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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 08): September 14, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

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

VOL. II.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1848.

NO. 8.

The Mail is published every Thursday Morning,
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (Opposite Dow & Co.'s Store.)

TERMS.

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

Miscellaneous.

DEATH OF FREEBOOTERS.

Brave men always die in much the same manner when their passions are excited, or when the necessity comes for meeting their fate. The consciousness of a life of blood does not appear to daunt them. No disciple of Zeno, nurtured in the Portico on ethics and cold syllogisms, could depart out of life with more magnanimous composure than one of these freebooters, who received his mortal wound in a piratical encounter. 'The account given,' says Keppel, 'of the scene which presented itself on the deck of the defeated pirate when taken possession of, affords a striking proof of the characters of these fierce rovers, resembling greatly what we read of the Norsemen and Scandinavians of early ages. Among the mortally wounded lay the young commander of the prahu, one of the noblest forms of the human race; his countenance handsome as the hero of Oriental romance, and his whole bearing wonderfully impressive and touching. He was shot in front and through the lungs, and his last moments rapidly approached. He endeavored to speak, but the blood gushed from his mouth with the voice he vainly essayed to utter in words. Again and again he tried, but again and again the vital fluid drowned the dying effort. He looked as if he had something of importance which he desired to communicate, and a shade of disappointment and regret passed over his brow, when he felt that every essay was unavailing, and that his manly strength and daring spirit were dissolving into the dark night of annihilation. The party conquerors raised him gently up, and he was seated in comparative ease, for the welling out of the blood was less distressing; but the end speedily came; he folded his hands heroically across his wounded breast, fixed his eyes upon the British seamen around, and exclaiming one last glance at the ocean, the theatre of his daring exploits, on which he had so often fought and triumphed, expired without a sigh.

The speech which this pirate chief would have uttered, but could not for the overflowing of his life-blood with his voice, may, without the least extravagance, be supplied by one of the northern Sagas. In the records of the Sea-kings, which often describe heroes smiling, like the Borneo chiefs, in their last moments, we meet with the picture of a whole-sale butchery of captive rovers, from the celebrated stronghold of Jomsburgh; among whom there seems to have been a kind of rivalry which of them should display the greatest coolness and jocularly in the extremity of a fearful death.

In a cruising voyage about the year 924, the Jomsburghers fell in with the fleet of Jarl Hakon, a king of Norway. Superstition appears to have had its share in their defeat. They fancied that they saw Thorgerd Hordabrudr herself at the prow of Hakon's ship, with whole volleys of arrows flying from her fingers, each arrow bringing to one of them his death-wound. Sigvald cut the cable and sailed away, saying that he had made a vow to fight against men and not against witches. When But the Thirk perceived that further resistance was fruitless, he took two chests full of gold, and calling out 'Overboard all Peril's men!' plunged with his treasure into the sea and perished. Vagn, however, continued to fight valiantly against the then combined forces of the Norwegians; but was at length overpowered and taken prisoner, with thirty of his followers. To reduce such men to slavery was a thing altogether out of the question; for the Danes, as Adam of Bremen observes, were so impatient of servitude, that rather than endure it, they immediately took refuge in death. Like Mada Hassim, therefore, in the case of the pirate Budruden and his brother-in-law, Jarl Hakon resolved to deliver himself from his prisoners with the axe; and in the morning, after breakfast, he commanded them to be brought forth for execution. We take the narrative from Mallet:

The prisoners being seated on a log of wood, with their legs bound together with a rope, an ozier withe was twisted into their hair. A slave was then placed behind each, to keep his head steady by holding fast the withies braided into a band for that purpose. The executioner was no less a personage than Thorkell Leif, one of the most renowned Norwegian chieftains, whose daughter Vagn had vowed to gain possession of without the consent of her relations. Thorkell began his sanguinary task by striking off the head of him who sat outmost on the log. After he had beheaded the next two, he asked the prisoners what they thought of death.

'What happened to my father,' replied one, 'must happen to me. He died, and so must I.'

'Another said he remembered too well the laws of Jomsburgh to fear dying; a third declared that a glorious death was ever welcome to him, and that such a death was far preferable to an infamous life like that of Thorkell's.'

'Only beg of thee,' said a fourth, 'to be quick over thy work, for thou must know that it is a question often discussed at Jomsburgh, whether or not a man feels any thing after losing his head. I will, therefore, grasp this knife in my hand; if, after my head is cut off, I throw it at thee, I feel; if I let it fall, it will be the contrary; strike, therefore, and decide the question without further delay.'

Thorkell, says the Saga man, struck off the man's head with a blow of his battle-axe, but the knife instantly fell to the ground.

'Strike the blow in my face,' said the next; 'I will sit still without flinching, and take notice whether I ever wink my eyes; for our Jomsburgh people know how to meet the stroke of death without betraying any emotion.'

'He kept his promise, and received the blow without showing the least sign of fear, or so much as winking his eyes. Sigurd, the son of But the Thirk, a fine young man in the flower of his age, with long fair hair as fine as silk flowing in ringlets over his shoulders, said, in answer to Thorkell's question: 'I fear not death since I have fulfilled the greatest duty of life; but I must pray thee not to let my hair be touched by a slave, or stained by my blood.'

One of Hakon's followers then stepped forward and held his hair instead of the slave,

but when Thorkell struck the blow Sigurd twitched his head forward so strongly that the warrior who was holding his hair had both his hands cut off. Eirik, the son of Jarl Hakon, who seems to have relished this practical joke then came up, and asked Sigurd whether he would have his life spared.

'That depends,' replied the youth, 'upon who it is that makes me the offer.'

'He who has the power to do it, Jarl Eirik,' said the son of the Norwegian chieftain.

'From his hand will I accept it,' said Sigurd, and he was immediately loosed from the rope. Thorkell, enraged at Eirik's clemency, exclaimed, 'If thou spare the lives of all these men, Jarl, at least Vagn Akason shall not escape me.' So saying he ran at Vagn with uplifted axe, but the crafty sea-rover threw himself on the ground, so that Thorkell fell over him and cut the rope with the axe; seeing that, Vagn sprang up and, seizing upon the weapon, gave Thorkell his death wound. Jarl Eirik, notwithstanding his father's remonstrance, then asked Vagn if he would accept life from his hands.

'Willingly,' replied Vagn, 'provided thou wilt give it to us all.'

'Lose the rope,' said Eirik, and it was done; eighteen had been beheaded, and twelve were spared by Eirik thus interfering, among whom was a Welchman named Bjorn.—[Edinburgh Review.]

MANUFACTURE OF QUILLS FOR WRITING.

These consist usually of the feathers plucked out of the wings of geese. Dutch quills have been highly esteemed, as the Dutch were the first who hit upon the art of preparing them well, by clearing them both inside and outside from a fatty humour with which they are naturally impregnated, and which prevents the ink from flowing freely along the pens made with them. The Dutch for a long time employed hot cinders or ashes to attain this end; and their secret was preserved very carefully, but it at length transpired, and the process was then improved. A bath of very fine sand must be kept constantly at suitable temperature, which is about 140 degrees, F.; into this, the quill end of the feather must be plunged, and left in it a few instants. On taking them out they must be strongly rubbed with a piece of flannel, after which they are found to be white and transparent. Both carbonate of potash in solution and dilute sulphuric acid have been tried to effect the same end, without success. The yellow tint which gives quills the air of age, is produced by dipping them for a little while in dilute muriatic acid, and then making them perfectly dry. But this process must be preceded by the sand-bath operation. The above is the French process.

Quills are dressed by the London dealers in two ways; by the one, they remain of their natural color; by the other, they acquire a yellow tint. The former is called the Dutch method and the principal workman is called a Dutcher. He sits before a small stove fire, into which he thrusts the barrel of the quill for about a second, then lays its root quickly below his blunt edged knife called a hook, and pressing this firmly with the left hand, draws the quill briskly through with his right hand. The bed on which the quill is laid to receive this pressure is called the plate. It is a rectangular smooth lump of iron, about 3 inches long, 1-2 broad, and 2-3 thick, which is heated on its stove to about the 350th degree Fahrenheit. The hook is a ruler of about 15 inches in length, somewhat like the pattern makers knife, its fulcrum being formed at one end by a hook and staple, and the power of pressure being applied by the hand at the other end. The quill, rendered soft and elastic by the heat, endures the strong scraping action of the tool, and thus gets stripped of its opaque outer membrane, without hazard of being split. A skilful workman can pass 2000 quills through his hands in a day of 10 hours.

They are next cleaned by being scrubbed by a woman with a piece of rough dog-skin, and finally tied up by a man in bundles of one quarter of a hundred.

In another mode of dressing quills, they are steeped a night in decoction of tumeric, to stain them yellow; taken out and dried in warm sand contained in a pot, then scraped by the Dutcher as above described. The first are reckoned to be the best pens, though the second may appear more beautiful.

Crow quills for draughtsmen, as well as swan quills, are prepared in the same way. The quills plucked from well-fed living birds have most elasticity, and are least subject to be moth eaten. The best are those plucked, or which are spontaneously cast in the month of May or June, because they are then fully ripe. In the goose's wing the five exterior feathers only are valuable for writing. The first is the hardest and roundest of all but the shortest. The next two are the best of the five. They are sorted into those of the right and the left wing, which are differently bent. The heaviest quills are, generally speaking, the best. Lastly, steaming for four hours has been proposed as a good preparation.—[Scientific American.]

FACTORIES AT LOWELL.—We find the following statistical paragraph in relation to Lowell, in that valuable magazine, the 'Daguerreotype,' which copies it from a late work by Ellingham Wilson.

'Lowell, in Massachusetts, (25 miles from Boston) has at present the greatest number of cotton factories in the United States. This city is a remarkable instance of the rapidity with which settlements are formed, and cities built and peopled in America. In 1813 there was not even a single dwelling on the spot where Lowell now stands, with its busy and increasing population of 40,000 persons. The war between Great Britain and the United States, depriving the latter of the necessary manufactures, induced two speculators to erect a small cotton factory at Lowell, where the water-power given by the falls of the Merrimack and Concord rivers might be readily made use of. After changing hands once or twice, this factory was purchased by a company, in 1826—one of the firms formed on the principle of limited partnership. The success of this factory in the new hands was so marked, that it led to the formation of other associations on the same principle and for the same purpose. Mr. Buckingham, who visited Lowell in 1841, writes, there are now ten companies or corporations, with a capital of about 10,000,000 dollars, occupying or working thirty mills, giving employment to more than 10,000 operatives, of whom 7,000 are females, and paying out 150,000 dollars a month in wages, for the man-

ufacture of more than 8,000,000 dollars' worth of goods in the year. There are upwards of 52,000,000 yards of cotton cloth worked here in the year, 14,000,000 yards of which are dyed and printed, and about 18,000,000 pounds of cotton are used for this purpose, besides a large quantity of wool.' This represents Lowell seven years ago. Since then, her manufactures have very largely increased, particularly during the year 1847. The mills at Lowell are worked by water power. It is produced by a canal, completed in 1823, which is a mile and a half long, sixty feet wide, and eight feet deep. A portion of the water of the Merrimack river is forced through this canal by a dam at the head of Pawtucket Falls, and is distributed in various directions by channels branching off from the main canal, and discharging into the Merrimack and Concord rivers. The entire fall is thirty feet, and the volume of water which the canal is capable of carrying is estimated at 1250 feet per second, furnishing fifty mill powers of twenty-five cubic feet per second. Mr. Buckingham says, 'This water power is held to be of sufficient force to carry 286,000 spindles with all the necessary machinery; but as there are only as yet 150,000 spindles employed in 4,800 looms, there is yet power sufficient for 136,000 spindles more, or enough to turn ten large mills more than the present number, making forty in all, before the present water-power shall be exhausted, or it may be necessary to have recourse to steam.' In 1848 these anticipations of 1841 are realised; and as the water-power of Lowell is now fully employed, a new cotton city to be called Lawrence, situated on the Merrimack, about eight miles above Lowell, is now being built; and the intention is to make it the metropolis of the cotton manufactures—the Manchester of America.'

NOTHING DEFINED.—Those who are puzzled to know what nothing is—who can make just nothing at all of it cogitate as they may—will find themselves enlightened by reading the annexed. It is a sketch of the cross-examination of a witness in an English court.

'Mr. Doherty—what business do you follow?'

'I am a school-master.'

'Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?'

'I do not choose to answer irrelevant questions.'

'Are you a great favorite with your pupils?'

'Ay! troth I am; a much greater favorite than you are with the public.'

'Where were you, this night?'

'This night,' said the witness; 'there is a learned man for you—this night is not come yet; I suppose you mean that night.' (Here the witness looked at the judge and winked his eye, as if in triumph.)

'I presume the "school-master" was abroad that night, doing nothing?' inquired the attorney.

'Define nothing,' said the witness.

'Mr. Doherty did not comply.'

'Well,' said the learned school-master, 'I'll define it. It is a footless stocking without a leg.' (Roars of laughter, in which the judge joined.)

'You may go down, sir.'

'Faith, well, I believe you are tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them.'

THE TWO FRENCH MISERS.—We are told of M. Osterwald, a wealthy banker of Paris, who died in 1790, of want, yet leaving an estate of \$600,000. When he began life, and bought a bottle of beer for his dinner, he took away the cork in his pocket. He practised this for a long period, and had at last collected such a quantity that they sold for nearly one hundred dollars! A few months before his death, he refused to buy meat for soup. 'I should like the soup,' said he, 'well enough, but I do not want the meat.' 'What, then, is to become of that?' The fear of losing the meat, led him to starve himself; yet, at that very moment he had 800 assignates, of \$200 each, in a silken bag, around his neck.

Another Frenchman, by the name of Fortescue, affords a curious piece of history. He was a farmer-general of the taxes, and amassed an immense fortune by grinding the poor.

The government, at length, called upon him for a considerable sum, but he pleaded poverty.

Fearing that some of his neighbors should testify to his wealth, he determined to conceal it. He therefore dug a vault beneath his wine-cellar, where he deposited his gold. He went down to it by a ladder, and fastened the door by a spring lock. One day, while he was in the vault, the door closed, and the lock fastened him in! In vain were his cries for help! There he remained, till worn out by horror of mind and starvation of body, he perished in the midst of his heaps of gold! His miserable fate was not known till some years after, when his house being sold, his bones were discovered in the vault with his treasures.

CUTTING IT SHORT.—Macklin undertook to give a lecture on Irish duelling, and upon the cause of Irishmen being so addicted to it. He commenced with the earliest history of duels, and after getting as far as Queen Elizabeth's reign, was proceeding, when Foote, who was present, spoke to order.

'Well, sir,' said the lecturer, 'what have you to say on the subject?'

'Only to crave a little attention,' says Foote, 'when I think I can settle the point in a few words.'

'Well, sir, go on.'

'Why, then, sir,' says Foote, 'to begin—what o'clock is it?'

'O'clock,' says Macklin, 'what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?'

'Pray, sir,' said Foote, 'answer me that question.'

On that Macklin reported the hour to be half-past ten.

'Very well,' says Foote, 'about this hour of the night every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling, and there is an end of the chapter.'

The company were fully satisfied with this abridgment, and Macklin shut up his lecture for the evening in great dudgeon.

THE GREAT BURMAN BELL.—Next to the great bell of Moscow, which weighs 444,000 lbs., is the bell of Mengoon, mentioned by Mr. Malcolm, who describes the Burmese as very famous for casting bells. Their bells are, how-

ever, disproportionately thick, but of delightful tone. The raised inscription and figures are as beautiful as any bells in the world. They do not flare open at the mouth like a trumpet, but are precisely the shape of old gobular wine glasses, or semi-spheroidal. There are several in the empire, of enormous size. That at Mengoon near Ava, weighs more than 444,000 lbs. It is suspended a few inches from the ground, and like other great bells, is without a tongue.

STRUGGLE WITH A MAD DOG.—An anecdote of Sir T. F. Buxton.—In a letter dated July 15, 1819, he says:—'As you have not heard the story of our dog, I may as well tell it to you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at Saint Hoare's David told me that there was something the matter of Prince, that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hanstead I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys and a man.'

'Of course I was exceedingly alarmed being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him, or drive into some out-house, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy and seized him by the breast. Happily I was near him, and knocked him with my whip. He then set off towards London, and I rode by his side, waiting for an opportunity to stop him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding.'

'You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do, having seen him do so much in a few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden town and London, and at length, considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, that was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Prior's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck; he bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad.'

'Was there ever a more merciful escape? Think of the children being bit: I feel it most seriously, but I cannot now write more fully. I have not been at all nervous about it, though certainly rather low, occasioned partly by this, and partly by some other things.'

'I do not feel much fit for our Bible meeting on Wednesday—but I must exert myself.'

'P. S.—Write me word whether Powell has any wound on his fingers, and if he has one made by the dog, let it be cut out immediately. Mind these are my particular orders. He afterwards mentioned some particulars which he had omitted in the hurried letter.'

'When I seized the dog,' he said, 'his struggles were so desperate, that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam which was pouring from his mouth in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch, and do me injury; so with great difficulty I held him with one hand, while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with my hand, and at last the gardener opened the door, saying, "What do you want?"'

'I've brought you a mad dog,' replied I; and telling him to get me a strong chain, I walked into the yard, carrying the dog by the neck. I was much determined not to kill him, as I thought if he should prove not to be mad, it would be such satisfaction to the three persons whom he had bitten.'

'I made the gardener (who was in a terrible fright) secure the collar round his neck, and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its farthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his struggles, I flung him away from me, and sprung back. He made a desperate bound after me, but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, clamping the foam which rushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again.'

'The next day, when I went to see him, I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; and when I pulled off the fork he sprang and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two! He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad.'

AN AWFUL SCENE.—The Albany Express relates the following. We fear a thousand more scenes of equal horror will have to be enacted, ere the people will open their eyes to the guilt of the liquor traffic.

A day or two ago we saw a woman raving with the delirium tremens. She was young, handsome, and a mother. An uncontrollable passion for intoxicating drinks soon made a once happy home miserable, drove a kind hearted husband and father to despair and death, and brought the wretched mother and her two boys to the degradation of public shame and street beggary. Her ravings were terrible. She fancied herself a fiend in perdition, compelled by superior power of darkness to thrust her children into fire, and to hold them there until burnt to a crisp. Her descriptions of what she saw in her madness were awful and indescribable. Occasionally the wretched being would fly to the farthest corner of the room, uttering piercing screams of agony, and pressing the palms of her hands over her eyes, in a vain attempt to shut out the horrid phantoms of her imagination. Then, as if impelled by irresistible power she would rush forward, clutching wildly at what she thought were her children, mingling curses and imprecations with the most touching entreaties and prayers. This hallucination haunted the miserable creature long after she was rendered powerless by the restraints of a straight jacket, and was succeeded by others, even more terrible in character, and too shocking for detail, which continued until death closed the scene.

CURE FOR CANCER.—We have seen it stated more than once, that the common cranberry was efficacious in the cure of cancer; but have never, until very recently, been an eye witness to the fact. Mr. Middleton Bell, residing within four or five miles of this city, who was afflicted with a cancer on the nose for the last eight years, was induced to try cranberries, applied as a poultice; and, to his great joy and

satisfaction, has experienced a perfect and radical cure. We mention this fact at the instance of Mr. Bell, who is desirous that others, suffering under the same affliction, may avail themselves of this simple but valuable remedy. [Tuscaloosa Observer.]

AGRICULTURE.

NORTH KEN. AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Cattle Show and Fair to be held at Waterville, on the 3d and 4th of October.

The Trustees offer the following list of Premiums for 1848:—

HORSES.

For the best Stallion, \$5.00
2d do. do. 4.00
3d do. do. 2.00
For the best Breeding Mare, 3.00
2d do. do. 2.00
For the best 3-yr-old Colt, 2.00
2d do. do. 1.00
For the best 2-yr-old Colt, 2.00
2d do. do. 1.00
For the best 1-yr-old Colt, 2.00
2d do. do. 1.00

NEAT CATTLE.

Best Bull, not less than 2 yrs. old, 5.00
2d do. do. 4.00
3d do. do. 3.00
Best Bull, under 2 yrs. old, 4.00
2d do. do. 3.00
3d do. do. 2.00
Best Bull Calf, 3.00
2d do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. 1.00
Best Stock Cow, 4.00
2d do. do. 3.00
3d do. do. 2.00
4th do. do. 1.00
Best Dairy Cow, 4.00
2d do. do. 3.00
3d do. do. 2.00
4th do. do. 1.00

Persons who enter Dairy Cows for premiums, in giving the amount of butter and milk, will be required to state the feed such cows receive.

Best 2-yr-old Heifer, 3.00
2d do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. 1.00
Best 1-yr-old Heifer, 2.00
2d do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. 1.00
Best Heifer Calf, 2.00
2d do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. 1.00
Best yoke of Oxen, 4.00
2d do. do. 3.00
3d do. do. 2.00
4th do. do. 1.00

Best yoke 4-yr-old Steers, 3.00
2d do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. 1.00
4th do. do. 1.00

Best yoke 3-yr-old Steers, 3.00
2d do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. 1.00
4th do. do. 1.00

Best yoke 2-yr-old Steers, 2.00
2d do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. 1.00
4th do. do. 1.00

Best yoke 1-yr-old Steers, 2.00
2d do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. 1.00
4th do. do. 1.00

Best pair Steer Calves, 2.00
2d do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. 1.00
4th do. do. 1.00

Best Team of Oxen from any one town; not less than 10 yoke, 8.00
2d do. do. do. 6.00
3d do. do. do. 4.00
4th do. do. do. 2.00

Best Team of Steers from any one town; not less than 10 yoke, 4 years old and under, 8.00
2d do. do. do. 6.00
3d do. do. do. 4.00
4th do. do. do. 2.00

Best thorough bred North Devon Bull—to be owned within the limits of the Society, 15.00

SHEEP.

Merinos, and their grades.

Best Flock Ewe Sheep, not less than 10, 3.00
2d do. do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00
Best Buck, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Cotswolds, and their grades.

Best Flock Ewe Sheep, not less than 10, 3.00
2d do. do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00
Best Buck, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best Flock of Lambs, 10 or more, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

SWINE.

Best Boar, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best Breeding Sow, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best Litter of Pigs, not less than 6, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

POULTRY.

Best lot of Turkeys, raised by one person, not less than 12 in number, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best lot of Barn Yard Fowl, raised by one person, not less than 12, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Written statements will be required, showing the manner and expense of keeping poultry, and the profits.

CROPS.

Best half acre of Winter Wheat, not less than 20 bushels per acre, 3.00
2d do. do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best acre of Spring Wheat, not less than 16 bushels, 3.00
2d do. do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best acre of Winter Rye, on plow'd land, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best acre of Spring Rye, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best acre of Indian Corn, 3.00
2d do. do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best acre Oats and Peas—one third Peas, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best acre of Oats, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best acre of Barley, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best half acre of Peas, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best half acre of Beans, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best half acre of Potatoes, not less than 200 bushels, 3.00
2d do. do. do. 2.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best quarter acre of Ruta Baga Turnips, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best quarter acre of Carrots, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best quarter acre of Mangel Wurzel or Sugar Beets, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00
3d do. do. do. 1.00

Best lot of Winter Apples, not less than three kinds, and half a bushel of each kind, 2.00

2d do. do. do. 1.00
Best specimen of Pears, 1.00
Best specimen of Plums, 3 kinds or more, 2.00
Largest number of Seedling Apple Trees, raised the present season, 2.00
2d do. do. do. 1.00

VARIETY.

WHO KILLED THE SCARECROW.—A sturdy old farmer in West New Mass., who had been for some time annoyed by the nightly depredations committed by certain juvenile bipeds upon his cherry orchard, at last came to the determination of watching for, and shooting the next person who came poaching on his grounds. No sooner was this resolution formed, than he gave a general notice to the inhabitants, by informing his better half, which he remarked, was a much surer manner than employing the town crier. As soon as the facts became known, several wags, set themselves at work to have a little sport at his expense. Accordingly, one night, at about the hour of eleven, they having prepared an affigy, the full size of life, proceeded to place it in the top of one of his choicest cherry trees, in the immediate vicinity of his house, which having accomplished without disturbing the old gentleman, and having stuffed themselves to repletion with his delicious blackberries, they stowed their carcasses away under the lee of a stone wall, and commenced pelting the tree in order to attract the old man's attention. In a few moments the old man came to the window and seeing, as he supposed, a man in the tree, in the very act of stealing fruit, he called loudly several times to him to descend; but, as may be supposed, with as little success as the old man in the fable.

The old fellow's dander was up at the manner in which his request was treated, and, seizing his 'king's arms,' loaded with a 'scarecrow charge,' consisting of a small quantity of powder, and a large quantity of dry pens, he took deliberate aim, and fired at the offender, when, lo! and behold, down came the figure flat upon the ground.

This catastrophe was not produced by the aforesaid dry pens, but by a cord secured to the affigy at one end, and the other remaining in the hands of the operatives. The old man was thunderstruck at this unexpected turn of affairs, and began to take on bitterly, in which he was joined by his wife, who said she told him it would turn out just so. In a few moments the perpetrators of the joke having been awakened as they said, by the report of a gun, had turned out to see what the trouble was, and to offer their assistance, if needed. They were soon told and earnestly requested to see who it was, that was killed or wounded, as neither the old man nor his wife dared go out and see for themselves. However, his tormentors had not yet got their fill of the sport. Instead of seeing to the dead man, they proceeded to call up the doctor, in order, they said, to have proper surgical attendance upon the wounded man. Just as the doctor arrived the corpse did ditto and was laid upon the table in the kitchen. The scene which ensued is beyond the power of a goose quill to describe. The doctor, with a flea in his ear, went home much quicker than he came, and the victim, finding that, instead of making game of others, he had been made game of himself, admonished the perpetrators of the joke, in no gentle terms, to evacuate his premises, and never, on pain of his displeasure, to mention the affair. But it got wind, and it is a standing joke to this day. But no one of them dares to ask in the old man's presence, 'who killed the Scarecrow?'

'Patric,' said a practitioner at the bar, to the proprietor of the shebeen, 'Patric, can you give me the reason why Mont Vasuvius, if he utters a word, would resemble a glass of potent?'

'Sorra one of me knows.'

'Why then, you amahound, it ud be a dhrup of the creature.'

'Well then, Teddy, if you're so cute, may be you'll tell me why I am like the old Ginal that was at the ransacking of the Palmers and Point Disabled and Bony Whiskers, only more so.'

'Ye're rough enough Pat, an' ready,' especially, 'bout the eyes.'

'Divil a bit, Teddy; the reason is, he's only a Taylor, and I'm a re-tailer.'

EPISCOPAL GOOD NATURE.—Speaking of the Established Church in Ireland, and the contrast between its past and present ministers, he related an incident illustrative of Episcopal 'good nature.' A Mr. Barry, brother of Lord Barrymore, had, in the course of last century, had desire to qualify himself, by taking orders, for the enjoyment of an excellent living in the gift of his Lordship. The bishop to whom he applied for ordination had expressed some fears that Barry's theological knowledge was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the pulpit, and recommended further study to the postulant. Not long afterwards Barry was ordained, and appointed to the living. A friend who knew him intimately, asked how he had contrived to get over his examination? 'Oh, very well indeed,' replied the Reverend Mr. Barry.

The bishop was very good-natured, and did not puzzle me with many questions. 'But what did he ask you?' inquired the other. 'Why, he asked me who was the great Mediator between God and man, and I made a rough guess, and said it was the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

An eccentric old gentleman, who had a frail memory, was in the habit of addressing a letter to himself containing the matter he wished to remember; and sending it to his house through the penny post.

'Mrs. Jones, mother wants to know if you'll lend her your baby to go begging with to-morrow; she'll give you half she gets?'

No, tell her I won't because she owes me a quarter for the last time she had it, and besides, she poked cherry-stones down its neck, and stuck pins into it to make it cry.'

RULE TO CALCULATE THE HORSE POWER OF AN ENGINE.—Multiply the area of the piston in square inches, by the average indicated pressure of steam in pounds. Multiply the product thus obtained, by the speed of the piston in feet per minute. The result is then to be divided by 33,000, and 7-10ths of this quotient may be considered as the effective power of the engine, deducting for friction and loss.

This is the simplest rule known, and will answer for all engines. Branton's divisor, however, is 44,000, but 33,000 is the universal divisor in this country.

A magazine writer, speaking of an acquaintance of his who has an extensive pair of lungs, which he is not chary of using upon occasions, says: 'I do not remember that I ever saw him laugh; but if I were promised such an exhibition, I should prefer to witness it through a telescope, with my ears stopped.'

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them; and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure

to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: 'They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.' Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be but a re-action, if you persevere by your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error. [Alexander's Messenger.]

Macklin and Johnson, disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. 'I don't understand Greek,' said Macklin. 'A man who argues should understand every language,' replied Johnson.

'Very well,' said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from the Irish!

At Churabusco, a young man of the Emerald Isle was shot in the head: on the arrival of the surgeon of the army, he was asked by a friend if the wound was dangerous, and answered that it was, as he could see the brains. 'Ah! by my soul,' replied the son of the Emerald Isle, 'please send a little to my father, for he often told me I never had any.'

An important movement among the Hebrews of Europe is announced in the Jewish Chronicle. Such is the feeling of alarm felt among them in respect to the revolutions taking place, that thousands have been baptised into the Catholic church to escape persecution, and thus more than one thousand from the city of Persh, in Hungary, have resolved to emigrate to the United States. Among these are some of the most respectable Hebrew families of Europe, and in emigrating, the rich are to support the poor. The Jews have been wretchedly persecuted for centuries in most parts of Europe, especially in Prussia, Russia, and Austria, but nowhere more than in Hungary, where they form a numerous portion of the population. Many of them possess immense wealth, which in America they can employ and enjoy without fear.

LOOKING INTO THE MATTER.—The Boston Times tells a story of an elderly lady who called with her son, a day or two since, at one of the fashionable daguerreotyping establishments in that city, to have her likeness taken. The artist, after considerable trouble, managed to fix her head in the right position, and having informed her that she must sit perfectly quiet for the space of a minute, with his watch in his hand, left her gazing at the instrument which was to produce her counterpart. After sitting for half a minute, she remarked, 'Well, there's something very curious about this, certainly.'

'Madam!' shouted the operator, 'stop!' but it was too late; the picture was destroyed.

He made a second attempt, and when the operation was about half over, she informed the artist that 'if he wanted her to sit still, he must fix the nails in the back of her head different!' which spoiled another plate.

He tried it a third time, and after waiting very patiently under the screen for the space of a full minute, he went to secure the plate; when he found that his subject had left the chair, and was peering over the top of the machine, anxiously endeavoring to see how it was done!

The operator gave it up in despair!

THE DYING CITIZEN.—A citizen dying greatly in debt, 'Farewell,' said one of his creditors, 'there is so much of mine gone with him.' 'And he carried so much of mine,' said another. 'A person hearing them make their several complaints, said, 'Well, I see now, that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may carry a great deal of other men's.'

HOW TO SHOE A VICIOUS HORSE.—A recent Continental traveller relates the following ludicrous mode of shoeing a horse in Germany. As soon as breakfast was over I generally enjoyed the luxury of riding about town, and in passing the shop of a blacksmith the manner in which he tackled and shod a vicious horse amused me. On the outside of the wall of the house two rings were firmly fixed, to one of which the head of the patient was lashed close to the ground; the hind foot to be shod, stretched out to the utmost extent of the leg, was then secured by the other ring, about five feet high, by a cord which passed through a cloven hitch, fixed to the roof of the poor creature's tail. The hind foot was consequently very much higher than the head; indeed it was exalted, and pulled so heavily at the tail that the animal seemed to be quite anxious to keep his other feet on terra firma. With one hoof in the heavens, it did not suit him to kick; with his nose pointing to the infernal regions, he could not conveniently rear; and as a heavy hand was apparently pulling at his tail, the horse at last gave up the point, and quietly submitted to be shod.

The great cry with every body is get on! get on! just as if the world were a travelling post. How astonished people will be when they arrive in heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser than they, lying on schemes to be made archangels.

An ignorant but quick-witted person was taken to do by a friend for his bad spelling in a letter he had just taken to finish. 'Bad spelling is it?' said the first; 'look at that!' holding up a stump of a quill to him; 'how can a man spell right with such a pen as that?'

A few weeks ago, a well known master mechanic of St. Louis, sojourning for a few days at the Tremont House in Boston, walked into the dining room at the summons of the bell, and seeing in the long row of chairs one that was turned up against the table to indicate that it was appropriated to some particular individual, he deliberately took it and commenced his dinner. In about five minutes a young dandy in whiskers and moustaches, walked up behind, and remarked in a supercilious tone, 'Sir, you have got my plate.'

'Have I?' said Jim—'well, you are perfectly welcome to it, handing him the empty soup plate over his shoulder. A loud laugh ensued, and the man in the moustaches beat a very precipitate retreat.

A DUTIFUL LAD.—Our readers will remember the broom dealer who expressed his surprise at being undersold by another, as he stole his stuff. The reply of his competitor was, 'O, you only steal your stuff; I steal my brooms ready-made!' We heard a story the other day of a similar character, which will, perhaps, bear repeating. A friend of ours, doing business not many leagues from Hanover street, bought some twine of a travelling dealer that commodity, which proved to be execrable stuff—it wouldn't hold long enough to tie. A day or two after, a youngster came into his shop and inquired—'Want any twine to-day?'

'No,' said the shopkeeper, 'I bought a lot the

other day of an old man, and it isn't worth a cent.' 'Hol!' said the dutiful youth, 'that's dad; dad's twine aint good for nothing. Don't buy of dad, buy of me!' Our friend asked the persevering pedlar how he sold his twine and on a very low price being named, asked him how it was that he could sell so much cheaper than his father. With a sly wink at the inquirer the urchin replied—'Dad makes his twine, any I steal mine!'—Bachelior.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 14.

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

THE ELECTION.

The ballot in Waterville resulted as follows for Town Representative—Free Soil 203, Whig 200—Democrat 87.

Thomas Baker, Esq., of W. Waterville, was elected as the Free Soil candidate. The vote for Governor stood, Dana 136, Hamblin 184, Fessenden 167.

Whig.	Free Soil.	Democrat.	Whig.	Free Soil.	Democrat.
Augusta 619	429	58	Kirkland 28	60	21
Gardiner 533	263	154	Belgrade 113	98	34
Hallowell 427	159	168	Camden 140	284	21
Pittston 174	125	70	Hope 59	91	
Pittsford 248	61		Searsport 76	157	37
Vassal, 351	102	33	Belfast 306	49	
Bangor 1042	662	317	Lincoln 131	147	
Orono 219	156	61	Skowheg 102	77	95
Brewer 182	178	69	Bloomfield 125	21	75
Buxport 156	209	63	Nor'dgk 141	80	105
Oldtown 148	265	54	N. Anson 101	85	11
Orrington 105	96	36	Emblen 71	84	24
Heron 35	127	28	Concord 40	59	6
Newburgh 35	177	17	Fairfield 178	156	50
Bradford 44	135	47	Madison 115	100	66
Glennburn 31	74	37	Winslow 121	68	38

MINUTES BY THE WAY.

A trip from Waterville to Augusta is a small matter for comment to those who make it as frequently as do the people of this section of Kennebec county. Its beauties—like all beauties—by too frequent notice have lost their attractions; and there are doubtless those to whom every

Creeping vine and waving bough,
Sandy bank and steaming sough,
Mead and field and vale and hill,

has become as familiar as the letters of the alphabet, without ever giving birth to a distinct impression that there could be any beauty in scenery found so near home. We go to the Mississippi, to Niagara, or at least to the White Mountains, to look for the beautiful and grand in natural scenery. But beauty is not limited to broad waters, or grandeur to cloud-capped mountains and thundering cataracts. The sublimity of Niagara is for those who have not souls to appreciate sublimity that does not 'thunder and pour.' There are those who always

'Raise their eyes to Alpine peaks
To look for grandeur.'

and such could never discover it at a lower altitude. The thunder utters no voice to those who have no ears; but the hum of the musketeer is heard by the silent watcher. Thousands who look upon Niagara to admire and applaud, would have forgotten to report had they been the first visitors. They see grandeur only when pointed to its precise locality. To such it would be useless to commend the attractions of the Kennebec. They would never discover them—for, as Hudson quaintly says, 'they have nothing to find them with.'

If there is a spot in New England that deserves the pencil, it is the view from the wharf at Augusta, embracing the bridge, the dam, the lock, and the mills on each side. The public buildings and grounds on the opposite side belong to another picture. They exhibit too much art—too much order and design, for anything but the practical 'uses of war.' They might be praised, perhaps, at other hands, but we can do little more than spare their faults. Indeed, we have little inclination to commend anything that pertains to the great science of human butchery. The location of the arsenal is favorable—it is as far from the probable seat of war as it could be—and we praise it in this respect, on the argument of a doggerel poet in reference to the location of the Vermont Arsenal—

'It should be in a place so roundabout,
The few that find it never can get out;
For sure as fess should come, we can't abide 'em,
And we had better take our guns and hide 'em.'

The view of the State House, from the steamboat wharf at Hallowell, is singularly bad. It might be easily mistaken for an antiquated windmill, after the onset of Don Quixote. Whether the fault is in the architecture or the surrounding grounds, we do not covet a debate; though it is unquestionably one of the first objects of a good architect to study the relation of his structure to the surrounding scenery. The Vermont State House is strikingly beautiful in this respect; and yet we recollect that the State paid a committee a very pretty sum for visiting the capitol of Maine. Whether it was in consideration of ideas they secured, or those they learned to avoid, may be judged by those who have seen both.

The traveller who passes up the river no further than Gardiner, is liable to arrive at a poor estimate of the Kennebec valley, especially in regard to its agricultural advantages. Many ascend as far as Bath, and return satisfied. On both sides, the country seen from the river is uninviting. Those only who ascend as far as Gardiner, and much indebted to proceed. We have seen none who have travelled beyond this point, who do not report themselves highly delighted with the appearance of

the country adjacent to the river. Hallowell, Augusta, Sidney, Vassalboro', Winslow, and Waterville, without exception, present to the eye of the farmer, especially, a delightful prospect. Thence onward, even to the lumber regions, there is no room for disappointment. Those who make the excursion, invariably return to commend.

A night on the steamer Kennebec, with a rough sea, a dense fog, and a half thousand sheep to 'mingle their fragrance with the musty air,'—reader, did you ever enjoy it? None but an 'old salt' could fail to appreciate it. The first approach of 'the stagger scene,'—how delightfully it sets the blood whirling around the region of digestion!—and the feet dancing about the deck!—and the head turning round upon the shoulders! Those who only see it, lose its beauty: like the paddy's shalahal, it must be felt, to be appreciated. But when it opens—how deeply the novices in the science of securing berths begin to con the lesson! Look at the berth-list at ten o'clock, and see, from the care-not chirography, how many have hastened to secure Hobson's choice—how many have written as though in wonder that they had banished sleep so far during the day as to think it would not return at night. No, we were not among the number—but we saw a venerable old gentleman taking his first lesson, in a way that would have provoked our risibles on any other night in the three hundred and sixty-five.

'Well,' said he to himself, as he stumbled over a settee, and drove his head into a berth in the second tier—'let's see if there is an empty berth here.' After cautiously peering into half-a-dozen, he uttered a grunt of quiet satisfaction before the seventh, and proceeded with the brief ceremony of turning in.

'One hundred and nine!' uttered a burly looking fellow, as he staggered up to the aforesaid berth—'One hundred' and nine!—here, old chap, how come you in my berth?'

'You'n?—well, but what makes it your'n?'

'Mine! why, I secured it?'

'Secured it!—well—but—how?—that's what I want to know, before I give it up.' There was a modest emphasis upon the 'how,' that made it evident the interrogator wanted the 'science.'

'Here, friend,' replied the intruder, turning to the berth-list, 'let me show you one that is not taken. There—seventy-six—nobody's got that—first rate number for an old man; yonder 'tis.'

The sight of the book brought the old gentleman to the floor, and while he was studying his lesson on '76,' the burly fellow jumped into the now vacant '109,' and left him to close the curtain.

'But is that empty, Mister?'

'Yes—better take it; first rate berth—get it while you can.'

The hint was a spur, and without entering his name, the old gentleman took quiet possession of '76.' We anticipated the result, and lay awake to get the climax of the joke.

'Seventy-six—seventy-six!—faith, that's the best there is left,' said a fellow who had looked at the list for a good half-hour; and drawing out his pencil, Mr. Richard Roe recorded his title to berth No. 76. Then turning to find its locality, he divested himself of all his dispensables before touching the closely drawn curtain.

'When! confound my eyes! seventy-six—did I mistake?' and he ran to the book, without disturbing the persecuted sleeper. 'Seventy-six, I'm right; that fellow must budge! and he returned to the berth. 'Hark, Mister, you're in the wrong box.'

'Hark, yourself; I'm right this time, for that fellow found it on the book. I turned out once, and I shan't do it again.'

'Yes, but my name is again it, and you must give it up. Just look here'—and he went and got the list—'here 'tis, No. 76, Richard Roe, that's my name, and I writ it not three minutes ago.'

'Well, I've been in it more'n half an hour!'

'Yes, but you didn't secure it.'

'Secure, again,' muttered the expunged, with striking emphasis. 'If there's any way to be secure from such usage as this, I'll know what 'tis,' and he hastened up stairs, muttering something about 'Cap'n's office.'

DR. HITCHCOCK. 'Who is Ja's K. Polk?'

may have been a necessary question, but no one need inquire of this generation who is Dr. Hitchcock? The far-famed 'Dentist King,' of Boston, has recorded his memory at the tongue's end of a multitude greater than ever shouted for Old Tip, and the few who doubt can get knowledge at the mouth of their next neighbor. Tens of thousands cannot even open their mouths without uttering his glory, in spite of their teeth; and thousands more who had no palate for his praise, are rendered as vocal upon the H as a reformed cockney. Silver tankards, and diamond snuff-boxes, and gold-headed canes, with miniatures and portraits of the great ones of the earth, are among the thousand-and-one tokens the Doctor has received from those who boast of being rejuvenated and disenthralled at his hands. But for the splendid portraits of the emperor and empress of Russia, which adorn his rooms, we should not have suspected that human frailty ever assailed the mouth of the Autocrat; and the beautiful Empress seems to be smiling her thanks through a set of charming teeth, upon which the Doctor gazes with most lordly satisfaction. A coach and four, whole blocks in Court-st., an interest in the Revere House, and a princely mansion at Brighton, are some of the trophies of such patronage. The investment in the Revere House was made to secure suitable entertainment for the distinguished guests to whom the Doctor extends his hospitality. Success to this branch of his enterprise—and if we ever dine there, may it be with sound teeth and a clean dickie.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRINTERS.—The following resolution was passed by the Council of

New York, in the early part of 1692. The wisdom of our forefathers is not to be questioned:—

'It is resolved in Council, that if a printer will come and settle in the city of New York for the printing of our Acts of Assembly and public papers, he shall be allowed the sum of forty pounds, current money of New York, per annum, for his salary, and have the benefit of his printing, besides what he serves to the public.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

THE CEMETERY.

Mr. Editor:—I would call the attention of the authorities and citizens of this place, to the proposed removal of the village cemetery. It is understood a suitable lot for the purpose has been purchased. Why then is the matter delayed? The removal is important, for many reasons; the importance is rising, and while the work is delayed the difficulties are seriously increasing. Why do not the guardians of the public welfare take immediate measures to open the new cemetery, with such arrangements as ought to be made to meet present and prospective wants, and such as shall be creditable to the moral sympathies of the community? Why not provide so that, at least, interments in the present burial place may cease at a very early day; and when the late autumn shall arrive, (which will be the proper season,) why not remove the remains of citizens and friends from a spot altogether incongruous, and deposit them in their last repose, where the still solemnity and moral effect of the grave shall not be rudely and jarringly disturbed by the rush of life and the surges of business?

In the suggestion thus made shall not the desire of many and the interests of all be regarded?

I have reason to believe I am

ONE OF MANY CITIZENS.

We thank our correspondent for his hints, and really hope the citizens of Waterville will promptly proceed to take this matter in hand. It is one that cannot be delayed without an increase of most of the difficulties attending its execution. So far as we understand the plan, it is to remove the cemetery to the grounds lately purchased for this purpose a little south of the village, and convert the lot now occupied into a public common or mall. That such a public square is now needed in the precise place designated, is evident to all; and unless the present plan is adopted, how shall it ever be obtained? The value of real estate in the vicinity, if it has not already, in a few years will have put it entirely out of reach. The expense of removing the bodies would bear no proportion to the value of the land for building lots—and how much greater would be its value for the purpose contemplated.

There is, there can be, but one opinion in regard to this enterprise, either in our village or town. The expense would be a trifle, compared with the advantage to property, and to public taste and convenience. The location of the depot points with increased significance to this spot, to be thrown open for public ground. The only obstacle is the astonishing apathy that prevails in regard to every public improvement not associated with our railroad—as though fine streets and public grounds, and new counties even, were to arrive in the cars. Some things must be done, as well as others, if our village will prosper. What will be the lot of the present generation, by those which follow, if our village descends to their hands with but a single public square in its precincts, and that hardly large enough for a barn-yard?—Now is the time to settle the humiliating question. Let our citizens enter upon such improvements as common pride demands should be made, with a promptness and energy becoming their advantages, and before the next generation enters the field of duty, they may be notified that the work is done.

We are informed that a committee appointed by the town last Spring to examine and report upon the lot purchased for the new cemetery, are about to give efficient attention to their duties. We hope they will do so—remembering that their appointment virtually takes the matter from the hands of the citizens fill after such action.

TRIP TO QUINCY.

Boston, August, 1848.

Friend Mather:—Having a little leisure, I send you a sketch of a trip to Quincy, a place rendered famous by being the birth place of the Adamses and Quineys, and as being the place from whence is taken immense quantities of granite, commonly called Quincy granite. At nine o'clock this morning, a small company of us stepped into the cars of the Old Colony Railroad, and passing the well known Dorchester Heights, the place where first the Britons learned the courage, skill, and devotion to country of the American people—we soon found ourselves in the neat, quiet and thriving village of Quincy. We lost no time in finding the cemetery. Having entered it, the first object that met the eye was a modest tomb, bearing upon it the inscription of J. Q. ADAMS. Standing by this tomb, many and various were the thoughts and reflections that occupied the minds of our little company, who had long admired and venerated the sleeper there.

As we approached the tomb, a simple hearted, good natured, but rather officious old man, who seemed to have gained in readiness of speech what he had lost in vigor of intellect, accosted us, by relating some facts relative to the Adams family. And he assured we listened with eagerness to any incidents relative to this family, from whatever source they might come. 'This,' said he, 'is the place where the young Adams was buried. I see him when he was brought from Washington, when so many of the great men from Congress came up here; the old man and his wife were put here once, but they took 'em up and buried them under the church right there, [pointing

to a large stone church at a little distance.] they are buried right under the bell, in the ground. Old John used to live down there, and died there too; and the young man ought to have died there too, and would if he had not died away in Washington.' They own a great many houses here—one up the road about a mile; the one they lived in, down the road, is a grand looking old house, with a hip roof, and a great many vines are running up upon the roof. They were mighty good men.' At this the old man left us to our reflections. We wished to ask him a thousand questions, but the generous old fellow seemed intent upon enlightening the minds of others as well as ourselves. We could secure no more of his labors. Thinking your readers might be interested in any reminiscences of the Adams family, I here transcribe one or two inscriptions upon the tombs of the ancestors of the Ex-Presidents.

'In memory of Joseph Adams, son of Joseph senior, and grandson of Henry, and of Hannah his wife, whose maiden name was Bass, a daughter of Thomas Bass and Ruth Alden—parents of John Adams and grandparents of the lawyer, John Adams.'

Another is found upon the tomb stone of a more ancient member of the family:

'In memory of Henry Adams, who took his flight from the dragon persecution in Devonshire, in England, and alighted with his eight sons near Mount Wollaston. One of the sons returned to England, and after taking time to explore the country four removed to Medford and the neighboring towns, two to Chelmsford, one only, Joseph, who lies here at his left hand, remained here, who was an original proprietor in the township of Braintree, incorporated in the year 1639. This stone and several others have been placed in this yard by a great-grandson, from a veneration of the piety, humility, simplicity, prudence, patience, temperance, frugality, industry, and perseverance of his ancestors, in hopes of recommending an imitation of their virtues to posterity.'

The village of Quincy is a most delightful little village, abounding in unique cottages made of the real 'Quincy,' some of which bear evident marks of age, and many evince taste in construction and ornament. 'With hearts filled with emotion we took our leave of the birth place of the champion of liberty and the uncompromising defender and supporter of the rights of the American people.'

Mr. Editor:—The quiet of our village has been of late repeatedly and grossly broken by disgraceful clamors and fightings in the streets. It is said also that in a particular section there is much almost nightly drunkenness and confusion. Is everything done by our civil officers which ought to be done for our fair fame and moral welfare? With the present prospects of the place, the evil must greatly increase unless promptly and efficiently arrested. If need be, let us have a watch-house and police, and if the town abandon us to our fate, let the village corporation take care for itself.

ORDER.

Well, friend 'Order,' we all see the need of prompt attention to your hints; but what can be done, when we have only a couple of scores of constables? We have but one suggestion, but that has been successful in other places.—Call a caucus, and nominate the greatest possible number of candidates to be run for office next spring. Our word for it, they will show you a specimen of vigilance for the public good that will render everybody safe till after election.

SUMMARY.

AFFLICTING INCIDENTS.—Dr. Ingraham, who arrived in New York from Liverpool, died at Staten Island on Friday last. His lady died on the passage. They have left three children, the youngest fifteen months old. During the passage, Mrs. Ingraham had been taken with premature confinement, lost her babe, having lived but two days, but she was recovering and doing well. One night a lady passenger screamed with a fearful cry, 'Oh! I am all going to the bottom,' at the same moment the spray was heard dashing over the deck. The passengers springing in consternation from their berths, Mrs. Ingraham, sick as she was, rose in her bed, alarmed with the rest, but her husband came to her, told her not to be alarmed, that although there was a heavy blow, it was not a storm and there was no danger. Mrs. Ingraham was on her way to New York with her children, to visit a favorite sister, whom she had not seen for twenty years, and who was not aware of her coming. After the alarm Mrs. I. lay down again in her berth, but soon rose up a maniac—reason had forsaken its throne. 'Get me my garters,' said she to those around her, 'I am going to see my sister; I will soon see my dear sister now.' The acknowledged medical skill of her husband, and the kindness of friends, could not avert the blow. In two or three days she died, her form was enshrouded and enclosed in

