



11-15-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 17): November 15, 1849

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 17): November 15, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 120.
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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1849.

NO. 17.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING,

At No. 3-1-2, Boutelle Block, Main Street.

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.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POPULAR READING.

[From the Flag of Our Union.]

THE EIGHTEENTH BIRTH-DAY.

BY MISS CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

The twilight shadows were darkly thronging the corners and recesses of a large old-fashioned parlor, when Cecilia Troyes, a girl of seventeen, entered, and taking up a guitar which leaned against the wainscot, commenced the prelude to a favorite song, without observing that Mrs. Derham, the lady in whose family she had long resided, was the occupant of a large arm-chair, for it set in a part of the room most deeply veiled in obscurity. Cecilia stood near the window that looked towards the west, which was still flushed with the lingering light of a gorgeous sunset. Her figure, robed in snowy muslin, appeared of an almost aerial lightness, revealed by the rosy glow that stole in at the window. Her countenance was one of great sweetness, and lighted up by eyes which were dark, deep and expressive. The bare sight of so lovely a creature, one might have imagined, was enough to fill the mind with pleasant sensations, yet any person who had been permitted to look into the heart of Mrs. Derham, as she sat in the obscurity, intently regarding her, would have seen that dark and sinful thoughts were struggling hard to gain the mastery over her better impulses. Cecilia was in the midst of her song, when a girl entered with a light.

"Why, Mrs. Derham," said she, breaking off the unfinished stanza, and recalling with some trepidation a few theatrical flourishes she had indulged in, "I didn't know that you were present."

"So I supposed," replied Mrs. Derham, who, at the same time rose to adjust the cushion of her chair, for somehow the sudden change from darkness to light made her feel uncomfortable. It almost seemed as if it laid bare her thoughts as well as disclosing the surrounding objects.

In a minute or two afterward, Julianna, Mrs. Derham's daughter, glided into the room, and approaching Cecilia, said:

"Come let us sing our favorite duet."

Cecilia assented, and she and Julianna sung the duet and several songs with taste and skill, for though they dwelt remote from cities they had received the best musical instruction. Though there was an entire dissimilarity between the two young girls as regarded form of features, as well as mind and manners, yet the same general description might have been applied to each. This was an unfortunate circumstance, as was subsequently proved. Julianna, to all appearance, was, on the present occasion, in high spirits, and after she had finished singing, danced round the room with much spirit and grace to a lively air performed by Cecilia. At its conclusion, Cecilia said to Mrs. Derham:

"Is not this the fifteenth of the month?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Then I have a letter to write—strange that I did not think of it before."

The moment Cecilia had withdrawn, Julianna sunk down upon the sofa, all appearance of pleasure and animation having vanished from her countenance. She remained silent till she heard Cecilia enter her chamber and close the door. She then said with much emphasis, though as if speaking to herself rather than addressing her mother:

"If there is a person on earth I hate, it is Cecilia Troyes."

"Why, my daughter? asked Mrs. Derham. "Is not she rich, and am not I a beggar?—Are not you one yourself? We owe our very subsistence day by day to her."

"I know," said Mrs. Derham, gloomily.

"It is true," resumed Julianna, "that she does not appear to think of her superiority, in this respect, but judging by myself, this humbleness of spirit must be all assumed, and I only dislike her the more for it."

When her daughter finished speaking, Mrs. Derham put her hand into her pocket and took from thence a letter.

"I have not yet told you," said she, after remaining silent a minute or more, as if weighing some important subject in her mind, "that there was a letter arrived yesterday from Cecilia's father."

"For you?" said Julianna, looking up.

"Shall you give it to her?"

"That will rest with you, Cecilia, do you decide."

"Have you read it?"

"I always read her letters."

"And I intend to read this one," said Julianna, eagerly grasping the letter.

"I should like to have you read it," said her mother, after which I have something I wish to say to you."

As the letter was a long one, we will only give a few extracts, which are all that are necessary to our story.

"My dearest Daughter:—The business which called me abroad is on the eve of being successfully terminated. In about two weeks from the date of this letter, I shall take passage in a vessel bound to New York; I hope, therefore, after an absence of eight years, that we may soon meet again. Mrs. Derham tells me, in her last letter, that you look so differently from what you did at the time I left you, that she thinks I should not know you."

"Sometime since, I instructed my agent to purchase me a country-seat within a few hours drive of the city, should an opportunity offer, and he writes me that he has succeeded in obtaining one that he thinks will please me. A part of it will be furnished as I have directed, the rest will remain till after your arrival, as I wish that every article of the furniture, as well as its arrangement, may be subject to your approval. I wish you to commence the journey thither as soon after the receipt of this letter as you can make the necessary preparations, which will enable you to reach your future home not far from the time when I shall probably arrive. Should you be in advance of me, Mrs. Ingis, the wife of my agent will show you every necessary attention. It is my wish

that Mrs. Derham will, if possible, accompany you; should it be particularly inconvenient, however, for her to leave home, I shall depend on her providing some suitable person to supply her place, as I should not like to have you take so long a journey unattended, notwithstanding the almost proverbial civility shown by Americans to women they may chance to meet in public vehicles. I should come for you myself, were it not that I have determined on giving a fete the twentieth of September, in commemoration of your eighteenth birthday, and the time consumed by my journey would cause the necessary arrangements to be too much hurried."

No allusion was made to Julianna in the body of the letter, but a postscript was added containing an invitation for her mother and Cecilia.

"I shall not go," said Julianna. "If I am so insignificant as not to be thought of at first, and must be crowded into a postscript, I will stay at home."

"You are mistaken," said Mrs. Derham, "you will go and Cecilia will stay at home."

"How can that be?"

"Can you not see? To me it appears very easy."

"Explain."

"Mr. Troyes has never seen his daughter since she was ten years old."

"I know he has not."

"Her person, therefore is known to him only by description, for the miniature he sent for two years ago, you remember, never reached him. Do you not comprehend my plan?"

"I believe I do though, I am not certain."

"In a word, if you would prefer a life of luxury and ease to one of poverty and toil you have only to personate Cecilia."

"The fraud will be detected."

"There is not the least danger of it, if you only exercise the skill and discretion which you are capable of. You are exactly of her height, your hair and eyes are the same color, so that the description of her person which her father requested me to give him applies equally well to you."

"But I am three years older than she is."

"A circumstance in your favor, for without detracting from the youthfulness of your appearance, the three additional years have served to mature your mind and will enable you to be more guarded in your conduct."

"What is to be done with Cecilia?"

"Leave me to manage that. She is not expecting her father to return under a year from now, and in a year much can be effected."

"And in the meantime all may come to light. It will not be safe for her to remain here."

"Do not fear—I have a home for her in my eye—a quiet one—one that will be ready for her at any hour."

"I would that she were in it now."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Derham said to Cecilia:

"Julianna and I, after you left us last evening, concluded that we would accept the often repeated invitation of Mrs. Ellering to spend a few weeks with her at Oak Dale. We would invite you to go with us, but I should not feel quite easy to leave the house in the care of servants. There will be no danger but that you will find plenty to amuse yourself in our absence you are so fond of books, and music, and drawing."

"And the woods and the fields," said Julianna.

"I shall be at no loss for amusement," said Cecilia, "and shall have much pleasure in remaining at home, if by relieving your mind from anxiety, it will render your visit more agreeable. But you must not expect too much from me, as I am young and inexperienced."

"O, you will prove an excellent housekeeper. I have no doubt," said Mrs. Derham.

"I wish I could have the same confidence in Julianna in that respect."

"How soon do you think of going?" said Cecilia.

"We should like to start next Wednesday, so as to be in season for a party spoken of in the last letter. That, however, will, I suppose, be out of the question, as Julianna is in want of several articles of dress, which it will be impossible to procure before then."

"If I cannot be in season for the party, I don't care about going," said Julianna.

"You and I are almost exactly of a size," said Cecilia, "and anything contained in my wardrobe is at your service."

"You are very kind and obliging," said Julianna, "but as I don't like to feel beholden, I believe I must decline accepting your offer."

"You are extremely foolish if you do," said Mrs. Derham. "In this retired place, Cecilia has little use for the rich clothing her father is constantly sending her."

Cecilia repeated her offer, and as soon as they had finished breakfast, they all three went to her dressing-room.

"Select whatever you think you may need," said she, and they were by no means sparing.

Julianna, at first, made some show of reluctance relative to appropriating so large a number of articles as her mother appeared to think were necessary, but she soon very dutifully yielded to her parent's better judgment. The selection embraced the larger half of Cecilia's wardrobe, including, among other things, several costly shawls and some rich jewelry. This was exactly what they wished for, as they had previously remarked to each other, Mr. Troyes would have thought it very singular for his daughter to have left the better part of her wardrobe behind her.

CHAPTER III.

Will you not write to me while you are absent?" said Cecilia to Mrs. Derham and Julianna, the morning of their departure.

"To be sure we shall," replied Mrs. Derham, "and if you write to either of us, direct your letters to the care of Mrs. Ellering, Oak Dale."

There were, at that time, no railroads, and it was not till near the close of the fourth day, after the commencement of their journey, that the stage coach, containing Mrs. Derham and her daughter arrived at a hotel, which was a quarter of a mile distant from the villa belonging to Mr. Troyes. A private carriage was in waiting, and before any of the passengers of the stage coach had time to alight, a gentleman approached and, inquired for Mrs. Derham and Miss Troyes. Mrs. Derham answered

Mr. Ingis, Mr. Troyes's agent, and in her turn she asked if Mr. Troyes had arrived.

"He has," replied Mr. Ingis, "and would have come for you himself, only he preferred meeting his daughter, after so long a separation, in his own home."

In a few minutes more, Mrs. Derham and her daughter were seated in the carriage sent by Mr. Troyes, rapidly approaching an elegant villa, whose windows flashed back the rays of the sun, which was just sinking behind the distant hills.

In the meantime Mr. Troyes and a young man by the name of Edgar Morden were awaiting their arrival, or rather the arrival of Mrs. Derham and Cecilia.

Edgar Morden had been the companion of Mr. Troyes's homeward voyage, and in the first place had recommended himself to his notice by certain remarks which showed a highly cultivated taste, while he subsequently secured his esteem by those little traits of character, which manifest themselves in so quiet and unobtrusive a manner, as to pass unheeded by the careless observer. The acquaintance thus commenced, soon ripened into friendship, and young Morden, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Troyes, instead of taking lodgings at one of the city hotels, consented to spend a few weeks with him at his country-seat. It is not improbable that Mr. Troyes entertained some idea, that he might one day have him for a son-in-law, and when Morden heard him speak of his daughter, it must be confessed that his own thoughts glanced the same way. The stage-coach was by some means half an hour behind its usual time, a circumstance, that, while it served to give keenness to expectation, afforded leisure for both of the gentlemen to vary the picture already drawn in imagination as to the personal appearance of the expected daughter.

Edgar had been able to infer, from the manner in which Mr. Troyes always alluded to her, that he entertained a high opinion of her amiability, as well as her intellectual powers, and one or two of her letters which he permitted him to read convinced him that the opinion was well founded. One thing he felt to be certain, from several remarks carelessly thrown into the letters, which was, that she possessed a refined and cultivated taste, beyond what was common in persons of her age, and, in some respects, limited advantages.

"Here comes the carriage at last," said Mr. Troyes, whose patience was nearly exhausted, "yet after all, my daughter may not have come."

"I am quite sure that I can see a bonnet through the coach-window," said Edgar.

In a minute more the carriage was at the termination of the shaded avenue, and Mr. Troyes was at the door. At the moment of meeting, Julianna was much agitated, and even Mrs. Derham, in spite of her strong will, found it difficult to retain a tolerable degree of composure. As for Mr. Troyes, it was enough for him to feel that the graceful, dark-eyed girl he now welcomed to his home was his daughter, and he neither possessed the disposition nor the ability to cavil at any defects. A pang of remorse shot through the heart of the impostor, but she nerved herself anew for the part she had undertaken to act, and soon succeeded in thrusting aside all self-reproaching thoughts.

When the first greetings were over, and Edgar, who was seated somewhat apart from the rest, had leisure to observe her, a feeling of repulsion rose in his bosom towards her, which appeared to him as unaccountable as it was involuntary. As far as mere beauty of person was concerned, she surpassed rather than fell short of his expectations, and with regard to her manners, there was nothing with which he could particularly find fault. Yet the longer he observed her, the colder his heart grew towards her, and though he chided himself, and felt determined that he would like her, when in a few moments after he had formed this resolution, she rose, approached near the spot where he sat, to examine a vase of rare exotic, some meddling imp seemed to whisper in his ear the line from Macbeth:

"Something evil this way comes!"

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning, Mr. Troyes showed his supposed daughter and Mrs. Derham those rooms which he had left unfurnished, a part of them consisting of a suite of apartments, which he intended should be appropriated exclusively to the accommodation of the former. He placed the requisite funds at her disposal, and requested that she would order such furniture and decorations as best suited her taste.

"I don't wish you," said he, "to restrict yourself as respects anything except time. Of that you must be economical, as all must be completed in season for your birthday."

Julianna set about the accomplishment of her task with avidity, for though she had lived in retirement, and her means had been limited, a passion for splendor and show had not lain dormant.

By the morning of the twentieth of September, every thing was prepared. Julianna caused the suite of apartments, which have before been alluded to, to be furnished without any reference to expense. The draperies which were satin of the richest fabric, were of a vivid gold color, and there was no article of furniture or decoration which was not of the most gorgeous description. She took care also, that the dress prepared for herself should be sufficiently rich and costly to be in keeping with the surrounding splendor.

All this had gone well, and Julianna almost lost sight of the base part she was enacting. While she is busy at her toilet, we will glance back at Cecilia whom we left in the retired mansion of Mrs. Derham.

The post office was two miles distant, yet as Cecilia was a good walker, she often preferred going thither herself, rather than to send.

Though Mrs. Derham and Julianna had been absent several weeks, she had not heard from them, and her long walks had been rewarded only by the receipt of the weekly newspaper. It was now late in the middle of September, and though she had but little expectation of receiving a letter, after having been so many times disappointed, it being a delightful day, she decided to walk to the Post Office.

She was not expecting a letter from her father, as in the last she received from him he mentioned that, as he expected to be obliged to take a journey into the country, she, probably, would not hear from him again until November. It was an unlooked for pleasure, therefore, when a letter was handed her, and a glance at the superscription showed her that it was from her father.

"Too eager to learn its contents, to wait till she reached home, as soon

as she was beyond sight of the little hamlet where the post office was situated, she sat down on a rock by the road-side, to read it.

The contents were, in substance, the same as in the letter withheld by Mrs. Derham, with the addition of the following near the close:

"I wrote you several weeks ago by a vessel bound to New York, but in case of accident, I thought it best to write again by the Batavia. If owing to any adverse circumstances you do not receive my letters as soon as I could wish, whenever either of them does come to hand, let nothing short of ill health prevent you from starting on your journey immediately, as I shall in expectation of your arrival proceed with the preparations for celebrating your birthday."

By reference to the post-mark, she found that it was three weeks since the letter was mailed, and it must, therefore, have been mislaid. As it was now the fifteenth of the month, and the journey to her father's residence would consume four days, it would be necessary for her to set out the following morning in order to reach there on her birthday day. She, therefore, retraced her steps to the little cluster of houses she had just left, for the purpose of engaging her passage in the stage-coach, also to engage the services of a woman, who had sometimes, when Mrs. Derham was absent, served in the capacity of housekeeper. Fortunately, Kathleen Looney was disengaged and not only ready, but eager to accompany Cecilia home.

"An' so ye've got a letter from yer father," said Kathleen, as she walked by Cecilia's side.

Cecilia replied that she had.

"An' ye've never heered a word from Mrs. Derham nor Miss Jowly?"

"Not a word."

"Miss Jowly is a darlint, though she does feel herself above me and the likes of me—Maybe she wouldn't if she knew all."

Cecilia, surprised at her remark, could not forbear asking her the reason.

"An't it enough to make her heart proud and cowed," said Kathleen, evading a direct answer, "niver to have a mother's smile shine into it? Myself tended her when she was a baby, an' it's a comfort for me to think of it, for her proud mother niver put a bit of sunshine into her eyes when she looked at the bright-haired crathur. Her hair is dark now, but it was like gold then."

"What is the reason, Kathleen, said Cecilia, 'that you don't love me too? I have always treated you kindly.'"

"An' sure, I do love you, but not as I do Miss Jowly, for I niver tended her when ye were a weeny thing as I did her. O it's the innocent ways of the baby that steal into the heart and make them that have the care of it love it like their own."

When she arrived home, Cecilia's first care was to write a few lines to Mrs. Derham, which she directed to Oak Dale. She now regretted that Julianna had made so free with her wardrobe, a gown of India muslin, the make of which was beginning to be a little old-fashioned, being the only one which would answer to wear should she arrive in season for the birthday celebration. Neither was her travelling dress as good as she would have liked, a very handsome one, which she had worn only a few times, having been monopolized by Julianna. There was no time to supply these deficiencies, even had she possessed the means, and Kathleen told her it was of no consequence; for she looked well in anything; an assertion which was very near the truth.

On the morning of the fourth day from the time she commenced her journey, after having waited at her window for a long time for the appearance of the stage-coach, she sought the landlord of the inn to inquire the reason of its long delay.

"The stage doesn't run between here and the place you mention, only every other day," was his answer, "and as this is not the day for it, you will be obliged to wait till to-morrow."

"How unfortunate," said Cecilia. "Will it not be possible for me to obtain some other mode of conveyance?"

At these words, a lady, who had been Cecilia's travelling companion since the first day of her journey, stepped forward and observed that she was also very desirous to go in the same direction, and nearly two thirds the distance named by Cecilia. After some demur, the landlord concluded he would go with them himself, as he was unwilling to trust any other person to drive his valuable span of horses.

CHAPTER V.

When Julianna's toilet was completed, and she took a survey of her person in a mirror, she felt perfectly satisfied. She certainly appeared very brilliant, and among a certain class of beauties, might have been pronounced pre-eminent. Some would have been better pleased, had she not carried her head quite so high, and if there had been less of a cold glitter in her dark and remarkably bright eyes.

Mr. Troyes acknowledged to himself that her appearance was such as he might well be proud of, yet the acknowledgment was followed by a sigh, for he began to entertain fears that she was as heartless as she was beautiful.

The repugnance with which Edgar Morden regarded her at first, had continued daily to gather strength, though for Mr. Troyes's sake, he had striven hard to overcome it; but now, when she entered the room, with eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing from pleasurable excitement, her beauty being rendered almost dazzling by the reflected lustre of jewelry, this feeling of repugnance grew almost to loathing. The line from Macbeth which on the evening of her arrival had haunted him, seemed to be again whispered in his ear, so pertinaciously, that he almost felt afraid that he should find himself repeating it aloud.

Most of the guests had assembled, and Julianna, with one of the most distinguished gentlemen present for a partner, was gracefully threading the mazes of a fashionable dance. Mrs. Derham sat near a door, and a gentleman by the name of Rayland, whom as a particular friend, Mr. Troyes had introduced to her, had taken a seat near her.

"Miss Troyes is a very handsome, spirited girl," he remarked, after having for sometime followed with his eyes the graceful and buoyant figure of Julianna.

"She is," was Mrs. Derham's reply, "and I think that her father has much reason to be proud of."

She suddenly broke off her sentence and appeared to be listening.

"Are you now, madam?" said Mr. Rayland, observing that her countenance changed.

"A sudden pain seized me," she replied, "but it is already gone."

At this moment the words, "Can I not see him?" pronounced in a low and agitated voice, were plainly heard by Mr. Rayland as well as Mrs. Derham.

Her face now turned of an ashy paleness, and she partly rose, but sunk back again into her chair.

"You look pale," said Mr. Rayland, "and I am afraid you are seriously ill. Permit me to assist you to a room where there is more air."

"No, I thank you—I was faint, but I am better now, and will go to my own room."

"I will call some one to assist you," said Mr. Rayland.

"By no means," she replied. "I beg as a favor, that you will not trouble yourself in the least."

There was something in the air with which she said this, more than in the words themselves, which convinced him that any attempt to aid her would not be well received. Whatever might have been the pain or the weakness which had assailed her, she now so far conquered it, as to be able to rise, and, though with steps faltering and unsteady, to leave the room.

Mr. Rayland followed her with his eyes and wondering what there could be in that sweet low voice to cause such fearful agitation.

As she withdrew by one door, Mr. Ingis entered by one opposite, and taking Mr. Troyes aside, told him in a low voice, that a young lady had just arrived who called herself his daughter.

"I, at first," he added, "felt determined not to disturb you, thinking that, of course, she must be an impostor, but she entreated so earnestly to see you, and there was something in her face that reminded me so strongly of the portrait of your lost wife, that I thought it would be better for you to see her at once."

"This is very strange," said Mr. Troyes. "I will see her—where is she?"

"I will show you," said Mr. Ingis, and they left the room together.

When Mrs. Derham withdrew, it was with the intention of persuading Cecilia—for she could not doubt that the voice she had heard was hers—to go with her to her chamber. Once there, she imagined that she could prevail on her to remain quiet till after the departure of the guests, and after that, she said mentally, "There will be no need of persuasion—she will be quiet enough without."

Cecilia rose as she entered the room.

"Mrs. Derham," she exclaimed, "is it possible that you are here?"

"It is certainly possible, and why I am here I will soon explain to you. Come with me to my room now, my dear Cecilia, for you must be fatigued, and when you are a little rested I must tell me why you are here."

"I must see my father first."

"Not till you have lain aside this dusty travelling dress—why you are not fit to be seen, and taking her by the arm, she was hurrying her towards a door communicating with a passage which led to a back staircase, when Mr. Ingis, accompanied by Mr. Troyes, re-entered the apartment.

"That is the young lady," said Mr. Ingis, but Mrs. Derham, paying no attention to their entrance, persisted in hurrying her forward.

"Stay," said Mr. Troyes, "let me see this young person who calls herself my daughter."

"If you are Mr. Troyes, I beg your pardon," said Cecilia, with a sudden energy, "I am going away from Mrs. Derham and have nothing to do with her."

"Where you are going?"

"I was expecting my daughter several weeks ago, and she came, and was his answer."

"Though this young person is an impostor," said Mrs. Derham, gathering courage from this remark, "Still I pity her, and would have spared her, had she been willing to hear to me, the pain and humiliation of this scene. Give me leave to take her to my room, and thus prevent the festivities of the evening from being interrupted."

"I cannot go with you," said Cecilia, "till I understand why I am accused of being an impostor. He who can read all our hearts, knows that I have no desire to deceive any one."

"Would it not be well," suggested Mr. Ingis, "to have the other young lady present, who calls herself your daughter?"

"Yes, let her be called," replied Mr. Troyes. There was no occasion. At the moment Mr. Troyes finished speaking, a shriek rung through the apartment. It came from Julianna, who with white lips and dilated eyes, stood upon the threshold. It was to Mrs. Derham the death-knell of her guilty project.

"Does not that seem like guilt?" said Mr. Ingis.

"Foolish girl!" said Mrs. Derham, going up to Julianna, and seizing her somewhat roughly by the wrist. "I did not suppose you weak enough to give way to such a noisy expression of terror even had a dagger been held to your breast. But be yourself, all may not be lost yet."

"Mother," said Julianna, without paying any attention to this remonstrance, "why did you tempt me to this?"

"Tempt you?" said Mrs. Derham. "I think you had little need of being tempted."

"And the lessons which prepared me to yield so easily, were from a mother?"

"I am not your mother!"

"Not my mother?"

"No, if I had been, I could not have tempted you to commit a crime, however guilty it might have been myself."

"If you are not her mother, neither have a mother's affection for her, what pleasure could you anticipate in seeing her in the enjoyment of wealth?" said Mrs. Troyes.

"She thought I was her mother, and would have been in a situation to easily supply me with those comforts and luxuries which must have ceased at the departure of your daughter. It was no hastily formed plan; I had thought upon it for years."

"If you are not my mother, who is?" said Julianna.

"It will flatter your pride but little to know."

"I care not; tell me her name."

"Kathleen Looney. My own daughter died when an infant, and you were her foster sister."

By this time vague whispers relative to what had transpired were floating thro' the thronged apartments, for judging by the readiness with which whatever may be termed opprobrious comments known, one might imagine that walls, not only figuratively, but literally, are supplied with ears. Faces, full of curiosity, began to peer in at the doors.

FARMERS' HOME.

SONG IN AUTUMN.

BY CHAR. O. EASTMAN.

TAKE down the sickle, boys! hurrah!
The ears of ripening grain
Are waiting for the reaper's hand,
Upon the fruitful plain.
The mellow moon, the changing leaves,
The earlier setting sun,
Proclaim at last, my merry boys,
The harvest-time begun.
Thick on the hills to-morrow noon
The gathered stock must see,
And with the loads of yellow corn
Shall groan the axle-tree!
The frost, my boys, will soon be here!
And winter's on the way;
These glorious days will never, boys,
For lazy farmers stay.
Take down the sickle, boys! hurrah!
While loads of ripened grain
Are waiting for the reaper's hand,
Upon the fruitful plain.
We'll gather up the golden corn,
In thankfulness once more,
And fill with the returning seed,
Our basket and our store.

PREPARE FOR WINTER.

The hoarse winds are already sighing a requiem to the gay season, and the surly blast of Winter will soon be here, with his reign of terror to those who are unprepared. Farmers have a great deal to do to get ready for his approach, and no opportunity should be neglected to have everything in readiness. As the days are short, early rising is important to success, that the animals may be fed in season, and every thing ready to commence labor as soon as it is light enough to see to work; and a brisker action may be borne than in the hot days, for if it does produce a little fatigue, the long nights of rest will recruit and invigorate the system.

Trees that have been newly set should be protected by heaping up the earth around them, to keep the roots warm, and support the tree against the winds; for if left swinging in the winds, when the ground is soft, it will be loosened in the roots, and the water will run down around them, which, with the frost may destroy them. Those who object to fall transplanting, probably do not set their trees well. We have set many trees from the last of September to December, and never lost one set at this season. Carefully protect trees from cattle, or they will destroy them when feed is scarce.

Fences should be kept up to keep animals from grass lands, for soft lands are very much injured by being poached by them, to say nothing of the injury from close feeding.

Manure should be removed from the barnyard, hopen, and other depots, to a convenient place for using in the spring; and such places of deposit should be abundantly replenished with peat, mud, muck, loam, sand or gravel, to absorb the liquid manure, and to combine with the solid parts to save them from waste. Dig mud and peat, and if convenient, haul them to where they will be wanted, that they may be exposed to the influence of the frost, in order to decompose and mellow them, and render them better prepared as a good mellow manure. To this purpose, they should not lie in very large or thick heaps, as, in that case, the frost would not act on the middle or bottom of the heap.

Ploughing. Many soils are improved by fall ploughing, as they become more mellow by freezing and thawing. Witch-grass and weeds are often destroyed by fall ploughing; and it often destroys insects, particularly in very changeable or open winters, as those are called that are occasionally mild, and the ground bare. But were there no advantage in fall ploughing, as to the soil, it is well to attend to it as a matter of convenience, when the teams are strong, and to do all that is possible in order to forward the work for the busy season of spring. When ploughed lands are liable to be washed, drains should be made to direct the water from them.

Stock of every description should be protected against inclement weather, and kept in good condition by feeding from the barn, as the feed falls in the pasture or field. An animal in good flesh can be wintered much cheaper than a poor one, and it will be far more productive in labor, milk, or as a mother; and when it becomes poor late in fall, it can be put in good condition, in the cold season, only by extra keeping. Animals in good flesh endure the cold much better than lean ones, and they are less liable to diseases.—[N. E. Farmer.]

FARMING WILL TRIUMPH.

When the year nineteen hundred shall have been borne on the rapid wheel of time, and proclaimed in our midst, what an advancement will have been made in the arts and sciences, and the various departments of agriculture, if new inventions and the improvements continue to be put forth to the world as they have been for the last half century! Who of us can imagine the improvements that will be made in the cause of agriculture during the next fifty years? Judging from the past, when the year nineteen hundred shall have dawned upon us, the profession of agriculture will be as much coveted and sought after, as it was once considered low and disgraceful. Time was when farming was thought (especially by the young) to be a very unpopular and low business. How many a young man has forsaken a comfortable home and farm, and apprenticed himself to some village grocer, because, forsooth, farming was degrading! But a new era is dawning upon this western continent; people are beginning to open their eyes to their true interests, and to the interests of the whole country.

While great improvements have been made, and are still making, in the arts and sciences, the cause of Agriculture has not been left in the rear. With giant force she has ploughed her way through, and with eagle wings she is fast soaring towards the summit of her glory. There was a time when the farmer would grow crops on his New England soil so long as his land would yield him an equivalent for his labors, without the use of manure or compost, and then "pull up stakes," and turn his face with the emigrant towards the western wilderness. A different state of things is being brought about. The soil is cared for, and every waste material is turned to account. Thus the land is enriched and kept in a productive state, and rewarding the husbandman with an abundant harvest for his labors. Farming is no longer confined to the more ignorant classes of society, as men of talents and wealth have engaged in it, thus showing to the world that to be a tiller of the soil is no mean occupation.

Since the existence of the numerous machines of mankind to obtain money without a resort to manual labor, the honest yeoman, by pursuing his honorable occupation, in earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, has won for himself unfading laurels, and is receiving the attention and respect of all classes of the community. The time will come, and that too before the nineteenth century shall have been numbered with the past, when farming will

become the leading occupation of the day, and those who are now leaving the plough for the city will be as eager to return to the plough, and enjoy the comforts of the farmer's life in the country, as they were anxious to leave it. This is the writer's humble prediction.—[Corr. of N. E. Farmer.]

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—We find, in the Utica Gazette, facts showing that it is not necessary to select small trees for transplanting, in order to insure their growth. Large trees may be as successfully planted as small ones. The mode and result of an experiment, made by Messrs. Pomeroy and Dutton, of Utica, are thus given:

Those gentlemen transplanted trees, comprising maples, elms, beech, &c., some thirty feet in height, which were transplanted without being shorn of any of their branches. The process of removal was as follows: in the fall, before the frost, a trench was dug around the trees selected, from ten to fifteen feet in diameter, and the roots severed. In the winter, when the ground had become solid from freezing, the trees were pulled out by the aid of oxen and levers, with the mass of earth firmly attached to the roots. They were then transported erect on a strong sled, built for the purpose, and set out.

The trees grew in open land a mile and a half from the city. They put on their foliage last spring, as if wholly unconscious that they were not still in their native soil; and the enterprising gentlemen who undertook this unusual course are rewarded with shade trees, which by the old practice would have required twenty years to produce.

WELL APPLIED LABOR.

In the London Gardener's Chronicle I find the following anecdote which the celebrated Robert Bakewell used frequently to relate:—

"A farmer who owned and occupied one thousand acres of land had three daughters. When his eldest daughter married, he gave her one quarter of his land for her portion, but no money; and he found, by a little more speed, and a little better management, the produce of his farm did not decrease. When his second daughter married, he gave her one third of the remaining land for her portion, but no money. He then set to work to grub up his furze, and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor, dry, furze land, even where the furze covered, in some places, nearly half the land. After giving half of his land to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found the produce increased; he made more money, because his new broken up furze land brought excessive crops, and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more laborers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning; had no more dead fallows once in three years; instead of which he got two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage five hundred acres as he had to manage one thousand acres; therefore, he laid out double the money upon the land."

"When his third and last daughter married, he gave her two hundred and fifty acres, or half that remained, for her portion, and no money. He then had the same money to farm one quarter of the land as he had at first to farm the whole. He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work how he was to make as much of two hundred and fifty as he had done of one thousand acres. He then paid off his kniffling (who weighed twenty stone), rose with the larks in the long days, and went to bed with the lambs; he got as much more work done for his money; he made his servants, laborers and horses move faster; broke them from their snail's pace; and found that the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant. He saw the beginning and ending of everything; and to his servant and laborers, instead of saying, 'Go and do it,' he said to them, 'Let us go and do it, my boys.' Between come and go he soon found a great difference. He grubbed up the whole of his furze and his ferns, ploughed the whole of his poor grass land up, and converted a great deal of corn into meat for the sake of the manure, and preserved the black water, (the essence of manure) cut his watercourses straight, and gained a great deal of land by doing so; made drains and sluices, and irrigated all the lands he could; he grubbed up many of his hedges and borders covered with bushes, in some places from ten to fourteen yards in width, and threw three or more closes into one. He found out that instead of growing white-thorn he could grow haws to feed foreign birds in winter, he could grow food for man instead of birds."

"After all this improvement, he grew more and made more of two hundred and fifty acres than he did from one thousand; at the same time he found out that half of England at that time was not cultivated, from the want of means to cultivate it with. I let him ram, and sold him long-horned bulls," said Mr. Bakewell, "and told him the real value of labor, both in doors and out, and what ought to be done with a certain number of men, oxen and horses within a given time. I taught him to sow less and plough better; that there were limits and measures to all things; and that the husbandman ought to be stronger than the farmer. I told him how to make hot land colder and cold land hotter, light land stiffer and stiff land lighter. I soon caused him to shake off his old prejudices, and I grafted new ideas in their places. I told him not to breed inferior cattle, sheep, or horses, but the best of each kind, for the best consume no more than the worst. My friend became a new man in his old age and died rich."

Is it not true that "labor well applied is productive of profit?"—[Genesee Farmer.]

WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

Put up Hogs to fatten. This should have been done last month, or, in fact, in September, just as soon as the corn was hard enough to pick for them. In truth it is poor economy to let hogs run out at all. Do not put them in the mud two feet deep.

Set out fruit-trees. As you value health, long life, and smiling friends, do not let the winter set in till this is done. If you cannot set them out get them home from the nursery and bury the roots in garden mould and keep them till spring.

Get your sleds ready. Never put this off till snow comes. There will be some rainy days in November, and some long evenings that might be profitably devoted to preparing to take advantage of the first hour of sledding that comes.

Go to mill, while you can; and not put it off till the ground is about half frozen. Above all, do not borrow. Look out for Winter Schools, and be sure you have a good one. To do this, you must get a good school-house. You can seldom get a good teacher to go into a miserable, old, rickety school-house, nor a cold log cabin; and if he does, he cannot teach your children to any advantage. There is such an index of discomfort associated with the place that they

cannot learn. And, finally, do not forget this month to organize a club, to visit round among the farmhouses during the winter, and talk over matters concerning your immediate interests; and if any one has discovered anything that he thinks will benefit his neighbor, make it known.—[American Agriculturist.]

CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.—Having read some reports of the cultivation of the Cranberry, from practical men I was induced to make a trial of it last spring myself. I took some cranberry sods direct from the swamp, just like taking them from the water, and set them in hills some four or five feet apart, on a swamp, muck soil, which had been drained dry enough to grow good potatoes. I set some fifteen or twenty rods of ground, on several different times, or dates. The first I set was in the second or third week in April, and the last week in May. They have some scattering cranberries on them now, and have grown and spread over the ground far beyond what I anticipated; and if they grow as fast as they have done thus far, for a year to come, I think they will spread over the whole ground between the hills, for some of them have grown from three to three and a half feet in length already. Claremont, N. H. B. MEACHAM.

SEA SKETCHES.

JOURNAL

VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN, IN THE BRIG "CHARLOTTE," WHICH Sailed from Newburyport for California, Jan. 23, 1849.

BY GARDNER WATERS, JR.

Saturday, May 12th.—Fine calm morning; slept ashore; annoyed very much by fleas; rose early and ascended a high hill overlooking the town, which it protects from the sea. We have from the hill a very commanding view of the ocean to the west, the large open country to the south, the village and bay to the north, and farther to the north and east, hills and woods. The village is finely situated on perfectly flat table land; the streets are regularly laid out, but narrow; the tops of the houses are all of a height, looking from the hill, as if one might walk from one to another on their tops all over the town.

Sunday, 13th.—Brig New Castle, from New York, 113 days out, with 65 passengers, arrived to-day. Most of the passengers from the vessels have gone to Concepcion, the seat of government, 9 miles south-east from this place. All ride on horseback; the price of horse 12 riels, (\$1.50). The houses in Concepcion after the same style as in Talcahuana; some larger and handsomer, of course. It is a much larger place, but I have not ascertained its size or population. There are very few foreigners in Concepcion. Both of these places were destroyed in 1835 by an earthquake. Sunday is a holiday here, and they have cock-fights and other games on this day.

Tuesday, 15th.—Brig Osceola, from Philadelphia, 101 days out, with 64 passengers, arrived to-day. Immense cheering in the evening from all the vessels in the harbor; each new vessel that comes in, especially, receiving a perfect round of cheers. We had some instrumental music, too—the clear mellow bugle, the ear-piercing fife, and the shrill clarionette. Seven vessels in here now, bound for California, with upwards of 500 passengers; never half this number of Americans in this place before at one time; one-fourth the number could storm and take the town. Mailed letters for home to-day. Were I to stop here for any length of time I should go in for new postal arrangements—postage now on single letters from here to the States being \$1. A mail stage runs from here, or rather from Concepcion, to Panama, on the first of every month. We expected, when we left home, to have frequent opportunities of sending letters by homeward bound vessels which we might pass on our way, or from different ports along the Atlantic coast, where we supposed the vessel would stop; but no such facilities have offered, so you must not think it at all strange that you have not heard from us before.

Wednesday, 16th.—Morning clear and pleasant; light breeze from the south-east. We have been ready to sail for three days, and calculated to make out of the harbor to-day, if possible. We weighed anchor and sailed a few rods, when one of our passengers, who had volunteered his services to go aloft and help unfurl the sails, accidentally lost his hold and fell from the mainmast-yard-arm to the deck of the vessel, a distance of 40 feet. He was taken up for dead, and no one supposed he would ever speak again; but he soon came to himself, and in fifteen minutes from the time he fell he was cracking the most lively and witty jokes imaginable about his "Sam Patch leap." His name is Samuel, but we call him Sam, and after having a patch put upon his cheek, which was slightly bruised, he said there was then a natural fitness in the application to him of the name of "Sam Patch." The bone of one arm received but a simple fracture. The fall must have proved fatal but for a large squish, which was lying upon some rubbish upon the deck, upon which his head struck for a pillow, breaking the fall and the squish at the same time; the arm will probably be well by the time we get to California. This accident occasioned some delay, during which the light breeze we had entirely ceased; so we must "wait a little longer."

Thursday, 17th.—Morning clear and pleasant; light breeze again springs up, and again the anchor is weighed. Six or seven vessels starting out together, the Charlotte ahead, of course; she's bound to take the lead. I don't say this boastfully, for it is allowed on all hands that the Charlotte has made, thus far, the best passage of any vessel in port. I don't know why it is, but our vessel seems to be the favorite here, and I hope she will sustain her reputation to the end. We are off now against the island of Querequena in the mouth of the harbor. This harbor is sheltered from all winds except the north, and this is very much broken by the island. There is quite a little fleet coming out of the bay now, all bound to the golden land. As we get out to sea the wind begins to freshen; once more

"The rising streamers 'gin to kiss the breeze."

All hands are again as bright and buoyant as when they first heard the "glittering tales," and eager to be on their course again.

Friday, 18th. Beautiful day and pleasant sailing. We witnessed a singular phenomenon last evening as we left the land. The water of the ocean, for three or four leagues from the land, had the appearance of dark red blood. At first we supposed it was occasioned by the reflection of the sun's rays; but the color was the same in the shade. It was then thought to be caused by heavy rains washing down the earth, which is of a reddish color, from the slopes of the highlands which border the coast, and mixing it with the waters of the ocean; but this could not have been the case, for the water did not have that appearance when we went in a week ago, and there have been no rains since, and none before for some considerable time, as we were informed ashore. How, then, is this singular appearance of the water to be accounted for? May it not have been occasioned by a slight subterranean convulsion of the earth? I think this the most probable cause. In this part of the world earthquakes are very frequent. In 1835 the town of Talcahuana and the city of Concepcion were entirely destroyed by an earthquake. We are told that the waters of the Bay of Talcahuana on that occasion receded to the ocean, parting the cables of some vessels and taking them out of the Bay, and leaving others on the bottom; and in a few moments returned again in a succession of mountain waves, rolling in and bearing everything before them—carrying the ruins of the toppled-down houses up the high hill bordering the south side of the town, whence the affrighted inhabitants had fled for safety. Concepcion, which then lay three leagues from where it now stands, received a like fate. This is called the "Great Earthquake of 1835," but what is it for Nature to accomplish? The lightest spasm, the merest heart-ache of old Mother Earth, whose slightest pang can burst asunder her granite crust, upheave and overturn her mountains and "crush the waters into a mist," whose sulphurous vapors and heated cinders might make the whole atmosphere change to chaotic darkness, and terrify affrighted man and beast.

Saturday, 19th. Fine pleasant weather; pretty sailing in a smooth sea; passengers all very impatient to get to California; excited anew by fresh accounts from the land of golden promise. How many at this time are upon the wide seas, bound to this western land—how many hundreds and thousands of persons, who last year at this time were respectively pursuing their various avocations, contented and happy, never dreaming that they should ever go so far from home and friends. What earthly consideration, but the hope of gain, could have induced one out of a hundred of those who go to this far distant land, thus to abandon all that is most dear and lovely in existence, the joys and pleasures of home and friends and society, for a little trash? But to! from the shores and rivers and mountains and plains of California there is wafted upon the wings of the wind the magic name of gold! Its enchanting sound is echoed all over the land, and people's brains are set agog! At first some few are bold to doubt the glittering tales, and call them mere chimerical day-dreams of heated imaginations and those who believe in them visionaries and enthusiasts; they would cite them to the golden trees and jeweled fruits of Aladdin and the exaggerated tales of the Arabian Nights. But soon official accounts are received; they come brighter and brighter; upon the electric cords swift intelligence radiates from Washington to all parts of the country; the people read; there can be no mistake, and they believe; the most skeptical give way and can doubt no longer. The statements previously received are not mere fictions, but true as they are wonderful and romantic. Upon the shores of the western world is discovered a new Eldorado; precious metals and sparkling gems lie on its rock-rivbed mountains, and along the banks of its rivers, and in their beds, all over the soil, sparkling in the sun and glittering in its streams. Real gold lies scattered on the open plain, in the shade of the deep ravines, and is thickly laid in the rocks of the mountains which have lifted for ages their golden coronets to heaven. 'Tis indeed seem like enchantment; but it must be true, else the world is most sublimely humbugged. Tempted by the strong hope of the "Gilded Bug," thousands have already left their quiet and peaceful homes, and thousands are constantly leaving for this modern Eldorado. All classes are represented, from the tinker to the lord; the cobler throws aside his last, the mason his trowel, the counter-jumper his yard-stick, the tailor his needle and shears and goose, and the joiner his fore-plane; the lawyer forgets his clients, the doctor his sick patients, the farmer leaves his smiling fields and tender flocks, and the minister even forgets his high calling and leaves the spiritual care of immortal souls. All trades and professions are abandoned; all leave their wives and little ones—their fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, relatives and friends, to go in search of that which in itself has no value—a gilded bubble, which endureth not and which satisfyeth not when obtained. It were sad indeed to reflect upon the true cause of this almost universal passion for gold. Why the faculty of acquisitiveness is so unduly developed and active in men; why—but I strongly suspect that all men's faculties—all the functions, both of mind and body, do not act in their true normal state; are not in harmony with their primitive design. In the present organized, or rather unorganized state of society, wealth is necessary as a means, to procure those comforts and conveniences of life, which virtue, industry and economy do not always insure. Mankind compel each other to pursue, for a livelihood, those avocations which are the most ungenial and even repulsive to their natures.

Thursday, May 31st.—This is the last morning in May, and a lovely one it is too. How delightful would it be at home now, after a long, cold and cheerless winter, again to take the early morning walks and enjoy the melody of spring. "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. The mountains and the hills break forth into singing, and the trees of the field clap their hands," at the joyful outbreak of Spring. Yes; lovely Spring at home is come again, and the green grass appears where but late the earth was covered with a mantle of snow, and all nature is really up and dressed in her beautiful garments. How delightful would it be ashore this charming morning, to take the early walk; to smell the sweet flowers and hear the melody of birds. How the thought-feasts my longing imagination, and transports me just where I should desire to be,—to some rural plot, where we could wander over fragrant meadows, ramble o'er the hills, sit by the solitude of the laughing brooks, and drink in the pure fresh air! But, more than all the rest, to listen to the kind, sweet voice of—of —, and the prattle of dear little—little—ha, ho, hum! "Sail ho!" "Where away?" "Three points off the lee quarter." "Breakfast!"

"O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two gits together meet."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 15, 1849.

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

RATHER CAUSTIC.

A friend in Skowhegan has handed us a communication designed for a reply to something that has appeared in a Skowhegan paper relative to smoking cigars on Sunday. It is a little too sharp-set for our columns, and we are half inclined to levy "black mail" upon the victim aimed at, for withholding it. It more than intimates that somebody lives in a glass house of the brittlest kind. But with this we have nothing to do—though we dislike to see any body hit, without the privilege of "hitting back," and would publish it if it were a little more to our mind. How the smoker or tobacco-chewer can dispense with his cigar or quid on Sunday, except by total and permanent abstinence, we could never learn—any more than we can tell where the stage-driver and ostler shall indulge in these luxuries, unless it be at the tavern where they board. Men in different circumstances have different ways of keeping the Sabbath. The merchant retires from his counting room to his parlor, and the ostler from the stable to the bar-room. The former takes his cigar and goes to his smoking-room or kitchen—but as the latter has neither of these, he goes to the piazza. He is a wicked fellow, says somebody, to smoke cigars at the tavern on Sunday. Perhaps he is—but if he were the best man in the world, how could he do any better? Perhaps, as he puffs his smoke, he is thinking of the time when he hopes to be rich enough to keep an ostler-himself, smoke his cigar in his own smoke-room, and attend church three times a day. We know "an old stager" who never mounted his box on Sunday for twenty years. He hung up his whip, on Saturday night, where it would be found on Monday morning; and as he puffed his cigar in the bar-room on Sunday, he would protest that no man could hire him to break the Sabbath! He thought himself a devout man. His calling gave him an excuse for Sunday labor, but he did not want one. We have known men who professed more than he did, accept a much poorer apology for breaking the Sabbath. So far as our creed goes, if our Skowhegan friends will abstain from tobacco during the week, we will allow them a single quid on Sunday, with the privilege of chewing it in the same place where a strict sense of duty allows them to chew their Sunday supper.

WATERVILLE MORALS.

We can never forgive brother Littlefield for the following paragraph. The recollection of his own college days should have stopped his mouth. Is he not old enough to know, that though such things may pass for crimes or outrages, when committed by the illiterate, they are transformed into mere "college jokes" when concocted within the precincts of the "halls of science!" Strange that a man capable of writing a good paragraph, should be so ignorant of the "jurisprudence" of literature! We copy the article merely to get an opportunity to protest against making such things public:

"A COLLEGE SCRAP." We learn that one of the young bloods in Waterville College, recently undertook to play off one of their jokes upon a tavern keeper named Weeks, by throwing a burning torpedo through the window of the bedroom where Mr. W. and his wife were asleep. The burning mass fell up on the bed, setting it on fire and burning the inmates considerably. The next day Mr. W. commenced prosecutions, and finally compelled the aggressors to settle the matter, by paying him \$250, and costs amounting to about \$50 more. We think the scamps got off dog cheap; they ought to have been punished by imprisonment, for a term of not less than one year at least."

A year in the State prison! And would the editor of the Clarion have it understood that he is sober earnest? One would suppose that he took these young gentlemen to be either drunk, or ignorant, or poor—that they should meet the same punishment for breaking into a house in the night and applying a burning match to the beds and bodies of the inmates, in mere "college sport," that would be inflicted upon any good-for-nothing scamp for setting fire to a hay stack or hog-pen? Such punishment is only proper for those who are taught by necessity and vice to commit crimes. This outrage was not committed in a vulgar

way—though we might be puzzled to show the difference! What we mean is, that those who participated in this sport were not such as would ever be caught in any thing low or mean—such as stealing wood, milking strange cows, robbing hen-roosts or burning privies! These things are crimes, and are proper work for the truly vulgar, whether learned or ignorant; but this attack upon Mr. and Mrs. Weeks was a matter of *scent-iment and feeling*. And there was gallantry in the work, too, for Mrs. W. was not burned as badly as her husband. True gentlemen, like these, always show this respect to woman. When such mobility of soul is held up to the world in this way, the law should foster it by showing great lenity. True, we did say, when we heard that an ignorant fellow in cowhide boots and red shirt, was seen to throw the stump of his cigar towards a lady who passed him in the street, that the blockhead deserved to be threshed. And so he did—because the "light of science" could not be brought in to take away the rudeness of the act. And the red shirt and coarse boots—pooh! Such fellows as this, brother Clarion, may go to prison for a year or more; but spare the learned and gallant! Spare those whom genius has prompted to seek the light of midnight squibs and burning privies!—whom morality has taught to hunger and thirst after kidnapped hens and stolen fruit—and whose "bowels of compassion" are filled with the milk of other men's cows! Science has sanctified these things—and community has sanctioned them. Were it not so, we should have nothing to say in defence of those who committed the outrage alluded to. We could even hear it pronounced a mean and cowardly act—conceived without wit and executed without sense. But it is so—and science has sanctified these things. Therefore they are tolerable and are tolerated—but on no other ground!

A BIG CALF. Samuel Wilshire, Esq., of this town, owns a calf, eleven months old, that measures around the body, near the fore legs, 5 feet, 9 1/2 inches; around the fore leg 20 1/2 inches; around the gambrel 19 inches. Verily, this is a "land of milk," to say nothing about the honey and other sweet things we have here. Other States may boast of bigger hogs than we have, but when they speak of calves we'll just "take their hat."

A CITIZEN.
Canaan, Somerset County, Maine.

A. & K. RAILROAD. The rails are all down, and it is arranged for the first regular train to pass over the entire road on the 27th inst. By vote of the Directors, the cars on that day will be exclusively at the service of the stockholders—who will, without doubt, take a ride to Waterville and back. There will doubtless be some "manifestation" on the part of our citizens, that their guests on that occasion are welcome, but we cannot to-day give the precise programme. On the following day the regular business of the road will commence.

"A SCREAMER." Dr. Mann assured us last week that he should, ere this, issue and extra sheet of his "Screamer," devoted of course, to the Coolidge question. We have not received it, but presume it has been issued according to proposal.

LARGE TURNIP. Mr. Reuben Eaton, of this place, has raised a ruta baga turnip, that weighed when first taken from the ground, twenty-six pounds. Mr. E. took the premium for the best crop last year.

The editor of the Waterville Mail has been favored with a "look" at a hind quarter of mutton weighing 21 pounds, for which he seems exceedingly thankful.—[Hal. Gaz.]

But we have since eaten the mate to it. None but a generous man raises such mutton, and we recently found in our office one of these beautiful quarters, labelled "from a friend," whose name we could very easily read.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—ALMOST. A few days since a raft of lumber was found in a broken condition on Augusta dam, and it was reasonably concluded that the men in charge of it had all found a watery grave. On further search, however, it turned out that they had hatched their raft near a small tavern on the bank of the river—that the raft was not inclined to "take any thing" except a start down the river—so while they "went to their cups," the raft "went to pot."

INCENDIARY ARRESTED. A young man named Elisha T. Allen, of Fairfield, was arrested at West Waterville, on Saturday last, on the charge of having set fire to the barn of Mr. Page, the destruction of which was mentioned at the time. He was examined in this village on Monday, before Justice Stackpole, and bound over for trial. The testimony was strong to the point of his having admitted the act; but as he is a person of small intellect, there is room to doubt his guilt. He had previously been employed by Mr. Page.

CALIFORNIA NEWS. The regular steamer brings nothing to vary the general aspect of things. A government, with a constitution that excludes slavery, is now a settled point. Letters have been received in this place from Robert Williams, Capt. Crosby, J. A. Rhodes, and others—from which we shall be permitted to make extracts next week.

THE BAKER CASE.—The civil action of H. K. Baker vs. Ripley, Wendenburg and others, for assault and damage, in Augusta, (in reference to the liquor trials) was decided last week by the jury rendering a verdict of \$200 and costs in favor of Mr. B.

SPILLING LIQUOR.—The store of H. Noble, Esq., at Kennebunk Depot, was entered on the night of the 9th inst. by some person, who by boring holes in the casks, let out his whole stock of liquors; a large quantity of which was received the day previous.

Great Britain has pardoned John Mitchell, and given him liberty to pass from imprisonment into any country on the face of the globe, except the United Kingdoms. He proposes to visit Germany.

WARNING FROM A RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.—A Mr. R. K. Mann, of New York, who has been to the regions of Gold and returned, publishes a letter in the New York Journal of Commerce, warning every body against the folly of leaving the comforts of home to encounter the perils of a voyage to California, and the hardships, disappointments and dangers to be met with after arriving there. He concludes his appeal as follows:—

The foolish will not be advised, but let the more considerate pause before they resolve to engage in an enterprise where there is so much hazard and so little profit. I confess, gold in California is abundant, so are whales in the Pacific. It extends over a large surface of country, along the water courses, and if accumulated into one mass would form an immense pile. But distributed as it is over so large a space, it is thin, except where the veins exist, and consequently a great deal of labor is expended to get little profit. Last year there were some fortunes made by digging, because only a few men were there. But now the numbers have been so completely dug up, and the numbers already employed in mining are so vast that except in cases of extreme luck, the average does not compensate a man for his toil and endurance. You will not hear of any (however lucky he may be considered) making a fortune with the shovel and pickaxe. He cannot do it now in any reasonable length of time. If men choose to go and engage in trading, they will find competition so strong in every doubtful traffic, as to make the business of doubtful utility, as his profit and loss account will fully prove. That part of California through which I traveled, did not seem to me well adapted to agricultural purposes. Irrigation for eight months in the year. The heat by day is almost intolerable, while at night you will require four blankets to keep you warm. San Francisco is the most disagreeable place I ever saw. Sacramento City is rather a pleasant town.—The journey from New York to San Francisco is not to be slighted even if it is performed in steamers; and let no man undertake it who is not prepared for the worst. My advice to you who have legitimate occupations is, pursue them industriously. Economy and industry are gold mines, and he who labors therein will be rewarded proportionately. Let not the vain and empty bubble of glittering dust, or the exaggerated newspaper account, written by unprincipled speculators or persons interested to suit their own views and ends, influence you to leave your comfortable homes and the blessings which cultivated, refined and religious society bestows, to take up your abode in that far-off land, subject to all the inconvenience of the same.

If I but possessed the power and ability to accurately and forcibly portray to my fellows all the misery and disappointment and misfortune that I have witnessed within the last few months, during my passage to California, while there, and also on my return (via the Isthmus), I think no considerable man could be induced to go there.

THE STORM.—The severest storm experienced this season, commenced on Thursday last, and raged with more or less violence till Saturday noon. An immense amount of rain fell, pouring down at times like a torrent.—The storm was so severe that the whole steamboat line on our coast, was disarranged.

The son of Thomas H. Benton stabbed a Mr. Lyons, of Louisville, on Wednesday night of last week. Mr. Benton was about accompanying a lady from the parlor of the Weisiger House to her room. Mr. Lyons proposed to join them. Mr. Benton was offended at the proposition, and soon after, in an adjoining parlor the stabbing took place. The wound was not fatal.

We learn from the Hallowell Gazette that Rev. S. W. Field, who has been pastor of the Baptist Church in Hallowell for upwards of three years, has dissolved his connection with that body, much to the regret of his people and a generous circle of friends.

Gen. Shields, who it will be recollected was declared by the U. S. Senate at its last session to be constitutionally ineligible to a seat in that body, has been re-elected by the Legislature of Illinois a Senator from that State, the constitutional disability having been removed.

The Telegraph case has been closed at Frankfort, Ky., and the decision is in favor of Morse. His patents are sustained; the first, for 14 years from the date of his French patent, 1838; the second, for fourteen years, from 1846.—The "Columbian" was also declared to be an infringement of Morse's and an injunction granted against its use, during the full term of Morse's patent. O'Reilly has appealed.

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The Farmington Chronicle says:—"We are credibly informed that more than one thousand barrels of apples have been carried from this town to Boston, by the way of the A. & K. Railroad, during the three and four weeks past. This is entirely a new business for this county, and will in a few years doubtless be the means of bringing much money among us."

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An expedition on a grand scale, to Timbuctoo, headed by men of eminence in different branches of science, defended by eight hundred armed Europeans, and four hundred Africans, is projected by the academy of Science, and the Geographical Society of France.

CHALLENGE EXTRAORDINARY.—The Jockey Club of England has received through the medium of the English Consul General in Egypt, a challenge from the Pasha to run a match for £10,000, to come off in Egypt, ten miles; the Club to send as many horses and to put up what weight they please.

SAMARITAN LODGE I. O. O. F.—The members of Samaritan Lodge are requested to meet at the Lodge room on Friday evening next, at half past six o'clock. Business of importance to come before them.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH NAVIGATION LAWS.—In 1847, Congress passed an act permitting the vessels of any nation to enter cargoes of the products of their own and other countries into any port of the United States,

upon a footing as favorable as vessels of the United States, whenever the government of any nation would extend the same facilities to American vessels. The repeal of the navigation laws of Great Britain enables American vessels to enter cargoes from South America, the East Indies, or any foreign country, in any port of Great Britain, upon a footing as favorable as British vessels are entered. On the 1st of January next this law goes into effect, when the vessels of both nations will enter into a competition for the foreign commerce of the world.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN DIXMONT.—A daughter of Thomas L. and Sarah Condon, aged six years, was burned to death on Thursday last, by her clothes taking fire. There was no one in the house at the time of the accident except her little brother about eight years of age, her mother having gone to a neighbor's but a few minutes before. Her screams called for her assistance. A Mr. Palmer, residing near by, who, in endeavoring to extinguish the flames was himself badly burned. She survived but about three hours after the accident. Such accidents often occur, and should be more effectual warnings to them in charge of young children.—[Bangor Jeffersonian.]

TWO MURDERS IN NEW HAVEN.—Mr. Charles Smith and his wife, an aged English couple, who have been the sole occupants of the solitary house on the brow of East Rock, New Haven, were found on Thursday morning, horribly butchered, a few rods from the house. They had been missing for three or four days. Their table in their house indicated preparation for guests as there were four plates on it. Over an extinguished fire hung a pot of corned beef. Whoever the guests may have been, they were without doubt the murderers. The murder was committed for plunder, the premises showing signs of having been searched. Mr. Smith was over 80 years of age, and had served many years in the army of the Duke of Wellington. The event is a startling one, occurring soon after the sentence of death pronounced upon Foot.

COLORED PROFESSOR.—Mr. Charles L. Reason, and artist of New York, who has been elected professor in Central College, at Granville, N. Y., of which Rev. C. P. Grosvenor, formerly of this city, is President. He is the first gentleman of color who has been elected to a College professorship, in this country.—A correspondent of the Christian Contributor speaks of his inaugural oration as being "a full of clear, comprehensive, philosophical thought, clothed in a neat and classical dress."—[N. E. Washington.]

We learn that many of the active business men in the towns on the eastern coast of Maine are fitting out for California in the high hope of returning in a few years, independent. Six months to go out and six months to return, and digging three months in a year at an ounce or two of gold a day will not make a man rich in two or three years. It is not merely the loss to the State of these enterprising men, but they carry off a large amount of means and money and thus cripple and embarrass the business of their friends at home. There is danger, great danger, that in the overdoing of this business of goldhunting, that Maine will receive great injury when the crash does come, as come it will, and men will wake and wonder.—[Bangor Whig.]

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Notices.

It is truly astonishing to notice the quietness with which ESTY, KIMBALL & CO. carry on their immense business. There is no excitement and no bustling, and yet the amount of their sales is many times as large as that of any other firm in their neighborhood. It is really amusing to see how this excites some of the smaller dealers, rendering them truly explosive in paper imitations. E. K. & Co. have already purchased several heavy Stocks of Goods this Fall, in addition to which, those received on orders alone would be designated by some as four or five very large Stocks. Receiving New Goods by every train of cars, they have a decided advantage over those who obtain them only once or twice a week, as they are thereby enabled to take the lead in Fashionable Goods, and establish prices for others to regulate themselves by. Their superior facilities for purchasing, together with their large sales, place them so far in advance, or rather leave others so far in the rear, that they may be truly said to be beyond the reach of any competition with them.

[From the Boston Mercantile Journal.]—This medicine, coming from respectable source and carefully prepared by an experienced and skillful physician, is received by the public with confidence. Its efficacy has been proved in many obstinate cases of disease, and its fame has rapidly extended. It has been extensively used in every part of the country, particularly in the Middle and Northern States, and strong testimony from intelligent and highly respectable persons, has been adduced in favor of its merits as a remedy for colds and coughs, affections of the chest, digestive liver and dysentery.

[From the Cincinnati Daily Times.]—We would advise our readers who are laboring under an affection of the lungs, to make immediate trial of this truly excellent medicine. The most intelligent and respectable families of our city have adopted it as a favorite family medicine, and persons predisposed to Consumption who have used it, speak in the highest terms of its efficacy.

Abraham Skillman, M. D., of Bondbrook, N. J., says it is the best medicine for Consumption, in every stage, that he has ever known. We might refer you to hundreds of cases, had we room, that would convince all of its great virtues.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale in Waterville by WM. DYER. 10-2-6

MARKETS.

| WATERVILLE PRICES. | | |
|--------------------|--------|----------------|
| Flour | \$6.00 | 625 Molasses |
| Barley | 80 | 83 Codfish |
| Beans | 75 | 100 Hams |
| Corn | 50 | 125 Beef |
| Eggs | 14 | 17 Beef, fresh |
| Butter | 7 | 8 Pork |
| Onions | 40 | 40 Lard |
| Salt, fine | 50 | |
| "rock | 50 | |

| BRIGHTON MARKET. | | |
|----------------------------------|--------|-------------|
| AT MARKET, 900 Beef Working Oxen | 62.00 | 80 |
| Cattle, 5000 Sheep | 30.00 | Calves |
| Swine, 10 yoke working Sheep | 125 | 3 |
| Onions, 1000 yoke working Oxen | 125 | 3 |
| Beef Cattle, Extra | \$6.00 | Sows |
| 1st quality | 5.75 | Barrows |
| 2d | 5.25 | 5.00 Retail |

| BOSTON MARKET. | | |
|-----------------|--------|------------------------|
| Flour, Genesee | \$2.00 | Provisions, Beef, mess |
| Michigan | 5.37 | Pork, clear |
| Ohio | 5.30 | " mess |
| Grain, Southern | 70 | Hams |
| Onions | 45 | Butter |
| Onions | 45 | Cheese, new |
| Hay, ton | 11.75 | Lard |
| Plaster, ton | 2.25 | Apples |

Marriages.

In Fairfield, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Brackett, Mr. Edward E. Bates, of this city, and Miss Mary E. Toney, daughter of Mr. J. H. Bates, of Bangor. In Clinton, Nov. 11, by C. Jewett, Esq., John Burton to Miss Nancy White. In Bath, Mr. Hiram L. Wing to Miss Margaret A. Hatch; Nathaniel W. Stetson to Elizabeth B. Wing; Wm. G. Knowlton to Nancy W. Sweetser. In Augusta, Miss W. Williams to Eliza A. Fisher. In Skowhegan, Asa Vaughn to Rachel D. Ellis. In Bangor, Wm. Robertson, Jr. to Elizabeth G. Russell, both of Bangor. In New Portland, Ira W. Smith of Milbury, Mass., to Dorothy Hoy.

Deaths.

In Skowhegan, Mr. Leonard Grant, aged 60. In Hallowell, Julia Ann, daughter of Mr. John Whittier, aged 9 years, 10 months and 17 days. In Canaan, Lorenzo D. son of Thomas Ball, formerly of Bangor, aged 18 years and 6 months. In Hallowell, Miss Sarah, wife of John Safford. In Bangor, Mrs. Curtis, aged 77. In Waterville, Capt. Elijah Smith, aged 77.

Advertisements.

LOOK AT THIS!—HAYNOUN has replaced his stock, offers for sale a fine assortment of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, Feathers, Crockery, Glass Ware, &c.

—ALSO, DEALS LARGELY IN—West India Goods, Iron, Hardware, and Nails, Glass, Paints and Oils, &c., &c. All of which will be sold cheap for Cash or Produce. Being desirous of making a change in business, will sell the above for small advances.

All persons indebted to the late firm of W. C. DOW & Co., or to Z. SANGER, whose term of credit has expired, are requested to make payment on or before the 15th of July next. Waterville, Nov. 15, 1899.

E. L. SMITH HAS received his Fall and Winter supply of W. L. GOODS, CROCKERY, PROVISIONS, &c., and invites the attention of his customers and the public generally to his assortment, comprising a great variety, and at prices as low as can be found in this section.

Those who regard the quality as well as the cost of goods, will find it to their interest to call on him before making their purchases. Among the many articles included in his stock, he will only enumerate the following: Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Brown Hyacinth, Crushed and Powdered. Raisins, Currants, Nuts, Raisins, Oats, and Oatmeal. Coffee,—Porto Cabello, Rio and Java. Chocolate and Prepared Cocoa. Molasses.—Early Carolina, Manassas, & Sugar Syrup. Fish.—Mackerel, No. 1 and 2; half and quarter hogs; do. Naps and Tails; Haddock, Tongues and Sausages, Pickled Salmon, 200 lbs. Canned, 100 lbs. Canned, 50 lbs. Canned, 25 lbs. Canned, 10 lbs. Canned, 5 lbs. Canned, 2 lbs. Canned, 1 lb. Canned, 1/2 lb. Canned, 1/4 lb. Canned, 1/8 lb. Canned, 1/16 lb. Canned, 1/32 lb. Canned, 1/64 lb. Canned, 1/128 lb. Canned, 1/256 lb. Canned, 1/512 lb. Canned, 1/1024 lb. Canned, 1/2048 lb. Canned, 1/4096 lb. Canned, 1/8192 lb. Canned, 1/16384 lb. Canned, 1/32768 lb. Canned, 1/65536 lb. Canned, 1/131072 lb. 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