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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 12): October 9, 1851

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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, OCT. 9, 1851.

NO. 12.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

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

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

If paid within six months, 1.75

If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

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

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE OLD LOG BRIDGE.

Deep in the wild, majestic woods,
That were dear in childhood's hours,
Where 'mid sheltering leaves in the summer time,
Was hidden a wealth of flowers;

Where through the solemn, gloomy boughs,
The sunlight dimly shone,
There was no voice of melody,
Sweet as the brooklet's tone.

Its music deep the low winds thrilled
That rustled lightly by,
And faded on their mystic wings,
In the clear blue summer sky;

And it wandered through the lonely paths,
That 'mid the branches led,
Far in the forest's gloomy depths,
Where twilight rays were shed.

Here violets ope'd their dreamy eyes,
Full of the silent past,
The May-flowers sweetly perfumed breath
On the spring air was cast.

And the old gray rocks 'mid evergreens,
Stood on the grassy ridge,
With their stony spires that dashed
From 'neath the Old Log Bridge.

That wreathed bridge, that broken lay
The curling waves across,
Whose brown old rocks were richly gemmed
With tints of golden moss;

How many a thought with summer flowers,
Was twined in years gone long,
How many a dream of years to come,
Dwelt in that brook's sweet tone.

Long years have faded as the leaves
That did like shadows by,
And buried now, those sunlit hours,
In memory's chamber lie.

In those dim halls when night comes on,
They shine forth once again,
And light me to the Old Log Bridge,
Deep in the violet glen.

POPULAR READING.

POOR JANE.

BY COUNTESS EMMA.

'Come here to me, Jane! What do you

mean by this? A whole baked potato thrown

away—your wasteful, good-for-nothing hussy?

Did you hear me?—come to me, stupid.'

A poor girl apparently not more than four-

teen years of age, drew tremblingly towards

the woman who has so delicately introduced

herself to our notice, and who stood in a back

room, turning over with a stick the contents of

a pail.

'Why didn't you eat that potato for your

dinner? What did you eat? The pies and

cakes were all locked up in the store-room.'

'I—I didn't eat any thing, ma'am, for din-

ner to day, I had such a strange, wild feeling

in my—'

'No matter—I did not wish to hear of your

strange, wild feeling. Go back and clean the

knives, and don't let me see any such extrava-

gance again.'

The child turned slowly away, pressing her

hand tightly on her burning brow and tearful

eyes, while Mrs. Willoughby laid aside her

stick in readiness for future inspections, and

passed quietly back to her drawing room. In

about ten minutes after, Mrs. Andrews was

announced—a very excellent lady who never

called without a subscription paper. On this

particular afternoon, she was collecting money

for the support of destitute orphans. Mrs. Wil-

loughby signed, with a gold pen, her name

against the sum of ten dollars, while her eyes

were suffused with tears, and little thought

Mrs. Andrews, as she left the house, of the

poor orphan child who dragged away in the

little dark cellar kitchen of Mrs. Willoughby's

mansion, the years which should have been

passed under the free air of heaven, and among

smiles and blessing fresh from the hearts

of kind friends.

Mrs. Clarendon Willoughby's name was ut-

tered by many in tones of praise that afternoon.

They had not learned that 'all is not gold that

glitters.'

Mrs. Willoughby was the widow of a respect-

able merchant, who left her at his death a

pretty cottage in a country town, and income

sufficiently large to supply every reasonable

wish.

Mrs. Willoughby mourned for her husband,

although she had never appreciated him dur-

ing his life. She put on the deepest and hand-

somest sables—wept profusely as she looked

her last on the still, cold features of him who

had borne all her caprices so patiently—and

on the Sabbath succeeding his funeral, she had

a 'note up at church,' when her fine cambric

handkerchief was incessantly occupied at foun-

tains in full play.

Florence Willoughby was her only child.—

Mrs. Willoughby closed the letter, Florence

threw herself upon a couch, and commenced

building air castles. She wondered if Cecil

Vaughan remembered seeing her ten years

ago when he was a mere child, and if he re-

membered reproving her for speaking unkind-

ly to her little cousin Grace who had long

since been laid away to sleep in the old church

yard. And then she wondered if he would

think her as beautiful as others said she was;

and she recollected his saying that he could

never love passionate girls or women, and she

resolved to be very amiable and affectionate

while he was there; and then she fell asleep

—and very pleasant dreams still floated on

her brain. Florence was only seventeen!

'I want you to come up stairs with me, my

love, and look at the guest chambers,' said

Mrs. Willoughby, the next morning. Florence

was sitting in a rocking chair, with a novel in

her hand, but arose languidly and followed her

mother.

'This room is for Mrs. Vaughan, and Mrs.

Willoughby stood on the threshold long enough

for Florence to take a slight survey, and this

is for Mr. Vaughan,' she continued, passing

along to a room on the other side of the pas-

sage way. 'Now does it not look very pretti-

ly, my dear?'

'Yes; and who arranged these flowers, ma-

ma? How very sweet they are.'

'Jane; it is strange what a passion that girl

has for flowers. Are those curtains looped

back sufficiently?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'Is the rocking chair in the right place, there

by the window?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'I do wish, Florence, you would be interest-

ed in what I say to you. I hope you will

try and be more agreeable when our friends

arrive.'

'I will try, but I am going to finish this

book before they come.'

'It is eleven now, and they will be here

at two or three o'clock—don't be late, my

dear.'

The young lady was in the parlor before the

last words escaped her mother's lips, and in a

moment more was deeply engaged in a be-

witching fiction.

Catharine Grey, Eliza Ardell, and Edith

Nelson, had been school-mates together, and

although the latter had only entered two years

before the others left, and although she was a

mere child, yet her sweet disposition and lov-

ely, though sad face, won the hearts of all her

schoolmates, particularly that of Catharine

Grey. Both had wept over the graves of

dear parents, but while Catharine's loss had

been almost repaired by the love of an uncle

who took her to his own childless home,

Edith's young heart had known no second

friend since the death of her mother. A very

small fortune was left, barely sufficient to edu-

cate her for a teacher, and a child of ten years,

she entered Mrs. —'s seminary.

Walter Evelyn, however became acquainted

with the young girl during the last year of her

school life, and won the heart which had so

long felt the need of something to love; so

when Edith, at the age of seventeen left school,

it was only to become the almost idolized wife

of a man in every respect worthy of her.—

Evelyn took her to his own home—a little cot-

tage in a country town, with tall green trees

overshadowing it, from whose branches the

birds sang all summer long. He was a poor

lawyer, but the young people were contented,

and all fit all to each other.

Meanwhile, Eliza Ardell had married a

cousin of Walter Evelyn, an amiable but rather

'weak minded' man, who, for the sake of

peace, allowed his wife to take her own course

in every respect. If she was contented and

happy, Willoughby was satisfied, and so long

as she was contented and flattered she was

happy.

Catharine had also married soon after she

left the school, and passed three short years of

unhappy happiness, when her husband was

knocked down in his early manhood, and she

left a widow, with one son. Not until then

did she learn submission to the will of her

that had always been ready for her—and the

tender blessing that had always fallen first

on the ear, before she closed her eyes to sleep!

It was hard to have all the generous affection-

ate impulses of her young heart crushed and

discouraged—still all this she could have borne

easily, compared with the trials of the

years which succeeded Mr. Willoughby's death.

It was when the grave closed over the body of

her only protector, that Edith learned gradu-

ally but surely, what was to be her future po-

sition in the family.

Tasks were assigned for each day, which as

she grew older were increased, until she be-

came a servant—nay, more—a slave to Mrs.

Willoughby, and the beautiful Florence, who

was her senior by only three short years. In-

deed, the eight happy years of Edith's life

seemed as she grew older, but as a bright,

long dream, so accustomed had she become to

harsh words and blows. Her name, too, was

called Jane, for Florence thought Edith too ar-

istocratic for a servant girl, while Mrs. Wil-

loughby consented willingly to the change, for

it shielded her injustices from the eyes of the

world.

Very graceful and lovely was Florence Wil-

loughby, as she stood with her mother upon

the piazza, while the carriage which contained

Mrs. Vaughan and her son, rolled along the

winding avenue towards the cottage. One

arm of a dazzling whiteness was wound about

a pillar, while the other rested on the head of

a pet greyhound. Her long curls dropped like

a shower of sunbeams over her neck and

shoulders, while her simple dress of snowy

muslin fell in graceful folds about her fairy

figure. Both mother and son, as they saw her

in the distance exclaimed—

'How perfectly lovely!' And when a mo-

ment after, they were welcomed by the sweet-

est little dimpled mouth in the world, neither

was disposed to withdraw the exclamation.

Mrs. Willoughby expressed a great deal of

pleasure at the meeting, and even shed a few

impromptu tears upon the occasion. She ac-

companied Mrs. Vaughan to her apartment,

and remained there until the tea bell rung,

talking over 'old times,' and 'school times,'

while Cecil, after making a few changes in his

dress hastened back to the drawing-room.

Florence was very busily engaged in read-

ing as he entered, and did not look up until he

stood before her, when she blushed very natu-

rally and laid down the book. It was the

Lady of the Lake, and she smiled as he re-

marked on the beauty of the poem. Several

passages which were peculiarly beautiful were

marked, and he saw at a glance that they were

such as he most admired.

'It seems almost impossible, Miss Willough-

by, that you are the little Florence' whom I

saw ten years ago,' he said, after a pause, as

he laid down the volume.

'I can hardly be more changed than your-

self, for although I should have recognized you

at once, yet ten years is a very long time, and

changes the mind as effectually as it does the

person.'

'Yes,' replied Cecil, 'but we were both chil-

dren at that time. If I recollect rightly, how-

ever, I used to improve every opportunity of

making you realize my superior years and

wisdom.'

'I was a very passionate child,' said Flo-

rence a blush crossing her fair face as she spoke,

'and your advice and kind reproofs had a deep

influence over me at the time, and indeed,

for years afterward, for which I surely owe

you my sincere thanks.'

These were very simple words, but Cecil

was strangely pleased with them. It might

have been because the voice was so sweet and

low, and the blue eyes were so timidly veiled

by their long, dark lashes.

It seemed something of a mystery, how any

words of his, spoken so long ago, could have

been treasured up in the heart of such a beau-

tiful woman as Florence Willoughby, but

while Cecil was thinking how pleasant it was

to have a good memory, the two ladies entered

the parlor, and Mrs. Willoughby led the way

to the dining room.

That evening passed very pleasantly away.

Mr. Vaughan and Mrs. Willoughby sat on a

couch, and still called to remembrance the

events of their school life, and the more seri-

ous events of their subsequent histories—while

the young people sat in the window, the moon-

beams playing upon their faces, and Cecil re-

counted to Florence his travels in Europe. He

took her, in imagination, to the 'palace

home' of England, to the squalid huts of Ire-

land; from Loch Lomond to the glaciers of

Switzerland; from 'vine clad France,' to the

'sunny sides of Spain,' and thence to Italy.—

gitted, but haughty and imperious. She could not bear to see smiles bestowed on Edith, and witholden from herself, and she also retired to her room after the queen was chosen, to weep passionate tears of envy and hate.

The evening of the 'eventful day' had arrived, and the large dancing hall was nearly filled with pupils, and invited guests. Cecil Vaughan was among them.

He was passing a week with some of his friends in an adjoining village, and with them had received an invitation to be present. Since Edith had been taken home by his mother from Mrs. Willoughby's, he had never seen her, for during her summer vacation he had been away from home.

Neither did he know who she really was, his mother concealing it from him, at first, as we have seen, because she could not bear to open wide the wound already inflicted upon his heart, by telling him more of the unlovely character of Florence, and afterwards from odd reasons of her own.

She satisfied his inquiries by saying that the child was placed in a good school, where if she wished, she would be qualified for a teacher; and so Cecil stood there waiting for the curtain to be drawn aside which should reveal the first tableau, and totally unconscious when it was drawn aside, that the beautiful sylbil who stood upon the stage, pale and motionless among the evergreens and flowers, was the poor little Jane who had excited his pity two years before. He stood almost entranced, for Edith had never looked more strangely beautiful; and when the curtain fell, an involuntary exclamation burst from his lips, while a murmur of applause filled the room. The tableaux that followed were beautiful and justly admired, but Cecil thought only of the first.

Edith did not appear again until Mrs. Woodville placed the crown of blossoms upon her head. The dress which had been chosen for her, suited well her style of beauty. A crimson velvet bodice, laced with gold, slightly opened at the throat, and fitting closely to her beautiful figure, contrasted finely with her complexion, and a robe of rich satin fell gracefully to the floor.

Every lip save that of Isabel St. Maur, wore a smile as a group of fair girls chanted a song in honor of their queen, who received her subjects right regally, and bore her queenly honors with queenly grace.

An hour later, and Cecil Vaughan had obtained an introduction to Edith. She turned very pale as he held her hand for an instant in his own, for she saw he did not recognize her. She did not realize how much she had altered in those two short years, while she remained as she saw him first. Many times had the recollections of his pleasant smile, and kindly words to her, a poor, friendless orphan, stole into her heart and lingered there, like music. So it required a strong effort of self command, to appear like a stranger.

On his part, Cecil was very much pleased with her agreeable conversation, and graceful, easy manners, while her strikingly lovely face won his admiration. They stood for a long time at a window which opened on the piazza. The landscape without was bathed in the gentle rays of the moon, and had Cecil forgotten as he looked at the sweet face of his companion, how he had sat two years ago, on just such a beautiful night, by Florence Willoughby's side, and watched the play of her fair features?

No, he had not forgotten, but her memory was now as he had predicted, 'only a dark shadow of a shade.'

As they were turning to join a quadrille which was just being formed, Isabel St. Maur, who was standing near, suddenly started and, as if by accident, turned a glass of lemonade upon the rich dress of Edith. Edith knew it was intentional, and a quick flush crossed her brow. Cecil saw it and almost trembled, but in an instant it had passed away, and in a low, sweet voice, she said—

'Do not mind, Isabel.'

The girl, embarrassed, turned away; she begged to be excused, and left the room. In a simple robe of white muslin, but with a crown of flowers still upon her brow, Cecil thought her still more lovely when she re-entered the hall a few moments after, than when arrayed in her queenly robes.

The festivities were over. The guests had departed and the sound of music and laughter had died away in the festive halls. Alone in her chamber knelt the queen of the night, her face buried in her hands and her hair unloosed from the comb, falling around her. Was she thinking of Cecil Vaughan, and weeping that he had forgotten her?

'Oh, no, in the loneliness of her apartment, in the darkness of night, with the eyes of the Omniscient upon her, was she kneeling to pray for the erring Isabel St. Maur.'

A door leading from her own into the next room, was softly opened, and after listening attentively a slight figure glided through and approached Edith.

'Father forgive her and make her thine own child,' she murmured, and sobbing like a child, Isabel St. Maur, for it was her, sunk upon her knees beside her and wound her arm around her waist. From that hour she was a changed girl.

'You know not all my wickedness, dear Edith; can you forgive me if I tell you all?' she asked at length, and without waiting a reply she went on.

'To-night I have told Mr. Vaughan a wilful falsehood, and about you. He was speaking of the pleasant manner in which you passed over what he termed an accident; and I—oh, Edith! I told him that I trembled when it happened, for you had the most passionate and violent temper I ever saw.'

'How could you say that, Isabel?' sobbed Edith.

'I knew that you could never forgive me. I knew you would hate me after this, but I am glad I have told you all.'

'No, no, I do not hate you. I forgive you with my whole heart. Henceforth we will be sisters to each other,' and Edith kissed her companion's cheek.

'Where did you learn to be thus forgiving,' asked Isabel?

'Edith took a small volume from her work-table, and opening it, pointed for her to read.'

'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'

'It is a strange doctrine,' murmured Isabel, as once more she threw her arms around Edith's neck, and kissed her, and then returned to her own room.

Surely if angels watch over the slumber of mortals they watched over those of Edith that night.

The next morning Isabel sent a note to Mr. Vaughan, confessing her falsehood and relating the events of the preceding night. It was a humiliating lesson for her proud heart, but one that she never forgot.

It was early in August when Edith had turned to her teachers and schoolmates, and farewell to her adopted home. Her heart beat strangely as the carriage drew near the large, old-fashioned mansion, and she looked anxiously from the window.

Mrs. Vaughan was waiting to receive her with a warm-hearted welcome, but Cecil was away for a few days. Edith could not account for the feeling of relief that followed this announcement, but she had not much time to think about it for there was so much to tell and hear.

Mrs. Vaughan was very kind, and had arranged everything with reference to her comfort and happiness, and Edith could only look her thanks.

One evening Mrs. Vaughan had gone to visit an invalid friend, and as the twilight deepened in the old-fashioned parlor, Edith seated herself at the piano, and running her fingers lightly over the keys commenced singing.

'There is wonderful power in music, and she must have felt it as she sang the last line of a simple song—

'I have seen thee, and loved thee, I cannot forget.'

For as the words trembled on her lips, tears filled her eyes, and she rose from her seat just in season to see Cecil Vaughan come forward from a door where he had been standing to hear her music.

Mrs. Vaughan returned soon after, and that night when Edith had retired, she told her son all her history.

Was there not a merry wedding at Elm Grove the next spring? and did not Florence Willoughby, a sadder but better woman, look beautifully as bridesmaid for 'Poor Jane'?

Mrs. Vaughan had heard of her mother's death, and sent for her to come to Elm Grove, and she came humbly and sorrowfully, a poor orphan, for her mother's agent had defrauded her of her rights.

Florence was much changed for the better, and every one was glad when, a few months after Cecil and Edith were married, she became the wife of Robert Vaughan.

Need I say how happy Mrs. Vaughan was, in seeing the happiness of her children—or how happy they were in each other.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... OCT. 9, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, 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. E. LORANSON, 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 required by us. His offices are 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., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTENOLL & 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.

One Word for Ourselves.

Our fourth volume closed some three months since, and we have thus far paid little attention to collecting. We wish to do this without expense to our subscribers, and must do it without expense to ourselves—as the expenses of a collector must be met by additions to bills sent out. If those indebted for papers will promptly forward the amount due, we will, in all cases where the arrears have not stood too long, charge only our advance price, \$1.50—and in this offer we include our village subscribers whose papers are left at their doors. Having already commenced our collections, those who are called upon by our collector will find the bills made at \$2. We are sadly in want of money, and hope our friends will attend to this call, without compelling us to use their money in paying a collector.

For the Eastern Mail.

Boston Railroad Jubilee.

Friday morning at an early hour the militia began to assemble on the Common, and among the corps I noticed the Bath City Greys, Capt. Harding. They were looking finely, and compared favorably with the 'Cracks' of town and city. At a quarter before 11 o'clock the procession commenced moving, and from friend Earle's spacious windows the view was excellent. (Your kind attentions were appreciated, Ned—give us thy hand, mon.) The military escort was brilliant beyond description; and the display by the different Trades far exceeded anything of the kind ever produced here before. I really wish I could give your readers a full detail of each as they passed, but time prevents. The first division was composed of the militia, as an escort: in the second division were Secretaries Conrad and Sturges, accompanied by Alderman Rogers, in a barouche drawn by six beautiful white horses; followed by Lord Elgin and suite in a similar vehicle drawn by the same number of white horses; both carriages were flanked by detachments of Independent Cadets; next came the Foreign and American army and navy officers. Gov. Boutwell and suite, with invited municipal and other officers from the Provinces and United States, in carriages closed this division. Divisions 3, 4, 5 and 6 were principally composed of distinguished men, mayors of different cities, senators, representatives, chief justices, railroad capitalists and stockholders,—too many to individualise.

Division No. 7. This division was composed of the Trades, and I cannot do justice to this part of the procession in the meager account I send you. I shall doubtless leave unnoticed many deserving of notice, but I give you the prominent features that occur to my mind. A fine model of the 'Wounded Indian' headed this division. A hatter's shop followed with the operators busily at work; their motto was 'We crown the heads of the sovereign people.' A large model of a full rigged man-of-war with hands aloft. Clothes drying machine. Kimball's elephant with 'fodder' inside. A mammoth pair of bellows upon which was inscribed 'A new way to raise the wind.' A number of printing presses of different descriptions, with pressmen engaged in striking off the Pathfinder, advertisements, &c., with the motto 'The Press—the life of Trade, the Bond of Brotherhood.'

Over a copper plate press we noticed the ever memorable words of Daniel Webster—'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.' A school room with two masters and twelve scholars seated at desks, apparently engaged in study. Motto, 'Free schools—the hope of a free people.' A beautifully finished fire engine, followed by the 'Carpet Bag,' 'toting' Punch, Partington, &c. on one side, and on the other 'Our aim to amuse our readers: Our hope to make it pay.' The display of gold and silver were attracted much attention. That, the love of which is the root of all evil, seemed to be converted into all sorts of useful and ornamental articles, from the tiny thimble to the high silver platter. Several thousands in value were exhibited. A shop in which the jewelers were busy at work upon articles of their craft came next. A mammoth 'gold' pen, with the inscription 'The pen is mightier than the sword.' Enormous blocks of granite, on one of which were the words, 'Within the borders of Massachusetts over 200,000 tons of granite are quarried annually.' Several large and splendid locomotives. A huge iron and two smaller brass pieces of ordnance. Improved salamander safes, bearing the motto 'Our country's safe.' Another load of safes; motto 'To keep rogues out.' An iron grating; motto 'To keep rogues in.' Specimens of wire railing. Samples of tin sheet iron ware. Furnaces, stoves, ranges, &c.; motto 'Be ye warmed.' Sewing machines. Specimens of wooden ware. Cars of fire works. Specimens from the 'city of coffee and spice mills'; inscriptions, 'The colonies and the states,' 'Reciprocity of trade,' and 'More spice in commerce.' A splendid railroad car. A fine display of carpeting from the factories of Henry Pettes & Co., with a genuine live eagle as the national emblem. The Faneuil Hall market men with Dodsworth's (New York) famous band, with beautiful banners; on one was inscribed, 'We feed the country'; on another, 'Our railroad and steamboat communications—may they extend to the ends of the earth'; and on the third 'England and America—a worthy son of a noble sire.' They were followed by a car 30 feet long containing any quantity of tempting eatables, the whole surmounted by a philosophical looking rooster who wouldn't crow, knowing that he couldn't be heard. These same market men always do up their 'fixins' in tip top shape. Next came Paper hangings, Gas fixtures, Porters intelligence offices with some twenty male and female applicants for work. Elegant piano fortes followed by some 300 workmen with banners; the inscription upon one of them was 'Nothing is denied to well deserved labor,' and another was a 'Harp,' on the reverse side 'Harmony.' Book-binders with banner and book containing the inscription 'We bind and preserve the knowledge of the past, for the benefit of the future.' Car containing an embossing machine, cutting press, forwarding press, with girls at work. Plows, agricultural implements. A vehicle from Adam & Co.'s brush factory, drawn by the celebrated nag 'Jane Eyre,' valued at the low figure of \$1000 only. Motto 'A new broom sweeps clean.' More pianos from Chickering's establishment with one hundred or more operators. Inscription: 'There's sure no passion of the human soul but finds its food in music.' The Franklin Boat club rode in their 'Matty' boat 38 feet long. One of Hobbs and Prescott's omnibuses; on one side was 'The way to the railroad'; on the other 'We come at your call'; and on behind 'Room for one more,' though 't'was full as a tick. Specimens of ship carving. Articles of pumps and blocks. Carriage containing millinery goods with girls plying the needle. 'Southern Brooms' with men manufacturing the same. 'Hair wash,' and Evans' portable drying machine closed division No. 7. No. 8 was composed of the officers and members of the Mercantile Library Association, and a large delegation from 'Old Harvard.' Division No. 9 was composed of school children, over 500 in number. Such a collection of bright happy faces is not often seen. They were drawn in 32 waggons, all tastefully decorated. The seasons were represented by appropriate costumes. In one wagon were seated on the trunk of a tree a young master and miss dressed as an ancient couple. The vehicle was filled with huge lumps of alum so closely resembling ice that the deception was perfect. Over the heads of this venerable couple was a banner bearing the motto 'Peace be with you'—one of the most pleasing features in the procession. Division No. 10 was composed of numerous benevolent and total abstinence societies, German gymnastic society, Bay State lodge of Odd Fellows, a large and respectable body of men. Division No. 11 was composed of the Boston Truckmen, a fine body of men numbering 110. Mounted upon their large and noble horses, they certainly added much to the interest of the occasion, and though last, were not the least worth looking at. This procession occupied two hours and ten minutes in passing. I have given you a skeleton account, as long as it is, and said but little of the decorations, or of the artisans who accompanied their respective displays, or the numerous bands of music, or the hundreds of marshes splendidly mounted; all these things were there; but my communication is already too long, and it suffices to say that it was everything everybody anticipated, therefore everybody was pleased, and returned to their domicils and dinners with light heads and good appetites. Among others went

Y's Respectfully, CHIB DUDE.

NEW PAPER IN WASHINGTON. We have received the specimen number of the Christian Statesman, a weekly paper to be published in the city of Washington, by Messrs. R. R. Gurley and D. R. Goodloe. The prospectus says it is to be dedicated to a sound morality in Politics, to the Union of the States, to the cause of African Colonization and Civilization, and to all topics of a high and general interest to their country and mankind. This number is very neatly executed, and the editorial and selected matters afford evidence that the conductors are well calculated to make their paper useful in the promotion of the objects of its publication as well as interesting and instructive to the general reader. Terms of the paper are two dollars in advance. Address Gurley and Goodloe, Washington, D. C.

Cattle Show and Fair.

One of the most interesting festivals known to the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society closed yesterday. The weather was peculiarly favorable, and though the exhibition in some of its departments was not large, there was much to indicate an increased interest in the valuable objects of the association. The shortage of fall feed has deprived cattle of their usual fatness at this season, and on this account many owners of good stock declined entering them for premiums. There were some good horses, but their number was not large.

The exhibition of sheep, although some good animals were presented, indicated, as usual, the necessity of more attention to this class of stock. The sale of the best lambs to the butcher has had a fatal tendency to depreciate the quality of our flocks, and many farmers seem yet to be ignorant of the great difference in the profit of a good and poor flock. With the interest now indicated in this matter there is good reason to hope for improvement in this respect.

There was an unusually good exhibition of swine. We leave particulars to the committees—but some of the best pigs we have ever seen, at any show, were presented for their inspection. Their distribution among the farmers will do much to improve this class of farm stock.

The display of valuable agricultural implements was also much better than usual—a good indication of the profitable impulse given to the spirit of improvement, to advance which the society was organized.

At the Hall, on Wednesday, there was a good display and a large audience—for full details of which see our next paper. The address, at the Baptist church, by Rev. Mr. Thurston, of Waterville, cannot be spoken of in too high terms. It was sound, spicy, and, all in all, decidedly excellent; and we are glad to add, was heard by a full house.

In our next we shall give full details; the lateness of the hour and the difficulty of procuring the reports rendering it impossible to do so to-day.

THE SNAKE. We have received from Peter E. Abel, No. 384, North Second-st., Philadelphia, a new game, or play, called 'The Snake,' which will be found an interesting and entertaining companion for both old and young persons, during the coming winter evenings. On the remittance of 50 cents, postage paid, the publisher will send a copy free of postage, or three copies for one dollar.

FAMILY CIRCLE AND PARLOR ANNUAL.—We have received the first number of a new volume of this work, published monthly by J. G. Reed, 140 Fulton-st., New York. It is quite prettily illustrated, and is afforded for the low price of one dollar a year. All advance subscribers receive a premium engraving of Washington, 13 by 20 inches. A copy of this has been received by us; but from the appearance of it we should think some rascally secessionist had been at work upon it, and had carved up our common father, preparatory to a dissolution of the Union. It looks ominous, at any rate; though the division would appear to be a tolerably fair one, for if to one party is given the sword, to the other is given the pen, which by some is thought to be 'mightier than the sword.' If it is not asking too much, we wish the publishers would trust another copy to Uncle Sam's mail bags and see if his boys will not be more careful of it than they were of the first one.

DR. POLLARD. By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that this gentleman will visit our village again soon. Those in need of his services will govern themselves accordingly.

FAVORS. We are indebted to John H. Redington, Capt. W. H. Moor, of the steamer 'Joachim,' and various other friends in California, for various favors—some of them indicating that the donors are 'up to their knees in gold.' We shall wait with what patience we can for an opportunity to thank them face to face in their own native land—to which we hope they may live to return with a 'pocket full of rocks.'

It gives us pleasure to chronicle the safe return of Brother Drew, of the Gospel Banner, from his visit to the World's Fair. He arrived in Boston, in the packet ship Daniel Webster, on the 27th ult. His letters, during his absence, have been among the most interesting ones we have seen; and he has treasured up a large amount of material 'in the rough,' which he proposes to work up as no one else can work up, for the benefit of the readers of the Banner and the public generally.

ACCIDENT.—A young man named Henry W. Robinson, son of the landlord of the Samaritan House, had both hands shockingly mutilated by a circular saw, on Monday. Two fingers on each hand were cut completely off, and his hands otherwise badly injured. They were dressed by Dr. Benson, and are apparently doing well.

In another column is an advertisement headed 'pure Cod Liver Oil,' and physicians, druggists and invalids will do well to make a note of it. Mr. Burnett of Boston is a celebrated Apothecary and Druggist and knows what he offers is as stated. Send to him if you want the purest article to be obtained.

ROBERT B. THOMAS'S ALMANAC. This good old annual, familiar to most households in the country, is on our table. Published by Jenks, Hinckling & Swan, Boston, and for sale all over the country.

A CHANGE. Wilson & Co.'s Dispatch—the cheapest paper in the country—being published weekly at 50 cents a year—has changed hands; and all orders in future, either for the

paper or Books, of which they publish a great many at the lowest possible prices, must be directed to POOLER & Co., 202 Williams-st., New York.

ENCOURAGING.—The meetings called in various towns in this vicinity to elicit the strength of public sentiment against the new license law, have resulted most disastrously to their friends. In Skowhegan, after some two months of hard drilling, they were voted down, 110 to 78. In Vassalboro the law was sustained by an overwhelming majority. In Waterville hardly one-sixth of the legal voters were out, and yet the vote was more than two to one to dismiss all articles in the warrant pertaining to the liquor question. Facts must tell for themselves.

BANK BROKEN OPEN.—Another attempt was made to rob Ticonic Bank on Sunday night last. A window shutter in the back of the bank building was opened by boring holes with an auger. The lock of the outer door of the vault was forced, apparently by an iron lever; but the iron door as on former occasions resisted all their efforts. The robbers decamped with no booty except the overcoat of Cashier Percival, having declined a large quantity of cents, probably as too burdensome. All thoughts of robbing either of the banks in Waterville may as well be given up.

A young gentleman who has just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials, that Nature could not afford it. How full of sugar the honey-moon makes one, don't it? A year from now he'll be swearing about the house, because his 'darned fool of a wife' has been cleaning the cook-stove with his best shoe-brush.

THE LIQUOR IN BOSTON.—Some of the Canadians that attended the Celebration in Boston, are chagrined that so much liquor was used, and vent their feelings in an article in the Traveller. We have heard that a good deal of champagne was furnished and drunk on the Excursion on Thursday, and that some instances of inebriation were manifested that were sorrowful indeed. The writer of the article says—

'Canadians have been in the habit of looking up to New England as a pattern, with regard to Temperance, and all the efforts of Temperance men in Canada have been aided by reference to the excellence of your laws and practice in this respect. You may, therefore, conceive the injurious influence which this display of intoxicating drinks before so many Canadians is likely to exert.'

We have no doubt that Canadians generally came with the intention of conforming willingly to your usages, and that they would have gone away with more real admiration for your city and commonwealth, had you entertained them on Temperance principles, as probably most of them anticipated. Besides, many of them were total abstainers at home, some of whom may have been tempted, out of respect for you, to partake against their own better judgment, of that which you, in opposition to your better judgment, provided out of courtesy for them.

This alloy to our general satisfaction we respectfully take the liberty of mentioning in the hope that any future civic intercourse (and may it be frequent, happy and beneficial on both sides) may leave out that which must prove a hindrance to the Temperance cause, on the success of which the prosperity of both countries greatly depends.

Should the social and complimentary intercourse of the two countries be marked by such scenes as those of the pleasure trip on Boston Bay, it will be looked upon as a calamity by the good and wise; whereas if the plan adopted by the authorities at the banquet on the Common be adhered to on both sides, the happiness and benefit of the interchange of civilities will be without alloy. That banquet was admirably conducted, and wholly free from the objectionable element of intoxicating drinks.'

RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF THE ASSISTANT KEEPER OF MINOT'S LIGHT.—Captain Bennett, keeper of Minot's rock light ship, has succeeded in recovering the remains of Joseph Wilson, one of the ill-fated assistant keepers of Minot's Rock Light, who perished in the light-house early last spring. The remains were discovered on Gull ledge. Nothing but the skeleton of the body remained, which was recognized by Captain Bennett as that of Wilson, by the peculiar formation of the skull, by the teeth, by the height of the skeleton, and by a Guernsey frock of an unusual color, which was given him by Captain Bennett. The skull was fractured probably from a fall, or from being crushed by some of the iron work of the light-house. Gull ledge is situated about a mile S. W. from Minot's rock.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN PORTLAND.—Neal Dow, Mayor, makes through the columns of the Argus a statement of the results of the enforcement of the liquor law in Portland. Before the passage of the law there were from two to three hundred shops in the city where liquors were sold. Now there are none, save a very few, where it may be had in very small quantities, and in the possession of foreigners. These violate the law only by sundry tricks which cheat the police. Three months ago there were several wholesale dealers in Portland, and now there are none. There was then one distillery in the state, and one in process of erection. Both are now stopped. The city night police has now comparatively nothing to do, whereas formerly every night there were more or less brawls to suppress. The law has been enforced with as little opposition as any statute of the state.—[Republican Journal.]

STORE BREAKING. The hardware store of Emery & Waterhouse, on Middle-st., was forcibly entered on Sunday night last, or early Monday morning, and robbed of 3 to \$4000 worth of goods. The rogues entered by the back door, which leads out of a large lot on to Temple-st. Their mode of entrance showed that they were deliberate in the undertaking, and occupied some time in accomplishing it. They bored twenty-six augur holes in the panel of the back door, thus weakening it sufficiently to be broken in, so that a man could enter by the aperture. Their object was the goods, and they did not, apparently, waste any time upon the iron safe in the store.—[Port. Argus.]

THE RAILROAD CONSPIRACY CASE. The Jury in this case, at Detroit, have found 12 guilty, and the remainder not guilty. The following are the names of those found guilty: E. Champion, Willard Champion, Lyman Champion, E. J. Price, Wm. Corwin, O. D. Williams, A. J. Freeland, Aaron Mount, Erastus Smith, Ebenezer Farnham, A. Filley, and E. Price. Smith and Farnham were recommended to the mercy of the Court.

This has been one of the most pondorous trials of modern times. It has been going on for

about ten weeks; and hundreds of witnesses have been examined. The argument for the defence, by Hon. Wm. H. Seward, occupied three days.

Two Weeks Later from California.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6th. The steamship Prometheus, from San Juan, arrived at this city on Saturday evening, bringing San Francisco dates to Sept. 6th. She brings 1,280,000 dollars as freight, and there is a large amount in the hands of the passengers, who number 465.

The steam propeller Lafayette, on her first trip from New York to Chagres, was totally destroyed by fire at the latter port on the 10th of Sept. Her passengers barely saved their lives. The fire is said to have proceeded from a quantity of camphine shipped by Palmer and Co.'s Express.

A man named Robinson, having been relieved by the Governor, was publicly executed by the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. Two others, named McKenzie and Whitaker, have been executed at Sacramento, since which perfect quiet has been restored.

The late State and Congressional election in California appears to have been warmly contested throughout, and for two weeks previous to the sailing of the steamer, it appears to have absorbed the attention of the people to the exclusion of almost everything else. The returns, as far as received up to Sept. 6th, gave Pearce B. Reading, whig, a majority for Governor over John Bigler, dem., of about 1000 votes.

Three entire squares in the business part of Marysville were destroyed by fire Aug. 30.—80 buildings burnt and lost estimated at half a million.

The accounts from the mines continue quite as encouraging as any previous time. In the southern portion of the mining country machinery is being rapidly put in operation, for the most part under Mexican superintendence. In the northern mines the same thing is observable, except that the machinery is all owned and worked by Americans. The results everywhere have been satisfactory, and great numbers who have heretofore worked in the ordinary way, are resorting to the use of machinery.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6th. The steamer Ohio arrived at 8 o'clock this morning, with 450 passengers, the Pacific mails, \$1,400,000 on freight, and \$600,000 in the passengers' hands. The Isthmus appears to be infested with robbers, and many of the passengers across lost everything.

North Wayne Scythe Company. At a meeting of the stockholders of the North Wayne Scythe Company, held on the 24th ult., the following persons were elected directors for the ensuing year, viz: R. B. Dunn, J. L. Hunnewell, Ira Crocker, Z. Hosmer, Asa Jacobs, J. F. Taylor, Wm. Beals, J. C. Proctor, J. H. Carey. The directors subsequently chose Wm. Beals, President, and John Haynes, Clerk.

RETURN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The New York Commercial has received the following account of the American expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, one of the vessels belonging to which has arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

It will be remembered that the latest previous intelligence from the Rescue and Advance was to September, 1850, received through the English squadron. The same night they were frozen in at Wellington Channel. From that point commenced their northern drift, and they were carried up the channel to lat. 75 25, the greatest Northing ever obtained in that meridian. During this time the violence of the eruptions of the ice was so great that they could keep no fires regularly, on account of the motion of the vessel. From that latitude they commenced drifting again to the South and in November, 1850, entered Lancaster Sound. The mercury in the thermometer fell below zero. The bedding froze in every department, and the coffee and soup congealed as soon as taken off the fire.

During the continuance of the vessel in this ice, they were lifted up by the stern as high as 6 feet 7 or eight inches, the discomforts and inconveniences of which may well be imagined. During this whole time also, the men had to have their knapsacks constantly prepared, as well as sleighs, &c., not knowing but that at any moment the vessels strong as they were, might be crushed by the ice. They were three weeks without taking off their clothes. It was at this time that the survey broke out, attacking all the crew and officers. Capt. Hayes and Dr. Kane succeeded, by assiduous efforts, in curing all.

From this ice the vessel emerged on the 10th of June, 1851, after an imprisonment of 9 months. During this time they had drifted 1060 miles—a polar drift unprecedented.—Both vessels being liberated, Capt. De Haven determined again to prosecute his search, and turned the Advance's head to the Northward. He succeeded in reaching Upper Melville Bay, but was there again hemmed in with ice. From this he was not liberated until August 19, at which time the season was so far advanced that it was impossible for him to proceed. He therefore reluctantly determined to return home.

The expedition has returned without the loss of a man, which speaks volumes alike for officers and men.

Dr. Kane thinks, after seeing the regions and the resources on shore, that Sir John Franklin and his crew are probably yet alive. The Advice has brought home the relics of Sir John's visit where three of his men were buried.

GOOD SPIRIT.—The citizens of the county of Dade, in Georgia, have resolved that if Charles J. McDonald (secessionist) is elected Governor, and the State should secede from the Union, Dade county will, in the exercise of her sovereignty, absolve herself from all connexion with said State, and annex herself to the State of Tennessee.

MR. BARNUM AND THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—These two personages have taken hold of the Fire Annihilator, and if, under their joint patronage, it does not succeed, there is no virtue in mutual effort. The Emperor has sent for Mr. Phillips, the inventor, to set up an establishment in Russia for the manufacture of Annihilators on a grand scale. Barnum has undertaken the same thing here, without the presence of the inventor. This is a fair division, for Barnum alone is about equal to the Emperor or Mr. Phillips; not that the Emperor of Russia is by any means a man to be laughed at in his own dominions, but he is not a Barnum even there. He is undoubtedly a very respectable man for an Emperor, but we should like to see him open a museum or get up a concert.—[Prov. Jour.]

PLUM ON THE PEACH. If people will save and plant all the peach pits, they can raise trees on which they may graft our choicest plums. It is found by experience even in Banbury that plum trees on the peach stocks are perfectly hardy, and they bear beautifully. Some of the best plum trees in our city are on the peach.

[Bangor Whig.]

