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"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY INEZ.

O thou who lookest backward on the past,
With such a mournful, such a wistful gaze,
To some sweet hope which on thy springtime cast
A bloom that rests not on thy later days,
To some bright vision of expected bliss,
That came and went, a shadow and a dream,
Grieve not that this its full fruition
Sigh not with yearning o'er its lingering beam,
"It might have been."

It might have been, that early, beautiful dream—
That golden vision of unalloyed joy,
And thou hadst slept in summer's warmest beam,
And basked in happiness without alloy,
O'er fragrant flowers thy idle feet had trod
To bowers of beauty warm with love's own light,
And thou at last hadst sunk into the sod,
Untroubled, untroubled, weary with delight!
"It might have been."

But thou hadst never known the nobler life
Of struggle and of conquest,—never known
The joy that comes of strong and willing strife
With disappointment. Weary calm had flown
Thy days of vigor, and from age's night
Thou hadst looked back on one long holiday
Of rich repose,—not on the inspiring fight
With sorrow's strength and life's stern array,—
"It might have been."

It might have been but was not and I deem;
That all enchanting as it shone to thee,
Thou hadst not lived to clasp the blissful dream,
And with it gain one nobler victory.
Better to lose all hopes, all visions bright,
And through that loss one godlike prize to win!
The saddest songs have echoes of delight,
And there's a nobler triumph in
"It might have been."

Miscellany.

[From The New York Independent.

POLITICS AND PARTIES.

Hardly any word in the English language is more abused than that really well-meaning word, *Politics*. We call it a well-meaning word, because, in its legitimate import, it means not only nothing wrong or mischievous, but something essential to the duties of every free citizen and essential to the welfare of states and nations. For the sake of recalling public attention to the real meaning of this much abused word, we quote from the article *POLITICS* in the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

"Politics, in its widest extent, is both the science and the art of government, or the science whose subject is the regulation of man, in all his relations as the member of a state, and the application of this science. In other words, it is the theory and the practice of obtaining the ends of civil society as perfectly as possible. In common parlance, we understand by the *politics* of a country the course of its government, more particularly as respects its relations with foreign nations; and the more important these relations are (as, for instance, in European States, which exert so powerful an influence on each other), the more prominent is the place which they hold in the ideas conveyed by the word; whilst in a country like the United States, whose relations to foreign countries are comparatively unimportant, the word, in common usage, is naturally more confined to the principles and operation of the internal government. Politics, therefore, extends to everything which is the subject of positive laws; for it is by means of these that the purposes of a State or civil union are effected."

The definition given by Noah Webster, in his great quarto Dictionary, (ed. 1828) is more exact and more complete, but is of the same purport. It is as follows:

"The science of government; that part of ethics which consists in the regulation and government of a nation or state, for preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; comprehending the defense of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals. *Politics*, as a science or an art, is a subject of vast extent and importance."

How hideously, then, is this word *Politics* abused! Men whose acquaintance with "the science and art of government" is not much superior to a Pawnee Indian's acquaintance with Gothic architecture—men not much farther advanced in "the science whose subject is the regulation of man in all his relations as the member of a state," than a grizzly bear is in algebra—men who could much more understand and believe that the moon is identical with the mammoth cheese which Elder John Leland presented to Thomas Jefferson, than that politics is any "part of ethics"—are nevertheless considered to be great politicians.—What an abuse of language! The management by which John Doe or Richard Roe becomes the regular candidate of his party for the office of alderman, or for some other office, is not politics. The complicated violence and fraud by which the candidate aforesaid is elected, or declared elected, is not politics. The dirty work by which some menial of the administration pays for his station in a custom-house—filling a weekly or a daily newspaper with incessant lying—is not politics. Such a man may think himself an experienced politician, but politics is after all a very different thing from any sort of dirty knavery. The senator who was unwilling that three thousand New England clergymen should be allowed to remonstrate against a public crime, because they ought not "to mingle in the turbid politics of the day," (politician as he is by profession) that, in his opinion, politics and villainy are very much the same thing.

It is by this abuse of the word *Politics* that many respectable and otherwise conscientious men are repelled from the due consideration and performance of their duties as members of the state. It is supposed, that because Capt. Rynders and his satellites are politicians, a serious, peaceable, Christian man must leave politics to them and such as they are. It is supposed, that because the party-presses that live by lying, and that can never name the opposite party without some low epithet of opprobrium, are political presses, therefore a journal that concerns itself with the great interests of humanity and of the Kingdom of God, must avoid all questions, however momentous, that have any connection with politics. Above all, nothing that can have the remotest bearing on any political question must ever enter the pulpit.

To argue from the Scriptures, and from the principles of Christianity, that the business of dress-making is a sin against God and against the public welfare, is political preaching; because the question whether dress-making shall be tolerated or punished by law, is a political question. To argue from the commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and from Christ's parable of the good Samaritan, that the state ought to prohibit all oppression of the poor, and to secure for every man the ownership of his person, and the just wages of his labor, is political preaching; because the question whether slavery shall be established in the Territories under the jurisdiction of our national government, is a political question.—So, a few months hence, when the Mormon State of Utah shall be demanding admission to the Union, all ministers of the Gospel, and all journals making any pretension to a religious character, will be forbidden to discuss the question of polygamy; because that will then be a political question.

The great question pending before the people of the United States for them to decide in the exercise of their political power, is the question of the farther extension of slavery.—That question is brought to a focus in the crisis which the present administration—or rather

the party owning and controlling the administration—has brought about in Kansas. The people of the United States, by their delinquency in respect to their political duties, are responsible before God for the crimes which are at this moment perpetrated in the strife to force slavery upon that Territory. The people of Illinois permitted their legislature to send Stephen Arnold Douglas to the Senate, knowing him to be an unprincipled and wicked man. The people of the United States, knowing that Franklin Pierce had never been anything better than the obedient vassal of a party, invested him with the power and patronage by means of which he has involved the country in civil war. How has this happened? It has happened because politics is so generally conceded to be wholly out of the domain of conscience—because it is so widely admitted that intelligent men, conscientious men, religious men, must not meddle with politics—because questions of public duty, instead of being fairly discussed as questions of right and wrong, and fairly decided by the moral sense and judgment of the people, are left to be disposed of by party managers who make a trade of what they call politics, and who ask not what is right but what is for the interest of the party.

At such a time as this, we, in our positions, and with our responsibilities, will not hold our tongues. We have uttered and still continue to utter our intense convictions on the great question now pending. The people of the United States are sovereign over the territories of the United States. They cannot establish slavery in any of these territories, or permit it to be established there, without committing a great political crime—a crime which will not fail to bring dire penalties upon them and their posterity. We will protest against that crime.—We will use all our influence with our fellow-citizens to defeat the conspirators who are trying to involve the nation in that crime. We will give our votes, and we will urge our fellow-citizens to give their votes, so as to tell effectively against the men who stand as the representative of this crime, and whose election to the presidency will give to the enemies of the Union who have so long threatened its overthrow, the power to accomplish their cherished design.

No doubt this is taking a part in politics.—We do not know how that can be a good newspaper, or a really honest one, which does not concern itself with politics at such a time.—

But we commit ourselves to no party.—Our position is above all parties. The question of the day is one before which parties divide, and are lost. We committed ourselves, finally and uncompromisingly, against the extension of slavery, before what is now called the Republican party had been instituted. We nominated Col. Fremont as the candidate who would unite the largest possible number of votes against the extension of slavery, before any party whatever had adopted him. The Philadelphia Convention, which was hardly the representative of any party, ratified our nomination. Our candidate is not a party candidate, but really independent of all parties. Myriads of the people will give their votes for him without pledging themselves at all to any party, but only because in their judgment he is the man whose election will restore peace to the country, and secure the permanence of the Union by putting an end to the perpetual agitation for the extension of slavery.

We are Conservatives. Let any professed Conservative tell us what will be the end of this agitation, if the enemies of Free Kansas triumph.

Three Suicides.

A mad, miserable fool, debauched and ruined in body, mind and estate, cut his throat. Horrible! said everybody; what a wretched victim of his wicked folly! and the mangled corpse was put out of sight, and the poor man's name was forgotten as quickly as might be; remembered with a shudder, if at all, even by those nearest and dearest to him.

A thriving and enterprising man, young and strong, went into business at an uncommonly early age. His devotion to his occupation could not be too highly praised. Early and late he was groping among his books and accounts, hurrying about to see this or that man, or plunged deep in the calculations and figurings of a far-advanced speculation. He took no vacations—he hardly ate—he gobbled or bolted whatever he inserted into his stomach as he may see a grim fireman shovel square junks of coal into the hot steamboat furnace door. He rose early, he retired late.

He did "chew"—but it was tobacco, not victuals; and he found that the harder he thought the more he chewed, for the stimulus of the nasty weed served to goad along his weary brains.

Very good. He grew rich and respected. He also grew crooked and sallow, cross and lean; and his breath—faugh!

He died, aged thirty-nine. They had a very elaborate funeral, and buried him magnificently; for he had already, as the satirist said, "a very pretty fortune to begin the next world with"; and, doubtless, when the porter of heaven's gate spies a soul coming, not all bare and naked, but with a gay hearse clattering along behind him; and plenty of people in hacks at five dollars each, he gets up and admits that soul into Paradise with a low bow, and no requisition for a ticket of admission whatever.

He had killed himself, however; but it was respectable, because it took almost twenty years to do it. A suicide, not for desperation, but for selfishness.

There was a slender, eager, bright-eyed youth, a student. He studied as ambitious students do; sitting all day, sometimes all night over his books. He ate good greasy boarding-house victuals, and swallowed the draught ridiculously called coffee. He neither rode, nor walked, nor swam, nor boxed, nor sawed wood. He took the valedictory at college, and then, with the divine fire of love for men burning in his breast, and another destructive fire burning there too, and showing its red signal on his cheek, he went out to more studies, and in due time became the wonderful young minister of an almost worshipping congregation. For a year or two he sustained the labor of some pastoral duty, and of his sermon-writing and delivery—and his labor was effective, both because he was earnest in it, and because his increasing deathlike look added a horrid power to his apocalyptic delivery, that quite charmed and overcame the young ladies especially.

But he died; and what a flaming obituary upon the ignorant boy! He had "given his life to save souls"; was a martyr to his ardent benevolence; an affecting spectacle of the

power of the spiritual over the earthly; and his early death was a "most mournful and mysterious dispensation of that Providence which had thus snatched away a most beloved minister from a bereaved congregation." The fool as if he could not have done more of the work he honestly desired to do, if he had lived longer! "Mysterious dispensation!" Yes, truly, as mysterious as if he had died upon being shot through the head!

Oh, ignorant, bereaved congregation and mourning friends; this wonderful young man was a slow suicide, by well-meant, but frightful ignorance of the dearest laws of health.

A suicide is as foolish, as fatal, and as wicked if it takes ten years as if it takes only a moment; and the swelling and writhing of the poisoned wretch, the spouting blood of the gaping wound, are not, abstractly, a whit more horrible than the slow drying up and wasting, the gradual deformities of the ten and twenty years over which so many self-murderers spread their deliberate proceedings.

[Life Illustrated.

A Model Pair.

A clever writer in the August Knickerbocker hits the nonsense of our fashionable city civilization in the following sketch of a married pair—married, but not exactly matched:—

Mr. Plimpton is head clerk of the 'heavy' mercantile firm of Starbuck, Murray & Co., importers of laces, embroideries and British goods, Dry street. He is a good looking fellow, about five and thirty. He is a little worn and languid, and gives you the impression of being a man who has seen service, and perhaps sown his wild oats in early days, extra territorially. You see, too, he has gotten a few premature crow-feet in the corners of his eyes, from hard work, &c. He is rather plain in his dress, but has a half studied neatness in it that betrays chiefly in the freshness of his linen and gloves. He is comely and quiet in his manner, but then he is a worker.

You meet him in the street, and you might be half inclined to suspect him of being an educated man of fortune, so collected and well-gathered is he; but you would be quite sure that though a gentleman he was not an idle one. He impresses you unmistakably with the notion that he leads an active life, and that duty, and not pleasure is mistress.

I have half mind to step into the counting room and see how cheerily, and yet how steadily and laboriously he travels around in the mill of his daily occupation.

But while Mr. Plimpton is hard at work at his daily task, let us avail ourselves of this bright noon and peep in, Asmodeus-like, and see Mrs. Plimpton. I know her in a moment. She is often my guest on the rails. She is now boarding at one of our large family hotels, in Broadway. I will not say whether it be St. Nicholas or Metropolitan, lest I might offend by drawing attention to her. Well, we look into her parlor. The nurse has gone out with her children, thus early in the day she is free as a bird. The cares of maternity, are borne by a deputy. She is a small and pretty woman you see, with a very dainty air.

Her dress is very lady like and *comme il faut*, except, perhaps, too costly for any but a princess. You cannot fail to perceive she conceives herself to be a woman of taste, and so indeed she is—in dress. Her air and manners are graceful and easy, with a very copious dash of the *dolce far niente*. I beg pardon for traveling so far for the terminology of the unnatural product of the American soil, and I am compelled to seek an exotic from a worn out civilization for a parallel. To return to the *faune* lady. Her bonnet, (perhaps I should say head dress, were it not a self contradiction,) is on, and she is gloved and shawled for a walk or a call. Thus she is every day.

In the evening, she coaxes poor Plimpton to accompany her to a ball, or a party, or some public place of amusement.

She "sings and dances well." She is a fond, loving and trusting wife, and she is Plimpton are, I dare say, very happy. But is this her destiny? Plimpton works each day 'from morn till dewy eve,' and never murmurs. She 'like the lily, never toils nor spins.' Is this fair? Is this equity? All his earnings are freely, not grudgingly, surrendered to her, that she may live in beautiful idleness. His thoughts are full of care. And she flatters herself that her 'chiefest good' consists in squandering his money and making herself a beautiful toy to soothe his tired spirit and to wheedle him into temporary forgetfulness of the calls of time and circumstance upon his exertions. Does this woman bear her share of the yoke? If her husband is fated to be a shop keeper, what right has she to set up vulgar for anything better? If labor is too vulgar for her, why not for him; and why should not the 'twain that are one flesh' both abjure it and starve in harmony? Is there not a radical uneasiness here? Does not this savor of the Harem? Is not this rank Mahomedanism after all?

Was 'the other half' of this man meant to be a mere plaything? Does Christianity suffer woman, (in every sphere of life where she can exert the sacrifice,) to be the petted darling of idleness?

While it recognizes the possibility of right, does it not too, point with unerring certainty to the absoluteness of obligations? Is there anything compatible with good sense in the idea of a manacled slave of toil and a gilded puppet of indolence being made yoke fellows in this race of life! Is it God's purpose that he should coin his heart strings into money, and that he should spend it in millinery and mantua making, ribbons and laces, fringes and flowers, and waste her time in idleness? Has he no old age to provide for, no quiet to anticipate, no time of contemplation to be allotted to him. Can she not by task lighten his toil, or by cultivation learn to share his higher sympathies? Before Heaven, it seems to me a sorry destiny for this woman, (who plumes herself upon being such a glorious creature,) that the partner of her life should be a pack-horse of beast of burden, while she idly floats in the sunshine and outries the butterfly in ephemeral gauds and purposeless existence.

A RECIPE.—The following recipe may prove extremely beneficial in removing a fish-bone from the throat.—As soon as possible take four grains of trisulphate, dissolved in one-half pint of warm water, and immediately afterwards the white of six eggs. The coagulated mass will not remain in the stomach more than two or three minutes, and the probability is that the bone will be ejected with the contents of the stomach. If tartrac emetic is no

to be found conveniently, a teaspoonful of mustard dissolved in milk warm water and swallowed, will answer the same purpose.

AMERICAN REPUTATION ABROAD.—Rev. C. L. Brace, the European correspondent of the New York Sun, thus speaks of the present reputation of America in Europe:

"The truth is, all through Europe now, American reputation is at a low ebb. We are regarded as a money making, unprincipled, sharp-grasping, jobbing race, whose mean faults are only redeemed by an unquestioned courage and the most unbounded ambition. The brutalities, such as this of Brooks; the civil wars of Kansas; the barbarisms of slavery, and job-bings in New York and Washington, are rung over Europe. The glory and heroism which, six years ago, I found to surround the American name, with the middle and lower classes of Europe, is mostly gone. People have lost much faith in us. The advocates of aristocracy and government of the higher classes are making a strong handle of our troubles against the elective franchise for the lower classes, and it is difficult for democrats of Europe to justify us. For my own part, I am not sorry for this change of public opinion. I may serve henceforth to shut off forever the miserable boasting and gasconade which have made our people ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men. We have been vain under the world's applause; now under its frown, we can show the true stuff in us. We do not need any one's approval. The questions fighting between us are too grand for these members of petty States far away to understand. The very scum on our surface in America, and the boiling agitation show the immense powers at work below. It is, really, the redemption of mankind that is being struggled for in our country. Stormy years, with grand events, are before us. God help the right!"

HAIR TURNED BLACK.—Two of our lady friends were reading, the other day, Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." We intended to say that one lady was pretending to read it aloud to the other lady. No woman has ever been, now, or ever will be, capable of listening without interrupting. So that, at the very commencement, when the reader read the passage—

"Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's hair grows from sudden fears."

the listener interrupted as follows:—
"What? How odd, to be sure! Well, I know nothing about men's hair; but there is our friend, Mr. G.—, of Twelfth street, the lady who has been just twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years—her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was intense, that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event."

MISERIES OF THE KANSAS CIVIL WAR, AS DESCRIBED BY A PRO-SLAVERY PRESS.—*Coming Down from Kansas.* The misguided emigrants who crowded to Kansas early in the spring, still continue to leave that Territory in all directions. They are to be met in scattered companies, looking half-starved, sickly and miserable. Many of them having spent all their money, have gathered up their little effects and crossed the river to Iowa, on their way home or to locate themselves in some secluded corner of the wilderness, or patch of prairie, where they will be at peace.

Every boat which comes from the Missouri has among her passengers some of these people. We saw them once before, in the early spring, when they went up the river, with money in their pockets, hope in their hearts, health in their blood, and the world before them.

They were then in companies of hundreds; they had family circles, and looked happy; they took quarters in the cabins of steamboats, and partook of the luxury of repose and a plentiful table. They were thrifty-looking emigrants, who would do honor to any new country.

We now see them in squads of tens and twenties—crippled, sickly, and apparently poverty-stricken—crowded upon decks of steamboats, almost begging their way back to the homes they left but a few months before. And civil war in Kansas has wrought all this mischief—doomed many a hopeful heart to despair and death, and embittered the lives of hundreds more whose piteous stories the world will never know.—[St. Louis Republican, Sept. 25th.]

VIRGINIA POLITICS.—Capt. Robert G. Scott, late Pierce Consul at Rio Janeiro, and Hon. Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia, have been making speeches in Richmond.—The burden of their song is disunion—the retirement of the Southern States from the Confederacy, in case of the election of Col. Fremont. Governor Wise was brutal and vulgar in his personal allusions to the Republican candidate; but poor Botts was the main scapegoat for the unbridled wrath of both speakers. Scott denounced him as a traitor, who had cast himself loose from the world and was unfit for the society of all honorable men. Gov. Wise advocated his expulsion from the State.

The brunt of poor Botts' offence was a recent Fillmore speech at Richmond, in which he avowed his belief that the Union would not be dissolved in case of Fremont's election. The meeting was largely attended and Mr. Botts was enthusiastically applauded throughout. So it seems that there are two parties even in Richmond; those who were there applauding Mr. Botts were quite as "treasonable" as the speaker himself. Richmond is a little commercial city, bound to the North by a hundred ties; probably half of the population sympathized with the sentiments uttered by Mr. Botts. It is notorious that Western Virginia is settled by Free-soilers; could a fair election be held there to-morrow, Western Virginia would be a free State. This threatening to gag and expel a man for expressing a constitutional truism as plain as that uttered by Mr. Botts, cannot be palatable to a State so loyal to law and devoted to individual rights as Virginia has always been. Such violence always has a rebound to it, like a two-edged sword, it cuts both ways. Virginia politicians, are fast opening the eyes of the Virginia people; they are doing more for Freedom than all the Northern States put together. Such speeches as those of Scott and Wise cannot but augment the already large and respectable Free Soil party in the 'Old Dominion.'

[N. Y. Mirror.

The Christian Mirror quotes an original anecdote of Dr. Payson, which shows the benefit an attentive hearer may confer upon a minister. "We recollect hearing our father

often repeat the story of once attending an evening lecture, at which Dr. Payson preached with a great deal of energy and power. As they walked home together, father said to the Dr., 'I do not see how you preached so earnestly, it seemed to me, the audience was very dull and uninterested.' 'Ah!' replied Dr. P., 'did you see that man in the gallery in a green baize jacket?' 'No I did not notice him.' 'Well' was the rejoinder, 'he fed on every word I spoke.'

THE COMET.

O, a New Craft in the Offing of Heaven.

BY F. TAYLOR.

"'Twas a beautiful night on a beautiful deep,
And the man at the helm had just fallen asleep,
And the watch of the deck, with his head on his breast,
Was beginning to dream that another's it pressed,
When the look-out-boat cried, 'a sail ho, a sail ho!
And the question and answer went rattling like hail:
'A sail ho, a sail ho!' 'Where away?' 'No! no! no!—west!'"

"Fire a gun!" "No, your honor!" "The din drowned the rest."
There, indeed, is the stranger, her first in these seas,
She drives boldly on, in the teeth of the breeze.
Now her bows to the breakers she steadily turns;
Oh, how brightly the light of her binnacle burns!
Not a signal for SARGENT this Rover has given,
No salute for our VESPER the flag-star of heaven.
Not a rag or a ribbon adorning her spars,
She has sailed by the 'red planet' Mars;
She has 'doubled,' triumphant, the Cape of the Suez,
And the sentinel start, without firing a gun!
Now, a flag at the fore and the mizen unfurled,
She is bearing right gallantly down on the world!
"Helm a port!" "Show a light!" She will run us aground!"

"Fire a gun!" "Bring her to!" "Sail a-hoy! Whither bound?"
Where each planet is cruising, each star is at rest,
With its anchor "let go" in the blue of the blast;
Where that sparkling flotilla, the Asteroids, lie,
And the scowl of red Mars is flung on the sky;
Where the breath of the sparrow is staining the air,—
On the chart that she bears, you will find them all there!
Let her pass on in peace to the port whence she came,
With her trackings of fire, and her streamers of flame.

BOLD AND AMUSING.—We received the other day from a friend in Arkansas, a copy of the *Wachita Herald*, on the face of which is painted as a motto, these words:—Let us ponder boldly; 'tis a base abandonment of reason to resign our right of thought." On examining the contents, we find, as might be supposed from its locality, that it is 'boldly' devoted to pro-slavery interests.

With this paper, a letter reached us from the same source, in which the writer remarks, 'I have not dared to take a Northern paper since I came here. The New York Observer I met received, and I can get that when I please.' 'This' coming together with 'that' struck us as an amusing comment and illustration of the 'boldness' with which our Southern neighbors 'ponder.' It is a boldness all on one side. A northern person residing at the South dares not take a paper from his own city or village, lest some anti-slavery sentiment expressed in its columns should involve him in the charge of being an abolitionist, and subject him to bold and manly process of tar and feathers or even of hanging. Thanks to our institutions, our freedom of thought, and of speech is more than a name.—[Portland Transcript.]

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.—The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's failings; not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility or a folly; we must see and feel them; if we do neither, they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need of forbearance; but to throw the mantle of affection round them, concealing them from each other's eyes; to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good tempered forbearance, because it is the only way of mitigating the present evil, always with a view of ultimate amendment. Surely it is not the perfection, but the imperfection, of human character that make the strongest claim in love. All the world must approve, even enemies must admire, the good and estimable in human nature. If husband and wife estimate only that in each which all must be constrained to value, what do they more than others? It is infirmities of character, imperfections of nature that call for the pitying sympathy, the tender compassion that makes each the comforter, the monitor of the other. Forbearance helps each to attain command over themselves. Few are the creatures so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence, a calm forbearance. Married persons should be preeminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship. The forbearance here contended for is not a weak and wicked indulgence of each others faults, but such a calm, tender observance of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest methods of pointing them out in the full confidence of affection. [Whisper to a Bride.]

MORAL SCIENCE.—A writer in the Richmond Enquirer having attacked Wayland's Moral Science as an unsafe text-book for the South, the Providence Journal thus replies:—
"The Bible is still suffered in Virginia, and the 'sounding and glittering generalities' of the Declaration of Independence are not yet formally and by name excluded. The Old Testament is what saves the Bible. The Virginia conservatives fall back upon that with a refreshing sense of security. The Gospels and the Epistles they look upon as the innovations of the modern radicalism."

REBUKED BY HIS OWN PARTIZANS.—The Missouri Democrat published a large portion of the recent bold and thunder speech of Kelt of North Carolina, under the heading of 'Extraordinary Speech?' and then, in its leading article, proceeds to administer to said head a good sound castigation. After expressing the opinion that all such speeches injure Buchanan's chances, (no doubt of that,) the Democrat says:—
"Why cannot South Carolina, which has suffered so much from the folly and rashness of her public men, keep her young filibusters at home, to promenade King street, or yaw away existence among the fiery hands of her sea islands, instead of sending them, all unfledged, to Congress, to make fools of themselves on the floor, or on the stump, before the eyes of the nation and the world? Keep them at home—put straight jackets on them, if need be; but don't send them to Washington to display their bad rhetoric and bad temper."

Take care Mr. Democrat, that is bold language. Here Kelt is only called a 'mad-cap.'

Agriculture in New and Old England.

Greater ignorance and greater neglect of agriculture has been witnessed, nowhere, than in the United States. This is perhaps strongly stated, but is near the truth. In the South and West, the proprietors hold land enough to persist in bad management, for two or three generations; an exuberant soil produced abundant crops without artificial enrichment, or very heavy labor; when one field was exhausted another was cleared and tilled to poverty in its turn. This kind of farming so impoverished the country in some of the older districts, that the inhabitants were, at length compelled to emigrate to a new region; the employment of more skill and capital on the old farms being out of the question.

In New England, a less fertile soil always demanded more labor; yet few attempts were, for a long time, made and now they are not too frequent, to go out of the common routine of a very restricted cultivation. The inclination among the rural population of New England has been almost universal, to devote all their skill and capital to some branch of trade or manufactures, or to navigation. Those who have been disposed to continue agriculturists, have found it easier and more congenial to their restless and enterprising natures, to sell out, collect their effects, and remove a thousand miles, to a richer region, than to think of improving the old homestead. Change of location or change of pursuit, rather than the employment of more skill and more capital, have, thus far, been the means of bettering their condition, among New England farmers. Hence our rural population has been kept scattered and thin, over the face of the country.

The routine of cultivation has, in general, been this—a field of Indian corn, with a border of potatoes—a few fields of small grains—an old pasture and old meadow of natural grass, and with a stock of cattle to suit. The only part of the farm, well cultivated, was the field of Indian corn, which received, commonly, two or three plowings and hoeings—the plant beautiful, in all stages of its growth. No root crops were ever thought of for animals—no manure provided for the farm, except what was thrown from the barn windows, during the winter. Breeds of cattle or horses were not considered; but such were raised or bought, as happened to be. Indeed, with the exception of the working oxen, if the other cattle were kept from starving during the winter, the farmer was satisfied. In a plentiful year, all that was raised was consumed, and if a little waste was necessary to this end, it was readily resorted to. If there was a large crop of corn, the turkeys, pigs and hens were somewhat fattened; and if any hay was left, old hay was considered poor stuff. It would have been difficult, in any county, to have found ten farmers who looked forward to the blending of the operations of two or three years together, or who had any system of farming or of agricultural economy. How often, even yet, is the question discussed of how much working capital is necessary for a farm, or how many animals it will support, or can be made to support? I do not say that better things have not been attempted, but the experimentalist has, generally, been a warning; and after having cultivated his fields without economy of labor and with strict economy of manures and outlays in stock and implements, and without a system, running over a term of years, he has found his produce a few tons of hay, a few bushels of corn and potatoes, and has joined his testimony to that of others, that it was impossible to make anything, by farming in New England.

Still, I can call before my mind scenes which even our poor New England agriculturist has created, on which my eyes have rested, with a delight which no other scene on earth can call forth—the farm-house, looking like a home, shaded by two or three spreading elms, with its large barns, where the grain and hay were stored and the cattle housed, with their large barn doors and ample floors, for husking and threshing, and for a play-place, for rainy days; with its extensive orchard; its one or two fields of Indian corn, with pumpkin vines interlaced; its small brook-home of trout, running through the green meadow; within sight of, if not adjoining, the noble wood-lot of trees free of clean and smooth bark free from moss, such as are found in no other land, that supplied the fuel of the family fire, which, from capacious fire-places shone on the swain, honest, cheerful faces, through long winter evenings, of a religious New England household.

Still, though our agriculturist afforded many lovely scenes, these did not alter its history. Farmers were generally in debt; when the income of the year failed to meet its expenses, they gave notes to the storekeepers for the balance, until the debt, in a few successive years, swelled to a magnitude that demanded a mortgage, the foreclosure of which swallowed up the farm; while the law of attachment swept off its personal property. Such has been the history of our agriculturist.

Agriculture has some disadvantages in New England; our late springs and our June frosts,—our droughts—and our long winters.

The evil of late frost is most felt by the farmer in the cultivation of Indian corn; and against this evil, he must offset the splendid advantage he has in the warm summer, when the plant grows audibly, and the late fall.

The effect of our droughts can be entirely overcome by deep tillage, which our soil needs. About six years ago, rather in the way of experiment than of profit, I began to trench two or three acres of land, resolved to trench five or six years, systematically; mixing about four inches of the subsoil, at every annual trenching, with the upper soil. The material soil was a gravelly clay loam, of about a foot in depth. By bringing up each year four inches of subsoil, and mixing it with the upper soil, and bringing it in contact with the atmosphere and manure, the whole soil is now about three feet deep. No drought has ever affected this land. The same thing which I did with the spade might have been done by the subsoil plow, followed by a common plow, till the soil was sufficiently deep for all purposes.

Our long winters, the farmer must find the blessing which God has imparted to them in rest and improvement, if not profit. I do not admit the disadvantage of our soil, for I do not think it, naturally, inferior to the natural soil of England; the best favored country in the world. Our climate is not as favorable as that of England to the turnip; but Indian corn is a gift of God as valuable to us as the turnip is to England. But we are, for the most part, successful in the culture of the turnip.

The complaint is often made that our New England farmers occupy too much land. This is not the proper form in which the fault, with which our farmers are chargeable, should be stated. The proper complaint is, that our farmers do not employ, in the tillage of lands, capital proportioned to their acres. Capital, among New England farmers, being limited and more divided than in England, it is expedient that the farms should be smaller, so as to correspond with the working capital. Suppose the working capital to exist in the form of the acres cultivated, the size of the farms is determined by such circumstances as these, the nature of the soil, the climate and the kinds of crops prevailing. Branches of agriculture that require a great amount of manual labor, demand greater divisions of fields of operation. You are struck with this fact, in

the market gardens, in the neighborhood of cities; in the onion cultivation, in the neighborhood of Wethersfield. A larger farm is expedient where a part is fine meadow land, especially, if it be overflowed and mowed by machines, a part in wheat, rye, or oats, with a soil easily prepared for the crop by horse plowing, and a part in Indian corn, cultivated by the plow or cultivator chiefly, and a small part in potatoes and roots. But still larger farming is required, and small farming is an evil in such a case as this, not uncommon in New England; take a mountainous region where the soil is poor and granite, the climate cold, where wheat cannot be cultivated and hardly rye and oats, where, however, grasses and roots flourish, and irrigation is easy from abundant streams, and the slope of the land—here is a region for breeding and fattening cattle and calls for large farming. Again, take a fertile farm, a branch of domestic industry, in which ten or twelve good cows suffice to give employment to a family in the country, without assistance; here you call for small farming; for who would wish the cares and help of a large farm to disturb the interior of one of these humble cottages so clean, so orderly, with an air that breathes peace and industry and happiness. But the whole secret of farming, large and small, be it never forgotten, lies in two words, Capital and Skill. Working capital is one of the chief agents of production. Three kinds of capital conduce to the development of agricultural wealth.—First, *sunk capital*, which is formed, in the course of time, by outlays of all kinds, often through successive generations, for bringing the land into good condition. Second, *working capital*, consisting of animals, implements, and seeds, &c. Third, *intellectual capital* or agricultural skill, which is improved by experience and thought. In sunk capital—that is outlays through successive generations, for bringing the land into good condition—England is very rich—New England very poor. Of working capital, England used to deem eighty dollars to the acre not too much. New England deems that sufficient which the farmer happens to have. I shall not compare the intellectual capital of the two countries, lest I should hurt the feelings of my countrymen, or do injustice to our ancestor's children, who remain in the old home.

I do not claim that the agriculture of New England should be assimilated in all respects, to that of England. I know this is impossible, and I do not regret it. But I do claim that we should learn, from English experience in agriculture, as we have in manufactures. England has settled it, that agriculture cannot be conducted with success, without capital and skill. I do claim, that we should not attempt to get along without them, till we have tried them. England has settled that agriculture cannot be rich, unless it maintains many animals, sheep, cattle and pigs, which enrich the soil that feeds them. I claim, we should consider this a settled axiom, as true here as there.

England has settled, that it is more than twice as profitable to feed breeds of sheep on its farms, which are fit for the butcher at from one to two years old, than a breed that is fit for the butcher at from three to four years old; and that it is twice as profitable to raise breeds of sheep, which, when fit for the butcher, will yield from 80 to 100 pounds of net mutton, than a breed which will yield from 40 to 50 pounds. England has further shown, that there are such breeds, and how they may be produced. New England, I claim, must take notice of this fact, and act upon it.

England has shown similar results in cattle. England has shown that her agriculture is rich in crops, and enriched by crops, according as she connects the operations of three or four years together, by a rotation of crops. New England must adopt a system or rotation of her own, or show that England does not produce the results claimed by her system, or that a similar system will not produce similar results here. The English system is, first year, roots; second, barley or oats; third, clover; fourth, wheat. Is there no Arthur Young who can settle ours in New England? If we believe the Quakers, our Arthur Young must leave wheat out of our rotation; for some of that sect have maintained that we have never been able to raise wheat, in Massachusetts, since we hung the Quakers. Our crime was bad enough, and its punishment has been severe enough if it has been the curse of our wheat culture; but I would recommend that we try a somewhat more systematic culture, before we acquiesce in the Quaker doctrine.

England has established breeds of milk cows, which give three or four thousand quarts of milk in a year; and her cows average nearly double the quantity of ours. New England must establish similar breeds, if it would have an agriculture as rich as England's, in milk, butter and cheese. England has shown that an agriculture cannot be prosperous in which the animal produce falls short of the vegetable produce; and the agriculture of Ireland and France confirm this truth. Yet the live stock of New England is said to be diminishing.

England has shown what can be done for wet lands and a moist climate, by drainage. How long are our wet lands to have their fertility obstructed by standing water? If our uplands need not drainage, like those of England, they need deep tillage.

England has shown what cultivation with capital and skill can do for a soil not naturally superior to that of New England. Are we to despair of our soil, because it remains sterile, when we have not cultivated and enriched it? England has shown that the love of country life gives vigor to a race, and strength to a nation. Are we to learn, the same lesson, after we have wasted our strength in cities, and lost the freshness of our natures, in the dusty paths of gain?

I come now to the most difficult question, which perplexes many minds, and spreads dependency over many households in New England. If the farmers of New England should testify that they had found it a profitable pursuit, and state what these profits have been, this would be the most satisfactory settlement of the question. I suppose their testimony generally, would be that they made both ends meet, and but little, if anything more; at least, this would be the general testimony, though in some parts of New England it would be less satisfactory than this. But if the farmers of New England testified that they could not get a living by farming, this would not settle the question, that farming could not be made profitable in New England, because it might be they had not adopted the right system, or had not employed capital enough, or skill enough, or had not the best and most profitable breeds of cattle on their farms.

Let us approach this question from the English side, and by comparison; and see whether English farming is profitable, and how, and from what causes and what advantages the English farmer has, and what disadvantages our laborer under.

not exactly laborers, but are in comparatively superior circumstances, and quite intelligent. Farming is their profession, with all the chances of loss and gain; and if the chances of loss are sufficient to keep their attention awakened, the chances of gain are also sufficient to excite their emulation. England has many examples of fortunes made by farming which induce many to become farmers by profession; while, at the same time, it is one of the most honorable professions in which mind and body can be engaged. These farmers live, for the most part, in a quiet, comfortable style, have their newspapers and periodicals, and produce, occasionally, on their tables, a bottle of claret or port. When visiting the country in England, one meets with a hospitable reception from the kind and simple families, who have occupied the same lands for several generations. The most perfect order reigns in their domestic economy, and everything in their houses is conducted with that habitual regularity, which indicates long usage.

Now these farmers in England realize from three dollars and a half to seven dollars and a half per acre, as their net income, or profit, after paying their landlords from five to ten dollars the acre, and after paying about two dollars an acre, as taxes. They have no desire to change their situation, because they get the net profit stated, employing a working capital of their own, on which they also get interest, of about \$4000, on a farm of from 100 to 150 acres; whereas, to invest from \$15,000 to \$20,000 in the farm in addition.

Now, I suppose it will be conceded, that where a man is proprietor of his acres, as he is in the United States, as well as the farmer of his acres, and has as much skill as a tenant farmer, the same capital to carry on his farm, and as good a farm, that no mode of farming can compete with proprietor farming.

The wages of a farm laborer in England are from forty to fifty cents a day, probably now fifty. The prices of farm produce in London, to wit, hay, wheat, mutton, beef, milk, &c., do not average higher than in Boston. The price of farming lands in England, are more than double the price of farming lands in New England, but much richer in *sunk capital*. Taxes in New England probably do not exceed fifty cents an acre, on farming lands; while in England, they are two dollars an acre. Farm laborers' wages in New England are double what they are in England, that is, a dollar a day.

Now, here are the elements of calculation or comparison, to determine whether the same farming which is profitable in England could be profitable in New England. Observe, I say the same farming; for we cannot expect poor farming, without capital and skill, to be profitable in New England, while only good farming, with capital and skill, is profitable in England.

In cost of land, the New England farmer has, I think, the advantage, even after he has enriched it, in taxes, he has the advantage; in markets equality; in wages, he pays double. Can the disadvantage the New England farmer labors under in the rate of wages be overcome? One would think that a proprietor farmer, in New England, might arrange a system of farming which calls for the least manual labor, and pay a dollar a day for labor, and do more than compete with an English tenant farmer, who pays a heavy rent, heavy taxes, and fifty cents a day for labor.

I can point to many a farm in England, of 150 acres, on which the tenant farmer pays \$1200 a year rent, \$300 a year taxes and what are there called good wages, and clears, without much trouble, \$600 a year. But here are the elements of his success—not better markets than ours, but a good stock of sheep of the best breeds, early fit for the butcher, yielding 80 to 100 pounds of net mutton, and a good fleece; the best breeds of cattle, of similar qualities, the best breeds of cows and of pigs, his farm cultivated with a proper rotation of crops, with proper proportion of meadow and pasture, the farming not high, but such as the most judicious and economical man would approve. Would such a farm, thus cultivated and stocked, in the hands of a New England proprietor farmer, of equal skill, pay—wages being a dollar a day? If it would yield no profit, then our agriculture is, and is likely to be, in poor condition; if it would yield a remunerating profit, then we may yet have a rich agriculture.

To make more distinct the different results which we should have in New England, if we covered our farms with the best breeds of sheep and cattle, as the English do, that is, breeds of great precocity, and yielding the greatest weight of meat at the earliest age, I make the following statement, which is the result of pretty accurate calculation, and will bear, I think, examination, and make clear that we may have success in our agriculture, if we will imitate those who have succeeded. The markets in England and New England being equal in price for mutton and wool, and allowing what is not true, that we get as heavy a fleece from our sheep as the English do from theirs—for every fourteen dollars our farmer realizes from a flock of sheep, the English farmer realizes from a flock of the same number, thirty-six dollars; or where our farmer realizes fourteen cents, the English farmer realizes thirty-six cents. And in regard to cattle, oxen and cows, where our farmer, from their milk and meat, and work, realizes \$28, the English farmer from the same number, realizes \$36; yet the English farmer never works his oxen. In the one case, the English farmer has an advantage of more than one hundred per cent, and in the other, of about twenty-five per cent. What wonder, if these things be true, that English agriculture is profitable, and our agriculture unprofitable?

Some now living can remember when it was stoutly contended that we could never carry on manufactures to advantage; but time has proved their predictions false. Agriculture is only another and higher branch of manufacturing, carried on by skill and capital, proportioned to the acres cultivated; and when the capital and skill of New England shall turn in this direction, and the love of the country, which is natural to our race, shall return to our bosoms, the present feeling of despair respecting New England agriculture will vanish away.

Agriculture is an art, of slow growth, not a science; though science may, and has contributed to its progress, in a degree. In its first stages, agriculture is imperfect and poor, depending almost wholly on the natural fertility of the soil, and poor methods, and not on the skill and capital of man. In this stage it remains, until commerce and manufactures have developed themselves. Then it is found that to feed the cities, and towns, and plains, where manufactures have fixed their seats, agriculture must be developed into an art, requiring skill and capital, as much as any branch of manufacture. If, after manufactures and commerce have been developed in a State, the people have not energy and skill, then, to bring agriculture to a higher development, the whole State languishes, and individual decay follows. Wise and good men have thus far, watched agriculture in New England, through its primitive stage, in which it relied on the natural fertility of the soil, and as this wore out, have

seen the rural population grow thin through emigration, and by engaging in commerce, and navigation, and manufactures; and these good men have not despaired, but have been diligent in stimulating the agricultural spirit of the people, by organizing agricultural societies, establishing agricultural publications, invoking the aid and patronage of the State, importing the best breeds of cattle, and used every method and endeavor to inaugurate in New England, the second stage of agricultural development, in which skill and capital make agriculture the fruitful mother of harvests and of men. These men have never been wanting in hope, and faith, and patience; and others will see, if they do not, the results of their works. [N. E. Farmer.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... OCT. 9, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PARKER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, Telephone Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore. S. M. PARSONS & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, 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.

The Cattle Show and Fair.

One of the loveliest of October days has given hope to two successors equally favorable to the exhibition of the N. K. A. & H. Society. The display of neat cattle has been emphatically the best the Society has ever made. Oxen especially have given evidence of the great improvement resulting from competition in this class of stock. Town teams from Winslow, Fairfield and Waterville, as they stood in long lines side by side, might safely compete with any similar show in the country.

The show of cows and young cattle was not large, but embraced some very good animals; among the juveniles being some that need not be ashamed to be seen along side Mr. Burleigh's twin steers or Mr. Wheeler's "Fremont," though these were conspicuous among the attractions.

The show of horses was not large to-day, as Wednesday is the day more particularly devoted to this class of animals. There were several that might deserve particular notice if it were not the privilege of the several committees to have the first word.

There were but few good sheep, and we think some of the very best flocks were not represented. A permanent market price of two to three dollars for lambs will in time secure more attention to sheep. The Egyptian sheep, which were exhibited independent of the Fair by Messrs. Wells and Gage, excited much curiosity. With what advantage they can be introduced to N. England husbandry remains to be seen. Of swine there was a fine display—as the reports of committees will show. The trial of drawing oxen gave unusual interest, and was conducted in a very satisfactory manner—showing some good specimens of training as well as of hauling. This trial closed the day.

Yesterday, the second day, was devoted mainly to the exhibition of articles at the tent. Here the display was not very extensive, but such as indicated a good degree of interest in this department.

The address, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, of Waterville, was one of more than marked excellence; sensible and logical, and full of the poetry and philosophy that the lover of nature everywhere sees in her works. It is deserved praise to say it was worthy of its author; while to the society it was suggestive of an old but excellent rule, that what can be produced at home should never be procured abroad—What can be raised on the farm should never be bought at the stores.

The foot race closed the sports of Wednesday.

Thursday, the third and last day of the exhibition has been equally as favorable as the first and second; and this anniversary of the Society has proved, from first to last, to be one of great pleasantness and interest, as well as of satisfactory pecuniary profit.

One of the leading attractions to-day was the fireman's parade, composed of Victor Company No. 1, of Kendall's Mills, and Waterville No. 3—the former having accepted the invitation of the latter to be present as their guests. Victor Co. embraced some seventy members, in a neat dress of red shirts and dark pants; Waterville wearing their uniform of blue coats and pants with gilt trimmings. Both companies had their engines, representing the rival enterprises of Burton and Hunneman as good advantage as either could desire. We venture to say that a Company of equal physical power with the Victors, so far as large and fine proportions indicate it, cannot be found in Maine—and if not here, then nowhere. There was no trial of engines.

The exhibition of ladies' horsemanship excited the usual interest, and though the number of riders was small, their performances elicited much admiration. Only three riders entered to compete for the premium, Misses Ann Getchell, Adeline Low, and Caroline Getchell; a fourth, Miss Sarah Johnson, joining the company by invitation. The committee awarded the three premiums of \$15, \$10 and \$5, in order, to Misses Caroline Getchell, Adeline Low and Ann Getchell, and tendered a fourth of five dollars, to Miss Johnson. The ladies were roundly cheered as they left the track; and a resolution of the Society, crowded out of place by press of business at the close, tendered them its cordial thanks for the interesting feature they had given the exhibition. The several trials of speed of horses, which occupied the entire afternoon, were well conducted, and among the very finest matches we ever saw. The judging committee were very successful in managing to have everything understood, and to avoid complaint or dissatisfaction. The entire avails of the exhibition have

been about \$900. On Thursday near \$300 were taken, mostly for single tickets; and it is estimated that at least 5000 persons were present at one time in the afternoon.

(Our next paper will contain all the reports of committees, and the details of all matters connected with the exhibition—which cannot be procured in season for this week.)

THE HEIGHT OF MEANNESS.—During the three days of the Fair there would of course be found some men who would complain of having to pay the trifling sum of fifteen cents for admission. Such men have a right to live in the world as well as those who are better fit. But several who attempted slyly to scale the walls found themselves under arrest by the police and were glad to make themselves "honorable" members by the payment of a dollar. In one of these cases, a professional gentleman from a neighboring town, protested that he did not know there was any other way to get in than to climb over the top of the fence. He selected a spot just behind the tent! He paid his dollar, but refused to give his name, and the money was credited on the Clerk's book to "The Meanest Man in Albion."

An interesting spectacle during the races was a fellow who hung across the limb of a tree outside, on the back side of the grounds, where he could see for nothing! For fifteen cents the poor fellow hung there more than three hours. [More of these cases next week.]

NEW HALL AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—Mr. Bunker has erected one of the largest and best halls, in connection with the Fairfield House, that can be found in connection with any hotel in the State. It gives to dancers an area of about 2500 feet for their "fantastic toes," with a height of wall that renders it airy and healthful, and a style and finish exceedingly pleasant. Its recent opening festival gave it an excellent name from those who know what a good dancing hall should be; and in connection with the Fairfield House and its popular landlord, it cannot fail to take the palm for hotel halls.

FARMERS—don't fail to read the article commenced on our first page, entitled "Agriculture in New and Old England." It is from the New England Farmer, one of the best and cheapest agricultural publications in the country.

TEACHERS—and all interested in education, will please not overlook the notice for a Teachers' Institute, in another column, which will be held in Waterville, on Monday, 29th inst.

YANKEE ADAMS—the inimitable J. P.—has just concluded a very successful engagement in Portland. He will go to the West soon, to show the Buckeyes, Hoosiers, &c. a specimen of "Down East."

FROST.—We had quite a sharp frost on Saturday night of last week, but not severe enough to injure the fall feed; and since that time the weather has been mild and pleasant. We have had a very favorable fall for butter making, but prices hold up well—a good article selling readily for 20 to 23 cents.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURE.—Mr. W. R. Fowler, who proposes to lecture on this subject at the Congregational Church Friday Evening, brings the most satisfactory letters of commendation from such men as Governor Fletcher and President Green. He is a young colored man from Massachusetts, free born and freely educated; and his lectures in the adjoining towns are spoken of in high terms. We advise those who are not afraid of being convinced that Slavery is wrong, or that a colored man may possess talents, to go and hear him. The lecture is free, except of voluntary contributions.

"DRED" DRAMATISED.—This new work, issued by Mrs. Stowe, has already been dramatized in New York. It was brought out at the National Theatre, Monday night. The Times says of its reception:

"Had the authoress been present she could not have desired a greater pleasure from the chastened applause of a highly cultivated audience, than from the unsophisticated outbursts of applause with which the heart tones of 'Dred' were received by the 'roughs' of the National."

THANKSGIVING.—Gov. Wells has appointed Thursday, the 20th of November, for a day of Thanksgiving and Praise in this State. See advertisement of Boston Traveller. This is one of the largest and most enterprising of all the Boston dailies, and one of the most careful and reliable in its news reports.

"OLD IRELAND."—An entire change has come over Ireland since 1848. Hundreds of mortgaged estates have been sold, and many English and Scotch farmers have purchased largely, introduced great improvements in agriculture and education, and have implanted a new spirit of enterprise in the Emerald Isle. Manufacturers have also received a new impulse and peace reigns from the Giant's Causeway to Galway Bay. Lord Carlisle, formerly Lord Morpeth, who is well known personally in the United States, is Viceroy, and in an address which he lately made at a banquet, he stated that since 1848 176,000 acres had been drained by a Board of Works, and double that amount by private enterprise, making altogether \$28,000 acres. There has been an increase of \$2,000 acres of wheat in one year, 114,774 acres of grass and potatoes, and 9,000 acres of flax. Since 1855 there has been an increase of 75,000 horses, 25,000 cattle, and 90,000 sheep. These statistics speak well for the improvement made in this unhappy country.

The Missouri Democrat says that notwithstanding Governor Geary's proclamation that he would keep intruders out of Kansas, armed Southern companions are still going in. On Thursday, the steamer Die Vernon, from New Orleans, landed at the wharf a company of "Mississippi boys," as they style themselves, commanded by Captain Brackett. They are to proceed immediately to Kansas.

THE CURULIO.—An old friend, Mr. John Dunlap, at Chester, N. H., writes us that the sting of the curulio on fruit may be prevented by placing coals on an old frying pan, and when under the tree sprinkle sulphur on them so that the fumes will pass up and touch the fruit. He says this can be proved by an "ordained minister." [N. E. Farmer.]

OUR TABLE.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—The fruit plate in the October number is Knight's Early Black Cherry. Numerous smaller embellishments, some of great beauty, also grace its pages. This conclusion of the article on Rural Ceteries, full of valuable hints, appears in this number, which contains much to interest and inform those interested in rural improvements. Published by Robert Pearson Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition, \$5 00.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for October is "most excellently good," all through, from the title to the last page of the editor's gossip. If you are troubled with the blues, try a twenty-five cent dose of this medicine, which comes in blue wrappers, and if it does not effect a cure you must be past help. Published by Samuel Hueston, New York, at \$3 a year.

A Challenge from Gen. Lane.

Gen. Lane has written a letter from Fremont County, Iowa, to A. W. Doniphan and A. G. Boon, in which he answers certain charges made against him. He says:

I have never enlisted an army, nor even a single soldier, to march into Kansas. I travelled through Iowa in company with a large body of peaceable citizens, each of whom avowed, with the greatest apparent sincerity, their determination to become bona fide settlers of Kansas, and so far as my knowledge extends, have actually made good their professions, and are now making homes for themselves and their families. Fearing my presence might be seized upon as a pretext for attacking them by the U. S. troops, I left the company on the east side of the Missouri river and travelled into Kansas alone, taking a different route from theirs, so as to be entirely disconnected from them.

On my arrival in Kansas I found the border papers teeming with inflammatory denunciations of our citizens, and boldly proclaiming against them a war of extermination; and in response to their incitements, hordes of depraved, misguided desperadoes entering the country, many of them having inscribed on their hats, "Death to Abolitionists, and no quarter;" a mother and daughter, in the absence of the husband and father, ravished by nearly one hundred fendish men; the gifted Major Hoyt, who had gallantly served his country in the Mexican war, brutally murdered while totally unarmed, his body hacked to pieces, and a few soda thrown over him, leaving his arms and feet projecting from the earth, a prey for wolves; prisoners murdered in a manner exceeding, if possible, even the shocking barbarity of savage tribes, and afterwards scalped—one man scalped while alive, and who yet lives to exhibit his skinless head to an outraged world; dwellings being burned over helpless women and screaming children.

In the state of confusion and indignation resulting from these outrages, the people sought my aid and counsel; and I took command of the forces rallied for their defence as an imperative duty which the promptings of humanity forbade me to refuse. Instead of following the examples of your associates, we determined to wage an honorable and only a defensive warfare. To this end, the first order issued guaranteed protection to the settler without reference to his politics, compelled humane and courteous treatment to prisoners, forbade the burning of dwellings or the destruction of property, and inflicted the penalty of death for its violation. This order was republished the morning after your associates had burned seven dwellings near Leocompton, in sight of the United States troops. No buildings were destroyed at Franklin, and the attack was made there under the impression that the cannon loaded and used to frighten Free State men was the one taken from Lawrence. The houses destroyed at Saunders and Bull Creek—although in themselves military fortifications and occupied but a few minutes before their destruction by our invaders—were burned contrary to orders, and by persons having no connection with my command.

The house of Clark, the Indian Agent, charged as he was with the cold blooded murder of the lamented Barber, with its valuable contents, was spared by our army, which reached it but a few moments after the invaders, who had just burned the seven houses alluded to, had deserted it and fled to Leocompton. At Leocompton express orders were given that not a shot should be fired at the house occupied by Widow Brooks and her gallant sons and accomplished daughters, although the building was at the time occupied by the very men who had kindled the fires of the then smoking ruins of the houses of our friends. To Capt. Scott, Gen. Richardson and other prisoners, I refer you for testimony of their proper treatment. The latter gentleman, at the peril of my own life, was conducted five miles outside of our picket guards. Although some of the citizens of Kansas may have been driven into measures of retaliation, and it would be strange if they had not, I defy you to point to a single act committed by the men under my command derogatory to their character as gallant soldiers or chivalric gentlemen.

As to the charge of treason and outlawry, I laugh it to scorn. The recent discharge upon bail of the prisoners charged with treason will, I trust, prevent any repetition of the stale charge by any man who makes any pretensions to respectability.

I presume there is no one, even in the Slave States, so stultified in intellect as to now imagine that the effort to inflict the curse of slavery on Kansas by force and arms is not entirely object. You can, therefore, have no other object in the invasion of Kansas than the desire for bloodshed. When you get ready for another invasion to gratify this hellish disposition, in order to save further imperilling of our beloved Union I will entertain a proposition like this:—You select one hundred actual slaveholders, born and raised in slave States, who have already been engaged in this conflict; Atchison & Co. among the number; and I to select one hundred actual non-slaveholding settlers of Kansas, myself included,—we being the party invaded and having the right to select time, place, distance, and weapons,—who shall fight in presence of twelve members of the Senate and twelve members of the House of Representatives of the United States, one half of whom shall be selected by each party, with the mutual agreement that the blood of the parties thus selected shall settle this vexed question, and save Kansas from further outrage.

As no letters are permitted to reach me in Kansas, through Missouri, you will direct your answer to Indianapolis, Indiana.

SENATOR SUMNER.—Lewis D. Campbell received a letter from Senator Sumner, dated Philadelphia, Sept. 26, in which he says: "With sorrow inexpressible, I am still constrained to all the care and reserve of an invalid. More than four months have passed since you clasped my hand as I lay insensible in the Senate Chamber, and my system is even now so far from the firmness of health, that any departure from the prescribed rule is sure to occasion a relapse. I could not reach Ohio except by slow stages, and were I there, I would not have the sanction of my physician in exposing myself to the excitement of a public meeting, even if I said nothing."

A NEW MARTYR.—The horrible details of the recent murder of Mr. David C. Buffum by the border ruffians of Kansas, as published in the Salem Register, have excited the most painful interest in Essex County, where the deceased was known and esteemed. The following extract from a letter to his father, Mr. Buffum, of Salem, contains the material facts in the case. When shall we be able to report the arrest and punishment of a person in Kansas, for outrages committed against the Free State settlers? Up to this date, the known robbers and murderers of Northern men have not been arrested by the officers of the General Government.

LAWRENCE, Sept. 17, 1856. To Mr. EDWARD BUFFUM: Sir.—I become your painful duty to inform you of the death of your son David, which took place this morning at 7 o'clock. A party of border ruffians were passing his house, when some eight or ten of them broke from the ranks, pursued him in his corn field, and shot him, the ball taking effect in the lower part of his bowels. After being shot he made out to get in sight of my house and beckon to my son, who, with one of my neighbors, went and found him mortally wounded. He was taken to my house, and medical aid was sent for; but all to no purpose. He departed this life this morning, 24 hours after receiving his wound. He requested me half an hour before his decease, to write to you, and say to you he felt willing to go for the cause of freedom in Kansas. He retained his senses to the last moment.

The Salem Gazette of Wednesday morning has the following notice of the murder: "We knew Mr. Buffum as a man of good character, and as an intelligent citizen, strongly marked by the quiet demeanor which usually characterizes those who were brought up as he was, in the discipline of the Society of Friends. The great crime for which he has been ruthlessly shot down, is that of opposition to the introduction of slavery within the limits of the territory, where he had taken his abode. While his loss will be more sadly felt in the immediate circle of his friends, it will be remembered that this is but one of the many brutalities for which—under the present rule of villainy—there is no redress whatever. Let us hope for a brighter day."

BEAR SHOT BY A LADY.—Miss Philbrick, a lady residing in Pictou County, having been annoyed by bears set a trap for them. The morning after the trap was set it had appeared, and a trail was observed showing which way it had gone. Miss P. procured rifle and started in pursuit, and was not long overtaking Brin with all his paraphernalia. A shot from the rifle soon terminated his existence, and Miss Philbrick had the satisfaction of receiving a good price for the "pelt," in addition to the bounty allowed by the State.

IS IT SO?—It is a popular belief, that the age of trees can be determined by the rings or grains that overlie each other in their trunks. Mr. Joshua Howard of Maryland, disputes this fact. He says that the rings counted on the section of the tree are not of annual growth, but are formed one at every full moon in the growing season, and in the latitude of Maryland five in a year. This he has frequently proved by felling young trees, the age of which he knew. The extraordinary age given to trees by the popular rule has made many persons doubt whether it is true.

ONE HEART-BEAT FROM DEATH.—Rev. Mr. Selwood, an Oregon Episcopal missionary who was shot through the heart at the Panama massacre, has recovered. Previous to his leaving the hospital at Panama the American surgeon said to him:—"I look upon your escape as a miracle; the ball passed so near the heart, that it must have passed at the instant of its contraction, for had it passed at its expansion, you must have been killed."

WHO DOUGLAS VOTES FOR.—On the train of cars which conveyed Senator Douglas to Galena, a vote, as usual now-a-days, was taken. The canvassers did not know Douglas, and when they came to him in passing through the cars, the following conversation took place: Canvasser—Who do you vote for, sir, Buchanan or Fremont?

Douglas—(angrily looking up from the perusal of the Chicago Times), vote for the devil! The result of the canvass was as follows:—Fremont, 117; Buchanan, 15; Fillmore 17; the Devil, 1.

THE CUT DIRECT.—The Richmond Enquirer will have to hunt up some other nation than England to protect and fondle the embryo Southern Republic. The London Star says: "We believe that if it were proposed to import among us a colony of lepers, it would hardly excite more of horror and dismay, than an offer to incorporate slave-holding communities as an integral part of the British dominions. Indeed, we doubt whether there is a nation in Europe, which would not shrink with instinctive and shuddering repugnance from such an overture."

THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN VIRGINIA. The National Era, alluding to the speeches of Messrs. Boats and Davis, recently delivered in Richmond, which excited such a storm of denunciation and rage from the Richmond Enquirer, adds: "But the most significant fact was the appearance of Jas. C. Bruce, Esq., of Halifax, in the ranks of Boats and Davis. Mr. Bruce is not only one of the most highly educated and accomplished gentlemen in Virginia, but he is perhaps the largest slaveholder in the State."

OSTERS.—The New Orleans Picayune gives the following account of the manner in which oysters are propagated:

"During the summer months, the oystermen are engaged in preparing for the winter fishing and supply. The principal feature in this operation is the selection of banks or beds in such a situation as to secure a sufficient depth—say an average of a foot or two of water over them, without much flow, or danger of its exceeding at any time four or five feet. These beds are generally covered with a layer of shells, of from a foot to a foot and a half deep, as otherwise the oyster would spoil in the mud. The oysters from which the next produce is to be procured, are then planted, with the hinge of the shell downwards, just deep enough to keep them standing firm, and about a span's length apart. In doing this, no regard is paid to the relative number or portions of the sexes. On these beds they lie, for the greater part of the time with their shells gaping, their natural position of rest. If a foot be put on the bed, or other intrusion on them made, those nearest at once close with a hissing noise, squirting out the water as they do so; and the example is immediately followed in all directions. In a short time, they are, as the earliest form of the next breed is called, seen floating among them, and settling either on the shells of the planted animals, or on any other object, and gradually developing into bunches of oysters, which become fit for eating in six or eight months, the beds being thickly covered with them."

John N. Genin, the latter, has been nominated Mayor of New York by the mechanics and working men of that city.

Kendall's Mills Advmts.

STOVES, FURNACES, HARDWARE, AND-OR-FORTH.

AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

WHEN you can have Mills, Magazines, Pamphlets, in fact any and every kind of Book, from a folio bible to a child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own taste.

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LANTHERNS, WICKS, & C.

GILBERT & RICHARDSON

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

House Trimming, Carpentry, Tins, Glass, Sheathing Paper, Oil Cloth, Carpeting, Shingles, Siding, Iron, Brass, &c.

Also, Fire Frames, Farmers' Implements, Garden Rattles, Cast Iron Sinks, Cast Irons, Window Sashes, Green, Ash, and other articles, on hand.

Waterbury, N. B. Tinsmithing done at short notice and all jobs done promptly.

Kendall's Mills, April, 1856. 19 GILBERT & RICHARDSON.

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Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared.

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BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Paper Hangings and Fancy Goods.

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Waterville, and having taken stock and repaired the same, are now opening a new and extensive assortment of Goods which they will sell

At as low rates as they can be purchased in Boston.

The following comprises a portion of our Goods.

School, Theological, and Miscellaneous Books.

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OF THE BEST QUALITY AND IN ANY QUANTITY.

We have the best and most complete assortment of FANCY GOODS

Ever offered for sale in the State of Maine.

consisting in part as follows: Paper, Machine Work Boxes, Port Folio and Card Cases, Fine Cutlery, Shells (new patterns), Fine Steel Goods, Shaving Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Soap—American and Imported, Perfumery, Pomades, Hair Oil, Lubin's and Harlow's celebrated Extracts, Gold and Silver Pencils, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases, &c.

Also, Sewing Machines, and Pearl Card Cases, Pearl and Ivory Tablets, and Ladies' Companions, Ladies' Rosewood Work Boxes, Embroidery, &c.

Part of the stock of the subscriber, French and American Hair and Tooth Brushes, &c.

A large assortment of FANCY GOODS.

OUR STOCK OF PAPER HANGINGS

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CHROME ENGRAVINGS on hand—A full assortment of Mezzotint and Colorful Engravings, English, French, German and Italian. Mezzotint Engravings for Grease Paintings with all the requisite materials for Scholars in that beautiful art.

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Our facilities for filling orders are such that we can obtain any article desired (which we may not have) at a few hours notice.

Waterville, July 16, 1856. JOHNSTON & CARLTON.

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Portland Advertisements.

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THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

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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 none else.

BETTER TERMS

than with travelling Agents of Shops at a distance.

Since the opening of railroads into the interior of Vermont, we are able to obtain an article of Marble very superior to the old New York work.

All orders for Marble work

ordered, will be executed in a superior style.

Monuments, of new and beautiful designs, manufactured lowest than Boston prices.

Waterville, May 16, 1856.

STOVES! STOVES!

Only authorized agent for the celebrated

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, with large flues and heavy gird plates, there is no danger of burning. There is a fire through the back of the oven, (such as cannot be found in other cook stoves), to convey all the steam and smoke into the chimney, where resting and baking; also the dampers are so arranged as to throw the entire heat under the kettle.

All in want of a cook stove, should give this an examination, and they will find it the most economical, and in every particular the best stove ever offered in this section.

EDWIN COFFIN,

Dealer in

Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware.

Fire-Frames, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools.

Paints, Oils and Glass, &c. &c.

One Door North of the Post Office, Waterville, Me.

12 6-12 and 7-12 PIANOS. Also, Sewing Machines, Melodions, Reed Organs and Melodions, for sale at Boston Prices, by

A. T. FORD.

Shedding Paper.

TARRED and antiseptic, for E. Coffin's Hardware and Store, Waterville.

T T T T

OLD Hyson, Young Hyson, Extra fine and high flavor and Oolong, Ning yong—fine flavor, and prime Souchong Tea, now opening and for sale by

W. DYER.

DENTISTRY!

GEO. F. WATERS continues to execute all the work of a Dentist, in the most perfect manner. He is prepared to furnish artificial dentures, and to repair and improve the work of other dentists.

Office—Corner of Main and Appleton Streets.

DR. PULSFER

Has removed his residence from the Elmwood Hotel, to Temple street, first house west of Main street.

OFFICE IN WINGATE'S BUILDING.

DENTISTRY!

DR. B. HARRIS would respectfully inform all persons requiring Dental Services, that he is permanently located in Waterville, and can be found at his office, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Burbank, prepared to perform all operations in

MECHANICAL & SURGICAL DENTISTRY

the most approved manner; none but the best materials used, and the most perfect work guaranteed.

Those interested will receive further information by calling at his office.

Waterville, May 2, 1856. E. L. L. L.

Land Warrants.

THE subscriber will continue to pay the highest price for Land Warrants.

Waterville, July 24, 1856. THOMAS W. DERRICK.

NEW CARPETINGS

Just received and now ready for sale at Manufacturers' Prices, by

E. T. ELLEN & CO.

Among which may be found

10 Pcs. Extra Quality 3 ply, very pretty and cheap. \$10.00

12 Pcs. Fine and Superfine, from 75 to 92 cts. each.

20 Pcs. Extra Quality 3 ply, very pretty and cheap. \$10.00

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