




11-27-1856

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 20): November 27, 1856

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: 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. 20): November 27, 1856" (1856). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 487.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/487

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.

"Oh dear Mrs. Lovell, I am heartily tired of visiting that Mrs. Savery. What do you suppose I found her doing yesterday afternoon, when you know it was so pleasant that everybody was in the street? Oh, you need not guess; I am sure you would never think of the right thing."

"Indeed, I don't know that I could, but I have no doubt it was something useful; practicing some of her arts of economy, I suppose."

"Economy indeed! Why it is downright meanness. I should be mortified to death if I was caught in such a piece of business."

"Why, Mrs. Doolittle, you alarm me. Pray what was she about?"

"About, indeed! Why, she was making a pair of shoes."

"Slippers you mean, I suppose; I often do that for my husband."

"Oh, yes, worsted work; that is a very different thing. No, it was a pair of shoes for herself. She had taken a pair of shoes from which the tops had been worn out, and had cut new uppers of an old pair of her husband's black lasting pantaloons. Did you ever hear the like! I was really disgusted to hear her talk about it."

"Why, what did she say?"

"Why, she said, 'there, now, Mrs. Doolittle, I sat down after dinner, and commenced the job, with Susan to help me rip off the old soles and bind one of the new shoes, and now you see I have just as good a pair of shoes, and for aught I see, just as good looking as the old pair; that I paid a dollar and a half for. And that is what I call economy. Now I will go and show Susan how to make a new cork cake for tea. Don't you want to learn?'"

"I told her no indeed; when I got so poor, and I put a real meaning emphasis upon the word—when I got so poor that I could not keep a cook that knew how to do her work, I would come and learn the trade."

"Was she offended? Indeed, Mrs. Doolittle, you were rather rude. You might have learned how to make a very nice cake."

"Well, I must acknowledge that I did; no, she was not the least offended, but insisted that I should go down with her into the kitchen and see how it was done. I had a good mind to refuse, for I expected that I should get a grease spot on my new silk, just as like as not. I am sure I should in my kitchen; but, would you believe it, hers is a neat as a new pin. Why, the very floor looks as white and clean as a table. I do think she must keep that Susan of hers scrubbing it all the time. For my part, I don't see how she ever gets through all the work and do the washing too. I wish I could get such help."

"Mrs. Savery says it is by economy. Economy of time, as well as everything else. But about the nice cork cake?"

"Oh yes. Well, I never; why, it was just nothing to make. I could have made one just as well as she did."

"If you knew how."

"Why yes, to be sure; but it is nothing to learn; and then to hear her count the cost. Why, she would feed a whole family for a sixpence. In the first place, she took a cup of Indian corn meal, not over three cents worth, she said, and white at that—I always use yellow meal—it has more taste than the white—and put it in a clean wooden bowl, and what do you think she mixed with it, to make her cake? Water, nothing but water. Yes, a little pinch of salt; but that, she said, she could not count the cost of, it was so small; and then she mixed and stirred, and beat the meal and water together as though she was beating eggs, until she got it into a smooth batter, that would just pour into a shallow tin pan, about an inch deep. The cake when done was about as thick as my thumb. She first put the pan into a very hot oven and let it cook until the batter got stiff, and then she opened the stove doors and set the cake up edge-ways right before the glowing coals until it got a nice delicate brown crust, and then drew it back and let it bake slowly for a long time—half an hour or more, I should think."

"And was it good?"

"Good! why, I declare I never tasted anything so delicious in all my life. I wouldn't have believed it, that just meal and water could be made so good. But that is not all. Just as she got her cake turned up before the fire, in came her two children such pictures of health—did you ever see the like?"

"She says that is 'the economy of health.' It is cheaper to keep them healthy than sick, as well as more comfortable. You found them very neat, too?"

"Neat! I never saw the like. But it is no wonder; look at the pains she takes with them. Why, it must keep Susan busy all the time."

"Then who does the work?"

"Well, I don't know. I can't understand it. I wish I could get along so. But then my children are always sick. Here are always well, and that makes the difference."

"No, the difference is in always keeping them well. But you were going to tell us something more about the cake."

"Oh, yes. When the children came in, Lillie said—"

"Oh, mother, will you let me bake a sweet cake for Frank and me?"

"Yes, if you will run up to your room, and put your things away, and get on your aprons."

"Directly, down they came, and as I live, both of them with checked aprons on. I should not like to see my children dressed in checked aprons. It looks so common and sort of countrified. Then Lillie took the bowl of batter, and got a part of a teaspoonful of molasses, and a spoonful of ginger, and stirred it in, and then she got a cupful of sour milk; and what do you think that was for?"

"I suppose to put in the cake."

"Yes, but first she mixed with it a little super carbonate of soda, until she had set it all foaming, and then stirred it into a batter, with a little more meal to thicken it again, and poured it into an iron pan about twice as deep as the other, and clapped it right into the hot oven, where it baked until we had almost done, and then Susan brought it in smoking hot, and Mrs. Savery cut it up into squares, opening each piece and laying on a little lump of sweet butter, and so serving it round to each one; and would you believe it, in a respectable family, that was the only cake on the table. I declare I had no great opinion of corn meal sweet cake, it seemed to look so mean; and then I had already eaten heartily of the plain cake, but Lillie, with her insinuating little coaxing way, I don't know who could resist her, said I must taste her cake, and with that she asked me to take my knife and lay it open, and then she took a spoonful of juice out of the quince preserves, and spread over it, and I began tasting and tasting, and would you believe it, the first thing I thought about what I was doing, I had cleared my plate, and Lillie was helping me to another piece; she was so delighted to see me eat it with such a relish, when I had intended to give a taste just out of compliment."

"Then it was good?"

"Good? I never tasted anything more delicious. I have often had a cake upon my table that I paid a dollar for that did not give me much satisfaction; the bakers are getting to cheat so dreadfully. I could have forgiven

her about her meanness, (I think it is meanness), in making shoes, or putting check aprons on her children, if she had not preached me one of her sermons upon economy, and actually proved that the supper, delicious as it was, had literally cost nothing, that is next to nothing. There was the meal, three cents, the molasses and salt and soda, three cents, the tea, two cents, the sugar and milk, two cents, the butter, butler is high now, but that was not over four cents, and let me see, was that all?"

"You mentioned some quince preserves."

"Oh yes, but she said they actually cost less than nothing. About eleven years ago—it was to commemorate the first birthday of Frank—she planted a quince bush, and then she told how she made it grow, and bear fruit. She said she always kept the ground loose and covered in summer with straw, which she wets with soap suds and dishwater, and last year her quince tree bore more than she wanted; and so a friend of hers came and brought her own sugar, and did all the work, and put up the quinces at the halves, while Mrs. Savery was away on a visit in the country. So she proved, you see, that they really did cost nothing. I wish I could live so."

"I don't see why you could not, you have got a nice place for a garden."

"Yes, full of bushes and flowers, but I have got no quince tree."

"But you must do as Mrs. Savery did; plant one."

"Yes, and I might not live till it bore fruit. And besides, I never could do as she does. We hire all our work, and I often tell Mrs. Doolittle it costs more to raise a few roses and flowers than it would to buy them. But then our girls must have a garden."

"Don't you know how Mrs. Savery works hers?"

"Oh, yes; her husband is a mechanic, and knows how to work and don't mind if he spades up the ground before breakfast, and then Mrs. Savery and the children, and Susan all work at it, and that is the way they make their things cost nothing. We live different you know."

"Perhaps they make it a pleasure, instead of toil. I recollect going in there one day last summer—the door was open, and it was just at sundown, so I walked in and through the house—the tea-table was standing just as they left it, and all hands were out in the garden as busy as bees. I recollect Lillie was saving saffron, which Mrs. Savery said would sell for enough to pay for all the medicine they use in a year."

"Frank was cutting his third crop of grass from the borders, which he sold to old Capt. Peabody, for I don't know how many quarts of milk. The old lady, you know, makes a living from her two cows. I declare there was not a spot in that garden that hadn't something useful growing in it. But that was not all; I do believe that garden is the great secret of the health of those children."

"As soon as Lillie saw me, she ran up and shook hands, and said, 'I am so glad you have come, for father was just wishing that some of our friends would come in, and then he would cut the big melon.'"

"Melons! why, do they raise melons on that little patch of ground?"

"Why, no, I cannot say they do exactly, for the seed was planted in a barrel of earth set on the flagging, and the vines were trained up on top of a little flat roof building in the yard, and there they grew six or eight feet from the ground, some sweet delicious water-melons."

"That was what Mr. Savery said was the economy of space. It was 'economy of space,' indeed; for underneath the barrel of earth, was one full of ashes, saved from the chamber stove, where they burned wood, and that barrel was used to run off a little lye to soften the hard water of their well."

"Oh, I always buy potash."

"And she always saves it. 'A gallon of lye will soften a kettle full of hard-water, and as you see,' said Mr. Savery, 'takes up no room and the leached ashes make excellent manure. That is what makes Frank's grass grow so rank, and our fruit trees look so thrifty.'"

"Well, did you eat the melon?"

"Oh yes, as soon as Lillie mentioned it, her father got up and brought it down, and Susan drew a pair of cold water and put it in; and Frank said that he would run over and ask Aunt Mary and the girls, to come and join the water-melon party; and upon my word, I do think it was the sweetest melon, and the sweetest family circle I ever got into in my life."

"And was it big enough for all of you?"

"Oh yes. I have often paid three or four shillings for one nothing like as good. And while we were eating, or rather while we were talking, after satisfying our appetites, Susan and all, Mr. Savery told Lillie to get her little account book, and show me, not only how she was learning to keep accounts, but how much they were indebted to the garden."

"Really, I could never have believed it. But the best of all," said he, "it teaches my children habits of industry and economy."

"Oh yes, that word economy always comes in."

"Well I am sure it is a very good word, and at this time particularly necessary for all to learn, and practice too. It would save much suffering among the poor."

"Yes, it may be necessary for mechanics, and such sort of folks, to be always saving; but thank fortune, my family are able to live without working like common laborers in the garden every day. Besides, my children ain't able to do it, they are very delicate."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Doolittle, it is the garden, and check aprons, and thick shoes, and corn bread, and all that makes Mr. Savery's children so healthy. And certainly when they are dressed for church, there are none that look prettier, or attract more attention by their behavior; if they do work in the garden and get giddy faces and dirty fingers."

"Well, well, if you ain't getting to be a convert to the Savery's economy! I shall expect to see you soon, making your own shoes."

"I don't know as to that, but I tell you what you may see me doing, and I intend to begin tomorrow, and that is taking lessons in the art of house-keeping. You know my daughter, Salinda, is soon to be married, and I think we had better give Mrs. Savery five hundred dollars for her portion, for some lessons in the economy of house-keeping, the practice of which in time will pay it back twice over."

"And so you are going to give your daughter the finish of her education, after all she has done for her. Well, well, I am beat now!"

"I shall certainly make her the offer. I have been thinking about it for some time; and now what you have told me has fully convinced me that a quarter's tuition from Mrs. Savery, will be worth more than any quarter she ever had at a boarding school, or from her music master or French teacher; for to be candid with you, Salinda is going to marry a mechanic."

"A mechanic! Oh my! the richest merchant's daughter in town, going to marry a mechanic. Well now I must go and tell the news. What will my girls think! Good bye."

"Good bye. Yes, yes, Mrs. Doolittle, tell your girls, and all the rest of your acquaintance, that Salinda Lovell is going to take lessons of economy of Mrs. Savery, and then marry a mechanic. Well, we shall see whether that won't be good economy."

The Eastern Mail.

has been completely confirmed by M. Feller, the Director of the Agricultural Society at Darmstadt. According to M. Feller, two fields of the same size, lying side by side, and matured in the same manner, were planted with potatoes. When the plants had flowered, the blossoms were removed from those in one field, while those in the other field were left untouched. The former produced forty seven tubers, the latter thirty-seven.

[From Alphonse Karr's 'Tour Round My Garden']

The Metamorphosed Rivulet.

The rivulet which passes through my garden, and issues from the side of a hill covered with gorse, has been for a very long time a very happy rivulet. It crossed meadows, where all sort of charming wild-flowers bathed and admired themselves in its tiny waves; then it entered my garden, where I had expected it, and prepared verdant banks for its reception. I planted upon its sides, and in its stream, all the plants which in the whole world blossom in the bosom or on the banks of pure waters. It crossed my garden, singing its melancholy song; and then all performed with my flowers, issued out, crossed another meadow, and precipitated itself into the sea, over the abrupt sides of a rock, which it covers with foam.

It was a happy rivulet; it had absolutely nothing to do but what I have told you—to flow, to glide on, to be limp, to murmur, between flowers and perfumes.

It led just the life I have chosen, marked out for myself, and which I follow,—when the world will have the kindness to let me alone—when the wicked, the intriguing, the rogues and the fools, do not force me to return to the combat—me, the most pacific and the most tractable man in the world!

But heaven and earth are envious of happiness and delicious idleness.

My dear brother Eugene, and the skilful engineer Sauvage, the inventor of helices, were one day chattering on the banks of this poor rivulet, and spoke very ill of it. 'Now is not this,' said my brother, 'a pretty do-nothing of a rivulet, which goes merrily on, idling without shame, flowing in the sunshine, or creeping among the grass, instead of working and paying for the ground it occupies, as an honest rivulet ought to do. Could it not grind coffee and pepper?'"

"And sharpen tools?" answered Sauvage.

"And I trembled for the rivulet; and I interrupted the conversation by crying very loudly, that these envious beings, these tyrants, would in the next place trample down my *Nargis-mai-nick*! Alas! I was only able to protect it against them. It was not long before a rasal came into the country, whom I frequently saw prowling along its green banks, on the side where it leaps into the sea. This man did not appear to me to have the air of one who came there to seek for rhymes, or awaken sweet remembrances, or even to let his thoughts fall asleep to the murmur of the water. 'My friend,' said he to the rivulet, 'you glide along, you affect a quiet air, and you sing in a manner to create envy in your hearer, whilst I work and toil beyond my strength. It appears to me you could help me a bit; it is not a labor you are acquainted with, but I will teach you; you shall soon be in a working condition. You must be very tired of leading such an idle life; it will amuse you to make files and sharpen knives. Shortly afterwards a wheel, machinery, and mill-stones, were bro't to the rivulet. From that time it works; it turns a great wheel, which turns a smaller one, which turns the mill-stones. It sings still, but it is not that same softly monotonous and happily melancholy song it used to sing. There are cries and passion in the song of to-day; it bounds, it foams, it labors, it sharpens knives. It still crosses the meadow and my garden, then the other meadow; but at the end of it the man is there, who waits for it; I have dug a fresh bed for it in my garden, so that it may wind about longer, and go out later; but it nevertheless finishes by going to sharpen knives. Poor rivulet! thou didst not sufficiently conceal thy happiness in the grass; thou hast murmured thy sweet song too loudly!"

The Mormons.

Late New York papers contain a series of discourses of Brigham Young (copied from the Deseret News), which on account of the development of Mormonism—which they contain are quite amusing. Brigham has certainly committed himself in the matter of politics, and is fully open to the charge of 'preaching politics' from the (not very) sacred desk. He believes in the principle of squatter sovereignty, and extends the support of his system of religion, with its polygamous abominations, to the Kansas Nebraska act under which the Mormons hope to be admitted into the Union, with their domestic institutions. A short time since the Latter Day Saints issued their proclamation which contains the following explicit declaration:

"The Democratic party is the instrument in God's hand, by which it is to be effected, our recognition as a Sovereign State, with the domestic institutions of slavery and polygamy, as established by the patriarchs and prophets of old, under divine authority and renewed through the saints of latter days, through God's chosen rulers and prophets."

The Resolution in the Republican National platform which declares that the Constitution confers upon Congress 'Sovereign power over the territories of the United States for their government, and that the exercise of that power is both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery,' is declared to be 'a blow aimed directly at their rights as citizens of one of the Territories, at their sacred institutions and their holy religion.'

It is not altogether improbable that Utah will demand admission to the Union at the next Session of Congress. The query is whether it will be admitted with its peculiar domestic institution.

In speculating upon this the New York Herald thinks that after having permitted the most illegal unconstitutional laws to be passed by a pretended Territorial Legislature in Kansas; and knowing them to be absolutely false and fraudulent; yet having used the military force of the nation to enforce them, the administration can hardly offer an excuse for not admitting Utah, however illegal be its laws or dangerous its domestic institutions.

INTERESTING LAW CASE.—At Ellsworth, Me., a suit has been going on for more than a week, which is a contest in relation to the water power of the river in that town.—The

parties are Brown vs. Black. The attempt is now for the first time made by the mill owners above to establish a right of passage through the 'Lower Dam' at head of tide, which has been occupied by the late Col. John Black and those under whom he claimed, for a period ante dating the revolutionary war. The case has brought out all the 'old' witnesses, and some curious early history. The oldest witness in the case testified to laboring on the spot over seventy years ago.

Gentle Bad Grammar.

It is amusing to observe the bad line of demarcation which exists between vulgar bad grammar and gentle bad grammar, and which characterizes the violation of almost every rule of syntax. The vulgar speaker uses adjectives instead of adverbs and says, 'This letter is written *shocking*;' the gentle speaker uses adverbs instead of adjectives, and says, 'This writing looks *shockingly*.' The perpetrators of the latter offence may fancy they can shield themselves behind the grammatical law which compels the employment of an adverb, not an adjective, to qualify a verb, and behind the first rule of syntax, which says 'a verb must agree with its nominative.' But which is the nominative in the expression alluded to? Which performs the act of looking,—the writing or the speaker? To say that a thing looks when we look at it, is an idiom peculiar to our language, and some idioms are not reducible to rules; they are conventional terms which pass current, like bank notes, for the sterling they represent, but must not be submitted to the test of grammatical alchemy. It is improper, therefore, to say, 'The queen looks beautifully.' The flowers smell sweetly.' This writing looks shockingly.' because it is the speaker that performs the act of looking, smelling, &c., not the noun looked at, and though, by an idiomatic construction necessary to avoid circumlocution, the sentence *imposes* the act of the thing beheld, the qualifying word must express the quality of the thing spoken of, *adjectively*, instead of qualifying the act of the nominative understood, *adverbially*. What an adjective is to a noun, an adverb is to a verb; an adjective expresses the quality of a thing, and an adverb the manner of an action. Consider what it is you wish to express, the *quality* of a thing, or the *manner* of an action, and use an adjective or adverb accordingly. But beware that you discriminate justly; for though you cannot say, 'The queen looked *majestically* in her robes,' because here the act of looking is performed by the spectator, who looks at her, you can and must say, 'The queen looked *graciously* on the petitioner.' The queen looked *mercifully* on his prayer, because here the act of looking is performed by the queen. You cannot say, 'These flowers smell sweetly,' because it is you that smell, and not the flowers; but you can say, 'These flowers perfume the air deliciously,' because it is they who impart the fragrance, not you. You cannot say, 'This dress looks badly,' because it is you that look, not the dress; but you can say, 'This dress *suits* badly,' because it is the dress that performs the act of fitting either well or ill. There are some peculiar idioms which would be better to avoid altogether, if possible; but if you feel compelled to use them, take them as they are, you cannot prune and refine them by the rules of syntax, and to attempt to do so shows ignorance as well as affectation.

[A Word to the Wise.]

The Uneducated.

Excepting those who are destitute of reason, there are none who are in truth, uneducated. We talk of educating the masses, while the masses are educating themselves, either for good or evil. A person, unable even to read or write, has a claim to be called an educated person. He has ways, and manners, and habits all his own; he has principles founded in truth or error; and thoughts concerning the common things of daily life, which are woven with his very being. From his earliest boyhood, he has been busy educating himself, and the results of his work are seen in the character; just as the skillfulness of an architect is exhibited in the proportions of the building that he planned. The boy who runs in the street from morn till night, subject to no restraint, will surely educate himself. He may indeed avoid the school-room, and the influence of the teacher, but he will, nevertheless, prove a ready scholar. He will learn to be vulgar, by hearing vulgarly; to be profane, by hearing profanity; to be base in all his motives, by constantly associating with those whose motives are never right or laudable. Vice will be his teacher, and the bar-room, the saloon, or the haunts of the low and the vicious, his places of instruction. Unless he listens to experience, and deserts his school at once, he will graduate with honors, thoroughly though wrongly educated.

The most important part in the training children receive at home or at school, does not consist in what is often designated 'book learning,' because in after life, this 'book learning' is discarded in part, and its place supplied by facts and thoughts drawn from experience alone. Thus the work of the teacher has advanced, as this truth has become more evident, and while it is none the less arduous, it is more honorable and more useful, because it seeks to make lasting impressions upon the mind of the child. It becomes important then that children have right examples placed before them. Practice and precept should join hand in hand, if we would save any from vice to virtue. Gentleness and love will teach a child to distinguish between the good and evil promptings of its own nature; to follow the one, to avoid the latter. The great moral want of our country is not educated men, for of these there is no lack, but of men *rightly* educated; and the great work of the teacher who would benefit the present, and desire a good name in the future, must be to teach those under his influence to educate themselves aright.

[Connecticut School Journal.]

WE MUST LIVE!—People sometimes engage in occupations that are disreputable, or in the prosecution of an otherwise respectable business resort to means that are not honorable, and offer as a plea, the wretched excuse, 'We must live!'—Merchants cheat, men who ought to be above it sell ardent spirits, those who should suffer rather than do wrong tamper with evil pursuits, and the plea is 'We must live!' Dr. Johnson once reproved a man for engaging in a mean business, and was met with the reply, 'You know, doctor, that I must live.' The brave old hater of meanness said, 'There is no necessity at all for that!' True enough. When a man must do

wrong in order to live he had better die at once; that is the best thing he can do. If it be true, which we very much doubt, that a man must do a mean thing or die, we say 'By all means, die, and done with it. There is no shame in that, but rather honor. But that you must live at that expense—we do not believe!

God Reigns.

We are very prone, when our hearts are set upon a particular object, to arrange a chain of events as essential to the accomplishment of that object, and then, if one link in that chain fails, to consider all is lost. Knowing that God has foretold the object, we are inclined to suppose that he has determined on the same chain of events as we have, to accomplish the object, and we conjecture that the failure of the chain is the failure of the object. But God's chain of events may be far different from ours. To perform his wonders he moves in a mysterious way. How often has our own experience taught us that our chain of events would, if carried out, have completely frustrated the accomplishment of the design we had in view. But the chain of the Almighty, far different from ours, and seemingly tending to prevent the accomplishment of the object, has, in his own good time brought about the desired end, and convinced us that that was the best way to effect it.

Again when we have a favorite end in view, we are in haste to accomplish it. Our range of vision is narrow, and but one line of events, fixes on one object, and cannot perceive why it should not be immediately consummated. But God has eternity to work in. He is in no hurry. His eye comprehends the universe, and scans all events, and knows when each can be most successfully accomplished to promote the general good of the whole universe. All things will be so ordered as to conduce to the general harmony, and all will be explained at last, and every month will be closed in silent admiration of the infinite wisdom that has ordered all.

There is need of a deeper faith in the great fact that God reigns, and also need of more humble submission to his will. It is not essential that all desirable objects should be accomplished now, or during our life time. It is enough to know that all that the Almighty considers worth accomplishing will be accomplished just at the time it will do the greatest good. Our duty is to do as the Scripture commands, and thus fulfill all that God designed in us. The results to ourselves will be sure and unending. The results to the world God will take care of. If we are conscious of having done our duty, we can look with calmness on the result, be it what it may. [Journal Meas.]

The life of a Railroad Engineer is graphically depicted in the following extract, which we copy from the Schenectady Star:

But the engineer, he who guides the train by guiding the iron horse, and almost holds the lives of passengers in his hands—his is a life of mingled danger and pleasure. In a little seven-by-nine apartment, with square holes on each side for windows, open behind, and with machinery to look through ahead, you find him; he is the 'Pathfinder'—he leads the way in all times of danger, checks the iron horse, or causes it to speed ahead with the velocity of the wind, at will. Have you ever stood by the track of a dark night, and watched the coming and passing of a train? Away off in the darkness you discover a light, and you hear a noise, and the earth trembles beneath your feet. The light comes nearer—you can compare it to nothing but the devil himself, with its terrible whistle—the sparks you imagine comes from Beelzebub's nostrils; the fire underneath, that shines close to the ground, causing you to believe that the devil walks on live coals. It comes close to you—you back away and shudder—you look up, and perhaps the 'machine' shrieks, and you imagine the engineer is applying the spur to the devil's sides. A daring fellow, that engineer—you can't help saying so, and you wonder wherein lies the pleasure of being an engineer. But so he does, day after day—night after night. Moonlight evenings he sweeps over the country—through cities and villages—through fairy scenes in forest and clearings—he looks through the square holes at his side, and enjoys the moonlight, but he cannot stop to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Cold, rainy, muddy, dark nights, it is the same; perhaps the tracks are undermined, or overflowed with water; perhaps accidents have placed obstructions in the way, or trees have been overturned across the track, and in either case it is almost instant death to him, at least—but he stops not. Night on, is the word with him, and off he goes regardless of danger, weather, and everything save the well-doing of his duty. Think of him, ye who shudder through fear in the crowded seats of the cars, and get warm from the fire that is kindled for your benefit.

Beware of Paying Interest.—The following paragraph is from a letter written by Henry Ward Beecher, and should be committed to memory by every young man who intends to gain a livelihood by tilling the soil.

"I forgot to ask, in the earnestness of my congratulations, whether the farm is yours? Whether it is paid for? I hope the deeds are recorded, without mortgage or lien of any kind. I hope no notes are drawing interest. No plaster draws sharper than interest. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair and foul weather. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its firm grasp, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding a man hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is but one thing raised on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms now plants every time you break its root, whose blossoms are prolific and every flower father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every seed is like a platoon of bayonets, and a dead fall of them is like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than attempt to lie at ease upon interest."

SOURCE.—Fletcher Shillaber Esq., of this city, was found in his room at the Biddford House about ten P.M. on Saturday, dead, lying on the bed. Upon examination it appeared that he had strangled himself by tying a handkerchief tight around his neck, and then inserting a stick into it in such a way as to enable him to compress the neck until strangulation was produced. An inquest was held on his corpse which gave a verdict in accordance with these facts. An examination of his room, papers, and other things belonging to him, disclosed nothing which could furnish any reasons for the commission of the act.

[Biddford Union.]

SAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. Amos Small while at work planking in the yard of Messrs. Tremont, Drunkmond & Co., on Tuesday forenoon, was, it is feared fatally injured. We understand that the clamp-screw gave way, throwing the plank to spring back, and throw him from the staging. His skull was fractured, and it is hardly expected he will survive.

[Lewiston Advertiser.]

Kendall's Mills Admts.

STOVES AND HARDWARE,
AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

Having had twenty years experience in this business, we feel confident we can give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Unrivalled Hot Air Furnaces,
which we will set and warrant.

Among our variety of Cooking Stoves, we have the "KING OF THE STOVE," which requires no commendation except that of those who have used them. We warrant them to give entire satisfaction, and they will sell as low as can be bought elsewhere.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared.
July, 1856. 152 HENRY A. BUCK

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills.
The subscriber would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a Retail

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE,
at the stand formerly occupied by L. A. Brown. Kendall's Mills

where he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Family Goods, Confectionery & Cigars

which he will sell as low as can be bought elsewhere
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared.
July, 1856. 152 HENRY A. BUCK

New Watch and Jewelry Establishment
AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

S. H. WHITTEN respectfully informs the citizens of
Kendall's Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a

Watch Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds—ex-
ecuted in the most perfect manner, at moderate

prices. He has also a good stock of
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.

Also, True's Patent Blind Fastener.
Window Frames constantly on hand, from 6 to 800

Kindred Doors of common sizes always on hand. Old
doors and frames repaired in the best manner, and

at low rates as they can be purchased in Boston.
The following comprises a portion of our goods:

School, Theological, and Miscellaneous Books.
F. T. JOHNSON & CO.

We have the best and most complete assortment of
FANCY GOODS

Ever offered for sale in the State of Maine,
consisting in part of the following: Paper Maché Work Boxes, do

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,
and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do, and do,

Portland Advertisements.

F. W. BAILEY'S
BOOK BINDERY,

66 Exchange Street, - - - - Portland.
THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

Where you can have Music, Magazines, Pamphlets, in fact
any and every kind of Book, from a folio bible to a

Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes.
BAILEY'S, 66 Exchange Street.

Orders for Binding may be left with MAXIM & WING, at
the Eastern Mail Office, Waterbury.

ALBION WITHAM,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
Foreign and Domestic Produce, Cigars, &c.

No. 192 Fore Street, - - - - Portland.
STERLE & HAYES,

No. 110 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

CHINA, GLASS & EARTHEN WARE,
- - - - -

Plated, Britannia and Japan Goods,
- - - - -

Cutlery, Forks, Spoons, Tea-Pots, Tea-Trays,
- - - - -

Together with LAMPS of every description,
- - - - -

LANTHERNS, WICKS, &c. &c.
- - - - -

NOYES, WESTON & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,

and DEALERS IN
FLOUR, CORN, PROVISIONS &c.

JOSEPH C. ROYCE, - - - - -
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,
- - - - -

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Flour, Corn, Provisions, &c.,

T. O. SAUNDERS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FLOUR, CORN, SALT, LIME, CEMENT,

W. L. GOODS & GROCERIES,
Teas, Spices, Choice Dried Fruit,

BURNING FLUID AND OIL.
OUR facilities for dealing in heavy goods are unsurpassed,

especially in Lime and Cement.—Our regular partner having
long been familiar with the character and use of these articles.

Special pains taken in the selection of choice brands
Family Groceries.

HEAD OF MAIN STREET,
T. O. SAUNDERS & CO.,
Near the A. & K. Railroad Depot,
Waterbury, Conn.

MARBLE WORK!
THIS 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.

Since the late fire at New York, my partner having
long been familiar with the character and use of these articles.

Special pains taken in the selection of choice brands
Family Groceries.

HEAD OF MAIN STREET,
T. O. SAUNDERS & CO.,
Near the A. & K. Railroad Depot,
Waterbury, Conn.

MARBLE WORK!
THIS 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.

Since the late fire at New York, my partner having
long been familiar with the character and use of these articles.

Special pains taken in the selection of choice brands
Family Groceries.

HEAD OF MAIN STREET,
T. O. SAUNDERS & CO.,
Near the A. & K. Railroad Depot,
Waterbury, Conn.

MARBLE WORK!
THIS 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.

Since the late fire at New York, my partner having
long been familiar with the character and use of these articles.

Special pains taken in the selection of choice brands
Family Groceries.

HEAD OF MAIN STREET,
T. O. SAUNDERS & CO.,
Near the A. & K. Railroad Depot,
Waterbury, Conn.

MARBLE WORK!
THIS 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