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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1851.

NO. 30.

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E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

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TERMS.
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If paid within six months, 1.75
If 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.

POETRY.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES.

BY CHARLES J. SPROULE.

Two little rough-worn, stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-trodden pair;
With striped stockings tucked within,
Lies beside my chair.
Of very homely fabric they,
A hole is in each toe;
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some fifty cents or so.
And yet this little worn-out pair
Is richer far to me
Than all the jeweled sandals are,
Of Eastern luxury.
This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is satin in my sight;
These little tarnished buttons shine
With all a diamond's light.
Search through the wardrobe of the world!
You shall not find me there
So rarely made, so richly wrought,
So glorious a pair.
And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form was moving beauty, and
Whose heart was beating love.
They tell me of her merry laugh,
Her rich, whole-hearted joy,
Her gentleness, her innocence,
And infant purity.
They tell me that her wavering steps
Will long demand my aid;
For the old road of human life
Is very roughly laid.
High hills and swift descents abound;
And, in a sure way,
Feet that can wear these coverings
Would surely go astray.
Sweet little girl! be mine the task
Thy feet to tend;
To be thy guide, thy counselor,
Thy playmate and thy friend!
And when my steps shall faltering grow,
And time be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age
In cheerful pace along!

POPULAR READING.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]

MISTAKE OF A NATURALIST.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

It must be known that Mocking Birds differ from each other as do men and women, in their vocal powers, and there is usually one bird in the neighborhood that supremely surpasses all the rest. It is another most remarkable fact that all other Mocking Birds retire from the immediate neighborhood of this acknowledged monarch, to such a distance that you can never hear but the faintest notes in the pauses of his song, and that sounds as if they but prolonged its echo.

I soon detected the monarch from the rest, and, as they never change their night-haunts much, unless repeatedly disturbed, I could hear him on any night. He lived in a small clump of trees which had been left standing over a sink-hole in a meadow, something like a mile from my father's house, and bordering upon a farm owned by our old friend B.—Here I resorted regularly, every fair night, and, concealing my person in a corner of the fence, with my cloak around me, would lie on the grass to listen. He sat in a high tree of the clump, and I felt sure that his mate brooded listening below upon her nest, in one of the low thorn bushes scattered around; for, surely, nothing but love could have made him so drunk with music!

At the sound of my coming, he would rush for a while, and then, in some short and rapid notes, the prelude opened. It rose slowly at first, with many sharp transitions, or low, dreamy, interludes, as if he mused and dallied with his theme,—but now the song begins to swell. Silence has attended her ear, and Earth hears her many voices singing in her sleep.—Yes, they are all there! Hear them, each warble, chirp, and trill! How they crowd upon each other! You can hear the flutter of soft wings, as they come hurrying forth. Hark! that rich, clear whistle! Bob White! Is it you? There, the sudden scream! Is it a Hawk? Hear! what a gush!—what a rolling, limpid gush! Ah! my dainty Red-Breast, at thy mad rush! Mew! What pussy? No, the Cat-Bird; hear its low, liquid love-notes linger round the roses by the garden walk! Hilloa! the world's on fire!—listen! listen! listen! to that little Wren!—he will surely blow up—he must explode in the climax of that little agony of trills which it is rising on its very tip-toes to reach! What now?—Quack! quack! phut! phut! I catch a quack! cock-a-doodle-doo! What! the whole barnyard? Squeak! squeak! squeak!—pigs and all. Hark! that melancholy plaint—whip-crow! How sadly it comes out from the shadow distance. What a contrast—the Red-Bird's lively whistle, shrilly mounting high, higher, higher. Hark the Orchard-Oracle's gay, delicious, raving, run-mad, ranting rite of sweet sounds! I can see the mal-a-pert keeping time with his wings, as he goes sideways, dipping up and down, from one apple-tree top to another. Hear that! It is the Rain-Crow, croaking for a storm! Hey-dey! Jay, jay, jay! It is the imphish dandy Blue-Jay! Hear, he has a strange, round, mellow whistle, too! There goes the little, yellow-throated Warbler—the Wood-Pecker's sudden, call—the King-Bird's wispish clatter—the Dove's low, plaintive coo—the little Owl's screeching cry and snapping beak—the Tom-tit's tiny note—the King-Fisher's rattle—the crow, the scream, the cry of love, of hate, or joy—all come rapidly and in unexpected contrasts; yet with such clear precision, that each bird is fully expressed to my mind in its own individuality and characteristic scene.

Thus, all the past of my communion with such creatures, and with each fresh reality of the abounding Earth that I so loved, is made to me as a presence in which I live again.—But, then, that wondrous song could speak yet higher music, as the swollen tide rushed, in wilder eddies, yet more timeless, on; and then, amongst these hurrying notes I knew, a those

and liquid strains would dart, in play, through and around, to meet them in mysterious whirled of flashing sound. These mystic meanings but dimly feel them. Ah! what calm, delicious hours were those. Until three o'clock, I would lie as one entranced within a dream of harmonies, such as the soul of nature taught old Chaos, until he rendered up their notes in form and order, and the world took beauty on.

At three o'clock the song would cease, and then my spirit fell as one plunging down from the glowing light into sullen dark. Many, many nights have I thus spent beneath the moon and listening stars, when my good parents thought me safely asleep in my bed. Ah, those songs—those night-songs—ye can never pass away!

As yet, I had never obtained a near view of a Mocking Bird—much as I worshipped the creature; and as to finding a nest, mine was the luck of all the rest of the would-be-robbers. But perseverance has its rewards.

One day I had paused near the sink-hole spring to hear my favorite mocker sing by daylight, for variety—when, instead of a song, I saw—what? A splendid pair of Mocking Birds, sporting themselves gaily along the fences and in the grass of the very slip of meadow in the corner of which I made my usual nightly couch!

I drew a long breath. What a discovery! How tame they are! It must be some mysterious sympathy! The male must be that magnificent bird I have listened to so many nights with rapture, and never seen. Hah! these have a black mark under the eye; the Southern bird I remember has not that mark in the plates of it that I have seen. It must be a new variety! I have heard my uncle and father, who have been to New Orleans, describe the Southern bird. It certainly has no such mark as this, which resembles that under the eye of the Red Bird; and from what they have told me of its singing, it cannot be near equal to this glorious creature. My mother, though, has described the bird in northern Kentucky, where she knew it, and from what she has told me, it must be the same one. It must be this same wonderful bird I have been listening to!

O, how happy I was! I crouched down beside the fence for fear I might chance to startle them, and gazed in eager, anxious admiration. What a handsome bird! It seems rather shorter, though, than I expected from the appearance of those at a distance; but there is the white bar across the wings. But, some how or other, the wings do not seem so wide, nor the stripe so broad; its neck, too, disappoints me; it appears much shorter and thicker than I supposed. But, that's easily enough accounted for, in the fact, that it must require a very powerful neck to emit such loud sounds. But it is a lovely bird, with that light, grey plumage, so delicately marked on the breast, and looks so warlike with the black mark under the eye. Ah, I see its bill is very hooked; it gives it quite the appearance of a little hawk. How happy was I!

Look, look! They fly towards that great black oak, over the spring. As I live, there's a nest there! I hear the cry of the young ones. Strange place for Mocking Birds to build in, according to accounts. But this is a new variety; they, no doubt, prefer large trees. The mate now flew to the same cluster of scrubby twigs, or small limbs, that grew out from a diseased portion of the trunk that formed a large knot, bristling like quills upon a fretful porcupine. She lit in the bosom of this ugly excrescence, and as I again heard the cries of the young, I sprang from my place of concealment—with my heart in my throat—leaped the fence, ran at full speed to the tree, stripped off my coat and shoes, and before I knew what I was doing, had ascended as nimbly as a squirrel the trunk of a tree that I would not have attempted to climb for a horse, under other circumstances.

It was well I did not stop to think, or I should never have reached the limbs. As it was, now that I found myself up, the difficulty of getting at the nest seemed as great as ever. The small limbs that bristled out from the great excrescence, were as tough as they could be, and, how I was to drag my body over them, as to reach the nest was the question—but when, by rising on tip-toes, I could peep over the edge of the nest and see the heads and bright eyes of four lusty young birds, I literally tore my way through all obstructions, and with eager hands grasped at my treasure. I seized three, and the fourth sprang out in time to elude me and sailed down. Just at this moment, I saw my old friend B. approaching to see what I could be at. I shrieked out to him in my tribulation; for the little wretches had bitten my hand so severely that the pain, and eminent danger of falling combined, had compelled me to let them go and save my neck.

My mocking birds! Catch my mocking birds, Mr. B. Oh, I wouldn't lose them for the world! Catch them, catch them! I shrieked in my agony—for I had got my self hung upon that knot by the remaining rays of my clothes, and the dread of losing my birds was even greater than that of breaking my neck. The old gentleman heartily sympathizing with me, sprang to the work right briskly, and although they compelled him to let them go several times by the severity of their bites, yet he finally succeeded in capturing three, which were fastened down under my hat.

During the chase, I heard several very droll exclamations from him which gave me a decidedly contemptible opinion of his attainments as a naturalist, as he shook one of the fierce little wretches off—that had fastened upon one of his fingers when he tried to seize it—he cried out with an exclamation of pain and surprise—
"Ough! young mocking birds didn't bite that fashion in old Virginia, my boy. Don't like that black spot under the eye. They do look mighty like mocking birds, too. How they do squall. Why they're as strong as young wild cats, and as fierce, too. There, there, that one's gone!"

"Gone where?" I gasped, as I descended the tree with a speed which seemed much more like falling than climbing down, and completed the demolition of my forlorn inexpressibles.

"He ran under these rocks and you'll never see him again, I'm afraid!"
"Never get him?" and I almost burst into tears at the thought of losing one of my precious new variety. The spring came from under a sort of cave, and there were loose piles of stones intended once for walls on each side of the basin. Into these the cunning youngster had crawled, and was far enough beyond our reach. I consoled myself by heaping

stones so as to prevent its escape, and determined to go home and secure the prize in hand, and then return with a negro man to dig this out for me. This was not my only annoyance—for the old gentleman kept insinuating as we walked on towards my father's, that these were 'mighty strange sort of mocking birds, until my insulted dignity as a naturalist and discoverer, fairly blazed forth in wrath, as I remarked in a most emphatic manner.

"Mr. B., I repeat to you, sir, that this is a new variety of mocking birds. When you have spent as many nights as I have, sir, in ascertaining the fact—when you have heard the male parent sing as many hours as I have, while you were asleep, then too you will be convinced that I have not only discovered a new variety, but that I have now in my possession a nest of the finest singers in the world."

This long speech, with all its emphasis, did not seem to entirely convince the old man, who could not get over the way they bit, and the black spot under the eye; but, I saw it staggered him some, and when, as we were parting, he rather hinted that he should like to have a male bird, if they turned out as I expected, I turned upon him quite a compassionate look as I promised smilingly, 'of course—in case they turn out to be mocking birds, Mr. B., you shall have one of the males if I have two.'

This was my grand triumph, and I was proud as Lucifer when I exhibited my captives to the family; and great were the rejoicings of my sister over my brilliant success. But the triumph was incomplete, while one of the precious family remained behind, and soon I was on my return, accompanied by a strong negro man to dig the runaway out of the rocks. It was a work of several hours, and during its progress I observed something curious on one of the thorn bushes near—that had died the year before; though the thorns were stiff and tough as ever. This phenomenon consisted of the bodies of some dozen of the common grey lizards, which had been impaled carefully upon the topmost thorns. They seemed to be in all stages of demoralization and decay, from the entire reptile that was bleeding and scarcely cold, to the mere blackened fragments that had been eaten away close up to the thorn on which it was spitted, and now seemed ready to drop to pieces at the touch. It struck me at first that some stupid boys must have been amusing themselves in torturing the lizards, but then I saw that those thorns could not be reached from below, and it was evident that some creature was eating them gradually. This recalled dimly, to my recollection, an anecdote that I had read somewhere of a bird that was in the habit of impaling lizards in this way that they might become decomposed somewhat by the action of the sun, to prepare them for being eaten—but, as I could not recall the name of the bird just then, I somewhat hastily dismissed the subject from my mind for the time; I know not for what reason, but somehow it made me feel uncomfortable.

The runaway was reached at last, and I now returned as proud of the success of my perseverance and enterprise as of the birds themselves, and my new discovery. The first person I met, when I reached home, was my sister, who ran to meet me, exclaiming—
"Brother! you never did see creatures eat like our little birds! They do nothing but eat, eat, eat, all the time. I never knew before that mocking birds were so greedy—and then they bite me so!"

I smiled benignantly, as became a youthful Cuvier, and holding out to her the new one, said, patronizingly.
"Look here! He could not escape me; although this new variety have the cunning of wizzards. Never mind the appetite, Sis—we shall be the more certain to raise them, and their magnificent song will repay us for a little additional trouble."

But Sis was not so easily comforted, for she said, as she showed me some ugly marks where they had been biting her little fingers severely.
"Well, brother, I hope you will not find any more of your new variety, for I expect to have my fingers eaten off by these you have. They are not content with snatching down every thing I can find to give them, but have been trying to bite off the fingers that feed them!"

I am sorry for your fingers, dear, and you must let me feed them hereafter, but I like their appetite and their spunk; they should have both, to sing as they are going to sing!"

"Well, brother, have it your own way; but I don't believe in making an angel out of a glutton!"
This last remark rather stung me, for some how or other, since the discovery of the impaled lizards, I had been feeling uncomfortable. I went to the cage, and they received me with clamorous cries for more. I immediately got for them a quantity of food, such as I had supposed to be best for them, from what I had read and heard of their habits. "I found," to my astonishment, that they would eat nothing but earth worms and fresh meat—farinaceous food they rejected with disdain—and certainly gulped down as much as their own weight every few hours.

The thing was becoming more and more inexplicable, and what made matters still worse, my sister, for the first time in her life, refused to share my cares with me. She had taken a most unconquerable dislike to the creatures; declared she was absolutely afraid of them, and shuddered when they were brought near her. This reception of my new variety mortified me excessively; but I consoled myself that I was doomed to the common martyrdom of discoverers, and nursed my uncontent and boisterous pets with even the greater assiduity that they were rejected of men.

I now let them run about the yard; for I soon found that the ravine in their maws constituted a sufficient parole of honor to ensure their return to where food was to be obtained; but one morning I witnessed a trick in one of my vagabonds that considerably stamped me. He had straggled round to the back of the house, and got into the poultry yard. I saw him march very deliberately up to a brood of young chickens, and without saying 'by your leave' to any body, pounced upon one in the most savage fashion, and would have killed it in an instant, but that the old hen rushed to the rescue, with a blow that sent the young robber several feet distant. The indignant mother followed up the attack, and I was about to interfere when, to my surprise, the little wretch, with all his feathers bristling, like a little hedgehog, threw himself upon his back and awaited the onset with open mouth and fierce eyes. The hen struck at him with her beak, and quick as lightning, he clutched her head with his claws, and the astonished hen

ran squalling off, shaking her head in agony to get rid of this new kind of head-gear. When she had shaken him off, she ran off in a great fright, and he strutted around with a most conscious air.

"Well," muttered I, 'this is getting to be something of a joke—my new variety seems to have more of the hawk than the song bird in it. I never heard of mocking birds killing young chickens and whipping old hens before! Rather a war-like variety of song bird, this new one of mine! I must look over my books and see something about that lizard story.'

That lizard story had always haunted me—though I had not been able to summon courage to look it up. Just at this moment my sister, who had witnessed the little scene above, and heard a part of my muttered soliloquy, from a window close at hand—burst into a ringing laugh, and as I looked up, disappeared. In a moment she came bounding down the steps to meet me, with a small book in her hand, which I recognized with a foreboding thrill, before she reached me. It was a small school edition of selections from ornithology, with wood-cut illustrations. She held her hand on the page to cover something, while she read as well as she could for laughter, Wilson's version of the lizard story, and when she got through removed her hand suddenly from the cut, and though it was remarkably rudely done, I instantly recognized in my new variety—"THE BUTCHER BIRD!" Exeunt omnes—screaming with laughter.

THE AMERICAN TURTLE.

Among the Connecticut troops was an officer named Bushnell, a man of education, and of somewhat eccentric habits, but of a strong mechanical turn of mind. While at College he had prepared a model of a submarine explosive machine, or torpedo, of a very ingenious construction. He gave it the name of the "American Turtle." The report of this contrivance coming to the ears of Gen. Putnam, he sent Maj. Burr, his aid-de-camp, to invite Bushnell to come and see him. After a little conversation, the model was sent for, examined, explained, and highly approved; and Bushnell was immediately furnished with the necessary funds to construct a full machine and put it in operation.

In the course of ten days it was completed. Outwardly it bore some resemblance to a large sea-turtle. Hence the origin of its name. In the head there was an opening sufficiently large to contain a man. This apartment was airtight, and was designed to be supplied with air sufficient to last half an hour. At the bottom, opposite this entrance, was a deposit of lead for ballast. The operator sat upright, holding an oar for rowing forward or backward, and having command of a rudder to direct his course in either direction. An aperture at the bottom, with its valve, admitted water for the purpose of descending, while two brass forcing pumps served to eject the water, when necessary to rise to the surface.

Behind this vessel and above the rudder, was a place for carrying a large powder magazine. This was made of two pieces of oak timber, large enough when hollowed out to contain one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, with the apparatus for firing it; and was secured in any place where it was designed to act, by means of a screw turned by the operator. Within the magazine was a piece of clock-work capable of running twelve hours, and so arranged as to be set at any moment at the will of the manager. When it had run out its time, it unspooled a strong lock, resembling a gunlock, by means of which the explosion was produced.

Unfortunately for the contriver and his patron, this well managed scheme failed, not it appears from any want of skill in the construction of the machine, but for another reason, as will appear in the sequel.

A brother of Capt. Bushnell was appointed to go down with the machine, but falling sick the day before the experiment was to have been made, it was necessary to find a substitute. A sergeant in the regiment from New London, volunteered his service. His name was Abijah Shipman, better known among his comrades as "Long Bigs." He was an ambitious sort of a fellow—had been in early life a sailor, engaged in carrying "stock" to the West Indies; and was a genuine specimen of what would be called a "queer fish" or a "live Yankee." He stood about six feet two or three inches, was remarkably lean and bony, and was full of dry wit and humor. Fear formed no part of his composition, and his chief faults were a too strong liking for St. Croix and tobacco.

Before daylight on a morning of July, Abijah was put on board the torpedo, on the North river side, preparatory to being pulled off into the stream, from whence he was to drop down with the tide, and get under the bottom of the Eagle, which was the flag-ship of Admiral Bore. Putnam, Bushnell, Heath, Knowlton, Burr, and many other officers accompanied him to the shore. The undertaking was regarded extremely hazardous, and no little skill and coolness were required for the successful management of the machine. If he could once strike the ship, and attach the magazine to any portion of her bottom, her destruction was inevitable. But, to do this, great care and judgment was needed, and there were many circumstances that might interfere with its successful operation.

Everything being ready, Abijah went on board the Turtle, and was about to screw himself into the airtight chamber, when suddenly thrusting his head out again he exclaimed—
"Thunder and marlinspikes! who's got a quid of tobacco? This old quid won't last anyhow!" at the same time pulling out an ounce or more of the weed, and throwing it away.

The officers not being addicted to that peculiar practice, or having left their boxes at home, the sergeant's odd request excited only a laugh. Not a pigtail could be found, and Abijah was absolutely obliged to do without it—for daylight was near at hand, and it was necessary that he should move without a moment's delay.

"Ah! my brave boy," said Putnam, "you see how it is—my confidential officers are too poor to raise even a tobacco-puff. Push off, my fine fellow, and when yonder Eagle has taken its last flight some of the southern officers shall give you an order for a keg of Old Virginia."

"Too bad," answered Abijah, despondingly, "but mind, Gin'ral, if the old Turtle doesn't do her duty, it's all because I go to sea without tobacco."

Abijah in his narrow chamber in the Turtle's head, disappeared beneath the water. For the space of an hour or more, Putnam and his friends waited on the Battery, expecting every moment to see the Eagle ascend into the air. When the morning broke, suspense gave way to fear. Nothing was to be seen of the torpedo, and the officers began to mourn for Abijah as one to be reported among the "missing" at the next call of his regimental master-roll.

Putnam had been intently examining the vicinity of the Eagle, with his glass, when he suddenly exclaimed—"There he is!" The top of the machine was emerging from the water in a little bay, to the left of the Eagle. It did not escape the eyes of the watchful sentinel on board the ship. A volley of musketry was fired into it, and down popped the Turtle in a twinkling, Abijah not relishing this kind of salutation. Boats were immediately sent from shore to his assistance, and the Eagle was observed to be getting under weigh, in great haste. The sergeant was taken near Governor's Island. The magazine had been cast off, and being set to run an hour, exploded at the end of that time, with tremendous force, throwing up the water in every direction. There was an instant heaving at the anchors of the Eagle, the Asia, the Chatham, and all the rest. The harbor was evacuated without the ceremony of a salute, and from that time till the battle of Long Island, not an English vessel moved from Staten Island up the bay.

On landing, the eccentric sergeant gave the following account of his perilous submarine expedition:—

"Just as I said, Gin'ral! it all failed for want of that quid of tobacco. You see I'm nervous without tobacco. I got under the Eagle's bottom, but somehow the screw struck the bar that passes from the rudder pintle, and would not hold on any how I could fix it. Just then, I let go the oar to feel for a quid to steady my nerves, and I hadn't any. The tide swept me under her counter, and away I slipped top o' water. I couldn't manage to get back, so I pulled the lock, and let the thunder-box slide. I say, can't you raise a quid among you now?"

[From the Horticulturalist.]

Winter Pleasures in the Country.

Dear Sir: Your kind reception of my former letter has prompted me to venture again on the forbidden ground of types; and if my feminine conscience whispers softly that I am venturing beyond a woman's place, I console myself with the child's exclamation—"nobody sees me." So, unparoled in my dear obscurity, I desire your patience while I say a few words to my own companions in position—country girls.

I must leave the metropolitan dames to their own pleasures now, for summer has passed; operas have begun; concerts wear away the long evenings; and "la belle Nature" sighs through the drooping willow boughs her last regret for the flower nymphs that once haunted wood, fountain, and sea-shore.

Yet I hear often strange utterances from the lips of my sisters in the country—regrets softly spoken, that they, too, cannot live in the bustle of a town. "The country is so stupid in winter! No woods to walk in, no flowers to gather, no excitement—nothing to see or hear! Is it so tedious to my dear friends? May you not want a little light for your mental eyes? Is there no pleasure in the woods, when every step rustles in the dry leaves, or stamps its mark on the crisp snow, where the ground pine looks greener by contrast than all summer's lavish verdure, and where, by the mossy trunk of some great tree, the scarlet berries scatter food for partridges, and "spread their table in the wilderness?" Or is there no pleasure in making preparations for the wintry sleep of your garden? (surely, you have a garden), covering the tender plants with leaves or straw, till the kind snow shall cover them more surely—selecting frail Verbenas, and favorite Roses for house treasures—or cherishing a little pot of Mignonette, to fill the warm parlor with its odor? Don't you love to watch the noisy, restless, strange creatures, the crows, wheeling about the gray trees, exulting on the strong wind as if it were a chariot, or perched on a rail, shining, and musing in the clear sunshine? There is to me a pleasure, when the eaves are dripping with thaw, in standing by a barnyard, and seeing the mild-faced cows enjoying the warmth of its snug, southern exposure; there they "chew the cud," which has in it no "bitter fancy," and look in your face so meekly but inquiringly, that you must think, whether you will or no, of "ox-eyed Juuio;" and upon that suggestion, your imagination wanders off, and away through years and distance, till—a turkey strut and gobble defiantly in one corner—or a solitary hen, picking her way, on yellow legs, flits across the yard, and showing off all her airs and graces to the stranger, brings you back to real life.

I think one reason why country girls find their homes dull in the winter, is the want of a keen sense of the beautiful. This seems, perhaps absurd; yet, when I see how much true and pure enjoyment springs from such a sense, and how little it is cultivated, I must regret it—too deeply to be silent. Many of you have a true appreciation of the beautiful in literature; you enjoy books intensely, but you do not think of opening the same eyes that grow weary over page after page of printing, to the deep interest of the varied stories of the earth and sky. The winter sunsets, oh! how splendid they are! even if no pile of gold and purple clouds lower in the west, yet the pure tints of azure-sea-green and yellow, that deepen to the centre of the sinking light, are more exquisite. Then come the hosts of night—the old, mysterious stars, trembling with concentrated brightness, and writing over the deep blue heavens wild legends of the past, dim prophecies of the future. The moon, too, casts the long shadows of tall trees and hills over the spotless snow, and, like a song of happy spirits, comes the distant sound of sleigh-bells, so mixed with laughter and clear voices you cannot separate them in sound or thought. Walking, too, is still delightful, if you will only wear thick and water-proof shoes; the scramble over a drifted road—the swift slide upon the glassy pond—even the more difficult accomplishment of "picking your way," when neither frost nor rain has supreme sway; these all have the pleasure inseparable from an eager effort to conquer obstacles. Then, too, the strong north-west wind comes to steady the wavering steps; leaning against its pressure, how we become reassured, as if suddenly supported; or fighting headward in the face of its trumpet-like blast, how the whole frame thrills with intense life, as the quickened tide of vitality glows on

cheek and lip. But I am getting too earnest on my hobby. A recent short experience of city life, with its noises, sights, and confusion, has sent me home, to my own wide horizon and fresh air, quite unqualified to sympathize with those who are discontented in the country. I will not let you, Mr. Editor, have another quiet smile over my pedantry, so I forbear to quote a certain dead language, that speaks of the "happy husbandman." I only may say, in plain English, that I wish you all, my dear rustic sisters, were as happy in being dwellers in the country, as my frost-bitten

WILD FLOWER.

Reason in Birds.

Mr. Alfred Smees, in a work recently published in London upon "Reason and Instinct, deduced from Electro-Biology," relates the following striking instances of the faculty of reason in birds:—

Mr. Smees had lent a book to a friend who kept a parrot, and one day, on entering the room where the bird was kept, he observed "that she had torn the cover of the book to pieces. I was first inclined," he pursues, "to be very angry; but on ringing the bell, the servants stated that they believed Poll had been shut up, and that she had opened the spring, as lately she had found out the way to let herself out whenever she pleased."

"We agreed that this process must be stopped, and therefore it was determined to place a padlock upon the cage, which opened by pressing upon the spring. The next day she again was found outside the cage, with the padlock at the bottom, although she had been duly fastened up. She was again put back in her cage, and the door padlocked; she walked deliberately down, took hold of the padlock, opened it, and walked in triumph out of the cage, with the padlock in her beak. When I saw the preceding, I was so delighted with the feat, that I thought it more than compensated for the injury done to my book."

Another instance is given in which birds are the subjects. Mr. Smees once helped a friend to deal doom on a plague of sparrows. "Upon consultation, we determined to poison them by prussic acid, and for that purpose we placed food in the accustomed place, taking care to drive away other birds. The sparrows came in their accustomed formidable numbers; but the curious fact which I have now to notice is, that when a fresh sparrow came and found a dead bird, it looked alarmed at the fate of its companion. Its attentive observation was very remarkable; and after looking earnestly for a minute or two, it flew away without touching the deadly food; and for this reason we were compelled to remove the birds as fast as killed, the number of which, as far as I can remember, amounted to near a hundred."

Rights of Women.

A case came before the Court of Magistrates a few days since that affords an admirable illustration of the rights of married women in this State. A man was arrested on the charge of theft. His plea was that he was the husband of the woman from whom the articles were taken and he had a right to them. The most of the articles consisted of female wearing apparel and were in nearly constant use by the woman, and we learned were earned, bought and paid for by her. This plea was a valid one according to the common law and laws of this State. It only remained for him to prove that he had at some time had a ceremony called marriage performed, and passed by the name of husband, to entitle him to all she possessed.—No matter how drunken and dissolute the husband may be; no matter if he has spent the last cent of an industrious wife's earnings; he is still her master, and like the master of a Southern plantation, "owns and possesses" all the property earned by his wife. Idle and profligate though he may be, he has a full right to walk into his wife's bedroom and take all her clothing, leaving her without a garment to wear, and she has no remedy, no way to recover them, because the husband is entitled by the barbarity of the law to her earnings, her clothing, or money. If with the clothing, he takes the wages of years that she may have saved, still the law pronounces it his.

Now suppose the woman takes his clothing, or his money and escapes with it, is there no process by which he can recover it? Most certainly he can, for she is a nonentity and even though the money may have been her own, or the articles she takes away may have been bought with her money, he can recover them for she is in fact his slave so far as property is concerned.

It is because many men and women demand a change in the laws relating to the property of married women; because they would have her control her own property against the extravagance, the profligacy, or the misfortune of the husband; because they demand equal rights to the property they earn, and to have a voice in the disposal of the property; that most of the hunkier press and such as pander to any state of society that now exists because it does exist, howl and snarl, ridicule and lie about any movement for improvement in this matter. It is of no avail. An increased intelligence will surely bring a change and for the better.

[Providence Mirror.]

THE MAN WHO SMOKES.—The Kentucky Golden Rule thus bears down upon tobacco-puffing.

That man can hardly see. What ails his eyes? He's well nigh smoked out and out. We told him so a good many times. We entreated him earnestly, kindly, beseechingly months ago, to put away forever the accursed thing. Did he? Not for a moment—on he went, puff, puff, puff, all the time—up the street, down the street, over the river, this side and that side, in the boat and off the boat, in the house, out of the house, up stairs and down stairs; that same murky, poisonous, offensive twisted up pig-tail, a roll with fire at one end, and a fool at the other. Puff in your face, it matters—ladies or no ladies, all the same—Courtesy, what little remains, is swallowed up in smoke, smoked out, puffed away. Yes, gentle reader, this same smoker has smoked till he's smoked himself brown, fairly brown, fairly dimpled, wrinkled up, and his eyes nearly smoked out. His breath, oh! oh! Hush, be still. Ladies take care. And still he smokes, keeps smoking, and doubtless will smoke, continue to smoke, till he's nothing but smoke, or evaporates in smoke.

Alabama, in the Indian tongue, signifies rest. An Indian chief, fleeing southward, struck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed, "Alabama! Alabama!" "Here we rest! here we rest!"

BOYS' CORNER.

Uncle Jacob's Advice to the Boys.

Well, my little fellows, I want to ask you one and all, if you have read what Uncle Jacob said to you last week? and if you have, did you like the short story or history of our little friend Hartford? Well, I hear you say, "I guess he was a pretty good boy, but no better than I can be if I'm a mind to try."—Just so I believe;—now then who will try?—Hold up your heads and look me right in the face and tell me. O, I can see, there is a lot of them—there are James and John, and Harvey and Josiah, and little Willie, and a great many more, who are going to try. Do I hear them asking, What shall I do first, to be as good as Hartford was? Yes, that is the question.—Well, then, let me tell you. There are one, two, three, four, five of you that I know, and I know that you all have got good and kind mothers at home. So I will say, in the first place, you must all be good and kind and dutiful to your mothers. Make up your minds now, this very minute, that you will always mind your mothers. This will be what I shall call a foundation.—As I have a great many things to say to you, and as I think you would like to know something about foundations, I will say now that a great deal depends when you are going to build, upon the foundation.—And you can read in the Bible, that our kind and good Saviour told those who heard him, that a wise man would build his house on a strong foundation—even a rock; and as I want all the little boys who read this to think about building something on a good foundation, I have called duty to your mothers the foundation. Some of my little readers may want to know, what kind of a building they are to build. I will tell them. The name of the building is CHARACTER. I want all the boys to learn how they can build up this building on a good and strong foundation; and so I have told them to begin, by being obedient and kind and dutiful to their mothers. And I want to say to you here, as some of you may think you are too old, or know too much, to mind your mothers, that one of the best men who have ever lived in the world, and who has had the honor of being called the *Father of his country*, when a boy, loved and minded his mother; and when he grew up to be a man he still obeyed his mother; and almost any body will tell you, that they think that the mother of Washington (for that is the name of the man) had much to do in helping him to lay the foundation on which he built his character, which made him one of the greatest, as well as one of the best of men. So I must say again to all the boys who would be great, and wise, and good, that they must be careful to obey their mothers, that they may, like Washington, lay the foundation to become great, and good, and wise. Yes, do I hear you say, I know now what foundation means, but I can't quite see how simply minding my mother is going to do so very much toward making me a great man. You don't see, then I will tell you.—Your mothers, if you have good mothers, as most all good boys have, feel more anxious about you than any body else in the world.—They feel for you all the time, and pray for you when you are absent, that you may be good. Do you see that mother sitting in the corner there, with her hands over her eyes,—weeping. Her boy, that she loved so well, has been taught doing something wrong, perhaps telling a wrong story, or stealing something, and it has almost broken her heart; see how she weeps. Now my little friends, that is all because she loves her boy. She has told him many times to be good, but he has not minded her; and now we see him carried away from his father and mother to be placed in some cold damp prison, just because he has been a bad boy, and did not obey his mother. You see by this, that he who disobeys his mother meets with trouble, all because he does not have a good foundation on which to build his character. But I shall say no more this week. I want you to read this piece over two or three times and try to think of all that I have said, and be ready to look into the paper next week to see what more may be said to the boys by

UNCLE JACOB.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

A gentleman was once stopped in the streets of London by a stranger who asked him, "Did you ever thank God for your reason?"

"I don't know that I ever did," the gentleman replied.

"Do it quickly then," said the stranger, "for I have lost mine."

We are very liable to forget to thank God for his common mercies, whose greatness we can never duly estimate till we have experienced their loss. Did the young reader ever thank God for his eye-sight? The following interesting narrative, taken from a foreign publication, will remind him of that duty:

Once there was a good little boy in Scotland, about eight years old, who took the small-pox; and when he grew better, it was found it had shut up both his eyes, so that he could see nothing. He had been such a gentle, good boy, that all the family loved him, and led him about, and were very kind to him. He had a little sister Annie, twelve years old, who used to find amusements for him, and when it came warm weather, she would take him to walk in the country.

One day they took a long walk, and sat down at the foot of a green tree. "Annie," said James, "what a pleasant day this is. The air feels so soft and so warm to my face. I hear the burn racing the smooth stones, and the sheep and lambs bleat. How I wish I could see them again. Hark! there is a thrush singing over our heads. Oh! how beautiful it used to be to sit down here, and look to the far-away hills, and the clear blue sky, and see the mill yonder, and the pretty ducks in the pond. Ah, Annie, I think I shall never see these things again."

Then the little boy thought how dismal it would be to be always blind and dark, and felt so helpless and sad; and he began to cry.—"Don't cry, Jamie," said his dear sister; "may be you'll see yet. There was Daniel Scott, you know, had the small-pox, and was blind for weeks, but he got well, and now he sees as well as anybody. Besides you know, said she,

"God will do right about it as dear mother says; and if he leaves you to be blind, will make you happy some other way. Besides, we all do what we can for you; and I will read to you; and it will not be so bad."

But poor James kept thinking of his misfortune, and sat down with his head bent upon his hands, with his elbows on his knees, and kept on crying. The flood of tears pressed their way between his eyelids, which had stuck together, and when he lifted up his head, he cried out, "O Annie, I can see! There's the brook, and the mill, and the sheep! Oh, how glad I am! Annie was so joyful as he, and hurried him to return home so as to tell the good news; but James could hardly walk, for he wanted so to look about him. "Oh!" said he, "how little do children know of the blessings of sight. If they had only lost it awhile, like me, they would never cease to thank God for eye-sight."

You may think how pleased they all were at home. At night, when the father prayed in the family, and came to thank God for restoring dear little James, he almost wept for joy. James soon got his sight completely, and when he grew up to be a man, he never forgot to be grateful to his Heavenly Father that he was not blind.

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor once when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity. Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...FEB. 13, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SMITHSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st. Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts. Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

"The Higher Law."

It is taught in the theological schools, and of course it is preached from the pulpit, that since the world began there has been a controversy between God and man, touching the question whether the latter should obey the laws of the former, or enact laws to his own liking. The law of God is by its advocates called "The Higher Law." The law of man has various names, one of which is the "Fugitive Slave Law." This controversy abates, and even sleeps, in sleepy times. At present the whole country is awake on this controversy about "the higher law." Some men—good men indeed—take one side, and some the other; and even the sacred pulpit, that in old times is reported to have battled manfully on God's side, is now for and against, just as its various pillars happen to lean. What will be the result of this controversy between God and man, God only knows. If the sentiment shall ultimately triumph, that there is a "Higher Law" than what comes from such hands as concocted the execrable Fugitive Slave Law, we shall thank God for it.

Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, advocates most zealously the "Higher Law," in opposition to the other one, that says "Thou shalt not let the oppressed go free." In a discourse of his which we find published in the N. York Tribune, we find the following sample of his reasoning:

I have sometimes been amazed at the talk of men who call on us to keep the Fugitive Slave Law, one of the most odious laws in a world of odious laws—a law not fit to be made or kept. I have been amazed that they should dare to tell us the law of God, written on the heavens and on our hearts, never demanded we should disobey the laws of men! Well, suppose it were so. Then it was old Daniel's duty at Darius's command to give up his prayer; but he prayed three times a day, with his windows up. Then it was John's and Peter's duty to forbear to preach Christianity; but they said, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." Then it was the duty of Amram and Jochebed to take up their new-born Moses and cast him into the Nile, for the law of King Pharaoh, commanding it, was "constitutional," and "political agitation" was discountenanced as much in Goshen as in Boston. But Daniel did not obey; John and Peter did not fail to preach Christianity; and Amram and Jochebed refused "passive obedience" to the King's decree! I think it will take a strong man all this winter to reverse the judgment which the world has passed on these three cases. But it is "innocent" to try. However, there is an older ancient case, mentioned in the Bible, in which the laws commanded one thing, and Conscience just the opposite. Here is the record of the law: "Now both the chief priests and the Pharisees had given a commandment, that if any one knew where he [Jesus] were, he should show it that they might take him." Of course, it became the official and legal business of each disciple who knew where Christ was, to make it known to the authorities. No doubt James and John could leave all and follow him, with others of the people who knew not the law of Moses, and were accused; nay the women, Martha and Mary, could minister unto him of their substance, could wash his feet with tears, and wipe them with the hairs of their head. They did it gladly, of their own free will, and took pleasure therein; I make no doubt. There was no merit in that—"Any man can perform an agreeable duty."—But there was one disciple who could "perform a disagreeable duty." He went, perhaps "with alacrity," and betrayed his Saviour to the marshal of the district of Jerusalem, who was called a centurion. Had he no affection for Jesus? No doubt, but he could conquer his prejudices, while Mary and John could not. Judas Iscariot was rather a bad name in the Christian world; he is called "the son of perdition" in the New Testament, and his con-

duct is reckoned a "transgression"; "nay, it is said the devil 'entered into him,' to cause this heinous sin. But all this it seems was a mistake; certainly, if we are to believe our "Republican" lawyers and Statesmen, Iscariot only fulfilled his "constitutional obligations." It was only "on that point," of betraying his Saviour, that the constitutional law required him to have anything to do with Jesus. He took his "thirty pieces of silver"—about fifteen dollars—a Yankee is to do it for ten, having fewer prejudices to conquer—it was his legal fee, for value received. True, the Christians thought it was "wages of iniquity," and even the Pharisees—who commonly made the command of God of none effect by their traditions—dared not defile the temple with this "price of blood;" but it was honest money; it was as honest a fee as any American commissioner or deputy will ever get for a similar service. How mistaken we are! Judas Iscariot is not a traitor; he was a great patriot; he conquered his "prejudices," performed "a disagreeable duty," as an office of "high morals and high principles;" he kept the "law" and the "constitution," and did all he could to save the "Union;" nay, he was a saint, "not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles." "The law of God never commands us to disobey the law of man." *Sanctæ Iscarioti ora pro nobis.*

There is a kind of enthusiastic faith sometimes called into exercise by this "Higher Law" that seldom attaches itself to laws generated in kitchen cabinets, Tammany Halls or Cradles of Liberty. Mr. P. seems to harbor a little of this faith, if we may judge from his own language:

It is not for men to hinder the march of freedom. I have no fear for that, ultimately—none at all—simply for this reason, that I believe in an infinite God. You may make your statutes; an appeal always lies in the higher law, and decisions adverse to that get set aside in ages. Your statutes cannot hold Him. You may gather all the dried grass and all the straw in both continents; you may braid it into ropes to bind down the sea; while it is calm, you may laugh, and say, "Lo, I have chained the ocean!" and howl down the law of Him who holds the universe as a rosebud in his hand—every ocean but a drop of dew. "How the waters suppress their agitation," you may say. But when the winds blow their trumpets, the sea rises in its strength, snaps assunder the bonds that had confined his mighty limbs, and the world is littered with the idle hay! Stop the human race in its development and march to freedom! As well might the boys of Boston, some lustrious night, mounting the steeples of this town, call on the stars to stay their course! Gently, but irresistibly, the Greater and the Lesser Bear move round the pole; Orion, in his mighty mail, comes up the sky; the Bull, the Ram, the Heavenly Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Maid, the Scales, and all that shining company, pursue their march all night, and the new day discovers the ur-chins in their lofty places, all tired, and sleepy, and ashamed. It is not possible to suppress the idea of freedom, or forever hold down its institutions. But it is possible to destroy a State; a political party with geographical bounds may easily be rent assunder. It is not impossible to shiver this American Union.—But how? What clove assunder the great British Party, one nation once in America and England? Did not our fathers love their fatherland? Aye. They called it home, and were loyal with abundant fealty; there was no lack of piety for home. It was the attempt to make old English injustice New England law! Who did it,—the British people? Never. Their hand did no such sacrilege! It was the merchants of London, with the "Navigation Act;" the politicians of Westminster with the "Stamp Act;" the Tories of America—who did not die without issue—who for office and gold would keep a king's unjust commands. It was they, who drove our fathers into disunion against their will. Is here no lesson? We love law, all of us love it; but a true man loves it only as the safeguard of the Rights of Man. If it destroy these Rights, he spurns it with his feet.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE.—ALMOST.—The locomotive "Androscoggin," which has been some two months laid up for repairs and improvements at the Company's shop in Waterville, took her place at the head of the morning passenger train on Tuesday. The Androscoggin was built at Andover, and was the first of the Company's engines that ran over the road. Her present appearance is highly creditable to the workmen, and especially to Mr. Rollins, superintendent of the machine shop; from whose designs, and under whose care, some apparently valuable improvements have been made. The pumps have been placed nearer the tender, so that the water is carried but 2 1/2 feet instead of ten. They are also more conveniently accessible. The addition of safety chains between the engine and tender, gives greater security in an axle break, by holding the tender from falling on the track. This is not an uncommon accident, and the idea is a good one. Another improvement consists of a railing passing entirely around the engine, for the convenience and safety of the fireman in oiling the machinery when in motion. The fireman has frequent narrow escapes, in his perilous duties, for want of this safeguard. In her painting, polishing, lettering, &c., the Androscoggin bears most commendable indications of both taste and service. Certainly she gives a good account, as she glides over the road in a sunny day, of the Waterville Machine Shop, and the head and hands to which she is indebted for her improvements. We commend her to the scrutiny of the stockholders, as an indication that their interests are in good hands.

A NEW PAPER. Boston papers announce the appearance of a new paper, entitled the "Christian Observer," to take the place of the old Christian Watchman, some time since absorbed, in all but its kind feelings for slavery, in the Christian Reflector. The Observer is to have the editorial talent of Rev. William Crowell, now of this place, and formerly editor of the Watchman. As a writer Mr. Crowell has been highly appreciated by the public, though his sentiments upon the subject of slavery were a little out of fashion in free New-England at the time the Watchman betook itself to what the Boston Courier calls "the slough of abolitionism." The enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the zeal thus generated in high places in favor of the sentiments taught by the old Watchman, render the present a favorable time to bring the Observer to the aid of the little phalanx of christian politi-

cians now laboring so zealously for the establishment of the pure principles of freedom, as brought to light in the—Fugitive Slave Law. With our high regard for its editor, our neighbor and friend, and our regard for human rights and human freedom, we most heartily wish the Observer the same success that public sentiment so imperatively decreed its predecessor.

Fat.

Besides the \$8 per diem, the members of Congress from California receive \$3,432 for mileage, the distance being put down at 4290 miles. The Texas members receive next, receiving \$2,400 for 3000 miles, and Louisiana \$2,100 for 2650 miles. These are the amounts certified to, by the Committee on Mileage in the House.

There is some satisfaction, through the line of duty perhaps, in holding these facts up to the people occasionally, although it seems plain enough, from their past indifference to them, that it is utterly useless. No Stamp Act or Gag Law would be a greater violation of common right and justice, or common sense, even, than is exhibited in the above facts. When Horace Greeley made a dash at reform in this respect, he calculated upon the sympathy of the people. No doubt he had it; but under the management of their demagogues they suffered him to be branded as a meddlesome old granny and permitted to stay at home. It might well be asked, where are the mechanics and laboring men of the country when these things are permitted? They are legislated into ten or twelve hours a day, at perhaps a dollar a day or less, by the very men who work one hour or five at eight dollars a day. That twenty miles, in these days of steam, should be counted a day's travel, and paid for at eight dollars, would be a laughable absurdity, if it were not done at such a sacrifice of money and principle. The member from Maine starts from home after breakfast, takes his supper in Boston, and pockets one hundred and fifty dollars for his day's work. This he does as the representative of men who labor ten hours for a dollar!

Railroad Meeting at Augusta.

The Journal says that the meeting, on Tuesday of last week, to consider the subject of a railroad from Augusta to Skowhegan, was most numerously attended, from every section interested in our up-river extension, including gentlemen from nearly all the towns between Bath and Brunswick on the one hand, and Showhegan, Bloomfield and Fairfield on the other, as well as from China, Albion, Unity, Troy, Dixmont, and other towns in that direction. The meeting was addressed briefly by Hon. Abner Coburn of Bloomfield, Rev. Mr. Judd, Judge Weston, George Williams, and Lot M. Morrill, of Augusta, Mr. Cowan of Sidney, Hon. David Bronson and Hon. D. C. Magoun, of Bath, Mr. Purington, of Fairfield, and R. H. Gardiner and Noah Woods of Gardiner. The discussion of various propositions was highly interesting, and we regret that we have not room to give the Journal's report at length. Finally the whole subject was submitted to the consideration of the Directors, for report at a meeting to be called at their convenience.

The following resolution was presented at the close of the meeting, but whether adopted or laid over, does not appear from the report:

Resolved: As the sense of this meeting, that the proposition to extend our railroad up the Kennebec river to Bloomfield or Skowhegan, meets with our entire approbation—and we hereby extend to our friends up river the assurance of our encouragement and substantial aid in the prosecution of such an undertaking.

Hunter's Luck.

In the freight train that left the depot on Friday, was one car containing the carcasses of 49 deer, 3 moose, 3 bears, and about 200 partridges. All were the property of a Mr. Curtis, of Buxford, Mass., who accompanied his freight. Their entire weight was 5200 pounds, and the freight from Waterville to Portland was \$9.42. Mr. Curtis paid \$26 for bringing them from Bangor here. He designed to take them to Ipswich, Mass., and ultimately to Boston market.

Mr. Curtis started from Buxford, Mass., about four weeks ago, for a hunting excursion among the lakes. With the aid of two Indians, whom he hired to hunt with him, he secured the above game. He has many a thrilling anecdote to relate, as he dresses his game, and deals it out to the thousand and one buyers who will eat it of it—it is yet a weary task to convert them all to money by the slow process of retail. Nothing had been done towards dressing them except ripping them open and taking out the "inards." To get them to market in the nicest condition, he will take them to a pond or river, cut a hole in the ice, and immerse them in water till completely thawed through; when he will take them out and dress and prepare them for market. In this way they are as fresh and good as when first killed; and it will not be singular if some of the "green" Bostonians, who buy the choice pieces at choice prices from the stalls in Quincy Market, are made to believe that the wild Down-Easters sent those animals alive as far as East Boston, where they were slaughtered that very morning!

LARGE CATTLE. Few towns in New England produce more good oxen than Fairfield. Two yoke of four-years-old working oxen were recently sold, by Mr. Reuben Tozier for three hundred and fifteen dollars. Their average girth was 7 feet 7 inches. Mr. Daniel Wells, of Clinton, was the buyer—a good judge of stock, and not likely to pay an extra price.—We are told that many similar sales have been made this winter, in that town; and yet we have no doubt that the next fair will exhibit enough more of "the same sort."

THAT EXPERIMENT. At a late railroad meeting in Augusta, Mr. Lang promised to try the experiment of bringing a car-load of flour from Burlington, Vt., to Richmond, Me., in the same car, without unloading. The proposition is worthy the enterprise of its author, and we look with some interest to the result.

We trust that Mr. Lang will give it in detail, with dates and dollars—though not because we want a barrel of the flour at a price that would pay cost.

Railroad Estimates.

The Kennebec Journal is reminded, by our allusion to Mr. Lang's railroad estimates, that there was an "evident inaccuracy" in the matter; the fault of which, however, he takes entirely upon his own shoulders, as an error in the report of what Mr. L. said. The error was so small that we are almost ashamed of having reminded the Journal of it, especially as he was in a fair way to escape the discovery till we jogged his memory. His explanation, however, is a very reasonable one, namely, that the 17,500 passengers is a fixed fact, but that the 50,000 tons of freight was meant to include all that went "upon and near the river." As the Journal does not state how near, we are perfectly willing to take the 50,000 tons to be as much a fixed fact as the 17,500 passengers, and let it go at that.

The Banner is less accommodating with the estimate, and insists, that Mr. Lang, "if rightly reported," is guilty of resorting to the deceptive process so common now-a-days among railroad proprietors! We are sorry to see the Banner so uncharitable, and hope he will find some handy mode of explaining away so severe a judgment. We wonder that the Banner, with such a view of the subject, also waited to be jogged before he discovered the error alluded to. But there are so many more things in theology than are dreamed of in political philosophy, that we will try not to be astonished.

LYCEUM.—Mr. Park lectured before the Lyceum on Tuesday evening—subject, "The Right of Property." The lecture was a simple and beautiful exhibition of every-day philosophy, moral and political, and adapted rather to make us better than wiser. The house was literally crammed. Mr. Park lectures again on Friday evening, on his return from Bangor, where he is engaged to lecture before the Mercantile Association.

For want of a larger house it is feared the Managers will be compelled to limit the sale of tickets, as it seems but justice to those who pay their money, that they should be able to enter the house.

The Harmonic Glee Club repeat their Concert at Norridgewock on Friday evening.

Mr. Littlefield, of the Clarion, refuses with his characteristic independence, to go the Fugitive Slave Law, party or no party.

The Skowhegan Press announces that Dr. Mann has resumed the publication of his "Screamer," under the title of Mann's American Miscellany. It contains not a line in regard to the famous Coolidge mystery! We supposed the Doctor would be bought from that question. Strange, that a man whose pockets always stick out with rocks should sell his tongue for a shilling! Where do you think Coolidge is, Doctor?—honor bright! eh? say? Oh, you incorrigible, (but highly successful) humbug!—"Please exchange."

THE "GOOD TIME" was regularly ushered in at the Elmwood last evening. Delegates were numerous, from Boston, Portland, Augusta, Bangor, and other places of less note; and the Elmwood was never better filled with old and young, lovely and manly, beautiful and more beautiful, than on that cheerful occasion. Never men danced with more true courage, or ladies with more charming grace. O, what do the boys and girls of this generation know of dancing, compared with the men and women, the fathers and mothers, who studied the art a score of years ago! At the appropriate hour, the company in a body paid their compliments to Messrs. Seavey & Williams in the dining hall, where a mutual interchange of most kind offices testified better than we can, the very acceptable efforts of the house to do honor to its guests. Most creditable, indeed, was the supper, and most frank and plain, in word and deed, was the testimony of the company to that point—that in tasteful and elegant display, and genuine epicurean excellence, it was positively unrivalled; and had placed the Elmwood at the very head of its list, in this department, at least till after the next Social Ball of the veterans of "1800."

There is no choice of Senator in Massachusetts yet—and no news from the Steamer Atlantic.

Don't forget to attend the interesting exhibition at Appleton Hall, an advertisement of which appears in another column. You will find yourselves well repaid for the time and money you expend.

COUNTERFEIT TEN CENT PIECES. A vast number of ten cent counterfeit coins have, says the Boston Times, been issued from a secret mint in Connecticut. They bear the dates, respectively, of 1847 and 1848—are well executed, and are passed without any difficulty. The principal feature proving their spurious character is the absence of the circle of stars around the figure of Liberty, which the genuine ten cent pieces have. These bogus coins have been tested, and found to be a mixture of metals easily fusible, with a plating of silver.

Professor Bowen has been rejected as Professor of History at Harvard University.

STATE VALUATIONS. The valuation of the State of New York, with three times the population of Massachusetts, exceeds the valuation of Massachusetts, only 125 millions of dollars; the valuation of New York being 725 millions. The valuation of Pennsylvania with a population of 2,400,000 is about the same as that of Massachusetts.

A LUCKY BORROWER.—The Winchester Independent (Tennessee) says:—"A man came into our office the other day to beg a newspaper, 'because,' said he, 'we are very fond of reading the papers, but our neighbors don't take none now.' We gave him half a dozen to distribute among his neighbors, and a pleasure to buy a ginger cake, and the delighted fellow went on his way rejoicing."

THE MOST PROMISING STATE OF THE SOUTH.—A gentleman writing from Georgia, to the N. Y. Evening Post, says:

It appears by the late census of this state, that there are about 600,000 whites, and 400,000 blacks, so it follows that there must be some whites who own no blacks, and by a computation of a gentleman here, in whom I have much confidence, three-quarters of the white population are not slave-owners. Of this class two-thirds are very poor, and are called Crackers, while they in return call the planters Swell-heads, not very euphonious names, nor do I understand their significance.

It occurred to me that the interests of these classes were essentially different; and I determined to get the sentiments of some of the poor non-slave-holders, as soon as I could, and as luck would have it, I fell in with one yesterday. He was a fine, hale and frank looking fellow, and exceedingly intelligent, considering his cast: I at once told him I was originally from the north, and then remarked that it seemed to me, the poor white man had no chance in a slave state. His reply was manly, though sorrowful, and as near as I recollect, as follows:

"No sir, we have not half a chance. The negro is far better off than we. We are considered by the rich far below the negro, and they have always the preference if there is anything to do—the negroes," he added, "steal from their masters and to shelter themselves lay it to some poor white man." The negro shows his cunning in this; he is a good witness against his own color; and not against the white, by the laws of this state; and therefore the charge must drop, whereas if he made it against his own color, the probability is they would recriminate until half the negroes on the plantation would get a flogging, including the one who first made the charge. I replied, then you would be better off if there were no negroes. "Better off," he repeated, "I wish there was not a negro this side of Africa. Do you think," he continued, "I do not know that I could get more for my labor, had I not the negro to compete with, and that," (I quote his language) "I should be more of a man?" I then asked him if there were many of his way of thinking? he replied, "Yes, and they" (meaning the slave-owners) "will find it out before long," and then said; "the success of the Union ticket here, is the result of the poor man's vote."

I conscientiously believe, that the negro's condition in this state, is far better than the poor white man's, who depends upon his hands for a living; and is far less to be pitied.—Though the white man can live here, with half the labor he can at the north, yet his contact with the negro, by being compelled to work by his side, and consequently inclining him to herd with them, reduces his moral standing far below the lowest of your whites. I firmly believe that the negroes here really enjoy life. As the northern man is often exposed to taunts and jeers in South Carolina, I would advise him to pass directly on to Savannah, if he is going to the South or west, where he will find a far more liberal state of feeling and less extortion.

LIABILITY OF NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS.

The liability of subscribers to newspapers and periodicals is not, perhaps, in any case, duly considered. A case has recently been decided, which will awaken attention to the subject. Mr. Jasper Harding, of Philadelphia, not long since recovered a large sum (about \$120, we believe) for a subscription to the Philadelphia Inquirer, of a man residing in Rhode Island. The circumstances were these—the subscriber took the paper for some time, and then sent to the publisher notice of discontinuance, without forwarding the money for payment. The publisher took no notice of this, nor of several subsequent notices of refusal to take the papers from the post office. The result was, that notwithstanding the Rhode Islander did not receive the papers for several years, yet he was forced to pay Mr. Harding the whole amount up to the period claimed by the bill.

Were the laws enforced more frequently in cases of delinquent subscribers of long standing, such heavy losses would not accrue so often to publishers. An occasional example may have a good effect.—[Farmer and Mechanic.]

THE COURT GAME.—A NEW "DODGE."

Watson alias Woodbury alias "Gov. Dorr," who is now in the Tomb, was one of a gang of petty gamblers and robbers who hang about the lower order of gambling houses. He was also a back driver, and as such was notorious for his swindling tricks upon travelers. He also belonged to a gang of thieves, pick-pockets and pocket-book droppers, who nightly congregated at a house in Reade street. Here they held a mock court, and so complete was the deception that those who were arraigned before it never suspected its legality. Watson and his associates would arrest countrymen in the streets, or on the docks, for some alleged violation of law, take them to their court, fine them, and with an admonition discharge them. On one occasion, a man thus arrested was rather indecorous in his manners, and was fined \$50 for contempt of court! and actually paid it. All money thus obtained was divided among the parties composing the court, who in their turn, dropped most of it at the faro banks and kindred places.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

A FREE VERSION OF THE BIBLE. The Governor of Texas, in his late proclamation for Thanksgiving, gives the following quotation from the Bible, which may be new to some, if not all of our readers:

"In the beautiful and expressive language of the Bible: 'The winter of our discontent' is gone; the rain is over and past; the time of the springing of flowers is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

We have heard of a practice which is said to prevail before Justices of the Peace in the "rural districts," where Bibles are scarce, of swearing witnesses on the next best book to the Bible, which is at hand. The recollection of this usage suggests to us the suspicion, that Governor Bell has been obliged to promote the works of Shakespeare to the place in his library which the Bible ought to occupy. We commend his case to the Bible Society, as one calling for immediate relief.

It is shocking to think of the Governor of a sovereign state being in such a destitute condition as to be obliged to eke out a half-remembered sentence from the Scriptures with a soliloquy from the humpbacked and murderous Gloucester.—[N. Y. Eve. Post.]

MR. KAUFMAN. The death of Mr. Kaufman, of Texas, which was announced in both Houses of Congress on Saturday, was painfully sudden. "He was in his seat in the House until 2 o'clock, apparently in his usual robust health. At that hour feeling a painful sensation about the region of the heart, he returned in a carriage to his lodgings at the U. S. Hotel. He retired to bed, where he remained in apparent tranquil repose, in the presence of his wife. About sunset he spoke, in reply to an observation from his child, and suddenly expired. His disease was an affection of the heart, a word I shall not dwell upon."

MISCELLANY.

THE DEAD MARINER.

BY GEO. D. FRENCH.

Sleep on—sleep on—above thy corse
The winds their Sabbath keep—
The wave is round thee—and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep—
O'er thee mid life's heavy fling,
And there the white foam lifts her wings,
And the blue-falcon lofts to lave
Her plumage in the holy wave.

Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air—
No violet springs, nor dewy rose
Its soul of love lays bare—
But there the sea flower bright and young
In sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung,
And like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral caves—
Are bright urn—thy requiem,
The music of its waves—
The purple gems forever burn
In fadless beauty round thy urn,
And pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wrath
Of mingling cloud and deep
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep—
For when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now, 'twill murmur o'er thy breast,
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on—thy corse is far away,
But love be hewn thee yet—
For thee the heart's wrong light is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet—
And she, thy young and beautiful bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
As she turns to view with tears,
The Eden of departed years.

Mother Bailey and her Petticoat.
Of the late Anna Bailey, of Groton, Conn., who was recently burned to death, at an advanced age, the following anecdote is told.

The wide notoriety of Mrs. Bailey is founded on a single incident which happened in the summer of 1813—an incident, coarse and ludicrous in itself, but which has been widely circulated, and yet so much more frequently alluded to than actually told, that a simple detail of the facts seems requisite. The squadron of Commodore Decatur had been chased into New London harbor by a superior British fleet; and an attack upon the town was momentarily expected. It was of great importance that the fort on Groton Heights should be immediately prepared for a vigorous defence. Major Simon Smith, with a band of volunteers from New London, hastened to the reinforcement of the garrison, and preparations were made to give the enemy a warm reception, when it was discovered that they were short of cartridges. Wadding was wanted, and a messenger was sent in haste through the village to procure flannel. The inhabitants had mostly packed their goods, and were carrying them off to places less exposed. Mrs. Bailey was sending away her effects, and had only a few articles left in the house. She was crossing the street to a neighbor's door, when the messenger, having traversed the village, asking in vain at every house for flannel to make cartridges, accosted her and made known his errand and his ill success. Without a moment's delay, as quick as thought, she slipped her hand into her pocket, loosed her skirt, shook it off, and lifting it up, presented it to the messenger with a right hearty laugh, expressing a wish, the import of which was, that it might do its work promptly and effectually.

The bystanders were much amused, and uttered a shout of admiration. The messenger hastened with his prize to the fortress, and made his report. The story was rehearsed to the whole garrison, and the sacrificed skirt being unrolled and displayed, was received with loud acclamations; the men, rearing it up on their poles, declared that they would fight under it to the last drop of their blood. Had the British actually made an attack, at that time, it is quite probable that the memorable garment would have been run up the flag staff and allowed to throw out its folds upon the wind as a banner.

This anecdote went forth into the newspapers, and was soon spread through the Union. Mrs. Bailey was exalted to a pinnacle of notoriety as the greatest of female patriots. She was toasted, visited, caressed; letters, tokens, and presents were sent her from all quarters. At a great naval and military ball given in New London not long afterwards, Mrs. Bailey appeared in antique costume, and was led out upon the floor by the officer highest in rank that was present on the occasion. Since that period, strangers stopping at New London, have made it a point to visit Mrs. Bailey.—Two presidents of the United States—Monroe and Jackson—in their respective tours through the Northern States, after visiting Groton Fort, went in stately procession to pay their respects to her as the heroine of Groton.—[N. London Chronicle.

A VULGARISM.—One of the most popular vulgarisms of the day is embodied in the word "patronage." We have always been at a loss to understand this term as incorporated with the language of the times. If a man buys a pair of boots, getting the value of his money, he calls himself the "patron" of the manufacturer. The purchaser of six cents' worth of tobacco, or a penny worth of tape, is a "patron," and looks upon those on whom he lavishes this "patronage," with a condescending eye, as if he had fed, clothed and sheltered them. One's patron regarding the term in the true light, is a person who gives one alms. Patronage in short, is charitable protection. It is no patronage to give money for its full value. The term, as now most generally employed, is one of the most servile, sycophantic character, and it should be expunged from the modern vocabulary.—[Noah's Sunday Times.

LAUGHABLE JOKE.—Capt. Sam. Dean, of the Buckeye State, perpetrated a pun yesterday morning, which we consider worthy a place in our columns. It was within a few minutes of the time for leaving, when a passenger stepped from the cabin and inquired—
"Captain, will I have time to run down to the foot of Main street?"
"Oh, yes," was the reply.
The passenger started at full speed, and when he had reached the shore, the Captain called out to him—
"You didn't get to hear me out, I say you've got time to go down there, but not time to get back!"

The passenger returned to the boat, highly incensed at himself for not remaining long enough to hear the conclusion. The boat in a few minutes left her moorings.

A lady, who gave herself a great many airs and supposed herself of much more consequence than any one else thought she was, being one time in company with a very witty person, was willing to impress him with some idea of the same. "Sir," said she, addressing her discourse to him, "when I got into the stage to come down to this place, three young men in it were so struck with my appearance that they instantly got out to give me choice of seats." "Indeed madam," said the wit, "they could not have done more for you if you had the plague."

NEW AND ELEGANT CLOTHING.

Fall and Winter Supply.

At the Old Stand on Main-st., one door North of J. M. Crocker's.

O. C. TOZIER.

HAS just received the largest and best variety of Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Goods, ever offered in Waterville, at prices that must ensure a speedy sale, as he goes for

"QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS!"
Among his assortment may be found Overcoats, Sacks; Frocks; Double and Single Breasted Suits; Silk, Satin, Cashmere, Doan's and Robey Vests; India Rubber Coats, Pants, Overalls and Caps.

Gent's Furnishing Goods.
A general and well selected assortment, embracing Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Shirts, Hosiery, Collars, Cravats, Ruffs, Flannel Shirts and Drawers, Suspenders, &c.

Boys' Clothing.
A general and very good assortment, at low prices.

O. C. TOZIER.

Waterville, October 8, 1880.

Special Notice.—Removal.

THE subscriber, having removed from the store of JAMES

TOZIER, and established himself in the

New Store, north of the Depot,

still solicits the patronage of his friends and the public.

Goods can be had of him as low as at any other store in the

place. He keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of

Groceries, Flour, Salt, New Lime, Cement,

Nails, Fish, &c. &c.

Waterville, Dec. 4, 1880. ALEX. FULLER.

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. P. B. LYNN, just returned from Boston,

would most respectfully invite the ladies to call and see

her stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which will be found for cash or ready pay as low as can

be bought in the place.

You can have Bonnets from 50 cents to 10 dollars.

Caps from 40 to 1.50

White, Linen, and Silk Bridal Bonnets, from \$2.00 to \$7.

Scarves, Collars, Hosiery, Yarns, Silk, Stock, Trimmings,

Decorative Trimmings, Laces, Edgings, Sewing and

Sailor's Silk, Cotton, Needles, &c.

Next door to Mrs. Bradley's, Waterville.

Nov. 1, 1880.

FRESH GROUND FLOUR!

GARDNER FLOUR MILLS.

THE subscriber has in store at WATERVILLE, for the supply

of his customers during the Winter, a large stock of his

FAMILY FLOUR, which will be sold very low for Cash.

Please apply to Messrs. PAINES & GUTHRIE, Waterville, or

to the subscriber, at his store, on Main-st., Waterville.

Gardner, Dec. 17, 1880.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GARDNER MILLS have, during

the past summer, at great expense, put into operation a

complete and ENTIRE NEW APPARATUS FOR GRINDING WHEAT,

which is adapted to the use of any mill in use. It is wholly

a new invention, and at this time in operation. It is a

new and improved mill, having taken into the Mill a large

quantity of the best Western Wheat, and the quality of the

mill is of a quality superior to any thing now in the market.

October, 1880.

TICTION AIRTIGHT!

THE subscribers would respectfully say to the public that they

have got up a new

COOKING STOVE

on the alight principle, called the TICTION AIRTIGHT. This

stove is built on the principle of the old-fashioned stove, but

has a new and improved flue, which is made of sheet iron

and is airtight, and the castings are made of a better

quality than those of other stoves, consequently not so liable to crack

or burn out. Even if it should crack or burn out, it can be

repaired, and it is so simple in its construction, that any

one can easily get it replaced where the pattern are not to

be found, than at the expense of making new ones, or sending

it to the factory. It is so simple in its construction, that any

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ANDROSSOGGIN & KENNEDY R. R.

Winter Arrangement.

PASSENGER TRAINS will, and further notice, run as

follows, viz:

Down Trains

Leave Auburn at 8:30 A. M.—Arrive at Junction with

A. & S. L. Railroad at 8:45, and Portland at 10 A. M.

Morning Trains Leave

Waterville at 10:15 A. M. W. Waterville at 10:35 A. M.

N. Belgrade 10:45 W. Belgrade 10:55

Readfield 11:15 W. Readfield 11:30

Monmouth 11:45 W. Monmouth 11:55

Greene 12:05 P. M. Lewiston 12:25 P. M.

Auburn 12:30 Junction with

A. & S. L. R. R. } 12:45

Arrive at Portland at 2 P. M. W. Portland at 2:15 P. M.

Train for Boston.

Afternoon Trains Leave

Waterville at 2:45 P. M. W. Waterville at 3:07 P. M.

N. Belgrade 3:15 W. Belgrade 3:25

Readfield 3:45 W. Readfield 3:55

Monmouth 4:15 W. Monmouth 4:25

Greene 4:35 W. Greene 4:45

Auburn 4:55 Junction with

A. & S. L. R. R. } 5:15

Arrive at Portland at 6:22 P. M.

Trains to Boston.

Portland at 7:30 A. M. W. Portland at 7:45 A. M.

Auburn 8:25 W. Auburn 8:35

Greene 9:25 W. Greene 9:35

Monmouth 10:45 W. Monmouth 10:55

Readfield 10:15 W. Readfield 10:35

N. Belgrade 10:45 W. Belgrade 10:55

Arrive at Waterville at 11:10 A. M.

Afternoon Trains Leave

Portland at 2:45 P. M. W. Portland at 3:07 P. M.

Auburn 3:30 W. Auburn 3:40

Greene 4:30 W. Greene 4:40

Monmouth 5:45 W. Monmouth 5:55

Readfield 6:15 W. Readfield 6:25

N. Belgrade 6:45 W. Belgrade 6:55

Arrive at Waterville at 6:40 P. M.

Leave Portland at 4 P. M. W. A. & S. L. R. R. 5:15 P. M.

Arrive at Auburn at 5:50 P. M.

Passengers are expected to purchase tickets before

entering the cars.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

At Waterville Stages for Bangor connect with each train—

Through Belgrade to Portland are made at 8:30 A. M.

Stages for Skowhegan and Norridgewock connect with the

first train from Waterville, and return with the first train

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