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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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[From Chamber's Journal.]

MEANING ME, SIR?

It is not only Scrub in the comedy, who says, 'I believe they talk of me, for they laugh considerably.' Scrub in the club says the same, and in the drawing-room; and in the church. There is nowhere where Scrub isn't perpetually on the watch, for the faintest sound of laughter, in order to show his logical sharpness and prove that he, Scrub, is the subject of conversation. Nor does it need laughter to attract his notice. Hissing will do just as well. Even silence has its sting. 'They must be thinking of me,' he thinks, 'they say so little.' They must be trying to spite me—they look so happy. 'She must be utterly forgetful of me—she smiles so sweetly.' Scrub, in short, is a disgusting fellow, whom all of us meet fifty times a day—just to take offence at imaginary neglect, attributing false motives to the most reasonable actions; egotistic, exacting, self-important—a poor little fellow, whose lagoon is his own insufferable vanity, which makes him the victim of jealousy and suspicion, and who is only prevented from having a real confidence by never having had manly confidence enough in any of Eve's daughters to confide in her the inestimable honor of bearing his name.

A happy escape for Eve's daughters, as you will find if you peruse the following lines, which I hope will be seriously laid to heart by any of her numerous sisters who are about to marry Scrubs.

Delamour, Wormwood, the chief of this distinguished family, was engaged to Phillis Daisyfield, with his own entire approbation. She was the gentlest and simplest of her sex; very beautiful and very young, never laughed, unnecessarily, though she had the reddest lips and whitest teeth in the world; and, therefore, Delamour never suspected she was talking disrespectfully of him. And, indeed, she was so tender-hearted, and so modest, and believing, she never spoke disrespectfully of anybody. She thought Delamour very handsome, and in this she was not altogether mistaken; she believed a great part of the vows of attachment he made to her, and in this she was ridiculous; wrong, for among the vows was one of complete confidence and unbounded trust. As he said the words he watched the expression of her face.

'Oh, you don't believe me,' he said.

'You, yes, I do. What interest can you have in saying so, if you don't feel so?'

'But your eyes are not expressive, your mouth is closed, your cheeks are neither flushed nor pale. I should like to see you more agitated.'

'Oh, so I should be,' said the innocent Phillis, 'if I did not believe you. But as it is, why should I change my ordinary looks?'

'Well, there may be something in that,' said Delamour;—but still he was not perfectly pleased with the gentle Phillis's self-possession.

Phillis lived with her aunt at Thistledeale, in Hertfordshire, and had only a brother who could have any right to interfere with her proceedings. He was a gallant lieutenant in the Blazing Hussars, and was stationed so far away that it had not been thought worth while to ask his consent to his sister's becoming Mrs. Wormwood. Besides, he was soon coming home, and the wedding was not intended for at least a year.

Delamour radiant with delight, got into the railway carriage to visit Mrs. Ogletoun. This was the name of Phillis's aunt; and as the train stopped at Neddithrope, the enraptured lover stepped upon the platform and ordered a fly for Thistledeale. While he waited for the vehicle, he walked to and fro in deep meditation on his own perfections, and took no notice of two other gentlemen who had apparently arrived by the same train: two pleasant-visaged, loud-voiced, military-looking men, swinging their canes or switching their lower integuments, as is the habit of English cavaliers.

'Ha, ha!' laughed one, continuing a conversation which had been interrupted by the arrival; 'I never saw such a spoony-looking snob in all my life.'

'A regular pump,' replied the other.

Delamour's attention was suddenly attracted. 'Spoony!' he thought, 'snob—pump! What are the fellows talking of?'

'And yet I believe the booby thinks he has made a conquest of one of the prettiest girls in Hertfordshire,' continued the first speaker. To which the other, who was not eloquent, said only, 'Ha, ha! what a muff!'

'Oh, by George, this won't do,' thought Delamour. 'I'll let the puppies know I overheard them.' So saying, he coughed so loud a cough that it sounded something like a crow of defiance, and looked at the unconscious speakers as if he wished to assault them on the spot.

A policeman, however came out from the booking office and changed the current of his thoughts. 'I advise you to be on your guard, gentlemen,' said the policeman, addressing the two young men, who had excited Delamour's wrath, one of the London swell mob came by the last train, and is perhaps lurking about still.'

The friends instinctively looked at the only other person on the platform; but seeing only a very good-looking, well-dressed gentleman, they resumed their conversation, after thanking the policeman for his warning. The look was not thrown away on the irritated Delamour. 'Why vented his rage on the policeman,' he mused.

'Why didn't you give the notice at once to me?' he inquired in a very bitter tone. 'I believe,' he added, when the two companions had come within ear-shot, 'that the swell mob frequently go in couples—so saying he fixed his ferocious eyes on the countenances of the friends—and generally pretend to be military men.'

'You seem to be up to their dodges pretty well,' said the guardian of the laws, who was flattered at the tone and manner of Wormwood's address. 'You can, perhaps, be on your guard against them, without telling, as you're so up to their tricks.'

Delamour, from his breast-pocket a half sheet of paper, began to read it with great attention, casting angry glances from time to time on the innocent Delamour. His patience could stand no longer. He went up to the man and said, 'You insolent cat! How dare you insult me by such conduct? How dare you think me a thief?'

'I don't, sir—leastways, I never told you so,' said the man, amazed.

'An't your reading a description of a swell mob man, in that extract from the "Pump and Dry?"' continued Delamour, 'musingly, his features, noting the color of my eyes, the length of my hair? I will report you to your superiors—you shall be turned out of the corps if it costs me a thousand pounds.'

'I don't see what has the man done?' said one of the gentlemen, arrested by the noise.

'Copying the example of gross impudence set him by you and your friend,' replied Wormwood.

The fine manner of the gay stranger instantly disappeared. He spoke plainly, and like a man. 'You are either under a great mistake,' he said, 'or are desirous of picking a quarrel with people who never offended you.' I desire to know what is the meaning of your language.

'Didn't you call me a pump, a few minutes ago—a spoony snob—a muff?'

'I hadn't the honor of being aware of such an individual's existence,' replied the gentleman, 'and certainly never honored you by making you the subject of my conversation.'

'Then I am exceedingly sorry if, in the heat of the moment—'

'There is no need of sorrow,' said the stranger, smiling, 'and still less for heat. I should be inclined to be more exacting if I thought you were a gentleman, but, after your altercation with the policeman, I take no notice of what you say. Good morning.'

'Here's the paper I was reading, sir,' said the policeman; 'my instructions for the luggage-van by next train. And now what have you got to say?'

Delamour was in such fierce wrath at the two young officers, who had just stepped into their fly, that he could say nothing to the triumphant constable.

'Who are those vulgar fellows in the carriage?' he cried, hoping to be overheard by the objects of his question. 'If I knew the cocksnob's names, they should answer for their behavior.'

'They're Captain Harleigh and another officer of the Queen's Blazars. You can find 'em at the barracks, easy,' said the policeman, with a malicious grin. 'But I advise you to be quiet if you want to keep a whole bone in your body.'

Delamour gulped the information and the insult. The name of the Queen's Blazars had struck him dumb. Phillis's brother was a lieutenant in that ferocious regiment, and if he was told of his absurd behavior, of his quickness in taking offence, his ungovernable temper, what would he say? In perfect silence he took his seat in the fly when it drew up, and placed half a sovereign in the policeman's hand. With a cautious look to see that his inspector was not on the watch, the policeman pocketed the money, and said, as the fly moved off, 'Don't be afraid. I won't tell the captain where you gone, or you'd get as good a kicking as 'er you had in your life.'

'If a look could have strangled the good-natured policeman, B 30 would have been a dead man. As it was, it was a murderous glance thrown away, and Delamour pursued his way through country lanes and wreathing hedges, towards the residence of his charming Phillis.'

When he arrived at the Hall, he expected to find her on the lawn. When he was ushered into the house, he expected to find her in the drawing-room. Mrs. Ogletoun had gone out, he was told, and Miss Phillis also; but they had left word they should soon be back.

'Was I expected at this hour, do you know?' said Delamour to the footman.

'That functionary was new to the establishment, and was not acquainted with Mr. Wormwood's person.'

'Didn't a letter come this morning by post?' he enquired; 'from London—pink envelope—red seal—coat of arms?'

'Yes,' replied the man, 'from the hair-dresser, wasn't it?' he inquired, a little doubtful, but not very desirous to whether Mr. Truett's representative stood before him.

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Delamour, 'you insulting scoundrel! I'm Mr. Wormwood, and wrote to announce my arrival.'

'I humbly beg your pardon, sir; but Miss Phillis didn't mention nobody but the barber, and of course, sir, you see—but I'm very sorry, I assure you, sir, and I hope you won't allude to the mistake.'

Delamour left the house and pursued his way through the park. At the side of an ornamental sheet of water, beyond a rising knoll, he saw his adored Phillis. She had a crook in her hand and a round hat on her head, tastefully ornamented with flowers of her own gathering. A close-fitting dress revealed the matchless symmetry of her figure; her petticoats were very short, and her feet the smallest and prettiest in the world. 'The shepherdess smiled when she saw her lover, and blushed at being detected in her festive attire.'

'It is so pleasant to watch the sheep!' she said. 'Oh! how I wish I had lived in the days of rustic simplicity, when everybody was so kind and innocent. It must have been charming to fold in the flock when the hot sun began to descend, and then to assemble for a dance upon the grass—no etiquette, no drawing-room false refinement.'

'You know, I suppose, Miss Daisyfield, that I neither play nor sing; and, to tell you the truth, I despise any one who does either.'

'But I am only painting a fancy scene,' replied Phillis, alarmed at the sharpness of his tone. 'You didn't think I was serious, Delamour? I was a kind of actress for the time, and thought I would speak in character.' So saying, she threw away the crook and took the wreath from her little straw hat; and now, she continued, taking his arm and turning homeward, 'I will be as steady and sensible as you please. Let us go and see my aunt.'

Delamour brooded over the previous part of the conversation. He didn't like the allusion to Strephon, nor the rapture about pipes and singing.

'The girl can't be altogether devoted to me, or she wouldn't talk such nonsense about dancing with shepherds on the grass. I am no shepherd, and she knows that very well.'

The aunt received them at the door.

'The post, she said to Phillis, 'has just brought me a letter from your brother. He has been unexpectedly ordered to join his headquarters, at Neddithrope, and arrived there last night.'

'Oh! I'm so delighted!' exclaimed Phillis.

'Dear Edward! when does he come to see us? Oh! let us go and see him at once!'

'He promises to be here to-morrow,' said Mrs. Ogletoun, in a cold tone, 'and I should like to see Mr. Wormwood for a few minutes alone.'

Mr. Wormwood had just resolved to ask Phillis why she was in such rapture about the return of her brother. Wasn't he her lover, by her side? and yet she wished to start away from him! But he followed Mrs. Ogletoun into the drawing-room, and Phillis said there was something wrong, but could not tell what.

'The letter from Edward Daisyfield,' began the lady, 'is exceedingly unpleasant. He tells me that he has long promised the hand of his sister to one of his brother officers, and he has received with great disapprobation my announcement of your engagement.'

'Indeed!' said Delamour, 'and why? What has he or any popinjay in the blues to say against me?'

'Pat is it when these newspaper fellows are going to tell a splitting story, that they say "popinjay" while you're studying them on telegraphy.'

'But she will tear her dress and soil her apron, and become so sun-burnt that she will be a perfect fright.'

Let her get over the fence, or crawl under it; let her climb the cherry, peach, or apple trees, and get her brother with ripe apples on the juicy peach. If she tears her dress, mend it. A torn dress is more easily mended than a broken constitution. A little soap and water will be far cheaper than drugs and medicines.

'Ah, but she will be sun-burnt, and fat and coarse.'

Well, that would be a pity, to have your dear daughter come bounding into the room, her joyous laugh ringing out like the silver tones of a bell, with her chubby, but dimpled and embrowned cheek and flashing eye, with gleeful mirth gushing out of her young heart, in a thousand streams, sparkling far more brightly than Orient pearls, and more precious than rubies. Observe her elastic step and buoyant spirits. Health, the very perfection of beauty, in the human form, mantles her cheek, and throws its charm around her whole being.

This would to all sensible people be vastly interesting, of more value than much fine gold. But to the aristocratic, in their own opinion only, how very vulgar! How much more interesting to them would be the little darling who would come with a languid air and weary step, with puny frame, pallid cheek, and glaring eye, and stammer a few drawing words, and work off an apology of a laugh, apparently drawn from the bottom of the deepest Artesian well, as smooth and chilling as an icicle! But she is white, or sallow, lean, languid, heart and spirit broken, constitution in ruins, trembling upon the verge of the grave, and a most charming, interesting little dear. Yes, she is interesting, gloomy prospects are before her, and terrible realities press upon her.

'Oh, mothers! which will you choose, glowing health upon the sun-burnt cheek, or the hectic flush spreading over the lily neck, face and brow?'

Let the girls be as free as the air, they breathe; let them bound away with the mountain rose, scale the hill, plunge through the gorges, climb trees, get over or under fences, romp in the hay-fields, or make snow-houses in winter, slide and skate, roll in the snow, or out of it, slide down hill upon the sled and draw their young brothers or sisters up again, if they can; let them run races, skip and hop, jump the rope and trundle the hoop, bend the bow and send the whizzing arrow high in air; let them develop every muscle, strengthen every sinew, and steady every nerve, and be what God intends them to be.

[Life Illustrated.]

Dispute not Appearances.

It is a mistake to suppose that outward circumstances are of no importance—they are of the greatest importance when we are sufficiently wise to knead our gold into our clay. Men are too apt to be vulgarized by their wealth, instead of making wealth their subordinate minister. It is thought by some persons that carelessness of apparel and negligence of surroundings are indexes of mental superiority. Not so, however. True men and women may have themselves all over with adornments that are, after all, but tawdry fineries—unbecoming as the train of a countess to a milk-maid—because they are simply hung on the outside, and not the out-growth from, and requisition of the nature within.

Do not, my dear reader, deceive yourself into believing it makes no difference, whether you are tidily and prettily dressed or not—that it is all the same whether your house has a greasy wall, and a window looking out upon pools of stagnant dishwater, or whether the one be neat and respectable, and the other opening upon grass and flowers.

I am pleased to find my sentiments on this subject endorsed by Walter Savage Landor; he says: 'I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence—who can live at ease in an Augean stable. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns which in spite of everything still throws some light around. If our tastes did not reveal our character, they would be no tastes, but instincts.'

No Right to Retire.—Reader, though you have the wealth of Croesus or Solomon, you have no more right to retire from your position of active employment than your Maker, whose riches are all creation. Your obligation to labor for the good of others increases in proportion to your power. In your wealth there is power beyond human computation. If you, by your gains in a single year, can found an asylum, furnish a library, endow a college, or build a church, how vast is the responsibility resting upon you. Now, if ever, you are called upon to labor. If the Rothschilds would consecrate their annual income, only, to bless and elevate their fellow men, they would, by acclamation, command a crown surpassing in jeweled splendor any the world ever saw. Every man, be he prince or peasant, Christian or not, ought to do all he can for his neighbor, his country, and the world; and no power in the universe can ever absolve him from this obligation. There is no exemption, thou lazy idler, living upon God's bounty, from this heavenly requirement. Shrink from it, and thy riches shall be a tankard and a moth to thee, and all thy gold, in its influence upon thy happiness, shall turn into dross.

A Missionary Coming.—Parson Brownlow of Tennessee, in pious pity of the benighted North, is about to visit us as a missionary. He has written a letter to the New York Times, fully stating the purpose of his coming. We promise the parson a warm welcome, and far more intelligent hearers than he ever had at home. This is the pitch of his announcement: 'I propose to go among you as a Southern missionary, to enlighten your benighted free soil population upon the subject of slavery. I look upon the cities and towns of the New England States, and of the North-western States, as opening a wider and more inviting field, at this time, for faithful missionary labors than Hindostan, Siam, Ceylon, China, or Western Africa! In addition to your wicked and rebellious course upon the slavery question, you have forsaken the true God and the Christian religion; and gone off after Spiritualism, Fanny Wrightism, Fourierism, Mormonism, Abolitionism, Devilism, and the hundred and one isms so spontaneously produced by New England soil! I hope, gentlemen, you will do me the favor to publish this hastily-written letter, and let them know I am coming. They may wish to master up one of your Beechers or Friers to reply to me. I will divide time with any one of your pious freedom-chirkers.'

Why Not?

Aln't you ashamed, Julia, to climb over the fence with the boys? Oh, shame on you! said a mother. Julia said, but some boys have said so.

Asheamed of what? Why not breathe the pure air, and lift her eyes towards the glorious sun?

But she will tear her dress and soil her apron, and become so sun-burnt that she will be a perfect fright.

Let her get over the fence, or crawl under it; let her climb the cherry, peach, or apple trees, and get her brother with ripe apples on the juicy peach. If she tears her dress, mend it. A torn dress is more easily mended than a broken constitution. A little soap and water will be far cheaper than drugs and medicines.

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I am pleased to find my sentiments on this subject endorsed by Walter Savage Landor; he says: 'I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence—who can live at ease in an Augean stable. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns which in spite of everything still throws some light around. If our tastes did not reveal our character, they would be no tastes, but instincts.'

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I am pleased to find my sentiments on this subject endorsed by Walter Savage Landor; he says: 'I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence—who can live at ease in an Augean stable. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns which in spite of everything still throws some light around. If our tastes did not reveal our character, they would be no tastes, but instincts.'

No Right to Retire.—Reader, though you have the wealth of Croesus or Solomon, you have no more right to retire from your position of active employment than your Maker, whose riches are all creation. Your obligation to labor for the good of others increases in proportion to your power. In your wealth there is power beyond human computation. If you, by your gains in a single year, can found an asylum, furnish a library, endow a college, or build a church, how vast is the responsibility resting upon you. Now, if ever, you are called upon to labor. If the Rothschilds would consecrate their annual income, only, to bless and elevate their fellow men, they would, by acclamation, command a crown surpassing in jeweled splendor any the world ever saw. Every man, be he prince or peasant, Christian or not, ought to do all he can for his neighbor, his country, and the world; and no power in the universe can ever absolve him from this obligation. There is no exemption, thou lazy idler, living upon God's bounty, from this heavenly requirement. Shrink from it, and thy riches shall be a tankard and a moth to thee, and all thy gold, in its influence upon thy happiness, shall turn into dross.

A Missionary Coming.—Parson Brownlow of Tennessee, in pious pity of the benighted North, is about to visit us as a missionary. He has written a letter to the New York Times, fully stating the purpose of his coming. We promise the parson a warm welcome, and far more intelligent hearers than he ever had at home. This is the pitch of his announcement: 'I propose to go among you as a Southern missionary, to enlighten your benighted free soil population upon the subject of slavery. I look upon the cities and towns of the New England States, and of the North-western States, as opening a wider and more inviting field, at this time, for faithful missionary labors than Hindostan, Siam, Ceylon, China, or Western Africa! In addition to your wicked and rebellious course upon the slavery question, you have forsaken the true God and the Christian religion; and gone off after Spiritualism, Fanny Wrightism, Fourierism, Mormonism, Abolitionism, Devilism, and the hundred and one isms so spontaneously produced by New England soil! I hope, gentlemen, you will do me the favor to publish this hastily-written letter, and let them know I am coming. They may wish to master up one of your Beechers or Friers to reply to me. I will divide time with any one of your pious freedom-chirkers.'

Why Not?

Aln't you ashamed, Julia, to climb over the fence with the boys? Oh, shame on you! said a mother. Julia said, but some boys have said so.

Asheamed of what? Why not breathe the pure air, and lift her eyes towards the glorious sun?

But she will tear her dress and soil her apron, and become so sun-burnt that she will be a perfect fright.

Let her get over the fence, or crawl under it; let her climb the cherry, peach, or apple trees, and get her brother with ripe apples on the juicy peach. If she tears her dress, mend it. A torn dress is more easily mended than a broken constitution. A little soap and water will be far cheaper than drugs and medicines.

'Ah, but she will be sun-burnt, and fat and coarse.'

Well, that would be a pity, to have your dear daughter come bounding into the room, her joyous laugh ringing out like the silver tones of a bell, with her chubby, but dimpled and embrowned cheek and flashing eye, with gleeful mirth gushing out of her young heart, in a thousand streams, sparkling far more brightly than Orient pearls, and more precious than rubies. Observe her elastic step and buoyant spirits. Health, the very perfection of beauty, in the human form, mantles her cheek, and throws its charm around her whole being.

This would to all sensible people be vastly interesting, of more value than much fine gold. But to the aristocratic, in their own opinion only, how very vulgar! How much more interesting to them would be the little darling who would come with a languid air and weary step, with puny frame, pallid cheek, and glaring eye, and stammer a few drawing words, and work off an apology of a laugh, apparently drawn from the bottom of the deepest Artesian well, as smooth and chilling as an icicle! But she is white, or sallow, lean, languid, heart and spirit broken, constitution in ruins, trembling upon the verge of the grave, and a most charming, interesting little dear. Yes, she is interesting, gloomy prospects are before her, and terrible realities press upon her.

'Oh, mothers! which will you choose, glowing health upon the sun-burnt cheek, or the hectic flush spreading over the lily neck, face and brow?'

Let the girls be as free as the air, they breathe; let them bound away with the mountain rose, scale the hill, plunge through the gorges, climb trees, get over or under fences, romp in the hay-fields, or make snow-houses in winter, slide and skate, roll in the snow, or out of it, slide down hill upon the sled and draw their young brothers or sisters up again, if they can; let them run races, skip and hop, jump the rope and trundle the hoop, bend the bow and send the whizzing arrow high in air; let them develop every muscle, strengthen every sinew, and steady every nerve, and be what God intends them to be.

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TRIAL OF ENGINES.—The contest between Victor and Waterville Engine Companies came off yesterday, according to appointment. The day proved extremely unfavorable; the entire forenoon passing with a heavy rain, and the wind, during the hours of trial, blowing a perfect gale. So severe was it, that the flag erected near the trial ground was blown down, and that on the flagstaff of No. 3, at their hall, which has held out through all weather, was rent from its fastenings and would have come down but for the entanglement of the ropes with the rigging. The course of the wind was almost directly across the stream, which at times was broken nearly to the nozzle. Nothing but the positive terms of the contest could have drawn either Company into an exhibition of the powers of their favorite machines, under such fatal circumstances. But nobody could deny what everybody said, that it was "a fair for one as the other."

The first play fell to the Victor Company, and at a little past 2 o'clock the word was given. They were entitled to the best play they could make during three quarters of an hour. Immediately, and at the first "bind," they made a good mark, in spite of the wind—when they separated their hose at the coupling, the instant after word was given to hold up. The second trial resulted in another separation of hose before they had reached their first mark by some thirty feet;—so that their first mark was their best one.

Waterville Co. also made their best mark at their first effort. In the second trial, they broke a piston rod, which had begun to yield in the former play, and the mark fell a considerable distance short of the other. So that probably neither party is convinced of having made the best play of which they are capable, even under these adverse circumstances.

The undersigned, umpires chosen to decide the result of the trial between "Victor Engine Company No. 1," of Kendall's Mills, and "Waterville Engine Company No. 3," of Waterville, would make the following report: That the Companies played on the terms previously agreed upon, and the result was as follows:

Victor No. 1, played 139 7.12 feet.
Waterville No. 3, " 142 3.12 "

They therefore make the award to "Waterville No. 3," of Waterville.

A. C. WILSON, (Bangor).
J. F. SARGENT, " "
J. E. LEIGHTON, " "
MOSES SWANMAN, (Oldtown).
BENJ. A. WOODMAN, (Augusta).

To J. H. DRUMMOND, Esq.,
Foreman of Waterville, No. 3.

It should be noted in connection with the distances given, that by the terms of the trial, the water was drawn about 18 ft. perpendicular, and thrown through 400 feet of hose, up an ascending ground of 22 feet. These facts, in connection with the high wind, render the play an exceedingly good one, on both sides; and one which, as asserted by one of the umpires, "very few companies in the State can beat."

The money pledged—one hundred dollars—which had been deposited in Ticonderoga Bank was promptly transferred to the custody of Waterville Company—whose Foreman was very properly minute the amount on the "nozzle" of a certain silver trumpet, as the second honorary trophy in his custody.

A liberal collection had been arranged at Town Hall by Waterville Company, under the excellent care of Messrs. G. P. Lasselle and Brown & Co., which was set down as mutually the trophy of both Companies, including the hungry friends of each, and which disappeared in a way and manner only appreciated by those who have been actual witnesses of the skill of Kennebec firemen in "wetting down" a cold night. The general feeling was only mollified by this part of the expression of regret that the members of Victor Company declined to be present.

AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON.—It will be seen by the advertisement in another column, that this popular Hotel has adopted the old plan of management, under which it has gained so favorable a reputation, and the gentlemanly proprietor will still continue to afford every comfort and convenience to the travelling public. It needs but a short journey to the "American," and a slight inspection of its admirable appointments, to convince one that there is no better house to be found in Boston, though there may be those charging higher prices. The unwearied attention to the wants of its guests, and the liberal provision for their comfort, for which it has long been noted, furnish abundant proof, that with old or new plan, under its present able management, it will continue to be a favorite resort of visitors to the city.

"The Maine State Musical Association" closed its session of eight days on Wednesday evening, at which time they gave their third and last concert, consisting of extracts from Haydn's oratorio of the Creation.

Its several teachers and leading artists have won golden opinions from all quarters; and their concert has proved the most attractive entertainment since, which one village has been honored.

OTTERDAM.—See the card of Freeman & Alwood, Portland, and make a note of the place where the "best oysters" can be bought at the lowest prices. No doubt there is the place—no doubt.

ourselves sure by a practical test; but they did not rise quite so high.

No. 4 Brown Bread, though nothing but a Penn's loaf was voted best, and the premium awarded to Mrs. Arby Penney, of Waterville. Others, besides the Committee, can testify to its good, old-fashioned taste.

Of June Butter, there were two lots presented; and, together with one of them, which the Committee all agreed was best—the lady owner presented herself, and volunteered much information, not only in regard to the butter, but upon other matters before us, for which we will tender her our thanks at the next time we have occasion to trouble her. The butter was good enough, we thought, and did not need to have the owner thrown in.

We award the first premium for June Butter to lot No. 3, presented by Mrs. Samuel Warren, of Winslow. 2d premium to lot No. 2, presented by Mrs. Elijah Mitchell, of Waterville.

There was but one lot of Fall Butter presented, which fact we very much regretted, but the article itself afforded us pleasure, rather than pain, and we concluded to award the 2d premium to Mrs. B. C. Paine for Fall Butter.

There were but four lots of Cheese presented, but some of these were very superior, and speak for themselves, in high praise of the ladies makers. We should be willing to take each our cheese from these lots.

We award the 1st premium to lot No. 2, Mrs. Edwin Spring, Winslow. The 2d premium for Cheese, to lot No. 3, Mrs. Elijah Mitchell, Waterville. We think Elijah doesn't need to be fed by the raven. The 3d premium for cheese to lot No. 4, Mrs. Barham Hodges Jr.

These are all the premiums we have to award at this time, and notwithstanding we have given so much, we have one Penny [Penney] left. If any demur at our decision, we will remind them that we had, among us, as good a judge as there is in Britain [Briton].

One of our lady members, fearing, from the meagre show of Bread and Butter, that we should not get enough to eat, brought in a plate of Nabut Bunnis, which could say much in praise of it, if it were not for being accused of talking of buncombe. We will add, that our prattle was somewhat abridged by the absence of the member from Fairfield—Mr. Pratt.

If you think our Report too highly colored, we trust you will not again appoint a Dyer upon this Committee.

WILLIAM DYER,
W. W. MERRILL,
MRS. J. W. BRITTON,
MRS. ARBY PENNEY.

GIRLS' ENTRIES.

Boys and girls, it has been said, are no longer to be found; for in these fast days, Young America leaps at once from the cradle to the rank of young ladies and gentlemen. This, however, cannot be universally true, for we this year find a goodly number willing to enroll themselves as girls and compete for the Society's prizes in this department. They must be of the good old fashioned kind, too, of whom our grandmothers tell, the pride and blessing of those who have reared and trained them, if these specimens of their handiwork are fair indexes of their skill and industry.

"If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Let us hope that a better day is dawning, and that the Flora McMilleys of the next generation will find themselves in a small minority.

The following are the entries in this department, with our awards—in the making of which due regard was had to the age of the competitor as well as the quality of the work.

Bed Quilts.—First premium to Nos. 2 and 3, by Ellen Stilson aged 5 years; 2d to No. 10, by Lovina Morrill aged 6 years; and a gratuity of 50 cents to No. 13, by Amanda B. Warren aged 10 years.

Lamp Mat.—Premium to No. 7 by M. J. Dyer aged 12 years; and a gratuity of 25 cents to No. 14 by E. West.

Plain Sewing.—Society's premium to No. 1 by M. J. Dyer 12 years old; and to No. 4 by Henrietta Bassett 8 years old and No. 9 by Lizzy A. Wood 15 years old, we recommend a gratuity of 25 cents each.

Worsted Work.—First premium to No. 16, by Sarah Nudd 12 years old; 2d to No. 6 by Mary J. Dyer 12 years old.

Fine Needle Work.—Society's premium to No. 5, by Eliza Bassett aged 15 years. No. 15, was equally well done, but by a Miss two years older; and we therefore content ourselves by recommending a gratuity of 50 cents to Miss Hattie Hersey.

Mending Stockings.—First premium to No. 8, very well done by Lizzie Dyer aged 10 years.

Knitting Stockings.—No premium is on the list for this description of work, but it is an important branch of domestic manufactures, and the ladies of the committee were so well pleased with one pair, No. 11, by Lovina Morrill aged 6 years, that they recommended a gratuity of 50 cents. At the sight of No. 12, however, 3 pairs by a Miss only 8 years old, their unanimous exemption was, "How cruel!" and thinking probably of the injurious effects of "all work and no play," on the little folk, they hinted at the propriety of imposing a fine instead of awarding a premium. Knowing, however, that they would ultimately result, we merely forestall the dictates of their sober, second thought, by recommending a gratuity of 50 cents to Mary B. Rollins.

And now, in closing, allow us to suggest the propriety of placing none but ladies upon committees of this sort, for they alone are competent judges; and as they perform all the labor, leaving the male members little else to do but record their decisions, they are honestly entitled to all the credit. In making these suggestions, we hope we shall not be understood as seeking to dodge our proper share of responsibility; for should the justice of any of the foregoing awards be questioned, we hold ourselves in readiness, like a true and loyal knight, to splinter a lance at any time in defence of those who made them.

DAN'L E. WING, for Com.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.

It is very much to be regretted, that there is so little interest manifested by mechanics and manufacturers, within the circle of this society, by a more liberal exhibition of their different productions—we regard this as one of the best modes of advertising and bringing improvements before the public, where their merits can be fairly discussed, and competition encouraged, which gives vitality to all manufacturing communities, and would add much to our exhibition. Your committee have had but very little to do, as there were very few articles that came before them for their examination. There were but two lots of Plows presented; one for by Messrs. Webster & Haviland, and another by E. G. Sawtelle of Sidney. The latter was a cast iron workman, made out of the State, though the workmanship was very good. They are shaped very differently from what farmers in this section regard as the best model for plows. They

are very narrow on the bottom, consequently would not work well on rough land, further more we do not consider the cast iron beam the most economical for the purchaser.

The Plow presented by Messrs. Webster & Haviland, was of the Morris and Paris improved pattern, and need no comments from your Committee. We would award them your Society's 1st and 2d premiums for award plows, and your 1st and 2d premiums on seed plows.

There were five wagons presented, and one sleigh. As there is but one premium offered for wagons and one for sleighs we award them to W. A. Stilson, of Waterville, for a neat, well-finished buggy and sleigh. The one presented by H. P. Hill, of Waterville, in some respects deserves highly commendation. It was very neat and pretty and neatly ironed, and the axes better set than those of any other wagon presented; and we would recommend a gratuity of one dollar. The three others were of a different class. The one presented by Alonzo Davis of Sidney, was the best wagon of the three, at a price of a hundred dollars.

The two others, presented by W. W. Brown, of Waterville, were quite substantially made wagons; and if the price were taken into account, which we presumed was somewhat lower than any of the others, it might be for the interest of the buyer to purchase of Mr. Brown.

There were several Ox Yokes and Bows presented, but as there was but one premium offered for that article, we award it to J. Morrill of Waterville. The one presented by Ruel Bates, of Fairfield, had many admirers, and was deserving of commendation. We would recommend Mr. Bates a gratuity of 50 cents.

There were two Crank Churns presented by H. P. Dyer, of Waterville. They appeared to be well made, and look as though they would work well, though we saw nothing peculiar about their construction, to entitle them to a gratuity.

A Pair of Cart Hubs presented by Webber & Haviland, deserve some notice. They were bored out perfectly true and smooth, and only need to be seen to recommend themselves to the public; and we would advise all who are in want of hubs to examine them before purchasing rough ones, as the expense of boring is but trifling.

Last, though by no means least, was a lot of locomotive machinery presented by the A. & K. Railroad Co., and manufactured at their repair shop in Waterville; it was well proportioned and beautifully finished. We doubt if better can be produced from any railroad shop in New England. There is no branch of mechanical skill that deserves more compensation from the public, than good work, proportioned, and well-finished railroad work; and the success which has attended the running of the cars over the A. & K. Road, is much to be attributed to the care of its managers in keeping its running machinery in the best condition. As the exhibition of this machinery was attended with considerable expense to the Co., and as it added very much to the interest of your fair, we would most cheerfully recommend a liberal gratuity.

B. C. BENSON,
WM. TOWLE,
F. P. HAVILAND.

FINE ARTS.

Called to our labors at short notice, and making no pretensions to superior connoisseurship, we by no means claim that the decisions which follow are infallible, but we do know that they are honest. We can simply indicate our opinion of the relative merit of the pictures, &c., presented, indulging in no explanatory remarks; for though "reasons may be as plenty as blackberries," we have no time to offer them.

No. 17, Oil Painting (Dog) by Sarah Johnson we award \$125
No. 18, (Nag) by G. M. Seavey 1 00
No. 15, (Stag) by G. M. Seavey 1 00
No. 6, (Stag) by G. M. Seavey 75
No. 4, [Trial of Queen Catherine] by G. M. Seavey 75
No. 7, [Judith and Holofernes] by G. M. Seavey 50

Miss Johnson's pictures elicited warm expressions of admiration; and the friends of Master G. M. Seavey may well glory in the exhibition of his talent and progress shown in the specimens on exhibition.

No. 11 colored crayon, by Hattie Tozer 50
Sarah A. Williams, 12 yrs. old 50
No. 10, crayon painting, by Hattie Tozer 25
No. 14, Grecian Drawing, by Edwin Moor 25
No. 19 & 20, two Oriental Paintings, by Miss M. Runnells 25

No. 21, leather frame work, by Mrs. Alfred Winslow 50
No. 22, leather frame work, by Miss M. M. Crowell 50
No. 16, (enclosing a fine picture not entered for premium) we award \$5 Johnson 50
No. 3, Specimens of Hair Work, by Miss Laura Cool \$1 00

No. 13, Hair Wreath, by Mary Tozer 75
No. 8, Bouquet of Hair Flowers, by Mary Seavey 50
No. 12, Bouquet of Wax Flowers, by Mary Tozer 50

No. 15, Tea Poy, by Ann E. Percival 50
No. 1, Oriental Painting and No. 9, Painted Flower Vase; we were unable to find.

In the present low state of the treasury, we hope that the author of No. 20, "Plan of Farmery," Mrs. H. C. Leonard, will consider it glory enough to be enrolled as the pioneer in this department—her contribution being the first ever presented for consideration. It will of course be placed in the archives of the Society, where it can be examined by anybody.

A little gem contributed by Mr. G. P. Lasselle, but not entered for premium—miniature of child and dog—was universally admired. We also hear of large additions to this department, on the third day of the Fair, from the family of Capt. Crosby. Our absence on that day is our excuse for not making a more extended notice of this favor, for which admiring spectators were doubtless properly grateful.

And now in closing, we will risk a suggestion, and hope that in so doing we are not going beyond our warrant; for the hint seems to come with as much propriety from the Com. on Fine Arts as from any source. Within the limits of this society, in the houses of its friends, there are many treasures of art, and many specimens of mechanical ingenuity—statuary, pictures, curiosities, &c.—which if brought together at our annual festival, and placed on exhibition, would present an attraction surpassing in interest that of any other department. Not with the sordid hope of gaining a paltry premium would they be brought forward, nor with the laudable desire alone of enhancing the receipts of the Society, though that result would follow of course; but for the nobler purpose of ministering to the happiness and delight of those to whom these rare and curious objects would be new—of refining and elevating the healthy spirit of emulation and improvement, and fostering a love of the beautiful, the true and the good. Done in this spirit,

could it fail to prove a benefit and a pleasure to all parties—to the artist and the appreciator, and those who partook of the entertainment? A few individuals, we are well aware, have each year done something, but this is not enough; we need a united and persistent effort in this direction. What fruit if few should live to see fully ripen the fruit of their planting? So sure as seed time is followed by harvest, it would not fail in good time to hang in golden clusters from many a well watered bough, and do much for the healing of the nations."

D. R. WING, for Com.

P. S.—A shower of rain, strained, freely through a leaky tent,—to the bitter ruin of picture and frame, of flower and wreath—shows us that before the project of an art jubilee can be realized, some better protection from the elements must be secured, than what we now have, before we can reasonably ask the lovers of art to surrender their treasures to our temporary keeping. When shall we have the permanent and safe building we need?

FRUIT.

The exhibition of fruit was small, and the competitors few, there being but two entries for premiums, so your Committee did not find their duty arduous in this department.

For the Best Lot Winter Apples, the first premium, your Committee would award the first premium to lot No. 1, Downing's Fruit Bush, and 1 00. For Best Lot Winter Apples, lot No. 2, \$3 00.

There were no competitors for farm products, but we found quite a variety on exhibition.

There was entered, for which we find no premium offered, a Lot of Seedling Apple Trees, and a statement of their culture given. We are glad to see an interest manifested in Maine to raise our own trees, rather than depend on New York agents for them. We hope this will be encouraged not only by agricultural societies, but by those who would obtain trees for planting. We would recommend a gratuity of 1 00, to Mr. O. Emery of Fairfield.

There was exhibited a nice lot of Honey, for which we would recommend a gratuity of 50 cents to Joshua Clifford of Waterville.

Your Committee noticed several stalks of Sugar Cane of great growth exhibited by D. R. Wing of Waterville. There were two Squashes on the same table of very good size.

E. G. Sawtelle of Sidney exhibited some nice grass seed and peas, which should be presented at the annual meeting, at which time premiums will be awarded for grains, seeds, &c.

There was a nice stalk of Celery and some Kohl Rabi Turnips exhibited by E. Maxham of Waterville. We think the best that lays the big eggs is kept out of his garden. F. S. Davis of Sidney had some California potatoes of great size, also some nice onions and some martines on exhibition. Josiah Morrill had a bushel of splendid seedling potatoes on the table. They looked good enough to eat. A fine cluster of Plums took our eye which we regretted were not in eating order. They were from the garden of William Dyer, Waterville. Three bushels of mammoth onions, as many varieties, were exhibited by Cyrus Wheeler of West Waterville. He says they were raised on free soil, where Young Fremont grew; your Committee felt almost like crying over them. C. Drummond exhibited a fine specimen of hill onions. We also noticed a bunch of the Ground Cherry, showing its manner of growth. Presented by A. Penney Waterville. And last but not least comes the pumpkin. Josiah Percival presented for exhibition six large yellow pumpkins. We think pumpkin pies will be plenty for Thanksgiving.

WARREN PERCIVAL for Com.

COWS.

The Committee were pleased to find that an awakened interest was manifested in this department of the Show; the animals presented far exceeding in number, size and symmetry of form those of any former exhibition. Fifteen were presented to take their chance for a premium, while some ten or twelve more were brought out for exhibition only, their owners no doubt feeling satisfied with the possession of such noble animals without the small premium which the Society in its feeble and embarrassed state is only able to offer. Among those for exhibition we noticed particularly 2 from J. L. Seavey, of Waterville, both upon their owner and in their appearance giving ample proof of rewarding him abundantly for his care. One also belonging to Samuel Doolittle which received many encomiums of praise from your Committee, which however did not seem to increase her pride or excite her ambition for the only notice she took of the poor ignorant bipeds who took such a deep interest in her was to chew her cud and switch her tail as much as to say I'm good enough without a word of praise from you. There were others (the names of the owners we have forgotten) which gave satisfactory evidence of being choice animals and hard to beat, and this to your owners is far more satisfactory than any eulogy from the Committee.

Ten Stock Cows, three dairy and two for all purposes were carefully and critically examined, and we should have been glad to have given all a premium, but as we were limited in this matter it was rather a nice point to decide which [should have the preference; but after examining the grave, matronly animals a number of times, we were unanimous in our decision, and if we have erred in judgment it must be attributed to ignorance rather than to any hasty conclusion in the matter. We award the Society's 1st premium, on Stock Cows, to Charles A. Dow of Waterville; 2d to Samuel Runnells of Fairfield. On Dairy Cows we award the first premium to B. C. Paine of Winslow; 2d to W. Hodgkins of Waterville; 3d to Homer Percival. On the best cow for all purposes we award the 1st premium to Homer Percival of Waterville. Circumstances were such that the progeny of this cow could not be brought forward; but a statement was presented relative to her dairy qualities, and she gave unmistakable evidence of being all her owner represented her to be, and we consider him as richly deserving the premium.

Joseph Percival presented a cow for our inspection, but without any statement for the prize, and while we commended him for the pains he has taken in the selection and rearing of good animals we could not in conformity with the rules of the Society, give him any premium.

During the examination the Committee were impressed with the importance of keeping good cows, and the difference between a good animal and a poor one, which was all who kept such animals to spare so pains to procure good ones, and then they will be sure of a remunerating profit for all their care and trouble.

HELPERS & HEIFER CALVES.

Upon this most important branch of our show, on which so much depends for producing early stock, your Committee agreed to find no entries in this place on full grown stock. Your Committee would have recommended, as the demand for best calves and the prices paid for

them being so much above the estimated value for raising, that our Society offer higher premiums and more of them on heifer calves. Your Committee find three entries on three-year-old heifers. To H. J. Morrill of Waterville your Committee award the Society's 1st premium on his Grade Durham heifer 3 years old, with a calf by her side six weeks old, and to D. W. Fillebrown of West Waterville, we are unanimous in awarding the Society's 2d premium on his red grade Durham heifer, calf by her side six weeks old. J. A. Dingley of Waterville presented one red, sparked heifer three years old, which your Committee judged worthy, but as we had no third premium to offer, we left her unawarded.

On two years old heifers there were four entries, two by John Hersom, one by Jos. Percival, one by Asa R. Clifford, all of Waterville. To Jos. Percival we award the Society's first premium on his grade Devon heifer, 2d premium to Asa R. Clifford on his grade Durham heifer, with calf by her side ten weeks old, which we deem ample evidence of a good stock cow.

One year old heifers we find seven entries, one by Arby Penney, one by Samuel Runnells, two by Charles A. Dow, two by Ephraim Morrill, one by C. A. Richardson, all of Waterville. There were but six presented all of which are rare specimens of good stock. To Ephraim Morrill we award the Society's first premium on his grade Durham roan heifer, and also the 2d on his grade Durham red heifer, they being much superior in size to the others which we judge is of great importance in stock raising. We find but one competitor on heifer calves. Jos. Percival presented five grade Durham calves, upon which your Committee cheerfully award the Society's 1st and 2d premiums.

JOSIAH MORRILL, for Com.

BULLS & BULL CALVES.

There was quite a lack in this department of the Show both in point of perfection and in numbers. After considerable discussion we recommend that the 1st and 2d premiums on bulls, 2 years old and upwards, be equally divided between Silas Hoxie of Fairfield and Charles A. Dow of Waterville.

On Bull Calves, 1st to Joseph Percival of Waterville, and the 2d to Ephraim Morrill. H. J. AQUITH, for Com.

DRAWING OXEN.

There were entered in all, seven pairs of oxen and three pairs of four year olds, all of which exhibited great strength and good training. 1st premium to Hiram Blake; 2d to Charles Drummond; 3d to James A. Dingley. 1st premium on four-year-olds to Alfred Lawrence; 2d to Jason Lewis; 3d to Arby Penney.

AMOS ROLLIN, for Com.

STEERS & STEER CALVES.

Your Committee having attended to the duty assigned them will now report.

1st premium on 3 year old Steers to Elias Lawrence, 2d to Alfred Lawrence, 3d to Sam'l Blaisdell. First premium on 2 year old Steers to Henry Storey, 2d to Ephraim Morrill. One pair of Steer Calves offered by Jonathan Bates, to which we recommend a premium of 1 00; one pair Steers by Ellis Gifford; one pair Steers, by B. Sawtelle; one pair from J. Mathews, Jr., very fair.

SETH HOLWAY, for Com.

FARM STOCK.

There was but one entry for the Society's premium and that was from the Farm of Chas. Dow of Waterville, to whom we would recommend the Society's first premium. We commend Mr. Dow for his enterprise and zeal in so good a cause, and we can but hope if he perseveres he will reap a rich reward and be able to show the result of his labors for years to come. And brother farmers, why this holding back? If you have good stock, and we know you have, why not present them so that others may catch the spirit of your enterprise, your Committee feel more the importance of their office, and the prize no so easily won.

JOHN B. STANTON for Com.

FAT CATTLE.

We find on the Society's Book of Entry three yoke of Oxen and two pairs of 3 year old Steers. We cannot but feel a degree of disappointment to find persons entering their stock for premiums, while they pay so little regard to the rules and regulations of the Society, which requires a written statement of manner and expense of fattening. If from this neglect the Committee should fail to award premiums, while the animals presented were otherwise entitled to it, we should probably be censured as to our faithfulness to the best interests of the Society, as well as to the interests of beef, and we hope to see strictly adhered to by those who may offer fat cattle for premium. The interest of the farmer and finally of the whole community is constantly increasing in the cheapest and best made of making good beef for the market; no one thing in our living except bread costs the New England people so much as beef, and no part of the farmer's duty is so generally performed to his disadvantage as the rearing and disposing of his cattle at the most advantageous and proper times and states of his cattle. We throw out these suggestions hoping it will lead to the best way.

We award to Paul Bowman the 1st premium of \$2 00 and Patent Office Report for 5 year old Oxen; 2d to Alexander McKeechie, 1 00 and Patent Office Report for 3 year old Oxen; 3d to Bradford Sawtelle for 5 year old Steers.

SAMUEL DOOLITTLE for Com.

FANCY OXEN.

1st premium to Paul Bowman, Fairfield; 2d to Alfred Lawrence, Fairfield; 3d to Nathan Perry, Waterville.

TOWN TEAMS.

1st premium, Waterville; 2d, Fairfield. WM. GETCHELL, for Com.

HORSES.

The Committee on Horses have attended to their duty and report as follows:

Stallions, 1st premium to Charles A. Wood, (Morgan and Eaton); 5 00; 2d H. C. Smith, (Smith's Horse); 4 00; 3d H. C. Percival, (Morgan and Messenger); 2 00.

Gelding, 1st premium to Horace W. Getchell, 2 00; 2d, John Hersom 1 00.

Mares, 1st premium to William Hoyt, 4 00; 2d, George E. Shores, 3 00; 3d, J. P. Otis, 2 00; 4th, G. W. Pressey, 1 00.

Pair Matched Horses. There was but one pair Horses presented; which your committee did not deem worthy of a premium, as they were too small and not well matched.

Mr. Getchell presented a fine Stallion, but your Committee had no premium at their disposal for him; Mr. G. W. Pressey, Jr. presented a very fine breeding mare; Mr. Alexander McKeechie also presented a mare with a colt by her side, which looks well; Mr. Josiah Morrill presented a fine mare and colt; J. S. Gifford, A. Crowell, A. Rockwood and Daniel Rollins presented fine mare colts, but your Committee did not deem them for them all and only with them success in raising good colts. Mr. Charles Rollins presented

a good Gelding Horse 5

