY usually made in an establishment of this kind.

PAINTS & OILS, of all kinds, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO. SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE, JAPAN & VARNISH for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS. LIME for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

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NOTICE.—The shares as originally subscribed for upon the books of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company by the following individuals and firms will be sold at public auction on Friday, the 22d day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the office of the Treasurer of said Company, in Waterville, for the purpose of paying assessments due thereon with interest and costs of sale—to wit:

- Wardsworth Bolter, Moscow, 1 share. Geo. W. B. Leonard, Monson, 1 " Cushman Bigelow, Norridgewock, 2 " Wellington Kidder, " 4 " James Taylor Jr., " 2 " Joseph Taylor, " 2 " Benj. F. Whyte, " 2 " Ansel Allen, Bloomfield, 2 " Jane L. Allen, " 2 " Levi Emery, " 10 " Ja's Cleaveland, " 2 " A. & P. Coburn, " 20 " John Kimball, " 4 " James B. Dascomb, " 4 " Samuel & William Parker, " 10 " Sumner Parlin, " 2 " Daniel Snow Jr., " 6 " Nathaniel Grant, Skowhegan, 2 " William M. Lewis, " 1 " Moses Littlefield, " 2 " Thomas Robinson, " 2 " Osogood Sawyer, " 2 " Ruel Weston, " 2 " William McLellan, " 5 " Willis Currier, " 2 " John G. Dunn, Belgrade, 1 " William T. Mills, " 1 " Ezekiel Page Jr., " 1 " Geo. J. Penny, " 1 " William Taylor, " 1 " Emily Wentworth, " 2 " Willard Vivian, " 1 " Actor Hunter, Clinton, " 2 " Phebe Ann Currier, Chesterville, 1 " Joseph C. Bates, Fairfield, 1 " Milton Chase, " 2 " Benj. L. Deering, " 1 " Butler A. Emery, " 1 " Geo. P. Gulliver, " 4 " Jos. F. Nye, " 2 " Hudson Osogood, " 2 " G. H. Quimby, " 1 " Rodney Wyman, " 2 " William Sperrin, Sebasticook, 2 " Kendall Decker, Smithfield, 6 " Calvin G. Hale, Norridgewock, 1 " Leonard Avery, Waterville, 1 " Peter Cannon, " 4 " Benj. W. Chipman, " 4 " James L. Crommit, " 5 " William E. Harris, " 1 " David Huston Jr., " 2 " Jason W. Moor, " 1 " William G. Penny, " 1 " Isaac Perry, " 1 " James Tozer, " 1 " Chas's Weeks, " 1 " Ransalier Wyman, " 2

By order of Directors, EDWIN NOYES, Treasurer of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company. Waterville, Aug. 16th, 1848. (4-1w.)

NOTICE.—The shares as originally subscribed for upon the books of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company by the following individuals and firms will be sold at public auction on Saturday, the 23d day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the office of the Treasurer of said Company, in Waterville, for the purpose of paying assessments due thereon with interest and costs of sale—to wit:

- Abigail Bearce, Readfield, 2 shares. Franklin Bean, " 4 " James B. Bell, " 8 " James W. Boynton, " 2 " David Bowler, " 2 " Wm. P. Caldwell, " 2 " J. L. Carr, " 2 " Wm. Cochran, " 1 " Jno. O. Craig, " 1 " C. D. Crosby, " 1 " James Currier, " 1 " Samuel Currier, " 2 " Lewis E. Davis, " 2 " Benjamin Davis, " 2 " Stephen Dorman, " 1 " Wm. H. Dudley, " 1 " Jno. V. Dunbar, " 2 " Joseph Earl, " 1 " James Fillebrown, " 52 " Dana B. Fogg, " 1 " Isaac Ford, " 2 " Geo. Gil, " 2 " Asa Gile, " 1 " Nehemiah Hanson, Jr., " 8 " Dudley Hains, " 2 " Nancy W. Hains, " 2 " G. W. Hains, " 2 " Wm. Harvey, " 1 " Gilman Hawes, " 2 " James Hazellian, " 2 " Clarissa Hillman, " 2 " Lewis B. Hutton, " 2 " Francis Hunt, Jr., " 4 " Francis Hunt, " 2 " Henry Hutchinson, " 1 " Noah Jewett, " 2 " Albert Johnson, " 2 " Wm. M. Jose, " 1 " E. O. Kent, " 6 " George B. Kittridge, " 1 " Marinda Lambert, " 4 " Benj. L. Lombard, " 2 " Atsant Luce, " 1 " R. B. Norton, " 10 " Jarvis M. Norcross, " 1 " James Packard, " 2 " Alden Packard, " 2 " Samuel Packard, " 2 " Sarah Perkins, " 2 " Betsey J. Pierce, " 4 " Joseph Robinson, " 4 " Ezekiel Robinson, " 2 " Lucy Shurburn, " 2 " John Smith, " 100 " John Smith, Jr., " 4 " Cyrus L. Springer, " 1 " H. P. Torsey, " 2 " George C. Vance, " 2 " John Vosma, " 1 " Andrew Walsh, " 1 " Osogood Whittier, " 2 " William H. Whittier, " 2 " Hiram Whittier, " 1 " D. C. Williams, " 1 " Allen F. Williams, " 2 " Samuel N. Williams, " 3 " Miles Williams, " 1 " Jos. H. Underwood, Fayette, 10 " William F. Eaton, Greene, 1 " Osman Cary, Leeds, 1 " B. B. Dudley, Mt. Vernon, 2 " David M. Greely, " 2

By order of Directors, EDWIN NOYES, Treasurer of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company. Waterville, Aug. 16th, 1848. (4-1w.)

NOTICE is hereby given that two assessments of five per cent each, (being the fourteenth and fifteenth assessments,) on the amount of stock of each stockholder in the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company, whose stock has not been paid in full, have been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and that the same will be due and payable to the Treasurer of the Company at his office in Waterville, as follows, to wit:— The fourteenth assessment on the second day of October next, and the fifteenth assessment on the first day of November next. EDWIN NOYES, Treasurer A. & K. R. Co. August 19th, 1848.