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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 11): October 4, 1849

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1849.

NO. 11.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
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## POPULAR READING.

### CONSTANCE BEVERLY;

OR, LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY AGNES L. GORDON.

The setting sun gleamed into an apartment furnished with oriental splendor. The heavy purple velvet curtains were looped back from the windows by massive golden cords, and the air was heavy with fragrance, and the golden sunlight as it gleamed through the case-ments caught the hue of the draperies, and cast a rich purple glow throughout the apartment, like the radiance of an Italian sunset. Seated on a low ottoman was a lady in deep reverie. The book she had been reading had fallen un-noticed to the ground, and her clasped hands rested listlessly upon her lap. Well did the stately beauty of that lovely lady, accord with the proud magnificence of all about her. The queen-like form, the haughty and chiselled fea-tures, the pure, unfeigned brow, and beyond all, the deep, dark eyes, so fitted to flash with scorn, or melt in tenderness, and the hands of dark hair, folded about the classically formed head, all betokened the noble race of which she came. But now, those large, dark eyes were an expression of sadness, and her whole attitude was that of one whose thoughts were wandering far away from the present, and re-velling in recollections of the past, or visions of the future. The lady sat silently for many mo-ments, and then a sorrowful, yet saddened smile curved her beautiful lip, as she murmured—

"Yes, they call me cold, and proud, and pas-sionless. They think, because I smile at what the world calls sentiment, that I cannot love! I, whose every thought and feeling are given to one I who would ever die for him! Oh, Percy, could you but read my heart!"

And she bowed her head upon her clasped hands, and wept in uncontrolable emotion. Presently she raised her face, and an expres-sion of pride struggled with tenderness, as she continued—

"I should love one who thinks not of me. Shall I be admired of brilliant crowds, linger over a few idle words, lightly spoken, and then be forgotten? And yet, compared with the love of such a heart, how vain, how false this glittering incense to my vanity ap-pears. Could I but win the heart of Percy Melbourne, no sacrifice would seem too great. But these are idle thoughts! I may not be; and I will fold the mantle of my pride about my breast, and mingle with the heartless crowd to smile, and act a part to bury deep these feelings in this heart, which they think cold and passionless. Oh, would that it were!"

And with an effort the lady roused herself from her listless attitude, and passed with a stately step to the inner chamber. Constance Beverly was the last of a noble family, who could trace their lineage back for many generations without stain upon the escutcheon of their race. Her parents were long since dead, and emancipated at 18 from the tutelage of guardianship, she reigned as sole mistress of her superb domain and princely fortune. Wealthy, high born and beautiful, surrounded by parasites and amiable to no earthly degree, Lady Constance stood on a dangerous eminence for one so young. But nature, in lavishing so many gifts upon her favorites, had endowed her also with deep, ardent feelings, and a pure, high, god-like spirit that despised everything mean and servile. She had so much of deceit and flattery surrounding her, that she early learned life's bitter lesson of distrust, and as a means of checking presumptuous flatterers, wrapped herself in an air of pride, that while it repelled the fawning parasite, unfortunately checked the outpouring of true affection that dreaded a re-jection. And thus, though flattered, courted and admired, Lady Constance, with a fountain of deep tenderness ever gushing in her heart, trod the golden path of prosperity, denied earth's brightest boon of fervent love. While, in the bright circle of which she was the centre, many a devoted soul strove proudly to win

A Percy Melbourne came like herself of a distinguished family, but unlike her, held no other heritage than his noble birth and the un-sullied name he bore. He had distinguished himself in India at a very early age, and now in the early prime of manhood, had returned a widower to his native shores, to enjoy the laurels he had bravely won. He met Lady Constance in the gay circle of fashion, and appreciating at once her true force of character, loved her as only a strong, true heart can love. But she was courted by those with far greater pre-tensions than he could claim; and she scorned them. How, then, dared he hope to win so bright a gem? With a pride equaling her own, he refused to bend before her shrine an acknowledged worshipper. And her position being lower than his own, how gladly would he have raised the jewel from the dust, and how proudly have worn it in his bosom! But now he might as well have tried to win a diamond from a beggar.

It is a story of love and pride, of a heart that is cold and proud, and of a heart that is warm and true. It is a story of a lady who is proud and cold, and of a gentleman who is warm and true. It is a story of a lady who is proud and cold, and of a gentleman who is warm and true. It is a story of a lady who is proud and cold, and of a gentleman who is warm and true.

What a terrible disappointment it was to Lady Constance! The even of the season was this grand fancy ball, and now the leading stars of the evening were both absent. It seemed as if the two bright lamps had gone out, and left the apartments shrouded in comparative darkness. She could compare it to nothing else, she said, and she was the most unhappy creature under the sun. Poor Lady Constance! she was a poor creature indeed.

The respect in which Melbourne was held, had been detained, and he engaged himself to complete the arrangements, which his sudden departure had left incomplete. His resolution had been suddenly made, and impulsively acted upon, and was unhesitatingly given to his friends. He loved Constance with all his soul, but believing her removable in her pride, resolved to spare himself the torture of con-stantly repressed emotion, and seek in absence and change of scene the balm of forgetfulness.

With these feelings he took passage for India, willing to become an voluntary exile from his home, and his friends, and his loved one.

CHAPTER II.

A gay and brilliant assemblage filled the rooms of a noble mansion. Shaded lights, soft music and fresh flowers lent their aid to the enchantment of the scene. Joy and happiness seemed dancing in every eye; wit and merry laughter sparkled from every lip. Surrounded by a little coterie was the Lady Constance Beverly, the richest in all. Attired in a robe of costly satin, rich in its very simplicity, and perfectly void of all ornament, save a cir-cle of gems upon her raven hair, she seemed like a queen receiving the due homage of her subjects. Her soft laugh rose clear and sweet, and her wit, like a silver arrow, was keen and dazzling. And yet, while mirth seemed to have its dwelling place within her bosom, her tones were soft, even to sadness, and though her lip wore a smile, no answering beam played from those dark eyes, so fitted with sadness and beauty. There was a stir amid the group that surrounded her, and Lady Constance, moving toward the harp, struck a few chords, and then as if forgetful of all around poured forth a strain of thrilling melody. A burst of applause greeted her as she ceased, but she rested listlessly upon the harp, when a voice near her murmured involuntarily—

"Beautiful indeed!"

The songstress started, and her eyes rested instant on the speaker ere turning away, she fascinated all by her wit and smiles. The person who had attracted the attention of Constance was in the prime of manhood, tall and commanding in person, and dignified and graceful in manners, with a head and face whose superb and intellectual beauty was a model for a sculptor. His gaze was fixed upon the songstress during her performance, and when she concluded, the expression of admiration escaped him, and with a sigh he turned away.

"Lady Constance is very fascinating," spoke a friend to him; "but what a pity she has no heart. She is an animated statue, warm and glowing to all appearance, but in truth, cold and insensible. Her heart must certainly be ossified with pride. Do you think she could ever love?"

"Love! yes, and the love of such a being were worth a kingdom; he must be more than mortal to be worthy of it. Beneath that guise of idle seeming are buried thoughts beautiful and true, and it needs but the magical key of affection to unlock those hidden treasures. Proud she is, and well may be, but cold and passionless—never!"

"Well, then," replied his friend, laugh-ing, "I can believe anything after this; so you too are an enthusiast! I must hasten to tell our friends of the discovery." And he moved away among the crowd.

But there was one other who heard his words. Constance Beverly heard them, and a wild hope sprung in her heart. The jest and laugh were hushed upon her lips and she hastened to indulge in solitude the blissful feelings his words had inspired. He loved her, she was sure of it now; and O, how she regretted the proud and cold demeanor that had kept him from her side! Various were the schemes she imagined that might yet bring him to her feet and convince him that he had not loved in vain; each seemed unsatisfactory, but she deter-mined to cast aside her chilling hauteur at least to him, when they met again, and so retired to dreams of happiness.

Several days elapsed, and Constance had not met one who was ever present in her heart when she called upon a mutual friend, with the hope, scarcely acknowledged to herself, of see-ing or at least hearing something of Percy.

"Have you heard the news?" said her friend Lady Cardover, after the usual compliments had been interchanged. "Percy Melbourne has sailed for India; positively gone. It was most unexpected, and shockingly provoking, just at this time. You know my fancy ball comes off next week, and Col. Melbourne is so dis-gusted with the country, that he will not sym-pathize with you tormenting creature, you don't even listen to my intelligence. But by the way, what dress will you appear in, if it is not so secret? I wanted to prevail upon you to wear an eastern dress; it would suit your style admirably, and with Percy as a suitor, you would have been the star of the night. Is it not too bad that he has left us?"

"Constance suffered martyrdom while her volatile hostess chattered away mingling re-grets for Colonel Melbourne's absence, with descriptions of the coming fete. She consented herself enough, however, to reply consistently to Lady Cardover's remarks; but not daring to ask any questions about Percy's sudden de-parture, or to appear to take any special inter-est in that one, she hastened away as soon as possible to discover the truth of the report; and mourned over this sudden extinction of her cherished hopes.

Lady Cardover was correct. Percy Mel-bourne had left town with the intention of re-turning to India to remain for years, perhaps forever. But surprised as the lady had been at this intelligence, her astonishment and dis-appointment were as nothing to the positive re-velation with which she read an elegant note re-ceived from Lady Constance, declining the in-vitation to the ball; upon the plea of an urgent engagement to a relative in a distant section of the country. With the note still in her hand she sprang into her carriage and drove to the home of Constance; bent upon dissuading her from leaving until the fete was over. But she was too late; the porter said that his lady had left the day before and the time of her return was uncertain.

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CHAPTER III.

to reflect, and he doubted the wisdom of cast-ing away all hope without even a trial. These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, as he slowly paced his apartment with a troubled brow.

"If I only dared hope!" burst from his lips convulsively. And then he started, to the consciousness that he was not alone, for seated at a desk near him was a youth whom he had engaged as secretary to assist him in arrang-ing his affairs prior to departure.

Melbourne glanced rapidly towards the young aid to mark if he had noticed his excla-mation, but the boy's head was bent low over his accounts, and apparently heeded nothing else. There was something about the youth that at-tracted Percy's attention; he looked at him earnestly and sighed; then with an effort be-came himself, he said, with a slight smile—

"But tell me, Rupert, why you persist in wearing this fantastic dress? methinks it is more befitting a lady's boudoir, than the busi-ness desk, and he glanced at his clerk's attire which was in truth as he had said, rather fan-tastic. A frock coat of murrey colored velvet, finish-ed at the throat with a collar of rich lace that fell low upon his shoulders, and a cap with a plume shading his face, gave him the appear-ance of a page. His hair of pale auburn curled around his forehead, and a slight moustache graced his upper lip, while his hands were of feminine whiteness and delicacy. The boy colored as he glanced at his dress, and said hastily—

"I was a lady's taste that deked me thus." "And a very graceful taste it was," answered Percy, kindly, pitying the boy's evident em-barrassment. "And is it forbidden you to name the fair lady for whose sake you wear it?"

A deeper flush crossed the boy's face, and there was a tremor in his voice as he replied: "It was the Lady Constance Beverly. I was once her page."

Melbourne started, and exclaimed in a tone of doubtful surprise: "Lady Constance! is it indeed so? Me-thought your countenance was strangely fami-lar. How long since did you leave her ser-vice?"

"But when I sought yours, sir; it grieved me much, for I have been with her since a child," said the page, timidly.

"Thou art but little else now," replied Percy; "but you must love the lady passing well, thus to hold sacred her slightest fancy?"

The boy bent his head still lower, and now his voice trembled as he answered: "I love her as myself, and would die to serve her!"

Melbourne looked at the speaker with sur-prise, and his voice had a tone of slight dis-pleasure as he said: "Your words belie your years, fair sir; this is more than a mere boyish passion."

"And even if it were," answered the boy, after a slight pause, "you need not fear any rival."

CHAPTER IV.

"You have nothing to regret, not I, to forgive; the felicity you prophesied is mine, and I have to reward and thank you."

"Say that you forgive me," murmured the boy.

His auditor started. The page clasped his hands and raised his eyes imploringly.

"Constance!" burst from Melbourne's lips. The auburn locks and moustache had disap-peared, and the dark hair simply parted on the forehead betrayed the disguise. Constance removed the cap, and as the mantle fell at her feet exclaimed—

"There lies all that remains of the wilful page; say that you forgive Constance as freely as Rupert and I will be happy. Percy, I loved you; some light words did me the hope it was returned; but my pride seemed to set a bar-rier between us. Perhaps that pride was too much humbled by the course I have taken. You left England, it was supposed for years, perhaps forever. I could not bear that you should leave me thus, and hearing you were detained at the seaport, followed you with a wild hope of securing our mutual happiness. For the sake of this blissful moment forgive me, and do not love me less that I prized that love above all worldly forms."

Percy pressed her to his heart, and gazing rapturously upon that lovely face, whispered impassioned words, but they were not of for-giveness, for there needed none.

Poor Lady Cardover was doomed to a third surprise when she heard of Percy Melbourne's return and the approaching bridal. Her as-tonishment was shared by all their mutual friends, for Lady Constance's pride and Col-onel Melbourne's coldness had passed into a proverb. But the lovers kept their own coun-sel, and let the world speculate at will upon 'how it all came about,' while for years after their union, in a private closet of their splendid house, there was treasured among other pre-cious relics the velvet dress and plumed cap of Rupert, the wilful page.

A STATE OF SIEGE.

I was one day hunting alone, on foot, with double-barrelled smooth bore, one barrel loaded with ball, the other with number-two shot, in a rather (for that country) open wood, when a large boar made his appearance, about six yards off, and not seeing any of his comrades, I let fly the barrel ball at him and tumbled him over. He gave a fierce grunt or two as he lay, and a large herd of these boars and sows immediately rushed out of some thicker wood behind him, and after looking a few seconds at the fallen beast, made a dash at me; but they were a trifle too late for, on first catching sight of them, I ran to a tree, cut some for life, and had only just scrambled into some diverging branches about ten feet from the ground, when the whole herd arrived grunting and squealing at the foot of the tree. It was the first time I had ever been kept as the North Americans call it, and I could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure I must have taken, chased up a tree by a drove of pigs; but it soon turned out no laughing matter, for their patience was not to be expected, soon exhaust-ed; but they settled round the tree, about twenty yards distant, and kept looking up at me with their little twinkling eyes, as much as to say, 'they were a trifle too late for, on first catching sight of them, I ran to a tree, cut some for life, and had only just scrambled into some diverging branches about ten feet from the ground, when the whole herd arrived grunting and squealing at the foot of the tree. 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MISCELLANY.

**STRANGE INSTINCT OF THE DEER.**—The large American panther has one inveterate and deadly foe, the black bear. Some of these immense bears will weigh 800 pounds, and their skin is so tough that a musket-ball will not penetrate it. As the panther invariably destroys all the young cubs which come in her path, so does the bear take great pains to attack the panther, and, fortunate indeed, is the animal who escapes the deadly embrace of this black monster. The following exciting and interesting scene is related by an eye witness.

A large deer was running at full speed, closely pursued by a panther. The chase had already been a long one, for as they came nearer, I could perceive both their long parched tongues hanging out of their mouths, and their bounding, though powerful, was no longer so elastic as usual. The deer having discovered in the distance, a large black bear, playing with her cubs, stopped a moment to sniff the air; then coming still nearer, he made a bound with his head extended, to ascertain if Bruin kept his position. As the panther was closing with him, the deer wheeled sharp around, and turning back almost upon his own trail, passed within thirty yards of his pursuer, who not able at once to stop his career, gave an angry growl and followed the deer again, but at a distance of some hundred yards; hearing the growl, the bear drew his body half out of the bush, remaining quietly on the look out. Soon the deer again appeared, but his speed was much reduced and as he approached towards the spot where the bear lay concealed, it was evident that the animal was calculating his distance with admirable precision. The panther, now expecting easily to seize his prey, followed about thirty yards behind, its eyes so intently fixed upon the deer that it did not see Bruin at all. Not so the bear. She was aware of the close vicinity of her wicked enemy, and she cleared the briars and squatted herself for action; when the deer, with a beautiful and powerful spring, passed close over the bear's head and disappeared. At the moment he took the leap, the panther was close upon him, and was just balancing himself for a spring, when he perceived to his astonishment, that now he was faced by a formidable adversary, not the least disposed to fly. He crouched, lashing his flanks with his long tail, while the bear, about five yards from him, remained like a statue, looking at the panther, with her fierce glaring eyes.

"One minute they remained thus; the panther, its sides heaving with exertion, agitated and apparently undecided; the bear perfectly calm and motionless. Gradually the panther crawled backward till at a right distance for a spring, when throwing all his weight upon his hind parts, to increase its power, it darted upon the bear like lightning, and fixed its claws into her back. The bear, with irresistible force, seized the panther with her two fore paws, pressing it with the weight of her body, and rolling over it. I heard a heavy grunt, a plaintive howl, a crashing of bones, and the panther was dead. The cub of the bear came to ascertain what was going on, and after a few minutes examination of the victim, it strutted down the slope of the hill, followed by its mother which was apparently unhurt. I did not attempt to prevent their retreat, for among real hunters in the wilds there is a feeling which restrains them from attacking an animal which has just undergone a deadly strife.

"This is a very common practice of the deer, when chased by the panther—that of leading him to the haunt of a bear; I have often witnessed it, although I never knew the deer to turn in this instance."—[Pittsburg National Reformer.]

**KINDNESS BETTER THAN FORCE.** If you want your horse to work well, you must endeavor to make it happy; happiness increases its strength and energy, and unhappiness diminishes them. When you find it weak in any particular point, do not press and harass the weakness, but show it indulgence. Do not urge it to do more than it is well able, as the more it is compelled to do today, the less it will do tomorrow. When you find your horse begins to slacken his speed, do not recklessly compel him to maintain it; but think how you would like to be thus urged beyond your strength. Do not worry your horse by repeated whip strokes; as every blow robs the animal of some of its strength; and continual blows rob it also of the motives to exertion, by the violence of the strokes on the skin, and also affect the muscles underneath, on which the motions depend. If any person doubts this, a slight blow on the arm or leg will soon convince him of the truth. If you have two horses working together, and one horse is slower or weaker than the other, do not force it to do as much as the other; but rather slacken the speed, even if it is done by keeping the other horse back, and never use bearing reins; they are useless to the driver, vexatious to the horse, and are the cause of many falls; but above all, be not too fond of showing them that you are their master and their your slaves; they know it well enough without this sorrow and without this trouble.

**YANKEES AND PRINTING PRESSES.**—In view of the establishment of printing presses in California, the London Athenaeum says: "The Yankee has an admirable trick of carrying a printing press on his shoulder wherever he goes—he can't take it without his person. Whether he is a Mexican soldier, or enters Grenada as an emigrant, he goes armed with the type. If he does nothing, but sow of these dragon's teeth, in the lands where which he passes, no small amount of good should come of it in good time."

**A SCENE IN A WESTERN COURT.**—The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following good story of a scene in a Court in that city: "Not a bad anecdote is told of Esq. Wick Roll. A case of assault and battery came before him some time since, and after an examination of several witnesses, one of them, who the Squire had questioned rather sharply, became highly incensed, and unhooking the vial of wrath, said he could 'whip any man who doubted his word under oath.' The Squire pulled off his spectacles, made a leap over the rail and cried, 'The Court stands adjourned till the fight's over'; and then in a trice, 'harnessed' to the witness and whipped him in as quick time as he supposed to be agreeable. The belligerent witness being disposed of, he gave in his decision according to the evidence."

**MUTATION.**—On the 18th of June, 1815, was won the victory of Waterloo. On the 18th of June, 1849, the Duke of Wellington and his companion in arms met to celebrate the 34th anniversary of his victory. 1,000 of the nobility left cards of congratulation at Apsley House. Never has history presented a stranger spectacle—these old victors cannot look anywhere on the continent and point to a single throne and say 'we sit up here.' They have outlived every thing they fought for. The life of man is likened to the existence of a vapor, yet his life outlives the trophies of his

sword. In Spain they substituted a Bourbon for a Bonaparte, and the heir of Bourbon is a hopeless pretender. In France they dethroned Bonaparte, and set up a Bourbon, and the Bonaparte is again in Paris, with a pale and a red republic. In Germany they enabled the princes to refuse parliaments for a time, only to concede them in troublesome days. Defeated victors! conquered conquerors! of Waterloo.—North British Mail.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, OCT. 4, 1849.

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

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

The annual holiday of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society has produced decidedly a richer exhibition than any of its illustrious predecessors. The weather was so peculiarly propitious that the farmers seemed to be aware that excuses would not avail; and the result has been a most honorable rally. The display of horses, neat cattle, swine and poultry presented an improvement such as was predicted by those who carefully examined the Society's first exhibition. A growth of two years, under the stimulating competition that has naturally derived life from the association, gives us a stock that compares well with the best exhibitions in New-England. If this influence continues to present the same results in future, Old Kennebec will ultimately stand unrivalled, especially for her neat cattle.

The exhibition at the Hall seems to have lost some of its attractions since the Society's first Fair. There are indications that the ladies have less interest there. The few who share the general expression of gratitude for this department of the exhibition, will be overwhelmed with thanks, unless there can be a wider distribution. There was a tolerable display of the beautiful—such as flowers, paintings, needle-work and ladies—of the useful, such as carriages, counterpanes and carpets;—and of the good, such as butter, cheese, corn and squashes. In all these varieties there was a good degree of perfection, but the display indicated a diminution of interest in carrying forward this part of the Society's object.

We were unable to listen to Prof. Champlin's address, but hear it uniformly praised. We believe the society voted to request a copy for the press.

We give the following list of premiums awarded, and shall endeavor in our next to publish the reports of a portion of the Committee.

- HORSES.**  
Stallions—1st, A. Crosby, Albion.  
2d, John Homans, Vassalboro.  
3d, J. R. Dow, Waterville.  
Mares—1st, Geo. Mitchell, Jr., do.  
2d, Abram Morrill, do.  
Colts, 3 yr. olds—1st, J. Mitchell, Jr., do.  
2d, Geo. E. Shores, do.  
Colts, 2 yrs. olds—1st, Ellis Gifford, Fairfield.  
2d, A. C. Holbrook, do.  
Yearling Colts—1st, J. W. Drummond, Winslow.  
2d, Geo. Barton, Sidney.  
Bulls—1st, John Otis, Fairfield.  
2d, R. H. Green, Winslow.  
3d, S. & J. Percival, Waterville.  
Yearling Bulls—1st, Wm. Dyer, Waterville.  
2d, A. C. Holbrook, Fairfield.  
3d, R. H. Green, Winslow.  
Bull Calves—1st, Calen Hoxie, Fairfield.  
2d, Jos. Mitchell, Waterville.  
3d, Albert Crosby, Albion.  
Dry Cows—1st, J. Percival, Waterville.  
2d, Ch. A. Dow, do.  
3d, G. Wentworth, do.  
Stock—1st, R. H. Green, Winslow.  
2d, S. & J. Percival, Waterville.  
3d, Wm. Dyer, do.  
Hefers, 2 yrs. olds—1st, R. H. Green, Winslow.  
2d, E. Gifford, Fairfield.  
3d, S. L. Lancaster, Albion.  
Yearling Hefers—1st, E. H. Scribner, Waterville.  
2d, J. F. Hannevell, China.  
Heifer Calves—1st, A. Crosby, Albion.  
2d, S. Percival, Waterville.  
Oxen—1st, Henry Lawrence, Fairfield.  
2d, John Otis, do.  
3d, Seth Holway, do.  
Teams of 10 yoke—1st, Fairfield.  
2d, Wm. Burgess, do.  
Drawing Oxen—1st, E. H. Scribner, Fairfield.  
2d, Henry Lawrence, do.  
Steers, 3 yr. olds—1st, W. Burgess, Waterville.  
2d, John Otis, Fairfield.  
3d, Wm. Nowell, do.  
Do, 2 yr. olds—1st, W. Burgess, do.  
2d, J. F. Hannevell, China.  
Do, yearlings—1st, J. S. Cummings, Belgrade.  
2d, John Richardson, do.  
Do, calves—1st, E. F. Crowell, Waterville.  
2d, Allen Jones, Fairfield.  
**PLOUGHING MATCH.**  
Double Team—1st, A. Rollins, Belgrade.  
2d, John Parker, Waterville.  
Single Team—1st, E. H. Scribner, Fairfield.  
**SHEEP.**  
Bucks—1st and 2d, Sanford, Follen, Waterville. (Only one entry.)  
Ewes—1st, H. F. Crowell, Waterville.  
2d, John Richardson, do.  
Barns—1st, Cyrus Williams, do.  
2d, Sanford Follen, do.  
Sows—1st, Sanford Follen, do.  
2d, Cyrus Williams, do.

Pigs—1st, A. Crosby, Albion.  
2d, Sanford Follen.

**POULTRY.**  
Turkeys—1st, Wm. H. Pearson, Waterville.  
2d, John Tozer, Fairfield.  
Hens—1st, J. Percival, Waterville.  
2d, F. Faine, Winslow.

**MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.**  
Best Phœnon, Purmont Hill, gratuity of \$2.  
Top Buggy, Lemuel Spilson, do. \$2.

**BUTTER AND CHEESE.**

The com. were unable to decide between two competitors for the first premium, and recommended a division between J. E. Haskell, of Fairfield, and J. Percival, Waterville. The 2d to John Tozer, Fairfield, and the 3d to F. Faine, Winslow.

**CHEESE.**—1st, Geo. Wentworth, Waterville.  
2d, Mrs. Lydia Crosby, Albion.  
3d, Sullivan Erskine, China.

**FRUIT.**  
Best Apples, Sanford Follen.

We defer the list of gratuities on Miscellaneous and Household articles till next week, when we shall publish the committee's report. To-day we have neither time or room.

AND KEN. RAILROAD.

The rails on the And. & Ken. R.R. have been laid from the Depot in Waterville to West Waterville, a distance of six miles, and the work is progressing, at the rate of half a mile a day, onwards from that point. By one party; another party is at work at Readfield with equal vigor. The distance is not over 17 miles between the two parties, and making allowance for storms, the rails will be laid down on the entire road during the month of October, and the road opened for travel to this place within a very few days after that time. The friends of this road, and the public generally, may therefore arrange their fall and winter business with reference to the means of travel and transportation which will soon be at hand.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Choicestest Sprinklings.—Number 5.

By Doxy Waty.

The precious element which suggests the title of my contributions, plays us sad tricks occasionally; last night its riotous propensities were displayed in the bursting of one of the large iron pipes at the corner of Tremont and Eliot streets, to the no slight annoyance of the residents in that quarter, whose cellars were completely flooded before the watch could secure the mad rogue. We are from time to time subjected to these eccentricities, but we bear their visitation with Philosophy in consideration of the many blessings conveyed to us by the introduction of pure water. In a former number of the "Sprinklings" I told you of two fountains which were to be erected in front of the State House: these are now under way and will be in operation in a few weeks, in time to gratify the optics of the representatives of our "State's wisdom," who assemble early in January.

Our city is now infested by a pack of daring scoundrels, who are every day committing some bold and outrageous rascality. The "grab game" has been tried several times recently, with partial success; in one instance as you have been informed by the daily papers, the sum of \$26 was snatched from the hands of a young man in Suffolk Bank, in the most adroit manner. The thief, however, was by good luck arrested while trying to get the bills changed into specie at a Broker's office. This trick requires an expert operator, and is practiced by mingling with the crowd, which gathers around the Teller on busy days, and snatching from some unsuspecting person, the bills which he holds loosely in his hand; having effected this, the operator disappears through the crowd like a rocket, escaping in the confusion which follows. On Friday evening a man was suddenly attacked by three ruffians on Chelsea bridge, knocked down by a slung shot, robbed of sixteen cents, and thrown overboard into the water; reviving there, he managed to cling to the pier of the bridge, until rescued by a man, who happened fortunately to be near by in a boat. An instance of a character precisely similar occurred several years since to Mr. Jones who formerly drove the Duxbury stage, and in that case as in the present the preservation of life seemed almost miraculous. The Chelsea bridge is very long and well suited for the purposes of these scoundrels; its height from the surface of the water must be at least 30 feet, and the tide is exceedingly swift and dangerous.

On 4th inst. General Taylor will pay Boston a visit, and Mr. Preston will accompany him so that they may get a sight of the old veteran after all. The period of his visit is fixed for the 18th of October, but I suppose the mercantile term "errors excepted" can be appropriately added. The Postal difficulty created but little excitement here, being generally regarded as of a tepid temper; character of the impression prevails generally that France will have the good sense to perceive the diplomatic blunders of the Minister, and make the amende honorable, by the appointment of a substitute better conversant with such matters.

A short time since, I had the pleasure of passing an evening with Mr. Vaternaire, the intelligent gentleman to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude for his untiring exertions in the introduction of a system of National Exchanges. Mr. Vaternaire is a small, bright looking man of about forty years of age, with a countenance full of expression. Possessing in a great degree that pleasant quality of manners and polish so peculiar to the natives of La Belle France, rare conversational powers, and a mind stored with information and intelligence, he is as you may well suppose a very interesting man. Mr. Vaternaire is now engaged in collecting specimens of the coins and paper issues of this country, from the early settlement of the Colonies, to the present time. These specimens are to be engraved, and a book is to be published, containing, with these plates, a history of our currency, which is a desideratum.

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