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VOYAGE TO LABRADOR.

I was at home, passing the spring vacation of my sophomore year, and had become sick of College life. I could not say why; it would have been impossible for me to have defined my feelings, or to have given any good grounds for the aversion which had seized upon me; but I felt a lassitude, a disinclination to return to my studies, which determined me to lead (for a while, at least) a totally different life from the one to which I had been accustomed. Thus unsettled, I was rather at the mercy of fortuitous circumstances; and I will not undertake to say where my lot might not have been cast, had not fortune, and my vagrant fancy, led me to the discipline which I am about to relate.

At one of our wharves lay a brig fitted out for Labrador. The gentlemen interested in the voyage were friends of mine, and I knew the skipper and his son—a stout fellow about my own age. Add to this, that I had just finished the history of Dr. Kane's Explorations, having read it with intense interest, and perhaps the reader may see why I consented to go into voluntary exile at the frozen north.

My mind once made up I entered into the spirit of the cruise I had chosen, with as much enthusiasm as the leader of a forlorn hope, or the commander of a search after those gallant men, who have laid down their lives in the attempt to wrench away the ice bars of their Arctic prison.

My name was duly registered amidst a galaxy of 'his X marks,' as fishermen, and with a warm out-fit, a cross skipper, and a westerly wind, I started.

I am informed that we doubled Cape Sable in heavy weather and fog; but I can answer only for the weather; for by an inevitable necessity I was to retire empty to an empty berth and there recline—supinely, until time alleviated the sufferings inflicted upon a landsman for rashly venturing upon the 'road of whales.' I remembered all the peccadilloes of the boisterous Neptune and taunted with his indiscretions—the imaginary god, as he stood, grim and glowing in his shaggy weeds by my berth-side, shaking his trident, and laughing hoarsely over my downfall. Of so much importance did I suppose myself, that the rough old fellow should make me his favorite foot ball and pitch me about for his own special delectation.

At last I crept on deck, just as the smoother water announced our approach to the 'Gut of Canso'; and though rather weak from starvation, I nibbled my biscuit and inhaled the fresh sea air, with feelings of gratitude I had never before experienced. Three days confinement in our little close cabin had tamed me wonderfully, so that every thing out of doors seemed beautiful. Starvation had done something for me too, and I took quite kindly to 'lobscouse' and hard salt beef.

We had run up through the land; and dropped our anchor in the midst of a fleet of vessels, whose destination was the same as ours, and who were stopping at the cove for men and supplies.

Cansau presented a very pretty appearance, as we rounded up abreast of the town. The settlement is upon a fair field, rising gently from the water, with a background of blue hills. A great number of wharves, each with its neat, white piles of wood, all sawed and split ready for the fishermen, and each covered with men and boys busy unloading and repacking the spring catch of herrings, interspersed their crescent line between us and the town.

Our business was to make out our complement of men, and we lost no time about it. In less than an hour from the dropping of our anchor, the skipper was engaged in diplomatic parley, or severe cross examination, with groups of men upon the various wharves, while the occasional tossing on board of a chest and bed, notified us that his negotiations had been successful.

Among the very first who came on board was one Jackman, a queer character, and (as it turned out) the oldest and most experienced fisherman we had. Nearly seventy years old was William Jackman, tall and bony, stooping slightly, the result of constant bending over his lines—nervous, wiry, and tough. He had a sharp, shrewd face, much wrinkled and weather-beaten, which looked funny enough sometimes, but never solemn, except when the fish would not bite. At such time, I have seen him despondently pull up the untasted bait, and say with a sigh, 'that 'twas hard to tell the mind of a fish.'

One after another, came on board men of all descriptions, and of various ranks, until we were full—with one grand exception; a *Salter* good enough to satisfy our astute skipper could not be found. We were nothing loth, though, to stay another day; so we slept quietly upon it, and hoped to find a jewel of a salter ready for us in the morning.

The salter occupies a most important position on board a fisherman, and it is indispensable that he be an experienced and trust-worthy man. Our only search now was to find such a one, and while we were undecided where to look for him, he came to us. I was ashore with the skipper, enquiring of some of the workmen where we had better go, when a little fellow came digging his way through the crowd, and striding into the middle of the ring, gallantly entered the lists against all comers.

Our burly skipper looked with contempt upon the shriveled, shrunken little imp, who presented himself thus to his notice. But Tom Kavanagh was not to be despised. He was evidently well known; and many a comely pretender fell back before the comical figure of the great salter. We hired him upon the best recommendations, for he designed not to say a word about himself, except that he was 'Tom Kavanagh—the salter; and he even showed a plying contempt for our ignorance, because we had to enquire who he was, and what he could do.

Tom came on board, and we got away, making directly for our first fishing ground, and finding nothing of interest until we made our harbor, *Natashquan*.

There is never any stopping to rest, on board a fisherman; so as soon as the anchors were fairly down, we commenced the disagreeable task of preparing for action. The boats (five in number) were got off the deck, and speedily loaded with barrels—empty and filled with salt—wood, lumber, and various other things for which we had no immediate use; and despatched to the shore. Landing was slow and tedious; the water being very shoal for a few rods from the beach, so that the boats could not reach the land. The men were obliged to jump into the water nearly to their waists, and carry the load by piecemeal, upon their shoulders. This delightful occupation was my first experience of Labrador work, and I thought it far from being a pleasant fore-runner of what was to come.

One day sufficed for the landing; and before we 'turned in' that night, we had each his work allotted him for the following day. At two o'clock in the morning, the fishermen went to take their boats and start for the fishing grounds—then about three miles from the vessel. Soon after the bait-gang were to make

the capelin seine in the yawl boat, make a haul of bait, wherever they could find it, and supply the boats upon the ground. The two dressing gangs (of three men each) helped make up the bait-boat's crew, and then returned to the vessel, ready for the fish, while the salter remained constantly on board. The fishing boats carried two men each, and were supplied with little boxes of beef and hard bread, and jugs of water. They were expected to stay out until loaded with fish; and on their return, after pitching out, the men were served with hot coffee and soft bread, and started immediately for another load. I did not go out the first day, but was placed with the salter, to await the arrival of the first fish.

The cod had not fairly 'struck in'; but towards the afternoon we made out some of the boats staggering in toward us with their first catch. As they came slowly alongside, there was not a man on board who did not feel the enthusiasm that prompts three glorious cheers when the first wet fish fell spattering upon the ready deck. Old Tom and I howled responsive, as the splitter's knife sent the scaly fellows flying down the 'shoot,' to our stronghold below. Never did men work more cheerfully than we; and Tom Kavanagh, forgetting the imminent danger of his falling in pieces, made an insanely rash, though unsuccessful attempt at a horn pipe, and struck up from his wheezy old throat,

'I am a jolly Salter, my name I don't deny,' which melody he interspersed with cackling variations, indicative of unbounded delight, as he 'shook the shovel' for the first time on board our brig. When the splitters had got fairly down to their work, I peeped cautiously from my cavernous retreat, and surveyed the scene on deck. It was good to see how not a single hand on deck was unemployed. The fishermen were washing their boats alongside; some were preparing the hogheads to receive the cod livers, which the 'header' was fast hooping in his barrel, and the splitter's knife was flashing miraculously through the hard, white fish, and hurling the back bones about with a carelessness of consequence refreshing to see. There is a certain tradition sacred among the ancient fishermen, of certain splitters—the great men of their time—who, while at work, could keep a bone continually in the air. To achieve this wonderful proficiency is the ambition of all the faithful; and times when there was a press of work, I sometimes thought ours would accomplish their desire.

We worked upon the twenty hour system; having been duly informed by our skipper that where there was so much to do, and so little time to do it in, four hours sleep was a great abundance for any man. When the days grew shorter, we got longer naps; but for a while the long mellow twilight left little room in the twenty-four hours of total darkness.

I remained but a week in the hold, helping Tom salt, and right sorry was I to leave; for the old fellow and I had become fast friends. I, playing the part of humble disciple, and he kindly condescending to teach me the mysteries of his profession.

On leaving the ship, I was placed in one of the boats and commenced my life as fisherman; not (I confess) without my misgivings as to whether I should make a creditable appearance among the more practiced hands. That my hands were not practiced, I soon became painfully conscious. The lines inflicted cruel punishment upon these unfortunate extremities; and when I pulled on my boots in the mornings, my hands would crack and bleed pitifully. But I got over that, as I had recovered from all my little ills, and found the life in the open boat far preferable to working in the close hold.

Affairs progressed quietly at *Natashquan*. We had our little jiffs and our small pleasures; with sometimes a storm on board, sometimes a gale for the boats at sea; but nothing of importance occurred to us either for good or ill. The fish were regular, and we could not complain.

Our gala day was Sunday. To be sure, we were kept at work Saturday nights, until strong suspicions would be entertained by the crew that midnight was long past; and we were called out before one o'clock on Monday morning, because we had had all day Sunday to sleep; but these were nothing. We had at least time enough on the blessed day to get our clothes washed; to scramble about along the shore, or to run off half a dozen miles to some island, and bring back baskets full of ducks' or gulls' eggs; and this was all we wanted by way of recreation. Wild fowls we saw by tens of thousands, but we could not well take out our guns on week days, and on Sundays we shunned everything requiring much exertion. Thus the time wore away, until the fish began to 'strike out' and the ice in the Straits of Belle Isle broke away, leaving us free passage. Then, for a day, we were busy getting boats and barrels on board, and making everything secure for heavy weather; and upon the second day, we stood out from the old harbor of *Natashquan* deeper and dingier than we were when we entered it. This was about the first of July, when with two men always on the lookout for ice, and everybody on the watch for storms so common upon the coast, we plunged heavily on through fog, to our second station farther north.

The weather was none too good during our passage up; but with a single exception—we met with no disaster. Indeed, the loss of which I speak was of very little consequence; but as it was occasioned by the first serious squall I had ever seen, it made a vivid impression upon my mind.

It was in the afternoon, when, having run slowly in the fog all day, we noticed the vapor clearing away as if pursued by a brisk wind, and in a few moments the atmosphere on our port side was perfectly clear. While we were wondering at the sudden disappearance of the fog, the sky began to darken, and we saw coming towards us what we at first supposed to be rain. We had not long to deliberate rather frightened. Luckily the great force upon its nature, for before an order to shorten sail had been given, we could see the water wreathing up in fantastic squalls that rushed drearily upon us. We sprang to execute the orders to shorten sail; but we were too late. Everything but the main sail was standing.

When the squall struck us, the jib was torn in shreds, and the jib 'traveler'—a stout oaken stick, snapped like a pipe stem—and was hurled high in the air. The foremast creaked and bent like a widow's wand. We all looked to see it go. But the dark gust swept hurriedly away, leaving us not much hurt, but

of the squall passed a few rods ahead of us; had it taken us full and fair, we should have been cruelly crippled, I fear. This slight damage did not detain us; and we knew, though the fog had again shut down, that we must be quite near our destination—Bradore Harbor. So we kept a sharp look-out for land; until at last, on Sunday morning, something loomed above the settled vapor, like the turrets of an old feudal castle, overlooking its regiments of stately trees; and the strained eyes of the fishermen made out the familiar summit of Bradore hills. We were close in; and in a few moments gliding along by a smooth rock, we sheered sharply to port, and crashing through a big, obstructing cake of ice, floated quietly into the famous Bradore Harbor—the terminus of our route.

This harbor is a fine, deep, oval basin, so perfectly rock-locked that the fiercest storm scarce ruffles with a 'cat's paw' its placid surface. Islands of rock, bored into beautiful net-work by a thousand little arms of the sea, surround it on the seaward sides; and far above it, inland, from the wrinkled forehead of the grand old hills.

It was the work of a few moments to throw our anchors into the middle of the basin and warp in to the rocks—occupying a birth that put us perfectly at our ease; after which, we were free for the afternoon, and became speedily engaged in forming new acquaintances. For we were by no means the first on the ground. There were already some half dozen sails, waiting with their boats out for the first appearance of the cod; they had not yet 'struck out.' We were not long in finding each other out—we, who were exiled from the busy world, only forming ourselves a little floating city,—dependent altogether, and spending all our energies within ourselves. We were all friends, and in the same vocation; (rare sight upon this earth!) we knew no angry competition; there was enough for all, and each man took his lucky and unlucky days with equanimity, and bade his neighbor a speedy, and full fare.

Our social system was not perfect, to be sure. High words were not infrequent and an occasional fight spiced our lives; but hot blood is soon cooled, and no man wished another ill an hour together. We had not long to wait for fish, and were soon at our old work; but by this time a little vessel, sent to bring our herring seine, arrived from home with letters and news, and the seine, which made a great change in our method of taking fish. Now, instead of fishing with boats, we took nearly all with the herring seine, making sometimes a single haul of ten thousand cod fish.

Our second Sunday at Bradore was the Fourth of July, and we felt bound to take some notice of it; but our means were limited, and our only demonstration was the hoisting of all our colors: our only festivity an unbounded supply of plum-duff. Charley, the black cook (I beg his pardon for not having mentioned so important an individual before), had the awful responsibility of the 'duff' upon him, and 'laid himself out' with confident anticipations of perfect success; staking his well-earned reputation upon the assertion that he would have the best duff ever seen on board of that vessel. Alas! the errors of human calculation! Prowling about the galley just before the hour for dinner, I looked in, and there sat Charley with the most chop fallen expression upon his sable countenance, deepening—if possible—its hue of night, scooping from the middle of the huge pudding a white substance about the consistency of molasses. I readily yielded to the poor fellow's importunities that I would say nothing about it, when, pushing the dish containing the liquid portion abstractedly under the stove, he turned the aperture underneath, and with a scared, troubled look, announced 'Dinner.' The men came aft snacking their lips, and taking the monstrous 'duff,' bore it in triumph to the fore hatch about which more than twenty men were arranged, awaiting the delicious morsel. The plates were filled, the pudding plentifully lubricated with molasses, and, as the cook was carrying to the cabin our small well-cooked 'duff,' with sugar sauce, I caught the expression of those twenty faces as the teeth sunk in that soggy dough. Grief, anger, horror, disgust, were all depicted upon those countenances; their celebration of the anniversary of our National Independence was a failure—worse than the rain upon the fire works at home.

In the afternoon, however, they received some compensation, for a fiddler in a vessel close by, struck up a merry jig, and our men—with the exception of old Tom, and the guilty cook—forgot their sorrows in the pleasures of the *Tersichorean Art*. Tom obstinately refused to open his mouth, endeavoring to show by signs that he had been unable to extricate his molars from their quagmire of duff; but the cook, who was of a more mercurial temperament, was discovered behind the galley dancing with the most complicated step in which he had ever been known to indulge. Later in the day, the men granted the poor fellow an armistice, during which he amused us all by butting in the heads of barrels, on a wager of slight value, and putting conciliatory 'Jubas' for the men to dance by.

Thus our 'Fourth' was pleasant enough though simple, and we returned to our work next day, hearty and refreshed.

Some little incident worthy of note occurred every day, to relieve the monotony of our lives; but they were so frequent that I can scarcely set them down here.

One Sunday, as I was lying upon my chest in the cabin, reading some provincial reports on the fisheries, I heard the cry—'Row! Row!' and springing up hurried on deck to see what the trouble was. Men were thronging from the decks, and rapidly collecting in a ring, about a high smooth rock, some little distance from the water; and as our boats had already gone, I had nothing left but to get aloft and see what I could from my perch above the crowd. Accordingly, I ran up to the foremast head, eager to witness the pugilistic encounter which was evidently to take place. From my elevated position I commanded a perfect view of the ring; in the centre of which stood two stout New-Foundlanders stripped 'to the buff' and meaning mischief. They did not look particularly revengeful—either of them; but they seemed to have chosen this as the most agreeable and expeditious method of settling their little disputes, and putting all enmity at rest. I will not describe the encounter, which was long and severe, calling forth a display of endurance, and much pluck; but half a dozen 'knock-downs' cooled the ardor of the vanquished, and appeased the wrath of the conqueror, so they shook hands good-naturedly,

and retired—mutually pleased at the satisfactory adjustment of their difference.

The time for our return home was drawing rapidly near—our 'fare' being nearly completed—and as yet nothing had occurred to make the 'even tenor of our way' less joyous.—Each one was in good spirits, and anticipating his return to the dear old home with emotions of pleasure. But it was written that not every man of us should realize his hopes.

We went one morning—the seine boat with its seven men, Hutton and Butler with their 'tag' boat, as we called the tender upon the seine, and Dillon and myself with our 'tag,'—all to Green Island, eight miles from the vessel; to seine cod fish. South-west winds had been prevailing a day or two, and the sea broke fearfully over the rocky points of the Island; but it was no new sight, and we had become fool-hardy by our constant life upon the waters in our open boat; so we skirted the angry breakers, and running into the smooth cove soon had a small haul of fish. I happened to be near the seine boat when they made the haul, and running alongside loaded my boat, leaving just enough in the seine to ballast the other tag which now approached, and turned my heavy boat toward home.

We had to pass the point again, and as we neared it, old Dillon rested upon his oar and said rather anxiously, 'sheer out, boy, sheer out; give the pint a good berth!' and added, with a solemn look upon his weather-beaten face, 'when you've seen as much of the treachery of these curly-headed fellers as I have, you won't think so lightly of havin' em break within a fathom of yer, as you do now.' The old fellow spoke in a serious, warning tone; and I turned my boat's head out enough to give them a wide chance to tumble in without including me in their rough gambols.

The seine boat was now following us, a little further in shore, Hutton and Butler coming slowly after it, but still nearer the curving crests of foam, which raged far out from the rocky promontory. Dillon seemed uneasy, and growled a curse upon all men who dared to tamper with an angry sea. The old man sat rowing in the bow of the boat, so that he could see everything 'behind us, when, as one of those huge rollers came crushing in upon the land, he started to his feet with a cry of horror, straining his eyes, and stretching his hands in the direction of the other 'tag.' I turned instantly, and just in time to see the luckless boat hurled from the summit of the waves into the merciless whirling of those fearful breakers. The seine boat crew saw as soon as we, and appreciated as did we, the utter helplessness of the wrecked ones' condition. They were as far removed from all help that we could render, as if they had been miles away.

We shuddered and stood still, for we could only look and see them die. But while we gazed, Hutton, the lighter of the two struck boldly for his life, toward the seine boat. The other, a large powerful man, could not swim, and clung with the grasp of death to the shattered boat that tossed and tumbled in the wild abyss of waters.

Our attention was distracted between the two. Butler seemed far beyond all hope; but Hutton was bravely making his way inch by inch out of the jaws of death. Never did I see so good and resolute a swimmer; wave after wave broke over him, and each time he gave him up for lost; but he would rise again, and struggle with fierce, despairing energy for the buoy that had been thrown him, and lay now almost within his grasp. We watched him with intense feeling, until, with a last tremendous effort, which, as he afterwards told me, he drew the heart from his body, he laid his hand upon the buoy and was drawn into the boat.

All this had occupied but a moment, and our attention was turned instantly again upon our other shipmate. Three times we saw him dashed from his hold upon the boat, three times he climbed again upon her shattered bulk. We were so near that we could see the agonized working of the muscles in his face; and I trembled with excitement at being so near a man in his death throes, and yet unable to stretch forth a hand to save him.

At last, a wave more ruthless than the rest, wrapped its winding sheet about him, and buried him from our sight. We bowed our heads, and sat like men entranced, until a tremulous waiting from the bottom of the seine boat recalled us to our duty, and we towed home swiftly, yet sadly, to minister to the wants of the saved.

As soon as we got on board the vessel, I took a mug of rum and pepper into the forecastle, and dosed the shivering man until he became quite warm. Then I had to relate to the curious sailors all the particulars of our loss, and hear in return the various comments that were made upon the event. One man had heard a slow and measured step upon the plank over his head, the night before, and was sure that if the body of the drowned man was found, some of boards lying across the forecastle would be used for his coffin; a very fair augury, considering it was all the lumber we had. Another had heard groans and rattling of chains during the night, portending some great misfortune; a third had seen, while he slept, a figure in a shroud; and thus the confession of their superstition passed from mouth to mouth.

Next morning Dillon and I followed the seine boat to the fatal spot, and when we reached it with our heavy boat, the signal was already flying, and the carmen resting from their exertions. We went alongside, and without a word lifting gently the stiff, stark clay into our own boat, covered it reverently with our oil-jackets, and turned slowly homeward. Soon a light breeze springing up from the south, we laid in our oars and ate our bread and beef from off the board on which the dead man lay, Dillon telling sombre stories the while, each story with a lengthy moral and a pointed application to the case in mind. Then the old man would sit musing, his eyes fixed dreamily upon the horizon, murmuring words which showed that his thoughts were of shipmates buried in long gone days; and he was milder, and looked kinder from beneath his shaggy brows, than I had ever seen him—than I ever saw him again.

As we sailed into the basin all knew our sad freight, and thirty flags drooped mournfully in honor of the lost one. All work was of course suspended, and two carpenters from neighboring vessels, kindly volunteered their assistance in making the coffin. It was a rough affair, but we did the best we could, painting it black, and lining it decently with

cotton cloth. The next day was Sunday, and at two o'clock P. M., the procession left our vessel for the burial place; a sand-bank about a mile distant. Our seine boat, with the six carmen for bearers, each in his best blue shirt, duck pants, and tarpaulin hat, went first, and after it in regular line came every boat in the harbor, pulling slowly in our wake. We landed, and forming in procession, the coffin borne upon six sturdy shoulders, marched to the grave.

There was no solemn bell to toll the dead man's requiem; no priest to consign him with prayers to his last resting place; but there were three hundred bended and uncovered heads about the open grave, and a white-haired man standing in the midst, reading tremulously and low the Episcopal service for the dead.

As the words, 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' were heard, the first cold fell upon the coffin, many a head bowed lower, and many an eye grew dim with tears.

A hymn, familiar to those rude men, was given out, and guff, heavy, bass voices boomed their long farewell over the shipmate's grave. I think many of us were better for a while; certainly we were more thoughtful. The man was nothing to any of us; few of us had known him before he joined us; but he had been one of the family, and we missed him sadly. Then our daily occupation led us constantly into danger, and we could not well avoid a little moralizing upon the uncertainty of our existence.

Soon after this occurrence, the herring struck in, and we were devoted to that branch, to the entire exclusion of all other fishing; so that in two weeks we had completed our fare, and were preparing to return home.

The severe frosts had already begun—mitens had been uncomfortable at any time—and we were thoroughly happy when we warped out of the harbor and stood for the Gut of Cansau, to the cheery song, 'Homeward Bound.'

I count this one of my happy days; another was when we reached the Gut, saw women and children, and ate fresh meat; another was when we rounded up to the wharf at home, I made the 'pier head leap,' and landed in the midst of a crowd of friends, who had seen us coming in, and stood ready to welcome us again to civilized society. Just four months we had been gone, four months of hard work and coarse diet, yet almost every day had been replete with interest. I was stout, free from all ills, perfectly ravenous for books, and the end had been accomplished.

If the reader thinks the end sufficient for the means, let him try the like remedy. He will have ever-present recollections to cherish, and a knowledge of the ways of rough-hewn men, their modes of thinking and acting, that shall remain with him, to his infinite advantage, all his life.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF HORSES.—The enlightenment and humanity of the present time are rapidly ameliorating the condition of the horse. Formerly, his treatment and management, by civilized man, was most unwise and cruel, but now, some believe that kind treatment and rational management are more economical and proper. Till of late, he has almost universally, when in harness, been tortured with the check-rein. Now-a-days, a small percentage of horse owners and managers do not use it. Some consider the rein to be both ornamental and serviceable. They have a fancy for a high head, and showy horse; and suppose, also, that this rein keeps the horse from tripping and falling—that it holds him up. It is often the cause of his tripping and falling. It prevents his recovery from a fall. With an unrestrained head he could more easily and readily prevent falling, when he might trip or stumble; or arise from a fall easier. He will not step any lighter and higher for the check-rein. It will no more hold him up than a man can be held up in slippery weather by a stock for his neck that throws his head back—face upwards! The check-rein, that makes him a gazer at the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night, prevents his seeing the ground upon which he is travelling. When in motion, this check-rein causes quite a jar of the head, and a jerking of the bits upon the mouth.

The necks of horses differ in their formation, yet tasty coachmen and teamsters draw their heads equally high by this rein. In the days of stage coaching, a driver had all of his horses' heads checked up high and tort. One of the team could not draw up hill, so he whipped him soundly and severely at the bit, till a passenger observing the difficulty in the case of that horse, suggested to the driver the cause—that he could not work with his head drawn up so high—upon his being released from the check, the horse drew smartly up the hills afterwards. Drawing in the nose of the horse to his breast, by a short rein, or the martingale, cramps the cords of the neck and prevents the healthy circulation of the blood in the neck and head.

Blinkers are of doubtful utility. Horses are often startled by noises, the causes of which he cannot see with blinkers on. But the same noises do not frighten them when not in harness, and they can see whence the sounds come. They increase the weight of the bridle and deflect into their eyes both heat and dirt. It is not always that blinkers prevent skittish horses from seeing sights, at which they become frightened, and the turning of their heads, then, away from these objects, rather increases than diminishes their fears.

The tail of the horse, men have generally considered imperfectly made, unfinished naturally, so they cut off what they estimate worthless, cut the cords in it, and set it up! Some do it, and then cut the cords upon its under side, and place it in the pulleys till it is stiffened, and will remain set up. Others fancy a long-tailed nag, with his tail set up, and perhaps will so cut and pulley it that it will remain bowed. The tail is a very serviceable instrument in its natural condition, for the horse to brush away the flies with, that so much annoy him a large part of the year; when cut and stiffened as it usually is, by the hand of civilized and humane man, the flies torment him unharmed. It is more graceful, unoperated upon, and is less in the way of the reins, when one is riding. It may affect the animal's strength to cut off these cords. The tail that has been set up, often trembles very much after he has been driven or worked hard.

The fetlock should not be shorn. God has seen fit to have the hair grow long there. There is a rapid movement of the joint, chords and skin here, when the animal is travelling rapidly. Such length of hair is probably necessary for protection of this exposed part of the leg.—[Corr. N. E. Farmer.]

My Labor-Saving Husband.
Some husbands are more plague than profit, and make vastly more work than they do; but mine is one to brag about. When I was married, to my shame be it spoken, I had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I had no idea of saving time or saving work, but had a husband who had love enough for me to bear with my simplicity, and not scold when the bread was burned and the pies not fit to eat. Going into the kitchen one morning, he saw me baking buckwheat cakes, and greasing the griddle with a piece of pork on the end of a fork. He said nothing, but went into the wood house, and soon returned with a smoothly whittled stick, about six inches long, through the split end of which he passed a folded strip of white cloth, and then wound it around the end and tied it with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance which could be dipped in melted grease and put it smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw me scouring knives with a piece of cloth. 'Dear me!' said he, 'you will surely cut your fingers.' So he contrived a machine, by nailing a broad piece of cork to a spool for a handle, sinking the head of the nail into the cork so far that it could not touch the knife. This lifts the hand from the knife, and does not cramp the fingers.

I used to call him occasionally to thwack over the heavy mattress and straw bed for me. 'What a nuisance!' he exclaimed, and so replaced them with a spring mattress. Of all the nice things for beds, this is the best; it is always in place, requires no shaking up, and it takes only three minutes to replace the bed clothes, and the bed is made. It always looks round and inviting, and gently yields to the weight of the sleeper.

He saw the dish-towels hanging helter skelter around the kitchen stove, and forthwith made the most convenient hanging frame, over the wood box, where it can take up no room and is near the stove. Here the towels hang smoothly and always in place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no shelves, and I could not make room enough for all the meat, butter and milk. So he made two racks, and fitted ventilated shelves from one to the other. The shelves are ventilated by being bored thick with augur holes, and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, and stitch, and makes sewing machines the constant topic of conversation. He reads to me every advertisement and every letter from women who praise them in the papers. If he could make one I should be in possession of one immediately, but as he cannot, I must wait till 'the ship comes in.' These are some of the ways by which he lightens the labor of the house. Would more husbands were like him. Perhaps, another time, I shall tell you how he contrives his own garden tools, and saves time and money by his ingenuity.

[Fireside Monthly.]

CORRUPTIONS OF LANGUAGE.—A correspondent of the New York Post calls attention to various corruptions that have crept into the common use of modern language, which it is well enough to note and guard against.

'The phrase at length is often used in the sense of at last, but that is not its meaning.' 'I have heard from Smith at length,' properly indicates that I have heard fully and in detail. To hear from Smith 'at last' is to hear from him after a long delay.

The present tense is constantly used for the future in reference to things about to take place: The ship sails to-morrow; Mr. Spriggins reads Macbeth to-night, &c.

The word *alternative* means a choice between two things; one or the other. Yet it is so used as to mean the things themselves, and not the choice between them. As thus: His may take either alternative; I am forced to choose between two alternatives. In any given case, there can be but one alternative.

Discriminate is often used as the synonym of *discriminate*, as; I could not distinguish between them. There is a great array of precedent for this; but any one who is sensitive to niceties in language must see the advantage of discriminating between the two words. Distinguish has other and distinct meanings, and its force as to them is awakened by imposing too many duties on it. The fact that discriminate retains its single and original signification furnishes a useful hint to those who are fond of substitutes.

Peculiar and *peculiarly* have also lost their peculiarity of signification by being confounded with *carefully*, *etc.*, although the noun, *peculiarly*, substantially holds its own.

There are few philological absolutes equal to the abuse of the word *most*. Usually the misuse of words consist in applying to them meanings that are not their own; but those who misuse must have managed not to give it a new meaning, but to divest it of any meaning. This solemnism is also sustained by high authority. Addison says, 'I distinguish myself by a most profound silence.' Horace Walpole says, 'it is a most just idea.' Burke says 'no most certainly.' Chesterfield, 'he was a most complete orator.' Lyleton, 'this was a most extraordinary virtue.' Smollett, 'he was an object of most perfect esteem.' Goldsmith, 'a most extensive eruption.' Washington Irving, 'he gave it most liberally away.' Prescott, 'it is most assuredly not because, &c.' Daniel Webster, 'it would most seriously affect us.' Edward Everett, 'such a system must most widely and most powerfully have the effect of, &c.' This is a formidable array of precedents, and it might be indefinitely increased. In some of these citations, there is really a superfluity of naughtiness; as, where the superlative expletive is applied to an adjective already a superlative of itself, like 'most certainly,' 'most complete,' 'most perfect'; but apart from that, this consideration applies to them all, and to the thousand similar uses of the word by other writers, namely, that *most* in these connections means absolutely nothing. A word which has a meaning can be replaced by some other word of similar meaning, or by a paraphrase. Will anybody take any of the above quoted sentences and replace the word *most* by any other word in our language? or, if he cannot do that, will he define 'most' as it stands?

There are certain particles in English, as *and*, *if*, *but*, &c., which may often be dispensed with as mere superfluities, and which, as used, it would often be difficult to define in precise terms; but *most* is a superlative expression; it cannot be placed in the category of insignificant particles that need no definition, and should never be used without good and sufficient cause. Yet if a man will open any page of English literature, and cross out the word *most* wherever he finds it, he will, in nine instances out of ten, improve the sentences that contain it.

THOUGHTS WHILE SAVING, BY AN OLD MAN.—Men sow wild oats, and women button. The shortest way to a man's heart is down his throat. Man's love is like the moon, if it does not grow larger, it is certain to grow small. A man may do good by stealth, but as for his blushing, to find it false, that's all nonsense. Man shrinks from cold meat. Does this arise from man's innate presumption of always ruling the roost? Man takes a woman with a dowry in the same way that he accepts

a hamper that brings him a present of game. Men have two ways of extinguishing the flame of love—they either let it burn out quietly, or else they snuff it out at one blow. In a dilemma, during the time a man has been standing like a fool, fumbling for an excuse, a woman will have invented ten thousand. Wives are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands, but you hear of few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives. How many are there who think they are making themselves exceedingly popular when they are only making themselves extremely ridiculous. Men have been pointed out to me who were said to be great thinkers. I have watched them, and found them very great thinkers—men who evidently thought a great deal—but then it was evidently about themselves. An old maid's only confidant is her pillow. All her cares, wrongs and thoughts, both sleeping and waking, are confided to its soft embrace. It is the depository and witness of the tears that she sometimes sheds over broken hopes. More than this, it is a confidant that never mocks—never betrays her.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... APR. 12, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us. Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

NOMINATION.—The Skowhegan Clarion presents the name of Abner Coburn to the Bangor Convention, as a candidate for Governor. This is well enough. We like to see the people exercising their privilege of making suggestions to their delegates. We show our appreciation of the example by following it; and we suggest to the same body the name of a man by no means behind any other, either in qualification or availability, for the office of Governor of Maine—Hon. D. L. Milliken, of Waterville. A man of extensive political experience, unquestioned integrity and a popularity based upon modest worth in every department of life; why would he not make an excellent Governor? We know not what plans are already concocted among the class who make the bargains, but we mistake very much if the eyes of the honest voters of the State are not already resting upon Mr. Milliken with much confidence in his election. Let the convention decide.

FUNNY.—A correspondent of the Boston Herald who goes into some presidential figures based upon a Southern proposition to 'go for Douglas if it can be shown that he will carry a single northern State,' asserts as his personal conviction that Douglas would carry Connecticut, Rhode Island and Maine, while Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont would remain doubtful! This is amusing, and shows the narrow corner into which the democrats are driven. Last year the Vermont Democratic State convention endorsed Douglas unequivocally by resolution, and having nominated a man of great popularity for governor, were defeated by a vote of two to one!—and this in a State as unchanging as her mountains!—Vermont and Maine doubtful! It is the best hope of the democrats for carrying 'a single northern State' they may surrender at once.

SURGICAL.—We are gratified to hear that Mr. Ames Jones, of Corinna, Me., who was operated upon for stone in the bladder, last October by Dr. Noyes, of this place, is now entirely cured, and has gained in four months after the Stone was extracted 75 lbs., making his weight 200 lbs. In view of the extreme prostration and unfavorable condition the patient was in at the time he submitted to the operation, his case may be considered a remarkable recovery and cure.

CANADA MAKES AN OFFER.—In consequence of an alleged agitation which the Canadians affect to believe exists at Washington, for the purpose of inducing Queen Victoria either to sell or quietly relinquish her claim to Canada in favor of the United States, Mr. Simpson has given notice of the following motion in the Canadian Parliament: 'Address to her Majesty the Queen: Praying, that in the event of receiving any proposition from the Congress of the United States for the acquisition of British North America, or any portion thereof, her Majesty will be graciously pleased to reply, that considerations connected with the happiness of the human race in general and with the well being and liberties of North America in particular, forbid the idea of acceding thereto; but that, in order to show her Majesty's appreciation of the trading propensity of Congress, and the willingness to indulge it so far as is consistent with the feeling and interest of her subjects in North America, the Queen is prepared to receive a proposition for the acquisition by Canada of the State of Maine and Michigan, or either of them.'

RHODE ISLAND.—The Republicans do not admit a defeat in little Rhode Island, and the democrats seem a little embarrassed in claiming it. Before the election the Boston Post and other democratic papers asserted very positively that Sprague was not the democratic candidate, though they now join in the shout of victory. On the other side it is declared that Paddock was not legitimately the republican candidate; so that Rhode Island is a political hotch-potch till the presidential election, when we verily believe she will stand with the other New England States on the republican platform.

REVOLTING CRIME.—We learn from the Clarion, that Daniel Gerald, of Canaan, has been committed to Jail at Norridgewock, charged with outraging the person of his own grand-daughter, a girl but ten years old. He is over 70 years of age.

OUR TABLE.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.—The March number of this quarterly has a very fine steel engraving, entitled 'Good for Nothing,' and several well executed wood engravings. The literature of the number is well chosen and affords much reading. This work, as is well known, is published by the Cosmopolitan Art Association, and a subscription of \$3 entitles one not only to a copy of the Journal for a year, but also to an elegant five dollar engraving, and a chance in the annual distribution of prizes. In fact, giving a subscriber twice the worth of his money. E. T. Elden is Honorary Secretary for Waterville and vicinity.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.—Part 3 of this elegant serial extends to the fifth chapter of Genesis, and is profusely illustrated. Those who desire a beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures, which in addition to its pictorial attractions, possesses valuable and distinguished features in its full marginal references, improved readings, able commentary, &c., will do well to examine this edition now passing through the press. Published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, New York, at 15 cents a number.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—No. 71 of this cheap musical periodical has the following list of contents:—*Melodies from 'Fra Diavolo.'* Abner. *The May Song.* (May Greeting.) Beethoven. *Scenes that are bright.* W. V. Wallace. *Eccegenline.* J. Buckley.

In this work, twelve large pages of desirable music, arranged for voice and piano, are given weekly, for \$5 a year; \$3 for six months; \$1.75 a quarter; or 15 cents a single number. Address C. B. Seymour & Co. 107 Nassau St., New York.

THE SOLO MELODIST.—In No. 10 will be found no less than twenty-seven pieces of music, as follows:—The principal Melodies from the Opera of 'Norma.' The Meeting of Waters, The Herdsman's Mountain Song, Oh! wert thou in the Chilly Balm, Clementine Brown, Come Dole, Adagio, Scenes of Home, What will you do Love, Allegro, Air Française, The Plough-boy, Irish Melody, English Tune, The Little Island, Air by Handel, Air from Zampa, The Roast Beef of Old England.

The Solo Melodist is published semi-monthly by C. B. Seymour & Co., New York, at \$2.50 a year, or 10 cents a number.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.—Here, now, is an excellent book for the family—useful knowledge, with a basis soundly scientific, popularized and made attractive. It is published in semi-monthly numbers of 32 handsome quarto pages each, profusely illustrated. Twelve of these will form a volume, of which there will be four when the work is finished, though each volume will be complete in itself. The price is 15 cents a number. Published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, New York, and sold by booksellers and periodical dealers everywhere. To be properly appreciated the work must be seen.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., Boston, send us the following new pieces of Music: *Reminiscence Militaire.* Polka-Brillante. C. W. Sanderson. *Dearest Still.* Words by Somers Clifton; music by George Linley. *See something to tell you.* A Song. Music by Steph. Rooke.

On the mountain's airy summit. A Song. Music by Ruckert. *The Ark is Singing in the Sky.* Sung by Mrs. J. H. Long. Music by Henry Van Hall. *Shooting Star Galop.* By William Boyer.

For sale at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

VOYAGE TO LABRADOR.—This article on our first page appeared originally in *The Undergraduate*, a new quarterly, conducted by an association of collegiate and professional students, and published at New Haven. It is a personal narrative—a record of actual experience—and was contributed to that work by Albert Williams Bradbury, of Bowdoin College—son of Hon. Bion Bradbury of Eastport, and grandson of Col. J. Williams of our village. The novelty of the scenes and incidents described, no less than the vigor and freshness of the narrative, will make it acceptable to all; while the simple and unpretentious style in which it is written will give it a peculiar charm for readers of nicer taste. The brain-wearied and book-sick student, too, will here find a course of treatment prescribed, which, if followed, in many cases would no doubt invigorate the system and give a healthy tone to the mind.

MORE LIGHT.—The Levee held by the ladies of the Baptist Society in this village, early in the spring, was for the purpose of raising funds to provide better fixtures for lighting their House. Instead of a chandelier, as at first proposed, double sconces have been procured and put up, attached to the walls and supporting pillars of the gallery. They make a very neat appearance, but no trial has yet been made of their illuminating capacities.

THE LAST TUMULT.—A correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives the details of the last pro-slavery flurry in Congress, produced by the speech of Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois. Mr. L. is a brother of the Lovejoy murdered at Alton, and will therefore be tolerated in uttering bolder denunciations of slavery than any other member of the House.

He had been speaking only a few moments and had stepped down from his seat into the open space in front of the Clerk's desk, when Pryor of Virginia suddenly advanced toward him in an offensive and threatening manner and interrupted him. The chairman (Washington, of Me.) called him to order, but he paid no regard to it, and in less than half a minute there was a scene of the wildest uproar and confusion ever seen even on the floor. A hundred members on each side rushed to the centre, and a bedlam of discordant noise stunned the ears of the listeners. Pryor, Barksdale, Singleton, Jenkins, Crawford, and a crowd of Southern fire-eaters on one side, Patten, Millard, Kellogg of Ill., Egerton, Longnecker, Buffinton, Kenyon, Beale, Burlingame and others of the Republicans on the other, crowded the centre aisle and the open space, and oaths, imprecations, curses, threats, doubled fists, brandished canes, and general uproar prevailed.

Lovejoy stood in the centre unmoved, not a sign of fear or a motion of retreat, calm and cool as an iceberg, waiting for the tumult to subside. In vain the chairman commanded 'order,' in vain the members on the outside of the ring vociferated and yelled for 'order,' 'send for the Sergeant-at-Arms,' let the committee rise, 'let the House adjourn,' and there was a 'right smart' chance of fist cuffs and bloodshed. But no man seemed inclined to strike the first blow. Mr. Kellogg of Illinois, who is a very large athletic man, finally moved his way down to Lovejoy's side, and making himself heard above the din, shouted, 'Mr. Chairman, my colleagues shall be heard; he shall have his rights.' Mr. Patten of Wisconsin, joined in the declaration, and told the other side that they should not dictate what Lovejoy should say, nor where nor how he should say it. Kellogg again shouting, said, 'He shall speak, but he shall observe the rules; but so long as he is in, no man shall put him down by clamor.'

Some one howled out that no one wished to intimidate Mr. Lovejoy. Lovejoy himself instantly thundered out, 'No man can intimidate me.' In the midst of, and at the height of the row, Mr. Washburn finding that he could not quell the disturbance, as he had no power in Committee of the Whole to call in the Sergeant-at-Arms, vacated the chair; the Speaker resumed it and immediately the Sergeant's deputy appeared with the mace and ordered the members back to their seats.

Slowly and reluctantly they obeyed and the tumult subsided a little. Then, as an expedient to get rid of the difficulty, finding that they could not choke Lovejoy off, the Democrats made a demand that he should speak, standing in his seat. There is such rule, but it was never before enforced. Mr. Washburn having resumed the chair, decided that under the rule, Lovejoy must either speak from his seat or occupy the Clerk's desk. He immediately walked to the Clerk's desk and resumed his speech, and there finished it, filling up his hour. It was the most ultra, out-spoken, manly, God-fearing, tyrant-defying, and scathing speech to which I ever listened. It was unprepared, that is, unwritten, and while full of the bitterest sarcasm and invective, was parliamentary and eloquent as well as couched in language, that would be creditable to any public speaker. His speech was based on the denial of three propositions on which slavery is defended. 1st, That slavery is right because the black man is inferior to the white, and that a superior race has a right to enslave the inferior; 2d, That to enslave the negro is justifiable because he is thereby civilized and christianized; and 3d, That slavery is guaranteed and protected by the Constitution of the United States. All these propositions Lovejoy denied and controverted, and in my judgment, with a logic and reasoning that no man can successfully answer. He denounced slavery as the sum of all villainies, as worse than piracy, robbery, polygamy and cannibalism, as offensive to God and injurious to man. He portrayed its evils in the most glowing language, and preached the everlasting gospel of human liberty, like one of the old Puritans, to most unwilling and exasperated ears. He endorsed the Helper book most fully, and told the slaveholders to help themselves if they could; condemned John Brown's invasion of Virginia, but defended his motives and his courage; notified the South that slavery must and would be abolished; declared that he would help all the fugitives to escape from slavery that he could, and if necessary to achieve their freedom, he would justify them in bridging the yawning chasm between the hell of slavery and the heaven of freedom with the slain carcasses of all their oppressors.

He was constantly interrupted, and the most insulting remarks were addressed to him, but he kept right on pouring in his hot shot, scattering his enemies right and left. Occasionally he noticed an interruption, and always to the utter discomfiture of his interlocutors.

Letter from Cambridge.
Color-blindness—item for housekeepers—Concord—Easter Sunday.
CAMBRIDGE, April 7, 1860.
A friend speaking recently of an article on color-blindness, said the reviewer mentioned some Scotch district where this peculiarity prevailed in the proportion of one to fifty. In my own experience I remember but one instance of this obtuseness or negation to color, and then, was inclined to attribute it to affectation, but now, the time gives it proof. Only think of not being able to detect the difference between the color of the fruit and leaves of a currant-bush! How far may this inability to define color be attributed to a defect in the visual organs or to mental phenomena? Followed into natural channels it would lead to interesting matter. The association of names with colors is not uncommon; a young girl once created a laugh among her friends, because she said, Caroline is green, but names she declared with her were always associated with colors.

Do our Maine Farmers cultivate a small black bean, native, I think, of Prussia, called at the stores Turtle Soup Bean? At present, it is scarce, much sought, and expensive; it is exceedingly liked by housekeepers for a delicious soup which it makes. I give the recipe: soak a quart of beans over night, less if your family is small, in the morning pour the water off, and add four or five quarts of water and if you please a piece of beef, let it boil slowly four or five hours, season it with salt, strain it, and slice one or two lemons and hard boiled eggs into the tureen you serve it in. Where it is desirable to have it highly nutritive, after you have strained it, you add a bottle of Madeira, and return it to the kettle and let it boil about twenty minutes. I have eaten this soup made of the bean, without meat or wine, with lemon sliced into it, and found it rich and acceptable.

You have noticed the little town of Concord has had an episode in the law wrangle John Brown's raid has opened. Mr. Sanborn is a graduate of Harvard, in the class of 1855, and keeps a private school, I believe, for both sexes at Concord, he is a fervid abolitionist, has two of Brown's daughters in his school and family. He is tall and handsome and while in college discovered a taste for belle lettres, partly supporting himself at the time, by literary articles. He is a widower, having married before he finished his collegiate course a fair spirit while she was almost entering the sapphire gate. He is much loved and respected at Concord.

Tomorrow will be Easter-Sunday, when some of our colored friends will sing that chorus to their Easter hymn, which joined to their simple faith, was to me always touching. 'And the grave could not hold him.' The Chime of the Episcopal bells is to be rung out, for the first time tomorrow, and report says, that at the Appleton Chapel, Ex-President Walker is to preach, and tomorrow the young people will keep up the old superstition, and wear something new to bring good luck for the remaining days of eighteen hundred and sixty.

THE SPIRITUAL ECLECTIC.—A large and handsome sheet, bearing this title, comes to us from Boston, the publishing office being at No. 14 Bromfield Street. It is devoted to the propagation of the doctrines of the Spiritualists, and is under the editorial charge of Mr. A. E. Newton, an able writer, with considerable experience and an enviable reputation for honesty and fairness. The price is \$2 a year.

LEGAL SEASON.—There has been some thing doing in this branch of temperance labor, for a week or two past, especially at the particular locality in Waterville where there is most need of it. Some of the 'hard cases' have been nabbed in a way that looks as tho' there were strong hands hold of the ropes.—Somebody must have been found who drinks rum and tells the truth. To find such a witness, has heretofore been the worst difficulty to encounter; and possibly the odium of 'rum swearing' may be getting a little too strong to be borne. 'Fifty more such oaths as that,' said one of our justices very coolly, after a liquor knowingness had exposed his ignorance in the case, 'would injure that witness's reputation for truth and veracity.' We hope those who are turning the screws at this time will have nerve and strength to hold out. There never was a time when our village more needed their services, or when the old offenders aluded to more richly deserved the sharpest lash of the law. The mischief and ruin they have wrought, during a winter of great severity to the poorest class of our population, have roused feelings of strong indignation; and an increase of a thousand dollars in expenses of the poor, chargeable in a great measure to their work, has prepared the minds of our citizens to see them rebuked. Only a tithe of their deserts will be likely to reach their backs.

VISITORS.—It is reported that the Japanese embassy to the United States is now on its way to Washington, and will soon arrive in the steamer Roanoke, which will go up the Potomac. The embassy consists of eighteen high officials and noblemen and fifty-three servants. It is the first embassy that ever left Japan for any country, and will produce a sensation.

The Senate have appropriated \$50,000 for their entertainment while in this country.

QUERY.—If the cars leave this place 20 minutes later than they have through the winter, how much earlier must a person take his breakfast in order to be in season for the cars?
—Clarion
This depends on the size of the man, Moses. Some folks would need to begin at day-break. Who is it that wants to know?

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.—This paper takes the place of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, and like that is a handsome quarto sheet, of the largest size and an organ of the Spiritualists. It is published by A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York, and the senior publisher acts as editor. The terms—\$2.00 a year—are very low, considering the size of the paper.

SNOW POND DIVISION, BELGRADE.—The following are the officers for the present term, as installed by D. G. W. P., S. H. Blackwell on Friday evening last.
George Minot, W. P.;
George Smith, W. A.;
A. H. Wyman, R. S.;
M. H. Alexander, A. R. S.;
Thomas J. Penny, F. S.;
John Partridge, T.;
M. C. Page, C.;
B. M. Blake, A. C.;
C. N. Goodwin, I. S.;
David Teaborn, O. S.

This is a new Division, instituted in Oct. last, but its growth has been rapid and healthy. We learn that it is exerting a very good influence in the town.

CASCADE DIVISION, W. WATERVILLE.—We learn that this Division has enjoyed the highest degree of prosperity during the past autumn and winter, and that its prospects for the future are unusually cheering. A manuscript paper, conducted by the ladies, is read at every alternate meeting and is found to be a very attractive, as well as instructive feature. The following are the officers for the present quarter, installed by D. G. W. P., S. H. Blackwell on Sat. eve. last.

Russel C. Benson, W. P.;
George W. Hubbard, W. A.;
Stephen T. Blaisdel, R. S.;
Silas Berry, A. R. S.;
Stephen Watson, F. S.;
John S. Girdler, T.;
Washington Smith, C.;
W. H. Stevens, A. C.;
George Maires, I. S.;
John U. Hubbard, O. S.

Dr Morse will be at Skowhegan next Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th inst., and at the Williams House, Waterville, Thursday and Friday, 19th and 20th inst.

YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE VISITOR.—Whoever desires a nice little paper for their children—will do well to subscribe for this one, the second number of which is before us. It is published at Rockland, by Z. Pope Vose, makes its appearance monthly and is afforded at the low price of twenty-five cents a year.

SOMERSET DIVISION, No. 89.—This Division has been instituted more than two years, and still the interest is not diminished. An incalculable amount of good has been accomplished. The officers for the present quarter, are,

C. W. Ames, W. P.;
B. R. Rackliff, W. A.;
C. B. Seavey, R. S.;
E. Tukey, A. R. S.;
J. L. Sanborn, T.;
R. W. Woodman, F. S.;
C. Deering, C.;
E. Bradbury, A. C.;
J. Hanson, I. S.;
G. O. Brown, O. S.

PRENTICE ON ORIGINAL SIN.—Prentice, in the Louisville Journal, says,

'Miss Harriet Beecher, a woman of great ability, sister of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and several other Beechers, has published a theological work, inquiring how sin came into the world. There are matters of more practical importance than that inquiry. If there is a pig in your garden, you had better busy yourself in driving it out than in speculating how it got in.'

The Newburyport Herald, in expressing its disbelief in many of the evil influences attributed to the moon, says—

'Yet we cannot be equally incredulous to some effects the moon does produce. She certainly draws many of the young folks, and some old ones, into the street, when she shines brightly, looking so sweet and innocent with her full, round face; and we notice on such occasions people go more in pairs, walk slower, talk lower, and look often down to the ground than up to the moon. Such may be moon-struck, but in a different way from that usually supposed. Well, it will do no good to find fault with people about such things, for we may have done the same years ago ourselves; we cannot tell.'

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S APPEAL.—Cassius M. Clay is having trouble with a class of men in Madison county, Ky., who seem determined to persecute him to the utmost. He writes a long letter in relation to the matter to the Louisville Journal, in which he says, 'I would greatly prefer always to meet my accusers face to face, and there make my defence; but as my friends have insisted on my avoiding any pretence for a conflict, I yield to their wishes, and make this written appeal. In the first place, I, as a free citizen of a Constitutional Commonwealth, most solemnly protest against any power on earth but the legal and regularly constituted authorities of my country to decide in any manner upon my 'life, liberty, or property.' I regard, all impartial men will regard, him as the worst enemy to true liberty who acquiesces in any usurpation, on the part of any man or set of men of the sovereign power of the State. If every man in Madison was to assent to the usurpation, it would be none the less an overthrow of the Constitution; which can be annulled, set aside, changed or disobeyed with impunity, only by the legal representatives of the people in Convention assembled.'

After stating the facts that have given rise to the excitement, he concludes as follows:—
'A similar offence to the children of the poor brought on a revolution in that kingdom from which we draw our blood and our love of liberty. The story will sink deep into the hearts of thirty millions of Americans. The battle of the 29th day of March will never be forgotten in the annals of this nation!
You may drive these men into the mountains; you may burn their houses; you may hunt them down like wild beasts, till the last one falls by superior force; but their cause is the cause of American liberty, and of the noblest instincts of human nature. Their martyrdom will light up the fires of civil war, which will pervade the Union, and be extinguished only by the downfall of one or the other of those great powers, Liberty or Slavery, forever! Men of Madison, I stand by them; I stand by the Constitution and laws of my native State; I stand by the Republican party everywhere; I stand by the liberties which I inherited from our fathers, and which my own blood has, from the beginning of the Revolution of 1776 to this hour, in every battlefield, been ready to defend. I stand, in a word, on my Frankfort speech of Jan. 10, '60, which I desire to place before the world as the ground of my faith and of my action. I shall in no way whatever recognize or submit to any Revolutionary Committee. At my country's call I have freely risked my life in her defence; two years in exile from my home and family; nine months in a foreign prison; ready at all times to sacrifice money, health, and even life itself, I have brought back an unsullied name to the place of my birth, and which you were not the last to welcome as part of the common glory of our State. You may be strong enough to overpower me; you cannot drive me from my duty which I owe to myself, to my friends, and to my country. If I fall, I trust I shall not fall in vain, and it will be enough for all my long-cherished aspirations if, perchance, my blood shall atone for the wrongs of my race, and these States shall at last be free!'

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—I frequently see articles in the agricultural and other papers headed 'A Cure for Scratches in Horses,' in which a great variety of remedies are recommended. Some of them have the appearance of being based upon scientific principles, while a majority partake more of quackery than common sense. One man calls it a local disease, and treats it with a variety of ointments and washes; another says it is constitutional, and drenches his horse with all sorts of nostrums. Thus they jog along, no two agreeing in regard to the nature of the disease, its cause, or its treatment. This diversity of opinion has induced me to give my experience, that others may be saved the vexatious disappointments which the majority of these articles will encourage.

While yet a lad, I had charge during the winters of a portion of my father's horses as my part of 'the chores,' and the first indication of the scratches would send me delving in the pages of *Mason or Hinds*, or 'Every Man his own Doctor,' to find a remedy, and when found I was eagerly applied to. What was the result? Well, 'to tell the truth,' I did not have very good success; for if they healed they would soon appear again, and as might be expected, I was led to believe it constitutional, and turned to dosing the poor animals with like effect. And thus between eight or ten horses, I was pretty sure of having one or more patients on my hands nearly the whole time. You can imagine my disappointment, and I abandoned all applications, 'threw physic to the dogs,' and commenced to keep my horses 'leg clean,' since which time I have had no trouble with 'the scratches.' It is something over twenty years since I have made an application or given a dose of medicine for this disease, and though I have had more or less horses during the whole time, I have had no difficulty in keeping my horses free from this malady, unless I trusted them to other hands to groom.

But I have said enough; and now for my course of treatment—both preventive and cure. It is simply this: when grooming the horse, to clean his legs and heels with a common horse brush. I do not stop brushing when the thickest of the dirt is off, but continue to brush until the hair and skin are perfectly clean. This is done every morning, and as I have already said, I am never troubled with their appearance. I now own a horse, which when purchased two years since, was badly troubled in this way, and had been for three years previous to my personal knowledge. With my usual care in cleaning, he was relieved in the course of ten days or two weeks.

There is a story of one of the hangers-on at Washington who got offices because they need them, and had been appointed engineer of a business of which he had no knowledge. The day after his appointment a gentleman and two ladies had the curiosity to look at the engine room and its machinery, where they found the new officer on duty merely as gentleman usher, practical engineers doing the real duty of the so-called 'assistant engineer.' 'How many horses is your engine?' 'Horse-power!' replied greenly, with a look of mingled pity and contempt, 'don't you know the machine goes by steam?'

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since which time there has not been the slightest appearance of 'the scratches.'

Nor would I advise washing the sores with castile soap as is generally recommended, because it is rarely done as it should be, and the same end can be attained by brushing, unless ointments have been applied. And unless the soap is perfectly rinsed off, and the legs rubbed until they are perfectly dry, the washing is positively injurious. I would say to all, 'take the brush and try that, and if it operates in other hands as it has in mine, they will be satisfied with the result.'

Some may ask 'what is your theory—the modus operandi—of the brushing?' If there are any such, to them I would say, 'throw both theory and modus operandi to the dogs, and do not discard a fact because it is not accompanied by a senseless and unintelligible theory, as is too often done.'

I intended to have spoken of the too common practice of dosing horses to keep them healthy, but find my article is already too long and refrain.—[Corr. Country Gentleman.]

KITCHEN FURNITURE.—Never have dark furniture for a kitchen. It shows the dust more than light, and requires double the care. Never have extra shelves, mantels, etc., painted dark, if you can prevent it. If it is your misfortune to have dark paint and furniture, wipe it once in a few days with a damp dusting cloth, and have it varnished often.

Have your sink in a convenient place, but never under a window, if you can avoid it, as much work is caused by greasy dishwater splattering upon the window, as it necessarily must. Back of your sink nail up a piece of paper, pretty if you choose, and have it nicely varnished, and then you can, with a wet cloth, remove all the spots that would soon spoil the room paper. If you are so fortunate as to have a sink room, have it papered and then varnished well all over, as fly tracks and every spot can be wiped off. The sink should be lined with zinc, nailed only around the edges, as nails upon the bottom rust and wear through, allowing water to run under the zinc, thereby causing the boards to rot.

Good zinc can be kept nice and bright, by scouring once in a week or two with sand, and rubbing all over once or twice a day with soft soap, scalding and wiping dry.

At one side have a shelf to keep your water-pail on, which always, day and night, keep covered; an uncovered water-pail is a slack thing. Nailed upon the back side of the sink, have a little box, perforated through the bottom, to keep hard soap in, and if you have no better place, your Castile soap also, and a piece of pumice-stone, to remove stains from your hands. Your soft soap, keep under the sink, which I take for granted is boarded up, with a door, where you put your pots and kettles, board to scour knives upon, sand, etc., and which place should be kept as neat as your sitting room. Just over the sink have a narrow shelf, with holes through it, to set your common tumblers upon, when washed and rinsed, that they may drain dry; thus saving the time and labor of wiping them all with a dry cloth.

At the other end of the sink have a narrow strip nailed up, to set your kettle crick on; of these, you should have two, one to set your kettles on, when washing and cleaning them, and one which should be kept under the sink, and which should be used to set the smaller, and only be used to set the tea kettle, etc., on when filling, and therefore must be kept handy and clean; so if you should be sick with the head ache, pain in your side, or any little trifling thing, and should ask your kind husband to fill the tea-kettle, he would take the crick under to set it on, instead of setting it in the sink—thus causing you more labor than he saves; which he would be sure to do, were the crick under the sink, or so black and nasty, he could not touch it without soiling his hands.

And last but not least, have a light rack made, of strips of wood an inch wide, an eighth of an inch thick, and a foot long, nailed over one another, making your rack a foot square, with both sides alike, to put in your sink to turn dishes upon while washing; thus keeping them from touching the sink, which is liable to be greasy and dirty, and draining them so they will wipe easily.

You may think, fair reader, that it takes considerable to furnish a sink to suit my taste; but every one of these things are around my sink, and not one would I dispense with, neither will you, after having seen how convenient they are.—[Ohio Cultivator.]

THE SHOEMAKERS' STRIKE.—The Newburyport Herald says—

'The Shoemakers' Strike appears to have culminated, in a great measure ended. The majority of the strikers are surrendering at discretion and making the best terms with employers possible. In Haverhill they have voted to discontinue their movement; in Lynn they are going to work; the same here and elsewhere. The suspension of work has relieved the 'bosses,' and enabled them to sell the surplus stock; but we do not see how it will materially benefit the working men. It appears to us—the strike ending as it has—that they have transferred the losses of the year from the manufacturers to themselves. The 'bosses' are now paying more for work; and they can well afford to, as it is only assuming a part of the losses of the strike.'

A DOWN EASTER SWINDLER.—Mr. Charles E. Turnbull, of Biddeford, Me., while waiting at Pier No. 2 to take the steamboat for home, was accosted by two young fellows, one of whom represented himself as the Captain of the boat on which Turnbull was about to embark. They went on board together, and soon after one of the rogues presented the 'captain' with a bill and asked him to cash it. The 'captain' said 'Yes,' but on looking at his wallet, discovered that he had nothing less than a \$100 bill on the 'City Trust and Banking Company.' Turning to Mr. Turnbull he asked him if he could change it. The unsuspecting countryman gave him the amount, and took the \$100 bill. Soon after, his new friends asked Mr. Turnbull to take a walk with them up Broadway, as they had some time to spare before the boat started. He consented, and they proceeded to the vicinity of the Exchange in Wall street, where they requested him to wait outside a few minutes, while they went in to transact some business. They of course did not return, and Mr. Turnbull soon found that his \$100 bill was worthless.—[N. Y. Times, 31st.]

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