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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1850.

NO. 4.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. B. WING.

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TERMS.

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If paid within the year, 2.00

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POETRY.

(From the Essex Registry.)

EVENING.

Come, dear one, for the evening hour is stealing,
Sleazy and slowly the dew drops are falling,
Come, for the hour of every gentle feeling,
With the soft night dew comes half-sadly on.

Nature is quiet, and the heart at rest,
Like tired children find in the same couch to nest.
Come, for the light winds that are stealing,
Play their soft descents in each bush and tree,
And in the breeze the starry fire-dry fingers,
Lighting the fairies to their nightly gleam.

And the faint stars begin to stand the sea
Of boundless blue above with their soft brilliancy.
See, in the west the rosy clouds are meeting,
Laying their glowing cheeks against the sky,
Nestling all fondly where, with kindly greeting,
The sun to earth has kissed his last good-bye.

How lovingly they cluster in the west,
Like tired children find in the same couch to nest.
From the moist earth where the clear dew lies weeping,
Comes the sweet incense of the closing flower,
Most sweet that the dew drops should be keeping
Their tearful vigils at this dreamy hour.

As yet, it is that earth itself should weep,
When its sweetest flowers, the flowers, are all asleep.
God hath made evening beautiful; the flowers,
The light winds, and the rosy clouds and dew
Lend each their glory to these sunset hours,
And glid them with a radiant glory new.

But they can never image half His worth,
Who spoke them all from naught in their glad hour of birth.
The stars are glorious, but He is glory;
The flowers are lovely, but perfection He;
The clouds are beautiful, but He is beauty—
The matchless God, the spotless Deity!

Oh, let us bow and worship, and adore,
The Good! the Infinite! Angels could do more.

MISCELLANY.

MRS. JONES' EXPERIENCE, OR THE ART OF LIVING EASY.

"I can't see for my life, how you get along so easy, Mrs. Jones," said the merry Ellen, to her mother's nearest neighbor; "your family is larger than ours, and you have less help—but you are always in good order—come when I will, I find things in good order—no bustle, fuss, or confusion. Now we all work from morning till night, at our house, and our work is never done. There must be some work about it—some secret; do tell us, won't you?"

"Why, Ellen, I don't know that there is any great secret about it, all that I can tell is, that I don't seem to work very hard, but some how I do seem to get along very easy, as you say, with all that seems to fall to my lot."

"Well we all know that, Mrs. Jones, and we know too, that you do more reading and writing than any of the rest of us, and visit the sick more, and find time for everything that's good,—oh, there is a secret, I know there is, and you must tell me all about it."

"Yes, Ellen, I will tell you all I know about it, and will make you a first rate wife for our Fred, some day, but you must first promise to try and make my secret of practical use to yourself and teach everybody else."

Ellen blushed, and almost wished she had not been so importunate. But Ellen was a good sensible girl, and was impressed with the idea that Fred would want a wife somewhat resembling his mother, in domestic matters, so she stooped and tied her shoe, to hide her confusion. Mrs. Jones laid down the cheese knife, (for it was early in the morning,) took up the baby which her kind heart and arms had taken home, and picked up a basket of green peas that were to be shelled for dinner, and sat down to nurse her little orphan to sleep, take the peas out of the pod and tell her story.

"Well Ellen, my secret is just this: when I go out to shake the table cloth, I always bring in a stick of wood; or when I nurse the baby I shell the peas, or read my newspaper; or in other words, I economize time, seldom take two steps where one will answer, and try to do everything the shortest and easiest way. I pulverize saleratus enough to last a month at one time, keep it in a convenient vessel, and then it is always ready for use—no untying papers and scattering the floor and cupboard; no table, rolling pin, or mortar to clean; but once, instead of beating my eggs with a knife or spoon, I have a whip made of pieces of wire bent in an oblong shape like a tassel, and tied with a bit of twine to a hickory handle, and I can beat the white of six eggs to a standing foam in two minutes, as easily as you will in half an hour with a knife. Anybody can make an egg whip that can whistle a stick or find a piece of wire, if they cannot afford to buy one. I only mention these things as samples of my time saving. But if you will not be offended, I will tell you a story."

"Offended! not I. It's the silliest thing in the world to get offended, particularly at those who wish to do good. The doctor often has to administer unpleasant drugs to effect a cure."

"Well, then, Ellen, I was out taking tea with a neighbor last week, and we went into the milk room and cheese room to see the cheese, and as we came back we stopped a few minutes to chat in the kitchen; the lady told one of the girls she might make some dandelion cakes as some call them, for tea. She started off on the bound to her duty. First she ran down in the cellar and brought up the butter-milk-jar, holding almost a pail full, then she ran back for the eggs, unscrewed a half pound of saleratus, scattered a spoonful on the floor and another on the table, rolled it and tied it up, next turned her butter-milk out and scattered a new dress all about the waist, splashed it over the table on divers things, said 'oh show!' picked up the saleratus from the floor, cleaned her dress, and caught a plate and ran to the meal room, came back with a heaping plate of flour, threw it into the pan and stirred away, back and forth, till it was all submerged, and all in lumps. There was not flour enough, away she ran again, brought a little more; there was still not enough, and the third journey had to be made; in it was all dashed, and she stirred away till her face glowed like a peony; all at once she thought of her eggs; and broke them into the batter. She had forgotten the salt, and ran the fourth time to the meal room,—

Now her batter was too thick, and more butter-milk had to be used, and consequently the saleratus paper had to undergo another operation. Finally, after much labor and toil, and an expenditure of much time and waste of material, the lumpy batter was ready for use.—But here was a new trouble; the fire that was just right half an hour before was exhausted; the griddle which had been set on the stove in the beginning, burned rough, the kitchen, and ante room full of the unpleasant smoke and odor of burnt grease—the cake stuck fast to the iron, two messes were wasted before the griddle could be rubbed smooth; the dish cloths were all in sad plight, and the young lady had expended as much actual labor as would have prepared the whole meal, set the table and all.

"Oh, dear—that was me; any body might know that picture! But how would you have managed?"

"I should have taken my pan and spoon, put my saleratus into the pan, gone down cellar, and with my cup, which I keep in the jar for that purpose, dipped the batter-milk without splashing it into my pan; then broke the eggs carefully into the milk, gone from there to the meal room and sifted the proper quantity of flour in and stirred it carefully, thus beating the eggs while I stirred in the flour; dropped in a little salt and returned to the kitchen, all in five minutes, without having one thing out of place, except the egg shells, and those I should have removed at some other time. So you see instead of four journeys to the cellar, two to fetch and two to carry back, and four to the meal room, I should have done the whole work, saved my strength, saved the wear and tear of shoes, saved the soil of my dress, saved the fire, the annoyance, and a good half hour for something else, and had a better mess of cakes for supper, into the bargain. And this is only one-half hour saved in getting supper by one hand. It took three that night longer to get tea by one hand, than it would have taken me to get it alone."

"But, law me! here's the baby fast asleep—the peas are all shelled, and my story must be wound up, for it is time to 'wee' off the curd.' If this bit of experience does you any good, we will tell you another story some day.—[Ohio Cultivator.]

"A Coarse Ignorant Fellow!"

A day or two since we heard a rugged sun-burnt looking man thus described by another person. The latter was fair and pretty, and talked with a pleasing glossiness. We took his measure as accurately as we could. His intellectual progress had been up the rugged ascent of Pike's Arithmetic; into, but not out of, the labyrinth of Murry's Syntax; and along the cool pathway of Olney's Geography. He had no doubt then passed to rest upon the green sward of Waverley Novels, ere he entered the complex avenues of Marsh's Book-keeping, where he now stands amazed at the profound philosophy which teaches with unerring certainty how to distinguish in all cases between the debtor and creditor.

"The coarse ignorant fellow" we know.—We have seen him between the plow handles. He holds his own plow and sets his coulter pretty deep. He is a good farmer. His crops are good, and he knows the most judicious succession. His cattle are good, for no man better understands the points of good cattle. He does not observe the moons very closely, yet sows and plants in the seasons long custom has so well established as the right ones. He is a fair geologist and chemist, for an amateur; and subscribes for one religious, one political, and two agricultural periodicals. We have eaten ham and greens at his abundant dinner table, and washed down nice pastries with cool sweet milk. When his wife and little daughters had no churning to do, we have seen them studying French together.

Oh, that we should live to find out that he is but a "coarse ignorant fellow!" If pretty street swells would only have compassion, they would not open our benighted eyes to truths we are too stupid of ourselves to discover.

The illusion we were under was pleasant.—We contemplated the worldly prosperity of our farmer friend with satisfaction; and it had really entered into our thoughts that at the next appointment of justices his name should be on the list. Although he is not eloquent, we have heard some of his neighbors say that, for the purpose of effecting some desirable objects in the legislature of the Old Dominion, they desired to have him there. They too should be deceived. They are plain folks with brown faces, and some of them wear unbound shoes. It would be kind in our city acquaintances to set them right. The country bumpkins have but to pass in review along the Avenue to be judged aright, and assigned their proper places.—There is nothing like kid gloves and switch canes for polishing up the intellect. Pretty looks, and a waiting maid style of speech are the sure indication of the completion of this.

[Washington Republic.]

Solitude.

Solitude, though often beneficial to full minds and active intellects, is more than the vacuity of ignorance can support. Poverty, pushed as it was by the ascetics to the excess of destitution, tends, it is to be feared, to blight both body and soul; obedience, carried beyond reasonable limits, leads to abject meanness and hypocrisy; as the history of convents in general will abundantly show. Yet, after making whatever deductions we fairly can for their mistakes, we still find in the history of these singular institutions, much that is worthy of our deepest study; and the more so, the more firmly we are convinced of the utter impossibility of their restoration. How necessary to all excellence is a certain contempt of life; how few are our real wants; how the humblest, narrowest path may be cheered, consoled, illumined by light from above; these, and many more such lessons, we may learn from the much-venerated monks, to whom the world has been indebted for much of its intellectual and spiritual progress. They did not always pass their days in lazy luxury, nor in mere dullness and unmeaning self-mortification; they studied the mysteries of nature and of man, astronomy, morals, and religion; they were legislators and physicians, poets and mechanical inventors; they provided for their own wants and those of the poor, and led, in many instances, pure, peaceful, industrious, and truly holy lives. It may be said that such as these were the exceptions; but in what society has virtue and excellence ever been otherwise than an exception? The faults of monks are more striking than those of other men, partly because in their

vows they have furnished us with a standard by which to measure their failures; and we often ascribe to the institution of monasticism itself the corruptions and abuses of its period of decay; but as these corruptions were direct departures from its law, it would be scarcely more unfair to charge on Christianity the faults and vices of those who live without the slightest attention to its precepts, merely because they call themselves Christians. In the cloister were to be found the sublimest and the meanest; the happiest and the most miserable; of the human race; and the great evil of conventional life, the very head and front of its offending, its idleness, was not so much an evil inseparable from its existence, as one belonging to its period of natural decline. As long as the convents had work to do, they were wellsprings of spiritual life and blessing; when it was done they became foul and stagnant pools, breeding only noxious vapors.—[Byways of History from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century.]

What I saw one morning in India.

A long but sleepless night in March had fevered my blood, as one morning, ere yet a single individual was stirring about our quarters, I strolled towards the mountain-gorge, and stumbled almost to the top of the steep acclivity, before the faint flush of dawn had aroused the sentinel, whose call awoke the solitary pair of musicians of our party—a drummer and a fife—to sound the reveille. In ten minutes more, I stood panting on the summit of the rock, gazing thirstily on the scene beneath me, where Asiatic beauty winded slowly before me, like a glorious river, whose changeable waters the eye is not tired of drinking. I had no fear of thief or thug, for a late excursion in the district behind me, had assured me of safety; but nevertheless, I started violently, when, from the branches of a stately peepul tree that grew close by, a dark figure, that seemed of human proportions, leaped, with a jibbering cry, upon the ground.

I had no reason to be alarmed, for I saw not a man, but a monkey—one of those long-legged, brown monkeys, with white-streaked faces, that abound in these heights, and which, little startled than myself, recoiled as I advanced, jabbering his dissatisfaction at my intrusion. At the foot of the peepul tree, throwing up its rich white petals, that shed around a sweet but sickening odor, grew a magnificent datura; and as I stooped to pluck it, a rustling sound in the underwood beyond, followed by an acute, sharp scream, which I ascribed to my friend, the monkey, arrested my hand. I had judged correctly, but I had underrated the number of my early companions. With a spring that brought him almost to my feet, making me in turn retreat, the monkey lay, moaning and, as I thought, violently convulsed among the grass; nor did I at the moment perceive, what indeed I discovered with a degree of horror, that round his body was twisted a gorgeously spotted snake—the cobra de capello! I wish I could describe the maddened contortions of the monkey, as writhing beneath the straining coils of the reptile, it rolled on the grass in vain efforts to rid itself from its deadly assailant. The piteous gaze of its eyes, as they wistfully looked up into my face, was eloquent with a summons for help, which I was not inclined to resist. Whether the snake had bitten it or not, I could not guess, for it seemed to me as if it were merely playing with the animal—that fatal game which the cat plays with the mouse! But I shouted, and threw a stone, and then seizing a withered branch which lay on the ground, I advanced to the charge. The monkey, which at another time would have fled at my approach, now remained motionless, as if it awaited certain execution. But the serpent, aroused to the cognizance of an enemy by a smart blow on the head, instantly inflated its horrid crest into that hood-like form which renders it so appallingly hideous, and gave vent to a loud hiss that seemed brimful of poison.

Again and again I struck at it; nor was it without a cold chill through my veins that I beheld it disengaging itself from the monkey; but far from attempting to make his escape, as I had conjectured he would do, it turned itself, half erect, towards me, and with a fluttering hobble—like the hop of a bird whose wings have been broken,—it leaped, with forked tongue protruded, right into my very path! There was no time for thought. My stick was neither strong nor long. I could see the venomous eyes burn like fire, and the colors of its swelling neck glow more deeply as it prepared to spring again; and I was fairly on the point of making my retreat, by plunging, at all hazards, down the rock behind me, when a shrill, chirping cry, something like that of a guinea-pig, was heard, and suddenly an elegant little creature, which I at the moment was well nigh ready to spiritualize into a good genius, sprung upon the serpent with a bound of lightsome ferocity, which reminded me of the swoop of a kite upon a water rat.

It was a mongoose! And now, indeed a combat took place, which fixed me to the spot in mute admiration, but not for long. Once or twice it seemed to me that the mongoos was bitten, but it might not have been so; for the velocity of their movements, as, clinging together, the snake and its foe rolled over and over amongst the long grass, prevented minute observation. It is asserted that, when bitten by a snake, the ichneumon retires for a moment to eat of some unknown plant, capable of rendering null the viperine venom; but on this occasion nothing of the sort occurred. The mongoos left not the conflict for a breathing space; and at the end of about ten minutes, the cobra de capello lay dead, torn and mangled by the little animal, which frisked and danced about, with a purring sound, in a perfect frenzy of enjoyment.

As I held out my hand, actually believing, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that it would approach to receive my caresses, the mongoos, giving a bright, quick look at me, stamped its tiny hind feet briskly on the relics of the serpent, as if in scorn of its victim, and then disappeared amongst the brushwood.

I had forgotten the poor monkey! I found it stretched out, stiff and stark among the datura flowers. The mongoos had come too late.

FRANK OF CHOLERA.—A man died in Auburn, N. Y., a few days since, of what some supposed to be cholera, and so great was the panic that none of his neighbors would lay him out. Mayor Conklin went in person and performed the duty. After he had got the coffin on a cart, the cartman refused to drive, when the Mayor cleared him out, and drove it himself.

A Rope Yarn, by Fluke.

"Brother, what is a yarn?" said a little cherry-cheeked child to her brother Jack, just returned from sea. Cherry's brother was a fine, hearty fellow, just seventeen years old, as rosy as herself, and whose eyes twinkled with mirth at sis's question. "Come, I'll tell you," says Jack, taking her on his knee. "It is a sailor's story, every word true, but you must not believe all of it."

"And won't you tell me one?"

"Yes, certainly, but remember, the one I tell you is all true. It once happened on our voyage round the Horn; we'd been off sounding quite a spell, our steward was rather crabbed, and had got out of eggs—"

"Eggs, brother—do you have eggs in ships?"

"Bless you, to be sure. Did you never hear of Mother Carey's chickens? The eggs they lay are peelers, I tell you; and plenty enough in very high latitudes."

"But where do the chickens come from, Jack?"

"Why, Cherry, they come over in great flocks, and light all round us; the minute we see them, we begin to take in sail. How ignorant you are, Cherry."

"Well, go on, Jack."

"We'd got out of eggs, as I told you, and to tell the truth our butter was rank—"

"Butter, butter!"

"You put me out—don't interrupt me, Cherry; butter, to be sure. If you were to see our dinner table—"

"Table!" says Cherry—"I didn't know—"

"No, poor old fellow, of course you never were at sea, and how should you know anything? I say, we happened to be out of butter and eggs—and I'm sure there is no lie in that—when one morning we waked up early with a whale along side of us, a cosy old chap, that was rather near sighted, and having left his specs at home did not spy our craft till he was close aboard."

"Whales don't wear spectacles," whimpered Cherry.

"Not that I know of," says Jack—"I'm sure this fellow hadn't any on. You may depend we rubbed our eyes open. We said 'good morning' to the old fellow; and our Captain, says he, 'Matey, get a boat out, will you, and pay respects to that critter; I reckon we might catch him, if we had the right sort of bait.'"

"What sort of bait?" asked Cherry.

"Toasted mackerels are the sort they snap at most; and while we were getting some toasted—for all we had were raw—I says to Jim Ratlin, 'What say to swimmin' off and serapin' quaintance?' "Done," says he, and without another word we overboard and swum. The old man (Captain) bawled after us; but we made as if we were deaf. Our plan was to take a rope with us, and make a slip noose over his snapper, and steer the sea monster into port—first-rate riding—an elephant ride is a fool to it; but we didn't come it quite, for as soon as we'd got snug aboard of him, the old fool began to scramble to windward. He sounded two or three times; but we held on to his ears. Finally I got a chance and jabbed my penknife into him; but he still kept on running; at last he turned up, and we crawled round to the upper side, and set a waif, and began to think of finding the ship. We had to drift as we could, for he wouldn't mind bit nor rein when we first caught him, and now, he was dead, to be sure he wouldn't. We put out and swum sou-west all one day, and then at night swum back to the whale. In the morning we made another excursion with no better luck. We at last concluded to stop aboard entirely, and abandon the ship; so we established ourselves comfortable, and being hungry, commenced cutting away the blubber—took the tinder box, caught some Albicore, cooked and ate their meat, and drank their blood. We lived so about a week, and might, I suppose, longer. We had given up all hopes of seeing the ship again, when I was awakened from my afternoon nap one day, by the cry of "Whale ahoy!"

"Hallo!"

"Where yer bound?"

"Bound to ship, if we can find one."

"Tackle on then!" and they threw us a line. They soon came up with us, for, to say the truth, we didn't want to race. You can judge of our surprise at finding it was a boat from our own good ship Napoleon. They took us long side, and we commenced cutting in; and we stowed down 160 barrels of as good oil as ever was put into a 'rick.' What think of that?"

"Jack ended; but poor Cherry was sound asleep."

A narrow barrel, holding anywhere from ten to fifteen gallons and sometimes less—and used to stow between the floors or overboard, as they may be called, which are left between the large hogsheads and barrels after stowing. This idea originated with Mr. Uriah Folger, hence the name "barrel."

Getting Used to it.

"Somewhere about here," writes a Southern correspondent, "lives a small farmer, of such social habits, that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge. 'Why, you see,' he would say, 'I'll sign it after a while, but I don't like to break off right at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way always is to get used to a thing by degrees you know.'"

"Very well, old man, his helpmate would reply, 'see now, if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out.'"

"Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, he did fall in; and after a fight of useless scrambling, shouted for the 'light of his eyes' to come and help him out."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap-fall over the edge of the parapet; 'you've got into a hole at last; and it's only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned, you old dog you!'

"Well, she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, 'take hold.' And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here," he screamed, in a fury, at the last splash, you're doing that on purpose—I know you are!'

"Well, now I am," responded the old man tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to things by degrees? I'm afraid I was to bring you right up on a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome!"

The old fellow could not help chuckling at the application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did,

and packed him off to 'swear in,' wet as he was. 'For you see,' she added, very emphatically, 'if you ever fall into the well again, I'll leave you there—I will!'—[Knickerbocker.]

(From the October Transcript.)

Carlyle's Latter Day Pamphlets.

We are living in an age of Semblances.—Selfishness and villainy put on all manner of garbs; and the masks are so artfully made up, and often worn with so much grace, that there are times when the very elect themselves are deceived. It needs keenness of vision to detect the False where it skulks behind these glittering veils, and it requires courage to 'strip the gilding off the knaves.'—And Thomas Carlyle has a clear head and a stout heart. He discards all sort of sympathy with scoundrelism. He would drag forth into the sunlight, for the public gaze and the public scorn, 'the mean hearts that lurk beneath a star.' He would hiss and hoot at the 'pride that apes humility.' And—lower down—he would give the cowardly thick hard fare and rough usage behind thick prison walls. And—lower still—he would furnish the assassin with a halter.—There he stands—the brave old man, breathing like a giant—as he is—the whole current of fashionable opinion in regard to certain reforms. The feeling that finds a voice to enter its whining protest against capital punishment for atrocious crimes, is but sham philanthropy in his eyes. He has no love for the rose-water process of getting rid of foul smells. The soft sentimentalism of the namby pamby school, finds no mercy at his hands. The miserable, graceless scoundrels who have all manner of evils coiled in their hearts, and who always ultimate them in crimes whenever and wherever opportunity lends itself,—these 'diabolical cannibals' are with him merely a vile squad of 'the Devil's regiment of the line,' and as such, with very little show of compunction, he turns them over to their Master. 'Mark it, my diabolical friend,' (he says) 'I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you; and will teach you, after the example of the gods, that this world is not your inheritance or glad to see you in it.'

As the fashion is now-a-days, a poor wretch may be left to struggle on through every sort of terrible temptation; surrounded by all manner of direful influences, with only the lingering remnants of the kindly thoughts which flowed into his heart in childhood to remind him that he has capacity for the enjoyment of true happiness; crushed down by poverty, with even hunger gnawing at his vitals he may struggle on, and like a hero, manfully, with not one friendly human hand stretched forth to aid him, without one sympathizing smile to cheer him in his desolation; and despair may settle down into his bosom, and his heart at last may break; but human hearts are things which break very silently, and the catastrophe is a matter of every day occurrence—the snap of that cord may be wholly unheeded! And while that spirit, perhaps, is being borne by the unseen angels into Abraham's bosom, the body which was its earthly covering is most probably being hustled into a nameless grave, 'unknelt, uncoffined and unknown.'

But suppose this same poor wretch other than a manful battler against his evils—suppose him to be one who lightly yields to temptation, and suppose him to go on in the downward road till the lower depths of crime are reached, and after some abominable deed, murder, or arson, or rape, has been perpetrated by the wretch; suppose the law takes him into its grasp and seeks to deal out some adequate punishment; then what fearful sympathy is expended on the knave! then comes the benevolence that loves notoriety, and is lavish of warm blankets and well seasoned dinners! then you may hear white gloved, fashionable philanthropy singing its puling song about 'pity for the unfortunate,' and urging eloquent petitions for commutation! What miserable after-thought is all this? half the energy, half the real, or affected sympathy rightly directed a twelve month before, would have saved, perhaps, a soul from perdition.

Upon the subject of this kind of procrastinated semblance of well-doing, the author of past and present speaks as follows. The paragraph may be found in the second number of his Latter Day Pamphlets, entitled 'Model Prisons,' a tract which undoubtedly will be exceedingly disliked by a certain clique of self styled reformers, yet a production which may be recommended to all those who can endure to have the drapery (even to the fig-leaves) cast aside, and be brought face to face with the naked truth. Whoever reads the 'pamphlet' will learn that the author's pen is a battle-axe, and the hand that wields it no craven's. But let me quote, and have done:

"Of Benevolence, Benevolence, and the people that come together to talk on platforms and subscribe five pounds, I will say nothing here! indeed there is not room for the twentieth part of what were to be said of them. The benevolence, benevolence, and sublime virtue which issues in eloquent talk, reported in the newspapers, with the subscriptions of his five pounds, and the feeling that one is a good citizen and an ornament to society,—concerning this, there were a great many unexpected remarks to be made; but let this one, for the present occasion, suffice:

"My sublime benevolent friends, don't you perceive, for one thing, that here is a shockingly deceitful investment for your capital of benevolence; precisely the worst indeed, which human ingenuity could select for you? 'Laws are unjust, temptation great,' &c.; alas, I know it, and mourn for it, and passionately call on all men to help in altering it. But according to every hypothesis as to the law, and temptation and pressures towards vice, here are the individuals who, of all the society, have yielded to the pressure. These are the worst standard for enduring pressure! The others yet stand and make resistance to temptation, to the law's injustice; under all the perversities and strangling impediments there are the rest of society still keep their feet and struggle forward, marching under the banner of God and human virtue. These select few, as I explain to you, are they who have fallen to chaos, and are sworn into certain regiments of the line.—Of all the generation we live in, these are the worst stuff, these, I say, are the Elixir of the infatuated among living mortals. If you want the worst investment for your Benevolence, here you accurately have it. O my surprising friends! Nowhere, so as here, can you be certain that a given quantity of wise teaching bestowed, of benevolent trouble taken, will yield more, or the net minimum of return. It is sowing your wheat upon Irish quagmires."

"Yonder, in those dingy habitations, and shops of red-herring and tobacco-pipes, where men have not yet quite decided for the devil; there, I say, is land; there is more sea beach. Thither go with your benevolence, thither to those dingy caverns of the poor; there instruct, drill and manage, these where some fruit may come of it."

"What sort of reformers and workers are you, that work only on the rotten material? that never think of meddling with the material while it continues sound, that stress it and strain it with new rules and assessments, till once it has given way and declared itself rotten; whereupon you snatch greedily at it, and say, now let us try to do some good upon it! You fancy yourselves men of virtue, benevolence, and what not; and you are not even men of sincerity, and honest sense. Good from you, and your operations is not expected. You may go down!"

Rules for Spelling.

The following 'Rules,' from a very recent London publication, are in accordance with all the standard Dictionaries, both English and American, excepting Webster's.

These Rules should be carefully committed to memory, as a knowledge of them will prevent that hesitation about the spelling of common words which is frequently experienced even by the well educated.

RULE I. All monosyllables ending in *l*, with a single vowel before it, have double *l* at the close; as, *mill*, *sell*.

RULE II. All monosyllables ending in *l*, with a double vowel before it, have one *l* only at the close; as, *mail*, *sail*.

RULE III. Monosyllables ending in *l*, when compounded, retain but one *l* each; as, *fulfill*, *skilful*.

RULE IV. All words of more than one syllable ending in *l*, have one *l* only at the close; as, *faithful*, *delightful*; except, *befall*, *recall*, *unwell*, *downfall*, &c.

RULE V. All derivatives from words ending in *l*, have *l* only; as, *equality*, from *equal*; *fulness* from *full*; except they end in *er* or *ly*; as, *mill*, *millar*; *full*, *fully*.

RULE VI. All participles in *ing* from verbs ending in *l*, lose the *l* final; as, *having*, from *have*; *amusing*, from *amuse*; except they come from verbs ending in double *e*, and then they retain both; as, *seeing*, from *see*; *agreeing*, from *agree*.

RULE VII. All adverbs in *ly* and nouns in ment retain the *e* final of their primitives; as, *bravely*, from *brave*; *refinement*, from *refine*; *disaster*, from *disaster*; *monstrous*, from *monster*; *wondrous*, from *wonder*; *cumbrous*, from *cumber*, &c.

RULE IX. All compound words, if both end not in *l*, retain their primitive parts entire; as, *millstone*, *changeable*, *graceless*; except always, also, *deplorable*, *although*, *almost*, *admirable*, &c.

RULE X. All monosyllables ending in a consonant, with a single vowel before it, double that consonant in derivatives; as, *sin*, *sinner*; *ship*, *shipping*; *big*, *bigger*; *glad*, *gladder*, &c.

RULE XI. Monosyllables ending in a consonant with a double vowel before it do not double the consonant in derivatives; as, *commit*, *committee*; *compel*, *compelled*; *appal*, *appalling*; *distill*, *distiller*.

RULE XII. Nouns of one syllable ending in *y*, preceded by a consonant, change *y* into *i</*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES.

WRITTEN ON BEING ASKED WHICH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
CIRCLE I LOVED BEST.

Wouldst thou ask the sheltered floweret, that grows in
yonder vale,
Where each firm vine seems twining to shield the blossom
from the fall?
Wouldst thou ask, as thus 'tis guarded with care on
every side,
On which of its protectors it leaned with fondest pride?
Wouldst thou ask the gentle streamlet, that from the
mountain's brow
Glides gracefully and silently down to the vale below,
Which of all the lovely pictures it had mirrored on its
breast?
It now treasures 'neath the surface as the brightest and
the best?

Nay, thou wouldst not, for thou knowest 'twould be in
vain to ask
E'en these gentle works of nature to yield to such a task.
They would deign no other answer to a query so unique
Than the fragrance, and the murmur, as again their
mates they seek.

O, then ask not one, the current of whose life has ever
been
As the streamlet of the mountain, whose sparkling
waves we've seen;
As the floweret of the valley, where secure from every
harm,
It has bloomed 'mid the sweetest, with no feeling of
alarm.

O, ask not, when I tell thee my life has been a dream,
Fragrant alone with joy and pleasure, and as bright as
sunny beam,
When I tell thee that the dream-land my own sweet
home has been,
Ask not the dearest fairy my charmed eyes have seen.

With a mother's sweet affection, ever watchful, ever
true,
A fond father, ever tender, with a love none other knew,
And a brother, nearer, dearer, than all the world beside,
The question you have asked me I never may decide.
LEILA LAKEWOOD.

MISCELLANY.

The Lace Merchant's Dog.

Who would imagine that a dog had been
servicable as a clerk, and thus made for his
master upwards of a hundred thousand crowns!
And yet an incident like this happened about
thirty years ago.

One of those industrious beings who knows
how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet
of wood, determined in extreme poverty to en-
gage in trade. He preferred that of merchan-
dize which occupied the least space, and was
calculated to yield the greatest profit. He
borrowed a small sum of money from a friend,
and repairing to Flanders, he there bought
pieces of lace, which without any danger he
smuggled into France in the following shrewd
manner:

He trained an active spaniel to this purpose.
He caused him to be shaved, and procured for
him the skin of another dog, of the same hair
and the same shape. He then rolled the lace
around the body of his dog, and put the skin
over it so adroitly that it was impossible to dis-
cover the trick. The lace being thus arranged,
he would say to his docile messenger, "For-
ward, my friend!" At these words the dog
would start and pass boldly through the gates
of Valenciennes or Malines, in the face of the
vigilant officers placed there to prevent smug-
gling. Having passed the bounds, he would
wait for his master at a little distance in the
country. There they mutually caressed and
feasted, and the merchant placed his packages
in a place of safety, renewing his occupation
as necessity required.

Such was the success of the smuggler, that in
five or six years he amassed a fortune and kept a
coach. Envy pursues the prosperous: a mischievous
neighbor betrayed the merchant, and notwithstanding
his efforts to disguise his dog, he was suspected,
watched and discovered at last.

How far does the cunning of some animals
extend! Did the spies of the custom house
expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance
and instantly went towards the other. Were the
gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle.
Sometimes he leaped over the wall, and at others
passed secretly behind a carriage; or running
between the legs of travellers, he would thus ac-
complish his aim. One day, however, while swim-
ming a stream near Malines, he was shot and died
in the water! There was then about him five thousand
crowns worth of lace; the loss of which did not
afflict the master, but he was inconsolable for
the loss of his dog.

Rejoice not at Misfortune.

Never rejoice at another's misfortune be-
cause it may turn out to your advantage. In
some parts of Germany they make use of the
saying, "My corn is ripening," which a person
will repeat who has the prospect of something
profitable occurring to him. Once while a sur-
geon and carpenter were taking a walk together,
they observed at a distance a small village,
known to them both, on fire. The carpenter
pointed to it and said to his companion, "My
corn is ripening!"—for he concluded that if the
old houses were burned new ones would
require to be built. But as he looked intently
at the conflagration and not at the road, im-
mediately after saying this he fell into a ditch
and broke his arm. "Ah!" said the surgeon,
it appears to me that my corn is already ripe.

"Five weeks vexation in August," said Mrs.
Partington, when she heard that the school had
a vacation of five weeks; "Five weeks vexa-
tion. It's a trying season for mothers, and
wearing and tearing to their patience and to
the jacket and trousers of their children. Talk
about the relaxation from study! I don't be-
lieve it's half as bad as the green apples they
get in the country. But I do love to see the
little dears enjoying themselves, frisking about
like pigs in clover, as happy as the day is long.
What an idea of freedom there is in a little
boy with his face and hair full of molasses and
fun and good nature. Be still you good for
nothing, cried she, as one of the children at-
tempted to take her snuff box; "Be still, I
say!" But it was not in anger; for she felt
in her capacious pocket, and from away down
under her snuff box and thimbles and bone
buttons and needles and pin cushions and bees-
wax, she brought up a ball of variegated hues,
and smiled as she gave it into his eager hand,
and bade him be a good boy.—[Boston Path-
finder.

EVERY MAN TO HIS CALLING. The follow-
ing anecdote is related of Mr. Willard, the
venerable clockmaker, of Boston, when on a
visit to the White House, in Madison's Ad-
ministration, where he was treated by that ex-
cellent President with much more attention
than his want of time usually allowed; for Mr.
Willard was quite as remarkable in his own
way as the Chief Magistrate himself. Mr.
Madison took great pains to show him the
plants and flowers, mentioning their scientific
names as he went along. Mr. Willard, who
was ignorant of botany, felt rather ill at ease
under his want of knowledge, and did not fully
recover his self-possession until returning to
the President's private parlor, he was shown
a clock of very costly and curious workman-
ship, and asked if he could not put it in good
repair. With a quiet smile peculiar to him,
he removed the works from the case, and in a
few minutes their multitudinous parts were
scattered in apparently hopeless confusion over

the President's table. "My friend, my friend,
my good friend!" exclaimed Mr. Madison—
"what have you done?" "Ah!" replied Mr.
Willard, looking over his glasses, and chuckling
with inward delight, "when you talked to me
about botany, I was wound up hard, sir, and
stopped, sir; but here I am at home." A few
minutes sufficed him to put the wonderful clock
together again, and set it going, to the no lit-
tle admiration and amusement of his distin-
guished host. Mr. Madison afterwards told
the story of Mr. Willard and the clock with
infinite gusto.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...AUGUST 15, 1850.

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State St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is
authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions
at the same rates as required at this office.

Commencement—Yesterday.

The day—the natural day itself, divested of
its literary and scientific characteristics—was
one of the most delightful recorded in the history
of Waterville College. The sun, which
had looked for some time upon the bustle of
preparation, was prompt to the minute foretold
in the almanacs; and the few clouds that had
wandered with drooping wings for a few days
previous, either settled upon the bogs or rolled
beyond the horizon. Neither too bland or too
cool, too fond or too modest, that old dame the
weather, who always attends the Commence-
ments without knowing Greek from Latin, was
just what every body from the kitchen to the
president's chair would have her. Every thing
but the great machinery of seed time and har-
vest seemed to nod to the occasion.

The exercises of the Graduating Class, so
near as can be judged, gave the ordinary de-
gree of satisfaction, and confirmed the general
sentiment in favor of the institution, and the
commendable industry and entire competency
of the present board of instruction.

The following was the schedule of the Ex-
ercises:—though a few of the speakers were
excused:

I.—AN ORATION of the First Class.—
"Characteristics of Northern and Southern
Nations."

CHARLES FAIRMAN, Penn. Vt.

II.—AN ORATION of the Second Class.
"Oratio Latina."

GEORGE SHEPHERD LOW, Vassalboro'.

III.—AN ORATION of the First Class.—
"The Mystical Philosophy of the Germans."

GEORGE MARSHALL ROBINSON, Livermore.

IV.—AN ORATION of the First Class.—
"The Smithsonian Institution."

EPHRAIM HUNT, East Readfield.

V.—AN ORATION of the Second Class.
"Saint Louis."

JOHN AUGUSTUS BLANCHARD, East Trenton.

VI.—AN ORATION of the First Class.—
"Obstacles in the Spirit of the Times to Pro-
found Thought."

JAMES HARVEY PARMELEE, Wilmington, Vt.

VII.—AN ORATION of the Second Class.
"The Practical Value of a Knowledge of His-
tory."

SAMUEL COLE, JR., Beverly, Mass.

VIII.—AN ORATION of the Second Class.
"Prejudices against Higher Studies."

LORENZO AUSTIN SMITH, Wilmington, Vt.

IX.—AN ORATION of the First Class.—
"Alexander Hamilton."

JOSEPH BLACKWELL, Norridgewock.

X.—AN ORATION of the Second Class.
"Limitation to the Right of Instruction and of
Patronage."

MOSES CLEMENT BLANCHARD, Whitingham, Vt.

XI.—AN ORATION of the First Class.—
"Poetic Taste—its Influence on Character."

BENJAMIN LAURISTON KNOWLTON, Newfane, Vt.

The literary societies, agreeably to notice, held
their joint celebration on Tuesday evening;
the exercises consisting of an oration by Mr.
Whipple of Boston, and a poem by Mr. East-
man of Montpelier, Vt.

Mr. Whipple's subject tangibly written, we
should put down, "The American Mind; its
Characteristics and Tendencies." The style,
of thought as well as expression, without being
peculiar for its simplicity, was in marked con-
trast with the mystified fandangoes of a class
of modern writers. It was a masterly effort of
one of the best minds in New England: a mind
that promises, in due time, to stand conspicu-
ous, if not as an exponent of the subject of its
effort on this occasion, at least as an object of
American pride. Objection might be made,
and with some reason, as it seemed to us, to
the degree of glorification devoted to Mr. Web-
ster, in the parallel between Webster, Clay
and Calhoun; but this objection is nearly ob-
viated by the slightest view of the "mutual
admiration" known to be an ingredient of the
heaven of Boston mind—literary, political and
theological. As a democrat, too, a listener
might have wondered that the entire democra-
tic party proper could not produce an exponent
of a solitary feature of American mind. And
it seemed to us that some points in the picture
of the true American, so beautifully and so
justly drawn, were too highly colored. All
these, however, are objections that suggest
themselves only when objections are zealously
sought. The oration, as a whole, was nearly
faultless; indicating not only great critical
acumen and scholarship, but great familiarity
with the subject discussed.

We confess a predisposition to commend
the poem. The writer is of our craft; and as
the editor of a highly popular paper at the cap-
ital of Vermont, we looked for a palpable hit
at plain New England heads and hearts. Col.
Eastman has written much and acceptably for
the masses, and is familiar with popular senti-
ments, prejudices and "notions." At these he
seemingly aimed. It was his misfortune that
he so much was expected. The poem was badly
read, and consequently badly appreciated. It
may be true that "every man may spell his
own name in his own way," but it does not
follow that every poet may read his own verses
in his own style, especially when he reads them

to the public. The poem was abundant in a
kind of morality that would almost pass for
piety or religion even, in any body but an edi-
tor. This was evidently the writer's first ap-
pearance at a Baptist College, and it threw
him a little out of form, as it was a little out
of his native element. He probably got the mis-
taken idea that it was necessary to go thus out
of his way; for there is nothing in the State
to which he belongs, the profession he honors,
or the political party for which he labors,
that would lead us to expect just such a poem.
Had we found it in an anonymous compilation,
we should sooner have thrust its paternity upon
the author of "Meditations" than upon the
editor of the popular organ of the Vermont
democracy. We looked for something caustic,
or at least witty; something severe upon ab-
surdities that everybody had not abused time
out of mind. We got instead, abundant com-
mon sense, an excess of profound meditation,
and a positive surfeit of wise saws and exces-
sively democratic apophthegms, as popular with
the pilgrim fathers as with this generation.

Still we say, the poem was most emphatic-
ly a good one. It was faulty rather for what
it was not, than for what it was. It indicated
a sound head and a good heart; a better ac-
quaintance with men and things as they actu-
ally exist in this tangible, living world, than
with the gawgaw imaginings of modern poetry.
For the man it was a noble achievement; for
the scholar or poet it accomplished nothing.

The honorary degree of D. D. was confer-
red upon only a single individual, Rev. Amos
Sutton, American Missionary to India. The
degree of A. M. was taken by three gentle-
men,—David S. True, of E. Corinth; Charles
E. Hamlin, Sufield, Ct., and Stephen S. Bow-
ler, Bangor.

The Elmwood Hotel.

The new Hotel, at the junction of Main and
College streets, was opened with a Ball and
supper on Thursday evening last. The fete
was a delightful one, in all respects; and the
supper a most satisfactory token of what the
friends of the house may expect hereafter.

The proprietors are Messrs. SKAYEY & WIL-
LIAMS; the former long and favorably known
to the traveling public, at Unity, as a rare
sample of the generous, polite and hospitable
landlord; and both promising, by their famili-
arity with the wants of those who travel, either
for business or pleasure, to commend them-
selves as favorably to the public as they have
already done to the people of Waterville.

The house is finished and furnished in a
style of neat and simple elegance rarely found
in a country village, speaking at once to the
traveler of refinement, neatness and comfort.
The furniture and fixtures are entirely new;
for all which home manufactures have been
consulted as far as possible. Much of the cabi-
net furniture is from our village shops; and
the bedding, carpeting, curtains, paper-hang-
ings, &c., from the enterprising, furnishing
ware-house of Messrs. Smith & Robinson,
Portland, which has given a most creditable
example of its taste, promptness and capacity
in this department of its extensive business.

The Elmwood Hotel is to be, in the best
and most reliable sense of the term, a first
class house; furnishing all the real luxuries
and comforts of the same class of city hotels,
and deducting from its charges in proportion
to the deduction from such "trimmings" as
appear only to the imagination. If not sus-
tained, and liberally, by the public, it will be
because it is beyond the capacity of the place,
and not for deficiency, in any point, of
adaptation to the wants of the public;—nor
for lack of the good will of the people of Wa-
terville.

There is a boy down east who is accustomed
to go out on the railway track, and imitate the
steam whistle so perfectly as to deceive the
officials at the stations. His last attempt pro-
ved eminently successful; the depot-master
came out to switch him off!

[For the Eastern Mail.]

"The Corn Crop."

MR. EDITOR:—Under the above head I no-
tice a communication from "A Young Farm-
er," who hails from South Fairfield. From
some observation in this quarter, recently, I
had supposed there was a heavy growth of corn
on the ground for the time of year; and should
the frost hold off, a good crop of corn would be
realized to the farmer in this section of coun-
try.

Your correspondent very justly remarks,
"If we can have the result of experiments, by
having it told to us, it is better than doing them
over again."

Although not by profession a farmer, yet if
the limited experience I have had in raising
corn will in the least benefit "A Young Farm-
er," or any one else, I will cheerfully give any
information in my power.

In the premises I must say, I am decidedly
in favor of deep plowing. I am inclined to
the opinion that our farmers have suffered
much by shallow plowing.

In the Fall of 1847, I plowed two acres of
most rocky sward ground, that was "run out,"
ten inches deep, and in the Spring of '48 har-
rowed it and planted to corn, manuring in the
hill only with old manure; hoed twice, and
was favored with an extra crop,—so much so
that it was called by some the best field of corn
in town. In 1849, I cultivated another piece
of similar soil to corn, with similar manage-
ment, and with the same agreeable result.—
This year I have corn again on the same piece;
plowed in the Fall, manured only in hill, very
stout in stalk and nearly full.

I have this year tried a very successful ex-
periment with spent tan or leached bark as a
manure on corn. On the first of May I hauled
some twenty horse loads of old tan that lay in a
pathway to my tannery, into a hole in my barn
yard, putting alternate layers of tan, horse ma-
nure, and rock lime; using about nine parts of
tan to one of manure, and about one and a half
casks of lime. Last Fall I had a piece of
sward ground very wet and clayey, of thin soil

which I plowed very deep. On the fifth of
June of this year, after harrowing, I commen-
ced planting to corn, putting a large shovel full
of my tan manure in the hill. I assure you,
Mr. Editor, I had many misgivings in regard
to this *tan-bark* experiment, but it has succee-
ded very much beyond my expectations. For
the encouragement of my friend, the "Young
Farmer," in experiments, I can assure him I
have growing on my stiff clayey subsoil ground
a splendid piece of corn, with no dressing ex-
cept that above mentioned.

I have no hesitancy in saying that corn
must be well manured in the hill, and when
this is done I never experience any difficulty
in harvesting a fair crop of corn. I think
where ground is well turned over it is useless
to plow the second time; perhaps a thorough
harrowing or the use of one of Mr. Charles D.
Lawrence's Cultivators would be all sufficient.
But, Mr. Editor, as I am only a mechanic, per-
haps your Kennebec farmers will not thank
me for giving my opinion in matters pertaining
to the plow.

ANDREW ARCHER.

Fairfield, Aug. 10, 1850.

Sons of Temperance.

The late session of the Grand Division at
Calais is said to have more than met expecta-
tion. Ten thousand persons were present.—
The topic of greatest interest was the action of
the National Division, heretofore noticed in
our paper, relative to the exclusion of colored
persons from the Order. The discussion was
a spirited one; although the resolutions which
follow were adopted without a dissenting vote:

Resolved, That the Grand Division Sons
of Temperance of Maine learns, with unmiti-
gated regret, of that decision of the N. D. Sons
of Temperance of N. A., whereby Subordinate
and Grand Divisions are virtually prohibited
from admitting negroes to membership in our
Divisions.

Resolved, That this Grand Division declare
it to be, in its opinion, contrary to the spirit and
letter of our Constitution, and the honest prin-
ciples of the Order, and an assumption of power
on the part of the N. D., which ought not so
much as to be tolerated, to Grand and Subor-
dinate Divisions, without manly protestations
against it, and vigorous efforts to have the vote,
whereby said obnoxious Report of the Com-
mittee on appeals, on this subject, was adopted
—repealed.

Resolved, That we do more especially, re-
gard the motion and the vote of the N. D.,
whereby the "previous question" was so sum-
marily called, on said Report, as a gross violation
of the principles of free discussion, to which it
is an insult to suppose we will assent.

Resolved, That this Grand Division instruct
its delegates to the N. D., to lay a copy of
these Resolutions before that body, and to do
what in them lies, to have it reconsider the
vote, by which said Report was adopted.

FIREMEN. The Kennebec Journal, in no-
ticing the visit of the Uncle Sam Fire Com-
pany to Waterville, says:

They enjoyed the excursion highly, and
were much pleased with the attention shown
them. The Waterville fire department, we
understand, is soon to be re-organized on a
"broader gauge" than heretofore, to keep pace
with the rapid growth of the town. It is hoped
they will then visit their down river friends,
and we will guarantee that their welcome will
be upon no "narrow gauge" principle.

TAKING THE CENSUS. A singular case
was brought up for trial in Baltimore, being
to compel a man to furnish an enumeration of his
family to one of the census takers. On being
called upon, he replied, "Sir, you come to do
this evil thing, but I will not permit it; we
hear of the Mosaic dispensation, when David
numbered the people and the Lord cut him off.
I will have nothing to do with such an unright-
eous act." The collector expressed his willing-
ness to run the risk of being cut, but the man
was inexorable, and the power of the law will
be invoked to remove all obstacles to "number-
ing the people."

THE CROPS IN AROOSTOOK COUNTY. An
intelligent correspondent in Aroostook County,
under date of the 29th ult., furnishes the Far-
mer with the following information relative to
the farming interest in that region:

"The crops look well here. Every kind of
grain promises well. Potatoes and carrots are
good, and hay is abundant. I have a piece of
winter wheat sown upon the furrow that stood
the winter well. Winter wheat, if sown upon
the furrow or plowed in, at the rate of two and
a half or three bushels to the acre, is as sure
in Maine as any crop we can raise, provided
the land is dry and is not so situated as to have
the snow blow off. I commence reaping when
the straw first begins to turn. The grain is
better, and the straw, with a small allowance of
carrots, is as good as hay. I kept my colts,
and young cattle, last winter, on straw and
half a peck of carrots per day each, and they
never did better. From your paper, I see that
these are your views, and I state the facts, not
as any thing new, but merely to confirm your
opinions."

ESCAPE FROM BONDAGE. A representa-
tive of the Patriarchal institution arrived at
Portsmouth on Monday afternoon, in a brig
from Pensacola, Florida. He took passage in
the hold clandestinely on the night before the
brig sailed, and was not discovered until they
had been out four days. When discovered,
the captain talked hard, and proposed *keel haul-
ing* him; but the crew being opposed to it, he
was obliged to give it up, and the slave remain-
ed on board unmolested during the remainder
of the passage. Arriving at quarantine near
Portsmouth, the captain charged him to keep
in the hold out of sight, and left the vessel to
go up to Portsmouth. While absent, a boat,
containing three abolitionists, who had been
apprised that the slave was on board, came
on board, and not having the fear of Daniel
Webster and Prof. Stewart before their eyes,
invited the slave to take passage with them,
promising to take him to a land of freedom.—
He readily accepted the invitation and was
soon on board, and they shoved off. Soon they
met the captain's boat returning, with the cap-
tain, pilot, and health officer. The health offi-
cer told them they were breaking the law in
taking a man from the vessel, before she had
passed quarantine, and advised them to return
him. This they did by putting him on board
the captain's boat, when he was struck by the
captain and pilot, and otherwise abused. The
abolitionists immediately went up to Port-
smouth, and got out a writ for the captain and
the pilot for assault and battery on the slave,
and returned to the vessel, with an officer to
serve it. But rather than to be taken into cus-
tody himself, the captain concluded to give up
the slave, who was carried to Portsmouth by
the abolitionists, and put on track for the free
doms of Queen Victoria in the North.

where we trust he has arrived ere this, and is
now safe from the pursuit of Southern blood-
hounds. We had the pleasure of looking on
him as he went on his way, of congratulating
him on his fortunate escape, and of contributing
towards paying his expenses. He is a fine
looking young man, not quite 21, and is the
son of his master! So he says, and we have
no reason to doubt it.

Some days before his arrival at Portsmouth,
the U. S. Marshal was notified by letter that
he was missing from Pensacola, and that it was
suspected he had taken passage in the brig.—
The Marshal was also offered five hundred
dollars to arrest and return him to his master!
but he declined having any thing to do with it.
This leaked out and came to the ears of the
abolitionists, and hence they were on the look
out for the vessel.

The young man is a blacksmith by trade,
and was employed in the shop of the United
States connected with the Navy Yard at Pen-
sacola. The vessel in which he took passage
was also engaged in the service of the United
States. He was valued at \$1800. The *father's*
loss is the *son's* gain.—[Morning Star.

ANDROSOGGIN AND KENNEBEC STOCK-
ROAD.—At the adjourned meeting of the Stock-
holders of this company, at Winthrop, the fol-
lowing gentlemen were chosen to fill the vacan-
cies in the Board of Directors: Ashur
Ware and Ira Crocker, of Portland, and Ash-
ur Hinds, of Kennebec; the board now con-
sisting of Ashur Ware, Portland; Sam'l Pick-
ard, Lewiston; R. B. Dunn, Readfield; Ira
Crocker, and Neal Dow, Portland; Wm. Bux-
ton, North Yarmouth; and Ashur Hinds, Se-
bastocook. Hon. Ashur Ware, President.

AN EXCITING SLAVE CASE. The runaway
slaves have been so numerous of late, in these
parts, under the instigations of the abolitionists
here and elsewhere, that the owners of this
species of property have become very much
alarmed, and hence are disposed to remove
them to safer parts of the United States, or to
sell them to slave traders. A cruel instance
of this kind is exciting great sympathy here at
present. The family of William Williams, the
coachman of Presidents Polk, Taylor, and Fill-
more, were suddenly on Friday morning, seized
by a slave trader and taken from their homes
in this city off to Baltimore, to be sent to New
Orleans. His wife, over fifty years of age,
three daughters, and three grand children, were
thus snatched from him in an hour to a fate
worse to him than death, to be sold South to
the highest bidder, and separated from him and
each other. The poor man wrung his hands and
rolled on the ground—nearly crazed in fact, by
the dreadful parting. After many years' toil,
he had very recently purchased his own free-
dom, but his family were owned by some one
in New Orleans. The President feeling deeply
for his distress, gave him money and let him
go to Baltimore, to see them again. Williams
found that the trader would take the sum of
\$3,200 for them, and returned with the hope
of raising that amount here to redeem them.—
A petition was drawn up, and to-day circulated
about the city and House of Representatives,
setting forth the fact, and asking for assistance,
which was so promptly rendered, that the pros-
pect is, in the language of Williams himself,
"very fair." The President, Mr. Webster,
Gen. Scott, and a number of Senators, mem-
bers and citizens, have contributed sums from
5 to 50 dollars. Mr. Corcoran gave 200 dol-
lars, which was the price asked for the aged
wife, and he made her free at once. Besides
doing this, Mr. Corcoran has purchased one of
the women who has lived in his family for some
years—Mrs. Com. Patterson another, and
Mrs. Gen. Towson a third, who has lived with
her for some years past. So the children, for
whom 1500 dollars were asked, only remain to
be purchased by their grandfather—and he is
in a fair way of raising this money.—[Wash.
Corr. of N. Y. Express.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD. Our energetic
fellow townsman, D. J. Rogers, sailed last
evening, in the brig Bella del Mar, for Navy
Bar, with about one hundred men, as the ad-
vance guard of laborers, to commence opera-
tions on the railroad to the Pacific from that
place. A much larger force will soon follow,
and all the useful auxiliaries, in the way of
material, tools, supplies, &c., have already
gone, or are going forward.

We understand, that with a view of facilitat-
ing travel and transportation, the route will be
graded, and a plank road laid for the whole
distance, which can be promptly completed and
kept in operation till the regular railroad is
made. It is expected that five hundred men
will, in a few weeks, be at work on this route,
and that a very short time will elapse before
the plank road is finished, which can be trav-
eled from ocean to ocean in comparatively few
hours, without fatigue, and with greatly lessened
expense.—[New Orleans Com. Bulletin,
August 1.

ADVANTAGE OF RAISING GOOD STOCK.—
Let us look for a moment at the raising of
stock for market. Does it cost any more to
rear for sale a good colt, than it does a poor
one? Probably not five dollars more. The
poor animal is a drug in the market at from 60
to \$75, while the other will command readily
from 100 to \$200. Good horses are and will
ever be, in demand—are and will ever be sources
of profit to the farmer, in a grazing district.
But good horses will not come from poor stock
and neglect. Constitutional peculiarities, fami-
ly traits of health, strength, endurance, docil-
ity, &c., follow physiological laws as surely here
as in the human race. If then the farmer would
get profit from his horses in the market, he must
make them enough an object of attention, that
he shall raise, only from good stock and with
due regard to the laws of animal physiology.—
[Granite Farmer.

The man who hesitates a moment in giving
his seat to a lady possesses not one spark of
politeness in his composition. The lady, who
under these circumstances, takes a seat without
expressing her acknowledgments to the giver,
is wanting in that delicate appreciation of such
trifling attentions which every lady should pos-
sess. "Them's our sentiments."—[Phil. Sun.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

If there is a thing that angers me beyond measure, it is to see a pious person fold his hands, sit down, and trust the happiness of another to, as he says, Providence. If I have any just idea of Providence, an ample retribution will be in store for this sort of religionists. [Letter from Amos.]

What a debt of gratitude the doctors owe that man who first invented carriages! One half the medicine we use is only a substitute for walking. Who ever heard of a wood-sawyer being troubled with indigestion or the gout?

A friend of ours says he is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so now, that he can't raise his arm.

"I am afraid I shall come to what," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to what you are, my dear, I want your daughter!" The old lady opened her eyes.

"Here, you little rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself," said a great old man to a young boy. "Did you ever know me to do when I was a boy?" "No, sir—but mother did."

At Newport a fashionable lady from Boston, beat all the gentlemen at a game of ten-pins, and a belle from the south made the best pistol shot.

A printer out west, makes bad work with his types. The editor intended to say of his deceased friend, that he did not go to the last home "unwept, unnumbered, or unprayed," but the printer by one wrong letter got it "unhung."

A woman living near Little Falls N. Y., last week gave birth to five babies, all boys, and all of whom, with their mother, are doing well.

The Jeffersonian says it is extremely healthy at Bangor. A factious friend says that dancing women wear their dresses at half past six, and mark respect to departed modesty. Our friend had better be careful, or he may be arraigned at the bar of fashion, and forced to take leg bail.

The "imp" of the New York Mercury woke up the other morning, and sat at the head of a bed, looking at the clock on the wall, and picking his teeth.

There is a divine out West trying to persuade girls to forego marriage. He might as well undertake to persuade ducks that they could find a substitute for water, or rose buds that there is something better for their complexion than sunshine.

This world is full of beauty. As we all know, it is full of beauty. As we all know, it is full of beauty. As we all know, it is full of beauty.

"Well, how do you pass the time, now that you are free?" asked a gentleman of an emancipated darkey in Jamaica. "Oh, me no pass him at all, massa—me cooks up my foot and makes him pass me," was the answer.

It is said, that in the Island of Japan, a change in the fashion of dress has not occurred during the period of two thousand five hundred years. Admirable arrangement.

A good story is related of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners, as well as his success in art. At a party one evening Sully was speaking of a belle, who was a favorite. "Oh, oh!" said Sully, "how can you be so rude?" "Rude, ladies! rude!—what do you mean?" I said she had got a mouth like an elephant because it was full of ivory.

SIXTH-CLASS—John Smith (a well-known individual) left home from the top of a snow-bank, in Washington street, one day last week, and struck with his full weight on the end of a perpendicular knot-hole, which, said to relate, rendered the unoccupied place of his hat-crown to the depth of several inches. An amputation was immediately performed on his trousers legs, and his friends entertain strong hopes of his recovery.

An exchange says that the only resemblance it can discover between trees and wine is that they both rot in the ground.

Luther says "that Providence commonly bestows riches on gross avarice, to whom it could afford nothing else." We presume Luther was not overtasked with the putty.

We judge from the present indications that there will be double the quantity of agricultural produce raised the present year in Somerset County, than there was last year. Provided, of course, there is no potato rot, wheat fly, or early frosts.

The hay crop will be about one third greater than last year, which will render it abundant to meet all ordinary demands for the article. Hay is selling at present for \$7 per ton in our market, which is a dollar more than the same article sold for last season.—[People's Press.]

Mr. Robert Barnwell Rhett has been preaching disunion to the people of South Carolina, who need such preaching less, perhaps, than the citizens of any other state. He says:

"I invite you to a calm and serious consideration of your condition in the Union, in order that you may properly do your part in the grand drama of dissolution, which it appears to me must take place at no very distant day."

The "grand drama of dissolution," will never be played, save in the mock heroic style of Mr. Rhett's speech. Again he says:

"Looking to the past,—looking to the nature of things,—I deem reliance on the good faith of the free states to protect the institution of slavery in the South, vain and futile."

This is the first time we ever heard the south ask the north to protect the existence of slavery. As to the existence of that institution, we know of no considerable body of men who are making any effort to do away with it in the States. This croaking of "Mr. Rhett reminds us of a fanatical street preacher we heard proclaiming the end of all things from a sugar head."

He drew but a small audience and left them with the declaration that "wisdom cried aloud in the streets and no man regarded it." So it will be with the wisdom of Rhett.—[Belfast Jour.]

QUICK TIME.—It is the impression of those pretty well acquainted with the running of railway trains, that the time made from South Paris to this city, on Wednesday evening, was the quickest ever made in this country, over that continuous distance, with so large a number of passengers. The running time was exactly 100 minutes—distance 47 1/4 miles—there were 14 long cars and 800 passengers. The time was, as seen, but a mere trifle over two minutes to a mile—and exceedingly smart business for that distance.—[Eastern Argus.]

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—At a meeting of the Democrats of Kennebec County, held at Augusta on Thursday last, Lot M. Morrill, Esq., of Augusta, was unanimously nominated for Congress from the Kennebec and Franklin District. Johnson Williams of Waterville, was nominated for County Commissioner; Geo. A. Wright of Wayne, for Clerk of the Courts.—John Means of Augusta, Isaac H. Small of Vales, Mr. P. L. Chandler of Waterville, for Senators.—[Argus.]

Rev. Amariah Kallach, of Augusta, who went to California in the barque Thompson, is dead. He died in Placerville, aged 42. He was Chaplain of the Maine House of Representatives a year or two since. His friends will bear of his death with much pain. An excellent man has fallen.—[Argus.]

MANSLAUGHTER.—We understand that the Grand Jury have found a bill of indictment against Terrence Wakfield, Jr., apothecary, No. 781 Washington street, for manslaughter, in causing the death of Mr. James D. Hall, by putting a deadly poison by mistake for calomel.—[Boston Traveller.]

The fast trotting horses "State of Maine," "Henry" General Taylor, and "Mac," who beat Lady Suffolk, were all raised on the Kennebec river. They are now owned in various parts of the Union, and "beat all" on the trotting park.

A North Carolina gentleman, (Surrey county), addressed a letter to the North Carolina Star, in alluding to the report that Chang and

Eng, the Siamese brothers, were dead. The writer is happy to say that the report has no foundation. The twins were at his office on the day before his death, the 23d of July, well and hearty, and as full of life as ever he saw them—speaking to all of the prospect of their crop, also of their wives and children. Of the latter they have nine, as hearty children as the State can produce in one family. He says he should be very sorry to hear of any misfortune happening to the twins, as they are honest, industrious, kindhearted and good neighbors.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN BANGOR.—The Anniversary of the Theological Seminary will take place on Wednesday, August 28th. The Examination will commence on the Monday previous, in the morning, and will be continued till Tuesday noon. The Rev. Dr. Carruthers, of Portland, and Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr. of Brooklyn, N. Y., will address the Society. The Rev. William W. Thayer, of Vermont, will preach the sermon before the Alumni; of whom there is to be a general meeting.

The Washington Bulletin says: I deem it again proper to warn strangers of the prevailing complaint here. It is in the form of dysentery and cholera morbus, but of such a malignant type, that medicine seems powerless in checking it. Hardly a citizen escapes its attack, but upon strangers it is especially severe.

BY THE LAST MAILS.

Later from Europe. The Steamship Pacific from Liverpool, July 31st, arrived at New York, on Sunday evening last. There is no important news from England or France. Accounts state that on the 25th, the troops of Schleswig Holstein and those of Denmark, had an encounter, in which, after eight hours' hard fighting the Danes gained a decided victory. Advice of the 27th say that the Schleswig Holstein army was encamped at Schestedt, 25,000 strong, ready for another engagement.

As the cause of quarrel between these two parties is not generally understood, we give the following explanation of the matter from the London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser:

The duchies of Holstein and Schleswig were once entirely dependant on each other, the first being German and the second Danish. The King of Denmark acquired them at different times and under different titles, but never united them, to his other possessions. He held them as the Emperor of Austria did the kingdom of Hungary, or as the King of England did Scotland just before the Union; the crowns of Denmark and the duchies were on the same head. For certain purposes of administration Schleswig and Holstein were united, but the latter was only a component part of the Empire of Germany, and since 1815 of the German Confederation. Nothing attached Schleswig to Germany, except its connexion with Holstein.

Early in 1848 the Danish Ministry declared the incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark. This act was responded to by an appeal to arms in the duchies. On the 24th of March the German Colors were hoisted—the duchies declared themselves independent of Denmark, and nominated a provisional government, the seat of which was fixed at Rendsburg. On the 29th, the King of Denmark sent troops against the insurgents, and the war was fairly begun. The German Confederation recognized the right of Holstein to a union with Schleswig and supplied troops. The true cause of the war is, therefore the destruction by the ultra-national Danish party of the independence of Schleswig and its incorporation by royal ordinance with Denmark.

The design of the King of Denmark is evidently to pursue towards the duchy of Schleswig the policy pursued by Austria towards Hungary, and to incorporate finally the duchy with the rest of his dominions. The intervention of Russia in his favor is the logical consequence of the intervention in Hungary. The two parties now in Europe are the party of governments and sovereigns and the party of the people.

Passage of the California Bill in the Senate. The Congress news of Tuesday, says the Traveller, contains the gratifying intelligence, that the bill for the admission of California into the Union has finally passed the Senate by an overwhelming majority—two to one. This, with the Texas boundary bill, now go to the House for its action: and everything would look hopeful for a peaceful settlement of the harassing questions of the session, were it not for the stand taken by the Southern ultraists. They will do their worst, probably, to prevent the passage of the California bill, at least through the House. But how much influence they may have is a question of some doubt. The correspondent of the New York Express entertains no very hopeful views respecting the matter. He says:

"Pearce's (Texas Boundary) Bill is yet in jeopardy in the House. The Southern Caucus movement will bring about all of the South in opposition to it, much of it through fear, and in the apprehension of losing caste at home, while the South will be backed by about all the Free Soil and Abolitionism of the North—there never has been a worse state of things than exists here at this moment. Every thing ahead is dangerous, and unless Pearce's Boundary Bill is passed, (with the admission of California) a collision is inevitable. It is stated there will be full fifteen votes against Pearce's Boundary Bill from the State of New York alone!!"

If our correspondent "Americus Vespucius" will call for his article we will suggest an improvement upon his plan.

NOTICE. A Union Meeting of the friends of Sunday Schools will be held this (THURSDAY) evening, at a quarter before eight o'clock, at the Congregational Church, at which the Rev. Dr. Bancroft, special representative of the Am. S. S. Union, Philadelphia, who has just returned from an extensive exploration of the Northwestern section of our country, will give some account of his observations there, and the plans and operations of the Union. General attendance is respectfully solicited. Aug. 15, 1850.

NOTICES. Purchasers of Dry Goods should not fail to call on J. R. HEDDEN & Co., No. 3 Exchange St. for the large purchase. The arrangements they have made to receive Goods weekly, enable them to offer the very latest styles at the lowest prices. They are now opening a large assortment of Silks, Berge, Laines, Linens, Muslins, &c. &c. of the highest quality, and at particularly attractive prices.

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FLUID EXTRACT OF VALERIAN.

This medicine is a simple compound of the best Valerian, and is the most powerful and reliable remedy for all nervous diseases, such as Headache, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Trembling, &c. &c. as approved by the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Paris. The distinguished Surgeon and Physician, J. R. HEDDEN, M.D., of New York, thus writes: "Sept. 16, 1848."

Dear Sir:—The fluid of Valerian which you so kindly forwarded me for trial, came very opportunely, and I administered it the next day in cases of nervous debility, and in high nervous excitement. In both cases it had the excellent effect attributed to this drug, but which in the usual form it is administered rarely secures uncombined with nausea or some other unpleasant result. In the opinion expressed by Professor Phelps, of Dartmouth College, I entirely concur; and I trust you may have an opportunity of using it in those cases where it must be so desirable.

Very truly, your obedient servant, AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, M.D., EDWARD BRINLEY and CO., Sole Proprietors. For sale in any quantity, and by their appointed agents, the United States and Canada. Agents:—WILLIAM DRYDEN, Waterville; H. C. Newhall, Canaan; R. Collins, Bangor; S. Hall, Athens; also by Agents throughout the State.

MARKETS. Waterville Retail Prices. \$600 700 Codfish 3 4 700 700 Mackerel, best 8 9 700 700 Hams 8 9 100 125 Beef, fresh 4 6 100 125 Pork, fresh 4 6 Butter 12 14 Lard 4 6 Cheese 7 8 Apples, best, 100 Salt, fine 37 40 cooking, none 37 40 Molasses - 95 25 Potatoes, new 50

Brighton Market. THURSDAY, AUG. 8. AT MARKET, 800 Beef Working Oxen 5500 100 Cattle 5000 Sheep, 200 Cows & Calves 2400 40 Swine, 100 yk working Sheep 250 375 Eggs, 110 cts per dozen, wholesale Beef Cakes, 100 cts per 100 lbs. Sows 1st quality 575 a 600 Barrows 4 5 2d 550 Retail 5 6

Marriages. In this town, 14th inst, by Rev. J. P. Weston, Mr. Thos. H. Lovett to Miss Harriet A. Jones, both of Pittston. In Belgrade, Amos P. Mosher to Sylvia I. Wedgewood, both of Augusta. In East Winthrop, Albert H. Cargill to Caroline R. Brown, both of Belgrade.

In China, John Daly to Sarah L. Webber. In this town, 10th inst, at the residence of her brother, Rev. William Crowl, Miss Emily M. Crowl, aged 39 years. In China, July 6th, Jane, wife of Almond E. Osgood, and daughter of Capt. Amasa Taylor. In North Yarmouth, Maine, William G. W., aged 17 months, son of Howell Gann, Cincinnati, and Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Wilshire of Canaan. In Augusta, George A. Kelley, aged 5, and an infant child, aged 15 children of David Kelley. In Mercer, Sylvia W., daughter of Nathl Jones, Esq., aged 16. In Lewiston, James Lowell, Jr., son of Hon. James Lowell, aged 15.

In Gardiner, Theodore Maxwell, aged 38; Dolly S. Foy, wife of John L. Foy, aged 59.

SELECT SCHOOL. THE FALL TERM of Miss Scrabble's School for Young Ladies, will commence on Monday, Sept. 2nd, at 10 o'clock, at the residence of the Principal, Mrs. J. P. Weston, in Pittston. The instruction will be given in the various English Branches usually taught in High Schools and Academies; also in French and Latin. Tuition—from \$2 to \$4. Waterville, Aug. 13, 1850.

WATERVILLE LIBERAL INSTITUTE. THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on Monday, Sept. 2nd, under the care of the former Principal, Rev. J. P. Weston, at the residence of the Principal, Mrs. J. P. Weston, in Pittston. The instruction will be given in the various English Branches usually taught in High Schools and Academies; also in French and Latin. Tuition—from \$2 to \$4. Waterville, Aug. 13, 1850.

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