



9-8-1859

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 09): September 8, 1859

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 09): September 8, 1859" (1859). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 632.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/632](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/632)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



From the Baltimore Exchange.

**Is Trial by Jury a Failure?**

Judge Campbell of the United States Supreme Court, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury of the Circuit Court of New Orleans, said:

"It cannot be denied that numerous instances of eccentricity on the part of juries have brought reproach upon, and some distrust of, this great institution of the common law."

Not only is this true, but it is also unhappy the fact that the evils arising from what Judge Campbell tenderly calls the "eccentricity" of juries, are not confined to their effects to the persons and characters of the delinquent jurors. It may not matter, so far as they themselves are concerned, whether the individual then are perjured or eccentric; who, in a case as clear as day, acquit a filibuster in New Orleans, a slave trader in Savannah, a violator of the fugitive Act in Massachusetts, or a Congressman in Washington.

Neither do we care to recall to public recollection the names of those who, under the cover of a shadowy or imagined doubt, have with in a few years past, and more than once, discharged among us, felons whose guilt had been made patent, on their trials, to the whole community. The foremen, however, may pass into oblivion, but the unrighteous verdicts have produced their influence far beyond the precincts of the courts in which they were recorded. A growing conviction has impressed itself on men's minds that justice may be one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, because, instead of being firmly anchored on the time-honored precepts of the law, it is floating upon the fluctuating tide of popular opinion.

A belief may be based upon the common law in Connecticut, and acquitted under the same name in Mississippi. An Act of Congress may be deemed lawful and binding by learned judges on one side of the Ohio, and held to be unconstitutional upon the other. These results are seldom the honest differences which often arise upon apparently simple points, between intellects equal in power, or diverse in culture and constitution, but they are brought about simply by prevailing force of the sentiments that for the time being may sway the multitude outside. That this is so, is sufficiently proven by the uttering certainty with which, in numerous instances, and in many sections of the country, we can anticipate a verdict or a judgment. It is advancing very far towards a remedy when the Courts themselves take cognizance of the existence of so disastrous an evil, and it is a matter of public congratulation that Judge Campbell has alluded to it, though in terms so qualified and brief.

**THE AROOSTOOK.**—The following are extracts of a recent letter from Rev. Mr. Fletcher, who is now travelling in the Aroostook region, and writing to the Boston Journal. The letter is dated Presque Isle, Aug. 15.

There are many incredulous as to the climate and productions of the Aroostook. I can tell them, as one having no pecuniary interest whatever in the Aroostook, and no inducement of any kind to write a story concerning its fertility, that its climate is milder than its degree of latitude would indicate, and that its fertility was long ago announced by Dr. Jackson, the geologist, and has for twenty years or more been determined by experience. This year they sowed their wheat at Houlton and Presque Isle two weeks before the snow had disappeared from Brunswick, Me. Now Presque Isle is nearly up to the 47th degree of north latitude, while Brunswick is just on the 44th degree of north latitude. Let any one examine the isothermal map, published in the Patent Office report (agricultural) for 1856, and according to the determinations of the Smithsonian Institution, which had no theories to be carried out for this Aroostook, he will see that Houlton and Presque Isle are warmer than any part of Minnesota. The land lies just right. It is neither too steep nor too flat. It is undulating and abounding in pretty streams of water. The rain does not wash off the soil, and the water does not saturate too much the earth. While the other portions of the country have suffered from drought, the Aroostook seems as fresh to-day as in the heavy month of June. The winters are cold but dry. There is none of that aching drizzle, which penetrates to the very bones. The snow falls deep, but so protects the earth that when it melts it goes off at once, and leaves the unfrozen ground ready for the ploughshare. It is not only a good grain-growing land, but it is a fine grazing region. Goodly herds of stock, who have investigated the country, and is a most reliable man, highly extol its capacities for sustaining herds. Week before last nearly two hundred cattle in excellent condition, passed through Bangor on their way southward, and doubtless are reaching you, some of them will have tickled the palates of the Bostonians. These cattle I ascertained came from the Aroostook.

Presque Isle is all improvement. Twenty new houses have been erected this year, and preparations are being made for more. A large hotel, which would not disgrace a city of ten thousand inhabitants, has been built on the site of the old one. The finest private residence are those of Mr. Hall and Mr. Johnson. They are models of architectural beauty, and of comfort and convenience. A church of the Congregational order is soon to be constructed, and I hope Massachusetts men will lend their aid.

Presque Isle township already contains eight hundred people. They are hard-working men, many of them of small means, but have willing hearts, and I can assure the faithful in the Bay State, that these men give largely in proportion to their means. They see that this town is to be a great centre in the north-east, and let this fountain be pure and all the surrounding waters will be pure. This evening, in company with Mr. Charles Hall of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, I rode to the Towle farm (as it is called) belonging to the Hon. Solomon Parsons of Bangor. Mr. Hall was in ecstasies as he looked on the rich intervals, which he said reminded him of the valley of the Susquehanna, or some of the most fertile portions of the West. Mr. Church, who is Mr. Parsons' Major-domo, took great pride in conducting us along the fields of the ripening grain, or over the acres of fine meadow land, occasionally marked by large sections of vigorous growing turnips and potatoes. A barn one hundred feet in length and high as a three-story house, is not a common sight in Massachusetts, and one would not do to meet such a building here; but such is the size of the well-filled barn on the Towle farm. The New York lady, referred to in a former letter, says that her friends will not believe her when she returns and tells them of the wonderful progress in this North eastern corner of the United States.

**Cambridge's Service.**—Come now, O my Phœbus, when doubtful Doubter of doubts, thou wonderer on the flat, miry and bilgy, of clouded Jovianum. I have somewhat to show thee. Look! what a scene thou wilt see!—but I will not tell thee what thou wilt see. A car, four-wheeled and many-colored and springless. No two wheels were ever so close as mine. In order to preserve it irrevocable. It goes forth

backwards, hind-quarterly, and stern-foremost, and joineth in many directions at once and therefore hath no locomotion. Time and a half times it is topsy-turvy, and otherwhims the senseless traveller therein esconced knoweth not whether he is sitting on his head, kneeling on his heels, or standing on his elbows. Loud rumbleth and rough tumbleth this mystic and portentous car; and yet it stayeth where it listeth, and where that is no man knoweth, not even its inventor. And what sort of a car is that? Ho! ho! Peter and Paul! Hal! hal! Mrs. Grundy, and Dame Partington! Why, man, dost thou ignore this car? Dost thou not recognize this car? Why, man, it is itself—it is Car-lyle!

**News-papers.**—Wonderful to him who has eyes to see it, rightly is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Salem, the advent of my weekly journal is that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me helpdomally in a brown paper wrapper!

Hither to my obscure corner, by wind, or steam, or horseback, on a dromedary back, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism they puppets seem all as the edicts of his booth upon my desk and officiate as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly.

The animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe just landed on the coast of England. The other, in the gray surcoat and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte sailing ashore, France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot, where you see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a man brandishing his mauls in an excited manner. This is the great Scoundrel, defending his position amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature, upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the infinite. That scarce discernible puff of smoke and dust is a revolution! That speck there is a reformer just arranging a lever with which he is to move the world. And lo! there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark beyond.

Yes, the little show box has its solemn suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man who lays down a scythe and four glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim back ground, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his maul, and gazes, as a coach whirrs by, bearing the newly married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence forever. Nay, you see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectators also.

Think of it! for two dollars a year I buy a season's ticket to this great Globe Theatre, whose scene shifts in Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! Deaths and marriages, notices of invention, discoveries, and books, lists of promotion, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fire, accident, of sudden wealth, and as sudden poverty. I hold in my hand the end of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despair of as many men and women every where. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of these puppet pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, stranger of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me know that he has received a fresh supply of Dimity Bozings? But to none of us does the present (even for a moment) discerned as such continue miraculous. We glance carelessly at the sun rise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from heaven, shall be a wrappings to a bar of soap or a platter to a beggar's broken victuals.—[James Russell Lowell.]

**WASHINGTON'S DEATH.**—In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his position in the bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the General would say. Upon being assured to the contrary, "Well, observed he, gratefully, 'if I die, you must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it so.'" His servant, Christopher, had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The General noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down. At about five o'clock, Dr. Craig, came into the room, and approached this bedside. "Doctor," said the General, "I feel hard, but I am not afraid to die. I believed from my first attack, that I should not survive it, my breath cannot last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six the other physicians came in, and he was assisted to sit up in his bed. "I feel I am going," said he; "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly. I cannot last long." He lay down again, all retired excepting Dr. Craig. The Gen-

eral continued uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was.

Further remedies were tried, without avail in the evening. He took whatever was offered him, did as he was desired by the physicians, and never uttered sigh or complaint.

About 10 o'clock, writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes.' This well, said he."

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between 10 and 11 o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craig, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craig put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. "Tis well," said she in the same voice. "All is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."—[Irving's Washington.]

**THE ORASHUN.**—Here is more of Artemus Ward's Orashun:

"I'm a Union man. I lov this Union from the Bottom of my Hart. I lov every hoop pole in Maine and every sheep ranch in Texas. The cow-pasters of New Hampshire is as dear to A. Ward as the rice plantations of Mississippi. There is mean critters in both of them air States, and there is likewise good men and true. It don't look very pretty for a lot of inflammatory individuals, who never lifted their hands in defence of Ameriky, or did the last thing towards skewering our independence, to git their backs up and swear they'll dissolve the Union. Too much good blood was split in courtin and marryin that billy respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her at this late day. The old gal has behaved herself 2 well to cast her off, at the request of a parol of adle-brained men and wimin who never did nobody no good and never will agin. I'm sorry the picture of the Goddess never give her no shoes or stockin, but the band of stars round her head must continue to shine bright so long as this Earth revolves on her axle-tree. [The wether was all-fired hot, & a man at this pint of the orashun fell down sun stroke. I told the audience that considerin the large number of powerful handsum gals present, I was more afraid of a Dawmer stroke. The gals was impromptu, and amused the audience very.]

To resum—G. Washington was a clear-headed, warm-hearted, brave and stiddy goin man. He never stoop over. The prevailin weakness of most public men is large SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters. A. W.] They Rosh Things. They travel to much on the high pre-bure principle. They git onto the popular hobby boss who trots along not carin a sent whether the best is even goin, clear sited and sound, or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventually, if not sooner. When they see the multitud goin blid they go Pei Mei with it inelid of exerting themselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumphantly on its shoulders will soon diskliver its error, and cast them into the loss pond of Oblivium without the slightest hesitashun. Washington never slop over. That wasn't George's siffle. He loved his country deely. He wasn't after the epiles. He was a human angil in a cornered hat and mee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My friends we can't all be Washingtons, but we can all be patriots and behave ourselves in a human & Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seize right hold of his coat tails and drag him back to Morality.

**NO RIGHT TO INDORE.**—A man has no right to indorse, when the failure of the first party to meet his obligation will render the creditors of the indorser liable to loss in consequence of such indorsement.

2. He has no right to indorse for another man unless he make provision for meeting such obligation, independent of and after providing for all other obligations.

3. He has no right to indorse unless he fully intends to pay what he promises to, promptly, in case the other fails to do this.

4. His relations to his family demand that he shall not obligate himself to oblige another simply at the risk of defrauding or depriving them of what belongs to them.

5. He should never indorse or become responsible for any amount unless security is furnished by the first party. It should be made a business transaction—rarely a matter of friendship. It is equivalent to a loan of capital to the amount of the obligation, and the same precaution should be taken to secure it.

6. A man has no more right to expect another to indorse his note without recompense, than to expect an insurance company to insure his home or his life gratuitously.

7. It is not good business policy for one to ask another to indorse his note, promising to accommodate him in the same manner. The exchange of signatures may have, and usually does have, a very unequal value. It is better to secure him the amount, and exact a like security for the amount of responsibility incurred.

8. It is better for a business, that will involve no necessity for asking or granting such favors, or making such exchanges. It is always safe and just to do so.

[Prairie Farmer.]

**CUTTING OFF CORN STALKS.**—A correspondent recently dissented from the practice of permitting the stalks of corn to grow on till the maturity of the grain. I would premise that this cutting off the stalks while the leaves are green or healthy, is contrary to all the known principles of vegetable physiology. He says that by cutting off after the pollen has fallen from the spindle, the wound will soon heal up, and all the upward circulation above the ear is stopped, and the remaining

nourishment which is drawn from the soil passes to the ear.

Your correspondent may not be aware that the crude sap which passes up has no immediate effect upon the growth until it enters into the leaves or lungs, and is there elaborated (manufactured), and that the flow of sap is from the leaves downward. I have not the fear which he expresses, that the article he referred to may do harm with inexperienced farmers, for I should say at the outset to such, ascertain whether the worth of stalks when taken off, is of more value than any additional weight in the grain. There are many ideas relative to the growth of trees and plants, which are not true in fact; thus, much is said about the ascent of sap in the spring, and its descent to the roots in the autumn. The sap in spring commences at the top or extremity, it is there that the exhalable buds begin to swell independent, thus early of the roots; the last place it reaches is the roots. The writer says that, by early, topping the sugar is retained in the stalks. Now, if he will but raise a few stalks of the sugar corn or popple, and late in summer, when the plant is in the condition of growth as the corn, when he recommends this topping, he will find it difficult to detect any saccharine matter in the stalks; on the contrary, if he will let it stand until the leaf has dried, and then cut it off, he will readily find that sugar is so fully developed as to occasionally drop from the end of the stalk.

Another familiar example which shows the importance of the leaves, while green, to remain on plants, is exemplified in a tulip or hyacinth bulb. If, even after the flower and flower-stem has dried away, and while the green leaves remain, you now take up these roots, they will shrivel and be unfit for re-planting; they must remain in the ground until the leaves shall have performed their office in the consolidation of the bulb.

I have thus hastily drawn up these remarks, which could be extended by numerous examples of the folly of interfering with the leaves or lungs of plants, while in a growing state.

One reason which I have found to be given for cutting off the tops of corn was to accelerate its ripening; but I understand, this writer to say that corn will not ripen so quick by several days, with the stalks taken off early, as it will if suffered to die altogether. I have supposed that by this practice it ripened prematurely.—[N. E. Farmer.]

**A WORD TO THE BOYS ON GUMPTION.**—Look here, John, they say you are one of the best scholars in school. Do you study the dictionary? What is the meaning of the word, gumption?

"Don't know; guess it is not a dictionary word."

"Perhaps not; but let me tell you where it can be found—in the composition of every wide-awake, go-ahead Yankee character, either man or boy. I knew a boy who could work the most difficult example in the arithmetic, and parse the most intricate sentences; but when his mother sent him to get some kindling wood, brought in an armful of green pine. The same boy put the harness on the horse wrong side out, and tied up the good house dog with a slip-noose that would have choked him in a few moments. Another time, he drove through the bars, and stood on the inside to put them up; so he had to climb over to get into the road—and all for the lack of a little gumption."

"O! do stop, uncle! you are ridiculing me. But you know I have no taste for such little every day things. I possess a mind superior to such grovelling pursuits. I can't come down to farming."

"Indeed, that is news to me. Above every day affairs! I believe you are not above eating and drinking, wanting clean clothes, &c., all of which your father and mother must procure. Nor above spending the money your father has earned on the farm by hard toil."

"I don't be so serious, uncle. I only meant that I'd rather do something else."

"Well, pray, what lofty aspirations fill your mind?"

"I intend to get an education, and be a lawyer."

"Well, a lawyer, perhaps, or a doctor, or may be, a professor in some college."

"Very well, John, I care not what you make, if you only fill your place honorably. But let me tell you, the day has gone by, when it was thought that anybody knew enough to be a farmer. A farmer needs to be a man of enlarged views, of close thinking, of thorough, if not extensive readings of solid, good, practical common sense; and he, as much needs a good share of the quality called gumption, as any other man. It consists in a taste and capacity to adapt itself to circumstances, however adverse, peculiar, or changeable. If you follow one of the learned professions, you will find if you have not gumption enough to strike out your own path independently, you will not be a successful character. You should know a little of everything, so that if circumstances throw you out of one position, you can turn around, roll up your sleeves and step into another, as if born to it. How few follow through life the business they commence with. You may possess talents of the highest order, and have a head full of book knowledge as the schools can crowd it,—and still not succeed. It is not intellect, nor education, nor wealth, that makes a man successful; but the quality called gumption, that teaches him how to use all these advantages to the best purpose.—That is what makes the man sir!"

**HOW BUTTER IS MADE.**—A correspondent of the New York Times, who is staying in the country, has been particularly initiated into the mysteries of butter-making. He says: It is always used at butter as where butter came from. Our idea was that it must have come from a salt mine, mixed up in some inscrutable way with salt. It still appears that butter is made by women. We happened one day to be out in a place called the "woodhouse," when a very singular occurrence took place. A woman who was there put on an apron, and then proceeded towards a singular institution with a stick in it. Taking hold of this stick, she began working it up and down as though her very life depended on the operation. "What in the name of wonder are you doing there?" said we. "Making butter, you fool!" Being in pursuit of knowledge, we disregarded the superstitious appellation, and mildly asked her the rationale of the process, when, to our astonishment, she wheeled upon us and delivered herself of the following remarkable sentiment: "Now, look a here, Mister, I don't want none of your gas. You've been a following me around and around ever since

you've been here, and I won't stand it no longer. Now go." We went, but we know one thing—butter is made by women in some way or other.

**SLAVERY ON THE BORDER.**—The Leavenworth correspondent of the Tribune relates the following as one of the many instances of insufferable cruelty which came under his notice during the four months of Dr. Doy's incarceration:

A negro had been caught somewhere and brought to the jail. Negroes are confined in the lower part, and communication could be had through a hole for a stove pipe. Through this Dr. Doy learned from the captive that he was a free man, and was born in the State of Illinois. He had—has—80 acres of land, with some improvements, near Aurora, Ill. He had come to Kansas to look at it, expecting to locate there, and on his return was seized by the Missouri thieves, and hurried to the county jail. The day after his arrival, there he was taken out, and stripped, and tied to a post. The iron whip with its sharp knife-edges and dagger points, was produced. The Sheriff or his Deputy, and other legal parties were present. The unfortunate negro was asked where his master lived, what his master's name was, and when he ran away. In vain did the poor fellow tell his story. It was received with oaths and abuse, and he was told that "that kind of style would not do," while the instrument of torture was applied ferociously to his naked back. Blood started from the wounds, and the victim writhed and shrieked in his agony. At last there was a cessation, and the question:

"Well, tell us who's your master, and when you ran away?"

"I told you I never had a master. I was born in Illinois. I am free."

"Oh, d—n you, we have heard such stories as that before. Give it to him, Tom, till he confesses."

Again the horrid scene was renewed. It was in the jail-court—in the precincts of justice, and the prisoners through the grates could witness it. In agony the writhing victim cried for them to tell him what they wanted. The questions were repeated, but the immediate horrors being rasped a little, the trembling, bleeding victim hesitated the words that would consign him to a fate even more horrid than death. "Again a torrent of profanity was poured on him. He had fallen down, as the cords had been somewhat loosened."

"Put him up, put him up, we'll bring him to yet," and the poor, crushed victim again was made to writhe under the torture. At last, almost too faint to shriek, bleeding and weak, the execution was once more stopped and questions asked.

"Who's your master?" "Oh, anybody you like."

"Well, was Mr. Brown?" "Yes, yes."

"Of Culpepper county, Virginia?" "Well, just as you like. I don't know any counties in Virginia; I never was there."

"What?" "Yes, yes," cried the trembling victim, "that was the county—Virginia." "And it is rather more than six months since you ran away from him?" "Yes, yes—oh, yes," and the shrieking man, without a hope in all the desolation around him, let his head fall forward on his breast, and his agony broke into tears and sobs.

"You have all that noted down?" said one of the officiating villains to the sheriff. "Yes, all right." The victim was unshackled and led away. It was nearly two weeks before his wounds were well enough for him to be fit to travel, and then he was taken away. Where?

This kind of work is, I suppose, an accretion to the slave trade. Who would want to go to Africa for untrained Africans, when civilized men are to be had for the stealing in the States of the Union? And, in the midst of all a prejudice against the oppressed race is fostered among intelligent white men, in order that no sympathy for the infatuated should be a barrier to the commission of such crimes.

**EVENING CLOUDS.**—Those Alps we see were made to-day; made of such trifles as the breaths of singing birds and singing flowers, the melted jewelry of the morning dew, the silver twilight-dress of the rivers, and the voice of prayer. It is the heaped up utterance of yesterday. Dim, blue, beautiful, it is an enchanted mountain, though men have named it "clouds."

There are ledges of fossil song in those amber cliffs; layers of fragrance from a thousand fields, and veins of sweet position. You have something there; we have something there; our robin has a little mountain manor of his own. And all these were swung up thither, and piled like Oss and Pelson, in the golden chains of sunshine; they went up noiselessly as a passing soul; they did not dim the day, and there they lie—Alps!

Perhaps you do not think so. Look where the keen, like steel of their shadowy outlines cut the sky, like a sword; see how the shadow of a rugged crag is flung with strange exaggeration along the eastern slope; black as a wolf's mouth yawns that cavern. There burns a beacon on that crimson summit; and now, all along that Sierra of the sky, descends the Alpine glow; the sun is taking down the frame of day; its dismantled rafters rest their glowing ends upon that mountain range, and kindle it.

For five minutes, the illusion was complete; those broad bases were laid up strong with granite; those were everlasting hills, rounded with snows December shed; the thunder was the mountain's mutter; eagles must build far out upon those crags; it was evening and we listened for the Ranz des Vaches, the wild, sweet, echo of the Alpine horns; a star shone on the edge of a cliff, like the gleam of a cottage window; we would clamber that to-morrow, if the day were fine!

But then the picture began to change; the ray glow went out along the range; the cliff fell off like a fleece of new washed wool, and floated down the mountain; a dolphin lay along the clouds and died in beauty; the crags went slowly up like lazy smokes, at noon; where blazed the beacon hung a powdered wig; where eagles might have built, a mare's tail streamed in the freshening wind; four thunder heads, with brazen knuckles, closed upon a palm of slate, a mighty fist of cloud, snuff, it crushed the mountain in its nervous grasp.—[Chicago Jour.]

The New York Courier commences a leader with the following:—The West is gorged with food, and yet pines for the means of life. She has just reaped a most magnificent harvest

vest, and yet is without a spare dollar in her pocket.—There is no end to her produce; nor any end apparently to her destitution. She is in want of the very first of all civilized necessities. We don't mean bread, for the savage also needs that, but a market. She knows not where to send her wheat. Europe has enough of her own. The Middle States have as much as they care for—Cold New England, which cannot grow it, will require some, and so will the hot South; but nothing like the quantity the West would be glad to dispose of. There is no demand corresponding to the supply.

**WHITTIER ON SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS.**—I do not believe in the propriety of leaving the young to the unrestricted and unregulated exercise of their love for recreation and social enjoyment, nor on the other hand, do I believe in the wisdom or practicality of its entire repression and crushing out. But I do believe in such a combination of authority and sympathy, of wise restraint where necessary, and general encouragement and guidance within proper limits,—as may be made under Him, who can alone give success to human effort, an important means of promoting the temperance and moral health of the young and inexperienced. I would throw open, as far as possible, to this class, the curious and beautiful in Art, Science and Literature—the telescopic revelations of Astronomy—the wonders of Geology—the lithography of the Eternal finger on the primal formations. I would open to them new sources of enjoyment in the studies of Natural History and Botany, and show them the almost magical results of Experimental Chemistry. I would give them every opportunity to listen to lectures and discourses from variously-gifted orators and thinkers.

I would encourage reading circles—healthful sports and exercises and excursions amid the serene beauty of Nature, so well calculated to exalt the mind towards that which St. Augustine speaks of as the

Eternal Beauty always new and always old.

I would promote Libraries and Debating Clubs, whatever in short, promises to unite social enjoyment with the culture of the mind and heart and the healthful development of a sound mind in a sound body. I do not underestimate other instrumentalities, especially the higher ones of a religious nature. But at the same time I believe that a cheerful, social Christian is better than a sour and ascetic one. That good old Puritan, Richard Dexter, used to regret his own melancholy and gloomy temperament, arising mainly from bodily infirmity, and in the latter part of his life strove to introduce a more cheerful disposition among his religious friends. "True religion," he says, "is not a matter of fears, tears, and scruples; it doth principally consist in obedience, love and joy."

For myself, so far from advocating laxity of moral discipline, I strongly deprecate the license and weak indulgence which prevails at the present time. I believe in law and order—parental authority—the unescapable responsibilities of the adult members of society in respect to the younger. But wisdom is profitable to direct it and it is by no means wise to disregard, even for a good object, the natural laws which govern mind and matter. Unnatural repression in one direction is sure to lead to a corresponding protruberance of deformity in another. The folly of the Flathead Indian mother who binds with bark the forehead of her infant until the frontal portion of the head is forced backward in idiotic prominence, finds a parallel in all efforts for moral reform which overlook the great laws of our being.

**THE LABOR QUESTION.**—One of the greatest struggles that has ever taken place between employers and their workmen has lately been going on in London. As we understand the question, all the operative builders of that city resolved some time ago to obtain a reduction of the hours of labor from ten to nine, daily, and, in order to secure this result, they planned a campaign of aggression upon the most scientific strategical principles. Their mode of operation was to demand their terms from each master-builder in succession, and to "strike" against only one at once, and those remaining at work were to support those on strike, until all the employers were vanquished in rotation. The master-builders having been informed of this skillfully-planned design, resolved to prevent the result which might flow from it by forming a counter combination, and demanding that all the operatives should abandon their position. This they refused to do, and the whole question, as it now stands, resolves itself into the simple fact, that the master-builders of London have a truck against their operatives—about 90,000 in number—to prevent an anticipated reduction of the hours of daily labor. The journeyman-builders of London work 10 hours during the first five days of the week, and only eight on Saturday, and their wages are about \$1.52 per day. Their employers' valued upon the Home Secretary, Sir G. C. Lewis, in order to collect his influence, and that of the House of Commons, against their workmen; but the Home Secretary snubbed them, and said "the government made no distinction between classes." He told them that if it were wrong, as they had expressed themselves, for the workmen to "form combinations, it was equally wrong for them, as employers, to do so. The employers contend that the claims of the operatives are unreasonable and unjust; the latter retort, and say the same opposition and arguments were used in former times against reducing the hours of labor from 14 to 12, and from 12 to 10, and if bank and government clerks work only six, seven and eight hours daily, why should mechanics, whose pay is smaller and labor more severe, work 10 hours per day?

Public opinion in London and the whole kingdom appears to be on the side of the operatives, and it is believed that a compromise will soon be effected between them and their employers, as the subject has been taken up in the House of Commons, and a bill brought in to establish councils of conciliation between such parties.

In the city of Albany, N. Y., a very extensive strike among the molders has been going on for some months, and far more to the injury of the employers than the operatives. Both parties are formed into opposing combinations, and each employer, it is stated, is pledged to a forfeit of some thousands of dollars if he submits to his molders' demands without the consent of all the other employers. In the neighboring city of Troy, N. Y., the master-molders acquiesced in like demands that were made by their operatives, and, as a consequence, they have large orders to fill which otherwise would have been executed in Albany; and much business has thus been diverted from the latter city.

The coal-miners in Pittsburgh, Pa., and its neighborhood, to the number of 8,000, are also out on a strike at present. They demand that the coal which they mine shall be weighed at the mouth of the pit, and not measured, according to the practice heretofore pursued. They have asserted that the cars by which their coals have been measured have been enlarged in size, and that they have to furnish more coal for the same compensation. The employers assert that it would be a great increase of their expenses to weigh the coal, and that it would be of no benefit to either party.

Several other minor strikes are now going on in various parts of our country, and the labor question appears to be assuming greater

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE... THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, 1859



importance than it has done for a great number of years past. Those conflicts between capital and labor, which we call "strikes," are to be deplored, because they do injury to all parties. We would greatly rejoice if some means, such as courts of conciliation, were organized to prevent them by settling disputed questions upon equitable principles.—[Scientific American.]

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 8, 1859.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 13 Bowdoin Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by the above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING, or EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

### A Word for Mercy's sake!

The merciful man is merciful to his beast. Show mercy and thou shalt find it. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

This is not all, but enough. Christianity is full of merciful apophthegms, and the whole world is better provided with them than with Christianity. It is a blind selfishness that tells man that Christ came into the world for his benefit only, and that Christianity saves men and not beasts. It saves men from sin, but it saves animals from suffering—sin is not suffering. But horses don't go to heaven? queries Muddyhead. Probably not, we are sorry to answer; but heaven comes to horses. It is the penalty of intellect that it has to work out its own salvation, while the poor horse, for want of brains, gets his grubs, or the shudder of manhood. Gratitude, if at all, we mean for we hold Baron Ricketty's horse, heaven a fable, the reality of which exists nowhere beyond a good stable. This may seem selfish, but the selfishness is not ours. We never reasoned ourself into it, but took it as one takes an heirloom, because we must. Mahomet is more liberal, and admits the ass to his heaven—and there balances the absurdity by excluding woman! So they say; and we admit it, because the Turkish prophet had a wife. Probably the ass proved a blessing, and so was best—may be the wife didn't. But this is mere theology, and we don't touch for its common sense.

But truly the horse ought to have his reward somewhere, says kind Uncle Toby; goodness is to be rewarded, and God is just. Certainly, Uncle; but Christian men are not always just, and they steal heaven from the horse, and he is lost! This may be 'horse philosophy' to you, but it is reason to us, and in this way,—the heaven promised us is 'paved with gold,' because gold meets our greatest want; and the same philosophy ought to reward the faithful horse with a warm stable and a full oat-bin. And it does so, but for man; so the horse is saved or lost, as man at last his heaven or not.

But this is 'philosophy in a horse trough,'—and there is where we want it. For twenty years there has not been, between the great brain-mill at one extreme of our village, and the lumber and bark mills at other extremes, a single spot where one of the ten thousand horses that have toiled and sweated and thirsted, and been whipped and mauled and starved, in our business streets, could get a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, without more pains than their owners and drivers were willing to take. And the men who boast of being among the "admirers of horses," have suffered this to be so! Admirers! just as the horse is an admirer of men, for the oats they raise! There may be something rational in the policy of the dramseller who keeps water out of sight of his customers; but the policy that has thus doomed to parching thirst an animal that would die sooner than take rum, would shame even a rumseller!

But here we are at last, as we said, at the horse trough. Thanks to the stranger whose love for "the beast that perishes" has thus made him known to "angels in disguise." A fountain of pure water is now open in Main street; and we proclaim to those who believe that the merciful only can obtain mercy, that there is enough and to spare for every thirsty horse and ox, or man even; and we hope the shame that has so long marked us will be washed away in liberal potatoes of the whole-some beverage prepared by God to nourish and invigorate the earth and beautify his foot-stool!

ATTENTION, THE WHOLE!—A Republican caucus, for the nomination of a candidate for town representative, the choice of town committee, &c., will be held at the Town Hall, on Saturday next, commencing at 3 o'clock P. M. Let there be a full attendance, for it sometimes happens that a man's presence is of more importance at the caucus than on election day. It indicates an unhealthy state of things, when the primary political meetings are small and a few are left to do the work of the many. We know that men ought to be honest under all circumstances, but that does not justify us in placing temptation in their way unnecessarily. Let us be watchful of our own interests and they will be all the more sacred in the eyes of our neighbors: a carelessness on our part only invites aggression.

Lola Montes, in her book 'The Art of Beauty,' lays down the following rule among her "Hints to Gentlemen on the Art of Fascination": "You ought to know that there are four things which always more or less interest a lady—a parrot, a peacock, a monkey and a man; and the nearer you can come to uniting all these about equally in your character, the more you will be loved; this is a cheap and excellent receipt for making a dandy, a creature which is always an object of admiration to the ladies."

### OUR TABLE.

The North British Review for August, opens with an article on the second volume of Guizot's Memoirs, which is declared to be one of the most important books published in France since the Revolution of February. "Painters Patronized by Charles X." contains a fair amount of agreeable gossip. "Syria" contains a review of Geyron's Ecclesiastical History of John, Bishop of Ephesus, being a picture of the sixteenth century in church and state drawn by a contemporary hand. "Wanderings of an artist" calls attention to a book by Paul Kane, containing sketches and pictures illustrative of North American Indians and scenery. Another paper which, as relating to this country, will gain attention here, is entitled "New England, Provincial Life and History." In a long article on "Glaciers," an account is given of their formation, of the theories which have been proffered to explain their phenomena, and of the observations recently made in the structure and properties of ice. "Patrick Fraser Tytler" is the subject of a delightful biographical sketch. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" are carefully reviewed, with copious extracts. The remaining articles are, "Boling and the Scottish Identity," "Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia," "Napoleonism and Italy," and "Recent Publications."

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 4 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum. Any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—The September number contains an interesting account of the Cruise of the Young American; many curious facts about the Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, with the alphabet used at that institution; an original amusing dialogue, entitled The Sewing Circle; a rich treat of Chit-Chat with readers and correspondents, and much other useful and entertaining reading, with many spirited illustrations. In no way can a dollar be better invested in procuring reading for youth than by subscribing for this little work. Published by Jas. Robinson & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

PETERSON'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—Of this publication—valuable to all classes of business men—Godey's Lady's Book has the following commendatory notice:—

"Peterson's Counterfeit Detector is corrected by the celebrated bankers, Drexler & Co., and it is certainly the most reliable detector published in the United States. Every thing is fair about it; that may be known by the high standing of the publishers and editors. The latest additions in lists of all counterfeit notes, broken bank notes, and orders to the publishers, J. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and our word for it, you will never regret it."

THE COLLEGE.—The sound of the chapel bell and the presence of the students in our streets, notify us that the Fall term of the College commenced yesterday. Probably the officers of this institution never resumed operations with more encouraging prospects than at the present time. Fifty Freshmen have already reported themselves—the largest class that has ever entered; and for once the accommodation in the brick buildings is insufficient. Good rooms have been fitted up in the Commons House, however, to meet the extraordinary demand, which will do very well until that fund is raised, when we hope to see another large and handsome building erected.

RIPENING OF FRUIT.—Certain principles in vegetable physiology are involved in the teachings of the following paragraphs, of which many people appear to be wholly ignorant; and kindred notions will be found in an article on our first page on topping corn. "Head in your tomato plants," says one; and many people in trying to obey the injunction, inflict serious injury upon their fruit by doing too much of a good thing. We find these hints in the Bangor Jeffersonian.

I notice that many persons clip off the leaves from their Grape vines for the purpose of letting in the sun upon the clusters of grapes to ripen the fruit. In this they err exceedingly; for they thereby defeat the very object they wish to accomplish. They also injure the vines. The fruit is ripened only by the sun shining on the leaves which elaborate the juices of the vine and render the fruit more perfect. Therefore the sun is never wanted on the naked fruit, and the grapes cannot ripen if the leaves are removed from the vine nearest the clusters. The laterals not having fruit on them should be removed and the vine so spread out that all the bearing branches may receive the full force of the sun's rays on the leaves. The fruit, to insure perfection, should be also so thinned out as to leave only one cluster to each bearing branch, which should be shortened in, leaving only three or four joints beyond the clusters. Grape vines should be pruned every autumn or they will make too much wood.

BROADCLOTH THE ENEMY OF HEALTH.—Professor Hamilton, in an able address on hygiene, to the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College, denounced broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore to health. He says:

American gentlemen have adopted as a national costume, broadcloth—a thin, tight fitting black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners, we seem always to be in mourning; we travel in black, we write in black, and we work in black. The priest, the lawyer, the doctor, the literary man, the mechanic, and even the day laborer, choose always the same unvarying, monotonous black broadcloth—a style and material which never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing room or the pulpit, because it is at the North no suitable protection against the cold, nor is it indeed any more suitable at the South. It is too tight to be worn in the winter, and too black to be cool in the summer; but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always afraid of soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, or pitch quoits, or wrestle and tumble, or any other similar thing, lest their broadcloth should be soiled. They will not go out into the storm, because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain falls upon it; they will not run, because they have no confidence in the strength of the broadcloth; they dare not mount a horse, or leap a fence, because broadcloth, as everybody knows, is so faithful. So these young men, and these older men, merchants, mechanics, and all, learn to walk, talk, and think soberly and carefully; they seldom venture to laugh to the full extent of their sides.

REMEDY FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—The following remedy for this dreadful disease, taken from a foreign journal, though simple, is said to be effective:

A Saxon forester named Gastell, now of the venerable age of 82 years, unwilling to take to the grave with him secrets of so much importance, has made public, in the Leipzig Journal, the means which he has used for fifty years, and which, he affirms, he has rescued many human beings.

Take immediately warm vinegar, or tepid water; wash the wound clean therewith, and then dry it; pour then upon the wound a few drops of muriatic acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, by which means the evil effects of the latter are neutralized.

INDIAN TOOLS AND WEAPONS.—Many of the tools and weapons used by the people who preceded us in the occupancy of this country, are every year unearthed by the plough and the spade; and the question often arises,—as it did the other day, when we saw, in the hands of one of Mr. Gilman's workmen, a gouge, dug from the little bluff near the "Punch Bowl"—how were these implements made? And this, we believe, is a question that has elicited much discussion, and given birth to many ingenious theories, which are all quietly knocked in head by a recent contribution to the American Ethnological Society, written by Hon. Caleb Lyon, who in California found a people that still continue to make these primitive implements. The process of making arrow heads he thus describes:—

The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact talcose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Hiding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of his left hand he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually assumed the required size and shape. After finishing the base of the arrow head, (the whole being only little over an inch in length,) he began striking gentler blows, every one of which I expected would break it into pieces. Yet such was their adroit application, his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow head. I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken porter bottle, which (after two failures,) he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason for his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them, arrow-making is a distinct trade or profession, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfectness of a block of Parian. In a moment, all that I had read upon this subject, written by learned and speculative antiquarians of the hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels, and arrow-heads vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less and the plough more.

KING AND WING.—We are sorry that no more of our citizens availed themselves of the opportunity to see the many rare, curious and beautiful things which these gentlemen had on exhibition at the Town Hall last week, for we feel sure that they missed a great treat. The fund of the Village Tree Association, into which a certain share of the surplus proceeds was to go, cannot be much swollen by the operation; and the trees set in consequence must be few and far between.

Maj. King will remain in our place a short time to give a course of lessons in perspective drawing, a class having been already formed, which commenced its sessions yesterday. He is ready to receive new pupils, though, at any time.

VISITING.—The noted Eagle fire company No. 3, of Bangor, will start on Tuesday next for the great fireman's muster at Manchester, N. H., where they propose to contend for the prizes. They will be joined at this place by several members of Waterville company, who go to participate in the good time.

The veteran old machine, Ticonic, of this place, is on a visit to Kendall's Mills, to stand watch for fires during a short absence of Victor engine for repairs or alteration. We don't wish our neighbors another fire, of which they have had enough for the season, but we should like to see their stout men try the virtues of that faithful old servant. In a community where "Buttons" have such dazzling brightness, she has been "damned with faint praise" till her merits are nearly forgotten. In the hands of the Victors she might easily be taught to fight her best battles over again. Test her merits, Capt. Maynard, and see what she says. There was a time when she won laurels, if not triumphs.

GOOD NEWS.—We know all our citizens will rejoice to learn that Messrs. Furbush & Drummond, whose Sash, Blind and Door manufactory was destroyed by the late fire, have decided to remain with us, notwithstanding the tempting inducements held out to locate elsewhere. Mr. Daniel Moor, whose building they formerly occupied, has concluded to move his store house, which is now standing a little below, on to the foundation of the old shop, where it will be enlarged and fitted up for their accommodation. Mr. Samuel McCausland has taken the job, and workmen are already engaged upon it, so that very soon the wheels will again be set in motion. Messrs. F. & D. have won a good reputation during their residence with us, both in their business and social relations, and their departure would have been regarded as a public loss.

EXCURSION.—The Universalist Sabbath Schools of Kendall's Mills and West Waterville, with their friends, went on an excursion to Winthrop yesterday. A friend promised us a report of the "sayings and doings," but we do not get it in season for this paper. Knowing who they are, where they went, and that the day was a lovely one, we venture to say that they had a right time.

TAIL PLAYING.—The Eagle Boys of Bangor are practicing a little with their machine, preparatory to the contest at Manchester, and one evening last week they threw water over the vane of the spire of the Hammond St. Church, which is said to be about 180 feet high. Is any one going to beat this?

### CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR

OF THE  
North Kennebec Agricultural Society.  
TO BE HELD AT WATERVILLE  
October 4th, 5th and 6th, 1859.  
PREMIUM LIST.

HORSES.  
Committee.—Robert Ayer, Winslow; Ira B. Doolittle, Waterville; Benjamin Burrill, Fairfield.  
For best Black Hawk or Morgan Stallion, pedigree undoubted, \$20.  
For best stallion of any breed, 400; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best breeding mare, 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best pair of Horses for all work, 200; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best Gelding or Mare for all work 150;

COLTS.  
Com.—Daniel R. McFadden, Winslow; Foster Brown, Clinton; J. Sullivan Gifford, Fairfield.  
For best Colt, mare or gelding, 3 years old, 200; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best Colt mare or gelding 2 years old, 150; 2d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Colt 1 year old 100; 2d Vol. Agriculture.

BULLS.  
Com.—Harrison Jaquith, Albion; Daniel Jones, Fairfield; Winthrop Morrill, Waterville.  
For best Bull 2 years old or upwards 400; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Reports.  
For best Bull under 2 years old 200; 2d Vol. Reports.  
For best Bull calf 150; 2d Vol. Agriculture of Maine.

COWS.  
Com.—Obed Emery, Fairfield; William Marston, Ira H. Lowe, Waterville.  
For best Cow, not less than three 300; 2d 200, 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best Dairy Cow 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best Stock Cow 200; 2d Vol. Reports; one or more progeny to be shown.  
For best Cow for all purposes 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Reports.

HEIFERS.  
Com.—Henry Pearson, Vassalboro'; E. W. Cook, Elijah Mitchell, Waterville.  
For best Heifer 3 years old 200; 2d Vol. Reports.  
For best Heifer 2 years old 150; 2d Vol. Agriculture Reports.  
For best Heifer calf 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

OXEN.  
Com.—Nathan Perry, Waterville; Omer Taylor, Winslow; Watson Jones, Fairfield.  
For best pair Oxen 300; 2d 200; 3d 100.

STEERS.  
Com.—Henry J. Morrill, Waterville; John E. Ous, Henry M. Fish, Fairfield.  
For best Steers 3 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Steers 2 years old 150; 2d Vol. Agriculture Reports.  
For best Steers 1 year old 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

For best Steer calves Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d 100.  
DRAWING OXEN.  
Com.—I. C. Gifford, Vassalboro'; Weymouth Jones, Winslow; Alfred Lawrence, Fairfield; Charles A. Dow, Waterville; H. L. Crosby, Winslow.  
For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Steers 1 year old 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best Steer calves Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d 100.

For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Steers 1 year old 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

For best Steer calves Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d 100.  
DRAWING OXEN.  
Com.—I. C. Gifford, Vassalboro'; Weymouth Jones, Winslow; Alfred Lawrence, Fairfield; Charles A. Dow, Waterville; H. L. Crosby, Winslow.  
For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Steers 1 year old 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best Steer calves Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d 100.

For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Steers 1 year old 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

For best Steer calves Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d 100.  
DRAWING OXEN.  
Com.—I. C. Gifford, Vassalboro'; Weymouth Jones, Winslow; Alfred Lawrence, Fairfield; Charles A. Dow, Waterville; H. L. Crosby, Winslow.  
For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Steers 1 year old 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best Steer calves Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d 100.

For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Steers 1 year old 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

For best Steer calves Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d 100.  
DRAWING OXEN.  
Com.—I. C. Gifford, Vassalboro'; Weymouth Jones, Winslow; Alfred Lawrence, Fairfield; Charles A. Dow, Waterville; H. L. Crosby, Winslow.  
For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Maine Agriculture.

For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 300; 2d 200; 3d Vol. Agriculture.  
For best Steers 1 year old 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best Steer calves Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old 200; 2d 150; 3d 100.

For best sample Beans, Peas, Barley and Oats 50 each.  
For best sample Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Onions and Parsnips 1 bushel each 50 each.  
For best exhibition of products of the farm to be shown at the annual meeting in January, 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best sample Corn to be shown at the annual meeting in January 50; 2d 25.  
For best compost manure 10 cords or more prepared at least expense, statement in writing of method of preparing and expense of same 150; 2d Vol. Agricultural Reports.

FRUIT.  
Com.—William W. Merrill, Waterville; Bray Wilkins, Fairfield; Charles C. Stratton, Winslow.  
For best display of Fruit of all kinds 2; 2d 1; display of Winter Fruit 1.  
display of Peas, 3 or more kinds 1  
display of Plums, 5 or more kinds 1  
display of Grapes 1

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES AND IMPLEMENTS.  
Com.—Benjamin C. Benson, Waterville; Charles Lawrence, Fairfield; John W. Drummond, Winslow.  
For best Sward Plow (showing some improvement from those heretofore shown) 2; 2d 2  
For best Stubble Plow, with improvement as above 150; 2d Vol. Maine Agriculture.  
For best sample Hay Scythes, Forks, Manure Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, or Horse Rakes 1 each.  
For best business Wagon 150; 2d Vol. Reports.

For best single Sleigh 150  
For best Farm Wagon for one or two horses 150; 2d Vol. Reports.  
For best Horse or Ox cart 1 each.  
For best Horse Hoe or Cultivator 150 each  
For best Harrow showing some improvement

For best Ox Yoke and Bows Vol. Reports.  
For best Wheelbarrow, Hand Cart and Seed Sower 50 each.  
For best specimen Cabinet Work 150; 2d Vol. Reports.  
For best and largest exhibition of farming implements 2

LEATHER AND LEATHER GOODS.  
Com.—Hiram Fishon, Vassalboro'; George Milliken, Waterville; W. P. Winslow, Fairfield.

BUTTER, CHEESE, BREAD, SUGAR AND HONEY.  
Com.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Morse, Waterville; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Spring, Winslow; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coffin, Sidney.  
For best Butter 20 lbs. or more 3; 2d 2; 3d 1  
For best Cheese 50 lbs. or more 3; 2d 2  
For best Domestic Flour Bread 1  
For best Rye and Corn meal bread 1  
For best sample Honey 20 lbs. or more 1; 2d 50

For best sample Maple Sugar 20 lbs. 1; 2d 50  
For best sample Maple Syrup 1 gallon or more 1

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.  
Com.—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel R. Wing; Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Blaisdell; Mr. and Mrs. Ash-  
H. Barton.  
For best Filled Cloth, Wool Flannel, Cotton and Wool Flannel, Wool Carpeting, and Rug Carpeting .75 each  
For best Hearth Rug, best Wool Shawl and Bed Spread .75 each  
For best Wool Hose (Men's and Women's) 6 pairs each 50; 2d 25  
For best Knit Hood, Wool Yarn, Wool Mittens, Knit or embroidered Overalls and Lamp Mat .25 each  
For best specimen plain and fine Needle work and Worsted and raised Worsted work .50 each

GIRLS' PREMIUMS.  
Com.—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Smiley; Mr. and Mrs. Simon Wing; Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Faine.  
For best bed quilt .50; 2d 25  
For best plain sewing, fine needle work, best specimen knitting, worsted work, mending clothing or stockings .50; 2d .25 each

TROTTER HORSES.  
Com.—Samuel S. Parker; Thomas B. Eaton; Gideon Wells.  
For fastest trotting Stallion 15; 2d 10; 3d 5  
For fastest trotting Mare or Gelding 12; 2d 8; 3d 5  
For fastest trotting Mare or Gelding under 5 years old 8; 2d 5

LADIES RIDING.  
Com.—Thomas S. Lang; J. C. Bartlett; Joseph Nye.  
For Ladies' Riding, best 7; 2d 5; 3d 3  
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.  
Com.—Mr. and Mrs. John R. Bradbury; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Abbott; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. F. Stevens.  
Com. Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Nye; Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Meader; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Elden.  
Com. of Arrangements.—L. E. Grommet; Joseph Davis; William Leslie.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.  
All exhibitors must have their animals or articles entered with the Secretary, and on the ground by ten o'clock A. M., on the first day of the show.  
All exhibitors of stock will be required to let them remain on the ground until 4 o'clock P. M. of the first day, and are requested to let them remain until 4 o'clock P. M. of the second day, and forage will be furnished on the ground for them. All animals to be labelled with their age, and the name of the owner.  
Competitors for premiums must present to the Secretary or Adjudging Committee, a full and accurate statement of the animal or article entered, by filing out blanks which may be obtained by calling on the Secretary at any time before the first day of the show.

All manufactured articles suitable for outdoor exhibition, must be on the ground the first day of the show.  
The exhibition of Produce, Manufactured Articles, &c., will be at the Town Hall. Entries may be made with the Secretary at any time previous to, and must be made by 10 o'clock on Tuesday.  
Ladies and Misses are invited to contribute to the interest of the Fair by presenting specimens of their skill and handiwork.

The Trustees will be in attendance on the morning of the show at the entrance of the grounds, to whom Awarding Committees will please report, so that vacancies may be filled, if any should occur.  
The premiums will be declared at the Town Hall, on Thursday (Oct. 6,) at 3 o'clock P. M. The Judges are required in all cases to withhold premiums, when the animal or article is not worthy, even if there be no competition.

Arrangements have been made with the proprietors of the Waterville, Winslow and Fairfield bridges to allow stock designed for exhibition, and necessary drivers, to pass free of toll.

The price for licenses to occupy the grounds, with tents or otherwise for the purpose of vending or the sale of merchandise shall be \$2 for each square rod of land so occupied, and no license shall be granted for less than 2,000. Persons taking licenses for the above purposes will have a right to pass in and out with the necessary teams to convey their goods, and will also have the right to occupy such ground through the whole time of the exhibition, being subject to the direction of the Trustees or Superintendent, of whom the license shall be obtained.

Each member will receive a Ticket, which will admit him and lady, and their minor children accompanying them, at all times during the show.  
Those who are not members will be admitted for Fifteen Cents for each entrance. Carriages free.

JOSEPH PERCIVAL, Secretary.

HOLIDAYS.—The autumnal holidays are at hand. Election comes on Monday next, not to mention the caucus of Saturday afternoon, and hardly will the result be settled before the 20th, when the State Fair commences, to continue through the 23d. The 4th, 5th and 6th of October are assigned to the North Ken. Agricultural Society, which makes large calculations for its festival this year. Above all, and more wonderful than all, will be the appearance of the mammoth steamer of all steamers in the harbor of Portland. All these things are at hand.

THE CITY OF NOTIONS.—The N. Y. Sunday Times, with its thumb at its nose, and a mischievous wink, thus lets on about Boston:—

Boston is an architectural development, in brick and mortar, of the Ten Commandments, and a blessed and soul-refreshing type and shadow of the millennium. Virtuous innocence walks its streets any time of day or night, lighted, like Mr. Thomas Moore's young woman, by her own smile, from Coppie Hill to Roxbury Neck.

The editor must have just read those villainous charges recently made in the Olive Branch, in which it was "society" stated that the back drivers and keepers of disreputable houses were in a league, and that it was not safe for a woman to enter a back in Boston unattended.

DROWNED.—James Ward, of China, son of Capt. Samuel Ward, residing on "Ward's Hill," came to his death by drowning, on Friday last, under very painful circumstances. He had built a new sail boat, and in company with two friends, was making a trial trip from the shore near his father's house. The wind was strong, and in making a short turn, the boat ran under and sank, leaving only a few feet of her mast above water. The distance from shore being only fifteen or twenty rods, and all the three being good swimmers, no great alarm was felt, and the two companions of Ward swam for the shore, which they reached in safety. Ward held by the mast for some time, expecting that a boat, which was seen at a distance would come to his rescue; but giving up this hope, and being advised by those on land, among whom were his father and mother, he decided to swim for the shore where they stood. He took off his coat and boots, and hanging them on the mast, struck out for the shore. For some reason unknown, he had reached but a short distance when he suddenly sank to rise no more. Those on shore had no means of rendering any help till it was too late to hope for his rescue. He was about 22 years of age.

KANSAS.—A collision between the Republicans and Democrats occurred at a public meeting in Leavenworth recently in which several persons were severely injured, though none were killed outright. The affair was not premeditated, and is universally regretted.

FOREIGN NEWS.—We find little of interest in the news brought by the recent arrivals. A few items will be found below.

There is nothing authentic concerning the Zurich Conference; but it is stated that favorable results were anticipated, owing to the friendly relations apparent between the representatives of France and Prussia.

The National Assembly of Modena on the 20th by a unanimous vote decreed the forfeiture of Francis Fifth and other Princes of House of Hapsburg-Lorraine to the dual throne. All the members of the Assembly were present.

On the following day the annexation of Modena to Piedmont was unanimously decreed by ballot, and Signor Mazzini was confirmed as Dictator. A loan of five million liras was likewise voted.

At Florence on the 20th the National Assembly of Tuscany unanimously voted the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont amidst acclamations of Viva il Re.

A defensive league had been concluded between the States of Central Italy. Prince Hircollini, delegate of the government of the Legation, had signed the act of accession to the league.

At the sitting of the Modena Assembly on the 22d, it was unanimously resolved by open voting as well as by ballot, to confirm and maintain, even at the price of sacrifices, the union of the Modena Provinces to the kingdom of the glorious House of Savoy.

The Paris Press says that on the arrival of M. Farini to assume the Dictatorship of Parma, a portion of the troops proclaimed fidelity







