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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 41): April 19, 1860

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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**Always a Crisis.**  
Judge Halliburton, the original 'Sam Slick,' is accusing the people on the other side of the water with some very racy sketches in the Dublin University Magazine. We copy an extract:

Wherever you go the people will say the country is going to the devil. Well, I have heard that cry to home, long before I saw England, and yet we go ahead, in spite of such critics; we can't help prospering. The only difference between the two countries is, as I have said, people in England think they are going to the bad place all the time; we only think so once in four years. I shall never forget what Uncle Peleg said to me once: 'Neph, said he, 'I used to take a great interest in politics once, but I have given it up now. It don't matter a cent, as I can see who is up or who is down. There ain't much to choose among our political parties; pelf, pickings and patronage, salaries and offices, is all either of them care for. When Jefferson was elected, says I to myself, the country is ruined; here is a free thinker, a slaveholder, and a Southerner, who has beat John Adams, the New England candidate. He will spread infidelity through the land, he will sap the morals of our youth, he'll join in European wars, he will involve us with France, the British will slip in, conquer us again and enslave us once more as colonists. We are done for, we are up a tree, our republican flint is fixed, we shall be strangled in the cradle as an infant nation, and the coroner will find a verdict, died by the hands of Thomas Jefferson.'

I sat up late that night at Springfield with some patriots and heroes of Bunker Hill and the battle of Mud Creek, to hear the result of the election for President, for we were all for John Adams. It was eleven o'clock when the news came.

We were all excited, drinking success to Adams and confusion to Jefferson, glory to the nation, prosperity to religion, perdition to free thinkers, infidels and Southern candidates, with other patriotic toasts; when in rushed Deacon Popperjohn, his eyes staring six ways for Sunday, his hair blown about about like a head of broom corn, and his breath almost gone. 'Hallo, said I, 'Deacon, what is the matter with you?' 'Why, said he, striking the table with his fist a blow that made all the glasses jingle again, 'I'll be darned if that old unbelieving tinner, Thomas Jefferson, hasn't beat Adams by a majority of one!' and he burst into tears. 'Our great nation is ruined, founded, swamped and done for forever. There wasn't a word spoke for the matter of two minutes, we were so dumfounded. At last we all gave lip together. 'Oh, gracious!' said one, 'better we had never fought and bled.' 'Better,' said another, 'if we had never related that man being elected over such a true patriot as Adams!' and then we all agreed the country was undone forever. Then we consoled ourselves with drinking perdition to Jefferson, and set up a howl, in chorus, over the old Bay State, that took the lead, and bore the brunt of the revolution, being chief of out of its President the way. As I sat I fainted, as if I had been knocked down, and was carried home by four men and put to bed.

'Are you sure you wasn't drunk, uncle,' said I.

'Quite certain,' said he; 'I might have been overtaken—I won't say wasn't overcome, like, for a very little will do that you know, when you are excited—but I am sure I wasn't sewed up, for I remember everything that happened. When they brought me home, says your aunt Nabby to me, 'Peleg, said she, 'what on earth is the matter? Have you been run over?' 'No,' said I, 'Have you had a fall, dear?' 'No, it ain't that.' 'Then, what is it, love?' 'The nation is ruined. Jeff—Jefferson is elected, and the rep—rep—republic has gone to the devil.' 'Oh, I see,' said she, 'you are in a fair way to go to him yourself, acting in that preposterous manner. Who cares whether Jefferson is elected or not?' she continued. 'I am sure I don't care. What is it to the likes of us?' 'It's only grief, Nabby,' said I, 'my heart is broke.' 'Is that all, you devil,' said she, 'it's lucky your precious neck isn't broke,' and she called the nigger help, and hauled me off to bed, and the way she best china tea set, I can tell you. Oh, I couldn't have been drunk, for I recollect every word that passed.'

Well, next morning I woke up—none of the earliest, I can tell you—with a thundering headache, and my heart almost broke. I called, and called ever so loud, before I could make any one hear me. As I last up came your aunt, looking as fierce as a cat facing a dog. 'What's all the noise?' said I. 'The girls at their spinning wheels,' said she. 'Stop em, said I, 'it's no use now; Jefferson is elected, and the country is ruined.' Gracious how her eyes flashed at that; she stooped down, seized the bed clothes just under my chin, dragged them off and threw them into the corner of the room. 'Now, get up this instant, and go and look after the spring work, or we'll be ruined in earnest.' 'It's no use,' said I, 'if Adams had got in, the country would have been saved. He was the father of the country. But Jefferson! Oh, dear, the jig is up now. You tho't I was drunk last night, but I wasn't; and you see I am not tipsy now. I tell you we are done for.' Well, she altered her course, and sat down on the bed alongside of me, and said, 'Dear Peleg, if you love me, don't talk nonsense. Let us reason it out. (And this I think, Peabody, you must have found out that women, though they like to sail before the wind, know how to tack too, when it's ahead.) Now, said she, 'Peleg dear, suppose John Adams, the mean, stingy, close-fisted, cunning old lawyer, had got in—you know you pay him fifteen cents a ton for the granite you take to Boston out of the quarry, at Quincy; suppose you went to him and said, President, I did all my possibilities at your election for you, will you let me have it for twelve cents?' 'No, I don't think he would,' said I. 'Well, you owe neighbor Barford two hundred dollars; suppose you went to Adams and told him your claims, and asked him to lend you that amount to prevent Barford suing you, would he lend it to you?' 'No, I don't think he would, unless I gave him a mortgage, and paid ever so much expense.' 'Well, then, you see, he would do you no good. Now, Jefferson is in, and I won't gainsay you about his character; for though he talks liberal about slaves, it's well known that he has sold some of his own half-caste children. Captain Card, of Red Bank, who goes every year to Charleston, Virginia, with a cargo of onions, hams and coffee, said it's the common talk there. 'Ain't that enough to ruin the rising generation, said I. 'No, said she, 'but to ruin your own character. Well, now that he is in, what harm is he going to hurt you? Won't the corn ripen as usual?' 'Well, I suppose it will, if the frost don't catch it.' 'Won't the cows give milk and the sheep wool for shearing, as they used to do?' 'Well, I can't deny that.' 'And won't the colts grow up fit for market, as before, for every year we get more and more for our horses?' 'Well, I won't contradict you.' 'Won't our children grow up as fast?' 'Ah, there's the rub,' said I; 'they grow up too fast now; nine children in twelve years, as we have

'I couldn't finish the sentence. She gave it me first on one cheek and then on the other, like a wink, and then she went to the wash-stand, got hold of the ewer, washed the whole of the water into my face, and cut out of the room, leaving me shivering and shaky, like a fellow with the ague. Well, it was the month of March, which, you know, in England don't give the sun-stroke; the bed clothes had been off some time, and then came the cold bath, so I ups, dresses, and outs in no time. When I came down stairs she was waiting for me in the entry. 'Peleg, dear,' said she, 'I want to say a word to you; come into this room; here is a most capital breakfast for you—tea, coffee, smoked salmon, crumpets, doughnuts, preserved quinces, done by my own hands, and everything you used to like. There is one little favor dear,' (and she put her arm around my neck and kissed me; and who in the world could stand that? for I never could.) 'Granted,' said I, 'before you name it. What is it?' 'Never bother your head about elections; a vote is a curse to a man; it involves him in politics, excites him, raises a bushel of enemies, and not one friend, and makes him look tipsy, as you did last night, tho' you wasn't the least in liquor.' 'I thank you for that, Nabby,' said I, 'for I wasn't, I do assure you.' 'Of course not,' she said, 'I see I was to blame in thinking you was. Let us mind our own business, and let them mind theirs.' 'I will,' said I, 'you will never hear me talk politics as long as I live, I can tell you.' 'Ah, said she, 'what a sensible man you are, Peleg; your judgment is so good; you are so open to conviction; only place a thing before you—' as high as you, Nabby, said I, and it's all right.' 'Well, we had a sort of courtin' breakfast that morning, and parted on excellent terms. I was the most sensible man in all creation, and she the loveliest woman; and instead of fancying the country was going to the devil, we pitched both old Jefferson and old Adams to him. Since that I have taken my wife's advice, and attended to my own affairs instead of those of the nation; and I observe that bankers, lawyers, merchants and farmers grow rich. Politicians are like carrion birds, always poor, croaking and hungry, and not over particular as to the flavor of their food, or how they obtain it. If Jefferson had, after our independence, taken to cultivating the estate his father left him, he wouldn't have had in his old age to sell it, by a rascally lottery, as he did.'

**The Old Fashioned Mother.**  
Old-fashioned Mothers have nearly all passed away with the blue check and homespun woolen of a simpler but purer time. Here and there one remains, truly 'accomplished,' in heart and life, for the sphere of home.

Old-fashioned mothers—God bless them!—who followed us with heart and prayer, all over the world—lived in our lives and sorrowed in our griefs; who knew more about patching than poetry; spoke no dialect but that of love; never preached nor wandered; 'made melody with their hearts'; and sent forth no books but living volumes, that honored their authors and blessed the world.

If women have a broader mission now, in Heaven's name, let her fulfill it! If she have ought to sing, like the daughters of Judah, let her sit down by the waters of Babel, and the world shall weep; like Miriam, let her trumpet strain float gloriously over crushed but giant wrong, and the world shall hear; but let the trumpet and lament issue, as did the oracles of old, from behind the veil that cannot be rent the inner temple of sacred Home.

Within it, should be enshrined the divinity of the place. Here and here only would we find a woman; here imprisonment here—pure as an angel's pulses; into the night and darkness of the world—a star beneath the cloud; but brightest there—warmest there—always there, where Heaven did kindle it, within the precinct the very altar place of home!

It is related of Madame Lucciola, a renowned vocalist, that she ruined a splendid tenor voice, by her efforts to imitate male singing. Many a sweet voice and gentle influence in the social harmony, has been lost to the world in the same manner. There is nothing more potent than a woman's voice, if heard, not in the field or forum, but at home. The song bird of Eastern story, borne from its native isle, grew dumb and languished. Seldom did it sing, and only when it saw a dweller from its distant land, or to its drowsy perch there came a tone, heard long ago in its own woods. So with the song that woman sings; best heard within Home's sacred temple. Elsewhere, a trumpet-tone—perhaps a clarion cry, but the lute-like voice has fled; the 'mezzo soprano' is lost in the discords of earth.

The old homestead! I wish I could paint it for you, as it is—no, no, I dare not say, as it is; as it was; that we could go together, to night, from room to room; sit by the old hearth, round which that circle of light and love once swept, and there linger, till all those simpler, purer times returned, and we should grow young again.

And how can we leave that spot, without remembering one form, that occupied, in days gone by, the old arm-chair; that old-fashioned Mother?—one in all the world, the law of whose life was love; one who was the divinity of our infancy, and the sacred presence in the shrine of our first earthly idolatry; one whose heart is far below the frosts that gather so thickly on her brow; one to whom we never grow old, but in the 'plumed troop' or the grave council, are children still; one who welcomed us coming, blest us going, and never forgot us—never.

And when, in some closet, some drawer, some corner, she finds a garment or a toy that once was yours, how she does weep, as she thinks you may be suffering or sad.

And when Spring.

'Leaves her robe on the trees,'

does she not remember your tree, and wish you were there to see it in its glory?

Nothing is 'far,' and nothing 'long,' to her; she girdles the globe with a clasp of love; she encircles her child, if he be on the face of the earth.

Think you, as she sits in that well remembered corner to night, she dreams her trembling arm is less powerful to protect him now, stalwart man though he be, than when it clasped him an infant to her bosom?

Does the battle of life drive the wanderer to the old homestead, at last? Her hand is upon his shoulder, her dim and fading eyes

are kindled with something of the light of other days, as she gazes upon his brow: 'Blessed of stout heart, my Son! No harm can reach thee here!'

Surely, there is but one Heaven—one Mother—and one God! [B. F. Taylor.]

**Letter From Ethan Spike.**  
Spike is my peritolic relations an general consarnment for po' money publican, taint onest in a dogs eye I git time to notice sublongary matters. But I hev hed my feelins hurt a good deal a seen in the Portland peppers notices of public improvements goin on in nigh about all the country towns except ourn. I hev writ several letters to the Argus an Advertiser, givin skastical informations, but nary a letter has been printed. I've asked the reason why—an what dew you think was the reason gin? You never'd guess tween this and the Gret Eastern.

**Cos I didn't spell write!!!**  
That ere reason beats bumblebees clean out, accordin to my kikkleration. Arter I've lived in the world so long, passin one of the most eventual lives on record, to be told that I can't spell, I that when I want more'n so year old to a tode, stood at the head of a class of two for better than a hull week while tother one was at him laid up with the hoopin pock and chicken mizzles. I that hev been honored by the sufferins of my feller countrymen for offices of jewdshul trust an E. molly ment,—and lastly but not leastly, I whose bin your highly valuable korrespondent so many years—**Can't Spell!** In the language of Pompous Pillar at the raisin of Kleopatry's needle, I might ask—ar this the 19th sentry?—Ef it ar—what are we kinin to? But I wont.

They also said suthin about my orthogory—I can't remember what—no matter. All I've got to say is—I aint afared to meet the printers of the Argus an Advertiser for a spellin match—an I'll begin now. Spell Mackinaw, gents, an then I'll gin you another. As to orthogory, triggenometry, tortoltery an sich like scions, they'd better not tackle me. I suppose its a fixed fact that Portland is going to be several times or more larger than New York, and will eventually kin to use Boston as a bonded ware-house or sort of back linter when business is drivin, still, thars suthin to be done afore that ere condition is passed to be ordained. An I take it the fust step is to grab all the country trade you can. This is bein done considerably by swaft sawder in the shape of notices of improvements in Cathans, Tetterville, Punkinhead an other interesting localities. But why is Hornby left out in the cold. Ef her trade aint with nothin, well an good, but ef it ar, crack her up, or you'll lose it. We want to be cracked—we will be cracked. I would warn Portland! Ef I could stand on the pizzaro her Cousom I would say to her assembled merchant princes an princesses (meaning the millinins an mantoo makers) crack up Hornby! Neglect it an—whar ar you? Portland aint jist the only place in the universal peladym of the onkanopied hyperion. We grow indignant, build a raleated to somers or nuther, then not a letter, not a punkin will go to Portland, an its exports of lasses, lick an other necessities to Hornby will cease. Then when the Gret Eastern dont kin, when the Grand Trunk is shot up an Sattires dance in yer marble taverns, think of my warnin. Remember, afore its too late to do no good.

That God made the country, the country makes the town, which country we are. Trustin that you farat how to spell, an will consequently know good spellin when you see it, I will send you some notice of internal improvements which has bin done here the past year, an the balance at this time.

Airly in the season, sput enterprisin feller townsmen, Ekanah Tarbox, Esq., which lives across lots about seven miles from here, findin it difficult to open his doors, an onpossible to shot em when open, put a new cill under his house, on one side, an nailed up the door on t'other. Seem this, an not to be aout done, Pernicious Peabody, his next neighbor, bawt three miles farder on, put a couple of old hats into his front window whar the pains was broke last year. Likewise he moved the hins and gease from the porch to the barn, on account of their not agreein with the pigs who lived thar most of the time. Last fall, arter the cows hed bin at eat up his corn, neighbor Title bilt up the fence atween his pastor an field, though folks generally think would a bin better to hev done it a leetle airlier in the season.

I dont think of anything farder in the way of private enterprise except seven single babies an two pair of twins which has bin added to our thivin poppulation, an a pretty good prospect of—No I wont.

As to public enterprise, the old meettins was struck by lightning last summer an knock'd into the middle of nowhere, but with their usual promptitude, aour people held a meetin an voted not to build another, which they will do.

The bar at the tavern has bin enlarged kinder unexpectedly. Thar was a fight thar last fall, an the peitition tween that and the darry sullen was knocked in, makin the accommodations more ampler. Likewise a beer pump has bin added wich attracts a good deal of attention.

When we get able we ar goin to build jist the humonestablest you ever seen. We kalkerlate to make it large enough to hold the General Court, of you dont get it to Portland. You needent lart, stranger things has happened. Hornby is very permiskobously situated, can be approached from four sides, an is bounded on all sides by other places. Board is very cheap, an as accordin to statoots, the State is bound to board two or three hundred feller critters three or four months in the year, they should be pastured where they kin be kept cheapest.

Thars plenty of fish, an they could cut a smart chance of their fodder by fishin wich would be better for the State than bunkum speeches. Fact is, we'd be willin to bid em off like the town's pore, so much a hed, an what work we could git out of em. Sich arrangement would save a good deal to the State, which needs to save all it can since its bin and gone into sawin lumber up into Canaday an mixtin itself with No rum bidders, Paulks, Pecks, and Picadilloes.

We'll take the hull Legislature at a dollar a bod an what chores they kin do, eat, lodge an wash em, drink ollare exty, likewise darning stockings, also rum, beer and cyder the same. Ef any other town will do it cheaper, let em bid.

(N. B. Every member must bring two towels an a bar of yaller sope, an take his boots off afore gitin into bed.) Taint talk likely the members will vote to kin here,—but no matter, if they wont kin willingly they must be driv. The State must look out for itself, treat em as State Porpusses an board em whar their feed will be lowest. We'll make the critters comfortable an thats all they er expect.—Not that thar haint natral advantages her, cos thar is. Them that goes for the sublime, an is troubled with onouterable yarnings for the orful visisitoos of onatured natr, kin look up to aour mauntains whose blew and comical tops soars away through hypotheated fields of diluted either tell lost in the—in—the—wal, I dont know as they ar lost egzactly, but I am, so imagins the rest of the sentence.

For lovers of the picturesque, thar is bills an hollars, woods, forrists, trees, ponds, gullies, brooks, sunflours, nettles, geese, skunknabage, woodchicks, the farse sects, punkin pies, worm fences an other productions too numerous to mention. While them members wich is marshal in their naters will be reminded by the boundless contiguty of aour permeal woods of the orful vastitoos of 'Chaitage' in the times wich tried men's soles, likewise their heels. Thar shoulderin their kanes, with all the pomp and circumstans of glorious war, they kin tell how fields was won.

ETHAN SPIKE.

**CHILDREN.**—Do you want to learn how to make the children love you? Do you want the key that will unlock the innermost recesses of their natures? Then sympathize with them always. Never allow yourself to ridicule any of their little secrets. Never say, 'Oh, pshaw!' when they come to show you a new kite or marvelous top, and 'I can't be troubled,' when the hard knot won't be untied, and two and two obstinately refuse to make four on their little slates. Kites and knots are only the precursors of older thoughts and deeper trials which the parents may one day plead in vain to share! Don't laugh at any of a child's ideas, however odd or absurd they may seem to you; let them find your sympathy ready in all their wonderments and aspirations. Is there any man so wise in his own conceit as to have forgotten that there was a time once when he, also, was a child? The little folks are too much crowded out in this world; people generally seem to think they can be put in anywhere, or made to eat anything, or crammed into any out-of-the-way corner, to amuse themselves anyhow. We don't agree with these cross grained wisecracks. Children have just as much right to the car window and easy seat as anybody. It don't take much to make a child love you and trust in you, and the benefits to him are absolutely incalculable. Oh, how much better it is for children to bring all their cares and troubles and temptations under the gentle eye of a wise parent! What a safeguard it is for them to feel that there is always a kind ear to listen to their doubts and griefs, and a gentle shoulder for their little heads to nestle against! Respect their rights; never think you can say bitter things in their presence, or do unjust actions. They are the finest discriminators of fair and unfair in the world. Somebody says: 'When you are inclined to be cross with children for being slow to learn, just try a moment to write with your left hand. See how awkward it proves, and then remember that with children it is all left hand!' Preserve us from those precocious infants who spring up ready-made philosophers and casuists; cherry-cheeked little blockheads are infinitely preferable. Above all, do not be ashamed to let them know that you love them. Remember, they will be men and women some day, and the slightest word which may influence their future lives should become a thing of moment in your eyes. [Scientific American.]

**COTTAGE PUDDING.**—Take 3 quarts of milk to 1 quart of flour, one-half of the milk to be put on the fire and brought nearly to boil, then the other half of the milk with the flour, the flour well blended in it, stir into the pot on a slow fire, and keep it boiling for one hour, or until it is as thick as good paste, when you must add a small teaspoon of ginger and salt, and pour into shallow dishes to cool; when it will cut like good jelly, serve up cool with warm milk in winter, or cool in summer.

You can make enough at one time to do any size family five or six days, if kept in a cool place, and if you wish to make it as good and more wholesome than any other pudding, add a little vanilla or other syrup while warm, and serve with a spread of strawberries, peaches or jellies, or any of the fruit, butter and cream. Try it mothers, daughters and servants, and my word for it, you will away with ago, corn and other puddings, but be careful to stir it all the time, or you will scorch it, and then it is done for.—[Country Gentleman.]

**HIS COUSINS.**—An eccentric friend of ours, stepped into a store which shall be nameless, where some 'colored brethren' were doing a little trading.

'Ah, Mr.—,' said our friend, 'you have your cousins in, I see.'

The young merchant said nothing but looked mad. Our friend stepped out, but in a few minutes returned, after the sable customers had departed.

'I hope you won't take offense at what I remarked here just now,' said he.

'O, no,' said the merchant; 'I never take offense at anything you say.'

'Glad of it,' replied our quizzier; 'the niggers are as mad as they can be!'

And then he sloped, narrowly missing a flying yardstick.

Five bright days in succession, a five-railed fence up between winter and spring, rails on which the robin sat with her tail turned to the departed season, and her voice tuned in praise of the new, rails over which a million hearts have leaped 'without touching a thing,' rails under which the trailing arbutus has smiled its way through the ice, rails—but we rail. There is a warm kind of feeling about the heart, on such days as these, that cheats the oldest of us into the idea that he is young again. It is no matter of wonder to us that sugar runs out of a maple tree under such a sun as we have had lately. Tap the veins of a man or woman, and sugar would flow under the same persuasive circumstances. We saw forty girls in the street yesterday, whose blood would 'sugar off' splendidly. We tasted sugar in the kisses of our little girls in the morning, and if their fingers were not just a little sticky we are mistaken. It is a warm, sugary time all around, and it is very welcome. Ho, hum! delicious, isn't it?—[Springfield Republican.]

## THE DEAD SHOT BY MOONLIGHT.

BY AN OLD BLADE.

Not far from this village, where, the foot of a mountain-spur is washed by the waters of the Delaware, in a broad notch walled in on either hand by high, precipitous masses of rock, surrounded by tall old hemlocks and pines, there was I born, and there my early years were passed, and I sometimes think I could sleep most calmly and sweetly there at life's weary day.

About a mile distant from our house, and on the top of the mountain, lived Uncle Joe Wall, a sort of hybrid—half farmer, half hunter, and a most singular genius withal. He was tall, gaunt, round-shouldered, with a heavy stoop, and a face about the ugliest I ever looked upon. He had, however, a pair of the keenest and yet wildest blue eyes that human soul ever looked out of. Buckskin breeches, a coarse linen hunting shirt, martin skin cap, and moccasins, constituted his usual attire. He was skilled in every species of woodcraft, and seemed born to walk the paths of the forest. Quick of ear and eye, a tread as silent and stealthy as that of a cat, steady of nerves, self-possessed beyond the power of disturbance, and with a command of the rifle such as few have ever attained, he was clearly a born hunter, and a most formidable adversary against which to contend. And yet he was a most kind and gentle-hearted man, full of quaint and quiet humor, simple as a child, and yet abounding in all manly gifts. Everybody respected and loved Uncle Joe, and at every cabin fireside was he a most welcome guest. His stories of border life, of adventures in the wilderness, of encounters with wolves and the ferocious cougar, were full of thrilling interest. And he told these stories as no other man could tell them—in few and simple words, without embellishment, and yet so told that you were thrilled and fascinated, and listened with almost breathless attention.

On a clear, sunny afternoon in October, 18—, Uncle Joe and I left my father's house for the purpose of attending a 'logging bee,' to which we had been invited by a neighbor, five or six miles away, he on foot and I on horseback. Our way lay round the base of the 'spur' which I have mentioned, where a road had been excavated, and thence back from the river, and along the eastern side of this 'spur' to the place of destination. Not a clearing or solitary cabin intervened. The grand old woods, cleft here and there at considerable intervals by some pioneer settlement, or the 'chopping' of an adventurous emigrant, stretched with its deep solitudes and dark shadows for a hundred miles on every side. Here roamed the wild deer, the wolf, the bear, and the catamount, as yet scarcely disturbed by the sounds of advancing civilization. How often have I lain by the hunter's fire among the mountains, and during the long watches of the winter's night, listened to the howl of the wolf, the crashing tread of the black bear, and the scream of the panther.—But this is not my story.

The 'logging bee,'—every plain but substantial supper was served, of which venison and rye biscuits formed the staple, and which in the eating detained the company until after dark. Then followed the 'parting drink,' the 'good night,' and a homeward journey through the woods. Uncle Joe and I were the last to leave, for he never was in a hurry when good cheer was to be had, and it was quite nine o'clock before we set out for home. And when we did finally start, Uncle Joe, after a rod or two of earnest endeavor, found himself so weak in his walking sticks, that he was obliged to mount behind me; and thus carrying double, our good horse was left to his own guidance through the dark path of the forest. The old hunter grew more and more top-heavy as we proceeded at a slow pace over the tortuous and uneven road, and but for unceasing efforts on my part, aided by his long legs, we would have been unhorsed at almost every step.

We had accomplished about half our journey, and were riding in silence unbroken save by the tread of the animal which we bestrided, when the cry of a panther came sounding down to us on the night breeze from far up the side of the mountain.—This was so common that it scarcely aroused my companion, and the distance at which it was uttered prevented apprehension on my part. Not more than a minute elapsed before that shrill, mournful wail again broke upon the ear, and from a point that indicated with an appalling certainty that the animal was descending upon our path.

'A panther,' said Uncle Joe, between a grunt and a drawl; 'and the critter seems to be coming this way.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and I should judge from his cry that hunger was driving him to seek a supper.'

Scarcely had he uttered these words, and gathered up the reins for the control of my now thoroughly frightened horse, than that terrible cry was repeated in closer proximity, and the panther was heard approaching us in loud and crashing leaps down the mountain's side.

Uncle Joe by this time was completely aroused from his stupor, he sat more erect and firmly, and the rifle was brought down from his shoulder, and grasped tightly in his right hand.

'We are in for it, my boy,' said he in a low hushed tone; 'it's run or fight, and fight it goes; any way, we'll try the first, and if so be that we can keep out of the claws of the critter till the moon gits up over the tops of the trees, perhaps we shall be all safe if we come to the last.'

Run it was for the next ten or fifteen minutes, with such speed as we could command over a rough road, when, with a scream and a bound, the bloodthirsty pursuer sprang from a ledge of rocks into the clear path, a short distance in our rear.

'Hold up,' said Uncle Joe: 'we've done up our running, and now the matter must be settled after another fashion. There, I'll get off and try titles with the critter, and see whether he shall have my carcass, or I his!'

At this time a flood of soft, silvery moonlight poured through the cleft in the forest upon our road, when looking back from the place of our halt, the panther, an enormous animal, with blazing eyeballs, was dimly revealed in a half-crouching position, not more than ten or fifteen rods away.

'My legs are a little onsteady,' said Uncle Joe, 'and my arms are shaky, like—so I'll just lie down here in the road, and try a pull at the bloody varmint. When the rifle cracks

do you run your horse down to the big pine by the spring, and there hold up and listen. If you don't hear my call when you get there, then ride home as fast as you can, for Uncle Joe will be in the kingdom come.'

This was said deliberately, and without the slightest tremor of voice. I cannot say that I was as self-possessed, bred though I was amidst the dangers of the wilderness.

The brave old man turned and took a few steps towards his enemy, which seemed to be feeling sure of a supper, then stretched himself out at the bottom of a slight knoll, across which he poised his rifle. I turned my face now in the direction in which I was to ride, a moment of terrible and agonizing suspense ensued, a moment only, for I had not more than settled myself on my beast than the signal came, and I obeyed instructions. The goal was reached at a racing gallop, and there I drew up my panting steed, and turned to listen. Even then the halloo of Uncle Joe came ringing cheerily through the arches of the forest to my ear. I turned and rode back with a bounding heart, and there was the old hunter leaning on his rifle, by the side of the dead panther. I held out my hand, which he grasped, and with choking utterance made out to say, 'Uncle Joe!' 'Ah, my dear boy,' said he, 'that was a shot worth telling on—look there!' and he lifted up the head of the animal and pointed to a bullet-hole immediately between the eyes.

We loaded the panther upon the back of our horse, and walking on either side, reached home about the midnight hour. The family had not yet retired, and were in a high state of excitement and alarm respecting us. By the blazing hearth, while cheeks blanched, and eyes filled with tears, we told the story of our peril, and of **THE DEAD SHOT BY MOONLIGHT.**

**A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.**—'Can anybody tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?'

We can, easy! Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar-string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended 'right away, quick now!' Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm-trees, and then stretched himself, yawning out, 'Ain't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea-kettle himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bananas, and did everything else that he'd ought to! He milked the cows, and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner, when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates and the mango season was over! He never stayed out until eleven o'clock to a 'ward-meeting,' hurrahing for the out-and-out candidate, and then scolded because poor dear Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. To be sure he acted rather cowardly about apple-gathering time, but then that don't depreciate his general helpfulness about the garden! He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loitered around corner groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little.

That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason that none of her fair descendants did!

[Life Illustrated.]

Mr. Adams went at one time to Milford to preach, and stopped at the house of a Miss M—, a friend of his. The day was cold, and when he arrived he was cold and tired; so he proposed to have prayers at once, and then after supper he could retire. The supper was to consist of—what he was very fond of—of Indian cakes, which were baking in platters set up in front of the fire. The family were called together, Mr. Adams sent being directly opposite to the kitchen door fire. The services commenced, but Mr. Adams soon perceived that one of the cakes had fallen down and was burning. Stopping in his prayer, he said to the lady: 'Miss M—, we are told to watch as well as pray, and I see that one of the cakes is burning. I will thank you to see to it.' Which being done, he resumed his prayer.

**YOUNG MEN CALLED ON.**—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, in some comments on the treatment women receive, in our country, and the efforts made for their advancement, thus appeals to the sterner sex:

Let young men reform themselves: let them follow many occupations, and not crowd out women from filling places where they could sell tape and buttons; and hundreds of other indoor feminine occupations, that ought to be filled by women—thus taking the bread out of the mouths of the poor of our sex. In a word, let men be what they should be as men, before they pronounce judgment upon us women.

Until then, we shall go on very much as we have done. If we were perfect as they wish, where should we find suitable husbands? We should all of us live and die single, or else be badly mis-mated.

If they don't like us, they may do without us—if they can.

**A DELICATE DESSERT.**—Lay half a dozen crackers in a tureen; pour enough boiling water over them to cover them. In a few minutes they will be swollen to three or four times their original size. Now grate loaf-sugar and a little nutmeg over them, and dip on enough sweet cream to make a nice sauce; and you have a delicious and simple dessert that will rest lightly upon the stomach, and it is so easily prepared. Leave out the cream, and it is a valuable recipe for 'sick-room cookery.'

**POTATO SOUP.**—This is an excellent dish for this season, when the appetite is so apt to fail, and we sigh for 'something new.' Pare and slice six common sized potatoes (large ones are not so good), and place them in sufficient boiling water to cover them. Let them boil slowly till done; drain off the water; cover them with rich, sweet milk; and a little salt and pepper; and when the milk boils, thicken it with a smooth flour paste, and just before sending it to the table, add a bit of butter the size of an egg. A few slices of dried beef soaked in cold water, and added when the milk is put in, improves this delicious soup.

**SOAPSUDS.**—A tubful of soapuds, farmers



## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL B. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, APR. 19, 1860.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENSON &amp; Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 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 &amp; WING,' or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

**STRIKING.**—American laborers are just now achieving striking notoriety. The shoe-makers have been well responded to by other classes of laborers, and where the demand is not for more wages it is for less work. The laborers in the lumber mills at Calais on the St. Stephens side, have been working fifteen hours a day; and now that they strike for eleven and a half hours—which is an hour and a half too much—the employers shut down the mills. In Boston the horse shoers have struck for ten hours; some of them proclaiming that they will not work more than ten hours a day, "for love or money." This is right. All classes of American laborers work too many hours, and every healthy effort towards reform should be encouraged. The error comes out of the greediness of employers, as a class, for making money. They are, with some honorable exceptions, "fast men" in this department, and such as make haste to be rich. Such men look at only one side; and the laborers must keep watch of the other. Let their mills rot, we say, sooner than men be made beasts of burden. Our factories have been foremost in this great wrong, and the wrong is with them the greater because enforced by the power of combined capital, and against the welfare of a nearly helpless class of persons. Their oppressions in this respect have been no less fatal to health and life, than to the independence and best interests of the laboring classes in our own country. Less labor, even with less pay, is an object to be aimed at in nearly every branch of business in which labor is the basis. Against this capital is always at work, and therefore for this labor should always be watchful. This object tends to distribute labor and thus to make it respectable; while it no less directly distributes capital, and promotes education and prosperity in all classes. It should become emphatically and eminently an American idea, that labor shall combine in healthy efforts for its own interest and protection. Here it has the power to do so, and to demonstrate principles that have not been and cannot be demonstrated under less free governments. Prominent among these, we believe, would stand the assertion by American laborers, that a reduction of the hours of labor would tend to the promotion of industry, education, physical and mental health, and general prosperity, in all classes.

With this view we care not how soon all classes demand the so called ten hour system. The wants of the laborer positively demand it; and where once fittingly arranged and established, it will be found as advantageous to the employer as the laborer. Even this limit, then, will be found the very extent that the interest of labor permits. Why, then, is not twelve to fifteen hours, as complained of in many classes, a burden too grievous to be borne? Nobody doubts it; and the free laborer of the free North who submits to it is unworthy the blessings he thus aids in abusing. It is the rusty fetters of the miser thrown upon the arms of liberal hearted industry, and should be shaken off at the first opportunity.

**THE DUEL.**—Next to the bully contest between Henan and Sayers, the great subject of interest for a week past, has been the proposed similar trial of pluck between John F. Potter, member of Congress from Wisconsin, and Mr. Pryor, a member from Virginia. Pryor took offense at Potter during the squabble about Lovejoy's speech, and sent a note inquiring if the latter would fight him if challenged to do so. Potter replied that it would be time to answer that question when the challenge was received. Pryor thereupon sent a challenge in due form. Potter accepted it; and as the rules allowed him to designate the weapons to be used, he fixed upon bowie-knives. To this peculiarly Southern implement Mr. Pryor objected, as "barbarous and inhuman." Hereupon Col. Lander, second to Mr. Potter, offered to take the place of his principal and fight Pryor with weapons of his own choosing. Pryor dodged again by replying that he had no quarrel with Lander; and thus the matter stood when it was suspended by the arrest of Potter, who was put under bonds to preserve the peace. Pryor is a gassy, bullying greater, and Potter had both pluck and sense enough to know how to back him out.

Mr. Potter is a native of Maine, son of John Potter, Esq., of Augusta. He has secured a reputation for courage at very slight risk, and is now probably out of danger unless waylaid and assassinated with the "barbarous and inhuman" instrument which he has brought in to disgrace with its original friends and inventors.

Hon. R. D. Rice, who was in Washington, on his way to the Charleston Convention, has been recalled by the death of his father. Hon. A. M. Roberts, the delegate originally appointed, and for whom Mr. Rice was a substitute, has left to fill his own place.

**FELL AMONG THIEVES.**—A poor hard working man, belonging in Etta, was plied with drugged liquor, in Bangor, on Sunday last, and robbed of the avails of his winter's labor—about \$50.

**NOTICE.**—Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Bath, will preach in the Universalist church, Waterville, next Sunday.

## OUR TABLE.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.**—The number for May is a superior one. 'A May Party' is a fine engraving and the fashion plate of six figures is charming. 'Love and Matrimony' is something a little out of the usual line for Godey, but very good for all that. Numerous illustrations, also accompany the following articles:—'Ten Fashions,' 'Drawing Lessons,' 'Wonderful Things,' 'How to dress a Doll.' The reading matter is excellent of course. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

**OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.**—In No. 72 of this cheap musical publication the following pieces will be found, all of which cost the purchaser but fifteen cents:—

What will you do, Love? S. Lever.  
Valiance. Polka Militaire. Ascher.  
Scenes of Home. Ballad. Balfe.  
The Land of the Leek. J. T. Surenne.  
'Our Musical Friend' is published by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York, at \$5 a year.

**OUR SCHOOLS.**—The public schools in our village have all commenced their Spring sessions with the exception of the High School, which will open on the 30th inst., under the charge of Mr. A. L. Hinds, who taught in it last Winter. It has been thought best to employ a male teacher all the time in one of the Grammar schools; and an additional Primary has been established on the farther side of the Messonskeek, which by drawing off a number of the smaller scholars who formerly attended the others, will lighten the labor of the Teachers and promote the comfort of all concerned.

Under these circumstances we ought to have good schools during the present season, and no doubt we shall if there is a proper co-operation on the part of parents.

**GOOD ADVICE FOR ANY LATITUDE.**—As the prosperity and reputation of a town are measurably dependant upon the success of its local paper, it becomes a question of moment how that can best be sustained. Some one throws out the following valuable hints, to which we invite the attention of our citizens:—

Subscribe and pay for your local paper.  
Send your printing and advertising to the office.  
Help make the paper interesting by sending items of local interest to the Publishers.  
Do not expect the Editors to call attention to your business every week for nothing.  
Lay aside your fears that the proprietors will get rich faster than their neighbors.

**'THE DOWN EASTER.'**—Joseph B. Hall late editor of the *Aroostook Pioneer*, has issued a prospectus for a republican paper, with the above title, to be published at Presque Isle, Aroostook Co. The first number will be issued as soon as sufficient encouragement is extended by the friends of the enterprise. Mr. Hall is lacking neither in tact or ability, and having had considerable experience, will not fail to make a good paper, and one well worthy of the hearty support of the people of that section of our State.

**HERE DOCTOR!**—Mr. Timothy Lander, of Fairfield, brings us an egg that weighs 4 1/2 ounces—the production of a pullet nine months old. Tell 'Zekiel to crow!

**A WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.**—As a class, and on the whole, the world's least sinful inhabitants, we have always thought! And we are glad to see a kind word in their favor in the London Saturday Review. Thus says the writer:

"There is something touching in the lot of a woman who has courageously got over an early disappointment, and who sets herself to do good in her generation, and gives her neighbors as much happiness as she can. That she should preserve her beauty undiminished at fifty, and foster a permanent but hopeless affection in the breast of a curate or doctor, as rewards of her goodness, which, if they could be transferred from fiction to real life, we certainly should not grudge her. But although there are old maids who bear disappointment in this noble way, there are other old maids whose disappointment consists in never having had any disappointment to bear; and this is a trial which, at one period of life, is hard to endure, and ought to awaken more sympathy than it does."

**MESSRS. EDITORS.**—We are plagued with loafers in our shop, and have abundance of angle worms in our garden. We like oysters—we do not wish to abuse either Loafers, Worms, or Oysters. To determine what course to pursue towards the trio, we wish to have you inform us which of the three grades is highest in the animal scale.

**WEST WATERVILLE.**—Angle-worms, we guess; but you must trust your own experiments! Set your loafers to digging angle-worms, eat the oysters yourself, and see what comes. You will get the night-mare and an empty pocket; the worms will get into bad company and probably squirm; while the loafer will get nothing, unless the toe of your stoga. Whether he proves to be the highest will depend on how high you kick him. Bring him out at the top if you can, and oblige your neighbors.

**PUBLIC LAWS.**—Every subscriber will receive, with this week's paper, a copy of the laws passed at the last session of the Legislature, which it would be well to preserve for future reference.

**GREAT FIRE IN WOODSTOCK, N. B.**—A disastrous conflagration occurred in Woodstock, on Monday, completely destroying the business part of the town. Over one hundred buildings were burned and the loss is estimated as high as \$300,000.

**ST. PATRICK ON A LIBERTY POLE IN SAN FRANCISCO.**—There is a liberty pole in the plaza at San Francisco, which is a single stick of Oregon pine, 110 feet in height, and held in high honor, being a present from the city of Portland, in Oregon, to the city of San Francisco, and erected in 1851. It was felled to the ground and raised again on St. Patrick's Day, as related by a correspondent of the N. Y. Daily Times:—

On this St. Patrick's Day in the morning, an effigy of the Saint dangled from near its top, clothed in distinctive rags, a string of potatoes about its neck, and a whisky-bottle in its pocket. The policeman on duty saw it early, and tried to get it down, but falling, went about his business, saying nothing, for which sin he was suspended that very night. About 8 1/2 A. M. some Irishmen looking aloft, saw their Saint. They went to the pole, fussed awhile with the balyards, and then ran for an axe. In five minutes, as if by magic, the

plaza was filled with Irishmen. The axemen began to cut the pole, and two or three policemen came rushing up to prevent the destruction. The whole crowd tumbled in upon the policemen and hustled them away. Meanwhile the pole began to totter,—then fell with a crash, but without a cheer. The boys kindled a fire, carried the ragged bogus saint to it, and consumed him to the last straw. But by this time the Americans began to gather. Luckily a procession of men with shamrocks in their button-holes, and the dedication of a fine large Catholic Church at some distance, gave the Irish a good excuse to vacate the premises. The Yankee boys ground their teeth and muttered vengeance. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred carried chips on their shoulders, and invited any loose Irishmen to knock them off. Lots of fellows were spilling for a fight. The Police, terribly ashamed of themselves for not having seen and removed the effigy, were around quieting everybody, and rather seducing, than demanding, to peace. A company fell straightway to work, to saw off the rotten end of the pole and dig out the hole where it was planted. By 4 1/2 P. M. the Oregon pine was up again, and the American flag floating from it. Bon fires, and dancing on the green by the American boys, concluded the day. If, when the axe was leveling the pole, the police had been strong enough to make much of a demonstration, probably a terrible row would have been precipitated. Their temporary weakness was the city's salvation from a disgraceful riot.

**M. E. CONFERENCE.**—The following are the appointments for two Districts, recently made by the Conference at Gorham:—

**Readfield District.** Presiding Elder—H. Nickerson. Augusta, A. J. Church; Hallowell, Wm. Strout; Sidney, T. Whittier; E. Readfield, J. Young; Kendall's Mills, U. Rideout; Fairfield, W. B. Bartlett; Skowhegan, C. F. Allen; Solon, W. H. Foster; Anson, L. Ford; N. Vineyard, P. Libby; Strong, J. Mitchell; Phillips, J. W. Hathaway; Industry, S. W. Pierce; New Sharon, J. Fairbanks; Mercer, S. Ranks; Mt. Vernon, J. Hawkes; Farmington, C. Fuller; Wilton, A. Sanderson; Fayette, A. Hatch; Winthrop, E. Smith; Kent's Hill, H. M. Blake; Wayne, A. C. Traflet; No. Wayne, C. A. King.

**Gardiner District.** Presiding Elder—E. Robinson. Gardiner, D. B. Readall; Richmond, F. A. Crafts; Bowdoinham, C. W. Morse; Bath, Wesley ch., S. H. Hyde; Beacon St., do. S. B. Weatherbe; West Bath, Z. Blair; Brunswick, J. Cobb; Harswell, J. Collins; Lisbon, S. W. Russell; Durham, C. Stevens; Pownal, J. Gerry; East Poland, L. B. Knight; Lewiston, C. Munger; Mechanic Falls, J. McMillan; Oxford, T. J. True; So. Paris, R. H. Stinchfield; Oisfield, L. Eldridge; Waterford, A. Turner; Brighton, G. F. Cobb; Naples, S. P. Farrington; Lovell, J. H. Kendall; Norway, M. Wright; No. Paris, G. Briggs; Bethel, E. Davis and Geo. Day; Hanover and Megalloway, N. Andrews; Rumford, J. Moore, Jr.; Livermore, S. S. Gray; Hartford, R. S. Bailey; Peru, N. Winham and No. Auburn, S. B. Gerry; Monmouth, E. Martin; Leeds, D. B. Hot.

**WORSER THAN FIENDS FROM THE INFERNAL REGIONS.**—Let no one, after reading the following account, boast of the superiority of the white man over the red savage. The statement is from Humboldt Bay, by the last California arrival:

"For the last two or three years there have been large settlements of lodges of Indians, on what is called Indian Island and South Beach, both of which are in a short distance of this place—say, a mile. These Indians—a great many of them, at least—have learned to speak the English language so as to be understood, and a great many of them have earned an honest living by working in town and among the settlers. There were not less than ten or fifteen half-breed infants among the squaws, and all were living on the most friendly and intimate terms with the whites; and all had been assured of the protection of the United States garrison at this place, commanded by Major Raines. In the midst of this fancied security, the two camps were rushed upon early in the morning of Sunday, 25th February, and literally and completely wiped out. Yes, sir, my pen almost refuses to record it. Nearly two hundred human beings were put out of existence in the short space of one hour from the commencement of the butchery; and though you will hardly believe me, I assure you that every squaw and child was killed that could be found. One man alone, captain of the band, boasted next day that he had killed thirty women and children with his own hand, or rather hatchet! Firearms were used to a very limited extent, but the work was chiefly done with hatchets, iron bludgeons, knives, etc.

Next morning, I visited the camp, and I assure you the scene was harrowing and sickening in the extreme. Old squaws, decrepit and gray haired; young squaws, the mothers of two or three children, were lying in a pile. Sometimes, and frequently, the infant would be mortally wounded and clinging to the dead mother's breast. The stalwart bucks lay scattered round, quietly despatched with a blow from a hatchet and a thrust or two about the heart with a bowie knife. Infants were crawling around and hiding among the rubbish, etc. Altogether, it was the most sickening spectacle that I ever beheld. And all this was done within stone-throw of the United States barracks; but, let me assure you, that United States barracks and United States troops are as perfectly useless here as they are anywhere. Notwithstanding there is a petition, signed by all the families on Bel river, praying Major Raines to protect the friendly Indians, yet he lets things rip.

The facts can hardly be credited in the Atlantic States, but I assure you they are strictly true. The same party are now out on the scout for more women and children; and when there are no more Indian women and children for them to kill, the blood-thirsty fiends will turn their hatchets and knives upon their own countrymen."

**LIFE IN NEW YORK.**—ROMANCE AND REALITY.—The New York correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, writes:

"Did it ever occur to you what a capital trap Broadway is for catching fugitive murderers, burglars and swindlers from all parts of the United States or foreign countries? It is a fact that at least nine-tenths of all the criminal refugees who visit this city are 'nabbed' in Broadway. And here is the explanation. Broadway is constantly crowded with human beings, and the fugitive, having previously disguised himself, so that he feels sure of escaping detection, seems to think that he will be less observed in the thronged mart than in the scantily traveled side streets. Besides, he is a perfect stranger here, he cannot restrain the temptation to see the sights. Now the chances are ten to one that the photograph of this particular rascal is at the police head quarters in Broome street, and that his lineaments have been carefully studied and copied

with almost photographic accuracy upon the minds of twenty thoroughly experienced detectives, who spend most of their time on Broadway, dressed in citizens' clothes, and are constantly on the look-out for persons whose portraits or verbal descriptions of whom have been sent by the police authorities, or other parties, of other cities, to the superintendent of the New York force. A man acquainted with these 'shadows' cannot walk half a dozen blocks on Broadway without meeting one of them strolling along the street, carefully scrutinizing each passer by, peering under slouched hats, looking with especial ease at every man with a wig and spectacles: 'Much of their hunting is done in stages.'

About 3 P. M., when the Broadway promenade is at its height, a shrewd detective will not have to ride up and down the street more than twice before he will spy some malefactor on the side walk. Having a strong suspicion that he has at last found his man, (and the 'shadows' rarely make a mistake), he 'pipes' the supposed fugitive, watches his movements, passes him two or three times, and takes side-long looks at him, to compare his disguised face with the portrait or description. In the meantime he meets another 'shadow,' secures his assistance by a sign, and feeling at last perfectly satisfied that he is on the right track, waits until his prey turns into a side street, a saloon or hotel (to avoid a scene) and then steps up to him with an extended hand, and addresses him by name. No amount of coolness and self-possession can stand the shock of such an unexpected salutation, and the guilty party immediately betrays himself by the sudden palor of his face. The 'shadows' open their coats and show their policeman's shield glittering within, and the fugitive succumbs to his fate in a stupor of amazement. Scenes like this occur daily in New York."

## North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

## PREMIUM LIST FOR 1860.

## HORSES.

For best Stallion \$10; 2d, do. \$5; 3d, Vol. Agriculture of Maine.  
Best breeding Mare, \$5; 2d, \$3; 3d, do.  
Best pair matched Horses for all work \$5; 2d, \$3; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best Mare or Gelding \$2; 2d, do, Vol. Me. Agriculture.

## CATTLE.

For best colt Mare or Gelding, 3 years old, \$3; 2d, do, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best colt Mare or Gelding, 2 years old, 2 00; 1 year old, 1 00;  
2d, same.  
Best Stud Colt, 3 years old, 3 00; 2d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best Stud Colt, 2 years old, 2 00; 2d, same.

## BULLS.

Best Bull, 2 years old or upward, 5 00; 2d, do, 3 00; 3d, 2 00.  
Best Bull under 2 years old, 3 00; 2d, 1 00; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best Bull Calf, 2 00; 2d, 1 Vol. Maine Agriculture.

## COWS.

Best Dairy Cow, 3 00; 2d, 2 00; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.

## HEIFERS.

Best Heifer, 3 years old, 2 00; 2d, Volume Maine Agriculture.  
Best Heifer, 2 years old, 2 00; 2d, do, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best Heifer, 1 year old, 2 00; 2d, same.

## OXEN.

Best pair matched Oxen, 5 00; 2d, 3 00; 3d, 2 00; 4th, Volume Maine Agriculture.  
Best Drawing Ox, 4 00; 2d, 3 00; 3d, 2 00; 4th, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best Drawing Ox under 5 years old 4 00; 2d, 3 00; 3d, 2 00; 4th, Vol. Me. Agriculture.

## STEERS.

Best pair Steers, 3 years old, \$3; 2d, 2 00; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best pair Steers, 2 years old, 2 00; 2d, \$1; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best pair Steers, 1 year old, 2 00; 2d, 1 00; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
Best pair Steer calves, 1 00; 2d, Vol. Me. Agriculture.

## TRAM OXEN.

Best Team of Oxen from any town, 8 pairs or more, 800; 2d 600; 3d, 400.  
Best Team of Steers from any town, 8 pairs or more, 600; 2d 400.

## SHEEP.

Best Flock 25 or more, 6 00; 2d, 4 00; 3d, 2 00.  
Best Fine Wool Buck, 3 00; 2d 1 00; 3d, Volume Maine Agriculture.  
Best Long or Middle do. 3 00; 2d 1 00; 3d, same.

## Best 6 or more Fine Wool Ewes, 3 00; 2d, 1 00

## Best Long Wool do. 3 00; 2d, 1 00.

## Best 6 or more Ewe Lambs, 2 00; 2d 1 00

## Best 2 or more Bucks do. 2 00; 2d, 1 00

## Best 6 or more Fat Sheep 2 00; 2d, 1 00

## Best Boar 2 00; 2d, 1 00

## Best Sow 2 00; 2d, 1 00

## Best Litter of Pigs, 5 or more, 2 00; 2d, 1 00

## FAT CATTLE.

Best Fat Oxen 2 00; 2d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.

Best Fat Cow, Steer, or Heifer 2 00; 2d, Volume Agriculture.

## FOWLS.

Best lot Hens, 1 50; 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

Best lot Turkeys, 1 50; 2d, 1 Volume Me. Agriculture.

Best lot Geese, 1 50, 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

## TROTTING HORSES.

For Fastest trotting Stallion \$15; 2d, 10 00; 3d, 5 00

For Fastest trotting Mare or Gelding, \$15; 2d, 10 00; 3d, 5 00

For Fastest trotting mare or gelding under 5 years old, 10 00; 2d, 5 00

For Fastest trotting Mare or Gelding under 4 years old 8 00; 2d, 5 00

No premium to be paid unless the time made is under 4 minutes.

## CROPS AND MANURES.

For Best Crop of Corn, 75 or more bushels per acre, \$3; 2d, 2 00; 3d, 1 00

Best Crop of Oats, 50 or more bushels per acre, \$2; 2d, 1 00; 3d, Volume Maine Agriculture.

Best Crop of Barley, 40 or more bushels per acre, 2 00; 2d 1 00; 3d, Volume Maine Agriculture.

Best Crop Summer or Winter Rye, twenty bushels or more per acre 2 00; 2d, 1 00

Best Crop Peas and Beans 1-2 acre or more 1 00; 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

Best Crop of Peas or Beans raised with Potatoes 1 00; 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

Best Crop of Potatoes not less than 300 bushels per acre, also Turnips, Beets and Carrots, not less than 500 bushels per acre, each 2 00; 2d, 1 00; 3d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

Best sample Corn, Beans, Peas, Barley, Oats, Rye, Potatoes, Turnips, Beets, Carrots, Onions, Tomatoes, Squashes, Pumpkins, Cabbages, each 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

For the largest and best lot of manure prepared at the least expense, with written statement of amount, method, and cost of the same, to embrace some improvement upon the common method of manufacturing and saving manure, \$3; 2d, 2 00

For the most extensive and satisfactory experiment in the application of manure to the hoed crops, \$3; 2d, 2 00; 3d, 1 00

For the best and most successful experiment in top-dressing grass land \$2; 2d, 1 00

## FRUIT.

For best display of Fruit of all kinds, 2 00; 2d, 1 00

Best display of Winter Fruit, 1 00

Best display of Peas, 3 or more kinds, \$1; 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

Best display of Plums and Grapes, 3 or more kinds, 1 00

BREAD, BUTTER, CHEESE, HONEY, SUGAR.

For best lot butter 20 pounds or more, \$3; 2d, 2 00; 3d, 1 00

Best lot Cheese 50 pounds or more, 3 00; 2d, 2 00; 3d, 1 00

Best lot Flour Bread, 1 00; best Brown Bread, 1 00

Best Barley Bread, 1 00

Best sample Honey, 20 pounds or more \$1; 2d, 50

Best sample Maple Sugar, 20 pounds or more, 1 00; 2d, 50

Best sample Maple Syrup, 1 gallon or more, 1 00

## MANUFACTURED ARTICLES AND IMPLEMENTS.

For best Sward Plow, showing some improvement from those heretofore shown, \$2 00; 2d, 1 00

For best Stubble Plow 1 50; 2d do. Volume Maine Agriculture.

For best Harrow or other implement for pulverizing the soil, an improvement upon the wedge tooth Harrow, 1 00; 2d, 50

For best Hay Fork, Manure Fork, Scythes, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, Horse Rakes, Wheel Barrow and Hand Cart \$1 each.

For best Single Waggon, Double Waggon, 2 00 each; 2d, 1 00

For best 1 Horse farm waggon, Horse cart, and Sleigh, 1 00 each.

For best Ox cart, Horse hoe, 1 00

For best Ox yoke and Bows 1 Volume Me. Agriculture.

For best Improved Seed planter, 1 00; best Fan Mill, 1 00

For best Specimen Cabinet Work 2 00; 1 House Doors, 1 00

For the largest and best exhibition of farming implements from one establishment, 2 00; 2d, 1 00; 3d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

## LEATHER AND LEATHER GOODS.

For best half-dozen Calf-skins, 1 00; best Sole Leather, 1 00.

For best Case Cowhide Boots, 1 00; best Calf Boots 2 pairs or more 1 00; best specimen Ladies Winter Boots, 1 00; best specimen Child's Winter Boots or Shoes 1 00

For best Double Harness, 2 00; best Single Harness, 2 00

## HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

For best Flannel for felled cloth, Cotton & Wool Flannel, Wool Carpeting, Cotton and Wool Carpeting, or Rug Carpeting, 75 each.

For best Harth Rug, Woolen Shawl, or Wool Cape, 75 each.

For best Wool yarn, Wool mittens, Wool Hose, (Miss and Women's) 6 or more pairs, 50 each; 2d, 25

For best Specimen Plain and Fancy needle work or Fancy Worsted Work 50 each.

For best specimen of Darning Stockings 50.

## GIRLS WORK.

For best Bed Quilt 50; 2d, 25; best specimen Knitting, Plain Sewing, Fancy Needle Work, worked, cotton or linen; Mending Clothing or Stockings, 50 each; 2d, 25.

For best specimen Brown or White Bread, 1 00; 2d, 50.



# THE EASTERN MAIL,

An Independent Family Newspaper,

Published every Thursday, by

MAXIM AND WING,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

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TERMS.

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paid within six months, 1.75

paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

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

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10.15 A.M. Closes at 10.30 A.M.

Eastern " " " 4.45 P.M. " 4.30 P.M.

Southwestern " " " 4.45 P.M. " 4.30 P.M.

Northwestern " " " 4.45 P.M. " 4.30 P.M.

Selfish Mail leaves

Wednesday and Friday at 8.00 A.M. 7.45 P.M.

Also leave Monday, 4 A.M.—close Sunday, 6 P.M.

Office Hours—from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

COLLEGE DIALOGUE.

[A Freshman meets a Senior in the College Hall.]

Freshman. "Will you tell me, sir, isocrates difficult?"

Senior. "Well, I believe it wasn't to me."

Freshman. (much relieved). "I'm glad of that, for our class are going to take it next week."

Senior. (reflecting). "Let me see what language did I use?"

Freshman. (surprised). "Greek?"

Senior. (still uncertain). "Is Greek the language with the funny little crooked letters?"

Freshman. (astounded). "Certainly!"

Senior. (this doubts removed). "Oh, well then it was hard—confoundedly hard."

The fort erected on Hog Island ledge has been named "Fort Gorges," in honor of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, the original proprietor of the Province of Maine.

Please take a half of this poor apple, said a pretty dealer, with a witty answer, the other evening. "No, thank you; I would prefer a better half!" Amelia blushed, and referred him to papa.

Aut E. was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using as an argument that the little chick was wont to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy; "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunt tried no more arguments with him.

A good cook never sticks a fork into meat while cooking, as it leaves a place for the juices to escape through.

PRESERVATION.—Fire King Engine Co., of Gardner, have presented their foreman, Mr. G. W. Smith, an elegant silver trumpet, valued at \$100.

A STRANGER.—Children ask some curious questions. "Where is a little boy from?" "Ours," he came home from Sabbath School one day, and meeting his mother, the following dialogue took place. "Mamma, the teachers people are all made of dust." "Yes," said Eddy; "but the little colored people are made of coal dust, isn't they?"

By the liberality of Hon. J. B. Brown, the sum of one hundred dollars has been placed at the disposal of the State Board of Agriculture, to be awarded for the best essay on under drainage and subsoil plowing as applicable to agriculture in Maine. The offer will be found in the prize list of the Maine State Agricultural Society, which will be issued soon.

UNHEARD OF SPEED.—The Newspaper Lightning Express train from New York to Albany, recently traveled at the rate of eight miles in six minutes, and reached Albany, a distance of 160 miles, at 1:20 A.M. and delivered the New York morning papers. 80 miles an hour! What are we coming to?

COUGH TALK.—"No, Amy, you're quite wrong, I never was told in all my life," said "O'm, how can you say so? Why there was Louis Simpson." "I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. His true I declined with thanks; once, but I never was refused."

"You look as though you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a dandy standing outside of a donkey. Dandy said.

The Putnam Machine Company at Fitchburg, Mass.—one of the most energetic and reliable manufacturing associations in the country are making the shuffling, pulley and running gear for the new Pemberton Mill, about to be erected at Lawrence, on the site of the late distillery.

The sum required for the new Arctic expedition has been raised, and the vessel is now in a position to start in the month of June for the shores of Grinnell Land, and thence to proceed towards the open Polar Sea, discovered by Kane, and subsequently expected to solve the last great geographical problem of the age, the precise location of the North Pole.

The Episcopians are to erect a church edifice in Hallowell this season.

THE GRAVE OF A MAINE MAN. A correspondent of the Brunswick Telegraph, writing from a town in Maine, speaks of a gravestone bearing the following inscription:—

"WILLIAM COOMBS.

Died, Feb. 27th, 1852. A native of the State of Maine.

Alone, and in sorrow,

Dark hours roll on;

Forlorn and friendless,

Why should I not die?

The turf will lie lightly

Above the lone spot,

Where the hapless stranger

Is laid and forgot."

It is the latest remark of a young stranger who was taken from a steambath in the last stage of sickness. The stone is erected and the lines inscribed by warm-hearted citizens.

A poetess glorifying her sweetheart for having had some previous experience, says:

When first he talk'd to me of love—

A servant in its tactics—

I felt quite thankful some one else

Had had his early practice.

Now, do you think that recent loves

Have caused me to be wiser?

Practice improves in everything,

And love is no exception.

The uplift of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.—Jerome.

"So," said a young gentleman to a beautiful young lady, at a party, in Arkansas, "you won't take any of the soldiers?" "No," said she, "but I'll take some of those greased muskets."

Somebody says that the best way to keep food upon a weak stomach is to bolt it.

Appropos of children, there was a beautiful saying of Richard's. "The smallest are the nearest God." "Not so," remarked a malicious old bachelor, "but that one often wishes them nearer." The old celibate deserves his destiny. That's punishment enough.

We learn from the Farmer that Wm. A. Herrick, of South Junction, has invented a shackle bolt for coupling cars, which obviates the necessity of rickling life and limb as by the old process.

LUMBERMEN FOR THE MERRIMAC. Mr. Augustus W. Norcross started yesterday morning for the Merrimac, in the Grand Trunk Railway, with 70 men. They go from the city and Waterville, and are in the employ of Messrs. Norcross, Saunders & Co., of Lowell, Mass. (Whig, Thursday.)

BERRICK SPONGE CAKE. Doubtless our readers have tested the excellent qualities of the Sponge Cake furnished by Henry Berrick at the refreshment saloon at South Berrick. This is the way it is made: Take one pound of sugar, one half pound of flour, and eleven eggs. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately—the yolks together. Mix and add the flour. Beat a great deal.

Victor Emanuel has been formally excommunicated by the Pope, at which the people of Central Italy greatly rejoice. There was a time when a Papal bull would have filled Italy with lamentation and mourning.

MISTAKE OF THE PUNTER.—The following erratum appears in an exchange:

In the place on our fourth page, entitled "I Must not Lay Behind," instead of the line "That moulds its dirty shirt," please read "That would its dirty shirt."

The torch factory at Bethel has turned out 75 tons of starch the past year—using up 15,000 bushels of potatoes.

FIRE IN FRANKFORT. On Friday night last, the house and barn of Billings F. Hardy, in Frankfort, were entirely consumed, but the furniture was saved. The loss in the barn, and is supposed to have been incalculable. Loss about \$1000—partially insured.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VITAL AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH.—In the present day of admiration for physical strength, it is worth while to call attention to the other kind of superiority, that of rarer and rarer vitality of system. An English medical essay thus discourses upon it: "Great power of exertion is quite consistent with extreme delicacy, and with the presence of, or at least with a pre-disposition to organic disease. Napoleon was

perhaps capable of undergoing, and did in fact undergo, greater fatigues than almost any other man who ever lived; yet his digestion was always most delicate, and very easily deranged, whilst he died of a hereditary disease at the age of fifty-five. It is also a singular thing that great power of exertion in one direction does not always imply its existence in another. Many men can go through extraordinary muscular labor, and put up with all sorts of exposure and hardships, who are quite unequal to continuous severe exertion to the eyes, the brain, and the nerves; and the converse occasionally hold good as well. Long life and continued good health are also tests of strength; but these gifts frequently depend upon a sort of balance and proportion between powers which are inconsiderable themselves. It seems a sort of perversion of terms to speak of a person who keeps on living feebly and quietly—more like a vegetable than a man—for eighty years, as being stronger than one who dies worn out at sixty by extreme labor, or even by long continued and long resisted disease.

The difficulty of saying what is meant by physical strength lies in the difficulty of distinguishing between the mechanical, and what, for fault of a better word, must be called the vital powers of the body. Look upon the body as a machine—and the broken arm, the tubercles in the lungs, or the cancer in the liver, prevent you from calling it strong; but if it goes on acting for years, and wonderfully recovering itself again and again from the catastrophe which these effects tend to produce, there must be a strong something somewhere. What is that something? The whole subject is one of endless wonder and curiosity, but it is well deserving of far more notice than it has generally received—if for no other reason, at least for the sake of illustrating the cruelty of the common notions about physical strength which all sorts of popular writers are continually preaching. We cannot here do more than hint at the very endless varieties of what is called "constitution," which would require examination by any one who really wished to understand the subject. The power of supporting hardships, is one obvious form of strength, but this power is by means universally associated with great muscular force, and not commonly co-exists with excessive delicacy of organization in many important particulars.

Dr. Kane was a wonderful instance of this. Though a professional sailor, he never went to sea without suffering from sea sickness, and he suffered under disease of the heart and chronic rheumatism; yet he underwent sufferings in the Arctic Sea under which the strongest men, specially trained to endure such hardships, sickened and died. In great catastrophes—such as wreck, sieges, and the retreats of defeated armies—the finest men do endure hardships best, and the most delicate women will occasionally go through more than any one else.

THE RUSH TO THE MOUNTAINS.—The tide of emigration to Pike's Peak has fairly commenced. Companies of from half a dozen to a hundred are reported as crossing the Mississippi at various points daily, and the rush will probably exceed that of last year, when so many turned back disappointed; nay, we may say the rush will exceed any similar emigration excitement that has ever been witnessed in this country, even California in her palmy days not excepted. We believe we are speaking within reasonable bounds when we assert that from 8000 to 10,000 men are at this moment en march for the gold regions of the Rocky Mountains, from various parts of the country; and that by the first of July, there will be full 50,000 expectant gold-seekers at the mines, or on their way thither. [Chicago Journal.]

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.—The theory of our social life which so generally obtains that woman as a class ought to be dependent on men, cannot, or at least is not unfortunate, reduced to practice. While so many of them are constantly thrown upon the world to get their daily bread, that theory will be unable to hold its own. Domestic duties are undoubtedly woman's proper duties; and the family and the home her legitimate and proper places; but there are too many who have no real home, and consequently no home duties. They cannot all count upon the protection of fathers, husbands and brothers, and such as cannot must seek livings for themselves. Distinct women crowd the streets, not only in our cities, but in nearly every village and even rural locality. It is too late to inquire whether women ought to take upon their own shoulders the duties of daily labor. They are doing so already, under the compulsion of necessity, in vast numbers, and with most deplorable advantages. When we discuss, therefore, the duties on which they may be best employed, we were but dealing with facts as they stand. Nobody by this desires to invest a woman with any new "mission." She is best placed, as man's helpmate, but that places, unhappily, she cannot always find, and, as she cannot, it is obviously the wisest course to make the best of the difficulty by substituting some other spheres of usefulness. In other words, new occupations are to be opened to her. Women cannot all be seamstresses, or teachers, or milliners, or keep little shops for selling tapes and thread.

The attention of the philanthropists has already been turned to the subject, and numerous reports and speeches show how many branches of art and low many departments of labor are really open to female industry if the prejudices of society could be but once discarded. Modelling, engraving, lithographic drawing, filigree-work, and fifty other forms of designing, would afford ample scope and excellent remuneration for special capacities.—The wits of Vanity Fair do not cease to poke their fun at the counter jumpers, as they call the young men who attend retail shops to the exclusion of women, so much better fitted to the work. It is also argued that there are many public offices—postal, reformitory, commercial and others—in which they might easily find suitable and remunerative employment.

[N. Y. Evening Post.]

APPEARANCES VERSUS REALITIES.—What a tendency there is in this American world of ours to value appearances rather than realities! One half of our families are occupied constantly in the struggle to keep up appearances.—The fault commences very early in the history of our families. Our young mechanics marry early, and it is well they should do so, provided they would be content with a simple style of living, suited to their means, and be satisfied with increasing their furniture and dress and other family expenses, only as they are prospered. But the young mechanic feels too often, when he marries, that he must live in the same style as the bourgeois do. His wife, too frequently—a young, gay, dashing, thoughtless girl—feels even more ambitious than he does, and the pair start in life with furniture above their means. Every thing then must correspond, and dress and expenses of living become extravagant. Then follows the inevitable Bridget, whose waste and board and wages amount to a large sum. Then com-

mences the life-long struggle to keep up appearances. The struggle is a hard one against the wind and tide and current. The man may work hard and earn much, but he and his wife started wrong. For the first year she should have been content with plainer furniture, designed for use and not ornament, and he should have been content with less luxurious eating, and drinking and smoking. Oh this struggle to keep up appearances is terrible to a young mechanic! It is a hard, hard life to be all the time striving to gain and to keep the front seats in society when property does not warrant it.

The young merchant, too, often makes the same mistakes. His career, his struggle and his end will be similar to that of the mechanic, upon a slightly more dangerous scale, and, generally, with a more ambitious wife. There is a wrong feeling about both husband and wife that their respectability will depend upon the style they assume. The young merchant is in more danger of shipwreck in keeping up appearances, than the young mechanic. The work of the latter furnishes an income known beforehand, while the profits of the former are uncertain. The former will likewise labor under the constant temptation of striving to get rich too fast, and will strain his means and his credit to keep up appearances as a thriving merchant. Young professional men have the same rocks before them in the voyage of life. Many spend their whole existence in rowing against wind and tide. Their young wives too have more ambition—more pride of rank and station—and more of the foolish notions of idleness and luxury. Few of them are fitted for their condition, and they have the sad prospect before them of a struggle to keep up appearances. When will men learn to be contented with the station in which God has placed them?

MURDER AT GRAND FALLS.—A man named Murphy was shot at Grand Falls on Thursday night, March 29th, by one Millet of that place. Murphy made an attempt to enter the house of a French woman where Millet was spending the night. While Murphy was in the act of raising the window, the woman loaded the gun, and Millet shot him. The ball passed near the heart. He was found dead a few rods from the house. The following morning the woman gave herself up to the magistrate, saying she shot him in self-defence. The woman and Millet are in jail awaiting their trial which will be next September.—This is one of the sad results of intemperance. [Phoenix.]

A YOUNG LADY MURDERED.—A short time since a young lady was murdered at Ottumwa, Iowa, and the body was thrown into the Des Moines river. The girl was from Rockford, Ill., daughter of a widow. She wrote some for the papers, had talent, was easily flattered, was giddy and imprudent. She put a matrimonial advertisement in the paper, which was answered by a man named Moore, who belonged to a highly respectable family, but who himself was dissolute. Circumstances point to this Moore as her murderer, and that having ruined her he took her under pretence of going to Pike's Peak, and murdered her.

NOROMEGA BANK.—Bangor, April 15.—In the Supreme Court, yesterday, Judge Appleton delivered an opinion in the case of the Noromega Bank, against the Receivers.—The Receivers were directed to return the Bank to the hands of the Directors, in accordance with the provisions of the act passed by the Legislature. The bills will undoubtedly be redeemed in a few days. The opinion of the Court gives general satisfaction.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—A fugitive slave from Virginia, was in this town on the 1st, on his way to the land of freedom. He went from Virginia to Boston, where the U. S. officers were put on his track, and came via Worcester. At Worcester the officers lost track of him, and were supposed to be watching for him on the railroad north of here, as he was trying to make his way to Canada East, where he had friends who had before left the home of the slave for the land of freedom. He was sent to Canada West via Syracuse, and is probably safe now from his pursuers. He was an intelligent young man, about 19 years old, and worth from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, according to the value of the article. He said he was treated kindly by his master, but his master had lost so many slaves by running away, lately, that he was making preparations to sell him and others south, and he thought it best to travel towards the north star.—[Greenfield Gazette.]

ADMISSION OF KANSAS.—The bill for the admission of Kansas as a State has passed the House of Representatives by a majority of 61. It is now in the hands of the Senate, where its passage may be regarded as somewhat uncertain.

Pleasing Face.—Thousands, of all ages and sexes, have found instant relief by the application of Redding's Russia Salve to burns, wounds, scalds, bunions, sores, corns, chilblains, etc. It never fails in effecting speedy cures. For sale everywhere at 25 cents a box.

KNOT KILLER.—Take of gum shellac half a pound, alcohol half a pint; put the two in a tight bottle, shake occasionally, and in a few hours it is fit for use. Apply with a swab or brush to all gummy places. This will prevent the paint from cleaving off the knots, or the pick from coloring the paint. With this article on hand, one can use common lumber, if the knots are found, in the place of clear, and no one is any the wiser. Having obtained the above receipt without paying the privilege of telling whom I please, I can do no better than to give it to your readers. [C. Adams, Seymour, N. York.]

The Cattle Disease.—The Commissioners appointed under the act of the Legislature to investigate the cattle disease prevailing in the State of Massachusetts, and to adopt measures for its extermination, find among some of the farmers in Worcester county, whose herds have been visited by the epidemic, that more of their cattle have recovered than have died from the disease.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON once said to an intimate friend—

"Men gave me some credit for genius. All the genius I have is just this;—when I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what people call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

A NEW PARTY.—A call has been issued for a State Convention, to be held at Town Hall, Waterville, on Thursday of next week, for the purpose of organizing a "Constitutional Union Party."

## MARKETS.

Waterville Retail Prices.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour 6 00 to 8 50

Corn 3 50 to 4 00

Oats 3 50 to 4 00

Beans 1 00 to 1 50

Eggs 13 to 15

Butter 18 to 22

Apples, best 10 to 15

Apples, cooking 4 to 5

Apples, dried 8 to 10

Potatoes 30 to 50

Hay, loose 10 00 to 12 00

Rye 1 00 to 1 30

Chickens 8 to 10

Sheep 10 00 to 12 00

Swine 10 00 to 12 00

Butter 18 to 22

Eggs 13 to 15

Apples, best 10 to 15

Apples, cooking 4 to 5

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Apples, cooking 4 to 5

Apples, dried 8 to 10

Potatoes 30 to 50

Hay, loose 10 00 to 12 00



MISCELLANY.

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,  
Where they know not sorrow or time;  
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,  
And life is a treasure sublime;  
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,  
Where ages of splendor eternally roll;  
Where the way-way traveler reaches his goal,  
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,  
But our visions have told its bliss;  
And our souls by the gleam from its gardens are fann'd,  
When we faint in the desert of this.  
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,  
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,  
And we've drunk from the tide of the river that flows  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

O! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,  
But we think where the ransomed have trod,  
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,  
But we feel the bright morning's glow;  
We are traveling, onward, through changes and gloom,  
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,  
And our guide is the glory that shines from the tomb,  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

A WESTERN ART CRITICISM.—A correspondent of the Buffalo Courier narrates the following shrewd criticism passed by a rough Western man on the Prairie Picture, by Bard, the well known artist of Cincinnati:

A few mornings ago, as I was standing admiring—as I confess myself fond of doing—that beautiful deer-group, a tall, unmistakable Western man came up behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I noticed at once the quick stoppage of breathing; but to my surprise, the stop was short, and something like a laugh quickly succeeded. Looking up, I saw a yellow face over-spreading with a smile, and there was a decided twinkle in the eye.

'Pshaw!' said he, 'that's no picture, after all. That ain't no fair representation.'

'Why, said I, that struck me as being a pretty good painting.'

'Maybe it's good enough for a painting,' said the Western man, 'I don't say anything about that, but there never was no scene enacted like it. Just look at that tall reed grass up there and then the fern weeds below—who ever saw them grow together? Why, the one grows on wet and the other on dry land. But that's pretty well, he continued, 'and just see them deer's feet, how clean they be. They ought to be mud up to their knees; and at that rate they're going at, they ought to be spotted with mud all over. I tell you, when I went to that country first, the men skinned me sometimes, driving their wagon on a wet prairie, but they'd tell me it was all right; and sure enough, I would find a good bottom a foot down. Then the next thing I know'd they would be giving a pretty wide berth to a place that looked, at first sight, edzackly like the other; and I soon found an easy way to tell was by the grasses.'

'If any of ye know that painter chap,' said the unconsciously keen critic, as he prepared to move off, 'jest tell him—but it's no use,' said he, lowering his voice, 'that's a good enough city prairie.'

THE ANGEL ON THE HEARTH.—Come to me, darling; papa's cross to-night, said a young mother, as she extended her arms affectionately to a little girl of three years, who had left her toys and playthings, to climb up on her father's knee.

The child heard a puzzled look at that dark, stern countenance, and without a glance of reassurance, stole softly to his side. Not a word was spoken, and the gloomy man sat and sullen, his mind wholly absorbed with the busy world's excitement. Although a husband and a father, he was evidently in no humor to participate in the pleasures of a 'home circle.'

The child not at all discouraged by the forbidding look of her parent, crept gently upon his knee, and placing one tiny arm about his neck, the other glided affectionately over the opposite cheek, while her innocent lips pressed gently on his cheek. In a subdued breath she whispered, 'Nellie loves papa so much,' and she drew her little soft hand caressingly down either side of that stern face, until they met beneath the heavily bearded chin.

Observe the effect! 'twas electrical; the stern features relaxed, the sullen gloom disappeared, and the whole countenance assumed a lively, animated expression.

The scene was most touching. Words fail to express the exquisite beauty of such a picture. As the transformed parent drew the little girl to his bosom and pressed a kiss upon her forehead, the child, with her arms about his neck, and her face pressed against his, said, 'No, my child, pa could never be cross, with such a lovely daughter to calm the heart the world has tortured into despair.'

Mr. Russell, of the London Times, in his interesting Diary in India, relates a conversation he had with Sir Colin Campbell on the importance of handling soldiers judiciously when they take under fire for the first time. The gallant and experienced officer said: 'It may take years to make infantry, which has once received a severe check, feel confidence in itself again; indeed, it never will do, perhaps, except by most careful handling. It is still longer before cavalry, once beaten, recover the dash and enterprise which constitute so much of their merit.'

200 TONS

Plaster for sale.

ALLEN AND CO.

would respectfully inform the citizens of Waterville, and vicinity that they are at the old stand near the R. R. Depot, and keep constantly on hand the best assortment of Groceries, and Provisions

Choice Apples on hand and for sale.

Flour, whole and half—Canada Extra and Best Dux, Wisconsin, &c. &c. Delivered at Home in the City.

Plaster by the Ton, sack, or Bushel. Lime and cement, for sale and at the lowest prices. Country Produce taken in exchange for the above articles.

100 Bushels Heavy Grass, and Clover seed, for sale.

Please give us a call.

WATERVILLE, Jan. 23, 1860.

ALLEN & CO.

Groceries and Provisions.

R. A. DRUMMOND.

At the Railroad Store, one door North of J. Peavey & Brothers, respectfully informs the citizens of Waterville, and vicinity, that he has marked down the prices on all the goods he has on hand.

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

and will sell from this time at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to all in want of articles from his large and well selected stock consisting of

Flour, whole and half—Canada Extra and Best Dux, Wisconsin, &c. &c. Delivered at Home in the City.

Plaster by the Ton, sack, or Bushel. Lime and cement, for sale and at the lowest prices. Country Produce taken in exchange for the above articles.

100 Bushels Heavy Grass, and Clover seed, for sale.

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WATERVILLE, Jan. 23, 1860.

ALLEN & CO.

NEW ENGLAND ALMENTS.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

THE Eastern States included in that section of the Union which is most widely known as 'New England,' contain a thrifty, industrious, intelligent people, who have achieved an uncommon degree of prosperity, with an almost entirely trying to certain constitutions, and a soil of small fertility, they have contrived to surpass more favored communities in almost everything that conduces to social comfort and happiness. Unfortunately, they are occasionally so absorbed in business and mental cultivation, that they neglect the precautions which are essential to bodily health. Physical and physical debility are prevalent among all classes. The first disease produced by insurrection to the digestive organs, which are so susceptible of derangement. Thousands are now paying the penalty of this neglect, and suffering daily the most excruciating pains, and the most distressing symptoms, which are so susceptible of derangement. Thousands are now paying the penalty of this neglect, and suffering daily the most excruciating pains, and the most distressing symptoms, which are so susceptible of derangement. Thousands are now paying the penalty of this neglect, and suffering daily the most excruciating pains, and the most distressing symptoms, which are so susceptible of derangement.

DR. J. H. HOSTETTER'S

Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

But that numerous class who devote themselves to literary and other sedentary pursuits, and in consequence of a want of physical exercise, and an almost entirely trying to certain constitutions, and a soil of small fertility, they have contrived to surpass more favored communities in almost everything that conduces to social comfort and happiness. Unfortunately, they are occasionally so absorbed in business and mental cultivation, that they neglect the precautions which are essential to bodily health. Physical and physical debility are prevalent among all classes. The first disease produced by insurrection to the digestive organs, which are so susceptible of derangement. Thousands are now paying the penalty of this neglect, and suffering daily the most excruciating pains, and the most distressing symptoms, which are so susceptible of derangement.

DR. A. C. BATES.

Surgeon Dentist.

WEST WATERVILLE.

(Permanently located)

On Summer Street, between the Boston Tavern, and the corner of the old mill, with or without

Gums, or parts of teeth inserted, with or without

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Kendalls Mills Advmts.

King Philip Air-Tight, No. 8, 7, 8, 9, 10.



THE KING PHILIP, for convenience in cooking, economy of wood, and durability will be warranted to give entire satisfaction. All who use them recommend them to their friends.

—FOR SALE BY—

J. H. GILBRETH,

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HARD-WARE, BARIRON,

Paints, Oils and Varnishes,

STOVES, FURNACES,

Fire Frames, Farmers' Boilers,

BUILDING MATERIALS, FARMERS' & MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.

Tin Peddlers furnished at the best rates. Tin Roofing and Jobbing promptly attended to.

May 9, 1859.

DR. A. PINKHAM,

SURGEON DENTIST

(Continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental

service.—First door south of Railroad Bridge, Main Street,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

N. B.—Teeth extracted without pain by a new process of

benumbing the gums, which is entirely different from freezing,

and can be used in all cases with perfect safety.

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Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers.

Books constantly on hand.

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found in the State which they offer at Wholesale and Retail at

fair prices.

The numerous customers of the old House are respectfully

collected to continue their patronage, and they may rely that

no pains will be spared to supply their wants.

It is respectfully requested that the public patronage be

continued to the new House, which is located in the State and

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'Eastern Mail' Office, Waterville.

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Together with

Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Shades, Wicks & Brushes,

Which will be sold at very low

prices, as our facilities for purchasing, both in Europe and from

Manufacturers at Home are unsurpassed.

We would invite the attention of Housekeepers and others to our

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CONSISTING IN PART OF

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White & Fancy China, Cake Baskets, Mugs,

Common Earthen Ware of all kinds, Crockery, Butter

Boxes, Glass, Lamps, Shades, Wicks, and Forks,

With almost every article in the line of Groceries and

Household Goods, at the lowest prices.

Best Ivory Cutlery, and Forks, and

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