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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 15): October 21, 1858

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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'What is this?' said one gentleman to another, as they stood together in a street of Aberdeen, Scotland.

'This?' replied the gentleman addressed, 'why, what do you look like?'

'A loose bundle of rags,' was the response.

'Wait till I touch it, and see,' quickly added the other. At the same moment he stooped down low to the pavement, and gently turning the bundle over, revealed the face of a man at one end.

What a sight! The features were scarcely discernible through the mass of filth, with which they were covered. The blood-shot eyes were sunk deep in their hollow sockets. The matted hair, reeking with the filth of the gutter, hung down in drabbed masses over his bloated cheeks. His mouth was deeply stained with the flowing drool of tobacco, and his tangled beard hung unclipped and uncombed over his shivering neck. A tattered rag of cloth was looped up by a solitary button in a gashed button-hole, across his naked breast. Ragged pants, that were torn nearly up to both knees in gaping rents, attempted in vain to hide the lower part of his person, where street dirt seemed to be rivaling the dirtier rags in their fruitless efforts to cover his skin and bones. One hand, as if half crippled, was cramped under his side, while the other grasped the torn rim of his crownless hat, which rude children had endeavored to take from him. When first seen, his head, covered by a turned-up tail of his coat, was crouched down in such a way that the whole mass of his body seemed like an unshapen bale of rags, just ready to be trampled by the rag gatherer, to the old iron, junk and rag shop near by. There was no motion perceptible. There was no sound audible, in the noise of the thoroughfare. There he lay, a fallen helpless man—a putrid carcass of drunken humanity—an immortal spirit in a polluted tenement of dust—a marred, bruised, defiled image of God.

'Jock!'

'There was no response.'

'Jock, I say!'

'Still all was silent and motionless.'

'Jock! Don't you hear me? Get up!'

A sound, as near like the grunt of a hog as anything to which it can be compared, now followed—but there was no motion.

'Get up, Jock! won't you?'

The hog grunt appeared to assume a little more distinctness, so that by a stretch of the imagination, prompted by a benevolent feeling on their part, the gentlemen could just distinguish the words:

'I can!'

'You can't? No, indeed, I should rather think you couldn't!' dryly said one of the two Good Samaritans.

'But if he can't get up we must help him,' quickly added the other.

'Agreed! up with him!' continued the first gentleman, stooping kindly down, and seizing one side of the mass.

'When we get him up, Wighty, he can't stand.'

'Then we must carry him, Linny.'

'Carry him? Where, to pray?'

'My house.'

'To your house?'

'Yes, to my house. Could he be taken to a better place?'

'No, indeed, not in all Scotland; nor in all anywhere else.'

Now the two friends of humanity addressed themselves to their human task. But, perhaps, the reader will ask who were the benevolent gentlemen thus practically engaged in doing good? Well, then, to gratify your curiosity, dear reader, we will tell you their real names, and then go on with our story. One was Rev. John Wight, an able and successful minister of the cross in Aberdeen; the other was Peter Sinclair, Esq., the justly celebrated temperance reformer, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

The poor man they had thus fallen in with in the streets, was known to Mr. Wight. His quick eye detected a human being in the mass which Mr. Sinclair, with all his benevolence, thought was a muddy bundle of rags. Mr. Wight knew something of Jock's history, too; that he was a fellow of good parts, sprightly, intelligent, capable, but well nigh ruined by his mad cravings for the intoxicating bowl. He resolved, from that moment, to make a new and more persevering effort to save the unfortunate creature.

'Come, Jock!' whispered Sinclair, softly, in the ear of the drunkard, 'stand up, won't you?'

Jock turned his rolling eyes faintly from one face to the other, and just recognizing Mr. Wight, he gave Sinclair a peculiar drunken leer, and muttered to him:

'Who-o-are you?'

'A friend, Jock,' said Mr. Wight, gently, 'a friend of mine, a friend of yours, and of all men.' He has just come to Aberdeen to make me a visit.

'Well, I suppose you'll take me 'till the p'lice, or wotcheus, won't ye?'

'No, Jock,' said Mr. Wight, 'we are going to take you to my own house.'

'To-yo-ur ho-o-ue!' stammered Jock, more bewildered now than ever.

'Yes, Jock, to my house. You're not afraid to go?'

'Na! na-o, sir, not in the least. But how-can-I-get-there?'

'We will lead you, Jock, if you will lean on us, and follow.'

So saying, the trio started. It was a strange sight for the streets of Aberdeen, to see two well-dressed and well-looking public gentlemen, holding up and leading the shattered and ragged drunkard along the crowded sidewalk. The residence of Mr. Wight was in a handsome and fashionable part of the city, and thither, through all the gaping, commenting throng, the two gentlemen bore the poor creature. Arrived at the door of Mr. Wight's barge, the two gentlemen were soon at work, preparing a comfortable room for the unfortunate guest. Everything was at once done for him that could be. If he had been the only brother of the host and hostess, he could not have been treated more kindly. Here he was approached with all the endearments of true friendship, clothed, fed, nourished, and brought under all the influences of hope, courage, confidence and self-respect that could be brought to bear upon him. Here we leave him.

Not many years after this street-scene, Mr. Wight was again visited at Aberdeen by his old friend, Sinclair.

'Come!' said the reverend gentleman, early one day, 'let us take a morning walk together.' They at once sallied into a new and beautiful part of the city. As they entered the gateway of a large and convenient stable-yard, a handsomely dressed gentleman came running forward, and gratefully saluting Mr. Wight, he seized Mr. Sinclair's hand in both of his, and shook them with a heartiness that was most sensibly felt to the finger's ends.

'Why, my dear Mr. Sinclair! How do you do? Oh! I am so delighted to see you! When did you come to Aberdeen? And why haven't you been to see me before?'

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, OCT. 21, 1858.

NO. 15.

## GONE.

Fold the white hands meekly now,  
O'er her heart so cold and still;  
Teach our hearts to meekly bow,  
Saying, Father, 'tis thy will!'

Put away the shining hair  
From the sweet Madonna brow,  
Where it restseth wondrous fair,  
Like a wreath of glory now.

No more weary, stifling care,  
Treading o'er Life's bitter way;  
But the songs of glory there,  
In the realm of endless day.

In her hands a harp of gold,  
Standing there a ransomed one,  
Gathered to the Savior's fold,  
Gone to her Eternal home.

Is there aught now to forgive?  
Aught of bitter, vain regret?  
Mourn not—'tis those who live,  
Is the same great duty yet.

We remember her no more,  
Drinking of the cup of woe;  
But the trial safely o'er,  
And the swelling tide passed through.

## The Overflowing Cup.

A company of Southern ladies were once assembled in a friend's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one poor looking woman, whose listless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice, 'Not one of you knows what trouble is.'

'Will you please, Mrs. Gray,' said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, 'tell the ladies what you call trouble.'

'I will, if you desire,' she replied, 'for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish. I was always gay and light-hearted, and married at nineteen. I loved more than all the world beside. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lover's one, or on a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown, one of those fierce black storms came on which are so common in a Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, still the elements raved. The whole savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our house became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one loved a husband more—but that was not trouble.'

Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were brave, loving boys as ever blessed mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other as their little islands grew smaller.

The sudden river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—that was not trouble.

I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree and so kept retreating from it, until an All-powerful Hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

My baby was all that I had left on earth; I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsel; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonized prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil, and at last, when he was but a young man, he took the life of a fellow being, and ended his own upon the scaffold.

My heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before, but now it ran over. That was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will spare you from experiencing.

There was no dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.

[New Brunswick.

'NURSE YOUR NEIGHBOR.'—There are a dozen ways of doing it. Show him your fine Suffolk. Tell him how easily they fatten, how little it costs to keep them, how they weigh and sell. Show him your Durhams or Downs. Give him the figures of your last year's sales. Show him the stock exchange account and let him draw his own inferences. Invite him into your cellar to see the premium (that is to be) butter. Doing so you 'nudge him.' Build a good barn, fence or stable; plant a tree, shrub or plant; drain, mulch or manure, and you prompt your neighbor. A little heaven leaves the neighbor is quickly initiated. Practising is preaching always; such sermons are most effective. You may talk to your neighbors of progress and improvement, of what ought to be done in order that property may be rightly used, but your example is worth all and more than your talk. Do not undertake to lift your neighbor up, and then climb back to him. Rather climb the ladder first and pull him up after you. You will have little pulling to do, however. It is these silent 'nudges' that are most efficient—these examples that prove worthy of imitation.

We listened to a conversation recently like the following:

'Ben, I have been down to Blinks' this morning, and what do you think?'

'Don't know!'

'Well, sir, Blinks is actually fitting up 'Dowager' to take to the fair, and he has a peck or more of those English peas grown from the seed I let him have last spring, that he is going to exhibit. I tell you that if he has got anything in that line worth showing, we have—though his are fine.'

'Ah, ha!—that's the game is it,' says Ben. 'That is what he meant when he said "Dowager" must earn him some money and himself some fame, this fall; when he got those peas,

said he, "now, Ben, you have two quarts to sow, and I only one. I shall make mine yield the most profit." Now we will see, Mr. Blinks, if that is your trick, who will be run under the fence.' And the reader may expect to meet Mr. Blinks and his youthful neighbor Ben, at the fair this fall at Centralia. May we be there to see.—[Emery's Journal.

## Mum et Tuum.

I send you the following short dialogue which passed between two neighbors not long since, and the result, which was truly gratifying and profitable to all parties. The one thereby securing his fruit from unlawful depredation, and the other obtaining a better appreciation of others' rights.

Mr. A.—Neighbor B, you have a nice basket of blackberries there; pray where did you get them, that you should be passing this way?

Mr. B.—I found them back of your house, in your field—I had good picking.

Mr. A.—So I should think. But, neighbor B, did it not occur to you when picking them, that you were trespassing upon my rights in obtaining my fruit without my permission? I suffered those bushes to grow, losing the use of the ground for any other purpose, so that my family may have the fruit, which they value highly, and find very useful. My wife makes excellent pies with them, and uses them in various ways. Not having a supply of early apples, as you have, she would feel herself robbed in losing her berries, as much as your wife would in losing her nice early apples, and I see no difference in the nature of the deeds.

We have never trespassed on you, or any of your neighbors' fruits of any description, and I assure you, neighbor B, we never will.

Mr. B.—Neighbor A, you are right, and I am wrong. Why did I not see it so before? I can assign no other reason than that it was customary in the lawless neighborhood from which I moved here, last spring, for every one to prowl about everybody's premises, and take what they liked. True, the neighborhood was always in a quarrel, and but little fruit was raised, for no one knew who he was raising it for. But, neighbor A, you shall never have cause to complain of me again in that respect, for I see that your principles are right; and I am determined to do right, I know what right is.

Mr. A.—Good, friend B, I believe you. Here is my hand.

Mr. B.—But neighbor A, I must walk to your house with you, and deliver your good wife her berries.

Mr. A.—No, Mr. B, you may keep them and welcome, now we understand each other.

Mr. A.—Never, friend A, since you have taught me the true meaning of mine and yours. I never could use them. To me, "stolen fruit" would never be sweet.

Mr. A. suffered Mr. B. to have his own way, and leave the berries with Mrs. A., who was informed of the facts, and kindly offered him half for picking; but Mr. B. declined, saying, he was amply paid for picking, if he deserved pay, which he said he did not, by his friend A's waking up his slumbering sense of right and wrong. The next morning, Mrs. A. placed two nice blackberry pies in a basket, covered them with a clean napkin, and sent them by her son with her respects to Mrs. B. In a little while the boy returned with the respects of Mrs. B. and his basket filled with beautiful red Astrachan apples to his mother. Now, twice or thrice a week you will see a lad from one or the other of the families, passing between the houses of Mr. A. and Mr. B. and if you could peer under that snowy cloth covering the basket on his arm, you would see a few quarts of berries passing in one direction, and a fine lot of red Astrachan or Williams apples in the other. Instead of ill feeling, there is growing up between the families a warm friendship, which manifests itself in numerous acts of kindness, the legitimate result of practicing the golden rule, doing unto others as ye would that they should do unto you. May others learn by their example.—[Cheshire Republican.

OVER-EATING.—How many people eat to make it even. All the butter is gone, but the bread is not quite eaten, so another piece of butter is taken; but it was too much, and the bread has given out!

How many a time has the reader eaten some remnant on his plate, not because he wanted it, but to prevent its being wasted! How often have you eaten as much as you wanted, and were about pushing back from the table, when very unexpectedly a new dish or splendid looking pudding, dumpling, or pie, is presented, and you immediately 'set to,' and before you are done, have eaten almost as much bulk as you had done before.

Many a time have you gone down to the table, not only without an appetite, but with almost a feeling of aversion to food; and yet you tasted this, and that, and the other, and before you were aware of it, you had 'made out' a considerable supper!

All these practices are wasteful, hurtful and beastly—no, we recall that; we are doing Mr. Pig an injustice; for, like all other respectable animals, when he is 'done,' he 'quits'—a thing which rational man seldom does.

[Hall's Journal of Health.

I had rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. God never wrought miracles to convince Atheists; because his ordinary works are sufficient to convince them. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.—[Lord Bacon.

DOUGLAS ON VERMONT.—I was born away down in Yankee land; I was born in a valley in Vermont, with the high mountains around me. I love the old green mountains and valleys of Vermont, where I was born, and where I played in my childhood. I went up to visit them seven or eight years ago, for the first time in twenty odd years. When I got there, they treated me very kindly. They invited me to the commencement of their college, placed me on the seats with their distinguished guests, and conferred upon me the degree of LL. D. in Latin, the same as they did on Old Hickory at Cambridge a few years ago, and I give you my word and honor I understood as much of the Latin as he did. When they got through conferring the honorary degree, they

called upon me for a speech; and I got up with my heart full and swelling with gratitude for their kindness, and I said to them, 'My friends, Vermont is the most glorious spot on the face of the globe for a man to be born in, provided he emigrates when he is very young.'

[Speech on the Stump in Illinois.

DON'T SELL YOUR BEST STOCK.—Don't allow these speculators and drovers to pick out the likeliest and best of your stock, leaving you only the ordinary and poorest to breed from. It is the worst policy you can adopt. By continuing such a course, it will be but a short time before you will have only ordinary and poor to select from. Supposing you get a little more for this likely lamb than for the others, you will do well to remember that it costs no more to keep them than it does poor ones; and next shearing time the large fleeces will tell the story in favor of keeping the best you have.

If you intend to make a practice of raising a colt every year, keep the best mare you can afford. Haven't you noticed that when a man comes to purchase a young horse, he is always particular to know all about the stock, etc., before he concludes the trade? Keep the best then, for yourself.

Don't sell your best cow because you can get five dollars more for her. Keep her and she will more than make up the difference ere another year comes round. Just so in everything. Select the best seed for your own use, and you will always have as good as any one, and be sure of the highest prices for any you may wish to dispose of. Think of it.—[Ex.

A LORD THEY NEVER HEARD OF.—Grant Thorburn—'Laurie Todd'—appears now and then in a New York paper with a reminiscence or a bit of an old story. Here is his list:

In 1774, Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the Kirk of Scotland, in Edinburgh. Business brought him to London, and one day when passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort to step in and see them. None were admitted without an order, except noblemen's servants. Webster being ignorant of the rule, requested admittance. 'What Lord do you belong to,' said the doorkeeper. 'To the Lord Jehovah,' replied Webster. 'The Lord Jehovah,' repeated the keeper. 'I have kept here seven years, but I have never heard of such a Lord; Jack,' said he to his fellow keeper on the front steps, 'here's a chap, who says he belongs to the Lord Jehovah; do you know such a Lord?'

'Never heard of him,' says Jack. 'But,' said Webster, '(willing to keep up the illusion), 'there is such a Lord.' 'Pass 'em in,' said Jack. 'I s'pose it's some poor Scotch Lord.'

This occurred at a period when there was not one in twenty in all the manufacturing and rural districts in England, who could read the Bible or write his own name. Sabbath schools were introduced in 1783.

FINANCE AND BUSINESS.—The Boston Post has the following remarks on this subject at the close of September:

'From week to week there is the same unvarying tale to be told in Boston money market. The financial sea is in a dead calm, and there are no clouds even of the size of a man's hand, to indicate a change of weather. Business is fair in many places, excellent in a few, but the condition of the west, and the interior of the country in general, as well as the statistics of our export and import trade, proves that a considerable degree of stagnation is the rule, and activity an exception. Upon the whole, we think people are somewhat disappointed at the slow pace at which the country emerges from a slough of despond, which, according to many, was the needless creation of New York banks and brokers, but which, in our view, was the inevitable result of corporation and individual fraud, of over extended credit, injudicious banking, reckless trading and general extravagance in living. Still the conservative are satisfied with the progress of affairs towards improvement during the last year, and all must acknowledge that however tedious and apparently unprofitable may be the period of amendment, it is better in the long run for the convalescent to move slowly but surely toward healthfulness rather than to rush ahead for a while and then experience the relapse that would almost necessarily follow the exertion and exposure of a weakened system.'

Money is as easy as ever at the rates heretofore quoted.

Agricultural Show and Fair.

The remainder of the reports of the committee, so far as attainable, we present below:

TROTTER HORSES.

First prem. of 15.00, for the fastest trotting stallion, to the Whitman horse, entered by C. C. Whitman; time 3.01 and 3.08.

Second, 10, to the Bigelow horse, entered by L. Bigelow; time 3.04 and 3.12.

Third, 5, to the horse entered by I. R. Doolittle; time not taken.

First prem. of 15, for fastest trotting mare or gelding, to mare entered by C. E. Gray; time 3.08 and 3.09.

Second to gelding entered by C. H. Burgess; time not taken.

Third to mare entered by Ruel Howard; time not taken.

J. C. BARTLETT, for Com.

DRAWING OXEN.

The number of competitors was large, numbering 21 yoke. Of these 12 pairs were five years old and over, and 9 pairs 4 years old.

Premiums on oxen.—1st to Benj. Bailey; 2d, Nahum Tozier; 3d, John Hersom.

On 4yr-olds; 1st, Wm. Gifford; 2d, Charles Burgess; 3d, Elihu Lawrence.

The committee think they should award premiums according to size and discipline, and hope they have done justice to all competitors.

NATHAN FERRY, for Com.

BULLS.

There was a large and full exhibition in this department. Two thoroughbred animals, a North Devon and a Durham Short Horn, both very fine specimens of their kind, added very much to this part of the show. The Durham bull 'Box,' lately bought and brought into the limits of the Society by H. C. Burleigh, is a splendid animal; but believing as a majority of your committee do that the North Devon breed of cattle is the most desirable for this section of country, we are constrained to award to Col. Wm. E. Drummmond the first premium for thorough-bred, on his North Devon.

on, lately bro't into the limits of the Society; and to Mr. Burleigh the second. For the best, of any breed, over two years old, to John Otis, for his grade Durham bull, two years old; 2d to Samuel Taylor, of Fairfield. To Ira Doolittle the first prem. for bull under two years old. On bull calves, 1st to H. Percival; 2d to H. Lawrence, Fairfield; and to Bragg Williams, Samuel Jenkins, and John W. Drummmond, each, for very fine calves, one vol. Maine Agriculture.

Your committee are pleased with the growing interest manifested among the farmers, in this branch of stock growing—the foundation of all good stock.

BAINBRIDGE CROWELL, for Com.

FAULT.

The substitute for the committee on fruit, who had not the love of a good dinner nor the taste for excellent fruit sufficiently strong to impel them to perform their duty, have examined the different lots entered for premium, and award as follows:

1st prem. for best display of fruits of all kinds to lot No. 6, John D. Richardson; 2d to lot No. 5, Lauriston Guild.

Best display of winter fruit, lot No. 4, Joshua I. Clifford; gratuity of Agricultural Report to lot No. 2, E. Morrill.

For best display of grapes, to lot No. 9, Mrs. Blanchard, with a strong hope that this department will be better filled in future.

We recommend a gratuity of Agricultural Report to lot No. 10, a fine display of ground cherries, J. F. Stinson, of Albion.

H. JAQUITH, for Com.

TEAMS.

Three teams of oxen and one of steers, were presented for examination. Of oxen, one team from Fairfield, consisting of 12 pairs, average girth 7 ft. 1 in., all young, to which we award the first prem.

Winslow 9 pairs, average girth 7 ft. 2 in., to which we award the second prem.

A team was presented from Waterville consisting of 15 pairs; girth 7 feet; to which we award the third prem.

The only team of steers presented was from Winslow, consisting of nine pairs; to which we award the first prem.

ROBERT R. DRUMMOND, for Com.

LEATHER, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

Wm. L. Maxwell is entitled to premium for boots and shoes presented; and Russell Boulter for one silver mounted harness.

I. S. McFARLAND, for Com.

POULTRY.

The exhibition of fowl was larger than usual. The premiums were awarded as follows:

For best lot of hens, to W. Taylor; 2d to M. Percival.

For best lot of turkeys, to B. Bailey; 2d to Albert Bassett.

For best lot of geese, to W. Taylor; 2d, to Arba Penney.

Your committee also recommend a gratuity of one dollar to B. Crowell, on his pair of Bremen geese. There were other lots of geese and turkeys shown, for which your committee can only render the thanks of the Society for the interest thus given to this exhibition.

H. F. COUSINS, for Com.

FARM STOCK.

There were six entries, numbering from 10 to 34 in a herd. The stalls being all occupied, a portion of the stock were loose on the ground; and the herds being scattered, your committee found it difficult to decide, but after a long and thorough examination we award the Society's first premium to John Otis, Fairfield; 2d to H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield; 3d to George E. Shores, Waterville.

B. SAWTLE, for Com.

CROPS.

For greatest and best variety of vegetables and products of the farm, the committee award the first premium to Sam'l Jenkins; 2d to Evander Sawtelle, Sidney.

Best sample beans, Evander Sawtelle, Sidney.

Best sample peas, H. J. Morrill, Waterville.

Best sample potatoes, J. B. Stratton, Winslow.

Best sample turnips, Sam'l Jenkins, Fairfield.

Best sample onions, F. A. Davis, Sidney.

The committee would recommend a gratuity of Transactions Agricultural Societies to Albert Hussey, of Albion, for mammoth squash. Also gratuity to E. E. Drummmond, for six beautiful squashes grown upon one vine, 1 vol. Maine Agriculture.

Also to J. B. Shurtleff Esq. of Winslow, one vol. same for a very fine lot of Swedish turnips.

Mr. Homer Percival, of Waterville, presented a specimen of seed corn that the committee thought worthy of notice. The committee regret very much that there was not a greater display in this department, although it exceeded anything of the kind at any former show of the Society.

DANIEL JONES, for Com.

SWINE.

The swine on the ground were excellent though not so large as desirable.

The first premium on hogs was awarded to J. Percival, on his grade Suffolk and Middlesex 2.00. The thorough bred Essex born presented by H. C. Burleigh, we considered a fine animal, but not knowing the stock we award him the second premium of 1.00.

Homer Percival the first for breeding sows; 2.00; George E. Shores, the second of 1.00; we recommend to John Mathews a gratuity of 1.00 on his Dutch sow.

Best litter of pigs to S. Percival, 2.00; second to George E. Shores, 1.00.

We noticed a very fine shoat, 9 1/2 months old, presented by Isaiah T. Allen. The committee recommend larger premiums on swine, on account of the difficulty of taking them to the Show ground.

C. A. DOW, for Com.

COWS.

There were 35 cows entered for premiums, and more than twice that number were on the ground for our inspection. Eleven were presented for stock; nineteen were presented for dairy; five for all purposes. To designate from this number, those most worthy of the premiums at our disposal, was no very easy task, but as only nine of the competitors conformed to the published rules of the Society, our selection is made from that number

## The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . OCT. 21, 1858.

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## Excursion to Aroostook.

PRESQUE ISLE, Oct. 18, 1858.

Messrs. Maxham & Wing.—I left you at this place two days ago. Yesterday—which was the second day of the Show and Fair—proved to be a fair day, and the prospect for a continuance of our "good time" every way satisfactory. Early in the day our company held a meeting for business as some of our members were to leave that day, and we should not be together again. The following resolves were unanimously adopted, viz:

**Resolved**, That we have experienced great pleasure in viewing the region of the Aroostook, so far as we have already had the opportunity of seeing it in our journey to this place, and that it has been with great gratification that we have witnessed its great natural beauties and agricultural resources, and beheld the enterprise and thrift of its pioneers and settlers.

**Resolved**, That the people of the State may well regard with pride this richest portion of her domain, so vast in extent, and so favored of heaven, in climate, and soil, for the growth of hardy and intelligent men, and for rewarding their labors.

**Resolved**, That we hail with satisfaction the fact that not only has the tide of emigration from Maine sensibly decreased, but that many, who had been seduced to other States presenting less advantages to the settler than our own, are returning to it, some of whom are now happy dwellers in the Aroostook valley, where they have been joined by emigrants from abroad, whose migratory experience has resulted in the fortunate and permanent conviction of the superiority of their latter choice.

**Resolved**, That we commend the attention of the young men of Maine to the fertile soil of this magnificent region, which presents an opening for their development in its own, and as a favorable field for the exercise of their energies and industry, and for contributing to make their native State still worthier of their attachment and pride.

**Resolved**, That the thanks of all good citizens who have at heart the honor and prosperity of their State, are due to the hardy pioneers whose industry and virtues have drawn public attention to the country by the fruit of their labors; and that the State, in its corporate capacity, has acted with a prudent regard to its best interests in extending encouragement to its settlement.

**Resolved**, That we tender our heartfelt thanks to the people of this section of the State, for the generous and hospitable manner in which they have welcomed us among them, and that among the pleasing reminiscences of our visit, none will be more lasting than the recollection of a personal liberality and kindness, in keeping with the noble qualities of the soil on which they are making their homes, and the wilderness blossom as the rose.

C. P. ROBERTS, } Committee.  
J. C. FLETCHER, }  
J. M. LINCOLN, }

October 7, 1858.

Beside the above, the thanks of the company were heartily voted to Messrs. Garney and Steison, of the Bangor committee, who had travelled day and night, without regard to their own comfort, to prepare the way before us, and to render the excursion free from care and full of pleasure. I may add, they were highly successful, and deserve our grateful remembrance.

At the close of the above meeting, we were taken out a mile and a half, across the Aroostook river, to visit one of the finest farms in the vicinity—that of Mr. John Allen. Mr. Allen has a pretty farm house, two large and convenient barns, grain houses, sheds, &c. His farm is large and the soil very fine, being of a deep yellow loam, with a mixture of gravel and slate stone, which is the general characteristic of the soil in this vicinity. There is also, in many places, considerable limestone; some of which is of good quality for making lime, and it is being used, to some extent, for that purpose. Mr. A. had, this year, forty-nine acres of grain—wheat and oats—in one piece. There are several other fine farms in this neighborhood.

After our return from Mr. Allen's, we were invited into the Hall where manufactured articles, crops, &c. were on exhibition. Here we found fine specimens of grain, roots, cabbages, seedling apples and other fruits. There were some tolerably fair specimens of corn, but not such as to give much encouragement to the raising of corn in this region. We saw some nice harness work, and good samples of other kinds of mechanical labor. The ladies' department abounded in the substantial and useful, while the ornamental was not wanting. There was considerable fine needle work, a few drawings, and paintings, and one piece of hair work. Upon the whole, the ladies of Aroostook may feel proud of their exhibition, when compared with those of older portions of the State.

In the afternoon there was a large gathering of the citizens of the County, in the open air, to listen to an address from Rev. Mr. Fowler, of Bangor, and to speeches from members of our company. Mr. F. after making a few remarks, politely gave way for the "gentlemen from outside," as they called us, when Messrs. Gilman, Forbes, Cowan, Bartlett, and others made short speeches, well suited to the occasion. Messrs. Poor, Smart, Fletcher and several other members of the Fraternity, addressed the citizens at a meeting held the evening previous, which I forgot to mention.

After the exercises of the day were over, our company dispersed in various directions. Some returned to Houlton, some went to Grand Falls, some to Fort Fairfield, and brother

Cowan and myself were taken in charge by Mr. David F. Adams, of letter H., who took us to his fine farm, about ten miles from here, where we accepted the hospitality of himself and his kind lady, for the night. This morning, Mr. A. took us in his carriage, to Fort Fairfield, a distance of twelve miles down the Aroostook river. From Presque Isle to letter H., we passed a beautiful tract of farming land, considerable portion of which is well improved. On this road, as in several other localities, we found small houses and large, good looking barns. Mr. Adams raised fifty bushels of oats to the acre, on burnt land. Of potatoes he plants from two to four bushels to the acre, and gets from two to three hundred bushels, on burnt land. He takes potatoes, size of a hen's egg, cuts in two lengthwise, and plants one piece in a hill; thinks this does best. He has made and sold considerable maple sugar; says potatoes rot worse this year than ever, with him; says a neighbor has sold three or four hundred dollars worth of grass seed in one year.

From H. to Fort Fairfield the land is nearly all good. There are beautiful intervals along the river, and fine swells of high lands upon either side, but the land here is not so well cultivated as from Presque Isle to H. Considerable portion of it is in the hands of "Blue noses," and they do not appear to be very good farmers.

At Fort Fairfield, there is one block house left standing, which was built in 1829. There are, in town, 4 religious societies, 7 school-houses, 1 lawyer, 1 doctor, 12 miles of turnpike road, several mills of different kinds, and from 800 to 1000 inhabitants. Here we met several of our party and dined together at the hotel of Messrs. Haines & Co., who fed us heartily. We are indebted to Messrs. Haines, Fowler, Trafton and others, for attentions shown us at this place.

This afternoon some eight or ten of us visited the farm of J. W. Haines, Esq.—formerly of Hallowell—at Maple Grove, in this town. Mr. H. has 400 acres of land, and about half of it cleared; the quality is very good, yellow loam with gravel, lime and decomposing slate. Mr. H. succeeds well with wheat, oats and buckwheat. He is trying fruit and stock that will do well. Mr. H. raises fine stock, and has done much to improve the stock of the county by introducing full blood animals of several different breeds. He has good horses, sheep and cattle. Of the latter, he has a cross of Durham and Hereford which he likes. He is also trying the north Devon. Says wheat averages 20 bushels to the acre, and did average 25 bushels until within three years; a sort of blight has reduced it. Mr. H. moved from Kennebec to this place ten years ago, and is well satisfied with this region for farming.

He told us, as did other gentlemen, that the two or three ranges of townships on the eastern side of the county, next to the New Brunswick line, is taken together, the best, though we found portions of the land in other parts of the county looking as good as any.

E. S. Fowler, Esq., one of the Trustees of the N. A. Agricultural Society, also lives at Maple Grove. He has a fine cow 8 yrs. old, which he tells us has made 16 pounds of butter per week, and a 4 year old that has made 7 pounds.

After visiting the above named gentlemen, we returned to this place. The road from Fort Fairfield is quite hilly, compared with those we had previously passed over, though the land is—we should judge—nearly all good. Here, we are again, comfortably quartered with the good citizens of this village. You shall hear from us again as we progress in our pleasant excursion.

D.

AN AROOSTOOK HOME.—"Jacques," the agreeable, gossipy correspondent of the *Portland Advertiser*, went speering about, in company of him of the *Argus*, while the good folk of Aroostook were off to the Fair; and making an unceremonious call on a down-east farmer, this is what he saw:

It was a wretched, sunny, autumnal day as we drove up to the large, well filled barn, which evinced how faithful and industrious Mr. Church had been. The *Argus* paced the main barn and found that it was ninety feet long. I went to the house and as no one answered my knock I entered, for in the Aroostook everybody is so honest that doors are not locked. All the inmates were at the fair, but I determined to have one good peep, even if I should be surprised Paul Prying about. Everything was in its place. Dining room, kitchen, bed-rooms and parlor presented perfect order and neatness. I spoke eloquent praises of the "guide wifes," I spoke people by their books, and felt interested to see how Mr. Church spent his winter evenings. On the parlor table was the good old fashioned, venerable family Bible, and reposing on the top of it the well known "Watts and Select." On another table there was an octavo Bible which had indications that it did not remain unread. Good foundation, thought we. My eye next fell on Geoffrey Crayon's Sketches, (a man has some taste that likes Irving,) a stray number of Knickerbocker, and the all comprehensive, erudite and practical "Daddy's Horse Doctor." Hurrah for Daddy, how horses will bless him all over the land! I would have carried my investigation further, but at that moment *Argus*, the ever watchful, hurried me away from my interesting discoveries. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Church will pardon my felonious entrance of their house, but I assure them that I stole nothing, but wish that every landlord may have such a major domo as Solomon Parsons of Bangor, and that every farmer may have as neat a wife as Mr. Church.

THE KANSAS GOLD HUNTERS.—In offset to the stories started by some of the Kansas papers, that several miners had taken out \$500 apiece in two weeks, at the Pike's Peak diggings, we copy the following from the Independence (Mo.) Messenger of Sept. 25th:

Several gentlemen arrived at this place on Thursday last, direct from the gold mines near Pike's Peak. The parties live in Ray county, Mo., and have spent several months prospecting for gold in these mines. They state that as many as 150 persons had been at the mines this summer, and had explored and prospected them to their heart's content. This

party represent that nearly all had abandoned the mines, they being about to leave. They say that gold certainly exists in that whole section of country, as they never tried any point, but they succeeded in washing out a small quantity from the dirt; but the yield was so small that it would not pay—the miners at work while they were there not averaging as much as fifty cents per day.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—An elegantly printed catalogue of this institution, from a Boston publishing house, lies on our table, from which we learn that the whole number of students is 86—the Freshman class being 40, or nearly one half. The Board of Instruction, now complete, is as follows: Rev. James T. Champlin, D. D., President, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy; Samuel K. Smith, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric, and Librarian; Charles E. Hamlen, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Moses Lyford, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; John B. Foster, A. M., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages and Literature; Hobart W. Richardson, A. M., Tutor in Greek and Mathematics.

With an efficient and popular Faculty, like the present, this institution can hardly fail to command respect and patronage; and we rejoice to learn that its friends, regarding it with new interest, only wait for a favorable opportunity to confer upon it a substantial and permanent benefit. In the mean time, it will be well for those who wish to have their sons thoroughly educated and properly trained, to know that this can be done with as much certainty, and with as good economy, here, as at any college in the land.

PEOPLE'S BANK.—We ought to have mentioned, some weeks ago, that John Ware, Esq. was made a director of this Bank, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Philbrick, and afterward chosen President.

THE GREAT TROT.—There are people in the community, we are credibly informed, who are actually enough interested in trials of speed between horses, to stand patiently—or, rather, impatiently—and watch while a pair or more of these animals are driven around a circle of a half mile, and sometimes twice that distance, several times in succession. Now it is possible there are some such among our readers; and if so, we dare say they would like to hear the result of the great stallion trot in Boston, on Friday. Many people, curious in such matters, were present; some, it is said, having travelled as far to witness it as they would to see a hanging. We can hardly conceive it possible, however, that a simple horse trot could draw like that "great moral spectacle," and charitably suppose that those from abroad had some other errand to the city. "Hiram Drew," we are told, is a Maine horse, and it may be that some of our readers have heard of him before. We hope they will not feel grieved because he was not willing to travel quite so fast as the others; he moved rapidly enough for the comfort of either horse or rider; and fretting ones would do well to reflect that the man is unreasonable who should grumble because he was two seconds behind the fastest—and this, too, well down in the thirties; as the men of the stable phrase it. But to the figures:—

	1st Heat.	2d Heat.	3d Heat.
Ethan Allen,	3:37	2:35	2:33
Young Columbus,	2:28	2:25 1/2	2:24 1/2
Hiram Drew,	2:39	2:37	2:32

The first premium of \$800 was therefore awarded to Ethan Allen; the second of \$200 to Young Columbus, the third of \$100 to Hiram Drew.

LIQUOR LAW IN BANGOR.—On Saturday last the Board of Aldermen of Bangor voted to instruct the City Marshal to enforce the liquor law.

PLUGHING BEE.—Farmers! see notice of the Secretary of North Kennebec Agricultural Society, in advertising columns. As it is your property he proposes to operate upon, it will be for your interest to attend and see that the work is properly done.

SPECIMEN BROOKS.—Mr. William Dyer, our able representative in the Aroostook Excursion, who returned highly delighted with his trip, has, on his counter, specimens of the soil and products of this garden of the east, which the curious will do well to examine. One of Mr. Campbell's mammoth potatoes, such as is said to have furnished a meal for two hungry editors, is prominent in the collection.

A TASTE.—Our friend Wm. Lewis, of Waterville, presents us with what he calls "a taste of his little farm." Mr. Lewis has sold the large farm on which he resided for many years—and which was mentioned in the report of the committee on farms two years ago—and removed to a small one in the village. He is satisfied that if there is a time for every thing else, these should be a time for a man to begin to live, and to enjoy some of the leisure and quiet promised to a well spent life. The "taste" given us consists of samples of apples, cabbages, beets and turnips—all, which are very choice, and more than big enough to satisfy any body. A Greening apple is of the real old "down country" kind; Baldwin and Red-head of the same degree of excellence. A beautiful large red sour apple, of excellent flavor, is presented for us to name. We do not recognize it as one of any kind now having a name; and to give it one worthy of its quality, we will christen it the "Lewis apple." By this title we commend it to the lovers of good fruit. We thank Mr. Lewis for his offering, and hope he may long live to "taste" the sure fruits of a good man's life.

A sailor named Francis Richards, was run over and killed on the track of the Railroad in Bangor, on Tuesday evening last.

Rev. Benjamin Tappan, Jr., formerly pastor of the Winthrop church, Charlestown, Mass., has accepted a call from the first Congregational Church of Norridgewock, to become their pastor. Mr. Tappan's Installation will occur on Wednesday, the 27th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

## OUR TABLE.

THE SCALPEL.—Dr. Dixon, in the Oct. No. has something interesting in regard to the treatment and removal of children, a paper on quarantine and the yellow fever, a very readable letter from Europe, an amusing chapter in the life and practice of a modern doctor of medicine, valuable hints about drains and cesspools, a western sketch, some hard hits at the political corruption of the city of New York, a curious case of injury to the brain, the autobiography of a medical heretic, fever and ague, nothing by nobody, etc. etc. The Scalpel is a work for the people, be it remembered, which is busily engaged in spreading a knowledge of the laws of health, and exposing quackery wherever found. Published by Sherman & Co., New York, at \$1 a year, and sold by periodical dealers every where at 25 cents a number.

SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.—The October number, we are almost inclined to say, is the best one ever issued. The young folks will find it full of pleasing and profitable reading, including some excellent poetry and several spirited dialogues. Published by Epes Sargent, Boston, at \$1 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The November number contains a charming steel engraving, "The Innkeeper's Daughter," a beautiful fashion plate, a country house printed in colors, embroidered reticules, etc.—forty-four engravings, sixty articles and one hundred pages of reading. Godey is unapproachable in his line. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for November has a nice steel engraving of "The Mother's Dream," a colored fashion plate, and an unusually large number of patterns and designs. Our readers are often allowed to judge for themselves of the quality of the stories in this work, for we copy largely from Peterson. Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—"Jordan La Hachette" is the title of the very interesting historical sketch in the November number, which contains an abundance of good reading besides including a rich Cabinet of Kisses, and a copious supply of "Easy Talk," by Leland, which is delightful reading. The ladies are remembered with fashion plate, patterns, &c., as usual. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE for October, abounds in good reading, with several illustrated articles. The publisher announces that after the issue of one more number or about the first of December next, they shall commence the publication of a new, first class, illustrated magazine, in place of this, to be entitled "The Great Republic Monthly," which they intend to "make superior, in every respect, to anything ever issued in this country." A brilliant array of talent has been enlisted in its service, and the publishers are confident that they shall produce something which cannot fail to command the respect and patronage of the whole country. We shall have more to say of the enterprise, hereafter. It will be published by Oaksmith & Co., New York, at \$3.00 a year.

KNOX COUNTY.—We are under obligation to Hon. E. K. Smart, of Camden, for a copy of the *project* (that must be Moore's work) of the new county of Knox, which it is proposed to carve out of Waldo and Lincoln, with Camden for the shire town. It looks very well on paper, but the desirableness of the change can be best pronounced upon by those immediately interested. Say, Colonel, we want a new county this way, with Waterville for the shire town; won't you log-roll?

THE PRINTER.—The October number of this elegant work for the craft contains contributions of the History of Printing, and the Origin and History of Engraving on Wood, an interesting sketch of the Inside of a Type Foundry, &c. &c., with new cuts and casts of great beauty. The next number will be a double one, finely illustrated; look out for it. Published by Henry & Huntington, N. York, at \$1 a year.

WATERVILLE CHESS CLUB.—Partaking of the interest manifested in this noble game all through the country at the present time, a number of gentlemen in our village have associated themselves together for the purpose of increasing their interest in the game and improving their play. The following are the officers of the Club:

Appleton Plaisted, President.  
John Meader, Vice President.  
J. H. Plaisted, Sec. and Treas.

The rooms of the Club are in Plaisted's Building, and their regular meetings occur on Wednesday and Saturday evenings of every week. Although but little acquainted with the game, yet as we are honorary members by favor of the Club, we propose to drop in occasionally to watch the play.

THE WEATHER.—The past week has been one of rare beauty—the days sunny and warm, and the evenings genial and mild, and lighted by as fair a moon as ever smiled upon an Italian landscape. What a time for husking the golden corn! Why don't somebody make a big pumpkin pie and invite us to a husking? We are not too old to see the red ears, or too deaf to hear them reported. This good old fashion should not yet be numbered with the things that were. Somebody who has been blest with a beautiful crop must give a husking. Our friend Col. Sbuttleff took his turn a few years ago, in good shape. Now let some other Colonel—Britton, Marston, Sawtelle, Drummond—one or all, show themselves worthy the honors they bear, and sacrifice their yellow pumpkins to the glory of the cornfield. "The Colonel" knows the red ears, and we have seen him—bust no matter. The summer is ended, the Fair is past and the barns are full. Now let's have a good time! Who invites us to a husking?

FRENCH INSTITUTE.—Mons. Leon has given notice of the opening of his French Institute Nov. 1. Subscription papers may be seen at Mathews's and Wingate's. This is a rare opportunity, and should be improved by all. Mr. L. is about to commence a French Class in Winthrop.

WRITING.—Mr. Bowler's present class closes on Friday evening. He proposes another class; and with his excellent characteristics as a teacher he should have a large one.

CORRECTION.—The pretty cone frame exhibited at the fair, should have been credited in the committee's report to Mrs. Wadsworth Chipman, of this village.

LECTURES.—We call attention to the advertisement of Dr. Frenz's proposed lectures on phrenology. We feel great confidence in assuring our citizens that these lectures will be of a high order in interest and usefulness, and Dr. F. in a manner of illustration, by comparisons, and anecdotes, together with his thorough knowledge of the science, are said to give him

a strong hold upon public confidence wherever he lectures. The first lecture is free, and to this especially, we advise everybody to go—and then judge for themselves. His display of pictures is worth an evening's time, at least.

THE ELECTIONS.—The democrats have been pretty badly whipped in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, but they claim that it has not been done by the Republicans, and that they are only the stronger for it. Glad it don't hurt 'em any.

PORTLAND MURDER TRIAL.—A wonderful interest is felt in the trial of Capt. Holmes for the murder of Chadwick; and as it follows so closely the execution of Cox and Williams, it is not surprising that with the brutal act fully admitted, public feeling should be strong against Holmes. The idea of insanity is indignantly scouted and much of the testimony introduced in support of that plea, excites only ridicule. Shepley's questioning of the experts was most masterly, and must have taken the starch out of those dignitaries of science.

DEDICATION.—The new hall of Ticonia Division, recently fitted up in elegant style in the lower story of the Town House, was dedicated with appropriate services on Friday evening last. Having no *open sesame*, we dropped in to hear the Hutchinsons sing overhead; but we had ample evidence of a good time below, in loud manifestations of applause of the speakers. We looked for a particular account from some one present, but have received none. We learn, however, that an agreeable event of the evening was the presentation of an elegant Bible from the lady visitors, by Miss Martha Morse, accompanied by an appropriate speech, to which a response was made by the proper official. Speeches were also made by several gentlemen present, and a glorious good time had generally.

WHY THE CLIMATE OF AROOSTOOK IS SO MILD.—One of the letters to the State of Maine, from the Editorial Expedition, thus explains the comparative mildness of the Aroostook climate:

The distinguishing feature of this whole region is its moderate elevation above the sea, hence the mildness of its climate. Not only the soil of this region, but the climate grows milder as soon as you pass the north and east of Katahdin. This is easily explained. Humboldt estimates that in Central Europe an elevation of 267 feet, induces a difference of temperature equivalent to a degree of latitude. Hence the great changes of climate from the seaboard to the interior. From Portland to the boundary line, on the Railway to Montreal, the ascent is over 1800 feet above the tide water. This causes a vast difference in the climate on the way. The entire basin of the St. John on the contrary, is comparatively level, and the St. John is only 300 feet above the sea, at the point where the due north line strikes it above the Grand Falls, 256 miles from the ocean. At the mouth of the Aroostook the river is only 180 feet above the sea. The village of Houlton is about 300 feet above tide water. It is this low level, and the absence of high mountains, that makes the climate of the Aroostook so mild and uniform for this high latitude.

BROAD AND NARROW GAUGE.—The following frank admissions occur in the editorial correspondence of the *Bath Times*:

Twelve or fourteen years since we were a disciple of the narrow gauge system—not a narrow disciple we trust—and thought, as others said, that the salvation of all Down East was to depend upon a narrow gauge connection with the Boston roads. The people of our part of Maine were cajoled with the idea that England had tried and condemned the broad gauge system, and that all her broad gauge roads were being converted into narrow gauges. The people were cheated with this statement, which in one sense was literally true, but in another and the only practical sense to us, it had not even the first element of truth in it. We were not told that the narrow gauge of England was precisely the same as the wide gauge with us; and perhaps few of our people were aware of the fact until narrow gauge engines were imported from England to run on Canadian broad gauge roads. The truth is, the broad gauge of this country is the regular gauge of England; and a person only needs to be transferred from one to the other, as we view the matter, that the K. & P. road was not of the same gauge as the other roads leading eastward from Portland. What advantage accrues to Maine from preserving the gauge of the Boston roads? No passenger car belonging to the P. & K. road now runs upon the track beyond Portland. The passengers upon the Grand Trunk, or from Bangor via Lewiston, get upon the Boston roads quite as conveniently in all respects as those over the Kennebec and Portland road. Our break in gauge is very unfavorable to Bath and other ship-building places. Did the gauge from Bath correspond with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence road, the ship timber of Canada bound to Bath, would need no transshipment, at heavy expense, at Yarmouth; neither would it cost more to deliver Montreal fire in Bath than in Portland as it now the case.

NEW CLOTHING AT LOW PRICES.—New Goods for the Fall Trade.—Our friends J. W. Smith & Co., corner of Dock Square and Elm street, have just replenished their popular Clothing Store with a large and excellent stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Doakins, Vestings, &c., selected with great care from the best combing houses in New York and Boston. This firm has marked out a line of policy which is achieving for itself an enviable position, and is meeting with deserved success. The very best—as to quality, durability and style—is what the patrons of this house are sure of receiving. Employing experienced cutters, civil seamstresses, and deceiving no man, it is no wonder that their model departments are full of purchasers. Although the ready made clothing sold here is as fashionable and as well put together as that in any first class custom tailoring establishment in the city—a fact which renders this firm so popular,—particular attention is also given to the custom or order department: thus uniting the house all the elements of a successful clothing establishment. The stock is complete at all times, and also comprises every article known as gent's furnishing goods. The firm possesses every facility incident to the business, and is well worthy of its extensive patronage. Citizens and strangers are invited to call and inspect the goods offered at this MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE.—[Boston Ledger.]

head, worthy of the remaining premiums, but they were not presented in form required. Among these were fine specimens by John Otis, Chas. A. Dow, E. Savage, and others. We award to Horace W. Getchell, Agriculture of Maine for his two Ayrshire cows.

Lots of three or more, for dairy use. There were several lots present, but they were not presented by specification as required.

In conclusion we would say that we are highly gratified in witnessing the growing interest of the farmers in this branch of stock raising, for we think there has been so large a number of good cows together in the State before.

LEVI RICKER, for Com.

## MANUFACTURED ARTICLES AND IMPLEMENTS.

The display in this department was not very extensive; not so much so as it would seem for the interest of manufacturers to make it.

For the best plows we award the Society's first premium to Messrs. Webber & Haviland, of Waterville.

For best sleigh to Messrs. Bailey & Batchelder, of West Waterville.

For best ox yoke and bows to Reuel Bates, of West Waterville.

For best horse hoe to John Mathews.

For best lot of doors, 100 to Furish & Drummond, of Waterville.

There was only one wagon entered for the premium—that by W. Brown, Waterville, and to that we award a prize of 1.00.

There were two extra nice wagons entered for exhibition, one by Alonzo Davis, Sidney, and one by Bucknell & Sanborn, Kendall's Mills, Fairfield, to each of which we award 1.00 and one vol. of Agriculture of Maine.

There were two sewing machines on exhibition. One a very nice Baker & Grover machine presented by Mrs. P. Follansbee, for which she is agent, price \$80.

One of the Empire sewing machines presented by Willard B. Arnold, which your committee thinks works in a superior manner; price \$25. Mr. Arnold is agent for the above machine and we would recommend every family to have one of them.

For a superior lot of scythes and axes we award 1.00 each to the Dunn Edge Tool Co., West Waterville.

For a patent hog's trough we recommend a gratuity of 75 cts. to Hiram P. Cousins.

Mr. Geo. P. Cottle, of Manchester, presented an improved suction and force pump which we think entitled to high consideration.

A churn, shown by S. Patterson, Augusta, we think fully equal to the world's fair churn. A corn husker, by the same, we think worthy of a trial by the farmers generally.

F. A. DAVIS, for Com.

## GIRLS' PREMIUMS.

We get nothing of this report but the awards, which are as follows:

Best Bed Quilt, Mary Ellen Stillson, \$1.00; 2d do. Eudora Perry, .50.

Best plain Sewing, Lovina S. Morrill, .50; 2d do. Henrietta Bassett, .25.

Best Embroidery, Sarah A. Clifford, .50; 2d do. Mary Jane Dyer, .25.

Best Knitting, Rebecca Morrill, .50; 2d do. Lovina S. Morrill, .25.

Best Worsted Work, Clara Maxwell, .50; 2d do. Miss Wentworth, .25.

Gratuity of .50 to a tidy, by Delia A. Shores.

J. BRADBURY, for Com.

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

We give the awards simply, which were:

Sofa Pillow, Miss Charlotte Crooker, .50; Worsteds Tidy, Miss Alice Marshall, .50.

Grass Bouquet, Mrs. Ambrose Stillson, .50; Chair Tidy, Miss Malinda Ann Taylor, .25.

Shell Monument, .50; 2 Card baskets, Mrs. W. Chipman, .50.

Bouquet Wax Flowers, .50; Wreath and Cap, Mrs. Theodore Hill, 1.00.

Pair Shell Vases, .50; Bead Basket, Miss Lois Stratton, .50.

Sleigh Robe, Mrs. Elnathan Cook, .50; Fancy Reticule, Mrs. Milton Sawtelle, .50.

Apple Parer, F. A. Davis, 1.00; Pair Slippers, Miss Hill, .25.

Morning Set, Miss Louisa Ingalls, .25; Worsted Work, Mrs. M. Appleton, 1.00.

Worsted Tidy, Jane Strong, .50.

F. H. GETCHELL, for Com.

FRASER RIVER DISGORGES.—Returning emigrants from Fraser River do not paint a very delightful picture of life at the diggings. They say that if you go to the river in summer you find it



