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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 09): September 18, 1851

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V. WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1851. NO. 9.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY INEZ.

Starlight sleep  
Upon the silver foliage of the woods;  
And as the night in silent sorrow wept,  
The flowers were bathed in dew; while mellow floods  
Of moonlight glided over trembling leaves,  
And jeweled blossoms, bending low in grief,

Beautifully rose amid the purple hours  
The song of the Death-Angel, low and deep;  
Softly stealing through the dreamy bowers,  
Now wakening the deep forests from their sleep;  
And as it swept the breezes through meadows fair,  
That wild song evoked on the midnight air.

Bright Summer, I am come:  
Twine thou thy bairn wreath of flowers,  
And bring back from their silent home  
Thy long forgotten hours:  
Call them from out the faded past,  
With every shadow on their brightness cast.

In fields with sunshine bright,  
In many a softly shaded grove,  
With clouds of gold and crimson light,  
Thou hast been free to rove:  
On leaf and bud, and starling still,  
The footprints of thy beauty linger still.

Yet I have been with thee:  
Where'er thy glowing breath has passed,  
Where'er has sung thy sunlight free,  
My shadows have been cast:  
And the fresh graves are whispering,  
That I have hovered near with mournful wing.

And now, forever more,  
Thou shalt be like a fleeting dream;  
Like a gay song when it is o'er;  
Like sunset's fading gleam:  
All the rich gifts of song and light  
Shall soon be mingled with oblivion's blight.

Yet call them forth again:  
Bring back the beauty of the hours,  
That fit up every lovely gleam  
With dew and moss and flowers:  
Bring back thy zephyr-breathing,  
The morn's perfume, the night's deep starry glow.

And sing thy parting song  
To all the brightness thou hast loved;  
In every path where gay and long  
Thy fairy feet have roved:  
Bind on thy brow the laurel wreath,  
Then come with me to the lone hills of death.

Upon the night winds and upon the clouds,  
The spirit of air thy bright lyres hang,  
And fold in their pale and glittering shrouds,  
And folded for the dying summer sang:  
And as it melted with the fading gleam,  
The leaves of Autumn gilded summer's tomb.

## MISCELLANY.

### BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

Forbear, never repeat with pleasure, such things as may  
harm our dear children's own character, or injure their neighbor's.

Mrs. Maxwell clasped her elegantly bound  
prayer book, a bridal gift from her husband,  
and drew down her veil as she stepped from the  
crowded aisle. The Maxwells attended a very  
fashionable church. Some of the best families  
in the city had pews there, and the music was  
really worth the price, as some one reverent-  
ly observed to them when talking of the last  
Sunday's voluntary. Miss Le Mote, who had  
made her debut at the Musical Fund Concerts,  
sang there, and the organist was thoroughly  
imbued with a love for the modern Italian  
school, disdaining such sober minded studies as  
those of Handel and Gluck. You could frequently  
detect a whole aria from "Lucia," or  
"Il Paritani," in the voluntary, beautifully vari-  
ous, however, and solemnized by a few heavy  
chords in the bass. To be sure, some of the  
older vestrymen objected to this, and thought  
that true worship might be better expressed  
by the whole congregation giving in a church  
chant the fervent and impassioned songs of  
praise which the monarch of Israel has left to  
us. But they were speedily overruled by their  
wives and daughters, ladies who had passed  
years, and months, and years, in acquiring a  
good vocal style, but had probably never sung  
a bar of church music in their lives, and would  
be perfectly martyred to hear the untrained  
voices of everybody joining in the psalm or  
cantata.

However, Mrs. Maxwell was one of the few  
who persisted in following the good old country  
fashion to which she had been accustomed all  
her life; and her rich voice was never clearer  
than in the glad outpouring of her thankful  
heart, responding to the invitation—

"Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord,  
as he has rejoiced in the strength of our salvation."

And as she left the church that bright June  
morning, her spirit seemed more closely in uni-  
son than ever before with the purity of earth  
and heaven.

Had any one looked into her heart that  
morning, his voice would have sounded thus:  
"Oh, how very thankful I ought to be that  
things have fallen in such pleasant places  
for me. I can ever be murmuring or ungrateful,  
nor the peace of my spirit by sinful thoughts  
so softly the shadow of the foliage lies aloof;  
path, what is there like the repose of a  
still Sabbath morning, and thank God  
no heavy, unrepented sin shadows my soul,  
so guarded from temptation, I try so  
constantly to do right. I am sure I never will  
offend a human creature."

And yet Mrs. Maxwell was no Pharisee.  
All her own better moments, when all is  
in the within.

There were crowds of well-dressed, fashion-  
looking people pouring from the different  
recesses as they passed. Some in a light  
frock, more suited to an opera, or a concert  
hall. The poor with decent Sabbath faces,  
rich with light smiles, and lighter words,  
how can they whose every hour is rest,  
now the thankful calmness of the seventh day  
repose. All spoke of the beauty of the day,  
and diverged to the late dust of the road,  
and said that it would be far pleasanter now  
than had come. Young ladies remarked  
on the dress of a new neighbor, or the bad  
of their own bonnet and mantilla, their  
others talked of engagements to visit Miss  
OR, or what a wretched arm Mrs.

thoughts long abide. First the rustling of a  
rich silk drew the attention of Mrs. Maxwell  
from her silent thanksgiving.

"The breath of the world" passed by; with  
its light and careless touch dispelling it.

"Is she not beautiful?" she said, eagerly, to  
her husband, "and such a sweet, sad face."

"I did not notice it."

"Oh, but you must look at her, the next  
time you see that deep Lehigh with the lilac  
spray."

"Mr. Maxwell smiled. 'I'm afraid I shall  
forget your woman's waymarks. But why  
must I look at her, Anna?'

"Oh, I pity her so much. She always dresses  
elegantly, as you see. Haven't you noticed  
her in the side aisle? And lately they have  
taken the house in Pine street, just around the  
corner from us. If you notice the windows  
are never open, and she never goes out except  
on Sundays, and is always alone in the morn-  
ing. I was quite interested in her before they  
came to our neighborhood, and particularly  
since I heard her story."

"Is it a very sad one?"

"Why, I should think it so, as happy a wife  
as I am, and she smiled affectionately, to an  
answering kindly glance."

"She was an orphan, at school in Paris, and  
her husband, then a young man, was traveling  
there, and thinking her an heiress proposed to  
her. So they were married, and he brought  
her home; but as soon as he found out that she  
had only enough to complete her education, he  
flew in such a rage and called her everything,  
even an impostor. Only think of it, dear!—  
Since then he has treated her shamefully—  
She is completely shut up, and has not an ac-  
quaintance in the city."

"But they live in a very elegant house, if  
they have taken that new freestone in Pine  
street."

"That is because his business credit demands  
they should live in style, and because she is  
his wife he insists on her dressing beautifully.  
Poor creature! I often look at her and think  
what a heavy heart she must hide beneath  
those faces. I would not change my craps for  
her five hundred dollar cashmere."

"But how did you discover all this, since  
they live so retired? And who is this Blue  
Beard of a husband?"

"Mrs. Le Grand spoke of it first, and then  
Josephine Reynolds told me the whole story.  
He was very intimate at her cousins before he  
went abroad. Why, it's Mr. Arnot; you know  
him, Harry. I'm sure I've heard you speak  
of him."

"Mr. Arnot! I think it cannot be. To be  
sure I know him, quite well, as a business ac-  
quaintance, and have always had the highest  
opinion of his integrity. Is it possible?"

"And such a delicate lady-like woman as  
she seems, too. Everything lovable in her  
face, but that sad, listless glance, as if some  
heavy sorrow weighed her down. Do look the  
next time you meet her, and see if it is not so."

"Mrs. Maxwell looked up and saw a light,  
girlish figure upon the high stone steps. The  
house was one of the most elegant in the street,  
but whether it was the dark freestone, or in  
contrast to the brick and marble which surrounded  
it, or that all the window shutters were bowed,  
it certainly had a dismal, cheerless look, as if  
it were, indeed, an unloved home."

"Poor lady!" said Mrs. Maxwell, whose  
benevolent sympathies were easily aroused.  
"Who would have thought that Arnot hides  
such base unkindness beneath a calm exterior?  
I certainly shall never feel like doing him a  
favor again. No man is worthy of the sex who  
can treat a wife other than tenderly."

"So they entered their own bright home,  
where, baby was brought, to meet them at the  
door, all smiles, and blue ribbon and soft white  
cambric; and nurse reported that, 'the darlin'  
hadn't given her the last, in the world of  
trouble the whole winter mornin'." Mrs. Maxwell  
had laid down her prayer book, from which  
she had read not an hour before.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against  
thy neighbor," responding with especial and  
heartfelt fervor.

"Oh, Lord have mercy upon us, and incline  
our hearts to keep this law."

And as she took the pretty Blanche to her  
adoring grandmother, gave one more thought  
of gentleness to the cheerless home of Mrs.  
Arnot.

"By the way, my dear," Mrs. Maxwell re-  
marked, one evening, "I saw your romantic  
unhappy Mrs. Arnot, to-day."

There were several ladies in the room, in-  
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who of course looked up and saw a light,  
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to go from house, to house hearing and  
telling some new thing. Mrs. Maxwell espe-  
cially, grieved that the love of gossip had alien-  
ated her from some of her best friends, and  
remarked how frequent a source it was in cor-  
ruption. During the next three weeks 'poor  
Mrs. Arnot's' sad fate was bewailed by listen-  
ers in at least seven different circles, and num-  
berless eyes essayed in passing to catch a  
glimpse of her pale face. But it was in vain.  
The heavy shutters were seldom if ever un-  
closed; Mrs. Maxwell wished more than ever  
that some fortunate accident might bring her  
acquainted with the unfortunate lady. She  
longed to comfort her, to win her from brood-  
ing over her sorrows. Her benevolent heart  
had a thousand charitable schemes for enliven-  
ing the imprisonment in which the unloved  
wife was pining. Once she thought she would  
call on the pretext of neighborhood; but several  
had already done so, to be met with the re-  
sponse, 'Mrs. Arnot saw no visitors.' But at  
last the wished for introduction seemed at  
hand.

Little Blanche was threatened with the scar-  
let fever, just as the family were preparing to  
go out of town for the summer, and Dr. Har-  
rington, the family physician, was summoned  
in all haste to attend her. Mrs. Maxwell was  
much alarmed, as can well be imagined, and  
scarcely knew how to be thankful enough,  
when the unfavorable symptoms disappeared,  
to the kind old gentleman whose prescriptions  
had been so successful.

"I tell you what, my child, you ought to be  
thankful, but not to me," he said, rubbing his  
hands softly over the little crib which contained  
the sleeping infant. "Your child is safe, and  
you are young and happy. I don't believe  
you are half thankful enough. There's poor  
Mrs. Arnot now—"

"Oh, do you know Mrs. Arnot, Dr. Harrington?  
I have always pitied her, and have  
wanted to know her so much."

"She is to be pitied," said the Doctor, grave-  
ly. "I'm afraid there's no help for that boy  
of hers, such a bright animated little fellow!  
We physicians are not supposed to have any  
hearts, but to tell the truth, I should have been  
of half an hour ago, but I can't make up my  
mind to face those eyes of hers, that say as  
plain as can be—'is there any hope?'"

"This miserable scarletina, too, it's the worst case  
in Pandora's collection for mothers and nurses.  
And there's that poor young creature, with not  
a relative in this country, or a soul to turn to!"

"Oh, if I only knew her, Dr. Harrington! Don't  
you think you can prevail on her to see me?  
We are such near neighbors, and I have  
known her face so long."

"There's no telling. She's all alone there,  
shut up with her nurse and servants. It would  
be a perfect charity to introduce your sunny  
face there. Now her husband—"

"Yes, indeed, I know all about that, Doctor.  
Isn't it terrible, and she an orphan!"

"About what I should like to know," returned  
the Doctor, bluntly.

"Why, his unkindness and horrid treatment  
of her. You know perfectly well what I mean."

"So, ho! Where did you find it out, Madam?  
And there was a perplexed look in the  
Doctor's eyes, as they peered from under his  
bushy brows.

"It's by no means a secret, and everybody  
pities her, Doctor."

An exclamation of anger or astonishment  
seemed bursting forth, but the physician only  
took his hat and said, 'I will do what I can to  
introduce you to her.'

Mrs. Arnot was inexorable. Mrs. Maxwell  
read that in the Doctor's face the next time he  
called, without asking any questions; but her  
boy was better, and that she was glad to know.

Late that very evening, Mrs. Maxwell had  
just thrown on her dressing gown and comforted  
her tired feet in chamber slippers, when a  
loud ringing startled the household. It was a  
servant from Mrs. Arnot, begging that she  
would come at once—her child was seized with  
convulsions, and Dr. Harrington was not to be  
found. The summons was obeyed with eager,  
almost trembling haste, and Mrs. Maxwell, as  
much interested as his wife, accompanied her  
to the door, and then hastened home to watch  
over their own little one.

Mrs. Maxwell will never forget the frenzied  
welcome of that lonely mother. She was hold-  
ing the rigid, insensible form of the child in  
the bath, which the nurse had forethought-  
fully prepared. Her long black hair was  
tangled, and falling over her white wrapper,  
as if it had not been bound up for days. Her  
face was agonized and pale, but tearless.

"Oh, you are very kind—do you think he  
will die—have you ever seen death—do not  
tell me there is no hope!"

It was a fearful night for the young and in-  
experienced Mrs. Maxwell, but her wish to be  
a comforter was granted. An unwonted sen-  
sibility and presence of mind supported her thro'  
the scene of trial. It was her hand that clasped  
the death like limbs until something like life  
returned, and she was the first to see that the  
gleam of hope was but its last ray. And then  
when they had watched together while life died  
out, and a glassy, vacant gaze was returned  
from the eyes, and full of expression, she  
took the dead child from his mother's arms and  
led her away from the mournful scene.

"Go to your own room, dear Mrs. Arnot,"  
she said, to the straitlaced, grief-stricken wo-  
man. "I will stay until morning. Sleep—try  
to sleep, at least."

They were passing through the upper hall  
as she spoke, and just at that moment the fig-  
ure of Mr. Arnot appeared on the stairs. His  
face was worried and jaded as one who had  
traveled rapidly without rest, and while Mrs.  
Maxwell shrank from his presence at such a  
moment, Mrs. Arnot broke from her support-  
ing arm with a cry of wild relief.

"Oh, my husband—it is you—I have no one  
else now—his gone—do you know—do you  
feel our child is taken from us?"

"My poor Angela! My poor child!" was  
all he said with the fondest caress.

Mrs. Maxwell stood as one bewildered.  
She could not retire without observation; she  
knew not what to do, as Mrs. Arnot still clung  
all insensible to her husband, while he lav-  
ished every endearing, soothing epithet upon  
her. It was so different from what she had  
expected, from all she had heard.

A long illness followed the bereavement of  
Mrs. Arnot, and every day found Mrs. Max-  
well a looked for and welcomed guest at her  
bedside. Mrs. Arnot was often present, or  
came in during her visits, and she still noticed  
the greatest apparent affection on his part,  
warmly returned by one she had been accus-

to look on as an unloved and neglected  
wife.

One bright summer afternoon, she found the  
invalid moved to a small apartment overlook-  
ing the garden, still in the flush of its beauty,  
and thanks to a former proprietor, filled with  
rare flowers and shrubs. The room itself was  
beautifully furnished, with fine landscapes on  
the walls, that of themselves refreshed the eyes,  
weary of the monotony of city streets.

The long lace curtains, so delicate in texture,  
yet heavy with embroidery, floated softly in  
and out the casement window, near which Mrs.  
Arnot reclined on a sofa. Her eyes were  
closed, and a peaceful expression Mrs. Max-  
well had never seen before hovered over her  
face.

She came softly behind her friend, and lean-  
ing over, kissed the white forehead lightly.

Mrs. Arnot smiled as she unclosed her eyes,  
and said, 'I have been watching for you.'

"You seem so much better to-day."

"Oh, yes, almost well again, and I am so  
glad you have come. I have been here more  
than half an hour alone, for Mr. Arnot went  
out earlier than usual. But he brought me  
from my room in his arms first. Don't you  
think I have the kindest husband in the world?"

Mrs. Maxwell smiled in answer to the eager  
inquiry. She did not say anything. She  
could not understand it, whether Mr. Arnot  
was in reality all he seemed, or was the wife's  
pride aroused to deceive her. But this close  
seclusion—Mrs. Arnot's evident unhappiness  
when she had first known her, was still a mys-  
tery.

"I have been lying here thinking over a  
great many things," continued the invalid, not  
noticing the silence. "How ungrateful I have  
been to my Heavenly Father for all His kind-  
ness to me, and it was for this sin the light of  
my eyes was taken away. But I have felt it  
from the first. Have you not noticed that I  
have never murmured at the heavy stroke?"

Mrs. Maxwell had often remarked to her  
husband the patient submission, with which  
Mrs. Arnot had borne the death of her child,  
from the moment she felt assured all hope was  
over.



would make more fuss about it. The other

would make more fuss about it. The other

would make more fuss about it. The other day he was sent to the farm with a basket for eggs. It was observed that he did not come home so promptly as usual, but the circumstance excited no special attention. He came at last looking as though nothing at all had happened. He was glad to see the folks, and appeared very much at ease and perfectly satisfied with himself, with no gliding air of conscience to mar his good looks. In the next breath, however, he was interrupted with the inquiry, 'Pat, where are your eggs?' His tail fell about six degrees instantly, and with a look perfectly intelligent, he turned and was off.—Going to a pile of lumber not far away, he found the basket of eggs, and bringing them home, made the best apology a dog could make, and gave them into the hands of his mistress. On inquiry, it was ascertained that on his way home he met some other dogs, and feeling a little social, he put his eggs in a safe place and stopped for a social chat with his friends, and finally went home, forgetting to take his eggs along. We believe this is the first instance where a dog is shown to have forgotten anything.—(Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph.

**Addressed to the Ladies.**

Mrs. Gage, who has lately partaken of the hospitality of Gov. Wood, in a letter to the Ohio Cultivator, thus writes of the governor's wife and daughter—fit models for all American ladies:—

These ladies work in the garden, train up the vines, weed the beds, tend the borders, and make around a fairy land of beauty and luxury. *Why may not you do the same?*

Now, dear girls, you whose homes are situated away from the bustle and confusion of the city—by the babbling brooks, or upon the borders of the forest, or even you who live in more favored places, amidst the comforts of wealth and ease, let me ask you sometimes to think about the wife of our governor—think of her as one like unto yourself—performing all life's holiest duties cheerfully, carefully. I have heard some of you sometimes say, that such a one was as 'proud and stuck up, as if she was the governor's wife.' Now don't slander the governor's wife any more—go imitate her quiet domestic virtue—be faithful to your duties, create around an atmosphere of beauty and usefulness—live plain, simple, truthful, earnest lives. Think less of the trimmings of your dress, more of the garniture of the heads and hearts, and more of your yards and gardens. For the sake of those you love best, do this. How can you see your sons or your brothers grow up coarse and unrefined, if you throw around them a panorama of beauty and harmony? Fill your gardens and yards with fruits and shrubbery—toll the birds to your bowers, and let them sing their merry harmonies at the threshold, and by and by you may have a home of your own, each one of you, that will fill the hearts of the sojourner within thy gates with hopeful happiness.

**The Eastern Mail.**

**WATERVILLE.... SEPT. 18, 1851.**

**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**

✓ **E. B. SIMMONS** General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

**A. B. LONGFELLOW**, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

**V. B. PALMER**, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as received by us. His office is at Scollay's Building, Court St. Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. Cor. Third and Chestnut sts. Philadelphia; S. W. Cor. North and Fayette sts. St. Louis.

**S. M. PETERKILL & Co.**, Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

**LETTER FROM BOSTON.**  
Cochituate Sprinklings.....Number 24.  
By Rocky Watty.

On all sides can be heard the "busy note of preparation" for the great Railroad Jubilee. The Bostonians are really laying themselves out to make a display worthy of the occasion, and if you or any of your relations wish to

and if you or any of your townsmen favor us with a visit, you may be assured you will not be disappointed. The President will arrive on Wednesday morning by the Fall River line. At Dorchester he will be taken up by that fine body of Cavalry, the Lancers, and escorted to Roxbury, where a division of troops, consisting of about 35 companies, under command of Maj. Gen. Edmunds, will be in readiness to escort him into the city. On Thursday a fleet of steamers will take the guests of the city among the beautiful islands of the harbor; and on Friday a splendid procession will be formed of various bodies, and escorted through the principal streets by the Boston Brigade to the Common, where an entertainment will be given under a mammoth tent, already erected for the purpose. The procession will be a great feature of the celebration. The different trades will be represented, and each will endeavor to make a display by some skilful representation of their craft. In the evening many of our public buildings will be illuminated, and fireworks will be exhibited in different parts of the city. Thus will Boston testify her appreciation of the enterprises which have bound her to the Canadas and the great West, and thus will she greet her visitors, with whom her citizens hope to cultivate a mutually advantageous acquaintance in the way of reciprocal trade.

beauties of ramselling which prove the necessity for our present stringent liquor law. Rum was dealt out freely by some one from abroad, according to the *Clarion*, and as a natural consequence, a drunken rabble, quarrelsome and noisy, filled the streets of that usually quiet village, to the great annoyance of its sober and well-behaved citizens.

**BRUTAL.** Some wretch entered the cemetery in Winslow, one night last week, and broke in pieces some twelve or fifteen pairs of grave-stones. No motive can be assigned for the act. It is supposed that not more than two persons were concerned in it, and these, to the credit of humanity, are believed to have previously sunk to such a degree of brutality, as to be incapable of further abasement. There is some probability that they will be brought to justice.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE for October, contains 16 embellishments and 80 pages of reading matter. "The Burial of De Soto" and "The Two Roses" are two fine embellishments rarely equalled in any of our illustrated monthlies. This number contains the fourth Prize article—"Isabel Leslie," by Mrs. J. R. Dorr;—and many other interesting and attractive articles. Call at the bookstores and examine it.

**JACK FROST.**—This unwelcome visitor made his first call for the season in this vicinity on Sunday night last. He has repeated his call every night since, leaving traces of his frozen fingers upon vegetation, which, to the lover of corn cakes and pumpkin pies, are melancholy to look upon.

**GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING ROOM COMPANION.**—This elegant illustrated weekly comes to us in an entirely new dress, and is beautifully printed upon fine paper, and with new type. It contains a host of splendid illustrations, and is, on the whole, superior to any former issue.—Single subscribers, \$3; two subscribers, \$5; 4 do. \$9; 8 do. \$16; 16 do. \$28. It can be obtained at all the periodical depots, and of newsmen, at six cents per single copy.

The Lopez prisoners, 160 in all, have sailed for Spain in a government transport. It is said that President Fillmore has interceded for them, on the ground that they were misled by false representations of revolution.

It is reported at Washington that Hon. Geo. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, will probably get the vacant seat on the Supreme Court bench.

Dr. Sylvester Graham, the well known lecturer on the system known as Grahamism, died in Northampton a short time since.

Miss Bremer the Swedish authoress, left this country on Saturday last, in the steamer Atlantic, from New York.

The Massachusetts Whig Convention, assembled at Springfield, have nominated Rob't C. Winthrop as candidate for Governor, and Geo. Grinnell, of Greenfield, for Lieut. Gov.

**N. K. Agricultural and Hort. Society.**  
The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society offer the following premiums, to be awarded at their next annual Show and Fair, to be held at Waterville, on the first Tuesday and Wednesday (7th and 8th,) of October, 1851.

**Horses**—For the best stallion, \$4, 2d best 3  
3d best 2.  
Best breeding mare 3, 2d best 2; 3d best 1.  
Best 8 yr old colt 2, 2d 1.  
Best 2 " " 2, 2d, 1.  
Best yearling " 2, 2d 1.  
**Neat Cattle**—Best bull not under 2 years  
old 4, 2d 3, 3d 2.  
Best bull under 2 and over 1 yr old 3, 2d 2.

*Arrangements for the Show and Fair.*

1. All animals and articles must be in the places assigned them before ten o'clock on the morning of the 7th.

2. All competitors for premiums on stock must be with their stock at ten o'clock, on the first morning of the Show, and remain by them to answer any questions which the Committee may wish to ask, until the Committee have finished their examination of animals. (The trial of strength of working oxen will commence at 2 o'clock P. M. on the 7th.

3. All manufactured articles and implements must be exhibited without the name of the owner. At the time of making the entry with the Secretary, he will furnish a number for each article, which must be permanently attached to it.

4. The working oxen, and all other stock will be called for by the several Committees and examined in the order of their entries and no animals can be taken from the grounds and the Committees have closed their examination. Stock will be at 5 o'clock P. M. Articles of manufacture, implements, &c., must remain in the place of exhibition until twelve o'clock on the 8th.

I. Marsh of Waterville, and Bradford Sawd of the town of Sydney, are appointed Marshals, by the Trustees, and are requested to be on the ground early on the morning of the Show, give directions in regard to animals and articles, and to see that they are arranged in their places by ten o'clock A. M., so that the Committee may commence their examinations at that hour.

6. Arrangements will be made at the Town Hall, for the reception and exhibition of such articles as may be presented by the ladies, and they are respectfully invited to bring in such articles as they may think proper, without regard to special preparation for the occasion. They should be presented on the morning of the first day to remain through both days.

The proprietors of the Ticonic and Winslow Bridges have very generously authorised us to say, that stock and articles for the Show, together with the necessary drivers, may pass to and from the Show, free of toll.

Committees are requested to be present early, on the morning of the 7th, and receive from the Secretary, William Dyer, a list of the entries, together with the accompanying certificates.

Fruit, butter, cheese, manufactured articles &c., will be exhibited to the ladies, at half past 9 o'clock, on the 8th; after which they are invited to hear the Address, which will be delivered at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Town Hall.

At 3 o'clock P. M., on the same day, the adjudging committees will make their reports at the place of exhibition.

ISAIAH MARSTON  
B. F. BRACKETT,  
JOHN OTIS, Com.  
GEORGE SHORES,  
HENRY MORRILL, Arrangements.  
JOHN P. PARKER.

AND. & KEN. R. R.—It gives us pleasure to announce that the contract with the At. & St. L. R. R. to do the connecting business was yesterday concluded by our Directors, on the terms proposed by the Committee of the Stockholders, and reported by that Committee at the last annual meeting.

**The CANAL MEETING** at China, on Saturday next, is to be held at *one o'clock* P. M., instead of four as the types would have it last week.

**DENTISTRY.** Everybody who has teeth, and more especially those who have none, will be glad to learn that Dr. BURBANK has resumed business at his rooms in Hanson's Building, after an absence of some months, caused by sickness. Everybody's comfort, so far as teeth are concerned, depends upon his continued good health, and of course everybody will avail themselves of his skill while it lasts. It may save a journey to Boston, as Dr. B. "take him all-in-all," has no competitor this side.

A despatch from the Savannah Republican, dated Sept. 13, says: The steamer Pamper has been quietly surrendered, by Mr. Sigur, the Collector at Jacksonville. She was overhauled at sea by a cutter, but ran up the river, about Plakta. The cutter Jackson, reinforced by Lieut. Merchant, and twenty regulars from St. Augustine, was stationed at the mouth of the river with loaded guns, which were to be used in case of refusal.

**FIRE AT BANGOR.**—The steam mill of Shaw & Merrill, Furniture Manufacturers, was burned at Bangor on Monday evening. The loss was \$2,000, of which \$1,800 were insured. The upper stories were occupied by Ladd & Co., cath, as a door and Sash Factory. The loss was \$2,000, insured at People's office, Boston for \$1,000; and Bowditch for \$600. The building was owned by Dr. James B. Fiske and probably insured.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 12.  
A fearful fugitive slave riot occurred at Christiansa, Lancaster county, yesterday morning. Mr. Gorsuck, the owner of the slave was killed, and his son mortally wounded. Several other persons were injured. The officers were driven from the ground by 80 armed negroes. The slave who murdered his master was fired at and wounded in the left arm with a pistol ball. Officers are on his track.

THE FLOATING BRIDGE ACROSS LAKE CHAMPLAIN COMPLETED.—The Champlain Beacon, of Saturday, thus speaks of it: Monday, for the first time in the history of the world, Lake Champlain was crossed by a train of cars. The floating bridge emerged from the slips—the monster "Sea Serpent" crept forth from his den, and stretched his huge proportions from pier to pier, connecting shore with shore, State with State, New England with the West. Without difficulty or accident, and with

as little delay as could have been expected—the first trial of this novel and grand invention—the youngest born of Campbell's scientific brain—the whole Boston train, engine and passengers—passed safely over from the Vermont to New York shores of Lake Champlain. The excitement and enthusiasm were indescribable. The monster depot—500 feet long by a hundred broad—the wharf, the piers, the boats were crowded to their utmost capacity. If marine majesty received such a royal greeting as probably no serpent never received before. Barnum, with his grand caravan, and amateur hunters in search of the ocean-king, will henceforward seek their Leviathan in the saline waters of Lake Champlain. We can't attend all events show our Botocean friends, will travel this way, as great a curiosity, and be certainly much more real, than their serpent sovereignty of the main, who has never yet been caught, while we have ours in harrows—on the inland sea.







