




8-21-1856

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 06): August 21, 1856

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail)

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 06): August 21, 1856" (1856). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 473.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/473](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/473)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

## Original Poetry.

### CHRISTIAN DUTY.

BY LALY.

"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly,  
and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"  
—MICHAEL.

What claims the monarch, Father, God?  
How strict the Law? how stern the rod?  
What power his children given?  
How dark and steep the path of right?  
How faint and frail the guiding light  
Up to the gate of Heaven?

O, man! to tempt thy 'moral' life  
Claim 'justice,' 'mercy,' 'hate of strife,  
And deem thy code complete;  
Yet to the call 'give me thy heart,'  
Turn softly back—seek there no part,  
Where Earth and Heaven just meet.

Why pride thyself in partial aim?  
Why guard an 'honor' and a 'name,'  
By virtuous word or deed,  
Yet hush the voice and quench the ray  
That bid thee onward in thy way  
To gain more glorious 'need'?

Know'st not thy justice needs not grow,  
Thy mercy but more richly flow,  
O'er paths by Angels trod,  
Thy motive but be Heaven-approved—  
And then, would'st be of Heaven beloved,  
Walk humbly with thy God.

Binger, July, 1896.

## Miscellany.

### CRANBERRY'S ADVENTURE.

I could never tell why, but I arose that morning repeating Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Hymn to Bacchus"—

"Never, believe me,  
Appear the immortals,  
Never alone, &c."

I had not been dining out. I had refused Horatio Tidd's invitation to step round to the club and have supper, which was Tidd's practice. I had returned home at the moral hour of eleven, and, after taking a little Morning Post (the best of sedatives), had slipped quietly into the sheets; and that was the end of me until seven, A. M.

At that hour I awoke, with my eyes turned toward the ceiling, and instantly began to repeat the lines I have quoted.

"Come, Cranberry," said I to myself, "this is a little absurd for you, who have to go down town and arrange the means of getting a dinner, to lie here in bed and babble heathenish hymns, as if life were only a luxurious nap. I advise you to get up."

"Certainly," replied I to myself, "if you think best. So here goes."

And I sprang up, and sat a moment upon the edge of the bed. Yet instantly I began again—

"Never, believe me,  
Appear the immortals,  
Never alone, &c."

and away I went, half musing, half muttering, until I felt a little chilly about the ankles.

Now, I am a reasonable man, I believe. Andrew Cranberry, attorney-at-law, is not held to be superstitious; but there was something peculiar in this constant read for years.

"What does it portend?" inquired I, as I wiped my face with a lamp towel, and walked meditatively towards the shower bath.

"Splash came the shower as I spoke. I had inadvertently pulled the cord."

But the water did not wash away the subject of my thoughts. The sun shone brightly through the windows. I felt, without seeing, the beauty of the day. I knew that the life of Babylon was already coursing along the veins; those city veins called streets. I knew that men had been hard at work since sunrise—since day-break—tilling heavily at labor that should not end until their lives ended; confined in close and noisome places, in which day never very bright, and their hopes grew daily darker. I knew that in the green parks and gardens—under the trees and upon the margin of fountains—children in bright dresses were playing in the sun, shouting, singing and frolicking. I knew that the endless miles of monotonous red brick wall which makes the exterior of the city houses, inclosed every kind and degree of joy and sorrow; that the street door saw gay equipages, and smiling and perfumed fashion, and an air of festive content, as if Babylon were Paradise; while the chamber-door witnessed bitter envious, and cold bickerings, and loveless lives.

All these images came to my mind as I slowly dressed myself, and I half-shuddered to feel that I was one of them; that the inevitable course of events went on; that the stream of life, an aggregate of infinite drops—mine as large as any—flowed steadily forward; and that no power, no prayer could arrest it.

I may as well confess it now and here, I lived in a boarding-house.

Fancy it, my dear second cousin Lucy Arrowroot, invalid widow of New Britzich, ancient book-keeper—you who live, or whose days are wasted in that dingy square room, with four rusty, black hair-cloth chairs, with the seedy carpet, with the angular bedstead, with the square wash-stand, with the square bureau, with the square portrait over it upon the dingy wall. You, pale Lucy, once the rosiest of village girls, arch coquette—whose ringing laugh now hushed makes that country silence and (one day I shall tell your story) you who lived in the sun-shine like a flower, and whom now only rarely and by stealth, creeping between chimneys and along dark walls, a sunbeam visits—will you please fancy how you would shrivel up with terror—like a bird before a snake—at the very idea of an eternity of boarding-house.

I mean, of course, no reflections upon Lucy's landlady, estimable Mrs. Frizzle Front, one of those dismal back rooms I occupied until a prolonged fit of depression of spirits seriously alarmed my physician for my sanity—and whom I therefore knew very well. It is the nature of boarding-houses to be dismal, and the landlady cannot help it.

But this is partly digressive. I left myself coming down to breakfast. A boarding-house breakfast is—but no matter. 'Tis of no consequence.

Breakfast over, I brushed my hat, put on my gloves, took a final survey of the general effect of Andrew Cranberry in the square mirror, and opened the door. How warm and kindly streamed the sun against me—hearty, broad, and cordial as Carlo's welcome upon my annual visit to him. It put me in a gay good humor directly.

"Never, believe me,  
Appear the immortals,  
Never alone, &c."

whispered I to myself, as I stepped briskly down the street, enjoying a good deal of joking and laughing with myself at my own expense, for harking so constantly upon the lines.

At that moment a dark object fell flustering at my feet. It was a black lace veil, which I lost to time in picking up, and looking about for the owner. Nobody could have dropped it but a woman of slight figure, and dressed in black, whom I saw hurrying along the street, and who must have unconsciously dropped it as she passed me. Of course, I instantly matured a theory of the perfect youth and beauty of the slight lady in black, and hurried after her with the most gallant of bland smiles upon my face.

"Permit me, madam," said I accosting her, and holding my hat a little removed from my head, "is this, possibly, your veil?"

A pair of brilliant black eyes answered me with a glance so expressive that my hat came

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. X.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1896.

NO. 6.

quite off in my hand, and I ended my address with a most respectful bow.

"Thank you, it is mine," was all the response I received; and the next moment the dark slight figure was floating along as before, and Andrew Cranberry stood alone upon the sidewalk.

But for a moment only. To jeer at myself for stopping and staring, instead of investigating further the history of the surprised black eyes, was the business of a fleeting instant—to follow and proffer courteous attentions was the action of the next.

Fair reader, be not alarmed, nor fear that when you chance to drop your veil, you therefore expose yourself to the insults, or the attentions of any chance Cranberry; not at all. I simply obeyed the invitation of the eyes, in following that slight figure floating along the street; and if you, young man, dare suppose that those eyes might not have been the pure orbs of a Rosamund Gray herself, you do foul wrong to a maiden, and to the character of an irreproachable attorney-at-law.

No, no. The invitation was entirely involuntary and unconscious upon the part of the lady, but it was of that character which permitted me directly to accept it. I reached her side. It was a lonely part of the street, and there were no noisy carriage wheels to drown the sound of my voice with their roar. Then with all the respect of a Crusader kneeling to the image of his lady upon his shield, I said, "Madam, may I hope that the little service I have rendered you is but the beginning of—"

She turned toward me. I saw again the surprised black eyes, fixed full upon me. I should have trembled and shrunk away if I had not been full of the fairest intentions.—Meaning nothing but what the Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach, might have meant, I stood my ground manfully, and continued:

"I am perfectly aware how singular and preposterous this conduct may seem, but I may never see you again and—and, and I want to know you," said I bluntly.

"It is singular, sir," said a low sweet voice, "to accost a lady whom you do not know in this way, and in the street. You are mistaken, sir. I will wait until you retire."

She stood still, but I could see a little mournfulness in her eyes, as if she were grieved that a man whose aspect had pleased her (I knew that immediately) should disappoint her, and prove to be only a rascal after all.

"Madam," said I, "you do me a great wrong, if you fancy that I have any thought which you would not honor. I have not indulged a whim in speaking to you, but I do most solemnly assure you, that was the result of a genuine wish to know you." And I pulled out my cardcase, and handed her a card, Mr. Andrew Cranberry.

"Mr. Cranberry," replied the lady, "I am willing to believe what you say; and, looking in your face, I do believe it. Yet I do not know why you should wish to know me, whom you have never before seen, and whom you could hardly expect to see again. Propriety, Mr. Cranberry, the usage of the world, &c., &c., continued she, with a slight smile, "would require me to order your instant departure; but I am able to take care of myself, and I am confident you mean no wrong."

So saying, the lady resumed her walk, and I accompanied her. She had that subdued, sweet manner, which implies a latent grief. Our conversation fell upon obvious topics, but in all she said there was a maidenly wisdom which was no less new than fascinating. I do not very distinctly remember what we said. It was that glancing talk by the way, of which the spirit, the tone, and the feeling are so much more than the words.

I will not say I fell in love, but I walked in to it, as if I had been shod with the 'seven league-boots.' Our walk was like a warm day in winter—like a summer week in the country to a tired plodder among law books. She knew the poetry of the poets I loved, the music of the composers most dear to me. But in all she said, and in all I asked; there was no allusion to her situation in life, nothing which informed me with whom I was speaking.

Suddenly she paused before the door of a small house in a poor street. There was a sign under the front windows 'Madame Beigne de Pomme, milliner, from Paris.' She went up the steps, leaving me standing upon the sidewalk.

"I thank you for a very pleasant walk," said she, as she rang the bell.

"Is this your home?" inquired I.

"Yes, for the present," answered she.

"You are a milliner?"

"I am a milliner."

"You are not Madame de Pomme?"

"I am not Madame de Pomme."

It was evident that she did not choose to be questioned further in that direction, and I said no more.

"Will you allow me to come and see you sometimes?" I asked.

She did not immediately answer, but stood looking on the ground and thinking; at length she said:

"Mr. Cranberry, I am quite alone in this town; in fact, I have scarcely a friend. You will understand, therefore, how easy it is for people to speak ill of me. If I consent to see you, I shall do so at a great sacrifice. It is a wicked world," she continued, "that will not let me see a friend, without slandering my reputation. But if you will sometimes come to see me, I shall not hesitate to receive you."

She said this with a firm emphasis, as if forcing down the suggestions of timidity and pride.

Good morning, Mr. Cranberry, said she, as she left me.

Andrew Cranberry, attorney-at-law, went down to his office, and did a very confused day's work. I do not think he said anything to anybody that had not the strictest relation to business. In the intervals of work he looked into the little court beneath his window, in which the prospect consisted of the iron shutters and dingy brick wall of the shops opposite, and where the sunshine looked pale, and sickly, and dead; and saw nothing there but June days in a pleasant country, with broad acres of wild flowers, and waving grain, and the edges of green woods, and a gentle lawn sloping to a river. He saw a house, too, as he looked into the dead sunlight of the court, an easy, rambling country-house, with a verandah, and jasmine wreathing the columns, and flowers in the windows. Upon the lawn, as he still looked in the softest of summer days, sat a figure quietly sewing, and he thought he heard the murmur of a low song. If the deep dark eyes of that figure had ever been sad, they were so no longer,—if the sweet and noble manner had

ever seemed to betray a habit of grief, it had utterly lost it now,—there was pure summer in the sky, summer on the landscape, summer in those eyes, and in the repose of that figure. But even while he gazed, two or three smaller figures came bounding up the lawn from the river, with a huge shaggy black Newfoundland dog. He was sure he heard the loud and happy shouts of children,—he was sure the figure, quietly working, raised the black eyes not surprised, but with a tranquil and maternal delight,—and, wildest vision of all, he was sure that in the window of a library, opening upon the garden, and watching that group with eyes moist with happiness, stood, in a loose coat and slippers, and leaning against the side of the window, with his forefinger in a book, Andrew Cranberry, attorney-at-law. And as he looked into that pale, sickly sunshine of the court, he was sure he heard that figure speak to the lady, and say—

"Never, believe me,  
Appear the immortals,  
Never alone, &c."

—Whether all this had anything to do with a certain card that was ordered to be engraved within six months of the day that the veil was picked up, is a curious inquiry. That card ran thus:—"Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cranberry."

### Bunn and Macready.

Bunn, having made a bad bargain with the great tragedian, was anxious to cancel it. He therefore resolved to provoke the irritable star into a breach of the agreement.

After reading it over and over again, to find some loophole to escape, he found there was nothing to prevent his playing a farce before the tragedy, and that consequently he could amuse Macready by making him perform in an afterpiece. He therefore coolly advertised him to perform Hamlet after a petite comédie. Macready saw through the artifice, much to the surprise and disappointment of Bunn. Foiled in this attempt to irritate the theatrical autocrat into throwing up his engagement, he read over the contract once again. A brilliant thought struck him. He saw that he was not bound to perform an entire play of Shakespeare. He therefore announced Richard the Third and the new pantomime. Macready went through the first four acts of that magnificent play, reserving himself, as usual, for the grand fifth act.

He was sitting in his dressing-room, awaiting the call-boy and nursing his energies for the closing scenes, when he heard the bell tinkle. To his astonishment, the orchestra commenced the overture to the pantomime.—Calling one of the attendants, he inquired what it meant. He was told that the pantomime was about to begin.

"But," gasped out Macready, "the fifth act of Richard the Third is not yet played."

"Oh!" said the man, "Mr. Bunn says there is no time to play the fifth act to-night, and he says you may go home, sir—he only advertised the first four acts of the tragedy."

The rage of Macready boiled over—but he swallowed it, and putting off the tyrant's habitations, he prepared to leave the theater.

Passing the door of the manager's room, he saw him chuckling to himself on the success of his dodge. This was more than the tragedian could stand, he rushed at him, and pummeled him so that he was confined to his bed for a week. Bunn consequently brought an action, and laid his damages at a very large amount. The attack was apparently so unprovoked that the actor made up his mind to pay a swinging sum.

The ingenuity of Sergeant Talford, however, saved him; for, in his defence, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are all proud of Shakespeare; he is your favorite poet, and worthy of such an enlightened jury. He is confessedly the greatest dramatist the world has ever seen. We all know how he affects us—that we laugh at his wit, and weep at his pathos—what must not his marvelous genius effect on a man like Mr. Macready, who devotes all his time to the study of our great national poet? Poet, did I say?—magician! He waves his necromantic wand over us, and we are, as it were, the slaves of his will! This will naturally lead you to excuse the accident that has happened to Mr. Bunn, who insulted the majesty of England's greatest poet, by cutting off the fifth act of one of his immortal tragedies for a common, vulgar pantomime!"

Gentlemen, Mr. Macready could no more help doing what he did, than can the thunder-cloud which discharges its electric fluid at the object that lies in its path. The cases are parallel. Mr. Macready had worked himself up to perform that mighty part—that triumph of genius—the closing scenes of the mighty tyrant of England—the smotherer of the babes—the murderer of his king—the destroyer of his wife.

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Macready had concentrated within his bosom the pent-up volcano of Richard's soul, and unfortunately happening to meet Mr. Bunn, he discharged upon that unhappy gentleman's head, the Fifth Act of Richard the Third, the results of which are more to be attributed to the immortal Shakespeare than to my client."

Gentlemen, I leave the case in your hands, convinced that you will not punish my client, Mr. Macready, whom I am happy to call my friend, for this overpowering instance of the genius of our immortal poet Shakespeare."

The result is well known; Macready got off with the moderate damages of a hundred pounds and costs.

A "CHATEL" ON THE WAY NORTH.—A bright mulatto young man who passed through this city on Saturday, bound for Canada, told the following story: He was a slave of a brother of Preston B. Brooks, and was temporarily living in Washington with his master.

The master, in order to give the idea that slaves have plenty of money, to such northerners as might come in contact with him, gave him seven quarter eagle gold pieces, to jingle in his pocket, and to show; but told him, in the common language of southern threatening, that if he spent them he would kill him. The negro thought this an excellent opportunity to take a journey northward, and procuring the services of a friendly gentleman—a quaker, who for the purpose dressed like other people—passed over the road to Philadelphia as his slave. From that point he came alone, directly to Worcester, where he was recognized by a Southern man who made an attempt to secure him, but failed, and the negro got away from the place to Springfield. Here, as we know, the directors of the underground railroad took him in charge, made an addition to his stock of clothing, and sent him on his journey northward. He had exhausted his money here,

his expenses having swallowed the last gold-piece. We presume that he was provided for. He is now, probably, not far from "the land of the free and the home of the brave"—in Canada.—[Springfield Republican, 11th.

### Keeping Dogs.

MR. EDITOR: As your paper is in part devoted to the subject of raising and keeping stock, and as there is one kind of stock which can be easily shown to be not only unprofitable but absolutely detrimental to the interests of our country, perhaps a few words on that subject might be acceptable.

A race of animals called dogs, considered by some indispensable, and yet in reality, such a nuisance, I would look at in the light of economy.

Now it is readily admitted that in some kinds of business a dog may be useful and even necessary, but I venture to say that in three cases out of four, they are infinitely worse than useless.

The farmer says a good dog is useful on the farm to protect his crops against the depredations of his neighbors' cattle, and to protect the lambs and poultry from the foxes and other wild animals, and his clover from the woodchucks. I think no man deserves the appellation of 'farmer,' who needs a dog to protect his crops, and if we turn our sheep with young lambs into back pastures on our wild mountain farms, it is very few lambs that will be saved by the dog, and if, like some of our more prudent farmers, we keep them in a small lot near the barn, there is certainly no need of such a sentinel. The woodchucks have done me some damage, but not one-fourth part as much as my neighbors' dogs and boys in tramping down my crops, and tearing down my stone walls.

The mechanic, the doctor, the lawyer and many others have no pretext whatever, only that 'a good dog is a good thing, and it costs nothing to keep him,' and 'I like a good dog, and so I keep him.' Well, now, how is it about the cost of keeping him? I notice when I go into a neighbor's house at the close of a meal that the good man or lady fills up a large plate with rich food for the dog, sufficient in quantity, if fed to the pig or the poultry, to amount, at least to five dollars a year; I think ten dollars a year would be nearer the truth. Take the neighborhood where I live for a sample. We have one dog to every ten persons, or 272,811 in the New England States. What an army of dogs!

Supposing one to four to be really useful (which is the most I can possibly admit) and we have 204,608 useless dogs to support at a cost, according to the lowest estimation, of \$1,032,040. So much for the economy,—and now a few words for the convenience.

I have no disposition to abuse any dumb animal, and if I kept a dog, I should, like most others, suffer him to lie on the kitchen floor by the stove; but if my wife, in doing her work, was obliged every five minutes to step over or go round and kick out of the way a great lazy dog, I should expect her smiles would be few and far between, to say nothing of the disgust one feels when knocking at a neighbor's door to have the inmates obliged to wage a war of extermination with the dog before they can let us in and then ten to one but the first salutation will be from the gentleman with four legs.

[Corr. N. E. Farmer.]

THE FIRST UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The following conversation is said to have taken place between a slave and his master, out where the 'peculiar institution' flourishes in all its glory:

"Hallo there, Sambo, where are you going this evening?"

"Why, whif, says Sambo, scratching his head, 'I 'se going down to the depot.'"

"To what depot?"

"To the U. G. depot, massa."

"Where do you learn anything about U. G. R. R.'s and depots, you black rascal?"

"In de Bible, massa; de blessed Bible tell me all about it, massa."

Feeling anxious to know what new theory Sambo had found in the Bible, he goes on to interrogate him.

"The Bible don't tell anything about R. R.'s, neither above nor below ground, you poor nigger."

"Yes, massa, de Bible tells us where de fust track of the U. G. R. R. was laid."

"Where was it?"

"In de Red Sea, massa."

"Who laid it?"

"De Lord Almighty herself."

"Well, Sambo, (mellowing down a little), who were the conductors of that road?"

"Moses and Aaron."

"Who were the fugitives that ran away?"

"De children of Israel, massa."

"Who were the slaveholders?"

"De Egyptian."

"Were they white or black?"

"Black, massa; dat time de slave de white man, de slaveholder de black man, ha! ha! ha! massa."

"Did they pursue the slave?"

"Yes, massa."

"Did they take them back to slavery?"

"No, massa; dey could not catch 'em."

"Why not?"

"Because dey took de track up; ha! ha! good, massa wa'n't it?"

"Sambo, you may go to your quarters."

HUMBOLDT ON SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.—We, a short time ago, noticed the issue by a New York house of Humboldt's 'Cuba,' with a preliminary essay by Mr. J. S. Thrasler. The veteran says, in a letter to a German paper, complains that in this translation, a whole chapter, the one which he values most, has been omitted from the work. He repeats a passage from it, (the work was written thirty years ago.) Its character certainly does not justify its omission.

"It is the duty of the traveller who has been an eye-witness of all that torments and degrades human nature to cause the complaints of the unfortunate to reach those whose duty it is to relieve them. I have repeated in this treatise the fact that the ancient legislation of Spain on the subject of slavery is less inhuman and atrocious than that of the slave States on the American continent north or south of the equator."

THE MAINE LAW IN NEW YORK.—In his charge to the Grand Jury of the Court of Sessions in New York City, Judge Capron declared that in his opinion the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage was prohibited in that city, and there is no existing power authorizing such sale, which is a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment.

### BESSIE.

Bessie wears a gown of red,  
A homespun gown and apron blue;  
She has no hat upon her head,  
And her wet brown feet are without a shoe.  
Bessie has hair like the sunset's gold,  
And her eyes were born from the deep blue sea;  
In their depths a story is told—  
I love Bessie and she loves me.

Bessie's hands are hard with toil,  
And her cheeks are dark with the wind and rain;  
But her lips are rich with the rose's spout,  
That if once I taste, I must taste again.  
Bessie has no 'er a silken gown,  
Nor a crimson hat nor a neck-lace fine;  
But she wears of cowslips a golden crown,  
That I'd rather than any queen's were mine.

Bessie dwells in a lowly cot,  
A lowly cabin with trembling walls;  
'Tis old and poor, but she thinks it not,  
And loves it better than lordly halls.  
She counts the stars as she goes to sleep,  
And loves to listen the pattering song,  
That o'er her head the rain-drops keep,  
In the April weather, all night long.

Bessie's step is like the fawn's,  
Her voice like the chiming of silver bells;  
I hear it oft in the summer morn,  
But I dare not whisper what it tells!  
Lingering and dying round my heart,  
Ever and ever its echoes lie;  
Who shall divide us, or who shall part?  
I love Bessie and she loves me.

### A Temperance Sketch.

"'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."  
A few months ago, the neat private carriage of Col. H— drove up Ives street, to a place where it paused, and the occupant passed from the carriage, and, crossing the street, went into his counting-house, while the driver, costumed in a semi livery, stood at the heads of the noble horses.

In a few moments, a young man, about thirty-seven years of age, bearing upon his face and form the unmistakable effects of long indulgence in strong drinks, in his quivering features and tottering steps, passed the carriage, and walked up the sidewalk until he arrived opposite the end of Adams street, when he turned about and gazed earnestly upon the vehicle and its attendant. What his thoughts were we will not pretend to know, but certain it is there are times when the poor isolated inebriate finds his heart overcharged with regrets, and condemnations for the loss of health, reputation and property, and feeling deeply and keenly his degraded and lost condition, gives vent, unseen, to the anguish of his soul. As he gazed down the street, the owner of the carriage made his appearance again, and, avoiding muddy spots, he was walked upon into the carriage by the driver, and drove slowly away.

At that time a man came along, and, recognizing the poor drunkard, and observing his earnest look, he spoke, and asked him what he saw: "look! Charley," he said, pointing his trembling finger at the equipage, as the horses turned their stately heads, and moved gracefully toward the crowded city, "look, there goes the man that makes ruin, and, striking his hand upon his breast, 'here is the man who drinks it; ha! ha! ha!' and an indelible expression passed over his bloated countenance, as he laughed with a wild and reckless air.

"Well, George," said the other, "you have preached a very strong temperance lecture in a very few words—good-by!"

"Good-by!" said the inebriate, with an air of abstraction and gloom upon his face, as he wandered away, without home and without destination.

THE SEQUEL OF OUR STORY is, that George A—, a pavior, who but but a few months ago was a model of manly strength and vigor, and enjoyed the income of a lucrative business, died only a month ago, in the Suffolk county jail quivering and gasping with the horrible torments of delirium tremens. This truthful tale conveys its own moral.—[Boston Mail.]

SAVE YOUR BACON.—About a couple of years ago, we were entertained at the house of a friend with a good, old fashioned dinner of eggs and bacon. We complimented our host on the superior quality of his bacon, and were curious to inquire the way to like success in the preparation of a dainty article of diet, the one that is better fitted for the palate of an epicure than for the stomach of a dyspeptic. To our surprise we were informed that that portion of our meal was cooked eight months before. Upon asking for an explanation, he stated that it was his practice to slice and fry his bacon, immediately upon its being cured, and then pack it down in its own fat. When occasion came for using it, the slices slightly re-fried, had all the freshness and flavor of new bacon just prepared. By this precaution, our friend had always succeeded in "saving his bacon," fresh and sweet, through the hottest of weather.—[N. E. Farmer.]

SENATOR BENJAMIN.—The New York Times a Black Republican paper, states that Senator Benjamin has transferred his allegiance to the Democratic party, "because it is the only party upon which the slaveholding interest in the Southern States can rely for support and aid in its projects of extension." A true bill, man, de slaveholder de black man, ha! ha! ha! massa.

SENATOR BENJAMIN came here to enlighten the freemen of Maine in regard to their constitutional obligations. The Richmond Enquirer endorses the foregoing as "a true bill." This is fair. We wish it could have been presented to the Senator, while in our midst. Would he have said it was "a true bill," or would he have repudiated it? Does the Argus now endorse it as "a true bill," or "is 'nuff the word?" [Portland Advertiser.]

CONSOLING TO NORTHERN DEMOCRACY.—John Randolph, of Roanoke was a man far superior to his Southern successors. He had the keenest perceptions of the true method of upholding slavery, but he also had the bold honesty to call things by their right names. It was the originator of the term "Douglassian" that told the venerable Josiah Quincy, who had warned him that the aggressive measures of the Southern against the commerce of the Northern States, would put an end to parties in the latter States, and unite them against the South, that he was mistaken. "The South," said the laugthy and eccentric Virginian, "are as sure of your Democracy as they are of their own negroes."

If this prediction appears on the point of failing now, it is not that our Democracy have changed, but that they have lost their power.

HOW THE FLY WALKS ON THE CEILING.—How the fly manages to walk over the smoothest surface with his feet upward, in defiance of the law of gravity, is a phenomenon that would interest us more than it does, were it not so common. It has been generally supposed that his feet were supplied with valves or suckers, and that he is thus enabled to hold himself upward by atmospheric pressure.

Others have attributed this peculiar power to the secretion of a sticky liquid in the feet, which enables him to sustain himself in this seemingly unnatural position. The microscope has demonstrated that in many insects of the fly kind, the foot is furnished with a pair of membranous expansions, termed pulvilli, commonly known as valves, and that these are beset with numerous hairs, each of which has a minute disc at its extremity. There is no doubt that this apparatus is connected with the power these insects possess of walking with the feet upwards, but there is still some uncertainty as to the precise manner in which it ministers to this faculty. We learn, however, from the Medical and Surgical Journal, that the recent careful observations of Mr. H-pworth, published in the Quarterly Journal of Microscopic Science, has led him to a conclusion which seems in harmony with all the facts in the case, viz., that the minute discs at the ends of the hairs upon the pulvilli act as suckers, and that each of them secrete a liquid, which, though not viscid, serves to make its adhesion perfect.

Drawing the Line.  
The Hon. Rufus Choate, in his recent letter addressed to the Whig State Committee of Maine, says:

"It seems now to be settled that we present no candidate of our own. If we vote at all then, we vote for the nominees of the American or the nominees of the Democratic party. As between them I shall not venture to counsel the Whigs of Maine, but I deem it due to frankness and honor to say that while I entertain a high appreciation of the character and ability of Mr. Fillmore, I do not sympathize in any degree with the objects and creed of the particular party that nominated him, and do not approve of their organization or tactics. Practically too, the contest, in my judgment, is between Mr. Buchanan, and Col. Fremont. In these circumstances, I vote for Mr. Buchanan."

Mr. Phineas Barnes, of Portland, spoke at Waterville, after the reading of Mr. Choate's letter. The Bath Tribune, speaking of him, says:

"Mr. Barnes next addressed the convention, confining his remarks mainly to State issues. He also expressed his dissent from the conclusion to which Mr. Choate had arrived, and counselled his whig friends to decide what their political action should be, at the time the Presidential election should come off."

The Bath Tribune says:

"MR. CHOATE'S LETTER.—On our first page will be found the letter of Mr. Choate, which we ask our readers to read without any comment from us at the present time. We have only to renew our dissent from the conclusion to which Mr. Choate arrives. While we respect him for his commanding ability and his love of the Union, we cannot follow him in the lead which he proposes to give to the Presidential campaign, and such we believe to be the sentiments of the majority of the whigs of Maine."

LEVEL UP, NOT DOWN.—Some people, in order to bring about a fancied reform among men by an attempt to equalize all classes, have an erroneous method of trying to bring down the elevated to the level of the low. Such men affect to regard the rich and the educated as the natural enemies of the poor, and would gladly rob the fortunate and distribute the surplus, thus equalizing men by leveling down. Let them teach the poor industry, frugality, good habits; how to plan business so as to insure success, and thus level them up. In the same spirit let the ignorant be educated, and not close seminaries in which the children of the wealthy are educated. The system of free schools, planted by the Pilgrims in New England, and from that region having spread through the Middle and Western States, is doing more than any other agency to level up the low.—Normal Schools, 'Free Academies,' and 'High Schools,' beckoning with open doors to all who have the brain and the industry to enter them, are really the wonder of the nineteenth century. To the true philosopher and humanitarian, however, the real wonder is that these aids to the ignorant were not long since adopted.—They must become general before universal liberty and intelligence shall be enjoyed by mankind.

In the training of children, a similar and equally fatal error is committed, when parents attempt by harsh means to break the will of a child, and to whip out its evil passions. This is leveling down. Children are rarely, if ever, benefited by this course, while on the contrary, if the child be trained in intellect, in moral sentiment, in prudence and in self-control, so that he can govern his own spirit, it will be a process of leveling up the weak faculties to be on a par with the stronger, so that self-government will be the result. In this way we leave the strong faculties unabated; we do not crush the native fire and energy, but we guide and harmonize its powers, so that the character retains all its original strength, and gains power in its weak and waste places, and thus a general equanimity is obtained.

In the administration of public law, pains and penalties are the only means employed to produce effect upon the subject. It seems to make men afraid rather than honest—to get on their Conscience rather than their Conscience. It is the same old process of leveling down rather than up.

It would be found much cheaper, and far more effective, to support schools, libraries, lyceums, and innocent amusements for mankind, than to maintain an extensive police department, criminal courts, prisons, hospitals, and poor-houses. It is true economy to educate and level up mankind rather than to level them down by the crushing machinery of criminal jurisprudence.

REV. GEO. D. BOARDMAN.—It appears by a letter from Mr. Boardman to the Watchman and Reflector, that the account of the circumstances attending his departure from Barnwell, S. C., published in the Secretary, was quite incorrect. It was not true that he was obliged to leave the place. He says:

I am very sorry that your informant fell in to the error of supposing that I was obliged to leave Barnwell. So far from this being the case, it was with great difficulty that I could break away from Barnwell people long enough to make a visit North. But as soon as I had left, an extraordinary, and to me an unaccountable revulsion of feeling took place, and I was informed that it would not be best for me to return. It is not true that I was expelled from South Carolina, for my anti-slavery views. But it is true that for these views, I should be forbidden to return, were I to attempt it.

However 'unexpected' may have been my expression of free-soil and anti-slavery views, I feel constrained to say, notwithstanding my love for the people of B., that such 'expression' was not 'un solicited.'

It is to me an occasion of genuine sorrow, that so generous and noble a people should be the victims of a relentless Power, which inexorably demands the fettering of speech and of conscience.

PICKLES.—An excellent way to make pickles that will keep a year or more, is to drop them into boiling water, but not to boil them; let them stay in ten minutes, wipe them dry, and drop into cold spiced vinegar, and they will not need to be put into salt and water, and are always ready for use.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 21, 1856.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. F. PALMER, Assistant 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 Street, Boston, and he is also Agent for the Boston Mail, and is 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.

## The Two Mass Meetings at Waterville.

There were present about one thousand voters, exclusive of women and children, who remained at the stand till the separation, between six and seven o'clock, notwithstanding the sun was blazing down upon them.

[Bangor Journal.]

"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty-eight feet." In like manner, the Allies must have counted two or three times to number a thousand—women and children included. Or it might have been accomplished in another way. "Ordinarily," said the Indian, "I rate myself at one hundred and fifty pounds; but when I am mad I weigh a ton." Rage and mortification in this case did not, perhaps, materially increase their gravity (though goodness knows some of their faces were long enough) but must have operated numerically, each man being mad enough for half a dozen.

But if the Bangor Journal saw double in counting the Allies, its purblind colleague, the Bath Tribune, must have seen through a glass darkly, in numbering the Republicans, for, after a glowing account of the "Mass Meeting," it says:

"The Fremont men had a demonstration at Waterville, but it was a slim affair. An accurate count of their procession gave only four hundred and fifty-one, boys and all."

"Screams of laughter," as the Knickerbocker would say, from good natured Republicans, followed the reading of this account at Johnston & Carlton's bulletin board, where it was posted for the amusement of the crowd, a few days. Now, very luckily, there were numerous spectators here on Commencement Day, from all parts of the country, and these foolish statements will not obtain credence, but will expose their authors to ridicule and contempt.

The Tribune alleges, too, that the vote in the cars on Wednesday eve, was unfairly taken. As represented to us, we think they complain without good reason. Every one who responded to the call was reported as he answered, and all those who sulkily refused to answer, or replied with oaths and abuse, (for some of them were "swearing mad") were set down for Buchanan.

The vote stood for Fremont 267; Buchanan 158; Fillmore 35.

**THIS SEASON.**—The fields in this section were perhaps never covered with a heavier coat of vegetation than at this time; and so far as we can learn, in this vicinity, almost all classes of crops are promising unusually well. The quality of rain has been unusual, though perhaps none too much, except for convenience in getting the in crops. Much hay was cut late and secured in a bad condition. Signs of the potato rot, we are sorry to learn, are visible in many fields in this section, and doubtless over the whole country. Pastures have been remarkably good, and the fall exhibitions of stock must be large and fine. Everything has favored the production of butter and cheese, prices of which must rule a little lower than for some years past—though we see it stated that the choicest quality of butter now retails in Philadelphia at 50 cts. In N. York it is but little more than half. The season generally is doing its full share in the reduction of the extravagant prices that have prevailed in all departments of business.

**THE FACTS.**—The Age charges the Republicans of Waterville with great and flagrant abuse of free speech by disturbing the "two great mass meetings." It says their procession marched so near the stand as to drown the voices of their speakers—which act it pronounces a "base outrage." That the two mass meetings were greatly disturbed there is no doubt, and a most irritating disturbance it was! No wonder their speakers found their mouths shut for a brief period. The facts are, that the procession passed the stand but once, tho' a part of it, acting as an escort, went near the Common at other times, when nobody was talking to the little gathering at the foot of the stand. Once, it passed, at full length, through Main street, and along one side of the Common. When it came in sight from Silver street, the speaking was suspended, probably to give the vast audience an opportunity to look on awhile and rest themselves. It is confidently asserted that they ordered their band to play the "Rogue's March," which they refused to do. The horns were commenced at the stand; though it is acknowledged they were responded to at considerable length by the procession, as its various sections came opposite the Common. We presume neither party considered themselves insulted at the time, though one of them probably felt rather numerously injured.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Lanius' will probably have a bearing next week. The communication of 'Republican' is respectfully declined. We do meddle with politics a little, occasionally, when great principles are at stake, but we do not care to have a hand in party strife. We will better accomplish your object and reach your audience through your county paper.

**THANKS.**—and hearty ones, to the Waterville Cornet Band, for the kind compliment tendered us Tuesday night; the circumstances attending which rendered it peculiarly flattering and acceptable. We hope the present political campaign will afford them opportunities for securing abroad the high estimation and personal regard in which they are held at home.

## OUR TABLE.

**LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.**—The following are the titles of some of the leading articles in Nos. 639 and 640:—"The Natural History of German Life," Tom Elliott's Prize, Decline of French Romantic Literature, The Seaboard Slave States, Part 2 of The Athletics, History of American Privateers, William Gifford, Turkey and England, Daniel De La Rue, Lost at Cards, A Way to Remember, The Physician's Home, Something New about Dr. Dodd, Pleasures and Pains of Sleep, A Pair of Austrian Statesmen, Southerly's Unpublished Letters, Speculation in France, The United States, Italian Difficulties, English Opinions of Mr. Buchanan and Col. Fremont; and as if all this were not enough for twenty-five cents, numerous short articles are thrown in, with many excellent pieces of poetry. The Living Age is almost indispensable to those who aim to be well informed of the literature and politics of Europe, and it furnishes the means of obtaining this knowledge at so cheap a rate as to be within the reach of all. Published weekly, in numbers of 64 pages each, at \$5 a year, and sent free of postage.

**FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL.**—Lelia, or the Star of Mingrelia, a wonderful story, is continued in the August number; a series of sketches, entitled England Sixty Years Ago, is commenced; a biographical sketch of Eliza Burritt is given, with a portrait; A Trip to Havre de Grace is a humorous sketch; The Prison Ships and Prisons of 1776, with numerous illustrations, will find plenty of readers; How Mr. Cranberry came to leave his lodgings, will be found on our first page this week; The Wedding Dresses and Titibottom's Spectacles will delight readers of kind hearts and pure taste; so will Love after Marriage;—but we must stop: we might occupy half a column in naming the titles of the articles, so numerous are they. Numerous illustrations also appear, of which we will mention Birds'-eye Views of the cities of Philadelphia and Boston. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2 a year.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK** for September is particularly rich in engravings, fashionable knick-knacks, and valuable literary matter. Published by L. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

**THE INVENTOR.**—This monthly publication "devoted to the interests of inventors, disseminating information of their improvements, and advocating whatever will enhance the interests and prosperity of our productive classes," has just completed the first year of its existence, and the August number contains an index and a handsome title page. The inventor is a goodly and handsome title page. The inventor is a goodly and handsome title page. The inventor is a goodly and handsome title page.

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE** for September is ornamented with a handsome steel engraving. The Only Daughter:—a beautiful fashion plate, and numerous wood engravings, including embroidery patterns and comic sketches. The literary portion of the number is of the usual excellence. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

**Wharton's Bank Note Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, & Wharton's Price Current.**—This is a monthly publication, which in the July number reaches No. 28 of its sixteenth volume. Its nature is sufficiently indicated in the title. A reliable work of this kind is of great value to business men. Published by L. J. Leonori, 10 Wall Street, New York, at \$2 per annum.

## Letter to Hon. Rufus Choate.

Waterville, Me., Aug. 15, '56.

RUFUS CHOATE, Esq.

SIR: Your letter in reply to the Whig State Committee, which called a mass meeting of the Whigs of Maine at Waterville, was read on the afternoon of the 13th inst., before that meeting, and is now in print. I trust that as one interested in your letter, there is no impropriety in commenting on one or two ideas it contains. I shall address you as a scholar, a gentleman, and an American of the Washington and Webster schools.

If it will not savor of egotism, you will pardon me for observing, that I am attached to no political party, and have confined my action through life to a simple suffrage. Born a whig, I eschewed politics at an early age, became more democratic than I was educated, and had, till 1856, settled down as a conservative of the Webster school. Thus, sir, you will perceive, with you I harmonize in the principles of Washington, Madison, Clay and Webster. They loved their country, their whole country. So do you. So do I. Judge of my surprise, then, in finding in your letter a charge against Fremont and his adherents, of having formed a "new geographical party," and calling on whigs "to unite with some organization of our countrymen to defeat and dissolve" it. We should indeed be unworthy the name of Webster whigs, did we not listen to and obey your summons, was it not that your statement, unwarranted by fact, gives to your trumpet call an "uncertain sound."

Where, sir, is your evidence of the disloyalty of Fremont to the Union? It cannot be found in the platform of Philadelphia. Can you find it in his letter of acceptance? I answer emphatically, no. Can you find it in the life of Fremont? No. Can you find this grave charge supported by any press which advocates his course? I believe not. Whence did you draw this accusation? Although you are reputed an orator, and perhaps a poet, and I know that the poet's eye "in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," yet my respect for your veracity is too great to suppose that in the spirit of poetry, you wrote this letter, and that your "imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, and gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." No, sir. It is not a fiction that bewilders you; it is a misapplied fact. In plain Yankee parlance, you have "put the saddle on the wrong horse." You have the right boot on the wrong leg; or in still plainer phrase you have "barked up the wrong tree." As a Fremont man, in his name and that of his admirers, I repel your charge of disloyalty to the Union, and will tell you where it more properly belongs and whence you drew it. It belongs to the party headed by Garrison. It belongs to him (Garrison) who burned the Constitution of the United States at I, think, Framingham, Mass., and whose handful of followers have their own candidate, Gerritt Smith, for the presidency. It does not belong to that class of men who go under Fremont, for free speech—free press—free territory north of 36, 30—and "the whole Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Of Kansas you say, "deliver it over to the natural law of peaceful and spontaneous emigration," &c., "and it will choose freedom for itself." Is it possible that "in the very ecstasy of madness," (for here I cannot present the agia of poetry to defend you,) you have imagined the whigs of Maine so ignorant as not to know that what you sketch in fancy, for the

future of Kansas, has been tried there, and failed there, within two years? Do we not know that under the "law of peaceful and spontaneous emigration," the free men of Kansas, in full convention, voted a free constitution at Topeka? Do you suppose us so ignorant as not to know that under this constitution, the free men were ordered to assemble and elect a legislature; and do we not know—do not you know, sir—that this attempt was rendered abortive by the bowie knives, revolvers and bludgeons of upwards of 4900 foreigners, who appeared at the ballot boxes; put out of office the free clerks, put in their own officers, and their foreign votes into their own ballot boxes; and by causing a Missouri legislature to be returned, passed over the virgin bride of Kansas liberty, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of the Southern Black Aristocracy!—Why, sir, do you suppose that the report of the investigating committee of Congress is unknown or unappreciated on the banks of the Kennebec?

Sir, is it not a little singular that within a week of the time that you were sent for, to address the whigs of Maine on the Union, two slaveholders from Georgia and Louisiana volunteered their services at Newport, Maine, to address the democracy on the same subject? Both these union loving men, if I mistake not, aided in Congress the "Black Douglas" to break up the compromise of 1820, which gave Missouri to Slavery and the territory north of 36 30 to freedom. And, if I am not misinformed, one of these knights-errant of liberty and union, Howell Cobb, of Ga., at a convention of delegates in his State, some two years since, closed the resolves with the following pregnant proof of attachment to the Union:—(I give the substance, not the words.)

"Resolved, If the Missouri compromise, recently repealed, should be hereafter restored, we of Georgia and the South will take care of ourselves!"

I cannot but congratulate you, sir, that you were saved the mortification of being an eyewitness of the Waterloo defeat of the Buchanan party at Waterville. The trumpet had indeed sounded an alarm for weeks previous in the ears of all Maine, and in your Boston streets, to be present, singly or in companies, at the great gathering of the mass meeting of whigs and democrats, on the 13th August at Waterville. The Committee had appointed, with singular wisdom, the great gala day of Waterville College Commencement to hold the meeting. The day has come and passed, and the Post of the 14th thus announces its results: "Immense meeting at Waterville, Me.!!—Mr. Evans's Speech!!—Rufus Choate for Buchanan!!—Great Enthusiasm!!"

O, cunningly devised caption! There was indeed, sir, an "immense gathering"—but not of whigs or democrats. There was indeed, sir, "Great enthusiasm"—but not for Fillmore or Buchanan. There were not, at any time three hundred, says the Journal of the 14th, present at the mass meeting, and this audience dwindled in the afternoon, to about half that number. But where was the "immense gathering"? I reply, attending the Commencement exercises in the morning. And where was the great "enthusiasm"? I answer, in the afternoon, in the College grounds. For, at twenty-four hours notice, without publication or handbill, the Fremont Club of the village, led by the Fremont Club of the College, preceded by two bands of music—one being the Germania Band from Boston,—marched in a procession in length a mile, in numbers 1500, through the principal streets of Waterville, in which from almost every house, waved a banner on which was inscribed "Fremont and Dayton." They met in the beautiful grounds of the College, (in whose every window, save three, was nailed the Fremont and Dayton flag.)—I say, sir, they met hundreds of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who welcomed them with smiles and cheers. Here, sir, was the "immense gathering," and here the "great enthusiasm." Allow me again to congratulate you on your most fortunate personal escape.—Your very rhetorical letter, (read to the Buchanans) could neither see nor hear, nor feel nor blush. Could it have cried, it would have said, interrupted by sobs and tears, "O, tell not of this gathering in Maine; publish not this enthusiasm in the streets of Boston."

I will only add, that it is whispered here, that the reader of your letter, having thrust it into his dark pocket, came up to the college grounds, and seeing more thousands present than he had seen hundreds at his own gathering, a voice was heard, supposed by the credulous bystanders, to proceed from the ghost of your epistle, (a live Ass spoke once, why should not a dying letter now?) saying, "O, master," meaning you, sir—"brained by a thousand ladies' fans, and beaten to a jelly by two immense Fremont Clubs, I cannot breathe this enthusiastic air! I choke! I gasp! Dulce, et decorum pro patria mori." If you would avoid an early tomb, shun your own counsels and follow the wisdom of Webster, who said, "not a foot of slave territory beyond 36 30." Dear master, I die!

I have the honor to be, with respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

HENRY B. PEARSON.

\*Sweet and decorous is it to die for one's country.

**MUSICAL CONVENTION.**—The Maine State Musical Association will hold their annual Convention at Lewiston, commencing on Tuesday, Sept. 1, and continuing four days. The Teachers' class will be under the direction of Prof. B. F. Baker, of Boston, assisted by Prof. Henderson and Ball, and Mrs. J. C. Long.

**THE PORTLAND DAILY ADVERTISER.**—This well known political and commercial newspaper can be obtained, at noon of the day of publication, of Johnston & Carlton, Waterville. It contains the same telegraphic intelligence furnished by the Boston papers that arrive five or six hours later.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 15, 1856.

MAXHAM & WING, Srs.—You will oblige us by discontinuing our copies of the Eastern Mail from this date.

J. M. CHICKER, M. R. PIERSON, ROBERT W. PRAY, WILLIAM MOOR, S. C. HAWES, J. J. WILLIAMS, F. P. HAYLAND, A. BURLEIGH.

Our reason for publishing the above communication, which we received through the Post Office to-day, is that we have heard of it as a public document in circulation at various times and places, since our report of the provoking events of Commencement Day. Though the result is less disastrous than we might have anticipated, we still regard the matter as a new feature of political warfare that deserves notice. No man is under any obligation to take our paper any longer than he believes its political and moral sentiments to be correct. We never persuade a subscriber who proposes to discontinue for this reason; though we generally do suggest, as we have no opportunity of doing in this case, that the proper proceeding is to call and adjust arrangements, and order the paper stopped. This is business like, and by no means unneighborly. But when our neighbors adopt the power of association, to try by this means and see how many can be induced, at a time of political excitement, to withdraw their support from our paper, we look upon it as a step beyond the bounds of political necessity, at least. If they think differently we commend them to all the perseverance their course seems to warrant. Certainly we feel flattered that the labor of a week has accomplished no more to our detriment; and while we assure the few of our former friends whose names are found above, that their order shall be promptly met, we yet commend them to a careful inquiry into the dignity and propriety of this branch of political labor.

This leads us to remark, that the Mail is pledged to no political party. Those who have read it from its commencement will bear us witness that the principles it now contends for are the same it advocated nine years ago, "No more slave territory" is at the bottom of the controversy. For this we always have contended and always shall. Out of opposition to this sentiment have come the abuses in Kansas, the outrages in congress, and the violations of law and order throughout the country. To all these we are opposed. The republican party has formed upon this principle of "No more slave territory"—and so long as it acts consistently to this point, so far we shall act in harmony with it to the same point. We have been urged to nail the banner of its candidates to our mast. We shall do no such thing. We are pledged to no party and to no men, except so far as they continue to be the embodiment of the principles and measures we approve.

We say God speed to the Republicans and their candidates while their acts and professions harmonize and are what they are now. We believe them founded in God's truth, nearer, at least than those of their opponents. When they show symptoms of verging from these, we shall show symptoms of verging from them. This is our platform; and who that has read the Mail enough to know its course, need be told of its position?

**ACCOUNTED FOR.**—Some of those who feel most deeply wounded by the political proceedings at Waterville on Commencement day, are taking considerable pains to get out of the difficulty. The Age says it was intended for an insult to the whigs. This is indeed a great relief, as in that case the insult would be much contracted in its limits; though it is hardly fair in the democrats to be unwilling to bear their share of the disasters of the day. The Age also seeks to turn attention from the provocation that drew out this retaliation of the students, by attributing the movement to the trustees and faculty of the college, and accounting for it in the defeat of that institution in their application for aid from the State! If anybody can attach a longer tail than this to so small a pussy, the Age ought to cry for quarter. How far the whigs are accountable for the defeat of that application, the Age does not inform us; though it is sure the college intended the insult for them, and not for the democrats. Probably the democrats favored the appropriation—eh?

**W. WATERVILLE.**—The Republicans of W. Waterville had an enthusiastic meeting Tuesday evening on the occasion of raising their beautiful banner. Several car loads, accompanied by the Cornet Band, went from this village; and though none of the lions of the campaign were present, there was no lack of good and effectual speaking—the better for coming from men whose daily walk is with the rank and file of the people. Among those who addressed the little meeting of about six hundred were Rev. Mr. Deering, of West Waterville; J. W. Herrick, Esq., J. H. Drummond, Esq., and T. W. Johnston, of this village; Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Liberty, and Rev. Mr. Burgess, of Lewiston. Our townsmen of the west parish are awake as usual; and with them the idea of "No more slave territory" is by no means a new one. The voters of Waterville, will sustain it by a bigger vote this year than ever cast before.

**COUNTY CONVENTION.**—At the Republican Convention for the County of Kennebec, held at Augusta, on Wednesday of this week, the following nominations were made:—

For Senators—Jos. H. Williams, Esq., of Augusta; T. W. Herrick, Esq. of Waterville; Issachar Lane, of Leeds.

For Sheriff—Benj. Gilbreth, of Mt. Vernon.

For Judge of Probate—H. K. Baker, Esq. of Hallowell.

Register of Probate.—Jos. Burton of Augusta.

Clerk of Courts.—Wm. M. Stratton.

County Commissioner.—Wm. C. Burton of Windsor.

**A HINT TO LOVERS OF SQUASH PIE.**—A very good pie may be made of the little crook-neck summer squash; and those who have them in abundance would do well to try the

experiment. At any rate, they will do very well to begin upon, while the later varieties are growing.

**INVENTORS.**—and all interested in the mechanic arts—we invite your attention to the advertisement of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, to be found in another column.

**PERFECTLY HARMLESS.**—That communication in Thursday's Bangor Journal, signed "W," and headed "Guns from Old Kennebec."—So many silly falsehoods and so much wicked misrepresentation we never before saw crowded into the same space, and so plainly is this to be seen, that it cannot but be apparent, we think, to every honest man, of any party.

**OUR PAPER.**—As we were very late with our last paper we cannot avoid being a little late this week. Next week we hope to be around in season.

**STATE FAIR.**—The time for holding the State Fair at Portland has been changed to Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.

**U. S. SHIP INDEPENDENCE.**—This ship, about whose safety some fears were entertained, is safe. The California steamer brings the news of her arrival at Valparaiso.

The correspondent of the Boston Advertiser telegraphs as follows, from Washington, under date of 17th:—

The President has issued a proclamation for an extra session of Congress, to meet on Thursday next.

The assault by Mr. McMullen on Mr. Granger to-day was a disgraceful affair. The parties were in an omnibus, proceeding to the capitol, and fell into a conversation on political affairs. Both were very earnest. Mr. McMullen said the South would not submit to the election of Fremont. Mr. Granger replied that after November they would have to submit. The discussion immediately became personal; Mr. McMullen said he was insulted, and told Mr. Granger his gray hairs alone protected. Mr. Granger said he asked no immunity, whereupon Mr. McMullen clinched, and struck him two severe blows, bruising Mr. Granger's face badly. Mr. Granger defended himself as well as he could. The parties were immediately separated by Col. Chester (of the Pennsylvania Inquirer) who gives substantially the foregoing account of the affair. Mr. Granger is an old man, considerably under the medium height; very earnest in his manner, but frank, good-natured and generally popular.

Congress has adjourned without passing the army appropriation bill, and the President has in consequence, called an extra session. It remains to be seen whether the free state men in Congress will secede from their position. Under ordinary circumstances we should look upon any attempt to defeat the appropriation bills as little less than revolutionary, and in yielding their amendments to the civil and diplomatic bill, we think they acted wisely, and manifested a disposition to meet the Senate in a spirit of compromise. But the South insists that the North shall yield everything. They are in the right who insist that no part of the money appropriated shall be used to support the laws of the bogus legislature, or to pay the ruffians who, under the name of militia, have been gathered together by the U. S. Marshal and Sheriff to commit outrages upon the offending—to burn and sack towns, and to plunder and murder the inhabitants with ruthless brutality. The amendment is in perfect conformity with the provisions of the bill itself and we trust that the House will adhere to its action, even at the risk of the entire defeat of the appropriation bill. The public money ought not to be used to pay the ruffians who have spread terror through Kansas, and to enforce laws which even the Democracy now acknowledge are indefensible, and in insisting that it shall be so used the Administration Democracy are seeking to divert the public revenue from the purposes for which it was raised, and are consequently factious.

[Boston Journal.]

**YELLOW FEVER.**—The New York Mirror of August 18th says that the yellow fever has made its appearance at New Utrecht, Kings county, New York, and it is said that over 50 persons have died of it. The residents have fled panic-stricken, and not enough were left to take care of the sick. It was confined for some days almost exclusively to the section of the county named, and to that portion of the Eight Ward of Brooklyn adjoining N. Utrecht and south of Twenty-seventh street, the new entrance on Third Ave. to Greenwood Cemetery; but it has now appeared at Yellow Hook, just below Gowanus Bay. Four boys died there on Saturday. One death, too, had occurred at Red Hook Point.

The per diem allowance to members of Congress is at an end. The Senate bill heretofore passed, giving \$2,500 per year, was changed in the House so as to give \$3,000 a year, deducting for voluntary absence during the session, and giving no books except those printed by Congress. In this form it passed the House by 101 to 97. It was at once sent to the Senate, and there passed by 27 to 12. The bill applies to the present Congress, the per diem of which for this session amounts to about \$2,000 for each member.

**HIGH CRANBERRY.**—This shrub, growing in the swampy ground, can be as readily cultivated in our gardens as our currant, and is worth more, certainly, than the gooseberry. It bears rich clusters of scarlet berries, and as an ornamental tree or shrub, is far preferable in gardens to hundreds of those of foreign growth, that are obtained with great expense, and raised with a great deal of trouble. Beside, the fruit makes a rich, delicious sauce, preserve, tart or pie, and is invaluable in the pastry department. It can be raised where the common cranberry would fail, and as it is easily transplanted, or can be raised from cutting, we are surprised that it is not more cultivated. We hope to see it generally introduced into our gardens.

[Granite Farmer.]

**RAISING ONIONS.**—I find no difficulty in raising this valuable esculent. My method has been to sow the seed in suitable soil, and when the plants are from two to three inches high, I take common beef or pork brine, dilute it one-half with water, sprinkle it over the onion beds, and then wait the result. If I notice some of the plants to wither, I apply the brine again. Water salted to the same amount will produce the same result—salt being effectually destructive to the maggot. I have now a flourishing bed of onions which I treated in this way. [Corr. Maine Farmer.]

**LET IT BE REMEMBERED** that Rufus Choate finds it necessary, in order to justify his censures of the Republican party, to attack the Declaration of Independence! That is the way these men support Buchanan. They begin with assaulting the immortal character of our liberties! How long will it be before they will unmask their designs against the constitution itself!

## Mr. Buchanan's Position.

Below we give a letter from the Hon. A. G. Brown, a member of the U. S. Senate, which gives a full and frank exposition of the opinions of Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Brown was a member of the Cincinnati Convention and one of the Committee to inform Mr. Buchanan of his nomination.

Washington City, June 18.

My DEAR SIR—I congratulate you on the nomination of your favorite candidate for the Presidency.

If the nomination of Buchanan was acceptable to me at first, it is still more so now—since I have seen him and heard him speak. The Committee, of which I was one, waited on him at his residence to give him formal and official notice of his nomination, and in the name of the National Democracy to request his acceptance of it. We found him open, frank, and wholly undisguised in the expression of his sentiments.

Mr. Buchanan said, in the presence of all who had assembled, and they were from the North and the South, the East and the West, that he stood upon the Cincinnati platform and endorsed every part of it. He was explicit in his remarks on its slavery features, saying that the slavery issue was the absorbing element in the canvass! He recognized to its fullest extent the overshadowing importance of that issue, and if elected, he would make it the great aim of his administration to settle the question upon such terms as should give peace and safety to the Union, and security to the South.

He spoke in terms of decided commendation of the Kansas bill, and as pointedly deprecated the unworthy efforts of sectional agitation to get up a national conflagration on that question. After the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, the Kansas bill was, he said, necessary to harmonize our legislation in reference to the territories, and he expressed his surprise that there should appear anywhere an organized opposition to the Kansas bill, after the general acquiescence which the whole country had expressed in the measures of 1850.

After thus speaking of Kansas and the slavery issues, Mr. Buchanan passed to our foreign policy. He approved in general terms of the Cincinnati resolutions on the subject. But said that while enforcing our own Policy we must at all times scrupulously regard the just rights and proper policy of other nations. He was not opposed to territorial extension. All our acquisitions had been fairly and honorably made. Our necessities might require us to make other acquisitions. He regarded the acquisition of Cuba as very desirable now, and it was likely to become a national necessity. Whenever we could obtain the island on fair, and honorable terms he was for taking it. But he added, it would be a terrible necessity that would induce me to sanction any movement that would bring reproach upon us, or tarnish the honor and glory of our beloved country.

After the formal interview was over, Mr. Buchanan said playfully, but in the presence of the whole audience, "If I can be instrumental in settling the slavery question upon the terms I have named, and then add Cuba to the Union, I shall, if President, be willing to give up the ghost, and let Breckinridge take the Government." Could there be a more noble ambition? You may well be proud of your early choice of a candidate, and congratulate yourself that no adverse influences ever moved you an inch from your stern purpose of giving the great Pennsylvanian a steady, earnest and cordial support. In my judgment he is as worthy of Southern confidence and Southern votes as Mr. Calhoun ever was; in saying this I do not mean to intimate that Mr. Buchanan has any sectional prejudices in our favor. I only mean to say that he has none against us, and that we may rely with absolute certainty on receiving full justice, according to the constitution, at his hands.

Knowing your long, laborious and faithful adherence to the fortunes of Mr. Buchanan, I have thought it proper to address you this letter, to give you assurance that you had not mistaken your man, nor failed in the performance of a sacred and filial duty to the South. In doing so I violate no confidence.

Very truly, your friend,

A. G. BROWN.

**TO HON. S. R. ADAMS.**—This letter was written to a gentleman at the South, and may not have been intended for this latitude. It will at once command attention and serve to dispel all remaining doubts that existed, as to Mr. Buchanan's true position. We commend it to the attention of Mr. Choate, and gentlemen of that stamp who have professed respect for Mr. Buchanan's principles.

**TO PRESERVE HERBS.**—All kinds of herbs should be gathered on a dry day, just before, or while in blossom. Tie them in bundles and suspend them in a dry, airy place with the blossoms downwards. When perfectly dry wrap the medical ones in paper and keep them from the air. Pick off the leaves of those which are to be used in cooking, pound and sift them fine, and keep the powder in bottles, corked up tight.

The Clinton Courant gives the substance of Mr. Choate's letter in a single sentence:—"The substance of Mr. Choate's position is, that no matter what injustice, meanness, oppression and rascality the fifteen States may practice against the rest, the other sixteen must unite to defend themselves."

The column and a half of rhetorical sentences and rounded periods, sifted of its verbiage, amounts to just that, and no more.

**POWER OF THE MOON AT NIGHT.**—A SCIENTIFIC ILLUSTRATION.—The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.—Ps. cxxi. 6. Mr. Crane, in his "Letter from the East," has observed: "The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country (Egypt) is singularly injurious. The natives tell you, as I found afterwards they also did in Arabia, to always cover your eyes when you sleep out in the open air. It is strange that the passage in the Psalms should not have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems direct. The moon when she really strikes and smokes the night when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun; a fact of which I had a very unpleasant proof one night, and took care to guard against afterwards. Indeed the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon be impaired or utterly destroyed."

**CRAMP.**—Those who may be subject in the night time to that excruciating pain called cramp, will doubtless be glad to learn that by tying any kind of a bandage very tight around the leg, immediately above the knee, this unpleasant sensation will be instantaneously removed.

**PINE WOOD ASHES** are often bought and used for manure. They are scarcely worth caring. The ashes of pine wood contain so small an amount of potash, that they are not used for soap-making in sections where that kind of wood is the exclusive fuel.



Kendall's Mills Advmts. Portland Advertisements.

STOVES, FURNACES, HARDWARE, AND REPAIRS. AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

W. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY. No. 68 Exchange Street, Portland. THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

ALHON WITAM, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES. Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Cigars, &c. No. 122 Fore Street, Portland.

R. L. DAY, Wholesale and Retail Paper Warehouse. (CONSTANTLY ON HAND, all sizes and qualities of Wrapping Paper, Stationery, etc.)

GILBERT & RICHARDSON. Have constantly for sale, a good assortment of Parlor, Office, Shop and Cooking Stoves.

Darby's celebrated Wood Furnace, will be sold and repaired in Waterville. All of the above named goods, will be sold at as low prices as any other place on the river.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills. This establishment would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity that he has opened a store in the above place, where at all times he would be glad to receive the patronage of his friends.

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE. at the mill formerly occupied by F. A. Kendall. Kendall's Mills, April, 1886.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared. New Watch and Jewelry Establishment at Kendall's Mills.

W. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY. No. 68 Exchange Street, Portland. THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

ALHON WITAM, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES. Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Cigars, &c. No. 122 Fore Street, Portland.

R. L. DAY, Wholesale and Retail Paper Warehouse. (CONSTANTLY ON HAND, all sizes and qualities of Wrapping Paper, Stationery, etc.)

GILBERT & RICHARDSON. Have constantly for sale, a good assortment of Parlor, Office, Shop and Cooking Stoves.

Darby's celebrated Wood Furnace, will be sold and repaired in Waterville. All of the above named goods, will be sold at as low prices as any other place on the river.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills. This establishment would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity that he has opened a store in the above place, where at all times he would be glad to receive the patronage of his friends.

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE. at the mill formerly occupied by F. A. Kendall. Kendall's Mills, April, 1886.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared. New Watch and Jewelry Establishment at Kendall's Mills.

W. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY. No. 68 Exchange Street, Portland. THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

ALHON WITAM, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES. Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Cigars, &c. No. 122 Fore Street, Portland.

R. L. DAY, Wholesale and Retail Paper Warehouse. (CONSTANTLY ON HAND, all sizes and qualities of Wrapping Paper, Stationery, etc.)

GILBERT & RICHARDSON. Have constantly for sale, a good assortment of Parlor, Office, Shop and Cooking Stoves.

Darby's celebrated Wood Furnace, will be sold and repaired in Waterville. All of the above named goods, will be sold at as low prices as any other place on the river.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills. This establishment would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity that he has opened a store in the above place, where at all times he would be glad to receive the patronage of his friends.

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE. at the mill formerly occupied by F. A. Kendall. Kendall's Mills, April, 1886.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared. New Watch and Jewelry Establishment at Kendall's Mills.

W. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY. No. 68 Exchange Street, Portland. THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

ALHON WITAM, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES. Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Cigars, &c. No. 122 Fore Street, Portland.

R. L. DAY, Wholesale and Retail Paper Warehouse. (CONSTANTLY ON HAND, all sizes and qualities of Wrapping Paper, Stationery, etc.)

GILBERT & RICHARDSON. Have constantly for sale, a good assortment of Parlor, Office, Shop and Cooking Stoves.

Darby's celebrated Wood Furnace, will be sold and repaired in Waterville. All of the above named goods, will be sold at as low prices as any other place on the river.

MARBLE WORK!

THE subscriber is constantly manufacturing the best of Italian and American Marble into Monuments and Grave Stones.

Of any Pattern or Design that may be wanted. Persons wishing to purchase work, may be assured that they can deal with me on BETTER TERMS than with travelling Agents of Shops at a distance.

ORNAMENTAL WORK. Monuments, of new and beautiful design, manufactured lower than Boston prices. W. A. STEVENS, Waterville, May 15, 1886.

RUSSELL S. ROULTER. WOULD inform his old friends, and the public generally, that he has taken the new shop, one door north of the Express office and opposite the P. O., where he will keep constantly on hand a supply of

HARNESSES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. made of the best of oak-tanned stock, in the most thorough manner, which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere.

STOVES! STOVES!! EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves. 500 SOLD, and every one giving entire satisfaction. Being made of new iron, they are not liable to crack.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware, Fire-Bricks, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, etc.

PAINT STOCK.

Has received and now offers for sale, a large assortment of Pure Ground White Lead, Lined Oil, etc.

Brushes and Graining Tools. CHAPMAN FOR CASH. ATTENTION, THE WHOLE!

WATERVILLE BOOT AND SHOE STORE. This establishment would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Waterville, that he has opened a store in the above place, where at all times he would be glad to receive the patronage of his friends.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.

STEAMBOAT LINE. From Waterville, Bangor, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath to Boston.