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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 09): September 18, 1851

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY INEZ.  
Starlight sleep  
Upon the silver foliage of the woods;  
And as the night in silent sorrow wept,  
The flowers were bathed in dew; while mellow floods  
Of moonlight glided over trembling leaves,  
And jeweled blossoms, bending low in grief,  
Mournfully rose amid the purple hours  
The song of the Death-Angel, low and deep;  
Softly stealing through the dreamy bowers,  
Now wakening the deep forests from their sleep;  
And as the breeze through mosses fair,  
That wild song swelled on the midnight air.  
Bright Summer, I am come:  
Twine thy braid of floral wreaths,  
And bring back from their silent home  
Thy long forgotten hours:  
Call them from out the faded past,  
With every shadow on their brightness cast.  
In fields with sunshine bright,  
In many a softly shaded grove,  
With clouds of gold and crimson light,  
Thou hast been free to rove:  
On leaf and bud, and starling still,  
The footprints of thy beauty linger still.  
Yet I have been with thee:  
Where'er thy glowing breath has passed,  
Where'er has sung thy sunlight free,  
My shadows have been cast:  
And the fresh graves are whispering,  
That I have hovered near with mournful wing.  
And now, forever more,  
Thou shalt be like a fleeting dream;  
Like a gay song when it is o'er;  
Like sunset's fading gleam:  
All the rich gifts of song and light  
Shall soon be mingled with oblivion's blight.  
Yet call them forth again:  
Bring back the beauty of the hours,  
That fit up every lovely gleam:  
With dew and moss and flowers:  
Bring back thy zephyr-breathing,  
The morn's perfume, the night's deep starry glow.  
And sing thy parting song  
To all the brightness thou hast loved;  
In every path where gay and long  
Thy fairy feet have roved:  
Bind on thy brow the laurel wreath,  
Then come with me to the lone hills of death.  
Upon the night winds and upon the clouds,  
The spirit of the air thy bright lyres hang,  
And fold in their pale and glittering shrouds,  
And folded for the dying summer sang:  
And as it melted with the fading gleam,  
The leaves of Autumn glided summer's tomb.

## MISCELLANY.

### BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.  
"Forbear, never repeat with pleasure, such things as may honor God—hurt their own character—or injure their neighbor."—Barnes' Whims, 1700.  
Mrs. Maxwell clasped her elegantly bound prayer book, a bridal gift from her husband, and drew down her veil as she stepped from the crowded aisle. The Maxwells attended a very fashionable church. Some of the best families in the city had pews there, and the music was really worth the price, as some one reverently observed to them when talking of the last Sunday's voluntary. Miss Le Mote, who had made her debut at the Musical Fund Concerts, sang there, and the organist was thoroughly imbued with a love for the modern Italian school, disdaining such sober minded studies as those of Handel and Gluck. You could frequently detect a whole aria from "Lucia," or "I Puritani," in the voluntary, beautifully varied, however, and solemnized by a few heavy chords in the bass. To be sure, some of the older vestrymen objected to this, and thought that true worship might be better expressed by the whole congregation giving in a church chant the fervent and impassioned songs of praise which the monarch of Israel has left to us. But they were speedily overruled by their wives and daughters, ladies who had passed years, and months, and years, in acquiring a good vocal style, but had probably never sung a bar of church music in their lives, and would perfectly martyred to hear the untrained voices of everybody joining in the psalm or hymn.  
However, Mrs. Maxwell was one of the few who persisted in following the good old country fashion to which she had been accustomed all her life; and her rich voice was never clearer than in the glad outpouring of her thankful heart, responding to the invitation:  
"Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord,  
As we have rejoiced in the strength of our salvation;  
And as she left the church that bright June Sunday her spirit seemed more closely in union than ever before with the purity of earth and heaven.  
Had any one looked into her heart that morning, his voice would have sounded thus:  
"Oh, how very thankful I ought to be that things have fallen in such pleasant places. I can't ever be murmuring or ungrateful, for the peace of my spirit by angelic hosts softly the shadow of the foliage lies aloof; path, what is there like the repose of a still Sabbath morning, and thank God no heavy, unrepented sin shadows my soul, so guarded from temptation, I try so constantly to do right. I am sure I never will offend a human creature."  
And yet Mrs. Maxwell was no Pharisee. All her own better moments, when all is in the within.  
There were crowds of well-dressed, fashionable-looking people pouring from the different churches as they passed. Some in a light frock, far more suited to an opera, or a concert, the poor with decent Sabbath faces, how can they whose every hour is rest, now the thankful calmness of the seventh day, now diverged to the late dust of the road, said that it would be far pleasanter now, rain had come. Young ladies remarked on the dress of a new neighbor, or the bad of their own bonnet and mantilla, their others talked of engagements to visit Miss or what a wretched art Mrs. Maxwell displayed in her thin muslin. So they came from the solemn audience of their Canon.

thoughts long abide. First the rustling of a rich silk drew the attention of Mrs. Maxwell from her silent thanksgiving.  
"The breath of the world" passed by; with its light and careless touch dispelling it.  
"Is she not beautiful?" she said, eagerly, to her husband, "and such a sweet, sad face."  
"I did not notice it."  
"Oh, but you must look at her, the next time you see that deep Lehigh with the lilac spray."  
"Mr. Maxwell smiled. "I'm afraid I shall forget your woman's waymarks. But why must I look at her, Anna?"  
"Oh, I pity her so much. She always dresses elegantly, as you see. Haven't you noticed her in the side aisle? And lately they have taken the house in Pine street, just around the corner from us. If you notice the windows are never open, and she never goes out except on Sundays, and is always alone in the morning. I was quite interested in her before they came to our neighborhood, and particularly since I heard her story."  
"Is it a very sad one?"  
"Why, I should think it so, as happy a wife as I am, and she smiled affectionately, to an answering kindly glance.  
"She was an orphan, at school in Paris, and her husband, then a young man, was traveling there, and thinking her an heiress proposed to her. So they were married, and he brought her home; but as soon as he found out that she had only enough to complete her education, he flew in such a rage and called her everything, even an impostor. Only think of it, dear! Since then he has treated her shamefully. She is completely shut up, and has not an acquaintance in the city."  
"But they live in a very elegant house, if they have taken that new freestone in Pine street."  
"That is because his business credit demands they should live in style, and because she is his wife he insists on her dressing beautifully. Poor creature! I often look at her and think what a heavy heart she must hide beneath those faces. I would not change my craps for her five hundred dollar cashmere."  
"But how did you discover all this, since they live so retired? And who is this Blue Beard of a husband?"  
"Mrs. Le Grand spoke of it first, and then Josephine Reynolds told me the whole story. He was very intimate at her cousins before he went abroad. Why, it's Mr. Arnot; you know him, Harry. I'm sure I've heard you speak of him."  
"Mr. Arnot! I think it cannot be. To be sure I know him, quite well, as a business acquaintance, and have always had the highest opinion of his integrity. Is it possible?"  
"And such a delicate lady-like woman as she seems, too. Everything lovable in her face, but that sad, listless glance, as if some heavy sorrow weighed her down. Do look the next time you meet her, and see if it is not so."  
"Mrs. Maxwell looked up and saw a light, girlish figure upon the high stone steps. The house was one of the most elegant in the street, but whether it was the dark freestone, in contrast to the brick and marble which surrounded it, or that all the window shutters were bowed, it certainly had a dismal, cheerless look, as if it were, indeed, an unloved home.  
"Poor lady!" said Mrs. Maxwell, whose benevolent sympathies were easily aroused.  
"Who would have thought that Arnot hides such base unkindness beneath a calm exterior? I certainly shall never feel like doing him a favor again. No man is worthy of the sex who can treat a wife other than tenderly."  
"So they entered their own bright home, where, baby was brought, to meet them at the door, all smiles, and blue ribbon and soft white cambric; and nurse reported that, "the darling hadn't given her the last, in the world of trouble the whole winter mornin'." Mrs. Maxwell laid down her prayer book, from which she had read not an hour before.  
"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," responding with especial and heartfelt fervor.  
"Oh, Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law," and inelined.  
And as she took the pretty Blanche to her admiring grandmother, gave one more thought of gentleness to the cheerless home of Mrs. Arnot.  
"By the way, my dear," Mrs. Maxwell remarked, one evening, "I saw your romantic, unhappy Mrs. Arnot, to-day."  
There were several ladies in the room, intimate family friends, or one or two gentlemen, who of course looked up and saw a light, girlish figure upon the high stone steps.  
"She was at Orne's making some purchases, accompanied by her husband; or rather, he was ordering one elegant thing after another, and she sat there so listlessly, just the very expression you had remarked. Of course I spoke to him, and the instant she perceived me, that heavy veil was drawn down, and she began talking to Mr. Orne about the pattern of an oil cloth. As I came out from settling our bill, I heard her say, 'Yes, it is very beautiful—but where's the good of filling a house with such things where no one ever enters.' It was not a complaining, querulous tone, but a deep dejection, like one whose heart had no hope or aim or desire, and who said, 'I hope he is not jealous of her beauty as well as unkind to her. But that follows as a matter of course. Indifferent and cruel husbands are always in the dog and manger mood. I have always noticed that snarling if their poor wives do but look towards an acquaintance, poor.'"  
"Who is Mrs. Arnot?" very naturally inquired one of the company.  
"And it was quite as natural for Mrs. Maxwell to repeat the whole story, a shade darker in coloring, perhaps, for she was more excited at this new and positive proof of its truth. Of course, an indignation meeting was held on the spot, and poor Mrs. Arnot found a friend and defender in every lady present, while the gentlemen wondered, as with Mrs. Maxwell they had always considered him an excellent and honorable man, what could have happened."  
"So it is the world is deceived. The home tyrant is good nature itself on Change, and the man who stoops to oppress women and children, has a reputation for honor and high-mindedness with his associates abroad."  
The conversation thus suggested was warmly continued. Bad people generally were denounced. Unhappiness in domestic life, and its causes, particularly especially the gossiping, mischief-making spirit which leads many vis-

itors to go from house to house hearing and telling some new thing. Mrs. Maxwell especially, grieved that the love of gossip had alienated her from some of her best friends, and remarked how frequent a source it was in conversation. During the next three weeks 'poor Mrs. Arnot's' sad fate was bewailed by listeners in at least seven different circles, and numberless eyes essayed in passing to catch a glimpse of her pale face. But it was in vain. The heavy shutters were seldom if ever un-closed; Mrs. Maxwell wished more than ever that some fortunate accident might bring her acquainted with the unfortunate lady. She longed to comfort her, to win her from brooding over her sorrows. Her benevolent heart had a thousand charitable schemes for enlivening the imprisonment in which the unloved wife was pining. Once she thought she would call on the pretext of neighborhood; but several had already done so, to be met with the response, "Mrs. Arnot saw no visitors." But at last the wished for introduction seemed at hand.  
Little Blanche was threatened with the scarlet fever, just as the family were preparing to go out of town for the summer, and Dr. Harrington, the family physician, was summoned in all haste to attend her. Mrs. Maxwell was much alarmed, as can well be imagined, and scarcely knew how to be thankful enough, when the unfavorable symptoms disappeared, to the kind old gentleman whose prescriptions had been so successful.  
"I tell you what, my child, you ought to be thankful, but not to me," he said, rubbing his hands softly over the little crib which contained the sleeping infant. "Your child is safe, and you are young and happy. I don't believe you are half thankful enough. There's poor Mrs. Arnot now."  
"Oh, do you know Mrs. Arnot, Dr. Harrington? I have always pitied her, and have wanted to know her so much."  
"She is to be pitied," said the Doctor, gravely. "I'm afraid there's no help for that boy of hers, such a bright animated little fellow! We physicians are not supposed to have any hearts, but to tell the truth, I should have been off half an hour ago, but I can't make up my mind to face those eyes of hers, that say as plain as can be—'is there any hope?' This miserable scarletina, too, it's the worst course in Pandora's collection for mothers and nurses. And there's that poor young creature, with not a relative in this country, or a soul to turn to."  
"Oh, if I only knew her, Dr. Harrington! Don't you think you can prevail on her to see me? We are such near neighbors, and I have known her face so long."  
"There's no telling. She's all alone there, shut up with her nurse and servants. It would be a perfect charity to introduce your sunny face there. Now her husband—"  
"Yes, indeed, I know all about that, Doctor. Isn't it terrible, and she an orphan?"  
"About what I should like to know," returned the Doctor, bluntly.  
"Why, his unkindness and horrid treatment of her. You know perfectly well what I mean."  
"So, ho! Where did you find it out, Madam?" and there was a perplexed look in the Doctor's eyes, as they peered from under his bushy brows.  
"It's by no means a secret, and everybody pities her, Doctor."  
An exclamation of anger or astonishment seemed bursting forth, but the physician only took his hat and said, "I will do what I can to introduce you to her."  
Mrs. Arnot was inexorable. Mrs. Maxwell read that in the Doctor's face the next time he called, without asking any questions; but her boy was better, and that she was glad to know.  
Late that very evening, Mrs. Maxwell laid just down on her dressing gown and comforted her tired feet in chamber slippers, when a loud ringing startled the household. It was a servant from Mrs. Arnot, begging that she would come at once—her child was seized with convulsions, and Dr. Harrington was not to be found. The summons was obeyed with eager, almost trembling haste, and Mrs. Maxwell, as much interested as his wife, accompanied her to the door, and then hastened home to watch over their own little one.  
Mrs. Maxwell will never forget the frenzied welcome of that lonely mother. She was holding the rigid, insensible form of the child in the bath, which the nurse had forethought enough to prepare. Her long black hair was tangled, and falling over her white wrapper, as if it had not been bound up for days. Her face was agonized and pale, but tearless.  
"Oh, you are very kind—do you think he will die—have you ever seen death—do not tell me there is no hope!"  
It was a fearful night for the young and inexperienced Mrs. Maxwell, but her wish to be a comforter was granted. An unwonted serenity and presence of mind supported her through the scene of trial. It was her hand that clasped the death like limbs until something like life returned, and she was the first to see that the gleam of hope was but its last ray. And then when they had watched together while life returned from the eyes, and full of expression, she took the dead child from his mother's arms and led her away from the mournful scene.  
"Go to your own room, dear Mrs. Arnot," she said, to the staggering, grief-stricken woman. "I will stay until morning. Sleep—try to sleep, at least."  
They were passing through the upper hall as she spoke, and just at that moment the figure of Mr. Arnot appeared on the stairs. His face was worried and jaded as one who had traveled rapidly without rest, and while Mrs. Maxwell shrank from his presence at such a moment, Mrs. Arnot broke from her supporting arm with a cry of wild relief.  
"Oh, my husband—it is you—I have no one else now—his gone—do you know—do you feel our child is taken from us?"  
"My poor Angela! My poor child!" was all he said with the fondest caress.  
Mrs. Maxwell stood as one bewildered. She could not retire without observation; she knew not what to do, as Mrs. Arnot still clung all too insensible to her husband, while he lavished every endearing, soothing epithet upon her. It was so different from what she had expected, from all she had heard.  
A long illness followed the bereavement of Mrs. Arnot, and every day found Mrs. Maxwell a looked for and welcomed guest at her bedside. Mrs. Arnot was often present, or came in during her visits, and she still noticed the greatest apparent affection on his part, warmly returned by one she had been accus-

to look on as an unloved and neglected wife.  
One bright summer afternoon, she found the invalid moved to a small apartment overlooking the garden, still in the flush of its beauty, and thanks to a former proprietor, filled with rare flowers and shrubs. The room itself was beautifully furnished, with fine landscapes on the walls, that of themselves refreshed the eyes, wearied with the monotony of city streets. The long lace curtains, so delicate in texture, yet heavy with embroidery, floated softly in and out the casement window, near which Mrs. Arnot reclined on a sofa. Her eyes were closed, and a peaceful expression Mrs. Maxwell had never seen before hovered over her face.  
She came softly behind her friend, and leaning over, kissed the white forehead lightly. Mrs. Arnot smiled as she unclosed her eyes, and said, "I have been watching for you."  
"You seem so much better to-day."  
"Oh, yes, almost well again, and I am so glad you have come. I have been here more than half an hour alone, for Mr. Arnot went out earlier than usual. But he brought me from my room in his arms first. Don't you think I have the kindest husband in the world?"  
Mrs. Maxwell smiled in answer to the eager inquiry. She did not say anything. She could not understand it, whether Mr. Arnot was in reality all he seemed, or was the wife's pride aroused to deceive her. But this close seclusion—Mrs. Arnot's evident unhappiness when she had first known her, was still a mystery.  
"I have been lying here thinking over a great many things," continued the invalid, not noticing the silence. "How ungrateful I have been to my Heavenly Father for all His kindness to me, and it was for this sin the light of my eyes was taken away. But I have felt it from the first. Have you not noticed that I have never murmured at the heavy stroke?"  
Mrs. Maxwell had often remarked to her husband the patient submission, with which Mrs. Arnot had borne the death of her child, from the moment she felt assured all hope was over.  
"I am going to tell you something about my life," continued Mrs. Arnot, "and then you can judge for yourself. I was educated abroad, as perhaps you know, at a convent school, and yet I was not entirely secluded from society. My father lived in Paris, and entertained all his countrymen, and I, contrary to the custom of society, was frequently admitted to my mother's saloon. There I was praised and flattered to my heart's content, from servants to visitors. I was surrounded by every luxury, and learned to consider wealth as a necessary minister to happiness. My father often called me 'his little heiress,' and even at school, I found the advantage of a reputation for wealth among my companions, as well as the 'sisters,' although they professed to cast the world behind them.  
At nineteen I entered society, proud, self-willed—do not shake your head, I know these faults are glaring.  
Mr. Arnot was a constant visitor, but they told me he was an American partner of a mercantile house, just commencing the world, and I must make a wealthy marriage.  
"This was my father's instruction. I don't know when I first began to turn from these worldly admonitions, and watch among our visitors for his dear, serious face, and then I began to think about enriching him with my property, and—oh, a thousand idle selfish fancies, when my father died—my father and mother, both within a month—it is five years ago this very day, and I was left alone and penniless, in Paris. It is a selfish place. People shrug their shoulders and say, 'ma foi, it is a pity'—and then you cease to entertain, and they forget all about you. My father had been recklessly extravagant, and died a bankrupt. My mother left me in the stupor of my first grief, without a nominal protector.  
Mr. Arnot was the only one of our visitors who ventured to speak of my position. He was going to return to America; would I accept his escort to my relatives? Alas, I knew nothing of them. My father's family were somewhere in Virginia, my mother had been an orphan. It was then in the depths of my despondency and despair that Robert asked me to give him the right of a protector, and we were married at the American Consul's; it was a sad bridal.  
"My whole spirit was crushed. I seemed an especial mark for misfortune. I was selfish, and sullen in nursing my grief, and Robert was so patient. I refused to visit even his friends in New York, I found they would whisper of my poverty and dependence. So we came here two years ago, and my darling child was given to me. Still I refused to be comforted, or mix with any society, where I could no longer reign.  
"Oh, if you only knew all of Robert's kindness! He has surrounded me with every luxury as his business prospered. He has exhausted every invention for my happiness. He has borne all my repinings, and my fretfulness—he has never once reproached me.  
"I do not wonder your eyes fill with tears," she added, reaching out her thin white hand to the convulsively-stricken Mrs. Maxwell.  
"I did not think I could live through that dreadful night; but as soon as I could, I thought, I saw how just was the punishment, and my agony was smothered up in thankfulness that my husband was left me. I deserved utter benevolence for shutting out so many blessings from my daily life. Do you wonder that I say I have the best husband in the world?—and once more that peaceful and languid smile played over her face.  
"I can't tell you how humbled I felt," said Mrs. Maxwell, repeating the simple recital to her husband on her return, "and so self-complacent, I would have confessed my fault to at once, only I was afraid it would add to her self-reproach to be told that her husband had been slandered on her account; she seemed so humbly penitent, and so resolved to study cheerfulness in the future."  
Nor was Mr. Maxwell without self-reproach, that he had aided in spreading the false report of Mrs. Arnot's indifference, and just then Dr. Harrington came in to look at a little new tooth which gave Miss Blanche a great deal of uneasiness, and he must sit down and hear the whole story.  
"Well, that's no more than I knew before," he said, as bluntly as ever. "Only I'm thankful she's come to her senses at last; her health wouldn't have borne such fretting much longer."  
"But why didn't you tell me I was wrong, Dr. Harrington?"

"I probably should have done so, if I had not found you in a position to see for yourself. And now I should like to know where you heard all this."  
"Mrs. Le Grand said she did not believe Mrs. Arnot was happy for all her fine house. That was the first, I believe, and then I mentioned it to Josephine Reynolds, and she said no wonder, and explained it all."  
"Humph! her way. And do you know, what I happen to, that Arnot addressed her cousin the year before he went abroad, and she flirted so shamefully that he broke it off, heart whole too, for he was only taken with her pretty face. Put this and that together—ha!"  
"Oh, Dr. Harrington! what shall I do?" exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell, disturbed at the extent of the false report she had helped to circulate.  
"Take warning for the future, that's all I can see; and don't be too ready to tell tales against people, unless you are an eye or an ear-witness. Even then I don't see what's to be got by it—and I don't believe it comes under the Golden Rule. Now where's that precious baby and her tooth?"  
So the Doctor put an end to the conversation by consulting his enormous gold watch, and shaking his head very dubiously, as he noted the hour.  
A French Philanthropist.  
M. Hippolyte Ladureau lately died at Paris. He was a true benefactor of his species. By two clauses in his will, which have been published, he left three sums of one thousand crowns each, to be paid every year as a marriage portion to three young girls from among the poor of his native village, and a prize of nine hundred francs every year to the most deserving of the old boatmen on the Loire. The testator remembered that his own father had commenced life as a poor boatman, gaining a livelihood by tugging toilfully at the oar. During the revolution he employed his boat in transporting nobles and proscribed priests, and thus commenced a fortune, which the mariner had increased to such an extent that on his decease he left two millions to his two sons. The eldest died some years ago, after a life of active generosity, and after having established many noble public charities. A generous emulation to do good existed between the two brothers. M. Hippolyte Ladureau, who provided by his will that the recipients of his bounty should be married, receive their marriage portion, and be recompensed on the anniversary of his birthday, took delight, whilst living, in celebrating the three great epochs of the year, his name day, New Year's day, and the day of the date of his entry into the world. On these days there was always some one made happy by him. On New Year's day, seated at his bedside, with his feet stretched out on the fender, he would ask himself, "What present shall I make myself to-morrow?" You might have taken him for an egoist and a tyran, pondering upon the choice of an object of luxury or of costly pleasure to gratify his expensive taste. He was determining in his own mind what poor person should receive succor on this happy occasion. The money that purchased this present often went to the Mont-de-Piété, to redeem articles of absolute necessity which nothing but poverty, the most helpless and most worthy of commiseration, could ever have consented to part with. One of his most favorite presents was to release some father of a family, detained for debt in the prison of Clichy. When he had accomplished this act of beneficence, the excellent philanthropist would rub his hands with glee, and laugh in his sleeve as though he had perpetrated a capital joke. And his great amusement was to imagine to himself the astonishment of the prisoner, overcome by so unexpected a happiness, and racking his brain to think who his rendered him such a service; for the kind and good-doer always maintained the strictest incognito. "There's a man," thought he, gaily, "nicely puzzled, and how surprised his family, who did not expect him, will be to see him! This relaxation felt very naturally to another. If they did not expect him, then no provision has been made for his reception, consequently the family are likely to have a very bad dinner. The joyful occasion must be complete, and deliverance celebrated by a good meal, and immediately the neighboring restaurateur was ordered to furnish a rich and succulent dinner, which was paid for beforehand. What a fine stage of effect! and what a fresh surprise for the guest! it will be like the fairy scene, where the table all served comes up through the stage." And the worthy philanthropist would rub his hands harder still, and redouble his hilarity.  
Was not this unexpected feast, in truth, a capital joke? The author of these admirable pleasures is no more, but his good deeds live after him. [Parker's Journal.]  
"I was Born so." Mrs. Arnot said to Bishop Hall that the last Cardinal ever seen in England, when a skillful astrologer presented to tell him something of the future from a calculation of his nativity, said: "Such, perhaps, I was born; but since that time I have been born again, and my second nativity has crossed my first." And on this remark of the Cardinal, Bishop Hall observed: "The power of nature is a good plea for those that acknowledge nothing but nature; but for a Christian to excuse his intemperateness by his natural inclination, and to say, 'I was born so,' is an apology worse than the fault."  
Right, most worthy Bishop, right for you, and well for good people of all degrees to bear in mind this sober bit of truth. "I was born so," is the standing and all-sufficient excuse which thousands of Christians make to themselves for those infirmities of character of which they are conscious, but which they do not care to correct. One finds secret pleasure in the indulgence of a passion that God cannot approve, and his persuades himself it is not so very wrong, because it is so natural to him. Again he has faults which render him unhappy oftentimes, and very disagreeable to his neighbors; but he makes no effort to reform them, on the sabbath place, "I was born so," and cannot help it. He is more in his temper, he knows it; but he says it is his way, it is natural to him, and it is useless to try and be otherwise. He has a quick way of speaking his mind, regardless of the feelings of others, and quite careless of times, places, and persons; and when the fault is hinted to him, he says, "O that's my way." So it is, and a very bad way; and because it is your way, you ought to change it.  
Another is petulant, fretful exceedingly, seeing faults in everybody, hard to please, and

never suited or satisfied. Age never cures it; with years it is nothing bettered, but rather grows worse. Grace would cure it. Prayer and watching would do more for such a temper than blisters and leeches for brain fever. You never seriously tried to reform. You think your temper is natural. If you were getting more holy, you would be improving in disposition. To make everything pleasant, the change must be in you, not in things around you.  
Try this doctrine for six months, and see the effect. Keep a journal, and note the daily progress of the treatment. And then let us hear the result. [N. Y. Observer.]  
Ventilation.  
We see Mrs. Swisshelm has given her readers quite a chapter on ventilation. If people could be aroused to a proper consideration of such an important subject, it would be as these: "People are beginning to ventilate public halls so that one can sometimes hear a lecture without being obliged to inhale other people's cast off breath, with its foot gases; but churches generally hold close communion, and with a most brotherly pertinacity the same mouthful of air is breathed by the whole congregation. Sister Brown throws it out of her lungs with a few seeds of consumption in it, and then brother Jones takes it into his chest, and gives it back with a tobacco flavor; and so on round, each one supplying from his or her store-house some animal matter to make the precious little morsel of breath, shut up within the four walls, good and thick for family consumption. If their minds do not become assimilated by a communion of faith, their bodies might by the general union and communion, and mixing up of gases and vapors of their mortal part. People who would not eat out of the same dish with another, or sip with the same spoon, think nothing of taking into their lungs, and incorporating with their blood the particles of foul matter which has passed off from that other's system.  
"We would much rather submit to an indiscriminate use of tooth-brushes than of breath. It would not appear half so disgusting to put another person's tooth-brush into one's mouth as it would be to take his cast out breath into one's lungs, and in a crowded church, without great care in ventilating, this process is regularly going on, and so we just as regularly go off."  
Female Education.  
Shame on us, that we, who boast of having raised woman in the nineteenth century, to the position in life which she ought to hold, so educate her that not one of her powers, physical or mental, can ever attain a full and healthy action. Better go back to the days of our great grandmothers, and be content with Dilworthy's spelling-book, and Assembly's Catechism; nay, better go to far earlier days, when neither catechism nor spelling-book defined the damsel from the distaff or the loom, than rear for the coming generation a race of nervous wives and sickly mothers.  
When the boy runs merrily after his ball, or chases in the race, or leaps over the bound, the girl must walk demurely in the garden; because, forsooth, running and leaping and jumping are ungraceful in the girl. When the boy runs freely over the hills or through the woods in summer, or coasts down the hill or skates merrily over the pond in the winter, the girl, entrusted, untaught, walks pensively by the side of her teacher, to the village, or takes a two-mile airing in a sleigh once a week. She never pitches the quilt, never throws the ball, never slides down the hill, never roams through the woods, because, save the mark, these are deemed unfeminine. In fact she never thoroughly exercises her body at all, and in consequence soon becomes unable to endure any kind of physical fatigue.  
Fit only for boys, said the principal of a large female institute to me the other day, when I remonstrated with him on the importance of this and other like exercises for the girl. For boys, indeed! And has not a girl a physical system to be developed and matured and invigorated? Has she not fatigue to bear, obstacles to encounter, hindrances to overcome, enterprise to carry out, duties to discharge? Has she not the burden of life to carry, and its toilsome road to travel by herself? In her own sphere does she not require, through life, all the energy, strength and endurance of which her system shall be capable? It matters not whether she is to live in the midst of fashion, or to move quietly in the circles of country life, or to find her lot on visionary ground, or to struggle against unforeseen adversity, all that can be made of her during her years of education, physically, morally, and intellectually, she will need. To every woman, whatever situation she may occupy, life is a fact, stubborn, earnest, real, to be shaped and moulded by her own efforts, or to be borne and endured by her own fortune. Happy is she who is prepared for it, not by her own despairing efforts in after life, but by the judicious, careful, and thorough discipline of early education. [N. Y. Com. Advertiser.]  
So it Goes. "O, I'll only smoke a little sometimes. I am subject to the 'brash.' It seems to keep down my food and help digestion. Besides, I am inclined to corpulence, and my physician recommends smoking; he takes a whiff now and then himself. I always select the very best. I never chew a dirty stuff, never. I inhale it. It makes one's mouth and teeth so black and filthy. Besides, the breath of an old tobacco chewer is horrible; worse than a toper's. Oh, oh!  
But says another, "I chew a little occasionally for my teeth, and other soft infirmities. I think it helps me. Indeed I do not think it possible for me to quit. I should die out right. I select the very best 'Old Figs.' I never think of smoking a sinking pipe or cigar, never, never. I abhor it. It is very impolite to smoke, especially in the streets, at home, or on stage coach. It poisons God's sweet atmosphere. Besides, the breath of an old smoker is abominable. Oh, oh! what a stench!"  
Says a third, "I only take a little of a good creature, a dram now and then, a little gin, toddy, brandy, or wine. I think it does me good just before meals—sets an edge to my appetite—gives me a relish for food. It helps digestion also, after breakfast or dinner. I am subject to acidity and heart-burn. Sometimes I feel rather dull and stupid, then a little of the 'ardent' kindles up. I never drink to excess; never. I abhor the drunkard." So it goes. [Golden Rule.]



## MISCELLANY.

## Management of the Corn Crop.

There are two modes of managing the corn crop. One is the old mode of cutting the corn stalks and securing them, and when the corn is well ripened, gathering the ears or cutting up the but stalks with the corn. The other mode is a modern practice, which is to cut the whole up at the ground and stook it, or set it up against a wall or fence. Some farmers are so well pleased with the new mode that they practice it invariably. We prefer the new mode, as we think it affords several important advantages, unless the crop is extremely heavy and difficult to manage in this way. If the corn is planted thick, and there are fifty or sixty bushels to the acre, it may be conveniently secured the new way. This new method affords the following advantages. The whole fodder, butts, tops and husks, are secured in season. The corn may be conveniently moved from the land if necessary, affording the opportunity for the growth of turnips, sowing grass, or preparing the land for future crops. The corn may be moved from one field to another when it becomes necessary to turn in cattle; it may also be moved to a place of safety, to secure it from depredators. This new mode costs much less labor than the old, which is a great advantage, as economy in farming is an important point. We contend that when the corn is sufficiently forward to cut at the top stalks without injury, it may be cut up at the ground without injury. When a plant can be mutilated without detriment to the grain, it may be cut up at the root without injury; therefore corn may be cut up at the ground as early as the top stalks may be cut.

In numerous cases the top stalks are cut too early, which causes a reduction in grain; and we have no doubt that some farmers who follow the new mode of harvesting their corn too early. We advise farmers to make experiments when they cut their top stalks leaving a few rows uncut, and compare the crop on these rows with that of the same number of contiguous rows which the tops have been cut at the usual time. We also advise those who follow the new mode to leave some rows uncut for comparison. These experiments will be very important, as they will show the proper time for cutting the top stalks or cutting up the whole crop. Some farmers who have made experiments have found a loss of ten or fifteen per cent. in the crop of corn, by cutting the top stalks at the time they usually practice. This loss in grain was greater than the value of the top stalks, and there may be losses equally great by the new mode in cutting too early.

[N. E. Farmer.]

## Digging Potatoes.

The sooner potatoes are dug, after they are ripe, when the weather is fair, and the ground dry, the less liable they are to rot. After digging, let them lie on the surface till thoroughly dry, then secure them in cellars, sheds or barns, as may be deemed best; put them in brown shallow bins that they may be exposed to the air to prevent heating, and convenient for inspection. When potatoes are inclined to rot after being put in the cellar, the rot may be checked, in some measure, by strewing lime or plaster among them. Dr. Hayes's plan of fumigating with brimstone does not succeed well. The potato rot prevails to a considerable extent in some sections, and to a moderate or small extent in others; and we have no doubt that if we have abundance of rain and warm weather, which has a tendency to develop the disease, that it will prevail to a great extent, as in previous years. Therefore farmers should take every possible precaution to guard against it. Numerous cases have occurred where the potatoes have been dug while the ground and the weather were dry, previous to heavy rains, and they have kept well; while others in the same piece dug late in the season after wet weather, have nearly all rotted, either in the ground or after being put in the cellar. And we have had several instances of this kind in our own experience. [N. E. Farmer.]

[From the New England Farmer.]

## How to Destroy Witch Grass.

I noticed in a late number of your journal something in relation to the destruction of white weed. I am much gratified with the communication of your correspondent. He asks for a cheap and certain mode of destroying witch grass; and though I do not actually at this time promise to furnish so much, (for I know from experience that when this enchanted herbage has taken deep root in the soil, it is not easily destroyed,) yet, as it can be got rid of, I will relate one instance of its destruction. I once had under my care an orchard, consisting of about one acre and a quarter, which had been laid down to grass ten years. When it was turned up, grass ten years. It was completely swarmed with witch grass. It was planted to a crop of potatoes the first year, which came up very well, and also the witch grass with them; both looking very flourishing; they were hoed three times, which was barely enough to keep the grass from heading; after the crop was removed, it remained until nearly the time winter set in, when it was plowed and harrowed, which process was continued through the winter season, as often as the weather would permit; the result was, that the witch grass was nearly all destroyed. This plan was pursued the ensuing year, with the effect of totally destroying the whole of it. If any one of your subscribers are troubled with this noxious weed, let him be so annoying to the tillers of the soil, let them be so annoying in the above plan, and they will eradicate it. If any of your correspondents would inform me of as cheap and certain means of destruction for Canada thistles, I should be very much obliged.

## Skippers in Cheese.

"Much cheese" is annually lost or rendered unsaleable, by being infested with skippers. To drive out these, when they have once obtained a lodgment in the cheese, cut a small circular hole on the outside near the centre; carefully remove the round ring or plug, and having excavated a portion of the inside, so as to leave a hole to the middle of the cheese, fill it with the best French brandy. As the liquor is absorbed by the cheese, renew it, and repeat it several times. Then renew it and replace the plug, covering it carefully with a piece of paper pasted over, and the skippers will leave immediately. [Corr. N. E. Farmer.]

## A Dog Story.

Greatest dogs—Pat is just one of the kind. He leaves no lion, but gentle as a lamb. He is a "set" dog, but he was alive upon which he is the smallest, chicken, or the feathered right paw. He will drag the children, for his as long as he can drag himself, and as a cart for a word of complaint; but he will be a being who comes within his reach when he calls him to a sterner mood. A very useful dog is Pat, too. He will carry and fetch anything entrusted to him, and make him very generally useful in the way of errands. He divides his time between his own neighbors and a farm a mile off, and many a journey back and forth by those who

would make more fuss about it. The other day he was sent to the farm with a basket for eggs. It was observed that he did not come back as promptly as usual, but the circumstance excited no special attention. He came at last looking as though nothing at all had happened. He was glad to see the folks, and appeared very much at ease and perfectly satisfied with himself, with no goadings of conscience to mar his happiness. In the midst of his happiness, however, he was interrupted by the inquiry, "Pat, where are your eggs?" His tail fell about six degrees instantly, and with a look perfectly intelligent, he turned and was off. Going to a pile of lumber not far away, he found the basket of eggs, and bringing them home, made the best apology a dog could make, and gave them into the hands of his mistress. On inquiry, it was ascertained that on his way home he met some other dogs, and feeling a little social, he put his eggs in a safe place and stopped for a social chat with his friends, and finally went home, forgetting to take his eggs along. We believe this is the first instance where a dog is shown to have forgotten anything. [Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph.]

## Addressed to the Ladies.

Mrs. Gage, who has lately partaken of the hospitality of Gov. Wood, in a letter to the Ohio Cultivator, thus writes of the governor's wife and daughter—fit models for all American ladies—

"These ladies work in the garden, train up the vines, weed the beds, tend the borders, and make around a fairy land of beauty and luxury. Why may not you do the same?"

Now, dear girls, you whose homes are situated away from the bustle and confusion of the city—by the babbling brooks, or upon the borders of the forest, or even you who live in more favored places, amidst the comforts of wealth and ease, let me ask you sometimes to think about the wife of our governor—think of her as one like unto yourself—performing all her duties cheerfully, carefully. I have heard some of you sometimes say, that such a one was "proud and stuck up, as if she was the governor's wife." Now don't slander the governor's wife any more—go imitate her quiet domestic virtue—be faithful to your duties, create around an atmosphere of beauty and usefulness—live plain, simple, truthful, earnest lives. Think less of the trimmings of your dress, more of the garniture of the heads and hearts, and more of your yards and gardens. For the sake of those you love best, do this. How can your sons or your brothers grow up coarse and unrefined, if you throw around them a panorama of beauty and harmony? Fill your gardens and yards with fruits and shrubbery—tell the birds to your bowers, and let them sing their merry harmonies at the threshold, and by and by you may have a home of your own, each one of you, that will fill the hearts of the sojourner within thy gates with hopeful happiness.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 18, 1851.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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

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

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

## LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Cochinita Sprinklings.—Number 24.  
By Rocky Watty.

On all sides can be heard the "busy note of preparation" for the great Railroad Jubilee. The Bostonians are really laying themselves out to make a display worthy of the occasion, and if you or any of your townsmen favor us with a visit, you may be assured you will not be disappointed. The President will arrive on Wednesday morning by the Fall River line. At Dorchester he will be taken up by that fine body of Cavalry, the Lancers, and escorted to Roxbury, where a division of troops, consisting of about 35 companies, under command of Maj. Gen. Edmunds, will be in readiness to escort him into the city. On Thursday a fleet of steamers will take the guests of the city among the beautiful islands of the harbor; and on Friday a splendid procession will be formed of various bodies, and escorted through the principal streets by the Boston Brigade to the Common, where an entertainment will be given under a mammoth tent, already erected for the purpose. The procession will be a great feature of the celebration. The different trades will be represented, and each will endeavor to make a display by some skillful representation of their craft. In the evening many of our public buildings will be illuminated, and fireworks will be exhibited in different parts of the city. Thus will Boston testify her appreciation of the enterprises which have banded her to the Canada and the great West, and thus will she greet her visitors, with whom her citizens hope to cultivate a mutually advantageous acquaintance in the way of reciprocal trade.

Full details of the Cuba tragedy have reached you. What a bloody termination of this ill-fated and insane expedition! There was no excuse for the invasion—the misguided little army of Lopez had no more right upon their side, than attaches to any body of men, who in violation of solemn treaties and the laws of nations choose to make a descent upon a foreign soil. I cannot however justify the bloody conduct of the Captain General. Humanity is a virtue which could not have injured the Spanish Government in its exercise, and is my poor opinion would have been more effective in its results upon the people of the United States. As the matter now stands the Cuban government has more enemies in this country than it ever had before, and a spirit of revenge will keep the feeling alive, until at some future time it will break forth in such fury and strength that, in spite of the Captain General, Cuba will be wrested from his grasp. This is all guess work, but like Capt. Oudinot, "I'm down a leaf," and remember the prediction.

A friend of mine, who has witnessed the operation of the garrote, describes it differently from any account I have read. Two segments of an iron collar embrace the neck of the victim, the ends lapping each other at the sides. An iron knob within one fits in the hollow at the back of the neck against the spine. The collar thus formed is acted upon by a screw, which draws the parts together, and at the same instant presses the knob against the spine with such force that the neck is instantly broken off like a pipe stem, and the head of the victim falls forward upon his chest. Death is produced instantaneously at the turn of a heavy iron bar connected with the screw, and no blood is shed in the operation.

We are having hard times in the money market here. Capital commands from 12 to 24 per cent. per annum readily. Several failures took place last week. Among them Phillips and Mosely, large iron dealers, G. H. and H. Richards, also in the iron business, N. Waterman, dealer in kitchen wares, and several of lesser note.

It was also reported that John Earle, Jr., & Co., who conduct the largest tailoring establishment in the city, had failed. This however is a mistake, and I am heartily glad of it, for Jack Earle is one of the very best specimens of a clever fellow you ever shook by the hand, and Major Plummer, his gentlemanly partner, is not a whit behind him. When I heard the report I called to ascertain its correctness, and was assured by the royal John, as he slashed his heavy shears through a broadcloth, from which he had just sold a coat, that it was "a story cut out of the whole cloth." Before I left the shop, I had ordered a new coat, which Earle said, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, would not fail to suit. John Earle, my dear Maxham, is emphatically a great man, and when you come here again I'll introduce you to him.

I have lately returned from a trip to Canada. In Montreal I called on Shadrach, the fugitive slave, who was rescued from the officers, you will remember. He keeps a small lunch shop in Notre Dame street, is a bright, intelligent negro, and seems quite happy, though he likes Boston better as a place of residence.

## Winter Wheat.

Mr. Editor: I shall make no apology for again calling the earnest attention of your readers to the subject of the culture of winter wheat. As the seed time of this valuable grain is rapidly passing by, it becomes farmers to be on the alert in this business, for whatever is done in the sowing of winter wheat this Fall must be attended to forthwith, to ensure a successful crop.

To awaken a laudable interest in this matter, I go in for the greatest good of the greatest number, which I believe to be democratic. Mr. Editor. But knowing, as I do, that many of your readers are good whigs and true, I will tread lightly over democratic ground—for what have politics to do with the culture of winter wheat in Maine?

Some of our most experienced farmers are of the opinion that this grain will do well sown any time during the month of September. If this be the fact, it is very important that those farmers who have neglected this necessary business till now, be induced to make one grand, simultaneous rally in this matter forthwith. There were some pieces of wheat sown as late as the 22d of September, in this vicinity, which produced a bountiful crop. This should encourage farmers in this vicinity, and round about, to make a persevering effort to sow all the winter wheat possible, inasmuch as many fields of Spring wheat have partially failed this season, on account of rust, weevils, &c. I have no knowledge of the failure of a single field of Winter wheat in this vicinity, where it had a fair chance. It is true, we hear of a few failures where the grain was fed and trod down by cattle, both Fall and Spring, and where the soil was not suitably cultivated and sufficiently manured. The idea is preposterous that Winter wheat, or anything else, can be cultivated successfully without suitable soil, proper attention and cultivation, and sufficient dressing. But give Winter wheat a good chance, and under ordinary circumstances, with the blessing of heaven, it is not saying too much, that this crop is as safe as one as can be raised in Maine. Not only may we get it down as a safe crop, but a profitable one also—for profit is the object of labor.

Finally, our farmers have had much encouragement of late in the grain culture, and the prospect is that encouragement awaits the judicious and persevering efforts of the farmers of Maine, in the cultivation of Winter wheat.

Yours, &amp;c. A. A. ARNOLD.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, '51.

THRASHING WHEAT. We were requested some weeks ago, by an intelligent and observing farmer, to suggest the inquiry whether seed wheat is not injured by being thrashed by the common threshing machine. He had been making his observations upon this matter for several years, and had become fully convinced that the germinating powers of the grain were seriously injured by such thrashing. It looks so reasonable, to us, that this may be true, that it certainly seems important that the attention of farmers should be drawn to the subject. If they find the suspicion groundless, the investigation will do them no harm; and if our suggestion, by reason of oversight, is too late for this year, it will be in season for next.

THE NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MIRROR.—This is the name of a new illustrated weekly, published by Geo. W. White, 154 Washington st., Boston. It makes a handsome appearance, and in addition to its embellishments contains an agreeable miscellany. Terms, \$2.50 per annum, 5 cents per single copy, for sale by newsmen and periodical dealers generally.

The Convention at Skowhegan, on Saturday last, ostensibly called in the name of temperance, but styled by the *Clarion* a "Ram Celebration," was one of those exhibitions of the

beauties of rumselling which prove the necessity for our present stringent liquor law. Rum was dealt out freely by some one from abroad, according to the *Clarion*, and as a natural consequence, a drunken rabble, quarrelsome and noisy, filled the streets of that usually quiet village, to the great annoyance of its sober and well-behaved citizens.

BRUTAL. Some wretch entered the cemetery in Winslow, one night last week, and broke in pieces some twelve or fifteen pairs of grave-stones. No motive can be assigned for the act. It is supposed that not more than two persons were concerned in it, and these, to the credit of humanity, are believed to have previously sunk to such a degree of brutality, as to be incapable of further abasement. There is some probability that they will be brought to justice.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE for October, contains 16 embellishments and 80 pages of reading matter. "The Burial of De Soto" and "The Two Roses" are two fine embellishments rarely equalled in any of our illustrated monthlies. This number contains the fourth Prize article—"Isabel Leslie," by Mrs. J. R. Dorr—and many other interesting and attractive articles. Call at the bookstores and examine it.

JACK FROST.—This unwelcome visitor made his first call for the season in this vicinity on Sunday night last. He has repeated his call every night since, leaving traces of his frozen fingers upon vegetation, which, to the lover of corn cakes and pumpkin pies, are melancholy to look upon.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING ROOM COMPANION.—This elegant illustrated weekly comes to us in an entirely new dress, and is beautifully printed upon fine paper, and with new type. It contains a host of splendid illustrations, and is, on the whole, superior to any former issue.—Single subscribers, \$3; two subscribers, \$5; 4 do. \$9; 8 do. \$16; 16 do. \$28. It can be obtained at all the periodical depots, and of newsmen, at six cents per single copy.

The Lopez prisoners, 160 in all, have sailed for Spain in a government transport. It is said that President Fillmore has interceded for them, on the ground that they were misled by false representations of revolution.

It is reported at Washington that Hon. Geo. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, will probably get the vacant seat on the Supreme Court bench.

Dr. Sylvester Graham, the well known lecturer on the system known as Grahamism, died in Northampton a short time since.

Miss Bremer the Swedish authoress, left this country on Saturday last, in the steamer Atlantic, from New York.

The Massachusetts Whig Convention, assembled at Springfield, have nominated Robt C. Winthrop as candidate for Governor, and Geo. Grinnell, of Greenfield, for Lieut. Gov.

## N. K. Agricultural and Hort. Society.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society offer the following premiums, to be awarded at their next annual Show and Fair, to be held at Waterville, on the first Tuesday and Wednesday (7th and 8th.) of October, 1851.

## Horses.—For the best stallion, \$4, 2d best \$3, 3d best \$2.

Best breeding mare \$3, 2d best \$2, 3d best \$1.

Best 8 yr old colt \$2, 2d \$1.

Best 2 " " " 2, 2d 1, 3d 1.

Best yearling " " 2, 2d 1.

Neat Cattle.—Best bull not under 2 years old \$4, 2d \$3, 3d \$2.

Best bull under 2 and over 1 yr old \$3, 2d \$2, 3d \$1.

Best bull calf 2d \$1.

Best stock cow \$4, 2d \$3, 3d \$2, 4th \$1.

Best dairy cow \$4, 2d \$3, 3d \$2, 4th \$1.

Best 4 yr old heifer \$3, 2d \$2, 3d \$1.

Best 2 " " " 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.

Best 1 " " " 2, 2d 1.

Best heifer calf 2d \$1.

Best yoke of oxen \$4, 2d \$3, 3d \$2, 4th \$1.

Best 3 yr old steers \$3, 2d \$2.

Best 2 " " " 3, 2d 2.

Best 1 " " " 2, 2d 1.

Best yoke steer calves 2d \$1.

Best team of oxen from any one town, not less than 10 yoke, 10, 2d 8.

Best team of steers from any one town, not less than 10 yoke, 3 yrs old and under, 6, 2d 4, 3d 2.

Best drawing yoke of oxen \$3, 2d \$2.

Plowing Match.—Best work with 4 oxen \$3, 2d \$2. Best work with 1 yoke \$3, 2d \$2.

Sheep.—Best ewes, 10 or more, \$3, 2d \$2, 3d \$1.

Best buck 2, 2d 1, 3d 1.

Best lambs, 10 or more, 2d \$1.

Swine.—Best boar 2d \$1.

Best breeding sow 2d \$1.

Best litter pigs, 6 or more, 2d \$1.

Poultry.—Best Turkeys, 10 or more, 2d \$1.

Best 12 or more, 2d \$1.

Best Dorkings, 6 or more, 1; Black Spanish 1; Cochins China 1; Shanghais 1; Orpingtons 1.

Crops.—Best acre Winter Wheat, not less than 20 bushels, 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.

Best crop on not less than 3 acres, 5, 2d 3, 3d 2.

Best acre Spring wheat 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.

Best acre Spring rye 2, 2d 1, 3d 1.

Best acre Indian corn 4, 2d 3, 3d 2, 4th 1.

Best acre oats and peas, 1-3d peas, 2d 1.

Best acre oats 2d \$1.

Best acre barley 2, 2d 1.

Best half acre peas 2d \$1.

Best half acre beans 2d \$1.

Best half acre potatoes, 100 bush, or over, 3, 2d 2.

Best quarter acre carrots 2, 2d 1.

Best " " " sugar beets 2, 2d 1.

Best " " " Ruta-bagas 2, 2d 1.

Fruit.—Best lot winter apples, not less than 4 kinds, 1-2 bushel each kind, raised by the individual presenting them, 2, 2d 1.

Best specimen pear 1.

Best " " " plums 3 kinds, 1.

Best " " " sugar beets 2, 2d 1.

Best " " " Ruta-bagas 2, 2d 1.

Best lot winter apples, not less than 4 kinds, 1-2 bushel each kind, raised by the individual presenting them, 2, 2d 1.

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Best specimen pear 1.

Best " " " plums 3 kinds, 1.

Best " " " sugar beets 2, 2d 1.

Best " " " Ruta-bagas 2, 2d 1.

Best lot winter apples, not less than 4 kinds, 1-2 bushel each kind, raised by the individual presenting them, 2, 2d 1.

Best improved horse rake 1.  
" " " harrow 1.  
" " " wagon 2.  
" " " sleigh or wagon harness 1.  
" " " 1-2 doz. calf skins, 1.  
" " " lot sole leather, 1.  
" " " 1-2 doz. prs. thick boots 1.  
" " " 2 prs sowed calf boots 1.  
" " " 2 " ladies' kid shoes 1.  
" " " specimen cabinet work 2.

Dairy Products and Bread.—Best butter, 25 lbs or more \$3, 2d 2, 3d 1.  
Best cheese, 50 lbs or more, 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.  
Best specimen domestic flour bread—silver butter-knife.  
Best specimen domestic rye-and-indian bread—silver butter-knife.

Household Manufactures.—Best full'd cloth, 10 yds, 2, 2d 1.  
Best wool flannel, 10 yds, 1, 2d \$50.  
Best cotton and wool flannel, 10 yds, 1.  
Best rag carpeting, 6 yds, 1, 2d \$50.  
Best hearth rug, 1, 2d \$50.  
Best 1-2 doz. prs men's woolen half-hose \$50.  
Best 2 prs worsted hose \$50.  
Best woolen shawl 1, 2d \$50.  
Best bed spread 1, 2d \$50.  
Best lb. woolen yarn \$50.  
Best specimen needle work 1, 2d \$50.

All articles named above must be manufactured within the limits of the society, to entitle them to premium.

Manure.—To the person who shall prepare 10 cords compost manure of the best quality at the least expense, a statement to be given in writing of materials and process of manufacture, \$4, 2d 3.

Persons who enter dairy cows for premium, will be required, in giving the amount of milk and butter, to state the feed such cows received. Statements will be required of those who enter yearlings and calves, as to how they have been reared, and of their age in months. Animals deemed worthy will receive no premiums unless the above regulations are strictly complied with.

Entries for premiums on crops must be made with the Secretary on or before the first Monday in January, accompanied by written statements embracing the following particulars:—

1st, nature of the soil, mentioning the two previous crops; 2d, time, depth and cost of plowing; 3d, time and method of applying manure, with quantity, quality and cost of same; 4th, time of sowing or planting seed, with cost of seed; 5th, cost of planting, cultivating and harvesting the crop, with the amount of crop. No premium will be awarded to any person entering a crop without complying with the above particulars.

Written statements of the manner of making butter, cheese and bread will be required.

Entries for premiums, of stock and all articles, (trees, compost manure and crops of grain excepted,) may be made with the Secretary at any time previous to the first day of the Show, and must be made, at any rate, before 10 o'clock of said day, as at that hour the papers will be passed over to the committees, after which entries cannot be received. Written statements (required by law and by the rules of the Society,) must also be left with the Secretary, and will be handed by him to the committees.

The following gentlemen are appointed adjudging committees:

Horses. Lucius Allen, Waterville; Francis Kenrick, China; Amos Rollins, Belgrade; Franklin Lawrence, Fairfield; Nelson Vickrey, Unity.

Bulls and Bull Calves. Warren Percival, Vassalboro; J. B. Clifford, Benton; Watson Holway, Fairfield; J. S. Cummings, Belgrade; Wm. Baker, Albion.

Oxen. T. O. Saunders, Waterville; Thos. Fowler, Unity; Seth Holway, Fairfield; Theodor Merrill, Sidney; Franklin Dunbar, Winslow.

Steers and Steer Calves. Joseph Taylor, Belgrade; C. G. Green, Winslow; Gideon Wells, Clinton; Ellis Gifford, Fairfield; J. F. Hunnewell, China.

Cows. Levi Rickard, Waterville; Eleazer Burbank, Belgrade; Ichabod Gifford, Vassalboro; John L. Gray, China; Obed Emery, Fairfield.

Heifers and Heifer Calves. Geo. Wentworth, Waterville; Josiah Murch, Unity; Madison Crowell, Benton; Robert R. Drummond, Winslow; Silas Hoxie, Fairfield.

Sheep. R. H. Green, Winslow; John Otis, Fairfield; I. W. Britton, Winslow; S. Doolittle, Waterville; Jonah Crosby, Albion.

Swine. J. J. Garland, Winslow; Francis Allen, Smithfield; Lauriston Guild, Sidney; Henry Lawrence, Fairfield; Albert Crosby, Albion.

Poultry. J. V. Wilson, G. W. Pressey, Jr., Waterville; Frederick Paine, J. B. Shurtliff, Winslow; Alpheus Crosby, Albion.

Crops and Compost Manure. Samuel Taylor, Jr., Fairfield; S. Percival, John Webster, Waterville; J. H. Cole, Vassalboro; W. H. Healy, China.

Agricultural Implements. Jno. Bailest, J. O. Pearson, Waterville; Ezra Pray, Albion; T. S. Lang, Vassalboro; Asa B. Bates, Fairfield.

Leather, Boots, Shoes and Harnesses. Andrew Archer, Fairfield; Sam'l Hanson, China; F. B. Dymham, Vassalboro.







