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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 01): July 15, 1858

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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'This is a glorious scene in which to christen the boat. It is ever a lady's task. Ellie, dear, you shall do it.'

'And by what name, cousin Will?' she inquired.

'Lucifer!' he exclaimed, giving me a most defiant look.

## NO. 1.

and thought I should never feel his hand again upon my head, it seemed as if I should die. But there came into my heart, and

... are speaking and investigating against the ...

was. You couldn't think you ought to earn as much

[illegible]



## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JULY 15, 1858.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 130 Broadway, New York, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

J. HURDILL & CO., No. 36 Kithy street, Boston, are authorized to receive advertisements for the Mail, on the same terms as the above named agents.

Advertises abroad are referred to the agents named above.

## Same Subject Continued.

We read out another batch of bills this week, hoping they will ensure us a prompt return of the several amounts. Our need is great, and our friends could never better prove themselves true friends than now. Let no one think that because his bill is small, it will make but little difference when it is paid: it is only by the prompt reception of these small sums that we shall be enabled to discharge our large indebtedness and keep the wheels moving.

Remit by Mail—rather than wait for other opportunities of conveyance. Odd change can be sent in postage stamps; or even dollars can be remitted and we will credit accordingly.

## What is the Bargain?

We have more than once alluded to the political bargains, made by a class of self-constituted "managers," who are found in all parties, by which the voters are bought and sold, and the honest voice of the ballot box smothered and controlled. These bargains have been so generally made by a class of delegates who claim to act as the "organs" of the voters, and ratified and defended by papers which boast of being the "organs" of political parties, that each annual election brings out the voters only to ratify such bargains and execute such contracts as are claimed to have been entered into, even years before. The present political condition of Maine, and especially the state of things in certain congressional and senatorial localities, promises to bring this system of political "free trade" before the people in a shape that can hardly fail to open their eyes to the fact that the great mass of the honest voters of the State are doing but little more than playing into the hands of the few selfish men who make the bargains and pull the wires by which they are executed.

The approach of the congressional nominations in this district (Morse's) and the fifth district, (Washburn's), is necessarily bringing to view some "understandings" of the class alluded to. In Mr. Washburn's district the patience of somebody who has been waiting to take his place has become exhausted, and the Skowhegan Clarion, which claims to be the "organ" of the contracting powers, comes out with a statement of the conditions of the contract. This statement is drawn out by an anonymous correspondent, who takes occasion to say, in reference to the approaching nomination:

"I am in doubt myself as to where the nomination belongs and so are my neighbors. Some say the convention of 1857 agreed that we should have it this year and some say no such agreement was ever made. I have never seen the proceedings of that Convention and know nothing of it, I have heard from others. I know our present able and faithful representative has discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction of his constituents and that he has done himself great credit in the position he has long occupied, but if the nomination belongs to Somerset, as the present Convention, then I am for adhering to that agreement. I go for carrying out all engagements fairly made, not only because we ought to do it but as the only means of preserving the harmony and union that have thus far distinguished the action of the Republicans of Somerset."

Now this is a very modest sample of submission to the "powers that be," and it would be strange if some officious party leader did not kindly volunteer to take this independent voter by the nose and guide him to the ballot box. The "organ" of Somerset county, being as ready to play upon the nasal organ as any other, consents to tell him where and why it was agreed, in 1852, how he should cast his vote in 1858. He goes on to tell, that the nominating convention in '52 not only discharged the duty assigned them, but proceeded to locate the congressional candidates of the party for eight years then to come; bargaining the nominee to Somerset in '56 and Piscataquis in '58;—that in '56 Somerset traded off her privileges and went for Washburn, and now claims the chance originally bargained to Piscataquis!—arguing that a subsequent list of delegates set aside the bargain of '52, and made another, according to which she claims the chance for her candidate this year. So, in view of these several bargains, the "organ" comes to the conclusion that Mr. Washburn, the present popular member of congress from that district, cannot "honorably" consent to receive the votes of his constituents for re-election!

Now, as everybody knows, all this explanation and posing up of bargains, contracts and understandings, just at this time, come from the fact that a certain man in Somerset county desires to take the place now so satisfactorily filled by Mr. Washburn; and fearing to trust the voluntary action of the voters, he claims his object by contract. The same process is in operation in this district, to secure the election of another man in place of Mr. Morse who has had but one election. The question is not upon the relative merits or competency of the two; but whether the bargain made years ago by a set of caucus delegates, appointed to act only at that time and for specific purposes of which this was not one, is now to bind the voters against their own wishes or interests?

We are nobody's "organ" but our own, and bound by no contracts or bargains that buy or sell us, unless we consent to them; and we trust there are yet at least some voters who can say as much. If these bargains are binding, what have we to do but to let Somerset and her candidate work out the result at the ballot box?—if not binding, then why refer to them to prevent the free and unbiased action of the freemen, in choosing the men they prefer? Nobody doubts that both Mr. Morse and Mr. Washburn have nobly sustained the character and interest of their constituents, and that

these interests, as well as the free wishes of the voters, demand their re-election. If nothing but a positive bargain can prevent it, then it only remains to be seen who is bound by such bargains as the new candidate claims. At least let the delegates to the coming congressional conventions be closely instructed who to vote for, and by all means to make no more bargains. And to this end let the free voters look well to the caucuses by which the delegates are appointed.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## Improvements at West Waterville.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In a recent number of your paper I noticed an account of the various improvements going forward in your village, and thinking it may be cheering to some of your readers to learn that all enterprise is not prostrated by the prevailing "hard times," I will give you a brief statement of what our people are doing in the line of improvements.

At the junction of Church and Water streets a fine building has been erected within a few weeks by Daniel Blaisdell, Esq., and it is now occupied by him as a hardware store and tin shop. On the opposite corner a small but neat structure has been erected by B. C. Benson, which is occupied by Miss Bucknam as a millinery establishment. On Church street a number of handsome residences are in various stages of forwardness, among which we would mention those of Mr. B. C. Benson, Mr. A. Pitts and Mr. David Huston. The mansion commenced some two years ago by Mr. Joseph Hutton is steadily progressing towards completion and bids fair to be an ornament to our village. Mr. Edward Robinson has nearly completed his elegant residence on Railroad st.

Our enterprising citizen, Constantine Bates, Esq., has just opened a saloon on Oak street, for the sale of those cooling beverages which "cheer but not inebriate."

West Waterville, July 12, 1858.

[It gives us great pleasure to learn of these signs of business activity among our neighbors; and our friend will please accept our thanks for his timely communication. Will be oblige us and our readers by informing us occasionally of the progress of events in his section.]

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## Is it Right?

"Say, Neighbor, do you think it quite right for you to let that horse of yours run at large in the road?"

"Well, I haven't thought much about it, but he is a very peaceable animal, and you know how short the pastures are just now. I thought it would be convenient to let him run there, but about the right or wrong of the matter, as I said, I have thought but little."

"I know very well that he is very quiet, and also that it is a convenience to have good feed for our stock, but do those facts give you any right to take your neighbor's property without his leave? and the grass outside the road-fence, you know, is as much his property as that within it. If trees, suitable for timber or fuel, were standing upon the same ground you would not think of taking them unpurchased."

"No; but is it not rather small business for men to be talking about the value of a little grass by the road-side? for my part I have more important business on hand."

"It is not a very large matter I confess; but which is the more respectable knave, he who contents himself with cheating his neighbors out of pennies and dimes, or he who does the same kind of business upon a larger scale?"

"Your language is almost severe, but I will consider the matter."

"Should you, upon consideration, still continue to think what I have said small talk, you cannot say time is not valuable! and who does not know that to keep all his bars, gates, and doors shut when he is not by to watch them, requires considerable time and patience too? More certainly than poor farmers know how to spare in haying and harvest-time. Most of us had as lief be robbed of our money as of our time."

"Really, you make letting an animal on to the common quite a serious offence!"

"You will, of course, come to your own conclusions, but my opinion is the same that it has been for a long while, and time only serves to strengthen it. It seems to me to be an absolute, unqualified wrong to allow cattle in the road without some one to watch them. Many more reasons might be given to show why I hold the opinions that I have expressed, but I will content myself, for the present, by adding but a single one, that is the influence of the practice. Would it be desirable for all cattle to go at large in the highway? If not, should not every honest man do his part, by his example and words, to sustain the law which makes it every man's duty to take care of his own stock? Now if you cannot afford to rob your neighbors, and to exert a bad influence upon society, upon your family, and upon yourself—in a word if you cannot afford to be regarded as a dishonest man, can you afford to pasture the highway any longer?"

Winslow, June 28, 1858. \* C.

NOTICE.—All persons interested in promoting or investigating religious truth through the developments of Spiritualism, are invited to meet at Town Hall tomorrow evening, (Friday), at 8 o'clock.

FRUIT.—A box of fine strawberries, with another of equally fine gooseberries, from the garden of Mr. J. S. Craig, assures us of the excellent horticultural as well as floral taste which presides over that garden. [Would Eden have been much of a garden if Adam had taken care of it alone?]

"ARROSTOCK PEAS."—Rev. Theodore Hill has shown us a sample of peas, planted in his garden on the 4th of June and picked the 12th of July. The pods are nearly filled. They have had no extra care, and must therefore be an extra pea. He promises that we shall test their quality in due time, and that the seed shall be well distributed in this section. So note it!

## OUR TABLE.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—We must enumerate a few of the good things to be found in the July number of this old favorite of ours—the first of a new volume:—Trebzonde and Erzeroum, High Life and Low Life in Central Europe, Diaphan—the art of imitating stained or painted glass, The Auld Stile, Summer Tints. These are the illustrated articles, and some of the accompanying engravings are very nicely done. The following, though not illustrated, are highly interesting:—Jefferson and his Times, A Struggle for Life and Recognition, Solomon Sartor at the Dinner Table, Blown Away, Pain, The Biography of the Bible, The Planetary World, The Rattlesnake, The Death of Dugnynter, Incidents of a Voyage on Lake Superior, A Roman Catholic Missionary in Texas—with a copious supply of Editorial Notes and Gleanings, &c.

The National is published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 a year.

FORESTERS' PLAYMATE.—If any little boy or girl would like to read the conclusion of the pleasant story of Archie Campbell, or learn something of Our Neighbors in the Sky, or see how the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is "payed out," or hear about Dreaming Tim Jarvis, or read two spirited dialogues, and many pleasant stories, anecdotes, &c., must coax father or mother to buy the July number of this juvenile magazine; or what would be better still, get them to send a dollar to William Gould & Co., 156 Washington street, Boston, which will ensure its monthly visits for a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for August has a fine steel engraving—The New Baby—the usual fashion plate, &c., and a batch of good stories. Published by Olin J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

Written for the Eastern Mail.

## MOTIVES.

BY CARRIE CALDWELL.

Some speak in praise of some condemn  
They motives; but who knoweth them?  
Men judge thee by each word and deed;  
Thy heart's page they can never read.

To conscience, when thou'st acted well,  
A different tale the world may tell,  
While seeming good, yet dost thou sin,  
Favor and praise will often win.

You judge, and I, from what is seen,  
While clouds and darkness lie between  
Us and each spirit's inner shrine  
Where dwells the evil or divine.

Oh, let us bring to no one pain,  
By saying "Thou hast lived in vain!"  
To sin we owe a pitying tear—  
"Be to thyself alone severe."

## TAKE DOWN THE BARS.—Though Brother

Drew may be excluded from some pulpits, yet we welcome him to ours, that he may be enabled to reach many hearers—old friends of his—who otherwise might never know what he has to say in justification of the course he pursued in the great railroad war; which course, as is well known, excited much indignation in this section, and went far to sunder forever the bonds of neighborly kindness and long-tried friendship. We do this all the more willingly, in remembrance of the old time, when we ourselves sat under his preaching occasionally, snugly ensconced in one of the high-sided gallery pews in the old "East Meeting House,"—little Calvinistic sinner that we were—so deeply engaged in the pursuit of some good evangelical sabbath-school book, as to be totally oblivious of the theological hot shot that went hurtling over our heads, and completely out of sight of the well meaning but meddlesome brother, who rebuked with severity all little boys who "read in meeting."

Good friends; having struck, now hear Brother Drew.

RAIL ROAD BAR.—Having in our article last week describing our pleasant visit to the Convention in Waterville, alluded incidentally to a certain Rail Road Bar that once restrained an intercourse which never ought to have been interrupted, a friend has desired us to make a fuller explanation of the fact alluded to. In gratifying this request, we shall do it with no intention, and we trust with no danger, of reviving the troubles that are or ought by this time to be forgotten on all sides, and so far forgotten also as to be remembered only as lessons to teach us charity amidst the rivalships of the world.

When, some dozen years ago, the question of two rival Rail Roads from Portland eastward, was agitated in Maine, we, as Editor of the Banner, took the ground that but one Road was needed or could pass; that the one first chartered, viz., the Portland & Kennebec, being on the direct route, and passing through the largest towns and the most commercial population, should be built; that this should pass through Sidney to Waterville and thence cross the Kennebec river to Bangor; that the builders of another road, nearly parallel with it to Waterville would involve a cost that the people were not able to bear, and would, in fact, make the stock of both Roads worthless. Of course, therefore, we opposed the project of the Back Route, and in doing this even went so far as to say that subscribers to its original stock would lose their investments. At the same time, we argued that that Road would be of doubtful benefit to Waterville; that it would cut off the back country from it and leave it, in fact, on that very island which the friends of the Back Route sought to make of the lower Kennebec towns. Time has shown that in all this we were correct, and we presume that everybody is satisfied of it now; but at the time we could not be believed by the advocates of that Road; on the contrary, we were accused of falsehood, sectional hostility and all that sort of thing. God knows that we were governed by no unworthy or unfriendly motives towards Waterville in maintaining that only one road was wanted or should be built, and that this should go from Augusta to Waterville crossing the river there. We believed that our interests were alike to be promoted by this course. We never had the first unkind feeling toward Waterville or its people; on the contrary, by our many years of pleasant intercourse, professional and personal, we earnestly and sincerely wished well to the place and would gladly aid in promoting all its best interests. But we could not be so understood at the time; we were misjudged and condemned as an enemy. From that time all propositions for professional intercourse ceased, and to this day, we have not stood in that desk from which I "days lang syne" we had so often addressed a people towards whom we always had the kindest of feelings and whom we still respect and love with a brother's fond affection. It is not for us to take down a bar which we did not erect.

We never blamed or wondered at the people of Lewiston, Winthrop, Readfield &c. for desiring the construction of that Road; it was their only chance for one, and had we lived in either of those towns doubtless we should have favored its being built; but Waterville was differently situated. She was not thus dependent. She could have a Road, no where, running back of her, and be made the Centre for roads South, North and East. She is not such now. As one of the most intelligent business men of Waterville said to us, when we were there lately—"we thought to make an Island of the down river towns; but in fact we are ourselves now at the head of that Island or rather on the sand bar that jets out from it."

He frankly owned to us that all we had said in the controversy had turned out to be true, and that if Waterville had followed our advice, that beautiful town would have been vastly better off at the present day. It is some satisfaction to have justice done to one—however late—who was right in the premises, and who was all the while conscious of being governed only by a desire for the best interests of our State and of our neighbors. But whatever may have been the feelings in any minds, growing out of that controversy, they are all forgiven now.

## MILK.—What is the weight of a quart of

milk? Which is heaviest, good milk or poor? skimmed milk or new? milk or water? These and kindred questions were recently started in neighbor Dyer's store, which, by the way, has come to be quite a temple of science, where many quidnuncs and savants do nightly congregate, and all sorts of subjects are discussed— theological, moral, political, financial, agricultural, practical and whimsical—from original sin to the potato rot, and from the right of search on the high seas to the duty of destroying caterpillars on fruit trees. After discussing the matter theoretically till the parties were tired, practical tests were applied with the following results:—

|                           |                 |             |
|---------------------------|-----------------|-------------|
| 1 qt. H. Low's new milk,  | 2 lb. 8 3/4 oz. | —fresh cow. |
| " S. Keith's "            | 2 8 1/2 "       | —farrow do. |
| " B. K. Scribner's n. m.  | 2 8 1/2 "       | —do. do.    |
| " do. do. No. 2,          | 2 8 "           | —do. do.    |
| " do. do. skim.           | 2 8 1/2 "       | —do. do.    |
| " Dr. Boutelle's n. m.    | 2 8 1/2 "       | —fresh cow. |
| " do. do. skimmed,        | 2 8 1/2 "       | —do. do.    |
| " F. S. Chase's new milk, | 2 8 1/2 "       | —do. do.    |
| " Rain water,             | 2 7 "           | —do. do.    |

The measure used was the beer quart, under the broad seal of the State, and the new milk was warm from the cow. For the further gratification of the curious, we copy below a chemical analysis of milk, taken from Ure's Dictionary:—

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Caseous matter, containing some butter,                        | 2,600  |
| Sugar of milk,   | 3,500  |
| Alcoholic extract, lactic acid, and lactates,                  | 6,800  |
| Salts: muriate and phosphate of potash, and phosphate of lime, | 4,420  |
| Grass, consists of—Butter separated by churning                | 92,875 |
| Caseous matter precipitated by the coagulation                 | 4,5    |
| of the milk of the butter,                                     | 3,5    |
| Butter milk,   | 92,0   |
|  | 100,0  |

MAINE STATE FAIR. We have received a neatly printed pamphlet, containing a schedule of premiums, list of committees, and rules and regulations for the fourth annual exhibition of the Maine State Agricultural Society, to be held at Augusta, on the 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th of September next. The premiums are arranged upon a liberal scale, and will ensure an attractive display in every department. Under the present energetic and judicious management, and with the central location of the exhibition, the coming industrial position in this State promises to surpass any former effort of the kind.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—A horse race was one of the events of the 5th of July at Skowhegan. The Morgan Messenger, owned in that town, took the first prize of \$50: best time 3:3. The 2d prize of \$20 was taken by the Corson Horse of Canaan. The third prize was won by the "Grey Stranger," owned by Ruel Howard of this town: time 1:28, half mile heats. A foot race succeeded, in which an Indian lad named Caveno Louis ran his half mile in 2:30, and took a prize of \$5.

"IN CLOVER."—Those up river editors are lucky fellows: with them it always rains porridge, or something better, and their porringers are ever found right side up. With admirable discrimination, the coarse fodder—gigantic beets, enormous turnips, overgrown potatoes, mammoth pumpkins, &c. &c.—is placed before our aldermanic friend of the Clarion, for with him quantity is of more importance than quality; but the dainties and fancy fixings are passed over to his well beloved brother of the Telegraph, with a lavish profusion and tempting array that might almost "create an appetite under the ribs of death." In his last number, he acknowledges the receipt of fresh bass and shad, nicely packed in ice, a supply for the season of smoked alewives, asparagus, many baskets of strawberries, trout, perch, partridges, pigeons, preserves, jellies, oranges, bouquets of choice flowers, with an "etc." which is his; to say nothing of several pairs of shoes and gaiters. Mosgos, look to your laurels; or, rather, keep your eye on the trencher!

CATERPILLARS.—A friend in Unity sends us a copy of the "Kennebec Intelligencer," printed at Augusta in 1799, in which it is said by a correspondent that the common caterpillar leaves the seeds of the next generation in the old nest which is deserted in July. He says they are found in a "little pod, somewhat like the silkworms cone." "Out of this pod comes a miller fly, who forms around and upon the small branches of the apple or wild cherry tree, (the latter she seems to prefer,) a number of little cells, in which she deposits her eggs, and then covers them with a gluey substance, which effectually preserves them, until the next spring." The destruction of this "pod," he says, will cut off the whole race. The suggestion is worth regarding, for it costs less labor to destroy a dozen of the pods than one common nest of the "varminats."

SHOULDER ARMS!—A small but very neat company of juveniles, "clad in the glare of glorious war," made their appearance in our streets a few days since. With a larger company Captain Boutelle would do himself credit, and afford to the lovers of military display a very pretty exhibition. Wake up, boys, and fall into the ranks! The "old folks" are growing tame, and some of them even teach that "wars and fightings" are wrong. So rouse yourselves, and be ready, whenever God requires his children to butcher one another, to make the blood fly in good fashion.

A PLEASANT CELEBRATION.—One of the most delightful celebrations of our national anniversary, of which we have heard this year, is thus noticed in the Somerset Telegraph:—On the morning of the Fifth, the Sabbath School of Norridgewock, formed a procession, and, accompanied by the Norridgewock Band, rode to a grove in Smithfield, where they joined the Sabbath Schools of Mercer and Smithfield, making in all, from 1000 to 1500 persons. Tu-

bles had been spread in the wilderness, and a rich and sufficient supply for a Picnic, for the whole number was upon and around them. The Committees of arrangements evinced skill in Picnic tactics, and so arranged that no "little one" should feel overlooked, or slighted. Speeches, toasts, songs, &c., were so interspersed as to make the occasion one of interest, without being wearisome. Its pleasures will be remembered.

CONNECTION WITH THE BACK ROUTE FOR BANGOR. It affords us pleasure to announce that the travelling public will on and after this day be able to purchase through tickets from the city or any other depots on the line of the Kennebec and Portland railroad, to Bangor, the terms of connection with the Penobscot road, at Kendall's Mills, having been satisfactorily arranged. See advertisement for change of time from here to Augusta, and towns above on the river.—Bath Tribune, 12th.

Our neighbor of the Bath Tribune of the 12th inst., which makes the above notice, must have been very much misinformed about the arrangements for a "connection," as he calls it, at Kendall's Mills. On inquiring of the managers of the broad gauge line between Portland and Bangor, we learn that they know of no such arrangement; no one has conferred with them about such connection, or the sale of connection tickets. The only change that we can ascertain to have been made in the running time between Yarmouth and Kendall's Mills, on the narrow gauge road. By this change their trains now arrive at Kendall's Mills at the same time as those on the broad gauge road; so that passengers pass from the narrow to the broad gauge cars at that point. The public will be very apt to inquire why this time on the narrow gauge road has not been so arranged long ago, so as to accommodate their passengers who might wish to go East. The time for running on the broad gauge road from Portland to Kendall's Mills is no longer now than it has been for six or eight months past. If they on the narrow gauge time can, as they say and do, easily run at the present time so as to connect, why has been raised against the managers of the broad gauge line, such an outcry of a "want of accommodation." Has there been any object to gain by parties who raised this outcry, which they hoped to accomplish by raising it?

A GOOD WORD.—It gives us pleasure to copy such paragraphs as the following, which we clip from the Boston Christian Freeman. Its editor, Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, was a delegate, to the late Universalist convention at this place. We believe the Waterville House well deserves the compliment:

"On our arrival at Waterville the houses of our friends were generally full of company, and the Committee provided us a home, and a pleasant home it was, at the Waterville House, situated at the foot of Main Street. This house is kept by E. Rounds, and is a quiet, orderly, and well conducted house, where the traveler finds good fare and feels quite at home. Our home here was made more pleasant by the presence of several worthy and intelligent friends from Bangor and vicinity, attendants also at the Convention."

NEW ENGINE CO.—A movement is in progress for organizing a company of our village boys for the Ticonic Engine. The plan is a good one, and deserves the encouragement of the citizens, for more reasons than are at first seen. That "machine" is a veteran, and one of which the boys will never have cause to be ashamed. She has done good service; and in the charge of a good company, and with a little polishing, would shine among the best. Onward, boys! and see what you can do, with such an example as the "Threes" for your benefit.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Bath, will preach on Sunday next, (morning, afternoon and evening), at the Congregational church in this place.—Rev. Mr. Green being absent.

WEATHER.—An abundance of rain, within the last few days, has put an entirely different face upon Dame Nature and the prospects of the farmer. Late as it is, the hay crop must be measurably benefitted, and it comes in just the right time to do an infinite deal of good to potatoes, corn, &c. Let those who have desponded, thank God and take courage.

ANOTHER MRS. PATTEN.—The following statement in the New York papers reminds us of the heroic conduct of Mrs. Patten, under similar circumstances, with the particulars of which our readers are familiar enough:

'Capt. Bagges, of the New York steam tug Huntress, on Monday morning fell in with the British ship Grotto, Capt. Nichols, ten miles east of Fire Island, in a condition of great distress, and towed her into quarantine at New York. The Grotto left Sagua la Grande, Cuba, on the 25th ult., and on the second day out the yellow fever broke among the crew in its most virulent form, and one after another died and was consigned to the deep. On the ninth day out there were none left but the captain, his wife and two of the crew. On the first of July the captain was taken down with the fever, and his wife, who had until now been unremitting in her attentions to the officers and crew, was obliged to nurse her sick husband, and also occasionally take her position at the wheel, while the surviving crew worked the ship. The captain had already decided to put into New York, and was making the best of his way towards Sandy Hook. While he was yet able to give directions, he instructed his wife how to steer the ship.—When spoken by the steamer, the captain's wife stood heroically at the helm, directing the vessel towards Sandy Hook. In one hour after the ship was taken in tow, Captain Nichols died, leaving only three out of eleven persons alive on board,—the two foremost hands and the courageous Mrs. Nichols. The lady and the two survivors of the crew have been properly cared for.'—[C.]

HEALTH OF DAUGHTERS.—Mothers, is there anything we can do to acquire for our daughters a good constitution? Is there truth in the sentiment sometimes repeated, that our sex is becoming more effeminate? Are we as capable of enduring hardship as our grandmothers? Have our daughters as much stamina of constitution, as much aptitude as we ourselves possess? These questions are not interesting to us simply as individuals. They affect the welfare of the whole community; for the inability of woman to discharge what the Almighty has committed to her, touches the equilibrium of society and the hidden springs of existence.

Tenderly interested as we are for the health of our offspring, let us devote peculiar attention to that of our daughters. Their delicate frames require more care in order to become

vigorous, and are in more danger through the prevalence of fashion. Frequent and thorough ablutions, a simple and nutritious diet, we should secure for our children.

But I plead for the little girl, that she may have air and exercise as well as her brother; that she may not be too much blamed, if in her earnest play she happens to tear or soil her apron. I plead that she may not be punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoys those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished do not chain her to the piano till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, start aside like a broken reed; nor bow her over a book till the vital energy, which ought to pervade the whole system, mounts into her brain and kindles the death fever.

[Mrs. Sigourney.]

JOHN SMITH ABROAD.—A learned pundit in Philadelphia contends that John is a cosmopolitan—a citizen of the world—for that his name is almost universal, being found in nearly all lands. Commencing with the Hebrews, he says there are no christian names, and consequently no Johns—in Hebrew the names stood simply Shemr or Shemit. In other nations, however, the John Smith is found full, one and undivided; let us trace it:

Latin—Johannes Smithius.  
Italian—Giovanni Smithi.  
Spanish—Juan Smithas.  
Dutch—Hans Schmidt.  
French—Jean Smeets.  
Greek—Ion Skimitton.  
Russian—Ionloff Schmittowski.  
Polish—Ivan Schmittowski.  
Chinese—Thon Shimit.  
Icelandic—Thane Semition.  
Welsh—John Schmid.  
Tuscarora—Ton-Ta Smithia.  
Mexican—Jontli F'Smitlx.

To prove the antiquity of the name, the same savan observes that in the temple of Osiris, Egypt, was found the name of Pharoah Smithosis, being the 9th in the 18th dynasty of the Theban kings. He was the founder of the celebrated temple of Spithopolis Magna.

An American at Paris went to a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a plate of fragrant beef soup. "This was very well, and when it was despatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly and brought him vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he, "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of Tapioca broth was brought him; again to the fourth, and he was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointing in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him—a bunch of toothpicks. This was too much—our countryman paid his bill, and incontinently left.

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.—I have subdued the nations of the earth—is there no other world for me to conquer?—Alexander.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, and have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—St. Paul the Apostle.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, and the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no more herd in the stalls: I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation.—Habakkuk.

I am taking a leap in the dark.—Hobbs, infidel, when dying.

Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.—David.

O! God—if there be a God—have mercy on me.—Thomas Paine, when dying.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth;—and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.—Job, in view of death.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow, an old and experienced nurse, has devoted herself for more than thirty years exclusively to the care of children. She has a Soothing Syrup for children teething, which we believe a most invaluable preparation, not only for children teething, but in all cases of dysentery or diarrhoea, which so frequently ends in death, if the proper remedy is not administered in time. We speak of what we know, when we say this Soothing Syrup acts like a perfect charm in the above cases. We have witnessed the most satisfactory and pleasing results from the use of it, upon suffering infants and children, in a great variety of cases, for more than two years past. It gives universal satisfaction, is perfectly safe for the feeblest infant, and pleasant to the taste. We sincerely believe the mother who has a child suffering from any of the above complaints, and neglects to provide this medicine for its relief and cure, is depriving the little sufferer of the remedy of all the world best calculated to give it rest, and restore it to health.

Oxygenated Bitters.—This compound possesses much real merit. The cures it is effecting on every side are without precedent.—Dyspepsies who have suffered for years have been entirely relieved by a few bottles.







