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MISCELLANY.

UNDER THE UMBRELLA.

BY GRACE GARDNER.
CONTINUED.

A few mornings after this, when Edith had finished playing, and Mrs. Lothrop had expressed in her peculiar way her thanks and gratification, the latter suddenly turned to Annie, and said:

"Do you not play to?"

Before Annie could reply, her step-mother answered for her.

"Annie commenced taking lessons when a child, but we found she had not a correct ear; and as her father had a horror of girls who drum on the piano without producing music, her lessons were discontinued. Edith, on the contrary, early showed a perfect passion for music."

Mr. Kirkwood eyed the young girl intently and curiously while Mrs. Rathburn was speaking, but neither cheek flushed, nor eye flashed, nor lip curled in denial to the statement.

What a mystery she was to him! This young girl, with her reserve, her coldness, her command over tongue and feature!

He had been ear and eye witness to a circumstance the day previous, which would have enabled him to enlighten Mrs. Rathburn upon this very subject, if he had been so disposed.

He had made an engagement in the morning to make some visits with the ladies, but in consequence of the reception of some letters, which required immediate answers, he was prevented from fulfilling it. After assisting the ladies into the carriage, he repaired to a small room opening by a glass door from the parlor, for the purpose of answering his correspondence.

He had been there but a few minutes, when Annie entered the parlor, wheeling in little Willie. She looked out of the window, then carefully closed the door into the hall. With a feeling of annoyance, he saw her open the piano and sit down to it; for he was in no mood to be disturbed by the discordant sounds he expected would succeed, and there was no egress except through the parlor.

He was, therefore, little prepared for the rich strains of harmony that broke upon his ear. The touch, the taste, the execution were perfect! There was no bungling, no harshness, no discord—all was smooth, easy, harmonious.

At first she played from memory, then some of Edith's most difficult pieces, and lastly ran over some new music he had himself presented to Edith, which she had declared "so difficult she feared she never should be able to play it to suit him," with a correctness and rapidity which astonished him, knowing that she could not have seen it previously.

During this time, she had once or twice risen, and looked out of the window as if she thought she heard the carriage; but finding herself mistaken, resumed her seat.

Her little auditor, for whose pleasure she was evidently playing, after every piece renewed his entreaties for one more. He now urged a song on Eva's harp. Annie hesitated; but as he continued to plead, after another glance from the window, she went to the corner where the instrument stood, uncovered it, sat down, and after running her fingers over the strings, commenced a simple German song. If her unknown auditor was astonished before, his astonishment was not lessened now. The young girl's voice naturally rich, sweet, and full, had been highly cultivated; and she sang with taste and feeling, playing with artistic skill, while the pure accent of the German words evinced an extensive knowledge of that language.

Willie could not prevail upon his sister to sing again, much to Mr. Kirkwood's disappointment; and after she had covered the harp, both left the room, leaving Mr. Kirkwood filled with admiration and wonderment.

He did not know of the one bright spot in Annie's life—the three years gleaming up like a flash of sunlight amid the darkness that preceded and followed, spent with her father's sister in a distant city, where the young girl had found all the love and care, and appreciation denied her at home. Her aunt, surprised at her ignorance of all accomplishments, on her own responsibility afforded her every advantage for improvement. Her talent for music was discovered, and the best masters obtained, and in which study her improvement was remarkable. But death called away Annie's one friend, and she returned home, sorrowing deeply for her whom she had so many reasons to mourn.

That Annie felt no disposition to display the accomplishments in which she could not but be conscious she far excelled Edith, and which, therefore, would but increase her annoyances and unhappiness, may be inferred.

It was only in the quiet of her own room, that she pursued her studies, while her practice of music was necessarily irregular, being confined to those periods when the family were absent.

Mr. Kirkwood saw Annie the next evening under more advantageous circumstances than he had yet seen her. It was at a large party. She was dressed with exquisite taste, and her dark hair was worn in broad bands, arranged with the most artistic grace. He thought her, in her calm, proud beauty, far the most elegant girl present. He was not alone in his admiration. Although she declined dancing, she received marked attention from several of the most prominent gentlemen present.

Mrs. Rathburn saw, with chagrin and disappointment, that while her brilliant Edith numbered in her large crowd of admirers, the vain, the shallow, the trifling, the business-faust, those who surrounded the disliked Annie; less in number, were men of mark, whose notice any girl would be proud of obtaining.

The few attentions Mr. Kirkwood rendered the first of the evening, were so coldly received by the young girl that he did not continue them. Piqued and offended, he did not approach her again, but devoted himself as much as he was able to Edith. It might be this was what Annie wished and intended; for she knew that jealous eyes were watching him, and felt no willingness for his sake to undergo fresh annoyances.

Meanwhile, the days of Mrs. Lothrop's visit were passing. Mrs. Rathburn was perplexed beyond measure, that she could discover nothing of that lady's intentions.

Nothing further had been said of either of the young ladies accompanying her. Her future heiress could not be conjectured.

With due delicacy and tact, she had consulted with Mrs. Lothrop on her disappointment in losing her destined heir, and hinted that perhaps she found Mr. Kirkwood worthy of supplying his place. She had endeavored also to sound her concerning her opinion of Edith and Eva; but perverse Mrs. Lothrop would not be sounded. She listened—if not assentingly, certainly not dissentingly—to the fond assertions respecting the sweetness and affectionateness of Edith's disposition—the superiority of Eva's intellect over that of other girls of her age; but whether she preferred weakness of disposition to superiority of intellect, baffled all Mrs. Rathburn's ingenuity to find out. She confessed to herself that Mrs. Lothrop was truly a peculiar woman—more so than she had expected an heiress to be—and she made up her mind to keep her eyes on her.

Her uncertainty was not less regarding Mr.

Kirkwood's sentiments and intentions toward Edith. That he admired her, was evident. He rode, walked, and sung with her, and was ever ready to attend to her, yet there was not quite the *empressment* of manner she could have wished—she sometimes imagined even less than there had been at first. She feared, too, he had made an impression on her daughter's heart. She had noticed an anxiety to please him in her dress and actions; that she blushed on seeing him at any time suddenly; and adept as she was in art, showed ill-concealed pique, if he admired any other lady than herself.

The mother's highest ambition would be gratified, could she see her daughter united to him. His fortune, position, person, manners, public and private character, were far beyond her most sanguine expectations of what Edith's husband would possess. All that art or tact could do should be done to attain the desired end.

Mrs. Rathburn was gratified at the interest Mrs. Lothrop began to take in Willie. She often entered the nursery quite familiarly; and even Mr. Kirkwood occasionally went in—sometimes staying long enough to read or relate a story to the invalid boy; at others, just stopping to offer some book, toy, or fruit.

Poor Annie was not particularly pleased at finding her place of refuge thus invaded; and their coming was usually the signal for her departure.

One day, she entered the nursery in haste, and carrying a plate of sweetmeats for Willie. The moment that she crossed the threshold, the change in her aspect was striking. All coldness vanished. Her whole face was changed into perfect, living beauty, by the expression of solicitude and tenderness it wore. Bending over Willie, she kissed him fondly, and said:

"How is my darling now? Is the pain all gone? I did not mean to leave him so long; but Edith's dress could not be completed for the party to-night, unless I assisted; and mamma's head-dress had to be altered. But, see! I have brought something nice, and after you eat it, I will tell you a beautiful story."

She paused abruptly, perceiving, for the first time, Mrs. Lothrop, seated near the door through which she had just entered. In an instant Annie was her usual self again. She saluted the lady politely, but coldly, and then spoke again to Willie; but the tender-hearted boy was grieved and frightened at the tone, so different from what it was a moment before, and looking up fearfully into her face, asked:

"Am I naughty, sister Annie?"

"No, Willie," she replied, coldly, at the same time gently, but decidedly, putting away Willie, who was trying to climb into her lap.

It was not without some reason that Annie relapsed into silence and coldness in Mrs. Lothrop's presence.

Annie was not of a jealous disposition—she expected a little, poor child! and she was so accustomed to see her sisters preferred before herself, in every way, at home—but the difference in the treatment of herself and her gay, beautiful sisters, by Mrs. Lothrop, was too marked for her not to perceive and feel. She was not unused to neglect, but this seemed to verge upon dislike; and from her father's friend, it was harder to bear.

Mrs. Lothrop could not be said to show affection for Edith and Eva; but she distinguished them by much notice, and sought to draw out their ideas and opinions upon every possible subject. But Annie she seldom noticed in any way. It seemed like a dream to the young girl—the kind tones of Mrs. Lothrop's voice, the morning she had first seen her; but then she knew her not—had never seen her more brilliant and attractive sisters—had never heard of the unloved and unlovely Annie.

And the young girl encased herself more strongly in her armor of indifference.

But her greatest misfortune was coming—It arrived.

Willie awoke one morning apparently better and brighter than usual; and before night he slept in death!

The grief of the family was great. Annie alone was calm and fearless during all that dreadful day. Once only her lip quivered: when the dear eyes, darkening to the light of earth, vainly sought to behold her; and the faint voice gasped, with difficulty:

"Where's Annie? I want Annie."

She bent over him, saying something unheard by others, but which brought an angelic smile to the countenance of the dying child. She wiped the death-dew from his fair forehead, and held the little hand till the life-beat ceased; then, still calm, she strengthened the limbs, closed the blue eyes which had been wont to meet hers so lovingly, and folded the pale hands over the still heart.

Even in her great sorrow—for she had loved her boy—Mrs. Rathburn forgot not to reproach Annie for her utter want of feeling—that she had not one tear for the darling child who had loved her so dearly. And Annie had met her with an immovable countenance.

It was after the household had retired that the young girl sought, alone, the chamber of death; and then and there, the long pent-up agony burst forth—oh! what an agony of regret—for the lost one, as the recollection of his loveliness, his hundred endearing ways, his childish prattle, came over her!

With her present sorrow mingled the memory of the past—all bitterness, save this one ray of light, now extinguished; and looming up, with too well defined distinctness, was the future, with its darkness, gloom, and desolation.

It was her hour of utter abandon. Hot, gushing tears, such as she had forgotten she could shed, seemed to have no power in exhausting the force of her sorrow. She was not startled—she was too wretched to be startled at anything—when a hand was laid on her head, and a voice said:

"Child Annie, where is thy umbrella? Hast thou not yet found it. If not, find it now, and hide thyself under it. There is no refuge like that; it will yield thee."

The door, closed gently behind the person; but Annie was scarcely conscious of that, or the voice, or the touch; but the words came deep in her heart. They came home to her with convincing power, seeming to comprehend all her need; and Annie, her heart humbled and softened by her great sorrow—feeling, oh! how deeply, the need of an All-powerful Comforter and Helper, and also realizing her sinfulness and unworthiness—prayed with earnest sincerity for the mercy and pardon of a merciful Saviour.

Annie found her refuge. Thenceforth, whatever sorrows and trials should assail her, she would have a sure rest and protection.

Two weeks afterward, the family were assembled in the parlor, when Mrs. Lothrop announced her intention of returning home the first of the ensuing week.

They all entreated for a longer visit, but finding their entreaties unavailing, expressed their regret; and then there was an embarrassing pause.

Mrs. Rathburn waited expectantly, too well assured that her darling Edith would be the favored one invited to accompany her home, to feel any anxiety.

Edith was no less certain than her mother of being the favorite of the lady, and was composing a graceful sentence of acceptance of the anticipated invitation. Eva also looked conscious, and toyed with her bracelets.

Annie, only, had no hopes, no plans. Since the night of Willie's death, she had not exchanged more than two or three sentences with Mrs. Lothrop, and she alone uttered no regrets at the announced departure, or entreaties to remain longer.

Mrs. Lothrop continued:

"I believe you were so kind, Mrs. Rathburn, as to promise that one of these young ladies should accompany me home? Annie, turning to her, 'will you do me the favor to accompany me? I will do everything in my power to render your visit pleasant. Can you be ready by Monday?'"

The young girl was too much astonished and bewildered to reply.

Mrs. Rathburn, white with rage and disappointment, made an excuse for leaving the room. She was shortly followed by Edith and Eva. The former burst into tears of jealousy and mortification the moment she reached her mother's room, while Eva gave frequent vent, in words, to her indignation.

When alone with Annie, Mrs. Lothrop leaned over her, and said, archly:

"Come with me, my child, and I will prove to you that my umbrella is large enough, and strong enough, and blue enough to protect you, both now and always, if you will permit it; although, she continued earnestly, 'I trust you have found the better one?'" looking inquiringly into the young girl's eyes, and reading aright the serene glance that told of a heart at peace with its Maker.

She resumed: "I cannot now fully explain to you the reasons for my strange conduct during the time I have known you; but when you shall understand them, I think you will forgive me for all the unhappiness I have directly or indirectly caused you. Suffice it to say, that I knew you instantly the first morning I saw you, from your strong resemblance to your father. I followed you a few steps, to introduce myself, when I accidentally overheard your words; and both the tone and the words revealed much to me, more than you thought, and my plan was instantly determined upon."

They continued a conversation, till it was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Kirkwood, who had been absent for a few days.

Mrs. Lothrop met him in the library. After informing him of her near departure, she said:

"I fear you will be disappointed, Eustace, when you learn that Annie, instead of Edith, is to accompany me home."

A glow of undisguised pleasure illumined the gentleman's face.

"I am glad of it," he replied, heartily.

Mrs. Lothrop was astonished, for she had believed him interested in Edith; and she looked at him inquiringly.

He replied to the glance frankly.

"It is true; I cannot deny it. Annie, with all her coldness and reserve, interests me far more deeply than Edith, with her beauty and brilliancy."

Mrs. Lothrop's face expressed her pleasure at this avowal.

He continued: "I must confess to you, however, my dear aunt, humiliating as is the fact, that this young girl is to me as regards myself."

"I see," it was evident that she disliked me."

"I will tell you," replied Mrs. Lothrop with a smile. "You will have an opportunity at Oakwood to endeavor to conquer this dislike."

Monday morning came, and the three departed. The carriage was watched from the windows till it disappeared from view, by Mrs. Rathburn and her daughters, with feelings of inexpressible jealousy and bitterness. They said to themselves and each other, that they had been deceived and injured. They felt no gratitude for, or pleasure in, the elegant and valuable gifts Mrs. Lothrop had bestowed upon each of them.

In the new atmosphere of love and kindness in which she now lived, Annie gradually became a different being, although never the gay, laughing-loving girl she would have been, had sorrow never touched her.

She never returned home. She became a daughter to Mrs. Lothrop; and only left her to become a near neighbor—the mistress of the beautiful mansion adjoining and the happy, honored bride of Eustace Kirkwood.

ALL ABOUT LOVERS.—Nothing like the old-fashioned love engagements, say we. Then you have a chance to find out something about a young man before marriage. Now-a-days, matrimony follows so close upon the heels of an offer, that it is no wonder our young people have a deal of sad thinking to do afterward. There is a thousand little things in daily intercourse of any duration which are constantly revealing themselves into tests of character; slight, they may be, but very significant. Some forlorn old lady must have a secret home of a cold evening, she walks slow, and tells the same story many times; see how your lover comports himself under this. He is asked to read aloud to the home circle some book which he has already perused in private, or some one in which he is not at all interested, watch him then. Notice, also, does he invariably take the most comfortable chair in the room, never thinking to offer it to a person who may enter, till he or she is already seated. Invite him to carve for you at a table. Give him a letter to drop in the post-office, and find out if he ever leaves that grave-pick-pocket. Open and read his favorite newspaper before he gets a chance to do so. Miss his cigar case. Lose his cane. Sit accidentally on his new beaver. Praise another man's coat or cravat. Differ from him in a favorite opinion. Ah, you may laugh! But just try him in these ways, and see how he will wear; for it is not the great things of life over which mortals stumble. A rock will

walk around; a mountain we cross it, it is the unobserved, unexpected, unlooked for little sticks and pebbles which cause us to halt on life's journey. The blind may run against a rock and not fall; put a small matter in his way and he will stumble over it.

[Fanny Fern.]

Shall we therefore maintain slavery?

The London Times recently had an article of which the following is an extract:

"There is no blinking the truth. Years of bitter experience—years of hope deferred, of self-devotion unrequited, of poverty, of humiliation, of prayers unanswered, of sufferings patiently endured—have convinced us of the truth. It must be spoken out, loudly and energetically, despite the wild mockings of howling cant. The freed West India negro slave will not till the soil for wages; the free son of the ex-slave is as obstinate as his sire. He will cultivate lands which he has not bought for his own yams, mangoes and plantains. These satisfy his wants; he does not care for yours. Cotton, and sugar, coffee and tobacco—he cares little for them. And what matters it to him that the Englishman has sunk his thousands and tens of thousands on mills, machinery and plant, which now totter on the languishing estate that, for years has only returned beggary and debts. He eats his yams and snuggles at 'Buckra!'"

One of the democratic organs which thinks slavery a blessed institution asks triumphantly what the advocates of free labor say to the statements like the above.

What do we say? We say if it is as the London Times alleges—if the negro is the incorrigible being thus represented, and if the tropical lands cannot be cultivated by the white man, all which we do not believe—if so, we still say let us wash our hands of the iniquity and deadly moral consequences of slavery. If it must be so, let the cotton and the sugar go, the world can live without them, or they will be otherwise produced.

But no slavery, we say, under any circumstances. Both the cotton and the sugar can be had without slave labor. The latter is now extensively manufactured in free countries and States. At first, perhaps, the production will be at an increased cost; but we have no doubt eventually as cheap as by slave labor. The great coffee estates of Brazil are some of them even now cultivated by colonies of free German laborers, carried there for the purpose and they are far better, and we believe more economically cultivated than by the negro slave.

But the decline of Jamaica, (which is held up as the greatest illustration of negro indolence and impracticability), cannot in our opinion be entirely or even mainly ascribed to the effects of emancipation. In this opinion we are strengthened by some remarks we have recently seen from an intelligent writer in the New York Times of which we will make a single extract.

Amid threatenings, expostulations and prophesies of ruin, the work went steadily on till, in 1807, the first blow was struck, and the slave trade abolished. From 1700 to 1786 there had been imported 610,000 slaves; on the abolition of the trade there were but 325,827 in the island. What could better convert the argument that slaveholders are merciful from motives of self interest?

At this time Jamaica was at the height of its prosperity. Favorably situated between Europe and the Spanish Main, its chief city, Kingston, became the depot of a large transit trade, and as its harbor was crowded with vessels of all nations, and its streets thronged by eager traders, much was hoped for its future position. No vision of a great nation springing up from the neighboring continent, whose produce, borne direct from its shores, should find no necessity for an intermediate market, mingled with the dreams of its inhabitants; and only when they saw the vessels come on tributary to their coffers sailing heedlessly by, bearing the treasures of the Spanish Main to the States of the new Republic did they understand the fact that the position they had occupied must be relinquished and forever.

Let this important truth be borne in mind—that the commercial prosperity of Jamaica fell by the natural law of traffic, which ever leads to a centre, and dispenses, wherever possible, with all points of distribution. This once recognized, the mind is easily disabused of the false and foolish statement that to emancipation is due the decline.—Bangor White.

FULL OF INVENTIONS.—A friend, who has been something of a nautical man in his day, relates the following incident, which occurred while prosecuting a voyage in the ship Chalcidion, of Salem:

"A few years ago, while sailing along the coast of Brazil, in moderate weather, the chief mate of our vessel made a kite for the purpose of pleasing the boys who were passengers on board the ship. It was flying finely, with a rope of twine, attached to the mizzen-mast head, much to the amusement of the juveniles, when an English ship came in sight. She hoisted her colors and altered her course to intercept us. When near enough, we both hailed, the Englishman sending his boat, manned with four men and the chief mate. On reaching the deck, the first officer asked for some tobacco; but it was apparent to every eye that he was sent on board for a different purpose. After pacing the deck nervously for a few moments, he mustered sufficient courage to call the captain one side, and inquired 'what we had flying over the stern?' 'Only a kite to please the children,' was the reply. 'Our skipper sent me on board,' said the mate, 'thinking it was a sort of a machine to get the longitude; you Yankees are so full of inventions.'"

A FIXED FACT.—The less you leave your children in your will, the more they will have in twenty years afterwards. Wealth inherited should be an incentive to action; instead of that, it is an incentive to sloth. The money that does a man good, is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made breeches, seldom fits the man who comes in possession. A gentleman died in the city a month since, who left his son money, other personal property, and a collection of rare paintings. The week after he came into possession, the pictures were traded off at a fourth their value to a gentleman who deals in claret and hock. The father was a connoisseur in fine arts, while his son was a connoisseur only in brandy and three minute horses. In all probability, a year hence will find the property of

the latter personage reduced to two shirts and a neck tie, with his soul lost in spending what his father lost his soul in saving. As we said before, the only money that does us good is the money we earn.—[Lyon Mercury.]

Curious Coincidence of Natural Laws.

On October 3d, in an introductory lecture to a course on geology, delivered at the Cooper Institute, Professor Boynton made the following statement in regard to a most wonderful coincidence between the law which regulates the position of leaves upon plants, and the law in accordance with which the planets revolve upon their axes. In some plants the leaves are arranged alternately on opposite sides of the stalk or branch. Starting from one leaf, we find the first leaf above on the opposite side of the stalk, and the second leaf above on the same side of the stalk. In going once round the stalk we find two leaves; that is we go 1-2 of as many times around the stalk as we find leaves. There is another order of plants in which we find the third leaf above directly over the one from which we start; in other words we go 1-3 of as many times around the stalk as we find leaves in going round. In the next order of plants we go twice around the stalk before we find a leaf directly over the one from which we started; and in all plants in which the leaves are thus arranged, we find the leaves in the two circuits—it is the fifth leaf which is directly over the one from which we started; in other words, there are 2-5 of as many circuits as leaves. In another order of plants the leaves are so arranged that between two, one of which is directly over the other, there are three circuits of the stalk, and in all such cases it is found that there are eight leaves in the three circuits; the number of circuits is 3-8 of the number of leaves. There are no plants in which one leaf is found directly above another in four turns round the stalk, but there are plants in which the leaves make five turns to come directly over the starting point, and in all cases there are thirteen leaves in the five circuits; the number of circuits is 5-13 of the number of leaves. There are no plants in which one leaf is found precisely over another in either six or seven turns of the stalk, but there are some in which this occurs in eight turns, and in these eight circuits there are always twenty-one leaves. Now, if we arrange these fractions,

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	

in order, we find that, by adding together the first two numerators, we have the third next numerator, and by adding the first two denominators we have the third denominator; while the sum of the second and third numerators is the numerator of the fourth fraction, and the second and third denominators is the denominator of the fourth fraction; this law going through the series. Take the first two fractions, 1-2 and 1-3; 1 and 1 make 2, and 2 and 3 make 5, which gives us 2-5. Add in the same way the next two fractions, 1-3 and 2-5, and we have 3-8; 2-5 which make, by the same process, 5-13; and 3-8 and 5-13 produce 8-21. Professor Boynton said that Agassiz, though not the discoverer of this law, had examined it very extensively, and pronounced it invariable; and that the leaves of all plants, from the simplest grass to the most perfect tree, are arranged in accordance with this law.

This rule is sufficiently curious in itself, but how wonderful to find that the same fractions express the number of rotations which each planet makes in one of its revolutions around the sun! Mr. Boynton stated that Professor Ponce, the eminent mathematician and astronomer of Cambridge, Mass., has discovered that if we take the number of rotations on its axis which the outer planet of our system, Neptune, makes during one of its revolutions about the sun, we shall find that the next planet, Uranus, makes 1-2 as many during one of its revolutions; the next one, Saturn, 1-3 as many, Jupiter, 2-5 as many, Mars, 3-8, the Earth, 5-13, Venus, 8-21, and Mercury 13-34. When we see the same mathematical law pervading distinct and widely-separated departments of nature, it is impossible to doubt that one mind, in accordance with one all-embracing plan, fashions the structure of the humblest weed and rolls the planets in their appointed courses.—[Scientific American.]

A TRUTH PLEASANTLY TOLD.—The first good-natured paragraph we have seen during the progress of the controversy between the English and French journals is in the Paris *Charivari*, which informs the eccentric clergyman who had offered £50 reward for the best essay on the best means of keeping up a good understanding between England and France, that it considers itself entitled to the prize for solving the question in one sentence, which is alone worth dozens of essays—"Le meilleur moyen pour que l'Angleterre et la France s'entendent est de se parler moins haut." [France and England will understand each other better if they don't talk so loud.]

Lawrence Tod, a citizen of Illi nois, who died some weeks since, has devised his estate (\$30,000) to Girard College, in Philadelphia. The deceased was of Danish parentage, and formerly commanded a packet between Philadelphia and New York. At that time he became acquainted with Stephen Girard, and seems to have carried to the West, where he went soon after, a most exalted idea of the disposition which Girard made of his estate. With this feeling, he has devised to the college his estate. Mr. Tod had no family.

HOW TO MAKE A SENSATION.—Get up some new historical theory. According to the *New York Evening Post*, at the first regular meeting for the season of the Historical Society, on Tuesday evening, Hon. John A. Poor of Portland, Me., read a paper on British Colonization in America, which seemed to the hearers a studious attempt to strip Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrims of the garlands which Mr. Webster, Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Everett in prose, and Mrs. Hemans, in poetry, have woven for them. According to Mr. Poor, the settlers of Plymouth Rock were entirely insignificant agents in the work of colonizing the continent. They were anticipated by the broader movements of Sir Fernando Gorges, and were but a company of traders or fishermen, intending, not to found a continent, but to make money enough to return to England in seven years.

It is unfortunate for the theory of Mr. Poor, if it is correctly stated by the *Evening Post*, that the facts of history are all against him. However broad the movement of Sir Fernando Gorges was in its inception (and its impor-

stance is exaggerated by Mr. Poor), it was a miserable failure. On the other hand, the fact that the Pilgrims intended to make a permanent home on this continent, is established beyond a reasonable doubt. Mr. Poor must try again.

English Women.

The *Athenaeum*, reviewing Colonel Fuller's book, 'Sparks from a Locomotive, or Life and Liberty in Europe,' says:

"Of the beauty of our English tones the gallant American never wearies. Of course, he is writing for a New York audience; and idle readers on this side of the great deep may like to hear what a clever writer thinks it necessary to insist on with his countrywomen in such a delicate matter of comparison. Listen:

"I find it an uncommon thing in England to meet unprotected females in the cars, and the higher the social position of the ladies, the greater is their simplicity of dress and affability of manner. So far as health, comfort, and dress are concerned, the American ladies have much to learn from the English, especially in their travelling costume. We see no finery of frippery here in the railway carriage; and silks and satins in the street are apt to excite rather uncomplimentary suspicions of the wearers. The 'Balmoral' is almost universally worn; and even fiery-red stockings are by no means uncommon. Long dresses are never seen out of drawing-rooms, and there they are worth both long and low. The English women have magnificently exuberant busts; and they 'don't' care who knows it. Full dress, for dinner or the theatre, consists in 'low neck, and short sleeves,' and this is observed *de rigueur*; while all gentlemen are expected to appear in black dress-coats and unimpeachable gloves. At the Theatre Royal, in Liverpool, the other evening, I was about entering the boxes, with a lady on my arm, who wore on the back of her head a little 'love of a bonnet,' about the size of a japonica flower, when she was arrested by an usher, who politely informed her that the forbidden bonnet must be left in the ante-room."

There is one drawback to this delight, or would be, if the Colonel were a Chinaman, which we are thankful he is not. The busts are divinely beautiful—how about the feet? Look ladies, to your Balmorals!

"I have seen but one pretty foot in England. I used to think the old nursery story about the 'Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe' entirely fabulous; but since I have seen the pedestals of some of these lovely living female statues, have formed a more favorable opinion of the veracity of 'Mother Goose.' But it is very evident that a large foot is not considered a detriment to female beauty in England; as the ladies make no effort to diminish the size of their feet by wearing pitched slippers. On the contrary, they wear clumsy gaiters, with heavy soles, which make their steps anything but fairy-like. And in this they show their good sense. One-half of the consumption cases among the American women are owing to wafer-soled shoes, which render walking both difficult and dangerous. And so they sit pining in satin chairs in their over-heated rooms sucking cough candy, and waiting for the doctor, and his shadow the undertaker; while these buxom English beauties are tramping about in their water-proof boots, or darning through lanes and parks in their saddles. To appear delicate or lachrymose is no part of an English woman's ambition. Health and vigor of body are considered of primary importance, not only for comfort's sake, but as the most essential qualifications for satisfactory and successfully performing the duties of wives and mothers. And they dress and eat, and exercise accordingly. On calling on Lady —, the other morning, one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in London, I found her dressed in a plain, purple colored woolen robe, made of cheap and coarse material, and yet so tastefully fitting her fine figure, that I was struck with the elegance and comfort of the ensemble. An ultra fashionable belle of the Fifth Avenue would hardly 'come down' to her visitor in so simple a costume; or if she did, it would be with a confusion of apologetic words and blushes."

THOREAU TALK.—Henry D. Thoreau of Concord, the hermit of Walden Pond, and the model cynic of modern times occupied the Music Hall platform on Sunday, and for an hour and a half discoursed upon what he considers to be 'Misspent Lives.' Mr. Thoreau was a fine voice, and a prompt, effective style of oratory that fixes the attention of the hearer.—The following are a few of his characteristic thoughts, selected at random: "If a man walks in the

dyspepsia. The speaker once attempted to force an audience to give an exposition of religion, but the audience never knew what he was saying. It was all moonshine to them. But if he had read the biographies of some of the greatest scamps of history, they would have thought he was reading the lives of the deacons of their church. The Kossuth hat was the only fruit of all the air occasioned by the presence of the great Magyar in this country. They had a sort of military picnic out to Concord. It was heralded by many trumpets; but the only impression left by it upon the mind of the speaker, was that the town was fuller of just than ever before. It covered the fences, and bushes, and pads upon the river. He looked hard, but he could see nothing else. In conversation surface met surface. Men could tell nothing that had not been told them, or that they had not seen in the newspapers. As the inner life failed one, he went more and more constantly and desperately to the post office. Conventionalisms were as bad as impurities. A man had better starve at once, than lose his innocence in getting bread.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, & DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 20, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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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."

GET READY! Nobody has forgotten the early arrival of winter last year. It is almost a year since the ground closed up to last till spring. Nobody has forgotten the cabbage and potatoes and roots of all kinds that never were harvested. See to it, then, that the same and lesson is not repeated this year. Autumn may have turned over a new leaf, intending henceforth to render up her account for an earlier leave-taking. These sudden surprises are profitable to the farmer, because they teach him the valuable lesson of trying to be in season with all the departments of his business. God is always teaching his children wisdom thro' his works; just as he would have them benefit one another by examples. It is not yet too late for an "Indian Summer," but will soon be late enough for a Yankee winter. Picking potatoes with cold fingers, plowing frozen ground in a snow storm, and making cider of frozen apples, don't belong to good farming, though, like accidents in the best of families, they may happen with the best of farmers. So fly round, boys! and get ready for good times. Winter is coming, with his big woodpile and big apples, his warm clothes and warm dinners; and if anybody grumbles at his ten thousand other blessings, it will be those who hadn't got ready for them. Of course all such will scold about our terrible cold winters, without thinking that cold weather brings us more comforts than warm. They will forget to be thankful for warm houses, warm clothes, warm beds, warm fires and warm dinners, because the winds blow upon the hills and the snow piles against the door. Let them blow, and let them pile higher and higher!—they only heap up the solid measure of our comforts, by showing us how many of our blessings are brought by the same cold winter we complain about. Let it snow, and blow, and freeze, and howl, and drift, out doors. It only makes it warmer and pleasanter in the house—if we only get ready! There's the stick! So stir yourselves for good times, boys!—and take our word for it, you are going to have the happiest winter you ever saw. Prepare the kindling wood, bank up the house, put straw for the pigs, call in the dog, and let it snow!—who cares for what's shut out doors? Pass that word of apples, Charley?

"THE GREAT WEDDING."—Some three months ago the New York papers began, to hint to the rest of the world that a great bonor was going to fall upon their Babylon. The note of preparation began rising to the breeze, lading the ears and striding the wires, till even jealous Boston chimed in and took place among the chief trumpeters. By and by it leaked out that a great rich Spaniard with the title of "Senor"—(meaning as much as Mister)—was going to marry a poor New York girl. He had sixty years on his head and a million of money in his pocket, and she was but sweet eighteen with "nary red." Now the papers began to talk about "the great wedding" by the column. All the details of the rich old Cuban's liberality, from the diamond necklace to the embroidered petticoat, were strung out like shreds upon a clothesline, till the "great wedding" was as much a tangibility as the great fools of New York or the greater ditsos of Boston. And it was a great wedding—and the great fools of Boston joined the great fools of New York, till Saint Somebody's church was filled a quarter of a mile into the street. Some force invitations, some steal them, and some go without any—and all because an old dotard with a foreign tongue and a heavy purse has condescended to buy a fair republican daughter for her weight in gold!

What champions of equality are found in this New World, when we crowd ourselves out of our cowbids, if the humblest shrub of decayed foreign aristocracy deigns to smile upon the nobles of us! How much better a petty plantation and a few negroes in Cuba, than ten thousand oxen on a thousand hills in fair New England! Who, in all the broad world don't think better of us than we do of ourselves—as we go fretting and grinning and snobbing and bragging and cringing in the wake of those who flourish a threadbare coat of arms, and can prove blood that has "run through scoundrels ever since the flood." How we lawn and kneel to the poor old fool who makes us think he has got more money

than the next fool below him! Our best efforts to stand up boldly in the might of our republican pretenses only bring us stumbling to our knees at the foot of the ninny who says his grandfather's uncle was a count!

A RARE WORK OF ART.—It is probably known to but few, that at the late Commencement, some friends of Waterville College and of the present occupant of the presidential chair, took measures for procuring a bust of Dr. Champlin, to be placed in the Library. Such was the fact, however, and the necessary means being promptly furnished for executing it, the commission was given to Mr. Franklin Simmons—a native of Bath, we believe, but for the last few years a resident of Lewiston. Mr. S. has just finished his task, upon which he has been engaged at the College, since about the commencement of the present term. We were permitted a sight of the clay model, at the artist's room, last week; but he has since completed the cast, which has been taken to the Daguerrian rooms of Mr. S. Wing, for the purpose of being photographed, where it will remain on exhibition for a week or more.

We have seen but few specimens of this sort of work, and can speak of it neither with the confidence nor the language of the experienced connoisseur or the professional artist; but this much we do say: if to have produced a most striking similitude of the original, full of life, and with the spirit of the man, is a success, then has Mr. S. most certainly attained it in large measure—and when we consider the youth of the artist—he having barely reached his majority; his lack of instruction in the art—he having been self-taught; and his limited practice—this being but his fifth attempt,—his success becomes a wonder, and proves him the fortunate possessor of a spark of that heavenly fire of genius, which, if not untimely quenched, will eventually make him honorably prominent among his fellow-men.

We know we are doing our readers a favor, when we advise them to call at Mr. Wing's rooms and examine this fine work of art, during the limited time it will remain on exhibition. We had an idea that the advocacy of agricultural interests, like the occupation of tilling the soil, was favorable to the development of honesty and fair dealing, but the Maine Farmer man is more twistical than the politicians, even. Though professing to discover evidences of dissatisfaction on our part, in regard to Augusta contributions in aid of the State Fair, so deep as to render us inconsolable, it yet superfluously exhorts us to be "jolly" when we think what a nice time the "honest yeomanry" had of it in dancing attendance upon the exhibition through a long drenching rain, with a big hotel bill rapidly accumulating.—With all this sharp-sightedness, however he can yet see no difference between putting up the State Fair at auction, to be taken by the highest bidder regardless of the best good of the agricultural interest, and a judicious location of it with a proper guarantee fund.

Portland Oct. 19th, 1859.
SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance met at the Hall of Forest City Division in this city yesterday. The attendance was the largest ever held in this State. The meeting was presided over by S. L. Carleton, Esq., of this city, G. W. P.

The G. W. P.'s report spoke of the encouraging condition of the Order throughout the State, and the Order generally was harmonious and prosperous.

The Grand Scribe reported the number of members and visitors initiated during the present quarter at about 8,000, and the whole number in the State about 13,000, in very nearly equal numbers, the Order having increased about 9,000 during the year. The whole number of Divisions in the State was 150; number instituted during the past year 98, with several defunct ones revived; number of Divisions chartered during the past quarter 37, while only one has surrendered its charter, and but seven during the year.

The Grand Treasurer reported \$235.00 in the Treasury.

The Committee appointed the Cadets (at the last session) reported and laid on the table.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year.
J. S. Kimball, G. W. P., Bangor; Wm. G. Hoben, G. W. A., North Yarmouth; H. K. Morrill, G. S., Gardiner; E. C. Lowe, G. T., Waterville; D. B. Ricker, G. C., Portland; G. W. Hodgkins, G. Sen., Boothbay; E. W. Jackson, G. Chap., Gorham.

The attendance present numbered about 200.

FATALITY BURNED.—The wife of Mr. Moses Kewyah, a Frenchman, who lives on the Plain, was terribly and probably fatally burned by burning fluid, on Monday evening; she was filling a lighted lamp from a jug, when the blaze caught the flame and she threw the jug from her in such a manner as to set fire to the clothes of two of her children. In her effort to save them the flames caught her own clothing, and she rushed out doors, where some men who came to her help succeeded in extinguishing the fire; but not till she was so shockingly burned that it is said to be impossible for her to survive long. The children were badly burned, but not fatally.

THANKS.—We are indebted to our young friend Wm. H. Moor, now of Sacramento, for a liberal supply of late California papers, containing full particulars of the Broderick duel and subsequent proceedings in consequence, details of the annual State Fair, &c. &c., for which he will please accept our hearty thanks.

BUTTERICK, Oct. 16, 1859.

The Fine Arts.
Let us for a moment reflect upon the ordinary method of Education, which after some years spent in acquiring languages buries us, (comparatively) without the least preparatory discipline, into the most profound philosophy, while those who devote their time to the study of the fine arts, are trained in a very different manner. They are, or should be, led step by step, from the most simple rules to the more intricate.

I believe that the fine arts may be considered a middle link, which connects the different parts of Education into a regular chain. This science furnishes an inviting opportunity to exercise the judgment.

We delight to reason upon subjects that are equally pleasant and similar; we proceed gradually from the more simple to the more involved cases; and in due course of time, Custom, which improves all our faculties, bestows acuteness on that of reason, sufficient to unravel most all its intricacies.

A knowledge of the Fine Arts furnishes elegant subjects for conversation, and prepares us to act in the social state with dignity and propriety.

One other advantage of a knowledge of the Fine Arts is, that it is a great support to morality. I insist upon it with entire satisfaction that no occupation attaches a man more to his duty, than that of cultivating a taste for the Fine Arts.

A just relish of what is beautiful, proper, elegant and ornamental in writing or painting; in architecture, or gardening, is a fine preparation for the same relish of these qualities in character and behavior.

To the man who has acquired a taste so acute, and accomplished, every action wrong or improper must appear highly disgusting. If in any instance the overbearing power of passion sway him from his duty, he returns to it with a redoubled resolution; never to be swayed a second time.

He has then an additional motive to virtue; a conviction derived from experience, that happiness depends in a great measure on regularity and order; and that disregard to justice or propriety, never fails to be punished with shame and remorse. You will know that the Fine Arts are intended to entertain us by leaving pleasant impressions. But in order to make these impressions, we ought to know what objects are naturally agreeable.

The drawing of landscapes, buildings, &c., is very useful, as it is what every man may have occasion for, at one time or another. To be able on the spot to take the sketch of a fine building or a beautiful prospect, of any curious production of art, or uncommon appearance in nature, is not only a very desirable accomplishment, but a very agreeable amusement. Rocks, mountains, fields, woods, rivers, catacra, cities, towns, ruins, or whatever else may present itself to view, in our own or foreign countries, may be faithfully delineated and brought home upon paper, and preserved for our future use, either in business, or conversation.

I do say, that without some knowledge of the Fine Arts, at least one half of the beauties of nature are lost. The study of nature is a delightful theme; a theme which unfetters the soul from low pursuits and groveling actions, and raises it to the contemplation of Him who formed it, and at whose will it can be made to sink into chaos. Who can view the animation, the all-cheering sun, and not behold a God? Who can see the planets revolve in beauteous order and harmony, and not observe the finger of the Deity?

Who can behold the wonderful structure of the human frame, and believe it the effect of chance?

Who can observe the taste and delicacy displayed in the varied clothing of the brute creation, the beautiful plumage of the feathered tribes, and the unrivaled hues which adorn some of the most minute insects, without feeling his mind irresistibly drawn forth in admiration of the Great Author?

DIFFIDENCE.

FASHIONABLE MUSIC.—Senseless and inharmonious as seems the music of the opera and many of the first class concerts, to the great majority of the hearers, whatever they may affect in deference to certain file leaders, there is something infinitely more ridiculous than the music, bad as it is, to wit—diffidence!

An opera disenthralls the soul from the more selfish and grosser passions of the body, and it rocks the imagination upon the undefined bosom of the Infinite. Listen to that grand movement of its cadence; how dream-like it awakens every experience of your life, every aspiration of your heart! Now, the sounding brass calls you, in fancy, to the chase, in the fragrance of the harvest field, to the perfume of pastoral scenes and meadows, to the rushing of rivulets, and the cool air of mountain summits.

Anon, the softer scenes are changed. The trumpet's blast summons men to action.—Your step is measured; you tread, like Mars, the battle-field; the enthusiasm of patriotism burns, sun-like, in your countenance; you weigh the chances of life in the scale against the cause of honor, and while embracing the latter as a world-equivalent, you condemn the former as a transient and worthless feather. But, lo! that allegro, it is vocal and gladness with cathartic or flute accompaniment. It breathes of victory, and is encharged with laughing delight; the mimic world is a world of joy again. These, and such as these, are the ideas or the thought fragments, rather, that come floating upon the ocean of intellect during the performance of a grand Italian opera.

Prof. Wm. Williams's Musical Convention, at Augusta, we learn was very successful, particularly when we consider that it was an independent enterprise—not leaning upon an established County or State organization. The number in attendance was over two hundred. We trust the Professor will be encouraged to repeat his experiment.

A NEW DIVISION.—Snow Food Division No. 40 was instituted at Belgrade Hill on Monday Evening the 17th inst. by Bro. Blackwell of Cascade and Smiley of Belheda. A good number of excellent men have entered into the work with a determination to make this one of the best divisions in the state.

The following are officers for the present term.

C. A. Smiley, W. P.
E. W. Mosher, W. A.
P. P. Hutchins, R. S.
Henry Wyman, A. R. S.
C. S. Hutchins, F. S.
John Partridge, T.
Jesse Page, C.
J. H. N. Penny, A. C.
C. N. Goodwin, J. S.
J. D. Richardson, O. S.
Chauncey Bickford, Chaplain.

SAD.—A melancholy instance of the weakness of human nature is brought to light in the recently discovered falsification of Mr. Isaac F. Shepherd, Secretary and Treasurer of the People's Five Cent Savings Bank of Boston. The defaulter in this case is a member of the Legislature from Somerville, and has held numerous offices of trust, honor and responsibility. In 1844, we think, he delivered a poem before the literary societies of Waterville College. The fraud was not discovered by the officers of the institution, but was revealed in the course of the examination of the Bank Commissioners. Mr. S. made a full confession and stated that he committed his first breach of trust in 1855, and that he purchased land in Weymouth and other places, and lost by it. In hopes of retrieving he continued in various speculations, and these losses, with personal expenses which were beyond his income, (his salary as Treasurer was only \$1400.) have placed him in his present deplorable condition. The Commissioners at once stopped the operations of the bank and Mr. S. was arrested but waiving an examination he was held in \$12,000 for trial, which security was promptly obtained.—The institution, it is understood, is fully secured from loss by his bonds.

MAINE STATE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—At a business meeting of the Maine State Musical Association held in Portland Oct. 7th, the following officers were chosen:

President—Joseph Marston, of Waterville; Vice President—G. G. Addison, Portland; Dr. Wm. H. True, Freeport; Weatly, Bener, Pigeon, G. H. Carpenter, Waterville, T. P. Magoun, Bath; Corresponding Secretary—E. C. Farrington, Lewiston; Recording Secretary—Wm. H. True, Freeport; Treasurer—O. S. Edwards, Gardiner; Trustees—U. O. Mitchell, Gardiner; J. B. Bray, Brighton, E. C. Farrington, Lewiston; Committee on Resolutions—M. B. Sears, Winthrop; G. G. Addison, Portland, Dr. W. H. True, Freeport.

PLEASANT WORDS.—The following well deserved compliments, gratifying to the parties specially interested and to all who indulge in a laudable village pride, we find in the Boston correspondence of Zion's Advocate.

"People in this quarter take special pleasure in congratulating each other on account of the uncommonly large class at Waterville. Fifty Freshmen! It is your grand intellectual discipline, your courageous application of the sledge-hammer, the file, and the polisher, that is bringing you such results. May the standard at Waterville never be lower! Waterville reminds me of a Waterville artist, who is an honor to the beautiful village in which she resides, and were she known as her modest merit deserves, would be an honor to Maine.—Miss Francis Louisa Alden. During Commencement Week, I was favored with the opportunity of examining some of Miss Alden's paintings, and was delighted at the improvement which she had made since my previous visit. View of Andernach on the Rhine, Time and Tide wait for no man, View from Orange Mountain, New Jersey, are paintings of no common merit. The last ought to be on exhibition in the Boston Athenaeum. The shading, the perspective, the coloring, the haziness of the atmosphere, are not often surpassed except by the highest order of painters. Not only Waterville but Maine should encourage in every possible way the taste and genius of her daughters.

A copy of one of the pictures mentioned above—View from Orange Mountain, N. J.—we learn has been sold for one hundred dollars; and with no additional merit in the picture, but simply a wider reputation for the artist, it would readily bring twice that sum.

A New York paper pokes fun at down-easters as follows—

The people of Maine are all fond of drumming. Because the Great Eastern to Portland is coming; 'Neal Down street, as he certainly oughter.' Since Maine owes her luck to the fame of her water: To which, according to a Belfast paper, down east thus responded:—

She can't pass Sandy Hook, though her pilot be clever. And the way of Hell Gate, as he croaked as ever; So it really does seem to be plain as a book, That the Yorkers can't have her by Hook nor by crook.

HIGH HANDED OUTRAGE.—A little daughter of Rev. J. F. Witherell, editor of the Gem and Gazette, 18 years of age, was abducted from Dexter, on Thursday last by Rev. Wm. S. Cilley, whom the Bangor Union characteristically styles an active freedom shrieking, political priest of the campaign of '56. Under pretence of wishing her to accompany him to the cemetery, to assist in placing some flowers and evergreens on his wife's grave, the hypocritical hound inveigled the young lady into his carriage and bore her far away from friends and home. On Friday, at 2 P. M. he took the Western train at Augusta, since which nothing has been heard of him. At a public indignation meeting, held in Dexter, funds were raised in aid of prosecuting the search for the villain, who it is to be hoped will be promptly secured and made to atone for his cruel wrong.

ATTEMPTED RAPE.—A bold but unsuccessful attempt at rape was made at Norridgewock, on Wednesday last week, by a stranger—a foreigner, as is supposed—who encountered an unprotected female on the highway. The villain has not yet been arrested, though vigilantly pursued by the officers.

Rev. N. M. Wood, pastor of the Baptist Church in our village, delivered a lecture before the Y. M. C. Association, of Augusta, last Sabbath evening.

STRANGE AFFAIR.—A singular piece of foolery, which the papers call an insurrection, commenced at Harper's Ferry on Sunday. Some 18 to 20 white men, led by Capt. Brown, who figured so crazily in Kansas, and aided by an indefinite number of negroes, barricaded and guarded the roads leading to the village, stopped the railroad trains passing through, and virtually took possession of the place.—

The alarm was terrible, and partook of all the cowardice peculiar to a slaveholding population. Despatches were sent in all directions for help, and so prompt was the response of the governor of Virginia and president Buchanan, that in 24 hours there were soldiers and armed men enough on the ground to eat the whole posse of the rioters at a meal.—The foolish fellows had got possession of the U. S. Armory there, and were able to stand quite a siege; having fastened the doors and refused to yield. The number of the insurrectionists in arms had been reported from five hundred to a thousand, and the alarm was in proportion; and the glory won by the victors when it was shown that not more than twenty dead and alive could be found, is a subject for Southern chivalry to ponder over. Of course all these were killed but two or three. In their terrible fright, the people are reporting the woods and mountains in the vicinity as full of insurrectionists—but we predict that few of them will be found. It is supposed that Brown was crazy, and that his few white associates were looking for plunder.

THANKSGIVING.—Gov. Morrill has appointed Thursday, Nov. 24, for a day of Thanksgiving in this State.

The Remaining Reports.

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Committee find twenty three items in their list. Many of these are mere fancy articles, which speak their own praise. A few articles of utility deserve special notice, by way of indicating preference for their class, if nothing more. Prominent among these is Mr. T. F. Sanborn's Clothes-Dryer, to which we call particular attention, as one of the most convenient and useful inventions of the kind.

A case of bonnets, exhibited by Mrs. Ayer, of Augusta, must also be classed with the useful, because intended to take the place of useful bonnets. We doubt not they are made in the best style of the art, and embody the best taste; and looking suspiciously over the shoulders of modern fashion and folly, the committee ventured to award them the highest commendation, with their thanks to Mrs. Ayer for her attractive contribution to our Show.

Mr. E. Varney of Augusta, exhibited two samples of Wheeler & Wilson's world renowned sewing machines, the excellent make of which has been carefully scrutinized by great numbers of visitors. These machines speak their own praise, and have been thoroughly tested in all parts of the country. It is positively strange that so many families are yet stunted to the old drudgery of working the needle by hand, while one of these pretty machines might readily execute the sewing of a neighborhood. We commend them to the attention of those who are able to buy them.

Prominent among the good things here is a case of Dr. Littlefield's famous "Oriental Balm." From the day of the great case of healing in Eden, down to the last and humblest sample of doctoring in Waterville or Cambridge, the world has been waiting for doctor's stuff; and we see no reason why doctor's Littlefield and Brandreth should not contest the nice premium of public favor with doctors Barnum and Underdonk. While greater doctors than all these make merchandise of the "Balm in Gilead," why may not Dr. L. get rich with his Balm in Waterville and the ten thousand other places where it is sold by his agents? He took a diploma at the State Fair; he shall take our thanks here, for what the public are everywhere pronouncing "the best painkiller in the world"—as he assures us.

A pretty pair of tea sets, by Miss Melinda A. Taylor, of Sidney, and three of the fashionable inconveniences called "tidies," each by Mrs. C. H. Drummond, Mrs. E. S. Bailey and Miss Abba Talbot, are good samples of this kind of needle work, and we give them the trifle of 25 cts. each.

A knit Talmu, by Miss H. Hanscom, to which we give 75 cts., and knit sleeves, by Miss , to which we give 50 cts., are good samples of ingenuity, usefulness and comfort.

Three bouquets, by Mrs. W. Chipman, one of hair, one of crystallized grass, and one of wax, take respectively \$1.75 cts. and 50 cts. A shell box, a palm-leaf basket, and a crystal basket, by the same, have 50 cts. each. A burr picture frame and an ingenious leather-work what-not, also by the same, make out the claim of the exhibitor to the thanks of the Society.

A grass bouquet, by Mrs. A. Stilson, Sidney, is in fine taste; we give it 50 cts. A very curious feather bag, presented (shall we say made) by Malinda Taylor, and a pretty little moss cottage, by Clara Maxwell, are each worthy of 25 cts.

A leather-work picture frame, by Miss E. M. Bassett, and another with no name, give us the opportunity to hint that this art was intended to imitate wood carving, rather than loose dangling leaves. The "what-not," and indeed nearly all this kind of work exhibited here in years past, show the same mistake. We give the picture frame No. 8, 25 cts.

E. MAXHAM, for Com.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND BREAD.
We report eight lots of Butter entered for prem, of which lot No. 1 was among the missing, leaving even for our examination, all of fair quality, and some of it very nice. We were obliged to award the prem's without any knowledge as to the ownership of the several lots, therefore our decision must be considered perfectly fair, if our judgment is not approved of. We recommend the award of the premiums on butter, as follows:—

First prem, to lot No. 3, Mrs. John Bowman, 2d do, to lot No. 5, Mrs. B. C. Paine, 3d do, to lot No. 6, Mrs. Edwin Spring.

Other lots are to be commended as good, while other, still are too salt for our liking, which, we think, is one prevailing fault of the butter generally brought into our market.—Butter can and should be made so as to keep sweet and good, for a reasonable length of time, without over salting. This has been demonstrated.

There were seven lots of cheese presented for examination, and two others (Nos. 8 and 7) entered but not exhibited. Of the cheese as a whole, we are prepared to speak highly. Several of the lots presented are very good. Lot No. 2 was decided to be the best, and the First prem on cheese was awarded to Mrs. Dan'l Jones; 3d prem on do, to No. 4, Mrs. Nathan Perry.

We had seventeen lots of Bread to examine, which, with the maple Sugar and Syrup, came near spoiling our appetite for dinner. The bread was nearly all good, and we could have disposed of a dozen premiums to good advantage; but as we had but two, we gave one to Flour Bread No. 5, Mrs. B. C. Paine, and the other to Brown Bread, No. 24, Mrs. E. W. Cook. We also recommended a gratuity of 50 cts. to Brown Bread No. 8, Miss Julia Jones, a girl of 12 years, and a like gratuity of 50 cts. to Barley Bread No. 2, Mrs. Ambrose Stilson.

Several other lots tickled our palates, but found no response in our pockets.

Honey No. 19, Owen Bates, deserves the second prem. of 50 cts., there not being the necessary quantity to take the first.

Maple Sugar, No. 11, H. C. Burleigh, is very nice, and together with No. 12, belonging to the same exhibitor, merits the first prem. of 1.00.

Maple Syrup, No. 21, belonging to Crowell Taylor, was judged worthy of the prem. of 1.00. There was not quite so much of it as the rule required, but there was less when we left it than when we found it; so we thought Mr. Taylor ought to have a dollar.

WILLIAM DYER, for Com.

BULLS.
On Bulls 2 yrs. old and upward, 1st prem. to H. C. Burleigh, of Fairfield, for his thorough-bred Short-Horn Bull, "Boz;" 2d to W. E. Drummond, for his North Devon; 3d to H. M. Fish, of Fairfield, for his grade Hereford bull.

On Bulls under 2 yrs. old: 1st to Abel Hoxie, of Fairfield, for his grade Short Horn; 2d to W. B. Hamlin, of Sidney, for his grade Devon.

On Bull Calves—1st prem. to Albert Crosby, of Albion, for his grade Short Horn, (a splendid animal); 2d to Abel Hoxie, of Fairfield, for a fine grade Short Horn calf.

Your Committee were highly gratified with the fine appearance of the various animals presented for their inspection, and while obliged to turn some empty away, for the want of more premiums to bestow, would not be wanting in a kind word of just commendation where it is richly deserved.

Prominent among the unsuccessful candidates for our favor was the fine grade Durham animal of J. W. Drummond, of Winslow, which gave satisfactory evidence of having improved to the best advantage all his opportunities of increasing in size; and in our opinion will give his competitors at future shows a hard race to come in ahead.

The grade Durham bull calves of David Smiley, of Winslow, were an honor to their breeder, and we doubt not will yield him a rich pecuniary reward for all his care and attention.

Mr. George A. Taylor, of Sidney, also presented a good grade Durham, which we would by no means pass by unnoticed, lest his progeny might hereafter rise up in judgment against us.

Mr. Benja. Hersom, of Waterville, also presented a young bull calf of good proportions and fair size, that if we mistake not, will come up nearer to some of his brethren in 12 months than they in their carelessness seem to imagine.

H. JAQUITH, for Com.

HORSES.
The number of Stallions entered for premiums were three, viz: Black Hawk, named "Telegraph," and Black Hawk, named "Gen. Knox," owned by Thos. S. Lang; and also a Stallion, by J. W. Hersom.

Breeding Mares.—Five entries for prem. viz: by Geo. E. Shores, Wm. B. Robinson, Silas Getchell, John Richardson, John P. Ois.

Horses for all work, eight entries, viz: by M. V. Hersom, Gray Gelding; Wm. B. Robinson, Gray Mare; J. C. Gifford, Gray Gelding; George Blackwell, Gray Mare; I. H. Low, Mare; David Webb, Mare; A. J. Libby, Gelding; B. P. Manley, Mare.

Matched Horses.—J. L. Seavey, a pair of Horses 5 years old well matched, good roadsters and efficient workers.

Your committee would mention with commendation a pair of well matched Horses, upon the ground, owned by Geo. F. Gilman, deserving special notice, but not regularly entered for prem.

Mr. Gideon Wells had upon the ground a pair of untrained, well matched Horses, not entered for prem, but deserving consideration.

The following horses in the opinion of your committee are entitled to the premiums offered by the Society:

Stallions.—Black Hawk, "Telegraph," \$20; Black Hawk "Gen. Knox," \$4; J. H. Hersom's Horse, \$2.

Breeding Mares.—Geo. E. Shores, 3 dols.; Wm. B. Robinson, 2 dols.; John P. Ois, Me. Agriculture.

Horses for all work.—J. C. Gifford \$1.50; George Blackwell, Me. Agriculture.

Matched Horses.—J. L. Seavey, 2 dols.

Your committee would suggest a few remarks in relation to the breeding of horses. Permit them to congratulate the society upon the introduction of the Black Hawk Stallion, by Mr. T. S. Lang; offering an opportunity to breeders to improve from stock preeminent in all the higher qualities of speed and endurance. The farmers and stock raisers of this society possess all the elements necessary to improvement in the character and value of their horses. It only remains for them, to select young, sound males, of good points and action; and not, as a certain writer of strict observation remarked, that "farmers would keep their sires at work until they are fairly worn out, and lame in every limb, and then if they can find a Stallion that is fat and can prance and squeal, they commence breeding. This they call economy; and in the view of some, scientific breeding! But mark the result. The foal is but a miserable mongrel, perhaps lame and worthless. Then they complain that no profit results from breeding horses. It has been said that pedigree is the Sire. So the very best specimens should be selected in the Dam to breed from.

Look to this, Farmers, and you will realize a profit from breeding horses, not only remunerative, but you will make it a source of wealth.

Then our annual Fairs will be represented by animals that will elicit interest and admiration. No State can surpass Maine for the rearing of horses; and no society of an agricultural character in Maine can surpass the No. Kennecott Agricultural Society, if its members appreciate their ability and the advantages they possess.

ROBERT ATKIN, Chairman.

