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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1851.

NO. 36.

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E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

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POETRY.

(From the Snow.)
THE SNOW.
There is no death: what seems so is transition.

The day wanes slowly: o'er the world
The storm-god's wing is brooding low;
Dark rolls the river's sullen tide,
And pale mist veils the mountain's brow.

Oh! in the air: the muffled owl
Cowers, shivering, in the first-frost fall;
And from the beach, the rattle leaves
In circling eddies, slowly fall.

Awake-rattle and silent Nature lies,
While, from yon canopy of clouds,
The white-winged messengers of Death,
Descending, wrap her in their shroud.

But, in her winding-sheet of snow,
The mighty mother liveth still;
And warily yet her great heart beats:
And soft dreams all her slumbers fill.

In trust and solemn calm she waits
The summons of the waking Spring,
Which bids her burst the chains of Death,
And wide his pallid cerements fling.

Oh, wondrous principle of Life!
What boots it that the tree decays,
Since that which gives it grace and bloom
Still liveth in the diamond blaze?

So, Proteus-like, in every change
Which Nature wears, the eye may trace
The Breath, the Effluence Divine,
Which flows and interflows through space.

Learn then the lesson:—All in vain
Death's angel o'er the sad earth sweeps,
Since over all, serene and strong,
The Eternal Life his vigils keeps!

Shockegon, March, 1851. E. R. C.

POPULAR READING.

THE MURDERED COUSIN.

I was now almost reduced to despair; my last cast had failed; I had no course left but that of escaping secretly from the castle, and placing myself under the protection of the nearest magistrate. I felt it this was not done, and speedily, that I should be murdered. No one, from mere description, can have an idea of the unmitigated horror of my situation; a helpless, weak, inexperienced girl, placed under the power, and wholly at the mercy of evil men, and feeling that I had it not in my power to escape for one moment from the malignant influences under which I was probably doomed to fall; with a consciousness, too, that if violence, if murder was designed, no human being would be near to aid me; my dying shriek would be lost in void space.

I had seen Edward but once during his visit, and as I did not meet him again, I began to think that he must have taken his departure; a conviction which was to a certain degree satisfactory, as I regarded his absence as indicating the removal of immediate danger. Envy also arrived circumspectly at the same conclusion, and not without good grounds, for she managed indirectly to learn that Edward's black horse had actually been for a day and a part of a night in the castle stables, just at the time of her brother's supposed visit. The horse had gone, and as she argued, the rider must have departed with it.

This point being so far settled, I felt a little less uncomfortable; when being one day alone in my bed-room, I happened to look out from the window, and to my unutterable horror, I beheld peering through an opposite casement, my cousin Edward's face. Had I seen the evil eye himself in bodily shape, I could not have experienced a more sickening revulsion. I was too much appalled to move at once from the window, but I did so soon enough to avoid his eye. He was looking fixedly into the narrow quadrangle upon which the window opened. I shrank back unperceived, to pass the rest of the day in terror and despair. I went to my room early that night, but I was too miserable to sleep.

At about twelve o'clock, feeling very nervous, I determined to call my cousin Emily, who slept, you will remember, in the next room, which communicated with mine by a second door. By this private entrance I found my way into her chamber, and without difficulty persuaded her to return to my room and sleep with me. We accordingly lay down together, she undressed, and I with my clothes on, for I was every moment walking up and down the room, and felt too nervous and miserable to think of sleep or comfort. Emily was soon fast asleep, and I lay awake, fervently longing for the first pale gleam of morning, and reckoning every stroke of the old clock with an impatience which made every hour appear like six.

It must have been about one o'clock when I thought I heard a slight noise at the partition door between Emily's room and mine, as if caused by somebody's turning the key in the lock. I held my breath, and the same sound was repeated at the second door of my room, that which opened upon the lobby; the sound was here distinctly caused by the revolution of the bolt in the lock, and followed by a slight pressure upon the door itself, as if to ascertain the security of the lock. The person, whoever it might be, was probably satisfied, for I heard the old boards of the lobby creak and strain, as if under the weight of somebody moving cautiously over them. My sense of hearing became unaccountably, almost painfully acute. I suppose the imagination added distinctness to sounds, vague in themselves. I thought that I could actually hear the breathing of the person who was slowly returning along the lobby.

At the head of the stair-case there appeared to occur a pause; and I could distinctly hear two or three sentences hastily whispered; the steps descended the stairs with apparent hesitation. I ventured to walk quickly and lightly to the lobby door, and attempted to open it; it was indeed fast locked upon the outside, as was the other. I now felt that the dreadful hour was come; but no desperate expedient remained: it was to awaken Emily, and by our united strength, to attempt to force the partition door, which was slightly ajar; and through this to pass to the lower part of the house, whence it might be possible to escape to the grounds, and so to the village. I returned to the bed-side, and shook Emily, but in vain; nothing that I could do availed to produce from her more than a few incoherent words; it was a death-like sleep. She had certainly drunk of some narcotic, as, probably, had I also, in spite of all the caution with which I had examined every thing presented to us to eat or drink. I now attempted, with as little noise as possible, to force first one door, then the other; but all in vain. I believe no strength could have effected my object, for both doors opened inwards. I therefore collected whatever moveables I could carry thither, and piled them against the doors, so as to assist me in whatever attempts I should make to resist the entrance of those without. I then returned to the bed and endeavored again, but fruitlessly, to awaken my cousin. It was not sleep, it was torpor, lethargy, death. I knelt down and prayed with an agony of earnestness, and then seating myself upon the bed, I awaited my fate with a kind of terrible tranquillity.

I heard a faint clanking sound from the narrow court which I have already mentioned, as if caused by the scraping of some iron instrument against the stones or rubbish. I at first determined not to disturb the calmness which I now experienced, by uselessly watching the proceedings of those who sought my life; but as the sounds continued, the horrible curiosity which I felt overcame every other emotion, and I determined, at all hazards, to gratify it. I, therefore, crawled upon my knees to the window, so as to let the smallest possible portion of my head appear above the sill.

The moon was shining with an uncertain radiance upon the antique grey buildings, and obliquely upon the narrow court beneath; one side of it therefore was clearly illuminated, while the other was lost in obscurity, the sharp outlines of the old gables, with their nodding clusters of ivy, being at first alone visible. Whoever or whatever occasioned the noise which had excited my curiosity, was concealed under the dark shadow of the quadrangle. I placed my hands over my eyes to shade them from the moonlight, which was so bright as to be almost dazzling, and peering into the darkness, I first dimly, but afterwards gradually, almost with full distinctness, beheld the form of a man engaged in digging what appeared to be a rude hole close under the wall. Some implements, probably a shovel and pickaxe, lay beside him, and to these he every now and then applied himself as the nature of the ground required. He pursued his task rapidly, and with as little noise as possible. 'So,' thought I, 'as by shovel after shovel, the dislodged rubbish mounted into a heap, they are digging the grave in which, before two hours pass, I must lie, a cold, mangled corpse. I am their's—I cannot escape. I felt as if my reason was leaving me. I started to my feet, and in mere despair I applied myself again to each of the two doors alternately. I strained every nerve and sinew, but I might as well have attempted, with my single strength, to force the building itself from its foundations. I threw myself madly upon the floor, and clasped my hands over my eyes as if to shut out the horrible images which crowded upon me.

The paroxysm passed away. I prayed once more with the bitter, agonized fervor of one who feels that the hour of death is present and inevitable. When I arose, I went once more to the window and looked out, just in time to see a shadowy figure glide stealthily along the wall. The task was finished. The catastrophe of the tragedy must soon be accomplished. I determined now to defend my life to the last; and that I might be able to do so, with some effect, I searched the room for something which might serve as a weapon; but either through accident, or else in anticipation of such a possibility, every thing which might have been made available for such a purpose had been removed.

I must then die tamely and without an effort to defend myself. A thought suddenly struck me; might it not be possible to escape through the door, which the assassin must open to enter the room? I resolved to make the attempt. I felt assured that the door through which egress to the room would be effected was that which opened upon the lobby. It was the more direct way, besides being, for obvious reasons, less liable to interruption than the other. I resolved, then, to place myself behind a projection of the wall, the shadow would serve fully to conceal me, and when the door should open, and before they should discover the identity of the occupant of the bed, to creep noiselessly from the room, and then to trust to Providence for escape. In order to facilitate this scheme I removed all the lumber which I had heaped against the door; and I had nearly completed my arrangements, when I perceived the room suddenly darkened, by the close approach of some shadowy object to the window. On turning my eyes in that direction, I perceived at the top of the casement, as if suspended from above, first the feet, then the legs, then the body, and at length the whole figure of a man present itself. It was Edward Tyrrel. He appeared to be guiding his descent so as to bring his feet upon the centre of the stone block which occupied the lower part of the window; and having secured his footing upon this, he knelt down and began to gaze into the room. As the moon was gleaming into the chamber, and the bed-curtains were drawn, he was able to distinguish the bed itself and its contents. He appeared satisfied with his scrutiny, for he looked up and made a sign with his hand. He then applied his hands to the window-frame, which must have been ingeniously contrived for that purpose, for with apparently no resistance the whole frame, containing casement and all, slipped from its position in the wall, and was by him lowered into the room. The cold night wind waved the bed-curtains, and he paused for a moment; all was still again, and he stepped in upon the floor of the room. He held in his hand what appeared to be a steel instrument, shaped something like a hammer. This he held rather behind him, while, with three long strides, he brought himself to the bed-side. I felt that the discovery must now be made, and held my breath in momentary expectation of the exclamation in which he would vent his surprise and disappointment. I closed my eyes; there was a pause, but it was a short one. I heard two dull blows given in rapid succession; a quivering light, and the long-drawn, heavy breathing of the sleeper was forever suspended. I unclosed my eyes, and saw the murderer fling the quilt across the head of his victim; he then, with the instrument of death still in his hand, proceeded to the lobby door, upon

which he tapped sharply twice or thrice. A quick step was then heard approaching, and a voice whispered something from without. Edward answered, with a kind of shuddering chuckle, 'Her ladyship is past complaining; unlock the door, in the devil's name, unless you're afraid to come in, and help me lift her out of the window.' The key was turned in the lock, the door opened, and my uncle entered the room. I have told you already that I had placed myself under the shade of a projection in the wall, close to the door. I had instinctively shrunk down cowering towards the floor on the entrance of Edward through the window. When my uncle entered the room, he and his son stood so very close to me that his hand was every moment upon the point of touching my face. I held my breath, and remained motionless as death.

'You had no interruption from the next room?' said my uncle.

'No,' was the brief reply.

'Secure the jewels, Ned; the French harpy must not lay her claws upon them. You're a steady hand, by G—d; not much blood—eh?'

'Not twenty drops,' replied the son, 'and those on the quilt.'

'I'm glad it's over,' whispered my uncle again; 'we must lift the—thing through the window, and lay the rubbish over it.'

They then turned to the bed-side, and, winding the clothes around the body, carried it between them slowly to the window, and exchanging a few brief words with some one below, they shoved it over the window sill, and I heard it fall heavily upon the ground underneath.

'I'll take the jewels,' said my uncle; 'there are two caskets in the lower drawer.'

He proceeded with an accuracy which, had I been more at ease, would have furnished me with matter of astonishment, to lay his hand upon the very spot where my jewels lay, and having possessed himself of them, he called to his son:

'Is the rope made fast above?'

'I'm not fool; to be sure it is,' replied he.

They then lowered themselves from the window; and I rose, lightly and cautiously, scarcely daring to breathe, from my place of concealment, and was creeping towards the door, when I heard my uncle's voice, in a sharp whisper, exclaim, 'Get up again: G—d—n you, you've forgot to lock the room door; and I perceived, from the creaking of the rope which hung from above, that the mandate was instantly obeyed. Not a second was to be lost. I passed through the door, which was only closed, and moved as rapidly as I could, consistently with stillness, along the lobby. Before I had gone many yards I heard the door through which I had just passed roughly locked on the inside. I glided down the stairs in terror, lest at every corner I should meet the murderer or one of his accomplices. I reached the hall, and listened for a moment, to ascertain whether all was silent around. No sound was audible; the parlor windows opened on the park, and through one of them I might, I thought, easily effect my escape. Accordingly I hastily entered; but to my consternation, a candle was burning in the room, and by its light I beheld a figure seated at the dinner-table, upon which lay glasses, bottles, and other accompaniments of a drinking party. Two or three chairs were placed about the table, irregularly, as if hastily abandoned by the occupants. A single glance satisfied me that the figure was that of my French attendant. She was fast asleep, having probably drunk deeply. There was something malignant and ghastly in the calmness of this bad woman's features, dimly illuminated as they were by the flickering blaze of the candle. A knife lay upon the table, and the terrible thought struck me—'Should I kill this sleeping accomplice in the guilt of the murderer, and thus secure my retreat?' Nothing could be easier; it was but to draw the blade across her throat, the work of a second.

An instant's pause, however, corrected me. 'No,' thought I, 'the God who has conducted me thus far through the valley of the shadow of death, will not abandon me now. I will fall into their hands or I will escape hence, but it shall be free from the stain of blood; His will be done.' I felt a confidence arising from reflection, an assurance of protection which I cannot describe. There were no other means of escape, so I advanced with a firm step and collected mind to the window. I noiselessly withdrew the bars and unclosed the shutters; I pushed open the casement, and without waiting to look behind me, I ran with my utmost speed, scarcely feeling the ground beneath me, down the avenue, taking care to keep upon the grass which bordered it. I did not for a moment slacken my speed, and I had now gained the central point between the park-gate and the mansion-house. Here the avenue made a wider circuit, and in order to avoid delay, I directed my way across the smooth sward round which the carriage-way wound, intending at the opposite side of the level, at a point which I distinguished by a group of old birch trees, to enter again upon the beaten track, which was from thence tolerably direct to the gate. I had, with my utmost speed, got about half way across this broad flat, when the rapid tramp of a horse's hoofs struck upon my ear. My heart swelled in my bosom as 'twas I would smother. The clattering of galloping hoofs approached; I was pursued; they were now upon the sward on which I was running; there was not a bush to shelter me; and, as if to render escape altogether desperate, the moon, which had been hitherto obscured, at this moment shone forth with a broad, clear light, which made every object distinctly visible. The sounds were now close behind me. I felt my knees bending under me, with the sensation which unnerves one in a dream. I reeled, I stumbled, I fell; and at the same time the cause of my alarm wheeled past me at full gallop. It was one of the young fellows which pastured loose about the park, who frolics had thus far maddened me with terror. I scrambled to my feet, and rushed on with weak but rapid steps, my sportive companion still galloping round and round me with many a frisk and fling; until, at length, more dead than alive, I reached the avenue gate, and crossed the stile, I scarce knew how. I ran through the village, in which all was silent as the grave, until my progress was arrested by the hoarse voice of a sentinel, who cried, 'Who goes there?'

I felt that I was now safe. I turned in the direction of the voice, and fell fainting at the soldier's feet. When I came to myself, I was sitting in a miserable hovel, surrounded by strange faces, all bespeaking curiosity and compassion. Many soldiers were

in it also; indeed, as I afterwards found, it was employed as a guard room by a detachment of troops quartered for that night in the town. In a few words I informed their officer of the circumstances which had occurred, describing also the appearance of the persons engaged in the murder; and he, without further loss of time than was necessary to procure the attendance of a magistrate, proceeded to the mansion-house of Carriockleigh, taking with him a party of his men. But the villains had discovered their mistake, and effected their escape before the military arrived.

The French woman was, however, arrested in the neighborhood the next day. She was tried and condemned at the ensuing assizes; and previous to her execution confessed that 'she had a hand in making Hugh Tiedal's bed.' She had been housekeeper in the castle at the time, and a *chère amie* of my uncle's. She was, in reality, able to speak English like a native, but had exclusively used the French language, I suppose, to facilitate her designs. She died the same hardened wretch she had lived, confessing her crimes only, as she alleged, that her doing so might involve Sir Arthur Tyrrel, the great author of her guilt and misery, and whom she now regarded with unmitigated detestation.

With the particulars of Sir Arthur and his son's escape, as far as they are known, you are acquainted. You are also in possession of their after fate; the terrible, the tremendous retribution which, after long delays of many years, finally overtook and crushed them. Wonderful and inscrutable are the dealings of God with his creatures.

Deep and fervent as must always be my gratitude to heaven for my deliverance, effected by a chain of providential occurrences, the falling of a single link of which must have ensured my destruction, it was long before I could look back upon it with other feelings than those of bitterness, almost of agony. The only being that ever really loved me, my nearest and dearest friend, ever ready to sympathize, to counsel, and to assist; the gayest, the gentlest, the warmest heart; the only creature on earth that cared for me; her life had been the price of my deliverance; and I then uttered the wish, which no event of my long and sorrowful life has taught me to recall, that she had been spared, and that, in her stead, I were mouldering in the grave, forgotten, and at rest.

ADVICE TO MEN WHO WORK.

There is no good reason why a man who works for his living should not occupy the highest social position. There is no reason why a respectable man should not be respected, or why an honorable man should not be honored; and if any man in this country is looked down upon, or despised, it is his own fault as well as his misfortune.

The richest man in New York gets only his board and clothing for taking care of his property. A man who works for a dollar a day may eat as wholesome food, wear as comfortable clothes, and sleep in as clean a bed. The same sun and stars shine for both, the same breezes blow, the same waters dance in the light, the same flowers shed their perfumes. Nature is kind to all her children.

But if a man voluntarily makes himself a blackguard, an outcast, and a filthy wretch, he cannot reasonably expect to be treated as if he were a gentleman. Men get their deserts; and it is well to understand this, and to stop complaining uselessly and unjustly. It does no good, but much harm.

The first requisite for a gentleman is intelligence, and this is within the reach of every man who has the common share of brains.—There is no man, I care not how hard his labor, who cannot spend one hour every day; and generally one day in every week, in study. And this, in a few years, will furnish any man with a vast store of intelligence.

But this is not enough, for a very learned man may be wholly unfit for society. Attention to personal decency, manners, and morals, are necessary to respectability. No man can respect himself who neglects these; and self-respect is the basis of respectability.

I must be plain. No person of refinement can endure a man who is uncleanly in his person or habits. Let no man talk about respectability who does not keep his whole person sweet and clean. A sensitive lady smells a foul man as soon as he enters the room, or gets into an omnibus, or even passes her in the street, and she turns her nose away from him in disgust. I know that there are men who wear fine broadcloths, and women who flaunt in satins, who are disgusting savages in their uncleanness; but such persons cannot be respected by others, and must have a contempt for themselves.

The temperance societies have done much to reform habits of drunkenness; but they have left untouched a vice almost as injurious and quite as disgusting. Men stupefy their senses, destroy their healths, and make themselves loathsome, by the use of tobacco. It is an execrable habit—nauseating, filthy, unhealthy, spendthrift, and in every way unmanly, not to say ungentlemanly. It was first learned of savages; it is still only worthy of them. It is a habit every parent should guard his children against, and every man should avoid or abandon. No man should dare to pollute the air breathed by refined ladies with the odors of the poisonous and filthy weed. There are many who cannot endure it, and who will not tolerate the company of those who use it.

What it costs any man for tobacco who uses it, is sufficient, if added to the present cost of his clothing, to dress him with elegance. Ah! how cheap and simple is this elegance! A few more shillings a year for cloth, the work of a tasteful tailor, a decent regard to the prevailing mode, and a certain neatness and simplicity is all! Elegance is never gaudy, never outre, never out of fashion nor in the extreme of fashion. It allows of few ornaments, and no studied display. The difference of a single dollar in an article of dress may make the whole distinction between elegance and vulgarity. A single tawdry ornament may spoil the effect of the best tailor's workmanship. The slightest eccentricity of out dress betrays the inborn rudeness.

And manners—where is the working man to learn them? He may be clean; he may be dressed with propriety; he may have a certain degree of intelligence; but manners make the man, and he must have manners. Well, how does any body learn manners? It is easy to speak plain English and avoid slang. It is easy not to swear or use vulgar expressions. It is easy not to blow one's nose with his fingers, or pick his teeth with his fork, or laugh

and talk loud or boisterously, or spit, or do any thing vulgar, or offensive or ridiculous.—What a man must do then is to avoid unseemly things. Manners are in a great degree negative. They consist in not doing what is offensive. 'Cease to do evil—learn to do well.'—Break off all bad habits—cultivate all good ones.

Why is it that the manners of workmen are, to such a degree, coarse, offensive, and even brutal? Why should they deliberately uncivilize themselves? They wish to be respected—they have the capacity and the desire for social enjoyment—they might cultivate the graces and amenities of life; but they prefer a brutality which they probably consider manliness, forgetting that the noblest and bravest spirits the world ever saw were kind, and gentle, and delicate in their deportment.

Benevolence, or kindness, is the foundation of good manners. Politeness is being kind gracefully. A well-meaning, thoughtful person can seldom go amiss. Try to be of service to every one, and to injure the feelings of no one; to be just and kind to all; and you have the essentials of the most courtly breeding.

As to the mode of entering a room, and making a bow, you cannot want for models. These things are easily learned by imitating others. The safe rule is to avoid display—to do what is quiet, and simple, and natural, and not to attempt display, which is always ridiculous.—If you are in doubt at any time as to what you should do, you have only to observe how those who are esteemed well-bred, and to follow their example.

All these things are very easy—much easier than learning a trade. It is easy to eat with a fork instead of a knife; to drink from a cup instead of a saucer; to precede a lady up and down stairs; to pick up a fan or handkerchief; to apologise gently when you make a blunder, and to beg pardon when you offend.

Manners are easy to learn, to every one who wishes to be agreeable. A pure life and unspotted honor may belong to the laborer, as well as to the prince. The cultivation of the intellect is every man's right and duty.

As long as workmen are vulgar, ignorant, coarse, unclean, and brutal, they will be despised and oppressed. Just as soon as they show that they respect themselves, they and their rights will be respected.—[N. Y. Sunday Times.]

Tit for Tat.

A girl, young and pretty, but above all, gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian lawyer, and thus addressed him:

'Monsieur, I have come to consult you upon a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love to marry in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?'

The gentleman of the bar had of course a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment; then being sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly:—'Mademoiselle, according to our law you already possess the means of compelling a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him, then you can swear before a judge that he is your lover.'

'And will that suffice, Monsieur?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition.'—'Well?'

'That you will produce witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections.'

'Very well, Monsieur. I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day.'

A few days afterwards the young girl returned. She is mysteriously received by the young lawyer, who, scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questions her with the most lively curiosity.

'Well, Mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?'

'Oh! all goes on swimmingly. I have passed half an hour with my intended. I have been seen to go up stairs and come down again. I have four witnesses who will affirm this under oath.'

'Capital! capital! Persevere in your design, Mademoiselle; but mind, the next time you consult me, you must tell me the name of the young man you are going to make happy in spite of himself.'

'You shall have it without fail.'

A fortnight after, the young person, more naive and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at her counsel's door. No sooner was she within than she flung herself into a chair, saying that she had mounted the stairs too rapidly, and that emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to reassure her; and made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unlace her garters.

'It is useless, Monsieur,' said she, 'I am much better.'

'Well now, do tell me the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to espouse?'

'Are you very impatient to know it?'

'Exceedingly so.'

'Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself! said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. 'I love you; I have been three times *tête à tête* with you, and my four witnesses are a bewitching and willing to accompany you to the magistrate, gravely confirmed the narrator.'

The lawyer, thus caught, had the good sense not to get angry. This most singular fact of all is that, he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

negroes from entering that State, and affixing heavy penalties upon them when they do enter it. J. T. Merton, of Henry, who is both a whig and a wag, moved an additional section, 'that the bill should be in force from and after its publication in the Iowa Free Democrat,' the abolition paper at Mount Pleasant. The bill went back to the House, so amended.—The amendment was accepted by the House, and the bill passed. After a while the idea began to eke through the hair of a member that the abolition organ might decline publishing the law, and thereby kill it stone dead, and be moved for a re-consideration, but failed, and the bill was left to be sent to the Governor in that crafty shape.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

About a year since, a member of a Division of the Sons of Temperance moved with his family from South Carolina to the West. The sparseness of the population, and the continual travel past his place, rendered it a necessary act of humanity in him frequently to entertain travellers who could get no farther. Owing to the frequency of these calls, he resolved to enlarge his house and put up the usual sign.

Soon after this an election came on; the triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory, and some 'young bloods' of the majority determined in honor of it to have a regular 'blow out.' Accordingly, mounted on their fine prairie horses, they started for a long ride. Every tavern was visited on their route, and the variety thus drunk produced a mixture which added greatly to the noise and boisterousness of the party. In this condition they came, about a dozen in number, to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent; the eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, and five younger children, were alone in the house.

These gentlemen, (for they considered themselves such,) call for liquor.

'We keep none,' was the modest reply of the young girl.

'What do you keep tavern for, then?'

'For the accommodation of travellers.'

'Well, then, accommodate us with something to drink.'

'You will see by the sign, sir, that we keep a temperance tavern.'

'D—n the temperance tavern!' (here the children clustered around their sister,) 'give me an axe, and I'll cut down your sign.'

'You will find an axe on the wood-pile, sir.'

Here the party, each one with an axe, made a rush for the wood-pile, exclaiming, 'Down with the sign!' but the leader, in going out, discovered in an adjoining room, a splendid piano and its accompaniments.

'Who makes that thing speak?' asked he.

'I play sometimes,' said the elder girl, in a quiet, modest manner.

'You do? well, give us a tune.'

'Certainly, sir,' and taking the stool, while the children formed a circle close to her, she sung and played the 'Old Arm Chair.' Some of them had never heard a piano before, and others had not heard one for years. The tumult was soon hushed; the whip and spur gentlemen were drawn back from the wood-pile, and formed a circle outside of the children. The leader again spoke: 'Will you be so kind as to favor us with another song?'

'Another was played, and the little ones becoming re-assured, some of them joined their sweet voices with their sister. Song after song was sung and played. One would touch the sympathy of the strangers, another melt them in grief; one would rouse their patriotism, another their chivalry and benevolence, until, at length, ashamed to ask for more, these each made a low bow, thanked her, wished her a good afternoon, and left as quietly as if they had been to a funeral.

Months after this occurrence, the father in travelling, stopped at a village where a gentleman thus accosted him:—

'Are you Col. P., of S?'

'I am.'

'Well, sir, I am the man who was spokesman to the party who so grossly insulted your innocent family, threatening to cut down your sign, and speaking so rudely to your children. You have just cause to be proud of your daughter, sir; her noble bearing and fearless courage were remarkable in one so young and unprotected. Can you pardon me, sir? I feel that I can never forgive myself.'

THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.—The N. Y. Evening Post contains a very interesting account of a mission recently established in the centre of the territory known as the 'Five Points,' in New York city. This section of the city, lying around the city prison, is well known, is the resort of the degraded criminals, prostitutes, drunkards and thieves of the city. Into this sink of iniquity, where it is hardly safe for a stranger to enter at any time, the Rev. L. M. Pease and his family moved last June, for the purpose of establishing a mission, supported by the different churches of the city.

He has succeeded in establishing a Sabbath school containing about 100 scholars of various ages, and a day school of about 200 scholars; and a Temperance Society embracing about 1100. He has also established an 'Industrial Home for the Friendless, the Inebriate, and the Outcast,' containing 60 or 70 boarders, and procured work for a very large number of persons, and places out for many who appear to be reformed. Such is an outline of the labors and success of this self-denying missionary among the most hopeless population of the city of New York.

SHADRACH, THE FUGITIVE, IN CANADA.—Letters from Montreal state that Shadrach, the fugitive, who escaped from this city, is in a state of great destitution. He has sent to a friend here for aid, stating that he has not been able to obtain employment. An advertisement in the Montreal papers states that Butler's Real Ethiopian Serenaders were to give a Concert on the 18th inst., for the benefit of Shadrach. Williams, Johnson, Tibbels and Scott, five fugitive slaves lately escaped to that city and now in a state of destitution. As a part of the performance, Shadrach was to relate the history of his wonderful escape from Boston.—[Traveller.]

SEVERE BUT JUST.—The New York Courier criticising *Comet*, by Sand, translated from the French, and published by a New York house, says:—'The best, however, of these French words are hateful. Fair as they may be to the eye, they are rooted in rotteness, and thrive on the very poisoned air they themselves generate. Paled by the hand that transplants them to American soil.'

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...MARCH 27, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

A. P. LORRELOW, 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. PETERS, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

The Trial by Jury for the Slave.

Mr. Mann, in his late speech on the Fugitive Slave Law, has the following, in regard to the right of the fugitive slave to a trial by jury. There is one sentiment in it, namely, "The enemy of the trial by jury, wherever human liberty is concerned, is the enemy of human liberty and of the human race," which we cannot forbear commending to all such reverend divines as have desecrated the pulpit with apologies for this odious feature of that most odious law.

Thus far, I have considered the question whether a fair interpretation of the constitution does not secure the jury trial, in every free State, to an alleged fugitive, and empower him to demand it as a matter of right. But this is a strange question to discuss in a republican government. The proper question is, not whether the constitution expressly demands the trial by jury, but whether it will, by any fair implication, allow it. The only point which a republican judge or citizen can, with decency, make on this subject is, does the constitution forbid, prohibit, deny such trial?—for if it does not, then the jury should be granted of course. In a free country, under a free government, where the idea has become traditional, where the sentiment has become a household doctrine, that the trial by jury is the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, is it not amazing that we find men who seem eager to avoid this form of trial, instead of eager to grasp it? It is the saddest of spectacles, and argues the most mournful degeneracy, to see the children at this early day, from grovelling notions of ambition and of wealth, abandoning these noble principles of freedom, for which their fathers so lately shed their blood. Wherever the constitution allows the trial by jury, in a matter of human liberty, in Heaven's name let us have it! Let Russia and Austria curtail and deny this privilege of freemen; let the tyrant, and the tyrant's minions among themselves, explore the musty records of darker times to find precedents against it; let them strive by their shallow sophistries and plausibilities, to gloss over this ravishing of liberty and life from beings created in the image of God; but let every true republican, whenever the constitution will, by fair construction, sanction it, cling to the trial by jury, as to the only plank that will save him,—aye, the only one that will save the human race,—from being again engulfed in the vortex of despotism.

The enemy of the trial by jury, wherever human liberty is concerned, is the enemy of human liberty and of the human race. The friends of a repeal of this law, then, need not discuss the question whether the constitution does expressly confer the right of trial by jury upon the alleged fugitive, for it is enough for them if the constitution does not take it away. It is worthy of remark, that in both of the bankrupt laws passed by the United States, it was expressly provided that when the commissioners should declare any person to be a bankrupt he should have a right to a trial by jury to annul their decision. Thus when the law proposed, not to appropriate a man's property, but merely to enable his creditors to receive it in payment of their debts, the jury trial was secured to him; but here, where the direct purpose is to strip a man of his liberty, and of his property in himself, the jury trial is denied.

Social Equality.

We make further extracts from Mr. Abbot's lecture. How far the following sentiments will meet the views of our readers, we leave for the decision of any one who may venture to assail them. We like them.

As nothing is more destructive of collective power and prosperity than the imaginary lines of distinctions stretched across the face of society, so nothing is more prolific of individual weakness, and individual debasement. They affect injuriously the moral and intellectual condition of every individual who regulates his feelings and his intercourse with his fellow men by them. The pride of caste, of learning, and of wealth, fostered by those who assume to occupy the higher positions in society, is no less degrading to the soul than the corroding envy and hate they excite in the bosoms of those they place below them.

Then let them be blotted out! Let those who think themselves made of finer clay than their neighbors, rid themselves at once of their foolish notions! Let them cast from them, with a generous scorn, every thing that interrupts the natural flow of fraternal affection from heart to heart! Let them cease to clothe the natural progress of society, by their unnatural assumptions! Let those who have crouched at the feet of arrogance, and allowed the withering touch of haughty insolence or cold neglect to annoy or belittle them, assume their true position—the position of men, of equals, with the rest of mankind.

The progress and happiness of men depend as much on social as on political equality.—The world, physical, intellectual and moral, can never arrive at the summit of excellence, until social equality is universally recognized and acted upon.

Political equality, when fully attained, may do much; but it is insufficient alone to effect the highest good. We must have social equality, also. The rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, must mingle together in the business and pleasures of life, on terms of perfect equality. The penniless day-laborer, and his affluent employer; the household maid, and her accomplished mistress, must learn to treat each other with equal respect. The school-room, the social circle, and the fashionable party, must be made up indiscriminately of all classes and conditions. No calling should be regarded as menial or vulgar; no learning should claim superior importance; no wealth should arrogate to itself superior considerations. The man of humble means, of humble learning, or engaged in a humble employment, must know and feel that neither his poverty, his want of mental culture, nor his calling, can deprive him of his share of social pleasures and of polite attention. Then, and not till

then, will his duties be cheerfully and well performed. Then, and not till then, will the world reap the full benefits of a free and unrestrained interchange of thought and opinion.—Then, and not till then, will corroding jealousies and bitter feelings cease to despoil the choicest blessings of life.

By the adoption of such a social system, we should augment the sum of useful knowledge, by bringing the scientific and practical into close fellowship and harmony with each other,—thereby enabling both to profit by the connection.

Much of human learning is bad, and even that which is good, like every other good thing, is subject to innumerable abuses. It is often debauched by ambition; often belittled by pride; and its power for evil, when thus debauched, corrupted or belittled, is no less than its power for good when properly directed. When it becomes the instrument of fraud, the advocate of error, the patron of vice, or the basis of social distinctions, torturing the uneducated mind by its cold neglects and tyrannical assumptions, it becomes the bane of civilized life, the destroyer of social happiness, a poisonous Uvas, scorching everything within the reach of its withering influence. Better, far better would it have been for the world if the Paines, the Voltaires and the Byrons, as well as the whole tribe of ephemeral scribblers of the present day, who inherit their perverted natures, but not their intellect, had never learned the first letter of their alphabet.

By the ancient schoolmen, who prided themselves on the value and extent of their learning, theoretical philosophy was regarded as the most important part of a finished education, and proficiency in it as the perfection of intellectual excellence. Barren speculation, not human advancement, was their chief employment. Whether pain was an evil, not the best way to avoid and mitigate it; whether man could be sure of anything, not the surest road to practical truth; whether man could be certain that he was certain of nothing, not how he could secure the greatest amount of knowledge; whether the world was made from something or from nothing, not how its mighty elements could be subjected to the will and purposes of man; whether a spirit could go from one point in the universe to another, without passing through the intermediate space, not how man's spiritual nature could be improved and perfected;—these and a multitude of similar questions were ever discussed but never determined, by those learned yet stationary theorists.

Much of the learning of the literati of the present day is no better than the learning of the ancient schoolmen. Much of it is trash—words and thistles, shooting up in every part of the field of literature, to choke out the true and the good. The learning of our modern transcendentalists, who plume themselves in airy notions, and cut fantastic antics in the ethereal regions of metaphysics, bears a striking affinity to the learning of the ancient theorists. Their creations, for aught we know, may appear beautiful to those who have spiritualized enough in their mental vision to see and comprehend them. But to most of us they give no pleasure; they afford no light; they unfold no new or hidden truth; they possess none of the active, practical elements of progress.

N. KEN. AG. & HORT. SOCIETY.

The committee appointed to award the premiums of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society on Crops and Compost Manures, have attended to the duty assigned them and report—

On Winter Wheat. We award the first premium of three dollars to Mr. Chas. Drummond, Winslow, on a crop of 30 1-4 bushels of Banner wheat, which made 51 lbs. four per bushel; raised on one acre and two rods land. Soil a gravelly loam, without manure of any kind. The land had been pastured the four previous years. 1 1-4 seed sown the middle of September. Requirements of the Trustees not complied with in regard to time, depth and cost of plowing, and cost of crop.

We award the second premium of three dollars to Hiram F. Crowell, of West Waterville, for a crop of 52 1-2 bushels from two acres of land. Previous crop, oats. Dressed with 10 loads per acre of barnyard manure.—Soil a light sandy loam. Whole cost of raising and harvesting crop \$21.75. To Mr. Amos Fish, of Benton, we recommend a gratuity of two dollars for an experiment in raising winter wheat on burnt land. His statement is that he raised from 1-2 acre land and 1-2 bushel seed 21 1-2 Banner wheat. The land was stripped of its growth of wood. Whole cost clearing land, sowing, raising and harvesting \$9.66.

On Spring Wheat. We award the first premium of three dollars to Mr. Ezra Pray, of Albion, for a crop of 21 bushels from one acre of land, which had been pastured. Previous crop, oats. No manure applied. Two bushels of seed sown the last day of May. Soil a sandy loam. Whole cost raising crop \$9.12. Second premium of two dollars to Mr. Seth Holway, of Fairfield, for a crop of 18 bushels of Georgia Red; making 51 lbs. flour per bushel, from 1 1-8 acre rocky gravelly land. Plowed 8 inches deep. Ten loads manure applied. 1 1-2 bushels seed sown the 11th of May. Whole cost of crop and harvesting same \$9.00.

On Winter Rye. We award the first premium of two dollars to Mr. William Baker, of Albion, for a crop of 22 1-2 bushels from one acre of pasture land. Previous crop, corn; without manure to either crop. The crop somewhat damaged by the heavy spring rains. Soil a slaty loam. Plowed 6 inches deep.—1 1-4 bushels sown the 14th of Oct. Whole cost of raising, harvesting and threshing \$7.12. The second premium of one dollar to Mr. Josiah Morrill, of Waterville, for a crop of 18 bushels from one acre of land. Soil slaty with spots of ledge near the surface. Plowed 5 inches deep. 8 loads manure, light and strawy, size not stated, applied. One bushel seed sown the 9th of August. Whole cost of the crop \$11.00.

On Indian Corn. We award the first premium to Mr. Amasa Dingley, of Winslow, for a crop of 185 bushels ears of the large eight rowed yellow corn, raised on one acre. Soil sandy loam. Had been cropped with grass ten previous years. The amount of manure made by one horse the winter before plowing; 2 1-2 barrels Fodrette, from the Lodi Co., N.

Y., put in the hill; and no other dressing applied. Planted 13th of May. On the 25th of May nearly one half of the acre was over-flooded with water, consequently some of it had to be planted the second time, which injured the corn some. Whole cost raising and harvesting the crop \$27.00. Second premium of two dollars to Mr. Alfred Foster, of Fairfield, for a crop of 194 bushels ears on one acre.—Soil, he says, rocky. Plowed 6 inches deep. Ten loads, 30 bushels each, of manure spread on land before plowing. Six loads old manure put in the hill. Rows four and hills three feet apart. A handful of home made poultre, made of 2 bushels hen manure, 3 do wood ashes, 1-2 do ground plaster, and 6 quarts fine salt, well mixed and pulverized, was put in the hill. Hood twice, cultivator used each time. Five stalks left in the hill. Cost of raising, not including bill for harvesting, which he thinks the fodder will pay, \$20.75. Third premium of one dollar to Mr. Bradford Sawtelle, of Sidney, for a crop of 147 1-2 bushels ears from one acre. Soil sandy loam. Cropped with grass for 8 or 10 years. Amount of manure not stated. Planted in drills three ft. apart. Whole cost of raising he says will not exceed 37 1-2 cents per bushel shelled corn.

On Oats. We award the first premium of two dollars to Mr. Josiah Morrill, of Waterville, for a crop of 65 1-2 bushels horse mane oats from one acre land. Two and one half bushels seed sown. Soil part slaty and part red loam. Plowed six inches deep. Land had been previously pastured. No manure applied. Harrowed once immediately after sowing, and again after the oats were up.—Whole cost of crop \$8.27. Second premium of one dollar to Mr. Ezra Pray, of Albion, for a crop of 265 bushels from 5 acres land.—Soil a clay loam. Cropped with oats the previous year. No manure applied. Stubble turned under in the Fall. Sown the 15th and 16th of May. Whole expenses of crop and harvesting \$29.70.

On Barley. We award the first premium of two dollars to Mr. Ezra Pray, for a crop of 25 bushels from one acre. Soil clayey loam. Manured by turning in a crop of clover and oats the Fall previous. Cost of crop \$7.50.—No other entry on barley.

On Peas. We award the first premium of two dollars to Mr. Pray, for a crop of 20 bushels from 1-2 acre. Clayey soil. Previous crop, potatoes. No manure applied. Land previous to potatoes in pasture. Sown first day of May. Whole expenses raising and harvesting \$7.00. No other entry on peas.

On Carrots. We award the first premium of two dollars to Mr. Alfred Foster, of Fairfield, for a crop of 169 bushels raised on 1-4 of an acre. The previous crop carrots, with five horse loads of horse manure to the previous and two loads to the present crop. Planted in drills 18 inches apart. Time of planting and cost of crop not stated. No other entry on carrots.

On Seedling Apple Trees. To D. & S. N. Taber we award the first premium of two dollars, for their nursery of 6000 seedlings raised the past season on a gravelly loam, previously subsoiled to the depth of 18 inches. Planted in rows 12 inches apart. Seed selected from hardy natural fruit. The growth they have attained or the expense of the enterprise not stated. To J. Wilson Britton, of Winslow, the second premium of one dollar, for his nursery of 2640 trees raised the past season on a dry slaty soil. Rows two feet apart, and left from 2 to 3 inches apart in rows. They have made a growth averaging about 12 inches. Mr. Britton furnished the committee with an interesting statement detailing his whole process of planting and cultivating, but which is too long for insertion here. The committee regret that they have not another premium to award to the only other entry, by Mr. Hugh Dempsey, of Fairfield, of an acre planted with plum, cherry and apple trees. The number he does not state, which he says attained the growth of 18 to 24 inches. An interesting statement of his method of planting and cultivating may be seen at the office of the Secretary, Mr. William Dyer.

On Compost Manure. We award to Mr. Robert R. Drummond, of Winslow, the second premium of three dollars, for his heap of not less than 20 cords compost, made of sods from the road side, soil and chaff from under his hay mow, manure and soil from under his hog-house, soap suds from the wash-room, salt and pickle from meat barrels, blood and waste from butchering, &c. &c. The whole cost of making all which did not exceed four dollars. Your committee were not a little surprised to learn that this was the only compost heap made in North Kennebec, when every farmer has the means within his reach to make such an one.

There were no entries on Beans, Oats and Peas, Spring Rye, Potatoes, or Ruta Bagas. Knowing the aptness of the North Kennebec farmers to secure all the dollars that are offered them, your committee have come to the conclusion that there were none of these articles raised. It may be proper here to state, that in making the estimates of the cost of raising the several crops, the competitors have in every instance neglected to make any account of the rent of their land, which should be added to the cost of crop. Your committee are of opinion that the farmers generally are altogether too negligent in keeping an account of the expenses of raising their crops, and therefore they cannot tell how much each crop costs them, or which are the most profitable. More attention to this matter would be a source of much gratification, and would well pay for the extra trouble.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. FEROVAL, Per Order.

Town Meeting. Our adjourned town meeting, on Monday last, was one of considerable interest. The committee of the former meeting reported in favor of the purchase of a Poor Farm, and another committee was appointed to make the purchase—not exceeding

three thousand dollars for farm and outfit.—The proposition to appropriate three thousand dollars towards making Ticonic Bridge a free bridge was voted down. Mr. Ransted declined the office of 1st selectman, to which he was elected at a first meeting, and T. O. Saunders, of the preceding board, was elected in his place.

The meeting was adjourned to Monday next, with business enough for a good day's work.

Premium List

Of the No. Ken. Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

The Trustees offer the following list of premiums, to be awarded at their next annual Show and Fair, to be held on the first Tuesday and Wednesday of October, 1851.

HORSES.		Best work with one yoke 3	
For the best Stallion	\$2	2d do	2
3d do	3	SHEEP.	
Best Breeding Mare	3	Best ewe, 10 or more	3
2d do	2	3d do	2
3d do	1	Best Buck	1
Best three-year-old Colt	2	2d do	2
2d do	1	Best Lambs, 10 or more	1
Best two-year-old do	2	2d do	1
2d do	1	SWINE.	
3d do	1	Best Boar	1
NEAT CATTLE.		Best Breeding Sow	1
Best Bull, not under 2 yrs	3	Best litter Pigs, 6 or more	1
2d do	2	2d do	1
3d do	1	POULTRY.	
Best do, under 2 years	2	Best Turkeys, 10 or more	2
2d do	1	Best lot barn-yard Fowl, raised by one person, 12 or more	1
3d do	1	2d do	1
Best Stock Cow	4	Best Dorkings, 6 or more	1
2d do	3	3d do	1
3d do	2	Best Spanish do	1
Best Dairy Cow	4	Best Cochins do	1
2d do	3	Best Shanghaes do	1
3d do	2	Best Creoles do	1

Persons who enter Dairy cows for premiums will be required, in giving the amount of milk and butter, to state the feed such cows receive. Best 3 yr old Heifer 3 2d do 2 3d do 1 Best 2 yr old Heifer 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best yearling Heifer 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best Heifer Calf 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best yearling Oxen 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best 3 yr old Steers 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best 2 yr old Steers 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best yearling Steers 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best 3 yr old Calves 2 2d do 1 3d do 1

Statements will be required of those who enter their seedling and calves, as to how they have been reared, and of their age in months. Animals deemed worthy will receive no premium if the above regulations are not strictly complied with by those presenting them. Best Team of Oxen from any one town, not less than 10 yoke 10 2d do 9 3d do 8 Best Team of Steers from any one town, not less than 10 yoke, 3 years old and under 2 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best drawing Oxen 2 2d do 1 3d do 1

Entries for premiums on crops must be made with the Secretary on or before the first Monday in January, and must embrace the following particulars: 1st. The nature of the soil, mentioning the two previous crops. 2d. The time, depth and cost of plowing. 3d. The time and method of applying manure, with the quantity, quality and cost of the same. 4th. The time of sowing or planting seed, with cost of seed. 5th. The cost of planting and cultivating the crop, and the amount of crop.

No premium will be awarded to any person entering a crop without complying with the above particulars.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES. Best improved sward Plow 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Seed do 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Scythes do 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best single Sleigh 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best single Wagon 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Harness 2 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Calkins 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Leather 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Shovel 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Hoe 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Axes 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Horse Rake 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Harrow 1 2d do 1 3d do 1

DAIRY PRODUCTS. Best Butter, 25 lbs. 3 2d do 2 3d do 1 Best Cheese, 50 lbs. 3 2d do 2 3d do 1 Best Cream 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best Wagon 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Harness 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Calkins 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Leather 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Shovel 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Hoe 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Axes 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Horse Rake 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best do Harrow 1 2d do 1 3d do 1

Written statements of the manner of making butter and cheese will be required. HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES. Best 1-2 doz. prs. men's half hose, wool, 50 2d do 40 3d do 30 Best 2 prs. Worsted Hosiery 50 2d do 40 3d do 30 Best Woolen Shawl, 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best Worsted Knit Hood, 50 2d do 40 3d do 30 Best Bed Spread, 1 2d do 1 3d do 1 Best Woolen Yarn, 1 lb. 50 2d do 40 3d do 30 Best specimen needlework 1 2d do 1 3d do 1

MANURE. To the person who shall prepare 10 cords of compost manure of the best quality, at the least expense, a statement to be given in writing of materials and process of manufacture, \$4. Articles named above must be manufactured within the limits of the society to entitle them to a premium. J. H. JACOB, ALLEN JONES, WM. H. PEARSON, Trustees.

WHAT, WHAT!—Some men have the knack of winning the rebukes of the ladies. Mrs. Swishelm is not alone in her slanders upon Daniel Webster. Mrs. Graffman, the mother of Capt. Graffman, of the bark Georgianna, taken by the Spaniards during the late Cuban invasion, has been to Washington to intercede for her son a prisoner in Spain; and on her return, in a published card of thanks to various gentlemen high in office, who had rendered her aid, she thus locks arms with Mrs. Swishelm. Such a naughty woman!

As for Mr. Webster, who has the honor to be Secretary of State, I can say nothing either of his kindness or sympathy to me, for I should blush to state the truth as it stands. Suffice to say, if he remains in office, may God give him a new heart, as he did Nebuchadnezzar when he was transformed from a beast back to the capacity of a man.

Never mind the "blushes," good lady, but give us "the truth as it stands." We are getting curious—and the honorable Secretary never stands for blushes.

THE ADAMS HOUSE.—By reference to our advertising columns, our readers will find that this house has changed hands, and greatly improved. It is a temperance hotel of the first class, being kept without a bar for the sale of spirituous liquors. We sincerely hope it may be sustained by the travelling public, and that

its enterprising proprietor may be liberally rewarded for his laudable effort to make his house stand at the head of this class of hotels. We are sure his well-known reputation as a landlord is sufficient guaranty that the Adams House will be all its patrons desire.

New Papers.

Prof. Mitchell has issued a prospectus for the "Magnetic Investigator," to be published at Lansingburgh, N. Y. "It will be devoted to the discussion and investigation of magnetic science, in all its departments." Terms, \$1.00 in advance. Persons wishing to subscribe can apply at the Mail office.

"The Carpet Bag" is the name of a new and very neat quarto paper, issued by Snow & Wilder, at the Pathfinder office, Boston. Its presiding genius is the famous Mrs. Partington, and its circulation promises to take a wide range.

Mr. Gleason, of the Flag of our Union Boston, has published the first number of a new and very beautiful paper, which he calls "Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion." Its name indicates its character—which, if well-sustained, will commend it to the special patronage of genuine ladies and gentlemen.

The following resolves were passed at the annual town meeting in Vassalboro', on the 17th inst.:

Resolved, That we consider the project of extending the Railroad from Augusta to the interior of this State, through the town of Vassalboro', as one of the utmost importance to us, involving in its success our greatest interests as a manufacturing and agricultural town.

Resolved, That we consider that our natural advantages are second to none in the State and that we only need an unbroken facility of communication throughout the year to develop them.

Resolved, That our present manufacturing interests and large amount of unoccupied water power, together with the superiority of our soil for agricultural purposes, require the earnest encouragement of our citizens to the furthering of this design.

Resolved, That in this view of the subject we pledge ourselves to use all reasonable and lawful efforts to invite and encourage the completion of this enterprise.

JOHN G. HALL, Moderator.

Native American Africans.

The colored citizens of N. York have been holding a series of meetings to consider measures for the security and improvement of themselves and their race. A report read at one of these meetings has the following rather pointed paragraph:

"We claim no affinity with Africa. This is our home. We have beheld no other sun save that piercing the clouds that tip our noble Alleghenies—which glitters on our rolling Hudson, and gives vegetation and life to the green fields, where our fathers lie. 'The land of our forefathers.' What more to us than to all other Americans? Go ye 'home to the places your fathers voluntarily left; our forefathers were forced here; their sons will not be forced away.' Further, we do not trace our ancestry to Africa alone. We trace it to Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen; to Frenchmen, to the German; to the Asiatic as well as to Africa. 'The best blood of Virginia courses through our veins!'"

At a subsequent meeting of the Convention, a report on the political influence of the colored people was read. One paragraph will give the spirit of it:

"We have," says the report, "five thousand colored voters in this State, which are sufficient to enable us to control the State or Presidential elections, excepting under extraordinary circumstances, such as governed the political element during the campaign which resulted in elevating to the Presidency the late General Taylor."

The following account of the report of the Committee on Education, is given in the N. Y. Evening Post, and will be read with interest:

"The text books of the common schools were not sufficient. The mechanic arts, and the various branches of trade and industry should be introduced, and work-shops should be appended to the schools. Agriculture should also be a subject of study, and an agricultural school ought to be established in some good locality—say on the Gerrit Smith lands. The report recommends a high school in the vicinity of New York, for the people of color. The statistical portion of the report states, that there are taught in all the public schools of the city, 1,954, and the average attendance 1,246."

"From the foregoing, it appears that one-third of the whole colored population of the city are under scholastic education, besides an evening school, in which there are taught 217 persons."

NEW BOAT. We understand that a new and very pretty little steamer is nearly finished at Gardiner, destined to run from Waterville the coming season. It is to be commanded by Capt. Jewell, late of the Phoenix, whose good reputation with those who know him, well deserves a new boat. Success, to both Captain and boat!

PUNISHMENT. The public printing has been taken from the Portland Advertiser, which happens to be rather independent in regard to slavery, and given to the Christian Mirror, which don't happen to be thus obnoxious to the Secretary of State. This is fair—when one party gets the honor and the other the profit.

DEATH OF MAJ. MORDECAI M. NOAH.—We learn that Major Noah, editor of the Sunday Messenger, died in New York on Saturday last at 11 o'clock. He was for many years connected with the New York press.

The meeting of the Corporators of the Somerset and Kennebec Rail Road, will be held at the Town Hall, in Skowhegan, on Thursday the third day of April. The Skowhegan Press says the meeting is to be addressed by able men from various towns on the river.

Mr. Editor.—Where is "Uncle Jacob,"

DEATH OF ISAAC HILL.—The Telegraph communicates the intelligence of the death of Hon. Isaac Hill of New Hampshire, which occurred at Washington on Saturday last. Mr. Hill was a printer, and for many years publisher and editor of the New Hampshire Patriot. In his position as editor, he was the leader of the Democratic party of New Hampshire; and through the ardor of his devotion to his party, and his remarkable energy of character, exerted a wide influence in political affairs. He has been called to various public stations, and has held a seat in the Senate of the U. States. He had retired from an active participation in political matters, and for several years had devoted himself very much to practical and theoretical husbandry, having been an experimental farmer and editor of an agricultural journal, entering into the business with all the zeal that he ever displayed in politics.

As a politician, Mr. Hill was violent and unyielding, and as his enemies charged, unscrupulous as to the measures by which his party purposes could be promoted; but in all the private and social relations of life he was a kind and amiable man. As a friend and neighbor, no man was more esteemed, or was more ready to do a favor.

For several years Mr. Hill has been severely afflicted with asthma. But his indomitable energy has never suffered him to become an invalid. He has often been abroad and actively engaged in business when other men would have been in their beds.—[Traveller.]

FIRE IN FAIRFIELD AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We learn that the dwelling house of Mr. Daniel Perkins in Fairfield, was, with nearly all of its contents, destroyed by fire, on the evening of Tuesday, the 18th inst. And sad to relate, the wife of Mr. Perkins was so severely burned, as to cause her death on the following day. Mrs. P. had previously left the burning building in safety, but the thought struck her that one or more of her children were still in the house, (being bewildered by the fright) and regardless of her own danger, she rushed directly into the flames, but was rescued in time to prevent immediate death. Her children had before left the house. Mr. Perkins was absent from home at the time the accident occurred. The fire is supposed to have been communicated by a small candle in the bottom of a stove.—[People's Press.]

OHIO FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.—The Ohio Legislature, on the 22d of February, passed "an act securing the benefit of habeas corpus," which comes quite up to the Vermont act. It makes it the duty of the Attorney General of the State, and the prosecuting attorneys of the counties, to protect and defend all persons arrested as fugitive slaves, and to make immediate application to specified courts and judges to grant the writ, and upon its return, to grant a trial by jury on all questions of fact at issue between the parties, provided either party make application for such trial. If the verdict of the jury thus called shall be in favor of the person claimed as a fugitive slave, he shall forthwith be restored to his liberty; and if the claimant shall again claim ownership in the slave, within the State, he shall be deemed guilty of felony, and on conviction thereof, shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary for not more than five, nor less than two years.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Thirty-one guns were fired at New Orleans, when it became known that the actions against the Cuban expeditionists had been not pros. 3, and one additional gun for Cuba. The band of the United States Artillery played a number of national airs at the same time. So great was the joyful excitement in tones of cannon. Fifteen guns were fired for Quitman, and fifteen for the Southern States. Many persons pulled off their stockings for cartridges, and fired several for mankind in general.

THE BRITISH IN SOUTH AFRICA.—By intelligence from Cape of Good Hope, it appears that the British colony in South Africa, is now in considerable danger from an insurrection of the Caffre tribes,

