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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 33): March 3, 1853

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1853.

NO. 33.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 3 1-2 *Boullé Block, Main Street.*
RPH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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 arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

THE AWAKENING.

Said the Messiah, when those who wept
Beside the maiden in fair Galilee,
"She is not dead, but asleep," and she kept
The promise of his word, and rose up free,
In quick obedience to the master's tone,
That in death's dreaming she had heard and known.

So, on the stillness of that place of graves,
Wherein my heart all hopelessly hath slept,
A sound, a murmur as of ocean waves,
O'er sweeping all things in its strength, has crept;
A master voice commanding it to rise,
And it has awakened with a glad surprise.

Waked to the beauty of the glorious earth,
To claim a birthright it had mourned as lost,
To taste the fountain of a deeper bliss,
Than o'er its wanderings in its waste had crossed—
The priceless treasure of a human's love,
All other blessings, and all gifts above.

To love and be beloved—Oh! in its youth
This was the burden of its one-deep prayer,
The one dear hope, that in its fervent truth,
Became the pale-star guiding from despair;
But hope grew weary 'neath the weight of years,
The star-beam wavered and went out in tears.

But lo! the night is ended—and the day
Is smiling on me from the far blue skies,
And a lost angel joins me when I pray,
And looks a blessing with his calm bright eyes;
Fair hope has risen from the grave once more,
And sits beside me as she did of yore.

MISCELLANY.

MR. WHITEHEAD'S WILL.

When the wealthy, middle-aged bachelor, Samuel Scrope, espoused the penniless young widow Eardley, who had one child of her first marriage living, a little boy of three years old, folks, as usual, expressed various opinions on the subject; while of course the happy couple, knowing nothing and caring less of what was said about them, in process of time shared the common fate, and when gossiping had exhausted itself, were allowed to glide down the stream of time unheeded. Mrs. Scrope presented her second husband likewise with a son, the nurse declaring that the child and his father were like as two peas. This, perhaps, was not flattering to the baby, though the declaration might be based on truth—Mr. Scrope being a fat, white, flabby-looking personage, with half-closed eyes and a clean-shaven face, whereon stray hair was never permitted to rest, presenting in short, the semblance of a huge, overgrown "flabby dabby baby."

The likeness between father and son continued to increase as the latter grew up, and long after Mrs. Scrope was left a widow for the second time, was pointed out by those who had known the deceased. And this likeness was not confined to outward appearance; for in disposition and character young Samuel greatly resembled his father—in excessive timidity approaching to nervousness; in shy and embarrassed manner; in all sorts of old-world-man propensities—such as putting his feet in hot water and taking basins of scalding gruel, to cure colds which, somehow, he was always catching; in fidgety neatness, and detestation of fire-arms, and all offensive and defensive weapons—in these particulars, he was, indeed, as friends remarked, his father's own son.—From his mother he inherited a love of money, of parsimonious saving and hoarding, a tolerable share of suspiciousness, and a large amount of prudency; a cold and perfectly unimpassioned temper, calculating even his indulgences, and a rather obtuse brain, were singularly combined; and what he wanted in sense he made up in deliberation and wariness. Such was Samuel Scrope, the younger, the heir to his father's large fortune, the idol of his doting mother, and the pampered, spoiled boy of the household. She never could part with him for the purposes of education; he was too delicate for any school—it would kill him to be buffeted and rudely treated! So Sam had a tutor at home, whose situation was a real security, so far as teaching went—the young gentleman having it much his own way when and how his lessons were to be acquired and repeated. Mrs. Scrope, like many weak mothers, cared not much for her son's acquirements, except those which barely sufficed as a passport through society in general. What did it matter, she said, for Samuel to toil and moil over books, when he had a large fortune ready made to her eldest born, Francis Eardley, should strive to win prizes and be a great scholar, because he had only his own exertion to depend upon; besides, Francis was high-spirited and boisterous, had fine health and energies, and was altogether of a different nature from Sam. Of a different nature, indeed! Brave, generous, self-denying, affectionate and warm-hearted, Francis as little resembled his younger brother in disposition as in person, for that was pre-eminently graceful and agreeable. Sam's cowardice and sluggish intellect presented such a contrast to the bold, daring and splendid abilities of Francis, that even Mrs. Scrope could not fail to see it, despite her partiality for the former; though why that partiality existed, it was hard to fathom, unless it arose from Sam's closely resembling herself.

Francis was sent to a public school, and was a favorite with every one, making friends wherever he went; but at home, the home where his younger brother reigned paramount, there he was chided and rebuked by his mother, and avoided by the fat, pampered Sam, who looked on with a cold eye, whose noble and manly bearing roused feelings of envy and dislike. What right had Frank to laugh and joke, and ride and sing, and conduct himself in so off-hand a way, when he never had a farthing in his pocket?—for Mrs. Scrope kept poor Frank very low in pocket money, though she had a moderate life-jointure, and Sam, whose hands were always in his pockets, turn-

ing over his gold, which he seldom changed, skulked about, with nothing to do and nothing to say, and feeling quite ill at ease before his gay, handsome brother.

Among the visitors at Scrope Hall was a Mr. Whitehead, an elderly bachelor of grave and taciturn demeanor, reputed to be enormously wealthy, and of privileged eccentricity. A miser, in the literal sense of the term, sly, observant, and prying noiselessly into the concerns of everybody and everything, Mr. Whitehead visited about from one house to another, living in clover at them all. It was rumored that he was not quite sound in his mind, and that an early love-disappointment had turned his brain; however, those who now contemplated his dirty flaxen wig and tall, lank form, arrayed uniformly in threadbare black, found it difficult to realize the idea of a romantic passage in such a life and in such a being! Mamma was the god of his worship now, at all events. Mr. Whitehead had been a crony of the deceased Mr. Scrope, and it was apparent that he transferred to the younger Samuel much of the approval and liking he had bestowed on the elder. At Scrope Hall Mr. Whitehead was always a welcome and favored guest; his ways were in union with their ways; and Samuel was so great a favorite with the sour-visaged old man, that Mrs. Scrope indulged pleasant dreams of an accession to her darling's fortune. As to Frank, he had become Mr. Whitehead's abomination, for he would neither bend, nor fawn, nor flatter, nor lean.

There was another dwelling to which Mr. Whitehead had access, and whose inmates were of a very different character from those of Scrope Hall; and yet, strange to say, these two domicils were the old bachelor's favorite resting-places, and he resorted from one to the other with infinite satisfaction. Many miles of hill and dale, rivers and woodland, divided the hostile houses, and Miss Pamela Gordon had not seen Mrs. Scrope face to face since the widowhood of the latter; but unspoken animosity existed between these ladies, and Mrs. Scrope called Miss Pamela a masculine spinster, while Miss Pamela denominated Mrs. Scrope a "screw!" Mr. Whitehead heard what each said of the other, laughed in his sleeve, and enjoyed the good things at both houses. Perhaps, unconfessed by himself, the childless and lonely man found an attraction at Miss Pamela's pleasant home, which he vainly sought for elsewhere; for Miss Pamela had a young niece residing with her, whose laughing dark eyes brought memories to the old man's heart he vainly essayed to dispel; and Elsie Gordon became to Mr. Whitehead, a sort of lodestone, whose attraction it was not possible to resist. Yet who played such pranks with the cross old miser as little Elsie? Who enjined him out of a silver crown so easily for the purposes of charity? Who said and did such impudent, and yet such tender and charming things as Elsie Gordon, the orphan niece of the strong-minded Miss Pamela?

Miss Pamela Gordon was the half sister of Elsie's father, who had married the only sister of Mr. Scrope, to that gentleman's lasting and inexorable displeasure. Captain Gordon died soon after his ill-fated marriage, leaving his broken-hearted wife and infant daughter ill-provided for. Mrs. Gordon, at length, in deep distress, appealed to her brother's widow for assistance, but Mrs. Scrope turned a deaf ear to her request; she had Samuel to take care of, and Francis to educate and provide for. The dying woman then turned towards her sister-in-law, Miss Pamela, as a last resource, for help in her extremity. Miss Pamela was considered a person not to be imposed upon, and by no means soft-hearted. She lived on a handsome life-annuity, which she took care to render public; "as it was better folks should all know," she said, "that she had nothing to bequeath in her will, and lived up to her income!"—Miss Pamela and her half-brother had never been very good friends; they had squabbled and differed on every possible and impossible topic; moreover Miss Pamela strongly set her face against his alliance with Mrs. Scrope, and she was in the secret of Mr. Whitehead's romantic devotion to that lady, who, however, preferred the insinuating captain. Notwithstanding all these bygone reminiscences, when poor Mrs. Gordon meekly entreated a small sum to extricate her from pressing difficulty, the good spinster, burying all the past in oblivion, set herself earnestly to the task of comforting and supporting the widow and the fatherless; and at length received Elsie as her own child, into her own home, when Mrs. Gordon sunk to rest in the grave. Mr. Whitehead, in conversation with Miss Pamela, had recently begun to hit very strongly about the valuable qualities of Mr. Samuel, and the good-for-nothing character of his half-brother—a proceeding which always set Miss Pamela in a blaze of indignation, while her appeals to Elsie brought a corresponding color into that young lady's cheeks.

"I wonder what that old miser has taken into his head now!" thought Miss Pamela, on one occasion of the kind, as she watched his retreating figure; he looks wonderfully bent and withered of late, he cannot last much longer. I hope he'll leave a legacy to poor Elsie, for her mother's sake. Ah, he was very fond of Mrs. Scrope. Who ever could believe that such a being as he appears now, could ever have played the fool, and raved so when she married poor Ned? Elsie is very like her mother, full of life and animation. Bless her, she's a good dear girl; I don't know what I should do without her. She's a clever-spirited puss, too, and after my own heart?"

Some months subject to this period, Mrs. Scrope and her younger son sat sipping their breakfast coffee, and munching hot rolls, Sam's head being swaddled in flannel for the rheumatism; when the former, after a pause, pursued the tenor of their conversation, by saying in a half-hesitating tone:

"After all, Sam, my dear, it's as nice a letter as one could expect from Miss Pamela Gordon. She has always been considered a most extraordinary person, famous for doing out-of-the-way things, and not sticking at trifles. I confess, I don't quite understand the calm, sweet tenor of her polite epistle, and I feel almost as if I stood on the brink of some powder magazine with a lighted candle in my hand. But that must be all my extreme nervousness; because you see, Sam, there is nothing to occasion misgiving, and all is fair and above ground. In duty bound, she is coming, as here, as in duty bound; she is coming, as a matter of course, and as a matter of course you will receive her. Let me see,"—counting with her fingers,—"Elsie Gordon is just twenty

—a year younger than you, Sam, my dear, and some five months; and Mary Scrope that was, has been dead about twelve years. Mary was a handsome, spirited girl."

"Old Whitehead must have been very fond of her to make such a will, broke in Sam, with his mouth full and his face very red. "I'm sure, mother, I'd much rather remain single than be married—that I would. I know a wife will only bother me, and I shall be taking these everlasting colds dancing after her—girls are so tiresome."

"How do you know girls are tiresome, Sam?" asked his mother, sharply.

"Why, mother," responded Sam, looking rather sheepish, "I've heard you say so scores of times."

"Well, well, my dear, never mind," responded Mrs. Scrope soothingly. "I dare say Elsie Gordon is a different maiden, though Mr. Whitehead spoke of her as being a gay, laughing lass; and, to do her justice, Miss Pamela is a clever woman, and has brought up the young miss well no doubt, and trained her to obedience and respect of her elders. 'I'll be bound she'll come here all blushing and tremors at her own rare good-luck!' and Mrs. Scrope paused, as a kind of jealous pang shot through her maternal heart. Sam remained silent; his white flabby face and half-closed eyes affording no index as to the nature of his ruminations. Unaccustomed to the society of strangers, it may be supposed that Mrs. Scrope and Sam felt a little nervous at the expected visit of a well-bred young lady placed in such extremely delicate and peculiar circumstances towards themselves as Elsie Gordon was. Mr. Whitehead had departed to another world, after only a few days' illness, soon after his last visit to Miss Pamela Gordon, bequeathing the whole of his large fortune, without any deduction whatever, to Samuel Scrope, of Scrope Hall, on condition of the said Samuel Scrope marrying Elsie Gordon, daughter of the late Captain Gordon, and Mary his wife; the said marriage to take place within twelve months after the testator's decease. In the event of the said condition, and rejecting the lady, he forfeited the fortune, which then became Elsie Gordon's. But if the lady rejected the gentleman, why then of course *vice versa*.—Moreover, Mr. Whitehead had provided for every contingency. If the couple, by mutual consent, refused to fulfill the stipulated conditions, the many scores of thousands went to such various charities, almost unheard of even by the most philanthropic. As to Elsie Gordon refusing Sam, that was a thing Mr. Whitehead never dreamed of; a penniless girl like the daughter of his lost Mary to cast fortune away—nay, two fortunes—was unheard of in the annals of romantic folly. So he secured her, as he considered, an excellent husband and a luxurious home. Then the idea of Samuel Scrope, prudent and money-loving as he was known to be, refusing a pretty girl, and a still prettier daughter, for any whim short of insanity, was far too wild and improbable a conjecture to gain footing in Mr. Whitehead's calculations. Sam, unimpassioned and cold as he was, would hardly reject a fine, lively, good-tempered young creature, marrying whom he would insure to himself the possession of nearly \$40,000.

Elsie Gordon had received an invitation to Scrope Hall, for the purpose of being introduced to her cousin; and Miss Pamela, to Mrs. Scrope's astonishment, had herself written to accept it in Elsie's name, at the same time wishing good speed to the wedding!

The eventful day arrived! Sam had thrown aside his flannel wraps, and arrayed in a bright new coat, with well-oiled hair, was surveyed by his admiring mother with looks of unmitigated admiration.

"O mother," he said, "I'm all in a flutter; I don't know what to say to her."

"I dare to say she is in more of a flutter than you, Sam, my dear; so let that comfort you. She won't meet your eyes, depend upon it; girls are always shy on such trying occasions as these."

So, endeavoring to rally her son's spirits, and to support his drooping courage, Mrs. Scrope remarked that she every moment expected to hear the sound of carriage-wheels approaching, as it was rather beyond the hour fixed for the arrival of their guest. The crack of a riding-whip was heard in the hall, the door of the apartment was flung open, and a lady attired in a riding-costume rapidly entered, exclaiming,—"Down, Juno! down, Peto!" as two huge dogs leaped about her, creating confusion and dismay in all the beholders, for if Mrs. Scrope and Sam hated one thing more than another, it was a dog.

With dismay and surprise painted on her countenance, Mrs. Scrope turning to the domestics, said in a hasty tone,—"Turn them out! turn out these troublesome creatures immediately!"

But Elsie Gordon—for it was she—peremptorily exclaimed, "I should strongly advise no one to meddle with my dogs; they are savage, and never obey any one except me and Moin."

Shrinking from contact with the unruly animals, and in the utmost consternation, Mrs. Scrope surveyed her young visitor. "A tall, finely-formed, though slender figure, was set off by a tightly-fitting habit; while a pair of green spectacles of antiquated make, aided by a slouching hat, concealed the upper portion of the stranger's face. The mouth, however, displayed a set of dazzling white teeth, although the voice proceeding from that mouth uttered wonderful things for a timid young lady, but with a remarkably soft and musical modulation. Turning suddenly round towards Sam, who had retreated to the further end of the room, the owner of the green specs, regarding him fixedly for a few moments, advanced with extended hand, saying, "We won't wait for a formal introduction, Cousin Samuel, will we? Come, don't be shy; shake hands and be friends. Now Juno, my Peto—here, let me introduce you to your new master."

But poor Sam was desperately afraid of large dogs, and he looked so scared and miserable that the gay lady indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter, which she vainly endeavored to control. Recovering herself with difficulty, she said, with much suavity and gentleness,

"You'll get used to them in time, Cousin Sam. I cannot live without them!"

"And how did you come, my dear?" said Mrs. Scrope, willing to get away from the subject. "Sam and I were listening for the sound of carriage-wheels on the avenue, but we heard none."

"Carriage-wheels, indeed!" cried Elsie Gor-

don, contemptuously, and flourishing her whip. As if I should come to see my intended in so stupid a fashion! No! I, indeed, I rode over on Vixen, my beautiful mare, with Tom at my heels, and Juno and Peto for company!"

With uplifted hands and eyes, Mrs. Scrope repeated the words: "Rode over on Vixen? Why, it is a good eighty miles from hence to Miss Pamela's, and you rode over on horse-back!"

"To be sure. What of that? Forty miles a day. I slept last night at the Elliston's—Rob and James Elliston rode part of the way with me to-day, but I didn't want them, even though Hanging Wood; for look here, ma'am, I never travel without these. You and I will have a practice, Sam."

And so saying, the young lady drew forth from a concealed pocket a pair of small, elegantly-finished pistols, pointing one in Sam's face. He recoiled, saying, in a scarcely audible voice, "I hope, miss, they're not loaded?"

"Why, Sam, what would be the use of pistols, if they were not loaded?" replied she, smiling, and adverting in an under-tone, "except to frighten fools with!"

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Scrope, coming between the pair, and gently turning aside the hand which grasped the offensive weapon, "that you had better lay them aside now; with your travelling-dress; there are no robbers or ruffians here to molest you."

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you," quickly replied Elsie; "I prefer wearing my habit; and if you've no objection, I'll return these pretty dears to my pocket—replacing the pistols, 't's all use, you know—all use."

Mrs. Scrope, roused to something like self-possession, now replied with dignity,—"It is unusual for a young lady to carry fire-arms, and to wear a riding-dress in a drawing room. Has Miss Pamela Gordon countenanced such proceedings—"

"La, my dear old soul!" interrupted Elsie, laughing good-humoredly. "Miss Pamela and I think alike in all respects. You don't think I'd disobey her, do you? She told me to come here, and here I am. She told me to take the dogs for company, and they followed me. She told me to put the pistols in my pocket for protection, and here they are. She told me that I must not refuse to marry my Cousin Sam, and I don't mean to. And so, if Cousin Sam will take me 'for better or for worse,' huzz! I am—all meekness and obedience! La! Mrs. Scrope, you don't know what a girl I am, and how I've been brought up. I mean to turn Scrope Hall out of windows when we are married. Did you ever follow the hounds, Sam? 't's such fun!"

Sam faintly said, "No," retreating further and further, pursued by the young lady, her dogs having quietly stretched themselves on the rug. At length, matters reached their climax; for Miss Elsie Gordon pulling off her gloves placed one lightly on Sam's shoulder, and with the other held on patting his white checks, saying in a coaxing tone,—"Ducky must be frightened! Ducky will learn to leap a five-barred, won't he? and to ride a steeple-chase, won't he, to please Elsie?"

Blushing scarlet, Sam eluded her gentle touch and rushed from the room, while Mrs. Scrope, bewildered and miserable, persuaded her singular guest to adjourn to the chamber prepared for her reception. She re-issued thence in the same attire, merely having cast aside her slouching hat, and substituted a velvet cap of conical form in its stead, beneath which her hair was not visible, while the green spectacles rested on her nose as before. After the repast was over, a repast most uncomfortable to Mrs. Scrope and Sam, who scarcely tasted food or uttered a syllable, the young lady talking incessantly all the time about horses, dogs, fire-arms, her wonderful feats, and what she would do when she became her own mistress,—"Elsie took out a cigar-case and handing it to Sam, inquired indifferently, "Do you smoke?"

"Too much astonished and embarrassed to reply, the young man looked at his mother, who with grave looks answered for her son: "No, miss, Sam doesn't smoke; and allow me to say, it is remarkable to see a lady carrying and offering such things as these!"

"La, ma'am! and Miss Pamela said to me, 'don't forget your cigar-case, Elsie,' replied the guest, with simplicity; "and so you see I didn't forget it."

"I don't allow smoking on my premises, miss," said Mrs. Scrope authoritatively.

"Well, well, ma'am, don't put yourself in a passion," rejoined Elsie, sweetly; "I'll wait till they're mine, and see if I don't smoke you out! Ha, ha, ha! But perhaps Cousin Sam is a snuff-taker—handing to the wretched Sam a unique gold box full of "Prince's mixture."

"No, miss, my son does nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Scrope, she alone being the speaker—Sam's heart was too full for speech—and allow me to remark, that snuff-taking is another singular habit for a young lady."

"La! ma'am," responded Elsie, smiling imperceptibly. "Miss Pamela said to me, 'Don't forget your snuff-box, Elsie,' and so you see I didn't forget it. I'll teach Sam to snuff! I snuff when he's my husband. Won't we snuff and smoke, Sam? Are you fond of home-brewed, Sam? You should see our groom drink it!"

"You're a water-drinker, I observe, miss," said Mrs. Scrope stiffly, by way of saying something.

Elsie looked very sly, and smacking her pretty lips, replied: "Ah, I ain't thirsty to-day! you should see me sometimes!"

"And this is the young lady of Miss Pamela Gordon's bring up!" said Mrs. Scrope, when she retired for the night, tears of vexation ready to start from her eyes. "This is a wife for my poor Sam. She'll marry him per force; I see she will, she's so desperately in love with him already. They say opposites fancy each other in this way; but if she had a million, instead of only forty thousand pounds, she'd never do for Sam. I see her eyes sparkle through those green glasses; she'll 'smoke me out.' O to be sure."

Mrs. Scrope, in the habit of thinking aloud, did not remark that her maid Martha loitered in the room as if desirous of speaking out something which burdened her mind; and unable to keep it any longer, the handmaid broke in with, "O missis, 'excuse me, but Tom, Miss Gordon's groom, as come with her, says—at least he hints, which is much the same—that Miss Elsie won't never do for Master Samuel. She's a regular lass of spirit, he says, and he means more than he says. And he says out, right with such a broad grin on his red face, that if Miss Elsie ever marries Master Sam, she'll horsewhip him, to a dead certainty, and

turn the old 'un out of doors. Yes, ma'am, she calls you 'the old one!'"

"Alas! thought Mrs. Scrope, as she laid her head that night on a restless pillow, "what is to be done? There is nearly forty thousand pounds at stake. What could Mr. Whitehead mean by making such a will? and knowing this odious miss, too!"

For one whole week did Miss Elsie Gordon turn Scrope Hall completely topsy-turvy. Never was such a din and racket heard. The servants grinned, and ran hither and thither, and Mrs. Scrope was nearly out of her mind with fright and vexation. Miss Elsie also made such desperate love to Sam, that Sam, flattered and bewildered, was inveigled out on a wet day to walk with the Amazon through the woods; and following her steps through brake and briar, fairly stuck in a dismal swamp, got soaked to the skin, and took to his bed at once, putting his nose out of the blankets, only to ask "if that Jezebel had gone."

"No, my dear," said his anxious mother; "your cousin Elsie is not gone yet. She wants to see you."

"To see me?" cried Sam. "What! would she follow me even into my sick-chamber, the impudent hussy? I'll never see her again, mother; you may tell her so—she'll kill me! Tell her to begone. Oh—oh—what a winge I wish she had it, the Jezebel! and she laughed at me too. 'I'll never forgive that.'"

"But the forty thousand, Sam," said Mrs. Scrope, sighing deeply; "think of that, Sam."

"I do think of that, mother," said the miserable Sam, "and it almost breaks my heart; it does, to give it up. I wish she'd give me up; I wish with all my heart she had taken a dislike to me!"

"Ah, my darling," said the fond mother, "you cannot wonder that she does not do that. The mortification will be severe enough when she has to return to that precious Miss Pamela with the tidings that you have refused her. But, after all, she may improve, Sam, my dear, and perhaps it is worth while to try; for though you possess forty thousand pounds of your own, it would be very convenient to have as much more."

"Mother," replied Sam, solemnly, "if you wish to see me in my grave you'll marry me to the dreadful woman. Tom Hicks, Miss Pamela's groom, a most respectable man, who has lived with Miss Pamela these twenty years, and whose wife is cook there—Tom Hicks told me that if ever Elsie Gordon was his wife, he'd not give a brass farthing for his life. 'If she marries you, sir, she'll worry you to death in a year; if you marry her, sir, you'll get a—'"

"But Tom Hicks didn't say what, though I guess he meant a Tartar! No, mother, my mind is made up; I'll have nothing to do with her, and you may tell her so at once. She laughs so wildly, too, I declare I'm all over skeer like when I hear it. Let her go! let her go!—and well rid of her at any cost!"

"Do you really mean to tell me, ma'am, that Mr. Samuel Scrope, of Scrope Hall, absolutely refused to marry me?" cried Miss Elsie Gordon in a voice of high indignation. "I'll not give him up so easily—no, that I won't, that I won't, and the voice almost rose to a hysterical sob and laugh."

"Calm yourself, pray, miss," replied Mrs. Scrope with severity—she did not care about keeping terms now that the chance was gone— "calm yourself, pray. My son's mind is quite made up; and—allow me to say, the sooner you return to the protection of Miss Pamela Gordon the better, as we particularly desire a quiet house now my poor son is so ill—an illness, miss, entirely brought on by your extremely improper and indecent proceedings."

"I'll tell Aunt Pam!" whimpered the young lady, taking out her cambric handkerchief. "I am badly used by Cousin Sam—that I am. You asked me here to marry me to him; and now that I have come, you send me off again, just because Cousin Sam don't like my green specs."

"No, miss; you well know that is not the reason why my son rejects the honor of your alliance," replied Mrs. Scrope, bridling up, and getting very red in the face; and if you had ten thousand times forty thousand pounds in your hand to offer him for marrying you, he'd refuse the bribe, miss." Mrs. Scrope spoke very loud. "My son, Samuel Scrope, will never marry, for the sake of lucre only, a smoking, snuffing, horse-whipping, dog-baiting—"

"Go on, ma'am, go on with your peroration, sobbed the young lady, with her handkerchief at her face. "I'm very badly used—that I am; and I cannot face Aunt Pamela, and tell her all this. She'll never believe it, unless Cousin Sam writes her a letter in all form, to say he won't marry me. I cannot tell her myself, ma'am, indeed I cannot," and Miss Elsie began to blubber violently.

"Well, I'm sure if you'll go away in peace, Miss, my son shall write the letter at once, and communicate in formal terms, his rejection of your hand," interrupted Mrs. Scrope, only too glad to clear her house on any terms.

"I'll go when you give me a letter—but won't you let me see Sam!" said the green-spectacled damsel, in a wheedling tone, sidling up to Mrs. Scrope, with her conical velvet cap vibrating from some inward emotion. "Give my love to Cousin then; and if I may not see him, tell the dear fellow that I'll be a sister to him in heart, if he refuses me for a wife."

"Indeed, I'll tell him no such thing, miss," said Mrs. Scrope, with asperity; "he'd rather not have you in either character. You've half killed him; and the mischief your two dogs have done is incalculable. You shall have the letter in half an hour; so please to be in readiness for departure, Miss, if it suits your convenience. Excuse my want of ceremony; but a sick house, Miss, must plead for a mother's want of time; so I bid you a very good morning, and wish you a very pleasant journey. Miss; and, pray, present my compliments and Sam's compliments to Miss Pamela Gordon." As the increased lady hurried out of the room, and up stairs to her son's apartments, what a wild hurra rang in her ears!—"What could it be?—It was doubtless the Jezebel in hysterics; and Mrs. Scrope hastened her steps in a fright."

Mounted on Vixen, prancing and curvetting down the avenue, and attended by Tom, with Juno and Peto bounding and frisking for joy, Miss Elsie Gordon, provided with the letter, turned her head and waved an adieu to Scrope Hall; and as the little cavalcade receded in the distance, again the same calm, wild laugh floated past on the morning breeze.

It was not very long after these events, when Mrs. Scrope—who had never ceased to lament the loss of Mr. Whitehead's fortune, even going the great length of upbraiding Sam for

having been too premature in rejecting the young lady—was informed by her elder son in person, of his approaching marriage with Miss Elsie Gordon. Mrs. Scrope was of course delighted to hear that the money, after all, was not going out of the family; but concluded her remarks by saying: "Well, Frank, I'm sure I wish you joy of your bargain; forty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at, as I told Sam. However, you have fine health, and spirits and may be able to manage her; but mind, I shan't be in the least astonished to hear that your bride has horsewhipped you before the honeymoon is over."

"Never mind, mother," cried Frank, gaily laughing; "if she horsewhips me, I'll flog her soundly, I promise you. I hope you'll come and see us soon, and bring Sam with you. I'll promise that Elsie shall behave herself."

To Mrs. Scrope's dying day, she never could comprehend by what means her son Frank Eardley had wrought so wonderful a change in his wife; and even Sam, who always remained a bachelor, was heard to declare, that if he could meet with an exact counterpart of Frank's wife, he too would marry.

"But who could guess," said Sam, "that matrimony would transform a mad woman, in odious green spectacles and a sugar-loaf cap, into a mild, pretty, kind creature, who never laughs at a fellow because he's got a cold or a head ache?"

Man and Horse.

When a horse does little work, we give him less attention—when not worked at all—we know that mischief will result, unless he is well exercised. When a horse is hard worked we know it to be impolitic to load its stomach while so tiring from fatigue. When a horse comes in from a journey, a groom knows that its health depends on its skin being freed from the dust and perspiration, and also that the animal can not be comfortable unless cleaned once a day. If its food does not agree with it, the groom varies it in quantity or quality or both. No sensible owner lets his horse drink while in violent perspiration, nor do more than rinse its mouth, but will let it drink its fill about an hour before its meals, neither allowing it to load its stomach with liquid, either at meals, or when hard work is immediately to follow.

This is all sound physiological treatment, drawn from a watchful observation of the effects of a regulated diet and regimen on the health, and capabilities of the animal. How different man acts to himself. When he is streaming with perspiration and giving orders for careful attention to his horse, he will walk into a refreshment or even an ice-cream! His diet is regulated by his tastes and cravings; the quantity varies not with his exertion or labor, but with his palatability. His meals consist of dishes proportionate to the length of his purse. The times of eating depend on business, fashion, or anything but his physical wants.—His drink also is taken according to his inclinations, or according to the society he mixes with, and quantity or quality vary only with his palate and means. Those who work least, generally fare the richest. The skin of a horse must be kept clean or disease ensues, but the horse's master is heedless of this, and when visited by disease, wonders how it happened! Surely man is the most inconsistent animal on earth!

Politeness at Home.

Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say "I thank you"? Why not practice politeness at home? To your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgement! If your husband—oh! it's a matter of course! no need of thanks.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your very, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a black frown; if a child, he is chastised.

Ah! these are little things, say you. They tell mightily upon the heart, let us assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it all in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such little matters." Everything is all right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—"perfectly comfortable." Goes home where the wife has been taking care of sick ones, and working her life almost out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order; there never were such cross children before; no apologies accepted at home!"

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or "you are very kind!" Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To grow glad at your approach? To bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority, mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out in the world, really "finished" gentlemen and ladies.

"What we wish, we say unto all"—be polite.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.—A car, full of passengers, recently passed over the Western Railroad, in which occurred a simple but touching scene, worthy of record. One of the passengers was a woman, carrying in her arms a child who annoyed every one by its petulance and cries. Mile after mile the passengers bore the infliction of its noise, which rather increased than diminished, until at last it became furious, and the passengers nearly so. There were open complaints, and one man shouted, "take the child out." The train stopped at a station, when an old gentleman arose, and made the simple statement that the father of the child had died recently, away from home; that the mother had been on a visit to her friends, and had died while on the visit; that her dead body was on board the train, and that the child was in the arms of a woman who was a stranger to it. It was enough. There was a tear in nearly every eye, and all were melted into pity and patience. All selfishness was lost in thinking of the desolation of the poor little wanderer, who would have found a warm welcome in hands that a moment before, would almost have visited it with a blow.

[Springfield Republican.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES TO H. A. MOORE.

Thy voice again, in sweetest mournful lay,
Sings to my spirit, and my lyre would breathe
A song of welcome to my wisest friend.

MISCELLANY.

Extravagance.

One of the worst phrases in which rotten
morality, a radically false and vicious public
sentiment, disguise themselves, is that which
characterizes certain individuals as destitute of
financial capacity.

matters of money. The horses began to look
thin—so thin that one would have supposed
that their only provender was but a hoop,
shavings, or something similar.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE..... MARCH 3, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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 his
offices at Scollay's Building, Court St., Boston;

Local Agents.

Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the Mail, can
do so by calling on the following persons:
C. C. WHEELER, CANAAN. I. B. TOZER, W. WATERVILLE.

Lyceum—Close of the Lectures.

The winter course closed on Friday evening,
with a lecture by Rev. Mr. Thurston, of Wat-
terville. Various topics were presented by the
lecturer, in a general examination of our duty
to posterity.

The Weather.

The weather continues remarkably mild.—
Sunday was a beautiful April day, with a warm
sun and but little sleighing. On Monday night
we had about six inches of snow, which has
given us fine sleighing again.

NONPAYING SUBSCRIBERS.

We find the following gentle reproof and fraternal advice
in the last number of the Atlanta Republican,
addressed to a class of subscribers well known
to editors:

A NOBLE STAND.—

Although it always
warms our heart and does us good to hear of
the prosperity of those who go out from among
us to better their fortunes in distant regions,
it gives us still greater pleasure, not unmixed
with pride, when we hear of examples of rigid
adherence to principle among these wanderers,

turned up in California. Here, we learn, he
has been very successful in business, and has
amassed quite a pile, but of this 'we come not
now to speak.' We copy a portion of the ad-
vertisement alluded to, to show a noble exam-
ple of principle in a land where such exam-
ples are rare, and where men have too often
considered themselves privileged to throw off
the restraints which surrounded them at home
and give loose reins to their passions and ap-
petites, allowing no considerations of duty or
principle to interfere with their greed for gold.

"The Fountain Head was first established on
Jackson street, and destroyed by fire in Sep-
tember, 1850; re-opened in Clay street the
same month; then again consumed by the same
devastating element on the memorable 4th of
May, 1851, and was again opened where it
now stands in July following, and was the first
public refreshment saloon ever started on the
coast of the Pacific without intoxicating liquors;
not even a glass of beer has ever been sold on
the premises, neither shall be. My friends ad-
vised me to introduce the sale of liquors into
my business, as they thought it would add
much to my profits; my reply was, I have
hands to labor and produce what will sustain
life; but not to deal out that which will de-
stroy it."

Tobacco—Its Use and Abuse.

The habitual use of tobacco is so obviously
at war with reason and decency that lovers of
the "weed" seldom pretend to offer any apolo-
gy for the filthy practice, except the force of
habit. In this they show their wisdom; for
where nothing can be said, it is certainly wise
to say nothing. Discretion is the better part
of valor.

It is not strange, however, where this prac-
tice is as-called that some valorous knight of
the quid should buckle on his armor, and show
some signs of fight.

Several articles have recently appeared in
your paper over the signature of "AMICUS,"
in defence of tobacco when used in one of its
forms. The writer admits that the weed was
"not made to chew, much less to eat," and in
defence of smoking he offers one solitary argu-
ment, and then runs off in a tangent upon pro-
hibitory laws, "baked beans" and sundry other
irrelevant matters. We hope friend Amicus
will keep to the point, and show us all the
blessed effects of "fumigation."

But to the argument: Smoking is recom-
mended as a remedy for "mental irritation,"
and it is asserted as a matter of experience
that good tobacco (when smoked) is unequalled
"for its soothing effects upon the mind." Ad-
mitting that tobacco may have its place in the
Materia Medica it does not follow that the
practice of smoking or chewing this article is
beneficial. Every physician knows or ought
to know, that the habitual use of any medicine
defeats its proper medicinal effects, and becomes
an abuse. If tobacco is good as a medicine, it
should be taken as other medicines are taken,
not habitually but occasionally. What man of
sense would recommend the daily or hourly
use of opium, stramonium or belladonna? and
yet the habitual use of these poisons would be
no greater violation of physiological laws than
the habitual use of tobacco.

The truth is it is not the medicinal effects
that are sought by those who indulge in this
luxury, but the pleasurable sensations attend-
ing its use—the fuddle—the same motive that
leads to the use of intoxicating liquors or opium.

Tobacco is a powerful narcotic, and contains
a principle called Nicotin, which is one of the
most deadly poisons known—a single grain of
it being sufficient to destroy the life of a large
animal. According to Dr. Harris of N. York,
"A single cigar contains enough of this poi-
sonous principle to destroy the life of the strong-
est man, if it were introduced into the stomach
or applied directly to the nerves and blood
vessels of the body." It is stated on the best
medical authority extant, that death has often
been occasioned by the use of tobacco as a medi-
cine, "by the inhalation of the smoke," or by
external applications. Dr. Chapman, of Phil-
adelphia, informs us that he has met with sev-
eral instances of mental disorder, closely re-
sembling delirium tremens, which resulted from
the excessive use of tobacco, and which sub-
sided in a few days after it had been abandon-
ed.

If tobacco contains so active a poison, its
habitual use can not be otherwise than deleter-
ious. For though it may calm the agitated
nerves, for the time being, like all other nar-
cotics it increases the nervous susceptibility of
the patient, and often "lays the foundation of
serious nervous disorders." Says Dr. Rush,
"tobacco, even when used with moderation,
may cause dyspepsia, headache, tremors, and
vertigo." Says Dr. Woodward, Superintendent
of the Asylum for the Insane, at Wor-
cester, Mass., "Tobacco is a powerful narcotic
agent, and its use is very deleterious to the ner-
vous system; producing tremors, vertigo, faint-
ness, palpitation of the heart, and other ner-
vous diseases. Tobacco produces insanity."

It is replied that some persons have lived to
quite an age notwithstanding their habitual use
of tobacco. But the same may be said of some
who have used ardent spirits, all their life.—
Does Amicus believe it good to imbibe as well
as to fumigate!

It is said that Mustapha Shatoor, an opium
eater, in Smyrna, was in the habit of consum-
ing, daily, three drachms of opium. There
once lived a man in Constantinople, named
Solyman, who is said to have consumed, daily,
twenty grains of corrosive sublimate. But
these cases only show the astonishing power of
some constitutions in enduring for a time the
effects of any poison, and they are evidently
exceptions. There are few constitutions that
can long withstand the effects of tobacco or any
other poison. The habitual use of this article
either in the form of the quid or cigar, to say
the least of it is dangerous to health and un-
favorable to decency. Why has the custom of
refined society banished the pipe and cigar
from the parlor, the Railroad car, and from
places of public assembly, if smoking be not

regarded as a nuisance! Were the use of this
vile narcotic entirely banished from society
there would undoubtedly be an immense sav-
ing of life, health and comfort.

TEMPERANCE.

A "Quid pro Quo" or Pill for the Portland Transcript.

He says, "we do not care to argue the ques-
tion of immorality." &c. Very well. When
a man of his sense declines "to argue a ques-
tion," we may be assured it is rather a hope-
less case. Again, he says, "if we place our
defence of the weed on the ground that it has
not been proscribed, we shall inevitably lose
our case." Indeed! we doubt it, very much.
He will find there are two sides to that ques-
tion. It so happens that we did not rest our
defence on that circumstance alone; and even
if we had it would have been altogether in fa-
vor of our main positions. We did not think
it worth while to ransack the records, of the
dark and barbarous ages of antiquity for some
"prohibitory law." But he has done it for us,
and we thank him for that. It appears that
"King James, the Pope, the Czar and the
Sultan," passed just such a rascally, foolish,
sanguinary law, and if these were the only
foolish acts of their lives, their memory would
smell better than it does. And we submit
whether the fact of the repeal of those laws does
not prove conclusively that they had tried a
foolish experiment; or, as the Frenchman
would say, had made "one grand mistake," and
were glad to rectify it?—making our words
emphatically true, "that there is such a thing
as carrying legislation too far." The greatest
wonder is, that those tyrants had not destroy-
ed the "weed" altogether. Guess the "sover-
eign people, for whose use (not abuse,) it
was made, would 'nt let 'em, eh? What say
you, Mr. Transcript, where's Barnum? The
simple truth is, the people will and ought to
have what they find conducive to their comfort
—Popery, priestcraft, King-craft, Czar-craft
and Turk-craft to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We are charged with writing in "defence of
tobacco," without any qualification whatever.
We have done no such thing, and he knows it!
Fair play, and none of your garbling, Mr.
Transcript, if you please. We have admitted
that "too much of the weed is used, especially
in the way of mastication." There is a right
and a wrong way of doing and using every
thing. We go against chewing altogether. It
is an inconvenient, injurious and filthy habit,
and no gentleman ought to practice it.

As to our "favorite indulgence," if we smoke
a little occasionally, it is—just nobody's business
but our own.

We are gravely told that the "essential es-
sence (oil) of tobacco is a virulent poison."—
Essential nonsense! What has that to do
with the question? We never recommended
or defended the use of that oil. We may ex-
tract enough of it from a pound or so of tea
or coffee to kill a cat, or a horse for aught we
know; but without any such chemical concen-
tration they make not only a harmless but salu-
tary beverage.

We are told, also, by way of bug-bear, that
"a boy recently died from the effects of smok-
ing." Well, what of that? "Meat is for men,
and milk for babes." Many a boy has died
from the effects of masturbation; but this does
not conflict with the doctrine that "temperance
in all things lawful is good, but intemperance
may be fatal. Suppose the boy had killed
himself by eating apples or oysters to excess;
does that prove those substances a poison?—
We think not. Our motto is,—"Prove all
things, and hold fast that which is good."

School Meeting—School Houses.

The late village school meeting, which voted
to construct one or more school houses, and
appointed a committee to report a plan and lo-
cation, was adjourned to Wednesday evening
next. At that time the committee will prob-
ably report, and final action be taken. That
the district is in great need of some addition to
the present accommodations for schools, is a point
to which the voters generally agree. It can
hardly be doubted that a moderate expenditure
to meet this necessity would be freely voted.
The amount of expenditure, more than any-
thing else, has heretofore been the obstacle to
the erection of such houses or houses as the
district positively needs. We have two good
high schools, with good and convenient build-
ings; but our common schools seriously suffer,
as all admit, for comfortable houses. While
the plans of some contemplate a large outlay—
not larger, perhaps, than would be convenient
for the growing wants of the district—others
propose to meet its more immediate need, and
leave the completion of the plan for future out-
lay; while a few, probably, would be less lib-
eral than sound economy dictates. We hope
to see a compromise between these extremes.
A decent regard for the education and health
of the children of the district doubtless demands,
in the strongest terms, one or more new school
houses; and while there is little objection to
this, let the emergency be met in a spirit of
concession, and leave more extensive plans to
the pressure of stronger necessity. The argu-
ments for a large outlay are by no means
groundless. We are not sure that it would not
in the end be found the most judicious. But
those for some outlay are positive and without
objection. For want of concession both plans
have thus far met defeat, more or less to the
dissatisfaction of all. Those who believe a
'half loaf better than no bread,' should be will-
ing to trust the future for the other half.

Look out for the common schools! This is
a truly democratic idea, and one that we have
been surprised to see so far overlooked in this
controversy. Neglect to furnish suitable school
houses only tends to the patronage of higher
schools; common schools are gradually depriv-
ed of their best advocates. Many of those who
have the deepest interest in the district school
have been misled in this case to act against

themselves. They should be watchful of this
interest; and now, when there is an opportu-
nity to advance it, it should not be permitted
to pass unimproved. We doubt the expedi-
ency of the present connection between the
district and high schools. We think it operates
to the injury of the former. Without an im-
provement in our school houses it will prob-
ably continue as a matter of necessity. Our
district schools should stand upon their own
basis, and not be constrained to sacrifice any of
their natural advantages from compulsion.

We ardently hope the proposed meeting will
draw out the voters generally, and that they
will be able to harmonize on medium ground;
so that the present opportunity to advance the
interests of the district will not be lost through
the operation of intrigue or faction.

Light for the People.

The financial condition and internal operations of Rail
roads, are generally but indefinitely comprehended by
the great mass, even among the smaller stockholders.
Anything that throws light upon this subject should
be thankfully received. The following article proposes to
state facts; and as it comes from one who is familiar
with them, we suppose it does so. With this conviction,
we give it to our readers—not without the hope that it
will lead to such further discussion as will be profitable
to the public. The people want facts; and the num-
erous railroad projects now before them will meet little
aid from them till these facts are developed. Our paper
is open to the discussion of all questions tending to throw
light in this direction; and to this end, we hope that
any one who doubts the truth and fairness of our corre-
spondent below, will make such reply as will tend to set
the matter right.

Maine Railroads.

Under the statute of our State, requiring
railroad companies through their treasurers to
make a return of certain facts under oath every
year, I believe the P. S. & P., the At. &
St. L., the Androscoggin & Kennebec, the
Kennebec & Portland railroad companies only,
have made their annual statements. The first
of the above named railroads is the oldest in
the State, and is under a lease to the Eastern
and Boston & Maine railroad companies. It
has earned and paid to its stockholders a six
per cent. dividend during the last year, and is
free from debt. The new railroads in this
State do not show so flourishing a state of
things, either in their financial condition or in
their earnings, as their friends or the public
could wish. All are greatly embarrassed with
debts and many of them not at present earning
sufficient to pay the interest on their indebted-
ness. Although the returns made to the Leg-
islature do not show the current expenses of
operating and repairing the roads during the
last year, still this sum can be approximated or
derived from the annual reports of the directors
of the several roads. It will not be uninterest-
ing at the present time, when some of these
corporations are offering to guarantee the in-
terest on the stock to be subscribed in other
corporations, to show the condition of our roads
in general from their several returns to the
Legislature, and see what the guarantees of any
of them are in fact worth.

The At. & St. L. Railroad Co., the oldest of
the more important corporations, have now
completed their road to Island Pond—its north-
ern termination. It has been in operation
through the entire year past from Portland to
Gorham, N. H., 92 miles, and during some
three months of the year to Northumberland,
N. H., some thirty miles further. Capital of
this company is \$4,000,000.—It has about \$1,
400,000 stock subscribed and principally paid
in, and owes to the city of Portland \$2,000,000
on a loan of the city to that amount. It has
a bonded debt of \$1,000,000 additional and a
floating debt of \$181,808, making in all \$3,
181,808 in indebtedness. Their earnings for
the last year were \$200,233, from passengers
and freight, of which over \$40,000 were derived
from the business of the Androscoggin &
Kennebec railroad. Its expenses during the
year for running their road, and keeping the
same and furniture in repair, were \$116,000
or thereabouts. Now it will be perceived that
the earnings of the railroad for the year are
not so much as its expenses and the interest on
its debts, by about \$103,575. It has, there-
fore, its debt, \$116,719, besides the further
sum of about \$40,000, which it has annually
to pay towards the sinking fund wherewith to pay
its debt to the city of Portland. This road
will be connected with Montreal by the first of
July next, when it is expected by its friends
that a large accession will be made to its
business, and of course to its earnings. Whether
the increase will be sufficient to pay to the
stockholders any dividend for a generation to
come, is quite problematical. It is said, how-
ever, notwithstanding these unfavorable appear-
ances, that it has now offers of six per
cent. on its entire cost, in a perpetual lease to
certain parties connected with roads in Canada.
Its friends, it is presumed, will hardly fail
to accept such an offer, if such has been made, by
any parties having the ability to pay.

The returns of the Androscoggin & Kenne-
bec Railroad Co. show an increase of business
over the last year. It has, of stock subscribed
and paid in, \$ 809,873.
Whole indebtedness of Co., 1,184,550.
Whole cost of road, 1,994,429.

It is fifty-five miles long, and has earned
during the last year 130,906 dolls., of which
58,009 dolls. were from the transportation of
freight. Its expenses during the last year
were 58,700 dolls. as derived from a report of
the directors of the road. It has therefore
earned a trifle more than the expenses of run-
ning the road, and the interest on the debt of
the company.

The Kennebec & Portland railroad is 72 1/2
miles long. It has stock taken, to the amount
of 806,100 dolls., of which 687,450 dolls. has
been paid in; of preferred stock, 189,290 dolls.,
bearing 10 per cent. interest. It is indebted
1,175,651 dolls., of which 800,000 is due the
several cities through which it runs, on a loan
made by them, and the balance due other par-
ties. It is bound by the act of the Legislature
authorizing the cities to loan their credit to

pay 12,000 dolls., or about that sum, annually
to trustees as a sinking fund to pay this debt
to these cities.

Its expenses during the year are not stated
in their returns to the Legislature; nor are
they, for some reason, made known, as is usual,
in the annual report of their Directors, pub-
lished in October last. They cannot be ex-
pected to be less, per mile, according to the
length of their road than the expenses of the
Androscoggin & Kennebec railroad, which by
their report were \$58,700, for the year. Es-
timated in this way the expense of the Ken-
nebec & Portland Railroad Co., for the year,
would be \$77,000; and this, we learn from the
late Superintendent of the road, was about their
amount.

The annual payments which this road, (har-
ing now been in operation for a year or more,
through its entire length,) must make from its
earnings are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount.
To the sinking fund, \$12,000
For interest on its debt, 70,000
For its running expenses, 77,000
For interest at 10 per cent. on cost of road from Yarmouth to Portland, which was about 25,000, 25,000

This is exclusive of any interest on prefer-
red stock. Now by its return to the Legisla-
ture in the month of January last, its earnings
for the year were \$133,338.77. So that it has
really run in debt for the last year \$50,662, or
failed to earn enough to pay its interest and
current expenses by that amount. And yet
this corporation has voted to guaranty the in-
terest on the cost of another railroad, to the
amount of some \$700,000, or a million of dol-
lars more. And we hear that persons are pro-
posing to procure subscriptions, in this vicinity,
to the stock thus guaranteed. It is not possi-
ble that with these facts before them any one
can regard such a guaranty as worth a straw.
It is like the guaranty of any insolvent person.

These returns to our Legislature, meagre as
they are, are of great importance to the peo-
ple, in enabling them to judge for themselves
of the value of the stock in the various corpo-
rations, and in preventing them from being mis-
led by the statements of sanguine and interest-
ed persons, in the several corporations, as to
their ability to fulfill their guaranties and as-
surances, such as are above alluded to. With
the figures before them, people need not to be
misled.

Whether the Somerset road, so called, from
its own business, will pay anything on its cost
is no concern of any one except those who take
its stock. But it should be considered, what-
ever statements may be made by those who
seek to induce others to take its stock, that it
is a road about 40 miles in length, running
parallel with boat navigation to Waterville, at
which point, and at Kendall's Mills, it comes
in direct competition with another railroad,
which will not only take a certain proportion
of the business of these towns but of the ad-
jacent territory. It will, therefore, in its busi-
ness be subject to as much competition as any
road in the State, at all the important points.
Now we have the fact before us that these older
leading roads in the State, having the control
of their legitimate business do not pay any-
thing on their stock. And it may therefore
be greatly doubted whether this contemplated
road will be in any better condition—and again,
the engineer's estimate of the cost of the Som-
erset road is, I think, about 700,000 dollars, which
will probably come about as near the actual
cost as the estimates made on the other roads
in the State. And so 50 per cent., at least,
should be added.

At a future time we propose to examine the
statements made concerning some of these roads
more fully. D.

The Legislature.

The Senatorial election, by assignment, comes
up to-day. Probably it will go over to the
next session, as it seems to be conceded that
the Governor cannot fill the vacancy unless the
Legislature adjourn before the 4th; thus mak-
ing the vacancy occur during the recess of the
Legislature, in which case only the Governor
has power to appoint.

In the House, on Saturday, on motion of
Mr. Nye, of Waterville, a committee was or-
dered to be raised to report to the House resolu-
tions expressive of its high regard for the
valuable services and noble character of the
late Lieut. Heywood, of the U. S. Navy, of
its deep pain on receiving the news of his
death, and its sympathy with his family and
friends in the loss of a devoted husband, an
affectionate father, and a true-hearted friend,
with such further action as may be deemed
proper and expedient. Messrs. Nye of Wat-
terville, Smith of Calais, Sewall of Olden,
Titcomb of Kennebec and Morse of Bath,
were appointed the committee.

INSURANCE.—See Moody & Fellows' adver-
tisement of Agency of the "Real Estate In-
surance and Stock Insurance Company," in an-
other column. We believe both the Company
and the Agents to be worthy of the fullest con-
fidence. See, also, their improved establish-
ment, at the old express office. Entire reser-
vation renders it one of the neatest establish-
ments in the place, in both the Express and
book and stationary departments. In both,
also, we venture to predict a degree of public
confidence that rarely fails to give success.

NEW PROCESS OF TRANSFERRING ENGRAVINGS.—Chromatype is a new process of photo-
graphy. It consists in washing good letter pa-
per with the following solution: Bichromate
of potash, ten grains; sulphate of copper, twenty
grains; distilled water, one ounce. Paper
prepared with this is of a pale yellow color,
and may be kept for any length of time with-
out injury, and are always ready for use. For
copying botanical specimens nothing can be
more beautiful. After the paper has been ex-
posed to the influence of sunshine with the ob-
jects to be copied superposed, it is washed over
in the dark with a solution of nitrate of silver
of moderate strength; as soon as this is done,
a very vivid, positive picture makes its appear-
ance, which then only requires washing in pur-
water. We hope some of our readers will
make the experiment.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The Scientific American says that camphor has been discovered to be an antidote to the terrible poison...

A FRENCH BREAKFAST—Two boiled eggs and a bit of the toast...

TO TRILL UP YOUNG PEOPLE ARE IN LOVE—See if you can tell...

We see it stated that sometime ago, in a Venetian town a black fellow...

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true democracy...

It is an excellent rule, when a man has nothing to say, to say nothing.

True happiness is to be found in contentment. Contentment is to be found—Heaven knows where.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself—a pilot, and yet a castaway.

FASHION—Is the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who are the gutter, supposing it to be his, and commence calling a poor man's legs all sorts of hard names...

Define terms before you begin discussion. Doing this thoroughly will often end the controversy before it has begun.

A sort of prepared linen is now used in Germany to print children's books on. It is dearer than paper, but the youngsters cannot tell it.

THE "FINE ARTS" IN BANGKOK—An advertisement has been published in the Bangkok Standard...

Gen Pierce has more trouble to get a combsman than to form a cabinet. Mr. Mitchell, of this city, declined, and now Mr. G. Geer, his second choice, has also declined...

HARD—We have heard of one being placed in a quarry, but we know of no one more unfortunately situated in this respect than the English army officer...

That fellow has seen something of the world, who said that a young man who spends all his earnings to appear genteel amongst his friends...

THE BEST NATIONAL DEFENSES—Should an invading army ever land in England, they would, of course, take possession of the railways to come up and attack London...

The Liquor Law has been defeated in the New Jersey Legislature, by a vote of 18 to 17.

As there are more Irish in London than in Dublin, so there are more New Englanders in New York than in Boston.

THE PRICE OF PLEASURES—Some pleasures have to be paid for in money, some in time, some in reputation, and some in health...

THE IRISH HALF-PAY COLONEL, named Stack, obtained an interview with the Duke of York, seeking promotion to the rank of Major-General...

The N. Y. Senate Committee on the internal affairs of the State has reported against the bill entitled "An Act to abolish licenses for the sale of strong and spirituous liquors."

Among the curiosities lately added to the Museum, is a magnificent bird, the souls of 24 misters, the consciences of 16 merchants and the fortunes of twelve printers—nearly half full.

Petitions have been presented to the Boston city government by the Public Garden adjoining the Common, named "Webster's State of Webster."

The Washington Republic of last week contains a letter from the President of the United States in answer to one from Joshua Dauforth...

Let a person find out his own peculiar weakness, and be ever suspicious of himself on that side. Let a passionate man, for example, resolve to strike. He will probably make a mistake in his reasoning...

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THE CALONIE ENGINEERS—So extraordinary has been their demand for these engines, that Mr. Erickson declares himself unable to comply with it...

Gen. Pierce it is said, will be very little troubled with personal applications for office, if well understood that to annoy him after that fashion would be to his disappointment...

Ex-President Van Buren, it is said, will start for Europe, next month. He will accompany his son, Martin Van Buren, Jr., whose impaired health it is thought, will be benefited by the European tour...

It is stated that the Austrian authorities have determined not to permit emigrants to the United States to return to Austria. Cause—the allegation that they had been in the United States after their retirement...

A VALUABLE HEN—The Rochester Daily Advertiser says that Mr. Decker, less than a year ago, purchased a pair of Cochon China fowls, from the proceeds of which, since that time, he has realized \$333. The chickens were sold for \$10 per pair, and the eggs for \$4 per dozen.

EXTRAVAGANCE—The general idea of increasing property in our large cities induces a greater expense in the style of living, which involves disaster. A failure of this nature took place recently in New York, being that a person, who had been engaged in the business of a broker, had a year since, \$12,000, and whose liabilities are \$30,000.

GALLANTRY AND WIT IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER—A correspondent of the Ellsworth Mail relates that a very genteel, young and newly married couple from the City of New York, were invited to the Council Chamber...

SOUL CHAPER—Louis Napoleon's strange condemnation of royal alliances, after he had failed in obtaining the Princess Vasa.

OUR TABLE—BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH GAZETTE—Contents of the February number. The Garden; Lady Lee's Widowhood; Supplementary Chapters to the History of John Bull; A glimpse into the Eleusinian Mysteries; The Romance of Malivra; Oxford University Commission Report; Pelissier the Potter; Income-Tax Reform.

THE MOSQUITO PROTECTORATE ABANDONED BY GREAT BRITAIN—In the U. S. Senate, on Friday, Mr. Everett communicated some important documents, conveying a proposition from the British Government relinquishing its protectorate over his sable majesty of Mosquito.

THE BOURBON QUESTION—The New York Evening Post states that Mr. Putnam has received a long letter from the Prince de Joinville, of the nature of which we are not informed, but it is reported that he denies substantially the truth of Mr. Williams's statement...

YESTERDAY, (now for a tax upon your credulity) our dinner, on our own table, consisted of a sirloin of roast beef! More—it came fresh and in a nice condition from a market stall in Cincinnati, Ohio!

CHOICE PICES—Yesterday, (now for a tax upon your credulity) our dinner, on our own table, consisted of a sirloin of roast beef! More—it came fresh and in a nice condition from a market stall in Cincinnati, Ohio!

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river, either for excellence of location, beauty of design, or durability. They have just added to their stock some thirty different kinds of Cook and Parlor Stoves, many of them new and original patterns, which are worthy the attention of purchasers.

IMPORTANT VERDICT—TROY AND BOSTON RAILROAD vs. GEORGE M. THIBTTS—This was a suit brought in the Supreme Court of New York and tried on Wednesday before Judge Parker, to recover an unpaid balance of a subscription of \$20,000 to the capital stock of the company, of which \$1500 had been paid.

KATE VIRGINIA POOLE—This woman, who was sentenced to the State Prison of New Hampshire for life, about a year since, for having killed her child by throwing it from the cars, between Nashua and Manchester, and was pardoned by the Governor after a few months' imprisonment, has again been brought before a judicial tribunal.

THE GREAT COUGH REMEDY. PRESLEY, FARNHAM & CO. INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF LEVER'S SPRINGS FOR CARRIAGES (Patent applied for.)

FRESH TEAS. 1500 PACKAGES. SOUHOING, NINGPOING, OOLONG, ORANGE PEKOE, ROSS & LYSCH, 184 and 185, NASSAU ST. N. Y.

UP TOWN GROCERY. A WELL selected variety of articles, suited to every one who has good taste, has this week been opened by E. P. NOURSE.

FIRST CLASS Eatables. can here be obtained at prices satisfactory to the purchaser. Waterville, 20th Sept. 1852.

NEW BONNETS & RIBBONS. MILLINERY GOODS. including the Spring styles of BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c., together with their usual unrequited variety of REPAIRS, TRIMMINGS, &c.

Straw Bonnets Repaired, Bleached & Pressed, in the most perfect manner, and in the best style of workmanship.

Dyer's Vegetable Bitter Syrup. Has been used in many cases, and has been found to be a safe and efficient remedy in many cases of Liver complaint, jaundice and Bilious affections.

Cousin's Celebrated Horse Powders. One of the most valuable Horse Medicines before the public, and Cousin's Spanish Ointment, for scalds.

CARPETINGS. AT GREAT BARGAINS. All who are in want of a Three-ply, Superior, Fire, Common, or Cotton and Wool, Cotton, Oil-Cloth, Hemp or Straw Carpet, from 17 cts to \$2.00 will find time and money saved by calling at our Store.

Hotel to Let. THE HOUSE in Waterville village, recently known as the SARANTON HOUSE, has been put in thorough repair, with new furniture, and is now ready to receive guests.

House for Sale. THE HOUSE on Anderson Street, Waterville, Me., is offered for sale on reasonable terms. Most of the purchase money may be paid in terms of years.

Stoves! Stoves! A SPLENDID assortment of Cooking, Parlor, and Frank-A-Stoves, offered in variety and quality to any of the West, and best, for sale at very low prices.

VERY IMPORTANT. Relief in ten minutes, cure in a few days, issued by the Great Northern Remedy.

Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers. For the cure of Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Consumption, &c. Manufactured by JAMES JOHNSON, Rochester, N. Y.

PURCHASE LOCOCK'S FEMALE WAFERS. THE BRITISH SPECIFIC. A CERTAIN cure for Menstrual Suppression or Suppressed Menstruation, if caused by cold, or indigestion, or any other cause.

PILETS, PILES, PILES. DR. UPHAM'S Vegetable Electuary. OR Internally Remedy for the Piles, prepared by A. UPHAM, M. D.

GREAT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA! DR. J. S. EOU-TON'S THE TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID, OR, GASTRIC JUICE.

LIFE INSURANCE. Australia—California—Maine. DR. L. E. HATHCOCK, for the Maine Life Insurance Company.

PETER DEROCHE, Jr., Manufacturer and Dealer in TALLOW CANDLES. Beef, Pork, Lard, Tallow, Tripe, Sausages, FRESH MEATS AND FISH.

THE IDA. A N Astringent Parlor Stove. The design is different from any ever before seen, and is calculated to make them strong and not liable to crack.

PEARL PARLOR COOK STOVE. THIS is one of the most useful Stoves ever manufactured. It is a large and well constructed oven, and by removing the false top there are three boiler holes for cooking.

PORTER'S BEST BURNING FLUID and a good article of Lamp Oil, just received and for sale.

Waterville Retail Prices. Flour 6 00 a 6 50, Beef, fresh 5 6 a 6 10, Pork, fresh 6 10 a 6 10, Beans 1 50 a 1 75, Round Hog 12 12 a 12 12, Eggs 14 a 14, Butter 17 a 18, Hams 11 a 12, Apples, best 33 a 34, Salt, rock 42 a 42, Apples, cooking 30 a 30, Apples, dried 4 1/2 a 4 1/2, Turkeys 12 a 12, Chickens 17 a 17, Hens, loose 10 a 10, 100.

Marriages. In Boston, 27th ult., by A. H. Burton, Esq., Mr. ALBA P. DAVIS, of Waterville, to Miss L. A. BROWN, of Portland. In Pittsfield, June 4, 1852, by E. A. Reynolds, In Starks, August 6, 1852, by Emily Eldred, James Greenleaf, to Mary E. Backfill, Cyrus Greenleaf to Susan W. Pratt.

Deaths. In this town, 17th ult., Mr. Charles M. Smith, son of Simon Smith, aged 22. In Waterville, William A. son of Abel and Abigail Jewett, aged 15.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED BY MOODY & FELLOWS. SONNETS. CHORUS. FIDELITY. WOMAN RUNS BY HER OWN REINS. THE BOURBON QUESTION. THE GREAT COUGH REMEDY.

Real Estate Mutual and Stock FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BOSTON, MASS. WM PULSFER, President. R. CURTIS, Vice President. H. H. DARLING, Secretary.

CANKER AND SALT RHEUM SYRUP, CANKER CURE AND CERATE. WARRANTED A PERFECT CURE FOR Canker, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Humors, Liver Complaint, and all other eruptions arising from an impure state of the Blood.

THE GREAT COUGH REMEDY. THE SYRUP is an article which stands unrivalled and unequalled in any other country, as a great Humoral Mediator, and is a valuable remedy for all kinds of Cough, Hoarseness, and all other eruptions of the Throat, Lungs, and in every stage of the disease.

WANTED. THE subscriber having located himself in business, at Waterville, Me., desires to purchase a quantity of second quality, best quality, and all other articles, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

TO RENT. THE HOUSE recently occupied by S. Heath Esq., on Mill Street, - requires of S. Heath Esq., or H. B. White, Feb. 14, 1853.

TO OUR CREDITORS. S. WING being sick at Waterville, Me., wishes all persons who are indebted to him, to pay the same to the undersigned, immediately. All who have had business transactions with S. WING, in the Eastern Mail, printed at Waterville, Me., are requested to call on the undersigned, at the office of the Eastern Mail, printed at Waterville, Me., on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1853.

DOG LOST. TEN DOLLARS will be paid for the arrest of the fellow who stole my dog, a large black and white spaniel, with a little white German Spoodle, and a little black and white spaniel, along the direct road from Waterville Junction to Bangor, by way of Waterville, Waterville, Kendall's Mills and Herk, on the 20th of the month of March, 1853. The dog is about 18 months old, and is a very good dog, and is a very good dog, and is a very good dog.

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