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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 09): September 19, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV. WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1850. NO. 9.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY R. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

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

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

FORTUNE AND LOVE.

Let me live without Fortune if Providence will it,
For joy can be found where small treasure is shed;
Those who bear a full cup are most fearful to spill it,
And oftentimes walk with the narrowest tread;
I care not though fate may deny me profession,
If earth will not show me some rays from above;
I could live without fortune, but not without Love!

Oh! 'tis pleasant to know there are beings about us
Who tune the most exquisite strings in our heart,
To feel that they would not be happy without us,
And that they in their loneliness sigh when we part.
Oh! there's something divine in the thought that we cherish,
A star-beam within us that shines from above—
To know that if all the world gives us should perish,
The greatest of fortune still dwells in our Love!

Oh! 'tis glory to feel that we live for some other,
That self is not all that we depend on below;
That affection yet links us to sisters and brothers,
Whose faith will be constant come weal or come woe;
Though the vultures of trouble may harass our bosom,
N'er fear while our spirit is fed by the dove;
Let the despoils of life give Eternity's blossom,
And we'll live without Fortune while favored by Love.

MISCELLANY.

THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. NORTON.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."
MANY years since, as a farmer of the name of Somers was returning home late one autumn evening on horseback, he heard a faint, wailing cry, as if from an infant. He was a kind, good man, and his heart pitied the child who was left unprotected at such an hour; so he stopped and listened; but he heard no sound except the low wind sweeping by him, and it was too dark to distinguish objects at a distance. He walked his horse up and down that part of the road from which the cry had appeared to come, but it was not repeated, and he was just turning homeward, when he saw something like a heap of white linen lying close to the large iron gates of a park, that opened on the road. The farmer's heart sank, for he thought murder had been done in that lonely place, and for a moment he hesitated whether he should not first obtain assistance before he advanced; but the faint cry he had heard was again audible, and there was no one near, but an old deaf woman who kept the gate of the park, and her daughter, who was but a child. He tied his horse to the iron railing, and knelt down by the white heap, which proved to be the body of a female, quite stiff and cold, and on her bosom lay a little infant in which there was still life, though it was numbed by the bleak wind which must have blown over it for many hours, and again it moaned feebly as the farmer lifted it in his arms. He knocked at the door of the park lodge, and begged of the old woman to allow the body to be brought in there; but she was so terrified at the thought, that he was obliged to think of some other plan. Having obtained a light therefore, and assured himself that the woman was indeed dead, he left the body and rode home. The first thing he did on arriving, was to order two laboring men to go and fetch the corpse. Then stealing softly into the sleeping-room, where his wife sat watching by the cradle of their youngest child, he laid the little foundling on her lap, and told her where and how he had found it.—"And God will bless you for it," exclaimed the poor woman, weeping—"that God who tempests the wind to the storm lark; and she turned her tearful eyes to the cradle where her own pet lamb was lying in a sweet, quiet sleep. All that night they watched over the frail life thus committed to their care. Many times they thought its sufferings were over, and that it had gained its unhappy mother in another and a better world; but at length the shadows of death passed away from its fair, pale face; it moved its lips as if asking for nourishment, and after swallowing a few drops of warm milk, opened its large blue eyes, and faintly smiled on the good woman who tended it.—Farmer Somers himself wept for joy on this occasion; and leaving a little girl to watch the sleeper, he proceeded with his wife to the room where the body lay.

It was an awful sight to see by the dim light of a single candle, and a lantern which stood at the corpse's head, the eager expression of fear, curiosity, horror, or pity, in the countenances of the bystanders, and to contrast those evidences of human passion with the eternal quiet of the dead woman's face, and the stiff, unnatural repose of her form. There was no mark of violence on her body; but it was so wasted and thin as to look almost like a skeleton.

Mrs. Somers assisted in laying out the corpse, and cut off a lock of the long golden hair, which was all of beauty that now remained. This, and the certificate of the child's baptism, which was found in the woman's pocket, she sealed up till the little orphan should be old enough to value them. And after that, the cold lip, and the closed eye, whose smile and glance had once perhaps gladdened many hearts, were hidden under the heavy earth; and in a few years the circumstances which had placed the orphan Mary an inmate of Farmer Somers's house were almost forgotten; nor was the history of the poor woman ever known, nor any inquiry made after her, after all had been made public in the newspapers of the day.

The little child thus rescued from destruction was brought up with Farmer Somers's own daughter, and the same care and tenderness was shown to both; but both did not thrive equally. The sparkling beauty and mental quickness of 'Gipsy Jessie,' as she was called in the village, formed a striking contrast with the paleness of Mary's delicate features, and her slow progress in what Jessie called her 'learning.' But Jessie's two brothers loved meek Mary as well, if not better, than their true sister; and Jessie herself poured out all the warmth of her affectionate heart in behalf of her companion; nor was she conscious of any superiority, except that of being two years Mary's senior. Children are slow to feel their own inferiority, unless it is forced on them

by those around them. The orphan knew that Jessie was the prettiest and the cleverest, just as she knew that the hair of the latter was darker, and her limbs stronger to bear fatigue, than her own; but this knowledge gave her no pain; and, secure in the affection of all around her, she enjoyed a quiet happiness, till accident caused her to institute in her own mind a comparison between her merits and those of her more sprightly companion.

She was sitting at the door of the farm house one sultry day in August, watching Jessie and her brothers, who were helping the reapers at some distance. The orphan had exerted herself to the utmost that day, even beyond her strength, and had stolen home to the threshold of the house to rest a little while. Farmer Somers had returned a few minutes before, and was speaking to his wife within doors, so that Mary scarcely heard their conversation, till the sound of her own name awoke her attention.

"Yes, Mary was there, too, poor thing," said the farmer, in answer to his wife's question, "doing her best, and that was but little."

"She always does her best," said Mrs. Somers, quietly.

"Yes, yes—I know the girl does all she can, but there's no more strength in her than in a bit of wash-leather. You should have seen Jessie, the little sturdy gipsy, she did as much as a grown woman, and with such a merry smile on her sun-burnt face, God bless her, as did one's heart good to look at. The other will never be any thing but a burden upon us, all her life long."

"Oh, don't say so, Richard, it was she who put the cider ready for you; that you have just been drinking. She's a deal more thoughtful than Jessie, and pretty enough too, if beauty goes for any thing. Don't speak as if you repented the great charity God has put in your power to do."

"I don't repent it," said the farmer, vehemently; "I never see her enjoying a summer's day with the boys and Jessie, or warming her little shivering hands at our hearth in winter, without thanking heaven for having made me the means of saving her life. But that's no reason I should think of her as of my own girl; and I tell you that she will never be fit for any thing—never."

Mary heard no more. She rose from the place where she had been sitting, and walked very slowly to a little bank that overlooked the field they were reaping, and there she sat down and sobbed bitterly. She was roused by a peal of merry laughter from the field, and presently Jessie and her brothers came bounding towards her. The little orphan dried her tears, and watched them till they reached the sunken fence which formed the boundary of the corn field. The eldest of the boys cleared it, then the next, and lastly, Jessie threw over her little sheaf of gleaned ears for the 'Harvest Home,' and jumped across it as lightly and fearlessly as her brothers.

"Ah!" sighed poor Mary, "I couldn't do that; I always go round to the little gate.—And she looked wistfully up in Jessie's face, as she bent over her, and jested her for her laziness, with a painful impression of the beauty of that countenance which her father had blessed of by his brightness. And very bright and lovely it was at this moment, glowing with exercise and irrepressible merriment; but a shadow fell on her brow when she saw the sadness of her companion, and she earnestly inquired the cause of her weeping.

"Because—because," said the little girl, again bursting into tears, "your father says I shall never be any thing but a burden to him all my life long."

The children looked at each other with dismay.

"Did my father say that to you, Mary?" asked one of the boys, while a deep flush crossed his handsome face.

"Oh, no—he did not know that I was within hearing; he said it to your mother, and that I had no strength in me like Jessie; and that I should never be fit for any thing; and that when I had done my best it was but little.—I that thought I had done such a good day's work!"

"And so you have, Mary—and so you have; and you'll be stronger next summer—Jessie's older than you; and 'what does it signify how little you do when we are all willing and happy to help you every day, and all day long?' eagerly burst from the lips of her youthful companions.

And Mary was comforted in a degree; but it was long before her spirits recovered the little elasticity they formerly possessed, and she shrank from the eye of farmer Somers with nervous timidity whenever she happened to be engaged at her tasks in his presence.

Meanwhile both girls grew up, and both had their admirers among the young farmers of the neighborhood; but of these Jessie had many more than the orphan, Mary, and cared infinitely more for their homage. Indeed, it must be confessed that the faults of Jessie's character developed themselves as visibly as the beauty of her person. She was vain, passionate, and a coquette; but she was also kind-hearted, generous, and industrious; and even her faults were dear to those with whom she lived. To her father especially she was an idol, a thing of gold.

And Mary was insignificant in comparison. The very manner of Jessie's hair—a charm to it which was wanting in Mary's. The sidelong glance of those dark, downcast eyes, which seemed to be laughing at you beneath the lashes when you attempted seriously to converse with her; the sudden flash of joy which shone in them at times when they were turned full upon you, which glowed over her whole countenance, and parted her full lips as her even teeth; her low laugh; her cordial welcome; her sweet voice; even the look of mischief that lurked occasionally in her eye and the corner of her mouth; and which ever tempted you to propose some innocent frolic, had a charm of which herself was but half aware. You turned to Mary without emotion; you heard her slow ascending step approach, and scarcely cared whether she passed or passed you; you met the gaze of her quiet blue eyes, and thought how good and gentle she seemed; but ere the day ended, her image faded from your mind, and left that of Jessie to haunt your dreams, and make you smile even over the memory of her smiles in your waking hours.

I pleased Providence, however, to reverse the situations of the young companions, and to make Mary the only stay and comfort of her protectors. Farmer Somers's affairs became less prosperous, his crops failed, three bad seasons

in succession destroyed all hope of being able to continue things on the same scale as before; and one evening in October, when the whole family were assembled together, he abruptly broke silence with the words—'Children, we can no longer sit round the same hearth at night, or meet at our morning meal regularly as the sun rises; some of you must earn your bread away from me; I have no longer the means to support you all; and the last words were spoken with a forced calmness which said more than tears.

No answer was made; his sons and the girls looked at each other, and Mrs. Somers turned pale, and kept her eye fixed steadily on the ground; but the farmer gazed on Jessie, and on her only, as if she was all he had to lose; and when he spoke again his voice was broken and unequal.

'One of the boys—you, Richard, can remain to help me on the farm, and James must work with farmer White who has taken part of the land off my hands; Mary and Jessie (and here his eye wandered from his daughter to his wife) must go to service. God will be done! and the farmer bowed his head reverentially, Jessie flung herself into her mother's arms, and wept bitterly; while the orphan stole to her adopted father's side, and murmured—'Must Jessie go?'

'Yes, child; yes, she must; and so must you all, but you, my mother will do all a woman can do in the farm, as she did for me when we began life, and I brought her home to this very house, a young thing, like Jessie. For you, my gentle, patient girl, (and he wrung the hand he held,) I have little to fear; but for my poor Jessie—ah! Jessie,' continued he, as he folded his arms round his favorite child, 'you must tame that wild spirit, and learn to obey strangers, for your father's sake, who never said a harsh word to you, or frowned even on your follies.'

It was soon settled that Jessie should be dairy maid at the Park, and Mary become the attendant of Mrs. Benson, the clergyman's wife, who was latterly grown very infirm, and was affected with a dimness of sight which it was feared would end in total blindness. James went to farmer White's the day after that eventful conversation; and that day week was fixed for the departure of the sisters to their different services. A bright evening sun gleamed on the faded and yellow foliage of the trees round the farm house, while they stood lingering in their own room, and gazing around as if to seek an excuse for still remaining after every preparation had been made. 'Ah! said Jessie, as her eyes fell on the neat little bed they had shared together, 'I shall not hear a hymn from your sweet voice to-night.' The blue ribbon Mary was tying round her sister's hat dropped from her hand, and in an instant the two weeping girls were locked in each other's arms.

Their roads lay in the same direction as far as the park, and then Mary had about a mile further to walk. The little party set out accordingly together; farmer Somers and Jessie foremost, and his wife and Mary following.—Mrs. Somers talked affectionately and encouragingly to the orphan, but her eye was wistfully fixed on the group before her; and as they neared the park gate, and she saw her beloved child evidently sobbing violently, while her father passed his arm round her waist to support her, she hastily pressed the hand of her young companion, and passed on to share the task of soothing the agitated girl. They passed thro' the park gate which formed the boundary where they were to part from Mary, and she paused as if in expectation that they would turn round and bid her good-bye; but they passed on—and on—till their forms lessened in the distance, and grew dim and indistinct to her tearful eyes. As she turned away to proceed on her solitary path, the same feeling of bitterness stole over her heart as had first smote it the evening of that memorable harvest home when she was yet a child; the same vague yearning for the sweet and natural ties of parent, brother, and sister; the same sense of desertion, which even her own reason assured her proceeded from an inadequate cause. It was not that she should not again see them; the three short months that separated them scarcely warranted, perhaps, a formal farewell; but it was the feeling that she was not one of them; that, in a moment of sorrow, there, even these, the nearest and dearest friends of her life, had forgotten her—the feeling (and let none deny it) the overwhelming bitterness till they felt its power to no human heart.

The orphan went weeping against the iron rail-work as these thoughts passed through her mind, and it was not until the chill evening had reminded her of the lateness of the hour, that, with a hurried step, she proceeded onwards. There was a stile at some little distance which she must cross; the rest of her road lying entirely among fields and lanes. As she approached it, a figure which she instantly recognized as James Somers jumped from it.

'Oh! Mary dear,' said the young man hastily, 'how late you are! I have been waiting an hour and more at this stile, which I knew you must pass to walk the rest of the way with you; and you have been crying! but no wonder, for you and Jessie were always as fond as sisters.' There was a long pause; and as Mary leaned on his arm, she mentally contrasted his kindness in waiting for her, with the parting which had just taken place. James Somers interrupted her reflections with the words—'And yet you know you are not her sister, Mary.'

'No,' said the orphan, faintly.

'No—nor mine,' added the young man, hesitatingly.

'No, James, not yours; I know I belong to no one; but don't remind me of it just now,' and the choking sobs again rose to her swollen eyes.

He pressed her arm closer to his heart, and again for a few steps there was silence. Then, speaking very hurriedly, he said; 'But 'tis now as the time of all others; that I would remind you of it, Mary, because I will say now what I have often wished to say before, and dared not, though there was no other sin nor shame in it; and that is, that I love you better than ever brother loved sister—better than father or mother—better than the whole world—better than life itself. Don't trouble me, dear Mary; and lean on my side; do not want to write any promise from you just now, when you are so sorry to leave us all; I know I may be many years before I see you again; but if I see you, I'll tell you this because you are going among strangers, that you may think of me—not merely as a brother—and that I shall

should wish to marry you, you may ask your heart whether they can love you, or you them, as we love who have spent our lives together.'

The orphan retired to rest that evening—the first evening of dependence on strangers—the first evening of separation from all her friends—with a deep and entire sense of happiness, such as she had never before experienced.—That James Somers, the lively, handsome, affectionate James Somers, the favorite of the village, the brother who most resembled Jessie, should love her better than father or mother, better than life itself, seemed wonderful, incomprehensible. That there should be one being to whom she was all in all—the hope looked forward to for years to come—the image that made labor light to his soul—oh! it was more than she had deserved from heaven; and when the orphan knelt that night before the throne of grace, in the purity of her heart she thanked her God for the words James had spoken.

All went on smoothly; and the quarterly earnings of the two girls were, with very slight deductions, regularly deposited with Mrs. Somers during the first year. Mary's mistress declared that her caps had never been trimmed so neatly, her work never done so well, herself never waited on so cheerfully, as since the orphan came to live with her. She was not treated as a servant, but remained constantly with Mrs. Benson, that, as the old lady expressed it, 'the sight of her face and the sound of her voice might cheer her heart.'

Jessie, too, had given satisfaction; but she was not contented with her place; the housekeeper's [she said] was cross, she doted daintily on overbearing and officious; and she willingly accepted an offer made by a lady who had spent some time at the Park on a visit, to enter her family as waiting maid to two very spoiled and lovely children, who had taken a fancy to her during their stay. This lady was in very bad health, and on her way to London, where she intended to fix her residence, in order to be under the care of the first physicians; and even farmer Somers reproached Jessie for having engaged herself to leave them all without consulting him or her mother. But Jessie was determined, and to London she went; and at the end of the quarter she wrote in high spirits to her mother, to whom she transmitted four guineas of her wages. The next account was less pleasant; her mistress was dead, her master gone to Paris on business; and what with mourning and other expenses, she could only send one guinea home. Her third letter arrived just as her anxious parents were reasoning on the probability of her being ill, as the cause of her long silence. It was written in low spirits, with an affection of levity, which struck painfully on the hearts of the circle at the farm. It contained no remittance, but she expressed a hope of being able to send money in a few days; 'as every one who comes to the house,' said she, 'gives me something; I suppose for the pleasure of looking at me, for I do nothing in the family except dress and address the young ladies.' She concluded by complaining that her wages were never regularly paid, as before her mistress died; so that she was often more in debt than she was aware before she could receive them; and that the new housekeeper was a very fine lady, who insisted on Jessie's dressing smartly, and 'keeping up a genteel appearance before company.' Farmer Somers did little that day but persevere and reprove the letter of his beautiful and wayward Jessie; and after much consideration he wrote to her a peremptory command to leave her place and return home. Had that letter been sent, much misery might have been spared to him—to all; but as the farmer raised his eyes from the finished page, they lit on her accustomed seat; in an instant the sound of her laugh, the expression of her beaming brow, the bounding step with which she used to meet him, flashed across his soul. He read his mandate to her, and it appeared stern and cruel; he had proportioned the severity of his language more to the magnitude of her temptations than the faultiness of her conduct; why should he issue a command to her who would obey his wishes? He tore up his first letter, and wrote another, in which his natural anxiety was so mingled with the outpourings of awakened tenderness, that Jessie might, perhaps, be excused, when she wrote home, that she feared her not being able to send home more money had induced her father and mother to think she was not advantageously placed; she assured them they were mistaken; that she would not leave her place for the world; and finally, she enclosed £4 as a proof that her inability, on the two last occasions, was entirely accidental.

'Poor Jessie! it was her last remittance home. The year rolled round; Christmas came—but no letter or word from London cheered the hearts of the party at the farm.—Impatiently they waited till the first spring quarter was at an end, and kind letters were written at intervals to assure her that they merely wished for a line to gladden them; to say she was in health and remembered them all. They told her how prosperously the farm went on, and with the delicacy that is born of affection, magnified the improvement in their situation that they might feel less painfully (what they never doubted) caused her reluctance to write; her inability to assist them with money. Still no tidings were received; and at length one of Mary's letters was returned to her, with the post-office mark; 'no such person as Jessie Somers to be found!' Mrs. Benson herself accompanied the orphan to the house of her adopted father, to communicate this distressing intelligence; and advised him instantly to write to Jessie's mother, and learn whether the unhappy girl was gone. He wrote; and neither ate, drank, slept, nor scarcely spoke, till the few lines of reply were handed to him.—They were as follows:

'I have made all due inquiry respecting the young person you mention of the name of Somers, from my housekeeper, and find that she was discharged from my service for a debt committed on one of my daughters, and that no one in my house knows her present abode.'

The farmer covered his face, and with a wild hysterical laugh, sank back in his chair, from which he was lifted to his bed by his son and wife; and there for eight days he remained, utterly unconscious of the presence of those around him, and talking incoherently of righting his child, and punishing those who had snatched her home. At length the fever left him, and he turned to his wife and Mary, who were watching by his bedside, and said; 'I feel well again—well in body; and I shall go instantly to London to find my poor girl. No

entrances to delay but a few days till he should in some measure recover his strength could move him. He set off alone, resolved, he said, to come back with his Jessie, or never to return to the home she had clouded with shame.

From the housekeeper who had turned Jessie away, Farmer Somers learnt all the circumstances which had condemned her. She had been observed measuring a quantity of the fine lace which belonged to the dress of one of the little girls; she had washed it, and on the housekeeper inquiring why the child's frock was not trimmed, she replied that it was not dry, and that it should be put on the next day. The housekeeper, observing that she was much embarrassed during her answer, took particular notice of the way in which the young ladies were dressed, during the two following days, and at length insisted on Jessie's producing the lace. The girl then burst into tears, and declared she could not—that she had lost it immediately after having hung it to dry, and that she was convinced some one had stolen it. At the same time she offered to replace it out of her year's wages. This the housekeeper peremptorily refused; it was old, family lace, and it was necessary that some inquiry should be made immediately into the manner of its disappearance. All the servants were called into one room, and their boxes searched. In Jessie's box a remnant of the lace was discovered, carefully concealed in the sleeve of a gown, and her passionate protestations and vehement accusations of treachery on the part of some one in the house, and the proud defiance to the housekeeper to prove her guilt, inclined all to suspect her truth. After much trouble, a pawnbroker was discovered, with the remainder of the lace in his possession. He reluctantly stated that a young girl had pawned it at his shop a week previous; that the circumstance made a particular impression on his mind, both from the superior quality of the lace, and from the fact of its being damp as if lately washed. Of the girl he knew nothing; she spoke in a very low voice, did not appear to be agitated in the least, had a quantity of beautiful hair dressed in long dark curls on each side of her face, and wore a deep bonnet with blue ribbon round it. There was a general murmur among her fellow servants, for there was no one in the house with hair like Jessie's, or who wore the same sort of hat.—She was desired to put on her bonnet and shawl, and the pawnbroker was asked whether he recognized her as the young person who pawned the lace. The man refused to speak positively, on account of its being dusk at the time, but thought she was the same person, and produced a pocket handkerchief which she had dropped in leaving his shop with the initials J. S. in the corner. On seeing this last proof, the wretched girl turned as pale as death, exclaimed, in a suffocated tone, 'My father! my father!' and fell senseless to the ground.

On recovering, she asked wildly if the officers were come to take her; said she was lost forever, and again repeated the words, 'Oh, my father—my father!' after which she lay down on the bed, and wished to be left alone. About an hour afterwards, the housekeeper went to her room to inform her that in consideration of all the lace having been recovered, and the pawnbroker persisting in refusing to swear to her person, as well as from mercy to her youth, and previous respectability, she would not be prosecuted for the theft, but she must instantly quit the house, and her things should be sent to her. The frantic sorrow of the little girl, whose loss was the cause of Jessie's disgrace, had also some weight in this decision, as the child was very delicate, and an idol with her father, whose absence on the continent left the housekeeper at liberty to act as she pleased on the occasion. But Jessie was nowhere to be found, nor did she ever return or send for the few things she could call her own.

After vainly endeavoring to obtain some clue to the abode of his wretched daughter, and publishing an advertisement that if J. S. would return to her parents and native village, all should be forgotten and forgiven, the heart-broken father returned home. From that day, according to his wife's mode of expressing it, 'he never held his head up.' He did nothing on the farm; but sat with folded arms on the seat opposite Jessie's empty place, repeating—'I made an idol of her, and God has punished me—God has punished me!'

But for the unremitting exertions of his son, farmer Somers would have been utterly and irretrievably ruined.

Very early one morning in May, the orphan tapped lightly at the farm-house door, which was opened by the worn and weary form of Mrs. Somers.

'Mother,' said she in a low voice, 'Mrs. Benson is going to London for three days, and I came to tell you this, and wish you good-bye.'

Mrs. Somers looked on her fair, open brow, and the tears rose to her eyes.

'God bless you, my child,' said she, 'and keep you from harm, though it is but three days you have to spend in that world of sin!'

'Who knows, mother,' said the orphan, after a pause, 'whether I may not hear something of her?'

A painful smile quivered round the mouth of her adopted mother, and she shook her head without answering.

Mary kissed her, and turned away without asking for farmer Somers, for she knew that her visit would scarcely be missed, and that his whole soul was wrapt in the contemplation of Jessie's loss.

The Sabbath-day was the second after Mrs. Benson's arrival in town, and the servant of the lady with whom she was staying proposed to Mary that they should attend divine service in Westminster Abbey, which she assured the orphan was 'grander than anything she could see in a dream.' Permission was easily obtained, and they walked together through St. James's Park.

How sweet and quiet everything is, said Mary, as she looked upwards and caught glimpses of the early sun through the fresh foliage of the trees. And how beautiful the light is upon those large white horses—oh! surely London is a glorious place! But see! I added she, after a pause; 'what a crowd of people huddled together! they are not going to church; they are not moving. Something dreadful must have happened!'

'Oh, nothing has happened,' said her companion carelessly; 'it is only some drunken person they are trying to move away.'

'Drunkens!' said Mary, with amazement; 'at this hour of the morning, and on the Sabbath-day!' and she felt that the wickedness of London surpassed even what she had imagined.

She turned her head again to the group—and her sudden gasp for breath was followed by a piercing shriek.

'What is the matter, for heaven's sake?' said the startled servant girl.

'Oh! help me—save me,' murmured Mary, as she clung beseechingly to her companion; 'it is Jessie! and she is on the ground dying.'

'Don't—don't,' said the girl—'don't go near them; it can't be any one you know; it is some poor wretched wretch, and there are all sorts of people and soldiers around her. Don't go—pray don't.'

But Mary heard nothing—saw nothing—but Jessie dying; and in a minute more she was on the spot.

'Come, get up and go home, and don't lie here to make a disturbance in the park; gruffly remonstrated a man who had hold of Jessie's arm.

'I won't stir—I won't. I came here and I will stay as long as I please—I won't!' and the last word was prolonged with a scream so shrill as to make every one pause and look round who was passing within any distance.

'Let me speak to her—let me lift her,' said Mary, who had shrunk trembling from the people with whom she was more immediately in contact.

'Don't go near her—she's dead drunk,' said one of the soldiers.

'I'm not drunk!' screamed the girl, while the blue veins in her temples and throat swelled almost to bursting; 'I'm not drunk—and I'm not a thief, though they made me out one—and I'll not stir, I won't!'

'Oh!' said the orphan, sobbing bitterly, 'let me get near her—she's not drunk, she's dying—you are suffocating her. Oh! ask them to make way for me, continued she, suddenly grasping the arm of a soldier who stood like his comrades gazing on the scene; 'Do, and heaven bless you!—do! it's Jessie—it's my sister!' and in her agony the third country girl leaned her brow on the arm she held, with hysterical sobs.

'Make way!—make way,' cried the young man, the flush of sudden pity rising to his face; 'don't you see her heart is breaking, poor thing?'

'Ah! she's another of the same sort,' said some one in the crowd, as they angrily made way for her to pass; but a deep silence fell upon them as they beheld the meeting of the sisters. Mary knelt down and muttered in a low voice a single word—it was the wretched girl's name, and the voice in which it was uttered, worked like a magic spell. Jessie rose with a weak wailing cry; the shabby bonnet and torn cap fell from her head; and the long dark hair, of which she had been so vain, waved in tangled masses over her shoulders as she buried her face in the bosom of her earliest and dearest companion. There she wept, passionately, unrestrainedly, as if they were again alone in their little room at the farm; and the big tears silently gushed from the closed eyelids of the fair and innocent orphan, as she bent over the long lost, still beloved lamb of a forsaken fold.

'Let us go home,' murmured Mary, 'out of the sight of these strange people.'

'Home!' said Jessie, 'to my home!—oh no, no, no—that is no place for you!'

'I will not leave you, Jessie,' said the orphan; 'never, never again; where you live is only too good for me—let us go; and she wound her arms fondly round her sister's neck.

Through dirty narrow streets they slowly proceeded, accompanied by a soldier who had been interested by Mary's supplications, and who now supported the faint steps of the exhausted Jessie; while the orphan shrunk from the stare of scorn, curiosity, or wonder, which they attracted.

They reached the house at last, and the two girls crept up the dirty dark stair into a low and ill-furnished room; and there they sat down, and Jessie told her own story from the time of her leaving her place to the moment when Mary found her. She said she was innocent of the crime for which she had been sent away, and that she firmly believed that the lace had been put into her box by one of the other servants, a girl who had since been transported for a theft committed in another family. That fearing the disgrace of a trial, and feeling the impossibility of proving her innocence, she had left her master's house in a state of mind approaching to delirium, and as she wandered on, she came to a bridge, and felt irresistibly prompted to throw herself from it, and so die. That while in the act of jumping from the parapet, she was saved by a young man whom she afterwards discovered to be a surveyor, and who persuaded her to return with him to his mother, promising that he would ever know where she was, till she herself wished it. That she remained with his mother for more than two months, and that the young man wished very much to marry her; but that she would never consent to this, nor to tell her father's name, nor to write home (though often urged to do so by the old woman) till she should stand acquitted of the charge of theft; which event, knowing her innocence, she thought might bring about. That when she heard of the transportation of her fellow servant she relinquished all hope of ever having her character cleared, and gave herself up to despair. That just about this time the young man who had treated so kindly was killed by the fall of some old house parent was examining, and his aged and feeble parent survived his loss but a few days. That after the death of these persons she had bided this miserable lodging, and having gone in search of employment to a distant part of the town, on her return home, she had fallen asleep from grief and weariness, and never woke till she was roused by the person Mary had seen holding her, who persisted that she was drunk, and ordered her to get up and go away.

During the whole of the recital, Jessie's voice was almost inarticulate from hysterical weeping; with violence of language, the bitterness with which she expressed herself against all those connected with her disastrous fate, she started and dismayed the gentle Mary. At first she strenuously refused to return to her father's house, and passionately disclaimed any wish to be received, unless they entirely believed her assertions of innocence. But when the orphan meekly reasoned on her probable fate—when she contrasted the confused state, the brawling, the drunken songs with which, from this time to time, their ears were assailed, with the quiet of their own old home—when, above all, she described the utter broken heartedness of the stout farmer, the proud spirit melted, and Jessie consented to go with her adopted sister. A letter was written to her

pare her father and mother; and late on the evening of the day farmer Somers received the intelligence; the two sisters again walked together through the little lane which led to the farm-house; and in a few minutes more Jesse was folded to his father's heart. Another letter had reached him on that eventful morning; it was from Jessie's master, containing the confession of her fellow servant, taken before a magistrate and duly signed; the principal purport was, that the theft had been a concerted plan, both to obtain money and cause Jesse's dismissal, of whom she was very jealous; that she had taken Jessie's bonnet, and procured curls of the description usually worn by the unhappy girl; and that she had purposely dropped the handkerchief, that no circumstance might be wanting to condemn her.

Modern Reformers. The other and more radical error, or what we have called the secularization of the gospel, may be characterized as the common sophism of the whole school with which the author of 'The Hints,' may be justly said to sympathize. It meets us everywhere in Fourier, Cabot, Louis Blanc, the writings of the English Socialists, and of the European correspondents of the Tribune. In some it would seem to be sheer ignorance of the Scriptures. They are deceived by the echoes of their own voices. They have been in the habit of quoting from each other, and casting back and forth a few pet texts twisted out of all connexion with their serious import, until they really seem to have come to the belief, that the great design of Christ was to teach their doctrine of Socialism—a design which has been thwarted by the depravity, or rather mistakes, of mankind for eighteen hundred years, and which it is now their mission to carry out to its full and final accomplishment. In others it would appear to be downright dishonesty. No truly serious man can read the New Testament, as the book of life, without feeling that nothing could be more at war with its spirit, or in other words, more unevangelical. There is sometimes a blasphemous eulogy on this subject, which no charity can tolerate. It would clothe the veriest sensualism in the most seemingly spiritual garb. It would inculcate the merest worldliness through the glowing exhortations to aspire to an unearthly life. It would teach a secular political economy in the dialect of the kingdom of heaven. It talks of 'the Christ,' the 'ideal Christ,' the Christ as reappearing or coming again in the democratic spirit of the nineteenth century. Sometimes it would attempt to soar to a still bolder pitch of blasphemy. This new secular Christianity is styled, 'The Christ dispensation as seen from above.' Such is the language of a late unrebuked and even highly commended correspondent of the Tribune.

By this phrase, then,—the secularization of Christianity,—we mean that view which directly contradicts one of the most solemn declarations of the Savior. When charged by the Jews with an attempt to overturn their political institutions, or to introduce secular and social reforms, in an outward way,—in other words, to reorganize society, he says unto them most solemnly:—'My kingdom is not of this world.' Will any one dare to say, that there was less occasion for Christ's becoming a political reformer than now? that Roman despotism was less severe than that of Louis Philippe, or Queen Victoria, or the Prussian monarchy? that Roman servitude was more humane than that of 'believing masters' in the United States? that the homestead was more secure in Judea, under Herod and his successors, than in the state of New York? Or will they charge it upon the timidity of Christ, his time-serving and accommodating spirit, the weakness of the infant 'ideal' of Christianity, which left this great work, in the fulness of times, to that higher 'moral courage' of which they boast so much? Surely in other respects there was no shrinking, where it had occasion to rebuke the powers of this world in defence of its own spiritual message, its own unearthly kingdom.

Again, when the multitude, at the sight of one of his benevolent miracles, were carried away with the thought that his mission must be one of temporal philanthropy simply, how solemnly does he counteract the impression! With what emphasis does he warn them not to 'labor for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endures to everlasting life,'—not that he meant to condemn the hungry multitudes for a proper thoughtfulness in respect to the wants he had just then been himself most kindly ministering unto, but that he might, from such an idea, impress most deeply on their earthly minds the thought that his Kingdom, and his salvation, had reference, in all their great and serious aspects, to the eternal life beyond the grave, and to the hopes and discipline of the present life, mainly as connected therewith.

Throughout this book, on the contrary, the other and opposite side is everywhere prominent,—not simply as a beneficent scheme of political economy (for which the writer would be despoiling of high praise,) but as the purest ideal of Christianity, which had been marred and lost sight of by a spiritualizing church.—The deterioration of humanity, not as a probationary state to another dread existence, but of humanity on earth, and regarded as continuing on earth, is assumed as the great end of Christ and the Gospel. No doubt this is an incident of Christianity, and, as such, must have been in the contemplation of its benevolent as well as merciful founder. As an incident, however, it can only be maintained through the most earnest preservation of the essence. The secular good of Christianity must utterly die out, when severed even in thought, from the light and power which are derived from the idea of the life to come.—[Literary World.]

As to the assimilation of functions of the skin and lungs, it will be apparent, that when the skin acts imperfectly, or ceases to act at all, the lungs have an extra amount of duty to perform; and it is generally just such cases that engenderment of them takes place, constituting inflammation, or pneumonia.

THE EFFECT OF SHOT ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—You can form no idea of the storm of balls and shells which crossed each other in their dread course.

Before and around the spot on which Field Marshal Radetski was standing, the heavy sixteen pound shots plowed up the ground, tracing in one place a deep furrow, and cutting down a tree like stubble in another.

It is remarkable how each kind of missile has its own characteristic. There is the tremendous howl of the round large shot, the whistle of the musket-ball, the hiss of the shell, like that of the Catherine wheels fire-work, and then its detonation as it bursts. Of these last, many which fell amongst us missed fire, and many exploded harmless in the air; but where one fell and did its office, the effect was fearful. One such struck an officer in the breast, exploded at that instant, struck down a man to the right and left, and cut off the upper part of the officer's body in such a fashion that his frightened horse galloped off some distance with the feet of the corpse in the stirrups.

Such are the spectacles which a field of battle occasionally presents. Not far off lay a Piedmontese artilleur, who had been struck on the forehead by a spent six pound shot, which remained in the wound. A Hussar had been killed at the same instant with his horse, by a shot which had passed through the neck of the latter; they had sunk together, the rider still on the saddle, and the sabre still in his hand.—The sudden collapse of a man in full vigor is what is most fearful to behold. One sinks without a groan, another jumps high from the ground with a shriek, falls over, lies stiff, and is dead! I saw a Granzer from the Banat, with a ball in his forehead, falter a few paces, leaning on his musket like a drunken man; and then, after a faint whisper about his home, expire. Over the town the cannon smoke had spread a colossal canopy, which floated motionless above the roofs like the crown of the Italian pine trees.—[Scenes from the Life of a Soldier in Active Service, in 1849.]

THE RAILROAD SAFETY CODE.—In a late English publication, relative to railroad travelling, the following rules are recommended to be borne in mind by all travellers, and will apply with as much force on this side of the Atlantic, as in Great Britain. Many cases are given of a loss of life consequent on neglecting any of these rules:—

- 1. Never attempt to get out of a railway carriage while it is moving, no matter how slowly.
- 2. Never attempt to get into a railway carriage when it is in motion, no matter how slow the motion may seem to be.
- 3. Never sit in any unusual place or posture.
- 4. It is an excellent general maxim in railway travelling, to remain in your place without going out at all until you arrive at your destination. When this cannot be done, go out as seldom as possible.
- 5. Never get out on the wrong side of the railway carriage.
- 6. Never pass from one side of the railway to the other, except when it is indispensably necessary, and then not without the utmost precaution.
- 7. Express trains are attended with more danger than ordinary trains. Those who desire the greatest degree of security should use them only when great speed is required.
- 8. Special trains, excursion trains, and all other exceptional trains on railways, are to be avoided, being more unsafe than the ordinary and regular trains.
- 9. If the train in which you travel meet with an accident, by which it is stopped at a part of the line, or at a time when such stoppage is not regular, it is more advisable to quit the carriage.
- 10. Beware of yielding to the sudden impulse to spring from the carriage to recover your hat which has blown off, or a package dropped.
- 11. When you start on your journey, select if you can, a carriage at, or as near as possible to the centre of the train.
- 12. Do not attempt to hand an article into a train in motion.
- 13. When you can choose your time, travel by day, rather than by night; and if not urgently pressed, do not travel in foggy weather.

THE CAMEL'S REVENGE.—A few years ago it chanced that a valuable camel, working in an oil factory in Africa, was severely beaten by its driver, who, perceiving that the animal had treasured up the injury, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away; the camel, perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient; and the driver began to think the beating was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man, who slept on a raised platform, in the mill, whilst, as is customary, the camel was stalled in the corner, happening to remain awake, observed by the bright moonlight when all was quiet, the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly, and stealing towards a spot where a bundle of clothes, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight, and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke; at the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake it had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme, that it dashed its head against the wall, and died on the spot.

REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE AND AFFECTION OF A DOG.—I passed a day and a night, last week, at a friend's house under the Falls, opposite Spitzendevil's Creek, about nine miles from the city. A fine hound-like dog came into the room in which we were sitting, of whom the family related the following instance of sagacity and canine affection, which had occurred a few days before. He and another dog were in the practice of going out to hunt squirrels on the mountain. His companion, in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks from which he could not extricate himself—he remained in this situation eight days—during this time, his associate, Watch, fed him daily. Watch was observed to whine and show signs of great uneasiness, he would seize upon every bone and bit of meat he could find and hasten up the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table cloth. He also often went to the master of his friend, and by signs endeavored to induce him to follow him, Watch, do you know where poor Alonso is? the dog appearing to understand him spring upon him with so much force as almost throw him down, and by other signs induced him to follow him. Watch, closed beyond measure, conducted him to his imprisonment.

Another house was entered the same night, but the robber was alarmed and fled. Those who suspect that the robber proceeded up the river to Waterville by the morning boat will do well to lock their doors.

To the Stockholders of the And. & Ken. R. R. Co. As one of the Stockholders, I have lately received a circular from the President of the Board, saying that the directors "have concluded to create a stock of \$700,000, equal to the amount of all the shares taken, and to offer to each Stockholder, a Bond of the Company, equal to the amount of his Stock, at the rate of 50 per cent., that is, \$100 in bonds for each share that he owns, or \$50 on the \$100, the money to be paid on the subscriptions one quarter cash down, and the balance in four, eight and twelve months."

The Bonds bear six per cent. interest payable in two years, and after that time six per cent. interest semi-annually—the principal to be paid in 10 years—to be "secured by a mortgage of the Road with all its Station Houses, Machine Shops, and Furniture of every kind with the Franchise and all the Real Estate now used for the business of the Road and necessary to it—subject to the prior mortgages—one for \$200,000, one for \$350,000."

I propose to discuss the wisdom and expediency of the proposed financial plan. I feel bound to suppose that the motives and aims of the Directors, who have put forth this project, are pure and highminded, though I may well believe as many others do, that the local influences that surround many of the Directors may have tended to produce on their minds a most unfortunate illusion.

In the subscriptions for this Stock it is said by the Directors, "that the Company is now owing about \$325,000, which the interests of the Stockholders require should be paid immediately"—and to do this they propose to raise \$350,000 by the plan above stated. Now \$325,000 added to the former debt of \$550,000 makes the debt of the Company at this time \$875,000, the interest on which per annum is \$52,500; but this plan proposes to increase this debt \$375,000, (including the \$25,000 they propose raising beyond the debt) making the whole debt \$1,250,000, the interest of which per annum, is 75,000 dollars. In the circular above mentioned, speaking of the mortgage to secure the Bonds to be issued, it says, "of the sufficiency of the security there can be no doubt."

If then it be true, that the mortgage is good to secure a debt of 1,250,000 dollars, how much more must it be deemed good security for a debt of 875,000 or 900,000 dollars? Whence then arises the necessity of this great increase of debt? The Directors, in their circular, say, "In the present state of the money market we are unwilling to offer our Bonds for sale without first applying to the Stockholders, and whatever sacrifice must be made in raising the money, giving them the benefit of it." It may be proper to inquire whether Bonds on this plan have been offered for sale to any persons, and if not, how it is that the Directors assume they are worth only fifty cents on a dollar; for it has already been shown, that if the debt of the Company amounts only to 875,000 dollars, these bonds are prime and ought to command from 90 to 100 per cent. Of 13 New England Roads, whose bonds are in the Boston market, as appears by the Railway Times of the 12th of Sept., the Bonds are sold at an average of 84 per cent., the lowest being 58 1/2 and the highest 104. Can it then be supposed that if the Bonds of our Road, secured by a mortgage, should be offered in the market, they would command less than the average rate of Bonds of the 13 Roads above mentioned. And if they are worth this, why should they be offered to Stockholders at less than that rate? But it is probably intended to be intimated that inasmuch as the profits are to go to Stockholders, it is of no importance.—But it is of importance to Stockholders who are not able at all, or without great sacrifice, to raise the money to take Bonds; and this class (composed chiefly of those who own only one share) I apprehend, is quite numerous, and embraces more than one half in number of all the Stockholders, and I verily believe, was quite as disinterested and public spirited as the other class.

The Eastern Mail. WATERVILLE...SEPT. 19, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL. A. E. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us. V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore. S. M. PETERSON, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

The Cattle Show and Fair.

It seems to be expected by all that the approaching exhibition is to be decidedly the most splendid and interesting the Society has yet held. There is good reason to believe it will be so, if the weather is favorable. Every year of the Society's existence adds to its ability to excel. The number of choice animals within the boundary of the association was never so great as this year, and no season since its organization has been so prolific in good crops as the present. The towns of Vassalboro' and Sidney, heretofore connected with the lower Society, have been joined to this by act of legislature; and there are hardly two towns in the whole number now connected from which more extra animals and crops may be looked for.

In neat stock, especially, there cannot fail to be a great display. Mr. Otis is arranging to excel even his own efforts in this department. Mr. Samuel Taylor will doubtless present many fine animals; at least he has them, and should do so. Col. Green has always some choice animals, and Messrs. Percivals, Hunnewell, Holway, Clifford, Dingley, Dyer, Lawrence, Drummonds, and a multitude of others, tried pillars of the Society, will not be behind their former efforts.

In horses there will probably be a good degree of competition. We know of several fine animals that will do their owners much credit on the ground. Indeed, we believe there are few Societies that have within their boundaries more good horses than this. We hope those who have decidedly good horses will present them, even if they do not enter them for premium. To many they are the most interesting part of the exhibition.

The entries of grain, fruit, and crops generally, will probably far exceed past years.—Winter wheat has been an extraordinary crop every where, and we have heard of a very large number who propose to enter crops for premium. The competition in this article will be an interesting one to the farmer, and no one who has raised an extra crop should decline making it known to the Society for fear of being excelled. There will probably be some choice lots of fruit from Vassalboro' and Sidney. Messrs. Taber, of the Vassalboro' Nursery, will doubtless have their establishment well represented.

A little too Yankeeish.

"Dad, you know that brass fellow gimme me my trunk, there at the depot?" "Yes." "Well, 'twas nothin' but brass, was it?" "No, 't'was nothin'." "Good!—well, I tuck 't' onto that hackman back there for a quarter, and he went off satisfied."

Jonathan found out what kind of a game he had played when he saw the hackman present his check and take his trunk from the baggage master, in spite of his own loud protestation that it belonged to him.

ROBERT IN HALLOWELL. A wholesale business in the housebreaking line was done in Hallowell on Thursday night of last week. The dwelling-house of William Stickey was robbed of \$8 dollars in money and a silver and two gold watches. The money was taken from Mr. S.'s coat pocket in the room where he and his wife lodged. The watches were taken from another room in which several persons slept, one of whom saw the robber, but was too much agitated to give alarm till too late. The same night the store of Mr. Hathaway was robbed of about 140 dollars; the robber entering by way of the cellar.

But suppose the Stockholders pay the 550,000 doll. Bonds and then the 700,000 doll. ones, when they become due, the latter would receive 14 per cent. annual interest, or 26 per cent. simple interest on their principal; and the Stockholders at the end of these ten years, after paying over 450,000 doll. interest on these new Bonds, would still have a debt to pay of 700,000 doll., when now it is but 325,000!

If the Road is now worth what our Directors say it is good security for, viz. 1,250,000 doll., and could be now sold for that sum, it would pay all the debts and leave 350,000 doll. to be distributed among the Stockholders, paying them about 50 per cent. on their Stock. But on this scheme, the whole of this sum goes into the pockets of the fortunate few who can take these new Bonds. It will perhaps be said, that these Stockholders may sell their Stock for what it is worth, and so no injustice is done them. But the very scheme offered, on the face of it shows that the affairs of the Company are so desperate that the Stock is deemed valueless by those whose situation enables them best to appreciate it.

It will, perhaps, be said, that the Directors having, honestly and deliberately adopted and put forth the best plan they could devise in the present exigencies of the Road, we are bound to adopt it, even if it can be shown to be ruinous to all the Stockholders, except the fortunate few who have taken up the Bonds, unless some better scheme can be devised, and demonstrated to be practicable,—especially as all must admit that some 200,000 doll. of the debt must be paid in the course of a year, and that it is expedient that the residue should be funded.

Such a plan was proposed at the last meeting of the Stockholders, and is as follows:—That the Company shall issue Bonds from time to time, as their wants shall require, to the amount of one million dollars, to be paid one half in ten and one half in fifteen years, with interest, payable semi-annually,—that for security, the Company shall mortgage the Road and its Franchise, running furniture, &c., subject to the mortgage now existing on the same; the Company agreeing that these last mentioned mortgages shall be discharged from the avails of these new Bonds and other sources. On this plan it will be perceived that from 200,000 to 300,000 doll. would be expected to be realized in the course of two years, at which time most of the old Bonds become due. Our Road will in the mean time have earned more than enough to pay the interest on all the Bonds issued and the balance of the floating debt. The credit of the Road will have remained good and unimpaired, and its earnings by that time will have increased some 40 or 50 per cent.; the Road to Bangor and Halifax will have broken ground, and its construction and final completion reduced to a certainty. Under such a state of things, judge you, whether the Bonds proposed by this plan will not be likely to be at par or nearly so, and whether the old Bondholders will not be ready and eager to exchange their old Bonds for the new. I consider it exceedingly important for us to gain time, more especially as this new scheme put forth by our Directors, together with the great pains taken by some designing men in some quarters of our State to depreciate the Stock, has greatly tended to produce this result. Other plans more eligible can perhaps be presented, but I would say to you, Stockholders, ponder well the facts and views above presented, and by all means do not fail to attend the meeting on the 30th instant.

A Rare Bargain. The man who pays a dollar a year for membership in the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society, gets in exchange, in addition to the privilege of competing for premiums, the use of a superior agricultural library and an annual dinner, of the first order, in a company of the best men in the county. We should like to see the Yankee that wants to make a better bargain than this. The farmers will have to guard the door of the Society, if they propose to luxuriate at this rate. We shall all want to get in. A dinner at the Elmwood is worth a dollar any day. There is yet time to secure all these benefits, by handing the dollar to Messrs. Dyer or Percival.—The man who goes home hungry must be "short," to say the least.

The Society's library seems to be hardly appreciated, though many of the books have a good circulation. Farmers and mechanics should at least call and look over the catalogue. Who expects such a privilege for less than \$1 a year.

Abolition of Slavery Commenced.

The U. S. Senate, on Saturday last, passed the bill reported by the "omnibus committee" abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia. This is a bold stroke at the monster, and was made by the strong vote of 31 to 20. No doubt the House will concur with the Senate—and then this disgraceful traffic, with all its paraphernalia of prisons and pens and hand-cuffs and whips, which has so long infested the vicinity of our national capital, will be swept away forever. Amen and amen!

The K & P. Railroad Loan.

Hallowell has voted the loan, 363 to 178. The loans for the road now stand:

Augusta	200,000
Gardiner	150,000
Bath	200,000
Hallowell	100,000
Total	650,000

We are authorized to say that all stock and necessary drivers, may pass the Fairfield Bridge without toll, on their way to and from the Cattle Show to be held here next month.

A Toast Well Buttered.

Hon. Samuel Appleton, of Boston, being unable to avail himself of an invitation to be present at the centennial anniversary at New Ipswich, N. H.,

by reason of his advanced age and many infirmities, sent a letter to the committee of invitation, concluding with the following golden sentiment, the reading of which at the dinner table on anniversary day, as the paragraphists have it, brought down the house.

"The Literary Institutions of New Hampshire in general, and the Academy at New Ipswich in particular—and to enable that Institution to assume its former standing, and to extend its future usefulness—I, Samuel Appleton, of Boston, do hereby promise to pay to the Trustees of said Academy, FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ON DEMAND. I am, Gentlemen, very respectfully, your most obedient, most humble servant, SAMUEL APPLETON."

ROGER NORTHY.—Our readers will recollect that this old gentleman sailed for California in the Schr. Anna E. Maine, which arrived at San Francisco in April last. He was the oldest person who has left this State for that distant Eldorado. His head was white with the snows of eighty-five winters, and yet no young man of twenty-one ever left his home "To seek adventures in a foreign land," with a more apparently vigorous constitution and elastic frame, with more buoyant spirits, fearless of danger and bright hopes, than this eccentric, merry, sprightly, grey headed octogenarian. Little had been heard of him since he left, until yesterday, when the melancholy news came by Telegraph that he had returned as far as Bath, on his way home, and there died from utter exhaustion. He arrived by the cars at Bath, without a companion, and was found a short time afterwards, lying outside the depot in a state of insensibility. Being unknown, he was taken to the poor house, where he very soon expired. His trunk was then opened and it was found that the stranger was Roger Northy, of Whitefield, and that he had with him nineteen hundred dollars in Gold.—Information was immediately telegraphed to his friends, and yesterday the body came up in the steamer Scour and was transported to Whitefield.—[Kennebec Transcript.]

ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

The channel between France and England, has at length been spanned by the telegraph wires. They extend from Shakspeare's Cliff, one mile from Dover to Cape Grinas, 12 miles South west from Calais. The distance between the points is but 18 miles, but to allow for unequalness of bottom there are 23 miles of wire. The worst feature of this international communication is that its use is limited by the French Minister of the Interior. The French Government, like all instruments of tyranny, is afraid of free thought, and free speech, and almost afraid of its own shadow. [N. Y. Express.]

AN IRON BRIG.

Yesterday visited the iron brig Josephine, Capt. Charles Wortham, of 278 tons register, which was built in Liverpool, and whose hull is entirely constructed of iron, about one third of an inch thick. The sheets of iron are laid over each other, and riveted inside on a piece of bar iron, so that the outside has the appearance of being one piece. She has three separate holds, divided by sheets of iron, so that if one part of her should become injured, the vessel would still be safe. The compasses of the vessels are protected by magnets, so arranged as to produce a magnetic current, which prevents the attraction of the needle by the iron.—[N. O. Picayune.]

SUICIDE.

Andrew Tibbets of this city committed suicide last night, Tuesday, by hanging himself from a beam in his barn. He was about 50 years old.—[Kennebec Transcript.]

Hon. David Bronson.

Hon. David Bronson, of South, has been appointed Collector of Bath, vice Benjamin Randall, whose appointment was recalled by the President. This will create the necessity for a new election in August for Representative, says the Age.

The Collector of Belfast has also been succeeded by a Mr. Faunce.

The steam saw-mill owned by Mr. Wm. C. Smith, situated on the Kenduskeag stream was consumed with all its contents on Wednesday evening. Loss about \$3000.—insured for \$1,500. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—[Bangor paper.]

A DISTINCTION.

A gentleman discharged his coachman for overturning in his carriage, on his road home from a dinner party. The man next morning craved pardon by acknowledging his fault. 'I had certainly drunk too much, sir,' said he, 'but I was not very drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk.' 'Why,' replied the master, 'I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were beastly drunk for a coachman. So get about your business.'

Mrs. PARTINGTON.

'I can't understand it,' said Mrs. Partington, as the noise of wrangling between two female neighbors greeted her ears, and she closed the door and put cotton beneath her cap to shut out the sound. 'I don't understand why folks can't live together without quarrelling. I have cohabited in this house with Deacon Spooner, four years come March—le-me see—counting her fingers—January, February, March—yes, four years come March—and never a word but in kindness have we had. But some are so pugnacious quarrelling with every thing that turns up, that they are never happy unless they are making themselves miserable. How much better it would be if people would smoke the calumet of peace with one another and bury the hatchet and scalpel knife together. I believe I could live contiguous with people for a sentry, and never have any falling out with any of 'em.' She soon after took out the cotton from her ears, and found that her friend Mrs. Sled had been knocking at her door for a quarter of an hour, and the tea things were set on the table for a social time.—[Pallfinder.]

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.

You may make any horse follow you in ten minutes. Go to the horse, rub his face, jaw, and chin, leading him about, saying to him, Come along; a constant tone is necessary. By taking him away from other persons and horses, repeat the rubbing, leading and stopping.—Sometimes turn him around all ways, and keep his attention by saying, Come along. With some horses it is important to whisper to them, as it hides the secret and gentles the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice. The same will cause all horses to follow.

WHITE BLACKBERRIES.

The Yankees are a droll people, that is certain. Mr. J. S. Needham, of Danvers Mass., is turning his blackberries to white ones, to suit the times and taste in that region. He actually exhibited white blackberries at the Horticultural Hall, in Boston, on Saturday last. To be sure they are a little bit mislabeled the present year, but another cross will probably bring the white out still more, and make all right.

POETRY
LOVE IN DEATH
A mother sits by a lowly grave...

Spring Style Hats
I received this day, by Express, a box of hats...

Gardiner Flour
I received a large and desirable stock of...

New Crop Molasses
A few more New Crop Molasses just received...

ANDROSOOGUN & KENNEBEC R R
Two Through Trains Daily from Waterville to Boston...

LONGLEY & CO.
RE running an EXPRESS Daily between...

HENRY NOURSE & CO.
Importers and Dealers in
Hard-Ware, Cutlery and Saddlery...

JOSEPH MARSTON,
SOLE AGENT IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS...

W. A. P. STEVENS
I would respectfully inform the public that he will...

GRAVE-STONE BUSINESS
I have a large stock of Grave-Stones...

AMERICAN & ENGLISH STONE
I have a large stock of American and English Stone...

CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE
I have a large stock of Crockery and Glass Ware...

100 BUCKLEY POWDER
I have a large stock of Buckley Powder...

J. F. NOYES, M.D.
DR. NOYES having taken special instruction in diseases of...

N. R. BOUTELLE, M.D.
DR. BOUTELLE, residing permanently located himself at...

H. H. CAMPBELL, M.D.
DR. CAMPBELL will pay particular attention to the...

J. V. WILSON, M.D.
BOTANIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON DENTIST...

J. V. WILSON, M.D.
Worcester, May 25th, 1880.
A recent graduate of the Worcester Medical Institution...

MRS. E. F. BRADBURY,
MILINERY
I have a large stock of Millinery...

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

MOURNING BONNETS AND VELS
With a full assortment of...

WILLIAM C. DOW,
DEALER AND DEALER
I have a large stock of Millinery...

RAILROAD HOUSE---W. WATERVILLE
I have a large stock of Millinery...

JOSEPH HILL,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

SASH AND BLINDS
Of superior quality, and of all sizes and patterns...

NEW MILLINERY STORE
I have a large stock of Millinery...

MRS. H. HUNTER
I have a large stock of Millinery...

J. R. ELLEN & Co.
I have a large stock of Millinery...

REMOVAL
I have a large stock of Millinery...

JOSIAH THING,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

CO-PARTNERSHIP
I have a large stock of Millinery...

SPECIAL NOTICE
I have a large stock of Millinery...

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
I have a large stock of Millinery...

GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTS AND COLLARS
I have a large stock of Millinery...

REMAN SHIRTS AND COLLARS
I have a large stock of Millinery...

DR. POLLARD'S CANKER SYRUP
I have a large stock of Millinery...

Portland Advertisements
Gwynneth & Tolman,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in...

ALBION WITAMIN
I have a large stock of Millinery...

JENNESS, CHASE & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES...

LYNCH & STEVENS,
Wholesale Grocers & Commission Merchants...

PLUMMER & STEVENS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in...

FANCY GOODS
Combs, Brushes, Wallets, Cutlery, Sewing Silk...

H. H. HAY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in...

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENT FOR
I have a large stock of Millinery...

WATERVILLE,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

HALL, CONANT & CO.
I have a large stock of Millinery...

JOHN MARSHALL,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

BANKS & HATCH,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

WALTER COBEY,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

EMERY & BUCK,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

SMITH, HERSEY & CO.
I have a large stock of Millinery...

JOHN G. HAYES & CO.
I have a large stock of Millinery...

DANIEL EVANS,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

DRY GOODS
I have a large stock of Millinery...

WALDRON & CO.,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

SAVINGS BANK
I have a large stock of Millinery...

LABOR SAVING AND CLEANING COMPOUND
I have a large stock of Millinery...

NEW LIME JUST RECEIVED
I have a large stock of Millinery...

UMBRELLAS
I have a large stock of Millinery...

Portland Advertisements
JAMES O'DONNELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law...

L. D. HANSON & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in...

N. York Slaughter and Southern Sole Leather
I have a large stock of Millinery...

GREAT FURNITURE WAREHOUSE
I have a large stock of Millinery...

N. J. GILMAN,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

WILLIAM A. HYDE,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

MUSICAL STORE
I have a large stock of Millinery...

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS
I have a large stock of Millinery...

SHIP CHANDLERS
I have a large stock of Millinery...

WALTER COBEY,
I have a large stock of Millinery...

EMERY & BUCK,
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DRY GOODS
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NEW LIME JUST RECEIVED
I have a large stock of Millinery...

UMBRELLAS
I have a large stock of Millinery...

MANILLA CORDAGE
I have a large stock of Millinery...

MARSH'S CELEBRATED PATENT OIL
I have a large stock of Millinery...

VALVES AND CARPENTERS
I have a large stock of Millinery...

Portland Advertisements
UNITED STATES HOTEL,
BY MOSES WOODWARD, PORTLAND.

BYRON GREENOUGH,
DEALER IN
Hats, Caps, Muffs, Tippets, Buffalo Robes...

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

COVELL, GREENOUGH & CO.
No. 148 and 150 Middle Street, Portland, Me.

E. GAMMON & CO.
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS
141 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE
STEEL & HAYES,
No. 110 Middle Street---PORTLAND.

EARTHEN, GLASS & CHINA WARE
S. R. WEBBER,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

READY MADE CLOTHING
HATS, CAPS,
1570 Hanson's Block, Middle Street, PORTLAND.

RUFUS GUSHMAN,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Tea, Sugars, Flour, Fruits, etc.

LUPKIN & THAYER,
GREENOUGH'S BLOCK, MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

NEW PLANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY
I have a large stock of Millinery...

AMERICAN HOUSE
BY SAMUEL HASKELL,
Kept on strictly Temperance Principles.

HENRY ROBINSON,
DEALER IN
HAIR WORK, PERFUMERY, TOYS, and FANCY GOODS.

MAYHEW & MOORE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF...

JOHN ROUNDS,
HARNESSEY AND TRUNK MAKER,
148 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

HOBBS, THAXTER & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN...

LOWELL & SENTER,
DEALER IN
Chronometers, Fine Watches, Surveyors' Compasses...

A. D. HALL,
MIDDLE, CORNER OF PLUM STREET, PORTLAND.

SEAS & CORRY,
No. 150 Fore Street, Head of Commercial Wharf.

BARNUM & FIELD,
CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING AND GENTLEMEN'S...

RUFUS STANLEY,
Wholesale Dealer in
Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Raisins, Figs, Dates, Prunes...

DR. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC BELT
I have a large stock of Millinery...

DR. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC NECKLACE
I have a large stock of Millinery...

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