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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF  
ROGER CHASE.

BY JAMES D. HILL.

Every locality has its unwritten history, which is perpetuated by the gossip of youth and the curiosity of age at the social gathering around the evening fireside, and transmitted from generation to generation. The incidents that have occurred, though generally pertaining to humble individuals, whose origin and general history are obscured by the mass of age, are among those which most strongly engage the imaginative faculty of the youthful, and implant themselves deeply in the hearts of those of mature age; and those which have been rescued from their fugitive condition and transcribed by the glowing pen of him who has been styled the "Wizard of the North," are appropriately regarded as the gems of the age. The region of the Kennebec, though of comparatively recent settlement, possesses its full share of legendary lore, and its legends are the record of some future lover of antiquarian research. One of these legends of incident and adventure connected with the early settlement of this beautiful river—not inferior in romantic scenery to the Hudson and Schuylkill—is an "old true tale," as it was told to me by one who had often heard it from the lips of the principal actor himself—I will here attempt to record.

In the February following Arnold's record expedition up this river on his march to Canada, Roger Chase of Waterville, Mr. Malbon of Canada and a French Canadian named Wishua, went up the river for a spring hunt. A few miles above Norridgewock, they left the house of the late settler behind them, and made the best of their way, to the mouth of Seven Mile brook, up which stream and among the beautiful islands and shores about its mouth, they desired to follow the pursuit of trappers. Their progress had been slow and tedious, for their hands were loaded with their blankets, a few steel traps, and nine weeks provision. Their home camp was built near the head of the Falls on Seven Mile brook, on the east bank of the Tanyard inlet, a few rods above the bridge, and but a short distance west of the late residence of Gen. Franklin Smith, in what is now the picturesque village of North Anson, dotted with its quiet looking white cottages. Here they made themselves "at home," as much as the circumstances of the case would allow, and spent the time quite pleasantly in their occupation.

They had been over the ground they intended to occupy—had set their steel traps in such open places in the stream, as they thought likely to be the resort of the water-fur animals, and had built "lines" of wooden traps up Seven Mile brook, for "Sable" and "black cat." Their lives were varied by no unusual incidents. They rose from their humble bed of fir boughs with the early dawn, and after partaking of a hearty morning meal, each wended his way to his daily duties, taking his midday luncheon, and returning to camp when the shades of evening began to close around him. Then, after another hearty meal, they reclined upon the boughs, rehearsed the incidents of the day as they whiffed their pipes, sang a song or two, and then dropped to sleep, little dreaming of the busy crowd which in a few years would tramp daily over their lonely camping ground.

They had been here about ten days, and while quietly resting in camp on Sunday morning, five Indians from Canada approached with stealthy, cat-like tread, surprised and made them prisoners without a moment's warning. After taking possession of the arms and ammunition of the trappers, the Indians made a hasty meal of which they invited their prisoners to partake, and appropriating everything of value, they set fire to the camp and started on the weary march to Canada. This was in the early part of March. Their route was up the frozen Kennebec, and heavily laden as the prisoners were with their own provisions, they were obliged to make a forced march for the remainder of the day, and did not halt till night had already set in, when the Indians kindled a fire in an old cedar stub, and after clearing away some of the snow and breaking a few handfuls of boughs, they ate ravenously and in silence, as hungry, tired men will do, of such food as most readily came to hand, and enveloping themselves in their blankets, all save the sentinel, were soon wrapped in profound slumber. This bivouac was on the western bank of the river on the narrow strip of interval which is now comprised in the farm of Charles Grant, in the town of Concord.

But few words had been exchanged by the prisoners during this day's tramp, for thoughts of the dreary prospect before them, filled their hearts too full for utterance. They too, had swallowed the food which their captors gave them, in unbroken silence; but unlike them, they could not sleep, and they tossed uneasily from side to side till a late hour, when exhausted nature asserted her dominion, and they slept by fits and starts till roused by the sentinel in the morning.

Breakfast over, they again took their line of march up the river in Indian file. First went one Indian as leader of the file; then followed the French Canadian, who was beginning to grow somewhat intimate and loquacious with the Indians; he was followed by Malbon; then another Indian; next came Roger, and lastly in the rear, followed the remaining three Indians. Their march this day was tedious and disagreeable, for much snow fell, and it was so slushy as to soak their clothes thoroughly, and so loaded their snow shoes as to render traveling in their heavy packs very painful. This long "soak" started the hair upon their moose hide moccasins, and many of them before the close of the day, knew by the smarting sensation they experienced, that their toes were denuded of skin, together with no little of the adjoining flesh. That night they reached the Great Carrying Place, and camped in one of the huts which Arnold's men had built here the fall before. After the evening meal was despatched, the Indians rigged a small pole, in crochets about two feet high, horizontally, before the side of the log fire which they occupied, and placed their feet upon it so as to allow the heat of the fire to dry their legs and some portion of their bodies.

This was highly relished by them for some time; but as one after another began to drowse from the combined effects of fatigue and the genial warmth of the camp fire, they found that the consequent relaxation of the muscles caused their feet to slide from the pole, and in two or three instances they dropped among the embers to the no small discomfort of their owners. After being buffeted in this manner once or twice, in their attempts to dry their feet, the two youngest of the Indians threw the traps from their snow shoes and used them to tie their feet to the pole, to prevent a recurrence of the previous disaster. Sometimes during the night, Chase, who had lain awake, reflecting with no little bitterness upon his fate, and the deplorable condition of his family—for he had a wife and child at Waterville—judging by the unusual snore emitted by the savages, that they were all sound asleep, and two of them with their feet tied to the pole, and thought of a favorable moment had arrived for making themselves of their own accord. This fact that Chase was familiar with him; for he had been a prisoner of the Indians

one of the 16 boatmen whom Arnold had engaged at Ticonderoga, to assist the expedition to the Great Carrying Place. As his engagement expired at this point he had returned to Waterville; and consequently his knowledge of the remainder of the route to Canada, was slight—being such only as he had acquired by "hearsay" from the lips of other hunters and the straggling deserters who left Arnold's command between Plattsburg and Lake Megantic. If they could make their escape now, their return would be comparatively easy; but should they be taken through the "unbroken wilderness" to Canada, Chase, though illiterate and residing upon the extreme outpost of civilization, knew enough of the struggle then in progress between the colonies and the mother country, to assure him that his captivity might be prolonged for years. Full of these feelings, he silently nudged Malbon, his fellow-prisoner, and as cautiously as possible communicated his scheme. Malbon readily acquiesced in the proposal of Chase, to seize upon the batches of the savages and dash out their brains while asleep, but at the same time suggested that one of the Indians might be still awake, and slyly watching their motions, and should be successful in preventing their complete success in the first onset, the odds against them in a hand to hand encounter, must render their case desperate and hopeless; but they might awaken the Canadian, Wishua, and induce him to join them, when the success of the enterprise would assume a greater degree of certainty. Chase urged in reply, that the Canadian had nothing at stake, compared with themselves; that he was approaching the land of his birth, and would soon be among friends who would see him liberated, and as confirmation of the little likelihood of his joining in an attack, called attention to the apparent social good feeling existing between him and the Indians. But Malbon could not be persuaded to the contrary, and Chase yielding to his representations, Wishua was roused as gently as the circumstances would admit of, and urged to assist in the undertaking. But he not only flatly refused to accede to the proposal, but roused up, threatened to alarm their captors and inform them of the plot against them. In this dilemma Chase and Malbon with no little anxiety, succeeded in silencing the Canadian by pretending that the proposal had not been in earnest, but that they had merely broached the subject to while away an hour, and to try his temper and the strength of his nerves. Just for the fun of the thing.

It may well be supposed that after the first moments of anxiety and suspense consequent upon the threat of the Canadian to betray them, had passed, that they were still far from sinking into that quiet which attends contentment with our lot. To their former feelings of bitter anticipation was now added the more depressing influence of recent disappointment. Suddenly and morosely—hating Wishua even more than they did the Indians—they drew their blankets more closely around them and shut their eyes, but sleep visited them not.

The next morning before the sun's rays flashed upon the deep narrow glen at the Carrying Place, "rips," they were silently toiling up the mountainous pathway, among the huge hemlocks which fringe its western side, in order to reach the Dead river, upon whose banks they made their camp at night. I need not attempt to follow their footsteps up the Dead river as their snow shoes clinked in the deep crusty snow which at that season of the year covered its wide spreading intervals of the more rough and rugged portion of the journey across to Lake Megantic and thence down Arnold's river, and their final disembarkment upon the French settlements on the Chaudiere. Suffice it to say, that as they journeyed down the river, they were quartered at night in the timber houses of the habitants, whose simple and primitive manners were a source of no little wonder and curiosity to the prisoners. In thirteen days, and were transferred to a British man-of-war, which had lain in the St. Lawrence during the winter—the Indians receiving so much head money for them.

Chase remained on board the prison ship, where he found several Americans, who were subsequently exchanged—until the middle of October following, when he overheard a conversation between two of the officers one evening on deck, when he was supposed to be asleep in his hammock, which satisfied him that there was no intention of exchanging him, as the commander of the ship, which was getting ready to leave the river, intended to impress him—being rightly judging that the young prisoner had in him the material for a good soldier. Roger Chase was at that time about twenty-two years old, short in stature, but squarely and finely built, his frame denoting much activity, hardihood and power, while through his deep-set, black, piercing eyes shone a resolution superior to the common order, and upon being thus apprized of the prospect before him, he formed another scheme for his escape.

The night before the day appointed for the sailing of the ship, the prisoner tied three blankets together, and evading the vigilance of the watch, silently tied himself into the water, with his scant clothing tied in a compact bundle upon the top of his head, and boldly struck out for the Point Levi shore, about two miles distant. The tide was beginning to set out quite strongly, and in the cold water of the St. Lawrence in the middle of an October night, he had a hard time to fetch the land, which he at length fortunately did, nearly benumbed and exhausted. As he reached the sharp ledge, which formed the bank, he found it impossible to effect a landing, and he drifted along with the tide some distance till he was able to clutch a bush which fortunately lay for him, grew in a crevice of the rock. To this he clung with drowning desperation, and after much effort, succeeded in drawing himself out of the water upon the ledge. Shivering with the cold, he chafed his benumbed limbs and put on his clothes; and when he had succeeded in some small measure in restoring the circulation of the blood he made the best of his way into the road, which he found at no great distance, and endeavored to increase the space between himself and the ocean of his captivity. But as may well be supposed, his long confinement on ship board, together with his exertions in the water, had so far paralyzed him that his locomotion was slow and difficult, and before a gray morning, streaked the east, he struck into the bushes, and lay quietly as possible during the day, without food—having been killed in his attempt to abstract a loaf of bread from one of the mid-shipmen of the country, by the watchfulness of a large shepherd dog, which barked and bled him in the thigh.

and voices of those whom he supposed were searching for him, and he shifted his quarters a little.

At night he came out of his hiding place somewhat gaunt and hungry, it is true, but nevertheless a good deal refreshed by this period of repose, and with a stout cudgel in his hand, he cautiously approached an oven in the rear of one of the cottages which lined the road. Fortunately no cur raised his discordant voice and the poor fugitive was suffered to depart with a small loaf made of oatmeal, which, however, was despatched by him with a relish no ways inferior to that manifested by a famished bear, when he succeeds in regaling himself upon a mutton chop. Strengthened by his meal he stalked over the narrow *caleche* road which led up the Chaudiere, with a speed greatly accelerated by the apprehensions under which he labored of recapture. At times during his flight, he was a good deal annoyed by the watch dogs, "Blanche, Tray, Sweetheart and all," but only on one occasion was he seriously molested, when he laid about himself so vigorously with his cudgel, that with whines and howls, they slunk back, content to leave him undisturbed. During the night he purloined a couple of chickens from a roost, another loaf of black bread and a pair of moccasins, which latter he discovered, suspended from the latch of the domicile of the primitive cordwainer of the habitants, and which he destined for his own personal use. As daylight approached, he again left the traveled road and struck out across the long fields which lined the highway, for the woods in the rear. Crossing a patch of undug potatoes in the outskirts of a field, among some smoldering logs which were undergoing the process of "niggering," he filled his pockets and shirt bosom with this palatable, esculent, and was soon snugly ensconced in a secure hiding place, after having roasted the food at one of the fires. When the shades of night again closed around him, he sought the traveled road, again to leave it as the day approached; and thus he performed the whole journey to the upper settlement on the Chaudiere.

Previously to his reaching St. Francis, however, he underwent no little anxiety regarding the manner in which he should sustain life during his journey across the long line of starving wilderness which lay between the Canadians of the Chaudiere and the American settlement at Norridgewock. Harassed by his solicitude in this respect, in addition to the anxiety he underwent regarding his supply of daily food—for he was not always successful in his forages upon the roots and ovens of the settlers—he was one day making such slight advance through the woods in the rear of the fields as his plan of secrecy and watchfulness would admit of, when he came upon a new road or path, which led back, probably to a natural meadow; and occasionally he could hear the ring of axes, some distance in advance. Concluding that the number engaged in bushing out this path was small, and that they would be less likely to attempt to detain him if hostile than when surrounded by their neighbors in the settlement, he determined to approach them, make known his situation, and solicit assistance—hoping that the feeling of nationality in opposition to British rule would be strong enough in the hearts of some of the French habitants to favor him, if they could do it secretly. Following the sound caused by the choppers, he soon came upon a camp, a fowler piece leaning against a sapling, with powder horn and shot pouch attached. Roger's piercing eyes glistened as he espied the firearm, and he quickened his movement almost to a run. Taking it carefully in his hands, he examined it with the critical eye of a hunter, and one glance along the barrel, assured him of its precision and great range. It was an "Indian gun," of French manufacture, exquisitely ornamented with silver, and his instincts led him at first, to appropriate it to his own use, and thus equipped, take to the woods, and depend upon such game as he could find for sustenance. But this impulse was soon overcome by the "sober second thought," that probably the abstraction of so valuable a fowler piece, would raise a hue and cry at his heels, sufficient to turn out the settlers in a body, with some Indian auxiliaries to arrest him; while, if he abstained from rendering himself personally hostile, or confined himself to such petty peculations as might readily be laid to the charge of every vagrant, he might slip past unobserved. So with a sigh, he replaced the gun against the sapling, and moved in the direction whence proceeded the sound of the axes. Presently he came upon two men, apparently father and son, who, upon seeing his approach, covered in low tones, and eyed him with looks of distrust.

Roger afterwards confessed that his personal appearance at this particular juncture, was not of the most prepossessing character. His dress was ragged, and his whole person squallid and way-worn. In a jargon of mingled English, broken Indian and French *patois*, he made known his situation and solicited such assistance as should enable him to regain his home. Broadly promising all he required, they left their labor and started back with him towards the highway, chaffing volubly as they went. When they reached the gun, the younger of the Frenchmen, to the fugitive's apprehensive eye, clutched it with a good deal of eagerness, and shortly afterwards signified to him that he must precede them in the path. Chase's suspicions were now fully aroused that they meant to recapture him, and he bitterly blamed himself that he had not seized the gun according to his first inclination and made his escape with it, rather than trusted himself to the generosity of a race, whom in the first gust of disappointment, his heart charged with being destitute of the quality. But regrets were useless, and his only hope lay in being able to give them the slip before they reached the settlement; for he felt confident that they intended to recapture him and deliver him into the hands of the English. Proceeding with as unobtrusive a demeanor as one in his circumstances could assume, he continued to converse with them, unconsciously, until he approached a fallen tree lying in his path, where raising his foot upon the trunk, he stooped over, pretending to be very intent in adjusting the leather thong which confined the short moccasins to his ankle. The son stopped by his side a moment, but declined by the unsuspicious appearance of Chase, he moved onward a few steps to where a small brook crossed the path, and stopped for the purpose of obtaining a drink. The prisoner was on his watch and making a desperate spring into the fir thicket by which they were surrounded, flew like a startled deer. Too late the Canadians dis-

covered the ruse which had been practised upon them, and raising a shout as if to intimidate the fugitive, commenced pursuit. But in such a case pursuit was useless; for Roger Chase was at this time in the prime of his manhood—like as a deer, with the sinews of a bear, discommoded by no redundancy of flesh, he ran away from them with the greatest ease.

After this narrow escape, supposing that the adventure would be bruited abroad, he became more cautious than ever, in his movements. At length after many difficulties, which went of space compels me to pass over, he reached St. Francis, the extreme outpost of French settlements in this quarter. He lay here in hiding nearly a week, coming out at night and purloining whatever eatables he could lay his hands on, which consisted chiefly of poultry and such bread as the habitants were indiscreet enough to leave in their outdoor ovens over night. When he had collected what he conveniently could—by the way, not a large stock—he struck off for Lake Megantic, on his route homeward. The nights were now cold in the elevated region which he was traversing. Ice made during the night, and snow storms were of frequent occurrence; and thinly clothed as he was, he would probably have perished, had not his hunter-craft enabled him to kindle a fire—igniting "punk" by friction between a bit of quartz rock and the blade of his knife. Before reaching Dead river, he had consumed the last mouthful which he brought from St. Francis. As he crossed the meadows on this river, he occasionally knocked over a partridge with a stone—for which purpose he carried a store of selected ones in his shirt bosom—and sometimes he obtained a small fish from the stream.

When he reached the eastern pond on the Great Carrying Place, he found four bateaux, which from some cause or other, Arnold's company had left there. Toil-worn, leg-weary, feet-sore and famished as he was, he looked upon this discovery as a perfect god-send; and cutting one of them in two, at the centre, with a hatchet, borrowed at a door in St. Francis, he carried and dragged one half over the intervening rough ground to the Kennebec, near the present dwelling of George Briggs, where placing it in the river and ballasting the sharp end with stone, sufficient to elevate the bow or open end of his dearly bought and highly prized skiff above the water, he got in himself, and paddled down the stream. Once more upon the river with whose waters he was so familiar, he felt himself comparatively at home. When near the head of the Great Island just below Bingham village, he saw a moose wade into the water from the main land, and stop in a little cove under the western side of the island, among the willow bushes which skirted the shore. Paddling up within easy gun shot, he leisurely surveyed him, not a little tantalized by the thought of the savory repast which a good rifle might afford him. At Carratuck Falls, he found the feet of a bear, which Indians had probably killed, and maggoty and tainted as they were, he scorched on the embers and eagerly devoured them. At the end of the twenty first day from Point Levi, he reached Waterville, but so emaciated and enfeebled, that even his wife did not at first recognize him. A few years afterwards, he removed to what is now the town of Concord, and took up the "John Dinwore farm," where he died in 1820. He was a noted hunter, and spent a large portion of his time in that pursuit; although in his latter years, he practised some as a preacher.

**HINTS TO GENTLEMEN.**—If your wife lack energy and depends wholly upon you for counsel or advice in everything, do not accuse her of a want of interest. You would not be pleased if she was always disputing with you. Instead of having to argue and contend with shall rule, you shall rule, you should feel happy to perceive that she acknowledges your supremacy without a word of resistance.

Don't scold your wife because the buttons are off your shirt waistband, when she has to nurse a baby three months old, and to look after all the other children, besides doing the housework of the entire family with only the wretched assistance of a dumb, awkward and lazy Irish girl. Your wife has feelings, and is just as sensitive now, ten years after marriage, as she was when you kissed her so tenderly in the early part of your courtship and came so near breaking your neck to pick up her fancy.

When you are out in jolly company, and spending your dollars freely for oysters and champagne, or to amuse your companions, reflect just one moment, whether your wife and children are having a "good time" also. Call to mind how they are off for bread and butter, and if the rent is paid. Your creditors may have waited a long time for the money you are throwing away to gorge and feast a lot of loose companions who would do you no good even if they could.

Don't say "my dear" to your wife in public, or offer her polite attentions in the presence of a company, and then call her ugly names when you retire to your private chamber. If the occupants in the adjoining room should overhear you, they will tell acquaintances that you are a perfect tyrant; and if your wife is pretty everybody will believe it. No sensible man will quarrel with a pretty woman, for the world will side with her, even if she is your own wife and wholly in the wrong. If you must quarrel, better quarrel with a man, or not quarrel at all.

**PEDIGREE HUNTING.**—It is stated that there is a pack of organized schemers in this country who are on the lookout for persons who, from some old story or tradition in their families, have nursed the idea that they are entitled to fortunes in England, with a view to turn their credulity to account. These parties send the names and descriptions of their intended victims to confederates in London, who immediately write to their dupes, detailing such portions of their own stories as will be likely to excite their curiosity, and offering for a fee of fifty dollars to put them in possession of such information as will enable them to recover the estates which they believe they are entitled to. So long as remittances are made the correspondence is continued, but when they are disappointed the correspondences also cease.

**RAILROAD ECONOMY.**—A New Lumberman.—The Maine Farmer, in an article relative to the management of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, says that by the improvements which have been made during the past

year in the construction of locomotives, a saving of six or eight thousand dollars has accrued in the article of fuel. It remarks also that the late Prof. Cleveland, a short time before his death, dropped a remark to a friend in Brunswick, to the effect that water, in the face of the proverb, might be so combined with oil as to form a lubricator of equal value. The hint was acted upon, and the new agent, which has been employed now some few weeks, promises to more than realize the expectations of its originators, for it answers better than simple oil, is consumed less rapidly, and works at one-fourth of the cost. Fears are entertained that the cold of winter may put it out of use for the season, but for the larger part of the year, at least, a better and cheaper lubricator for machinery is thus found.

**Sunday Dress.**  
A French lady notices in the Journal of Commerce, a statement going the rounds of the press that Paris ladies had the fashion of simple dress for church in the following manner.

Every one who has observed the church going dress of the Parisian ladies will bear witness that her description of their style of dress is strictly accurate. They are as appropriately, as tastefully clad on such occasions:

I have been amused lately in noticing the rapid circulation given to every little item from abroad, in your American newspapers. Certainly, the Press here has become a veritable echo; dangerous, too, sometimes, when, for instance, it perpetuates sounds which distinctly smack of the *canard*. In the present case, however, my reprimand has importance only for those very fastidious "exquisites" who pique themselves on being *au fait* in everything European, and of every new change in European fashion. I refer to the statement recently made, that in the high world of Paris, a startling reform had just been effected, fashionable women having come to the conclusion that their own loveliness no more required the "set out" of extravagance in dress, on Sundays particularly, and therefore had decided, upon never appearing in church except they were dressed with extreme simplicity. But the "Belle" of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, or Baltimore, (that city of pretty women,) each and every one, is grandly mistaken when, with her bitter regret, she adopts what she considers so new a French importation! From time immemorial, *i. e.* ever since French taste was the only pure guide for the toilet, it has always prescribed simplicity of dress for church. The upper classes and the aristocracy kept rigorously to that badge of their birthright distinction. No lady would consent to deck herself out (as American women will persist in doing) to attend mass or go to church. She would instinctively feel that she had at once abandoned her high pedestal of self-dignity. When she goes to church, the dress of a French Lady is generally of a quiet, sober color, and her bonnet is the same she wears for shopping or making calls. Any other style of dress would at once associate her in the public eyes, with a portion of woman-kind unappealing and not habitually found in churches. French women are naturally averse to display. Their object is rarely that of making a "splurge" (a word I heard an American gentleman use for *une grande sensation*). They will rather avoid any extravagance either of color or costume which might expose them to the unflattering stare of ill-mannered men. I once heard a great connoisseur in matters of feminine costume, say of a lady whom he much admired, "she was so exquisitely dressed, that it would be impossible for me to tell what she had on; I only remember that she looked to me like a violet, and her good taste left its sweet fragrance all about her." Now, could such a thing be said with any appearance of truth of the thousands of American women who, every Sunday, transform your churches into so many milliner's establishments? Are they not almost so dazzlingly "decked out," that to forget the painful glare of each individual would be an onerous task?

Attend church, either in one of your large cities or in a quiet country village; the same fashion or custom prevails everywhere, save in some very rare instances, which, when they do exist, rise like a soothing compensation for so much outrage done to good taste. In conclusion, let me say to my fair American cousins, that I write what I know to be the fact, when I tell them that many of them are ridiculed in Paris for their Sunday church-going extravagance. And I am too happy, even if their mistaken idea (that European ladies are about to simplify their Sunday toilet) serves to bring American ladies to some degree of sense in the matter of appropriateness and good taste in dress.

**Common Sense from Virginia.**  
The Wheeling Intelligencer, the leading journal of Western Virginia, has the following judicious and striking remarks in its issue of October 21:

The investigations which have been and are being made into the secret history of the recent terrible and remarkable outbreak, will, we hope and believe, be productive of good influences upon the popular mind in both sections of the Union. It has two lessons, which it seems to us that it may very appropriately teach. The first of these is the lesson which it will convey to the North, teaching them to look even with more than their wide-spread aversion upon the principles and teachings of those visionary fanatics among them who, like Garrison & Co., claim that the constitution of our country "is a covenant with hell," and that the duty of slaves is to rise in the night-time and free themselves from the thralldom by cutting the throats of their masters, and helping themselves to the property accumulated by their unrequited toil. It will, we say, teach the Northern people when these fanatical abolitionists go about through their cities and towns, holding their periodical Saturnalia, to look upon their principles in the proper light and will inspire in their mind more of a deep-seated hostility to their wicked and disorganizing ravings. In this way the results of these investigations will affect the Northern mind for good.

On the South it ought likewise to make a deep impression. Here, in this Harper Ferry riot, we have an illustration which both precept and example have before told us, is altogether a possible contingency in a country in whose midst there exists a large and degraded class of humanity. We cannot take fire on our bosoms and not be burned, the Scrip-

tures and our own experience have taught us. Neither can we have in our midst four millions of serfs, whose color, whose intellect, whose habits, whose everything is different from the ruling element, without liabilities to the same dangers that have always attended society in every country where such a large servile element has existed. San Domingo has taught it to the people of this country and this State. Scarcely more insecure are those who work by day and sleep by night underneath the craters of Vesuvius and Etna, and who are liable to an eruption at any moment of burning lava, than many communities of our Southern States where the slaves number to or three to one of the whites.

These slaves, by their constant and rapid illegitimate intermingling with the whites, as well as by the very condition of contact between superior and inferior races, are becoming in each generation more intelligent and consequently more the objects of dread. They are sloughing off gradually that torpor and obtuseness of mind seemingly natural to them, even faster than they are shedding their original hue. Slowly, but certainly they are acquiring more of the characteristics of the white races and losing those of the African. Look at the brightened complexion of the race in all our southern cities and towns. In Charleston, South Carolina, for instance, the mixed element immeasurably predominates over that of the black, and is we believe, equal to if not greater, than the white population. Look at many other of the South Carolina communities. Look at Richmond, Lynchburg, Petersburg, Norfolk and other places in our State. We ought to look these things all in the face now. They have an important practical bearing on our social condition. When we hear men and papers either openly advocating or covertly winking at a reviving of the "olden slave trade," it is time that public attention was called to these things.

It is useless to rail at wicked and reckless abolitionists, like Brown, who in their kind fanaticism think—"if they think or care at all—that they are doing God-service when they teach and aid slaves to rise against their masters. There will always be such men. They are to be expected, when we think of the vast amount of opinion, religious and non-religious, which exists throughout a great country like ours, on the moral and political aspects of a national question like that of slavery. Likewise, it is all useless and idle to expect that men having minds to think—minds which must think—and tongues which are free to speak, will ever stop having opinions or expressing them upon either the justice or the expediency of slavery in the abstract. Our security lies in advancing, not in retreating. We must look to the future of the two races. We must go back and read up the opinions of the fathers of the republic as to the probable issue of slavery in this country. We must know that the best men of that era busied themselves, not only with conjectures as to what were to be its results, but also with ways and means by which they might be able to provide against these very insurrections.

Mr. Jefferson, we should remember, up to his dying hour never ceased to express his apprehensions and to suggest his plans for exemption. The possible contingency of a great San Domingo rebellion, he declared, was to him continually "like a fire bell in the night." He trembled, he said, "to think of it." And it was he who so well knew the peculiar conditions which invested the negro race, both naturally and artificially in this country that he dwelt so earnestly on his plan for a Central American colonization of the race. Something of this sort has got to be done. For look at it: We have now nearly four millions of these serfs among us. They are increasing in a ratio wholly unknown to the white race. Not only this, but, as we said, they are imbibing the energies and taking on the color of the superior race. They now range all the way up the scale from the jet black to the offspring of quadroons. Does anybody flatter himself that the usually sullen and sulky *mulatto* has no more ambition, no more energy of mind, than the African proper? Do not the facts show that they have? The fact that the cross of two antagonistic bloods makes them sort lived, as a class, has demonstrated to physiologists that they are the worst class of inhabitants a country can have.

Nearly all the poisoning cases that have created so much alarm in the South have occurred at the hands of *mulattos*. Mrs. Stowe did well to make the desperate Casey, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a *mulatto*. She was not an exaggerated type. And it is notorious that not only Legree, but that thousands of other men in the South, readily pay a premium for such high strong creatures as Casey, for they master more volupuously and enticingly to their carnal and mental lusts than the drowsy black girl.

But we cannot pursue this subject farther to-day. It is one that needs more statistics and more time for proper elaboration than we can bring to it now. We are greatly in hopes, as indeed we have been for some time back, that it will ere long elicit attention from our more experienced and sagacious public men. And although it has more than its usual force and interest just at this time, yet is none the less an everyday and permanent subject, calling for our constant attention.

**TO PREVENT IVORY KNIFE HANDLES FROM BEING CRACKED.**—Never let knife blades stand in hot water, as is sometimes done to make them wet easily. The heat expands the steel which runs up into the handle, every little, and this cracks the ivory. Knife handles should never lie in water. A handsome knife, or one used for cooking, is soon spoiled in this way.

**CAN A CHAMBERMAID BE A LADY?**—A contemporary, learned in costume, remarks, that, in a miscellaneous crowd, it is not so easy to tell a snob from a gentleman, as it is to tell a chambermaid from a lady. From which a republican public is expected to infer, that ladies and chambermaids are two distinct orders of beings. No lady can be a chambermaid, no chambermaid can be a lady. Shame of Jefferson, is this so? Is this your opinion, gracious and faithful Bridget?

Bridget is always tidy, clean, and polite.—Bridget is honest, industrious and cheerful.—Bridget sends half her wages to her poor old mother in Ireland, denying herself, for that holy purpose, every pleasure that costs money. Bridget will not marry Patrick this year, for fear she will not be able to contribute her punctual two pence per quarter for the support of her mother's old age. Yes, Bridget is not a lady. Poor Bridget.

Georgianna Matilda, Bridget's young mistress, is a lady. Georgianna's whole existence is useless, false and mean. She never did an act of self-denying generosity in her life, and never will. She is a denial to the Universe from which she draws support. No one is helped, no one is cheered, no one is blessed by her. She is thankless and discontented; exacting everything, knowing nothing. And she never has her hoop erry. She actually succeeded in wearing the clothes which the ingenuity and taste of Bridget suggested.—Hence, Georgianna is a lady. (N. Y. Ledger.)

There is high authority for old wives' tales in this world. Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, was married to a Jew Blacksmith.



## The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 10, 1859.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. FITZGERALD & 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.

B. R. NILES, (successor to Y. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named 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.'

## An Earnest Request.

The general credit system of three to six months is bad enough; but when applied to newspapers, and extended from one to five years, it is fatal. A very small number of our subscribers pay in advance, and to these we always owe a debt of gratitude; a few more pay promptly at the end of the year, and with such we are well satisfied. The remainder, and much the larger portion, avail themselves of our helplessness, and drag through one, two and three years, and even more, with as quiet a conscience as though they were doing us a favor instead of an injury. If our subscription list was a large one, such patronage would break us down. Small as it is, we must change this system or make it still smaller. Many of our subscribers are too distant to be called upon personally, and pay as little attention to bills we send as to our published duns.

Now, after more than twelve years of perplexity, we are determined, from positive necessity, to attempt an improvement. How far we may succeed, will, after all, depend much upon the generosity of our subscribers, and their just appreciation of the propriety of our efforts.

First—we ask all who are in arrears for one year or more, to make immediate payment, without waiting for us to take the labor of sending or presenting bills. All who do this promptly, and without waiting for us to forward bills—which we are doing as fast as time permits—will get receipts at our advance price.

Second—we are making out bills to all whose subscriptions are over due, at \$2.00 a year. This is positively necessary, and plainly just, to cover expenses of collection and delay. We hope all who wait for them, or get them without waiting, will see the injustice of neglecting to forward the amount at once.

Finally—we kindly but earnestly appeal to all to aid us in practically adopting the system of ADVANCE PAY. To them it is good economy—to us it is not merely proper, and just, but necessary.

FRIENDLY.—A "Bleak November" is making very pleasant atonement for the unexamined and uncalled for severity of its predecessor. We dare not speak for tomorrow, but for a few days past the weather has been fine, and the farmers have well improved it in driving the plow for the uses of next Spring. It is easy enough, today, to predict a mild and pleasant winter—though the first rough day might throw doubts upon the matter. Certain we are, however, that those most gifted in making sunshine at the fireside will be least affected by the storms that are pretty sure to howl out doors. Those who intend to try it should begin early, before the cold "snaps" come.

A STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—A convention of the Teachers of Maine will be held in this village, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 16th, 17th and 18th of the present month, in the language of the circular, 'for the discussion of educational topics, and the adoption of such measures and agencies as shall tend to the diffusion of correct views upon the subject of teaching and school management.' The exercises will commence on Wednesday evening, at 6.12 o'clock, and will consist of lectures, essays, and discussions. Many gentlemen, holding eminent positions as teachers, and warmly interested in the subject of education, will be present and take part in the exercises. It is hoped and expected that large numbers will be in attendance and much good achieved for the cause of education. Our citizens will cordially welcome all who come.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—By the politeness of our young friend Boardman—formerly of Norridgewock—and an acceptable correspondent of the Mail, but now of Albany, and employed in this large agricultural publishing establishment—we are in the receipt of a few numbers of 'The Country Gentleman,' with a promise of an exchange in future. This is a publication, we have long desired, and which every farmer in the land would highly prize. Indeed many of our country neighbors do have it, and many others would be glad to obtain it if properly advised of its merits. It is a handsomely printed sheet of 16 quarto pages, filled with valuable information for the farmer and stock grower, each number illustrated with plans for buildings, drawings of useful agricultural implements, portraits of celebrated animals, &c., and is issued weekly at \$2 a year, by Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y.

A returned missionary from Japan, who addresses us from 230 Baltic Street, Brooklyn, is respectfully informed that he can have his advertisement inserted in our paper six months, for the sum of three dollars, remitted to us in good current money, in advance.

Many wolves around now—a sheep in sheep's clothing, and these advertisers who remain the title of Rev. to offer some wonderful remedy of free charge, evidently belong to this class.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.—Where is the sterling agricultural sheet? Though we have not seen it for several months, we hope the omission is accidental, and that Bro. Judd does not intend to cut our acquaintance. We prize the agricultural highly and have often informed

our readers of the fact, coupled with full particulars as to price, &c.

A DEED OF THE "CHIVALRY."—The killing of Thompson, one of the Harper Ferry band, a prisoner, wounded and bound, by Henry Hunter, son of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, as detailed by himself, at the instance of his father, who acted as counsel for the State in the trial of Brown, is one of the most cold blooded transactions found on record, and shows that the institution of slavery has done to demoralize and brutalize the people of the South. In his testimony before the Court, Hunter says:—

'Mr. Chambers and myself moved forward to the hotel for the purpose of taking this prisoner out and hanging him; we were joined by a number of other persons, who cheered us on in that way; we went up into his room where he was bound, with the undoubted and undisputed purpose of taking his life; at the door we were stopped by persons guarding the door, who remonstrated with us, and the excitement was so great that persons who remonstrated with me one moment would cheer us on the next; we burst into the room where he was, and found several around him, but they offered only a feeble resistance; we brought down our guns to his head repeatedly—myself and another person—for the purpose of shooting him in the room—there was a young lady there, the sister of Mr. Fiske, the hotel keeper, who sat in this man's lap, covered his face with her arms, and shielded him with her person whenever we brought our guns to bear; she said to us, 'For God's sake wait and let the law take its course;' my associate shouted to kill him.

'Let us shed his blood,' were his words, all around were shouting, 'Mr. Beckham's life was worth ten thousand of these vile abolitionists; I was cool about it and deliberate; my gun was pushed up by some one who seized the barrel, and I then moved to the back part of the room, still with purpose unchanged, but a view to divert attention from me, in order to get an opportunity, at some moment when the crowd should be less dense, to shoot him; after a moment's thought, it occurred to me that that was not the proper place to kill him; some person of our band then opened the way to him, and first pushing Miss Fiske aside, we slung him out of the doors; I gave him a push and many others did the same; we then shoved him along down the platform and then to the tressle work of the bridge, he begging for his life all the time, very piteously at first; by-the-by before we took him out of the room, I asked the question what he came here for? he said their only purpose was to free the slaves or die; then he begged, 'Don't take my life—a prisoner;' but I put the gun to him, and he said 'You may kill me, but it will be revenged; there are eighty thousand persons sworn to carry this work; that was his last expression; we bore him out on the bridge with the purpose then of hanging him; we had no rope, and none could be found; it was a moment of wild excitement; two of us raised our guns—which one was first I do not know—and pulled the trigger; before he had reached the ground I suppose some five or six shots had been fired into his body; he fell on the railroad track, his back down to the earth, and his face up; we then went back for the purpose of getting another one (Stephens) and he was sick or wounded, and persons around him, and I persuaded them myself to let him alone; I said, 'Don't let us operate on him, but go around and get some more;' we did this act with a purpose, thinking it right and justifiable under the circumstances.

A NEW FRIEND.—Mr. F. W. Bailey, the well known Portland book binder—whose card we have for a long time, kept in our columns, and evidences of whose good taste and faithful workmanship are in the homes of the people all about—has associated with himself Mr. James Noyes, formerly the obliging clerk of the late Francis Blake, and opened a bookstore at the stand recently occupied by Mr. Blake, where they will be pleased to see their friends and the public generally.

An opposition journal says that Butler, the democratic gubernatorial candidate of Massachusetts was born in New Hampshire and went through Waterville College in this State, where he paid his bills by making duns.

(Rockland Democrat.)

Unless our memory deceives us, Ben. broke more chairs while in college than he made; but he did much to provide the raw material, by raising cats very industriously.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The long suspense is ended, and an authoritative announcement makes it certain that this mammoth vessel will not cross the ocean until Spring. Much has been expended in Portland in anticipation of her coming, and the disappointment must be a serious one to many parties.

NEW BOOK FOR AMERICAN WOMEN.—The very extensive publishing house of Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston, have recently published a new edition of Mrs. Cornelius' 'Housekeeper's Friend.' We are glad to know that the sale of the work has been commensurate with its merits. The following letter from a lady widely known in literary circles, expresses the opinion of hundreds of housekeepers:

'As I see you have published a new and improved edition of Mrs. Cornelius' 'Housekeeper's Friend,' I thought perhaps an unsolicited notice from one whose 'friend' it has been for some years, might be of service. Three years since I exchanged a literary life for the more practical duties of a farmer's wife at the West. I had several cook books, which I will not name, as a substitute for experience. That of Mrs. Cornelius I have found worth all the rest. I have often recommended it to friends, but never lent it, as I could not do without it a single day. Its especial value consists in the economy of its receipts and the minuteness of the directions given. I have often thought that if I were rich, I would make a present of a copy to every young friend who became a housekeeper. The present edition is a great improvement on the previous ones in beauty and utility. I should be glad to see you announce the sale of many thousands of copies.'

A WESTERN FARMER'S WIFE.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—This gentleman, for whom Uncle Sam's officials were affectionately inquiring, turns up in Canada. In a letter to the Rochester papers, he announces his intention to visit Europe; denies having encouraged the Harper's Ferry affair, and says he never promised to bring or send any aid to Brown, as has been stated; that he is not a fighting man, but is better at running away than fighting. In conclusion he says: 'I have an apology for keeping out of the war of these gentlemanly United States Mar-

shals, who are said to have paid Rochester a somewhat protracted visit lately, with a view to an interview with me. A government recognizing the validity of the Dred Scott decision, at such a time as this, is not likely to have any very charitable feelings towards me, and if I am to meet its representatives, I prefer to do so, at least, upon equal terms. If I have committed any offence against society, I have done so on the soil of the State of New York, and I should be perfectly willing there to be arraigned before an impartial jury; but I have quite insuperable objections to being caught by the hands of Mr. Buchanan, and 'bagged' by Governor Wise. For this purpose to be the arrangement—Buchanan does the fighting and hunting, and Wise 'bags' the game.'

BROWN'S SPEECH.—When called upon to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, Brown rose and in a clear voice spoke as follows:—

'I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place I deny everything but what I have already admitted of designing on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side; running them through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I desired to have done the same thing again on a larger scale; that was all I intended. I never intended murder or treason or the destruction of property, or to excite slaves to rebellion, or to make an insurrection. I have another objection, and that is—that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. And I interfered in this manner, and which I admit has been fairly proved, for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case. And I had so interfered, in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife or children, or any of that class; and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right. Every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of regard rather than punishment. This Court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that 'all things whatsoever I will that men should do to me I should do to them.' It teaches me to remember that men are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say that—can you too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of his despised poor, is right. Now if it is not necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of millions of my slave community, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial, considering all circumstances; it has been more generous than I expected; but I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say, also, in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me, I hear that it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me; but the contrary is the fact. I do not say this to injure them, but as regarding their weakness. Not one but joined me of his own account, and the greater part at his own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with them till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now I have done.

TRIAL OF THE INSURGENTS.—Shields Greene, one of the negro 'prisoners' was put on trial on Thursday; he was defended by Mr. Sennot, of Mass. On Friday, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. The first count, for treason, was abandoned, upon objections taken by Mr. Sennot, that it was not proved that the prisoner was a free person, and therefore did not come under the statute which reads:—Any free person, &c.

The same day, Copeland, the mulatto, was put upon trial, Mr. Sennot defending. On Saturday afternoon the case was given to the jury, who returned a verdict of not guilty of treason as charged in the first count of the indictment, he not being recognized as a citizen, and guilty of conspiracy with slaves to rebel, and of murder as charged in the second and third indictment. On the second and third counts the case was ably argued by Andrew Hunter, Esq., on behalf of the State. The prisoner was defended by Geo. Sennot, Esq., of Boston, who labored with much zeal for his client. A bill of exceptions and a motion for arrest of judgment were entered by the prisoner's counsel. Stephens and Hazlett have been handed over to the federal authorities for trial. Cook's trial was to be proceeded with immediately. W. R. Palmer, an alleged insurrectionist, has been arrested at Memphis, Tenn., on a requisition from Gov. Wise.

Cook's confession, which is very lengthy, implicates Fred Douglass and Dr. Howe of Boston. The public feeling against Cook is stronger than against any of the other prisoners.

THE ELECTIONS.—Elections have taken place this week in Massachusetts, N. York, N. Jersey, Wisconsin, and Louisiana.

Boston papers give returns from 326 towns, in which Banks, republican, gets 58,431; Butler, democrat, 35,178; Briggs, American, 14,309, giving the State to the republicans by more than ten thousand majority.

Returns from N. York are small but seem to indicate a general republican gain, except in N. York city and Brooklyn, where the democrats have gained from last year. From various localities in the interior the republicans have a uniform gain, enough, apparently, to warrant the conclusion that they have carried the State beyond doubt.

New Jersey gives returns that look favorably to the elections of Olden, republican, for Governor.

Limited returns from Wisconsin indicate a

republican gain from the election of 1857, and the re-election of Randall, the present republican governor.

In Louisiana the opposition have gained in some sections, but still leave the democratic State ticket triumphant.

Latest news from New York says that of the State Senators elected 24 are Republican and 8 Democratic, being a Republican gain of 5. Judges—6 Rep. to 2 dem.

## Interesting Correspondence.

The following interesting letters we find in the Boston Atlas, where they were put by Mr. Hoyt, Brown's counsel.

LETTER FROM A QUAKER LADY TO J. BROWN.

Newport, R. I., tenth month, 27th, '59.

Dear Friend: Since thy arrest I have often thought of thee, and have wished that, like Elizabeth Fry toward her prison friends, so I might console thee in thy confinement. But that can never be, and so I can only write thee a few lines, which, if they contain any comfort, may come to thee like some little ray of light.

You can never know how very many dear Friends love thee with all their hearts, for thy brave efforts in behalf of the poor oppressed, and though we, who are non-resistants, and religiously believe it better to reform by moral and not by carnal weapons, could not approve of blood shed, yet we know thee was animated by the most generous and philanthropic motives. Very many thousands openly approve thy intentions, though most Friends would not think it right to take up arms.

Thousands pray for thee every day; and, oh, I do pray that God will be with thy soul. Posterity will do thee justice. If Moses led out the thousands of Jewish slaves from their bondage, and God destroyed the Egyptians in the sea because they went after the Israelites to bring them back to slavery, then surely, by the same reasoning, we may judge thee a deliverer, who wished to release millions from a cruel oppression. If the American people honor Washington for resisting with bloodshed for seven years an unjust tax, how much more ought thou to be honored for seeking to free the poor slaves.

Oh, I wish I could plead for thee, as some of the other sex can plead, how I would seek to defend thee! If I had now the eloquence of Portia, how I would turn the scale in thy favor! But I can only pray, God bless thee! God pardon thee, and through our Redeemer give thee safety and happiness now and always.

From thy friend, E. B.

## JOHN BROWN'S REPLY.

Charleston, Jefferson Co., N. Y., 1st Nov., '59.

My dear Friend: I received your letter of 27th Oct., and received, and may the Lord reward you a thousand fold for the kind feeling you express toward me, but more especially for your fidelity to the 'poor that cry, and those that have no help.' For this I am a prisoner in bonds. It is solely my own fault, in a military point of view, that we met with our disaster—I mean that I mingled with our prisoners and so far sympathized with them and their families, that I neglected my duty in other respects.

You know that Christ once argued Peter—So also in my case, I think he put a sword in my hand, and then continued it, so long as he saw best, and then kindly took it from me. I mean when I first went to Kansas. I wish you could know with what cheerfulness I am now wielding the 'Sword of the Spirit' on the right hand and on the left. I bless God that it proves 'mighty to the pulling down of strong holds.' I always loved my Quaker friends, and I commend to their kind regard my poor bereaved, widowed wife, and my daughters and daughters-in-law, whose husbands fell at my side. One is a mother, and the other likely to become so soon. They, as well as my own sorrow-stricken daughter, are left very poor, and have much greater need of sympathy than I, who, through Infinite Grace and the kindness of strangers, am 'joyful in all my tribulations.'

Dear Sister, write them at North Elba, Essex Co., N. Y., to comfort their sad hearts.—Direct to Mary A. Brown, wife of John Brown. There is also another—widow—wife of Thompson, who fell with my poor boys in the affair at Harper's Ferry, at the same place.

I do not feel conscious of guilt in taking up arms; and had it been in behalf of the rich and powerful, intelligent, the great—men count greatness—if those who form enactments to suit themselves and corrupt others, or some of their friends that I interfered, suffered, sacrificed and fell, it would have been doing very well. But enough of this.

These light afflictions, which endure for a moment, shall work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I would be very grateful for another letter from you. My wounds are healing. Farewell. God will surely attend to his own cause in the best possible way and time, and he will not forget the work of his own hands.

Your friend, JOHN BROWN.

The sentence of Capt. Holmes has been commuted to imprisonment for life, by the President.

A telegraph dispatch asserts that a requisition has been made by Gov. Wise, on Gov. Morgan of New York, for Garratt Smith. It is reported that Smith is seriously deranged and that he has been committed to the insane asylum at Utica.

THE JOHN BROWN AFFAIR.—The exceptions taken by Brown's counsel to the action of the Circuit Court will be argued before the Court of Appeals of Virginia, now in session at Richmond, by Mr. Chilton of Washington on the side of Brown. If that Court does not reach a decision before the day fixed for the execution, it is believed that Gov. Wise will grant a reprieve.

In the remainder of the cases the same course will be pursued as in those of Brown and Coppie. The prosecution will prove their points, get a verdict, and the defense will move for an arrest of judgment. The decision of the Court of Appeals in Brown's case will thus settle the whole.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A Mr. Benj. Thompson, at Machiasport, has for some time past been in a deranged state of mind, travelling around with his gun, threatening to shoot 'rich men and church members.' His friends becoming alarmed for their safety, on Wednesday last made an attempt to arrest him, and have him properly cared for. A warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy John Campbell, of Pembroke, who was tending Court in this place, who proceeded with others to take Thompson.

They reached his house in the evening, but he refused to open or unfasten the door, and ordered his children up stairs. It seems that he followed them with his gun and immediately fired through a window, aiming, as he afterwards stated, directly at Campbell's head. He discharged two balls, which passed in close proximity to Campbell's head, tore a hole in the clothing of the person next to Campbell,

and entered the thigh of Mr. John Stuart, causing a very severe but not dangerous wound. The officer and his men withdrew, and next day succeeded in securing Thompson and lodged him in jail. We learn that he has been sent to the Asylum at Augusta.

[Mass. Union.]

SLAVE INSURRECTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.—One of the earliest plots discovered for an insurrection among the slaves in the Southern States, was that of 1822, which was organized at Charleston, S. C., by a mulatto named Denmark Vesey. He was a man of shrewdness and tact, possessing a great influence over his agents, and a remarkable degree of energy. His plan was to murder the masters, seize the women, set fire to the city, and then take possession of the shipping in the harbor, and escape to St. Domingo. The plot was discovered and arranged in the religious and other meetings of the negroes, and one of the conspirators became conscience stricken and disclosed it. A panic followed; the negroes were every where arrested and some thirty or forty were tried, sentenced to death and executed.

The next well organized and extensive slave insurrection was that known as the 'Southampton Massacre,' which under the lead of the notorious 'Nat. Turner,' spread through some Southern Counties of Virginia in 1831, and in which between seventy-five and a hundred white persons were murdered. Nat. Turner, the ringleader of that conspiracy, was a slave about thirty years of age, an ignorant, but a bold and resolute fanatic, who believed he had been raised up by God to liberate his companions in slavery. He was, perhaps, something like John Brown in his natural character, but inferior of course, in his intelligence, and his command of resources. His revolt broke out, without a word of warning; and frightful stories, many times magnified from the frightful truth, came up to Norfolk and Richmond, of the general rising of the slaves, and their marching in parties of hundreds, from plantation to plantation, murdering men, violating women, burning houses, and committing every kind of lawless and cruel act. Rumors of every kind flew thick and fast—sometimes the whites were overpowered and hemmed in; sometimes new bands of negroes were discovered menacing new points, and sometimes one or another gang of negroes had been defeated. The rebellion was soon checked, and it was found that the insurgents did not number over one or two hundred, though they had been successful in achieving a horrible slaughter. All the slaves concerned in the massacre were shot, or executed after trial, though Nat. Turner, the head and front of the conspiracy managed to elude pursuit for months, living in holes excavated in the earth. He was at last discovered in his den, by the bark of a dog, and surrendered without resistance. He made no defence, but confessed his agency in the whole matter and avowed he had received a divine commission to liberate slaves, and told the story of his preparation for it, through several years, with coolness and minuteness. He of course, suffered death. The whole youth was thoroughly excited by this revolt, which, however, was purely a local one; and the insecurity of the white population in a slaveholding region was painfully impressed upon the people everywhere. That a few ignorant slaves could massacre nearly one hundred whites and hold possession of the country for weeks, was terrible evidence of the danger which stalked before the hearth of every planter.

Since that rebellion, no other occurred to excite general attention till 1856, when the people along the valley of the Cumberland in Tennessee, became greatly alarmed about an anticipated uprising. The democratic politicians had asserted from the stump, that should Fremont be elected, an army of Northern abolitionists would march into the South and attempt to liberate the slaves. The story soon got to the negroes in the somewhat different version that Fremont was marching with an army from the North to set them at liberty. Of course the story created a great ferment and agitation, though there was not, we believe, any outbreak. Many slaves were arrested, and whipped to extort confessions, and rumors of uprisings being circulated, preparations were made by the citizens of Tennessee and Kentucky, for defence and attack. As they recovered from the panic, it was generally conceded that there was no ground to fear a slave insurrection, and the subject was soon forgotten.

The recent capture of Harper's Ferry by John Brown, is peculiar, because it was the work of whites—the first time that professed abolitionists had dared to resort to arms—and also, because of the wonderful success which met the first efforts of a score of fanatic men, who, without support, had made a demonstration in the heart of a slaveholding country, and seized the arsenal of the United States, under almost the very eaves of the Capitol. This attempt will go still farther in illustrating the insecurity of slavery, while its universal condemnation will convince the fanatics among us that they can expect no sympathy to their schemes from any portion of our people.

The annual meeting of the Maine Pioneers' Society was held in this city Nov. 1. The following persons were chosen officers: President—C. Spaulding, Hallowell. Secretary—E. K. Butler, Hallowell. Corresponding Secretary—G. W. Wilcox, Gardiner. Treasurer—Samuel Titcomb, Augusta. Trustees—A. W. Britton, Winslow; H. Parlin, E. Winthrop; D. Lancaster, Farmington. Vice Presidents—A. Carleton, Androscoggin; J. P. Perley, Cumberland; G. Freeman, Androscoggin; J. L. Stevens, Kennebec; M. Call, Lincoln; C. H. B. Woodbury, Piscataquis; J. Rogers, York; S. F. Dike, Sagadahoc; S. Taylor, Somerset; W. D. Dana, Washington; S. Perham, Oxford; H. McKenney, Waldo; — Hancock, Albert; Noyes, Penobscot; H. Russ, Franklin. Member of the Board of Agriculture—W. Percival.

Standing Committee on Fruit—Wm. Dyer, J. M. Carpenter, Wm. Merrill, E. G. Buxton, Geo. Byram. Adjourned to meet in Hallowell on the first Tuesday of December.

A correspondent of the New York Observer, who appropriately signs himself 'Boyle,' touches with a probe one of the sore places in Webster's Dictionary, as follows, under the head of 'Beauty of Defining':

Being sorely afflicted with one of Job's comforters, a BOIL, I was tempted to look into a dictionary to learn something of the nature of the thing. I deemed Webster's Unabridged, the great work of the great Lexicographer, and said to be the best defining dictionary in the world. Turning up the word, the following proved to be the luminous, simple, satisfactory, beautiful explanation. I give it VERBATIM and the whole of it.

BOIL.—A circumscribed, abscessed inflammation, characterized by a pointed pustular tumor, and suppurating with a central core; a pimple.

Was anything ever more intelligible? How

easy for a child to learn! I could not but regret that this definition had not met the eyes of the Baptist new-version people before they translated the book of Job. It would have been so beautiful to say instead of *boils*, 'And Satan smote Job with circumscribed abscessed inflammations, characterized by pointed pustular tumors, and suppurating with central cores.' Or, if that is too long, it would be in harmony with the principles of the new version to say 'Satan smote Job with sore pimple outbreaks.'

But seriously, is it not worth while, Messrs. Editors, to ask the publishers of that valuable book to employ some competent person to define the definition, and give it to us with a pictorial illustration in the next edition? Is it not an offence and a farce to use words in defining that are more unintelligible than the word to be explained? *Periculus* will be looked for in vain in the dictionary, except as a definition of a simple word.

DOING TOO MUCH WORK.—Our farmers are accustomed to doing a great deal of work, we think, in many cases, too much, but have not so regular a habit of doing it well. Whether the greater profit is to be found in accomplishing a large amount of work indifferently, or of doing less, and in a better manner, is the question for each one to settle for himself, for it is the profit we are seeking, not quantity or quality, only as profit is concerned. Any person may decide this question with the slightest arithmetic, by ascertaining the precise cost of raising sixty bushels of corn on a single acre, and then of raising the same amount on two acres of the same kind of land. If the corn on the one acre costs fifty cents a bushel, he will find that on two acres it will cost him seventy-five cents a bushel at least—making a loss of one-third in producing an equal amount of produce for market! It will require skillful management in selling to make up such a loss as this.

This is what we mean by saying that we think a great many farmers do too much work. They are anxious to cultivate quite a number of acres, hoping all the time that from such a breadth of land under cultivation they may reap a large reward. But hoping is one thing, and a critical calculation based upon well-known facts, is another. They must go back to the illustration of the two corn fields.

In New England, we believe there is scarcely more than one season out of twenty, in which we can obtain, with certainty, so far as climate is concerned, any of the common crops of our farms, if we but manage the land according to the light which has now dawned upon every department of farm labor. The experience of thousands of wise men is spread before every person who can read, so that the profit of the same amount of labor, ought to be twenty, or thirty per cent. more than it was twenty, or thirty years ago.

We are acquainted with farms of twenty acres where the annual income is not less than \$4000 to \$6000,—and with farms of 100 acres, where the annual cash income is scarcely twice as many dollars as the number of acres! A man on a small farm can raise just as much corn or wheat per acre as a man on a large farm. He ought not to feel obliged to cultivate more land merely because he owns it. Herein lies the error. Like the boy with the oranges, he attempts to grasp too much, and loses profit on the whole. Slight manuring and poor cultivation, on an extensive breadth of land, is like the management of the merchant who builds a large store, and fills it with rods of shavings upon which he places only a few goods. He must remain there and superintend it, and at the call of every customer travel four times as far as he ought to, in handing down the goods wanted—so that his own superintendence and the interest on the capital used in the store and goods exhaust all the income, and he grows poorer and poorer as each year rolls away. While the farmer practices this kind of economy, he laughs at the poor merchant or manufacturer who is daily exhausting his means by it. The phrase has passed into a proverb, 'that we undertake too much for our means, and still there are few who do not err in this respect. We forget the actual cost of travel, plowing, harrowing, seeding, cultivating, hoeing and harvesting twice as much land as is necessary for a given crop, and pursue a course which five minutes' investigation will show us is fatal to our profits.

[New England Farmer.]

YOUNG AMERICA'S VOCABULARY.—Our young men have a vocabulary of their own, to which so many additions are made from time to time, that it may possibly reach the dimensions of 'Webster's Unabridged,' before the close of this inventive century. These young gentlemen check undue loquacity with a variety of figurative phrases, among which 'dry up,' 'simmer down,' 'shut up,' 'bust up' and 'cut it short,' are the most conspicuous. They reprove any vehemence by suggesting to the excited party that he 'needsn't put himself in a cant-hon sweat,' and designate different individuals as 'phony,' 'stale,' 'muff,' 'akes,' 'aps,' and 'sticks.' Persons of less brilliant parts than themselves are 'half baked,' 'half cooked,' or 'haven't got the sense they were born with.' Money is known to them under the aliases of 'tin,' 'mope,' 'shiners,' 'the ready,' 'the field,' 'the dollars,' 'the brass,' 'the dimes,' 'the shaves,' &c., and the want of it is euphuistically expressed by the phrase 'nary red.' In cases where ordinary people pay, Young America 'ponies up,' or 'plants down,' or 'shells out,' or 'repays the tin,' or 'forks up.' He does not intend anywhere 'to bang out,' and when he is old enough to go into business, instead of displaying a sign, he 'puts up his shingle.' He ties his cravat loosely, but he calls it a 'chocker.' When he is in a hurry he does not walk fast, he 'puts out.' He wears the latest style of hat for young men, because he thinks it 'nobby,' and now and then when on a 'bit of a bender' he carries 'a brick' in it. If melancholy he is 'down in the mouth,' and if his purse is empty he is 'hard up.' When in the latter condition he sometimes 'vites his uncle,' for the purpose of pledging his watch, but if you ask him what the time of day is on his return, he will tell you 'blowed it.' He knows, for he has just spotted his tucker. If you contradict him he protests that he 'wants none of your lip,' and when resolved not to grant you a favor he 'wishes you may get it.'

[N. Y. Ledger.]

Capt. Cook, the chief of Oswatimie Brown's staff of officers, is a brother-in-law of the Democratic Governor of Indiana. We have seen no attempt to turn that fact to political account, and yet, had Cook stood in that relation to a Republican Governor, we should have had the land made vocal with it, as proof that Republicanism and insurrection were identical.

John M. Worthington and Edward Shaw, charged with murder of Merrill Arnold at Centerville, N. H., on the 27th of May, are under examination at Exeter, N. H. It will be recalled that he was shot while in the store, on account of having taken some active part in prosecuting the liquor law.



# THE EASTERN MAIL.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

Published every Thursday.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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KEE, MAXHAM, DANIEL WING.

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POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAIL.

Eastern Mail leaves for New York at 10 A.M.

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The London Times is of opinion that any danger to Europe or British possession of Gibraltar, from the Spanish enterprise against Morocco, is absurd; but an attack by France on the independence of Morocco, and an attempt to add its territory to Algeria, would justify the strongest remonstrance on behalf of Europe.

The Daily News thinks the alliance between France and Spain against Morocco, or, at any rate, was simultaneously threatened by both parties against her, as by no means reassuring to Great Britain.

Latet—The Times' Paris correspondent says the conversation between Palmerston and the French ambassador in London, as reported by Le Nord, has caused much emotion in Paris and while the French government had asserted that it would not change its policy as regards Morocco, Spain had repeated its disavowal of ambitious projects attributed to her.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News is assured that M. Mon had sent a dispatch to Madrid to say that England no longer opposed the expedition against Morocco.

It was expected that the Spanish force would make an attack, both by sea and land, and afterwards occupy Tetuan and Tangier.

The French expeditionary corps were ready to take the field. Indemnity for depredations done is to be claimed, and security for French colonies obtained by rectifying the line of frontier.

It is stated, that the French soldiers who were made prisoners on the 31st of Aug. had all been burnt alive by the Moors. The French troops were burning to take revenge for this act.

THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY LIVES LOST!—Montreal, Nov. 7.—We are in receipt of the Liverpool Daily Post of the 27th ult., from R. Stuart, Esq., the Liverpool agent of the Associated Press, who had not time to embrace the following in his regular dispatch transmitted from Farther Point:

'The public will learn this morning, with overwhelming grief, that the splendid vessel, the Royal Charles, was totally lost yesterday, in Moffa Red Wharf Bay, near Bangor. The melancholy intelligence, which reached us late last night was brief, but we fear only too true. Of upwards of 400 persons on board, only ten are said to have been saved. There is some hope, however, that this is an exaggeration. Under any circumstances, the loss of life, it is to be feared, has been immense. The Royal Charles it was supposed, had about half a million of gold on board. Where the disaster took place is not known; for the telegraph had ceased to work, and the storm had been so severe and destructive along the coast yesterday, that the Chester and Birkenhead Railway had been destroyed in two places.

At Penryn twenty dead bodies had been washed ashore. The Bay in which the catastrophe has occurred is two or three miles to the north-west of Beaumaris. It has a shallow sandy beach for several miles, with promontories at each end of the Bay. The country around is wild, and few houses are about.

The name of the steamer lost is undoubtedly 'Royal Charter,' not Royal Charles.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON BROWNVILLE.—A Spirited Resistance.—The Banditti Successful.—New Orleans, Nov. 7. The steamship Arizona, from Brownsville, Texas, on the 21st inst., has arrived here. Cortinas and his band continued their depredations, threatening the inhabitants with fire and sword.

On the 20th ult., 80 men entered the city and fired one round, when they were dispersed by the artillery and fled. On the 24th, 120 men, with cannon and a howitzer, marched against Cortinas, and drove the guard from his house.

They subsequently were surprised by an ambuscade, and lost a cannon and howitzer, and finally were entirely defeated.

Four were wounded and nine killed. Cortinas lost two, killed. He afterwards sent a letter, demanding of the citizens of Brownsville the surrender of the Sheriff and others, to save the city from destruction. A general panic prevailed.

The city was barricaded and trenches dug for defence. An attack was hourly expected. It was reported that after taking Brownsville, Cortinas would attack Brazos. The Mayor of Brownsville appeals to New Orleans for 100 men, as their citizens are worn out, and the passengers had not arrived from Northern Mexico. Sixty felons from Victoria had joined Cortinas.

A NEWSPAPER OFFICE MOBBED.—From the Cincinnati Gazette we gather the particulars of the mobbing of the office of the Free South, published at Newport, Kentucky. This paper is, as its name indicates, of free soil principles, and is edited and printed by Mr. Bailey and his family, the daughters, setting type. First a public meeting was held to denounce the 'incendiary sheet. The crowd then started to the printing office, some three squares distant. By the time they reached the place, their numbers were increased to some one hundred and fifty. Mr. Bailey appeared at one of the windows and was surrounded by the mob, at the same time stating that the 'columns' of his paper were open to all who felt themselves aggrieved. The leader of the mob informed him that the best thing he could do was to open the door, and allow them to remove his goods, and no harm would be done to him or his family. This he refused to do, whereupon some one procured a piece of scimitar, with which they battered the door open. The house was then entered, and all the printing materials carried down stairs and placed in a wagon.

They then endeavored to get the press down stairs, but were foiled in their efforts by its getting fast in the stairway, where they left it. About this time one of the girls procured a bucket filled with yellow ochre, which she scattered over the crowd nearest the house. This seemed to have a moving effect, for they immediately left with their plunder and proceeded to the ferry-boat, with the view of transporting it to the Ohio side of the river; but they had no sooner reached the wharf than they changed their mind and threw everything into the river. Some of the better disposed citizens attempted to stop this, but their efforts were without avail. A meeting was afterwards held, and a committee of fifty appointed, whose duty it is to see that the Free South shall not be re-established in Newport.

There is no doubt both the governments of Great Britain and the United States are decidedly in earnest in presenting their respective positions or conventions of right in relation to the San Juan question, although no more so than they are in the Oregon question, but the latest foreign official advice do not justify any apprehensions of serious difficulties between the two countries.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.—At this season of the year, as well as at all seasons, it is important to have on hand a remedy for coughs and colds. We speak for the benefit of our readers when we recommend to them the above named remedy, which has been advertised in our paper for some time. We have had occasion to use it in our family for

coughs and other throat affections, and in such cases it has cured the complaint. We now deem it an indispensable article, for we always prefer to have a reliable remedy on hand for these complaints to which all are liable.—Christian Freeman and Family Visitor.

We take pleasure in endorsing the above.

THE PARDONING POWER IN VIRGINIA.—It is ascertained that under the laws of Virginia, the Governor cannot pardon a person convicted of treason to the Commonwealth, except with the consent of the General Assembly, declared by joint resolution.

BURNETT'S KALISTON.—The American ladies are distinguished when young, for freshness and brilliancy of complexion almost without a parallel among other nations, and which rarely fails to excite admiration and remark among travellers from the most refined countries of the old world. But, too often this charming characteristic becomes faded and lost from a want of that care in preserving it which so trying and changeable a climate demands. To retain its bloom and freshness unimpaired, to a much later period than is generally the case, Burnett's Kaliston is a most powerful auxiliary.

SALT RHEUM.—There is no disease of the skin so distressing and obnoxious as the chronic form of eczema, commonly called Salt Rheum. Persons of the highest social position, have been cured of this in a surprisingly short time by the PERUVIAN STRUP—like all other cutaneous affections, Salt Rheum must yield to its powerful action on the absorbents and to its tonic and alterative qualities.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate (Methodist) says that the remedy for the political corruption that abounds in the country is very simple, viz: 'Let each Christian man attend the primary meetings of his party in his own ward or township, and see that the right men are nominated by his party. It is not true that the 'balance of power' is held by rascals, by lesser swillers, by minions of a foreign priesthood. It is held by the Christian men of the various political parties. Go to the meetings, and see that the right men are nominated by his party. It is not true that the 'balance of power' is held by rascals, by lesser swillers, by minions of a foreign priesthood. It is held by the Christian men of the various political parties. Go to the meetings, and see that the right men are nominated by his party. It is not true that the 'balance of power' is held by rascals, by lesser swillers, by minions of a foreign priesthood. 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