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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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POOR COUSIN EUNICE.

'I have a letter from Windham,' said Mr. Gregory. 'It was nearly five minutes after he had come in, one cold Saturday evening in November. A fire had been made up in the dining-room, and his wife and two oldest daughters, Harriet and Lizzie, were sitting in the genial glow when he entered and joined the circle that opened to receive him.'

'From Helen?'

'No, Helen is dead.'

'Dead!'

'There was surprise, but no sorrow in the voices that uttered and echoed the word—'

'Dead.'

'Yes, she died last Monday.'

'Who is the letter from—Eunice?' asked Mrs. Gregory.

'No; it is from Judge Helmbold.'

'Ah! How came he to write?'

'I don't know.'

'What does he say?'

'He simply mentions the fact that Helen died on last Monday, and was interred on Wednesday; and that Eunice is, for the present, at his house.'

'At his house! There was a tone of surprise in the voice of Mrs. Gregory.'

'Yes.'

'Is she going to stay there?'

'I infer not. Had any such arrangement been made, or in contemplation, the judge would have said so. She is there only temporarily, I fear—that is, until we send for her.'

'O dear, I wish you would do that!' said Harriet, visibly disturbed at this suggestion.

'We don't want her here,' added Lizzie, the second daughter.

'We can't have her,' said Mrs. Gregory positively.

'She has no other relatives living,' remarked Mr. Gregory, 'and it will not look well for us to turn away from the poor orphan.'

'We cannot wholly disregard appearances. She is now at Judge Helmbold's, and it is evident that the judge, out of respect to us, took interest enough in Eunice to give her a home until we could make arrangements to receive her.'

'I wish he hadn't meddled himself in the affair,' remarked Mrs. Gregory, 'in no amiable tone of voice. Eunice is nothing to us.'

'She is your brother's child,' said her husband, with feelings of rebuke in his voice to indicate his better feelings on the subject about which they were talking in such a heartless manner.

'No matter. When he married Helen Leeds he put a distance between us that was never diminished; and when he died I held his widow as a stranger.'

Mr. Gregory did not answer to this. He had a kinder heart, and it had been warming toward the motherless girl ever since the reception of Judge Helmbold's letter.

The brother of Mrs. Gregory had married, in the view of that lady, socially below his family position, and as she was simply a woman of the world, she never gave his wife countenance or favor. His death occurred some years before the period at which our story commences; and now, by the death of his widow, their only child, a daughter in her eighteenth year, was left alone in the world, and penniless. No wonder that a woman like Mrs. Gregory should feel worried at the circumstance. If Judge Helmbold had not received Eunice into his family, nor written to her husband giving information of the sister-in-law's death, the case would have presented a better aspect. Some provision might have been made for the girl in her native place; but now, respect for the good opinion of Judge Helmbold and the circle in which he moved, demanded of them such a recognition of Eunice as would place her side by side with their own daughters. In other words she must be taken into the family.

Mr. Gregory answered the judge's letter, and enclosed one for Eunice, in which he offered her a home. The letter to Eunice was brief, but kind and sincere. In the course of a week there came a reply from the girl, thanking Mr. Gregory for his tender of a home, and saying that she would be in Boston within a fortnight. She asked to be lovingly remembered to her aunt and cousins, adding that it would have been grateful to her feelings to have received a letter from one of them.

'Harriet,' said Mr. Gregory, 'you must write to your cousin. It isn't kind!'

'Indeed, no, you must excuse me,' answered the young lady, in a cold, proud manner. 'I have nothing to say.'

'You could say a kind word to the motherless girl. Think of her lonely, sorrowful condition. It should fill your heart with tenderness and pity.'

But Mr. Gregory could make no impression on the proud, unforgiving girl, who was wholly influenced by her mother's estimate of the case.

At the end of a fortnight Eunice arrived. Mr. Gregory met her at the railway station. He had not seen her for five years, but recognized her in a moment by the large, dark, chestnut brown eyes which he had thought so beautiful in her mother. Her reception, when he greeted her at home, was not cordial. The aunt and cousins scarcely veiled their reluctance at receiving her with a decent politeness. They pushed her away from them to the utmost distance in their power, and she moved about, instinctively, at the pressure, and stood off—not in fearful submission to her fate, nor in proud defiance—but in such calm, womanly dignity, that her aunt and cousins were embarrassed in their efforts to make up an estimate of her character. She had disappointed them. Her picture, in their minds, had been that of an ordinary looking girl—plain, uninteresting, shrinking—a nobody whom they could snub, and slight, and insult at will. But, instead, Eunice came among them dignified in manner, and impressive in person and bearing. Her face was handsome, rather than plain, and her eyes large, dark, and of that liquid depth which we sometimes see in eyes that appear looking at us from a far distance, and that hold us with a power which we can neither define nor break.

As we said, at the first meeting Mrs. Gregory and her daughters pushed Eunice away from them with a cold repulsion to which her sensitive, but womanly spirit, yielded instantly, and she took her position at such a distance that they were never able to get near her afterward. She was not one to snub, and slight, and insult at will, as they had imagined. O no! There was a tone and an air about her that forbade this. They could be cold and formal, but not insolent—for the calm dignity of her manner, her self-possession, and enforced respect. She never intruded conversation on her aunt and cousins, but often talked with Mr. Gregory when in their presence, in a way to surprise and shame them—the shame being for their own mental inferiority.

As Eunice was in mourning, there was a good reason why she did not see company, and her presence in the Gregory family was scarcely known in their circle of visiting acquaintances. Occasionally she was seen by one and another of their more intimate friends, and when questions were asked in regard to

her, she was slightly referred to as a poor relative to whom they had given a home.

Nearly six months had passed since Eunice came into her uncle's family, and she was almost as much a stranger there as on the day of her entrance. Mrs. and Mr. Gregory were sitting alone one evening, about this time, when Eunice came down from her room and joined them. Mr. Gregory met her with his usual kind manner, Mrs. Gregory with her usual distant politeness. She had, evidently, come with the purpose of talking to them on some matter concerning herself, and she did not keep them waiting.

'For your kindness,' she began, with a slight unsteadiness in her voice, which soon grew calm, 'in giving me a home up to this time, I shall ever be grateful. I would not have intruded upon you so long if heart and brain had been strong enough for the work of self-support. Both are strong enough now, I believe, and I have made my arrangements to leave you next week.'

'Leave us, Eunice? I don't understand you! For where, and for what?' Mrs. Gregory spoke in real surprise.

'I am going into Miss R——'s school as a teacher,' calmly answered the girl.

'No, Eunice,' said Mr. Gregory, 'you shall do nothing of the kind. You have a home here always, and in welcome. What has possessed you to think of such a thing?'

'I have never intended, uncle, to burden you with my support,' Eunice replied. 'Your kind offer of a home I accepted gratefully, while my heart was too heavy with its recent sorrow to bear me out in the world. I am stronger now, and independence is a native element of my character.'

'In Mrs. R——'s school?' exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, giving voice at length to her astonishment.

'Yes, ma'am,' answered Eunice.

'Where Lisette goes?'

'Yes, ma'am,' she said firmly. 'I'm not going to have my niece a teacher in that school. No—not any school in Boston.'

'Why not?' asked Eunice.

'Is the girl beside herself?'

'You must reconsider this whole matter,' said Mr. Gregory. 'I'm sorry it was not mentioned before. Have you really engaged with Miss R——?'

'Yes, sir.'

'My niece! Such a disgrace!' ejaculated Mrs. Gregory, carried away by her feelings.

'What will be thought of this?'

'I will call on Miss R—— and cancel the engagement,' said Mr. Gregory, in the kindest manner. 'I regret that you have not felt at home here, but we will try to make things more agreeable. Don't think that you are a burden to us.'

'Uncle Gregory,' replied Eunice, 'I settled this matter long ago. I am too self-reliant and too just, I hope, to live in idle dependence. Since I have been here, I have tried to make myself useful, and to repay your generous kindness in all ways in my power. It has been done inadequately, I know—but the heart of gratitude was there, and it will never cease to beat. Now I go, as I have said.'

Remonstrance and persuasion were alike unavailing. At the time specified, Eunice left her uncle's house, and assumed the duties of a teacher in Miss R——'s school, greatly to the scandal and mortification of Mrs. Gregory and her daughters, and greatly to the satisfaction of her own independent mind. The six months she had spent in her uncle's family had been months of painful humiliation, and the time was only prolonged to this period for the reason which has been given.

Among the visiting acquaintances of the Gregorys was a young man named Edmondson. He was a lawyer, whose talents had already attracted public notice, and of whom all every one predicted a brilliant future. A small fortune had come to him recently, from a distant relative. His talents, person, prospects, and fortune—moderate though it was—gave an aggregate of attractions that made him of no light consideration in the eyes of Mrs. Gregory, who thought him just the man for all others she would like to see the husband of Harriet. In consequence she was always very gracious to him, and never let a good opportunity for turning his thought toward this daughter pass unimproved. Harriet, in common parlance, was quite in love with him—that is, as much so as was possible for a girl so selfish, worldly, and heartless, to be. He filled her fancy better than any other man she had yet seen. Her fortune was not large, but his family was good, and he had talents that were likely to command fortune. Moreover, there were distant relatives possessing large wealth, and the probabilities it had been reasoned among the Gregorys, were largely in favor of sharing a portion of this wealth with him.

'Where is that brown-eyed niece of yours, Mrs. Gregory?' asked Mr. Edmondson, one day, 'I haven't seen her for some time.'

'She is not with us any longer,' replied Mrs. Gregory. Her manner told the young man that he had touched a disagreeable subject.

'Ah! I was not aware that she had left you.'

Mrs. Gregory said nothing more; but the impression on Mr. Edmondson was unfavorable to Eunice. Sometime afterward, a thought of this girl passing through his mind, he said to a lady with whom he happened to be conversing.

'Did you ever see a young lady in black at Mr. Gregory's?'

'His niece?'

'Yes. A dark-eyed, elegant-looking girl, with something queenly in her manner?'

'O yes. I've met her there occasionally. She always seemed to hold herself at a distance.'

'That was her manner.'

'Was there anything wrong about her?'

'Why do you ask?'

'I inferred as much, from the aspect of Mrs. Gregory, when I inquired about her not long ago.'

'Ah! Then you asked after her? What reply did you receive?'

'The unsatisfactory one, that she did not reside with us any longer. From her manner, I inferred that there was something wrong about the young lady.'

'Would you like to know of that something wrong?'

'It gives me no pleasure to hear wrong of any one; but, in the few times that I saw her, the girl interested me, and I would, therefore, like to know the truth in regard to her.'

Who was she? That was the one question in their thoughts. The solution came. As the figures took a reverse motion, the faces of the dancers were seen successively, and that of Mr. Edmondson's partner was presented to the

eyes of Mrs. Gregory and her daughters, radiant with beauty and feeling.

'What a sweet, pure, lovely face it is,' remarked a lady, who had seen the countenance of Mr. Edmondson's partner. She addressed Mrs. Gregory, but received no response. It she had looked at her closely, she would have noticed a sickly pallor on her face.

'His fiancée, I believe,' said another lady, turning to the one who had spoken.

'Ah! Is that so? With some interest.'

'Yes; and I admire the manly independence which has determined his choice.'

'Why so? It strikes me, judging from the countenance I saw just now, that manly independence could have very little to do with the selection.'

'And I presume had not; but we are apt to speak after this fashion, when a young man in his position and with his prospects, selects a poor girl for his life companion—one standing quite alone in the world, and self-dependent.'

'And this is her case?'

'Yes.'

'Who is she?'

'A Miss Hadley.'

'What of her?'

'She is a teacher in Miss R——'s school.'

'Ah?'

'Yes—and I am told that she chose the life of a teacher, in preference to idle dependence on wealthy relatives who offered her a home.'

'Noble girl! I like that!' was the warmly-spoken response. 'The true woman proved itself there. Our young friend showed good sense, as well as good taste. But who are these relatives? Do they live in Boston?'

'Yes; but I have not heard their names. They are, as I understand, rich nobodies, who offered her a home to save appearances, but who never countenanced her after she elected independence and a teacher's life.'

'And Mr. Edmondson is really going to marry her?'

'O yes. That is all settled, I hear.'

'Then I shall claim her as a friend. Give me the womanly quality, and I will let others content themselves with the effigies of women, elaborately made up, that flutter in our social circles like butterflies, and who are about as substantial as these aerial beings. Money will give you such creatures by the hundred; but solid substance—women are of rare production.'

The Gregorys heard no more, for the two ladies arose and went to another part of the room. But that was quite enough to make their pride, vanity, and poor self-estimation as limp as a wet ribbon. It was as the lady had said. Eunice had become the affianced of Mr. Edmondson; and it was a recognition of this, that she was the guest, on that evening, of a lady whose social position was among the first in Boston; and when, in a few months afterward, she became a bride, she passed into a circle of refinement and intelligence that never opened, except specially and in cold formality, to mere outside people like her aunt and cousins.

There was considerable stir among the Gregorys, on receipt of this letter. The worst was inferred by all; no, not by all, for Mr. Gregory's thought went first to the truth, that it was a little under the positive conclusions of his wife. What was to be done? With Eunice, they could have no influence; for since the step which had made her a teacher, instead of an idle dependent, there had been no intercourse between them. As a mere teacher, she could not be received by them as an equal and friend, and she would not meet them on any other footing. So she could not be admonished or controlled. The only mode of interference suggested was that of Mr. Gregory, as directed upon the young man himself. Mrs. Gregory insisted upon it, that her husband should caution the young lawyer against any further advances in that direction. She remembered how she had herself given Mr. Edmondson the impression there was something wrong about Eunice; and now conscience, no, a dread of family disgrace in the person of her niece, troubled her considerably. It was plain to her, that she had herself put the destroyer on the track of her niece.

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About this time, cards of invitation were received from a family of high social standing in the city, a family whose position was not based on wealth, but on something harder to acquire, and more enduring. The Gregorys were flattered by the notice taken of them in this invitation, and were at special pains, like all vulgar people, to make an imposing appearance on the occasion.

The company was not large, but select; and, certainly, Mrs. Gregory and her two daughters did make an appearance. There were no such displays of costly jewels and jewels in the rooms. The guests were in two large parlors, opening into each other by folding doors. Soon after the arrival of the Gregorys, Mr. Edmondson moved through the room in which they sat, and, seeing them, joined their circle. There was nothing of coldness or reserve on the part of Mrs. Gregory or her daughters, toward the man whose apparent relation with respect to their niece and cousin, was of a questionable character, but a fluttering pleasure that was not concealed. No one who saw the smiles with which he was received, and the pleased assiduity that was maintained, could have imagined how the case really stood.

Mr. Edmondson was still talking with the Gregorys, when a movement indicated a selection of partners for dancing. The young man, instead of asking Harriet to take a place with him on the floor, merely bowed and withdrew. In a little while, gay music filled the air, and beauty wheeled in intervening circles through the rooms. No one had offered a hand to either of the Miss Gregorys, and they sat, in some disappointment, where they had taken their places, on entering the parlors. Mr. Edmondson was on the floor, in the other room, but they were not, at first, from their position, able to make out his partner, of whom they could only get fleeting glimpses, as she swept to the outer circles in the dizzy figures. They saw that she was tall, beautifully formed, and graceful in her movements, but attired with exceeding plainness. Her face did not happen to be toward them, when her person was seen.

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The Eastern Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 27, 1860.

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Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.

APPLES.—The apple crop in this section is abundant this year almost beyond precedent. What will be done with them? It may be safely answered that to some extent they will be wasted. Those who do not find a sale for them at satisfactory prices will become careless of their value for other purposes, and let them rot on the ground or neglect to apply them to the best uses. Many good farmers, even, have never tested their value for fattening pork or feeding stock in the winter. With the merest trifle of other food, shoats and pigs may be wintered in good condition on apples; and those who have arrangements for keeping them at work on the manure heap will need no addition but apples. Boil some, and feed a portion raw, and with the waste from the kitchen you have a variety for three meals. This is better than giving them at all times in one condition. For fattening in the Fall, arrange four barrels or tubs; in one keep raw apples, in another boiled, in a third boiled apples mixed with milk and kitchen waste, and in the fourth the meal or provender wet or boiled to pudding. Fed from each in regular course, as often and in such quantity as you see fit. We have known this plan thoroughly tried on a farm where there was a large orchard; and the result was such that the system was continued many years—and we presume it is practiced still. In connection with a dairy of six to ten cows it was found highly profitable, and the number of hogs usually killed was from fifteen to twenty. One half of these were kept through the previous winter on apples, and the other half were Spring pigs. Of course a good hog pasture was connected with the sty—an arrangement sadly overlooked by farmers in this section.

Apples may be fed to sheep with great advantage. Constipation is the great enemy of the flock in Winter, from which many fatal diseases take origin. Apples counteract this, while they sharpen the relish for dry food. Let those who doubt this try the experiment upon themselves, adding good apples to a steady diet of bread and butter. They will doubt no longer. If they would find the result still more marked, let them eat their bread and butter, as some keep their flocks, without drink. Our word for it, they will appreciate the orchard after this experiment.

We believe that to all kinds of farm stock, including milch cows, horses and poultry, apples may be fed to good advantage. The main point is to feed properly—in the right quantity, at proper times, and in due proportion and regard to other food. They will not only contribute to the supply of farm feed, but aid greatly in keeping stock in a healthy condition.

But it is unquestionably in the family, where both economy and health are to be regarded, and where the latter is the main object of life, that the apple needs to be better appreciated. In a score of ways it should enter more into common diet. We verily believe that nine-tenths of the fevers that afflict so many families would be prevented by the daily use of good fruit, either cooked or raw. In hot weather or cold, for the active or lazy, the old or young, the weak or strong, the vegetable acid thus taken is one of the best safeguards against a score of diseases. Who ever knew a man or woman, who ate baked apple and milk to have the blues? Eat them then, and grow fat on a cheerful mind—for the glory of your health is to know you have got it.

But it belongs not to us to tell the practical farmer what he already knows—or if not, can find out by asking his wife. Tell her to give you apples, cooked or raw, compound or simple, at every meal—to be made a part of the meal, and not used to wad down an overload of pork and cabbage. And when eaten in this way, don't trouble yourself to munch them half the time till the next meal.

We suggest to all villagers and mechanics as well as farmers, to make free and good use of this abundant crop this winter. Lay in a good store of the best kinds, and use them freely and rationally. You will find your profit in so doing, in more ways than one.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—A lady who writes us a playful letter from the Empire State, says that an ambitious squash vine in her father's garden caught the idea of running through the fence into the highway. Finding space enough between the rails, it commenced taking possession of the new territory; and not content with this, attempted, like one of the presidential candidates, "to take its property with it." So it threw out a thrifty squash, just at the "impending crisis" between the two rails. Like Lord Lovell's brier, the vine "it grew and it grew," and the squash emulated the parental example—reversing, however, the rivalry between Young America and Old Fogey, in that while the vine was progressive, the fruit was stationary as pen and ink. The consequence was that in a few weeks the two ends of the squash, like the two sections of the democracy, were swelling morbid defiance at each other, while the two emblems of Old Abe held them by an immortal grip exactly along Mason & Dixon's line! This ought to have been enough; but some wag who saw the illustration, thought to improve it by

scratching some hieroglyphics with the point of a nail. These grew with the growth of the squash, till the ambitious but now mortified vine had to spread its leaves, as Douglas has his platform, "every which way and how," to keep the passer-by from reading in large letters—"Douglas in a tight fix!"

Massachusetts Correspondence

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 22d, 1860.

This Congressional District (the ninth of Massachusetts) is just now convulsed over the course of its Representative, Hon. Eli Thayer. And as the question is one which promises not to be confined to this

"Spot of earth supremely blest,"

as the New York papers, the *World*, the *Times*, and the *Tribune*, have interested themselves in favor of Mr. Thayer, while the Boston *Journal* and *Traveller*, and all the Republican papers of Massachusetts, oppose his course, as, in fine, the subject is becoming one of National interest, a short sketch of the points at issue may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Last winter, at the time when the Utah Polygamy Bill was under discussion, Mr. Thayer in opposing the Bill, took occasion to say, that his remarks did not touch the question of the right of the people to prohibit slavery in the Territories. He himself was opposed to the whole territorial policy of the government. He then proceeded to unfold a plan by which the unoccupied lands were to be divided into districts, in each of which the people should choose all their own officers and regulate their own institutions. This was the beginning of the development of his views of Squatter Sovereignty. A few weeks afterward, on the motion of Mr. Brigham to annul the infamous slave code of New Mexico, Mr. Thayer voted in the negative, against all of his Republican colleagues in the House. He soon had a farther opportunity of displaying his notions of territorial policy. Mr. Grow, as chairman of the Committee on Territories, introduced a report for the formation of five new territories. Mr. Thayer made a most bitter and sarcastic speech in opposition to this measure, and with the help of three or four semi-Republicans, succeeded in killing the bill; and, elated with his inglorious success, vauntingly exclaimed that we had seen the last territorial organization in this country.

Mr. Thayer represents one of the strongest anti-slavery constituencies in the country; and his vagaries of the past winter were not such as to strengthen their confidence in him. He has been most assiduously pleading his own cause during the past summer, in the hope of a re-nomination. Having been disappointed in this, having received scarcely a twentieth part of the votes in the nominating convention, he has announced himself as an independent candidate and confidently asserts that his reelection is sure.

Mr. Thayer has become extensively known through his connection with the Kansas Emigration Company, and his scheme for colonizing Virginia with free labor men. He is a shrewd and far-sighted politician. He is supported by the shrewdest politicians in central Massachusetts. He will carry with him in this State a very small minority of the Republicans; the balance of his followers being Douglas-Democrats and Bell-Everett men. Out of the State he claims as among his supporters John Sherman, Salmon P. Chase, and other lesser lights. Whether re-elected or not, his efforts will not be confined to a Congressional District. He aims at larger game. He will make it a national question. He intends to form a new party in which he will out-Douglas Squatter Sovereignty. His ambition is to be the leader of a great free-labor movement. But nothing less than the leadership will content him. And the party that fosters him must be content to follow wherever his vagaries may lead; for he will be bound by no party ties or precedents. He is a man of indomitable will, and will stop at nothing which will advance his purposes. His speeches are able, sarcastic and plausible, but the sober second thought reveals in them many fallacies. It is amusing to see the most reckless of politicians pretending to advocate the cause of the people against the politicians.

Mr. Gough, since his return from Europe, has been enthusiastically welcomed in his own town and in the cities of Boston and Worcester. His reception in this city was especially interesting and touching. It was in the streets of this city that eighteen years ago he lay in a state of such beastly intoxication as to be unable to attend the funeral of his wife. It was here, likewise, in the same year, 1842, that a fellow citizen laid his hand upon his shoulder, took him to his house, induced him to sign the pledge and saved him from a drunkard's grave. The immense hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and at the end of two hours speaking, the vast audience, unweary, eagerly clamored for more. The interest of the meeting was much enhanced by the reading of a letter from old Worcester, England, to new Worcester, in this country. It stated that they had taken the pains to investigate the calumnies to which Mr. Gough had been exposed, and they had all proved to be malicious slanders.

The coming of Mr. Gough is timely. His peculiar and successful methods of labor is much needed among a class that the laws will not reach.

WILDS.

DON'T BE SCARED!—It is said that many at the South seriously believe that the 400,000 Wide Awakes estimated to be now in drill in the Republican ranks, are designed to be used as a military force to compel the South to wear the Union harness after Lincoln's election! Exactly!—and the whole plan is well matured among this horde of nocturnal marauders. We guessed it all out by wearing one of their cloaks ten minutes. When Old Abe goes into the white house, Gov. Wise will of course march for the capital at the head

of the troops that conquered John Brown!—the Wide Awakes are to lay in ambush at Harper's Ferry—rush out in a body—throw their caps at the great Southern army—seize the niggers—roll them up in their cloaks, and bring them all into the free States! Now you wait and see if it don't turn out so!

A PRECOCIOUS POLITICIAN.—Some boys in Bangor have been detected in stealing the regalia of the Wide Awakes, and one of them sent to the Reform School. Here is very close moral discrimination, and Shakespeare would at once burden this boy with the company of his political seniors. Ten thousand men have spent the season in "filching the good name" of the republicans, with no legal penalty; but when this young sprig of democracy "steals trash," the law snaps him up in a wink, and takes his "good name" as the penalty of Smart and his compeers. Hear how the Bard of Avon condemns the act:

"Who steals my rubber cloak steals trash; 'Twas mine—and Abe's—and might be slave to Douglass!"

But they who took this little scamp's good name, Took what was needed more by older men, And rendered him a democrat indeed."

The Jeffersonian says these boys "ought to have a smart spanking." O, no!—Smart spanking never did any good—that's been tried, and is probably what made thieves of them.

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.—This annual farmer's festival, which will occur next week, we hope to see well attended; and that it may be well attended, all interested must do what they can to swell the attraction. The exhibition will occupy but two days, and that amount of time may well be spared from the labors of the farm and the work shop, by those who have been busy for a whole year. Listen to the exhortation of some earnest, whole-souled lover of his kind:

GO TO THE CATTLE SHOW.—Everybody and his wife should go to the cattle show. O, but I can't spend the time. I can't leave home!—It will cost more than it will come to! Yes you can leave home—you can spend the time—and as for its costing more than it will come to,—"You have been at home, you and your wife, ever since the last show, digging and delving like a slave in the galley; and it would be good for you to relax your labors and take a holiday. It belongs to you. It will do you good, body and soul, to take a day of rational recreation in this way. It will do your hands good to lay down the shubble and the hoe a short time and let your fingers straighten out and become supple once more. It will do your old back, which begins to creak from the stiffness of hard work, good to straighten up once in a while, without any load, and feel the free and easy position of a leisurely body. And it will do your soul good to let go its anxieties of the world at home, its perplexities of business, and "carking care," and go out among your fellow-men and take a little social enjoyment. God made you for a social being. He made you for a social life. He never made you for a hermit, nor to live alone, like a 'load in a dungeon,' but to associate in peace, and love and harmony with each other.

So turn out to the cattle show. Carry specimens of your productions, your stock, your crops, and your handiwork, to show to your neighbor what you have been about for the good of yourself and the world; and carry your eyes with you, wide open, to see what others bring; and carry your wits with you, too, to see what improvements have been made, and wherein you can improve from them, or wherein they can be improved from him; and examples of your own. In this way you will be discharging a social duty, and will make the 'cost' a great deal less than it comes to.

WATERVILLE BAND.—This association of musical amateurs meet regularly for practice, and at the close of their drill the other evening they gave many of our citizens very gratifying evidence of the proficiency which they have acquired, by serenades at various points in the village. They may well be proud of their skill; and seeing that no gathering of our citizens, for recreation and enjoyment is regarded as complete without their presence, they have good reason for believing that their labors are properly appreciated. Long may they flourish, to furnish us with music, day and night—putting money in their purse by exchanging their own sweet notes for 'good current coin of the realm.'

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.—The lectures of Prof. Wells, at the Town Hall, are exceedingly interesting; but the attendance, though respectable, is very far from being as large as it should be, and we shall be sorry to have it regarded as a correct indication of the taste and intelligence of this community. Mr. W. has the happy faculty of so presenting the dry facts of science, that he not only secures the attention of his audience, but invests the subjects of which he treats with all the magic charm of poetry, and holds the hearer spell-bound: indeed, his lectures are full of poetry—the poetry of science. We recommend all to improve the only remaining opportunity for hearing him by attending the last, on Saturday evening. You will find your time and money well invested.

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU INSURE.—Mr. W. Barnes, the State Superintendent of the Insurance Department, reports as follows in a note to one of the afternoon papers:

Having made a personal examination of the affairs of the Homestead Fire Insurance Company, of the City of New York, I found that the assets of said Company were insufficient to justify its continuance in the business of insurance in that city. I have communicated this fact to the Attorney General for his action in the premises. [New York Post.]

S. or T.—A new Division, called Showhegan Division, No. 219, was instituted at that place on Saturday evening last.

EXCURSION.—The children, teachers and friends connected with the Sabbath Schools of Fairfield, to the number of four hundred, made an excursion to Bangor on Tuesday last.

The friends of Col. David Page, formerly of Waterville, and now of Arrostook, will be pleased to learn that he is elected as Representative to the Legislature from the Upper District of that county.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The following table of contents of the October number shows what ample provision has been made for the entertainment of its numerous readers.—Some of the Haunts of Burns! Paquin and Paquinades, The Summons, Darwin and his Reviewers, A Modern Cinderella, The Old Days and the New, The Lobster of Torbay, Theodore Parker, leards, Walker, The National Intelligencer and its Editors, Sonnet, The Professor's Story, The Election in November, Reviews and Literary Notices, Art.

Among the articles of unusual interest we would instance 'Darwin and his Reviewers' and 'The Election in November'; but they will all be read with pleasure.

'The Atlantic' is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—An examination of the embellishments in the October number will show that no periodical in the country excels this in its pictorial department. 'The Rescue,' a sea piece, and the portrait of Hon. James Harlan, LL. D., are masterpieces of excellence, each in its way, and are rarely equalled in any periodical. The number is well filled, as usual, and while readers of the best class will be more than satisfied, all will find something suited to their taste.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The contents of the September number are as follows:—A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel.—Part 1 of The Romance of Agostini. Great Wits, Mad Wits? King Arthur and his Round Table. The Struggle at Melazzo. The Tower of London. Part 7 of Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 64 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription.—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and two Reviews \$5; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.—The embellishments in the September number are a beautiful steel engraving of 'Juliet'—the balcony scene; four spirited illustrations of 'The Maiden of the Shield,' a poem by A. J. H. Duganne; 'Life's Morning and Evening,' and 'September evening,' apparently well engraved, but poorly printed in our copy; a good portrait of Johannes A. Oertli; 'September Treasures,' a gorgeous fruit and flower piece. The literature of the number is rich and varied, including several good stories, and a very interesting article entitled 'Dean Swift and his Amours.' Published at 248 Broadway, New York, by the Cosmopolitan Association, at \$2 a year.

THE STATE HORSE FAIR.—This great exhibition, which occupied nearly the whole of last week at Augusta, is said to have been eminently successful. It was held under a charter from the last legislature. On Tuesday morning the procession of horses, embracing the best and most noted in the State, was half a mile long. Among the most distinguished of these were Hiram Drew, Mr. Lang's Telegraph and Gen. Knox, Patchen Jr., Robinson's Hector, Lewiston Boy, Mount Vernon, and others. The descendants of Mr. Lang's horses are said to show such marked excellence as to promise "a new era in horse raising in Maine." Published report says that the owner offered to pay one hundred and twenty dollars for any colt sired by either Gen. Knox or Telegraph!

All the horses above named, with many others, competed in the trial and examination for the prizes of one hundred, fifty, and twenty-five dollars. No report is yet published.

Wednesday afternoon there was an exciting trot between Hector and the Pearce horse of Bangor, Hector winning. Two other purses were contested for by pacing horses, in which 242 was made.

On Thursday Gen. Knox, Lewiston Boy and the Pompilly mare contended for the \$200 purse, which was taken by the Gen. Knox; his best time being 2:44 on a bad track and raining hard. A running race took place in the afternoon, for a purse of \$80. Five horses entered. Masowda, a Portland mare, took the purse in 2:18 and 2:10.

Waterville College, Sept. 20th, 1860. The class of '63 passed the following resolutions on the death of one of their classmates:

WHEREAS, God, in the ordering of his providence, has removed from us one of our number, therefore Resolved, That, by the announcement of the death of JOHN ANASTASIO, of Lebanon, Conn., who, though of a retiring disposition, and with us but a short time, had yet endeavored himself to us, our hearts are filled with deep grief, and while, in our affliction with humble reverence we would say, "Thy will, not ours, O God, be done," it is comforting to us that he left evidence that he has gone home, in the presence of the Great Teacher and with brighter companions, he has learned to praise his Creator with strains of purest love. His memory we shall ever cherish with fond affection, and strive to make his many virtues examples for imitation.

Resolved, That by his death our College has lost one who gave promise, by superior mental qualities and many character, of hereafter bringing high honor upon his name.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the afflicted friends of the deceased and commend them to the care of a God of infinite goodness.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

J. G. LEAVITT, President.

H. A. NUTTING, Secretary.

S. L. D. GRACE, S. S. THURGOOD, Committee.

G. L. HOLMES

Mrs. VARIAN JAMES'S CONCERT, on Tuesday evening, chanced to fall to a small audience in consequence of the storm; but the few who enjoyed it gave evidence of a degree of delight that rarely falls to the lot of a musical audience.

Mrs. James is a daughter of our own State, who has spent several years in Italy for instruction, and returned to bring delight to the hearts of her countrymen. She is probably excelled by no vocalist now in the country; and good judges compare her with Jenny Lind without charge of extravagance.

PUMPKINS.—Pumpkins are very plenty this season, and will prove a great auxiliary in feeding stock and swine this fall. Mr. Nahum Chamberlain left a beautiful one at our office the other day, which proved—

O stop, Moses!—it "proved" what you had predicted, of course; but for mercy's sake don't go on!

Hon. Charles G. Eastman, editor of the Vermont Patriot died at Montpelier, on Sunday, aged 44 years. He was the most graceful poet Vermont has ever produced, and his death is a loss to the literature of the country.

means 'ten skins.' Refuse of a still coarser description, containing many stems, is called 'teabones.' 'Bohea' is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. 'Pekoe,' or 'Pecoe,' means 'white hairs'—the down on the tender leaves. 'Pouchong'—'folded plant.' 'Souchong'—'small plant.' 'Twan-kay' is the name of a small stream in the province where it is bought. 'Congo' is from a term signifying 'labor,' from the care required in its preparation.

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.—By the arrival at New York, last night, of the Steamship Adriatic, we have four days later intelligence from Europe. The news from Italy is of the greatest importance. On the 8th of September, General Garibaldi accompanied by his staff only entered the city of Naples, which the unfortunate Francis II. had left only a few days before. The people received him with great joy, and at last accounts tranquility prevailed. Garibaldi's first act was to proclaim Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. The news of the event caused a feeling of consternation at Rome, and risings were announced in various parts of the Papal States. Louis Napoleon is attempting to check the progress of the Italian movement, but it is now beyond his control.

Plain Words on Temperance.

Isn't it about time that some of the people in our village, who are directly benefited by the Temperance reformation, should take hold of that work and bear a portion of the burden imposed by it upon the friends of good order and good morals? There are some generous-minded, philanthropic individuals, who have really very little chance for personal gain or emolument in this business, that are engaged, in season and out of season, in efforts to shut down the floodgates of vice and crime that are pouring in their deadly streams continually upon the community; while standing by, in stolid indifference or affected contempt, are to be seen almost the entire body of men who are to reap the solid rewards of all this toil and labor. The capitalist, grumbling at the tax rates, doesn't seem to know that every reformed man is a saving of one person from public charge, and the transformation of a pauper into a tax payer. He doesn't seem to calculate how many sheriff's fees, court fees and jailor's fees are saved the county by each person turned from a brawling, thieving, riotous vagabond to a sober and industrious citizen through the efforts of these reformers; nor how much taxes are thereby diminished. He doesn't seem to realize how much real estate will be enhanced by having a filthy, noisome, intolerable neighborhood turned into a quiet and orderly community. He can't imagine that his last insurance tax was caused by some drunkard endeavoring to light a pipe in somebody's barn, or more likely by some villain, fired by rum into that state of recklessness that resulted in incendiarism. He doesn't see how much rent money fails of reaching his pocket just because his tenant drinks, or have drunken sons who spend their father's hard earnings.

And here are our grocers, and butchers, and clothiers, and dry goods dealers, and all classes of traders, whose bad debts come almost wholly from customers made shiftless by rum drinking or who are unable to pay because they have lost board or other bills, by trusting lots or fast young men who are slaves to liquor. And here are many of the so called heavy men, whose pockets are plethoric with bank notes, whose strong boxes are beginning to groan with their weight of rocks, that have daughters liable to form alliances with young men who are on the road to ruin;—and all the future domestic peace of the family; of father, mother, daughter, and her husband and off-pring, may be depending upon the influence of the modest Temperance Society whose existence the aristocratic old dad will hardly recognize in this day of his pride. Now all these things are to be thought of; and we want these comfortable old fellows and all our money-making men who are standing aloof from the temperance movement while absorbing three-fifths of the benefit of these temperance organizations, to ponder them. We want them to understand that every temperance society is an insurance company, in which they are heavy stockholders and insurers. These Societies insure against taxation, against loss by incendiarism, against expenses for jails and almshouses, against bad debts, against spendthrift sons, against shiftless sons-in-law, and against broken hearted and disgraced daughters. And do you wish to avoid the extreme humiliation and the expense of maintaining a crop of pauper grand-children, how important that the influences which surround the young men from whom your daughters are to choose husbands, should all be healthy and of a strongly temperance character?

There are enough purely selfish and money considerations, we should think, to make it an object for this class of men to come out and give, not only money, but their influence to this cause. It is a positive shame and disgrace to have all the hard work of this kind thrust upon the shoulders of a few,—those few, too, who are to incur all the odium and receive all the kicks which the rum traffickers have to bestow; while these recipients of the rich benefits, enjoy complete immunity, and if any offices of honor or profit are to be filled, their broad haunches gravitate into them and settle down there as though from eternity it were the fore-ordained and everlasting fitness of things, instead of an outrage upon decency and all that is proper, and good, and just, and right.

It is about time for the pulpit, the platform and the press, to wake up a little on this point. The simple dead weight of the class of men, who, with ample means, and having really the most vital interest in the reform, yet keep aloof from all public meetings in its behalf, and refuse to contribute to its support, while in practice pretty fair temperance men, is almost enough to crush any ordinary enterprise; and it is a weight which has been carried already too long. These men have ennobled themselves in this shell of respectability about long enough, picking up chestnuts that more worthy fingers than theirs have pulled out of the fire; and it is high time a reform in this matter were begun in earnest. It only needs the influence of this class actively on the side of temperance to settle the question in our village, at any rate.

[Natick Observer.]

FALL PLOWING—ITS OBJECT AND INFLUENCE.—Messrs. TUCKER & SON.—It has been so often shown that special treatment of peculiar qualities of soil, as for the purpose of destroying noxious weeds, voracious insects, or otherwise, could neither invalidate a general rule, nor establish precedent suitable for general imitation, that words need not be multiplied upon this point. Local circumstances have, of course, much influence in necessitating special modes of culture, because, as has been repeatedly observed, certain classes of weeds and families of insects infest some localities in excess, while others are nearly or entirely exempt from them. Docks and wire-weeds, for instance, abound more in clay and too wet soils, than in any other, as we have many times seen.

Now if A. chooses to plow late to kill insects, &c., because he may think this of no means follows that B, C, D, & Co. may not plow early with much more advantage to themselves and to the public, than could possibly injure to them from plowing late. Because early fall plowing is far more promotive of the leading object for which all ground is cultivated, namely, to increase its fertility, than plowing on the eve of winter can be.

Passing by light sandy and blowing soils, and such as have but little vegetable or organic mold in the composition, and also all merely local and lateral questions—we state it as a general rule, that every description of soil, from a light loam, down through medium, strong and heavy loams, to stiff clay, is and of necessity must be far more benefited by being plowed early than late in the autumn.

We farm near the 44th degree N. L., and plow in September. Our early plowed ten acre field may have influenced those who have seen it, otherwise not. But what has had a far greater influence, was the fact that years of continuous cropping, with but very little manure returned to the soil, began to produce serious symptoms of a decline in fertility. This excited inquiry, and a number of observing farmers who had noticed that the earliest plowed ground produced—almost without exception—rare exceptions being the result of bad after treatment—the earliest and best crops, began to consider the matter more thoroughly. The idea consequently was supported of plowing still earlier; and in my town, which is composed of about one-third light loam; another third medium loam, and the remaining third, black, mucky soil, not less than 2,000 acres were plowed before the first of October last, and this in consequence of the benefits known to have accrued to those farmers with like soil who plowed early in previous years. But this can be no example to those who have not seen it, except through the instrumentality of the Agricultural Press; but this lever of advancement can make such cases of as much value to agriculturists in Maine or Nebraska, as to those of an adjoining district or farm.

If, now, we look into the main subject a little further, we find that the same general influences that promote rapid growth or recombination when applying in fit proportions, namely, heat, air and moisture—passing over light as inspired in certain circumstances—promote also separation or decomposition. Every farmer knows that his manure heap must have these in suitable proportions to effect its decomposition. Too much wet would stop the process of disorganization or decomposition; by reducing the temperature to a too low state; too much heat would arrest decay by carrying out the moisture by evaporation, and too much exposure to air would result in drying the heap so as to prevent fermentation. And what is very important—too little time would not admit of any combination of natural agencies effecting the decomposition of the mass for its intended purpose of manure. Now applying this illustration to the decomposition of the soil, we shall see wherein the great advantages of early fall plowing consist.

Prof. S. W. Johnson of Yale College, says, (and we have repeatedly quoted the same views in the Co. Gen.)—"The food of the plant must enter it in a state of solution or, if undissolved, the particles must be smaller than we can discover with the best optical aids; because the pores of the roots"—and we say of leaves, and of plants, are not discernible by any microscope." Consequently particles of plant food must be made, by some means, so minute as to be even smaller than the pores of the roots and leaves themselves. Hence the necessity of pulverization and separation.

The question here occurs why will early fall plowing promote this object much more effectively than plowing a month—more or less—later? The answer is, because more time and a larger duration of the action of influential decomposing conditions do, and must secure, to early plowed ground a larger effective result in the proportion that it is longer subject to their action, in preference to and comparison with soil that is plowed in the latter and colder part of the season. In short, supposing late fall weather were equally effective, though it is not, in decomposing the surface mold, ready for food for the next crop, it is clearly impossible for this to be done in as large a measure in only one month as in twice that time. For the natural elements do not work spasmodically but with steady regularity. Nature not only does not do two days work in a day, but she always does her work in season. She does not mistake heat for cold, nor her September work for that of November. As in the case of the manure heap, she decomposes the surface soil most rapidly and effectively when heat, air and moisture are present in such measure and proportion as to effectually promote that result; and wise are her ways.

It frequently happens that some part of the autumn is dry; at whatever time the soil is too dry, it decomposes very slowly. If it be moist enough late in the fall, for heat to tend the small clods and particles, by combining with and expanding their contained moisture, then there is too little heat to do this effectively. But if there be sufficient heat late in the autumn, there is not then sufficient time for heat and water to do their work of expanding and separation. They cannot do a whole fall's work in a month. But in all our later autumnal weather there is always insufficient heat for the purpose of decomposition, as compared with the warmer weather of early autumn; and in about a moiety of fall seasons, there is insufficient moisture, also, throughout November, &c.

But if arable ground be plowed in September or earlier, it not only has sufficient time, rather than only half enough, but is put in a state for the most effectual combinations of heat, air and moisture, to work out their joint functions in reducing it to a state of powder—smaller than any microscope can discern. Wherefore, the chances are at least three to one in favor of an early plowed soil having its surface mold made fit to feed any crop that may be planted in it the ensuing spring, as compared with the more precarious chances of late plowed soils.

Furthermore, the closer, finer and heavier soils are in their composition, the more time and power, whether natural or mechanical, must be consumed in reducing them to a state of very minute fineness, or impalpable powder, to feed plants with what they need. And fit to feed plants with what they need. And clay and clay loams being more difficult of reduction to the minute state of impalpable particles fit for the ready absorption of plants than any more friable or lighter soils, it follows that clays, and heavy soils generally, need more time and natural and mechanical power to effect their reduction than such as are lighter and more easily cultivated. Early fall plowing affords not only more time, but more effective and certain results. Hence, while all the lightest are much benefited by it, all the clayey, compact, adhesive soils are, and beyond doubt more improved in the conditions most important to growing crops than those of any other description.

[Country Gentleman.]

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POST OFFICE NOTICE.—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10.15 A.M. Clones at 10.00 A.M.

August 10. 10.15 A.M. Clones at 10.00 A.M.

September 10. 10.15 A.M. Clones at 10.00 A.M.

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foremost, to be out of the way of its fall, and

waited for the shock. But

'There's a sweet little child who sits up alone

And looks after the life of poor Jack.'

We approached, as all agree, within ten feet

of the rock, and then began to recede. Just

realized that there was only ten feet between us

and eternity. It is the opinion of sea faring

men on board, that the ship, if she had struck,

would have sunk in five minutes, for it is a

sharp ledge of rocks six or seven miles from

any shore, and deep water all around. The

boats could not have been got ready, and if

they could, they never could have lived in the

heavy surf. No; if she had gone ten feet

further we should have been almost instantly

precipitated into a raging sea, where, six or

seven miles from land, in a dense fog, few of

us would have escaped. We should have all

perished as miserably as did those in the Hun-

garian. Three seconds more would have told

the death knell of most, if not all of us, for

we were so enveloped in fog, and far from

land, and also no boat at the light-house, that

if we had seized fragments of the wreck they

would have been torn from our grasp by the

sea boiling as in a caldron over the sunken

reels, hours before our fate could have been

known. I know there was no time to run be-

low for life preservers—which are hung up by

each berth—and so contented myself with just

strapping up my nerves for a buffet with the

waves. For three minutes, I can assure you,

man showed what he is when expecting the

'King of Terrors.' Two or three ladies took

it heroically, and seemed to draw in strength

from the scene around them. It was a terrible

moment for the captain, (Capt. Stone), for

as we swung around, the sails taking aback

and heeling us over, everybody expected to

feel the grinding crash beneath our feet. I

felt for him, for all his great rashness, and

gladly say that, in his decision in our hour

of need we owe our lives.

The Rock is called Fasset Rock, and upon

it is the Cape Clear light-house. A subscrip-

tion is now being taken up among the passengers

for the seaman who first shouted 'breakers

ahead.' I shall never forget to my dying day

the face of the captain when he heard that

wild shout. I have seen distress and pain in

all their forms, but never a face like that, so

full of horror, perfect agony, and crushing re-

sponsibility. The cry 'breakers ahead,' the

stopping of the engines, the escape of the

steam, and the shifting of the helm, all occurred

in one second. It seemed at the instant as if

it was utterly impossible to stop the ship's way

in time to save us; but God rules. He put

forth His hand, and the vessel, trembling as

it is with mortal fear, yielded to her powerful

engines, receded from the rock, and we were

saved.

ANOTHER FALL FROM GRACE.—This com-

munity was startled a few days since by the

announcement that one Rev. (P. L. Morse, a

Methodist Minister, had proved a wolf in

sheep's clothing, and had seduced a married

lady from her duty. The good people of

Bridgeport expressed their indignation at his

shameless and criminal conduct by burning

him in effigy on the evening of the fifth inst.

We understand that a warrant was placed in

the hands of an officer for his arrest, but he

has decamped. We withhold the name of the

woman out of respect to her husband and connec-

tions who are highly respectable people in

Bridgeport. Such occurrences as these prove

to us that the sacred profession of the pulpit is

not free from the sins of humanity, and warns

us not to have too much confidence in an out-

ward show of piety, at the same time we

should be careful how we condemn the minis-

terial profession for the sins of a few unworthy

scoundrels who assume the cloak of religion

for the purpose of hiding their devilry.

[Aroostook Herald.]

FUGITIVE SLAVE TROUBLE.—Olinthia,

O., 23d. Thursday last, the U. S. Marshal

with two deputies and eight or ten men went

to Iberia, Morrow county, in this State, to

arrest three slaves who ran away from Ger-

mantown, Ky., about four months since. One

was captured by the Marshal and after an

examination by the Commissioners was re-

manded to the custody of his master. One

of the deputies in attempting to capture an-

other negro was set upon by the crowd, who

tore off his clothes and took away his warrant

and money, and threatened to hang or shoot

him; but after cropping his hair allowed him

to depart without the negro. The other

deputy was fired upon while attempting to

arrest a third negro and returning the fire

shot the fingers off the hand of one of the

rioters, but was obliged to leave without the

negro.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—Seth Thomas,

(says the Winsted Herald,) of Plymouth

Hullow, Conn., left, at the time of his decease,

eighteen months ago, property worth from

\$400,000 to \$600,000, and six children who

were his heirs. There was no will, and the

estate descended in the legal manner to the

children equally. They consulted no lawyers,

began no scramble, but mutually agreed upon

two judicial men, and employed them to

divide the property into six portions as nearly

equal in value as could be. This done, the

portions were put at auction among them, each

buying a portion and the premiums were equal-

ized.

THE METHODISTS AND SLAVERY.—Rev.

Dr. T. M. Eddy, editor of the *Northwestern*

Christian Advocate, one of the official papers

of the Methodist Church (North), has ad-

ressed a spirited letter to President Buchan-

an, recounting the persecutions of Methodists

in Missouri, Arkansas, and other slave States,

recently culminating in the martyrdom of Rev.

Mr. Bowley in Texas, and asks whether religious

freedom is to be maintained in this country as

guaranteed by the Constitution. He demands

for the Methodists their constitutional rights

—liberty of conscience, speech and press, and

puts these questions to the President. 'Does

membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church

expose to death at the hands of an unlicensed

mob? Are we to be hunted like wild beasts?

Is our blood to be shed like water to appease

the insatiable Moloch of slavery?

RAIN.—The amount of rain which has fallen

from January 1st to Sept. 1st, 1860, was only

four inches and five-tenths of an inch. The

amount of rain which fell from January 1st

to September 1st, 1859, was twenty-four inches

and seven-tenths. The annual amount of

rain is about forty inches. The annual fall

for 1856 was twenty-seven inches and forty-

two hundredths; for 1857, thirty-five inches

and three-tenths; for 1858, thirty-seven inches

