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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, EDITOR.

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

MAXHAM & DRUMMOND, PRINTERS.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1847.

NO. 10.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

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

Poetry.

LIFE.

Life is onward: use it
With a forward aim;
Till it is heavenly—choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward: never
Look upon the past;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion:
Weave it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward: try it,
Eye the day is lost;
It hath virtue—buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward: heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own art can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If hope chant before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward: prize it
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh! do not despise it,
In its humblest form.
Hope and joy together,
Standing at the goal
Through life's darkest weather,
Beacon on the soul.

Miscellany.

THE MOTHER'S BABE.

BY J. H. DANA.

It was the baptism of the first-born!
Far in the wilderness, in a lone log hut,
Were gathered the family, prepared for the solemn rite.

The father, bold and sturdy, stood in advance
Of the group; the mother proud and happy,
Carrying the smiling infant, her first-born,
In her arms, pressed after him; and a gray-haired,
Patriarchal minister of God was in the act
Of raising his hands in prayer, preparatory to the baptism.

It was during the old French war—Brad-
dock had been defeated, and the victorious sav-
ages were pouring down on the frontier settle-
ments. But as yet neither the overthrow of
the British general, nor the coming massacre
by the Indians, were known; and all was quiet
and peace in that little frontier clearing, and
as its possessors fancied, for hundreds of miles
around.

Suddenly a shrill, unearthly cry rent the air,
seeming to fill the cabin and the atmosphere
without, like some demoniac shout. Quick and
startling came that yell, bursting on the silence
like a thunder-clap in summer. The old min-
ister dropped his hands; the mother became
ghostly pale and looked around in wild affright.
But the father, starting as a deer that hears
the hunter's cry, sprang toward the chimney
piece, seized his gun, and with a single bound
gained the door, which he flung open.

Too well had each one there divined that
cry. They knew it to be the war-whoop of
the savage; its tremendous volume assured
them of the vast numbers of the foe.

If any doubt remained, it was dissipated by
the sight rendered visible when the door was
thrown open. The house stood in the centre
of a clearing, about a furlong from the forest,
which encircled it on every side. The vacant
space was now filled with dark savages, in their
war paint, running toward the cabin.

"Bar the door—bar the door!" exclaimed
the minister, rushing towards the opening,
while, with his feeble hands, he seized the huge
wooden beam used to fasten it on the inside.

"Ay, and barricade, too," said the father and
husband, with that stern eagerness which
showed both how well he comprehended their peril
and how resolutely he was prepared to face
them. And, accompanying the words with ac-
tion, he, soon, with the assistance of the min-
ister, blocked the door on the inside with
tables, chairs, and other heavy articles. This
being done, he paused a moment, and glanced
rapidly around the room, to see if anything
else could be done, his eye fell on his wife and child.

By the sudden change which passed over his
countenance—the transition from the look of
conscious strength and defiance to that of
pity, and agony all combined—it was evident
that, in the excitement of the few preceding
moments, he had quite forgotten the presence
of those two dear beings!

For dear they were to him, inexpressibly.
Oh! how are the rich mistaken, when they
weep over fashionable tales of love, if they
fancy that the poor know nothing of affection.
Hearts beat under russet clothes, as well as
under silk and velvet. A wife, a child, is often
all the treasure a poor man possesses. John
Harding, the frontier farmer of our story, was
one of these: he had none of this world's
goods, except the wild clearing and his gun;
but he had a bosom that throbbed with the
most devoted affection for his wife and child.

Yes; for that wife was the love of years—
She had been of prouder blood than his own,
a family once rich but now decayed, and her
parents and brothers had long resisted her
marriage to an almost penniless man. But the
lovers had at last triumphed, and the young
wife, without a complaint, nay! with her blue
eyes beaming on the contrary with love, had
left her friends and followed her husband to
his frontier home, on the very borders of the
civilized world. Here, after a sojourn of five
years, a child had been born to them. Long

desired had been that little stranger, and when
it came, the hearts of the parents were in a
flutter of joy. The infant had grown to the
age of nearly a year, and was becoming more
interesting daily, when an itinerant minister of
God, one of those patriarchs who may still be
found in our frontier settlements, blessing and
doing good wherever they go, came along, and
now, for the first time, the mother's heart could
be gratified by having the long desired rite of
baptism bestowed on her child.

When Harding's eye fell on his wife, she
had sunk into a chair, hopeless, agonizing, ev-
ery faculty apparently paralyzed. The infant
was gazing up into her face with its great blue
eyes, as if in inquiry and astonishment. The
group, thus made visible to the husband and
father, recalled the remembrance of his early
love, and all the still sweeter memories of mar-
ried life: then by a sudden flash of thought,
that wife and child, so dearly cherished, rose
before his mind's eye, mangled and bleeding
under the tomahawk of the savage. It was
this reflection, vividly presented, which had
changed his look from that of high energy and
defiance, to utter agony and despair.

But now that patriarchal man of God ad-
vanced. He had seen the transition in Hard-
ing's demeanor, and guessed at once the cause.
He laid his hand on the husband and gently
shook him.

"Rouse yourself," he said, "Faith worketh
wonders. The God of battles will surely be
on the side of innocence and youth."

As he spoke he glanced at the young mother,
whose eye kindled at the words with sudden
hope. Harding saw it. He, too, was a changed
man. Grasping the old man's hand, while
the tears dried in his eyes, he said,
"You are right: in God let us trust. Mary,
we will save you and the child, or all die to-
gether. Ha! they are on us."

These words were called forth by a yell of
anger which the savages sent up on having
reached the house, to find it securely barricaded
against them.

Immediately blows were heard on the door,
followed by deafening yells. Harding exam-
ined the priming of his gun, ready to fire on
the falling in of the first panel. At last with
a crash one of them gave way. The farmer
stopped, levelled his piece, and pulled the trig-
ger. The sound of a heavy body heard fall-
ing against the door, and then a tremendous
yell of agony and vengeance broke from the
crowd outside. After this all was still.

The villains have got enough for the present,
said Harding, as he coolly reloaded the piece.

His word proved true, for during full five
minutes nothing was heard from the savages.
The silence of that suspense was deathlike.
There was no opening except that of the shat-
tered panel through which to reconnoitre the
enemy, and here no signs of the foe were vis-
ible; so the little group stood motionless and
waiting, breathless with anxiety. Harding was
by the door, the minister beside him; the mother
stood apart, striving to quiet the child, which
had been frightened by the firing.

Suddenly she shrieked, and Harding turning
around saw a dark form emerging from the
chimney. In another instant, a second savage,
descending from the roof in the same way,
dashed into the room. Though paralyzed for a
moment, Harding fired almost immediately
and one of the savages fell, but the other
sprang on him, and a third dropped noiselessly
but swiftly into the room and engaged the min-
ister in combat, while a fourth, appearing in
the same way, hastened to unbar the door.

The room was now filled with the terrible
war-whoop, which was replied to by the sav-
ages outside, and, in an instant, the door yield-
ing to the combined efforts without and within,
the apartment was filled with foes.

In that moment, true to a mother's instinct,
Mrs. Harding thought only of her babe. Even
before the door gave way she had retreated in-
to a corner behind the bed, where she stood
partially screened from sight. Pressing her
infant to her bosom and engaged in hushing his
cries, she saw, for some seconds, nothing of the
terrible conflict going on so high.

"Ay! it was terrible. The minister, weak
and unused to personal strife, was soon flung
bleeding and stunned on the floor, when his as-
sailant, seeing his companion had pressed, hur-
ried to his help. Harding thus beset by two,
fought like a noble stag at bay. Seizing the
large hatchet, which fortunately lay on the
hearth with a pile of wood, he retreated into a
corner and prepared to make good his defence;
but before doing so, he glanced around the
room, and seeing his wife safely concealed for
the present, he began the fight, dealing a single
blow with his weapon that felled one of his as-
sailants like an ox. The other then drew war-
rily off.

But by this time the room was filling with
savages, who, hesitating but a moment, made a
second rush on Harding.

It was at this instant that the wife thought,
for the first time, of her husband. She glanced
wildly around, and though the intervening
savages almost hid him from sight, she distin-
guished his tall form raging above the fight.
Spell-bound she gazed! Her babe now lay
hushed, because terror-struck, on her bosom;
while, with parted lips and eyes straining in
agony, she watched the fearful conflict. To
and fro, flashing meteor-like, she saw the huge
axe of her husband fly, and wherever it struck,
an enemy went headlong to the earth. So
rapid were its motions that even the nimblest
of the foes failed to break the charmed circle
which Harding kept around him. Yet, for a
while, the dense crowds pouring into the room
and pressing toward the scene of the fight, ac-
tually forced their comrades forward in a body
on the weapon of Harding, so that those in the
foremost rank had no resort but to engage this
terrible foe, nor could they do it otherwise than
with their tomahawks, for the crowded space
did not allow them to use firearms. At last,
however, the carnage was so terrible beneath
that terrific weapon wielded by Harding's
sturdy arm, that, by a violent, convulsive ef-
fort, the foremost savages forced back their
comrades and stood at a safe distance, regard-
ing their foe, like dogs before they rush in
again on the bear.

All this had not occupied a minute. Yet to
the wife and mother it seemed an age. Every
hope hung on that single defender—and he was
her husband! Can feeble words depict her
agony?
It was but a moment the savages stood in-
resolute. One of them levelled his gun, and
was in the act of pulling the trigger, when
Harding, whose keen eye, sharpened by peril,
seemed to take in every motion of his foes at

once, darted forward, and with a blow of his
axe laid the Indian a mangled mass at the feet
of his companions. The next instant, the bor-
derer had regained his place and stood once
more on the defensive.

This terribly bold act appeared to paralyze
the foe for the third time. They looked at
each other, and shrank instinctively back fur-
ther from Harding. But, at this instant, a
shrill, re-animating cry arose from the outer
edge of the crowd, and a tomahawk, hurled
with unerring aim, would have transfixed the
defender, but that he saw it coming and dodged
the blow. The steel grazed his hair and sank
into a log behind, where it struck, its handle
quivering violently.

At that whoop, accompanied by that onset,
the savages appeared to cast off the awe in
which the prowess of a single man had en-
chained them, and remembering their numbers,
made a third onset on Harding, not this time
only with hatchets and knives, but with fire-
arms.

Wounded, hard-pressed, and weak from loss
of blood, Harding could be seen for some min-
utes longer, by his agonized wife, fighting with
superhuman vigor and desperation. Her very
breath hung suspended as the conflict progress-
ed. Now she hoped, for she saw his tall form
soaring pre-eminent; now she despaired, for he
was dashed down by the tide of foes surging
fierce and high over him. But again he re-
appeared; he had only sunk to his knees; and
he raged against the master spirit of the fight.
At last his proud front was bowed once more.
There was a terrible crash of crossing weap-
ons, a violent convulsion in the crowd of as-
sailants, who fell back, but instantly advanced
again. Then followed a breathless hush, suc-
ceeded all at once by a simultaneous yell of
the savages. The wife knew that all was over.

She had been held motionless by the specta-
cle of that terrific struggle—motionless as if
paralyzed by some enchanter's spell. She had
thought of neither child nor husband, definite-
ly. Only a vague sense of horror had possessed
her—a breathless suspense! But now again
she remembered her child. To save it was
her instinctive impulse.
The savages were tumbled, pell-mell, on top
of their victim, who, though prostrate, still ap-
peared to struggle desperately. The door stood
open, and no one interposed between her and
fight, for all were occupied either as partici-
pators or spectators of the combat. She dashed
towards the opening.

But she had miscalculated her foe. Noise-
less as was her step, it arrested the attention of
one of the savages, who, turning quickly, seized
her just as she reached the door, and snatching
the infant from her arms, as if he divined
instinctively in what way to torture her most,
he brandished his tomahawk above its little
head to strike.

All her preceding suffering had been nothing
to what the mother experienced at that mo-
ment. Her babe, her first-born, her only one—
murdered—before her eyes—even while
its little arms were stretching out to her!

She fell on her knees at the feet of that sa-
vage; she clasped his hand.

"Oh! spare him—spare him," was all she
could articulate; for with these words, her
tongue, parched with agony, clove to her
mouth. She would have given worlds for the
ability to speak—vainly hoping she might thus
move the Indian—but she could only grasp
his hand more convulsively, and lift her dry
stony eyes in eager supplication to his face.

For he had paused, at her words, in the
work of death, and she hoped—the poor de-
luded—she dared hope. She wound herself
around his knees with one hand; she lifted the
other to her child; for the moment almost be-
lieving he was relenting. And the babe had
crowded—and, smiling, stretched down its little
arm to her. Vain hope, young mother! It
was only to delude you this, that the savage
fiend had withheld the blow midway.

The tomahawk descended. A shrill shriek
of agony rose from the mother's lips. But,
shriller than that shriek, simultaneously came
the crack of a rifle, and the savage fell head-
long, without cry or motion, his blow spending
itself on the floor.

Was it a dream—was it a miracle? The
mother could scarcely believe what she heard or
saw. Her babe alive and unharmed. The as-
sassin dead. She glanced at the sweet, smiling
face of her infant, and pressed him convulsively
to her bosom; then she looked up with a
start, for a dark shadow fell across her.

But no Indian met her sight. The shadow
was that of a tall, powerful man, who wore a
buck-tail cap and an ornate hunting undershirt,
yet it needed not the epaulettes on his shoulder
to show that he was one accustomed to com-
mand. Behind him, crowded up the narrow
door-way and pressing forward in dense mass-
es, came scores of men attired in the provin-
cial uniform.

"Washington for ever! Down with the
heathen murderers!" was the excited cry of his
followers.

Into the apartment they burst, those brave
sons of Virginia, with a wild hurrah, startling
the astounded savages, on whom they instantly
fell. It was scarcely a fight, after the first min-
ute; it was a butchery. As the soldiers drove
the Indians back to the wall, they found the
savages repelled on them from that direction,
and with a roar of defiance, like a lion who
had just shaken himself from the hunters, Hard-
ing, to the astonishment of his wife, sprang to
his full height and renewed the fray.

In five minutes all was over. Not one of
the savage assassins escaped; indeed they dis-
tinguished fighting. When the conflict was done,
Harding sprang to his wife's side, bleeding in-
deed in a dozen places, but, as was subsequent-
ly found, not mortally wounded. The aged
minister was dragged from under the heap of
dead, bruised and stunned, but scarcely hurt
otherwise, for he had remained unnoticed where
he fell, and only suffered from being trodden
down by the foe.

Harding was standing, with one arm around
the waist of his wife, who, with her head bur-
ied on his shoulders, was now sobbing and
trembling violently—the excitement which had
sustained her being over. His other hand had
dropped at his side, still holding the terrible
axe. He was smiling at his infant, whose little
round face was upturned, half in alarm, half
in recognition at his disordered countenance.
Suddenly, the leader of the party which had
come so opportunely to his aid, advanced.

"God bless you, sir; you have saved me and
these, who are dearer to me than myself," said
Harding, and a tear stood in his eye. "I must
ask your name, so that we can pray for and
bless you, night and morning."

A tear rose to the stranger's eye.
"My name," he said modestly, but with a
quiet dignity that foreshadowed the future
greatness of the name, "is Washington."
Colonel Washington! Then Braddock had
been defeated, and I understand all.
Washington nodded; then he resumed, "we
are, as you suppose, retreating; and you had
better join us. We must off at once; it is not
safe for you or us to remain here."

THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and scars;
To my truest heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look which saith,
Save us! save us! we are round us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death.

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready;
We would learn, if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach.

Raise up by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man your powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you shall make us—
Make us wise, and make us good;
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces;
See you not our willing hearts?
Only love us—only lead us—
Only let us know you need us,
And we will do our parts.

We are thousands, many thousands;
Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We the legion of true honor,
Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days aside onward,
They can never be ours again;
Save us, save! from our undoing!
Save from ignorance and ruin!
Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our father's teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers;
In the day that dawnseth how!

Such children's mute appealing;
All my inmost soul was stirred;
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "Thy children's prayer is heard!"

FOREIGN EXTRACTS.

FROM PAPERS RECEIVED BY THE LAST STEAMER.

ITALY. A supplement of the *Italia* gives
the following from Rome, of the 23d ult.

Piedmont has decidedly pronounced in fa-
vor of the Pope. Last night an extraordinary
courier of the Cabinet of Turin brought the
news. The enthusiasm caused by this very im-
portant step in Italian nationality is extraor-
dinary; and our Government has most willing-
ly adopted the proposal. This morning, the
Pope, on his return from the University, where
he had distributed medals to the students, was
waited upon by the Marquis Pareto, the Sar-
dinian Minister, and had a two hours' confer-
ence with him. The Pope, on entering the
University, bestowed much praise on the Civic
Guard that received him; he harangued the
students with great animation, saying that they
were the hopes and support of their country,
exhorting them to study, and repeated to them
the promise of persevering with an undaunted
step in the path of reform.

The same journal has the following from Bo-
logna, also dated the 23d ult.

"The universal desire of the citizens has
been acceded to. The Pope prepares for de-
fence. Troops constantly arrive, and are dis-
tributed in three points of observation—one at
the defile of St. Gallio by the Reno, on the
road from Bologna to Ferrara; the second at
Castel Franco, between Bologna and Modena;
the last at the defile of Bastia, by the Reno,
near Argenta. Forli and Ancona are two
more centres of operation, for the concentra-
tion of troops, forming a line of observation
along the Adriatic. All the intermediate
towns between Bologna and the two former,
are defended by the national guard, already in
active service, and inspired with the greatest
enthusiasm."

A letter from Leghorn, of the 25th ult.,
states that Cardinal Fereiri has sent a note to
the Cabinet of Vienna, stating that if the Aus-
trian troops should not be withdrawn from Fer-
rara in a fortnight, the Pope's Nuncio at Vi-
enna will be recalled, and the Count de Lut-
zow, the Austrian Ambassador, will receive his
passports. The same letter states that the
Austrian General at Ferrara, has given notice
that one of the Pontifical troops will be al-
lowed to quit the town without his permission.
This notice, says the writer, has produced a
third protest from the Cardinal Legate. There
was still great excitement at Leghorn, and the
demand for the organization of a national guard
was persisted in.—*London Morning Post.*

DEATH INDUCED BY SEA-SICKNESS. The
Guernsey Star of Aug. 30th, says:—Amongst
the passengers who came from Jersey yester-
day, by the Wonder, was Miss E. Huet. This
young lady had been, for some time in a deli-
cate state of health, and was recommended to
take the trip for change of air. Unfortunately,
however, she was attacked with sea-sick-
ness on board the vessel, and, through the con-
sequent efforts in vomiting, an internal rupture
or derangement took place. On the arrival of
the vessel, Miss Huet was taken to the house
of Mr. Greenslade, where she received every
possible attention; but the injury she had sus-
tained was fatal, and she expired in the course
of the afternoon.

THE CHOLERA IN TRANSCAUCASIA. We
have received some interesting details respect-

ing the spread of the cholera in some of the
Transcaucasian provinces. It is said that the
cholera was brought by Trabzon Hadsia, in
September, 1845, from Herat to Samarcand,
and Bucharra in November. It extended to
Teheran, and after the 12th of June, 1846, be-
gan to rage there with great violence. The
mortality reached to 300 persons a day, who
suddenly sink into a state of lethargy, and ex-
pire in two or three hours, without convulsions
or vomitings, but through an entire cessation
of the circulation of the blood, which could
not be restored by any means whatever.—*St.
Petersburg Gazette.*

IRISH SUPPLIES. The arrivals of Monday
last (30th ult.) at the port of London, included
nine vessels from the Irish ports, laden with
provisions of various kinds, which fact is of so
much commercial and domestic importance as
to require an especial record. The nature of
these supplies (comprising large quantities of
butter, bacon, pork, &c.) assure us that the ma-
jority of them are of home, that is, of Irish
production, and the reason we make particular
mention of them is, that we may express our
gratification that the improved state of the
country will enable it to spare so much of its
produce for export to this country, which is
otherwise so amply supplied from all quarters,
in addition to our own supplies, and also of the
commercial advantages which must accrue
therefrom.—*London Post, Sept. 3d.*

LOCUSTS. It appears from paragraphs in
several newspapers, that flights of locusts have
again visited the east coast of England. The
insect is thus described: "It is a monstrous in-
sect, having a brown body full two inches in
length and an inch in circumference, with two
pairs of wings, very large eyes, and an im-
mense mouth, and legs of great length and
power."

DARING FEAT. The American Frigate
Macedonian, formerly conquered from Great
Britain, and now sent there with a gratuitous
supply of provisions, was waiting at the Tail
of the Bank on the River Clyde, when the
Queen and Prince Albert arrived there, on a
tour through Scotland. Just when the Queen's
steamer was about to pass the Macedonian, and
whilst cannon were roaring from the shore in
every direction, and the atmosphere resound-
ing with the hoarseness of the multitudes, two sea-
men were observed on board the American
frigate, the one coolly sitting on the summit of
the foretop royal, and the other on the mizen-
top-royal mast. Immediately a third sailor
was observed mounting the mainmast; he also
ran up the rigging to the top-royal mast, which
he nimbly ascended, and then standing on its
very top with one foot, he deliberately took off
his hat, waved it three times round his head,
gave a cheer to her Majesty. A seaman on
board one of the Queen's ships was next seen
ascending to the very summit of the top-mast;
but when he had nearly reached the top, he
was to appearance, ordered down by an officer,
who very prudently, as we conceive, counter-
manded the imitation of a more brave, but cer-
tainly a very foolish feat.—*Liverpool (Eng.)
Albion.*

NOVEL INVENTION. We are informed that
an engineer in Glasgow has made an invention
by which vessels on rivers and canals, &c. can
be propelled at about the same speed as steam
carriages on railways, and about half the cost.
He has offered to try it on the Glasgow and
 Paisley Canal. It is said that if the canal
boats paid formerly at 4d. by this invention
they will be amply remunerated with 2d. We
believe that neither paddles nor screws are used.
From the trials he has already made, so sa-
guine is the engineer of success, that he offers
to bear the expense should a failure ensue.—
(Paisley) (Scot.) Advertiser.

COVETOUSNESS PUNISHED. A farmer in
this neighborhood is still a holder of last year's
wheat. He refused 14s. 6d. per bushel, and
has since sold a part at 7s. 3d. This savors
something of insanity, but is a disease more
sordid and less to be pitied.—*Sherborne Jour.*

THE POTATO CROP turns out so exceed-
ingly productive here this season, that one grower
has realized 32l per acre for his crop, although
he has sold at moderate prices.—*Id.*

SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

The condition of society in France, as re-
presented by the recent arrivals from Europe, is
truly lamentable. The depravity which pre-
vails, particularly among the educated and
higher classes, is almost incredible. The cor-
ruption discovered in every department of the
government, the immorality of even the King's
family, as exemplified in the seduction of a no-
ble lady, the daughter of a Marshal of the Em-
pire, by the Duke of Nemours, and in the
discovery of one of the King's own aid-de-
camps in disgraceful knavery at cards—these
we have already noticed. Then came the hor-
rible tragedy of Frassin-Choisel; nor does the
list end here. By the Britannia, we learn that
the Count Alfred Montequieu has stabbed
himself in consequence of either gaming
losses or forgery. And last, the Prince d'Eck-
muhl, son of Marshal Davoust, deemed insane
for some time, has stabbed his mistress whom
he brought from India. Never, even in the
days of the most licentious courts, was proflig-
acy and crime so rife in France as under the
reign of the citizen King. These successive
developments have aroused the public mind
to such a state of ferment, as may lead to great
and surprising events.—*Albany Arg.*

LATE HOURS.

All animals, except those that prowl at night,
retire to rest soon after the sun goes down,
from which we may conclude that Nature in-
tended that the human species should follow
their example. It is from the early hours of
sleep, which are the most sweet and refreshing,
that the re-accumulation of muscular energy
and bodily strength takes place, as well as of
that due excitability in the brain indispensable
to the operation of our waking hours. Sleep
has been called the "chief nourisher in life's
feast," but how few find it such! In order
that sleep may be refreshing, it is necessary to
take sufficient exercise in the open air, during
the day, to take a light supper, or none at all,
avoiding tea or coffee late in the evening,
to sleep on a hair mattress, with a light covering
of bed-clothes, in a room freely ventilated.—
It is well known that the Duke of Wellington,
now a hale old man, is accustomed to sleep on
a narrow hard pallet; and we believe the couch
of her Majesty is also of the simplest possible
construction. It is reported that the Duke
justifies the narrowness of his resting-place on
the plea that when a man wishes to turn, it is

then high time to get up. We seldom hear the
laborious peasant complain of restless nights.
The indolent pampered epicure, or the man
who overtasks his brain and denies himself
bodily exercise, is very liable to sleeplessness.—
English paper.

LABOR IN THE SLAVE STATES.

The Louisville Examiner gives the following
graphic demonstration of the effect of Slavery
upon the poor white laborers of Kentucky:

Consider, then, the case of these fathers, who,
as small farmers, or poor mechanics, are ob-
liged to keep their offspring in the field or shop,
while all around them slaves are doing the
work they do. The masters of these slaves
would do no harm to these poor young whites;
they mean none to them whatever; nay, they
would help them if they could; but the very
fact that they keep aloof from all toil, that their
boys shun it as a hated or despised thing; and
short in all the joys of freedom of youth, as
free from care as the wild winds that blow by
them, while their poorer slaves, under a broil-
ing sun or the biting cold, are working on, heav-
ily, and drudgingly, makes the institution of
slavery enter like iron into their souls. They
might submit were they alone concerned; but
for their children's sake they cannot; and they
go from us, and in a free land seek a fairer,
happier field of action for them and theirs!—
Kentucky, from this cause has helped to swell
the population of many free States.

This difficulty again presses home with ten-
fold severity upon non-slave holders, because
of the conduct of the slaves.

Negroes are imitators beyond any portion of
our race. They catch the manners of masters
and ape quickly the sentiments of the public.
And, consequently, all over the South we find
them speaking of, and treating contempt

THE WIFE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl, when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her a few moments, with unmingled admiration and the warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead, and melted into beauty on his lip.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them, as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his eye might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost to baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward you are ill to-night," said his wife in a low, sweet, half-inquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim, and forbidden glance.

It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy, that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal; dreadful to watch the convulsive features or the gloomy brow, the involuntary sigh of sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

She assayed once more. "Edward," she said slowly, mildly, and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who had never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled and yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twin were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and had failed in a high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, miserably fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward, my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God, my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed the pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash.

"I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

"But, Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, and all will be well, and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female garb."

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady, that the time allotted for her visit had expired.

"Farewell! we shall meet again," responded the wife; and the husband passed out unsuspected and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again; the wife and husband; but only as the dead may meet; in the awful commingings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions were accomplished in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found, wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale, but beautiful corpse of the devoted wife.

INTERESTING FACTS REGARDING THE SALMON.—Two years ago a number of foul fish were taken in the Tay, by orders of Lord Glenlyon, now Duke of Athol, and marked by having a medal attached by a copper wire to the dead fin, or fastened to the tail, the medal having the name of his grace and the number of the fish engraved. One of the fish was taken last season in the Tay, about three months after it had been marked, when its weight was found to have increased from 8 1/2 lbs. to 21 lbs.—17 1/2 lbs. in three months! Another of the marked fish was taken on Saturday last in the same river; its weight was 18 lbs. The reason assigned for this fish not having grown better is, that the wire round the tail was too tight, the skin being cut all round.

Dundee Ad.—That woman "living with ten husbands" in New Hampshire, who has scandalized all the readers of the newspapers for a month or two past, is now said to be a Mrs. Husband with nine children—of course they and their father are all her husbands.

The political writings of the late Silas Wright, are to be published by R. H. Gillet, who has been for some time collecting them.

This and That.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"Dear mamma," said a lovely little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden. "Why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! what can be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said the mother, and see which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and she could scarcely believe herself, that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a rich odour.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"Oh, dear mother, it is this little violet."

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is as worthlessness, in opinion, as beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! what beautiful curls! what a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember, then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember, also, when your mother may not be there to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless."

"IT IS ONLY ONCE."

"When a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, I remember asking my beloved and honored father a question which afforded him the opportunity of impressing on my mind an important caution. I well remember the place, the time, and the tone of voice in which it was uttered. 'One false step has ruined many a young man.' I never forgot it. I was exposed to strong temptations, and was sometimes on the verge of compliance, but the serious voice of my father seemed to sound in my ear, 'One false step has ruined many a young man,' and I believe it saved me. If, my dear young friends, I could impress that thought on your hearts, I should deem the evening's labor not lost. You may be tempted to enter the tavern, and the plea may be, 'It is only once.' It is a false step; it may ruin you. You may be tempted to forsake the sanctuary, and to break God's holy day, and the plea may be, 'It is only once.' It is a false step; it may ruin you. The property of others may be within your reach, and you may be tempted to appropriate that sum of money to your own use, thinking, perhaps, you will never be detected, and the plea may be, 'It is only once.' It is a false step; it may ruin you. If the one false step do not itself prove ruinous, it may be the first step on the road to ruin. It may lead to others, which will issue in your present and everlasting destruction. Resist beginnings. Avoid, I beseech you, the first false step."

REAL ESTATE AND ROBERT RAND.

Within the past few days, an article headed "Rise in Real Estate"—which, so far as it goes, is literally true—has been going the rounds of the papers, and has called to the memory of our somewhat aged and highly esteemed friend "Senex," a matter of fact, from which we create the following story, which will undoubtedly be recognized by some of our older citizens as true to the letter. One day in the month of December, A. D. 1818, our friend "Senex" (who, by the way, is a lawyer by profession) was called upon to visit a tenant of the "old Alma House," then situated on Leverett street. The name of the tenant alluded to was Robert Rand, familiarly known at the time as "Bob Rand," and for several years previous employed by the late Shubael Bell, Esq., at the jail office, in writing for him, but who afterward had the misfortune to become intemperate, and was sent to the Alma House.

At the interview, Bob informed Mr. "Senex" that he believed he was legally entitled to some "flats" near the bottom of Poplar street, and wished him to examine the records, and if his title was found to be good, to cause his right in the property to be sold at auction for cash, for the most that was offered. Upon examination of the records, it was ascertained that Bob was legally entitled to the "flats" as represented, and also, that he was the rightful owner of one sixth of "Homer's wharf," situated on what is now called Fulton street. According to Bob's request, the flats were duly advertised and sold at public auction, by Mr. Jutan, an old auctioneer, doubtless well remembered by many of our citizens. After deducting the necessary expenses, Bob received from the hands of "Senex" the sum of \$160, being the proceeds of an estate which, together with the subsequent improvements, is at the present time valued at not far from \$75,000.

At the time of paying Bob the proceeds of his flats, "Senex" informed him of his title to a part of "Homer's wharf." Shortly after this, Bob left his quarters at the Alma House, and directed his legal friend and adviser to dispose of his right in the wharf, which was then valuable property. After some deliberation about the matter, Mr. Homer, who owned the remaining portion of the wharf, made an offer of thirty-four hundred dollars for the share belonging to Bob. Instead of conforming to the custom, as practised now-a-days, of taking all one can get, Bob, on no condition, would consent to receive more than \$2300 for an estate, including improvements, which is now worth nearly \$200,000. The terms of payment were \$600 cash down, and three notes with interest, given by Mr. Homer, on six, twelve, and eighteen months.

A deed of the estate was made, signed, sealed and delivered; the cash payment was made, and Bob came out a dashing beau. Feeling himself perfectly independent, and that he had sufficient means to secure to himself a "living in high life" for the remainder of his days, he made arrangements to be master of a house, situated at the "North End," the reputation of which was by no means the best that could be desired. It is unnecessary to say that a life of dissipation was commenced, and thoroughly persevered in until his "mint of money" had been all squandered. The sequel to this simple story is, that in less than six weeks afterwards, all his ready money had disappeared, and in order to replenish his stock, he was compelled to get his three notes discounted, paying therefor enormous per centage; and in less than six months after the sale of the "flats" at the foot of Poplar street, Bob Rand was again a penniless tenant of the "Old Alma House," where he shortly after breathed his last.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

The Boston Liberator has a letter from Mr. Garrison, by his own hand, announcing his convalescence, and says he is in the best of hands, receiving every possible attention.

A LARGE FORTUNE IN WANT OF AN OWNER.

Some twenty years ago, more or less—a gentleman by the name of Dudley, died intestate in England, leaving a fortune estimated at \$150,000,000. An advertisement has appeared several times in the London Times to the heirs (if there be such) to come forward and prove their relationship to the defunct. The notice applies as well to persons in this country, as to persons in England. The first of the name who came over to this country, we believe, was Rev. Samuel Dudley, who came to New England in 1630. His first wife, Mary, daughter of Gov. Winthrop, died in 1743. He married twice afterwards, and had, by his last wives, as many as fifteen children. He claimed consanguinity with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the profligate and God-abandoned favorite of Queen Elizabeth; and from the family of the latter, the person to whom we have alluded as leaving such an immense fortune, is said to have descended.—*Post Bee.*

THE PRASLIN TRAGEDY.

The London correspondent of the Boston Evening Traveller, under date of Sept. 3, gives the following in relation to this horrible affair. The murder of the Duchess of Praslin was a shocking one. No authentic account of the wounds inflicted upon her has yet been published, yet the Paris journals give some painfully interesting particulars, gathered from persons who saw the Duchess immediately after the murder. Her whole body was covered with blood, and there were eleven deep and large wounds on her head. The nose, eyes, lips and chin were also wounded. Four large wounds were discovered in the neck. On the chest and other parts of the body there were ten wounds more or less deep. The thumb of the left hand was nearly severed. Thus more than thirty wounds were inflicted upon her, and most of them whilst she was asleep. There was a long and violent struggle before her death.

It is stated that nearly the whole of the ancient nobles, and almost every distinguished family in France, are connected by consanguinity or par alliance with the Duke of Praslin. The immediate members of the families of Praslin, of De Grigny, and of Sebastiani, were horrified by the violent death of one relative and the suicide of another—one event marking with misfortune, and the other with savage demoralization, the records of the hitherto spotless fame of their respective houses. The middle classes, it is said, regard with horror and with gloomy anticipations the new blow given to the respectability of the aristocracy and the peerage. The lower orders, with natural, however lamentable, complacency, felicitate themselves on the development of crime in these ranks which prescription has placed above them, and offered to them for instruction and imitation. One writer says: "All the male population of Paris cursed the Duke for the incredible cruelty with which he murdered his wife. The women, without exception, would tear into shreds the butcher of the mother of his nine children. Scarcely a month passes in France without an execution of men for the murder of their wives or concubines, or of women for the assassination of their husbands, at the instance of paramours. Poison or the pistol are the usual means of these criminals; but the scene of slaughter—of coolly prepared, persevering, relentless cruelty—and of heroic resistance, of which the chamber of the Duchess of Praslin must have been the theatre, has no parallel in modern times."

The Duke of Praslin is the chief of the third branch of the dual house of Choiseul. He was born in 1804, and was consequently in his forty-third year. In 1825, he married Fanny, daughter of Horace Sebastiani, now Marshal of France. By this marriage there are nine children. The Duke of Praslin has a brother, Count Edgar Praslin. He has also three sisters, who are married to persons of the highest nobility of the old monarchy. The Duke is the owner of the chateau and grounds of Vaux, where he expended two millions of francs in repairs and embellishments, restoring the place to its magnificence in the time of its former owner Fouquet.

The Duchess of Praslin was possessed of a large fortune. It is related of her that she was always exceedingly kind and generous to the poor.

IMPORTANT & INTERESTING SLAVE CASE.

A few months ago, a slave named Brown, belonging to a Mr. Somerville, of Maryland, was murdered by his master. Some time after, the master himself was murdered, and the brother of the murdered slave was taken up and tried for the offence. Not the smallest evidence could be made out against him, and he was acquitted. An acquittal of a colored man in such a region of the world, must be held as a most convincing proof of his innocence. But the relatives of the deceased slave Brown into the desolating bondage of the South. He made his escape from New Orleans and reached Philadelphia, where he expected to live in safety. But the man-stealer was on his track. Brown had a wife and seven children in Maryland, whom he was desirous of rescuing from bondage. He had assumed the name of Russell—but a correspondence was commenced from Philadelphia in his real name—the letter reached the slave owners, and they determined to be revenged still farther.

The thieves of Maryland had no longer any control over his body as property, for they had made it over to the thieves of New Orleans, but two of them appeared at Philadelphia, claiming Brown as a murderer! This is a favorite and hackneyed mode of seizing a victim. The applicants knew well that they had no right to claim the persecuted man as a murderer, for he had been tried and acquitted, and could not be tried again. But, if they had him once in their possession, they could easily do privately what they could not do judicially, and at least they could punish him severely for running away, and restore him to chains and bondage. Two bloodhounds appeared at the Magistrate's office in Philadelphia, claiming their victim. He was clapped into prison, but the warrant was informal, and on that ground he was released. Seizing the favorable moment, before the informality could be remedied, Brown made tracks for Canada, passing through New York—Rev. Mr. Young of that city kindly agreed to accompany the persecuted man to Canada.

Without the loss of a moment they proceeded to Montreal and laid the case before Lord Elgin, claiming that protection which it is the glory of the British law to give to the innocent. Proofs of the trial and acquittal, which, with other particulars, had been published in pamphlet form, were laid before the Governor General, who gave his unqualified assurance that the hunted man would not be surrendered to his persecutors. The appeal was not too soon. Next day the two blood-hounds presented themselves before the Governor General, demanding the surrender of Brown, and it is almost unnecessary to say they met with a pointed refusal. And now, this injured man, with his wife and seven children, who had also

escaped, are in Canada, safe from the hands of the man-stealer. Some magistrate, from ignorance of the facts, may possibly give him up on a charge of murder, although this is not likely. However, to prevent it, we have to request our contemporaries, as an act of justice and humanity, to hand-around this note of warning. Let it never be said that there is a single magistrate in the length and breadth of British North America so ignorant, or so indifferent as to surrender a fellow man into the hands of the relentless slaveholder.—*Toronto (Canada) Banner, Sept. 17th.*

APHORISMS. He, who is always to be waited for, is indolent, neglectful, proud, or altogether.

He, who can rail at benevolence, has set his heel on the neck of religion.

Who always prefaces his tale with laughter, is poised between impertinence and folly.

He is both outrageously vain and malicious who ascribes the best actions of the good to vanity alone.

The creditor who humanely spares an ungrateful debtor, has few steps to make towards the circle of saints.

The creditor, whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot on storms.

If you mean to escape your creditor or enemy, avoid him not.

The rapid, who can bear the slow with patience, can bear all injuries.

THE EASTERN MAIL.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 30.

NOTICE.

The office of the Mail is removed to Wingate's new building, Main street, opposite W. C. Dow & Co's store.

A. & K. RAILROAD.

Our village has been filled for a day or two past with persons desirous to contract for the last division of the A. & K. Railroad. Much interest seems manifested by the different contractors to obtain contracts on the road. Among them we recognized some of the most substantial and experienced men, in the construction of railroads, in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. As the Directors had not concluded their examinations of the different proposals when our paper went to press, we are unable to communicate to whom the different sections have been let. We understand that the grading is to be commenced on this division as soon as the contracts are closed.

WATERVILLE HIGH SCHOOLS. These, as we have often enough said, need only to be fully known, to be well patronized from abroad.

Our neighbor of the *Norway Advertiser* has a very generous notice of one of them—the Liberal Institute—which we believe is well deserved:

"This institution of learning is now in a flourishing condition, having taken a deservedly high stand under the management of its able and efficient principal, Rev. H. B. Magalhães, well known for many years in Massachusetts, his native State, as a uniformly successful and approved teacher. Ever since the Institute came under his charge, his efforts to render it worthy of public confidence have been unceasing; and judging from the unusually large number of students in attendance the present term, his commendable zeal in the cause of popular education will not go unrewarded. The method of instruction pursued is thorough and effectual, designed alike to develop the understanding and strengthen the memory. The discipline is mild, but strict and parental."

Waterville has two high schools, of very decided merit; rivalling each other only in their efforts to benefit the youth committed to their instruction. They are under the care of experienced and competent teachers, whose success is best indicated by the generous patronage they have secured. They are uniformly commended by those from abroad who have examined their high claims to merit; while those of our citizens who are educating sons and daughters, have adopted the judicious course of patronizing our own schools, instead of conferring favors abroad. While this course indicates their confidence in these schools, it at the same time contributes to make them what they should be.

LATE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION.

The United States General Convention of Universalists, held in the City of New York, on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of the present month, seems to have been numerously attended. There were present of the order more than one hundred preachers from the different parts of the country. Hon. Joseph Healy, of N. H., was moderator, and Hosea Ballou, D.D., of Mass., preached the occasional discourse.—Fifteen other sermons were delivered, besides several conferences, and discussions in the Sabbath School Meetings, and the Educational Convention.

At the last named meeting, of which Rev. Mr. Gardner of this place was Moderator, measures were taken for raising \$100,000 towards the establishment of a College in the Valley of the Hudson or Mohawk river. The meetings throughout, according to the Editor of the *Banner*, who was present, were entirely harmonious.

VERMONT ELECTION. The result, so far as we can decide from the different reports, indicates a close trial for Governor in the Legislature. The Democratic and Liberty members probably just about equal the Whigs. The latter have so long held the ascendancy in the State, that the two former will doubtless be somewhat unyielding. The *Freeman*, the Liberty organ, claims 23 members—last year 10. The popular vote, of both Whigs and Liberty party, has diminished from last year, while that of the Democrats has increased. The legislature convenes early in October.

NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The meeting of the Corporation, for the purpose of completing the organization of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, was held at this place yesterday. We have only room for a brief report.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. TIMOTHY BOUTELLE, and on motion, Hon. ASHUR HINDS was chosen Chairman, and H. A. SMITH, Esq., Secretary.

A committee, consisting of T. Boutelle, Sam'l Taylor, Amasa Dingley, John Clifford, and Isa. Taylor, reported a code of By-Laws, after the adoption of which the following officers were chosen by ballot:

SAMUEL TAYLOR, Jun., President.
Ebenezer H. Scribner, 1st Vice Pres't.
Thomas Fowler, 2d "
H. A. Smith, Secretary.
Joseph Percival, Treas'r. & Collector.
Stephen Stark, Agent.
William Dyer, Librarian.

TRUSTEES.

Samuel Taylor, Jun. John F. Hunnewell.
Ashur Hinds. Reuben H. Green.
Sumner Percival.

Voted, That the Trustees be instructed, if under all circumstances they deem it expedient, to appoint one or more, not exceeding three persons, to make agricultural surveys in the several towns composing the Society, according to the provisions of the law of March, 1845.

Voted, Two thirds of the members present voting therefor, that the By-Law fixing the time of the Annual Exhibition be suspended for the present year, and that there shall be a Cattle Show and Fair at Waterville, on the last Tuesday of October, and the Wednesday following.

Voted, That the following individuals be appointed to invite persons in the several towns composing this society, to become members thereof:—E. H. Scribner, Robert Ayer, Isa. Taylor, Joseph Taylor, Allen Jones, J. F. Hunnewell, Harrison Jaquith, Madison Crowell, Ashur Hinds, J. L. Seaver, D. L. Millikin, Eben Shaw.

The meeting was well attended, and exhibited a determined zeal that promises well for the success of the society. The question of a public Fair the present season was thoroughly examined; and the few who at first hesitated, were finally so far assured of success, by the energy manifested in favor of a Fair, as to go with apparent cordiality for the measure. It was evident that those present were conscious of having good crops and fine cattle enough to make a show that would secure the society from disgrace. We doubt not that the result will be successful beyond general expectation, and trust there will be an exhibition that will justify the measure of forming a second agricultural society in Old Kennebec.

FOR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

Corn is plenty this year, and flour costs money. Now this is the time for good wives and daughters to surprise those who have to pay for what is eaten, with something nice in the line of economy. Show them how you save the flour, and yet live all the better.—Take a little pains, and make something nice.

The old-fashioned dry Johnny Cake should stand aside for something better. Look over the following—try one to-day, another to-morrow, and so on, till you see which is best. See how much money you can save for new dresses and winter bonnets. It is a good idea; try it, and see how good natured it will make the men.

Superior Johnny Cake. Take one pint of cream, half a pint of milk, two eggs, two table-spoonfuls of wheat flour, and a half table-spoonful of carbonate of soda, and salt to suit the taste. Bake in a hot oven.

An excellent Johnny Cake. Take one quart of milk, three eggs, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, one tea-spoonful of wheat flour, and Indian meal sufficient to make a batter of the consistency of pancake. Bake quick, in pans previously buttered, and eat it warm with butter or milk.

Indian Cake. One pint of sour milk, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, one table-spoonful of sugar, one table-spoonful of butter, one egg, salt, and meal enough to make it too stiff to pour.

Batter Cake, No. 1. Prepare a thick batter, by stirring sifted meal with cold water, and then wetting it into that which is boiling, salt, and when it is lukewarm, add yeast, when risen, bake in thin cakes over the fire.

No. 2. Take sour milk, correct its acidity with carbonate of soda, add salt and meal to make a thick batter, and cook as before.

Corn Bread. To one quart of sifted meal, add one tea-cup of cream, three eggs, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in water, buttermilk to make it quite soft; stir it well and bake it in a bake-kettle or oven.

Hot Pudding. Put in three pints of water, and a table-spoonful of salt, and when it begins to boil, stir in meal until it is thick enough for the table. Add, if you choose, a sour apple, chopped; cook twenty or thirty minutes. Eaten with milk, butter, or treacle.

Hot Pudding Bread. Prepare hot pudding as before; when lukewarm add yeast, and after rising bake in a deep dish in a hot oven.

Corn Meal Pudding. Scald four quarts of milk, stir into it one quart of sifted meal, one cup of molasses, a table-spoonful of salt, a little spice of any kind you like; bake it three or four hours in a pretty hot oven.

Baked Pudding. To two quarts of milk, add one quart of meal, a little salt, and a cup of sugar. Prepare by heating the milk over the fire, stirring it occasionally to prevent its burning; when it scarcely boils remove it, put in the salt and sugar, and scatter in the meal, stirring rapidly to prevent its collecting into lumps; put in the nutmeg, and turn it into a deep pan. Bake immediately, or otherwise, as may be convenient, in a hot oven, 3 hours. When it is baked an hour or more, pour over the pudding one gill or one half pint of milk; this will soon soften the crust, and form a delicious whey.

Boiled Pudding. Into two quarts of meal, stir three pints of boiling water, some salt, a gill of molasses or treacle, spice or not, as you choose, tie up in a strong cloth or pudding bag, put into boiling water, and cook over a steady fire for three hours.

Superior Boiled Pudding. To one quart of Indian meal, add three pints of hot milk, half a pint of molasses of treacle, a dessert spoonful of salt, one ounce or more of beef suet, cut

fine. Stir the materials well together, tie them in a cloth, allowing room for the pudding to swell one-eighth larger, and boil it six or eight hours—the longer it boils, the better. It may be made without suet.

We have received the 3d and 4th numbers of the "Daguerreotype," which fully sustain the opinion heretofore expressed, that it was destined to stand among our very best magazines. Many of its articles are of the choicest character, and such as must ultimately secure public favor.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

HEARTLESS VILLANY.

The *Stamford (Conn.) Advocate* publishes the following account of a successful piece of villainy, perpetrated upon a young widow of that town, by a shoemaker named Calvin L. Ball, who lately came there from New York city.

This Ball came to Darien some time last Spring, in the capacity of a journeyman shoemaker, and obtained work of Mr. Fuller. He was in the neighborhood but a day or two before he selected out a widow, then residing with her parents; and worth some seven or eight thousand dollars, as his victim. By the aid of a treacherous female neighbor (who, it is confidently believed, received a handsome reward for her services), he soon obtained an interview with the widow lady, and by false representation of his circumstances and prospects, confirmed by his female conspirator, in about two weeks succeeded in prevailing upon his victim to accompany him to Port Chester, unbeknown to her parents and friends, where she was married to him by Rev. Mr. Wilson. They then returned to Darien, where they took board for a time with the female conspirator. Ball now set about converting Mrs. Ball's notes and evidences of debt into cash, by her consent, under a pretence that a favorable opportunity offered to engage in a profitable business in the city of New York.

Some four or five thousand dollars were gathered together, and they proceeded to New York, with a fine horse and wagon, and the furniture, linen, &c., of Mrs. B., before marriage, and took rooms at No. 26 Downing St. He had not been there many days, before he pretended a disappointment in some of his arrangements, and proposed to deposit \$3,000 which Mrs. Ball had then by her in specie, in one of the banks, until such a time as it might be needed. This was consented to, and the money was taken away by Mr. Ball.

The next day, he brought in a bank book containing an entry of the deposit in the usual form, and prevented all suspicion of any wrong.

On Sunday (the 4th of July) he complained of feeling ill, and thought he would flee from the noise by going over to the Jerseys. Mrs. Ball proposed to accompany him, and thought it would be a pleasant excursion; but Ball demurred, so the proposed excursion was recalled. On Monday morning the two rose early, sipped a dish of coffee together, and then, after the assurance of returning early in the evening, not forgetting to borrow her elegant gold watch and chain, worth two hundred dollars or more, and invaluable as the gift of her former husband, he took his departure, and from that time to the present, Mrs. Ball has had no positive intelligence of him.

Mr. Ball not returning that night, Mrs. B. became uneasy. On sipping her coffee the next morning, she thought it tasted strangely, and she drank but little. Her sister, however, who was at the table with her, drank her usual quantity, and soon after was taken with vomiting. The dry coffee was examined, and a white substance was observed in it, resembling arsenic, and it was all immediately hove into the sink. Soon after, on going to her bed-chamber, she noticed A. L. her husband's clothes were missing, her fine linen and other valuables gone. Suspensions of the plot now, for the first time, came suddenly and heavily upon her. She caught her check book and hurried to the bank—she had no deposit there—the entries proved a forgery. Ball had been the bank, but he took bills for the specie. She went to the stable—found her horse and wagon were gone, and subsequently she has been unable to gain any trace of her husband or effects.

Mrs. Ball has returned to Darien, robbed of her entire personal estate, and she now solicits the aid of every friend of injured confidence, to aid her in bringing Calvin L. Ball to that justice which his rascality merits.

THE RUMOR OF PEACE. In reference to the letter from Mexico, published by the New Orleans Patria, the Picayune says:

'It is no later from the city of Mexico than has been received by way of Vera Cruz. Nobody, we take it, believes that the United States are going to restore California. There may be some diplomatic arrangement, by which we may exchange the title by conquest, which we now have, for one by purchase—we suppose the three millions are intended for some such purpose. But the United States will never give up California, and this part of the letter must be all fudge. The statement about the canal and Matamoros is simply unintelligible.'

The N. O. Delta looks upon the letter as a humbug, and rejects with contempt the idea of restoring to Mexico, without indemnity, what we have acquired by glorious conquest, and reserving to ourselves only what we were in full possession of before.

It is obvious that no credit should attach to the rumor; for, as we before remarked, it professes to give later news without being of any later date.—*Traveller.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. A correspondent of the N. York Evangelist, describes a recent visit to Mr. Adams, at Quincy. He states that Mr. A.'s general health is good, his spirits cheerful, and his intellectual powers bright and vigorous; and remarks that—

'The people of the United States will be interested, and generally pleased, to learn that Mr. Adams expects to be at his post in Congress at the opening of the session. The delicate health of Mrs. Adams requires a milder climate for winter than that of Massachusetts, and Mr. Adams himself thinks that he shall winter far more comfortably at Washington than at Quincy. Besides, he feels that he is bound, by duty to his constituents, to be found at his post as long as he has any remnant of strength that he can employ in their service. He observed that the only national question on which he now felt any deep interest, was that of slavery, with the Mexican war, its adjunct. On this, his patriotic anxieties are intense and unceasing. He has a great longing to see the question of slavery brought to issue in his day.'

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET. The Express says:—There have been no failures for the past two or three days, and Wall street is getting quiet again. Money, for all business purposes, is sufficiently abundant. Good business paper, even if long, is taken freely by the banks.

IMPORTANT INVENTION. The grand desideratum of applying steam and water power to propel common steaming-looms, on which vast sums of money and much time have been unsuccessfully spent in England, has at length been discovered in New Hampshire. One girl in one day presented 23 pairs of stockings and 12 pairs of drawers as the result of her day's work.

The Southern Literary Messenger dogmatizes on the subject of Slavery as follows:

'If the South choose to hold slaves, she will do so without deigning to assign any other reason than her own pleasure to meddling fanatics abroad. Let all such whining, canting, mock-philanthropists know, that slavery is an institution with which they have no concern, and with which they shall not interfere.'

The Diving Bell succeeded, a short time since, in raising about \$25,000 in specie from the wreck of the Tennessee, which was sunk near Stack Island, in the Mississippi, about twenty-four years ago.

NEWSPAPERS. There are, at the present time, in the whole of Great Britain, only five hundred and fifty-five journals, including dailies, three-weeklies, semi-weeklies, weeklies, semi-monthlies, and monthlies—the great majority of which are, of course, published in England; while in the United States, there are, we believe, nearly two thousand newspapers of various kinds; three times as many as in England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland put together, and more, it is reckoned, than all that are published in all other parts of the world.

The Bangor Whig states that Gen Venable of that city has disposed of his franchise in the Penobscot Boom to David Pingree of Salem, for \$55,000. The boom has always been a most profitable piece of property; it is estimated that it will yield, the present season, the net revenue of \$25,000.

The number of steamboats owned in New York, and registered in New York Custom House, is 183, and the amount of tonnage is 56,618. The largest is Isaac Newton, running between New York and Albany, which is 1,392. The Bay State is a larger boat, being 1,554, but is owned elsewhere.

The Whigs of N. Jersey have nominated William Wright of Essex, and the Democrats Daniel Haines of Sussex, for Governor. Election in October.

An English paper relates the death of a man named Jeffries, in a wonderful manner. He was catching fish in a pond, and attempted to pull a stone through the meshes of the net with his teeth, when the fish darted into his mouth and throat, and before assistance could be rendered he was a corpse.

A FORTUNATE COUNTRY.—In consequence of there being no prisoners, nor business of any kind to transact, at the last Assizes for the county of Radnor, the High Sheriff, Henry Miles, Esq., had to present the Judge, Mr. Justice Cresswell, with a pair of white kid gloves, embroidered in gold, and which has been forwarded to his lordship; a similar event has not taken place for a considerable number of years in that county.—*London Mercury* 21st Aug.

PLEASANT INCIDENT. The directors of the House of Industry, received a letter from a gentleman in a neighboring town the other day, stating that he had some years before given up a boy from that institution into the charge of the writers brother, who died on the 8th of May last. The boy had so won upon the affections of his master, that in his will he bequeathed him the sum of \$1000, the interest to be given him at the age of 21. This shows that in all situations, however dark the prospect, a perseverance in good conduct will meet with reward.—*Traveller.*

The good people of Kentucky have given, as it appears from the Frankfort Commonwealth, about 93,000 votes for a Convention, to revise their Constitution. The total number of voters in the State is about 137,000. The majority, therefore, for the Convention, is about 47,000.

Hon. George S. Catlin of Windham has been nominated for Governor, and Hon. O. S. Seymour of Litchfield for Lieut. Governor, by the Democrats of Connecticut.

DR. KING.

Inquiries which have recently been made of us, induce us to state again the origin of the persecution which Dr. King has suffered in Greece, and from which he has been compelled to flee for awhile to Geneva.

Dr. King has had a chapel in Athens, on his own premises, where on the Sabbath he has been accustomed to expound the Scriptures. He has also embraced opportunities at all times of conversing with the people, especially young men from the University—who it seems have been in the habit of calling upon him for that purpose—on religious subjects. In Athens there are said to be more than a thousand young men in the higher departments of education. Dr. K. was at length charged by writers in the newspapers with blaspheming the Virgin Mary, and with opposing the worship of pictures, the invocation of saints, &c. In defence of himself Dr. K. publishes a book, composed of extracts from the Greek fathers, whom the modern Greeks revere and even worship as saints. The extracts condemned in the most pointed manner the doctrines which Dr. K. had been charged with assailing, especially that of the worship of the Virgin. This produced great excitement, and increased the opposition to Dr. King. The book was anathematized by the Holy Synod of Greece, and publicly burnt, and the author was excommunicated and cursed, and prosecution commenced against him, based on a clause of the constitution which forbids an attack on the orthodox church. By the aid of a calumnious press, an intense and furious hostility was raised against Dr. K. and it is from this storm that, under the advice of the Government, he has gone to Switzerland—to return again we trust to the scene of his useful labors, when the immediate indignation shall have passed.—*Traveller.*

An interesting scene is said to have taken place recently in the Criminal Court room, in St. Louis. A lady witness was suddenly struck with the supposed identity of a juror, and a long lost father.—She sprang forward and clasped the astonished gentleman, but soon found, to her mortification, that she had made a trifling mistake.

Uncle Sam has outstanding notes against him in circulation the first of this month to the amount of \$16,000,000.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH. We are truly gratified in being enabled to assure our readers that the entire stock for the Telegraph from Troy, N. Y., to Montreal, Canada, has been subscribed, and that the work will be entered upon the ensuing week, and prosecuted with utmost energy, and the entire line ready for business on the first of December next. The several offices on the route will be in this village, Manchester, Rutland, Brandon, Middlebury, and St. Johns in Canada.—*Bennington Gazette.*

SUPPOSED ROBBERY. A boy found a pocket book yesterday at the Depot of the Boston and Maine Railroad, containing a large number of papers, but no money. It is supposed to have been picked from the pocket of a gentleman and then thrown away, as valueless to the thief. The papers indicate that the owner's name is Oscar Marshall, of Waterville, Me.—[*Boston Traveller* Sept. 22.]

The extent of water-pipes now laid in Boston is about 16 miles, of which nearly a mile is pipe of 30 inches in diameter, and more than half a mile, including the main pipe laid in Washington street, is of 24 inches. The greater part of the residue is of 12 and 6 inches. This is exclusive of the small pipes for the supply of houses, which on a considerable portion of the line are inserted into the main pipes, and lead to the side walks, thereby obviating the necessity of again disturbing the pavement, when the water shall be introduced.

The 'Second Advent' people have commenced a series of Tent Meetings on Arbor Hill, in Albany.

The New York Express, speaking of Williamsburgh, as receiving \$5,000 for the sale of rum licenses, says it cost that very town \$27,500 the last year to take care of her paupers! Will the tax-payers of Maine take warning by this little fact?

Eighty colored emigrants sailed from Baltimore for Liberia on the 3d inst. They went out in the vessel of the Colonization Society.

A new Anti-Slavery paper, called the *Crisis* is to be published at Moundsville, Western Virginia.

The mail between Springfield and New York is now carried all the way by land—it is two days in going through. The government is prosecuting individuals for carrying letters which go through in seven or eight hours.

Clips and Shots.

An ale drinker remarking one day to a friend that, among other excellent qualities, his favorite beverage made one fat. 'Yes,' was the reply, but I have often seen you lean.

'Ah,' said Mrs. Farrington, 'I never could see why people who sat in the gallery of the church should have to answer for the deeds done in the body.'

'Doctor,' said a youngster going into an apothecary shop, 'do you cure hiccups?' 'Yes,' 'Well, then, will you please to give your hands towards this "ore pitcher" who 'as been hiccupsed broken.'

A MODERATE LECTURER. Dr. Caldwell, lecturing on Phrenology, in Cincinnati, perpetrated the following: 'The three best heads in the United States are, first, Daniel Webster, second, Henry Clay,' and the third and best of the three,' said he, brushing up his hair with his hand, 'modesty forbids me to mention.'

It is said that there is a lady in Providence so aristocratic that she refuses to take a newspaper because the paper is made of rags. She studiously avoids everything of a low origin.

A gentleman complained bitterly, in a great passion to a wife, that a certain person had called him a liar at a public meeting. 'Never mind,' said she, 'he cannot prove it.' 'Yes,' replied her husband, 'but the worst of it is, he did prove it!'

The only bit of meat I've tasted in this country,' said an Irishman just landed, 'is a raw, roasted potatoe boiled yesterday, and if you don't believe me, here it is.'

The ladies of Potville recently sent an advertisement to the printer there, headed 'Beaux wanted,' and he like an ungallant gentleman refused to publish it.

'Have you any cold victuals?' said a little urchin to a young lady, who opened the door in obedience to his rap. 'Oh, no,' she replied innocently, 'they are all hot!'

'Then, please Miss,' returned the urchin, 'I'll wait till they are cold.'

A mesmerized druggist, on having his organ of adhesiveness touched, immediately rose and said he would spread a plaster.

An Irish doctor advertised that the deaf may hear of him at a house in Fifty street, where his blind patients may see him from ten till three.

LEGAL INFORMATION. If you bite a man's nose off, what are you bound by law to do? Keep the piece.

PARVOUS CONSUMED. Why is a dead dog's tail like a toll gate? Because it's stopped a waggon!

Why is a live dog's tail like the root of a tree? Because it's a furthest from the bark.

A GUN DISCHARGED. We remember to have heard a good story relating to one Alexander Gun, who belonged to the Customs at —, and was dismissed for improper conduct. The entry opposite his name in the books stood thus:—A Gun discharged for making a false report!

CURIOUSITIES. Cradle night nursed her shadows in.—One of the kittens of a cat-nine-tails. Rockers off the cradle of the deep. Teetotum used by a Spinning Jenny.

Every one has read the story of the philosopher who, when his dog Diamond had destroyed the work of years, merely told the quadruped that he didn't know the mischief he had done; which no doubt was true; and perhaps the little rascal knew as much of philosophy as he did of the speech made to him on the occasion. Such instances of equanimity are rare. Probably but one other case has transpired since then, and this was when the cat ran off with Mrs. Farrington's steak, which she had just prepared for dinner. When informed of it by her amice, the old lady smiled as she spoke:—'That cat always was agreeable to my cooking; some people's vittles she wouldn't touch; we must put ourselves on a regiment-to-day, Lucy! What a lesson to indolence in domestic whirlwinds!—*Boston Post.*

POPPING THE QUESTION. A writer who takes the soubriquet of 'JENNY SHOOT,' thus gives his experience on this subject. He has undoubtedly 'seen the elephant.' 'It will pop itself. It's nonsense this lending young folks a helping hand—take my word for it, all they wish is to be left alone—and if they are confounded young matters about, let them be put in a bed or drowned, it can't matter a fig which. If lovers haven't no tongues, haven't they eyes, eyes! and where is the simper that don't tell whether a girl loves him, without a word on her part? No one adores modesty more than I do—but the most delicate angel of them all won't disguise her little heart when you alone with her. A blush, a sigh, a studied avoidance of you in company, with a low, thrilling trembling of the voice at times, when no one else is by, tell more than the smiles of a thousand coquettes. Ah, you needn't shake your head—you will no doubt be soon caught—oh, if you fall in love, as you will, my word on it—the very echo of one footstep will make your heart flutter like a frightened bird.'

The Georgia summer costume in riding, is a shirt collar and a pair of spurs. How cool, such weather as this.

Markets.

BOSTON, Sept. 25.

Flour.—Demand good for all kinds, and receipts light for the season. Sales Howard street, \$6.25, and Genesee \$6.12; Genesee, new, \$6.12, and good old do. \$6 per bbl. Receipts today at Railroad, 844 bbls.

Grain.—An active demand is experienced for good qualities mealing corn. Sales yellow dent, 72c, and white 68 to 70c per bushel. Oats, North River 58c.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.

Flour stands at \$5 56 to 5 88 for Western, 5 75 for for Southern. Wheat firm, sales at 125c.

WATERVILLE, Sept. 29.

Retail Prices. Flour, bbl. \$6.00 to 7.00 for extra; but, 18c. per lb.; Cheese, 8c.; Eggs, 10c. per doz.; Wheat, bush. \$1.25 to 1.33; Corn, 92c.; Rye, 81c.; Oats 55 to 57c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Sept. 20, 1847.

At market 1100 beef cattle, 1100 stores, 12 yokes working oxen, 30 cows and calves, 3700 sheep and lambs, and 2200 swine.

Beef cattle.—Extra, \$6.50, 1st quality \$5.75 to \$6.25, 2d \$5 to \$5.50, 3d \$4 to \$4.50.

Stores.—2 years old beefers \$12 to \$16. Working oxen.—Sales at \$20 to \$100.

Cows and calves.—Sales at \$70 to 40; extra \$50. Sheep and lambs.—Old sheep \$1.25 to \$2.50, lambs \$1.25 to \$2.

Swine.—Sows 5 1-4c, small pigs 4 1-4c to 5.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Sept. 20, 1847.

At market 1800 beef cattle, 65 cows and calves, 3400 sheep and lambs.

Prices.—Beef cattle \$7 to 7.25. Cows and calves sold at \$15, \$25 and \$38.

Sheep and Lambs. Sales of sheep at \$1.50 to \$5; lambs \$1.12 to 1.20 to 2.25.

Hay 44 to 60c per cwt.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

September 16, 1847.

At market 1000 beef cattle, 180 cows and calves, 680 hogs, and 1430 sheep and lambs.

Beefes \$5.60 to 6.75 the 100 lbs.

Cows and calves \$6 to 14 for dry, and 12 to 22 for springers, and \$15 to 30 for fresh cows.

Hogs sold at 7 to 7.50 the 100 lbs.

Sheep and lambs at 1.25 to 4 for sheep and 1 to 3 for lambs, as in quality.

Hay at 1 to 1.15 the cwt.

Notices.

Y. M. D. S.

Resolve for discussion at the next meeting of the Young Men's Debating Society.

WHEREAS, The majority of the representatives of the Whig and Democratic parties, at the last Congress, voted supplies to the army, and in various other ways aided in prosecuting the war between the United States and Mexico—

Resolved, That those who denounce the war as unjust, are justly deserving the name of traitors.

Beeth Extracted Without Pain—The Utopian Dream of the Alchemist Realized.

THERE was a tradition among the ancients of a river, Lethe, of the infernal regions, by imbibing the waters of which the manes of the condemned were enveloped in oblivion. After the lapse of 3000 years the fabled properties of those waters have been realized in a fluid, the vapor of which, by being inhaled, induces a state of total insensibility, so that a tooth can be extracted, a limb amputated, or any other surgical operation performed, the patient being unconscious of the operation. The superiority of this preparation to that of Dr. Morton's compound, (which has been used for the same purposes,) has been completely demonstrated by a daily administration of the same, with impunity, to individuals of all ages, and every idiosyncrasy of constitution, for some months past, and consists, principally, in its blandness, which facilitates the inhalation of it, especially by those having defective lungs; also, from the certainty of its efficacy being exempt from those failures incidental to Dr. M.'s; and, having, in no instance, been attended with those injurious results which have often been attributed to the same.

The patient subsides, by an almost imperceptible transition, into a quiet, soothing and refreshing slumber, accompanied by vague and delightful sensations, being unresponsive to external impressions, while under its subtle influence.

Persons in delicate health need have no hesitation in breathing this gas, for individuals having chronic diseases, bronchitis, &c. have received benefit from its inhalation.

Teeth extracted, on the above principle, by Dr. E. H. KILBOURN, at No. 2 Marston's Block, Waterville.

MARRIAGES.

In Waterville, September 23, by Rev. A. F. Tilton, Mr. Reuben Gibbs, Jun., to Miss Lucy Ann Bates, both of Waterville.

In Dixmont, by A. T. C. Dodge, Esq., William Carlton of Troy to Miss Sarah M. Torrey of Plymouth.

DEATHS.

In Fairfield, Sept. 29, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Joshua Freeman, aged 45 years.

Advertisements.

LOST. In Waterville, on the 27th instant, between Mr. Boutelle's Office and Kimball's Store, a PAIR OF SILVER SPECTACLES, in Morocco case. The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving them at this Office. Sept. 29. (10,47.)

FOUND. at FAIRFIELD CORNER, 12th instant, a GOLD BRACELET, Which the owner may find by calling on SEYMOUR FAIRFIELD.—Sept. 24, 1847. (10,3w.)

APPRENTICE WANTED. In a Carriage Paint Shop. A first rate opportunity is offered. Inquire at this office. 11f

A STOCK OF GOODS FOR SALE,

—ON—**VERY LIBERAL TERMS.** CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, &c., &c.

Also, the STORE—a large and convenient one—in an excellent situation for trade, about Twelve Miles from this Village, for SALE or to LET. Inquire at this Office. Waterville, Sept. 30, 1847. (10,3w.)

ANDROSCOGGIN

AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the Fourth and Fifth Assessments of five per cent. each, on the amount of stock subscribed for by each stockholder in the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company, (being Two Dollars and Fifty cents on each original share subscribed for,) has been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and that the said assessments will be due and payable to the Treasurer of the Company, at his office in Waterville, as follows, to wit: The Fourth assessment, on or before the first day of November next, and the Fifth assessment, on or before the first day of December next.

EDWIN NOYES, Treasurer A. & K. R. R. Co.

Sept. 25, 1847. N.B.—For the convenience of distant Stockholders, places will be selected, in their respective vicinities, where assessments may be paid, notice of which will be given in a few days. (10,47.)

NOTICE.

TIE undersigned having sold out his Store and Tin Ware business, respectfully gives notice to all indebted to him, that an immediate settlement is requested. He can be found at the New Store of J. R. Foster, on Main Street.

TO RENT. The Rooms formerly occupied by the undersigned, at No. 11, are now ready for occupation. EDWIN NOYES, Waterville, Sept. 25, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.

C. R. PHILLIPS.

NEW STOVE STORE!

MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.

THE Subscriber has taken the Store formerly occupied by APPLETON & GILMAN, North side the Common, and East side of Main Street, where he will keep constantly on hand a General assortment of the most approved

Cooking Stoves

THAT CAN BE FOUND ON THE KENNEBEC.

To those wanting a Cook Stove, particular attention is invited to Smith's PATENT TROJAN PIONEER, MANUFACTURED BY LEWIS P. MEAD & CO., Augusta.

Where the unrivalled sale and high testimonials of its Cooking Qualities, render it the most popular and convenient Stove now in use.

This stove can in a few moments be so disconnected as to make TWO PERFECT STOVES, and the Oven part used for a Summer or Fall Stove, taking less fuel, and performing the various Cooking purposes admirably.

Also, for Sale, the

CONGRESS AIR-TIGHT STOVE,

Wagon's do., Stanley's Air-Tight Rotary do., Empire Union, Express, Maine Farmer, Hathaway, Hot Air, Boston (two ovens), Paragon, Iron Witch, and Parlor Cook, comprising all the New and Improved Patterns.

Also, a Good Assortment of PARLOR AIR-TIGHT STOVES, (Cast and Sheet Iron,) Franklin, Box and Cylinder Stoves of Various Patterns; Fire Frames, Hollow and Bedsteads; Ware—Sheet Iron and Tin Ware.

Mr. E. DUMBAR is employed here, and will attend to all repairs, as usual.

SHEET IRON AND TIN WORK DONE TO ORDER.

J. R. FOSTER. Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847. (9,47.)

Mr. J. R. FOSTER, Sir,—I have dealt somewhat extensively in Cooking Stoves, and have tried, as I suppose, the best and most convenient. But, after a trial of the TROJAN, I cheerfully recommend it to the public as the best Cooking Stove now in use for all the different branches of Cookery. In fact it far exceeds any other in my knowledge. W. A. F. STEVENS, Waterville, 20th Sept., 1847.

We, the undersigned, having used several different kinds of Cooking Stoves, have now in use Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer. We recommend it to the public as the best and most convenient Cooking Stove now in use. Being complete in all its arrangements, it cannot fail to give satisfaction. Respectfully yours, CLARK STANLEY, D. H. WEEKS, B. H. BROWN, NOAH BROWN, Waterville, Sept. 20, 1847.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

I. S. McFARLAND,

CARRIAGE-TRIMMER & HARNESS-MAKER.

Has removed his place of business to the building next North of the Post Office, where he will be happy to serve his friends and the public. He does not flatter them that he will work cheaper than others, but assures them his work shall be of the very best quality.

Waterville, June, 1847.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

200 TONS OF PLASTER, Of the best quality, just received and for sale by W. & D. MOOR, at their mill near the steamboat landing, where good supplies of fresh ground will be kept constantly on hand. Please call at the store (at the landing) of W. & D. MOOR. 10-4-1.

CARDING & CLOTH DRESSING. The Subscriber employs an experienced workman, at the establishment formerly occupied by J. S. Craig, for Carding and Cloth Dressing. The place is fitted up with new machinery, and is every way calculated to turn out work as well as any similar establishment in the State. Country produce, lumber, &c., taken in payment. Waterville, June 3, 1847. T. E. CROMMETT.

N. B. BOUTELLE, M.D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

WATERVILLE, ME., Office, Main Street, over J. Williams & Son's Store.

E. L. SMITH,

dealer in

WEST INDIA GOODS, GROCERIES,

Provisions, Stone & Wooden Ware,

&c., &c.,

No. 1, Ticonic Row. 1,3w

WILLIAM C. DOW & CO.

WOULD inform their friends and the public, that they keep constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

West India Goods and Groceries, FEATHER

