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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 12): October 12, 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, OCT. 12, 1848.

NO. 12.

The Mail is published every Thursday Morning, at 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.

Miscellany.

'TIS NOT TOO LATE: OR WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

'Yes, but two! one broad and crowded, the other narrow and deserted—two roads through life; one of virtue and happiness—the other of vice, and leadeth unto shame and woe. Have seen all that is to be seen in the broad highway of vice, and He who guardeth the virtuous and prospereth the good, knoweth only how deeply I have drunk at the fountain of iniquity, and how intolerable are the pangs of remorse which that draught has cost me; but I will turn. Come what may in the shape of temptation, I'll be once more a virtuous man; 'tis not too late!'

These words, in whose expression every feeling of a tortured soul seemed employed, fell thrillingly upon my ear, as I traversed Chestnut street, one summer evening, on my way to church. The voice, though tremulous with emotion, and shattered by dissipation, could not be mistaken. I was chained as by a spell to the spot where my footsteps were arrested by the first words. 'Yes, but two!' of the soliloquy above, pronounced with so much energy.

Before me, leaning against the lintel of the door in which he stood, with his eyes, once beautiful, but now reddened and fatuous from inebriation, turned towards the heavens, over which the mild rays of a June moon had cast a soft and silvery glow, was my boyhood's friend. I could not speak. Nor is any description adequate to convey a just estimate of my feelings. Poor Rollin! deeply indeed had he drunk at the well of iniquity, and vivid were the furrows by care and sorrow made upon his brow! Years had passed since last we met. During the early part of his abandoned career, he listened with tearful eyes and a bosom turbulent with emotion, to my affectionate remonstrances, but by and by, grew restive under friendly rebuke, and finally avoided my society altogether. I had long since given him up as a lost, a ruined man, and had been for some time expecting to be called to see the last, and end of his aged parents—their grey hairs brought in sorrow to the grave. But God had otherwise ordained.

Rollin Gray was a young man of brilliant intellect and high literary and scientific attainments. His family was far, very far, from reproach. In early life we had been bosom friends, and he being the oldest and more advanced in our studies, it was my greatest happiness to be led by him in our intellectual exercises and amusements; and when he returned home from Harvard, worthily honored with the title of Doctor in Medicine, and I saw his society courted by the first men of letters in our place, I inwardly rejoiced, and anticipated the day when my friend's name would be emblazoned highest on the pillar of fame. His professional career was truly meteoric, in brilliancy as in duration—ended ere well begun. This was an ambitious nature, and could not support itself under disappointment in the smallest degree. At the suggestion of his friends, made at too late an hour for him to do himself justice in an essay, he entered the arena, and declared himself a candidate for a vacant chair in one of our literary colleges. This was much against my advice and earnest entreaties. None knew him as I did, and certain as I felt assured of his defeat, as surely did I know that this, his first failure in mental effort, would prove his ruin. His competitor had been in the field many months, and had made many friends among the trustees of the institution. It was but twenty days before their respective essays were to be submitted to the commissioners, or judges, appointed by the trustees; but he entered upon the task allotted him with invincible determination and energy. He studied and wrote day and night, until his eyes lost its lustre, and his cheek became wax and pale. No man ever made a more lucid and eloquent exposition of his position and doctrine than did he; but alas for mankind! their prejudices ever hold in abeyance that diviner attribute of nature, reason.

The election came, and with it poor Rollin's last moment of happiness. One of his opponents, whom no one recognized as his equal, was chosen by a large majority of votes. His ambitious spirit was crushed within him, and his long cherished hopes and aspirations departed like the fleecy clouds of morning before the rising sun. I flew to his side. I entreated, remonstrated and conjured him by all the ties that bound us to each other, and finally, by the obligations of my sacred office, which he much respected, but in vain. The sparkling, brimming bowl was in his grasp; madness in his eye; his motto, 'Brutal when intellectual pleasure is denied.'

But to return to the door. His soliloquy finished, and his determination taken, a smile, such as I had not seen for years, lighted up his pale and care-worn cheek. His eyes were withdrawn from the heavens, and his glance, now radiant with hope and the happiness of other days, fell full upon me. I was standing in the glare of the lamp upon my table, over which were scattered in confusion books and vials and instruments, now rusty from neglect. It was but a glance, and with a wild cry of pleasure he threw himself upon my breast. 'This was a moment of ecstatic happiness with both of us. Neither could find utterance. Our hearts were full, too full for speech, and only their wild throbbing and our breathing, rendered audible from emotion, disturbed the silence of the scene. The first outbreak of feeling over, he turned his eye to mine in inquiry, and simply articulated, 'Where?' He could say no more. I essayed to speak, but my voice again failed me, and raising my arm, pointed to the church, but dimly seen in the distance, whose clear and sonorous bell was distinctly heard, summoning my little flock to worship.

'Come,' said he; and only stopping to reach his hat from the table and extinguish the lamp, we proceeded at a rapid pace toward the church. It was late when we arrived, and we walked straight up the middle aisle towards the pulpit, near which Rollin took a seat, and

in a situation where I could distinctly see the expression of his countenance during the whole of the sermon. My heart was still full, and my feelings, as I proceeded with my discourse, were hardly to be controlled; by a strong effort, however, I succeeded in calming myself sufficiently for the occasion. Upon turning over the Bible, to get the hymn book from beneath it, the lids being loose from age, fell open, and there before my eyes was recorded the beautiful language of the prodigal son—'I will go to my father's house.' It seemed an act of Providence, and my predilections were immediately excited in favor of it, although I had prepared a sermon with much care and study from a different text. My eyes frequently met his during the service, and his gaze was riveted upon me. He was very serious until I came to speak of the reception, by his father, of the prodigal son, when his eye brightened up, and a glow of happiness usurped the reign of care upon his brow.

After the service was concluded I walked to where he was standing. We parted at the door of his father's house. The next morning I repaired to his office to hear the history of his reformation. We seated ourselves at a richly shaded window, and he commenced his story as follows:

'About a week ago, I was returning in the afternoon from a dinner party given by one of our college friends, partially inebriated, and as I turned a sudden corner of the street came full upon a party of ladies, consisting of an elderly matron and two young and very beautiful girls. They were strangers to me and appeared to be strangers in our place. The eyes of the one next the wall near which I was walking, met mine, and I bowed as well as my condition would permit. Upon this, she stopped, and turning round, opened her reticule, and with a sweet smile, and a glance which seemed to reach my very soul, presented me with a small newspaper, saying—

'Will the gentleman pardon the rudeness and read this little journal for the ladies' sake.'

I received it with a bow, expressed my thanks, and assured her that I would. I was handsomely dressed, and flatter myself that I had the air and manner of a gentleman, though under the influence of ardent spirits. She seemed gratified and they walked on. I was completely confounded, and could not forbear looking back at them. I never saw a more graceful figure or more dignified carriage, and her eye—it was as black as Egyptian darkness itself—and her smile so unearthly, so beautiful and benevolent. I wished to follow them but dared not, and went to my office inwardly resolving to read the paper that very evening. I drew my chair to this very window, and unfolded the paper. It was a small but neatly printed journal, published weekly by the society called the 'Sons of Temperance.' I was somewhat prepared for this by the lady's manner, but was a little surprised notwithstanding. 'She must know me,' thought I, 'and this is not the work of a moment's reflection—' but my meditations were interrupted by seeing a long article marked around with a pencil and entitled the 'Sister's Appeal.' It purported to be addressed to a beloved brother who had thrown himself away by drink, and was written by 'Miss Leslie C. M. D.'

I immediately commenced its perusal, believing, of course, that it was written by the lady who gave me the paper. It was, indeed, a sister's appeal, and obdurate must have been the heart of that brother who could have withstood its gentle pleadings—but the composition did not portray more faithfully the sympathies of the heart than the operations of a powerful and refined intellect; indeed, in all my reading, and it has not been limited, never read I a more conclusive argument, or a more delicate address. I was not only convinced in judgement of the error of my course of life, but urged by the now awakened impulses of my better nature to immediate reformation. This may have been, and I doubt not was, in part, brought about by the dark eye and gentle smile of the fair writer herself. Indeed, I must own that I was most powerfully interested in her, satisfied as I was, that the loveliness of her person did not surpass the purity and beauty of her soul. Be this as it may, however, I determined to return to usefulness and sobriety, and, if possible, to find out and make acknowledgments to the beautiful being who had caused a change to come 'over the spirit of my dream,' and now evidently controlled my wayward destiny.

Since then I have been wandering about from place to place in the city in search of the residence of the fair incognito until yesterday, when I despaired of ever meeting her again, and feeling that this world to me would be a desert waste without her presence, I, too, as I was, betook myself to my old habits. This I should not have done, had not the editors told me, upon inquiring at the office, that they believed that the writer of the 'Appeal' was a young married lady, a transient boarder at a Washington House, and now on her way South, where she resided. About two or three hours before I saw you last night, I returned to my office sick of the exhilarating effects of drink, and tired of the world. I was not intoxicated, though somewhat excited, and was seated at this window as we are now, thinking of the strange lady and her stranger conduct, when a boy in the employ of the office brought a copy of the 'Journal,' just issued. I seized and hurriedly ran my eye over its contents, and there, occupying exactly the same position in the paper, of the same length and style, and marked around in pencil, was another article by 'Miss Leslie C. M. D.,' entitled the 'Brother's Return and Sister's Forgiveness.' I instantly read it. I was enraptured, maddened, and at the same time soothed. I threw down the paper, walked to the door, and fell into a train of reflections, the result of which you know. As for the writer, I am convinced she is in the city, and with your assistance I will ferret her out.

I promised my aid, advising him to attend to business and leave matters to chance. In a short time I had the pleasure of seeing him take once more his accustomed place in society.

About a month after this I happened to be looking over the list of contents of a number of one of our fashionable periodicals, and saw 'An Angel's Work,' by Rollin Gray, M. D.—I immediately turned to it. It occupied some dozen pages, and was in truth a masterly production. In power and depth of thought, in delicacy of taste and felicity of expression, it could not be excelled—it was Rollin himself. A stranger could not have detected anything peculiar about it, but those acquainted with the

circumstances and his own feelings would recognize it as a faithful narration of his experience for the last two months. I knew that it was written expressly to meet the eye of his fair incognito, and I felt really happy in entertaining the belief that when it did so, she could form no mean opinion of his merits as an author.

In the next number of the same periodical appeared 'An Angel's Reward,' by Miss L. C. M. D., written in reply to Rollin's article, and though not surpassing, yet equalling it in excellence. It was quite complimentary to him.

Rollin could not doubt now that the writer resided in the city, was highly worthy of his regard, and by some means intimately connected with his destiny.

About six months after the commencement of this correspondence through the columns of the periodical, I called at Rollin's office one evening for a prescription, being myself unwell. He was on a visit to a number of patients, but would be back in an hour, and I concluded, as I was not particularly engaged, to await his return.

In about an hour and a half he drew up to the door. As he walked into the room, I saw he was considerably excited, and pleasantly so. Upon inquiring into the cause of his humor, he remarked, with a smile, that he had related more stories than one to me at this window, and requested that I would sit down and hear another.

'This morning,' said he, 'I was just closing my door after me, in order to visit a patient, living at some distance in the country, when a gentleman in a handsome buggy and two horses, drove hurriedly up and inquired if I were a physician? I replied in the affirmative. Then jump in here,' says he, 'and let us drive on, for I want you in haste.' I was about declining on score of engagements, when a peculiar expression of his eye attracted my attention. I thought I must have seen him before, but could not recollect where. At any rate it awakened in me a strange interest in his favor, and I obeyed. As we proceeded he told me his name was Crampton. He had lately left Maryland, and moved with his family to Philadelphia in order that his daughters, who were disposed to write, should avail themselves of the city libraries, and other advantages offered by the same—that one of them had been suddenly taken very ill and without speedy relief he feared that she must die. All this excited me painfully. I thought of the three ladies I had met in the street. I compared the fair authoress's name of stars with 'Crampton,'—it suited exactly. I could not be mistaken—it must be her name—and this her father—perhaps she herself sick!

On entering the room where the gentle sufferer lay, what were my feelings on seeing bending over the bed, and arranging her sister's pillow, my acquaintance of the street—my unknown correspondent! I was overwhelmed with excitement, but nerved myself for the interview. She turned, and her father introduced as I stammered her name—made a most ridiculous attempt to bow, and came very near falling so oppressive were my feelings. She recognized me—blushed deeply, seemed equally as much confused, and bowing gracefully, turned and left the room. I next met her mother, but she did not know me, nor did the young lady for whom I was to prescribe. This made me for a moment quite comfortable. It was with difficulty that I commanded my nerves sufficiently to draw some blood from the arm. I did so, however, and prescribing a saline draught, with cooling-topical applications to her face and neck, informed her parents that it was an attack of the erysipelas, and that she would be much relieved in the course of six or seven hours, and that I would, with their permission, leave her for the present.

On my return this evening, as I was entering the portico, I heard a slight noise at the right of the door, and looking in that direction beheld Miss Crampton, whom I now knew her to be, seated on a bench, and engaged in a work on Botany, in analyzing a very beautiful and delicate flower. She had not observed my entrance, so much was she engaged, but just at that moment she raised her eyes, and recognized me with one of her angelic smiles. An irresistible impulse took hold on my entire being; my feelings were beyond control. I threw myself at her feet, and made a full declaration of my attachment. She was taken completely by surprise, and violently excited, but succeeding in a strong effort at self-command, remarked to me that this was entirely unexpected on her part; that she could not deny that she was the young lady who had given me the paper; that had written the articles to which allusion was made, and that had corresponded with me in a periodical; and that she did it solely to benefit me, and that she was most happy to see the benefit of her effort, but so far from contemplating an union with, she was most anxious to remain unknown to me, and would have done so had not accident thrown us together. I then asked her if she could not be induced to contemplate a union with me; told her that she had rescued my name from oblivion, and that I felt myself under sacred obligations to be forever near her to contribute to her happiness. I took her hand; it was passive in my hand for a few moments, then snatched away, and she was about rising when I again urged upon her a consideration of the subject. She looked very serious for some time, but at length replied that she would lay the matter before her parents, and answer me in a few days. Our interview then ended—the sister is improving, and I am here.

The balance of my story is soon told. Six months after this interview I had the happiness of uniting in wedlock two persons apparently designed by Providence for each other. Mr. and Mrs. Gray lived to be united in the strongest friendship to their old friends the Cramptons. Rollin Gray is now a distinguished physician, and his wife one of the best female writers of the age. Their children are daily taught to repeat, 'It is never too late.'

STANDARD OF FEMALE BEAUTY.—We are so accustomed in the present age to behold delicate women, that, for want of good models the ideal image which we form of them has been very much changed. What are the characteristics of beauty as represented by modern novels? Instead of a bright and healthy complexion, a graceful activity and youthful vivacity, we hear of a slender aerial form, a sylph-like figure, an interesting paleness, occasionally relieved by the shade of carmine, an expressive

countenance gently tinged with melancholy.—But it must be at once perceived that all these characteristics are exactly the indicatives of a delicate health; an extremely slender figure, a flitting color and languid expression, afford no very favorable augury for a future mother or for a wife, who may, perhaps, be called to assist her husband in adversity. Yet the imagination of mothers as well as daughters, is fascinated by such descriptions. They are afraid of destroying these interesting charms; and we will meet with some girls who will not eat for fear of growing fat, and others who will not walk for fear of enlarging their feet. Can anything be more pitiable?

DOWNFALL OF A BRITISH PEER.—The attention of the idle and gossiping portion of the English people has recently been attracted by the spectacle of the downfall of the princely house of Buckingham, whose proud castles and broad acres of park and garden, and farm and forest, have at last broken loose from the iron chain of aristocratic entailment, and fallen under the plebeian and pitiless hammer of the auctioneer! In plain prose, the great Duke of Buckingham has got up to the cars in debt, and finding all his cash and all his credit gone, is compelled to become a bankrupt, like a vendor of sausages in Houndsditch or Whitechapel.

This spectacle is fitted to excite something more than the idle gaze of curiosity. The philosophic observer will stop a moment to reflect upon the manner in which the representative of one of the proudest families among the British peerage maintained the honor of his aristocratic birth, and held the trust of those magnificent and lordly possessions, which the care and foresight and ambitious avarice of a long line of ancestry had transmitted to his keeping. Every one must be struck with this example of thoughtless waste and gigantic depredation of a splendid patrimony. We are not often called upon to witness the catastrophe of so magnificent a spendthrift as the late proprietor of Stowe.

The Duke of Buckingham bears a name which figures in the early periods of English history, but the present nobleman is not a lineal descendant of the ancient dukes; nor even of George Villiers, the handsome youth, who was taken into favor and ennobled by that dissipated monarch, James I, and after a life of political intrigue and corruption, fell by the dagger of the assassin Felton. The son and successor of this courtly minion, with more genius and more proficiency than his father, became a rival of Dryden, the lord of countless thousands, ran through a career of splendid extravagance and debauchery, and left his name to "point a moral" in the brilliant verses of Pope. Every reader of English poetry has in his memory the description of him who breathed his last

"In the worst room, with mat half hung." The family residence of the Duke of Buckingham is known as "the fair, majestic, paradise of Stowe," in Buckinghamshire. Here stands a splendid palace, immortal from its classical associations and its unequalled treasures of art and literature. The air of this spot breathes the memory of men whose fame is co-extensive with the English language. Pope, Clarendon, Thompson, Temple and others, have caught inspiration here, and added to the honors of England and England's literature. Five thousand and nine hundred acres of land embellish this lovely mansion, and the intrinsic worth of its rare ornaments and its repositories of every description of valuable books, manuscripts, pictures, &c. is beyond computation. The famous Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, that peerless jewel of art, is one among the thousands of these rarities. The weight of the gold and silver articles is two tons. Now, alas! all are to be sold to the "highest bidder!" The Duke's debts amount to a million and a half of pounds sterling!—[Boston Courier.]

THE WAGON MASTER'S STORY.—While the army was at Monterey, a volunteer belonging to the Arkansas cavalry, who had just joined his company, was in possession of a splendid bay charger. One morning he had him out exhibiting his paces, bantering the whole of Mexico in general, and the lookers-on in particular, for a swoop.

'Come, boys, spunk up,—some on ye give us a banter, and let's have a trade.' After trying for some time unsuccessfully, an old gentleman who had been quietly enjoying the fun, stepped up and observed—

'Friend, your horse is really a fine one, and as I should like to have him I will give you a trade.'

'Them's um, my fine fellow! trot out your nag and let's see what he's like.'

The old gentleman's horse was sent for, and Arkansas, after a thorough examination, said to him—

'Well, daddy, I like your horse, and you do mine, give us the difference, and its a trade.'

'How much?'

'Forty dollars—will you give it?'

'No; there is not over twenty dollars between them.'

'Look here, my old coon—may be a mighty fine old chap, and I believe you are, case you are willing for a swap; but you can't fool this child in a horse trade—I've swopped by moonlight afore now. But I'll tell you what it is—give me thirty dollars, and it's a bargain.'

'Well, come to my tent and get your money.'

'Well, go it is. I say daddy, what are you driving at out here in Mexico: trading round 'mong the boys, and all that sort of thing?'

'No, not exactly; I have been sent out here with the army to take care of things, and see that all goes right.'

What might your name be? 'Taylor.'

'A cousin of the General's?'

'No.'

'A brother?'

'No.'

'Well! who are you?'

'I am General Taylor.'

'Look here, old gentleman, you're a mighty clever old fellow, and know a heap about a horse but you don't know much about human nature if you think to crowd that down me. I ain't green and it's no go. Day, day, daddy, you can't come it.'

On returning to his comrades, the first inquiry was—

'Well, how did you get along with the General?'

'General! what General?'

'Why, General Taylor.'

'Come, boys, come now don't be fooling.—Was that Old Rough and Ready?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, he told me so, but I did not believe him, he was so friendly like. I said a heap to him that I would not have done, had I known who he was. But I'll go and apologize and make it right.'

He proceeded to the General's tent, saluted him, and commenced—

'General! I've come to apologize to you, being as how I didn't know who you were. If I said any thing improper, or too familiar like, and gave offence, I hope you'll forgive me.'

'No offence, my friend, I have nothing to forgive. If you are satisfied, I am. Good morning.'

On returning to his companions, he said—

'Well, boys, I did it; he said there was no offence, and gave me a shake of his honest old hand. Hurrah for old Zack. He's clear grit, knows all about a horse, and a heap more about human nature.'

HALF MARRIED.—An English paper contains the following; which should operate as a warning to all in like circumstances:

Not long since, while a marriage ceremony was in progress, a most amusing circumstance occurred, which completely put a stop to the performance of a most interesting part of it, and sent the disappointed maiden and her anxious lover two different ways, anything but rejoicing. The young couple had gone separately to the church for the purpose of being made one. The ceremony went on well enough till the minister came to the words, 'with this ring I thee wed,' when the bride attempting to take her glove off her maiden hand for the last time, could not effect it. Whether it was agitation or heat, nervousness or perspiration, the glove clung to her hand as a man ought to do, and would not part company. The bride blushed and pulled; the bridegroom, (bold man!) went into an outright laugh; so did the father; so did the mother; and so did the spectators, except the clergyman, and he exclaimed with furious dignity, 'I did not come here to be laughed at!'—and shutting the book, left the ceremony half finished, the bride half married, and the glove half off. It is happily added, however, apparently for the information of all who may sympathize with the fair one, that she tried next day with better success. That time she went without gloves, and the nuptial knot was tied 'tight as a glove.'

THE FRENCHMAN'S LESSON.—Somebody shows up what has been counted among the faults of the English language, in the following very handy dialogue:

Frenchman.—Ha, my friend, I have met one very strange word in my lesson. Vat you call h-o-u-g-h, eh?

Tutor.—Huff.

Fr.—Tres bien, huff; and snuff you spell s-n-o-u-g-h, eh?

Tu.—O no, no; snuff is spelled s-n-u-f. In fact, words in ough are a little irregular.

F.—Ah, very good; 'tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is huff. I will remember; and of course c-o-u-g-h is cuff; I have one very bad cuff, ha?

T.—No, that is wrong; we say kauff, not cuff.

F.—Kauff, eh? Huff and kauff, and pardonnez moi, how you call d-o-u-g-h—duff, ha?

T.—No, not duff.

F.—Not duff! Ah, oui; I understand, it is duff, ha?

T.—No, d-o-u-g-h spells doe.

F.—Doe! It is very fine, wonderful language, it is doe; and l-o-u-g-h is toe, certainement. My beef steak is very toe.

T.—O no, no; you should say tuft.

F.—Tuft? Le diable! and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him, p-l-o-u-g-h, pluff, is it? Ha, you smile, I see that I am wrong, it must be plauff. No? Then it is ploe, like doe? It is one beautiful language, ver' fine—ploe!

T.—You are still wrong, my friend; it is plow.

F.—Plow! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. Plow, doe, kauff; and one more, r-o-u-g-h—what you call Gen. Taylor, Rauf and Ready! No? Then Row and Ready?

T.—No. R-o-u-g-h spells ruff.

F.—Ruff, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is ruff, and b-o-u-g-h is buff, ha?

T.—No, bow.

F.—Ah, 'tis ver' simple, wonderful language—but I have had vat you call c-o-u-g-h—ha! vat you call him?—he! he! ha! ha!

military post at Laredo, when called upon to arrest the robbers, replied that his force was insufficient for that purpose.

It is important that further aggressions of this kind should be prevented, or the Mexicans will have just cause of complaint that we have infringed the treaty. It is well known that several hundred deserters from the American army and camp-followers, remained in the Mexican territory, and it is possible that several gangs of these outlaws are still hovering about our western frontier, waiting for an opportunity to make a foray into Mexican territory. It is important therefore that the government should establish a line of military posts along the Rio Grande as soon as practicable.—[Houston Tel.]

TRUE RICHES.—A gentleman one day took an acquaintance of his upon the top of his house to show him the extent of his possessions. Waving his hand about, 'There,' said he, 'that is my estate.' Then pointing to a great distance one side, 'Do you see that farm?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that is mine.'

Pointing again to the other side—'Do you see that house?'

'Yes.'

'Then also belongs to me.'

Then said his friend, 'Do you see that little village out yonder?'

'Yes.'

'Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this.'

'Ah! what can she say?'

'Why, she can say, Christ is mine!'

He looked confounded, and said no more.

NAPOLEON'S VETERANS. A Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas has the following paragraph:

A strange and ghastly spectacle came across our busy streets on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon. The few remaining relics of that army, sound and whole enough to walk, assembled beneath the columns of the Place Vendome, and repaired in procession to the Invalides, to celebrate mass in honor of his name. I cannot describe to you the effect of this assemblage of withered spectres, attired in the uniforms of the regiments to which they had belonged. It seemed as if each had issued from the tomb, or risen from the battle field, where they had once been left rotting in the sun or stiffening in the snow. The procession passed without exciting the slightest enthusiasm; the crowd following it in silence and awe. The church was hung in black, and the places around the altar reserved for the veterans of the guard, of whom twenty three yet remain. The celebrated Hulan, whose jaw was shot away in seeking to place himself before the emperor, in a skirmish in Russia, acted as a sacristan, and his silver jaw bone, fresh polished for the occasion, shone and glistened in the sun, while the Mamelouk Frezza, without legs, and in possession of but one eye, received the honor of holding the chief taper.—Altogether it was one of the most nervous and extraordinary ceremonies I ever witnessed.

[From the New York Globe.]

BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY.

The following narrative of the heart-rending case of the schooner Pearl, now under investigation in the Court of the United States, will be read with interest. The narrator is a gentleman familiar with the history of the sad affair, and his description of it will be likely to command the attention of the American people. That the seat of the Federal Government should be the place in which such deeds transpire, is well calculated to alarm the friends of free institutions throughout the world.

THE BELL FAMILY.

Daniel Bell is a robust, worthy, industrious man, a native of Prince George's County, below Washington. He has worked most of his time for twenty years past at the Navy Yard, in the smith's shop, where heavy iron work is cast and moulded. Many years since, the master of Bell, in a rage, because the owner of his wife had set her free by deed, sold him to the speculators. They came into the shop while at his work; without warning, he was carried flat to the floor by them, ironed and carried to the trader's pen, then kept in Seventh street, on the Avenue. Bell had friends, who pitied him and his distressed wife and children. They induced a Colonel somebody, of the marine corps, to purchase him, and give him a chance to work out his freedom. Bell was to pay a thousand dollars for himself. He had actually paid the amount or near it, when his owner, the Colonel, was ordered to Florida, where he died. It was then found that he had mortgaged Bell to his sister-in-law, for a thousand dollars, before leaving home. She demanded of Bell the whole sum, but he sunk in despair, and told her he must die a slave after all, for he never could raise that amount.—

Through the intervention of a trusty friend, Thomas Blagden, who had from the first endorsed Bell's notes for him, he got the price finally reduced to five or six hundred dollars. The sum of the matter is, Bell has the receipts to show that he has actually paid \$1,630 for himself! He got his freedom papers complete only last year, some time. His wife, some years since, when she had six children, was made free by the express deed of her master, which was to take effect at his death, and that took place a few days after the deed was executed. She was recorded in the Clerk's office as free, and remained so for eight years, having had two children in the time. Her children, by the deed, were to be free as they successively arrived at a certain age—say twenty-five. After a lapse of eight years, and when there were eight children and two grand-children, the widow set up a claim to the whole group, eleven in all. Poor Bell had recourse to lawyers and courts, but with little prospect of a redress of his grievances. The widow was constantly seeking to lay hands on them, to obtain the price of their sines from the speculators, or she took their wages without allowing them a single cent for clothes. This is the conduct of the Widow Greenfield, living near the Navy Yard!

As his last and only hope poor Bell put his family on the Pearl. They were brought back, and with the exception of his wife and two younger children, were all sold and scattered over the South. God knows where! The wife and one child Mr. Blagden redeemed for Bell, and the sum is now making up at the North—

our hundred dollars. This is the family that were referred to with so much effect by Mr. Slingerland, the representative from Albany District, at the time of the flagitious transaction last Spring.

THE EDMONDSON FAMILY.

Paul Edmondson was born into slavery, in Montgomery County, Md., eighteen miles from this city. He still lives in the same neighborhood. At the age of forty-two he obtained his freedom by the gift of his master. By industry, economy, and thrift, he has acquired a comfortable little homestead of 40 acres, on which he now lives at the age of 70 years. He has reared a family of fifteen children. Fourteen are still alive, one, a daughter, having died at the age of sixteen. His wife, Milly, was also born to the sad inheritance of bondage, and is still a slave. At an early period, in the distribution of an estate, she fell to the lot of one Rebecca Culver. The two have grown up together from childhood. The mistress was not reckoned quite *compos* and has always had a guardian of her person and trustee of her property. The person now her guardian and trustee is Francis Valdenur, whose wife is a niece of his ward, and an heir apparent of her estate. Mr. Valdenur is a man of some standing in the neighborhood, and is a State Tobacco Inspector at Baltimore. These Edmondsons are not an ordinary family, as you will perceive in the sequel. They have the impulses of manhood and freedom gushing through their veins. Some fifteen years since, when the second son, whose name is Hamilton, arrived at full manhood, he attempted to snap his ignoble chains and reach the North, to be his own man and guide under God. He was caught, taken back, and sold for \$500 to New Orleans. In June last, his brothers and sisters, who were on the Pearl, met him there, and found he had just obtained his freedom for \$1,000, which he had earned and saved, ever above his tasks as a slave. Five of the sisters now reside in Washington; they are married there, and are all of them in comfortable circumstances; fine in their personal appearance, modest, well-behaved, estimable women, all of them. One of them paid \$300 only for herself, she was an invalid. The doctor told her she would soon die, and she had better not make the attempt. Her reply was, "I'll do it and be free, if I die the next hour." Another paid \$325 for her freedom, whose constitution was delicate. The oldest, a noble-minded woman, purchased her rights at \$450, some years ago, before prices were as high as at present. The two younger of these five married sisters paid \$500 apiece for themselves. Four brothers and two younger sisters, Mary and Emily, were on the Pearl. They were brought back with the rest, and sold to the speculators for the New Orleans market for \$750 apiece all round. Now cast up, and it will appear that the trustee of the demented old maid has actually realized from the sale of this one family, the offspring of a single slave mother, the sum of \$7,075! The two youngest children—a very likely boy and girl—are still left. They are so much capital in hand, to be traded upon the first chance. But this family was entirely nurtured and brought up by the father, and each, as soon as arrived at the working age, has been put out at wages for the exclusive benefit of the old maid, without sense—or rather for those who choose to be her heirs. It would be a fact worthy of one's curiosity to know how much, precisely, they have earned and paid over. I said four of the brothers and two sisters were sold to New Orleans. One brother, Richard, has been bought, brought back, and made free. The sisters have also been brought back, and are now in the traders' pen in Baltimore, in whose behalf an appeal will soon be made. The other three brothers have been sold in New Orleans.

I might multiply cases to a score, similar in their features to this. I intended to mention several others, but I am taxing your patience too severely, and I will stop.

If the question were about to be submitted, whether an immediate stop should be put to the sale of such persons and families as these, in our District of Columbia, by a peremptory act of Congress, or not, I should like to have the people of glorious, Democratic, radical St. Lawrence—the swarming masses empaneled as a jury. Such an almighty Aye! would resound through the woods, and across the lakes, as to shake the topmost peaks of the Essex mountains! I'd like to put it to them to say, whether an honest, simple-hearted man shall go to the Penitentiary in the Federal District for twenty years, as a state criminal, because he allowed such people as these to take a passage on his vessel, or rather did not drive them from it. These are questions to be thought of—to be met—they must be—there is no avoiding it.

Your friend and fellow citizen,
HAMDEN.

POTATO DIGGING.—We have for some time thought of giving a little advice to our readers in regard to the time of digging potatoes and the mode of keeping these roots; but we are not certain that we can point out any mode that will prove effectual to keep them from rotting after they are dug.

Before any fields were infected with rot it was the practice of many to put potatoes into the cellar as soon as they were dug; not suffering the sun to come to them when this could be avoided. And now we are satisfied that no potatoes are so sweet as those that have been kept from the sun and the air. But since so many potatoes have rotted in the cellar it has become necessary to adopt some different mode of keeping them.

It is known to old farmers that there is much risk incurred when potatoes are put into the cellar in large heaps, while the weather is warm. This has ever been the case before the rot was heard of. Heat and moisture always favor an inclination to rot. And though drying them before they are put into the cellar injures their flavor, we cannot doubt that there is less danger in storing them after they have had the sun for one day than when they are carted in fresh from the field.

We have thought also that less risk is incurred when they are put on floors, in small heaps, or in barrels, than when put in large heaps on the cellar bottom. And we now urge our readers not to make large heaps of potatoes in any case. There can be no doubt that small heaps are better.

In regard to the safety of cellars as compared with barn floors, at this season of the year, a farmer from Chelsea tells us that those which he put in his barn three weeks ago spread on a floor, have shown no signs of rot. All were dug at the same time and from the same lot. Some nice observers recommended to pull up the vines that are blasted and burn them, leaving the potatoes in the hills till the weather is cooler. This is done to prevent all communication between the poisoned stalks and the bulb. This is practiced on the same principle as cutting down the vines with a scythe when the signs of blasting first appear.

And if the blast is owing to some poisonous insect on the vines, cutting them off, or pulling them up and apart from the bulb would seem to be of use.

Some farmers have dug their potatoes early in hopes to secure them before any rot should affect the roots. But as they cannot be so well kept out of the ground as in the hills where they grow, it would seem a better plan to cut off, or to pull out the tops, than to dig very early for storing.

Almost every theory regarding the cause of the rot is met by facts wholly inconsistent with it. We are at a total loss for a cause, unless it be some poisonous insect that preys upon the vines.—Mass. Ploughman.

VIRGINIA'S WEALTH.—HER DECAY.—Some months ago, the Editor of the Richmond Whig saw a sight which made his mouth water for the whole day. So he said at the time. It was a 'dazzling sight'—nine bars of gold from the mine of W. M. Mosely & Co., in Buckingham County. This led the Editor, very rationally, to the following reflections:—

"Never, we believe, was there a country on earth more favored by nature than the old Dominion. She seems to be continually saying to her children, 'come and receive the wealth which I will bestow upon you.' Never, we may add, was there one whose natural advantages were so shamefully overlooked. In the tide-water country, at a little distance below the surface, the whole earth is a continuous bed of coal, furnishing the means of inexhaustible fertility. Next to this we have a region of coal, of unlimited extent, North and South, and of fifteen or twenty miles breadth. Next we have a region abounding with gold, copper, and almost every species of mineral. This brings us to the mountains and there is literally no end to our mineral wealth: iron, copper, coal, [bituminous and anthracite], salt, every thing, in a word, which comes out of the bowels of the earth, for the convenience or use of man, with a little encouragement, might be produced here in sufficient quantities to supply the world. Well may our State be called the 'Old Dominion,' for in point of fact, and without any exaggeration, she has the materials of an empire within herself. Magnificent rivers, noble harbors, fertile lands, inexhaustible mineral riches—nothing is wanting but that man should be true to himself."

Most strikingly true, every word, and he has a bold heart who thus plainly tells his fellow-citizens that because they are not true to themselves decay is written on their lands and dwellings.

Give these resources to New Hampshire, and our unexplored hills and unfilled forests shall become gardens, more rich than Virginia's mines of gold; these minds unrestrained and these unshackled hands would soon find work to do which would bring an abundance even to the poor man's door. And so with any northern State where Pilgrim blood can be traced.

Brothers of the Old Dominion, has slavery nothing to do with this want of enterprise which paralyses your common wealth? Is not the sure indication of decay and depopulation fixed upon you as indelibly as the mark of the angel on the brow of Cain? Your great men have declared it. Your Marshall and your Randolph and others, years ago, called aloud for action in relation to the institution. They were ready to cast down this great black idol, and tread it in the dust. Virginians, think of these things. We speak in good faith and kindly.—Manchester American.

GREAT WOOL CROP.—Our friend and fellow citizen, Aristarchus Champion, Esq., owns a farm of 600 acres, lying about five miles north of the city, and has stocked it with the best of cattle and sheep that he has been able to procure, selecting from the most approved stock exhibited at the State Fairs. At a recent shearing, he clipped from 395 sheep, (75 of which were lambs, 100 wethers, and 222 ewes,) 1622 1-2 pounds of wool, a yield we are assured is greater than can be boasted of, even comparatively, by any other farmer in the State. Mr. C.'s crop averages over four pounds in each fleece. The fleeces from which it is taken are composed of three fourths blood merinoes. An addition of a fine buck and ewe, purchased at Buffalo during the Fair, has been made to the fine collection of Mr. C.'s farm.—[Rochester Advocate.]

FEARFUL SCENE.—A man and a boat plunging over the Falls of Niagara.—A correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser gives a most thrilling description of the struggles of a man to escape the vortex of the Niagara. The letter is dated October 2d, and is as follows:

"At about sun-down last evening a man was carried over the Falls. Who he was is not known. From his management of the sail boat in which he came down the river, I think he was not well acquainted with the current or the rapids. His dress and appearance indicated respectability, and after he got into the rapids he seemed calm. His boat was a very good one—decked over on the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons."

I was on the head of Goat Island when I discovered the boat—then half a mile below the foot of Goat Island, and nearly two miles above the Falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed towards the American shore, and the sail was standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and very hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids, I could discover it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids, about half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the Island. There it was turned up the river, and for a time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope seemed to be to come directly to Goat Island, and whether I should run half a mile to give alarm or remain there to assist, in the event the boat attempted to make for the island, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat again turned toward the American shore. Then it was certain it must go down the American rapids.

I ran for the bridge—saw and informed a gentleman and lady just leaving the island, but they seemed unable to reply or move. I rallied a man at the toll gate—we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat just before it got to the first large fall in the rapids. Then I saw but one man—him standing at the stern with his oar, changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over, he sat down. I was astonished to see the boat rise with the man standing, and the man again erect, directing the boat towards the shore. As he came to the next and each succeeding fall he sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current. Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment it was gone. Another, that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him from under the bridge breaking the mast. Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar, and pointing his boat toward the main shore, he cried, "Hail! I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few rods of the Falls, the boat struck a rock—turned over and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swim with the oar in his hand till he went over the precipice.

Without the power to render assistance, for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for life, yet doomed with almost the certainty of destiny to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with every effort for his deliverance—caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience.

DEATH OF COMMODORE BIDDLE.—Our city was called upon, Monday, to lament the death of Commodore James Biddle, a native of Philadelphia, and one of the oldest, bravest, and most meritorious officers of the United States Navy. He died on the previous night, after an active and honorable life of sixty-five years, three-fourths of which were passed in the service of his country. He was born in 1783; entered the navy in the year 1800; was in the frigate Philadelphia when she straggled at Tripoli, remaining many months a prisoner among the Moors; and he distinguished himself during the war of 1812, first, in the Wasp, at the capture of the Frolic, of which vessel he was appointed prize-officer, and again, in the Hornet, which he commanded, both in the capture of the Penguin brig-of-war, and his subsequent escape from a British ship-of-the-line. Commodore Biddle's employments in the Navy, in later years, have always been of an important and responsible kind, such as are only entrusted to officers of the highest qualifications.

His last voyage was one of circumnavigation, commencing with a trip to Canton, which he carried Mr. Alexander H. Everett, Commissioner to China. From this long and eventful voyage, Captain Biddle returned in ill-health, from which he never recovered. He has gone down to the grave, not broken by years, although full of honors; and he will carry with him, the best addition to the epitaph which will describe his merits and his virtues, the regrets of Philadelphia and the respects of his country.—North American.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON HORSES. The Committee on Horses report, that there were entered for premium, 5 stallions, 10 breeding mares, 4 three-year-old colts, 6 two-year-old, and 9 one-year-old.

For the best stallion, your Committee award the first premium to Sherman Pishon, 'Messenger,' 5 years old; 2d best to Jesse Whitmore, 'Captain,' 6 years old; 3d best to J. W. Freeman, 'Whitell Horse.'

We are gratified to be able to state that the character of all the stallions on the ground stands deservedly high. In view of the quality of the stock produced by each, we have awarded the premiums as above.

It was remarked by a gentleman present that the 'Captain,' owned by Jesse Whitmore, resembled the horse on which Gen. Taylor rode at the battle of Buena Vista; we presume, therefore, it is of a race that 'never surrenders,' and that next year, by the withdrawal of the Messenger from competition for the premium, his victory is secured. But we would suggest, that the rule of the Society, by which horse cannot be the second time a competitor for the highest premium on the same list, be so modified as to offer inducements, by the offer of a diploma or extra premium, for them to be brought on the field, succeeding years, to grace the Show and excite the emulation so useful to the breeders of stock and to the community.

For the best breeding mare, the first premium is awarded to J. R. Dow; 2d best to Dexter Pullen.

There was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the above animals, but the stock by their side indicated their excellence for breeding purposes, and especially the good qualities of the stallion by which their stock was sired.

We would remark, that there were a mare and her colt on the ground, which would undoubtedly have had a premium, if the owner had at a proper time secured the benefit to be derived by entering them on the Society's list, to take their chance with the rest.

Best three-year-old colt—David Webb's, standing decidedly the highest, has received the award of the first premium. 2d best to Obed Emery.

The best two-year-old colt was offered by John Tozer, and has received the award of the highest premium: 2d best to Abraham Morrill.

Of one-year-old colts, Dexter Pullen's was considered the best, and entitled to the first premium; 2d best to Dr. S. Plaisted.

The good collection of year-old colts on the ground, with head and eyes right, appearing ready to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor, attested the excellent advantages of the 'free soil' of North Kennebec, in raising stock in competition with any portion of our country.

The attention of our farmers seems hardly enough turned to the advantages they possess, and the profits they might derive, in raising horses of the best breeds, for a market always yielding high prices and a good demand.

The improvement manifest in this thing, only within the two years since the first contemplation of forming an Agricultural society, is truly both surprising and highly gratifying. In conclusion, we hope that no penny-wise and pounds-foolish course will hinder our farmers and others from enjoying the full benefits that may be derived from the success of this Society.

LUCIUS ALLEN.
WILLIAM GOLDS.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON COWS. The Committee on Cows, after a careful and impartial inspection of the animals presented for premium, would beg leave to report:—The number of cows exhibited by the different competitors, their qualities and merits deserve the unqualified praise of your committee, and show that an increased interest is springing up among all classes of the community in this department of husbandry. The dairy presents to the farmer a source of profit, and adds essentially to the good living of that respected class of our fellow citizens. The professional man, mechanic, merchant, and trader, all share in the luxury emanating from the dairy. How important, then, if the view your committee have taken of this subject be true, that encouragement be given to this branch of husbandry. Let those who go forward in the improvement of stock be encouraged, not only by our good wishes and empty praises, but by something more substantial—an increased fund, that they may receive increased premiums. Every dollar contributed in this way, would, ere long, be repaid four fold in the improvement, quality, quantity, and price, of the articles derived from the dairy.

Let every farmer, then, set his farm and stock in order, and his house, too, and we can assure him success. Let those in the various avocations of life contribute in promoting this great domestic good, and our land will not only flow with milk and honey, but with the more nutritious articles for our palate and subsistence—cream, butter, and cheese.

Much discussion is going on among us, in regard to the various breeds of stock, and much good has been gained from the diversity of opinions which exist in relation to this subject. The introduction of different breeds, the crosses with what is termed our native stock, and other circumstances, have largely contributed

to keep up the health, vigor, and beauty of the stock of our State and Country.

Your committee are not called upon to report upon the fitness or merits of the different breeds, but upon the intrinsic character and merits (in their opinion) of the cows brought forward and offered for premium, in two classes, viz: 'Stock and Dairy' Cows.

There were upwards of twenty cows offered for premium as stock animals, most of which possessed points of great beauty, indicating pedigrees worthy the best breeds in New England. Among them were two cows, one owned by S. Percival, and the other by George Wentworth, both beautiful animals, of the N. Devon breed, and carry with them marks of the true stock they represent; and your committee have no doubt they will form a valuable acquisition to the stock of this section of country.

The following named persons entered one cow each, viz: Watson Burgess, W. A. Burleigh, Ansel Shorey, J. S. Wood, R. W. Pray, C. F. Hathaway, Chas. A. Dow, Amos Rollins, Henry Perry, Jos. Percival, Ellis Gifford, Wm. Pullen, and Esau Savage; R. H. Green entered 5 cows, and John Otis 3 cows; all of which, your committee feel great pleasure in saying, were specimens honorable to the owners, and claim special notice from the public.

The Dairy Cows entered were small in number compared with the former. Messrs. Joseph Percival, Frederick Paine, Amos Rollins, and Wm. Dyer made entries; and these cows presented stamps of character which would challenge competition. Many other individuals were upon the ground with cows not enumerated above, which did not escape the notice of your committee.

And here your committee would most gladly stop; but the duty imposed calls upon them to designate for premium, and in discharge of that duty award the 1st premium on stock cows to John F. Hunnewell's cow 'Flora'; 2d premium to R. H. Green's cow 'Cherry'; 3d premium to Watson Burgess; 4th premium to Ellis Gifford. 1st premium on dairy cows to F. Paine; 2d do. to Jos. Percival; 3d do. to Amos Rollins; 4th do. to Wm. Dyer.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
ROBERT AYER.
J. M. HANES.
DANIEL ALLEN.

Waterville, Oct. 4, 1848.

In our next we shall publish other reports. They are in our hands, but our readers must have a variety.

We can conceive of no duty, connected with the late Fair, more difficult in its execution, than that of deciding the relative merits of the various articles presented by the ladies. The committee might as well have judged the ladies themselves. Think of judging between a dozen or two of rugs, of different materials, different construction, different labor and different value; or as many counterpanes with as many contending qualities. And then, as if this were not enough, judgment is committed to those who do not know the difference between a back-stitch and a hem-stitch, a basting-stitch and a cat-stitch. How, we should like to know, do men ascertain the relative merits of a pair of worsted hose and a bunch of wax-flowers; or a bead purse and a bed-knot? We do not ask because we expect to find out, or because we think that even the committee could answer if they would. But if those ladies whose beautiful handiwork received no encouragement from the society, would themselves attempt an answer, they might thus learn why the committee did not satisfy all who contributed to that rich display.

Nevertheless—with all these difficulties, the committees did make conclusions, and no doubt very just ones, as the following report will show:

Report of Com. on Miscellaneous Articles.
Netting table cover, by Agnes Moor 50
" window curtains, " 75
Panel door, Wm. B. Wing 1,00
Single sleigh, Joseph Marston, 2,00
Tabouret cover, Ann Percival 75
Three window curtains, Frances Alden 2,00
Pr. marble bottom cushions, Mrs. Stevens 50
Knot coat [German worsted] " 50
Top Buggy, L. Stilson 1,50
Washing Machine, E. Marshall 1,00
Crayon Drawing, H. M. Cook 1,00
Elliptic wagon springs, Purmort Hill 75
Sliding top phaeton, Russell Ellis 8,00
Wool lace veil, Agnes Moor, 1,00
Floor Rug, Daniel Allen 50
Raised worsted work, E. A. Cook 50
Wax flowers and Fruit, Mrs. Stark 75
Lady's bead purse, Mrs. Gardner 50
Rocking-chair, stuffed and embroidered, Mrs. Thacher 1,00
Tidys, Mrs. S. S. Parker, 50
Two painted curtains, Mrs. Frances Hasty 1,00
Gent's bead purse, Mrs. Heywood 50
Linen table cover, Mrs. Colcord 1,00
Half doz. linen collars, Mrs. Hathaway 50
Wooden ware, Moses Dyer 1,00

CRIME IN BOSTON seems to be constantly on the increase. Hardly a day or night passes without adding to the catalogue an attempt at murder or robbery. No doubt much of the violence committed comes through the agency of rum; but it is equally plain that the number of trained desperadoes is rapidly multiplying, not only in Boston, but throughout N. England. Whether national example operates upon individuals, and thus multiplies crime and violence, is a question, but why should it not have this effect? The whole history of wars and fightings shows such a result. Guerrilla parties, the first step from the regular army, supply an apology for smaller bands of pirates, who in turn hand it down to individuals; and thus violence becomes as honorable to one as to a thousand. War is always followed by such results to society. Why should it not be?

MUMMIES.—The Texas Star states that a million mummies have been discovered on the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture but have the same wrappings, bands, and ornaments as the Egyptians. Among them was found a sculptured head with a pointed of flint, chaplets, necklaces, &c. of alternative colored beads, fragments of bone polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues, probably like those of our modern India rubber cloth moccasins worked like those of our Indians to-day, bones of vipers, &c. It remains to conjecture these interesting researches, and America will become another Egypt to antiquaries, and her ruins will go back to the oldest period of the world; showing, doubtless, that the ancestors of the Montezumas lived on the Nile.

SUMMARY.

From Mexico.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 28th of September, contains a summary of the latest intelligence from Mexico, received by the Royal West India mail steamer Trent, which arrived at Ship Island on the 26th.

The condition of the country is represented to be comparatively tranquil upon the surface. It is reported, however, that the Santanistas and the Puros have united and will make an effort to overthrow the present Government.

The return of Santa Anna is openly talked of and expected; and the expectation is expressed that he may be invested with supreme power within three months. The strength of the present Administration is said to consist solely in its command of money. It is represented to have yet at its command nearly a million, but this is not generally conceded.

The country is suffering extremely from the unsafe state of the public roads.—They are infested by robbers in every direction. Travelers make provision for being robbed, as a thing of course; they carry with them money expressly to satisfy the rapacity of the banditti of the highway, content if they escape indignities. Whenever a spirited resistance is made it is effectual. The Arco Iris mentions the case of a little party of Germans who were attacked on their way to Vera Cruz. They resisted and wounded one of the robbers, and the horses, the rest scampered off. The wounded man was afterwards arrested and handed over to the authorities. Verbally, we learn that he was hung for the offence.

Our readers are aware that the trade in tobacco is a monopoly in Mexico, which is farmed out by the Government. It was abolished by Gen. Scott, but has been resumed by the present Government, and Manning & Mackintosh are the principal contractors for it at present. There is an attempt now making by the state government of Vera Cruz and Puebla to have this monopoly done away, and the growth of tobacco and the trade in it declared free. Other states are expected to follow in support of these two states, and it is believed they will succeed in abolishing the monopoly.

Parades are still in Mexico, and are said to be endeavoring to procure a pardon for himself. It is thought that he will be successful—that he will not even be subjected to the inconvenience of a temporary exile.

Foreigners, we are told, are treated with much more consideration in Mexico since the war than they were formerly. The Americans share particularly in this increase of regard.

St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad.—We understand that on Tuesday last, the President of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail Road Company, George Desbarats, Esq., (one of the Directors,) and the secretary and Engineers, accompanied by Robert Gillespie, Esq., and several other gentlemen, as guests of the Company, visited the works on the Railroad, and were enabled to witness the gratifying approach to completion of the first, or Montreal section of the road, extending a distance of thirty miles from the river.

At the termination of their journey by rail, carriages were provided, and the line of road was driven over as far as the rapids of Belet. Here the Company have constructed a magnificent bridge across the river Richelieu, on Howe's improved patent principle; the length is 1,100 feet, and the height above the water 50 feet, and over this bridge runs the line of railroad. We are informed that when completed, which it will be in a few days, it will be not only one of the best, but one of the most elegant structures of its kind in North America. Its cost will be £20,000. After leaving the bridge, the party proceeded along the line of road, which rises by a gentle inclination from the Richelieu, until it gains the table land near the base of Beloit mountain, from which point it runs in a direct line to Hyacinthe.

The rapid progress of this truly great work, must be a subject of congratulation, not only to the stockholders, but to the inhabitants of Montreal and its vicinity at large.—[Montreal Gazette, 29th ult.]

THE PATERSON ROBBERY.—We learn that two persons have been arrested on suspicion of being the two who knocked down and robbed Mr. Crommelin, at Paterson, N. J., of \$8,000, on Friday evening. Messrs. Dr. Robinson & Co. have been in the habit for some time of sending an agent once a fortnight to certain manufacturers at Paterson, with bank-bills for payment of their work people. Formerly Mr. Crommelin went on Saturday morning, but finding that inconvenient in many respects for all parties, he has recently gone over on Friday afternoon, transacting part of his business on the evening of that day. On Friday he took with him \$10,000, and had paid over \$2,000 very shortly before he was robbed. He was knocked down, fell upon his face, was kicked several times in the side, and violently held down to the ground while the money was taken from him.—[N. Y. Com. Adv., 9th.]

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD.—We have seen an individual just arrived from California with fifteen pounds of the Feather River 'Gold dust,' sufficient for a sample, in his trunk, and although it shines seductively it is only another proof that 'all is not gold that glitters,' being neither more nor less than a species of mica. The gentleman who brought it on, understood when he sacked it, its precise value, and had no idea that he was bringing precious ore; still he thought a fair specimen might be of service in these parts as a lesson to those who are hastily picking up their duds for the gold region.—[True Sun.]

The Journal of Commerce says a letter stating that Mr. Corcoran had satisfactorily completed his negotiations in London was read at the Broker's Board, and produced some effect, increasing the amount of transactions and raising prices of some stocks a little. Money is pretty easy on temporary loans with good security, but no improvement in the rate for paper.

The Worcester Telegraph states, that the Supreme Court, session in Worcester, have assigned Tuesday next for the trial of John Cook, of Ashburnham, who stands indicted for the murder of his wife, by poison, some fifteen years since.

The price of cabin passage to California, in Howland & Aspinwall's new steamer, is \$800, and the voyage is expected to last about three months.

The Wesleyan General Conference, now in session in the King Street Chapel, were on Thursday and Friday employed principally in revising the economy of the Church. On Friday last quite an interesting discussion took place on the appropriate course to be pursued in reference to the politics of the day. The duty of preaching from the pulpit and the press in advocacy of political and religious truth, was strongly recommended.—[New York Express, 9th.]

GEORGIA.—The Congressional election in this State has resulted in the election of four Democrats and four Whigs, viz: Messrs. Cobb, Harrison, Hackett and Wellborn, Democrats; Messrs. King, Stephens, Owen and Toombs, Whigs. Wellborn's majority, 200.

The Whigs in Florida, it is reported, have elected their Governor and a majority of the members of the Legislature.

Mr. Corcoran has completed his negotiations in England and France and has written that he will return in the steamer of the 30th ult. His arrangements are for the sale of \$3,750,000 of the new United States Loan, and for borrowing \$2,000,000 more on the security of deposits of the stock.

In Albany about one hundred buildings of a neat and substantial character are going up on the burnt district. The Journal says that the buildings fronting Broadway are of a neat appearance, and when the street is built up, being now several feet wider than before the fire, will command a good share of the business of the city.

Eppes, the murderer of Mr. Muir, of Va., was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung last week, by the Court of Dinwiddie county.

The Montreal Minerve states that several commercial houses in that city are making large purchases of grain for exportation this fall, particularly oats, to be converted into meal and shipped off immediately for Ireland.

GREAT YIELD.—Mr. John Briggs of Auburn has raised the present season 272 bushels of oats from 5 1/4 bushels of seed. The seed was sown at the rate of one bushel per acre, making an average yield of 49 1/2 bushels per acre. Who beats this.—[Lew. Falls Journal.]

If you find it necessary to chastise your husband, you should perform this painful duty by using the soft end of the broom and not the handle.

Boys, said Admiral Trunton, as his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch Admiral De Winter, you see a very severe winter approaching; I advise you to keep a good fire!

AUBURN AND ROCHESTER RAILROAD.—This road is now finished throughout its entire length with a heavy iron track—30 miles of which weighs 60 pounds to the yard—and the remaining 47 miles 70 pounds to the yard.—The expense of the new structure has averaged \$10,000 per mile—making with the additional fixtures and running apparatus that will be required, an expenditure of nearly one million of dollars. Twenty-two miles of the road between Cananagua and Geneva are graded for a double track. Formerly the running time from Auburn to Rochester was six hours; but it has been gradually reduced till the space is now run over in four hours. This time will evidently be shortened at three hours and a half.—[Rochester Adv.]

The Hon. Daniel E. Huger, of South Carolina, has addressed a long letter to the Chas. (S. C.) Courier, in which he develops his own views of duty in reference to the Presidential election, and probably the views of large numbers of Democrats in South Carolina and the whole southern section of the Union. The position he takes is this: Although General Taylor is a better man than General Cass for President, the Democratic party cannot consistently go over to the Whigs and aid in electing Gen. Taylor, because, if elected, he will be surrounded by Whig counselors and directed by the Whig party, whose whole policy is diametrically opposed to South Carolina and Southern interests generally. The Northern Whigs, he says, have no sympathy with the South; but the Northern Democrats have, and therefore should receive the support of the South.—[Traveller.]

“Wife, which way do you suppose the wind is to-night?”

“Well, really, I don't know but suppose you light a candle and look into our straw bed.”

“How can I tell by that?”

“Why, bless me, don't straw show which way the wind blows?”

Aim not too high, lest you fall; nor lie on the ground, lest you be trampled upon; you are safest when your legs bear you.

A city editor thus nudges his delinquent subscribers:—“We don't want money desperately bad, but our subscribers do, and no doubt they owe you. If you'll pay us we'll pay them, and they'll pay you.”

In Cork, a short time ago, the crier endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, “All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the Court!”

The great stone dam at the new manufacturing city of Lawrence, which has been three years in building, is completed.

The New York papers tell a good story of a man who, being taken ill, was told that nothing would save him but to drink a quart of catnip tea. “Then I must die,” said the poor man, “for I don't hold but a pint!” Probably this was the same man who declared that he should die of a fever, because there was not room in him for it to turn.

A PRETTY RIDDLE.—“I will consent to all you desire, said a young lady to her lover, ‘on condition that you give me what you have not, what you can never have, and yet what you can give me.’ What did she ask for? A husband.”

There is a great difference in the conduct of men who fall into misfortune. The fool generally resorts to drinking and endeavors to drown his reflection in the vortex of dissipation. But the truly wise man sets about relieving his condition, and repairs the breaches made in his affairs. The result is, that the fool generally falls a wretched victim to his course, and leaves his family beggared and disgraced; while the wise man recovers from his fall, and gains his former state of prosperity.

Among O'Connell's professional reminiscences was the following one by instance of a client's gratitude. He had obtained an acquittal; and the fellow, in the ecstasy of his joy, exclaimed, “Och, Counselor! I've no way to show your honor my gratitude here! but I wish I saw you knocked down in my own parish, and maybe I wouldn't bring a faction to the rescue!”

A laughable affair transpired in this city a few days since, affording too good a joke to be kept a secret. One of our worthy constables was committing a worthless, drunken vagrant to the House of Correction. He got him to the door of the cell, and just at the golden moment, the prisoner stepped aside, caught the officer by the shoulder, pushed him into the cell, and, as quick as thought, closed the door, fastened it with a wooden rod, and walked off. The officer, by dint of knowing the ropes, soon effected his escape—and so did the victim!

of East Boston, who was stabbed by her drunken husband, John McPike, on the night of the Fourth of July last. The wound was in the side just above the hip. McPike was arrested the same night and committed to jail, and after lying there a month or more was sentenced in the Municipal Court to pay a fine of \$50 and costs, and to give bonds to keep the peace, which, with the help of his friends, he complied with and was set at large. In the meantime the wounded woman was carried to the Almshouse, where she grew worse and was taken to the Massachusetts Hospital. Here the wound healed over, and she recovered sufficiently to visit her husband in jail. Afterwards the wound opened afresh, and she went back to the hospital where she died yesterday. The Coroner learning the fact made a complaint before Justice Knapp, who issued a warrant for the arrest of McPike. The warrant was placed in the hands of Constable Jones, who last night, with the assistance of the Watch, succeeded in arresting McPike at or near a stable in East Boston. A post mortem examination of the body of the deceased takes place this forenoon, and an inquest will be held in the afternoon.

At 1 o'clock yesterday, Coroner Pratt was called to hold an inquest upon the body of Elizabeth Russell, who died from the effect of a wound inflicted by a knife in the hands of Alanson Courtland, colored. The affray occurred in Cyprus street, and was the result of a quarrel between the parties, who were both degraded characters. Courtland was brought up on Saturday in the Municipal Court, and sentenced to a fine of \$50 and cost, but on intimation to the Judge that the woman was probably near her end, the sentence was suspended.—[Traveller.]

DEATHS.
DIED in Solon, August 29th, from a protracted and very painful disease of the stomach, Mr. WARREN HEALD, aged 55 yrs.
Mr. Heald, when a child, came with his father, the late Col. Jonas Heald, from Anson, Mass., to Solon; then a wilderness. He was trained amidst the labors, privations and dangers of the pioneer settlers. He once, when under 5 years of age, wandered from his home and was lost in the woods during 3 days and nights. Bare-footed, in the month of April, large patches of snow still remained upon the ground over which he was tracked; and, tho' insensible when found, a kind providence spared him for a blessing to his friends and community. He lived to minister to the wants of his aged parents in their infirmities—to shelter his widowed mother in her last days—to soothe her dying bed, and lay her in the resting place of the dead—and to raise a large and respectable family of his own. Mr. Heald was, indeed, an affectionate son and husband, a judicious and kind father, a neighbor abounding in acts of kindness and accommodation, a citizen of untiring industry in his business, of stern integrity and faithfulness in the public offices which he was called to fill, the friend of all and of all a friend, an honest man. And, though the bereaved widow with her eleven surviving fatherless children and other relatives are called to mourn an irreparable loss, they are not the only mourners. Com.

[Papers in Mass. please notice.]

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

Flour, 60c; Corn, 50c; Rye, 55c; Oats, 45c; Butter, 12c; Eggs, 10c; Pork, 10c; Beans, 8c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 10c; Blackberries, 10c; Currants, 10c; Grapes, 10c; Figs, 10c; Dates, 10c; Olives, 10c; Almonds, 10c; Walnuts, 10c; Pistachios, 10c; Cashews, 10c; Pecans, 10c; Macadamia, 10c; Brazil, 10c; Copra, 10c; Coconut, 10c; Sesame, 10c; Sunflower, 10c; Cottonseed, 10c; Linseed, 10c; Castor, 10c; Rape, 10c; Tallow, 10c; Lard, 10c; Butter, 10c; Cheese, 10c; Eggs, 10c; Milk, 10c; Cream, 10c; Ice, 10c; Coal, 10c; Wood, 10c; Hay, 10c; Straw, 10c; Manure, 10c; Fertilizer, 10c; Lime, 10c; Cement, 10c; Brick, 10c; Tiles, 10c; Slate, 10c; Shingles, 10c; Lumber, 10c; Boards, 10c; Plank, 10c; Joists, 10c; Rafters, 10c; Posts, 10c; Poles, 10c; Fences, 10c; Gates, 10c; Windows, 10c; Doors, 10c; Stairs, 10c; Roofs, 10c; Chimneys, 10c; Foundations, 10c; Walls, 10c; Floors, 10c; Ceilings, 10c; Partitions, 10c; Screens, 10c; Curtains, 10c; Blinds, 10c; 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