



10-14-1852

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 13): October 14, 1852

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 13): October 14, 1852" (1852). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 272.
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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1852.

NO. 13.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

MAXHAM & WING,

At No. 3 1-2 Bowdoin Block, Main Street.

REPRINTED BY DANIEL B. WING.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

If paid within six months, 1.75

If paid within one year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

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

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SLEEP.

BY LILY.

Kind Angel, well may mortal halt thee, friend,
For no such blessing does our Father send,
Save by thy hand;
Thy mission is to wake our weary earth
The dreams of peace that have their holy birth
In that far land.

Look now, on you calm sleeper, in his rest;
The quiet breath, the gently heaving breast,
Speak they of care?
Gaze long—what read'st thou on that face
But calm repose? nor canst thou see one trace
Of tempest there.

And yet few stars have brightened on the night
Since passion dark has cast its withering blight
Fall o'er his soul;
Since flashing eye, and lip so curled in scorn
Should mark how fierce the wars of conflict borne,
As on they roll.

Then sought he rest; but troubled thoughts came fast,
For memory lingered still amid the past,
Nor would he rest;
And soon, when sleep came stealing o'er him now,
A smile—hadst thou seen it?

'Tis even thus, in childhood, youth, or age,
What e'er may be the record on life's page,
Sleep still is peace;
In sleep, no pain or sorrow greets the heart,
Forgiveness, we forgive, not even in part,
But all wrong ceases.

MISCELLANY.

From the N. E. Farmer.

FARMERS' SONS.

When a young man leaves his home in the country for a less desirable one in the city, or elsewhere, the inference, as a general thing, is either that he is 'spoiled' by indulgence on the part of the parents, or by certain influences which may have fallen upon him, led to despise labor on a farm, and induced to seek a less laborious and more easy mode of life. That these are not the only causes which induce boys to leave a good home and farm, the following sketch may perhaps show.

'I am really very glad to see you, Mrs. Gove, this afternoon. Do you know that it is nearly a whole year since I've had this pleasure, and you my nearest neighbor?'

'I did not think it was so long, but—but, I have a great deal of care.'

'Yes, you certainly must have. Let us take our work and sit on the piazza; it is much cooler there and secluded from the sun.'

'Can we see our meadow from there, Mrs. Norton?'

'Let me see—O, yes, very well.'

'Mr. Gove, with the men and Billy, have gone down to the lower field fencing, and he wished me to have an eye on the meadow, as that fence is all down and our cattle are in the road. I see you have finished planting, Mrs. Norton. You have everything done in season, and yet you never seem hurried, or fretted. You must take comfort.'

'Why, as to that, we feel that there is nothing worth doing but is worth well doing; and feeling thus, we own but little land, a small farm compared with yours, and we find no difficulty in having our work done at the right time.'

'Yes, and I can hardly realize, Mrs. Norton, that this is the same place where I played, when a child, 'tis so changed, and so beautifully changed (these handsome trees—why in this very spot twenty years ago a sand-bank 'twas, in which nothing grew but dock and tansy.)—I used to get the double tansy for grandmothers to color her dresses with. I am not surprised to color her dresses with. I am not surprised to see my Billy should say, as he did to-day, that he was never so happy as when he was under the ash tree down by the spring. Really, Mrs. Norton, that is the only place near our house, and that is the only place near our house, where I can go to-day. You have vines, trees and shrubs, and beautiful flowers; why, it seems to me these things must tend to make home pleasant.'

'You are right, Mrs. Gove; we feel that by cultivating a taste for the beautiful in nature, we improve the character and soften the heart.'

'I know you are right, and not for me to say, but on Billy's account, I wish I could make Mr. Gove think as we do. But perhaps I am wrong to speak in this way, for Mr. Gove has more care now than any one man ought to have, and I know that he has no time for anything but to take care of what he has, without making any improvements. But I am in hopes when William grows up, that he will get time to see trees and make our home pleasant, for a more ardent lover of nature I surely never saw.'

'Mrs. Gove, of course your husband knows his own business; but I've often thought that it would be for your interest all round, if your husband had less land to care for. I mean, if he would sell some, it certainly would lessen his care as well as your own.'

'Perhaps so, but really Mr. Gove doesn't think it looks just right for a man to part with property which has been handed down from father to son, until it is now in the fourth generation. 'Tis true, I have a good deal of care, and must work hard; but I have no reason to complain, though I would be very nice, and little time I have to spend in such a cool, delightful place as this. Perhaps I'm all wrong, and think too much of these things.'

'Mrs. Gove was returning from the visit to her neighbor, which they had mutually enjoyed, when a pat on the shoulder caused her to exclaim, 'Are you tired, Billy?'

'Are you tired, my dear?'

'Yes, mother, O, I am very tired; for don't you think after I had helped father as long as he had any thing for me to do, I went into that pretty grove where he and I played the week before he died, and there, right by a little mossy bank, was a little larch tree; and mother, I wanted very much to dig it up and bring it home, and get it out by your back-room window. I am sure, mother, it would look beautifully

there, and then I never should see it without thinking of little Alice.'

'Did your father take it up for you?' said Mrs. Gove, as she strove to force back the tears that would come.

'No, mother; I took the spade and tried; I dug all round it, but I couldn't start it a bit, when I tried to pull it up, and then I asked father if he would let Mike take it up for me. You know, mother, that Mike is a good hand, for he helped take up and set out all Mr. Norton's trees.'

'And what did your father say, my dear?'

'He said, "don't be so foolish, child—we've no time to fool away," or something of that kind. I wish I had strength to pull it up; but I don't know as father would let me set it out. Do you think it is foolish, mother?'

'My dear child, your father has a great deal of care and anxiety, and you heard him say this morning, when the man called to tell him his fence all lay flat, and everybody's cattle were in, that his work was driving him continually; so perhaps father thought 'twould be wrong to spend the time that is now so precious to him, in doing what we could get along without doing.'

'Well, mother, does father take much comfort? He is always behindhand, and he never finishes all the jobs he begins. Why, don't you know last summer we had so much to do that we did not get time to hoe that piece of corn between the woods, and I heard father say myself, that it did not begin to pay for the plowing. And mother, you know I heard it talked over at the store, that father had to pay for that strip of land he bought of Mr. Chase, twice, because he did not get time to make the deed, and Mr. Chase died before 'twas done. When I hear people say to father, "you are the richest man in town," or, "you own the most land," why, I think, well, I don't see as father is any happier than the neighbors, that haven't half as much. Why, I heard father say to-day that he was harassed to death.'

'The night after the above conversation, as Billy was quietly sleeping, and Mr. Gove sat with his arms folded, and his eyes resting on the wall, Mrs. Gove asked her husband, in rather a timid tone, if he had noticed how fully Mr. Norton's fruit-trees had bloomed.'

'Well, I believe I saw them, or heard some one speak of it. But I am tired.'

'Yes, I think you must be; you've worked hard all day.'

'I have worked like a dog, and what does it amount to?'

'Do you think,' said his wife, 'considering we have to work so hard and hire so much help, that it is for your interest to keep all the land?'

'Think—I don't think any thing about it. I've got it, and I must take care of it. I should look well spending what has so long been in the family. As long as property is in land it is safe; but change it into money, or any thing else, and ten to one, 'tis soon gone, nobody knows where.'

'Perhaps you are right; but it seems to me you could take much better care of less, make it more profitable, and at the same time relieve yourself of this care and anxiety, which I fear is wearing upon you. And then you know William is slender. I don't think he'll ever be able to work as hard as you have done.'

'He never will, if he is brought up to think he is too good to work. He has notions in his head now that I fancy will do him no good. You have been over to Norton's this afternoon. I suppose his wife advised you what was best for us to do. Why, Betsey, can't you see through it all? They have been and sold half of their farm, and laid out the money in trees and I don't know what all,—sent the boys to school instead of teaching them to work, and so she wants us to do the same. Ha! ha! misery likes company. The long and short of it is, Betsey, Mrs. Norton wanted to get rid of work. I wish they had sold the whole concern and cleared out, for I see plainly you nor William can go over there but it bewitches you. No—you never will see me covering my land, or surrounding my house with boughs, trees, or a maple or something near the house. I should like one or two for the horses to stand under, but I haven't the time, neither do I think it best to encourage any such notions in the boy. You know how it is—"if you give an inch they'll take an ell." He begged hard for us to dig up a larch this afternoon, but in indulgence will spoil any child. If I had done that for him, why he would only have wanted more, and if he got too many such notions, why he is headstrong, and the first we should know he would be off like others we know of. No; the only way to get along with children is to be strict; no arguing with them, and no giving way to their foolish wants.'

'Do you think it was indulgence that made George White go to New York?'

'I don't know but what it might be, his mother was dreadful careful of him. I should like to know what 'tis makes boys leave their fathers' homes and farms, and go off to the city, and barely get their board, if it isn't letting them have their will and way.'

'I have no doubt that over indulgence begets self-will, and overcomes a child's sense of duty, so that restraint is thrown off, and paternal obligation disregarded; but husband, I do believe one thing, and that is, if we wish William to love his home, we must make it happy; if we wish his warmest affections to cluster around this place, we must make it attractive. You think the Norton boys are indulged too much, but this indulgence is nothing more than a desire on the parents' part, judiciously carried out, to make them useful and happy. And I believe they take the right course. No children love their homes better than they do. Mrs. N. tells me that it is with the greatest reluctance that they leave home in the vacation, to visit their cousins in the city.'

'Well, well, don't say any more, for I have as much as I can do to get through the day's work, and I for one want to sleep in the night! Mr. Norton is welcome to her notions and I will have mine.'

'While Mr. G. is wrapped in the "sweet sleep of the laboring man," and Mrs. G. is revelling in her own mind the many different plans which suggest themselves to a mother's eye, watchful heart, for the good of her boy, let us take a peep at the character of both parents and child.'

'Should a stranger inquire of almost any one in N., what sort of a man is Mr. Gove? The answer would probably be to this effect: "Fine man, sir, mighty honest, and firm; 'twouldn't move him, sir." Granted—but let us see as

there can be, with these good qualities, nothing wanting.'

Mr. G. was stern; in his view, the "smooth-tongued" of an affair was never advisable. Billy, as a child, had much to contend with in the way of passion, pride and self-will; like almost all children occasional acts of thoughtlessness and hasty impulse led him into error and its painful consequences. Had his father been careful to "do justice to his better qualities, while at the same time he blamed and convinced him of his faults," all might have been well; but Mr. G. never met his errors in "love and conquered them by forgiveness." Unjust harshness actually confirmed him in error. Mr. G. was spoken of as a generous man, but to see the beautiful language of one departed, "There are those who are lavish in attention and presents to friends, but who never imagine that their own home circle has the first and strongest claim to kindness, whether of word or deed. Affections and thoughts lavished on comparative strangers, never radiate on home; but when given to home first, they shed light and kindness far and near." Mr. G. never won the heart of his child. How was it with the mother? She possessed the rare combination of "gentleness with firmness, submissiveness with dignity." Her anxious desire was to do justice to his better feelings, and while she wished to educate his mind, she was more anxious that his heart should be won and taught.

But little change, outwardly, was visible in the Gove family when William had reached his eighteenth year. The homestead remained the same—save some marks which "Time's effacing fingers" had not failed to make. The "ash tree," by the spring, was gone, and the maple "for the horse to stand under" had never been "set out."

One fine morning in May, William asked his father if he might have the sorrel horse to go to the village adjoining. Permission was given on condition that he would return before dinner. Dinner came, and with it came William.

'What has our William been doing?' exclaimed Mr. G., as he gave a hasty glance at the window. 'Cutting a wagon load of wheat!'

'I don't know, but I can't see very well without my glasses.'

'Was easy to see, however, that that hasty glance had ruffled the smooth current of his thoughts, for he at once knew that withness needed no roots. William took out the horse, wheeled the wagon into the shed, and entering the long kitchen, seated himself at the table. The mother with her quick perception failed not to understand why that shadow rested upon the father's brow. Hardly a word was spoken—Mr. G. upon leaving the table took up a newspaper, a thing which he rarely had time to do; it was evident to Billy, however, that he was not reading very intently, for the paper was upside down. When William left the house he went directly for the spade and hoe, and walking deliberately down the hill side, south of the house, commenced making holes twelve feet apart, where he had helped his father plow the day before. He had thus been engaged half an hour, when rising to wipe the heavy drops of moisture from his forehead, he saw his father looking earnestly at him.

'What are you doing, William?'

'I am fixing places to set out trees.'

'What kind of trees?'

'Each and every tree, sir.'

'Where did you get them?'

'I bought them at a tree auction to-day.'

'You did! Well, you can't set them here, sir.'

'I can't—what's the reason?'

'There are reasons enough, though I'm under no obligation to tell children; yet I won't be particular this time. In the first place, I wish you to understand once for all, that you take one step too far when you buy trees without leave or license, and more than that proceed deliberately to put them on my best corn land. And now you can do what you please with the trees. You have taken far too much liberty. You shall never set them on my land.'

Without one word, William shouldered his spade and walked to the house. His mother, who stood at the corner window, although she had heard no word spoken, understood the whole affair perfectly. She saw William shoulder the spade, and then her heart beat bravely, but quickly raising the corner of her apron, she wiped away the tears which were fast falling, and met her son with a smile.

'Well, mother, I've done, said he as he sunk down on the old kitchen chair. I've done, trying to be any thing here. He won't let me be any body!'

'My child, don't speak so disrespectfully of your father. He, Billy, that sounds dreadfully; never say that again, my son.'

'I can't help it, mother, I shan't stay here. You know what I told you last week, mother, and to-day I have had something come across my feelings, harder to bear than all. When I was coming from the village, I met a man with a double wagon, and a beautiful larch tree in it. I was hoping to buy it, so I asked him where he got it. "Squire Gove gave it to me," he replied. O, mother, wasn't that too much? I asked him who took it up and he said his Irishman, that he called Mike. I could have torn that tree in splinters, mother. I rode round by the grove, and sure enough 'twas gone, and the money seat all trampled and torn. Do you think after that I would ask him to let me set out the trees? No, mother, if father can do without me, I can do without him. I shall go away as soon as you can get my things ready. Of course the folks will say—"What an ungrateful boy to leave his father alone," but why can't father try to please me as well as others—as well as strangers? There are the Norton boys—if father had done one-quarter for me that his father has done for them, I should be very, very happy. O, mother, don't feel so bad—you must not blame me. I know you are a real Christian, mother, but I ain't like you—you overlook, and forgive everything. I am some like father; I wish I was just like you.'

William expected his mother would treat him to stay at home, but no, not one word did she say in favor of it. She knew these were little things to cause the boy to leave the home of his youth for a home among strangers, but she knew also that the joys and griefs at home are almost all made up of little, very little things.

We will hasten over the particulars of William's leaving home, and only say that his father's parting words were—"I can do without you as long as you can without me. William, in four weeks from this leave-taking, William was a sort of waiter on board a Mississippi steamer."

Mr. Gove hired an extra hand; many people shook their heads meaningly, and said it was a pity, a great pity, but nothing new or strange, for an only child to be spoiled by indulgence; but there, he was a pretty, bright boy, and they supposed it came hard to punish him, but, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' was scripture.

The summer was passed, the golden grain was garnered, and the rich fruits secured when Mr. Gove, who had grown somewhat moody of late, called Mike to the back door, and giving him some directions, took his hat, and passing out the other door, joined him.

'Let me see, you have the spade and hoe. Well, now, come down with me to the side of the hill where the early corn was planted, and do you remember where the holes were, that William made last spring?'

'And sure 'tis not me that's after forgetting such things, for didn't I put a flat stone by every hole of 'em; and didn't I in hoeing and harrow keep them from being shovelled a bit?—For do you mind, sir, I set a date by the boy—he wouldn't hurt a baste, sir, and his heart is as big as a whale.'

'Well, that is enough, Mike. Now, you bring all the trees you buried in the swamp, and set them out just as you did Norton's, and do you know which were the trees designed for the holes William had opened?'

'And faith I mind it well, for didn't I tie a string round 'em and lay 'em jes so.'

'Well, set them right, and when you have done them, call me from the house.'

Mr. G. took the arm-chair, and moving it to the bed-room window, seemed lost in thought. Surely he must be sick, for he never was known to sit down of a week-day except at meal times.

Two hours passed and Mike was passing the window, when he was thus accosted by Mr. G.: 'Have you done, Mike?'

'Sure, sir, a pleasant job to me, I was lazy to quit it.'

'Now take your spade and prepare a place by this window, where you see I've placed the stick, for a larger tree. Now if you have it right, go over to Capt. Burns and ask him if he will sell me that larch tree in the west corner of his birch lot. Tell him the price is no object, and be careful you don't break any of the small roots; 'be very careful, Mike.'

'No fear o' that, sir.'

'Stop, that is not all. When you come home, call at Smith's, and tell him I have concluded to let him have the land, and tell him to come over this afternoon and Squire Norton will be here to fix the writings. Tell all who inquire for me that I am sick.'

Before night one-third of Mr. Gove's land was in Mr. Smith's possession, and the deeds on record. The larch seemed quite at home by the bed-room window.

And now, what strange spell was this upon Mr. Gove.

'O, there are moments in our life when but a thought, a word, a look has power to wrest the cup of happiness aside, and stamp us wretched!'

The evening before, Mr. G. chanced to take up a school-book of William's, and on a blank leaf were written, in a neat school-boy hand, these simple lines:

'Tis the last blooming summer these eyes shall behold: Long ere another, this heart shall be cold: For O, my warm feelings on earth have been chilled, And I grieve not that shortly its pulse will be still.'

Mr. G. dropped the book, and wandered he hardly knew whither, till he found himself in the swamp where William's trees were buried. What followed the reader already knows.

Mrs. G. had finished her day's work, and was seating herself in a little rocking chair, when Mr. G. called to her from the bed-room, 'Betsey, will you sit in here? I want you to write a letter to William to-night.'

'To-night! Why it is after nine o'clock!'

'I know it, but I shall feel better if it is done to-night. I feel sick all over, and perhaps I am nervous.'

'I will write what you wish me to, my dear husband.'

'O, don't say so—but tell Billy I wish him to come home without delay; tell him for the love I bear him, to come now. Say that my hand trembles so I can't write this, but I say it from my inmost heart.'

Mrs. G., with an overflowing heart, quickly performed the delightful task.

'And now, Betsey, I will try to ask God to watch over that boy, and to soften my own proud heart.'

One when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts come crowding thickly up for utterance. And the poor common words of courtesy are such a very mockery—how much The burning heart may pour itself in prayer.

June, beautiful June, the "month of roses," found Mr. G. in that "old arm chair" by the bed-room window, but O, how changed!

'His hair was thin, and on his brow A record of the years of anxiety, And I grieve not that shortly its pulse will be still. The burning heart may pour itself in prayer.'

It was the last day of his earthly existence. The gentle breeze as it swept through the light foliage of that beautiful larch, caused him to open those eyes so soon to be closed forever; and as they met for the last time on earth those of his own Billy, upon whose arm his head rested, he whispered, 'I die happy now,' and the scene of life had closed.

Stones on Cultivated Land. It is an error to suppose that stones should be entirely removed from land which is under cultivation. The stones which would be in the way of the scythe while mowing, of course should be removed, but all the smaller ones should remain; and if wholly or partially imbedded in the soil, they preserve the moisture during a drought, and thus serve materially to increase the crop. The following article from the Gentleman's Magazine, published in 1773, is to the point:

'It has been long known to experienced farmers, that taking away very small stones and flints, is detrimental to plowing lands in general; but more particularly so to thin light lands, and all lands of a binding nature. It was, however, never imagined that the damage could be so great as it is now found to be, since unusual quantities of flints and other stones have been gathered for the use of turnpikes and other roads. In the parish of Serengety, in Hertfordshire, there is a field known by the name of Chalkdell field, containing about two hundred acres; the land in this field was formerly equal, if not superior, to most lands in that country; but lying convenient for the surveyors of the roads, they have picked it so often, and stripped it of the flint and small stones to such a degree, that it is now inferior to lands that were formerly reckoned not much over half its value, and for acre.

'Nor is it Chalkdell field alone that has materially suffered in that county by the above mentioned practice; several thousand acres bordering on the turnpike roads from Wellwyn to Baldock have been so much impoverished, that the loss to the inheritance forever must be computed at a great many thousand pounds.'

What puts it beyond a doubt that the prodigious impoverishment of the land is owing to no other cause but picking and carrying away the stones, is, that those lands have generally been most impoverished, which have been most often picked; nay, I know a field, part of which was picked, and the other part plowed up before they had time to pick it, where the part that was picked lost seven or eight parts in ten, of two succeeding crops; and though the whole field was manured and managed in all respects alike, yet the impoverishment was visible where the stones had been picked off, and extended not an inch farther; an incontestable proof of the benefit of the stones. [New England Farmer.]

Is Farming Profitable. This question has long been and still is a topic of much interest. Editors of agricultural publications, orators on agricultural occasions, and the 'friends of the cause' generally, seem to feel themselves bound to decide it in the affirmative. Amateur farmers have resorted to rather questionable 'cyphering' to prove it a money-making occupation; and in other cases, have grafted upon it branches of business nearer allied to the commercial than to the farming profession. Nor, in my opinion, should the fruit and vegetable gardens, near cities, be taken into the account at all, though they are so often cited on one side of the question. From the circumstances of their location, &c., they are clearly exceptions to the general rule; as much so as are the many broad acres that are covered by the waves which float home the ships of the merchant princes, whose traffic enables them to build the delightful villas that skirt our large towns. Not allowing then, any 'Pent up Ulica to contract our powers,' but extending our observation over the whole broad expanse of our country,—Is farming profitable?

As merchants, manufacturers, bankers, speculators, professional men, &c., count 'profit,' I have no hesitation in answering in the negative. And with reverence, I can say, heartily, I thank God it is not. I can imagine no greater curse to our land, than that farming should become profitable; as profitable, I mean, as commercial and professional pursuits, generally.

If farmers could afford to bring up their families in those habits of idleness and extravagance which merchants and many of other professions are able to do, how long before our whole land would become a Sodom or Gomorrah! Who does not know that a great majority of the business men of all cities are reared in the country; that but for the constant flow of health and energy, of enterprise and vigor, from the country to the city, the latter would soon become bankrupt in character and population? This fact is well understood. The country is the nursery of men. The more sterile the better. The more unprofitable the occupation of the youth, the more rigid the principles of economy and industry that he has been subjected to, the better for the man.

As the case now stands, the farmer who would make 'the ends of the year meet,' is under the absolute necessity of requiring the constant aid of every member of his family. His boys and girls, himself and wife, must work and save. No drone can be tolerated. The old grandmother, and the youngest, find something to do. Every cent is counted, and must be, as well as every moment. Here is no 'strike for the ten hour system.' They 'work while it is day.' And then their economy as to dress, furniture, equipage, &c. Those who, like myself, spent their first score active years upon a farm in the interior of a New England State, and the second like period in villages and cities, will call this no overdrawn statement; nor can they fail to have noticed the contrast between the economy of the families of farmers in the country, and those of other classes and professions who congregate in villages and cities. Were farming as profitable as these various professions, would farmers not also shrink from making 'drudges' of their sons and daughters? If they could afford it, would they not take life easier, and fare and dress better, as well as other folks? This certainly is human nature. But every one acquainted with farmers, who are farmers only,—who look to their farms for support,—who have paid for their farms by farming,—knows that they do not;—that they cannot. And the only reason is, that farming is not profitable.

If farming were as profitable as manufacturing, for instance, capitalists would invest in real estate, and by means of overseers and operators, effect a most undesirable change in the condition and relations of our agricultural population. Who would exchange our present condition for any thing like the 'factory system,' or like that state of things which existed when agriculture and war were the only professions that became a gentleman, and real estate the only idea of wealth? Though other professions and pursuits are more richly rewarded, in dollars and cents, in honors and emoluments, let us count up our mercies, as well as think of our hard lot. Is it nothing,—may we not exult,—that New England soil will not support a corps of 'overseers,' though 'scientific'; that the haughty baron and his retainers, or that the 'good old English gentleman,' even, cannot endure our climate? Nothing, that here the poorest boy—the son of a very pauper—may reasonably look forward to the time when he shall own a farm—a house and barn—flocks and herds? Though he may never dream, like the merchant's clerk, of mansions and servants, of founding colleges or endowing asylums, is not his a healthy ambition? While, therefore, we feel compelled to admit that farming has small claims upon one whose sole desire is to become 'rich,' we have no fears of driving every body into other professions. Engrossed as the American people are by the love of gold, their better affections are still alive. The advantage to a family of the severe discipline of a farm is understood and appreciated. As their business is unprofitable, farmers are compelled to train their families to success in whatever industry, and persevering labor, that they thereby qualify them for success in whatever business or profession they enter; while many other occupations being more profitable, render such habits unnecessary; and consequently the families of these people, though better educated, and, perhaps, as young men and women,

make a better appearance,—smarter,—fail in the long pull of life, and come out, at the end of the race, far in the rear; or what is more common, give it up at the very commencement, and leave a clear field to their better trained competitors. [New England Farmer.]

GROWERS.—There is a class of men in every community, who go about with vinegar faces, because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with their destiny. These men usually have made a very grave mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. In either case they are unfortunate. Whenever this fault-finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always a want of self-respect. If people despise you, do not tell it all over town. If you are smart, show it. Do something, and keep doing. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and show your good will by your good deeds. Then, if 'people feel above you,' go straight off and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a shop-boy, turn yours up a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself; and if that does not fetch them, conclude very good naturedly that they are unworthy your acquaintance, and pity them for missing such a capital chance of getting into good society.

Society never estimates a man at what he imagines himself to be. He must show himself possessed of self-respect, independent energy to will and to do, and a good, sound heart. These qualities and possession will 'put him through.' Who blames a man for feeling above those who are mean enough to go around like babies, telling how people abuse them, and whimpering because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency! We are tolerably humble, in our way, but we do feel above such folks, and respectfully request them not to speak to us.

DOUBTFUL THEOLOGY.—A friend, whom we shall call Pat, for short, tells us a good one upon himself.

'When but an idle boy he was called up one day in a country school, and the question suddenly propounded by the pedagogue: "Patrick, how many Gods are there?"

'Pat was not a distinguished theologian then, and years have made him 'no better very fast' in such matters; but he pompously responded: "Three, sir."

'Take your seat!' thundered the master; and if in five minutes you don't answer correctly, I'll wait you.'

The probationary period passed, and Pat, taking the floor, hesitatingly stated the 'number of Gods at five, sir.' He received the promised 'welting,' and a remand to his seat for ten minutes' further consideration.

Ten minutes up, Pat was up too, and satisfied that he hadn't fixed the matter sufficiently high before, he shouted,—

'There's ten

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....OCT. 14, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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.

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Cattle Show and Fair.

Below we give the reports of all the Committees in full. We had it in mind to allude particularly to many articles not mentioned by the committees for want of time; but our own time and room deprive us of the privilege.—We can do no less, however, than tender cordial thanks to a few generous friends, whose presentations, after gratifying the eyes of visitors at the Hall, found their way to our good will by affording still more substantial gratification to us. Among these favors were several boxes of Joseph Taylor's premium apples, a rare present; a variety of choice pears, from Messrs. Taber, whose fruit was so substantially praised by the committee; and a basket of excellent potatoes, from our friend Charles Joy, of Clinton. These last would have taken a gratuity if they could have been tested by the committee as they have by us.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Your Committee were not long in being convinced that their department was, indeed, a miscellaneous one. They were called to pass judgment upon such things as paring-machines, and graving-stones; pictures in oil, crayons, &c.; and satinets, wood-graining and fancy needle-work; so that in order to have a report, in every thing that the committee should have comprised mechanics of most every kind; artists, tailors and every grade of seamstresses, &c.; in short, the committee should have been as miscellaneous as the articles they were to judge upon. Your committee, however, though called to the work at the eleventh hour, did the best they were able with so great a variety of materials; and if in any instance they have done injustice to any exhibitor, they can only hope that the injured party will make known this injustice to the community by bringing next year, articles so far surpassing all others of the kind, that even a committee not more efficient than your present one, can not mistake their merits.—Your committee regret exceedingly the small amount of money placed by the Society at their disposal; and the smallness of the Premiums they award or recommend must be considered indicative, not of the merit of the article exhibited, or the skill of the exhibitor, but of the miscellaneous department of the Society's treasury. Those who get small Premiums may be assured that we would gladly have increased them many fold; and those who get none, must take the will for the deed, and pray for an increase of funds before the occurrence of another Fair.

Your Committee have agreed to recommend the following Premiums, designating the articles by the number attached, since the Committee of Arrangements have not made known to us the names of the exhibitors, deeming perhaps that such knowledge might assist us too much, in some instances, in making up our verdict.

No. 5. A specimen of Wood-Graining, well executed. We recommend a Premium of one dollar.

No. 20. A Chair with covered seat; a fair piece of workmanship, to which we award fifty cents.

No. 19. An Ottoman, combining a large outlay of labor and skill. A Premium of one dollar.

There was likewise another Ottoman, which well deserved a premium; but our poverty stared us in the face, and we were compelled to forbear.

No. 7. Crochet Mats. We recommend a gratuity of twenty-five cents.

No. 13. Cricket Covers, wrought by a lady 86 years of age; they do her infinite credit, and we hope she may live long to be an annual contributor to our exhibitions of industry. A gratuity of twenty-five cents.

No. 18. A Tidy, elaborately worked, and is certainly a rich article. We dare say that the worker is a tidy housewife; at any rate, she must be tidy, and if not a housewife she richly deserves to be. We award a Premium of seventy-five cents.

No. 25. Cravats. Hope none of our necks may ever be subjected to anything more uncomfortable than these. We award a Premium of fifty cents.

No. 46. An Ottoman Cover, (tufted work.) This is among the finest things exhibited; and our only regret is, that we cannot give it a more befitting award. We give it a Premium of fifty cents.

No. 34. We give to this a gratuity, as being the second best specimen of tufted work. Premium, twenty-five cents.

No. 38. A Wrought Skirt; a beautiful specimen of domestic industry. A Premium of fifty cents.

No. 39. A Wrought Handkerchief. Gratuity of twenty-five cents.

No. 40. Child's Drawers. Gratuity of twenty-five cents.

No. 45. A Lamp Mat. Here again we regretted our poverty, and are half-ashamed to assign to this fabric a Premium of seventy-five cents.

No. 23. A Lamp Mat to which we would award Premium No. 2. Fifty cents.

No. 54. A pair of Wrought Shoes; there is not a great amount of work in them, but what there is is almost faultless. A gratuity of twenty-five cents.

No. 43. Satinet; a fine fabric, combining both beauty and strength. We award to this a Premium of one dollar fifty cents; whereby it will be seen that we propose to protect home industry. There was also another piece of Satinet which is really excellent; and your Committee almost wept because they had nothing to offer by way of gratuity.

No. 48. We give a Premium of fifty cents. We do this in view of the skillful labor expended thereon; though the lady members of the committee did not think it a very profitable outlay of effort.

No. 41. A Needle-Book, (worsted work) made by a lady of sixty years. We can offer her no adequate Premium; but by way of a remembrance for her steady industry in her old age, we recommend a gratuity of twenty-five cents.

No. 52. A Work Box. This piece of workmanship would do infinite credit to any lady in the State. We award a Premium of fifty cents.

No. 35. Book of Hair. A gratuity of twenty-five cents.

No. 17. A Sofa Pillow; well wrought, and needs no commendation. We give a Premium of fifty cents.

No. 11. Pair of Knit Drawers. We have seen many worse specimens of this species of work, and don't expect soon to see a better.—We give a Premium of seventy-five cents.

No. 12. This is the lady who presented us the Mitten. Unlike most people who receive that dreaded article, we were all infinitely obliged to the lady—except one old bachelor who was on the committee. He evidently had met the thing so many times that he was afraid of it. The rest of us agreed to award a Premium of fifty cents.

No. 10. A Crochet Basket. Award of twenty-five cents.

No. 22. A Paring Machine. We hesitated a little in reference to this article; but finding that it would take the covering and the core from apples about as fast as the multitude assembled could eat them, we concluded to give a gratuity of one dollar.

No. 4. Marble Work. The only specimen exhibited; but the finishing was so well done that we could not refrain from giving the exhibitor an earnest of our opinion. Premium one dollar.

In the Drawings and Paintings exhibited, we found some little difficulty in deciding, not being ourselves experts in such matters. If any of our fair artists have not received their desert, they will doubtless prove it to the world hereafter by the specimens of art they shall produce. The world will sooner or later do ample justice.

No. 59. An Oil Painting. We give to this the first Premium of one dollar.

No. 9. An Oil Painting. We give to this the second Premium of seventy-five cents.

No. 28. A Monochromatic Drawing; a beautiful Picture, and deserving a higher Premium. Premium of seventy-five cents.

29. A Drawing of great merit also. Premium of fifty cents.

30. A Colored Crayon, needing no commendation. Premium of fifty cents.

There were many other articles which nothing but an empty treasury prevented us from remembering by a gratuity; and nothing but want of time kept us from noticing with a word of commendation. Nearly every Drawing and Painting deserved a Premium. They made up for any deficiency in quantity, by the excellence of their quality. We can not, however, forbear to speak of a contribution in the fine arts from Mr. T. O. Paine, of Winslow. He did not enter it in the list for Premium, else we should have made a more substantial notice of it. Mr. Paine will probably not value a compliment from your Committee; but still it will do us some good to assure him that we predict for him a brilliant career.

D. S. TRUE for Committee.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

The Committee upon Household Manufactures having attended to the duty assigned them, ask leave to report that after a careful examination of the articles presented for Premiums they have made the following decisions:

For the best Filled Cloth, 10 yards, the Premium of two dollars is due to Miss Keshiah Morrison, of Albion; for the second best, the Premium of one dollar is due to Mrs. James S. Craig, of Waterville. Five entries were made for these Premiums, and the articles would all bear a very close examination.

For the best Wool Flannel, the Premium of one dollar is due to Mrs. Watson Burgess, of Waterville; for the second best, the Premium of fifty cents to Miss Keshiah Wilbur, of Albion. Six pieces were entered, all of which do credit to the Manufacturers.

For the best Cotton and Wool Flannel the Premium of one dollar is due to Mrs. Thomas Ayers, of Unity. Two entries only were made.

For the best Woolen Yarn Carpeting, the Premium of three dollars is awarded to Mrs. Thomas Ayers, of Unity; the second, of two dollars, to Mrs. Charles G. Stinson, of Winslow. Two entries only were made, much to the disappointment of the Committee, who supposed the large Premiums offered, would give us a great number of Carpets for examination.

The two presented were fine ones, and no doubt will wear much longer and look better than many of a foreign manufacture.

No Rag Carpeting was offered; in consequence of which, some one of our good ladies lost the first Premium of one dollar, and some other one that of fifty cents.

A large assortment of Hearth Rugs was exhibited, which gave the Committee some little perplexity in deciding which was best; all were very beautiful, and we should have been delighted could we have had a Premium to award to each; we are of the opinion, however, that the first Premium, of one dollar, is due to Mrs. Thomas Ayers, of Unity; the second, of fifty cents, to Mrs. James F. Gray, of Waterville. We also recommend that a gratuity of fifty cents be awarded to Mrs. Gray, for another beautiful one presented; also, fifty cents to Miss L. A. Carlton, for two fine specimens.

One lot, of 1-2 doz. pairs, of Men's Woolen Half-Hose was presented by Mrs. Abner Buck, of Fairfield, to whom we award the Premium of fifty cents; they are made of fine, blue, mixed yarn, are of good size, and well put together; if ladies who knit socks for sale, would take such ones to market, instead of the mean, no-colored, shrivelled up apologies usually carried by them, they would receive a good compensation for their labor and stock, and not be cursed by every poor old bachelor who is under the necessity of making a purchase of such ones, for the very reason that he can find no better.

No Worsted Hose were offered; but in place of them we found two pairs of Men's Half-Hose, knit by a young gentleman of Waterville, Mr. John Parker; they were of beautiful color, well knit, and upon the whole as good ones as we ever examined; we recommend that a gratuity of fifty cents be awarded him for the same.

No Woolen Shawls were offered.

The Premium of fifty cents for the best Knit Hood is due to Mrs. A. M. Ingalls. We also recommend a gratuity of fifty cents to Mrs. W. A. F. Stevens, for another beautiful one presented.

A variety of Bed Spreads were offered, all of which were well made and deserving of a Premium, but as only two can be given we award the first, of one dollar, to Mrs. Thomas Ayers, of Unity; and the second to Mrs. Carlos Chapman, of Waterville, for two presented by the names of the Rising Sun and the Valley of the Mississippi.

Several lots of Woolen Yarn were presented, all good, and some very nice. We award the Premium of fifty cents to Mrs. Watson Burgess, of Waterville, for a lot of blue mixed, no better in quality than some other lots presented, but the superior color, added to the quality, in our opinion makes it best.

Only one specimen of Needle Work was presented to the Committee for examination; two Premiums were offered, one will be lost to some lady deserving it, caused in the opinion of the Committee by a mistake in entering many articles as Miscellaneous, that should have been entered as specimens of Needle Work.

The first Premium, of one dollar, is richly

due Mrs. Calvin Gardiner, of Waterville, for a very beautiful Wrought Lace Cape that will, in our opinion, rival a large share of those imported from Europe; we ought not to go abroad for such articles when such fine work can be manufactured at home.

We cannot close our report without speaking in high terms of two pieces of fine, black Cassimere examined by us, not entered for a Premium; they are from the Vassalboro' Manufacturing Company. Our great surprise is, that our merchants should go to Boston or New York to purchase goods of this description when such fine qualities can be found at home; we believe these Cloths will compare favorably with those imported from France, England or Germany, and hope that as such qualities are now manufactured in our own country, those of foreign production will soon be dispensed with. JOSHUA NYE, JR. for Committee.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND BREAD.

Your Committee, to whom was assigned the examination of the Butter, Cheese and Bread presented for the awards of the Society, having attended to their duty, beg leave to report that perhaps in all the articles contributed to the Fair for Premiums, no three could have been selected, the merits of which your Committee would have found it so difficult to decide upon as these—for the reason that it is purely a matter of taste. Not that we would have you believe that your Committee considered it an unpleasant task; for on the contrary we were unanimous in asserting that the mode of proving the merits of the various articles coming under our notice—aside from its being highly necessary as a daily practice—was a tasteful and pleasant amusement. Although indulging in some merriement, we hope that we have made up our verdict according to evidence; and provided our earnest wish and, honestly to decide between the applicants, be taken for the deed should we disappoint any, your Committee will feel that their duty has been comparatively light.

The first Premium on Butter, after much care in examining, was awarded to a jar marked No. 15, contributed by Mrs. Moses Taber, Vassalboro'. The second, to a lot marked No. 3, contributed by Mrs. Francis Abbott, of Smithfield; and the third, to a lot marked No. 9, from Mrs. John B. Abbott, of Albion.

No. 1, your Committee thought to be extra Butter—well manufactured and sweet; its only fault being, that it was a little too salt. No. 16, was also found to be excellent butter, but like No. 1 too salt. No. 7 and 12 we thought needed special commendation, and finally, we have never attended a Fair at which so much good butter was exhibited—there being 16 lots under our notice. We are aware that milk is of so delicate a nature that it is affected by the least change of air; and there are many circumstances attending the operation of butter making which are unfavorable and entirely beyond the control of the best butter-maker, at times—so that your Committee think that there is no cause for discouragement on the part of any.

Cheese. In examining the Cheese we found more difficulty, if possible, in deciding than with the Butter—knowing that a premium could not be given to all and not finding a single poor Cheese. We, however, awarded the first Premium to lot No. 6, contributed by Mrs. Edwin Spring, of Winslow. The second Premium, to lot No. 2, by Mrs. Nathan Perry, of Waterville; and the third, to lot No. 4, from Mrs. F. A. Davis, of Sidney.

There were seven most excellent Cheeses, large, well made and preserved, doing much credit to the ladies by whom they were manufactured. The flavor of lot No. 3, contributed by Mrs. Seth Mayo, of Fairfield, was thought to be very fine; and lot No. 5, contributed by Mrs. Blackwell, of Winslow, was considered to be superior Cheese.

Flour Bread. There were seven entries of Flour Bread. Your Committee awarded the first Premium to lot No. 4, contributed by Mrs. H. Pearson, of Waterville. Lot No. 7 we found to be excellent Bread, well made and light, but as there was but one Premium offered, your Committee were limited to the choice made.

Brown Bread. There were 5 entries of B. Bread. The Premium was awarded to Mrs. Jas. Pearson, of Waterville. There was one other lot marked No. 1, which was not entered; your Committee mention this that there may be no misapprehension. A lot marked No. 6, contributed by Mrs. Pope, of Vassalboro' was considered to be Bread of the first quality, but not having been entered at the proper time could not have the Premium.

Your Committee noticed a quantity of Apple Jelly, contributed by Mrs. G. W. Moulton, of Waterville, which was thought to be very nice.

To the merits of the Doughnuts, contributed by Mrs. Appleton, of Waterville, the Committee did ample justice.

Your Committee would express much satisfaction with regard to the quantity and quality of the productions contributed; we were hardly prepared to see so many entries of such uniformly good Butter and Cheese, nor do we think it excelled by any Fair in the State.

Hoping to see a larger contribution another year, we would conclude by recommending that the Society's regulations for articles entered for Premiums be strictly adhered to by the committees, and that the latter be instructed to examine all articles referred to them, on the first day of the Cattle Show; and that a place and time be appointed by the Secretary for the Committee to meet. We would also recommend that no article should be removed from the Hall or the spot where it might be placed by the person authorized so to do, until the Fair is closed. T. S. LANG for Committee.

FRUIT.

The show of Fruit, this year, was thought to excel that of any previous exhibition of this Society—a greater variety of specimens having been presented, and of an improved quality.—This was very gratifying to your Committee, as it indicated an increased interest in this important department; but while it made the examination peculiarly pleasant, it rendered the decision proportionally difficult.

The following is a list of the entries made: Apples, by Jos. Taylor, Sugar Ball, Rosebud, Baldwin, Cayuga Red Streak, Sweet Russet, and Winfield Scott, six kinds.

By S. Pullen, Tallman Sweeting, Gilliflower, Nonach, Ribston Pippin, Harvey, Sweet Greenings, Nodhead, Golden Russet, and Baldwin, nine kinds, and small quantities of three other kinds.

By H. Crowell, of the W. Waterville Nursery.—Beauty of the West, Ribston Pippin, Sawyer Sweeting, Nodhead, Bellflower, Roxbury Russet, Cayuga Red Streak, Rhode Island Greening and Baldwin, nine kinds.

The first premium on Apples we award to H. Crowell; and the four leading varieties, upon which our award is based, are the Baldwin, Nodhead, Ribston Pippin, and Beauty of the West, a very large and beautiful variety.

The second premium we award to Jos. Taylor, the four leading varieties being the Baldwin, Rosebud, Sweet Russet, and Sugar Ball. This last is a seedling of Mr. Taylor's raising,

a sweet apple of fine flavor and a good bearer, which we commend to the attention of fruit growers for propagation.

PEARS, by Messrs. Taber, of the Vassalboro' Nursery.—Beurre D'Arenberg, Long Green, Lewis, Duchess d'Angouleme, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Chelmsford, Golden Beurre, Flemish Beauty, Bonne Cretien, Vicar of Winkfield, ten kinds.

By S. Pullen.—Orange Pear, a very large and remarkably handsome looking pear.

By H. Crowell.—Beurre, Rose, Bartlett, Andrews, and Winter Nells.

The premium on Pears was awarded to Messrs. Taber, and of their enterprise and good taste, in the introduction of rare and choice varieties, judging from the specimens exhibited, we cannot speak in too high terms.

PLUMS, by S. Pullen.—Green Gage, Peach Plum, and Wheat Plum, three kinds.

By Messrs. Taber.—Green Gage.

The premium on Plums was awarded to Mr. S. Pullen.

There was a specimen of apples (natural fruit) presented for the inspection of the Committee by Mr. J. G. Hutchinson of Winslow, with a request to have it named. It resembles in flavor and some of its marks, the Hightop Sweeting; but if its claims as a distinct variety are well established, we recommend that it be known as "Hutchinson Sweeting."

The Committee would also make grateful mention (all they can do, under their warrant) of a fine specimen of Sweet Water Grapes, presented by C. J. Wingate. Their deliciousness was plainly manifested by the rapidity with which they disappeared before the repeated tests of the Committee.

It may be well to mention that the two gentlemen, who were successful competitors for premiums, and who were appointed on this committee, withdrew previous to the examination, and their places were occupied by others.

DANIEL R. WING, for Committee.

BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER AND HARNESSES.

Your Committee award Premiums as follows:

Best six Calf-skines, B. F. Homans.

pair Sewed Boots, B. F. Wheeler.

Thick Boots, do.

Kid Shoes, do.

Harness, I. S. Macfarland.

Lot No. 2 upper-leather, by Pishon and Ayer, and No. 8, same, by Melville Moor, are both very good, and it is our opinion that the manufacturers are very skillful in the art of tanning and currying. We think lot No. 1 of Calf-skines, by Pishon and Ayer, is the most profitable for the boot manufacture, but No. 7, by Mr. Homans, is the best finished. We also recommend to boot-makers to offer thick boots of stout make and material, that will be better adapted to the wants of our lumbermen and working classes.

HENRY WEEKS for Committee.

POULTRY.

The Committee on Poultry regret that the limited time allowed them to set does not admit of their "hatching up" much of a report.—They have hurriedly, as in duty bound, scratched together a few ideas; which though not considered anything to "crow over," they nevertheless most respectfully lay before you.

They regret to state that though the display of poultry was large, varied and beautiful, there were no *hens* among them; and there is reason to fear that this useful and long-tried fowl is in danger of going entirely out of fashion. They respectfully suggest that next year the honorable Board of Trustees offer a liberal premium for the best pair of that good old fashioned barnyard fowl known as hen and rooster. But, as a substitute for this deficiency, we find a rare display of feathered bipeds, with such high-sounding titles as entirely forbid the idea of their having been long out of monarchical territory. They may have been in the ark, but were never in the May flower. Among these substitutes for hens, we find the imperial Shanghai—the royal Cochon China—the aristocratic Dorking—and the Republican Creole.

As all these classes have a prospect of usurping the place and duties of mere simple hens, and as every farmer is in more or less danger of finding them on his premises, we offer a brief description, to the unlearned in *hemological* lore.

The Shanghai is the emperor of the Hens, if we admit the claims of the numerous faggers who have speculated in his imperial blood. He makes no pretension to beauty or grace, but is emphatically a great awkward, homely, raveny bird—with too much legs for his body, and too much body for his legs—a difficulty that can only be appreciated by those men and women whose nature has cut to the same pattern. He is such a bird as one might dream of in a nightmare, or as the Irish poet had in his mind's eye when he wrote:

"The mighty bird with giant waddle
O'er his Sh. Patriotic's cross could straddle."

His plumage is coarse and rusty, and looks as if soaked out of the skin in a shower, and running in streams down the outside of his legs. In all but neatness, he is a bad attempt to imitate the turkey; and like all imitations, good for nothing at best. The sum total of the Shanghai, much as there may be of them, is anything but comeliness, and we caution the farmer to inspect them closely and count their eggs carefully before they are admitted to the honorable rank of hens. Beware, too, of the Shanghai blood in all classes of animals—the Shanghai hog—they are all to be received with great caution; and though in the small matter of a hen they may deserve an experiment to gratify the fancy of the boys, yet we believe the boys will in the end find them guilty of a fault too often found among their own mates, namely, "too big for their breeches."

The Cochon China is cousin to the Shanghai—and though we confess we are not among his admirers, this is impeachment enough to gratify our spleen. His only redeeming quality is, his ability to stand upon his own taps and eat out of a swill barrel.

Some samples of a cross between these two breeds—or in language more becoming the refinements of hen speculators—the offspring of an intermarriage between the imperial house of Shanghai and the royal family of Cochon China—exhibit only too much resemblance to both sides.

The Dorking is an aristocrat—a very nice, well-dressed, genteel bird—like all aristocrats, more proud of an extra toe that can't be of any possible use in scratching for a living, than of the number of eggs they can lay in a given time. They are proud, graceful, and good crovers—and the lady hens, like other ladies of their social caste, are said to be great at cackling, especially over their own eggs.

The Creole is a plain republican hen, just big enough to be active and useful, and not so large as to render it dangerous to get into a sweat. In a plain gray suit, adapted to all weather—an easy, modest carriage that can run after a tug, and scratch for a worm—the Creole is a very practical hen—being, in fact, little more or less than a bonafide hen, of the olden time. Laying an egg every day, and leaving the labor of hatching something out of it to such as have nothing else to do, the Creole

is a pattern of industry and domestic usefulness; and in this respect, at least, is heartily commended to the good opinion of the men and women of this Society.

But we are only to judge comparatively, and in our opinion the best lot of Shanghai was presented by Mr. Edwin Blaisdell—the best lot of Cochon Chinas by the same. The best lot of Creoles by Frederick Paine. The best lot of Dorkings by H. H. Percival. For many other lots, embracing beautiful varieties, we can only tender the hearty thanks of the Society for the interest thus given to this exhibition.

The best lot of turkeys was presented by Dr. Edwin Blaisdell, and the 2d best by Chs. Cushman.

We also recommend a gratuity of one dollar to Mr. William Shory for his beautiful flock of Bremen Geese—which certainly are a better representative of those fed in Rome for having gabbled to some use, than any we have seen.

For several pretty flocks of Ducks, we regret that we have no premium but our thanks.

Thus your Committee have discharged their official duty—nor have they done it with a light regard for the dignity of the subject. In proportion as industry, patience, and perseverance are commendable virtues, the hen is worthy of regard. Dropping into her nest a single egg to-day—never attempting to hurry matters, but waiting patiently till to-morrow and then dropping another, we find at the end of the year she has paid for all the flour brought into the State during the same period. We find she has paid for all the pianos that have been thumped into agony by all the useless fingers in all Down East. We find she has paid for all the school books battered to pieces by all the careless boys of Maine. In brief, we find she has set an example of sound domestic economy—scratching patiently for her daily grub—always watching for a bug or a worm—rising early—retiring early—never fluttering except when hit, and cackling only when she has actually laid an egg—that we strenuously commend to all wives and daughters who feel any interest in the great nest of domestic life.

E. MAXHAM, for Committee.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES AND IMPLEMENTS.

The Committee on Manufactured Articles and Implements have been highly gratified with the excellence of several articles submitted to their notice. Among them, as first in the rank of usefulness—and we may perhaps add, of beauty—are several plows manufactured by Mr. T. S. Lang. Their trial in the field having fully sustained the high expectation excited by their unusual finish and beauty, we award them, in addition to your premiums, our unqualified commendation, and advise our brother farmers to make trial of them for themselves.

The plows exhibited by Messrs. Webber and Haviland, though not as highly finished as the above, are nevertheless an excellent plow, as has been abundantly proved by extensive use in the hands of the farmers of this vicinity. We judge them well worthy the second premium.

Three Feed Cutters, also from the Vassalboro' Manufactory, in the absence of a specific premium are judged worthy of gratuity, as promising to compete favorably with the best articles in use. We award a gratuity of two dollars.

An extensive Table and Patent Spring Bedstead, presented by Messrs. Caffrey, are both articles of much merit—one promising both comfort and health in a department where both are profited or injured; and the other giving convenience and ease where both are deemed essential to the peace of a household. We recommend to each a gratuity of one dollar.

A Bureau No. 8 is a very good piece of work, and in good taste. Premium of two dollars.

To Sleigh No. 9, as the only one on exhibition, we award your premium of two dollars.

The samples of Window Sash numbered 12, are of unusual excellence, and well deserve a gratuity of one dollar. They are from the Manufactory of W. B. Wing of this place, where those in want will find "more of the same sort."

A set of screws, from the North Vassalboro' Foundry, are specimens of good workmanship, and we recommend a gratuity of one dollar.

ALTON FORD for Committee.

HORSES.

After a careful and candid examination of the Horses entered, the Committee decided that the Horse entered by Henry Lawrence, 2d, of Sidney, is entitled to the first Premium.

The second Premium, the Committee award to the Horse entered by E. G. Sawtelle, of Sidney.

The third Premium, the Committee award to the Horse entered by Avery Ellis.

Lewis Allen, of Norridgewock, exhibited a fine Horse which, being without the province of the Committee to award a Premium, they would recommend a gratuity of three dollars.

Your Committee examined two Mares entered for Premium, being the whole number present. They award the first Premium to one entered by Sandford Pullen, of Waterville.

The second Premium, to one entered by Johnson Williams, of Waterville.

The whole number of three-year-old Colts entered for Premium was four.

The first Premium, the Committee award to one owned by Johnson Williams, of Waterville.

The second Premium, the Committee award to one owned by Hall C. Burling, of Fairfield.

Two others, entered by B. C. Bigelow, and J. Taylor, gave indications of making valuable Horses.

