

# Ellsworth American.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

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## Agricultural.

### The Increasing Necessity for Making Farming a Science.

No intelligent and observing farmer, as he sees each year bringing with it some new and deadly enemy to his crops, can avoid asking, "What shall the end of these things be?" Every spring he plows his ground in hope, scatters in the seed with a liberal hand, watches and tills with care, and is doomed at last to disappointment by seeing the devouring insects or other foes sweep over the fair grain, rendering it a chaffy waste. Forty years ago, our ancestors had no trouble in raising an abundant crop of wheat, aside from properly preparing the soil, sowing, harrowing, reaping, garnering, &c. They got in the seed in due time; and after that their thoughts were troubled by no fears of frost, rust, or weevil; while we often sow in fear, and reap emptiness.

The population of the world is increasing steadily with the years; while if the capability of production does not increase in the same ratio, we shall eventually come to want. It is said that our vast country, if skillfully tilled, is capable of supporting 50,000,000 of human beings; but it is plain that it could not be done by the present system of tillage. And yet, we may confidently believe that this immense number will one day inhabit our land; and if so, what shall they eat? In Belgium, the most densely peopled country on the globe, 238 persons occupy, and are fed from, one square mile; and yet it is well known that the soil of that country is by no means the most fertile in Europe. Our country is naturally far richer. Still, even at this early date, we see immense tracts in Virginia deserted entirely, and thrown open as commons, on the plea that they are so poor that a "living can not be made on them," though without doubt they were once fertile and remunerative. Out on such farming! Unhappily, this method of cultivation and its inevitable results are too common in this "fast" age and country. Most of the European States, so far behind us in other respects, and which we so humbly and often unjustly taunt, are vastly our superiors in this particular. Again, the ever-increasing variety and number of insect enemies which annually infest and destroy the crops, imperatively demand new preventives—new means of defense and preservation against them. As the country is cleared up, and civilization advances, the various grains and vegetables, like the human body, are wasted by new and fiercer enemies. Wheat, our great staple product and one of the constituents of human existence, lives a precarious life, and withers before the attacks of puny contemptible bugs: Corn, the pioneer cereal of America, is cut down in the green and vigorous youth of its short life by the unsightly worm, and poor man is left with little hope and less bread. What shall be done? Shall we still continue to plow and sow and not reap, as did our fathers? Plainly, we can not.

Then the only thing to be done after there remains no more land to be settled, which must, most assuredly, be the state of affairs at some future day, and the population is still increasing, is to farm better. Land speculation must be abolished, and men must be content to own no more land than they can thoroughly and profitably till. And not only that, the principles of good farming must be more studied. In fact, farmers must no longer work with the hands only, but with the head also. It must no longer be spoken of contemptuously as "farming," but as "geoponics." Agricultural Colleges must be founded and supported, in which farmers' sons can be taught the science of their art as thoroughly as lawyers are in theirs. Europe supports 400 of these schools; the United States but two. The effects are readily seen in their respective systems of agriculture, and the extent of their population. Much must be allowed for the youth of our country; still, much is needed.

*(Guesse Farmer.)*  
OUR CREED.—We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought, therefore, to be manured. We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farmer and the farm rich at once. We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing, and enough of it. All the better if with a subsoil plow. We believe that every farm should own a good farmer. We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence—within this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use. We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit. We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning-piano, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience. We firmly believe in farmers that will not improve; in farmers that grow poorer every year; in starveling cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers' daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whisky till honest people are ashamed of them.—H. W. Beecher.

WEEDS IN THE CORN.—A trip to the country discovers to us a good deal of corn that needs attention. It is that will produce a crop with more and thorough culture, that will not amount to more than "corn fodder" if left alone. We stop our horse in front of a field where there is a good stand of corn, none too high to work, which seems to have been left by the owner to take care of itself. The weeds have invaded the field, and the only good they are possibly doing is that they act as a mulch to the plant that would otherwise suffer from the dry weather. By stirring the soil is an equally good antidote to this dry time disease, and saves the good in the soil for the use of the corn. Cultivation advances corn—puts it out of the way of early frost. He is a relative of the great family surname Black, who neglects his corn because he believes it too late, and will be injured by frost.—There is more need of exertion, and an almost certain reward to follow it.

"Going to stay long?"  
"Couldn't say," was the reply in rather a crusty manner. "But I'm in a hurry, and would like to be directed—"

"Wait a minute. I reckon you're a married man, ain't you?"  
"No, I am not; and now I want answer anything more till you have answered me."  
"Well, squire," said the Yankee, coolly, "I'd like to oblige you, but the truth is, I have never been in the town before myself."

In less than a minute, a carpet bag with a man attached was seen hurrying away from that vicinity. He didn't find asking directions of any particular advantage.

### A Free born Woman. Ten Years a Slave, Escapes.

The Toronto Globe gives an account of the perils of Sarah Jane Giddings, alias Young, who about a month since, while at the Falls, concluded to leave her mistress's service, and fled across the river to Canada. Her master, not disposed to part with his "property" (a likely and fine-looking mulatto woman, twenty-two years of age), in this manner, followed Sarah Jane to the Clifton House, where she had obtained employment, and attempted to induce her to return with him. Sarah Jane tells her story to the editor of the Globe as follows:

On Saturday Mr. Shears [her landlord] requested Sarah Jane to go to one of the cottages adjoining the Hotel, for the purpose of cleaning it out, accompanying her himself to the door. As soon as she entered she found, to her great amazement, her old master waiting to receive her. He immediately locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, plied every possible art to induce her to cross the river. Every offer, however, was rejected, the girl preferring her freedom to slavery, with all its promised advantages. He kept her here for some time refusing to let her go, threatening violence, if necessary. Fortunately, some of the colored waiters noticed that all was not right, and, after receiving no satisfaction from Mr. Shears, to whom they communicated their fears, they resolved on rescuing their friend themselves. Sallying out, they broke the window, entered the room, and carried off their prize, taking her to Drummville, where they kept her till Monday, and sent her off to Toronto. The Globe says she arrived safely in that city, and will, no doubt, be perfectly secure. It was reported that her master was at the Rossin House, and some of her colored friends were on the lookout for the gentleman. She is quite destitute, having left everything behind her, but she will not wait friends in her new home. Her case is a very peculiar one. She was born of a free woman in New York city, but when only twelve years of age was taken to Texas, where she was made a slave in the family of Mr. Giddings, with whom, as we believe, she has since lived. She longed for freedom, she says, and it has been providentially arranged that she should at length gain the boon.

### Very Cheap Ice-House.

A subscriber of Rockford, Illinois, sends us the following plan for a cheap ice-house: "For the benefit of those who wish to enjoy a little cool luxury during long, hot summer days, I send you the plan of a cheap ice-house in which I kept ice from February to October, using from it every day after warm weather commenced. Nailed up a pen, ten by twelve feet, four feet on the ends, seven feet on the sides, leaving the gable ends open—the ground descended about one foot in twelve—filled in sawdust about six or eight inches deep—sawed the ice as square as possible with a cross-cut saw, and packed it in, leaving a space of a foot on the sides and round. Pounded the cracks between the ice full of fine ice; filled the space around with sawdust, stamping it down so as to make it close as possible; then covered the whole twelve or fifteen inches deep with sawdust, and put on the roof. After warm weather commenced I generally went over it once a week to see if there was any melting; if there was, I pounded the place full of sawdust. This house will hold from two and a-half to three and a-half cords. If it is allowed to freeze solid, more will be wasted than used. I have tried that plan, but if left as it is packed you can roll out a block and saw off with a hand-saw as much as is wished."

A friend in Seneca Falls writes: "We have kept ice for two winters past in our wagon house, taking up the floor in one corner and making what you might call a large bin about nine feet square, extending from the ground up to near the chamber floor, but not quite, leaving room for a free circulation of air above the covering of the ice and the floor overhead."

"There was slope enough to the bottom for thorough drainage, which is an important matter, in my opinion, as well as the open space above. We placed in the bottom about a foot thick of sawdust and turners' shavings, then some loose boards for the ice to rest upon, and piled up in the centre, leaving a space all round of fifteen or sixteen inches between the ice and sides of the bin, until we had six two-horse loads in, when we filled in the sides with sawdust and shavings from the planing-mill, tramped it down solid, covered the ice well on top with the same material, and had nothing more to do with it until we wanted to get it for use, which was a very easy matter, having of course left a door or opening from the wagon-house into the ice-room."—Rural New Yorker.

It is common, says Tacitus, to esteem most what is most unknown.

In a few minutes the party in the rear, who had witnessed the affair, overtook our besaddled pedestrian, stretching away at a sturdy pace along the foot of Carter's mountain.

"I say," quoth a junior, "what made you let the young men pass and ask that gentleman to carry you over the creek?"  
"Well," said Kentucky, in broad patois, "if you want to know, I'll tell you: I reckon a man carries yes or no in his face—the young chaps faces said no—the old 'uns said yes."

It isn't every man that would have asked the President of the United States for a ride behind him," said the other, expecting perhaps, to blank the bold visage of Kentucky. If such was his object, however, he was very much mistaken.

"You don't say that was Tom Jefferson, do you?" was the reply, and he immediately added: "he's a \* \* \* fine fellow, anyway."

"That was the President," was the response.  
Kentucky looked up and looked around, the locality well known to travellers at once carrying conviction to his mind. He appeared to be in a brown study for a moment; the massive features then relaxed; he burst into a loud laugh; and thus he spoke:

"What do you suppose my wife, Polly, will say when I get back to Boone county, and tell her I've been behind old Jefferson? she'll say I voted for the right man!"

### More Money than Brains.

The folly of betting is well illustrated in the following article from *Life Illustrated*:

"There is no such word."  
"There is."  
"Want to bet on it?"  
Again—  
"You can't do it."  
"What'll you bet?"

How many such phrases are uttered daily. What'll you bet? Want to bet on it? Bet you five dollars. Bet you a bottle of wine. Bet you a hat. A "bet" is the regular proceeding at horse races, and in the sweet circles of "the fancy" and "sporting men." It is a very common practice in politics and business. But that's not all. With a large number of silly or mistaken people, "bet" is a final argument even in ordinary conversation and discussion. They have more money than brains, and so they look to their money to do their reasoning. They think that if they are only ready to "back their opinion," they are pretty sure to be right. We have in mind a wealthy gentleman who used to discuss horticultural questions, and clinch his argument by offering to deposit five hundred thousand dollars if his opponent would do as much. The total stakes to go to the one decided to be right. This was usually unwelcome, if not conclusive; for few writers on gardening have such a "little amount" by them to risk on the name of a pear, or the sex of a strawberry.

How illogical! As if a man's money made any difference about his being right! It does however, by the betting argument, for that takes it for granted that no man will decline to gamble on his opinion unless he is conscious of being wrong. Or the only alternative is a confession, suppose to be humiliating, of poverty.

Aside from the ridiculous folly of pretending to prove a point by such an appeal to the dollars there is a broader and more important principle involved. You bet and win. You did not earn the money. It will do you no good. You lose; you feel that the amount is to be taken from you without an equivalent, and you are instinctively irritated by the unfairness of the transaction. In either event you are a gambler; you have so far enrolled yourself in the ranks of perhaps the most pernicious army of scoundrels that was ever let loose on earth. It is a small amount, doubtless, but the principle is involved. Risking money on pure chances is always wrong and foolish; it is always gambling; always contrary to expediency and social truth, and universal law of right.

Argue, if you please. If you don't know enough to argue, hold your tongue. If you are wrong confess it like a man. But don't bet like a fool!

### Seeking Information.

"Can you direct me to the—Hotel?" inquired a gentleman with a carpet bag of a burly Hibernian, standing on the steps of a railroad station.

"Faith," was the reply, "it's just what I can do the same. You see you just go up that street, till you come to Thadly O'Mulligan's shop. Then—"

"But I don't know where Thadly O'Mulligan's shop, as you call it, is."  
"O, faith, why didn't I think of that. Well, then, your honor must kape on till ye get to the apple woman's stand, on the corner of the brick church; it is, and kape that on the right, and go till ye get to the sign of the big watch; and mind you don't fall down there; and kape on a little further till ye come to a big tree, and after that you turn to the right or left, but by the bones of St. Patrick, I don't know which."

The traveller turned in despair to a long, lank Jonathan, who was standing close by, and made the same inquiry.

"Maybe ye're going to put up there?" queried Jonathan.

"Yes, I intend to."

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes, from Philadelphia!" was the impatient reply.

"Got any more baggage?" said the impatient Yankee.

"No, this is all," said the traveller, convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit to no questioning.

### Fearful Accident in Switzerland.

REMARKABLE DEATH OF A TRAVELLER IN THE GLACIERS.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Zermatt, August 18, gives the following thrilling narrative:

"It appears that on Friday morning, August 12, a Russian gentleman named Edouard de Grotte, left the Riffelberg Hotel to cross the pass of the Weisssthor. He was a very fine, powerful man, about six feet three inches high, and had a somewhat wild and unsettled look on his face. He had no Alpenstock, (which was indispensable for such an expedition), and sharply refused an offer on the part of the landlord to supply him with one."

"He started with two Zermatt guides, and safely crossed both the Weisssthor and Monte Moro passes, arriving in the evening at Matmark, a village in the valley of Saas. He appeared to be very confident in his own physical powers and to be inclined to despise the difficulties and dangers occasionally met with in the higher regions of the Alps."

"On Saturday morning he left Matmark with his two guides, still without an Alpenstock, and carrying only a walking stick in his hand. He retraced his steps of the previous day as far as the top of the Weisssthor pass; from there, instead of turning to the left and descending by the usual route along the Gorner Glacier to the Riffelberg, he descended by the Findelen Glacier, which slopes from the pass directly down into the valley of Zermatt, and affords a shorter, though much more perilous route to the town than the Gorner Glacier."

"The three were fastened together by a rope; the traveller being in the middle; the rope was tied round his body, but was not, as it should have been, tied round the guides also; it was only held on the left arm, of each by a large loose loop. In this way they passed safely over the greater part of the glacier, and were within a few minutes of leaving it altogether, when they came to a large patch of snow, which the guides, according to their own account, proposed to pass round, but which the traveller insisted on crossing. Accordingly the first guide crossed it in safety. The traveller then followed him, but when he had reached the middle the snow gave way under his feet, and he sank into a hidden crevasse. Having no Alpenstock he could not break his fall in the usual way, by holding it cross the chasm, and so his whole weight was thrown with a sudden jerk upon the rope, which broke instantly on both sides of the crevasse, down which the unfortunate man consequently fell. His voice was soon heard calling for assistance, which the guides were not skilful enough to render; the crevasse was a peculiar one, being narrow at the top, and widening outwards for some distance, after which it narrowed again till its sides met a depth of about 200 feet. This circumstance rendered it impossible to reach him without a rope; he appeared to be about sixty feet from the top, wedged between the sides of the crevasse; and they had no rope excepting the two ends that had remained with them, of about a yard each, so they determined that one of them should go to the nearest chalt—a two hours' walk—for ropes. The idea of trying to make a rope by cutting up their coats and shirts, especially their leathern knapsacks, was at once unaccountably never to have occurred to them. Thus the unfortunate M. de Grotte received no assistance for four hours, during which he frequently spoke to the guide above; he was, he said, in a sloping position, with his head lower than his feet, and with his right arm free, but he was constantly sinking lower. After three hours the flow of blood to his head and the intense cold had very much weakened him; he spoke seldom, saying only that he was being frozen to death."

"At last, after four hours, the guide returned from the Ffindelen chalt with assistance; the rope was lowered, but was found to be twelve feet too short to reach him. Now, it will scarcely be credited, but it is a fact, that when the rope was found to be too short nothing more was done, but men were sent for more ropes to Zermatt, a distance of four hours, so that the unhappy man was condemned by the helpless doctors above him to pass eight hours more in his icy agony, for at first the warmth of his body sinking lower; but as the vital heat departed the cold gradually regained its superiority, so that he was frozen in tightly between the walls of ice, which, as their wetted surfaces congealed and, slightly expanded towards each other, crushed him between them with irresistible force."

"About the end of the fifth hour the poor man died. He had fallen in between noon and 1 p. m., and he died about 3 p. m. At midnight more ropes came from Zermatt, and his corpse was pulled up; it was found at the depth of seventy-two feet. It was thence conveyed to the authorities, by whom an inquest was held on Tuesday last, and an examination instituted."

AN EPILOGUE OF JEFFERSON.—A party, Mr. Jefferson, then President, among them, were out riding. A smart show or had fallen during the forenoon, and when they got back to Moor's Creek, the water was running up to the saddle girths of a horse. An ordinary western looking man was sitting on the bank at Mr. Jefferson, and then asked him for a ride across. To rein up to a stone suffer him to mount, en croupe, and carry him to the opposite bank, was a mat-

who as yet, knew not she might place the adjective fortunate before her name—went at once to the house of her mother, who (a poor widow) gained hard bread and little enough sharing and washing—She feared, perhaps, to return to Grimm, where heroism was likely to kick the beam when weighed against the loss of sundry pails of milk wasted or seized by thirsty fellows as lawful spoil, and for which she had not the means of paying. She claimed the shelter of the maternal roof, and related her adventure to her mother, not without many reproaches on the part of that virtuous matron, for interfering amongst a parcel of rascalion soldiers, who ate, drank, and devoured that night at the expense of Luneberg.

But Johanna's triumph rose next day with the son. The king of Prussia took possession of the city, and the first act of royalty was to make a proclamation for the owner of the White Apron, who was by no means backward in creeping forth from her obscurity.

That night a grand banquet was held at the Schloss Luneberg, and Johanna sat at the monarch's right hand. Robust and florid as she was, no belle attracted such universal notice or admiration as the fortunate milkmaid. Her glowing hair was called golden, her ruddy cheeks blooming, and her form was admired for its strength, if it was not exactly extolled for grace. Success is your true beautifier—the elixir which bestows youth and beauty, and which fails in its effects only when the son of Fortune sets. The girdle of good luck once thrown around the thickest waist, it becomes to every beholder as slender as Venus's own, and those whom the blind goddess had mystified by the bandage of her own eyes, are, at any time ready to swear black is white, or, as in Johanna's case, red is yellow.

And amidst all this, Caroline's name was not heard.

One heart was at least captivated by this heroine in spite of herself. The big Prussian colonel must have his fancy captivated by this close approximation to the heroic maid of his heated brain,—among the toasts drank to Johanna Stegen, his response was the longest, his praise the most broadly expressed.

But—every medal has its reverse side—what a pity!

In the midst of all these rejoicings, and just as great things were in contemplation for Johanna, who seems to have been regarded as a second Joan of Arc, just when one may suppose the Prussian colonel was beginning to drink to Johanna, to celebrate his romantic suit—Lo! the French returned and retook Luneberg. Directly when the poor Lunebergers departed, and which was positive ruin to her heroine, whose temporary elevation had served to point her out as a mark for the vengeance of the infuriated French soldiers. Johanna, thrown down from her lofty pedestal, was, metaphorically speaking, obliged to grovel in the mud, and literally, might have been trampled to death, except for being herself, which she did for many days, in a dark dismal cellar, indebted for sustenance solely to the good offices of neighbors, and to Grimm, who brought her milk from Cologne, and who unnoticed and unwarded, was no doubt much happier than the heroine cowering in his dismal cellar, expecting hourly death—or worse.

But this terrible condition which lasted many bitter days, was terminated at length by the report of a large body of Prussians advancing on Luneberg; and now, as the French at last evacuated Luneberg, our heroine once more emerged from her obscurity, and threw herself at the king's feet. Her sorrows ended there. Her merits were at once recognized; she was patronized by some of the female connections of her Prussian admirer. Following the army subsequently into Prussia, who was at once placed on the full-pay of a colonel, and sent to a school to be educated for her future rank in life—a Prussian nobleman's spouse. Henceforth the life of Johanna Stegen became one of uninterrupted prosperity. At the close of the war she married the man, whose promissory order, where in reality the cause of her being famous. History tell us no more of her. Did education refine her? No. She ever thought of Caroline Barger, in the latter's obscurity, or did the comrad who shared her peril, but not her good fortune? It is believed not. She whom we have called Caroline lived and died, obscure and humble, perhaps not less happy than her real name was not known by the old inhabitant of the Schloss Luneberg, from whose lips this little narrative was gathered years ago, and who could boast of having both seen and spoken to the famous heroine of Luneberg, Johanna Stegen, by no means the first,—nor in all likelihood the last, to whom fortune has called in a fit of caprice, and loaded with unmerited favors.

DEEDS WELL FOR A SMALL WOMAN.—The Milkmaid's News relates the following incident in the life of a sailor who returned to that city after a five years' cruise:

He left a wife and two children when he went away, and the first thing on his return was to seek out his family. He found them in the third ward, and after kissing his wife, saw with astonishment, that his children, like sheep in the East, had doubled in the five years, as in the place of two there were now four, and one quite small. He looked at his wife. He then looked at his babies. Then at his wife who stood silently by. Back and forth, from one to the other, full five minutes he gazed, then broke out with, "Well, Mary, for a small woman, without help, you've raised children amazingly!"

Good old Bishop Hall writes that "I would as lieve be a brute beast as an ignorant rich man."

Arrived at Luneberg, our milkmaid—

"No; but the bullets may. Hark! there they go—pop! pop! Johanna, never mind the milk—let the people want their breakfasts for once."

But, arguing thus, they still walked on; and, as it proved, marched right into the lion's mouth. When it was too late, even for women as they were, to retreat, they found themselves right in the midst of Prussian and Russian soldiers, who, up to that moment, had been pouring their fire against Luneberg. There was, however, just then, a momentary forced cessation of hostilities on the side of the assaulting party, and, in fact, the French were rapidly gaining the advantage.

An accident had occurred. Close before Johanna and Caroline, a cart laden with cartridges had been overturned and its contents were strewn on the ground. No one was near it save a dead trooper or two, and one who was just expiring. Caroline, tender and thoughtful woman, ran up to this wretch, and held a draught of milk to his dying lips, but Johanna claps her hands, crying out—

"Roulez! roulez! Come quick, and help me, Caroline!"

She took the cartridges for roulez of coin which they somewhat resemble. Johanna and her companion both wore large white aprons with big pockets, not like those of grannies on the stage, but good substantial ones, fit to hold a half-quartern loaf. Johanna filled these as she could pick her spoil up, quite oblivious to the bullets from Luneberg, which nailed round her—as oblivious of them, in her thirst for getting quickly rich, as Caroline, from a better, nobler motive. In after-times, I think the look of gratitude, which beamed from the dying soldier's eyes, the broken words of blessing which dropped from his white lips, must have been a dearer, more blessed memory to the heart of her who, naturally timid, forgot that timidity under the influence of woman's holiest promptings of tenderness and mercy than the sordid quest for money, the brilliant fortune showered on the being who, with eager eyes and avaricious grasp, was busily employed in cramming her pockets with that, which indeed ultimately proved more valuable towards her aggrandizement than the gold for which she took the packages strewn around.

But Johanna's career of greedy acquisition is speedily stopped. A Prussian colonel rides hastily up. He has no idea of the girl's self-deception. He hastily dubs her in his mind—a mad-headed by the excitement of action—as an ardent heroine, aspiring to lead his troops in their temporary distress.

"My brave girl! those pockets will not hold enough! Fill your apron—Quick, here, young woman!" to Caroline, who still knelt by the dying, "do the same—as one goes, the other can come back!"

There was no murmur of disobedience possible. Here was the terrible Prussian flaming with loud voice, stern in command, indisputable in authority. Johanna was quite unconscious of the admiration with which the great man, whom she took for a general at least viewed her. Fear alone made the girl obey, and, indeed, as her retreat was by this time cut off by a body of advancing troops, to go back was impossible, to go forward inadvisable. Her acceptance of the duty was imposed was, however, as prompt and ready as if the action had really emanated from herself. She was always sturdy and bustling, and not less so now, when bullets whistled around, and she was in mortal fear. Quickly she filled her apron, and as quickly ran with her burden to the poor fellows who, for the want of them, were rapidly picked off by the French fire, man by man. As she returned, Caroline performed the same good office; so backwords and forwards, amidst a rattling fire, mid-volleys of no less fiery ouths, amidst blood, carnage, the groans of the dying, the carcasses of the dead, did Johanna Stegen and Caroline Barger carry pain after pain of cartridges, distributing them to the troops, till the day advanced, and the allies had gained the victory—gained it, as all to a man declared, by the heroic conduct of a woman, Johanna Stegen.

Caroline, her pale face heated by the danger and stern excitement of the scene, equally arduous, equally—even more generously—oblivious of danger, is permitted, unnoticed, to make her way back as best she can to Grimm, there to revive the pastoral inhabitants with the aroma of that adventurous and blood-stained morning.

Our Johanna was not too much overpowered by bashfulness to remain on the field, waiting for applause and thanks. She had wit enough to see that she was appreciated beyond what she had merited. However, just then, every one was too busy with rejoicing and hopes of plunder, to notice her, whom they considered the victress of the day.

As weary and disappointed, she was about to return to Grimm, the same colonel who had directed the milk-girl's efforts, rode up to her, hot and ready to drop off his horse with fatigue.

"My girl—quick—your apron—give it to me. Not a word—off with it—that's right—now, your name—Johanna—Johanna what? Johanna Stegen—So! Now, my lads, onward! Stragglers fall back!"

And thereupon, one of the stragglers, who could not comprehend what this grand terrible, fierce soldier could want with her apron, now have dirty, stained with blood and the moisture of her weary brow, fell back at the word of command, and presently, changing her mind about Grimm, she slowly followed in the rear of the army, who acknowledged her as its preserver, and who by this time had hoisted her apron in front of the troops, as an ensign and emblem of how a great victory had been won.

Arrived at Luneberg, our milkmaid—

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline, in her guttural German. "I see nothing."  
"Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered Johanna, rising her hand and pointing.

And now indeed Caroline heard sharp and loud reports, which gave her an idea, expressed curtly enough.

"Fighting, eh?" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the milk must go to Luneberg. If Boney himself be there! We're late enough now, I tell you." For Caroline showed symptoms of turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proved her to have no pretensions to be a heroine, and which ought to reconcile us to her ultimately. "Come on, I tell you, fool! they won't hurt us!"

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WHITE APRON: OR, The Fortunate Milkmaid

It might be a curious question, worth asking and ascertaining, of persons whose names are famous in history or prominent among the her traditions of war, how large is the proportion of those who have greater thrust upon them, compared to individuals who, by the virtues of true courage, perseverance, boldness and sagacity, have achieved it for themselves?

It is at all events one that rises to the mind after hearing the story of Johanna Stegen, a fortunate milkmaid of Luneberg, who, by no particular effort of her own, save a forced compliance, rose to fame, ultimate elevation in rank, and extreme prosperity.

In 1813 the French, greatly to the disgust of the conquered, still occupied Luneberg. A time, however, was at hand when the power that deemed itself all but omnipotent, was to totter, and presently fall down amidst the well-earned execrations of all Europe.

But it is the story of the fortunate milkmaid which is the object of this paper, not the progress and termination of the first Napoleon's wars.

On the outskirts of Luneberg there stood then, and very possibly still remains, a little settlement of milk farm-houses. The inhabitants of this village, which is called Grimm, carried on a brisk trade by supplying the lacteal fluid in large quantities to Luneberg, which city depended mainly on these farms for that important article of diet. Our heroine Johanna, was employed in one of these rural abodes, and was, in short, just a milkmaid and nothing more. Truth compels her biographer to state that there was little enough of the picturesque in our Johanna's personal appearance, and that she had even more than the usual bucolic attributes of robust health and florid bloom, charms accompanied moreover by locks whose redness was a fact beyond all contradiction.

But Fate, the mighty, can overcome all; and, for anything we know, could make even an empress, of a short, stout, redheaded, dairy-woman.

Little indeed Johanna dreamed when—her milk-pails slung from her square shoulders—she issued forth on a certain morning, the exact date of which the present biographer fairly owns to have been unable to ascertain; little did she dream or think—supposing she was even in the habit of thinking, to which practice luckily for their health and vigor, milk-maids are not prone—that fortune was waiting still, in no far-off nook, to invest her with all that the heart of woman is said—mind, only said—to love best, viz: rank, home, wealth, and fame.

By Johanna's side, on that memorable morning, came forth at the same time, similarly laden, a being gentler fairer, though in all likelihood no better nurtured or cultivated than her companion. This young person was an assistant dairy-maid, and in the narrative, with the courteous reader's leave, shall be called Caroline.

These girls were bound on their usual errand, taking to Luneberg suppliers of rich creamy fluid. They chatted and sang and laughed on their road from Grimm to Luneberg, a distance of probably not more than a mile and a half. Suddenly, as they were nearing the city, Johanna halted.

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline, in her guttural German. "I see nothing."

"Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered Johanna, rising her hand and pointing.

And now indeed Caroline heard sharp and loud reports, which gave her an idea, expressed curtly enough.

"Fighting, eh?" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the milk must go to Luneberg. If Boney himself be there! We're late enough now, I tell you." For Caroline showed symptoms of turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proved her to have no pretensions to be a heroine, and which ought to reconcile us to her ultimately. "Come on, I tell you, fool! they won't hurt us!"



This last village:

THIRD, (Lincoln, Saginaw and Roshto-  
ndroscoggin).—Henry  
ider, Jesse S. Lyford, and  
FOURTH, (Kennebec).—  
ond, James A. Bicknell, and  
Portland

FIFTH, (Waldo).—Rinald  
Davis and Thomas H. March  
SIXTH, (Hancock).—Amos B.  
John Bridges.  
SEVENTH, (Washington).—John H. Harr  
and James M. Livermore.  
NINTH, (Penobscot).—John Thissell, Jabe  
rue and William C. Hammett.  
TENTH, (Maine).—

**THIRTEENTH, (Oxford).—Samuel B. Hol**

and Thomas Moulton.

**DEMOCRAT.**

**EIGHTH, (Aroostook).—**Sumner Whitney

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**County Officers Elected.**

The list is probably as follows:

**REPUBLICANS.**

**CUMBERLAND.**

County Attorney—Moses M. Butler.  
County Commissioner—Jeremiah Barker.  
County Treasurer—Isaac F. Quimby.

**YORK.**

Commissioner—J. M. Deering.

Treasurer—J. M. Roberts.  
 OXFORD.  
 Commissioner—Gilbert Barrett.  
 Treasurer—William A. Pidgin.  
 KENNEBEC.  
 Commissioner—Ezekiel Hubbard.  
 Treasurer—Daniel Pike.  
 Clerk of Courts—William M. Stratton.

**PEYOSBROT.**  
Commissioner—Solomon Dunning.  
Treasurer—Ambrose C. Flint.

**ROMERSET.**  
Commissioner—Benjamin F. Leadbetter.  
Treasurer—Cephas B. Vaughn.  
Clerk of Courts—James W. Merrill.  
Register of Deeds—Samuel Hopkins.

**FRANKLIN.**  
Commissioner—Clifford B. Norton.  
Attorney—Sewall Cram.

**WALDO.**  
Attorney—William M. Rust.  
Commissioner—E. W. Files.  
Treasurer—Alfred P. ...

WASHINGTON.  
Commissioner—James Sargent.  
Treasurer—Ignatius Sargent.

Commissioner.—Barney S. Hill.  
Treasurer.—Nathaniel K. Sawyer.  
Clerk of Courts.—Parker W. Perry.

Commissioner—George W. Wingate.  
Treasurer—C. O. Palmer.  
Clerk of Courts—Ephraim Flint.

ANDROSCOGGIN.  
Commissioner—Augustus Sprague.  
Treasurer—Philip A. Briggs.  
Judge of Probate—Edward T. Little.  
SAGadahoc.

Commissioner—Sumner Adams.  
Treasurer—Charles Cobb.

**DEMOCRATS.**

LINGEN.

Commissioner—John R. Coffin.  
Treasurer—Edmund Dana.  
Attorney—John A. Meserve.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

There is much worthy of our notice, that account of its minuteness or insignificance

pages. But the tiniest objects oftentimes are the most execution, and the ugliest are the most sight, may, by scrutinizing, be found beautiful. An observing person will be amply repaid for spending much of his leisure time upon the Sea shore. Sea and land are wonderfully like each other after all. The surface of the land has its mountains and hills, its hills and valleys. It has, too, its

aras, its plains, precipices, pampas and  
ests. So the bed of the Sea is carved into  
responding irregularities. No prettier  
the plants upon the land, than those of  
Sea. I had almost said not so pretty ;  
it is impossible to find upon land such  
h tinted and beautifully colored spec-  
ms. The branches of some have a goss-  
r-like appearance. They wave their many

rose leaves in the tides as gracefully as above  
 flowers and leaves in the winds above.  
 I'd yet to them we give the insulting name,  
 of weeds. Justly does the Poet speak in  
 her behalf.  
 "Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea,  
 For lovely and bright, and gay tinted are we,  
 Quite independent of sunshine or showers—  
 Then call us not weeds, we are Ocean's gay  
 flowers."  
 "Do not nurse like the plants of a summer pasture,  
 Whose gales are but signs of an evening air,  
 For exquisite of form and delicate forms,  
 Are perished by the ocean and rocked by the  
 storms."  
 The winds, at times, rob the trees of their  
 fruit, and strow them upon the

ound. As often storms plunder the plants  
low and throw their parts upon the beach  
incalculable numbers. The sturdy far-  
er heaps upon his cart, piles of it for dress-  
e, for his land. From kelp to the tiniest  
h the botanist. He examines minutely

saves everything for his herbarium. Every specimen is duly classified, named and dated. He examines not only the beaches, but the numerous rock pools. Every orifice and fissure and crag in them is subjected to his inspection. They are but little gardens which one visits at low water. The

ation is luxuriant. No **concretary** boast of richer colors. Gardens upon land have their inhabitants—innocent range looking creatures abound here too. The crabs climb the walls and extend their little fingers to grasp their food as they pass by. Crabs are voracious of their kind. Limpets and Shrimps perform their migrations over weeds and rocks. The fish and sea urchin fulfill their mission. Crabs and lobsters wander round for an object to grasp or rend. These crustaceans are very pugnacious. They inflict and receive severe wounds. Oftentimes they are killed minus one or more legs or claws.

unately, however, they have the power  
renewing their maimed members. This  
ould be a valuable requisite for the *genus*  
10.  
death makes its changes here as elsewhere.  
Individuals die and the storms strew the  
beaches with their homes. Shells of every  
shape and size are laid on shore to bleach.  
Some that ornament the parlors of the wealthy  
are but the homes of some ugly looking  
asters, yet they excel in gorgeous tinting,  
painting in those parlors. Yours, C.

**Sabbath Schools.**

FRIEND SAWYER:—As I do not usually attend the Sunday School after the service, I thought yesterday I would take a stroll or a walk out on the Fair Ground, and my great surprise, when I arrived there,

and some 150 or 200 persons, chiefly boys;



On ground, en-  
gine, which  
condition, and  
also  
between the  
old boys rode  
their old team horses,  
and then up into a gallop, with a  
men of leisure rode round in their  
carriages, accompanied in one instance by la-  
dies.

I could not but observe how attentive  
each one was to his duty, eager to excel in  
every good word and work pertaining to the  
School. I did not observe any books, but  
what is much better, the lessons are given  
by actual practice and copied by the learn-  
ers until each is master of the whole. It is  
truly surprising to see how rapidly the pu-  
pils learn. I did not hear any prayers  
(swearing) during my stay, but presume  
that there will be as they progress in the  
School. Did not see any whom I could call  
teachers or superintendents; for all seemed  
to be learners. As there were no books used  
the instruction was given by actual exam-  
ple, consequently could not tell who were  
scholars from the manner they performed  
their parts.

As I came away I met others going in  
that direction. So the number is kept up  
to 100 or more for most of the afternoon, till  
sundown. The thought suggested itself to  
me, that it would serve to develop the  
School if some magnanimous person would  
start a "Parlor" on the ground for Sunday  
evening where thirty or more could get some-  
thing to quench their thirst for the purpose of  
quicken them in their lessons. This sugges-  
tion your readers can have the benefit of,  
for I am not now situated to carry it out  
myself, and therefore shall not claim any of  
the glory arising from it. Upon the whole  
it was a very interesting School, and at my  
leisure I will report again.

Yours for Sabbath Schools.  
M. W. G.

ORLAND, Sept. 12th 1859.

FRIEND SAWYER:—  
I had the pleasure of lecturing in this  
quiet village upon the subject of Temperance  
on the evening of the 8th inst and subse-  
quently of organizing a division of the Sons  
of Temperance. It affords me a great deal of  
encouragement to find some of the leading  
business men of the town ready to lend their  
influence to secure the organization of an  
official Temperance Society. Among the  
most ready to co-operate with me, I found  
Charles Hamilton Esq., son of Senator Ham-  
lin, a young lawyer of much promise, whose  
position will enable him to excite a wide  
influence in favor of sobriety.

The following gentlemen were elected  
officers for the current quarter, John Buck,  
W. P. C. Humlin, W. A. N. S. Salisbury,  
R. S. T. Sanders, T. T. S. Sanders, C. S.  
Aiken, A. C. B. C. Sanders, J. S. C.

[From the Whig & Courier.]  
**The Manchester Firemen's  
Muster.**

[We received the following despatch yester-  
day afternoon, from a friend in the Eagle  
Company, in regard to the Firemen's Prize  
Contest in Manchester, which was completed  
yesterday.]

Boston Sept. 16.  
The contest is over, and we are defeated.  
The wind blew hard, with an occasional  
momentary lull. The playing was generally  
very poor. The largest and best tubs were  
all in the figures. Eagle, No. 3, of  
Bangor broke the other parties at the start,  
and with this disadvantage, was obliged to  
take her minute and play in a heavy wind.

**The Contest for the Prizes.**  
We copy the following account of the  
trial of the engines, from the Boston Journal  
received last evening:

**RULES OF THE CONTEST.**  
Each company drafted its own water and  
played through 400 feet of hose.

Each company was allowed ten minutes  
to arrange apparatus and play the match.  
Each company played one minute.  
In case of bursting hose, another trial was  
allowed, it within the allotted time.

Each company had the privilege of setting  
their engine and arranging their suction hose  
before their time commenced.

The playing was horizontal until the time  
of trial, at which time a signal was given  
from the stand.

No engine was allowed to contend but once  
for the prizes.

Any jumping on hose or other interference  
with hose while playing, was considered  
sufficient cause for ruling out.

The following gentlemen acted as judges:  
Hon. Jacob F. James, Col. Bradbury P.  
Coley, Joseph Dow, Esq., Isaac C. Flanders,  
Esq., and Thomas F. Flanders, Esq.

**TRIAL FOR PRIZES.**  
The companies played in the order in  
which they stood in the procession, and with  
the following result:

	Height, feet.
1—Washington, No. 1, Worcester,	125
2—Alma, No. 1, Winchendon,	170
3—Pennacook, No. 4, Concord,	144
4—Tiger, No. 2, Dover,	93
5—Negland, No. 4, Haverhill,	110
6—Geo. W. Lee, No. 4, Haverhill,	121
7—Tremont, No. 12, Boston,	151
8—Tiger Fire Association, Portland,	110
9—Tremont, No. 3, Concord,	122
10—Tremont, No. 2, West Newbury,	106
11—Relief, No. 2, Waterbury,	142
12—Tiger No. 6, Worcester,	145
13—Attention, No. 1, Portsmouth,	165
14—Independence, No. 3, Bridgewater,	110
15—Tiger, No. 4, Lynn, (hose burst),	125
16—Rapid, No. 2, Worcester,	141
17—Franklin, No. 7, Charlestown,	141
18—Tremont, No. 6, Haverhill,	120
19—Daniel Webster, No. 3, Malden,	146
20—Tremont No. 1, Watertown,	115
21—Volunteer, No. 8, Lynn, (did not play),	
22—Tremont, No. 5, Lynn,	122
23—Excelsior, No. 1, Lowell,	119
24—Washington, No. 2, Chelsea,	106
25—Gen. Worth, No. 2, Stoneham,	126
26—May Flower, No. 4, North Bridgewater (hose burst and did not contend),	
27—Protector, No. 4, Nashua,	140
28—General Jackson, No. 2, Medford,	122
29—Eagle, No. 3, Bangor,	106
30—Maggie, No. 10, Lowell,	117
31—Tiger, No. 4, Lawrence,	146
32—Eagle, No. 6, Newburyport,	109
33—Yale, No. 1, North Reading,	136
34—Harvard, No. 2, Belmont,	132
35—Gaspee, No. 9, Providence,	152
36—Catawba, No. 2, Clinton,	156
37—Concord, No. 3, Concord,	130
38—Hoyden, No. 2, Hingham,	141
39—Fountain, No. 3, Dover,	144
40—Vanguard, No. 8, Lynn,	134
41—Jacob Webster, No. 2, North Woburn,	154
42—May Flower, No. 4, North Bridgewater,	141
43—Eagle, No. 3, Boston,	115
44—Deluge, No. 14, Lowell,	127
45—Tiger, No. 1, Haverhill,	136
46—Tremont, No. 6, Haverhill,	122
47—Hancock, No. 1, Charlestown,	142
48—Nagara, No. 3, East Cambridge,	118
49—Banker Hill, No. 2, Charlestown,	141
50—Adams, No. 1, Lexington,	141
51—Quinnipiac, No. 1, Hopkington Mass.,	143
52—Eureka, No. 1, West Cambridge Mass.,	126
53—Monroe, No. 3, Nashua,	125

The playing commenced at one and ended  
at a quarter past 6 o'clock.

**AWARD OF PRIZES.**  
First Prize, \$400—Alert, No. 1, Winchendon,  
Mass.

Second prize, \$200—Yale, No. 1, South  
Reading, Mass.

**Cramp & Pain Killer.**  
The world is astonished at the wonderful cures per-  
formed by the Cramp & Pain Killer, prepared by C. C. &  
P. B. It is equal to any other remedy for removing  
pain in all cases; for the cure of Spinal Complaints,  
Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach, Rheumatism in all its  
forms, Bilious Colic, Burns, Sore Throat, and Gravel, it is  
decidedly the best remedy in the world. Evidence of the  
most cures ever performed by any medicine, is on file in  
the hands of Agents.

**BOOKS WITH GIFTS.**  
Don't be deceived any longer!  
We have the original and best book in the world, and  
send our large new Catalogues, in book form, postage paid,  
to any address. ALBERT COLBY & CO.,  
302 1/2 St. 20 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

**MARRIED.**  
Ellsworth—14th inst., by A. M. Glidden, Esq.,  
Mr. Geo. S. Sweet to Miss Hannah B. Thurston,  
all of E.

North Sedgewick—by Rev. G. W. Watts, Rev.  
Lucius Bradford to Mrs. Lucy D. Nelson, both of  
Brookline.  
Blanchard—14th inst., by Rev. W. H. Kelton,  
Mr. Thomas S. Osgood to Miss Harriet Ann Pills-  
bury, all of B. Also, 15th inst., by the same, Mr.  
Franklin S. Cushing of B. to Miss Ann Maria P.  
Flood, of S. and to Mr. J. D. Richards, P. W.  
P., Rev. S. Tenney Chaplain. This Division  
will meet on Tuesday evening of each week.  
We learn from our exchanges, and other  
sources, that the Order of the Sons of Temperance  
is rapidly gaining in numbers and  
influence, not only in our own, but in other  
States. The number of members and Lady  
Visitors is about 12,000, being an increase,  
within the year, of about 9,000. Wherever  
the Order has been instituted, and men of  
influence and perseverance taken hold of it,  
rumormongers have been induced or compelled  
to give up their traffic, and many who were  
rapidly approaching the drunkard's end,  
have become active members of the Order,  
and are laboring to reclaim others. We sin-  
cerely hope such will be the result of the or-  
der in this town.

**DIED.**  
Trenton—10th inst., Mrs. Sarah A. wife of  
Capt. Wilson Young, aged 27 years.

She was young in May of last year, having  
experienced religion about a year before. Loving  
in her character, and exceedingly beloved, she  
adorned her christian profession by a remarkably  
pure, humble, gentle and faithful christianlike  
walk, and thus early the Lord has called his own  
to himself.—Cov.

Also, on the same day, Mary Helen, only  
daughter of the above, aged 2 months.

**MARINE JOURNAL.**

**PORT OF ELLSWORTH.**  
ARRIVED. Sept. 15.  
Schr. R. P. Warring, Moon, Boston.

CLEARED.  
"Olive Branch, Alley, Portland.  
"Commodore, Grant, do.  
"Vandalia, Jackson, Salem.  
"Dolphin, Lord, Boston.  
"Agnes, Trewey, do.  
"Vanderer, Balata, do.

ARRIVED.  
"Counselor, Means, Boston.  
"Davis, Curtis, do.  
"Edward, Trewey, do.

ARRIVED.  
"Valant, Jordan, do.  
CLEARED.  
"Archer, Smith, do.  
"Potomac, Lord, do.  
"Rattian, Davis, Portland.

ARRIVED.  
"Fairdealer, Whitmore, do.  
"Morning Star, Clay, do.  
"Vandalia, Davis, do.  
"Ella Florence, Griffin, Salem.

ARRIVED.  
"Belle, Holt, Boston.  
"Tarquin, Herrick, do.  
CLEARED.  
"Adelaide, Clark, Portland.  
"Elizabeth, Remick, do.  
"Counselor, Means, Boston.  
"Barclay, Whitmore, Providence.

**REMOVAL.**

**A. A. BRIMMER.**  
Has removed to the store opposite his old stand,  
formerly occupied by A. ROBINSON & CO.

**Watches and Jewelry**  
FOR SALE AND REPAIRED.

The accounts of G. D. IRVING & CO. are  
left with the subscriber, and those owing can  
settle their bills with him for the next Thirty Days.  
Ellsworth, Sept. 20th, 1859. 344

**New Store, New Business,**

**AND**

**NEW GOODS.**

THE undersigned have had the store formerly  
occupied by Messrs. J. W. & T. D. JONES,  
thoroughly repaired and refitted, where they are  
now opening and arranging a complete assortment of

**IRON AND STEEL,**

for Shoeing, Carriage, Mill and general Black-  
smith work, with a good stock of  
FILES.

**GLASS,**  
SHEATHING PAPER, and  
BUILDING MATERIALS,  
which we will sell on the most favorable terms for  
Cash. Please call and examine at.  
No. 4 Main Street, Ellsworth,  
A. J. MORRISON & CO.  
Ellsworth, Sept. 1st, 1859. 32

**A NEW LOT OF**

**WATCHES**

**AND**

**JEWELLRY,**

Just received at the store of  
**GEO. F. DUNN,**  
and Selling at Reduced Prices.

Watches and Jewelry repaired as usual,  
and warranted. 344

**Additional Premiums.**  
AT an adjourned meeting of the Trustees of the  
Hancock Agricultural Society held at Ellsworth,  
Sept. 15th, a premium of twenty-five dollars was  
offered and will be paid for the best team of ten  
oxen, or more, that may enter from any one  
town in the county. Each team will be sub-  
ject to an entry fee of one dollar. Also, a Diplo-  
ma for the best vessel model that may be an ex-  
hibition.

**JOSEPH HINCKLEY**, of Bluehill,  
NAHUM JONES, of Gouldsboro,  
DAVID DUGAN, of Waltham,  
Awarding Com. on Town Team.  
Ellsworth, Sept. 20th. 345

**NOTICE.**  
THE stockholders of the ELLSWORTH BANK  
are hereby notified that the annual meeting  
for the choice of Directors and the transaction of  
any other business that may come before them, will  
be held at their Banking Room in Ellsworth,  
on Wednesday, the 19th day of October next, at  
2 o'clock P. M.

J. H. CHAMBERLAIN, Cashier.  
Ellsworth, Sept. 18th, 1859. 343

**NEW BOOKS. NEW BOOKS.**  
Mrs. Partington's Knitting work,  
Travels in Greece and Russia, By B. P. SHILLABER.  
Forty Years in the wilderness of Pills and Powders, By BAYARD TAYLOR.  
Milch Cows and Dairy Farming, By CHARLES L. FLINT.  
Dadd on the Diseases of Cattle, By Dr. ALCOTT.  
Webster's Quarto Dictionary, Pictorial Edition.  
1860, The OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC, by Robert B. THOMAS, just received and for sale at wholesale or retail by MOSES HALE.

**Strayed.**  
STRAYED from Ellsworth Falls, on the 13th  
of September, a MILCH COW, red with a white  
stripe on the back and a dark forehead; had a  
heavy bell attached to her neck. Whoever will  
give information of her to Margaret McCarthy,  
will have all reasonable expenses paid, and who  
ever detains the said cow after this notice will be  
prosecuted according to law.  
ELLSWORTH FALLS, Sept. 21st, 1859. 343

**Notice of Foreclosure.**  
The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all  
concerned, that he has been duly appointed and  
has taken upon himself the trust of Administrator  
of the estate of  
JOHN DEVEREUX,  
late of Penobscot, in the Co. of Hancock, yeoman,  
deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he  
therefore requests all persons who are indebted to  
the deceased's estate, to make immediate pay-  
ment, and those who have any demands thereon, to ex-  
hibit the same for settlement.  
Hudson Devereux, 35  
Penobscot, Sept. 8, 1859.

**Notice of Foreclosure.**  
The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all  
concerned, that he has been duly appointed and  
has taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the  
estate of  
MIRIAM C. PERKINS, late of Castine,  
in the County of Hancock, deceased, by giving bond as  
the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are  
indebted to the deceased's estate, to make immediate pay-  
ment, and those who have any demands thereon, to ex-  
hibit the same for settlement.  
CHARLES K. TILDEN, 33  
September 7, 1859.

**Notice of Foreclosure.**  
WHEREAS, George J. Johnson, of Ellsworth, in the  
County of Hancock, on the fifth day of September,  
A. D. 1854, by his mortgage deed of that date conveyed  
in mortgage to Charles A. Neely, now of Bangor, in the  
County of Penobscot, three several parcels of real estate  
in said Ellsworth, being the same three parcels conveyed  
by said Neely to said Johnson, and the same lands pur-  
chased by said Neely of Charles E. Whitcomb, by deed  
dated Nov. 10th, 1850, and recorded in book 22 page  
247, Hancock Registry, and by two deeds dated Aug. 24,  
A. D. 1851, and of March 30, 1852, to said Charles A. Neely,  
and containing one hundred and sixty square feet of  
square rods, and being the same premises now occupied by  
said Johnson, and being two lots in said town of G. W. D.  
1854, in book 24, page 120, and the conditions of the  
same having been broken, I, hereby call for foreclosure said  
mortgage.  
By J. A. DEANE, his Atty., 343

**Notice of Foreclosure.**  
WHEREAS, George J. Johnson, and William Johnson on  
the twelfth day of August, A. D. 1852, by deed con-  
veyed in mortgage to Charles A. Neely, now of Bangor, in the  
County of Penobscot, three several parcels of real estate  
in said Ellsworth, being the same three parcels conveyed  
by said Neely to said Johnson, and the same lands pur-  
chased by said Neely of Charles E. Whitcomb, by deed  
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