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LEGEND OF MICAH ROOD.

A stranger, turning over the musty archives of one of our Connecticut towns, a few years since, found the following record:

November 15, 1760, Micah Rood died awfully. Well, how did he die? The record nowhere told.

The question was propounded to the town clerk, who was a new-comer, and not a native resident, and who could tell nothing of a circumstance which took place so long before his time. But the stranger's curiosity could not rest satisfied. Died awfully was ringing in his mind continually, until another question suggested itself.

Have you any very aged persons in town? was his next inquiry.

'Some, I reckon,' was the answer of the parish warden. 'There's Simon Backus, who's an old Revolutionary—and they are getting scarce. Then there's the Widder Molly Carver, who's amazing old, and nobody's fool neither. She remembers back into colony times, and tells heaps of stories to youngsters round here. She'll talk forever without stopping. Zeb Spicer says when she goes up she'll astonish them there, and their time will be none too long for her stories.'

'Where does she live?' the stranger asked.

'Two miles, more or less, on the Providence Turnpike. Next house but one after you've passed the gate. Low, brown house, gambrel roof.'

Thus definitely directed, the gentleman started for the abode of Molly Carver, which he readily found, introduced himself, and made known his inquiry.

'Lorakes! Han't I ever heard tell how Mike Rood died? Why, man alive! I remember about it myself same as though 'twas yesterday, though I warn't bigger than this great-grandchild of mine here when it happened. It had been kinder snowing and raining all day, and not much of either; but a plenty of howlin' wind, such as the month of no month in all the year can blow like November. 'Tis the most disagreeable of all months to my mind, and always makes a body think of autumnal dreariness. Father'd ben to town arter a pipe for granny; and when he come back, says he—

'There's the orfullest thing happened you ever did hear on, mother!'

'And what is it?' said she, turning dreadfully white, while I stood looking up at him all ears, you may depend.

'Mike Rood's hung himself,' he said, 'on that very arly apple tree, there's been so much talk about, in his mother's orchard.'

'Did he leave any confession?' granny asked.

'Not! I heard on; though the jury hadn't got back when I was down here. He must have died the work very arly in the morning, for when they found him he was cold and stiff as anything.'

'Lorakes! father went out; and I ran up close to granny, half afeared I should see the dead man, or something else orful; for children's mightily easily scared in them days, though dear knows I ain't so now.'

'There ain't nothin' to be afeard on, Molly,' my grandmother said; 'though I guess if the truth was all told, there has been them that feared Mike Rood living.'

'What for, granny?' I asked her.

'Never mind to-night, child. Some long winter evening, when there's snow on the ground, I'll tell you all about it.'

'I didn't let her forget her promise, I'll warrant ye; for I was mighty fond of terrible stories in them days.'

'And what did you hear?' the stranger inquired, determined to learn the whole story.

'That's what I'm goin' to tell, soon as ever I git my breath a'more; for you see I can't talk right on as I could fifty years ago. It's a queerish story; but everybody believed it in these parts. We'd jest ben in the midst of the old French war, and folks had reason to be afraid of their own shadows. Mike was a strange chap, and nobody never knew exactly what to make on him. Some folks thought he warn't very cunning; others said he had wit a plenty; and I guess they was both partly right, for he used to do and say a great many smart things in a very foolish way.'

He lived alone with his mother, who was a widder. His father died a few years afore, fightin' French and Indians; arter which all the sperit-Mike had in him was turned agin' the French.

In the fall of '59 a peddler come into town bringin' all sorts of forrit notions; and every body set to wonderin' who he was, and where he come from.

'I know,' said Mike, who overheard the talk. 'He's a Frenchman and a spy; that's jest what he is; and I dare warrant, if the truth was known, he come strait down here from Canada. But—' Mike went away whispering to himself the unfinished sentence—

'Dead men tell no tales! Likely's not mother'd like some of his toggery. Anyhow, I'll ask him to call.'

Nathaniel was ever seen of the forrit peddler arter he went to the Widder Rood's that night. Some said he'd got all the information he wanted out of folks, and was gone where he come from; others whispered it among themselves that Mike Rood might have used him unfair. But afore winter was over everybody would have done talkin' about it, only Mike himself could never let the subject rest.

What makes the blows on the arly apple-tree look so red this spring? he would ask the little children as they went by to school. It was one of Mike's foolish questions. How should the children know? Then he went away whistling, laughing and looking very wise.

'Why didn't the old robin come back to her tree this year, as she always did afore?' he inquired of them, another day. 'There ain't another sitch crotch for a nest in the whole orchard.' The children could tell that nuthin', and when they asked their mothers, they said Mike didn't know himself—he was half-witted.

'When the apples was ripe, the fust of August, all the children went up one noon from the school to beg some.'

'The apples is pizen this year,' Mike said, shakin' his head when they asked him.

'I know better; we'll risk 'em,' said Betsy Ford.

'I'll bet a copper you daren't eat one on 'em,' said Mike. 'There's a drop o' blood in 'em all.'

'Show it, and then we'll believe it,' Betsy said, 'and not afore.'

'So Mike went and brought his hands full of great meller apples, and begun to cut 'em up. 'There! look now,' he said, when he come to the red spot; 'didn't I tell ye?—You may eat 'em all of you want to. I don't.' Not a child dared put a tooth into an apple for sure 'till Mike, every single one had a drop of fresh blood in it, jest as Mike said.

The young ones all went home and told the story; but no person believed a word on't till they went and examined them for themselves. Then everybody, from the minister down, said 'twas a special miracle. Maybe 'twas cause the hand that planted the tree was cut off by the blood-thirsty innony. Mike said he knew

sublim' uncommon was the matter when he saw the red blows in the spring for the 'arly tree' always blossomed white as snow afore.

Toward the last of October suthin' turned up that set all the town thinkin'—and talkin', too, for the matter of that. A reward of forty pounds was posted up for any information of Hank Karner—a young German who left Philadelphia with an assortment of fancy goods the fall afore. The last time his friends heard from him he was travelling with his trunks in Eastern Connecticut. His person and dress was described, and the above reward was to be paid for any news on him, dead or alive.

Everybody that read the notice said straight off, 'That was the forrit peddler; but what had become on him was another thing. Nobody liked to make a stir about it, whatever they might think. But when Mike read the notice with the others, and saw a great many searching eyes upon him, he said to himself, 'They'll hang me now, sure's fate, and git the forty pounds besides, which is a heap o' money. I never should a touched the feller, only I thought he was a cussed Frenchman—one of the very same as knocked down the old man, Ef I could only manage now, to git that forty pounds for poor old mother, and then tie the knot in my own halter, they might call Mike Rood half-witted as long as they have a mind to.'

Revolving the matter in his own mind, Mike went home. That night, as the winds blew and howled round the old house, and his mother sat paring apples and stringing them up on strings to dry, he cut a leaf out of his father's account book, got down the lead inkstand, and set himself down to write—and the most curious writin' it was you ever did see, I guess. It looked so the letters was every one copied off of a teachest; and yet, as the widder Rood looked up from her work, now and then, to watch her only child, she had a feelin' as though he was kinder smart. Not a bit of the managin' and schemin' part of Mike's natur did he inherit from his mother, who was as mild as a May morning, and could be made to believe almost anything her friends wanted her to. Mike could lead her with a tow string—though never to do wrong, if she knew it, for there wasn't a better meanin' woman, or one with more friends, in the whole town.

'Look here, mother, now! You jest write your name down here,' Mike said, holding out the goose-quill with which he had been figuring for a long time. 'I've a most forgot how it looks writen, it's so long since I've seen it. And the woman set down the dish of apples, right pleased to grant his request.'

'I declare, said Mike, examinin' the really fair hand-writin', 'ef you aint the best writer of your age in town, mother!'

The widder smiled upon him, pleased by his praise, and said, as she went agin to her apples, that's what your father used to say, Micah.

'When he'd amused himself long enough with his writing he folded up the paper and put it in his pocket.'

'Got any arrapt up street?' he then asked.

'Not to-night,' his mother answered. 'What makes you go out, Micah, when 'tis so cold and windy? The air feels as though we was a-goin' to git snow.'

'Left one of my cowhides' at the shoe-maker's this mornin', mother, and he promised to have it done by eight o'clock.'

'Then Micah went out, and set his face toward the town, talking to himself as he went. 'Now, says he, 'tis all fixed right, and mother'll git that forty pounds as sure as my name is Mike Rood; for didn't they promise it for any information on him, dead or alive? And ain't she told them ef he'll come and dig under her arly apple tree—the fust on the right side of the house—and ask her no questions, they'll find what they're looking for—dead enough, I guess, too. I'm awful sorry I hurt the wrong feller; but it can't be helped now, and there's no use in cryin' about it. Let me see. The post-rider will get my letter to Philadelphia in about a week, and by that time I'll git all mother's wood cut for the winter, and be ready to step out afore they're here to sack.'

'Poor Mike, like all boys, bad or good, foolish or witty, loved his mother, and ef she'd only mistrusted what was in his mind all that week, as he went round doing every thing he could find to do for her, her tears would have dropped for sorrow instead of joy. But the sorrow came soon enough to her, poor, loving, broken heart; and the joy never came back at all afore her boy was found dead on the arly apple tree—hung by his own hands—for that was the way Mike Rood died.'

The stranger thanked the widder for her story, and went away satisfied.

Now—The Rood apple. It is still a great favorite in many parts of New England; and the curious may yet find in every one the mysterious red drop which has given rise to many a timely story. In one of the small towns in New London County, Micah lived and died in the manner above described.

How Ladies Should Dress.—We find in 'All the Year Round' the following views expressed in regard to ladies' dresses:

'As you look from your windows in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of hair, and a swarthy complexion, but then what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and more than all, how well they suit each other!'

Before English women can dress perfectly, they must have the taste of the French, especially in color. One reason why we see colors ill arranged in England is that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what is to be worn with it. Women while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have at home. That paradox is pretty, but it will kill by its color, one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for the others. To be magnificently dressed costs money; but to be dressed with taste is not expensive. It requires good taste, knowledge, and refinement. Never buy an article unless it is suitable to your age, habit, style, and the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly dresses with a common delaine, or cheap lace with expensive brocades.

What colors, it may be asked, go best together? Green with violet; gold with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scar-

let or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is to some skins the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips, and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach color is perhaps one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But whatever the colors or materials of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace around the bosom and sleeves, the flowers, in fact, all that furnishes the dress. The ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the hair, and the flowers, which are worn in the hair, should decorate the dress.

Farmers' Daguerotypes.

Every one desires his photograph, and millions are annually taken by the many artists who abound throughout the country, for the gratification of the many friends of every individual. They are mostly enclosed in neat morocco cases, instead of being hung up to view, and packed away in drawers, or deposited in piles upon library and parlor tables. But there is another kind of daguerotype, which farmers present of themselves, in a much more public manner, so as to be seen by every traveller that passes the railway or public road. They do not represent the farmer's face, but his character. They exhibit to every one, his ability as a cultivator, his taste for neatness and order, and in some degree his moral character, so far as this is exhibited by a conscientious regard for the comfort of his domestic animals, and for the welfare and happiness of his children. In short, every land owner or country resident is in some degree pictured by the external appearance of his premises. There may be some exceptions, resulting from sickness, or from early progress, commencing with nothing, or new and unfinished homes, but these exceptions do not destroy the general rule.

During a recent journey through some of the Western States, we saw thousands of these daguerotypes. Some of them presented pleasing thrifty characters, in neat, well built, well kept houses, surrounded with handsome door-yard scenery, well planted shrubbery, well cultivated gardens, and painted or white washed farm buildings, in perfect order. The door-yards were not encumbered with tall grass, nor the garden and farm fences with tall weeds. The owners had evidently spent the spare time, occupied by some at grog shops, or in illness, in these various improvements, to make home comfortable for their families and attractive to their children. These pictures of character were examined and dwelt upon with much pleasure.

But there were other daguerotypes, very numerous, and not so pleasing in kind. They were of all grades, from such as nearly approach those already described, down to the wretched, shattered, broken windowed, thistle grown, dirt infested dwelling. Very few were as good as the former, and few bad as the latter. Most had at least a few objectionable features—we observed but very few places that did not contain one or more of the following characteristics, not to be found on the very best and well kept premises:

1. Houses with broken windows, sometimes with old hats or rags thrust in to keep out the weather, but usually with free ventilation.

2. Houses with unfinished chimneys, and with brick and mortar lying on the roof.

3. Houses, with loose clapboards, some of which have been knocked off, and others hanging by a single nail.

4. Door-yards rooted up by pigs, the latter having free access, for the convenience of ready feeding with kitchen slops.

5. Door-yards grown up with burdocks and thistles, with a few scattered half dead fruit trees surrounded with suckers.

6. Door-yards with scattered boards, uncorded wood, old barrels and boxes, and slop puddles.

7. Broken-back barns, that is, with the roof deeply bent down in the middle, angles partly off, boards occasionally off the sides, or hanging at one end by nails.

8. Barns with the doors off the hinges, and propped with rails.

9. Barns with large piles of manure against the sides, boards, and wagons, hawks, and pigs scattered about the yard.

10. Orchards with dead limbs, broken branches, and abundance of suckers and coarse weeds about the foot of the trunks.

11. Piles of apple brush thrown along fences, and plentifully invested with thistles, mulleins, and burdocks—the fences often half down with many scattered rails in every variety of position.

12. Fences lined and nearly hid with tall nettles and elder bushes.

13. Board fences with posts set very shallow, and leaning at various angles of inclination—sometimes propped with stakes—boards occasionally knocked off, or hanging at one end.

14. Pastures in thin or partly cut woods, or in newly cleared land, with many decaying piles of brush, and a luxuriant growth of thistles, iron-weed, and poke.

15. Pastures impenetrable filled with a dense growth of ambrosia or rag-weed.

16. Wet pastures, poached while wet with the feet of cattle into rough knobs, and grown up with coarse grass and smart-weed.

17. Cornfields with a dense undergrowth of weeds, and potato fields with a dense overgrowth of the same.

18. Plowed fields with wet patches or unplowed portions, the latter variously covered with coarse grass, weeds, and bushes.

19. Cows running at large in the streets, dropping their manure in the most inconvenient places, and thrusting their heads through poor fences into neighbors' cabbages and corn-fields.

20. Attempts at hedging made by carelessly and irregularly setting out plants in unprepared ground, never cutting, and allowing the line to become covered with weeds and grass.

These results will always take place when the owners forget that the price of neatness and success is eternal vigilance—and that the original curse of 'thorns and thistles' is intended to be converted to a blessing by inducing industry, enterprise, and the cultivation of the vigorous virtues.

We are glad to say that very many farms were nearly free from these blemishes, often

not more than one or two to be seen at a time, and we are informed that they are rapidly decreasing and disappearing before the intelligence and spirit of enterprise which agricultural societies and periodicals have done so much to foster. —Country Gentleman.

Whence Comes our 'Peculiar Institution'?

Mr. Sumner tells us truly whence slavery is derived, and what are its claims to a high civilization. He shows us that the institution, (once acknowledged to be evil, by the just and conscientious men of the revolution, but now declared beneficent and of divine origin) has its direct and legitimate descent from the immemorial usages of the darkest and most degraded barbarism. Instead of being an instrumentality for Christianizing and elevating the African, slavery has been the means of degrading him, and implanting in his nature the very vices of indolence and ignorance which are now made the pretext of his bondage. The African, where slavery is unknown, is found to be more industrious, enterprising and intelligent than ever has been in slaveholding communities or where the evil effects of the slave systems have operated for any length of time upon the black race.

But it was simply as to the origin of the institution as it now exists in the United States, that we wished to quote:

It is not derived from the common law, that fountain of Liberty; for this law, while unphilosophically recognizing a system of servitude, known as villeinage, secured to the bondmen privileges unknown to the American slave; protected his person against mayhem; protected his wife against rape; gave to his marriage equal validity with the marriage of his master, and surrounded his offspring with generous presumptions of Freedom, unlike that rule of yours by which the servitude of the mother is necessarily stamped upon the child. It is not derived from the Roman law, that fountain of tyranny, for two reasons—first, because this law, in its better days, when its early rigors were spent—like the common law itself—secured to the bondman privileges unknown to the American slave—in certain cases of cruelty reformed from his master—prevented the separation of parents and children, also of brothers and sisters—and even protected him in the marriage relation; and secondly, because the Thirteen Colonies were not derived from any of those countries which recognized the Roman law, while this law even before the discovery of this continent had lost all living efficacy.

It is not derived from the Mahomedan law; for under the mild injunctions of the Koran, a benignant servitude, unlike yours, has prevailed—where the lash was not allowed to lacerate the back of a female; where no knife or branding iron is employed upon any human being to mark him as the property of his fellow man; where the master is expressly enjoined to listen to the desires of his slave for emancipation; and where the blood of the master, mingling with his bondwoman, takes from her the transferable character of a chattel, and confers complete freedom upon their offspring. It is not derived from the Spanish law; for this law contains humane elements, unknown to your system, borrowed, perhaps, from the Mahomedan Moors, who so long occupied Spain; and, besides, our Thirteen Colonies had no umbilical connection with Spain. Nor is it derived from English statutes or American statutes; for we have the positive and repeated avowal of the Senator from Virginia, (Mr. Mason) and also of other Senators, that it is not a single State of the Union can any such statutes authorizing slavery be found. From none of these does it come.

No, sir; not from any land of civilization is this barbarism derived. It comes from Africa; ancient nurse of monsters; from Guinea, Dahomey, and Congo. There is its origin and fountain. This benighted region, we are told by Chief Justice Marshall in a memorable judgment, (*The Antelope*, 10 Wheaton R. 66) still asserts a right, discarded by Christendom, to enslave captives taken in war; and this African Barbarism is the beginning of American Slavery, and the Supreme Court of Georgia, a Slave State, has not shrunk from this conclusion.

'Licensed to hold Slave property' says the Court, 'the Georgia planter held the Slave as a chattel; either directly from the Slave trader, or from those who held under him, and he from the Slave captor in Africa. The property in the Slave in the planter became thus the property of the original captor.' (*Neal v. Farrar*, 9 Ga. Rep. 555.)

It is natural that a right thus derived in defiance of Christendom, should be exercised with any mitigating influences from Christianity; that the master's authority over the person of his slave, over his conjugal relations, over his parental relations, over the employment of his time, over all his acquisitions, should be recognized, while no generous presumption inclines to Freedom, and the womb of the bondwoman can deliver only a slave.

From its home in Africa, where it is sustained by immemorial usage, this Barbarism, thus developed, traversed the ocean to American soil. It entered on board that fatal slave ship, built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark, which in 1620 landed its cruel cargo at Jamestown, in Virginia; and it has boldly taken its place in every succeeding slave ship from that early day till now—helping to peck the human freight, regardless of human agony; surviving the torments of the middle passage; surviving its countless victims plunged beneath the waves; and it has left the slave ship only to travel inseparably from the slave in his various doom, sanctioning by its barbarous code every outrage, whether of mayhem or robbery, of lash or lust, and fastening itself upon his offspring to the remotest generation. Thus are the barbarous prerogatives of barbarous African chiefs perpetuated in American Slave masters, while the Senator from Virginia, (Mr. Mason) perhaps unconsciously of their origin, perhaps desirous to secure them the appearance of a less barbarous pedigree, tricks them out with a phrase of the Roman law, discarded by the common law, patre aquiritur ventrem, which simply renders into ancient Latin an existing rule of African Barbarism, recognized as an existing rule of American Slavery.

Such is the plain judicial origin of the American slave code, which is now vaunted as a badge of civilization.

STUDY OF THE FACE. A story is told of the great French artist, which finely illus-

trates his knowledge of human nature. He was travelling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained some small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay coachmen and others in the following manner: Taking a handful of the numismatical specimens from his pocket, he counted them one by one, into the creditor's hands, keeping his eyes fixed all the time on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile, he took back the last coin deposited in the hand, and returned it with the remainder, to his pocket. He afterwards found that in pursuing this method he had not overpaid for anything.

Bringing Home the Cows—Milk.

Among my memories of boy-life on the farm, how freshly still comes up one of twilight time—the bringing home the cows from their woodland pasture. The 'only boy' for years, many a score of autumn eves have I explored the 'big marsh' and the 'sugar bush,' both bordered and isolated, here and there, with grass for the wandering kine; and time and again 'the sun was low' on our horizon, whatever it may have been 'on Linden's hills,' ere I found them. How I hurried to get back through the strip of woods, stumbling along in the fast deepening shadows, half afraid of the loneliness and the howling owls, and conscience smitten for my tardiness in starting. How often, too, was the evening air filled with the songs and shouts with which I strove 'to keep my courage up,' until 'out of the woods, and in sight of the barn on the hill. Coming through the open fields, I could always on pleasant eves, see, and often mocked the night hawk, who seemed to gasp for breath when he swooped down from his lofty circlings.

But now a-days we are told it is not 'boy's work' to bring home the cows. We were taught then, that they must not be driven hurriedly home at night, ease in milking and full pails are desired. Not only will they give less milk, but it will produce less butter or cheese, quart for quart, than where their quiet is carefully guarded. The *Homestead* says: 'A dairymen complains of the season as bad for the dairy, but his neighbors say the training of shepherd's dogs is worse than the season,' as much as to say that the cows are 'worried to death' by their canine drivers. The same paper says that the astonishing yield occasionally claimed for single dairies, depends on several causes—not the least among them is careful driving. 'Inquiring out one of three large reports, we found that the owners, the man and his wife, not only did all their milking themselves, but they always brought and drove their own cows.'

But this cannot always be done. The boys must very generally 'bring home the cows' for time for it, and let the cows take their time, and due order of precedence. I shall not blame them, however, if they throw sticks in the gap, and refuse to let any other pass save at her own quietly will and pleasure.

Not many years passed before I had not only to drive the cows, but to milk—had a pail of my own, and my favorites of the herd. And let me say that milking is a good deal of an art; one which few boys do well, though it is one on which much of the profit of the dairy depends. From observation and experience, I offer the following hints as important. There must be good temper, and a good stock of patience to begin with. In dealing with a cow as with a human learner, be kind and firm; show them what you wish, that they can do it readily, and that it must be done. I always like a one-legged stool to sit upon when milking. With such, one can move readily, and inequalities of the ground make no difference. Have a little clean water to wash the teats off in the morning if they lie in the dirt, and if you need any thing to moisten them, use water, not milk for that purpose. Milk gently and evenly, but as rapidly as possible, and be sure to milk clean—draining the last drop, which is always the richest in cream, from the teats. Failure in this respect rapidly diminishes the quantity of milk furnished by the cow. Indeed, the method usually practiced in drying off a cow, is to let half milk her. Let the milking time be as regularly as possible at the same hour in the day, morning and evening, and each cow have the same milker, as far as convenient. The quiet of the yard should be carefully preserved.

But (if you will allow me) another reminiscence paragraph. What pleasanter rural scene can greet the eye than that of the cows returning from their pastures, so calmly and leisurely, full fed and well supplied with milk—receiving the milker's attentions with quiet satisfaction, 'chewing the cud of sweet' and tender herbage. Many a bright memory comes back, as I think of 'milking time' and its associations. I can see the stars come out, one by one, in the twilight sky; I can hear the cheep of the tree-toad upon some mossy rail; the bats are whirling above us in many a circling flight, and my mother's song comes to my ear from across the yard. Longfellow has woven such a scene into one of his poems, and looking back upon it, through the haze of years, it does seem poetical. But your paper has to do with the practical, yet I hope its readers will excuse thus much of a flight.

[Corr. Country Gentleman.]

SENTENCE FOR THE MURDER OF A SLAVE

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.—The Petersburg (Va.) *Express* announces that Charles Hudson, upwards of sixty years of age, has been convicted of murder in the second degree, he having killed his slave woman Jane, on the Fourth of July last. The jury fixed his sentence at 18 years in the Penitentiary. The *Express* says:

'The evidence in the case was that on the morning of the 4th of July last, at 8 o'clock, one of the hottest days of the past summer, Hudson stripped the woman naked as when she came into the world, tied her to a perfumery tree, and whipped her for three consecutive hours, with occasional intermissions of a few minutes, until he had worn out to stumps fifty-two switches, and the bark on the body of the tree was rubbed smooth and greasy by the attrition of the body of the victim. The ground around the tree for seven or eight feet, though it had been freshly plowed, was trodden hard. One witness testified that he heard distinctly, at the distance of six hundred yards, both the noise of the switch, and the screams and entreaties of the woman. The poor creature was

buried the same afternoon only some ten inches beneath the ground, in a rough box, and with 'out any shroud.'

The following is an extract from the remarks of Judge Gholson, on passing sentence:

'CHARLES HUDSON.—You have been regularly tried for the murder of your own slave. You have been defended with great ability; and a jury of your own country have found you guilty of murder in the second degree, and fixed the term of your confinement in the Penitentiary at 18 years. In this verdict this court entirely concurs. I will not go into the details of the shocking deed. You tied and stripped a female, who dared not raise her hand against you—whose only protector in this world you should have been. For three hours did you in one of the hottest days in summer, cruelly whip and torture this helpless woman, until, in the language of counsel, 'the angel of death delivered her from the hands of her tormentor.'

THE FINAL DESTINY OF THE EARTH.—

Encke's comet, which revolves about the sun in 3 1/3 years, has been observed to complete its revolution in a constantly shortening period, showing that it is being drawn inward towards the sun. This fact has led to the general conclusion by astronomers that the planets are moving in a resisting medium, far more attenuated than our atmosphere, but still sufficient to affect their motions. If this is so, it follows by strict necessity that our earth and its sister orbs are all winding spirally towards the sun, and that they must eventually strike against it and become incorporated with its mass. The time required for this purpose belongs to those inconceivable periods with which geology and astronomy have to deal. The resisting medium is so exceedingly attenuated that it exerts but a slight influence on the comets, which are themselves masses of the very thinnest vapor, and its influence would of course be very much less on the dense matter of the planets. Astronomical observations, with all their wonderful delicacy, have yet failed to detect the slightest progressive shortening in the periods of revolution of any of the planets. It is curious, however, to note the multiplied obstacles which prevent the perception of this fact, if it does exist. All the measures of these revolutions are shortening with the revolutions themselves. If we begin, for instance, with the earth, the problem is to ascertain whether the time occupied by the earth in its journey around the sun is gradually becoming shorter. The first plan that suggests itself is to compare this with the rotation of the earth upon its axis, to see whether the year occupies the same number of days and hours and seconds that it did in former times. But if the earth is gradually cooling, it is contracting in size, and its rotations on its axis are becoming more rapid; in other words, the day is shortening with the year; and if the measure shrinks just in proportion to the thing measured, we cannot tell whether the latter is becoming shorter or not. If we take the time of the revolutions of the moon around the earth as a standard, the same resisting medium would draw the moon towards the earth and shorten the month also with the year. If we resort even to the less satisfactory measure of the sun's rotation on its axis, his bulk is also diminishing by the radiation of his heat, and the period of his rotation is consequently becoming shorter. In brief, from the two causes of radiation and the resisting medium, all the times and distances which could be used to measure the earth's distance from the sun (or the period of its annual revolution) are shortening together. So that the differences in the extent of these several contractions are the only means left for detecting by observation the approach of the earth to the sun, if such approach is really taking place. These differences would doubtless reveal themselves in the course of generations to refined astronomical observations.

If the earth and the sun are gradually becoming cold, this winding of the earth towards the sun would tend to keep up its warmth, and it may be a wise provision for prolonging, by some millions of years, the continuance of animal life upon our globe. But this period must come to a close, for if there is a resisting medium pervading the space between us and the sun, the final destiny of the earth is to curve gradually inward till, with a velocity hundreds of times greater than that of a cannon ball, it dashes itself with an awfully sublime crash into the mass of the sun. —[Sci. Amer.]

HOW A YOUNG MAN MAY BECOME RESPECTED AND RICH.—

Young man, save that penny—pick up that pin—let that account be correct to a farthing—find out what that bit of ribbon costs before you say you will take it—pay that half-dime your friend handed you to make change with—in a word, be economical; be accurate, know what you are doing, be honest, and then, be generous; for all you have or acquire thus belongs to you by every rule of right, and you may put it to any good use you please. It is not parsimonious

him, most of foolery discomfused—and dis-
nigger don't know nothin' more about it—
dat's de trufe, massa, as dis nigger hopes to
die.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 11, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. H. PETTINGILL & 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 the office.
S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Adver-
tising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is
authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as re-
quired by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named
above.

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

Things at the Fair.

The several committees seem to have been
a little short, of both money and praise, in
making their reports. In the first named
stringency, we can render them no aid, but we
have a little spare commendation to throw in
for their efforts. Of course we didn't see every-
thing, but a great many articles
presented there, deserve more notice than
they are likely to get. We will try and recollect
a few of them:

The show case on the east side of the hall,
filled with a variety of curious and beautiful
things, was the joint effort of several ladies of
good taste, who have always been generous to
the Society without claiming any return. We
doubt not that their annual offerings will con-
tinue.

Mr. Henry Bailey exhibited fine samples
from his boot and shoe store—where a good
stock of the same sort can always be found.

W. L. Maxwell presented samples of the
copper-tipped work, for which he was awarded
a gratuity.

Mr. R. S. Boulter also advertised his busi-
ness with a fine specimen of harness work—
in which he is known to excel, and at low
prices.

The department of pictures was large and
unusually good. The largest contributions
were made, as in former years, by Miss Sara
H. Johnson and Mr. George L. Seavey.—
The View on Lake George, the Horse, the
Setter Dog, and the Equestrian Landscape
were by Miss J. The Farm at Lacken, the
Abbess, the Autumn Landscape, Judith and
Holofernes, and a large Landscape near the
corner of the Hall, were by Mr. Seavey.—
Miss Jennie M. Smith had three good pictures;
the Prisoner of Chillon, and two pieces of Al-
pine landscape. The Novice was by Mrs. J. S.
L. Seavey, and "Hector" by Mrs. I. S. John-
son. The nice little Spaniel portrait was by
Mrs. M. L. Eaton. Miss L. B. Holmes had
two good crayon pictures. Some pencil draw-
ings by Miss A. C. Gower and Miss Ellen
Maxwell were creditable to Misses of their age.
There was also a pretty specimen of Antique
painting by Miss Ellen Tozier. Several beau-
tiful paintings were exhibited without being
entered for premiums. One by Miss Frances
Alden elicited much praise. This last class of
patrons are peculiarly deserving of thanks,
and we hope to see more of their paintings next
year.

Dr. Boutelle made an interesting exhibition
of implements used in fractures and disloca-
tions of bones. His reputation for their skill-
ful use in the practice of surgery needs no
compliments; and there was a look of comfort
about these implements that would almost
make one want to fall into his hands—if they
fell far enough to break a leg.

That best cheese—the best also of the two
presented by Daniel Jones, that took the first
premium—should have a better name than a
mere premium implies. It would have been a
credit to Goshen or Danby. We venture to
say, over the shoulders of the committee, that
no better was ever exhibited here. It ought
to secure a prompt sale for friend Jones's cheese.
(We didn't taste of the butter, and therefore
leave its merits to the committee; though we
can say a good word for the brown bread and
the second premium cheese. "Veitum sat,"
—not so such a loaf.

The array of loaves of bread, beside the
meagre display of other good things, would al-
most indicate that the members of this Society
were going to see if they could not "live by
bread alone." Brown, white and barley
loaves—and all surpassingly good—had ap-
parently crowded out some tons of butter,
cheese and fruit, and left the committee to
munch their luncheon without a passing com-
pliment. A dish of salt would have taken a
gratuity.

Household manufactures made a small show,
and but few of the articles came from the
homes of farmers. This is a bad mark.

The Girls did well, and the articles present-
ed spoke well for their industry, taste and
good sense. See what they will do next year!
Samples of marble work, from the manu-
facture of Den Stevens, were much admired;
and though not "got up" for the occasion, were
creditable to one of the very best establish-
ments in the State. We have too often spo-
ken of it, to need to say more—but we re-assert
that the mechanical department of our town
or vicinity has nothing that does it more cred-
it.

But we are treading on the toes of the com-
mittees, whose duty it is to call attention to all
these things. But some of them did not come
to their notice, and we presume we have over-
looked many of the best and prettiest articles
exhibited. We cannot doubt that next year
the display in this department will be largely
improved, and that the farmers of the Society,
and their wives, sons and daughters, will see
to it that the duties that belong to them are
not thrown upon lower and feebler shoulders.

The Pope is yet at Rome, but threatens to
leave unless France interferes for his protection.

OUR TABLE.

WALTON'S LIVES.—The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir
Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert,
and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Isaac Walton: with
some account of the author and his writings, by
Thomas South, D.D., F. R. S., Prebendary of Dur-
ham. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

What need is there of many words in commendation
of this old English classic? Its reputation and stand-
ing are known wherever the language in which it is
written is spoken or read. Since it first saw the light it
has been a favorite with the wise and good of every
generation, and it will continue to be highly prized so
long as sound learning and virtue are held in good repute.
Of this particular edition it is enough to say that it is
a correct reprint of the best and most perfect one ever
published in England; with illustrative notes brought
to the foot of the page, a copious index, and the addi-
tion of a Life of the author, by an eminent writer—mak-
ing a volume which is a complete companion to the admi-
ration of the exquisite simplicity of the pure old English
Author and the incomparable man he commemorates.
Mechanically, the work is without a blemish. With
the famous "Riverside" imprint, of course find clear
type, uniform color, and substantial paper with a fine
smooth surface—the whole making a gem which the
bibliophile will covet. With pride and pleasure we
place it by the side of our copy of "The Complete
Angler."

For sale in Waterville, by C. K. Mathews.

JACK IN THE FORECASTLE; or Incidents in the Early
Life of Hawser Martingale. By the author of
"The Old Ship," "Salt-Water Bubbles," etc.
Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.
"Hawser Martingale," (another name for Capt. J. S.
Sleeper, late editor of the Boston Journal,) whose "Salt-
Water Bubbles," and other sea stories, have been wel-
comed all over the land, has in this volume confined
himself closely to facts, giving a true history of his
early experience as a sailor. It is a very interesting
book, and no doubt gives a correct and reliable picture
of the sailor's life—its lights and shades. A warm friend
of seamen, the author, a man of excellent character and
reputation, has always labored for their elevation and
improvement: knowing them thoroughly, their virtues
and vices, he has been equally ready to rebuke their de-
fects and give his old associates wholesome advice.—
In this volume he has done all this, and the reader will
rise from its perusal with a better knowledge of the sail-
or and increased respect for those who "do business up-
on the mighty deep." Several spirited engravings illus-
trate the attractive narratives.

For sale by C. K. Mathews.

THE KANGAROO HUNTERS; or Adventures in the Bush.
By Anne Bowman, author of "Experiences," "The
Castaways," "The Young Explorer," etc., etc. Bos-
ton: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Of all the variations of that good old classic for
children, "Robinson Crusoe," we doubt if there has
been one written which will be found more interesting
and instructive than this of "The Kangaroo Hunters." It
is a misnomer, as it seems to us, the hunting of this ani-
mal occupying but a small share of the work. It is an
account of the hazardous adventures of a family, and
their attendants, in the wilds of Australia—that strange
land, so prolific in wonders both in the animal and
vegetable kingdoms; and while great ingenuity and an
intimate acquaintance with the botany and zoology of the
country, is displayed, in providing food and clothing for
these castaways, and rude substitutes for the con-
veniences of civilization from the resources of uncul-
tivated nature—the reflective reader will be pleased to
notice that the author aims to teach higher and nobler
lessons than these—our duty to God and man. It is a
book that will have a peculiar charm for the young, but
is also one that the old will read with pleasure and profit.
It is a reprint of an English work, and cannot fail,
we think, to be as popular here as it has been at home.
A number of embellishments interspersed through the
pages will doubtless give it additional attraction for all
classes of readers. For sale by C. K. Mathews.

STARTLING AND LAMENTABLE DEPRIVITY.

—That our amiable and highly esteemed
contemporary of the Hallowell Gazette, (after
pouring out whole vials—nay, buckets—of
scalding indignation on the head of the unlucky
wight who merely insinuated that Bumble-
hook was *writing*.) should echo the bullying
tone of its big Augusta neighbor, and stigma-
tize our indignant remonstrances against a long
continued violation of chartered (no "perhaps"
about it) obligation, as "off repeated tirades,"
does not surprise us, for mankind generally
are slow to rebuke injustice unless their ox is
gored. But, we must confess, we are shocked
and pained that Bro. Rowell, "Squire Rowell,"
Alderman Rowell, member elect of the Maine
Legislature, a pillar of the church, Grand
Mugwump of a teetotal organization of the
strictest sort, a man of virtuously severe aspect
and august presence; it shocks us, we repeat,
that such a one, regarded as a pattern and
an exemplar—should so far forget himself and
his responsible position as to profanely style a
humble, unoffending, substantial, and useful
structure of rock and cement, a "d—fish-
-y." Heavens airth! what are we coming to?

A ROGUE.—Somebody has been "doing"
the Portland folks in the newspaper line.—
Several "inquiring friends" there have in-
formed us that a young fellow, pretending to
be deaf and dumb, has been getting subscrip-
tions and advertisements for the "Waterville
Advertiser and Messenger." His terms were
so very liberal that he found numerous friends
who were willing to encourage his enterprise;
one condition being that he would advertise
the business of all subscribers gratuitously.—
Those who knew much about newspaper ad-
vertisements would not have swallowed so
naked a hook. He was finally spotted and
followed a little way by the city marshal, but
made his escape. For the comfort of other
inquirers, we assure them there is no "Adver-
tiser and Messenger" published here; and if
there should be, its life would be brief if it
advertised for nothing. This last hint they
had better put on file, for future protection.

PEOPLE'S BANK.—At the annual meeting
on Monday last, the following gentlemen were
chosen as Directors for the ensuing year:—
J. Ware, W. Connor, C. P. Mason, J. L. Sea-
vey, L. Brown, J. R. Elden, and J. P. Blunt.
The last two are new men on the board, taking
the places of Messrs. S. Percival and T. W.
Herriek, who declined a re-election. This
bank has just declared a semi-annual dividend
of 2 per cent.

Are agricultural exhibitions dying out, for
lack of interest on the part of the farmers, for
whose benefit they were projected? At the
Fair recently held in Ellsworth, there was not
a single entry for the plowing match, and a
sack race was substituted. The regulations
were—legs tied; sack on; hop like a toad;
distance 10 rods. There were three entries,
and the prize, a pair of boots, was won by Geo.
E. Dyer. It must have been exceedingly
funny; but for the life of us we cannot see in
what way it advanced the science of agriculture.

Weight makes the man at Presque Isle, and
to determine who shall be Mayor, they resort

not to the ballot box but to the hay scales.—
R. S. Rich, Esq., has just ousted the former
Mayor, Hon. Sumner Whitney, beating him by
4 lbs.—the new man weighing 257 and the old
one 253.

PRO-NIC.—The scholars, teachers and friends
of the Sabbath School connected with the
Baptist Church in this village, and the out-
stations maintained in the vicinity, held a pic-
nic at the Town Hall, yesterday afternoon.
Looking in for a few moments we found a
delightful combination—children, flowers, mu-
sic, bountiful laden tables, with pleased pa-
rents and warm hearted friends. Short speech-
es were made by Mr. W. A. F. Stevens, the
Superintendent; Rev. Mr. Pepper, the new
pastor, Rev. Dr. Wilson, and others, to which
the children listened with pleased attention;
sweet songs were sung occasionally, while a
liberal share of the time was allotted to the
interchange of social greetings among the old
and pleasant recreation on the part of the
young. All felt it good to be there; and
while wondering that these pleasant gatherings
occur so seldom—rich as is the return for the
small outlay—many of the parents, no doubt,
promised themselves and their children a repa-
tition at no distant day.

SAD CASE OF POISONING.—The wife and
three children of Thomas Micue, who lives on
the Plains, were on the 5th inst., poisoned by
eating the roots of the *Centa Maculata*, or
American water hemlock. One of the child-
ren, a boy five years old, who ate very freely
of the roots, died in convulsions, in about two
hours afterwards. The mother and the other
two children were saved from death by being
speedily vomited, and are now out of danger.
Dr. Porter, who, with Dr. Boutelle, was called
to these cases, kindly furnishes us with the
following facts in relation to this dangerous
plant, which we publish, that people may be
put upon their guard:

As instances of poisoning with this article
are not uncommon among children, the subject
deserves a passing notice. The plant is most
commonly known by the name of wild parsnip
from its resemblance in shape, smell and taste
to the common parsnip. It is usually found in
wet, marshy soil, and in this case grew in a
low part of the garden, with potatoes. The
roots consist of small oblong, fleshy tubers,
sometimes as long as the finger, spreading out
from the base of the stem. When swallowed it
has a sweetish, pungent taste, and operates as
an acrid poison, producing inflammation of the
stomach, with symptoms which indicate
disturbance of the brain, such as vertigo, in-
toxication and convulsions.

In cases of poisoning with this article, resort
should be had to immediate vomiting, which
should be continued till the stomach is wholly
evacuated, after which the system should be
supported by cordials and mild nourishment.

WENTWORTH'S BRICKS.—We have only
one yard for the manufacture of bricks, but
under the charge of the present proprietor, Mr.
Geo. W. Wentworth, it has always enjoyed an
excellent reputation. We knew that these
bricks stood high in the market, and that some
of them had been taken a long distance from
home; but we are a little surprised to learn
that the entire stock now in the yard—a two
years' supply, with the ordinary demand—has
been purchased by an Agent from Lewiston,
to which place they are now being transported
for use on one of the new mills in process of
erection there.

ONIONS.—Our friend Cyrus Wheeler, who
has given such unquestionable proof that any
body that knows how and takes pains enough
can raise onions, made his appearance on the
show ground at our late fair with a brim full
cart load of this odoriferous vegetable. He had
walked by their side all the way from his fine
farm at the west village without shedding a
tear, and was standing on their leeward side in
the show ground to shame the man who dared
turn up his nose at one hundred bushels of
onions at one dollar a bushel! Mr. W. has
labored hard to demonstrate to the farmers of
Kennebec that onions may be raised here at a
profit. In establishing the fact he has good
reason to crow over his victory. [We have
tried the quality of his onions, and know they
are excellent.]

WE refer to Dr. Campbell's card. Those
who have fractured limbs should know at once
where to find an experienced and scientific
surgeon, who possesses the skill and the means
of doing them good. The implements neces-
sary for this, are as indispensable as the knowl-
edge how to use them. Dr. C. has both, with
experience enough to warrant the best results.

BIG ONES.—Chas. Hallett, Esq., sends us a
sample of the Cayuga Red Streak apple, of
which ninety filled a bushel. Twenty of these
sent us made a peck, good measure. They
rank high as a cooking apple, and meet quick
sales for this purpose where they are known;
though but few of them are raised in this vic-
inity. Good flavor, small core, white flesh,
thin skin, fair surface, and easy to cook—these
are its prominent qualities, in all which it is
strongly marked. A tree well laden with
them is one of the beautiful works of God!—
in harmony with which, Mr. Hallett's farm
shows a good sample of the work of man.

POST OFFICE CHANGE.—E. W. McFadden,
Esq., having resigned the office of Post Mas-
ter at Kendall's Mills, Mr. Stephen Wing,
(formerly a resident of our village) has been
appointed as his successor.

INCENDIARY FIRE AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—
There was an alarm of fire, about 12 o'clock
last night, at Kendall's Mills, that proved to
come from the Methodist church. It was ex-
tinguished without much damage. Supposed
to have been set by some villain, as there had
been no fire in the house since Sunday.

STEAMER LOST. Boston papers give de-
tails of the loss of the British steamer Con-
naught, which sprung a leak and took fire on
Saturday night, about 150 miles from Boston
light. She was coming in, and had on board
591 persons. An American brig took all on
board and brought them safe into Boston. The
Connaught was consumed.

Reports of Committees.

Below will be found the reports of the Com-
mittees, made at the recent exhibition of the
North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

FINE ARTS.

Owing to the absence of the chairman of
this committee, the duty of reporting its de-
cisions has fallen into unskillful hands. And
this is the more to be lamented, because the
show of paintings was worthy of more atten-
tion than we could bestow, and of a just ver-
dict as to their relative merit. We wish first,
however, assuming the office of mouth-piece
for those present, to thank the artists, especially
of our own village, for their liberal patronage.
It was worthy of notice also, that some of the
pictures had never been dusted; they were the
fruits of late patience and skill. Many of
those exhibited for the prizes, had never
been presented before. And there was no
lack of variety, though there was a large share
of landscape pieces. We think that even Mr.
Ruskin, according to whom it is no less tautolo-
gy to describe a thing over and over again
with lines than with words, would have given
these a look of approval. But we have no
time to specify, and as our duty will hardly
admit of an essay upon the Fine Arts, we
announce that two members of the Committee
unanimously decided that the best specimens of
painting were presented by Mr. George Seavey
and Miss Sarah Johnson; and without deter-
mining their relative merits, they award to
each a prize of two dollars. Other pieces
were thought worthy of special notice, and the
committee recommend the following gratuities:—

To Miss Jennie M. Smith, for three beau-
tiful paintings, one dollar.

To Mrs. J. L. Seavey, Mrs. I. S. Johnson,
and Mrs. L. M. Eaton, for fine oil painting,
fifty cents each.

To Miss Ellen Maxwell, for pencil draw-
ing; Miss A. C. Gower, for do., twenty-five
cents each.

To Miss Lizzy Morrell, for hair wreath and
hair bouquet, fifty cents.

To Mrs. W. Chipman, for pebble basket,
wax bouquets, basket wax fruit, hair bouquet,
shell box, and coral basket, twenty-five cents
on each article.

To Miss Hattie Tozier, antique painting,
twenty-five cents.

To Mrs. C. P. Holmes, for window flower
vase, 25 cts.

To Miss L. B. Holmes, for two crayon
pictures, twenty-five cts. on each.

The pleasure derived from the exhibition,
was enhanced by several fine specimens of the
photographic art, furnished by Mr. S. Wing,
whose reputation in this line, is already earned;
and who, unlike the prophets, has honor in his
own country, and elsewhere too.

E. HAWES, for Com.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

It is well known that this branch of the
good, the useful, the ornamental, and the fancy,
exhibited at this Fair includes every thing
from a "one horse shay" down to a "penny
whistle."

Thirty-one entries were made. Those ar-
ticles that the Committee do not notice par-
ticularly, by a gratuity or otherwise, were
very nice and pretty as a general thing. More
of them were deserving of a gratuity, and we
should have awarded one to them had we had
any other than a limited amount to give; but
as it was, we gave, as we thought, to the most
deserving and that in small amounts.

No. 1. A worsted crocheted Tidy, presented
by Miss Abby Talbot, of Winslow, we have
awarded a gratuity of 25c.

No. 2. A wrought crocheted Tidy, by the
same, 50c.

No. 3. A worsted skating cap. To the
owner of this, we can but wish many a merry
good time, and rosy cheeks, bounding o'er the
clear blue ice, beneath its warm covering.

No. 4. Four Cone Frames. By Mrs. W.
A. F. Stevens, 50c.

No. 5. A Cage of Rabbits. By Geo. Kendall,
25c.

No. 6. A set of Surgical Splints. Presented
by Dr. Boutelle. The Committee, never
having had occasion to use anything of this
kind, are unable to give a just report of them,
but think that they would make a fractured
leg or arm as good as new, especially with the
aid of the Doctor, and we recommend their
use to any who may be so unfortunate as to
need them.

No. 10. A toilet Cushion, by Miss Abby
Eaton, of Winslow, 25c.

No. 11. Needle book, by same, 25c.

No. 13. A Mat in cone and beads, by same,
25c.

No. 15. Worsted embroidery, by Mrs. Eaton,
of Winslow, 50c.

No. 16. Gent's Travelling Case, by same,
50c.

No. 19. Sea mosses. This was arranged
very prettily, presented by Mrs. I. S. Johnson,
25c.

No. 21. A model of the Hay Press invented
by Bandlett & Drummond, and presented by
John W. Drummond, of Winslow. This we
can say in our judgment will take the place of
all inventions of the kind before it, for the
power used, which is the screw power, and the
other machinery, must press the hay into
neater and smaller bales and of greater weight
—with less trouble, less labor and faster.

The machinery used, the power is increased,
in proportion as it is required to press the bale
into a smaller compass, the same force being
applied. From what we understand of the
presses used to press cotton in the South, this
press must excel them for that purpose, and
no doubt would come into immediate use on the
plantations, but for the fear of the so called
"chattel" owners, they fearing that the Yan-
kees, who might go there to sell the press,
would press up their "chattels" and send them
North on the "Underground railroad." And
we say whoever has hay or cotton to press,
and cannot press it sufficiently by hand power,
examine this and try it.

No. 22. A rug, presented by Mrs. Samuel
Hitchings, among the useful and quite pretty,
75c.

No. 24. Hikok's Patent Clothes Dryer.
This has many advantages over the old fashioned
dryer as it is portable and light; can be shut
up like an umbrella and carried under cover,
when not wanted for use out of doors, which
will save the frame and line from rotting, etc.

Nos. 25, 26, 27 and 28, consisted of fruit
basket, card basket, toilet cushion and picture
frame, made or ornamented with cones, &c.
Very pretty, and thought to be worthy of a
gratuity of 25 cents each. These, as also No.
thirty, were presented by Miss Laura Tolman,
of Sidney.

No. 30. Two chair tidies, 25 cents each.

E. R. DRUMMOND, for Com.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES AND IMPLEMENTS.

One single Wagon by Wm. Brown, of Water-
ville, all there was entered in this class, your
Committee think worthy the Society's first
premium, 25.

One fancy sleigh, by same, substantially
made and nicely finished, and well worth a
premium, 1.00.

Specimen Blacksmithing, by Elijah Wood-
man of W. Waterville, showing superior skill
and workmanship, and entitled to a vol. of
Agriculture.

A Clothes Drying machine. Every woman
who saw its operation will bear us witness that
it is a fine affair and should be used by every
housewife.

A Coulter Harrow (Shaw's Patent) was on
exhibition. This is, without question, one of
the most useful inventions of this age, and no
farmer will be without after having once tried
it. Shown by Jos. Percival, agent.

A model of a Hay Press, presented by J.
W. Drummond, was thought worthy the atten-
tion of farmers.

Washing machine, entered by Mrs. Ramsell,
of Vassalboro'. From appearances we think
it is a labor saving machine, and recommend a
gratuity.

I. E. GETCHELL, for Com.

GIRLS' WORK.

A hastily improvised committee on Girls'
Work having attended to the labor assigned
them, report as follows:—

They find eighteen articles presented for
their inspection, about equally divided between
the ornamental and the useful—though, to be
sure, the useful are all very handsome, and the
ornamental articles all have a fitting use.

At the top of the heap, but destined for
service at the other extremity, we find several
pairs of tastefully wrought worsted slippers. To
No. 1, by Lizzie Dyer, we award the first pre-
mium of 50 cents; and to No. 5, by Mary C.
Lowe, 10 years old, the second premium. No.
2, by Mary J. Dyer, was also deserving of a
premium, but the committee find themselves
limited by the resources of the Society.

No. 3, a crocheted Tidy, by Adda Stevens, a
girl of 9 years, was thought deserving of a
premium of 25 cents.

Bead Bracelets, Nos. 4 and 17 came next
in order. Both were very prettily done, but
No. 4, by Mary Shorey, 11 years of age, was
judged to be the best, and to that we award a
premium of 25 cts.

Nos. 6 and 9 were Pin Cushions, both well
done, but No. 9 was thought to be the best,
and we awarded it a premium of 25 cts. It
was made by Helen Lowe, 6 years old.

No. 7 was a Needle Book, very pretty
and well made by Mary C. Lowe, 10 years of
age. We give it a premium of 25 cents.

Nos. 8 and 10 were specimens of knitting,
and we rejoiced exceedingly to find this good
old fashioned accomplishment still in vogue
with the rising generation. These samples
were two pairs of hose—eminently suggestive
of comfort and durability—both well done.
To No. 10, by A. C. Greenwood, 13 years of
age, we give a premium of 50 cents, and to No.
8, by Mary C. Lowe, a premium of 25 cents.

Nos. 11 and 12 were good samples of the
same kind of work—two pairs of mittens, very
well done. To No. 11, pegged work, pretty
and good, by A. C. Greenwood, we give 25
cents; and to No. 12, all wool, good and
pretty, by the same miss, we give the same
sum.

No. 13, was another specimen in one of the
good old departments, patchwork, and the
ladies of the Committee set down the little miss
who wrought it as one of the good old fashioned
kind such as our mothers and grandmothers
boast of as having an existence when they
were young. To A. C. Greenwood, therefore,
we award 25 cents.

No. 14, a loaf of Flour Bread, we thought
showed to very good advantage by the side of
those made under the superintendence of older
hands. If not provided for by the Com. on
Bread, &c., we recommend a premium of 25
cts. (it ought to be a dollar) to A. C. Green-
wood, 13 years of age.

No. 15 is a vest, very well made, especially
when we consider that it is the work of a miss
only 14 years of age. It shows that the pro-
per education of the young is not neglected in
some quarters, and for it we award 50 cts.
to Ann A. Hitchings.

No. 16 a flannel shirt, well made, also the
work of Ann A. Hitchings, was thought de-
serving of a premium of 25 cts.

A good specimen of fine needlework was
presented at a very late hour, which if brought
in sooner would have secured—what it richly
deserved—a premium.

This finished the list; and in closing our
report we cannot help congratulating our com-

THE EASTERN MAIL.

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POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A.M. Closes at 10.00 A.M.

August 10 10.15 " 10.00 P.M.

September 10 10.15 " 10.00 P.M.

October 10 10.15 " 10.00 P.M.

November 10 10.15 " 10.00 P.M.

December 10 10.15 " 10.00 P.M.

Office Hours—From 7 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Tobacco chewing men and snuff taking women should

be compelled to confine all their kinking to each other.

The Pekin Visitor says: "Coming home a few months

ago, we met a man attempting to urinate on both

sides of the street. By a skillful maneuver we passed

between him.

One drop of the essence of bitter almonds will com-

municate an agreeable taste and smell to an ounce of

the odor of all commerce, and will not at all affect its

medicinal action. Persons taking this medicine should

order their taste to be flavored.

The love that has sought but beauty to keep it in

good condition, is short-lived and subject to shivering

fits.

An American traveler saw a large invoice of valuable

cigars lying on the ground, with the top of the box

broken open, with rattlesnakes on the top. The cus-

tomers could not wish to investigate.

A locomotive has been constructed in England with a

large mirror over the engine's head, by means of which

he can see whether the train behind him is all right.

Squire Jack was a cabinet maker and undertaker,

known for and wide as a master workman. One day a

couple came to his office to get married. The man's face

was familiar to the squire, and he ordered him off in this

wise: "Regret, you scoundrel, you haven't paid me for

your last coffin."

A Long Boot. Mr. J. T. Silby, of Fremont, found on

his farm a birch root which measured one hundred

and eighteen feet in length. It was but three inches in

diameter where it left the trunk.

Cushman & Co., in Amherst, Mass., are manufacturing

about fifteen hundred pounds of artificial leather

daily. The demand for it is so great that it has been

imported out of New England, yet the demand is

reported to be greater than the supply. The

process of making is similar to that of manufacturing

paper.

PROTESTANTS IN FRANCE. Among the many occasions

for hopeful anticipation in the present condition

of Europe, the rapid advance of the Protestants in num-

bers, social position and influence in France, is one of

the most notable. The number of Protestants in France

is estimated, about 1,600,000, which is an increase of

half a million in fifty years.

Young Theban was once entrusted to deliver the

message to Lord Randolph in the play. "My

dear, the banquet is over, and the play is over, and

the sentence, he called out, amid the roars of the

audience, "My dear, the banquet is over, and the

play is over, and the sentence, he called out, amid

the roars of the audience, "My dear, the banquet

is over, and the play is over, and the sentence, he

called out, amid the roars of the audience, "My

dear, the banquet is over, and the play is over, and

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dear, the banquet is over, and the play is over, and

the sentence, he called out, amid the roars of the

audience, "My dear, the banquet is over, and the

play is over, and the sentence, he called out, amid

the roars of the audience, "My dear, the banquet

is over, and the play is over, and the sentence, he

called out, amid the roars of the audience, "My

dear, the banquet is over, and the play is over, and

the sentence, he called out, amid the roars of the

calf, but there was no premium offered and

we would recommend that Mr. Nichols be

presented with a volume of Maine Agriculture.

JOSIAH MORRELL, for Com.

COWS.

There were but a small number presented

for our inspection, and although they were,

without exception, fine animals to all appear-

ance, yet in the dairy department there had

been no trials made and statements given by

of their merits. Mr. Warren Percival pre-

sented a thorough bred Durham, five years

old, with several of her progeny by her side,

which proved her justly entitled to the first

premium for stock cows of three dollars. She

also showed fine points as a dairy cow, but her

owner had not made any trial of her qualifica-

tions in this particular, and therefore could not

claim that she was to be specially commended

on this point.

Mr. Hall C. Burleigh and Mr. A. J. Nichols

both had fine cows in the class of stock cows,

but we did not see anything to recommend

them so as to entitle them to the Society's pre-

miums.

Cows for all purposes, but one entered, that

by Mr. Thomas Ayer, and he could not state

definitely as to her dairy qualities, and did not

show any of her stock; but from the appear-

ance of the cow, and from the statements made

by her owner, we have no doubt she is a good

cow and recommend a gratuity of two dollars

to Mr. Ayer for presenting her.

Mr. John L. Seavey presented a grade Dur-

ham cow as a Dairy Cow, and stated that she

was the best cow he had ever owned; gave a

large quantity of milk of first rate quality,

but could not say how much or how much

butter she would yield. This we thought

too indefinite to entitle him to the Society's

premium, but will say we have no doubt she

is a first rate cow and Mr. Seavey is entitled

to the thanks of the society for putting her

on exhibition to help make up the show in

this department. As it costs no more to keep

a good cow than a poor one, we would suggest

to the farmers that it may pay well for them

to make a trial of their cows and ascertain for

a certainty which are the best and how much

the best.

N. PERCY, for Committee.

STEERS.

There were sixteen entries of Steers; viz:

four yokes of 3 years old, one yoke by W. A.

P. Dillingham, one by J. W. Drummond, one

by M. Penney, and one by G. Blackwell.

The first premium we award to George

Blackwell. Size of steers 6 ft 10 in.; the

2d to W. A. P. Dillingham, size of steers 6 ft

7 in. these steers are a most perfect pair of

matched cattle; the 3d to M. Penney, girls 6

feet 5 in.

Of two years old there were four pairs pre-

sented—two pairs by E. Morrill. To him

we award the first premium, girls 6 ft 2 in.;

one pair by H. A. Shorey, girls 6 ft 1 in.;

to him we award the second premium; one

pair by Geo. E. Shores, to him we award the

3d premium.

One year old there were three entries; one

by Myron Jones, one by Geo. E. Shores,

one by W. A. P. Dillingham. To W. A. P.

Dillingham we award the first premium; sec-

ond to Geo. E. Shores, and third to Myron

Jones.

Of calves there was but one pair presented;

they by J. W. Drummond, to whom we

award the first premium.

Trained Steers. There were five entries

in this class, but only three pairs presented,

all of which showed good training. One pair

in particular was worthy of notice, trained

by Nelson Jones. To him we award the first

premium; second to drivers E. Fuller;

and third to steers driven by G. Getchell.

PAT CATTLE.

There were but few animals shown in this

class, on account, probably, of the severe

drought which has prevented their making

themselves fat, as the practice of feeding cattle

for the shambles does not prevail in this

vicinity. In other localities farmers are in the

habit of feeding their surplus grain and some-

times buying more and also oil and cotton

seed meal, and making their cattle fat, their

farm rich, and piling up the profit; but it

seems to be too long for our farmers to wait

for a return for their investment.

Two pairs of Oxen were entered, one by

Mr. L. Brown, measuring about 9 feet in girls,

were fine in form as one could wish, and but

for their color would have been entitled to a

premium. To any one who likes a black hog

we can commend them as being thrifty and

faultless in form.

BENJ. HERSON, for Com.

TROTTER HORSES.

For fastest trotting stallion, 1st prem. to T.

S. Lang's "Gen. Knox"—time 3.19 and 2.52.

Second to Herson's black horse—time not

taken.

For fastest trotting mare or gelding, 1st

prem. to I. R. Doolittle's bay mare—time

3.04 and 2.56. Second to J. R. Webster's bay

gelding—time 2.58 and 2.57. Third to L.

C. Atwood's bay mare—time 3.16, 3.17 and

3.12.

For mare or gelding under five years old, 1st

to I. L. Spencer's gray gelding—1.49 and 1.46,

half mile. Second to R. Sturdevant's gray

gelding, time not taken.

John Hussey, for Com.

COLTS.

Of three year old quite a number of entries

were made, and fine colts were shown. A fine

black mare by Geo. Wentworth, and a fine

small gelding, by Jos. Percival, and a tough,

hard, brown gelding, by A. Branch; but the

Society's first premium we award to Isaac

Herson on his gelding; and to Asah Savage

the second of a book.

On Stud Colts, 3 years old, first to J. P.

Otis; 2d to Geo. E. Shores, of a book.

On 2 years old, to Timothy Osborn.

On 1 year old, to S. W. Bragg, first prem-

ium of a book.

B. F. Herson for Com.

BREAD, BUTTER, AND CHEESE.

Bread. The first premium on Flour bread

was awarded to Margaret Ryan. On Brown

Bread to Mrs. G. W. Pressey. On Barley

Bread to Mrs. A. N. Greenwood.

Butter. First premium to Mrs. Col. W.

E. Drummond, of Winslow; second to Mrs.

C. N. Gower; 3d to Mrs. H. P. Cousins.

Cheese. First premium to Daniel Jones, of

Fairfield; second to G. W. Pressey.

E. L. Getchell, for Com.

HORSES.

There was but one Stallion entered for pre-

mium and that one had none of his stock

on exhibition, and therefore, although he showed

good points for a business horse, your com-

mitted him not entitled to a premium. The

cleverest stallions of T. S. Lang, Esq., have

won all the laurels they need at the late State

Horse Show, and therefore needed not to com-

pete for the paltry sums offered by this Society,

but on the second day of the Show his

"Gen. Knox" was on the track and satisfied

all that it is of little use to offer any horse of

his age

