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From Porter's Spirit of the Times.
A Day's Trouting in Belgrade.

AUGUSTA, March 28.

Of all the sports which have served to amuse, beguile, and invigorate mankind, none stands so high as the gentle art of angling. It has been the favorite sport and pastime of great and good men, from time immemorial. From St. Peter to Daniel Webster—from good old Isaac Walton to all the little boys—it has had its irresistible charms. Who does not recollect his first fishing-tackle, even though it was only a string and a crooked pin? of his delight in landing his first fish, whether minnow, chub, or sucker? I pity the man who cannot look back upon the half holidays of his boyhood, spent upon the banks of some favorite stream, with rod and line, and a string of miscellaneous fish strung through the gills and mouth upon a forked twig. Those were the happy days of a lifetime, to which we may look with pleasure and without alloy. Fortunately, the love of fishing outlives our boyhood; or, rather, continues it to old age. In no way can the hard student or man of business pass a day so pleasantly, innocently, and cheaply, as the day spent in fishing. It carries us among the most beautiful and picturesque scenery of the country. It furnishes pure air for the lungs, the sweet odor of the woods and flowers for the nostrils, a thoughtful exercise for the body, a pleasant stimulant for the mind, a good appetite for supper, and a sound sleep for the pillow. Do you require a few hours for thought? Do the cares of life hang heavily? Have you been disappointed in love, either before or after marriage? Are you troubled with debts or indignation? Then go fishing. But, recollect, that if you have not in your mind's eye some poor invalid upon whom you mean to bestow the finest fish in your basket, you will miss the purest pleasure of the trout angler. Undoubtedly, salmon and trout fishing, with rod and line, stand at the head of the art. I once asked the best and most finished sportsman in Maine, "What is the best of all sports?" He answered, unhesitatingly, "salmon fishing, with fly and rod. Although salmon are abundant upon most of our Maine rivers, for some reason or other they will never rise at a fly. The trial has often been made by experienced artists, with the best of tackle, under the most favorable circumstances. The only one I have ever known to be taken in this state with hook and line, was caught from the Kennebec river, through a hole in the ice, at Gardiner, in the winter of 1855, with a piece of salt pork for bait. There seems to me to be, but two theories to account for this singular circumstance—that it drifted accidentally into his mouth, or that he bit at it from pure wantonness. I think the last one the most probable. If, therefore, we desire salmon fishing, we have only to go to the neighboring province of New Brunswick, upon whose waters the salmon rise readily at the fly, if skillfully handled. Probably, Maine, New Hampshire and New York furnish the best trout fishing in the United States. Their sharp streams, and deep, cold ponds are bountifully supplied with the speckled beauties. Moosehead Lake furnishes trout of great weight. They are often caught, weighing from 15 to 35 lbs. Fabulous stories are told of immense ones almost caught, as long as a cannon, &c.; but the largest I have ever seen weighed thirty five pounds. These are poor fish for the table, and furnish poor sport, except for the pot-fisherman.

In years that are passed, Belgrade has been famous for the size, quality, and quantity of her trout. Since the introduction of pickering, the trout have rapidly diminished. But there are a few more of the old sort; and as our most wise legislators have passed a law protecting trout and pickering, in the same pond, we need not fear any further diminution. The spotted backs and striped bellies will now lie down together in peace. Therefore, I propose to invite you to spend a day with me, upon the banks and beside the streams of Belgrade, to try our skill at angling. I arrive at "mine inn," kept by old friend Rollins, just at dusk; see that my horse is well cared for; put all my traps in my room; and while supper is being prepared, go and examine the boat; see that she is tight and clean—that there is a good tackle line, and paddle. After supper, and while enjoying my pipe, I give my rod, line, flies, and baits, a careful examination. A close attention to the minute details of preparation is very essential to the pleasure, comfort and success of a day's fishing. As soon as I can see in the morning, I am ready. Upon my belt, is my worn box, another for other baits, and a book of flies. I have filled my worn-box from a larger one, where they have been scouring in moss for ten days. I find them white and lively. On my way to the boat, I pick up a few benumbed grasshoppers. There is just breeze enough for good fly-fishing this fine, frosty morning. I paddle quietly to my proposed fishing-ground, and drop the hook. It is in a large pond at the tail of a mill, about five rods from the shore, opposite the mouth of a stream emptying into a pond. If the mill was running, I should be in a swift stream; now it is a very gentle one. I now adjust my rod, line, and reel; and put on a medium-sized right fly. At the second cast, the water broke near the fly, like the lazy boiling of a cauldron, and the large black head of a fine trout made its appearance. He just missed the fly. The slap of that broad tail, as the went down, showed that vigor was there, and that he was not to be trifled with. Can he be raised again? He is none of your little, hungry, snapping lawyers, but a fat, well-fed alderman, and will die hard. I tried all kinds of flies, large and small, dark and light. I whipped up, down, and across the wind, quick and slow. I tempted him with a delicious bait of well-scoured worms. I was trying my last grasshopper, and so far, all to no purpose. It was evident that he was still down there, for another fish came near my hook—none dared to come within a prescribed limit, while he lay there. At this stage of proceedings, the light of my line caught a stick in the boat, and threw it upon the water—an instant after, the trout broke water near it. Some little fly or slug was washed from the stick, and he rose at it. It is provoking. But a good sportsman never throws away a hint.

I quietly reeled in my line, selected the smallest fly from my book, took a little stick and threw it out upon the water; an instant more, and my little fly touched the water within four inches of the stick, and I have him—no instant, and down he goes, the fly bends under the reel spins, coolness and science will win, hurry or awkwardness is sure to lose. I feel him, sinking at the bottom—he is trying to get rid of the hook or break it, but the little strain that I keep upon him interrupts his operations sadly, and is making him feel uncomfortable. In about five minutes he tries a new and dangerous dodge. He comes straight from the bottom, out of the water, and turns a complete somersault. It looked as though he intended to strike the line with his tail. This he did three times in rapid succession; then he tried the bottom again; but as I feared, he might get the line against some stick or stone, I held him up the line, would safely bear, preferring to play him in the water, and turned when minutes he came to the top, and turned over on his back. Don't be in a hurry, there is a kick in him yet—just as I expected, slap he

goes. If I had been off my guard, I would have lost him. He made a handsome rally, at the end of which I had him reeled close to the boat, and as he turned over, quietly passed the net under him, and lifted him gently into the boat. He is a perfect beauty in shape and color. What bright spots! Now for the scales. He don't weigh as much as I thought he would, and I always knew he wouldn't. Five pounds and seven ounces. That is not bad. By this time the millmen have hoisted the gates and I am in the midst of a rapid stream. I put on an artificial minnow and let my line trail down stream. In a few minutes I succeed, after a short struggle, in landing another, weighing about one pound, and my morning's sport is over. I return to the house, wrap my large trout in a dry cloth, and hang him up in the ice-house, and prepare for breakfast with such an appetite as 'belongs only to fishermen, or very honest men.' My fox hunting friend Bruce had accepted my invitation to join me at breakfast, and had brought over with him his old bound, for old acquaintance sake, and the pup, for an introduction. We had my smallest trout broiled on the hard wood coals, and only he who has eaten one under similar circumstances can know how nice a dish it is. After breakfast we spent an hour on the shady side of the house, tipped back in our chairs, enjoying our pipes, and 'talking dog.' Bruce could give me the state of all the woodcock covers in this vicinity, which he keeps the run of on my account. I had brought him all the back numbers of the Spirit, which I always save, for him, so you have at least one appreciating reader. I almost obtained a promise from him that he would send you an article upon fox hunting. My good landlady has put my dinner in a basket, the horse and my gear is in the wagon, and I am off for a brook about five miles distant, from which I have before taken many trout. The ride is through a rough but picturesque country, diversified with hills (called mountains anywhere else), forests and ponds. The land is rocky and hard, but yields a fair return for the labor of the husbandman, as the evidence of thrift, comfort, and even luxury, all around you, fully prove.

But how do they do it? That is the question. I arrive at my old friend, Manly's, and receive a cordial greeting. My horse is put in the stable; little Willy will bring my dinner to the big oak at one; I put on my belt, holding bait-boxes, fish-basket, &c.; put a flask of mixture of glycerine, camphor, and oil of penny-royal, and a vial of laudanum, in my pocket—the first to use as a wash for the face and hands, as a preventive of, and the second, as an antidote for mosquito bites. These little tormentors can, and do, drive strong men from the trout stream. I exchange my boots for moccasins; the boot makes too much noise for trout-fishing—I have known them frightened from their holes by the careless or unlucky tread of the fisherman, as he stepped upon a log, or upon the spongy bank of the stream, while he was yet many rods from them. Arrived at the brook, which is a small stream that winds its way through woods, among hills and fields and meadows, to a pond, over gravel, sand and ledges—now a miniature cascade, now a brawling brook, now a deep dark hole, now it almost disappears under a windfall of the old trees, and now it comes dancing out into the sunlight, and meanders through the meadow, with its margin fringed with tall grass, the graceful willow, or the dark alder. Here you may easily see across it; there it is a broad deep pool. The music of its waterfalls in the woods, is the lowest note known in the scale of music, and is in perfect unison with the rule of the wind among the leaves. It is sweet to me to hear the organ, or the well-tuned band. I will not argue the contested points of fishing up or down stream. They both have their advantages and disadvantages; but this much, if you fish down stream, more caution is required in approaching, as the fish lies with his head and eyes up stream. I commence fishing down, using the ground-worm, well scoured, just where the stream passes under that log, leaving a thick covering of froth upon the water. The bait is taken instantly. Now, no twitching or jerking, but take him out carefully and gently, or you will tear the hook from his tender mouth or catch it in the log, or in some root, and break some of the tackle, or you will be caught among the branches overhead, and, perhaps, your fish will drop off into the stream. Long practice alone will enable a man so to manage his line that his hook will not constantly be caught, and until this skill is attained, the fisherman will have need of all his patience. When I have him fairly landed, I put him carefully into the basket, the bottom being covered with fresh, clean moss. As I follow down the next place, now here, two there, and none in the next place, sometimes catching a fine one where none was expected, and where it looked like a place for the best getting none, or, at best, a little one. Those too small for use, should not be thrown, but gently put back, always allowing any doubt about the size to favor the captive. Here the stream passes over a smooth bottom of clean sand. Do you see those little black points sticking out of the sand? They are the heads of the pearl-bearing muscle. You will find about one pearl to every one hundred opened. Then the water rushes down a steep declivity, among the boulders, to a deep pool below. I let my line float down with the current. Here we may expect to take our best trout, and it is one of those peculiar places that it is almost impossible to fish to advantage up stream. At one deep pool I took two fine fish, with worms, and no more would bite; then two with the fly, and two more with grasshoppers. When I turn to go back, I put a layer of moss over my fish, to keep a separation between those caught up, and down stream. I find Willy at the big oak, where I commenced fishing, with my dinner. He went back a happy fellow, for he had a bright time in his hand. It was all his own; for he owed not a cent in the world. Only anglers can appreciate that drink, that fragrant but heavy meal, and that pipe after dinner, as I lay stretched upon the grass under the old oak. I then fish up the stream, among the hills and woods, and back again, getting as fine trout and as many as in the larger part of the brook below. I arrive at the house about five o'clock. I have six fish, four trout, thirty taken fishing down, thirty-four up, with weight favoring down-stream fishing—10 lbs. up, 11 1/4 lbs. down. I now clean and wipe and pack in dry Indian meal the fish that I propose to take home; neither water nor ice should touch a trout from the time he is taken till he is eaten, if it can be avoided, as it takes much from the flavor. I

prepare a few for supper. Miss Amelia Ann is to be cook—the fish are to be fried. I do not like to risk them to a new hand, without I can oversee the operation. It is a ticklish question, to ask that prompt, quick stepping girl to let me into her kitchen. It is a direct attack upon her idea of woman's rights. But here goes. 'Miss Amelia Ann, do you know how to fry trout?' 'Do I know? Don't know nothing else. Should like to see any woman or man either, that would dare to show me how to fry a trout.' 'Just the woman I have been wanting to see. I want you to teach me; our city folks need a lesson from a girl like you.' The bait took; one of woman's strongest passions (the desire to impart information) had been appealed to. I got into the kitchen; the fish were done to a turn. At six, the family were assembled, and we sat down to a bountiful country supper, with good appetites. At supper, the two boys, rejoicing in the Scripture names of Elisha and Ezekiel, invited me to join them that evening in spear-fishing trout by torch-light. Were you ever invited to join in a burglary? I imagine the feelings would be the same in either case. I prepared myself to read them a lecture upon the enormity of such a proceeding; but fearing that I could not do justice to the subject until I had witnessed the operation, I accepted the invitation. I took a nap for an hour, and was called when the boys were ready. We first obtained about three bushels of chips, egg size, from the root of a pitch pine stump.

Our armament consisted of a punt, or flat boat, a torch made from the chips, in a wire basket attached to the top of a pole upon a crooked iron rod, two long spears or gigs, of seven prongs, each of the size of a common lead pencil. The fishing ground was a shoal of white sand, in from three to six feet of water, extending for some two miles. The shore was lined with a forest of pines, fir and birch. Elisha stood in the bow of the boat, spear in hand, bending over and peering intently into the water. Ezekiel was the motive power, sitting in the stern, guiding and propelling the boat by pushing in the sand with the torch spear. I sat in the centre to hold the torch and replenish it with chips. The order was given for silence and to 'run her.' It was a scene for a painter, and never to be forgotten. The dark shadows of the woods upon the shore the white bottom, with all its curious formations, beneath us—the bright torch, with its dense, black cloud of smoke above us, and the calm starry sky overhead, while the great commotion spread its mysterious trail in the west. Perhaps it is only a fishing torch of some of the deities who may even now be preparing to appear as poor mortals. Would it not be a righteous retribution? I was roused by the question: 'Sucker, do you want him?' Wishing to test his skill, I said, yes. As quick as lightning he stuck his spear in the water, and recovering it, he reached the prongs toward me, and I took therefrom a huge sucker. In a few minutes he said, 'pickered,' and handed me a fish of that kind. He always named his fish before he struck him. Once he said, 'darn him'—a dart and a splash, and he passed me a musk rat, transfixed through the back with the spear. I knocked him on the head with a bacchet to still him, and put him out of misery. Soon it was 'run her, Zeke,' and he handed me a fine trout of about a pound weight. We killed four more trout, the largest six lb. two oz., and several pickered. The skill with which that boy handled the spear, and distinguished his prey was wonderful. I exchanged places with him, and tried my hand with the spear, with poor success. The movements of the boat and fish, and the refraction of the light, made it a more difficult shot than it at first seems. If it is wrong to spear trout, as all anglers believe, it certainly has the merit of bringing out the sportsmanlike qualities of prudence, endurance and skill. If you have enjoyed to-day's sport, I shall be happy to have you join me again, when the apple trees are in bloom. W.

BOUND TO SAVE HIS BACON.—Andrew Walker was complained of for removing house offal from a saloon. Andrew had an excuse to offer for his delinquency—all men, when they commit faults or crimes, are prone with apologies, and Andrew was not exempt from the common lot.

'Judge,' said the defendant, 'I want to s'pose a case.'

The Court was willing to hear any supposition that he might offer.

'Well, now, s'pose you owned a hog—a jolly fat hog, and that hog should squeal for something to eat, and you had not got anything to give it, and know that every squeak took off half a pound of fat, how should you feel, hey?'

His Honor moved uneasily in his seat, as though he could not see the point of the argument.

'I know how you'd feel,' defendant continued, 'you'd get swell or perish in the attempt. That's what I've done—fine me if you will—I shall save my bacon.'

A BIT OF SENTIMENT.—Somebody having a kindly feeling for the artist and his idiosyncrasies of disposition, meanders off in the field of sentiment after this fashion:—

I don't like to criticize the paintings which hang here. I know that the life and love of a human heart are painted into every one of them, nor can I forget that

No true painter ever set on canvas
All the glorious vision he conceived.

Not a painting hangs in the Academy of Design that is not loved as a child by some heart. For there is no proportion between the love that genius bears his children and the love that the children bear their mother. As the mother's heart yearns the most tenderly over the most helpless and hopeless of her little flock, so does genius often secretly love best that child of soul and brain which has no beauty to be desired in the eyes of others. It is natural to feel sympathy with an object which meets with universal neglect—natural to prize most highly that which we have obtained at the highest cost—yet most we love that object into which we have infused the most of our inmost being, the most of that life within, life buried within the fathomless soul, whose history no words may tell, whose unuttered melody no voice may reveal. We try to translate its language into the syllables of union—to tell its secrets in melodious sounds—to trace its visions of beauty, in gorgeous and softly glowing colors; and though forever more we fail to define perfectly the divine enigmas of spirits—though there always lies within an ideal more perfect than our limited power can express—still we love the expression, meagre, imperfect, though

it be, for it is the only synonym which we possess of the transcendent reality within. No matter how eloquent the outward expression, there always lies beneath it a silence more eloquent still.

So the artist loves the picture which everybody calls a 'poor affair,' and the poet loves the poem which no one praises. Each is a spiritual medium to the author, through which he holds converse with a world which else would be too impalpable, too far away, to give back to the yearning spirit the dead dreams, the lost ideals, the beautiful joys, which long ago passed to its shadowy embrace. No one else cares for the picture, or the poem, while it is idolatrously loved by the soul which gave it birth. To this one, it brings back not only vanished hours, but thought, emotion, suffering, joy, and bliss, belonging to a past experience—something through which he lived once, and which he will live over again, in the record which love has traced of some life's passages which the heart will not willingly let die.

ABOUT HIRED MEN.—We have had frequent occasion to notice the different 'luck,' as they called it, which employers have had with their hired help. We knew a Mr. P. who was forever in hot water with his men. They could not be trusted out of sight. They would idle away half their time, slight their work, abuse the horses and cattle, and waste more than their help was worth—such was the frequent complaint of them and to them. On the other hand they unhesitatingly declared, that there never was such driving, miserly, early, and altogether contemptible man as their employer. From early summer until their employment ceased in the fall, there seemed to be a continual strife between them; each aggravating the other, each apparently studying to find the limit of human endurance, and it sometimes happened that actual violence was resorted to, a hand-to-hand encounter with one or more of them, followed by prosecutions, law-suits, and costs to pay.

But neighbor G. never appeared to have such difficulty. He frequently hired the same men employed by Mr. P. the previous season, and well done; although they often went away from his observation, there was no disposition shown to take advantage of his absence, and he used to speak with pleasure of his 'excellent hands.' Yet he never was heard to scold, but often to praise, and if fault was found, the offender alone knew of it. This we apprehend was one secret of his success. He remembered that they were men as well as 'help'—and as a man he knew that appreciation is one of the highest stimulants to exertion, and that fault-finding in presence of others, sours the feelings and disheartens from effort. The man who takes as much pains to find points to commend in those in his employ, as he does to discover their defects, will soon see the benefit, in cheerful readiness to work, and endeavors to please. Scolding never did any good. A man will listen if you tell him his faults, however plainly, if it be done with mildness and in private.

Too many men pay but little regard to the physical comfort of their 'help.' They are kept on the corner, sometimes the meanest fare. They are sent to sleep two or three in a room, often in the unfinished chamber of an outbuilding, and on beds fit only to do penance upon. Then, too, the men are not only kept at their work 'from early dawn 'till set of sun,' but one furrow more must be turned, or one swath more must be mowed after the full time of a day's work is completed. Men are easily affected by what touches physical feelings. Generous fare—it need not be expensive—comfortable lodging rooms, ample noon rests, and prompt 'turning out' from the field at night, will be more than repaid by the cheerful spirit and 'working with a will,' which will be given in return.

Another cause of much difficulty will be found in the whiskey jug or cider pitcher carried into the field. Although the men may for a time seem to do more by the use of this extra steam, experience has many times proved that strictly temperate men can better endure the severe labors of farm life; while seven-eighths of the quarrels and collisions, which disgrace too many otherwise peaceful communities, originate from the use of alcoholic stimulants.

A great point will be gained, if 'hired men' can be brought to feel an interest in the success of the farm. Sometimes a good way to procure this, would be the offer of extra pay, provided the amount of the crops could be brought beyond the average yield, so that each would feel a personal interest in doing his work well. It would take very little calculation to show that several bushels per acre might be added to the product of each field, by better plowing and more careful cultivation of the growing corn or other crops. The subject is certainly worthy of careful consideration, for most farmers are, to quite an extent, dependent upon the labor of others.

[American Agriculturist.]

Thompson's Bank Note Reporter thus defines some of the phrases used in stock circles and by newspapers:

'A Bull' is one who buys stocks on speculation, thinking they will rise, so that he can sell at a profit. It is to his interest to have stocks rise, and he will resort to every means to bring about the desired result.

'A Bear' is one who sells stocks on speculation, thinking they will fall, so that he can buy in for less money to fill his contracts. It is to his interest to break down the market, and he will resort to the most desperate means to bring about the desired result.

'A Corner' is when the Bears cannot buy or borrow the stock to deliver in fulfillment of their contracts.

'A Deposit' is earnest money, lodged in the hands of a third party as a guarantee: '5 up,' '10 up,' etc., is the language expressive of a deposit.

'Overloaded' is when the Bulls cannot take and pay for the stocks they have purchased. 'Short' is when a person or party sells stocks when they have none, and expect to buy or borrow them in time to deliver.

'Long' is when a person or party has a plentiful supply of stocks.

'A Flyer' is to buy some stock with a view to selling it in a few days, and either make or lose, as luck will have it.

'A Wash' is a pretended sale, by special agreement between the seller and buyer, for the purpose of getting a quotation reported.

THE LIFE MARCH.

O, it is sometimes hard, this onward marching,
Forever on, through sunshine and through rain;
Stepping as if we trod a field of battle,
Or wading through a sea of life's life march.
On hopes and joys that drop before us slain—
Jays, hopes, into whose pallid, upturned faces
We never may return to gaze again.

Right on, forever on; mayhap o'er mountain
With beating wing, or blustering desert plain,
Or wading through a sea of life's life march
In which we onward struggle, glad to gain
Some spot whereon to sit and rest a little,
And backward gaze with longings sad and vain.

Of dear old scenes, of sweet familiar places,
Fading a far and far away look is to be,
And the dim eye will linger, gazing,
Though tears that gush and burn and fall like rain,
Like hers who watched the first dawn's fierce embrace
Intold the striking cities of the plain.

Yet hope is ours. Amid the desert burning,
Some deep sweet well of joy may yet remain;
And through the rugged gorges of the mountain
There yet may lead some quiet flowery lane;
Happily will bate its force at our approaching
The angry torrent born of mountain rain.

O Father God, so guide our wavering footsteps,
That, when is past life's latest, sorest pain,
Far more than buried joys any rise to greet us,
And more than all the old time come again,
A life of holy rest and fearless progress
Spread blooming, glowing like an endless plain.

T. S. FERRY.

HABITS OF INDUSTRY.—As far as my observation extends, children are naturally disinclined to persevere in steady labor; their restless and active propensities are manifested in every variety of antics, in preference to doing the dreaded—what is called—work; they will make efforts at what they consider most severe labor; they will lug a heavy sled up a steep hill in anticipation of the pleasure of riding down, frequently to the risk of their lives. These feelings seem to be natural to all active children. When these active propelling powers are directed in the right channel, as the child advances in years, the habits of useful industry, are formed, or become what is called steady nature.

When parents neglect the opportunity of directing these natural propensities to activity in their children, at an early age, and let them grow up without any definite plan of business for life, they will compare with training four-year-old steers to the yoke, and instead of making them good industrious citizens, 'ten to one' if they do not imbibe the habits of idleness and roidism, and at best make an addition to that class of characters, in all conscience already numerous enough, who have no definite object in view, but are ready to improve every opportunity to speculate upon the industry of others, make grabbing trades, and if satisfactory success does not attend such respectable efforts at business, they have an eye more directly to fortune at the gambling table, or 'investing' the pockets of ladies and gentlemen; peradventure a fortune may be there.

How can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots; or how can the child, grown up in idleness, become accustomed to habits of useful industry? It is a hard case, nothing is more difficult than correcting bad habits and forming good ones. The colored preacher said his converts 'would wait back again,' and so it is apt to be with those grown up in the natural way.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the aborigines of this country could be induced to perform any kind of manual labor; the horrors of starvation, or the pleasure of indulging a craving appetite with food, were not motives sufficiently powerful to induce them to forsake their old habits of indolence, and casting off thought for the future.

I have no doubt but there have been instances of reformation among adults who have never been taught the habits of industry, but such instances are as uncommon as conversation at the eleventh hour. I have known many instances of these hopeful characters who knew more than father or mother combined, that grew up without a trade, and ultimately proved an affliction to their parents and all concerned. A neighbor of mine possessed one of these promising sons, and a friend of the father inquired why he did not set his son to work; the father replied, 'Oh let him alone, he will do well enough when he grows older.' The fact was, he was already too old for his father; he got married, ill treated his wife and left her, enlisted into the army, (the best place for him,) and finally died a vagabond in the poor-house.

We often see the effects of early habits of industry in examples of aged people who have been so long accustomed to a diligent business life, that working seems almost as necessary to their existence as their daily bread, and when the time arrives that deprives them of the enjoyment of their favorite employment they feel a melancholy vacancy in their minds which approaches nearly to unhappiness. There are numerous instances of men of wealth who, having become weary of business, and retired from it under the impression of living easier lives, after gratifying themselves with a full supply of imaginary happiness in the anticipated leisure, have returned again to their toils as less burdensome than the pleasure of doing nothing. I have heard young people say that they wondered why old people need work; that they had property enough to carry them through, and that they might sit down and enjoy themselves.

Now, young men, I wish you would tell me what enjoyment there is in doing nothing? I have every reason to believe that heaven is not the place for idlers, that happiness there consists in the employment of doing good, one towards another, and progressing in knowledge and perfection forever. What is a soul without a motive, any more than an idiot, or brute, or what happiness and enjoyment can there be without action; the enlightened soul was made for enjoyment in working good, not for doing evil, nor continuing in a torpid state of idleness like the bear in the winter. A love of industry at any kind of business must be created by early instruction and practice, while the child readily receives impressions which will be lasting, and habit will soon overcome the propensity to idleness, and if he is organized with the elementary ingredients of a man, he will love work better than play. Every farmer that produces grain and vegetables, and every mechanic who makes a shoe or any useful implement is doing good, loving his neighbor, and obeying and serving God, I suspect, more acceptably than many do in offering him their artificial prayers.

[New England Farmer.]

SHIRT RIFLE PRACTICE.—Dr. Henrick is, without any question, one of the greatest rifle shots in the country. He informs us that he and his brother spent the year 1840 in the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles—two

bullet, and one keg of powder. With these projectiles, he informs us that they killed on an average 27 head of Buffalo a day. The fact that they did all this with two bullets, led to the following cross questions:

'How could you kill all these buffaloes with only two bullets?'

'Listen and I'll explain, Monsieur. We shot a buffalo. I stood on one side and brother on the other. Brother fired. The ball passed through the buffalo, and I caught it in the barrel of my rifle.'

The next time I fired and brother caught my ball in his rifle. We kept up the hunt for 12 months, killed nearly 200 buffaloes per week.'

A METHODIST LOVE FEAST.—This peculiar feature of the Methodist denomination, which is always a season most interesting and most joyous to the participants, was held this morning in the church in Church street.—Rev. Father Merrill presided, and all the Methodist clergy and laymen from abroad, gathered with enough to fill the church from our own churches, gathered for a season of refreshing grace. The spirit was not allowed to rest for a moment; few of the speakers exceeded a minute in their remarks, while some only expressed in the most straightforward manner their entire faith and love. A hundred speakers were accommodated within the hour.

Father Taylor said this was the happiest morning of all the thirty years in which he had joined in this annual love feast. One speaker said that angels and reporters, who would spread the glad tidings of the heavenly joy here this morning, would have no trouble in learning that this was a Methodist love feast; and an old fashioned one; and he wished to be reported in the company going to Heaven.—The souls of all who have gained the love of God danced in the fullness of His love in the light of His glory. Sometimes two persons in different parts of the church spoke together, and as the spirit which actuated them to speak was the only thing required to feed the enthusiasm of the audience, it made no difference at all. One man said he did business on State street, and he blessed God that the gospel of Jesus was for all.

One aged minister said that yesterday morning he strayed into a Unitarian prayer meeting—he went in out of a curiosity, which he would not stop to explain—but he was continually astonished until the close. He found the same spirit there, and was actually reminded of a Methodist camp meeting.

Father Taylor had been called to see a dying Catholic, and she was happy in Jesus. A venerable Quaker testified that the words of the prophet had been verified in his experience this morning, for while he had listened the fire burned. He had been confirmed in his belief that it was always safe to act on good impressions. He deprecated sectarianism, and prayed for a Christian union of all denominations. He believed what Father Taylor once told him, that sectarianism was a plant that did not grow in Heaven. He was glad to be warmed by the spirit of a Methodist love feast. Speakers of other denominations expressed that the cold forms of theology were melted in their hearts by love.

The festival closed at half-past ten o'clock with the benediction pronounced by Father Merrill.—[Boston Journal, May 27.]

TRAVELING DRESS.—We are a nation of travelers—farmers as well as others. Families are so scattered by emigration, that if we were all keepers at home we should, many of us, be compelled to bid a last farewell to some that we love, long before they bid adieu to earth.

An appropriate dress for the road is of no small importance, although it need not be of any expensive material. It should be of some plain color, drab or brown, or any other that will not attract attention. Bright colors are entirely out of place. Many of the India silks are suitable for traveling dresses—so are merinos and delaines. There are at the present time a great variety of cheap goods made of worsted and linen, or of worsted and cotton, that answer well for this purpose. A dark gingham is not amiss.

A traveling dress should be simply made—the waist buttoned up to the throat, and the skirt without flounces. A cloak of the same material as the dress, is, in most cases, in good taste. A gray flannel cloak is never undesirable. The bonnet should be as simple as the dress. A colored straw, with but little trimming, is in good state; or, as shirred bonnets of plain colors. White straws are objectionable only because they are so soon soiled by the dust. The coarse 'Rough and Ready' is much the fashion. Dress bonnets should not be worn except on dress occasions. For gloves, I prefer the doe-skin gauntlet, of the undressed kid; hile thread are the best of low-price gloves; avoid solid light colored gloves. Wear a linen or Marcelline collar, or an embroidered cambric—not lace or muslin.

I have just taken a journey of several hundred miles, and have seen examples of various styles of dress, which were not all of them the best taste. One young miss, not far advanced in her teens, traveled in a low-necked dress as it was very easy to see when she removed her cloak for her greater comfort.—Another wore a many colored chienne shawl, with a straw bonnet profusely trimmed with a ribbon in which red was one of the colors. The face trimming was a bright rose-color and black, and the strings another shade of rose-color without the black—the rose-color of itself was beautiful, but its proper effect was ruined by the red, and the different shades of the same color. Another was still more marked in her style. She displayed prodigious hoops, wore no collar, but did wear an immense blousier that streaming with blue ribbons. She was excessively deficient in beauty, and should not have attracted attention by a peculiar dress. In the seat back of me sat a very neat little woman, in a drab dress and cloak, wearing a straw bonnet, with the cleanest of quilted laces for a face trimming. Her dress displayed both good sense, and good taste; good sense is always an element in good taste.

It is well for ladies to provide themselves with a lunch, as it is otherwise impossible for them to be comfortable in the hurry and scramble of railroad traveling. I would also recommend them to take a small tumbler with them, as it is not always particularly agreeable to drink after others, especially after the victims of tobacco.

May I not offer a hint to gentlemen, to which I wish they would lend a listening ear. It is that they should leave their tobacco at home. I pity the wives of the smokers, but as they were taken for worse, as well as better, perhaps there is no other way than to bear with them. I do not know a more disgusting practice than that of doffing cars, and public routes, and private parlors even, in this way. If these men must show, let them resort to the smoking car and enjoy their tobacco.

[American Agriculturist.]

THE DIET OF HUSBANDS.—A husband must not be kept upon household and family topics—that vile prison diet on which so many affections have been cruelly starved. From the world of science or from the world of letters, or best of all, from the outer and palpable world, where men and women live, and talk, and act; doing evil and good, the wife must be ever importing fresh treasures to make her home-fire burn brightly. If this be so

glected, there must come, that unspeakable weariness and despair of all sociable delight which turn the blessed ordinance of God into a "sore evil under the sun," or at least to a familiar mischief—a drooping and disconsolate household—captivity without refuge or redemption.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, & DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 9, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 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. M. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE'."

CRUELTY.—We learn that several farmers in this vicinity lost more or less sheep during the cold storm of Saturday and Sunday, from exposure after shearing. To the truly merciful man it may seem strange that anybody should allow newly shorn sheep to lie out in such nights as those of Saturday and Sunday. If they did not positively die, their sufferings could not fail to be such as ought to melt any ordinary heart to kindness. The loss of sheep in such cases is hardly an adequate penalty to the owner for his brutality. Probably no class of animals suffer as much from exposure to the weather. The farmers forget that their heavy covering, which looks so abundant and warm, is often poorer protection from the storm than the smooth coat of the horse or the better ventilated one of the swine. The hair of the horse lies in the form of shingles on a roof, and nature prepares it, by exposure, to shed rain almost to perfection. The hog has a coat that retains but little moisture, and dries speedily, while his oily skin casts off the drops of rain like the feathers of a duck. But the sheep, of all farm stock, most needs shelter from a cold storm of rain. A brief exposure, especially of the coarse woolled kinds, by loading the sides of the animal with moisture, throws open the wool all along the back, and every drop goes directly to the skin in the very places where it does most injury. The closeness of the fleece prevents evaporation, and the poor animal goes almost sopping wet for days. Those who know how long it takes sheep, after the annual washing, to get dry enough to shear, can see the effect of a long and cold rain. No wonder that sheep, especially here in Kennebec, where the horses and oxen are so much petted, lose more flesh—and more life too—in winter than any other class of farm stock. In the care of our best farmers, the steers and heifers, if not the oxen, leave the barn in the spring heavier than when they come to it in the fall; while all classes of sheep, not even the fat weathers excepted, grow lighter and lighter during the same period. In many cases even the fleece, for want of proper care of the sheep, has also lost in weight by falling off. Three fourths of the lambs that are lost die from exposure, or on account of the feebleness of the dam produced by the same cause. This is a moderate estimate. Some farmers seem to think they have accomplished all, they should expect when their sheep live through the winter, no matter by how feeble a hold upon life; when there should be a constant and vigorous growth of wool in winter as well as summer. Wool growing in Kennebec is little better than sheer mockery, and owing entirely to the neglect and abuse alluded to. Our wool buyers tell us that the average weight of fleece is only about 3 lbs. Such a clip would be laughed at in Vermont; and yet that State presents little if any advantage over Maine for this department of farming. Success there has come entirely from careful and systematic efforts. The same efforts here would lead to the same success—as has, indeed, in some few cases, been demonstrated. The great failure is in properly guarding the flock from the butcher and drover, and in housing, feeding and nursing them in winter. However profitable an occasional flock may prove, the business is generally most miserably managed, and the profit but a tithe of what it should be.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—It is rumored that the *Portland Advertiser* establishment has been sold to six or eight gentlemen, whose names do not appear, and that under the new proprietorship the *State of Maine* is to be merged in the *Advertiser* with John A. Poor Esq. chief editor. How much of truth there may be in this we do not know; but we hope that in some way Portland may be blessed with an independent, high-toned republican paper, free from the control of men with more money than brains—the managers of which shall be men of character and integrity, who will not allow it to be basely used as a mere stepping-stone to office, no matter how high may be the bias for the accommodation.

MORE PICTURES.—Mr. S. Wing, our industrious and talented daguerrian artist, has recently executed some very fine stereoscopic pictures—embracing many home scenes, (and there are no prettier ones to be found anywhere,) and some remarkably well executed views of noted localities in Boston. We commend them to the lovers of the beautiful, and especially to those who wish to make valuable additions to their stereoscopic collections, many of which we trust have been already commenced among us.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Paul, of Hallowell, a carpenter employed in repairing the house of J. M. Crocker, Esq., was badly injured on Monday last, by falling from the roof, striking upon a picket fence, and receiving severe wounds in his arm and thigh. He was able to proceed home in the cars, and his injuries are not considered dangerous.

OUR TABLE.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATIONAL TOPICS AND INSTITUTIONS. By George S. Boutwell. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is a collection of lectures and addresses, delivered on various occasions, in which prominent educational topics are thoroughly and ably discussed, and in the right spirit, too, as we conceive. Mr. B. takes a broader view of education than many writers, thinks learning embraces a good deal besides what is taught in schools and that a man may be acquainted with many languages and yet not be learned, in the proper sense of the term. In regard to the discipline and reformation of ignorant and vicious members of community, his views are those of an enlightened Christian philanthropist—wisely basing himself first with the ounce of prevention instead of the pound of cure, and having more faith in kind treatment than in harshness and severity. The following list of the topics discussed, will give a good idea of the scope of the work:—

The Intellectual Nature and Value of Learning, and its Influence upon Labor, Education and Crime; the Formation of "Children; The Care and Reformation of the Neglected and Exposed Classes of Children; Elementary Training in the Public Schools; The Relative Merits of Public High Schools and Endowed Academies; The High School System; Normal School Training; Female Education; The Influence, Duties, and Rewards of Teachers; Liberty and Learning; Massachusetts School Fund A System of Agricultural Education.

We commend the book particularly to teachers and others interested in the cause of education.

For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

ACADIA: or A Month with the Blue Noses. By Fred. Eric S. Cozzens, author of "Sparrowgrass Papers." New York: Derby & Jackson.

Nice reading, this for the heated term, and good at any season, cold or warm. It is a story and an eminently readable record of a trip to Nova Scotia—a locality, of which, considering its interest, we are strangely ignorant, and of a very interesting account of that wronged and unfortunate people immortalized in Longfellow's "Evangeline"—their history, cruel treatment, and the present condition of the little remnant. As the author is a Knickerbocker, of course he does not feel bound to spare our puritan ancestry, and his account of some of their deeds differs somewhat from the accepted New England version. His pictures of life and manners in the land of the staid and loyal Blue Noses—the home of the refugees of the revolution—are fresh and graphic, and a vein of humor runs through the volume such as we should naturally expect from the author of the *Sparrowgrass Papers*, which makes it one of the most entertaining books of the season.

For our copy we are indebted to Whittemore, Niles & Hall, of Boston, who have also supplied Mr. C. K. Mathews, at whose counter the work can be obtained.

SCALP, OR THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERN WILDS. By J. W. DeForest, author of "Oriental Acquaintance," "European Acquaintance," &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is unquestionably one of the best novels recently given to the public, and the author may well congratulate himself upon the success of his work. "Scalp" does not abound in startling incidents—the events being generally brought about in a natural way; but the reader will find his interest gradually deepened, as he follows the plot, until it becomes absolutely painful near the close. The author possesses a good knowledge of human nature, and his delineations of character are skillfully done. As good specimens in this department we will instance "Somerville," the cool, polished villain, a wonderful conversational fencer, equally adroit in attack or defence, who ought to have been a diplomatist; the vain, glorious and magniloquent Hunter; and good old "Ma Treat," with her frequent Bible quotations, accompanied by reference to chapter and verse. The dialogue, too, is vivacious and dramatic, and the philosophy and æsthetic teachings of the story are for the most part correct and unexceptionable. It is a volume which when once taken in hand will not be willingly laid aside until the reader reaches the end.

For sale at Mathews's.

NEW STAFF PAPERS; or Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Whittemore, Niles & Hall, of Boston, send us this new volume of Beecher, which though made up chiefly of what has already appeared in the "Independent," is none the less valuable to the great majority of readers on that account. Mr. Beecher's thoughts are instinct with life and do not in the utterance, but will carry their vitalizing force far into the future. The most of these articles are short, and many of them are unusually sharp—his trenchant blade cleaving its way through error and prejudice, laying bare the dark corners of the human heart, and exposing wickedness and falsehood in places regarded by many as high and sacred. Errors of opinion are charged upon Mr. Beecher by many, but all admire his freshness and vigor of his thoughts, and respect his hearty candor and honest earnestness. He therefore never lacks hearers and readers, and thus this volume, like the previous of a similar character, will find a ready market.

For sale by K. Mathews.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, send us the following musical rarities:—

Part First of Mozart's Don Giovanni, arranged for the Piano by Albert W. Berg.

Lo Vidi il Primo Palmo!—Oh happy dream!—one of the series of Vocal Beauties of Luba Miller. By Giuseppe Verdi.

Dark Day of Horror, a duet from Sandramide, with brilliant variations, by Ch. Grobe.

Lorina, a Cantata, composed by J. P. Barrat.

Waltzing at Eve, A Romance for the Piano Solo, by Brinley Richards.

Waltz-Tune, A Ballad, by M. W. Ball.

From the same well known publishers we have also received *The Child's First Music Book; or Introduction to the Piano Forte*, by J. F. Craven—containing the rudiments of music, and many simple pieces for beginners. The above, and all other publications of this house, are for sale at C. K. Mathews's, Waterville.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for May is at least equal in literary merit to the other publications of the quarter. A review of the first volume of Masson's *Milton and His Times*, gives us the little that is known of the poet's life, in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his time, and more especially dwelling upon the prose writings. A biographical sketch of the late Douglas Jerrold is pleasantly illustrative of Modern Literary life, filled out with much personal detail and anecdote. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's *Select Memoirs of Port-Royal* forms the text of a popular account of the history of Port-Royal and its inmates, the story of which has already been many times told, and still commands renewed sympathy and admiration. Two other articles meriting careful perusal are a *Sketch of the History and Development of Socialism*, and a review of Sir W. Hamilton's *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, articles which we have only space to indicate by name. Miss Procter's *Legends and Lyrics* are favorably reviewed. The paper on *Birds* has some instructive observations on the relative sizes and geographical distribution of the feathered race, as well as on ornithology. The *British Press—its Growth, Liberty, and Power*, Indian Civilization, and the *Public Life of Lord Brougham*, are all treated at considerable length. We feel justified in heartily commending the whole number to the attention of our readers.

AN OLD LANDMARK GONE.—The old brick school house on College street—one of the humble portals of the great temple of literature and science—has just been demolished. It was built in 1823, we believe, when the wants of the village demanded school accommodations additional to those furnished by the old yellow one that then stood on the Common, and for more than a quarter of a century a moiety of the youth of the village were herded within its walls and drilled and disciplined in the rudiments. When built it was doubtless a credit to the district, (though through the promptings of a false economy the walls were always too low) but in the last days of its occupancy for the purposes of education it was pointed at with contempt, as disgracing the place. It had once honored. Poor old faithful public servant! In its day and generation it had done what it could; but when it failed to meet the demands of a later age, like some old war veteran, covered with scars from a thousand jack-knives, it came to be a painful sight

to those who should have regarded it with veneration and gratitude, and was finally left to be pelted with brick bats and bad jokes by the graceless youth of a wicked and perverse generation. Dismissed with disgrace from public service, when our new and more commodious school houses were erected, it was purchased, with the lot on which it stood, by D. L. Milliken, Esq., who has occupied it for a store house. For ourself our recollections of the old relic are all of the pleasantest character, and we miss its presence as we should that of an old friend; but some of our contemporaries (bad boys that they were) we dare say cherish painful reminiscences of it to this day and doubtless rejoice in its downfall.

MOUNT HAY, (Gorham), N. H.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I wish you could mount this clean old weather beaten rock with me and view the beautiful landscape. Uncounted mountain tops, whose towering peaks lift up their heads in sublime grandeur, greet your delighted eye, to whatever point you please to look. Tongue can never tell nor pen depict this gorgeous scenery. Nature seems to have rallied all her powers, and culminated here her greatest skill, to so combine such infinite and magnificent variety. There stand Mount Washington and Jefferson and Adams, with all the retinue of representatives of high dignitaries. Like those who sat upon the "woodcock" amid crowned heads, with wigs of pearly white, so these old mountain heads are deeply covered with curls of fleecy snow, falling far down their bony shoulders and draping their weather-beaten chests. I would gladly climb their rugged sides, and survey the outspread map from the topmost peak. I know the view would feed the mind with infinite delight; but the pleasure must be deferred till the snows have wasted away under the genial sunshine. For only ascending this little giant's head, whose utmost reach could never touch the loins of his old sire, I had to traverce snow for nearly half a mile, some four feet deep or more, the most laborious walk I ever undertook, consuming a full half hour, often sinking into my hips in the yielding mass. I still cherish the hope, however, of yet standing on the top of that scoriated rock which leads you instinctively to inquire what mighty power could ever break this massive rock in such countless fragments? The most ready answer that can be found is in the history of the Saviour's crucifixion, when the sun refused to shine, "the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent."

Aside from these mountain celebrities, what shall I say of the innumerable kindred heights whose steep activities might well have inspired the song of Solomon when he described his "beloved" as coming "leaping upon the mountains" and "skipping upon the hills." They must be seen to be appreciated.

Once stood upon Haystack Mountain, near Pawlet, Vt. That presented a scene of indescribable beauty, where you could look down upon the summits of innumerable mountains, and away beyond, behold the villages and lakes, the forests and the cultivated fields; where teams upon the roads, on plains below, like things of life in miniature, appear so indistinct that unassisted vision could not describe them. Perhaps the view was one of equal grandeur, and more extensive, still of a different kind.

But night approaches, and I must retrace my steps before they are lost in the darkness, and I in some recess of the mountain.

From Bethel to West Milan we have the most beautiful and picturesque views of mountain scenery, not altogether unlike that through which you pass on the Rutland and Washington R. R. from Albany, N.Y. to Rutland, Vt. or on the western R. R. from Springfield, Mass. to the state line, save that the latter are more barren and precipitous. There are interesting particulars about these several localities, sufficient to fill a large volume; evidences that this continent has been submerged at some period of time; and subsequently thrown up by subterranean passages of fire, far above its original position. Extinction of large rivers, displacement of lakes and large bodies of water; that Lake Champlain, or one fully as large, once stretched its arms across from Castleton, through Poulinville, Manchester and Dorset, down at least as far as South Shafsbury, Vt. Mountains at Castleton, Willoughby lake, Plymouth Notch, &c., that have evidently at one time formed one continual chain each. Now each have the appearance of having been taken up by some Almighty power, and set apart from fifty to a hundred rods or more, as if in sportive play. Even the indentation, upon the side of one mountain have corresponding projections on the side of the other. Coming from Rutland to Bellows Falls, there are unmistakable evidences of a large and powerful river once dashing along the road where teams now draw their measured pace. In one old sand stone rock are three large recesses, worn by the fall of the water upon some loose stone, one of these is large enough to shelter three persons securely from a pelting rain. At Bellows Falls, Vt. there are three distinct channels through which the Connecticut River, has successively poured its sometimes furious currents. And here, upon an almost perpendicular rock of the Androscoggin, some hundred feet above its present surface, are indubitable evidences that there once flowed its base line. And pretty certainly its course at that point was in an opposite direction from its present one. So, too, the semi-vitrifications and porous work upon the mountains of Vermont, and the lignite fruit taken from seventy feet below the surface of the earth at Brandon, in that State, would all help to make up a work of interesting details of which this region would furnish ample material. But then there are singular peculiarities in your own vicinity which, if some of your numerous contributors would explain, they would be adding another

What a rocky mountain before the visitation of

item to our present stock of philosophy, certainly to the acquisition of the mass. I refer to a fact I observed during the coldest days of last winter, viz, that the mill dams at the outlet of your ponds did not freeze over. I noticed this at East Monmouth particularly. On the 13th of January last the ice was not as thick as window glass, and for the most part not frozen at all, although the ice on the pond that feeds it, was probably a foot and a half or two feet thick. So, too, on Dead river, connecting Wayne Pond, and N. Leads with the Androscoggin. When the water flows from the latter stream to the Pond it freezes very hard, but where it flows back again to the river, it will be unsafe to cross on foot, ice that, twenty-four hours previous was eighteen inches through.

Yours Respectfully,

A. N. SHERMAN.

FISHING.—Lovers of nature and those who find their highest enjoyment in quiet, simple pleasures, we know will thank us for copying the admirable fishing sketch found on our first page. It is characterized by a charming freshness and simplicity, relieved by an occasional stroke of true humor, and is altogether one of the most readable things of the kind that we have met with for many a day. We are aware that Charles Lamb, though a great admirer of old Isaac as an author, yet went out of his way to stigmatize anglers as "patient tyrants, meek inflictors of pangs unutterable, cool devils;" but the loving Elia had no relish for rural pleasures of any sort, and unfortunately counting among his acquaintances no follower of the gentle craft, was but poorly qualified to pass judgment upon them. Anglers, like poets are born, not made. Fellows there are, we know—base usurpers of the line and rod, coarse and brutal in their make, with immense bumps of destructiveness—who, instead of obeying Walton's injunction to handle a worm as though they loved him, seem to take a cruel delight in roughly impaling him upon the hook for the pleasure of seeing him wriggle, and then fish away right and left, without mercy or discrimination, making great waste in the lordly domain of nature, for the beauty and harmony of which they have neither eye nor ear. These were the wretches Lamb had in his eye when he penned his stricture, but the writer of this sketch belongs not to this class. He is a true born angler, we know—one of nature's hobnobbers, with a woman's heart and a man's head—kind and courteous to all, a genial companion, and a trusty friend; one who while using the bounties of Providence, commits no waste, doing his work neatly and deftly—in the excitement of the sport remembering his invalid friend, for whom he prepares a joyous surprise and a rich treat; one who takes no unfair advantage of the finny tribe by any villainous contrivance of spear or trap, but returning the small fish so gently to their native element that when grown to a fitting size they will crowd eagerly to his hook anxious to be again caught by the same hand; and lastly, and above all, one who goes through life dealing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly before God, free from envy, and with a heart big enough to embrace the whole world—who

Looks abroad into the varied field of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared with those whose mansions glitter in his sight, Ours the delightful scenery all his own.

"We shall desire you of more acquaintance," *Gentleman George*, and all the more for having found himself born within a stone's throw of Bond's Brook, into which, perchance we dropped our first pin hooks contemporaneously. Quia sabb?

IMPROVEMENTS.—As evidences of healthy prosperity, we should rather see a large number of small houses built in Waterville than a few stately mansions; but as there is no call for the bumber tenements to accommodate the operative and artisan, we rejoice that those who have the means are disposed to do so much for the improvement of our village by the erection of buildings of greater architectural pretensions. It is also pleasant to reflect that much as they aim to do in this department our own architects are competent to perform the work—whether of designing or executing—and there is no excuse in sending abroad for that which can be better done at home.

Gen. Smith, who has already done so much for the improvement of the lot at the corner of Union and College streets—in the removal of the stable that lately stood there and in fitting up the house that takes its place—will probably build a large and handsome house on his lot next north of Dr. Plaisted's fall, which cannot fail to work a great improvement in the appearance of things in that locality.

Dr. Boutelle, we learn, will in a few weeks commence a large house on College street, between Prof. Keely's and that of Mrs. Bodfish, to be built of brick; and as Mr. Blunt is to be the architect, it will of course be what we shall show with pride as a specimen of what our own workmen can do.

THE FROST.—Sunday night last was the coldest since April. There was a hard frost in this and the adjacent towns; and the papers report the same from various sections of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. Corn, beans, potatoes and other tender crops have suffered a little, though we hope not seriously. We have yet faith that a favorable season will make amends. Faith does wonders, and if the farmers had the kind that takes hold of the hoe handle, they have no reason to fear starvation. Work away—cheerfully, merrily, hopefully! God is over all, and expects man to do his duty, frost or no frost.

CIRCUS.—The great attraction of clowns and other elephants, such as we have seen up to this time, comes to Waterville on Tuesday next. Unless it dwindles on the way, there is no doubt of its excellence in all the usual fascinations of such an entertainment. The boys will save their quarters without much urging, and we have never known the venerable of Waterville to lag in philanthropic enterprise on such occasions. Unless the war in

Europe shall raise the price of tickets—which would be as reasonable as its operation upon the price of some other things—there will be a rush to see the elephants stand on their heads.

Election on Monday.

The people of Maine elect or reject, at their option, on Monday next, the bill of the legislature giving the public lands to the Aroostook Railroad Company, for the purpose of constructing their road. The question is one of great importance, and we hope—though we do not expect—there will be a full vote. Whatever may be the result, if made by the whole people, and upon careful consideration, we can trust the consequences.

On the same day the freemen of this town vote upon the question of exempting from taxation, for a definite period, certain manufactures of cotton and woolen goods, in order to encourage their erection.

MR. SINCLAIR AGAIN!—We are glad to hear that this popular lecturer on Temperance will be in Waterville again on Saturday next, to address the children and youth at 2 1/2 and the adults at 7 1/2 P. M., in the Baptist church. We commend the opportunity to all, but especially to those parents who would bring their children within the influence of those high and broad moral principles which embrace not only temperance, but a pure and virtuous and happy life. Mr. Sinclair will spend the Sabbath at Kendall's Mills.

THE DEMOCRATIC SCHISM.—The papers report a warm time at the Democratic City Caucus in Bangor, on Saturday evening. Administration and Anti-Administration acted cat and dog for the amusement of the outsiders, and worried each other for a long time. The hungry ones had the best of it, however, the Antis prevailing by a vote of 821 to 415.

Shad are so plentiful in the Kennebec river below Augusta, and so many are caught, that the fishermen find it difficult to give them away. One of the strongest arguments urged against compelling the Kennebec Dam Company to construct a fish way at Augusta, was, that such a contrivance would be utterly useless. It was said so many dams and other obstructions had been placed in the small streams above, that the fish, finding they could not reach the ponds, and old spawning places, would be discouraged and abandon the river. If that reasoning was correct, how does it happen that the dam at Augusta, which for over twenty years has prevented the fish from even reaching the mouths of the small streams, has not produced the same effect, and long ago driven the fish from the river? Answer us that, you scaly fellows down the river, who are luxuriating on our shad.

"THE BELLS, THE BELLS!"—The pleasant music of the Bell Ringers is going to delight an audience at Town Hall tomorrow evening. They propose rare attractions, and as is always the case, will command a good audience. See their advertisement.

RIGHT.—We notice that our selectmen offer a reward of one hundred dollars for the apprehension of the perpetrator of the injury to the dwelling of one of our citizens last week. It will be strange if he escapes detection, sooner or later.

PIKE'S PEAKERS.—About a dozen persons have recently returned to Castine, from which place they removed in March last. Three hundred miles this side of the mines the return current was so strong, and the reports so unfavorable, that they thought it prudent to return without a nearer view of the elephant.

PORTLAND.—Arrangements have been made for a series of serenade concerts during the approaching warm season. Four thousand dollars have been appropriated for the purchase of a steam fire engine, and \$2500 for a fourth of July celebration.

FIRE IN PITTSBORO.—The dwelling house of Mr. Seth Soper, in Pittsboro, was consumed by fire on Tuesday afternoon of last week, with all its contents. Insured for \$600.

DEATH IN THE CARS.—Mr. Archibald J. Clark, of Portland, died suddenly in the cars at Augusta, on Wednesday of last week. He had been in the Insane Hospital for about two years, but his health failing, his friends were removing him to his home in Portland.

The story of the great French Henery, which went the rounds of the press a short time since, is pronounced "one grand humbug" by the editor of the *New England Farmer*, whose authority for the assertion is a letter from Paris in answer to a note of inquiry on the subject.

The Secretary of the Maine State Medical Association has neglected to send us the proceedings of their late meeting; of course we can't meet our promise to publish them.

DEPARTURE OF FRENCH TROOPS.—The Paris correspondent of *The Boston Traveller* gives the following account of the departure from Paris for Italy of the French troops:— "The strangest scene I saw, was at the Lyons railway station, where the troops took their departure. Soldiers of every different arm of service were huddled up together. They were without weapons. Each had a well-filled knapsack, on the back of which was strapped a flat cake of brown bread a foot wide and four inches thick—these were the original dimensions, but many had been curtailed of their proportions until little remained except a huge slice. The immense space in front of the departing station was filled with fellows stretched full length on the ground, sleeping off in the sun the fumes of the wine. Here were sergeants busily engaged 'calling the roll' and leading their men into the cars. There were drunken fellows cramming all their pockets with hard boiled red Easter eggs. Many groups were formed by weeping mothers, and sisters, and fathers, and brothers, bidding farewell to the loved one. How many of all these I have seen depart will return again? No scene (believe me I saw many painful scenes) of all those I saw touched me so near as the parting between a brother and sister—such was their relation, I heard them say. The

girl was a seamstress and wore no bonnet, but a neat muslin cap decked with cherry ribbon, which set off her embrowned face with great advantage. I do not think she could have been more than eighteen. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She filled every pocket he had with something or another she bought from the pedlers that hawked eatables around, and when his pockets were full she took a little silk apron she wore and packing it to its utmost capacity tied it securely and placed it under his arm. When the parting came (one thousand men were sent off every hour) the poor child hung to her brother as if she would have that second eternal, and bowed her head on his breast, wept silently and bitterly. His lips quivered and tears stood in his eyes. 'He-la-bas! 87! 97! de peche—toi donc!' cried the sergeant. The brother kissed the girl on both cheeks, and in a moment was bid by the great door, behind which none but soldiers can go. I walked behind the poor girl as she returned home. She lived not far from Notre Dame. She occupied a room in the garret, for I saw her open the window, and sitting near it, bury her face in her hands. How many tears, how much blood, are necessary to engrave one man's name on a few pages of history!

Foreign News.

At length the hungry public are gratified. The last steamer brings news of a battle between the French and Austrians, at Montebello on the 21st ult., with a reported loss on both sides of between two and three thousand men. Some other items of interest are furnished, all of which appear below.

The French accounts say the Austrian force was 15,000 strong, under the command of Gen. Stedion. They made an attack upon the advance posts of Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers, but were driven back by Gen. Forri's division after a fierce combat of four hours duration. The force of the allies in this engagement included some Piedmontese cavalry. The Allies carried Montebello, but did not pursue the Austrians in their retreat.

The loss of the Austrians in this engagement is stated by the French at from 1500 to 2000 men, and that of the French at from 600 to 700, with many officers. Two hundred Austrians including one Colonel were taken prisoners.

The Austrian account simply states that Gen. Stedion pushed forward a reconnaissance by a forced march towards Siglio and Montebello, but after a hot fight with a French force of superior strength, retreated behind the Po in superior order. The actual strength of the French force is not stated; but report says from 6000 to 7000, besides a regiment of Sardinian cavalry.

The Sardinian Bulletin also announces that the extreme left wing of the Sardinian army under Gen. Cialdini, forced a passage over the Suza River, putting the Austrians to flight. Other trifling engagements are reported.

Gen. Garibaldi had entered Gaven, in Lombardy, with 6000 men, his object being the revolutionizing of that State.

The King of Naples is dead. Francis II. has taken the reins of Government. England and France are about to send a representative to Naples.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Political differences have arisen between Lord Palmerston and Russell. It is confidently anticipated that the Derbyites will be defeated on the meeting of the English Parliament.

FRANCE.—The Paris Monitor announces that France will address a note to the Powers in favor of the abolition of privateering, and the principle that a neutral flag covers enemy's goods.

THE PIKE'S PEAK DRAMA.—The scenes enacted on the plains of Kansas, in consequence of the explosion of the Pike's Peak burglar, are of the most tragic as well as touching character. The Postmaster at Denver City, says a correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post*, was accused, tried for and convicted of tampering with the mails, of opening letters, distributing false reports, purporting to be from the miners to their Eastern friends. A father was astonished by the arrival of his son, to whom he had written a true statement of the poverty of the mines, and his own intention of returning at the earliest opportunity. Upon enquiring the cause of his starting, the son showed him a letter purporting to be from himself, and instructing him to make arrangements to leave immediately for Denver City. The disguised handwriting was proved to be the Postmaster's, and the father chiding him with the deed, he confessed its truth, and was shot dead on the spot. A well known contractor, living at St. Joseph, is also reported to have been shot by some infuriated victims of his falsehoods. A party going out had determined to return, on account of the discouraging reports brought by the reflex tide of emigration, when they met a man who had the hardihood to assert that he had four hundred dollars' worth of gold dust in his possession. He was offered a hundred dollars an ounce for all he would produce, and failing to exhibit it upon this inducement, they told him if he did not disgorge they would shoot him, upon which he confessed that he had none, never saw so much as a thimble full, and only made the statement to induce the emigrants to continue their journey. It is said that large meetings have been held by the miners, at which resolutions were passed, calling for the entire destruction of all the frontier towns which had been instrumental in raising the excitement, from St. Joseph to Kansas City! All editors are to be exterminated.

The returning emigrants are compelled to resort to all manner of expedients to raise money to pay their passage down the Missouri, or even to keep themselves from starving. Many are working on the farms along the route for their board; some trying to get positions as drivers in the Salt Lake mail train, and others waiting for starvation. Cattle are sold at a merely nominal price, wagons burned for firewood, or left by the wayside, and pistols, rifles and arms of every description given for a meal of corn bread and bacon, and a drink of whiskey.

STATE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—A call has been issued for a State Sabbath School Convention to be held in Portland on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 28th and 29th. The Convention is to be composed of the superintendent and one delegate for every five officers and teachers connected with each evangelical Sabbath school in Maine, together with the pastor. This call has received the signatures of most of the pastors of the churches and superintendents of Sabbath schools in Portland, without regard to denomination, and also the signatures of a large number of clergymen and laymen in various parts of the State. The Methodist Conference, at its recent session at Lewiston, unanimously voted its approval of this Convention. Arrangements have been made by which all persons coming to this Convention, either by railroad or steamboat, will be furnished with a certificate which will entitle them to a free passage home.

THE EASTERN MAIL,

An Independent Family Newspaper,

Published every Thursday,

At Fry's Building, Main Street, Waterbury.

TERMS: If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

paid within six months, 1.75

paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERBURY.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10:15 A.M. Closes at 10:00 A.M.

August 10, 10:15 P.M. 4:30 P.M.

September 10, 10:15 P.M. 4:30 P.M.

October 10, 10:15 P.M. 4:30 P.M.

November 10, 10:15 P.M. 4:30 P.M.

December 10, 10:15 P.M. 4:30 P.M.

Office Hours—From 7 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The Atlantic Monthly says that 'woman is a link between earth and heaven.' So is a sausage tossed into the air.

A 'DUCK OF A DOCTOR'—Generally a quack.

ASTRONOMICAL—The late comet was a good deal like the productions of some of our three-volume novelists—a long tail from a small head.

The latest dog story is of two dogs who got into a fight in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle, one of the dogs was slain. The victor was in rapid motion, when he was hit by a second dog. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog.

'You are a great bore,' said an enraged gentleman, from his chamber window, to a youth who had been peering into his daughter half an hour—'you are a great bore, and I think you mean to keep on boring until you get water, and there it is,' emptying a pitcherful upon his head.

A bill is pending in one of our Western legislatures to exempt women from making contracts. They should by all means be authorized to contract—they have been expanded too much.

What a world of truth in this remark of Victor Hugo's: 'There are some unfortunate men in the world. One is a beggar, another is a slave, and a third is a beggar who is a slave.' The emperor issues his manifesto, and the beggar manifests his slaves without his shoes.

Reader, how much difference is there between a pinch and a punch? 'Dye give it up, Ah, as much difference as there is between you and I.

James Williams, an African, died in Augusta, May 11, at the remarkable age of one hundred and fifteen years.

Sir Peter Ley, made a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his spirit took the form of a bad picture.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says, in reference to some remark made concerning him: 'The assertion is an unqualified lie, though made by a thoroughly qualified liar.'

What's that? Do you know, Harry, that I came very near being a girl? 'Not it that is?'

'Yes; I kept company with her for some time. Folks said it was a match case.'

'Well, you see the way of it was this: one night when I was a teen of her from conference meeting, I asked if she would, Robert, me, and she said, 'No, I wouldn't have a man with two legs; that's too common!'

A downcast girl being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one leg, she replied to them very much to the effect: 'If I wouldn't have a man with two legs; that's too common!'

Some people will have it that Morphy is of Irish descent. Having become celebrated for his power to swallow a whole hog, as the cities of Greece called Homer. In connection with this subject, the following *jeu d'esprit* has been got up by one of the papers:

'What difference is there between a pig and a hog?—The difference is that the pig is a hog, and the hog is a pig.'

'Nothing to me,' says Toots, 'that's very true! But the difference it makes to me!'

The Rochester Democrat gives an encouraging account of the appearance of the growing wheat on Tuesday. The crop is supposed to be beyond the reach of the weevil.

Sudden Death.—Charles N. Snow, a youth of about 18, died suddenly at Wallingford, last week, in consequence of swallowing some hard substance (a bone probably) while eating his dinner.

Answering for RETURNING A SLAVE.—Edward B. Hays, master of the schooner Elizabeth of Hyannis, was arrested recently at Gloucester, on a charge of returning to Norfolk the fugitive slave Columbus Jones, who was brought into Hyannis in the schooner.

Badly wounded, examination and gave bail \$2500 to appear before the Supreme Court at Barnstable.

FOR A LUNAR.—Tuesday night, 24th ult., the barn of Mr. Luther Fatten in Hermon, with a horse, cow and calves destroyed by fire. In the morning, the barn was found to be a mass of ruins.

FATAL BURN.—The Selfish Progressive Age says we regret to record the death of Hon. James Blanchard, of Somersworth, who died last week, after a long illness, caused by having his right hand and arm drawn into a threshing machine. Although it was twice amputated, it continued to grow, till the end of his suffering, which were very severe. His age was about 60.

The Spartans were great enemies to much speaking. Certain orators came from Sparta and made a long discourse to Cleomenes. He said to them: 'The beginning of your speech is good, but the end is bad.'

We regret to learn that the editor of the Somerset Telegraph, and Register of Deeds for the County of Somerset, lies at the point of death at his residence in Northwood, in consequence of hemorrhage of the lungs, an attack of which he had several times since and from which he never rallied.

During the severe thunder storm of Friday last, the house of Mr. L. P. Goss at North Carrel, was struck by lightning, and a child of 9 years killed.

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The genuine has the name and address upon a steel plate engraved, on four sides of each box, of Wm. A. BACHMANN, 438 Broadway, New York.

THE GREAT TROTTING MATCH.—In the trotting match recently between Flora Temple and Ethan Allen, Flora won on three heats. First heat 2:20, 2:27, 1:2, 2:27, 1:2. The time of the first heat is the best trotting time on record.

A lady friend of ours, says the first time she was kissed, she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She also felt something coming down her nose, and she was escorted by several little Cupids, in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

Another New York Horror.—We find this rare bit for the lovers of the horrible among the late telegraphic items:—

A box, containing seven dead bodies, was found on the 1st inst., floating in the Sound near West Farms. The bodies were those of two adult white males, one negro, two females and two children. One of the males had three stars in the left breast; one of the children had on a ruffled night gown marked 'C. M. & M. C.' The box was filled with quicksilver. There is no clue to the mystery.

DROWNED.—Mr. William Harriman, of Bath, 10 years of age, second mate of the ship Oliver Moses, was drowned near the Marine Railroad, at that city, on Tuesday of last week.

The Gardiner Rural, which is strangely given to plainness of speech, says:—

'About once a week, or fortnight, we receive notice that some cowardly sneak has refused to pay for his paper, to whom we have been sending it in good faith, since last September, and who has never paid us one cent. We don't envy such wretches the satisfaction that expands their little insignificant souls, when they chuckle because they have cheated the printer. A person mean enough to swindle in this manner, is mean enough to steal acorns from a blind pig.'

THE LOST DARLIN'.—This forenoon, a man in search of a child was hailed by a ponderous Hibernian, who thrust his half naked frame through the window of a dilapidated three-story wooden building. 'Is it a child ye want?' 'Yes.' 'About three years old?' 'Yes.' 'Has 'e fair hair, blue eyes, red stockings and smoke-colored gaiters?' 'Yes.' 'Had 'e a plain dress and white straw hat on 'im?' 'Yes.' 'Is 'e up there with you?' 'Ah, no, sir, but I saw his mother a while ago lookin' for the darlin'.' [Pittsburg Chronicle.]

\$1000 REWARD! Catch him if you can.—Read the following interesting letter, and arm yourself with the same weapon.

EXETER CORNER, April 20, 1899

DR. LITTLEFIELD—Dear Sir, Permit me to say that I have been cured of the worst case of Toothache and Neuralgia that anybody could possibly have, by a dose of your Oriental Balm. I would also state for the good of suffering humanity, that I have used your Oriental Balm for all kinds of colds and other pains, and never have seen it fail to cure. I believe it to be the greatest sovereign remedy ever brought before the people, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with any of the above ailments, and all pains. I shall always keep it in my family.

Respectfully yours, FRANK HILL.

Do not let your children die with croup—the Balm will cure them. Price only 25 cents per bottle. Sold in Waterbury by J. H. PLATTEN & CO., McCarty, Wm. A. Bachmann, and all druggists and Medicine Dealers throughout the Union.

MARKETS.

Waterville Retail Prices.

CORNBREAD, WHEAT.

Flour 7 00 4 10 0 Beef, fresh 5 a 07

Corn 1 00 4 10 0 Pork, fresh 7 a 09

Oats 4 00 4 10 0 Pork, salt 7 a 10

Beans 1 00 4 10 0 Hams 7 a 10

Lard 1 00 4 10 0 Round 7 a 10

Rice 1 00 4 10 0 Corned 7 a 10

Cheese 12 a 14 Macaroni, best 8 a 10

Apples, best 12 a 14 Salt, T. Island 40 a 44

Apples, cooking 12 a 14 Corn, yellow 30 a 50

Apples, dried 8 a 10 Molasses 30 a 50

Potatoes 30 a 50 Syrup 30 a 50

Hay, loose 1 00 4 10 0 Chickens 10 a 12

Eggs 1 00 4 10 0 Chickens 10 a 12

Butter 1 00 4 10 0 Chickens 10 a 12

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