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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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TOWARD THE LIGHT.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

It was not an original thought, and yet it clung to me strangely. I was sitting in the shade of a rock during a hot day in August, with a broad landscape spread out before me, but I could not take my eyes from a small oak growing at my side. It doubtless came from an acorn which had been dropped in a narrow crevice of the projecting ledge. Here it had taken root, struggling on for a while in darkness, until, after much twisting and turning, it had found its way to the light, and now tossed its branches as gaily in the sunbeams, as if its early life had known no shadow of adversity. How gnarled and knotted was the base, still curled in the fissure where it began its existence! It had now filled the space between the rocks, and must soon burst apart its prison, or remain a dwarfed and stunted shrub.

I began to compare its earnest struggles for life and light, with some human histories fresh in my memory, and as I have said, the thought clung to me. I turned to the noble chestnut, farther down the slope, which had grown up at the foot of its parent tree in a generous soil, and had never known a wrench since first its shooting stem broke the surface of the ground. The tree from whose root it had taken its life, had fallen through age, and now lay in an almost shapeless mass, decaying but to enrich its offspring. The tree itself, fair to view, stretched its tall trunk without a seam upon its surface, to a fair height, and its spreading branches gave promise of coming fruit. Still, I felt no particular interest in its history, and turned again to study the oak, whose scarred form was eloquent with all which it had wrought and suffered, since it burst the cradle of its infancy. I examined more closely the narrow flutings which seemed to check its growth, and I could detect the secret heaving of the rocky bed. The shrub shall yet be a mighty tree, whose top will defy the frowns of a hundred tempests. It has sunk its hold far down beneath its rocky trunk, and it already begins to swell its sides with a consciousness of victory.

How like to thee, Tom Woodruff, friend of my boyhood—brave wrestler with adverse fate! Shall I write thy history? Shall I tell the world of all the heavings of thine heart, since thou first began to struggle for the light? No! I have not the skill to weave the tale of thy sorrows and triumphs. Still, I may point to the scars of thy conflict, and say to some fellow sufferer: "See this knotted trunk—it shall yet sustain goodly and far-spreading boughs!"

Tom, as we called him, had none of the "manly graces of person," which generally fall to the lot of the world's heroes. He was brought up in a country farm-house, or rather upon a country farm, (for he spent more time in the field than under the thatched roof), and not only was his face embrowned by many a summer's sun, but his hands were hardened and seamed with toil. He had spent the winter of his boyish years at the winter school, but he did not take to books; his teacher said, and so he had made little progress in that sort of learning. But he had a vigorous mind, and even amid his toils in the open field, found time to think; and thus he became educated, after a method peculiarly his own. He had acquired his growth very rapidly, and for this reason was singularly graceful; which fact, added to a good deal of what his girl-friends called bashfulness, made him an awkward object, even in a gay group of village rumpers. And so he became more shy of company, and this re-acted again upon his manners.

Soon the light of orphanage added a darker shade to this picture. Poverty, amid friends and kindred staring cheerfully the same lot, was not so hard to be borne; but now poor Tom was alone in the world, and left to shift for himself. A shrewd, close-fisted, money-getting farmer, after calculating the young boy's bone and muscle, and finding that something could be made out of him, above the cost of keeping him, offered him a "home," as the world said; during the five years which Tom spent with Farmer Allwork, he did not eat the bread of idleness. The farmer confessed to his good wife that in taking him he had no idea of obtaining such a prize. He was earliest in the field and latest home. The first to gird on the harness, the last to listen to the call for rest. He was endowed by nature with a power of constitution which no hardships could shake, and he had a stock of native energy which no amount of toil could exhaust. Musement his education was going on, but in a manner not laid down in Quintilian. He became acquainted with the jargon of the schools. He knew the notes of every bird, and could name the warbler by its song. The voices of the breeze, whether in the whisperings of the summer air, or the hoarser, wilder tones of the winter tempest, were eloquent of meaning to him. The babbling brook spoke an audible sermon which he knew well how to interpret; all the languages of living nature he could read, if he could not speak; and the dead languages were not forgotten. The grave-yard, with its solemn voices; the dead old year with its thousand mementoes of decay, and its poignant analogies full of future promise and hope, had all familiar and well-known tongues; and the flowers—those angel visitors which whisper so sweetly of man's better estate before the dawn, and the thistle followed the introduction of sin, and which are still left us in our pilgrimage to show that the holy nature is not irreversibly lost; these were his young loves and he knew each of them by name, even without their holiday blossoms. It is true his lot was what the world would call a hard one, as he struggled on, scarcely ever knowing a holiday, but he never murmured. Unflatteringly the oak in its dark chamber between the rocks, he struggled toward the light. Meantime, his face became embrowned, and freckled, and rugged, and in the alternate heat and cold, his hands were spread and wrinkled at the joints, and hardened past remedy in the claspings of pain. His limbs seemed to be framed to the trunk, his form lost its symmetry, the cords of his arms became wiry and knotted, and at the age of twenty-two, when the world began to look upon him as a man, he was a thing but a young lady's beau ideal of a lover. No refining female influences had mingled in his training. Since the death of his mother, he had known, familiarly, but two of the other sex. These were the wife and elderly maiden sister of his employer, and neither of them were calculated to exercise upon him that influence, so important to the attainment of ease and grace in social intercourse.

He had grown to maturity in the family of Farmer Allwork, and when he had attained his majority, the farmer finding that he could spare him from his well-filled fields, hired him as a laborer, and thus he continued his toil. At this period a new light broke upon his pathway, which for a while set forth the clouds and shadows in stronger relief. The spirit of improvement had reached even the quiet village where my friend had his home, and a railroad was built through its borders. The pleasant valleys of Vernon thus brought in connection with the great metropolis, soon

attracted the notice of its migratory crowd.—When the summer heats made the thronged thoroughfare insufferable, the cool shades of its groves, and the quiet of its green hill-sides were sought out by the tired denizens of the artificial home. Farmer Allwork opened his mansion to a company of city boarders, and the low ceilings of his substantial farmhouse echoed to a mingling of songs and gay tones for the first time since they had ceased to ring from the hammer of the builder. The two Misses E.—(I dare not write their whole names, and a less aristocratic one would shock their family pride, now so rank because the growth of only half a century!) their fair orphan cousin, Emily Sherwood, and their half-brother Edward Van Rensselaer E.—made up this summer party. The elder Mr. E.—father of the young ladies, joined them sometimes at the close of the week, and left them again on Monday, for although he had retired from business, his investments were only in stocks, and he still clung to the atmosphere of Wall-street. The village of Vernon, as we have hinted, was not destitute of attractions as a summer residence. In addition to those I have described, a deep lake mirrored one of its steepest hill-sides upon its unruffled bosom, and furnished not only excellent food for the table, but a source of pleasant recreation to those who cared to trim the tiny sail of its single boat.

What was this gay party to Tom? What had he in common with them, that the color should deepen in his brown cheek as he helped the beautiful maidens into the farm wagon at the village depot? Why should he who would have faced the wildest animal in the country, without flinching—why should he utter monosyllables and broken sentences, in reply to their gay questionings? Alas! for Tom! The horizon of Vernon was no longer the limit to his world. He had never before looked upon so fair a face; never before seen a woman who could realize the ideal which the beautiful in his soul had limned there, and which he half believed had no original. I know that this will seem the sheerest madness to my fair city readers. How dared this unlettered boor even to scan the countenance of one of the noblest of the city belles! It might be unfortunate for him that he did so; but he knew not the danger, and as he looked and drank in the beauty of the fair strangers, his soul seemed to swell with a nobler being. The two Misses E. were blonde, with rich auburn locks and laughing blue eyes, while Emily was a brunette, with a full hazel eye, which had a world of meaning in its far depths, and a brow of more than queenly beauty. During the first few weeks of their stay, Tom had but rare opportunities of seeing the boarders, and this only fed the flame of admiration which their appearance had excited. Had he seen them often, before his heart became fixed, he might have discovered their beauties which afterward were hidden from his envious vision. Be this as it may, he saw them too often for his peace, and as he sat all outward appearance he certainly was, he felt desperately in love, and this, too, with Emily Sherwood, whose lovely person and large fortune in her own right, (last not a least of the mercenary world!) had attracted a circle of the most persevering admirers, to say nothing of the pre-emption right to her hand, which was claimed by young Edward Van Rensselaer E., and who would not have condescended to select him as her footman, had she required such an attendant.

This passion did not lead him, however, to neglect his duties—to sit sighing in the shade, or poring for hours over a sheet of foolscap, to find a rhyme for "adoration." If he had but little of what the world calls "shrewd sense," about him, he had less nonsense; and so the more his heart burned, the more eagerly he sought action and employment. Still, he was changed; the faint yearnings of his heart, hitherto undefined and but partially developed, now filled it with longings for a communion never yet enjoyed—for a companionship other than that of streams and woods, and flowers; for a sympathy beyond that of ordinary animated nature. Poor Tom! He did not know it was love which he felt in his soul; or if love, that it was more than a simple love for the beautiful, such as all might cherish toward a single object. He stole under the parlor window at evening, and listened to her voice as she sang to her guitar, and the melodies haunted him even in his dreams. He loitered in out-of-the-way places, to catch a glimpse of her face, and yet when called to drive her out in some of her frequent rides, he never ventured even a timid glance toward the object of his devotion.

He would have died at the stake, however, rather than have confessed to any one in the world; this strange feeling which filled his heart; and he thought that the secret was safe while he kept it within the door of his lips. He did not know how plainly it was written in his life. The Misses E. had read it from the first, and often rallied the proud Emily upon the devotion she had inspired. To them it was a subject for the merriest ridicule. To see a "great two-fisted fellow," as they called him, with sun-burnt cheeks, and country manners, in love with the belle of the city, after whom equisites of the first water were sighing in vain, was to their eyes a gay jest, and they rang the changes upon it until the theme was exhausted.

As the summer waned, and the time approached when the gay party were to return to the city, Woodruff became more and more excited. This was not manifested in any approaches toward the object of his affection. He made no attempt to break down the barrier which custom had placed between his station and the circle in which she moved. But his eye lighted up with a fresh luster when she appeared. He waited on her in his place with a gentle patience that her wildest whims could not exhaust. If she spoke of a flower or curiosity in nature, which was within his reach, he was sure to find it ere long laid to her hand. And this was done so quietly, that the gratification of her wishes, seemed merely coincident with their expression. During the last week of their stay, the young ladies, (now in company with Edward Van Rensselaer E., who had just returned from the city,) paid a parting visit to a rural scene at some distance from the house. Woodruff accompanied them in the wagon. When the place was reached, young E. offered his services to assist the ladies to alight. His sisters who sat on the side nearest to him, accepted of his support, but Emily attempted to spring out upon the opposite side. There was no step to the wagon upon that side, and as she placed her foot upon the wheel, a slight movement of the vehicle

threw her from her balance, and she would have fallen headlong but for Woodruff who was standing near, and who caught her in his arms and placed her in safety upon the ground. She was about to acknowledge the courtesy, with the simple curve of her queenly neck; but she saw the poor fellow's embarrassment, as the tell-tale blood crimsoned his temples, and she thanked him more earnestly than was her wont. This little incident rankled in the heart of her city gallant. She had, he thought, evidently avoided his attentions, and shown altogether too much gratitude for the service of the countryman. After they returned to the house, he called Woodruff aside, and asked him what he meant by "offering his gallantries to Miss Sherwood?"

"Ah! Tom! that was a home question—how will you meet it?"

Never was there a more complete transformation than was produced upon young Woodruff by this interrogation. The bashful lover—the menial servant—was gone—and the man, with an honest heart, conscious of its rectitude, assumed his true dignity. Looking his questioner full in the face, he replied:

"Has any one complained of my conduct?"

"Yes," said young E., "Miss Sherwood is annoyed with your presuming attentions."

"Then I will answer to her for them," said Tom nobly.

His companion tried to stay him, but the effort was useless. He strode into the house and presented himself before the young lady, as she sat in company with her gay friends. There was no bluster in his manner, but there was an earnest truthfulness, which no mock heroism could ever counterfeit.

"Miss Sherwood," said he, "Mr. E. tells me that my conduct has annoyed you. Will you explain wherein, that I may avoid all future offence?"

"Mr. Woodruff," she replied, "you have never offended or annoyed me; and so far as I am concerned, Mr. E. has spoken to you without authority."

Poor Tom! he would have faced a den of lions, rather than suffer an unjust imputation; but now that he was acquitted of the charge, his courage failed him, and he withdrew—once more the silent, bashful lover. Had he heard the cutting rebuke which punished the city gallant for his officiousness, he would have felt more than avenged.

The visitors left, and the house was once more quiet; but not lonely, as Tom Woodruff expected. Here was her familiar seat—there her favorite walk—everywhere mementoes of her presence. Nor was Tom idle; there was a purpose in his heart, and though he gave it no expression in words, he acted upon it with an energy which had never known defeat. He sought out books and mastered their strong mind grasping their contents as he paced over them in the long autumn evenings, while he analyzed and compared his acquired treasures as he swung his axe in the wood, or his flail in the barn. The thirst for knowledge was soon fed by a relish which a love of it for its own sake inspired him; so that while his purpose furnished the impulse, the fields before him allured his onward progress. That purpose was not, as some may have supposed, a design to render himself worthy the acceptance of the beautiful Emily. He had never proposed to himself such a consummation of the yearnings of his heart. No! his highest ambition was but to render himself worthy to think upon her—to cherish her image in his memory! Count not such an aspiration altogether ignoble, oh ye who profane the name of love in your amorous sonnets! Think not that all is false beneath the brilliancy of city beauty. Much that glitters in metropolitan life is but frost-work, sparkling to the eye, but cold to the heart. Much that has a gay outside is rotten at the core. But to the eyes of Tom Woodruff, Emily was the symbol of that beauty which his heart had long loved; and his Maker first of all; and in all places, the chamber, the field, or the wood, he recognized His presence, and struggled to keep his heart right in His sight. His love for Emily did not come between him and his God; but the earnestness and simplicity of his religious faith gave both a depth and a tenderness to his human love. It was a question whether Emily was worthy of such a heart; but let us wait and see!

Spring came with its gay blossoms and bright hopes, leading in the gentle airs of summer. With the first hot breath of June, the same party from the city found once more a retreat beneath the roof of farmer Allwork. The Misses E. were anxious for a gay resort, and the fascinating Edward Van Rensselaer E., was eloquent in praise of a more fashionable residence; but Emily was wilful, and an heiress, so she had her own way.

The first announcement of their decision brought a keen pang to the breast of Tom Woodruff. He had lived upon his dreams, and now he feared that these might be too soon dispelled by a rude awakening. Anon, his thoughts crowded each other rapidly across his throbbing brain; was Emily the same bright being which he had at first enshrined in his memory? Would she find him much changed? Would she know that he had been struggling over the midnight lamp to escape from the darkness to the light of a purer day! At length they came, and Tom met them at the depot with the same old wagon which had first borne them to their country home. He was cleanly dressed, but there was nothing unusual in his attire; he would have scorned any attempt at personal adornment. But there was thought upon his brow: there was the fire of a new intellectual life in his eye, and more of self-mastery in the compressed lip. There was the same brown hue upon the cheek, the same ungainliness in the awkward form, the same roughness in the hard hand, and yet the whole man had gained in nobleness of character, which was manifested even to his more accomplished observers. Had he offered his respects obtrusively, who can say that the haughty city belle would not have given him a look of cold disdain? But as he waited her pleasure, there was such a mingling of newly-acquired dignity with the old timidity, that her better nature was touched, and moved with a sudden impulse, she gave him her hand, saying playfully:

"We have come to plague you again, Mr. Woodruff."

"I sincerely hope you may find no more trouble than you bring to us," he replied.

The other young ladies followed the example of Miss Sherwood, but overrid the matter, as usual, with their mock cordiality; too profuse to be genuine.

And thus was inaugurated another summer in the home of Farmer Allwork.

I had renewed my acquaintance with Tom during the preceding autumn. I had always loved him for his straight-forward honesty, and manly sincerity; and notwithstanding his ungainly appearance, I welcomed him to my city home as an old friend. He had applied to me for books, and "finger-honors" to the gate of knowledge (as he quaintly called the suggestions of my experience). I lent him, from my own scanty store, such volumes as I could spare, and counselled him in the purchase of others. I had seen him but seldom since we parted at the old play-ground in the country, but was not surprised at his thirst for knowledge, although at that time I knew nothing of the fresh stimulus to his appetite. He was just the man to succeed in the system of self-education which he had adopted, and I bade him "God-speed" in his efforts. I was surprised, however, at the extent and rapidity of his acquisitions. He had great strength of mind, unusual power of concentration, with an almost intuitive perception of truth, which I have seldom seen except in the most cultivated of the other sex.

For the first few weeks of their stay during this second summer, the visitors had but little opportunity for intercourse with their hard-handed friend; but one day a question arose in regard to the classification of a strange plant which had discovered in their rambles, and the Misses E., from an inveterate habit of teasing, proposed to submit it to Mr. Woodruff, promising themselves a hearty laugh at his embarrassment. To their astonishment, he not only solved the mystery, but gave them both the phytophony and phytonomy of the whole class. The Misses E. soon found the conversation beyond their depth, but Miss Sherwood, who was an enthusiastic student of botany, urged him to continue his explanations, and was surprised to find his knowledge upon the subject so much more varied and extensive than her own. She was too well-bred to express her astonishment, but her curiosity was awakened, and she gradually led the conversation to other subjects, in each of which she found, instead of an ignorant country novice, an earnest and original thinker, whose fresh and unhackneyed modes of expression, were in keeping with the simplicity of his manners.

Who would have thought that our man-of-all-work was such a Jussieu! exclaimed one of the Misses E. as Emily joined them in the parlor; "why, he talks botany like a book!"

"You will need to be refreshed in your philosophy, as well as your botany," Miss Sherwood replied, "if you really mean to test his acquisitions. For my part, I was never so ashamed of my ignorance!"

Say what we will of the homage paid to mere money, there are times when the most mercenary of the world's votaries must bow down in their hearts, if not with their necks, before the power of mind. In the crowded city, intellect, if unaccompanied with practical talents, may go to the wall, while the glittering equipage sweeps along the thoroughfare; but in the country, riches make a less glaring show. The bleaching sun, and the soiling earth, are great levelers of pride; and by the side of Nature's truthfulness, in field, garden, and forest, the tinsel of mere show becomes quite pitiful. This contrast was never more striking than during the visit of the exquisite before introduced, who came during the month of July, to cultivate his prospects for the hand of the heiress. He had failed, during the preceding winter, in bringing matters to a crisis, as he had hoped. The little misunderstanding of the previous summer had slightly dampened his hopes, but not his ardor; and he had now resolved to do his best in the pursuit. In Broadway, he was the admiration of a wide circle of acquaintances. His coat was without a wrinkle, and his skill in cravat ties was perfect. He boasted a small hand and foot, and his manners were beyond improvement, even from the beau ideal of dancing masters. All this elegance he transferred to the homely residence of Farmer Allwork, where it was to shine without a rival. It was the worst move he could have made in a game which had been badly played from the commencement.

If there is a place of all others, where selfishness, mere outside polish, and vacuity of mind, are exhibited in a most unenviable light it is in a quiet country circle, during an interval of leisure from active employment. Edward Van Rensselaer E., who had been tho't glib of tongue at city festivals, tried his small talk beneath the grand old shades of Vernon, but the current of his speech dried up like the dripping caves after a summer shower. Even his sisters would turn from his worn-out complimentary phrases, and tire some attempts at puns, to listen to the streams of fresh thought which flowed from the lips of Mr. Woodruff. For Tom had found his tongue, and with Emily to listen, or question, or reply, the tide of eloquence was unceasing. At such times the brown cheek glowed with the nobility of tho't, the uncouth hands were no longer restless as if in search of their proper place, and the whole man was transformed by the power of the spiritual over the material.

So passed the sunny days of August. The original plan had been to devote the last half of the month to a brief visit either to Newport or Saratoga, but Emily would not hear of a change, and so the circle was unbroken. Happy hours were these for Tom; it is true they flew away swiftly, but they had all such golden wings. Had he excited any reciprocity of interest in the heart of the proud city belle? Could she, the high born, the beautiful, the worshipped of many, the bright particular star of a brilliant circle, condescend to notice a country plowman, although his mind had rare gifts, and his lips gave forth a magic utterance? He never asked himself the question. I doubt if at that day, he ever entertained a thought of the possibilities beyond the happiness of the passing moment. But after the parting, when the sober autumn brought its calm hours for thought, and his heart yearned for the companionship which had glided the brief summer, then his self-examinations commenced, and he first confessed to himself that he was in love.

Almost simultaneously with this discovery, he re-appeared at my lodgings in the city. He needed but little shrewdness to detect his secret, and I soon drew from him the history of his struggles, and hopes and fears. I could give him but little encouragement. To me, a few knots on the hard hand, or a slight ungainliness of figure, were no barriers to an intimate companionship; but I could hardly hope for his success in the circle toward which he was pressing. I even ventured to intimate

that the prize if won, would hardly repay the severe toil of the struggle; for I was unacquainted with the object of his devotion, and, in those days, a poor opinion of the butterfly of fashion. I have since learned that as true a heart may beat beneath the silken bodice as the homespun gown, but I had some early experiences of this class which left behind a wall of prejudice, not then broken down.

Tom heard me patiently, but reiterated his testimony to her worth in such glowing terms, that I found it was useless to oppose my arguments to his convictions. He had received a pressing invitation to visit the young ladies in town, and he was resolved to avail himself of it. I hinted at the propriety of a careful toilette, but I found him more untractable on this point than on any other. He would not attempt, he said, to ape the manners of a city beau.—Clearly dressed he always was, and beyond that he would not go.

Upon his return from his first visit, I noticed an air of sadness about him which was really touching. He had been well received, and even with more kindness than he had feared, and I could not account at first for his depression. But soon I discovered the cause of it. He had found Emily surrounded by all the elegancies of social life, and the contrast between them and his rude exterior, had discouraged him more than could have been done by the most chilling reception. I urged him to go again, and he did so, but the inequality seemed to him the more glaring the more he dwelt upon it, and he left for home without a gleam of comfort, or hope of success. Upon reaching home he felt more relieved, and sat down and wrote me a long letter, in which he mapped out his course for the future. His devotion to Emily was unknown to her, he thought, and it should forever remain so; it had given the first impulse to his literary taste; it had encouraged him at the most difficult point in his pursuit of knowledge, and for this he felt grateful. Now, his student habits were a necessity of his being; he could now climb the rugged hill of science for the pleasure of the way alone, and he could afford to lay aside the goal of ambition. He would commune with nature—he would close himself with coy problems—he would woe science in her most secluded retreats—he would go from Alps to Alps—and he would forget the bright, brief hope which had glided the first summer!

"Ah, Tom!" thought I, as I laid down his letter, "if Lethe had a real existence, thou wouldst not, if thou couldst, drown the memory of that glad summer!"

At this time an application was made to me for a teacher in a large seminary, and I hesitated not to recommend my friend. It needed some urging to persuade him of his fitness for the place, but once installed in his position, it became evident that teaching was his vocation. With a clear perception of the truth himself, he was at the same time so patient with those who could not go over the same road with his giant strides. He was gentle at all times, but so kind to the wayward and erring, that the most forward were melted by his tenderness. His fame as a teacher, and very soon as a scholar—began to spread in wide widening channels. Those who conversed or corresponded with him, found, like the Queen of Sheba at the audience of Solomon, that "the half was not told" them.

On one occasion he was invited by a circle of distinguished literary gentlemen to give a lecture in the city, upon a subject to which he had devoted much attention. He consented, and the announcement was duly made through the public prints. I attended, as a matter of course, and found the house crowded with the very elite of the city. Just before me sat a young married couple, and with them a girl in the full pride of more than queenly beauty. I thought I had never beheld a more striking countenance, and for the moment was so completely fascinated, that I forgot all else. Soon the cheers of the audience diverted my attention, and I became absorbed in the appearance of my friend, who had just mounted the platform. I was wondering what had occurred to disturb his equanimity, when I heard the married lady in front of me say to the beautiful girl by her side:

"He is the same two-fisted fellow as ever, Emily!"

The secret was out! He had caught a glimpse of her among the audience, and the slight had rendered him nervous. My curiosity was excited to see how Emily regarded him, and I became satisfied that it was not with indifference. She made no reply to the sarcasm of her friend, (once the fashionable Miss E., but now married to a millionaire—an eligible match as the world said!) but I saw a deep red spot on her cheek, and I watched her face as the lecture went on. At first the speaker's voice trembled, but he gathered assurance after the first few sentences, and rose with his subject to a pitch of eloquence I have seldom heard equalled. It was not the eloquence of a well-written oration, Everett-like, full of beautifully rounded periods, each delivered with pleasing cadence. It was the outspoken earnestness of a noble heart, full of the sublimest truths, which he must utter, because they were his sincere convictions. There was no art in the style or expression—at least the appearance of none—and this was its highest perfection. The audience hung in silence upon his lips. The hands of the speaker were no longer out of place; his gestures were few but natural, and his ungainly form seemed fairly etherealized by the subtle inspiration of thought. I saw the red spot on Emily's cheek spread into a rich warm glow, half of delight, half of conscious triumph. I saw the round pearl which had welled up from her heart, glitter like a diamond beneath her silken eyelash—while she sat unconscious of time or place, or aught else, save the one voice which was pouring its rich treasures, less into her ear than into her heart. I said to myself—if Tom Woodruff could see this and despair, then he is unworthy to hope!

As we returned to my lodgings after the lecture, I sounded him in regard to his love, and found that it was still the one idea which gave direction and color to his daily thoughts. I ventured gently to hint the result of my evening's observation. He turned his face toward me, and his eyes dilated with such a new and strange hope, that I trembled lest I should have failed in my interpretation, and excited him only to disappointment. The next morning he repaired to the home of his beloved, to test the value of his new-found hope. I never knew what passed at that interview—but when he returned at night, that hope had given place to such a radiance of joy, that, in the words of

a mutual friend present on the occasion, "his countenance was depicted!"

I have given him to the world under an assumed name, and there are few who will recognize the portrait, because the public have only known him since he "found the light." But the man, whose real name is as familiar as a household word, would never achieve his position in the scientific world, but for those trying experiences which developed such strong powers of thought.

It was nearly three years after the date of the lecture referred to, that a gay party from the city made a call at a pleasant country mansion, within a mile of the college where the new professor had just been installed. The lady of the house was out, the servant said—had gone out for her first ride, but would they "please to walk in and see the baby?" While they were admiring the miniature Emily, the hostess returned, and a stout pair of arms lifted her bodily from the carriage, and placed her gently in an easy chair within the house.

"You see," said she, turning with an arch expression to one of her visitors, "there is some advantage, after all, in having a 'two-fisted fellow for a husband!'"

APRIL FOOLS.—Speaking of the beginning of April, will any body tell us where the custom came from, which makes everybody try to fool everybody, on the first day of that capricious month? We saw a funny thing on the first day of April down in Green street. Did any body ever see any body pass by an old man on the sidewalk, without giving him a kick? We do not believe such a thing ever happened.

Well, a wag seized upon this characteristic, out of which to make a little amusement, on "all fools day." So he procured a boulder, weighing some twenty pounds or more, and laying it upon the sidewalk, placed over it an ancient weather beaten hat.

The first person who passed that way, was a jolly, rollicking young man, who went whistling. Jordan is a hard road to travel, and as he came opposite the hat, placed so temptingly in his way, he gave it a rousing kick, expecting of course to see it go skiving into the middle of the street. But it didn't move, and the kicker picked up his toe in both hands, and hopped about, and became emphatic in his language, in a manner that made the perpetrator of the joke dodge around the corner. In a moment afterward, a gentleman came that way with a cricket club on his shoulder, which he brought down with a swoop against the hat, expecting to see it take a hoist over the tassel on the adjacent corner. But it didn't, while the cricket club as it rung against the stone, flew half way across the street, and the striker fell to dancing about, blowing his fingers as if they were cold, and using a good many words not found in any religious work of the day. We staid long enough to see a dozen or more assaults perpetrated upon that old hat that concealed the boulder, and every time the attacking party got the worst of the bargain.—[Albany Register.]

CROWS CAN COUNT THREE.—A few months since we were riding in a stage coach with several gentlemen, when the conversation turned upon the subject of crows, and many interesting anecdotes were related. One gentleman said he knew that crows could count—at least as far as three—for he had often proved it. Being troubled with crows in the field, he had often attempted to shoot them. But they knew what a gun was as well as he did, and therefore kept out of his reach. He then concluded to put up a small booth in the field, and place some carrion—a dead horse—with in gunshot. From this place he supposed he could fire at them when they alighted to eat. Whenever he entered the booth, the crows would all sit on the distant trees, and not one of them would come near till he was gone.—Then all would alight, except the sentinel who remained to give warning if danger approached.

The gentleman finding his plan to fail, tho't he would deceive them. So he took his son with him to the booth, concluding that when they had seen one go away, the crows would think the coast was clear, and descend to the bait. But when the son left the booth, a crow sang out caw, caw, caw, (there goes one) but not a crow would leave his place.

The next day the gentleman took two persons with him to the booth, and then let them depart one at a time. The crows on the trees saw the first and cried out "there goes one," in their own peculiar dialect, then when the other went they cried "there goes two," but they would not light for they had counted three when they entered.

The day following, the gentleman took three others with him. When they went out one by one, the crows cried "there goes one"—"there goes two"—"there goes three." And when three men were out of sight they all alighted, and the gun of the fourth man did its work.

The gentleman stated that this thing had been tried repeatedly, and it was evident that crows could count as far as three, but there their arithmetic ended. When they were to ascend to the higher branch of mathematics it yet to be ascertained. In the meantime others can bring on their incidents of crow-nology.—[Olive Branch.]

A GREAT TRUTH.—That was a great and noble statement made by Kossuth to the clergy recently:

"I have learned republics may cease to be Christians but Christianity can never cease to be republican." The Gospel is a great leveler and equalizer, but it does its work, not by beating down that which is truly exalted, but by elevating that which is unduly depressed.—The Gospel turns away from the adventitious distinctions of man's social state, and engages itself with his moral condition and relations. It attributes to all men the same origin, responsibility, sinful moral character and ruin, and sets before all the same means of reform, and the same high destiny. It identifies humanity, and in all the great essentials of human unity it makes no difference between him and his fellow man. Its ultimate subjective purpose is to lead all men to live like Christ, and to "love their neighbors as themselves." It must in its extension, annihilate many distinctions, and produce a feeling of true equality. Its whole tendency is to republicanism. If this be true, there will be no permanent republicanism in Europe till that continent is Christianized.

The Albany Transcript matches the Boston Chronicle's story of the dog that reinstated his nose in the lost muzzle, and then distended his jaws to retain the ornament in its place. It says that a small dog in that city was at play with a tall grayhound the other day, when the latter started off, "fleet as the wind," the former in hot pursuit. Finding his legs too short to overtake the grayhound, the small dog stopped and barked. This availed nothing—and on the hound continued, the little dog resuming his pursuit, when the latter, in despair, stopped and whined in a piteous tone! The hound did not heed the poor little dog, and on they both went with accelerated speed. The little dog was puzzled, bewildered, and was at a loss how to act in the premises. At last an idea (have dogs ideas?) struck him, and "the thought being father to the deed," he sat down, and by a prodigious effort, whistled! The noise had its desired effect, as the grayhound stopped, although his master had called him, thus enabling the small dog to overtake him.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE,....MAY 25, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

Y. 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 the office. His office is at No. 10 State St., Boston, and he is also Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. His receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. DOWNMAN—Traveling Agent.

The Nebraska Bill Passed!

The result of this infernal piece of legislation was received here by telegraph on Tuesday. For a month past we have had no doubt what it would be. No power but God could prevent it; and his councils had long since doomed the authors of the iniquity to self-destruction. It only remains to be seen in what way the wrath of man shall be made to praise God. That it will do it in the end, who can doubt?

This is not the first case in which northern politicians have risked all for southern favor; nor will it be the first in which they have not met disappointment and disgrace. That Douglas should run the hazard, after the nomination of Gen. Pierce, is not singular; but that the national administration should be induced to peril their fair hopes in an enterprise so base and hazardous, is one of the political mysteries that honest men cannot solve. That the success of the bill will be more fatal to Douglas than its defeat would have been, we have no doubt; and that it will prove the political ruin of the administration, is strongly foreshadowed by the action already had in several democratic States.

Female Physicians.

The education of females for particular departments of medical practice, so far as indicated by the general approval of the press, seems to secure commendation from the most intelligent and benevolent classes, throughout the country. The following from the Newburyport Herald is to the point, and touches the leading reasons why such education is necessary to society:

From the nature of the case there are reasons why the practice of medicine should not be confined to one sex; and we think the late Legislature performed one of its wisest acts when it appropriated \$1,000 a year, for five years, to the Female Education Society of this State. If success must depend upon observation, to understand the disease, its nature, and the effects of medicine, then our present mode of practicing is wrong. The nurse who is constantly by the side of the patient should be the physician, as understanding all these points better than the person who hurries from one sick bed to another during the whole day. The visiting physician should only be the consulting physician in many cases; and if there were a class of educated nurses now in the community, they would command any pay, and to a great extent displace the present practitioners.

There are objections to the general practice of medicine, however, by females, and they quickly present themselves to every thinking mind; but equally as great are they to the general and exclusive practice by males.—There are certain limits on both sides; but so long as a lady prescribes only for her own sex or is governed in her practice by good sense and natural modesty, there is no more reason why she should be excluded from the medical profession than from a place in the streets or a seat in church. Nay, more; she is demanded, and society cannot well spare her. There are diseases peculiar to herself, that are hurrying thousands of mothers and daughters to their graves, or leaving them in lingering torments from the repugnance the sufferers feel to calling in a male physician. It is useless to say that this is overstrained modesty. There it is, and hundreds of families suffer much from the fact. And even where physicians are called in, from want of information they do not comprehend the cases, and may injure where they would benefit. Society has a right to a reform that will obviate these evils.

The principal design of the Female Medical Education Society is not general practice, but the education of midwives; and for this calling certainly females are needed, and education desirable. The male practice in this branch is now very limited; it is confined to a small portion of civilized countries, and was mostly unknown till a late date. Of late the propriety of this practice has been discussed, and most of the medical journals and physicians have advocated the preparation of females for this business; and schools have been established in various quarters, that are annually sending forth their graduates, who are settling in their profession in the principal cities and towns.—The Society just aided by the State has a flourishing school in Boston, and is having an extensive influence on the community. There is no class that desire the change that is now progressing, more than the regular faculty themselves, and they will be glad to yield some parts of their duties, long before others are ready to assume them.

A graduate of the female medical school in Boston—Mrs. Harris—is located in Waterville and we believe meets no open opposition from the male members of the profession. Indeed, many of the oldest and best physicians of our country approve the enterprise, and openly aid and encourage it. They look upon it as necessary to society, and expect it not only to contribute to the promotion of medical science, but to advance the pecuniary interests of the profession.

Direct from Montreal.

Thus reads the advertisement of Messrs. Page & Bodfish, Kendall's Mills. And why not? Why should their section of the floor trade be supplied by way of N. York, Boston or Portland, when all the expenses of passing through various hands and various cars may be saved. Kennebec and Somerset enterprises may as well secure this profit as leave it to others. The present high prices demand economy, and those who see this, deserve patronage. Let the buyers see that they have it.

SUMMER HATS.—Warm weather is destined to come, and the eclipse will stop the sunshine but a few minutes. These heavy wool hats must give way to the light straw, Leghorn and Panama. Mr. Sinclair, at his fur store under Appleton Hall, is prepared to meet the demand. A beautiful assortment, at very moderate prices.

prices, promises to satisfy all who examine for themselves.

Colton & Son's New and Embellished Maps.

A new series of highly embellished maps of the World, of North America, Europe, &c., are now exhibited in this office, by the agent. The maps have been examined and largely patronized by the Senators and Representatives, at their last session in Augusta. They will take precedence of all other maps hitherto published, for authority and correctness.—The agent is allowed to sell at the lowest price which the publishers sell, at their office in New York, and has directions to return said maps to the publishers rather than reduce the price.

Map of the World, 6 ft. 8 in. \$12.00.
Small Illustrated Map of the World 3.50.
United States & Mexico, 5 ft. 2 in. 6.00.
Small do. 3.00.
Europe, 6.00.
Small do. 2.00.
Maine Maps, 2.50.
Map of New England, &c., 5 ft. 6.00.
Pocket Maps and Charts of the Seat of War.
Now is the time to purchase or wait another five years!

FINE WORKS.—We would call the attention of the public to the advertisement of Mr. JAMES G. HOVER, the experienced Pyrotechnist. His works are too well and favorably known to require more than a mere passing notice.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The May number contains a thrilling chapter of Abbott's Life of Napoleon, which has contributed so much to the popularity of this magazine—standing strictly at the head of this class of our national literature. In every section—in every State, town, and hamlet—its healthy influence has been felt, till its absence creates a vacancy that nothing else can fill. To young men, especially, we commend the chapters of Abbott. They breathe aspiration to their energies, at the same time that they fill a page in history never before truly written. It always gives us pleasure to commend this magazine to all classes of readers. Sold by Petridge & Co., Boston, through the agency of J. G. Moody, at his bookstore in Waterville.

SHOOTING YANKEE SCHOOLMASTERS.—The Richmond Examiner in reference to the vast numbers of schoolmasters who migrate to the South 'as graduates from Yankee free schools,' says:

So odious are some of these "itinerant ignoramus" to the people of the South; so full of abolitionism and concealed incendiarism are many of this class; so full of guile, fraud and deceit, that the deliberate shooting of some of them down, in the act of poisoning the minds of our slaves or our children, we think if regarded as homicide, at all, should always be deemed perfectly justifiable; we imagine that the propriety of shooting an abolition schoolmaster, when caught tampering with our slaves, has never been questioned by any intelligent Southern man. This we take to be the unwritten common law of the South! and we deem it advisable to promulgate the law, that it may be copied into all the Abolition papers, thundered at by the three thousand New England preachers, and read with peculiar emphasis, and terrible upturning eyes, by Garrison, at the next meeting of the anti-slavery party at Faneuil Hall. We repeat, that the shooting of itinerant Abolition schoolmasters is frequently a credible and laudable act, entitling a respectable Southern man to, at least, a seat in the Legislature or a place in the common council!

'KNOW-NOTHINGS' AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans correspondent of the New York Tribune, under date of May 9th, writes: 'An election was held yesterday for three Aldermen in the First or American district of our city, which resulted in a great victory for the new organization of Know-Nothings or Native Americans—the majority for their ticket being 1,756—out of a total vote of 4,134. The excitement during the day was very great. Large delegations of the Know-Nothings acted as a guard against fraud, and every vote taken was a legal one. In the Seventh Ward (where the ballot box was destroyed at the last election) there were only eight hundred votes cast, and those gave 118 majority for the Know-Nothings.'

The Eclipse.

Let everybody get tomorrow's dinner out of the way in good season, and have the smoked glass ready for a squint at the eclipse. Gentle dinner hours can't defer the performance a minute; and those who lose this opportunity may never get another.

'The Musical Advertiser' is the name of a monthly paper, published in New Sharon, Me., by George W. Chase, at 25 cents a year.

IMPORTANT NAVAL ORDER. A telegraphic despatch from Washington, under the date of May 21, states that orders have been sent by the Secretary of the Navy to delay all vessels of war under sailing orders, and hold them in readiness for immediate service.

Baltimore, May 18.—The Wheeling Suspension Bridge, over the Ohio river, was blown down during the terrific gale yesterday afternoon, and now lies in the river a total wreck. All the cables were untwisted and broken in pieces. No lives lost.

It is reckoned that the English fleet, which numbered two thousand one hundred and forty guns, fired away forty-five thousand pounds of powder during the battle of Trafalgar. In the action off Cape St. Vincent, one ship fired seventeen thousand pounds; while upon the bombardment of Algiers, which lasted nine hours, five hundred tons of shot, and nearly one hundred and eighty thousand pounds of powder were expended—twenty-eight thousand pounds of powder and six thousand seven hundred and thirty shots being fired from the 'Infernal' alone.

ADVANTAGES OF PAYING FOR A NEWSPAPER IN ADVANCE. One of the facts put in evidence at the trial in the Supreme Court, to sustain the will of the late William Russell, was that only a few days before he made the will, he called at the office of the Democrat and paid for his paper a year in advance, thereby saving fifty cents. This fact was dwelt upon at length by counsel, and commented upon by the judge in his charge, as one of great importance. The verdict of the jury would seem to sustain the position, that a man who has mind and memory enough to pay for his newspaper in advance, is competent to make his will. [Franklin Democrat.]

North Kennebec Ag. and Hort. Society.

PREMIUMS FOR 1854.

For the best Stallion—premium to be paid when the horse has been kept within the limits of the Society one service season, \$5.00.

For the best breeding mare, one or more colts to be shown, 3.00. 2d do. 2.00.
For best gelding horse, not over ten years old, 3.00.

For best pair matched horses, not under five years old, 3.00.
For best pair farm work horses, 3.00.
For best 3 years old colt, 2.00.
For best 2 years old colt, 2.00.

For best bull, not under two years old, nor over five yrs. old, to be kept within limits of Society one service season before premium is paid, 4.00. 2d do., same conditions, 2.00.
For best bull not under one yr. nor over two yrs. old, same conditions as above, 3.00.

For best bull calf, 2.00.
For best cow for all purposes, one or more of her calves to be shown as evidence of her stock properties, and satisfactory written statements in regard to her dairy qualities, giving the product of milk and butter in pounds, for thirty days, and her feed during the time of trial and for ten days previous to the commencement of the trial, 4.00.

For best dairy cow, with written statements of her yield of butter during the first ten days of June and the first ten days of September, and her feed during, and for five days previous to each trial, together with her breed, age, and date of last calving, 3.00. 2d do., same conditions, 2.00.

For best cow for stock, two or more of her progeny to be shown, 3.00. 2d do., same conditions, 2.00.

For best lot of cows for the dairy, not less than three in number, and including all the cows kept by the competitor, with satisfactory written statement of the yield of butter and cheese in pounds, and the value per pound, of each, from first day of June to first day of October, and giving the average daily yield of milk, in pounds, to be obtained by weighing the milk of each cow, one day in each week, during the above time, and making a record of the same, also a full and fair statement of the feed and management of the cows during the time of trial, with ages of cows and dates of last calving, 4.00.

For best two yrs. old heifer, 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer,' and 1.50. 2d do. 'Johnston's Lectures on Practical Agriculture' and 1.00.

For best one yr. old heifer, 2.00. 2d do. 1.00.
For best heifer calf, 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer,' 2d do. 1.00.

For best pair of oxen, four years old or more, their strength, discipline, training and fitness for all kinds of farm work to be tested upon the ground, in presence of the committee, by trials upon a cart loaded with stone, not exceeding three tons weight, and upon a drag loaded with stone not exceeding two tons weight, each pair of cattle to be allowed ten minutes upon the cart and ten minutes upon the drag, 5.00. 2d do. 4.00. 3d do. 3.00. 4th do. 2.00. 5th do. 1 Vol. 'Me. Farmer.'

For best pair of fat oxen with written statement of manner and expense of fattening, 'Dodd's American Cattle Doctor' and 2.00.
For best fat cow, steer, or heifer—statements as above, 'Me. Farmer.'

For best three years old steers—tested in a yoke, 3.00. 2d do. 2.00. 3d do. 1.00.
For best two years old steers, 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer' and 1.00. 2d do. 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer.'

For best pair one year old steers, 2.00. 2d do. 1.00.
For best steer calves, 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer,' 2d do. a copy of Patent Office Report.

For best Team of Oxen from one town, 4 years old or more, eight pairs or more, 8.00. 2d do. 6.00. 3d do. 4.00.

For best Team of steers, three years old, from one town, eight pairs or more, 6.00. 2d do. 4.00.

For best specimen of plowing greensward, with four oxen, regard being had to the skill of the plowman and teamster and the discipline of the team rather than to the time in which it is performed, provided it is done in a reasonable time, 3.00. 2d do. 2.00.

For best plowing with two horses, same conditions, 3.00. 2d do. 2.00.

For best Merino Buck, to be kept within the limits of the Society two years, 5.00.

For best buck, 'The Shepherd's Own Book' by Jonath. Skinner and Kendall—value two dollars. 2d do. 'Randall's Sheep Husbandry'—price 1.25.

For best 6 ewe sheep 'The Shepherd's Own Book' 2d do. 'Randall's Sheep Husbandry.'

For best 6 ewe lambs 1.50.
For best six buck lambs, 1.50.

For best boar, 2.00. 2d do. 1.00.
For best sow, having had one litter of pigs, two or more pigs to be shown, 1 Vol. 'Me. Farmer,' and 1.00. 2d do., same conditions 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer.'

For best lot of pigs, of one litter, five or more from two to ten weeks old, 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer,' 2d do. 1.00.

For best 6 or more Hogs of any breed or kind with written statement of expense of keeping, and profits for the season, and their advantages, if any, over other breeds or kinds, Bennett's, Bennett's or Miner's Poultry Book and 1.50. 2d do. either of the above named books and .75. 3d do. either of the above named books.

For best six or more Turkeys, with written statements of expense of raising, 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer,' 2d do. 'Miner's Poultry Book.'

For best lot of geese, six or more, statements of age and keeping, 1 Vol. 'Maine Farmer,' 2d do. Bennett's or Miner's Poultry Book.

Animals will not be entitled to the highest premiums, if the best presented, unless judged worthy to receive it by the committee—but may take a second, third or fourth, where as many are offered in their class—at the discretion of the committee, or if unworthy of any, no premium will be awarded.

Statements will be required of those who enter yearlings and calves, as to how they have been reared and their age in months.

Animals deemed worthy will receive no premiums unless satisfactory written statements are furnished where required by the rules above inserted.

In all cases where it is found that animals entitled to the first premium, have before received the same at any former Exhibition of the Society, a diploma, certifying that said animal is the best, shall be awarded instead of the premium. The diploma of the Society shall be awarded at the discretion of the several committees, for animals exhibited from without the limits of the society.

For best improved Sward Plow \$2.00. 2d do. 1.00.
For best improved Seed Plow, 2.00. 2d do. 1.00.

For best dozen Scythes, 1.00.

For best dozen Hay Forks, 1.00.
For best 1-2 doz. Manure Forks, 1.00.
For best 1-2 doz. Shovels, 1.00.

For best 1-2 doz. Hoes, 1.00.
For best improved Horse Rake, 1.00.
For best Single Sleigh, 2.00.

For best Single Waggon, 2.00.
For best Sleigh or Waggon Harness, 1.00.
For best 1-2 doz. finished Calf Skins, 1.00.
For best Sole Leather, 1.00.

For best lot finished Leather of any kind, 1.00.
For best 1-2 doz. Pairs Thick Boots, 1.00.
For best 2 Pairs Sewed Calf Boots, 1.00.

For best 2 Pairs Ladies Kid Shoes, 1.00.
For best Specimen Cabinet Work, 2.00.
For any new and useful improvement in any Farm Machine or Implement, from one to three dollars, according to its value, at the discretion of the Committee.

For any new and useful improvement in any Household Machine, Implement or article of Furniture calculated to lighten the labors of Females, from \$1.00 to \$3.00, at the discretion of the committee.

For best Butter, 25 pounds or more—Butter made in June to have the preference, a Silver Butter Knife and 1.00. 2d do. a Silver Butter Knife or 2.00. 3d do. 1.00.

For best lot of Cheese, not less than three in number and not less than 15 pounds each 3.00. 2d do. 2.00. 3d do. 1.00.

Written statements of the manner of making Butter and Cheese will be required.
For the best specimen of Domestic Flour Bread, 1.00.

For the best specimen of Rye and Indian Bread, 1.00.
For the best specimen of any other kind of Bread, 1.00.

The Bread presented for premium must be made on the day previous to the Exhibition by some Female member of the family, in whose name the entries shall be made, and to whom the premium shall be awarded—a written statement of the process of making the Bread shall accompany each loaf.

Names of competitors shall not be known by committee on Bread, and no person shall serve on the committee if any member of his family shall be a competitor.

For the best 10 yards Fulsed Cloth 1.00.
For the best 10 yards Wool Flannel, 1.00.
For the best 10 yards Cotton and Wool Flannel, 1.00.

For the best 5 yards Wool Yarn Carpeting, 2.00.
For the best 6 yards Rag Carpeting, 1.00. 2d do. .50.

For the best Hearth Rug, 1.00. 2d do. .50.
For the best 6 pairs Mens Wool half Hose, .75. 2d do. .50.

For the best 2 pairs Worsted Hose, .50.
For the best Woolen Shawl 1.00. 2d do. .50.
For the best Knit Hood, .50.

For the best pound of Woolen Yarn, .50.
For the best Bed Spread, 1.00. 2d do. .50.
For the best Lamp Mat, .50.

For the best Three Pairs Mittens, .50.
For the best Knit Tippet, .25.
For the best Pair Shoes of Ladies Manufacture, .50.

For the best Pair Wrought Shoes, .50.
For the best Pair Knit Over Shoes, .50.
For the best raised Worsted Rug, .50.

For the best 6 Palm Leaf Hats, .50.
For the best 6 Straw Hats, .50.
For the best Needle Work, 1.00. 2d do. .50.

All articles of Household Manufacture must be made within the limits of the Society to entitle them to premium.

For ten loads of compost manure of best quality, prepared at least expense, by any new process, a statement in writing to be given, of materials used, mode of preparation, expense, &c., 4.00. 2d do. 3.00.

For the best account of farm operations for the season, giving the management of stock, crops, any improvement, fencing, plowing, seeding, cultivating and harvesting crops, &c., together with expenses and income of the farm, to be presented to the committee on crops, on or before the first Monday in January.

For the best stock of Neat Cattle, from, and belonging to, any one farm, not less than ten head, 'Yount on Cattle' and the 'Farmers' Dictionary' or their value in other Books.

For the most valuable and economical improvements in the cultivation and management of farms entire, during the year, including lands, crops, stock and all other appendages, 'Coleman's European Agriculture' and the 'American Farm Book' or their value in other books.

Competitors for premium must give notice of their intention to do so, to the Secretary on or before the 15th day of June, that their farms may be viewed by the committee from 20th of June to the 10th of July, and will also be visited in September, any extraordinary field crop will, on notice, be visited by the committee, and a report of the same be made to the Society.

All entries for premiums, of animals, or articles, to be exhibited at the October Show, may be made with the Secretary at any time before the first day of the Show, and must be made, at any rate, before ten o'clock A. M., of said day, to entitle them to the privilege of competition.

All Articles of manufacture must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to premium, but any new or useful articles from without the limits will be received for Exhibition, and be duly noticed by the committees.

Committees are instructed to award no premiums where the rules and regulations of the Society are not complied with.

Ephraim Maxham, Ephraim Morrell and John Otis were appointed the adjudging committee upon farms.

The Committee chosen at the annual meeting to select a location for Show ground, and estimate the expense of land and fixtures, &c., reported that they had not been able to accomplish anything definite in regard to the matters committed to them.

On motion of Mr. Ayer, the whole matter was re-committed to the same Committee, with instructions to continue their labors, and if a prospect of procuring a lot of land, as proposed, and of getting it fitted up in season for the next Show, presents, to report the fact to the Trustees, that they may call a special meeting of the Society.

PROP. HARE ON SPIRITUALISM.—It is stated that Prof. Hare, formerly Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, at a meeting of Spiritualists, held at Franklin Hall, in New York, on the 23d ult., took the rostrum, and before a crowded audience, gave the result of his experience in a course of investigation extending through a period of several months. He had used electrical apparatus and resorted to every mode calculated to detect the presence and influence of electricity in producing the phenomena, and he affirmed that, after patient investigation, he had come to the conclusion that there is an intelligent, independent, invisible agency, entirely aside from the medium, concerned in producing the

various phenomena. He affirms that the theory of the Spiritualists (incredible as it may seem when judged by the accepted philosophy) is the only intelligible solution yet presented. It will be remembered that, some time since, Prof. Hare announced views on this subject similar to those advanced by Faraday.—[Prov. Journal.]

Foreign News by the Franklin.

Fuller details of the bombardment of Odessa have been received. The Russian version gives a different color to it, claiming it as a brilliant feat on the part of the Russians, and stating that decorations had been bestowed on the officers engaged in it. They acknowledge that four were killed and sixty-four wounded.

Admiral Dundas' official report had not been received.
An additional camp of 50,000 men was formed near Marseilles.

The Turks are about to blockade Greece. The Shah of Persia has become hostile to Russia, and is raising an army of 50,000 men. The Turks had advanced from Kalafat to Krajova.

It appears that the hostilities against Russia are to be carried out on a much larger and grander scale by the allied powers, and the Paris Monitor of the 6th inst., announces that the French and British Governments had agreed in the adoption of all the measures of precaution which the present war may render necessary. With this object, the Emperor had decided on the formation of two camps—the first, of 100,000 men, will be established at Montreuil and St. Omer; and the second, of 50,000, near Marseilles. The English Government, on its side (says the Monitor) are preparing troops, and a fleet capable of transporting, in case of necessity, the forces necessary to the Baltic or Black Seas.

Paris Bourse rose on a report received that Denmark and Sweden had joined the Western Powers.

Austria has presented fresh terms to Russia which, if declined, she will join England and France.

The Russian fleet, it is reported, sailed from Helsingfors May 5th, when Sir Charles Napier signalled the allied fleet to prepare for sea immediately.

Telegraphic despatches from Vienna state that Prince Faskiewitch has declared that little Wallachia has been evacuated for strategic reasons, and that the Russians will soon return to Krajova, and subject to martial law any persons who may have assisted the Turks.

Great Wallachia is not to be evacuated.
The London Times asserts that both Revel and Helsingfors are to be occupied, and the Gulf of Finland closed till an attack on Cronstadt can be organized.

In the Black Sea a descent upon the Crimea and the capture of Sebastopol will be effected, and the Crimea held by the allied armies. There is scarcely a doubt that this is a correct programme of the intended operations.

The formation of the Northern camp is supposed to be a demonstration against Prussia.
The morning Herald has a telegraphic despatch from Stockholm announcing that the British steamer Leopard arrived at Stockholm May 5th, and signalled that the enemy's ships were coming out of Helsingfors. Admiral Napier instantly made signal to the fleet to make ready for sea immediately.

The French fleet had reached Wingo Sound and was hastening to form a junction with the British naval forces.

STEAMER CITY OF GLASGOW.—A telegraphic despatch to Southampton, from Richardson & Brothers, who received it the same morning from Cork, states that the captain of the Baldau reports April 21st, lat. 45 30, lon. 32 54, saw a steamer, hull and funnel black, inside works drab, paddle boxes yellow, no people in sight, and no smoke, a barque alongside—probably the City of Glasgow—making for the Azores, then 400 miles distant.

AN INCIDENT IN THE 'BALTIĆ'.—A letter from an officer in the English Baltic fleet, dated 18th, tells the following rather good story:

'One morning, a few days since, we saw a large vessel 8 or 10 miles ahead, which we fully believed to be a Russian man-of-war, as she made all sail to get away, and showed no colors. As we rapidly came up with her, she took in sail until she was under reefed topsails, (fighting trim) so we beat to quarters, and the pipe sounded loudly, 'hands, bring the ship into action! For some three minutes every thing was bustle, casting the guns loose, clearing the decks, &c. Five minutes more and every gun was shotted and primed, and the men standing with the match-lights in their hands, waiting for the word to fire. Just as we got within good distance the blackguard ran up American colors, and coolly told us he would have hoisted them sooner, but he wanted to see how smart we would clear for action. If our tars did not bless him to the wrong side of Heaven, never believe me!'

NEW YORK NEWS BOYS.—The project originating with some benevolent individuals, of providing a home for the ragged news boys in New York seems to work very well. About twenty-five voluntarily sought lodgings (six cents a night) in the establishment when first opened. Mr. Tracy, the Superintendent, says he could hardly get them quiet enough to sleep. They seemed to luxuriate in the beds, and were continually jumping up to shake one another, with 'Hey! I did ye never see a bed afore?' 'What do ye call this?' &c.—They were inclined at first to over sleep in the morning, until Mr. Tracy stirred them up to their business. One of the boys said he knew how to wake 'em up, 'well how?' 'Jist go in airly and tell 'em the steamer's in!'

It is a melancholy fact, that while the whole world is talking about the fate of Christians in the East, nobody apparently thinks or cares anything about the Christians of France, who daily see themselves limited and circumscribed, deprived of degrees of all liberty, by the very man who makes the greatest clamor about the necessity of perfect freedom for the East—this same Louis Napoleon, who had the audacity to write to Nicholas, 'Russia forgets in her prophesies of other nations, that she herself is far from exercising in her empire, towards those sects who do not profess the dominant form of religion, so much tolerance as, to her credit, does the Sublime Porte. Liberator of the Christians of the East! Persecutor of the Protestant Nonconformists of France!'

[Corr. N. Y. Recorder.]

MAL-PRACTICE CASE.—Our readers will recall the case of Ashworth against Dr. Kittredge, of Andover, tried in the Supreme Court in this city (says the Lowell Courier) about a year since, in which the jury gave a verdict of \$1,675 damages against the Doctor, for 'alleged mal-practice in his treatment of the plaintiff's arm, which had been badly injured. The Court now on some questions of law raised at the trial, have set aside the verdict, and ordered a new trial in the autumn.'

ON RE-VACCINATION.—BY DR. BENEDICT.—A peculiarity in my own person, perhaps not remarkably uncommon in others, has led me to attentive thought and careful observation on this subject. My observations have not been sufficiently extensive to establish any new fact, but I think they confirm the following proposition:—

That vaccination, properly performed, and repeated until the susceptibility to the vaccine disease is exhausted from the system, affords entire immunity from the variolous diseases.

It may seem that, by including so much, my proposition is worthless, as it would extinguish not only the genuine

