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AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibition, at Waterville, Oct. 3, 1853.

BY B. FARLEY POORE.

Turn now to our own Republic, that youthful giant among nations, which has been elevated by a sturdy yeomanry until her stately ensign floats from ocean to ocean, and will soon wave over oppressed Cuba as proudly as it now flaunts upon the Madagaskar. But a few score years have elapsed, since the savages ruled over this vast expanse of territory, nor was there a bolder, a more intelligent, or a more refined tribe than the Oubenakis, who inhabited this delightful region, when the Europeans came. Their agriculture should not be forgotten, and, fortunately, it was faithfully chronicled by the Jesuit Missionaries among them as early as the year 1603—unequalled teachers, whose celticity enabled them to devote themselves with undivided attention to their savage converts. But, while thousands of manuscript pages, now in the archives of France, are taken up with accounts of their predatory warfare a few paragraphs describe their husbandry.—The Oubenakis were not an agricultural people, and this was the cause of their lack of national strength.

Women were the first American farmers! The men hunted, and fished, and fought, but the first shining sex tilled the ground. When a new field was to be cleared, they would take their hatchets of sharp flint stones, and girdle the trees by bruising off a circle of the bark. The next spring, after heaping dry limbs and leaves around the sapless trunks, they would put fire to them, and while the fire destroyed the giants of the forest, and the heat killed the roots of the underbrush, the ashes would leave the soil mellow and in fine heart. A field thus cleared, would be used for generations. Every fall, the leaves from the surrounding forests would be caught by the corn stalks, and the spring burning would put it in good order for cultivation.

The chief crop of the Indians was Indian corn.—*Staknnoor*, they called it—although they had distinctive appellations for the white, the red, the yellow, and the blue black varieties. In the spring, after marking out the lands, and cultivating it to some extent with clam shells, or the flat shoulder-blades of the moose, they would make holes with pointed sticks, and plant in each six grains of corn, with occasionally some bean or some squash seeds. The holes were made about four feet apart, each way, and as the corn came up, they killed it, making the hills some two feet high. The planting over, most of the workmen went to the sea-shore, to cure a winter supply of fish, leaving a few to smoke the game killed by the hunters, and to scare away the crows and the blackbirds. Generally the stalks grew six or seven feet high, each one bearing two ears, of eight rows, and some thirty grains in a row.—In August, before the corn was what we call ripe, they used to harvest it, leaving the stalks and leaves to enrich the ground. Carrying the ears to the wigwags, they dried them on frames resembling fish-slakes, under which an smouldering fire was kept up. When thoroughly dry, it was parched in birch-bark baskets, sometimes without having been shelled, and buried in the earth, below the action of the frost. When used, it was either parched and pounded, or else bruised in a mortar until it was broken into what they called *Omonoe*.—The food of the hunters and of the warriors, when on duty, was simply parched corn—but when at home, they ate the *omonoë*, boiled with dried salmon or venison into a mushy soup, or baked upon heated flat stones into cakes.

They had several varieties of beans and of squashes, besides artichokes and other edible roots. From the sap of the maple they made a coarse-grained sugar, which, mixed with freshly pounded Indian meal, and seasoned with dried huckleberries, was baked into a dumpty dish for high festivals. The dried meats of black walnuts and of oolints, pounded and dissolved in water sweetened with maple sugar, furnished a muddy, sweet beverage, their only "fancy drink." And from the green wax of the bayberry, they made candles, with rush wicks, which gave a clear light, and yielded a pleasant fragrance while burning.

Fruit trees, seedlings of course, were abundant around their dwelling-places—they had apples, and peaches, and plums and cherries. Hugo grapes entwined many a forest tree, and there was a great abundance of berries. Small patches of tobacco, too, were cultivated by the wives of every chieftain, and the "medicine men" had their vegetable apothecary shops, so well stocked that they would be coveted nowadays by any of the good old dames who find a sovereign panacea for every ill in a nice cup of "yark tea!"

The Oubenakis had no idea of horticulture, but oh, how beautiful must have been the display of Nature's glories around them. In the Spring, that threw her bright green liver over the primeval forests, filling every valley, and mounting to the summit of every hill—while occasionally were seen the fair blows of the dogwood, the locust, the wild cherry and the crab-apple. Then came Summer, with its flowers, bright daisies, modest lilies, gorgeous scarlet cardinal flowers, pure lilies, gay roses!—Autumn followed, proud in its effulgent grandeur! A few frosty nights, and the boundless verdure of hill and of dale was transformed into every possible tint of brilliant scarlet, rich violet, every shade of brown, vivid crimson, and glittering yellow, occasionally dotted with acorns, chestnuts, or the glossy seed-berries of the rose. The stern, inexorable evergreens alone retained their verdure, regular hard-barked of the vegetable world—while everything else, following the law of progressive change, burst into gorgeous beauty. Samples of this unmatched panorama of vegetable beauty are yet around us, and the deficiency is more than made up by the varied forms of female loveliness, each pure complexion enhanced by the gentle caress of *Frost*.

Such was the primitive agriculture of those who owned this soil, as described in the manuscripts sent to France by Raské, and Castine, also De Monte, and the Bigots, and De Henry—one phase of a history far more romantic than Cooper's fictions. How changed the scene! On the sunny sides of the surrounding hills were their corn-patches, their wigwags, and their orchards. Beneath the shade of forests now felled, the hunters tracked the wild beast to its lair, or reposed, weary with the chase, to partake of their slaughtered game. The great council fire blazed at Norridge-wood, and the war parties rendezvoused in Merry-meeting bay, but the river banks between were dotted with villages, each with its "totem" stone, where the hatchet was unburied, or the calumet of peace was whiffed, or the green corn dance was celebrated. The Kennebec was rippled by the sparkling track of the birchen canoes, and often did its banks re-echo with the wailing song of the departing warriors, painted and armed for the fray.

Alas! for them—their day is over. Their fires are out from hill and shore. No more for them the wild deer bounds. The plow is on their hunting grounds. The pale man's axe rings through their woods, and the pale man's feet tread on their floors. Their pleasant springs are dry!

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VOL. VII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 27, 1853.

NO. 15.

The French, who were the first civilized agriculturists on this river, have also been sadly overlooked by the historian. The brilliant pens of Prescott and of Irving have chronicled the chivalric bearing of the Spanish pioneers in such an attractive light, as to hide from our dazzled eyes the dark deeds of their rapacious ambition. We have heard so much about Plymouth Rock, that "nest-egg" of Massachusetts oratory—that some of us who live in the old Bay State begin to regard it as the "blarney-stone" of Puritan eloquence. But how little is said about the gallant Frenchmen who discovered twenty-three of our thirty-one States—and who had portions of the soil of Maine under cultivation before any Christian settlement, papist or puritan, had been formed on the James or Hudson rivers—in Massachusetts Bay or the St. Lawrence. Two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the enterprising De Monts explored the coasts, the rivers, and the harbors of Maine, and carried such specimens of the general productions to Henry IV., as to elicit from that monarch the gracious declaration that "the country should not be neglected!" Judging from what I saw on my way here, and from what I see at this exhibition, the country has not been neglected.

Not only were the French colonists good farmers, but the missionaries were eminently successful in creating among the Oubenakis a taste for agriculture. Seeds, plants and implements were liberally sent from France every year, as the carefully kept invoices show—and when the sons of the chiefs visited France, which was a frequent occurrence, they were shown the fine farms in the vicinity of Marly and of St. Germain. But the great difficulty in the way of civilization here was the covetousness of the merchants of Boston, who wished a monopoly of the fur-trade, and sent spirits as the most attractive bait for beaver-skins. In vain did the Jesuits procure from Louis XIV. an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor, more stringent than the modern law to which the State has given its name! Then, (and it may be the case now,) appetite could not be restrained by law, and the Bostonians headed the Jesuits by getting up a religious crusade. Blood was poured like rain upon the strife-torn sward of Oubenakis and of English villages, and the waters of the Kennebec and of the Megallowick were swollen by the vital current of humanity. For years the angel of mercy was banished, leaving ruthless slaughter to usurp her way—the plow stood still—and even the Indian corn fields were overgrown with weeds. At last pealed forth the silver-toned trumpet of truth! The pine tree colonial flag and the lilies of France were rolled upon their staffs, and the olive branch of peace spread its rich foliage over fertile plains.

Gradually, yet steadily, the axe of the English pioneer now rang among the pathless woods, and the savages retreated before a race of frontier farmers. In those days, agriculture was deemed a mere outlay of physical strength, in time worn channels, and the yeoman was in fact a bearer of wood and drawer of furs, often called from his toil to engage in harder warfare. There were high stumps in the fields, but the destroying flames soon consumed them, and in the Fall, pillars of dense smoke rose from every farm—as once upon the route of wandering Israel, fiery pillars denoting the pathway of civilization. Good horses and cattle were introduced—and all through this region agricultural communities sprung up, like the warriors of Cadmus, and with fledged life. Like those fabled knights they were armed—not with weapons for their own destruction, but with the strength, vigor and intelligence peculiar to American freemen. With the *cartridge box* they upheld the *jury-box*, and protected the *band box*.

Then came the Revolutionary struggle, and all must admit that British power was prostrated in this Republic by the sturdy yeomen—those men of iron nerve—who left their plows in the furrow, to aid the farmer of Mount Vernon in unyoking their land from tyranny. Yes—a few professional men held commissions—a few merchants advanced money, for which they received principal and interest—but it was the farmer of '76 who framed our gallant ship of State—launched her from the rock-bound coasts of New England upon the troubled ocean of political strife—manned her themselves, and steered her on to victory!

Peace spread her halcyon wings over the new born Republic, and her soldiers, like Cincinnatus, returned to their farms. Conquerors of European armies, they now combated the wild luxuriance of nature, and among their best crops were such boys as Jackson, Webster, Calhoun, Taylor, Clay, Cass, Benton, Pierce—a few of that sturdy race of statesmen reared on farms. First among the important reforms to which Washington called the attention of the first Congress, in his first message was the "advancement of agriculture." Other matters were then spoken of, and last of all came "facilitating the intercourse between different parts of the country." How things have changed, for now-a-days little is heard of the doings of the plowshare, but we ever hear of the price of a share even in one of those branch railroads, which carry few passengers, kill a cow occasionally, and never pay any dividends.

Settled, substantial farm-houses soon sprang up in place of the log cabins, destitute of all architectural beauty. I will admit, but having the air of a well-to-do old gentleman, who has settled down to live on the interest of his money. The ceilings were low, with huge traversing beams, and around the paneled sides, in winter, hung squashes and godly bunches of seed corn. A small family could sit within the jambs of their fire places, and there were nests of bed-rooms, opening into each other, or connected by mazy stair cases. In such gabled abodes:

Our ancestors lived on bread and broth, And woe'd their healthy wives in homely cloth, Our mothers, nurtured to the nodding reel, Gave all their daughters lessons on the wheel— Though spinning did not much reduce the waist, It made the foot much sweeter to the taste— They plied with honest zeal the mop and broom, And drove the shuttle thro' the noisy loom— They never once complained as some do now, "We have no girl to cook, or milk the cow." Each mother taught her red-checked, buxom daughter To bake and milk, and draw a pail of water— No dainties shunned the wash-tub, broom or pail, To keep unharmed a long grown finger-nail— They sought no gaudy dress, no wisp-like form, But ate to live—and work'd to keep them warm.

Commendable were the domestic manners of our industrious ancestors, but their system of agriculture was anything but excellent. The field lands were exhausted by a succession of grain crops, after which they were abandoned to weeds and natural grass, under the mistaken idea of fallow rest. The horses and cattle, often of inferior breeds, were so badly wintered

as to cast but faint shadows in the Spring—and the garden was a mere vegetable patch, with a few straggling marigolds, poppies and sunflowers. A geranium cutting, cultivated on the window sill in a cracked earthen bean pot, was deemed an aristocratic luxury.

This was not noticed by the "fathers of our country." Jefferson experimented on his farm at Monticello, and Adams on his farm at Quincy. Washington's farm was his delight, and amid all the embarrassments attending the establishment of a new government, he found leisure to hold an interesting and voluminous correspondence upon husbandry, with Sir John Sinclair, the first agriculturist of England.— Luckily for great Britain, as I have endeavored to show, Sir John established an agricultural Board at London, but no action has ever been taken upon Washington's message to Congress, urging the necessity of such a branch of our government. All other classes have their colleges, their protecting laws, their recognized rights—why should not the farmers have theirs? Happy will be the day for our country when they demand it, and when they compel—aye, they can compel—every national representative to go to the Capitol pledged to obtain the establishment of a Department of Agriculture, with a practical yeoman as Secretary—and national schools (like those at West Point and at Annapolis,) established for the instruction of farmer's sons at Mount Vernon, and at Marshfield, and at Pendleton, and at Ashland! What a noble method of preserving unhalloved, those shrines so dear to true Americans! One can almost imagine the spirits of Washington, and of Webster, and of Calhoun, and of Clay, hovering with gratitude over their favorite fields, thus doubly consecrated.

Agricultural Societies were formed about the commencement of the present century, and among those who took an active part in improving husbandry were the clergy of N. England, who fanned the flame with as much zeal as the Roman priests cherished the sacred fire. The disturbed state of European politics, raised the prices of produce, and agriculture received a decided impulse, but it was not permanent.—The conflicting nations, wearied with conflict, disbanded their armies, and "turned their swords into plowshares." Then prices fell—the slow progress of agricultural industry was looked upon as a subordinate employment—and the homestead was no longer the bequest to the favorite son—he must go to college!—The other boys were made to toil with worn out tools, until they generally escaped to sea, or to the city, disgusted with farming. The professions were looked upon as the only stepping stones to honor or to high social position! Merchandise afforded the chance of suddenly acquiring ample fortunes, with exemption from personal toil. Others were attracted by the more stirring pursuits of lumbering, or fishing, or peddling, and as for the girls—they turned up their noses at "clod-hoppers." Some of them went into the mills, and others, living at their fathers' farms, were about as ignorant of agricultural domestic operations, as was the city belle who visited the country and went a milking. After some time spent in conjecture as to how the operation was performed, she placed the pail beneath old Brindle's well-filled udder, and then, seizing the tail, endeavored to pump the milk out!

Happily for us individually—for our nation—for the cause of progressive liberty the world over, we can now assert that "a brighter day has begun to dawn!"

"Truth—crushed to earth—will rise again,
The eternal years of youth are hers,
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers!"

And agriculture, too, Phoenix-like, is springing up from the ashes of a wrong popular judgment. Our public men are beginning to retreat from the cares and toils of State to the pure and unalloyed joys of soil-culture. Octogenarians, who have acquired fortunes in cities, return to the homesteads which they despised in early life—and resolute young gentlemen educated in towns, finding little hope of success in the professions or in commerce, look—as did their ancestors—to the ample bosom of nature for their support. These constitute our "Fancy Farmers." Many of them, by the judicious employment of their capital, and by importing choice stock, confer real benefits upon agriculture—while others, who madly rush into every theory, practically illustrate the folly of "sowing Spanish dollars and reaping four-pence-half-pennies."

Then we have the real yeomanry, so graphically described as "men who have, for the most part, great farms and small pecuniary means—men who are esteemed more for their land than for their money; more for their good sense than for their land; and more for their virtue than either." They are beginning to "feel their oats"—to demand cash instead of barter trade. An intelligent yeoman who stores his mind from such journals as the *Maine Farmer*, and sharpens his intellect by association in an agricultural society with others like himself, no longer considers himself plodding in a humble sphere. Stripping the veil of prejudice from the mysterious arcana of science he substitutes for penurious imitation the advantages of experimental philosophy. Ever striving to improve in agriculture, he fears, like Columella the Roman, that he shall see the end of his days before he can become a thorough master of its mysteries!

These "mysteries" are not, after all, very mysterious! A farmer who expects to enrich his land, or to improve his stock by some magical process, will be as much disappointed in his expectations as he is ignorant of the process of improvement. A mere theory, even if clearly defined, is idle and useless if unattended with practical observations; and the more practical information a farmer can acquire, the deeper versed he becomes in the mysteries of his profession—magical secrets which will enable his more enlightened neighbors to bring more money back from market than he does.

The lawyer finds the "mysteries" of his profession in almost innumerable volumes of "Digest" and of "Reports"—the mariner is guided by the science of previous navigators—as laid down on charts—the soldier has his detailed systems of tactics and of maneuvers—the statesman gleams wisdom from volumes of debates and of official papers—even the belle finds the "mysteries" of the toilette regularly portrayed in the magazines. Let the farmers go and do likewise. Let them attend exhibitions—read reports—take pay for, and file agricultural newspapers—keep accurate journals and accurate accounts; in short, to bring up another previously quoted maxim—"Be what they seem to be!"

The future condition of American Agriculture depends upon American farmers. They can plod on, until civilization strips them, and our nation can decay, like Palestine. They can forsake their plows for civic ease, and our eagle, like that of ancient Rome, will droop and sink from his anting flight. Or, like the yeomen of England, they can keep in the front rank of progress, and adopt all that is good, while they reject all that is bad. This is not a stationary age! Agriculture, the key-stone of national prosperity, must advance, or

Quit out of fashion, like a rusty nail,
In monumental mockery."

Yeomen of the North Kennebec, if you wish the future historian of the Agriculture of this delightful region to speak well of you, you must cut wide and clean swathes in the march of improvement. "Posterity will appreciate your services, if the present age does not; and if (like the lamented Green, your once energetic associate,) you fall a martyr to your exertions in the cause of Agriculture, your graves will be pointed out with more heart-felt homage, than if your mangled corpse had been discovered on the blood-stained field of war."

The zeal displayed in this Exhibition is a rare foretaste of what you can do if you so determine. Remain not at the foot of the hill of improvement, gazing up with longing admiration, but hitch on your whole team—heart, and hand, and mind—and reach the far summit. "No farmer," said Colman, "ought to be satisfied with 'getting along'—he should 'go ahead!'"

Agriculture, however, like man, needs a graceful helpmate; it cannot thrive alone! No sooner was the world formed, than its creator "planted a garden," and Horticulture has since occupied a prominent place in the estimation of all pure hearts. Agriculture marks the progress of a nation's power—Horticulture shows the refinement of her sons and of her daughters!

"Strength may wield the plow and spade—
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;
But elegance—chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive—in the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind."

The heavens without a star are not more desolate than this earth would be without flowers. They are the true poetry of creation, and hard must be the heart so insensible to the sweetest influences of Nature as not to admire their beauty and their variety. Wonderful works of the creator! their classification affords convincing proof that vegetation is not a mere matter of chance, but is directed by the all-seeing wisdom of a beneficent being. It was in a flower-garden that Socrates philosophized—that Jesus prayed—that many a great man has sought refuge, to purify his mind from worldly grossness. And we all know how each gentle female heart is attached to Flora's treasures:

"No marvel women should love flowers; they bear
So much of fanciful similitude
To her own history: like herself repaying,
With such sweet interest all the cherishing
That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth,
And like her too, dying beneath neglect!"

All know that the Almighty commanded Adam to dress his garden—but how few remember the additional command to keep it! Too often, we see the sons and daughters of our best farmers glad to escape from their birth-places, such is the austere barrenness of beauty around the old homesteads. Then do the deserted "old folks at home" lament that, when they are beneath the clouds of the valley, their children will not—in obedience to Divine command—keep their inheritance! And yet how easy it would be for every farmer, and for almost every householder, (except those who dwell in the hearts of dense populations,) to have a beautiful garden. Choice fruit-trees might surround its borders, or trellises covered with roses or honeysuckles, is a delightful retreat, and what is fairer than neat walks, bordered with radiant flowers of every hue except black. Flora—ever smiling Flora—has no weeds of sombre mourning in the wardrobe which she provides for her train—and Solomon in all his glory, "was not arrayed like one of these."

"Bat," says some hard-fisted old codger, "flowers are not good to eat; it is better to plant potatoes!" Alas! that is the spirit which has done so much to disgust the sons and daughters of New England with their native soil—a spirit which cut down the Maypole of Merry-Mount, and would have made this land of "clouded viasges, of hard toil, and of compound interest. Is this right? Is it not rather desirable for the young to receive pleasing impressions, and to have their love of home strengthened, and to have sentiments of youthful adoration aroused within their hearts, as they cultivate the garden of their parental homesteads. God has created flowers, and is it not the duty of man to cultivate them—to multiply them in their exquisite loveliness—and to develop, in every youthful heart, aspirations of the beautiful. Do this, and the wandering New Englanders will cherish pleasant recollections of home, and of youth:

"Long, long be their hearts with such memories filled,
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break—you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will linger there still!"

Then there are the orchards and the fruit trees, which so richly reward him who follows the advice of the dying Scotch laird: "Be ye sticking in a tree, Jock; they'll be growing white, you're a sleeping!" A little labor and judicious cultivation, will enable every landholder to enjoy fruit of his own planting, and to overshadow his favorite retreats with Nature's leafy canopy.

A neighboring wood born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees!"

Let Horticulture be cherished, then, in the same proportion as Agriculture is perfected—a proud heritage for succeeding generations. Let every farmer and every gardener resolve to improve, and store his mind with the scientific studies of the learned, the experience of the experimentalist, and the results of his own practical labors! Then we shall see this region of the North Kennebec as renowned for its Agriculture and for its Horticulture as it now is for its intelligent sons and its fair daughters. Then, the culture of the earth will be here recognised as the most prosperous and the most respected—the most ancient and honorable of employments. And then every member of this Society—the lover by which this change has been effected—can "thank God, and take courage!"

An Editor, while recently travelling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by an adroit pick-pocket, while indulging in a short nap. The thief was so disgusted with the

result of his exploit, that he returned the plunder by the express, to the address written inside the wallet, with the following note:

"You miserable skunk, hears your pocket book. I don't keep no such. For a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wallet with nuthin in it but a lot of newspaper scraps, an ivory tooth comb, two newspaper stamps, an' a pass from a rascaldere drifter, is a contemptible impudience on the public. As I hear your a editor, I return your trash. I never robs any ony gentlemen."

Prohibitory Law.

The opponents of the Maine Law offer but two arguments. They say the law cannot be enforced, and that an attempt to enforce it only enhances the evil it is intended to cure; and that it should not be enforced because it violates personal liberty. To the first the reply is overwhelming—that it has been enforced to some extent, and that just so far as it has been, crime and poverty have decreased. Vague and general contradictions of this statement are plentiful enough but to no purpose. Wherever the Prohibitory Law has been enforced, even incompletely, the statistics of crime uniformly show a diminution in the use of intoxicating drinks. This great statistical fact is not fortuitous, nor of doubtful cause. It is not to be silenced by contradiction. Figures must be met by figures. If this could have been done, it would have been. What if, at any time since Maine has had on her statute book the law that has given her fame throughout Christendom, her jails had held as many criminals as before, and her courts had been as full of poor, wretched mortals, answering for outrages on person and property as before, would not the Rum interest have verified the fact by accurate figures, and used it triumphantly to stay the plague which is smiting its profits?—Here that interest is lame. The figures are against it, like the hand-writing on Belshazzar's palace wall. The trade is partially cut off in Maine, and crime is cut off almost if not quite in the same proportion. The undeniable figures showed this in six months, and continue to show it.

Now, intelligent and ingenious trafficker, wholesale or retail, in alcoholic drinks, you must find some cause for the glorious fact, beside the prohibition of your business, or else confess yourself the author of crime and the enemy of society. It won't do for you to say, even if you can prove it, "The quantity of liquor drunk is as great as ever." The object of the law is not to prevent people from drinking this or that, but to prevent pauperism and crime—to protect the public peace. If the statistics of pauperism and crime are in favor of law, let the amount drunk be what it will. If drinking be not diminished, then, surely, nobody's liberty to drink has been much damaged. We don't care how the law brings about the blessing, so that we get it; and we do get it, more or less, wherever we get the Law. Wherever the law has been enacted, and had a trial, it has been more or less enforced, and always with a visible, palpable diminution of pauperism and crime, of immense pecuniary and incalculable moral value. This is as much an accomplished fact in the politics of the world as Steam Navigation or Railway Locomotion is in the mechanics of it.

Thus, the Rum advocates, having signally failed in their matter-of-fact argument and utilitarian logic, have no stronghold left but the abstraction of personal liberty. That sound principle, they tell us, must not be violated, no matter how powerful the motive, or how great the good to be secured by its violation. It is refreshing to meet with such devotion to principle; but, unfortunately, the great good which is to be secured to it, in this case, is not of the devotees, but of other people. This principle may be worthy of all this worship; but we cannot help remarking that their worship of it is none of the purest. Their godliness smells terribly of gain. Now, let us see whether society must submit to a double or quadruple load of pauperism and crime, rather than to invade the traffic which is the cause of it.

It is not contended that Alcoholic Beverages are necessities of life. They are at best luxuries. It does not follow that, because the law has laid its prohibitory finger on a luxury, it has established a precedent for invading the necessities of life, nor of invading other luxuries which have no injurious effect on society, or are not productive of pauperism and crime. But the law in this case does not prohibit the use of the luxury; it only prohibits the public production and distribution. The personal right to poison oneself—whatever that is worth—is left as intact and sacred as ever, in the abstract; and as we are talking of an abstraction, this is significant. The whole extent of the invasion of personal right or liberty is this, that one man shall not be allowed to minister to the luxury of others, whenever by so doing he injures society at large, both in means and morals. In this general statement we recognize a principle of law as old as society itself, if not as old as the everlasting hills. Personal liberty apart from that would be worthless. It invades no man's privacy more than any other law; it simply prohibits a public branch of business which sacrifices public good to private gain in the enterprise of pampering an abnormal appetite. The Maine Law occupies no untrodden ground. No landmark of liberty is overthrown to make way for it. Laws on the same principle have existed wherever Civilization has flourished. The only peculiarity in this case is the great extent of the practice prohibited, and the proportionally urgent demand for the law.

If the legislative power, has no right to enact law, then what right has it to meddle with pauperism and crime at all? Is society limited to the cure of these evils, and precluded the prevention? Then it might as well give up the hopeless enterprise first as last—the unfortunate and incompetent feed and clothe themselves as they can, and the rogues run at large to satiate themselves with villainy. Personal liberty just as much requires the overthrow of all laws which prevent the marauding from victimizing the weak and upway, as the Maine Law. If we yield the opponents of the Maine Law their sacred principle, we must establish the unrestricted right of tempting and being tempted, as the arch enemy would have it; and, that being done, what revenue would long suffice for grand palaces, and the expensive and tedious processes by which justice fills them? Common sense proclaims, like the voice of the infinite multitude of waters, that society has a divine right to relieve itself, and slough off this whole business of swilling the

human mind into fatuity by poisonous drink. Individual right against social power depends upon the nature of the thing to be done—the balance of the good and the evil there is in it. Now in this age of the world as in none before, alcoholic beverages have undergone the scrutiny of science. The Physiologist, the Chemist, and the Philologist, have traced the subtle spirit through all the nerves and fibers of the human frame, and noted nothing to compensate its inevitable mischief. The Political economist and statistician have watched the effect of their business on wealth, and found it every way destructive. The Theologist has weighed its results upon the soul, and found nothing but immeasurable woe. The good and the joy of it is like the momentary flash of the exploding magazine, which scatters black wrecks and mangled corpses in every direction.

Now, here is established a marked, broad, eternal distinction between this traffic and the ordinary traffics by which the tributaries to human necessities and comfort are distributed. The danger that the prohibition of this will lead to the invasion of others is fictitiously absurd. The impunity of the old dead past must not be dug up against the salutary prohibition. By the same token that science now knows the workings of the alcoholic poisons, it knows how to correct them as never before.—Society has now to contend against a foe of tenfold power, made by the improved arts irresistibly seductive and superlatively dog-cheap. Therefore society, by failing to use its right of self-protection in circumstances which less imperatively demanded its use, has not lost that right. It not only will use, but must. The Maine Law is a necessary result of the progress of the age—a world's law, broke out in Maine, by one of those apparently accidental circumstances which so often give rise to a universal movement; but which must have come forth somewhere else if not there. Those who would stay its progress might, as well undertake to abolish the fundamental truths of Mathematics and Chemistry.

[New York Tribune.]

"Our Baby."—"That's our baby," said the young mother exultingly, as she took it from the cradle, and held it at arm's length before us, and oh! for the light in her eye, as the words were spoken. It was a pretty babe (mother and babies are always pretty, though ever so plain before or after) but we have seen prettier; though that young mother never has and never will. Her wildest dream of beauty is realized, the most glorious angel-face that ever bent whispering to her ear in girlish dream; the ideal of her "teens"—that myth of imagination, which haunted ante-natal nights!—was beautiful! exceedingly; but his charms pale and fade away before the peerless beauty of—"our baby."—And all this was told us in a look. True, as she presently seated herself with baby on the lap, fearing she might have betrayed the extravagance of her love, she pretended to speak blithely of his features, tried to "cry him down" a little, said she didn't think he was very handsome—didn't like the shape of his nose, &c., &c., but it wouldn't do; we were not to be hoodwinked in that way; and her little ruse in subsequently accusing the father of "ridiculous" admiration did not succeed.—"I think Mary Jane's baby is much prettier, but George! why you never saw a man act so absurdly as he does over him, he perfectly idolizes him."

George, thus appealed to before a third party, affects a magnificent indifference, snaps his fingers at him with a "pooh!" and valorously calls him a "noisy rascal;" but George is humble, he does "idolize" him, and is a better man for the sin.

Reader, "our baby," pulling infant as he is, "troublesome comfort" as he proves, weak and helpless as he looks,—is a very giant!—A power unknown before his advent, prevails in the household he blesses. A strength more potent than many evils—he imparts. A messenger from Heaven—"our baby" brings to father, weighty messages from his courts; singing in mother's open ear, the melodies that angels sing! the burden whereof is faith! and hope! and love! He is a link—forged in sacred fires—of the unseen and ruthless chain which binds man to his Maker; the "how-anchor" to the bark of Love! the household deity, miniature type of Him, who sits in eternal majesty over our erring humanity. "Our baby" is the sentinel of God! whose eye uplifteth that of the mother to His throne! whose tiny arm, with the power of a Titan, stays the trunk steps of that father whose recant thought sometimes wanders from the shrine of home! A guardian spirit is "our baby"; a safeguard against the powers of darkness; a shining star in every household, whose rays fall like a blessing upon each face within its walls. Reader, God grant they rest on yours.—[Wor. Transcript.]

GREENLY ON HIS FARM. Mr. Greely recently delivered an exceedingly able and interesting address before an agricultural fair in Indiana, which closes as follows:

"As for me, long tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavor, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary tempest driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearnings for the hamlet where in childhood he nestled by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober down hill of life dispels many illusions while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid, for 'that dear, old home.' And so I, in the wane, have bought me a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and, bearing my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the city's labors and anxieties at least one day in each week, wherein to revive as a farmer the memories of my childhood's humble home.— Aid already I realize that the experiment cannot cost as much as it is worth. Already I find in that day's quiet an antidote and a solace for the feverish, fostering cares of the weeks which environ it. Already my brook murmurs a soothing even-song to my burning, throbbing brain; and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize, but for a brief and fitting day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the Farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer Education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when Science shall have endowed him with her treasures, redeeming labor from drudgery, while quadrupling its efficiency, and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous, beneficent Earth."

CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF AMERICA.—By the recent arrivals from Europe, we learn that the long agitated question of the possibility of a Northwest passage, has been at last affirmatively decided, the British Government vessel, the Investigator, which three years ago entered Bhering's Straits at the N. W. of our continent, having, by sailing towards the East, reached Davis's Straits in the N. E. But of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions she gives us no information.

NEWSPAPERS IN CALIFORNIA. There are published in California, says the *Marysville Express*, thirty-eight newspapers; twelve of which are dailies, one a tri-weekly, two semi-weeklies, and the balance are weeklies.

THE EASTERN MAIL,
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
MAXHAM & WING,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
At No. 1-2 *Boutelle Block, Main Street.*
RPH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The late Rev. Sidney Smith observed that a railway whistle seemed to him to be something like the scream of an attorney when given when first the devil caught hold of him.

No rogues.—A Sabbath School Teacher in Louisville, Ky., was reproved for not sending female scholars to the humble reminding her that she should be like the Lord Jesus—who had neither house nor home.—"Yes," she added with emphasis—"blessed be God, he had no house, no home, and no Muggers!"

A MEAN THING.—A correspondent of the Rockland Gazette writes:

We chanced to fall in recently, while passing to Boston, with one of those exorbitant Boston young gentlemen, with whom, for very obvious reasons, the Maine law is no favorite. While the cars were detained a few minutes in one of the border towns in Maine, this young gentleman stepped into a store near by and inquired, "Am I out of Maine yet?" "No, sir," said the merchant, "you are in Maine!" "Then I'll be no use to ask for a dram," said he. "Maine," he continued, in the polite language of his craft, "Maine is the damndest mean place I ever was in; you can't get a drop in half the places, and when you do you have to sneak round as mean as a thief."

The Bangorers are getting up a new military company to be called the "Bangor Light Infantry." The uniform is to be very magnificent; the cost being many dollars for each man. The uniforms will be made of blue cloth, with gold lace; the pants are black doekin with a white stripe—the whole costing fifty dollars for each man.

Save gives good advice to the rising generation—
"In going to parties mind what you are at; Beware of your head, and beware of your feet. Let us find that a favorite son of your mother has an ache in the one and a brick in the other."

Some of the papers are asserting that wines will rise because a mildew is destroying the grape crop of Europe. What difference will this make if bedbugs and alcohol continue abundant? We understand, being the chief ingredients of fine wines.

While the city marshal of Bangor, Me., was engaged in destroying a quantity of liquor that had been seized, some one in the crowd inquired,—"Why was not this sold for three hundred pounds and given to the poor?" "It was," said the marshal, "but the poor have had enough of it!"—[Export Sentinel.]

SEVERE.—The New York Herald, in noticing the fact that it had been cheered and tossed by both sections of the Democracy at that state's in its unblushing style, "Are you hard on the Democrats?" "We should say that you are a great deal of both—that you are particularly hard on the Democrats, and most particularly so about the fact, and this is, you are every-thing by turns, and nothing long."

THE COURT.—At the court now being held in this city, Frank Smith the Portuguese who stabbed and killed a Frenchman at Frankfort in June last, was sentenced to two years in the state prison. Simon Hardy, Jr. of Bangor, was sentenced to thirty days in jail for cruelly beating and jumping upon his son of about 14 years, and put under bonds to keep the peace for six months.—[Belfast Journal.]

PAIZER FRONT.—A brutal prize fight came at a place called Boston Corner, which is in an unincorporated jurisdiction, between Yankee Sullivan and one Morrissey. Sullivan beat Morrissey after a body of some forty rounds. Morrissey's face was beaten to a jelly and Sullivan was much bruised. The excited interest taken in the affair in New York has been a terrible condition of disease among certain classes. Surely barbarians living in the heart of the civilized world, and with all the modern prize fights have already resulted from this.

The Gardiner papers state that the draw of the bridge across the Kennebec at that place may be opened in one minute and a half, and that it is a very serious objection to the utility of the bridge.

Miss Sarah J. Clark, (Grace Greenwood) was married on Monday eve, at 8 o'clock, in the village church, adjoining her parents' residence at New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa., to Mr. Lemuel K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia.

A judge out west has decided that "kissing a body" while "coming through the red" is a crime. This has an important and interesting bearing on the culture and on the happiness of mankind in general.

When we hear a man boasting of having succeeded in business without having advertised, it reminds us of the old story of the man who was walking in a day's work the expenses of riding in a railroad car. He was working an hour saving one, and said a shrewd Yankee, "and earn a quarter to pay my fare twelve miles, and go it in ten minutes, before I'd spend four hours to walk it." A man may get along, but what a fool he is to do either.

Most ladies think it is the summit of misfortune to be ugly. This is a mistake, quite frequently. The chances are, as the world goes, that homely women are altogether the most successful in life. A homely woman, with a prettier heart and a wiser head, and with the smallest shadow of a soul.

Never miss your food. A man who eats everything at once, can't tell whether he's swallowing fire or cabbage, oyster shells or pickled herring. Take to samples. It's a great comfort to know whether you are digesting venison, last week's hash, dog, or old soup.

It is said that the "pillars" of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American eagle.

William Chambers, of Chambers Journal, Edinburgh, was a passenger in the America. He proposes to make the tour of the United States.

A gang of daring robbers is prowling about Salmon Falls and Dover, committing depredations on the fences of the country. Rewards are offered for their apprehension.

The Post Office at Fort Fairfield, Aroostook Co., has been re-established, and John B. Traflet, Esq., appointed Postmaster.

CORN.—Gen. Mansueti, of China, informs us that he has the greatest gulch of 100 bushels of corn from one acre of land. Can any New England agriculturist beat this?—[Age.]

Diodorus Siculus, in conversation with Magna "Proculus," advanced this proposition: "Do you suppose that the mouth of a man is admirably adapted to kissing the girls, was also formed to chew tobacco?"

A lady at a party in town the other evening was asked what made her cheeks so unusually red, and she promptly replied, she chafe.

OUR TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The Oct. number of this staunch old Tory monthly has a long article upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which we have not yet had time to read, the tone of which can be judged by the following concluding extract:
"Harriet Beecher Stowe, be it known a century hence, that we are ashamed of neither yourself nor our reception of your book; that one of the most important moments of the present century is your own already, and though you should never write another book. We doubt, indeed, whether you ever will do so—whether, at least, it will, or can, be a great book; for this one embodies your life-long experiences, heart yearnings, and long cherished thoughts. Your whole soul is wrapped up in its single noble purpose; so, *Sis Jemima Unleashed!*"
The remaining articles are—"Night Divine," Lady Lee's Widowhood, Part X., "New Readings in Shakespeare, No. III," "Rail and Saddle in Spain," "The Wanderer," "The Chatterer's Lectures—Swift," "Note to the Article on the New Readings in Shakespeare."

LESCOTT & CO., 79 Fulton st., New York, republish the London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine. Terms, payment to be made in advance.—For any one of the Reviews \$3 per annum; two, \$5; three, \$7; four, \$8; for Blackwood's Magazine, \$3; Blackwood's Magazine and 3 Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.—We have received Nos. 7, 8, 9, and 10 of this intemperate work, and from an examination of them, are prepared to endorse all we have ever said in its praise. It is a unique in kind, and unapproachable in excellence. A large portion of the next number will be devoted to illustrations of the Crystal Palace. Call at Moody & Fellows' and examine it; to be appreciated it should be seen. All the other pictorial publications of Montgomery can be found at the same place. Published by Alex. Montgomery, 17 Spruce-st., New York, and by Frederick Parker, 35 Washington-st., Boston.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The November number is full of attractions, not the least of which is an account of the "Treason of Arnold," most charmingly illustrated. It can be had of Moody & Fellows, Waterville, 17 Spruce-st., New York, and by Frederick Parker, 35 Washington-st., Boston.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for November has a beautiful full page steel engraving, "The Woodland Swing," an illustrated article on the "Scenery in Wales," also one on the "Valleys and Great Levels of the earth," illustrated; "The Toad's Curse," a thrilling story, with much else that is interesting, including "Small Talk," "Sips of Punch," &c., &c. Graham comes out strong for the Maine Law, and is in favor of its adoption in Pennsylvania. The next volume of his Magazine he promises shall surpass anything he has yet offered to the public. He offers the following terms for the coming year: 2 copies for \$5; 5 copies for \$10; 8 copies for \$15; 11 copies for \$20, and in each of the last three cases, one copy additional to the person getting up the club. It can be had at either of the bookstores in Waterville, and of Mr. A. Bowman, Travelling Agent for the "Mail."

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—We have been favored with No. 2, 4 and 5 of this useful work, with the design of which our readers have already been made acquainted. It furnishes instruction in every department of knowledge and teaches Languages, History, Mathematics, Philosophy, Physics, Political Science, &c., &c., without a master, but in a masterly manner. This is a capital work for apprentices, and young men who have some opportunity for study but are unable to attend schools. It is issued in monthly numbers at 12-1/2 cts. or \$1.50 per annum. Published by Alex. Montgomery, 17 Spruce-st., New York, and Frederick Parker, 35 Washington-st., Boston.

FRONTIER BANK BILLS. It will be remembered that some months since, an Express messenger was robbed of a large number of one dollar bills on the Frontier Bank, Eastport. The bills have been signed by the robbers and put in circulation. The Bank of course refuses to redeem them, and has issued one's from a new plate. Unfortunately they resemble in general appearance those stolen, and the public are likely to be deceived. The difference between the good and bad is as follows:

The stolen have for a vignette a female seated with a rudder in her hands and a quadrant by her side, while a railroad train is approaching in the background. A few of the genuine are in circulation, but those unacquainted with the real signatures had best refuse all bearing this vignette.

The new ones have for a vignette, a sloop scudding before the wind, while in the distance is a steamer and several vessels. There are a large number of the forged bills in circulation, and those receiving money had better use great caution. [Boston Traveller.]

Mr. T. A. Conley, a poor Law Student of Portland, Me., has become heir to a great legacy, bequeathed to him by a relative in Ireland, lately deceased. Mr. Conley is now lecturing on temperance in this State.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Sunday last, Mr. William Plagg of this place was violently thrown from his wagon, and so seriously injured that he died in about five hours from the time of the accident. Mr. F. and his sister-in-law were on their way to Church, the lady, though seriously was not fatally injured.—[New-castle Democrat.]

SLIGHT-RIDING WITH A YOUNG WIDOW.—Snow had fallen; the young of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo as myself. "Oh! oh! don't!" she exclaimed as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight. "Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing anything," "Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin. "A Toll!" I rejoined; "what's that?" "How!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laughing ring above the music of the bells. "Dr. Meadows pretends he don't know what toll is!" "Indeed, I don't then," I said, laughing in turn. "Don't know that the gents, when they go on a sleighing party, claim a kiss as toll, when they cross a bridge? Well, I never!" When next we came to a bridge, and I claimed toll, the struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it; and somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was turned directly towards my own, and in the glittering of the moonlight, the horse trotting on himself, toll was taken for the first time in his life by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was no use to resist, and she paid up as we reached it, without a struggle. "But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, Doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical affirmative to the question. Did you ever, reader, sleigh-side with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?

Mr. Goodale, the proprietor of an extensive nursery in Saco, in this state, thinks the native pears of Maine are harder than the imported varieties, only because—with us the tender ones get killed off while they are young, leaving the hardy ones to become trees. He says that a wet sub-soil is, without exception, the worst enemy to fruit culture in this state. He says that even the Bartlett, which is the tenderest variety that he cultivates, stands well on soil that has been thoroughly drained four feet deep, and on the same ground where he once lost five hundred trees in a winter before draining.

Markets.

Waterville Retail Prices.
CORRECTED WEEKLY.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|------|------|-----|----|----|
| Flour | 7 75 | 8 50 | 100 | 5 | 8 |
| Corn | 45 | 50 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Oats | 125 | 1 50 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Beans | 17 | 18 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Eggs | 10 | 12 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Butter | 10 | 12 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Cheese | 10 | 12 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Apples, best | 50 | 100 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Apples, common | 25 | 50 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Potatoes | 25 | 40 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Hay, loose | 10 | 12 | 100 | 10 | 12 |
| Rye | 10 | 12 | 100 | 10 | 12 |

Brighton Market—Oct. 20.
At Market, 2200 Cattle, 1250 were 700 Sheep, and 2200 Hogs.

Prices.—Beef Cattle.—We quote Extra, \$7.50 a \$8 first quality 6.75 a \$7.25; second 6.50 a \$7; third 5.75, 5.50 a \$5.25.

Cows and Calves.—Sales \$2, 27, 31, 32, 35.

Working Cows.—Sales \$12, 2 years old, \$15; 2 years old, \$12; 3 years old, \$10; 4 years old, \$8; 5 years old, \$7; 6 years old, \$6; 7 years old, \$5; 8 years old, \$4; 9 years old, \$3; 10 years old, \$2.

Swine.—Still Hogs 3.34 a 6.58. Shorthorn peddle 5.34 a 6. Old Hogs 5 and 5.50. At retail from 6 to 7.50.

Notices.

The young man who was seen to take a roll of Velvet Ribbon from Mrs. Lyford's shop, some 3 or 4 weeks ago, will please send it back, or 4 dollars instead, and no expense will be made.

A CARD.
B. F. Wheeler tender his thanks to the public for the large increase of patronage during the past year, and would respectfully invite the attention of his extensive assortment of Boots, Shoes and Hatters, for the fall and winter trade. The one price system has given general satisfaction, that he feels justified with his success by its adoption, and it will therefore be strictly adhered to for the future, and his prices will be as low as those of any establishment on the river. Please call and see.

It gives pleasure to recommend the well known firm of R. F. Elden & Co. to all who are desirous of securing great bargains in the way of Dry Goods, Feathers, Crockery and Glassware. In order to accommodate their numerous customers, they have recently enlarged their former spacious sales-room, and made great additions to their varied assortment. Purchasers will find it especially for going to the City to make selections, as their facilities for buying are unsurpassed, having a large stock of goods on hand, and the latest styles and best bargains.

FAIR PLAY. The undersigned would respectfully inform the committee on boots and shoes, upon whom the pressure was awarded to a case of ordinary shoes, that a much superior article was exhibited.

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A CARD.
MRS. HARRIS, Physician, is located in Waterville, and may be found at the Elmwood Hotel, ready to attend all who may desire her professional services, especially those of her own sex, who may prefer a female to male practitioner. Refers to Dr. W. M. Cornell, Dr. C. Rolfe, Professors in the Female Medical School, Boston, and Dr. J. M. Newell, Philadelphia.

We would advise every one, and especially all who desire to read the advertisements of R. F. Elden & Co. in this paper. They have just returned from New York with an extensive and desirable stock of Silks, Thibets, and all the latest and Winter trade. Judging from the crowd of ladies who daily visit their store, we do not hesitate to give it as our candid opinion, that they are selling more goods and at lower prices, than any other house this side of Portland.

Ladies wishing to purchase Silk, Thibet, or Lyons Dress, or Shawl of any kind, will do well to examine the large stock of Wm. H. Brain and Co. We should judge from their very large stock of Silks, Thibets, and all the latest and Winter trade, that they are selling more goods and at lower prices, than any other house this side of Portland.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.—We understand that a man, coming out from the National Theater, last night, slipped down and fractured his ankle severely, and though he had enjoyed himself greatly during the evening in seeing Forest in his great play of *Macbeth*, yet he could not help expressing great regrets for the accident. He is now in the hands of the doctors, and is expected to be perfectly well and never trifle anything that seemed to give him pleasure. It is a sad accident, and a good article, we think, by personal experience. It can be had of Wm. Fairbank and Co., 17 Spruce-st., New York, and Frederick Parker, 35 Washington-st., Boston.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., Proprietors, 304 Broadway, N. Y. J. Dismore & Son, Skowhegan, General Agents for all west, and Richards & Perkins, Bangor, all east of the Kennebec River, Maine, and for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

"I DIGEST!" Such is the true meaning of the word "PEP-SIN," or the true meaning of the word "DIGESTION." It is the digestive and appropriate title of the TRUE DIGESTIVE, or GASTRIC JUICE, prepared by J. S. HUGHES, of Philadelphia, from the fourth stomach of the Ox, for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It is Nature's own remedy for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It is a good article, we think, by personal experience. It can be had of Wm. Fairbank and Co., 17 Spruce-st., New York, and Frederick Parker, 35 Washington-st., Boston.

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