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BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dwinnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The morning of the winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze;
O vision bright! O blessed hours!
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's warbled powers,
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim embers glowing round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground;
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
With their low plaintive murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West;
They bore the woodlark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the balmy downy nest,
And transient all, as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which hope about her forehead twines,
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe;
Then pleasure's lip its empire resigns.

Alas! for Time, and Death and Care!
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

Miscellany.

Religion of Revolutionary Men.

BY LAMARTINE.

I know—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. It is because the idea of God—which arises from the evidences of nature, and from the depths of reflection, being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable—and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest and most unreflective of all European races—this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the great conception of the human understanding.

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, and to pray for us? Is it because we are, and have been a military people, a soldier nation, led by kings, heroes, ambitious men, from battlefield to battlefield, making conquests, and never keeping their ravaging, dazzling, charming, and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fire-sides of the people?

I know not, but certain it is, that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die looking at the spectator, or at most, posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying—and compare.

Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, and ascended and descended in their political life, always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the liberator of America died, confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul.

Sidney, the young martyr of a patriotism, guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to exalt his country's dream of liberty, said to his jailer—I rejoice that I die innocent toward the king, but a victim, resigned to the King on High, to whom all life is due.

The Republicans of Cromwell only sought the way of God even in the blood of battles. Their policies were their faith—their reign a prayer—their death a psalm. One hears, sees, feels, that God was in all the movements of these great people.

But cross the sea, traverse La Manche, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that his name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France! The victims only have a God; the tribunes and liars have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death—"Crown me with flowers," said he, "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music"—not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony.

Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and saviors. Not a glance toward heaven. Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"Oh, Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn the Marseillaise!

Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner—"You will show my head to the people; it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last thought, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of the latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem to have marched in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister—death—itself recalls neither the threatnings nor promises of God!

The republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won by so much heroism and so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenger it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier and some apostate republicans, travestied into courtiers. An atheistic republicanism cannot be heroic. When you glorify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immortalize itself. Who would take any heed? The people ungrateful and God non-existent! So atheistic revolutions!

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1855.

NO. 16.

The Leper in the Middle Ages.

There are but few of the passages in our Lord's ministry which present in a more striking light the compassionate spirit with which he labored for alleviation of men's bodily and spiritual ailments, than his cure of the leper, as recorded in the eighth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. When he descended from the mount, on which he had been delivering the longest and perhaps the most important of all the discourses addressed to his followers, a multitude, we are informed, followed him. Amid the gathering throng, one form, of more than usual ghastliness, is seen approaching. His face is covered with scales, his body is wasted and decayed. As he advances, we may almost imagine that we see the crowding spectators retire, afraid of contagion. The Savior, however, does not withdraw. Scarcely has the unhappy sufferer cast himself on the ground in supplication, and the words, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean," escaped his lips, when the gracious reply goes forth, "I will; be thou clean," and immediately health bloomed on the cheek and mantled in the veins of the leper.

In England, and indeed throughout Europe, the associations connected with the above and other displays of Christ's power in cleansing leprosy, are of a vague and general character, the disease being one with which we have no familiar acquaintance. In the pages of a French periodical, however, which lies before us, we are reminded that this was not always the case. During the middle ages, and more particularly at the time of the Crusades, this fearful disorder was imported from the east, and proved in France a fertile source of terror to the inhabitants. Selecting his victims from all classes of the population, it spared neither poor nor peasant—monarchs themselves even fell victims to it. Establishments had to be opened for the reception of leprous members of the royal families; and one existed in Dauphiny expressly for the use of persons of noble birth. An institution of somewhat the same kind was erected at one time in London, on the site, it is believed, or nearly so, of the modern palace of St. James.

According to Matthew Paris, a chronicler of the middle ages, there existed in Europe, during the thirteenth century, nearly twenty thousand leper houses and lazarettos, for the reception of those who were afflicted with this dreadful disorder. In France alone, according to the statement in the will of King Louis the Young, the number of these receptacles reached at one time, to two thousand. On the domain of a feudal lord at Aisne, there were ten establishments of this nature, supported by the contributions of families, each of whom had some members immured within their walls.—These calculations give us an affecting picture of the desolations which this dire malady must have inflicted on many a household.

The superstition of the period added, by its gloomy ceremony, to the terror which the approach of this dreaded disorder inspired. When an individual was pronounced in a state of contagion, he was led to a neighboring church, where the service for the dead was performed over him. He was then conducted to the leper house, to be consigned to a living tomb.—Arrived at the gates of this gloomy mansion, he was stripped of his dress which he had hitherto worn, and arrayed in a funeral garb. He was warned to bid farewell to the world, and exhorted to look beyond its checkered scenes, to bliss which awaited the faithful in heaven, where no leprosy, no impurity, no tears, no separation could find access. The exhortation ended by a staff being placed in his hands, with which he was to ward any from coming in contact with his person. The gates then received their inmate, and another victim was consigned to a living sepulchre.

Sometimes it happened that natural affection gained the mastery over the fear of contagion and the sweets of social life. Dreadful as was the prospect of perpetual immurement within the precincts of a lazaretto, surrounded by all that was loathsome, such a fate was occasionally preferred by a fond wife to separation from a beloved husband. An instance of this kind is recorded as having occurred at the town of Tours. In the month of May, 1326, a young man, afflicted by the leprosy, had a young enemy who had referred to performed over him. The priest had recited the accustomed formula, prohibiting him from talking aloud unless attired in the leprosy's garments, forbidding him to place his naked foot on the ground, to mix in the company of men, to enter crowded streets or churches, or to wash himself in the waters of any fountain or river. In another moment the gates of the leprosy house were about to close upon an exile from the sweets of social life. At that instant, however, the wife of the leper stepped forward, and refused to leave her husband. "If I quit him," she said, "who will love him? Do you say I will myself become a leper! God, if it be his will, can preserve me. Did he not cure Job and Naaman? and may he not, in answer to my prayers, restore my husband to health! Be the issue what it may, however, I will not abandon him, without whom the world would be to me a desert." Many such scenes doubtless occurred. They will bring, perhaps, to the reader's recollection the touching incident of the self-denying Moravian missionaries, who under circumstances of somewhat analogous character, entered the leprosy houses in Africa, and devoted themselves, out of love to the souls of its unhappy inmates, to a perpetual estrangement from all the comforts of social existence.

The lepers in France, however, did not always inspire sympathy. It is a characteristic of the natural heart, that while unsoftened by the Gospel, it is apt, in seasons of wide-spread calamity, to become steeled to the miseries of others from selfish anxiety for its own safety. The alarming spread of leprosy in France awoke at one time the superstitious fears of the multitude, and led to the existence of a deplorable character. In the reign of Philip V., a rumor spread among the lower orders that the lepers had entered into a conspiracy to infect others with their dreaded disorder by polluting the public wells and fountains. These reports were greedily believed; and the credulous monarch countenanced them by issuing an ordinance to the judges to exercise summary vengeance on all lepers whom they suspected of such practices. Several of these unhappy objects, although persons of distinction, were put to the torture, and burned over a slow fire at Paris. In other parts of the country a large multitude perished in the flames, kindled by the groundless alarms of an ignorant populace.

After the fourteenth century the number of lepers in France gradually diminished. The massacres, to which we have adverted, greatly thinned their ranks. As the intercourse with the east, occasioned by the Crusades, ceased, fresh sources of contagion were avoided. The advancing civilization of the times, also greater attention to food, and above all, the more extended use of linen as an article of clothing, arrested, and under the good providence of God, finally extirpated the disorder. The gloomy remains of old leprosy houses, in several parts of the country, still, however, recall to memory the existence of this once formidable disease, and serve as a tide post to mark the advance of social comfort with which our own age has been favored and the corresponding obligations imposed upon us of gratitude to God for his distinguishing and undeserved mercies.

He Never Graduated.

No he never graduated, it is true! He does not shake in your face a roll of parchment, as a monument of title to be called a scholar, or a deed of warranty that he knows as much as some leathern-headed professor, who obtained a place among the College Faculty, on the ground that his father was a professor before him—and on no other! He did not ride on the backs of his classmates through a four years' course, and escape expulsion, or at least degradation to a lower class, just because his venerable paternal ancestor, yclept "the Governor," paid regularly all his college dues. He did not manage just to keep his head above water by means of a square-topped and high-crowned Greek cap, and the use of a few sonorous Greek and Latin phrases, tugged by the head and shoulders into conversation on all possible occasions. He never made pretence of study until the diploma was in his possession, and after that neither studied nor pretended to do so, and if his abilities were called in question, offered as a rebuttal a piece of parchment about the size of a Free Mason's apron, covered over with black letter and cabalistic signs, to translate which he himself is obliged to have recourse to a College Freshman!

He has done none of these things, but he has done far better. He would have gone to college if he could, and profited by its advantages, but he was too poor; so he did the next best thing which lay within his power. He attended the free public schools until he had mastered all the branches taught in them; then he wrought at a trade, at intervals, and earned a few terms, which he spent attending for a few terms at an excellent academy. He has studied intensely, both in school and out of school. He is a student still, and far more competent as an instructor than half of the college graduates.

Do the Boards of Trustees design to refuse him the vacant place in the high-school just because he has never obtained a diploma, and give it to the other candidate who has one—and that is the chief recommendation? The prestige of an "A. B." title is very well, other things being equal; but it ought to be the last, as it certainly is the least recommendation.—Let boards of trustees and inspectors of schools bear these things in mind, and let the test of competency be a rigid examination, instead of paper or parchment testimonials, and a much less number of failures in the department of instruction will be likely to occur.

[Rural New Yorker.]

Bees.

Any body can manage bees. It is the easiest thing in the world to do it, just as it is to make an egg stand on end,—after one knows how. A man who knows their nature and habits, and can avail himself of their instincts, can make them do just what he pleases. Ten thousand men have kept bees for thousands of years, and have watched their doings, and many have written learned treatises upon the economy of their Commonwealths. But it has fallen to Huber and Langstroth and a few others to discover the few simple secrets which, while they are unknown, have rendered their movements so mysterious. Anybody can move a hive of bees from its stand, invert it and call them out, and handle them as he pleases, and restore them to the hive with perfect safety, and the bees will be all the time perfectly good-natured, and not an individual among them will offer to sting him, and yet very few persons dare make the attempt, and still fewer know how to do it with safety. When bees are alarmed, they believe with the miser, that their treasure is the object of the invader; as it is the only treasure of any object to them, they act on the belief, that it is of equal value to others. If the alarm is repeated, each one drops all other employments, whether he is constructing a cell or filling it with honey, or in whatever work he may be employed, and sets himself at once to secure as much honey as his honey bag will contain. Each one secures a share of the pure liquid nectar. Each sucks in his drop of honey, that at least so much may be secured from plunder. It is surprising with what rapidity a bee will fill himself with honey, when alarmed. He draws it in, in a continued stream till he can hold no more, and then quietly awaits the result of the alarm. Having secured as much of his treasure as he can, the instinct of his nature is satisfied. He has done all he can. And now comes the secret by the knowledge of which the operator can handle and manage them as he chooses.

When a bee is full of honey he never stings, unless pinched or otherwise injured. The operator has only to induce them to fill their bags with honey, and they at once become harmless. This is a uniform law of their nature, as certain and reliable as any other law of nature. The knowledge of this law and a little experience in managing the alarm in such a way as to induce each bee to seize his portion of the common treasure, is the only magic possessed by the bee charmers, which enables them to astonish by their boldness the uninitiated lookers on. The drones have no stings, of course they may be handled with impunity. The different keys upon which bees pitch their note indicate their condition. When they are full of honey their note is on a lower key, and has a quite uniform hum drum tone. When they are empty, their note is sharp and angry. When a swarm have filled themselves it may happen that one or more may be found, that have not secured any portion of the treasure. Perhaps they just have returned to the hive, and have had no opportunity to fill themselves. These will fly about in great agitation uttering a sharp piercing note. If you are not careful you may get stung by them. Their angry note is readily distinguished from the note of the rest of the swarm, and the operator puts himself at once on his guard. A few days since, I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Langstroth, on the

grounds of Mr. Brown, Editor of the New England Farmer, take a large old hive, full of bees, and remove it from its stand, and turn it bottom upwards, and call out the swarm into an empty box—take them up by handfuls, and handle them with the same freedom, as he would so many peas. He broke open several bees and showed the full honey bag. He struck down one that was uttering a spiteful note and threatened to sting him, and showed that his bag was empty. Not having secured any portion of the common stock, he was obeying the next instinct of his nature, and endeavoring with his own unaided weapon, to drive off the invader. Mr. L. has constructed a very ingenious hive, in which the operations of the bees, and the progress of their work, may be readily watched from day to day. In this hive the comb is constructed in plates about an inch thick, entirely distinct from each other. Any one of these plates may be taken out, the bees shaken or brushed from the comb. The frame is replaced, and the bees immediately set themselves to work to reconstruct another comb in place of that which has been taken away. The whole arrangement is very complete, and shows a thorough knowledge of the nature and habits of bees, a knowledge which has cost him years of close and careful observation. We commend this hive to those who raise honey, and who would always have it within their reach, and especially to those who like to study the habits and economy of the curious and busy bee.—[Country Journal.]

Appearance of the Arctic Navigators.

A northern latitude is eminently conducive to the development of hair and fat. At least the samples of its effects in the persons of the returned Arctic navigators yesterday would unavoidably lead us to this conclusion. Every one was stout and rosy, and as no one had marred the beards of the mariners since their departure from those shores, every face was covered with a sturdy growth of hair that was perfectly refreshing to behold. Dr. Kane himself wore a beard of patriarchal proportions, in the corners of which still lingered the silver traces of his residence within the frigid zone. His little body was wrapped in multitudinous layers of flannels and skins, and over all was drawn a tight worsted shirt, so that his person was of almost Falstaffian proportions. The doctor looked quite fleshy in the face, and altogether his Arctic sojourn seemed to agree with him wonderfully well. Between the doctor and his men an almost fatherly feeling seemed to exist, they looking up to him with pride and veneration, feelings which he returned by an affection for them that was truly parental. At an early moment after anchoring, Dr. Kane, Lieut. Hartstein, Dr. Kane's officers and several of his men went on shore, accompanied by their numerous friends, who had already put off to the ship to welcome them home.

The vessels are in good trim, staunch and ready for another tussle with the elements; but no doubt for the present they will be laid up in ordinary. We observed numerous articles of Esquimaux manufacture on board; among them ladies' seal-skin breeches, elegant leggings and moccasins that looked externally big enough for a giant, so small on the inside that only a very delicate foot could don them. But we must draw to a close, and take another occasion for a minute examination of these curiosities.

Our reporter found in the fore-castle a somewhat aged and docile specimen of the canine species, whose history is quite eventful. He is a large full-blooded animal of the Esquimaux breed, known by the sobriquet of "Toodles," and is a great favorite with the men, both on account of his sagacity and the faithfulness with which he has served them during the cruise. He is the sole survivor of a pack of sixty dogs, used by Dr. Kane and his companions, some of which they afterwards reduced to the necessity of killing for food. Poor Toodles had a narrow escape! One morning found the party without a particle of food, and only a single dog—this faithful and affectionate Toodles, who had been the companion of their vicissitudes, shared their sufferings, and who had lost the use of two toes by frost in their service. Thus Toodles had accumulated claims on their gratitude, and for a long time they hesitated before sacrificing him.

But although the ties of friendship are hard to break, the calls of a hungry stomach will not be satisfied with sentiment, and consequently Toodles was doomed. The pistol was already loaded and the stew-pan prepared, which was to convert the shaggy body of Toodles into a savory ragout, when, providential interference! one of the party made his appearance with a seal, which he had just succeeded in capturing. The appearance of a numerous herd of seal in that vicinity prevented a recurrence of actual starvation, and thus Toodles was saved.—[New York Tribune.]

WHAT PRIDE COSTS.—An Illinois farmer, writing to a Chicago paper about the expenses of a settler, says, "his living will vary according to the size of his family, and their propensity to gratify pride, which is always an expensive article in a new country." The good farmer might have added that pride was an expensive article anywhere. Certainly, if it is so costly an affair on a prairie farm, it is none the less costly in our great Atlantic cities, which are full of the ruin caused by pride. Thousands are annually beggared, and tens of thousands straightened in circumstances by this same pride.

It is pride that makes the father dress his daughters beyond his means. It is pride that induces the mother to do the kitchen work, that Mary Anne may sit in the parlor and practice music. It is pride that leads families to live in houses finer than they can afford, to give showy parties, to waste the surplus of their income in a summer excursion. It is pride that has French mirrors, French laces, French china, French knickknacks of every sort. It is pride, in short, that is at the root of half the extravagance of the age. Truly did the wise man say, "Pride goeth before destruction." Embarrassment and ruin are what pride costs. [Philadelphia Ledger.]

The Secretary of the Interior, to whom the question has been referred, has decided that, in computing the 14 days' military service necessary to entitle one to bounty land under the Act of March 3, 1855, travel cannot be estimated. Many have applied for land under this Act who could not make out the 14 days' service requisite without the time spent in travel. To such, lands cannot be accorded under the Act of March 3, 1855.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE AND THE RUM FIRE.

BY REV. JOHN FIERSTONE.

The prairie fire! at midnight hour,
The traveler hears it roaring by—
A form of terror and of power,
That walks the earth and licks the sky.

The wild deer on his grassy bed
Wakes from his dream of breaking day,
Listens, and lifts his untired head,
Sniffs the hot blast and bounds away.

Where that destroying angel goes,
Borne on the wings of autumn's wind,
He leaves no grass, no prairie rose,
But all is scorched and black behind.

But when spring comes, a flowery belt
Across the prairie's bosom thrown,
Shows us that where his foot was felt
The angel dropped a jeweled zone.

But there's a fire along whose track
Spring never scatters flowers in bloom;
No spring ever follows—all is black
As midnight in a hopeless tomb.

Alike upon the low and high
Falls this strange fire; it feeds and plays
On beauty's cheek, in wisdom's eye,
And melts down manhood in its blaze.

And youth and age—its power is such—
Blossoms and fruit alike are burned;
And every virtue by its touch
Is shriveled, and to ashes turned.

Quench, Holy Father! by thy power,
By love and law, with spirit and will,
With stream and cistern, flood and shower,
In mercy quench this fire of hell.

NATURE AND RELIGION.—It is a false idea that religion requires the extermination of any principle, desire, appetite, or passion, which our Creator has implanted. Our nature is a whole, a beautiful whole, and no part can be spared. You might as properly and innocently lop off a limb from the body, as eradicate any natural desire from the mind. All our appetites are in themselves innocent and useful, ministering to the general weal of the soul.—They are like the elements of the natural world, parts of a wise and beneficent system, but, like those elements, are beneficial only when restrained.

The worst abuses of our religion have sprung from a cowardly want of confidence in its power. Its friends have feared that it could not stand without a variety of artificial buttresses. They have imagined that men must be bribed into faith by annexing to it temporal privileges now driven into it by menaces, and inquisitions, now attracted by gorgeous forms, now awed by mysteries and superstitions; in a word, that the multitude must be imposed upon, or the religion will fall. I have no such distrust of Christianity; I believe in its invincible powers. It is founded in our nature. It meets our deepest wants. Its proofs, as well as principles, are adapted to the common understanding of men, and need not to be aided by appeals to fear, or any other passion which would discourage inquiry or disturb the judgment. I fear nothing for Christianity, if left to speak in its own tones, to approach men with its unveiled, benignant countenance. I do fear much from the weapons of policy and intimidation which are framed to uphold the imagined weakness of Christian truth.—[Channing.]

BUYING BY SAMPLE.—We applied the penetration and the management of one of our old Commodores, in a Spanish port, years ago. He bought a cask of wine, (he liked the flavor of it,) in one of those enormous cellars, where the Spanish merchants store their immense stock of wine, and where they, if the truth must be revealed, also mix, brew, and manufacture it.—"To what place shall I send the pipe?" inquired the merchant. "Nowhere," said the blunt sailor; "I will take it with me," and then appeared a competent number of sailors, with a vehicle, all ready for the purpose. The merchant hesitated, demurred and objected to delivering it for one reason or other, and finally offered a handsome sum if he would take another cask next to it, just as good, in its room, as this particular one had been disposed of.—This made the Commodore still more earnest and resolved; so he insisted on paying the Spanish trader his bill, and took away his prize without asking "by your leave." It was worth double the sum he gave for it, as it was a sample cask of the pure article, which he and all who went to that cellar to purchase, were to taste as a criterion of the whole. When the article was sent home, after the bargain, another was always put in its stead. The poor merchant was thus deprived of his decoy, till he could prepare a new one at considerable cost. This time he made a poor bargain with the American Commodore, who used to tell his friends at Washington, when he treated them to a glass of it, that it was the best battle he ever fought, and he had seen sharp service in 1813.

LICENTIOUSNESS OF POMPEII.—The discovery of Pompeii has been worth thousands of sermons as a vindication of the reforms worked by Christianity. Had it not been for the paintings that still survive on the walls of the exhausted dwellings, the moderns would have had no adequate conception of the immorality of the ancients. All that Tacitus has written of the licentiousness of the Roman emperors fails to make an impression equal to that produced by these indecent pictures. For that an idle, luxurious, and despotic monarch should violate every law, human and divine, seems impossible; but that private citizens should imitate their example, surpasses belief, which is proved by the walls of Pompeii. On these walls; the walls of dwellings; the walls of the common sitting room, the walls on which husband and wife, mother and daughter, maiden and suitor gazed in company, are seen paintings which would disgrace the vilest modern bawdy. The universality of these pictures prove that it was not a few dissolute young men, who thus covered the walls of their rooms, but that fathers of families, citizens of highest rank, and even grave senators were equally guilty. How gross and corrupt must that state of society have been, in which licentiousness not only shook off all decorum, but sat in the very domestic circle itself.

CONVERSATION.—Among all the accomplishments which our young ladies are expected to acquire, it is to be regretted that the art of conversation is not included. No grace of person or manners can compensate for the lack of this. In youth the conversation of our women is too apt to be trifling and gossip, and in middle age it is often confined to complaints of ill health and scandals of the day. Lively conversation upon instructive and elevating topics is but little practiced, and whenever it is found it gives a charm to the society of females which nothing else can. It triumphs over deformity and old age, and makes ugliness itself agreeable. Curran, speaking of Madame De Stael, who was by no means

handsome, but a splendid conversationalist, said that she had the power of taking herself into a beauty. Ladies should think of this. Beauty lies in other things than fine features or costumes.

The True Beauty.—Theodosia Burr.

The following interesting article, the suggestions contained in which are well worthy of regard, is taken from the Independent:

The influence of beauty is universal, and an influence to which every one will confess himself susceptible, whether it be the beautiful in nature or in art. But the beauty of the human face is perhaps the most impressive, and yet there are few who think that it depends at all on cultivation. The commonly received idea is, that one is born good or ill-looking, and cannot help himself, which is a very false and injurious notion.

There may be cultivated upon every face an enchanting beauty—an expression which will kindle admiration in every one who looks upon it, which will attract attention and win love far more than any mere physical combination—any perfection of form and coloring.

The physiognomist insists that the character is indelibly stamped upon the face—that which uniformly thinks and feels, traces itself in unmistakable lines upon the brow and cheek.—This I fully believe, though there may be so many variations that it requires long and skillful practice to read correctly what is written.

Aaron Burr is known to every American as a heartless, unprincipled man, but well versed in the knowledge of the world and the workings of the human heart. He had an only daughter, of whom he was very proud, and of whom he was determined to make a noble, high-minded woman. Yes, he said when she was a child, if he thought she would grow up a fashionable worldling, he would prefer to see her in the grave. He knew well the shoals and quicksands on which women were in danger of being wrecked, and very carefully he guarded his daughter, that the evils he knew so well might not come upon her.

He began in earliest childhood to cultivate and store her mind. He wished her to be an elegant and accomplished woman, but he did not fear that knowledge, however profound or abstruse, would destroy her true womanly qualities, and he knew it would be one of the best safeguards in the midst of temptation, disappointment and sorrow. She was familiar with several languages, and was instructed in all the learning of the schools which is usually thought fully necessary for boys, while the accomplishments considered exclusively adapted to women were not neglected.

Just bad and wholly irreligious and immoral as he was himself, the father was scrupulously careful that his daughter should grow up with very different sentiments. She was not beautiful, was not even handsome, but he told her that beauty was a thing of cultivation; and if at any time she was moody or impatient or irritable, she was counseled to look into the mirror and see the effect it had upon her countenance, and the habitual indulgence of these tempers, she was told, would make any face repulsive. She was not commanded to be cheerful, good-tempered and benevolent, for this would have been sure to increase the evil he was trying to remedy, but a motive was given her that would be almost sure to influence a child and a woman, besides setting forth the importance of the virtues themselves he was inculcating. It was so thoroughly impressed upon her that kindness, disinterestedness and charity to all, would cause her brow to beam with a spiritual beauty more desirable than nature alone can confer, that it was a continual suggestion to the cultivation of right feeling, and the restraining of bad ones.

The wicked man, too, understood the necessity of appearing well in the eyes of his child, and so well did he succeed that she honored him as almost a perfection, and loved him with the most ardent affection. When he was absent from her he wrote her every day, and every day he expected her to write to him, thus accustoming her to the expression of her thoughts and opinions, keeping himself informed of her progress in her studies, and the development of her mind, and creating the stronger chain to bind him to her heart.

Theodosia was the idol and object of unceasing care and attention of the man whose life was devoted to schemes of ambition and debasing self-gratification, and it seems strange that he should not have attempted to be what he was continually attempting to seem in her eyes.

When she became a young lady, she was called handsome, and pronounced by many Europeans the most accomplished American woman of her day. Her manners, as well as the expression of her countenance, were characterized by a dignity and sweetness which won the love as well as the admiration of all who saw her.

It may seem a foolish motive to present to a child, the desire to be beautiful, and might very easily be misconstrued and misapplied. To attempt to cultivate the expression would be the qualities of heart on which it alone depends, would be very likely to stamp upon the face a meaningless simper, a hypocritical smile which would be anything but pleasing. Our first impressions of a person are derived from the expression of the face and the manner. We carry day after day the expression—"There is a good face," or "I like that countenance." What pleasing manners, and these are generally very true indications of character. And a face which is repulsive, an external appearance from which we involuntarily shrink, will be almost sure to belong to a character from which we would shrink too.

I see before my eyes an old lady from whom every person turns away—concerning whom it is the universal remark "how disagreeable." She is one who is ever meddling with the affairs of others, ever repeating or manufacturing gossip, and never content unless her tongue is in motion. I saw before my mind's eye another old lady who is even more destitute of natural beauty, and yet on whose face your eyes are involuntarily riveted the moment she speaks—whose manners are so charming, that though she has seen more than seventy summers, you are fascinated as by a spell and her conversation is a continual well-spring of beautiful thoughts. Though time has furrowed her brow, and age has bent her form, she is welcome in every circle, and the command to "honor the aged" is entirely forgotten for all are ready to yield involuntary homage. Here the character is of the utmost harmony, the intellect is highly cultivated, and the heart and soul expanded with all good and noble thoughts, and the countenance one of the strongest proofs of the theory of the physiognomist. In this case there was probably no thought of the beauty in the cultivation of the heart, but the good and noble were sought and loved for their own sake alone. But we do not see anything wrong in wishing to be beautiful as well as good, in cultivating the heart with special reference to the face. We are sure that many a young lady would make a great effort to be amiable if she were perfectly convinced that it would add essentially to her personal attraction.

Theodosia Burr had a short life, and her death was a very sad one. She was married to a gentleman of high standing in Charleston, South Carolina, and after residing there a few years, was returning to her northern home with her only son, in a vessel bound to New York. After leaving port they were never heard from

and nothing was ever known concerning their fate. Whether a storm arose and swept them out into the sea and sunk them in a watery grave, or whether pirates, who were then in great numbers upon our coast, boarded and murdered them, was only a conjecture. It was a terrible blow for a fond father. She was his only child, and her son his only grandchild, and he was indeed alone; and in this one thing he can be commended, and this only, for an example in the education of his daughter. He knew all about the fashionable world and its fashionable women, and would rather have buried her than see her become one. Would there were more to become like her.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 1, 1855.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
P. FARRIS, 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 office is at No. 10 State St., Boston. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, Third and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia; S. W. Corcoran, North and Fayette Sts., Baltimore.
B. M. PARSONS & 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.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Waking the Wrong Passenger.

"No uncommon thing, in this world, to wake up the wrong passenger," was the concurring remark of an old gentleman in the cars, when we happened to set the heel of our boot upon the smallest end of the tail of a very small dog that lay at the feet of a very fat old lady. Certainly not—we have seen it done more than once. The Bangor gentleman who refused to surrender his ticket to the conductor, on the plea that having paid for that piece of paste-board, it was his property, found he had waked up the wrong passenger, when an officer took him by the collar, and did not release his legal hold till the Bangor pocket was lightened to the tune of five hundred dollars. Bangor is a 'fat' place, and this was one of her 'fat' men.

A gentleman who recently passed over one of the western roads, mentions a case in which the conductor proved to be the 'wrong passenger' to a fellow who wanted to wake him up. The fellow had taken his ticket for a town having two depots, and insisted on going to the farthest one, though he had only paid to the first. The conductor gently remonstrated, but without avail—the fellow refused to leave the cars or fork over the additional ten cents. The train approached the other depot, and he took his leave of a friend on the same seat just in season to catch a glimpse of the depot, as the train whizzed past without touching a break. Rushing to the door, his anxious eye met the quiet grin of the conductor, as he said condescendingly, 'You are welcome to your ride eight miles to the next depot, with the privilege of walking back this evening on the track.' That conductor didn't need 'waking up.'

It is said that somebody joggled a passenger in the cars of the A. & K. Railroad last week, who 'waked up' sooner than was looked for. An expressman who had never been impeached for lack of good manners, but who had learned by some years travel on the line, to feel pretty well 'at home' in the baggage cars, finding the seats all occupied, thought to favor a lady with a seat in the saloon. On opening the door, his surprise at finding it already occupied by a gentleman who did not rise on being looked at—connected perhaps with the impatience of the lady waiting at his elbow to see him ousted—is said to have prompted the somewhat ungracious order, 'Out of this, sir!' The gentleman didn't appear as much frightened as was expected, but quietly replied that there was no other seat vacant, and he had availed himself of this. 'Can't help it—want this seat for a lady.' 'Are you the conductor?' inquired the occupant of the saloon, in a manner that said he knew pretty well where he was, but was willing to submit to the 'powers that be.' 'Yes—conductor enough for this.' In a subsequent investigation, the saloon passenger asserted that the qualifying part of this reply was not appended, but that the expressman intentionally passed himself for conductor. The 'wrong passenger' opened his eyes and left the saloon—but only to find an agent of the company, and report himself an insulted man, and that insult from the conductor. 'Impossible that you was thus treated by the conductor,' said the agent, after listening to the details; 'go and point him out to me.' He did so, and stopping in front of the expressman, said, 'This is the man who ordered me out of the saloon, and told me he was the conductor.' Here was a plain case. 'It's a d—d lie,' says expressman promptly, 'not to say civilly.' 'I said I was conductor enough for that.' After a brief and by no means promising parley, the mediating agent found that the abused passenger was not known to his abuser; and taking him aside, told him that he had unluckily fallen into the hands of Mr. B. of Boston, one of the largest stockholders in the road! Here was a dilemma indeed, and the agent was invited to aid in selecting the best horn. But the 'wrong passenger' was too wide awake to be lulled again, and protested that he would be satisfied with nothing but the dismissal of the offending expressman from the line. The 'largest stockholder,' whether in church, State, or railroad, is generally able to resent his own injuries—and so it was here. A brief dispatch to the superintendent, and another equally brief to Winslow & Co., Boston, told the offending expressman that he might be 'conductor enough' to wake up the wrong passenger, yet 'the largest stockholder' is a bad subject for the first experiment. At least he will hereafter bear in mind that once on a time he lost a good place for lack of good manners. [Our subject in telling the story, is, that others may remember it too, for we protest that an acquaintance of several years has never revealed to us the fact for which he was so promptly held to account.]

Consoling.—The Boston Traveller thinks it worthy of a special paragraph, that for three days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, no accident occurred on the Boston and Worcester railroad, though an unusual number of passengers passed over it during the time. But more wonderful still, as the Traveller implies, is the fact that nobody's pocket was picked in the cars for the said three days.—Think of this, ye who carry money and brains when you travel, and derive from it what consolation you can. O tempora! O, railroads!

United States Agricultural Exhibition.
BOSTON, WEDNESDAY OCT. 24, 1855.
Messrs. M. & W. :—This is the second day of the great Exhibition of the U. S. Agricultural Society, and a rainy day it is; it commenced raining last evening about eight o'clock and has rained most of the time since, and is still raining—12 o'clock M.—with no prospect of clearing off to-day. This seems a little unfortunate, but now, as ever, a rainy day has its advantages for the people, and among others that of affording time for rest, and for myself, I am quite reconciled to this.

I have not visited the U. S. Exhibition to-day, and if it continues to rain, probably shall not, but shall avail myself of the opportunity, and this afternoon visit the great 'Industrial' or 'Inventors' Exhibition,' also now open in this city.

In my communication to you yesterday, I spoke of some of the classes of Live Stock on Exhibition at the National Show, and now propose to mention other classes and divisions though my descriptions must not, in any respect, be considered full, and in some respects, perhaps they are not fair, for the reasons that, first, I am not competent to judge fairly of all kinds of Stock here shown, and secondly, I have had but a limited time in which to examine and note the different and numerous contributions.

I will next speak of the Ayrshire Cattle.—There is not a large show of these, but there are some good ones. Robbins Battell, of Norfolk, Connecticut, shows a fine cow and heifer. Messrs. Hugnerford, Brodie and Converse, of Ellsworth, N. Y., show a bull, cow, and several heifers, some of them really handsome, which cannot be said of many Ayrshires, so far as I have seen them. Geo. M. Barrett, of Concord, Mass., and W. A. White of Lancaster N. H., also contribute Ayrshires. Most of the Ayrshire cows have the appearance of being good milkers.

Next come the little Jersey or Alderney cattle: of these there are a large number on exhibition, especially considering that they are comparatively a new variety in this country. They are queer looking little fellows, and I fear would make our friend Otis, and others who are fond of large and handsome cattle, turn up their noses—but they are reputed to be great milkers, for small cows, and the appearance of those here exhibited, fully sustains that reputation. The quality of their milk is said to be very rich. Their colors might not often please the fancy, running from a light buff to a dark brown or black, spotted generally more or less with white; but their skins are generally yellow, some of them almost golden colored. The Massachusetts Society for promoting agriculture, Thomas Motley, West Roxbury, R. P. Waters, Dedham, A. S. Lewis, Framingham, W. A. Haines, Newton, Geo. H. French, Andover, Joseph Burnett, Southboro', J. R. Spalding, West Roxbury, John Washburn, Swanscott, Edward King, Dorchester, Jonathan French and A. D. Weld, Roxbury, are contributors in this class. Samuel Henshaw of Brookline, near Boston, also has eight very fine animals of this breed. One cow of this kind, it was said, the owner had been offered and refused a thousand dollars for.

Of Grade Cows and Heifers there is a large variety, being mixtures of Durham and Native, Durham and Ayrshire, Devon and Native, &c. Some of these cows look like deep milkers, and are so, if the statements of their owners are true; but I think we have as good grades in North Kennebec, as those here exhibited.

Among the Fat Cattle, there are some monsters—one ox weighing 2760 pounds, another 2510; a young cow 2000 pounds, and a few others of large size. In this class, as also in those of working oxen and steers, I am happy to say that Maine is represented, and, as to quality, well represented. Messrs. Grant, of Farmingdale, Haynes, of Readfield, Newman, of Carthage, and others that I cannot now name, are contributors from our State. Mr. Newman has his two pairs of twin oxen here, which were so much admired at the State Exhibition, at Gardiner.

Of Working Oxen there are some good ones, but the show as to number or quality does not, I think, excel our late Show at Waterville; some of our folks say it does not equal it.

A pair of North Devon oxen belonging to B. V. French, of Baintree, are worthy of special notice, for their great beauty—they are six years old and their weight is 3480 pounds.

The show of Steers is rather small, certainly far below our last exhibition in this class.

Of the Sheep and Swine, I am not prepared to speak now.

Wednesday evening.—It is still raining, and not much has been done at the Show Ground to-day; the programme arranged for to-day is to be that of to-morrow, if the weather is fair, if not, it is to be postponed to the first fair day, when the Society will commence where they were to commence this morning, and carry out the remainder of their exercises; they are determined to go through with the exhibition as proposed at first, and to take fair weather to do it in. This is commendable, and I hope they will not have to wait long for it.

This afternoon I have been into the Industrial Exhibition. There is a great variety of Machines, Implements, &c., some new and ingenious inventions, and many useful and beautiful things; but I will not try to describe any, for I cannot begin to do justice to this Exhibition.

Thursday, Oct. 25.—To-day the weather is

more favorable for the great Exhibition; the rain has ceased, and although it is muddy and cold, the show ground is thronged with an immense multitude of human beings, which, of itself is a sight worth seeing, and a picture for the artist—some part of the time it is difficult to get in or out at the gates, so great is the crowd, and the cattle stalls, Sheep and Pig Pens are surrounded with a host of spectators, of both sexes and of all ages.

To-day there is a fine showing off of the horse kind; in the ring are fast stallions and fast mares at different hours, and outside the ring at the north end of the grounds, where there is plenty of room, the family horses, roadsters, and colts are exhibited and driven about, as the pride and pleasure of the several owners. Here also are several pairs of beautiful matched horses and a few ponies.—This outside (of the ring) exhibition is, to me, an interesting part of the show, including as it does some beautiful stepping animals.

I notice a beautiful Morgan mare from Limerick, Maine, as also two splendid stallions from Brunswick Maine, one of them called the 'State of Maine,' was very handsome,—when this horse was called by one of the committee, a gentleman from our State, standing near me, says: 'Hurrah for Maine, all but the Maine Law!' I do not suppose he meant any disrespect to the horse. Probably many of the fine horses here were raised in Maine—which was the case with a few as I noticed by the labels—as it is well known that Maine sells many fine animals yearly for Boston and other markets about here.

Boston people are making a sort of holiday of this, closing their shops and offices to attend the exhibition. This forenoon, some six hundred Truckmen mounted upon their heavy draft horses and dressed in white frocks and black hats, formed a cavalcade and moved twice around the trotting course, with music at the head, presenting quite a pleasing sight. At one time, a man mounted a large Devon bull and put him over the track to the great amusement of the multitude—he did not make very quick time, but upon the whole he made (a) very good time—for the people.

There is a goodly number of Sheep present, representing the 'French Merino' 'Leicester,' 'South Down' and some cross breeds, not being very sheepish, or in other words, not much versed in sheepology. I cannot give an opinion as to the quality of Sheep presented, but suppose many of them are A. No. 1, of their several kinds; for myself, I was more pleased with the beautiful 'South Downs' than any others. In one of the sheep pens is a pair of goats, thrown in, I suppose, by way of contrast. Here is, also a Shepherd Dog—a real woolly fellow—making no pretensions to beauty, but claiming to be very useful.

Of Swine there are 'Essex,' 'Suffolk,' 'Berkshire,' 'Maceday,' &c., &c., taken together, a good exhibition of this kind of stock. Quite a portion of the swine comes from the State of New York. The Essex hogs are black, and look like bears, but are not, after all, near so bare as the Suffolks, which, though they are very pretty, if there is any beauty in pigs, look as though they would like to crawl into the skin of a sheep to winter. Here and there is a patriarch among the hogs, with tusks long enough to hang your hat upon, and countenances as sour as will.

I have spoken of Oxen and Steers from Maine. I find, to-day, eight pairs of Oxen and one or two pairs of Steers from that State and they are among the best present here. A pair of two years old Steers from Readfield, are marked as weighing 3000 pounds.

The Maine Oxen, are from Buckfield, Cumberland, and Carthage—and weigh from 3000 to 4200 pounds.

During a trial of fast horses, to-day, one horse became unmanageable, broke his sulky, spilt the driver, knocked down a policeman, and did sundry other naughty things, not down in the bills.

This afternoon, G. W. F. Mellen, the celebrated aspirant for the United States Presidency, is exhibiting himself upon the grounds, rigged out with military and other ornaments, thus adding his mite to amuse the people.

To-morrow morning I leave the city, and shall not be able to give you any further information in regard to this third exhibition of the U. S. Ag. Society.

'Col. Shurtleff, of the State of Maine,' is mentioned among those who made poignant speeches at the late 'Reporters' Festival' in Boston. Who can 'Col. Shurtleff' be? We know our neighbor and friend J. B. Shurtleff, across the river in Winslow; and that he was engaged by the State of Maine newspaper to report the National Agricultural Society's Exhibition at Boston; but he is no more a colonel, or fit to be one, than we are. Think of Shurtleff! We could as readily imagine Col. Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit, or Col. Pattison at the head of Waterville College.

It can't be our friend has got to be a colonel! We remember when he was only an editor in New York, and afterwards a clerk in Washington. Then he settled on a pretty little green spot in Winslow to take comfort and raise Suffolk pigs. But ambition has got him at last, and made a colonel of him? 'Sic transit gloria mundi!'

N. B.—Colonel, send us over one of your 'pure Suffolks' for Thanksgiving. We'll roast him, and you and your 'staff' may come and help eat him. What say?—unless you are 'going to the wars' somewhere.

COMMENDABLE.—The selectmen of Waterville have the care of the poor of the town, and a generous policy towards them should always be commended. Mr. Charles Hallett, a worthy member of the board, has presented us with a beautiful yellow pumpkin that weighs fifty-seven pounds! Mr. Hallett will have our vote next year—if nobody sends us a bigger pumpkin.

OUR TABLE.

LADIES' REPERTORY.—The September number we did not receive, but the one for November is at hand, ornamented with a portrait of that sweet singer of the West, Mrs. Amelia Welby, and an engraving of the Ohio Wesleyan University. The usual amount and variety of good reading will be found in its pages.—Published under the direction of the Episcopal Methodist, by Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati, Ohio, at \$2 a year.

THE DRESS-MAKERS' AND MILLINERS' GUIDE, and Report of the Paris, London, and New York Fashions.—The character and design of this work is well set forth in the title, and with its liberal supply of beautiful fashion plates and patterns cut in tissue paper, it must be of great value to Milliners and Dress-Makers, and copied to all ladies who wish to dress with good taste.—This work was furnished by the publisher, S. T. Taylor, New York, as follows:—monthly, at \$5 a year; bi-monthly, \$3; single copies, with the patterns, 50 cts. A treatise on Dressmaking and Millinery has recently been published by Mr. Taylor, which he furnishes at the low price of \$2 1/2 cts.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The October number opens with a genial article on 'North and the North,' by a kindred spirit; then follow part 11 of Zaiden, part 2 of 'The Baltic in 1855,' Modern Light Literature—History, From Madrid to Bakhlava, Books for the Holidays, An Old Contributor at the Sea Shore, Centralization, Part 10 of the Story of the Campaign.

The four Great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of Subscription.—Any one Review or Blackwood, \$3 a year. Blackwood and any Review, or two Reviews, \$5. The four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10. Four Copies, \$30.—Postage on the four Reviews and Blackwood to any post office in the United States only 80 cents a year.

THE LADY'S ALMANAC.—By reference to our advertising department, the ladies will see that this pretty annual is again in the market, with as many attractions as usual.

COAST SURVEY.—We are indebted to Prof. A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, for a copy of his last able and valuable report.

A SAD WARNING.—One of our subscribers of Pennsylvania, formerly of this State, who recently left for California without settling for the Journal, was taken sick and died on the Isthmus. [Bangor Journal.]

Similar melancholy warnings doubtless come under the observation of every newspaper publisher; indeed there is no knowing what a man will be left to do who is wicked enough to cheat the printer. Only last week, a poor fellow in a neighboring town was found dead—hanging from a tree—and as no cause could be assigned for the rash and wicked act, the affair seemed involved in mystery, and talk of foul play was rife. Could the public have known what we knew, they would have no longer wondered that he committed suicide. Turning to our subscription book we found his name entered thereon, and after it, instead of payment duly rendered, this damning record, two years old—"dis, not pd, wouldn't pay if he could."—The only wonder is how he suggested round so long under such a crushing load of guilt.

"NORONBEGA HALL."—This is the name by which the Bangoreans have christened the fine hall in their new Market House. The Democrat, however, has the audacity to think that the name, so far from being good old orthodox Indian, is nothing but a Frenchman's broken English, the original being, simply, "No-um-by-gar"—a profane and curt rendering of the Maine Law which would very naturally occur to the Democrat, to whom this celebrated statute has been a perpetual nightmare since its enactment. "Baskabegan Hall," the Democrat suggests, would have been vastly more euphonious, and much better Indian.

THE WAR AT OUR DOORS.—We have not yet received intelligence that the northern half of Sebastopol has fallen into the hands of the Allies, but as our paper goes to press, we notice that the high sand bluff in Winslow, directly opposite our town, has been invaded by some one, who has moored thereon a non-descript machine—not 'long, low and black,' to be sure, but short and white—from which, with our naked eye, we can discern a muzzle pointed threateningly toward us: from all which we infer that our quiet and beautiful village is in great danger of being taken, and very few will be aware of it till after it is done. For further particulars see the display windows of Wing's daguerrotype rooms.

CATALOGUES.—Mr. Ch. W. Sanger, associate principal, sends us the catalogue of East Corinth Academy. Its total number of pupils for the year is 252. It is evidently a flourishing school, in charge of J. B. Wilson, a Waterville graduate.

Mr. Samuel K. Leavitt, a graduate of Waterville College, and teacher of Natural sciences in the New London, N. H. Literary and Scientific Institution, sends us the second annual catalogue of that school. The aggregate number of pupils is 638; indicating one of the most flourishing schools in New England.

THE N. ENGLAND BARDS.—Mr. Whitehouse always gets a good audience in Waterville, and must therefore permit us to say that he is bound to do them all the good he can. To this end he should do something to aid in advancing the standard of musical taste. No company is worthy of patronage that is not both capable and willing in this respect. For mere buffoonery, and the amusement of a rabble, the 'bogos niggers' are fully competent. That field should be left to them. With the Hutchinsons, in spite of their popularity, the tame wit of Judson is hurtful to their dignity, and a sad tax upon good taste. Its copy, though well done by one of the Bards, is worse than the original, because only a copy. The audience should be amused, but not disgusted. A hearty laugh from the adults is sure of sympathy from the boys, while the mere noise of the latter may only disgust the former. We are willing that even 'Villikins,' should please both, but don't want it in excess. It seems to us that Mr. Whitehouse has too much faith in newspaper puffs. They may help his pocket, while they make him as great a fool as Dodge; but his true musical reputation must come through the test of good musical taste. He sings the 'Dying Boy' tolerably well, and when the papers tell him he does better than this, they say more than his audience believe; doing him still further injury by giving him a little inflation that is seen to his disadvantage. In this we tell him a secret that his best friend might

die without disclosing; and we do so only because his music discloses too good a heart to fail of success for want of a kind hint. This piece on Monday evening commanded a very silent house: thus saving us an allusion to the discordant contact of gilt buttons with his guitar—which must have reached his own ear. We kindly commend the Dying Boy to covered bottoms.

The New England Bards are securing a good reputation, and with a little higher aim, in which we only desire to aid them, their visits to Waterville could hardly be too frequent.

Is Belfast "willing?" The Journal says: Many of the marked men of Belfast have moved away, to wit:—Crosby, Anderson, Heath, Cotter, Fletcher, Merrill, Carleton, &c., and many alas! have died; among whom are Judges Crosby and Johnson, Messrs Lowmy, Williamson, Pierce and others.

STATE OF MAINE.
BY THE GOVERNOR.
A PROCLAMATION
FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER

With the advice of the Executive Council, I hereby appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-second day of November next, to be observed in this State as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer.

Another year has rolled by, and we are again, through Infinite Goodness, enjoying the rich fruits of the abundant autumnal harvest. The labors of the husbandmen have been bountifully rewarded, and the industry of our citizens generally favored and blessed. Health has been uninterrupted by pestilence; and the destroying angel, that has so fearfully afflicted other communities in sister States, has, under Providence, mercifully spared the people of this Commonwealth.

For these, and the innumerable blessings we are enjoying, let our hearts be devoutly thankful. From every altar let Thanksgiving and Songs of Praise ascend to that God from whom these blessings flow. Let this festival be improved by the people of this State for the advancement of the cause of Humanity, Virtue and Christianity. Let the poor and the oppressed be remembered and alleviated, and the day be wholly spent as wisdom shall direct, and God approve and bless.

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, and of the Independence of the United States the eightieth.

ANSON P. MORRILL.

By the Governor,
ALDEN JACKSON, Secretary of State.

One Day Later from Europe.

The Ariel, belonging to the new Vanderbilt line of steamships, arrived at New York on Saturday evening, placing us in the possession of news from all parts of Europe, one day later than that received by the Africa.

Consols had improved a shade in London. Austrian finances are reported as in a most precarious condition.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, writing on October 12, at 6 o'clock in the evening, sends the following by express to London:—

News of the doings of the expedition which arrived before Odessa on the 8th, is anxiously expected. 10,000 French soldiers are on board the squadron, and the general belief is that Kinburn and Ochakoff are to be the points attacked.

A report of a popular outbreak in Sicily was prevalent.

Rome was dreadfully afflicted with cholera. At Madrid, also, there were about sixty cases a day and the civil governor of the capital had died from it.

Russian agents were busily at work in Italy and Switzerland.

Nothing later from the Crimea.

The English gun-boats had left the Baltic, and were under convoy home.

It is said that the Danish Sound Dues question will certainly be settled in an amicable manner.

The attempt to lay the submarine telegraph between the coast of Italy and Algeria had proved a failure, the cable having been ruptured in paying out.

POOR LANDS.—We had always heard that North Carolina contained the poorest lands of any State in the Union; if so, she is to be pitied after reading the following account of an extensive sale of lands in Virginia. We can hardly conceive it possible that in the Old Dominion there are such vast tracks of worthless land as appears by the following, which is copied from the Richmond Enquirer of the 20th October:—

In Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the following sales of Virginia lands were made by Thomas & Sons, auctioneers:

10 tracts of land, each 1000 acres, Dodge county, Va., 2 cents per acre.

5 tracts of land, 825, 2000, 2000 and 4000 acres, Randolph county Va., 1 3/4 cents per acre.

1 tract 1051 acres, Gilmer county Va., 2 1/4 cents per acre.

2 tracts, 2000 and 3000 acres, Washington county Va., 1 cent per acre.

4 tracts, 2000, 2500, 2500 and 3000 acres, Washington county Va., 1 1/2 cents per acre.

1 tract, 10,000 acres, Washington county, Va., 1 cent per acre.

1 tract, 2500 acres, Braxton county, Va., 1 1/4 cents per acre.

1 tract, 2500 acres, Monongalia county Va., 1 3/8 cents per acre.

1 tract, 14,000 acres, Gilmer county, Va., 2 1/8 cents per acre.

78 tracts, 1000 acres each, Montgomery and Fayette counties, Va., 1 cent per acre.

FATAL SUBMARINE EXPERIMENT.—Henry Levy, a native of France, met with his death, a few days ago on Hunter Point, L. I., while under the water in a submarine armor. He used armor of rubber, dispensing with air-tubes and force pumps. He had an India rubber receiver attached to his body, which contained a supply of oxygen gas, the flow being regulated by a tube and faucet. A vessel, containing slaked lime and caustic soda, was placed on his breast, for the absorption of the carbonic acid expelled from his lungs. He had made several experiments formerly in descending, at the time being under water twenty-five minutes. In his last experiment, after walking in the water a short distance, he returned, complaining of being unwell and feeling heated. Presently, against advice, he returned to the water, giving directions not to draw him out without he signalled. He remained under water thirty minutes, the signals being all that time that all was right; but when drawn up it was found that he was dead. The signals it is believed, were made by the motion of water.

TRUTHS WELL EXPRESSED.—In his address at the New York Fair, Gov. Wright, of Indiana, made the following excellent suggestions. They comprise a volume in a nutshell!

'We must cultivate the roots, not the tops. We must make the family government, the school, the farm, the church, the shop, the agricultural fairs, laboratories of our future greatness. We must educate our sons to be farmers, artisans, architects, engineers, geologists, botanists, chemists,—in a word practical men. Their eyes must be turned from Washington to their States, counties, towns, districts, homes. This is true patriotism, and the only patriotism that will perpetually preserve the nation.'

THE MISSING AERONAUT.—It makes one shudder to think of the probable fate of Mr. Winchester, who went up in a balloon from Norwalk, Huron county, Ohio, on the 2d inst. Over two weeks have elapsed, and no tidings have as yet reached his family at Milan, of his fate. Whether frozen to death in upper air, and then dashed to earth, or buried in the deep bosom of the lake, no word has come to tell. While we wonder at his temerity, we must pity his probably sad fate. Yet there is hope still, as the last seen of him, his airy vessel was wafted towards the North, sufficiently inflated, as we are told by the Norwalk papers, for a voyage of from two to three days. Perhaps he landed in Canada, so far from railroads and telegraphs as to prevent tidings yet reaching his home. It is but a hope, however. The Norwalk Reflector says:—

It was reported some days since that he had been heard from somewhere in Canada, but the report could be traced to no reliable source, and proved to be unfounded. It is pretty generally believed here, that he is lost—as to the precise manner, if so, there are various opinions. Many suppose that he may have ascended so high, that he became insensible, and perished from cold. His fate whatever it may be, is a matter of speculation. We conversed with a gentleman from Milan, a few days since, who told us that Mr. W. had, for some time past, manifested a strong desire for ballooning, and that he had expressed his intention of ascending higher, and to make a longer aerial voyage than any other aeronaut had ever accomplished. We are told he took only twenty-five pounds of ballast with him, which was about half as much as he took when he made his ascension from Milan a short time previous.

Although merchants from every part of the State have got into the way of stopping in Portland to purchase their goods, still there may be some who are not aware that there is a house in the fancy goods line established where they can buy all their small wares, and where they will find as complete and extensive an assortment as can be found either in Boston or New York. To such we would say, that they will do well to call on SHEPHERD & CO., Wholesale dealers Exchange street. They are agents for many of the Connecticut Manufacturers and have an agent in New York during the business season to keep up the auction sales and from whom they are continually receiving cheap lots of desirable goods. An establishment of this kind has long been wanted here and the merchants who come to Portland can now find every thing they require without going farther; and can buy here cheaper, too, as a great effort is being made by our merchants to stop all of the trade of the State in Portland.—State of Maine.

ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER DETACHMENT OF SCOTCH FACTORY GIRLS.—Among the passengers by the ship Star of Empire, which arrived at Boston on Wednesday, from Liverpool, were about sixty Scotch girls, engaged to work in the factories here. They were mostly young, neatly dressed, and some of them quite good looking. They were forwarded to Holyoke, their place of destination the same evening, via the Boston and Worcester railroad.

PUBLIC FEELING IN ST. PETERSBURG.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Press, writing on the 29th ult., says:—'Since the whole of the Court quitted our capital, and the principal ministers accompanied the Emperor to Moscow, there has been received here no news respecting events in the Crimea. Complete uncertainty and melancholy sadness prevail; and it is at St. Petersburg, especially that the boyards most manifest their discontent. Reviews and parades cherished their warlike ardor. These have ceased, and the absence of the high functionaries, civil and military, who have followed the Emperor, leaves the nobles at leisure to consider the difficulty in which Russia has been placed by the war in the East. Hence their discouragement, manifests itself openly in their words. Moreover, adding to their discontent, certain pamphlets pass more easily from hand to hand, and cherish these melancholy feelings. The discontent, it is impossible to deny, has reached the lowest classes of the population, and the peasants are now seeking to escape the conscription. This is not all. A practice which has been but rare in the Russian army is extending itself on a large scale. I mean the desertion of soldiers, which has become so marked that the government has considered it necessary to adopt measures and apply penalties which are quite unusual against those who desert their colors.'

AN AMERICAN DECLINING RUSSIAN HONORS.—The following anecdote appears in the London Times of the 2d October:—

'Some time back, when Russian prospects appeared far brighter than they now are, a proposition was made to an American gentleman, recently in Paris, to enter the Russian service with a high title and position near the person of the Emperor. The reply was, that 'too high an estimate was placed upon his talents, but that such as they were, they were due exclusively to his own country and to republican principles.'

We learn by our European correspondence that the American who made this reply is George Sumner, of Boston, brother of the distinguished Massachusetts Senator.

[N. Y. Times.]

A thousand illustrations of the labyrinth of confusion and injustice into which Judge Kane has plunged might be given. Here is one of them—from the Lancaster (Pa.) Independent Whig:

'IMPRISONMENT, NOT PUNISHMENT.—Judge Kane, in speaking of the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson, says: "He is now undergoing restraint, not punishment!"

If such be the case, is not Judge Kane engaged in an illegal procedure? The courts have power to punish for contempt, but we have never heard it alleged that they have power to restrain any one from contempt by incarceration or any other means than the fear of punishment. And if Passmore Williamson is not being punished for alleged contempt, but merely "undergoing restraint," we think there must be a legal way of bringing him out of prison immediately.

Besides, if Passmore Williamson is not imprisoned on contempt, but kept there in restraint, he is undergoing false imprisonment, and his friends

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