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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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A CHARMING can be accommodated with a pleasant suit of rooms, at No. 10 Blank Street. The house contains all the modern improvements. References required.

The advertisement seemed to be the promise of a new life. I was tired of my present home. For five years I had occupied the same room, and sat in the same seat at the table. The penny man was not better known to me than I was to him. I was willing to object to boarding houses. I was willing to be taken care of by a Sunday morning, but I wished to partake of them in a new locality. Blank Street leads out of Bacon, therefore it must be better. Probably a suit of rooms there would be expensive, but I could afford to indulge myself a little. I was thirty-five, alone in the world, very well off, doing a business which promised a speedy fortune. It was time I should begin to take life a little more on the sunny side.

I went to No. 10, Blank street, on my way down town. The landlady, Mrs. Lee, was a widow; handsome, gay, apparently not more than thirty. I lingered around, that she would never see forty again, but as my informant was a boarder to whom she had been under the frequent necessity of sending her small bill, a second time, it was doubtless a malicious slander. She was a very attractive looking person, and I was at home with her at once. I had no sooner told her my name and my business than she seemed to feel well acquainted with me. She bowed and smiled.

"I shall be most happy to accommodate you, Mr. Prescott," she said, "this way, if you please." Her black silk dress rustled before me up two flights of stairs. Her light, full curls shook with a coquettish grace as she turned her head. The rooms were delightful—spacious and handsomely furnished. The terms were a little exorbitant—at least I should have thought so had I been dealing with a man of business; but surely one would willingly pay a trifle extra to sit at the same table with Mrs. Lee. Her family, she assured, was of the utmost select description; some three or four single gentlemen of high standing, and as many gentlemen with their wives. To be sure, she had been obliged to fill her attic with cheap boarders, as she could not afford to keep any vacant room; but they were very quiet, and she trusted, no annoyance to any one.

I went there, bag and baggage, the next morning. I moved my pictures; I loved Art in a modest, half-diffident fashion, and I had some fine prints and few choice oils. When I had hung them to my satisfaction, and put the bust of Clytie, the dreamy face I loved so well, on my mantle, I looked about my parlor with serene satisfaction.

I met Mrs. Lee's family at dinner. Some of the gentlemen were business acquaintances of mine. The ladies seemed pleasant and companionable, and all went merrily as a marriage bell. Mrs. Lee did the honors of her establishment so gracefully that I was charmed with her more than ever. I pitied the dead Thaddeus—I had seen his name in the family Bible—because he had been obliged to resign so much youth and beauty, for she was but a young thing, she told me, when she was left to depend upon herself. The very word, she said, had never been allowed to touch her roughly. Mr. Lee had worshipped her as the Hindoo does his idol—I thought it an idolatry at once pardonable and pleasant—but he died suddenly, and in some way she was defrauded of all his property, and had been obliged to take care of herself ever since. But then, she said, smiling with the tears still in her eyes, every one had been so kind to her—she had found friends everywhere. Who could not be ready to befriend one so lovely and so winning? I thought as I listened to her.

Do not imagine all this confidence was bestowed on me at our first meeting. It came put gradually, when I got into the habit of lounging for half an hour after dinner, or an hour in the evening, in the "family parlor," of which she and I were often the sole occupants. I certainly had no matrimonial intentions toward Mrs. Lee. I liked my freedom, and I intended to remain a bachelor; still, I was interested in my landlady, and congratulated myself on having found a home where my backwaters were always hot, and my cup of happiness and of tea alike sweet and full.

What a happy man your husband should have been! I said to Mrs. Lee, as I watched admiringly her nimble fingers—she had insisted on mending my gloves. I was but expressing a frequent thought of mine. I saw no call for my landlady to blush, though it was not unbecoming. I had surely meant nothing sentimental, but she received my remark with a flutter of pretty, playful embarrassment.

I hope he was, she sighed; I must have made him so, and yet I did not love him as he loved me. He was a great deal older than I, and I think I was too young then to know what love was. I believe our affection is true, and what when we have seen more of life and learned what a precious thing it really is to have some one to care for and protect us. But what am I saying? I am confiding in you strangely. Your gloves are done.

She hurried out of the room. It was my turn to be embarrassed. Had I said anything to move Mrs. Lee's sensibilities to so remarkable a manner? I thought not. Perhaps the memory of the dead Thaddeus and his love, had been too much for her. I felt uncomfortable, and I betook myself to my own room. I always left my door open; it was one of my old bachelor ways. It seemed more social. As I went up stairs, I saw a girl standing before it, looking apparently with absorbed attention, at my Clytie. Her form was slight and girlish. I could not see her face, but her dress was of a cheap material, and simply fashioned.

One of the attic boarders, I thought, or perhaps a seamstress bringing home some work.

When I approached her, she turned and glanced at me with a confused and distressed air.

"Forgive me, sir," she faltered. "I was taking a liberty, I know; but that face is so beautiful."

"So are you," I longed to retort, but I did not. I had had enough of complimenting for one day. Her face was singularly lovely. She had a low, broad forehead—the very forehead of the immortal Clytie. Her eyes were large and blue, but full of the most wistful expression I ever met. Her face was very youthful—she could not have been more than sixteen—and her full, red lips had something of the look of a grieving child. I had seen her and felt all this in the instant my eyes met hers. I bowed respectfully.

Not at all a liberty! I am rewarded for leaving my door open if it has afforded you any pleasure. I wish you would step in a moment, and look at my pictures. If you fancy the Clytie, I am sure you would like some of them.

There was a singular absence of all prudery or affectation about the child. I suppose she was no less simply a middle-aged man—for so I might have seemed to her—of honest face, and she bestowed on me at once a direct, that was the most delicate of flattery. She came in, unhesitatingly, and lingered for a few mo-

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ments, while I told her about the pictures. I could see the fibre of her mind by the expression of her countenance and the tone of her remarks as she looked at them. She had large idealism, strong love for beauty, which had probably been starved all her life. It was such a pleasure to see the light grow and deepen in her great eyes, as she stood with that wistful face, those parted lips, that I wished the resources of the Louvre had been at my command. When she had seen them all, she thanked me in that simple, childlike way of hers.

"You have given me a great pleasure, sir, I must go now; but I shall have something to think of which will make many a day's work easier."

"Do you live here, Miss—?" "Hastings," she replied. "My name is Nora Hastings. Yes, sir, I live here—up stairs. I breakfast and dine earlier than you do, and I sit at the corner table; so it is not strange you have not seen me, though of course I had seen Mr. Prescott, the new boarder. Good evening, sir."

She moved from me up stairs as she spoke. It was not quite sunset, in the long summer day, and as she went up, the rays struck thro' a side window, and kindled some golden lights in her brown wavy hair; and somehow my boyish fancies of Jacob's ladder, and the angels going up and down it, came into my mind, and I went into my room, saying to myself, "Heaven bless the child!"

I flatter myself that I made use of a degree of diplomacy which would have done credit to the Chevalier Wyke. In questioning the chambermaid, next morning, I had her in to dust my books, under my personal supervision, and I drew her into conversation about several of the boarders. At length I asked, "Was there any one in the house I could get to do some sewing for me, did she think? Had I not heard of a Miss Hastings, who was a seamstress?"

"Perhaps so; but Miss Hastings did not do such work as gentlemen wanted—with a hearty Irish laugh. She finished off dresses, and trimmed them, and made mantillas. Most likely this was not what I wished to have done!"

"Most likely it wasn't. But perhaps the young lady was not always busy. If she were out of work, she might like to do what I did when in her spare time."

Ellen thought she did not have any spare time. She made everything look so beautifully that the ladies kept her always busy. "And she's the real lady herself," broke out the warm-hearted Irishman, in a gush of true praise. "She's so afraid of making any trouble, though sure I'd work my fingers to the bone to spare those white hands of hers. When I was sick, and like to die with the fever, who but she took me into her room and nursed me, and sat up with me nights, after working hard all day; and when she thought I was asleep I heard her pray for me. Her prayers wasn't out of the prayer book, but I know the saints heard 'em, and so I got better."

She stopped and wiped her eyes on the corner of her calico apron. Man though I was I could have wept with her easily. It went to my very heart to think of the poor young thing doing patiently and secretly such works of mercy. But so happened that I was not surprised. I had read the true, earnest nature the power of self-sacrifice, in her eyes. God bless and God keep her! I said to myself every time I thought of her, and those times were not few.

That day I purchased a Clytie, the fat smile of my own. At night I took it home with me, and I wrote to go with it, these words—

"Will Miss Hastings permit her fellow-boarder to offer her a gift, the acceptance of which will confer much pleasure? Her admiration of the Clytie was so hearty and genuine that, he thinks, to possess it may contribute slightly to her happiness."

I rang for Ellen, and begged her to take the bust and the little note up stairs. Presently she came back, bringing with her a few lines written in pencil—

"I accept your gift, as I am sure it was meant. You have designed to give pleasure to one who possesses few resources for amusement, and be sure that you have succeeded. I thank you more than I can say."

She had received it with a sure she would, with a simple dignity and gratitude which, had my motives been evil, would have repelled me far more effectively than any sarcastic refusal. I respected all women. It was a part of my early training at the hands of the best of mothers; but already I reverence that young sewing girl more than any woman I had ever seen.

Mrs. Lee puzzled me not a little when we met, as we usually did, in the parlor after tea. One or two of the other boarders were there at first, but presently they went out and we were alone. It seemed to me that her manner toward me was far more like that of a young girl to whom I had been making love, than like a landlady's simple courtesy toward her inmate.

"I am not sure that I had better stay here with you," she began. "You do beguile me as you did last night, into saying such unwarrantable things, revealing all my heart to you. I was utterly confounded. What had I been doing? I thought myself of Mrs. Bardell's suit against the respected President of the Pickwick Club, and trembled in my patent leathers. Mr. Weller's advice to Samivel came into my mind, and I answered, a little stiffly—

"I had not meant to force your confidence, dear Madame, and I did not know that you had ever said anything to me which the whole world might not properly hear."

Perhaps she thought she had been progressing too fast. She smiled, shook her long, fair curls, and rustled the folds of her black silk. She said I was a naughty man, a very naughty man, to take up things so. Of course she had not said anything to me of consequence; only it was just possible some people might think it a little queer that she had confessed to have loved Mr. Lee quite as ardently as he had loved her. But why need she trouble herself when she knew it would go no farther?

"Of course it would not," I answered. "Any thing that she did me the honor to confide in me was sacred."

Then there was a pause, and I felt very awkward. It would be difficult to say anything more, I thought, but Mrs. Lee did not find it so. Verily, the tact of woman is wonderful. In five minutes we had gone two days, and were talking together on our old terms of pleasant, easy familiarity. I was somewhat

more absent minded than formerly, perhaps, for many of my thoughts were with the little girl in the attic.

It was three days after sending her the Clytie before I saw her again. Then we met on the stairs. It was eight o'clock, or past, in the evening. I was going out, after my customary chat in the parlor with Mrs. Lee, and met her coming in. Her face was very pale, and she stepped wearily. She smiled a little when she saw me, and stopping, held out her hand.

"You were very kind, Mr. Prescott, and I am more grateful than I can say."

"Only wish," was my eager response, "that I could—that you would let me contribute to your pleasures now and then. You look tired, and I can't bear to see a young girl like you wearing herself out."

"It can't be helped, sir. I'm only too thankful that I have something to do. I need nothing; all my wants are supplied; it is pleasant to feel that I have a friend, and I look on you as one, though not having any claim on you."

Would to heaven you had a claim on me, was my thought while watching her toiling so wearily up the stairs. "Would that she gave me a right to take her work out of her hands, and prescribe for her change of air and scene, rest, and a little pleasure!" Then I felt thinking, while crossing the common, what a sad, strange tyrant Custom is. "Society would smile on me for sending clothes to the Hottentots—but would by no means let me lift the burdens of the poor girl, who was my neighbor, with one of my fingers. I cried out against the absurdity of such a decree. Why must I pile up useless wealth, and she suffer? But for her sake I must submit to laws I could not change—for her sake must not seek to help her."

When coming home, though, I did indulge myself so far as to buy a tea-rose in full bloom and a pot of bellflowers. They stood in my room overnight, and the next morning I sent Ellen to her with them, and the request that she would take care of them for me. I had taken it on trust that she loved flowers, and I was not disappointed when Ellen came back and told me Miss Nora was so overjoyed to get them that she almost cried.

I happened to meet her that day as I went up from dinner.

"I have to thank you again," she said earnestly. "I am grateful. The flowers will be such company for me."

I asked her then if she would find time, the next afternoon, to go and see some pictures with me. It was when the English collection was at the Athenaeum, and there was one painting of "Hilma" which I longed to go and see. It was the face of one who waited and watched, and somehow I had associated it with hers. She could not refuse, she said; it would be such a rare pleasure she must make time somehow. While we were talking Mrs. Lee came through the hall. She nodded to me, but she cast my companion a look of singular dislike. I noticed it then, and remembered it afterward.

She spoke to me that evening about Nora Hastings. She had observed me talking with her, she said, and would I tell her if I was going to marry her? I might think it a very strange question, one which she had no right to ask, but if I chose to answer it, she would convince me that she had good reasons.

"I could not win her; but if I could—I passed, and strange, sweet thoughts drifted through my mind, of what it would be to be loved and watched and waited for by such pure love and beauty; to have her altogether my own. How she would love her husband! I mused—she with no other near in the world! My dreams that night were rosier than any of the hopes of my bygone youth."

I had no cause for hesitation. The thought of marrying Nora Hastings had never occurred to me, and I told her so frankly. I related to her the beginning of our acquaintance, and its slight progress, including my invitation for the next day. Then I waited for her reply.

"I hardly know what to say, Mr. Prescott," she began, in her soft, insinuating voice, shaking gently her head, with its long fair curls.

"I am sure it would be kinder to say nothing, and it's not at all necessary, since you do not think of making her Mrs. Prescott."

"But what if I had been intending to marry her, Madame?" I spoke a little sternly, perhaps, for I had satisfied her curiosity, and I was determined she should make the explanations at which she had hinted. I think she was unwilling to refuse me, still she spoke with hesitation.

"It is nothing; at least if any other gentleman in my family had been going to marry her, I should have said it was nothing and kept silence; but I have looked on you as my personal friend, and I should have told you that I considered her an artful, designing girl, who had tried to entrap several of my best boarders into marrying her, and had failed hitherto."

I half wonder that this did not shake my confidence in Nora, but it did not for an instant. Her face, her pure, noble face, was her best advocate. It rose before me then, and I replied unflinchingly—

"I am sure, Mrs. Lee, that you must be mistaken. As little as I know Miss Hastings, I would be ready to answer for every act of her life; though she has a frankness and simplicity of manner which might possibly mislead some. I am certain that you do her injustice."

"Let us hope that I do," she said, with a smile.

"It has ceased to be of interest to me, now that I know she is so likely to affect the happiness of one whom I consider my friend."

She diverted the conversation into other channels; but I believe I had been some vexed by her pertinacity in reminding me that I had assured her I was not going to marry Nora Hastings. I had told her the simple truth when I said that the idea of such a marriage had never occurred to me. But that she had put it into my head, it did occur to me again and again. I took such an interest in Nora as I had never taken in any one before.

We had a couple of pleasant hours the next afternoon, looking together at the pictures. Now that I had begun to think of Nora as one who might some day make my world, I saw new charms in her every hour. It was a pleasure to show her works of art. She had seen so few, and she enjoyed them intensely, and appreciated them with such a fine, inborn taste.

It was not the last afternoon we spent to-

gether. Oftentimes we went to see some new picture; but once or twice I persuaded her to let me drive her out into the country; and new life seemed to bound in her pulses, and youthful brightness and hope to tinge her pale face, as the trees shook down their odorous blossoms upon her head, and the wind kissed her cheek, and lifted the hair from her brow. I had begun to think of her as mine, and to dream fond dreams of how I would cherish her.

I went home one evening, when I had known her two months. I had intended to send for her, as I did sometimes, and ask her to join me in a little walk. I went into my room, and presently Ellen tapped on the door. I opened it, and she placed a little note in my hand. She had been crying, and she said, as she gave me the paper,—

"That'll tell you about it, I suppose, Sir. Miss Nora's an angel, and nothing else, and I've given the mistress notice. I'm going next week. I won't stay where they're treating her so, poor darling!"

I tore open the note, and bade Ellen wait while I read it. The handwriting was hurried and irregular; the words went to my heart.

"Mrs. Lee tells me she has let my room to a person who will pay more. I am obliged to go today. She intimates that I have lowered myself in your estimation by my forwardness, and that I have lost the respect of the boarders. This may be so; alas! I fear that it is true. I could bear all else, but to have lost your respect is terrible. You were very kind to me, and it was so sweet to have a friend. Do not think any worse of me than you can help. If I have been forward and presuming, it was because I knew so little of life. I shall remember your goodness, and be grateful to you forever."

NORA HASTINGS.

"My poor, wronged, innocent darling! If I had never loved her before, I should have loved her then, and longed to shelter her from a cold world in my heart."

"Where has she gone?" I asked, turning to Ellen; "she does not tell me."

"She has gone to Mrs. Miles's on Derne street. The lady had given her a great deal of work, and been very kind to her, and when Miss Nora found she couldn't stay here she went to her with her trouble, and so Mrs. Miles said she should stay till she could look about for a new place."

So there were still some kind hearts in the world, I thought, gratefully, who could show pity to the orphan and the friendless. God bless them all! But she, my poor little love, should never need to seek another boarding-house if she could only love me, and let me care for her.

"I am going to see her," I said to Ellen, as she seemed to wait for my comments.

"Bless you, Sir! The very sight of you will do her good. She took with her the white hand you gave her, and the two flower-pots. I wish you could see how she tended them flowers. They never had a dry leaf, and today she cried over them enough to water 'em."

I found Mrs. Miles's without difficulty. I asked for Miss Hastings at the door, and presently she came to me in the little reception room where I had been shown. She looked as if she had almost wept herself blind, poor child.

"You do not despise me, Mr. Prescott, or you would not have come to see me?" Her voice trembled.

"Despise you! Nora, I love you with all the power of loving which God has given me. I have come to ask you to be my wife. You hold my fate in your own hands. Will you make me happy or wretched?"

No matter about her answer. She told me all her heart craved to hear. Looking into her faithful eyes, I knew that she was mine, my young, innocent love!

After a while I sent for Mrs. Miles to come to us. I recognized in her a lady whom I had sometimes met in society, and for whom I entertained a sincere admiration. I told her, in brief, the history of my acquaintance with Miss Hastings, and that I desired to make her my wife with as little delay as possible. Did she think the needful arrangements could be effected in a week?

"They should be, she said. Nora should be married in her house, and a week would be long enough in which to provide all that was immediately necessary. So it was settled."

The next day I gave Mrs. Lee notice that my room would be vacant at the end of the month. "I never exchanged one word with her on the subject of Nora's sudden ejection from her house. She had an undoubted right to let her rooms as she pleased. I sent her my wedding cards—it was my only revenge."

Three years have passed since, and Nora, as bride and wife, has been to me all that I hoped, and more.

The London Daily News of the 8th ult. contained the following slashing onslaught upon the leaders of the new confederacy:

"The Southern agitators have a keen sense of the feebleness of their position. As long as the excitement of secession lasted they were tolerably sure of their ground. But now it is over and people are asking what next they perceive their danger. For what have they done? They have, as far as their acts are worth anything, voluntarily cut off their States from the only connection which gave them political dignity or credit. As long as they were confounded in the grand total of American nationality, they shared the high and noble place which their vigor, freedom and enlightenment secured in the regard of the world. All this the South has lost. It has not only isolated itself, but in madness of fanaticism has founded its constitution on the very social feature which is the most odious in the eyes of the civilized world."

It has abused the name of republic to set up a confederation which men are already calling New Dahomey, with a Mississippi repudiating for its chief, and a band of professed duellists, adventurers, sharks and public plunderers for its leaders. Bad as the South is proved to be by the fact of its slavery, we may be quite sure that the Wigfalls, Sheldons, Xankeys and Benjamins cannot fairly represent either its morality or its statecraft. These men only condemn to lead the South because they are not permitted to lead the North any longer, and if time is given them, they will exhaust and disgust the slave States just as they have wearied and angered the free. Their names and antecedents are a pledge that while they are at the head of affairs the

career of the Confederacy will be one of turbulence, bad faith and intrigue, or conquest for the extension of slavery. Their language is that of men who feel that the very principle of their associations cuts them off from a noble future. From being part of a glorious nation they have become a joint-stock corporation for upholding and extending the enslavement of their fellow-men."

## Massacre of the Purinton Family.

Who has not heard of the massacre of the Purinton family, which took place in August many years ago? It was the saddest tragedy ever known in this community. A few yet live to remember it. To others, some account of that bloody transaction may not be uninteresting. It took place on the farm now owned and occupied by Capt. George Cony,—about two miles from this city, on the Belgrade road.—The farm then was new. In August, 1805, Capt. James Purinton of Bowdoinham purchased and moved on to it. He was then forty-five years of age. His family consisted of a wife and eight children, the oldest of whom was eighteen years, and the youngest six months old. He was a man of good property and character, enjoying the confidence of his townsmen, and commanding for several years the Militia Company of Bowdoinham. On his removal to Augusta, he soon acquired the respect of his neighbors, who regarded him as an obliging and kindhearted man, with but one noticeable fault,—the infirmity, at times, of a hypochondriacal temper, which was quite uncontrollable. He was a professor of religion, but fickle and changeable in his religious sentiments. For most of the time he was a member of the Baptist Church. His religious sentiments, however, had but little influence over him, when afflicted by his constitutional glooms.

The summer of 1806—the first year after his removal to Augusta—was a cold season. His crops looked unpromising; the thought possessed him that he should come to want, and his family would starve. This thought so preyed upon him, that it rendered him exceedingly gloomy, miserable and partially insane. On every other subject he was rational, but on that his family must be miserable here, and he reasoned that the surest way to put them out of misery was to put them out of this miserable world. He accomplished this purpose on the night of July 8th, 1806—or rather, between the hours of two and three o'clock in the early morning of the 9th. On the previous day he had been over to his near neighbor, Mr. Jonathan Ballard's, with his boy James, aged 17 years, who turned the grindstone for him to sharpen the axe and butcher knife, with which he designed to slay his whole family. Little did that dutiful boy suspect the dark purpose of a father to whom he was regularly yielding his obedient service!

His first attack was upon his wife as she slumbered in the bed with the infant Louisa, 18 months old, on her arm. With a well directed blow, he cut his wife's head nearly off, and stove in the skull of his child. Ann, aged 10 years, and Nathaniel aged 8 years slept together in the adjoining room, and on hearing the mother's screams, Ann rushed into the room and was killed at the bedside of her mother. Nathaniel was next dispatched, and then the murderous father hastened to the room where Polly aged 19, and Martha aged 15 slept. Martha was awakened by the blow that fell upon Polly and killed her; and, extremely terrified, she shielded her own head with the bed clothes through which the axe penetrated and cut her neck partly off. Supposing her to be dead, and hearing the boys, James, aged 17, and Benjamin, aged 12, coming down the ladder from the attic where they lodged, he gave battle to both at the same time, but whilst killing Benjamin, James escaped with but one blow of the axe blade in his back, of which wound he eventually recovered; and he was the only one left to tell the tale. Benjamin's brains were scattered about the hearth, and the prints of his bloody hands were conspicuous upon the white mantel. Having accomplished his dreadful work, Purinton proceeded next to the middle room,—and with a razor cut his own throat from ear to ear, threw the instrument upon the table where his Bible lay open to the 12th chapter of Ezekiel, and fell in his own blood dead upon the floor.—Martha though partially protected from the axe by the bed clothes, was terribly cut up, and died on the 30th of the month. James, who escaped, was so broken down in spirit by the massacre, that he was never fit for business, and died some years afterward in Indiana.

Thus a family consisting of a wife and seven children were deliberately slaughtered in the still hours of midnight, by the husband and father, who, willing to share the fate of his family, took also his own life. The names and ages of the murdered ones were as follows: Mrs. Betsey Purinton aged 45; Polly, 19; Martha, 15; Benjamin, 12; Ann, 10; Nathaniel, 8; Nathan, 6; Louisa 18 months, and Purinton himself 46 years.

The man always appeared dolefully fond of his family; he was a faithful husband and a kind father, but in his monomaniacal dream of his power to relieve he thought he was moved by his love for them, (an insane perversion of affection) to put them all out of their inevitable miseries. Sectarian sought to make some capital out of this terrible event; it attracted, however, by willingly ignoring the true cause of Purinton's insane act. It had nothing to do with any of his religious doctrines whatever.

It has been remarked that James, aged 17, escaped in the father's effort to kill what the same man ran in darkness screaming to Mr. Ballard's house and gave alarm. Mr. B. arose instantly, hastened over to Mr. Dean Wyman's, and with him proceeded immediately to the scene of blood. On approaching the house, all was silent—literally, it was the silence of death. The horror of such a spectacle overcame them, and they hesitated to enter. They proposed, however, to do so, by Mr. B. going ahead, and Mr. W. holding on to the skirt of his coat. On lifting the latch, Mr. Wyman's courage failed him, and he retreated to summons more help. Meanwhile Mr. Ballard cried 'murder!' at the forth of his voice, which brought Mrs. Ballard ventured to enter. It was dark, and in feeling stumbled over the dead body of Benjamin, and struck, and then what a scene of horrors presented itself!—mangled bodies in every room, and each floor covered with blood! On ap-

proaching the bed where Polly and Martha lay, which was saturated in gore, Mr. B. was surprised to notice a movement of the bed clothes, and to hear the voice of Martha, (the one desperately wounded,) exclaiming—"Kill me again, father!"—the poor child wishing now to die, rather than suffer longer. Her living body was properly cared for, but she died in a few days afterward.

The news of this massacre flew on the wings of the wind. By sunrise multitudes had assembled, some even from ten miles distant.—Before any of the dead bodies were taken from their blood-and removed from the position in which they expired, a Coroner's Jury was summoned by Elias Craig, Esq., consisting of John Creeth, Theophilus Hamlen, James Child, Kendal Nichols, Shubael Pitts, Caleb Heath, Frederick Wingate, Jona Perkins, Oliver Pollard, Samuel Bond, Ezekiel Page and Ephraim Ballard, Jr. Mr. Wingate is the only member of that Jury now living. Its verdict was according to the facts as we have stated them. The bodies were then stilted, washed, and removed to the Meeting-house, which stood on the north side of Market Square on the ground now occupied by the stores of J. McArthur and Dea. J. Menn. It is the building which, with an enlargement, is known as Winthrop Hall—owned by Al Staples, Esq., on Winthrop Street. In front of the pulpit the bodies of the mother and her murdered children were placed in decent coffins, whilst that of the father was in a box separated from the rest, having a position assigned it in the porch. The next day was appointed for the funeral—and such a funeral it was, as Augusta never saw before, and, we pray God, may never see again. The Selection of the town took it in charge, called out the civic and military companies, and made all the requisite arrangements for an occasion so unusual and melancholy. The funeral was on the 10th of July, and it seemed as if the whole country, far and near, had gathered to witness the solemn services of the day. The reader may imagine the scene if he supposes the middle line of Market Square occupied by a row of tables, each supporting a coffin, beginning with the mother at the head, followed by her murdered children according to their ages. Some distance in the rear, stood a horse-car containing a box with the body of the murderer therein. The Meeting-house, of course, could not begin to hold the people, and so a staging was erected over the door from the porch off which the officiating clergymen stood. These were Rev. Daniel Stone, pastor of the Congregational Church, who offered solemn prayer, and Rev. Joshua Taylor, the Methodist circuit preacher, who delivered the sermon. Mr. T. died last week in Portland, aged 93 years.

The choir occupied a staging on the opposite side of the Square, built out from the Kennecott Tavern, then kept by Mr. Pollard. Between the clergymen and singing choir, that is, between the Meeting house and Tavern, the entire Square was covered by a dense mass of people, allowing space only for the coffins, and seats for the mourners and bearers. The day was bright and calm. The voices of the clergymen and singers answered to each other over the heads of thousands of living hearts. When the religious exercises were over, the procession was formed, first, by a military escort with reversed arms and muffled drum, followed by the municipal authorities and Coroner's Jury. The coffins were borne, not in hearse drawn by brute beasts, but on chairs resting on human shoulders. Then came the mourning friends—the unnumbered girl leading his sympathizing relations that had come from Bowdoinham and Bath. Next came the civic companies, and citizens generally, walking two and two. Last of all the old horse-car followed, drawing the box that contained the body of Capt. Purinton. Thus arranged, the procession, which was almost a mile long, crossed the Bridge, moved through the principal street on the eastern side of the Kennecott, and returning, proceeded to the then new Cemetery on the side of Winthrop hill, where all the bodies, but Capt. P.'s, were deposited in a capacious grave in the N. E. corner of the ground, near where the granite powder magazine now stands. The body of the murderer was not allowed to decorate the Cemetery at all, but was committed to a hole within the bounds of the highway, near the burying ground, and covered up. We cannot say that we admire the barbarian taste which thus showed contempt for a lifeless human corpse. It is said that the body of Capt. P. was afterwards disinterred by his Topham relations, and given a decent burial. If so, the movement was by no means to their discredit. That Capt. P. was really an insane man, when he committed those deeds of blood, we never had a doubt, and as such he is entitled more to our charity than our hate. The sufferings of a "mind diseased," are a more proper object of our pity, than any of the ills to which human flesh is heir. If any of us have no constitutional temperaments which sometimes beset our reasoning faculties, let us thank God for the blessing, rather than condemn those who are not so fortunately organized as ourselves.—[Augustine Age.]

MR. AND MRS. FLAMBEAU ON OFFICE SEEKING.—This highly interesting couple, according to the Boston Herald, had the following little colloquy on the subject of Mr. F.'s application for an office in the Boston Custom House:

"Yes, marm, you are right," said Mr. Flambeau, "I am after an office."

Mrs. Flambeau smiled—and rather contemptuously, too,—as she replied, "That, then, was the end and aim, I suppose, of all your labors last fall—all the dirty drudgery you went through, your tramping round in the torch-light processions, and bawling yourself ho



pay, marm, out of my own pocket, for my Wide awake uniform? Didn't I pay even more than my fair share for every dinner and every supper I went to? Mrs. Flambeau, you are a venomous, spiteful woman!

"You do not understand me," said Mrs. F., "but never mind,—let that pass, and pray tell me what office you are in search of? Perhaps it may be the Collectorship?" she added, in a tone so bitterly ironical that Mr. Flambeau couldn't have been more riled had she arisen from her chair, and soundly boxed both of his ears.

But he didn't let her know that he felt hurt a bit, and he quietly replied—"No, marm, my aspirations do not soar quite so high as that; the berth of an Inspector in the Custom House is all I desire."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Flambeau, "a mere Custom House Inspector, with a salary, I dare say, of less than a thousand a year!—Merciful Heavens!—why man, you are the biggest fool in all Boston, and what a ninny I was to have refused the offer I had from good Squire Ropes, who, though nearly twenty years older than I, was one of the cleverest souls I ever knew, and (what is more) he had an annual income of two thousand dollars,—yes, two thousand dollars, Mr. Flambeau!"

And without another word, she proudly turned upon her heel, and with her head thrown ceilingward, and an air both flaunting and defiant, strode from the room, leaving Mr. Flambeau alone to draw up his 'application,' and to cudgel his brains for a list of good friends and true, to stand by him in this, his hour of need.

## The Eastern Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . APR. 4, 1861.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. MILLER, (successor to V. B. Palmer, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 130 Broadway, New York, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertises 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."

### How stands the Treason?

Beyond the policy foreshadowed in Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address, it can hardly be said that the plans of the government are at all known to the people. The thousand and one reports about the surrender of Fort Sumter are but a fraction of the ten thousand falsehoods put in circulation over the 'fires by the "associated press," for the purpose of selling newspapers. They simply show that the correspondents know nothing about matters of which they write so positively. Day after day—by these reports—weeks ago, was definitely set for the evacuation of Sumter, and now the best indications are, that instead of evacuation, reinforcement is contemplated. It is at least plain that the government knows how to keep its own counsel without the aid of newspaper correspondents.

In any ordinary political hazard we should conclude that the present position of parties left room for nothing but war; but with the present conciliatory policy of the government, this can only come from a persistent determination of the slave States, backed by the democracy of the North, to work out the ruin of the country. Such wholesale treason is too gross to charge upon any people that ever yet constituted a civil government; and how much more unjust to those who have but yesterday emerged from the revolution which gave them national birth, and endowed them with the warmest patriotism of which an intelligent people are susceptible! Who can believe, in the face of such facts, that this great party of secession will persist in rejecting all overtures for reconciliation? But for this consideration, we confess, we see no means of evading a war between the two confederacies but by concessions too degrading to be looked for.

Virginia, without the cover of secession, is taking the rankest steps of treason. Her legislature has instructed the executive to call out the militia to prevent the removal, from an iron foundry, of some guns belonging to the federal government. This was her first opportunity to take arms against the nation she helped to 'make,' and she seized it with an avidity that said she was hoping for it. She can be trusted for nothing but her interest in secession; which we believe she will ultimately adopt, and under circumstances to do the greatest injury to the remaining Union of States.

There is reason to conclude that the President and his cabinet are really debating the question of self-defence (for it is nothing more) in good earnest. It may not be found practicable to reinforce Sumter, but reports say that Pickens and the forts of the Gulf are to be held at all hazards. Without some such decided steps, if it yet remains possible to make them, we shall look to see the seceders very soon claiming to be themselves the Union they profess to be laboring to destroy. We have looked and hoped for peace; but we see it only in the surrender of everything honorable or manly, unless the simplest principle of self-defence shall prompt the government to action.

**SONOZ. MEETING.**—At the annual meeting of school district No. 1, (this village) on Monday evening, Joshua Nye, Esq. was chosen Agent for the ensuing year; S. Heath, R. Foster, J. Nye and J. B. Bradbury, classifying committee.

**ELECTIONS.**—The Republicans of Portland elected their candidate for Mayor, on Tuesday, and five of the seven Aldermen.

In Cincinnati, the Democratic Union ticket prevailed by about 2000 majority.

In Connecticut, the Republicans have elected their State ticket by an increased majority, and carried both branches of the legislature. They have carried the first and third Congressional districts, and lost the second, with the fourth in doubt.

The Bath people are calling for a bridge across the Kennebec at that city.

### OUR TABLE.

**FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.**—The April number of this admirable Magazine is before us, with all its rich contents of Art and Literature. The romantic and beautiful novel of "Verona Brent" is continued, and the eccentric course of the high-spirited and beautiful heroine grows more and more interesting. Several other fine Tales, beautifully illustrated, together with fine Poems and articles of universal interest, render the contents of this number more than usually attractive. The Engravings are varied and beautiful, and the steel Fashion Plate and the Fashion Illustrations are finely executed, and represent the newest styles of every kind of ladies' apparel. It should be on every ladies' work table.

Frank Leslie promises an unusually rich number for May, new and charming features having been in preparation for some time.

Published by Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York, at \$3 a year.

**THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.** For April has a beautiful steel engraving entitled "An Evening on the Connecticut," and a fine portrait of Rev. Henry Slater, D. D.—An abundance of good things will be found in the number, stories, sketches, essays, poetry, &c. Published by Swormsted & Poe, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

**STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.**—The April number contains many good things, among which are—"The Young Travellers," continued; "The City and People of Naples," by Paul Greyton; "Queen-Zero," No. 3, of Excursions about Paris, by Jacob Abbott; "The State of Lucy's Eyes"—most of which are prettily illustrated. There will also be found, as usual, a dialogue, a piece for declamation, a well filed "Teacher's Desk," and a piece of music, "Oliver Optic"—the editor makes a nice little Magazine for youth. Published by Galea James & Co., 15 Cornhill, Boston, at \$1 a year.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.**—The following is a list of the articles to be found in the March number of Blackwood:—The Indian Civil Service; its Rise and Fall—part 2. The Physical Geography of the Sea. Lee's History of the Church of Scotland. Iron Clad Ships of War and our Defences. Part 14 of Norman Sinclair: an Autobiography. Recent Natural History Books. Wilson's German Campaign of 1812. The China War of 1860.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum (any two) Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discounts 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 24 cents a year for "Blackwood," and 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

New volumes of all the Reviews and Blackwood commence with the January number.

**YOUTH'S CASSETTE AND PLAYMATE.**—The second chapter of "Wishy and Works" appears in the March number, and the little folks will find, as this story advances it gets better and better. It is not the only good story in the number, however; and besides these there are other articles, interesting and instructive, with poetry, anecdotes, chat with correspondents, &c.

Published by Wm. Gould & Co., Boston, at \$ a year.

**SILVER WEDDING.**—The evening of Wednesday, March 27th, was, notwithstanding the storm and darkness, one of the pleasantest of the season, to many of the inhabitants of this village—at least so far as real enjoyment is concerned. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Seavey, who reside in the lower part of the village, and was observed as a "Silver Wedding" by them and a large circle of friends and acquaintances. The company, to the number of about one hundred, gathered at the house of Mr. S. at an early hour of the evening. After an hour or so passed in social conversation, the event of the evening—the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. S. of appropriate gifts—took place. These consisted of a beautiful silver card basket, the gift of the Hudson family; a fine silver butter knife, presented by the immediate neighbors of Mr. Seavey; and an elegant plated cake or fruit basket, and a massive silver spoon, by other friends in the village. The articles were presented in form by Wm. B. Snell, Esq., of whose speech on the occasion I can only say that, judging from the little I was able to catch, it was extremely felicitous and appropriate. The presentation over, and the ceremony of kissing the bride and bridegroom having passed, the wedding loaf was distributed, together with divers other edibles, making altogether a supper as neat and *recherché* as one would wish to see, or taste either. And really, the ladies of our village are famous (or ought to be) for taste and skill in matters of this kind; at least such is the opinion of those whose experience in the matter qualifies them to judge in relation to it. The collation dispatched, and another hour spent in chatting, and the party broke up, well pleased with the evening's entertainment. To some of us, however, the sight of so much happiness from such a cause and on such an occasion, brings a touch of sadness, as we look forward over the long quarter of a century that stretches between us, and the possibility of a like enjoyment. We have still some hope for ourselves however; and we hope, too, that the worthy couple who on this occasion showed so strongly their regard for the Union, may live to enjoy a recurrence of another like occasion at the expiration of another twenty-five years, even though it may be tinged with the "golden" hues of life's sunset. ORWIN.

KENDALL'S MILLS, March 28, 1861.

**CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.**—At the regular meeting of Waterville Section, No. 5, C. of T., the following officers were elected for the next quarter:—

A. G. Blunt, W. A.;  
Frank N. Eddy, V. A.;  
Chas. B. Wing, Sec.;  
C. W. Stevens, A. S.;  
Chas. W. Soule, Treas.;  
Peter Micus, A. T.;  
George H. Soule, G.;  
Frank E. Nye, U.;  
Geo. Simonds, W.;  
C. McDaniels, S.;  
R. W. Dunn, P. W. A.;  
George M. Carter, C.

The crowd of office seekers at Washington may be larger than ever assembled there before, though we doubt it; but it certainly is of a different character. It is not a drinking crowd and the majority foot it instead of riding. There is consequently great complaint among the back drivers and those who dispense gin cocktails and brandy smashes.

Taking advantage of our national troubles, and the divided state of our country, Spain is moving for the annexation of St. Domingo. On the 16th ult., the Spanish flag was raised there by recent immigrants, and the aid of Spain invoked. A frigate, fully armed and

with a large number of troops on board, was at once dispatched from Havana, and two other vessels with additional forces were to follow immediately.

Gen. Miramon is in New York, it is said en route for Spain, to urge the acquisition of Mexico.

An English and a French fleet, are also on their way to this country, to watch the course of events, protect their own interests, and pick up any crumbs that may fall in their way. So we go.

### Letter from Kansas.

We give our friend, Dr. Dyer, the full benefit of his assertions in the following letter—opposed as they are by men of equal integrity, and whose partisan blindness can be no greater than his. He is not the first man who has imagined that all benevolence out of his own party goes to political objects; and while he denies a portion of the need for the present charities, he admits enough to cover more than the amount likely to be raised. Those who have given their mite to the hungry in Kansas need not fear to read. Dr. Dyer is not an ardent democrat, and this appeal will not touch any of that stripe of pockets in this section.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, KANSAS, March 18, 1861.

**Friends Mazham and Wing:**—Being in receipt of information through private correspondence that the good people of your locality have contributed money for the relief of sufferers in Kansas, and a five year's residence in this quagmire Territory having enabled me to know something of the resources of the country and the condition of its people, I take the liberty of addressing a few words to the readers of the Mail.

And first let me say in behalf of the really needy in Kansas, that the generosity of your people will ever be remembered whether their charity reaches the objects of its destination or not. The people of Kansas can appreciate kind intentions, however much they may deplore the acts of those who would profit themselves by the misfortunes of others.

That there has been much suffering in Kansas during the past winter, cannot be denied. And that there is even now much need of help existing in the rural districts, is equally true. But that "Fifty thousand people are upon the point of starvation," or that "Kansas is fast becoming one great charnel house," as has been represented by Thaddeus Hyatt and S. C. Pomeroy, is absolutely false, and has never had any foundation in fact. The population of Kansas, (I speak of it as a State,) is probably not over twenty-five thousand at the present time. A very large majority of this population is scattered along the counties bordering on the Missouri river, and where the drought of last season was not sensibly felt, or where at least half crops were raised. In these counties, though there are individual cases of destitution, yet the suffering is not general, and the people would not have starved even without help from abroad. It is true that there is but little money in the country, and we have got nothing to sell to bring money here except our lands, and these "starvation" stories of Hyatt & Co. are just calculated to prevent a sale of even these.

In the interior counties, those remote from the waters of the Missouri and the Kaw Rivers, there is much suffering; and no doubt but that the timely aid of benefactors in the East has saved some from actual starvation. The people in those counties are generally poor; have barely their farms, *unimproved*, many of them being under mortgages, and when the crop of last year failed them, their resources were all gone. This is the class that were really the objects of charity, and upon whose necessities has been reared this huge structure of "fifty thousand" starving Kansans!

Now, as I said before, the whole population does not exceed seventy-five thousand. And of this number, probably three-fourths are in the border counties; leaving less than twenty thousand in the interior. Of this number, probably two-thirds would have got through the winter alive, even unaided by foreign donations. A portion of the balance would undoubtedly have had to grapple with the gnawings of hunger, if relief had not come in the shape of charity from abroad. And I am happy to say, that in many instances the charity has found its legitimate object, and has given a new lease of life to those who were staring death in the face.

But there has been enough sent here to relieve every human being in Kansas, not only from the danger of starvation, but from all want of any kind for the next six months; if it could only be distributed properly and as the donors intended. *Alas*, though, for the frailties of human nature! and *alas* for the approaching Senatorial election! If General Pomeroy does not succeed in being returned to the United States Senate, it will not be the fault of those who have contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to the relief fund of Kansas. And if he and Army and Hyatt do not line their pockets with something besides *drilling*, they will awfully disappoint nearly every man in Kansas. The workings of this thing will be exposed some day, and until then I would advise all charitable donors to forward their contributions through some other channel.

Kansas has a soil that is inexhaustible; a mild and salubrious climate and possesses all the facilities for becoming one of the most desirable spots on this continent. The drought of last season was severe, and taken in connection with the political troubles of the country, is a severe drawback to our people. But this may never occur again, as it has never occurred before, either to us or to our neighbors across the river in Missouri, and when we raise another crop, as the indications are that we shall do this coming season, we shall be a prosperous, a thriving, and a happy people.

Being thrown into a State government just at this time I regard as peculiarly unfortunate

for us, but time will only determine the judiciousness of the step, and I am willing to bide the time. Yours, P. DYER.

The Concert by Mr. Carpenter's Singing Class, last week, was most emphatically a success in all but its financial results. The performances of the class and of the outside aid called in, were well received; the house was filled with delighted listeners; but, somehow, the receipts at the door barely sufficed to pay expenses. However, nobody complains. Mr. Carpenter is well satisfied to have concluded his school so triumphantly; and singers and hearers will never recall the memory of the occasion but with feelings of pride and pleasure. Our town has always been rich in musical talent; and judging from some of the youthful caroling, we have no reason to fear a dearth of sweet song when the old familiar voices we have so often listened to with delight shall be silenced forever. The past is a sweet memory, our present is a rich reality, and a golden future is in prospect.

The do-nothing policy may be the wisest to pursue, as between us and our Southern neighbors, but it is certainly fast earning us the contempt of our friends across the water. The London Times is very severe. Of Seward it says:—

"In Mr. Seward the President has chosen a man whom the convulsions of the country have terrified into moderation. He has been overcome by the complete fulfilment of his own prophecy."

The snow is going rapidly. Sleights and wagons are both active in our streets, and all the signs combine to indicate an early return of "settled going."

Dr. E. F. SANGR, we notice, has been chosen City Physician at Bangor.

Ex-Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, died one day last week.

Texas and Mississippi have both, through their conventions, ratified the constitution of the Southern Confederacy.

That "Bodugger" has arrived, and will be on exhibition at the Mail office from this time henceforth. Admission free.

**ORCHARDS.**—We invite attention to Mr. Gilbreth's advertisement of the Island Nursery, at Kendall's Mills. Trees raised in our own climate are to be preferred to those which have grown further south; and the advantage of taking them fresh from the nursery, without exposure, is worthy of consideration. Look to it in season, ye who have waited too long already, and not put off the setting of trees another year. Bear in mind, what we believe to be a fact, that the increase of orcharding in Maine is not in proportion to the decay, to say nothing of the increasing demand for apples for consumption and exportation. This fact is an abundant warrant for investments in orcharding, and those who begin early will be first in market.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says:—

"A gentleman from Western Texas informs me that the Germans in that region, numbering some twenty-five thousand, with fifteen thousand in other parts of the State, propose to remove *en masse* to Mexico or Central America. They find the tyranny of the organized band of marauders, known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, whose object is slavery extension, and territorial acquisition, intolerable, and seeing no hope of relief from the rule of these men possible in their present position, they have come to the *sorrowful* resolution to abandon the comfortable homes which they had made for themselves in that beautiful country, at an almost total sacrifice of their property. They have become acclimated in that warm latitude, and are now averse to the idea of removing northwardly, and hence their resolution to expatriate themselves by seeking out new homes in Mexico. The revolution in that country has established freedom of religious worship and of the press, the absence of which privileges alone, has hitherto prevented the colonization of Germans on an extensive scale. My informant has himself travelled extensively in Mexico, and is prepared to speak confidently as to the feasibility of the enterprise. He states that already German mechanics and merchants are scattered everywhere over that country, and thinks that within ten years it may be almost Germanized and reinvigorated by the projected system of colonization."

These Germans are quiet, industrious people, and would be a loss to any State from which they might be driven. It is stated that the Indians have already attacked the settlements in the section where the Germans live.

The following is the closing portion of Governor Houston's address to the people of Texas. It will be seen that he yields his position without attempting to strike a blow for the defense of the right, and he supinely yields to the behests of traitors and rogues, who have not only done their part toward destroying the Union, but have driven him from the executive chair, to which he was chosen by the voice of the people. This course will surprise the people:—

"I am ready to lay down office rather than yield to usurpation and degradation. I have declared my determination to stand by Texas, in whatever position she assumes. Her people have declared in favor of a separation from the Union. I have followed her banners before, when an exile from the land of my fathers. I went back into the Union with the people of Texas. I go out from the Union with them; and though I can see but gloom before me, I shall follow the 'Lone Star' with the same devotion as of yore."

I love Texas too well to bring civil strife and bloodshed upon her. To avert this calamity, I shall make no endeavor to maintain my authority as Chief Executive of this State except by the peaceful exercise of my functions. When I can no longer do this, I shall calmly withdraw from the scene, leaving the government in the hands of those who have usurped its authority; but still claiming that I am its Chief Executive."

The President and his Cabinet are said to be at a loss what to do in reference to the recruiting for the Southern army, which is going on at Washington, Baltimore and other places in States still adhering to the Union. Not having recognized secession, they cannot treat the matter as if it were recruiting for a foreign State. There have been many desertions from the troops stationed at Washington, to the secession army.

### PREMIUM LIST

#### North Kennebec Agricultural Society FOR 1861.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society offer the following premiums, to be awarded at the next Show and Fair, to be held at Waterville, Oct. 1st and 2d, 1861.

**HORSES.**  
For best Stallion, \$5; 2d do. \$3; 3d do. 1 Vol. Agricultural Reports.  
Best Breeding Mare, 4; 2d do. \$3; 3d do. 2; 4th, Vol. Agricultural Reports.  
Best pair matched Horses, 5; 2d do. \$3; 3d do. Vol. Reports.  
Best Family Horse, 3; 2d do. 2; 3d do. Vol. Reports.

**COLTS.**  
For best Colt, 3 years old, \$2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Colt, 2 years old, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Colt, 1 year old, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Stud Colt, 3 years old, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

**BULLS.**  
For best thorough bred Durham Bull, \$3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best thorough bred Devon do. \$3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best thorough bred Hereford do. \$3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best thorough bred Ayrshire do. \$3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best thorough bred Jersey do. \$3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best thorough bred grade do. \$3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.

Best thorough bred Bull Calf, 2; 2d, 1.  
Best grade Bull Calf, 2; 2d, 1.  
Certificates of pedigree will be required in all cases.

**COWS.**  
Best Dairy Cow, of any breed, \$3; 2d, 2; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Stock Cow; some of her stock to be shown, as proof of her qualifications, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best Cow, for all purposes, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best 3 or more Cows from one farm, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Persons entering dairy Cows, will be required to furnish written statements of amount of yield of milk and butter, for some month during the preceding year with the nature of their feed during the trial.

**HEIFERS.**  
Best Heifer, 3 years old, \$2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Heifer 2 years old, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Heifer 1 year old, 2; 2d, 2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

**OXEN.**  
Best pair matched Oxen, \$4; 2d, 3; 3d, 2; 4th, Vol. Reports.  
Best pair Drawing Oxen, 4; 2d, 3; 3d, 2; 4th, Vol. Reports.  
Best pair Drawing Oxen under 5 years old, 3; 2d, 3; 3d, 2; 4th, Vol. Reports.

**STEERS.**  
Best pair Steers, 3 years old, \$2; 2d, 2; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best pair Steers 2 years old, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best pair Steer Calves, 1; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best trained Steers, by a hay and 10 years old, training to be shown on dry or cart, 2; 2d, 1.50; 3d, 1.  
Best team of Oxen, from one town, 10 or more pair, 8; 2d, 6; 3d, 4.  
Best team of Steers, from one town, 8 pair or more, 6; 2d, 4.

**SHEEP.**  
Best Flock, 25 or more Sheep from one farm, \$4; 2d, 3; 3d, 2; 4th, 1.  
Best Fine Wool Buck, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1; 4th, Vol. Reports.  
Best Middle Wool Buck, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1; 4th, Vol. Reports.  
Best Long Wool Buck, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1; 4th, Vol. Reports.

Best 6 or more Fine Wool Ewes, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best 6 or more Middle Wool do. 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best 6 or more Long Wool do. 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best 6 or more Fine Wool Ewe Lambs, 2; 2d, Vol. Reports.  
Best 6 or more Middle or Long Wool Ewe Lambs, 2; 2d, Vol. Reports.  
Best 2 or more Fine Wool Buck Lambs, 2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best 6 or more Fat Sheep, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
**SWINE.**  
Best Boar, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Sow, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Litter of Pigs, 5 or more, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best Fat Hogs or Shoats, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
**FAT CATTLE.**  
Best pair Fat Oxen, 2; 2d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Fat Cow, Steer or Heifer, 2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best herd of Cattle from one farm, including the whole and not less than 10 animals, 4; 2d, 3; 3d, 2; 4th, Vol. Reports.

**TROTTER HORSES.**  
For Fastest trotting Stallion, 10; 2d, 7; 3d, 4.  
For Fastest trotting Mare or Gelding, 10; 2d, 7; 3d, 4.

For Fastest trotting Mare or Gelding under 5 years old, 1st, 6; 2d, 4; 3d, 2.

**PLOWING.**  
For best plowing with 4 or more Oxen, 4; 2d, 3; 3d, 2.  
Best plowing with two or more horses, 4; 2d, 3; 3d, 2.

**CROPS, MANURES, &c.**  
For best acre of Winter Wheat, 20 or more bushels per acre, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best acre of Spring Wheat, 20 or more bushels per acre, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.

Best acre of Winter or Summer Rye, 20 bushels or more per acre, 3; 2d, 1.  
Best Crop of Corn, one acre or more, 75 bushels per acre, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best Crop of Oats, one acre or more, 50 bushels per acre, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best Crop of Barley, one acre or more, 50 bushels per acre, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Crop of Peas or Beans, half an acre or more, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best Crop of Peas or Beans, raised with Corn or Potatoes, 1; 2d, Vol. Reports.  
Best Crop of Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Beets, Parsnips, Onions. Written statements of method and cost of raising, 2; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best sample Corn, Oats, Wheat, Rye, Peas, Barley, Potatoes, Turnips, Cabbages, Onions, Beets, Squashes, Pumpkins, Tomatoes, and Cauliflowers, 1 Vol. Reports each. These samples to be shown at October Fair.

**FRUIT.**  
Best display of Apples of all kinds, 3; 2d, 1; 3d, Vol. Reports.  
Best display of Fall Fruit 1; 2d, Vol. Reports.  
Best display of Winter do. 1; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best display of Plums, 1; 2d, Vol. Reports.  
Best display of Grapes, 3; 2d, Vol. Reports.  
Best display of Pears, 1; 2d, Vol. Reports.

**BUTTER, CHEESE AND BREAD.**  
For best lot of Butter, 25 or more pounds, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best lot of Cheese, 40 or more pounds, 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
Best loaf of Brown Bread, 1; White do. 1; Barley do. 1.

Best loaf of Brown or White Bread made and presented by a girl under 16 years old, \$1 each.  
Best sample of Maple Sugar 1; best do. Maple Syrup, 1.  
Best sample of Honey, 1; best do. Apple Jelly, 1.  
Best sample of Currant or Cranberry Jelly, \$1 each.

**FARM IMPLEMENTS.**  
For best Sward Plow, 2; 2d, 1. Best Stubble do. 1.  
Best Harrow or other implement for pulverizing soil, 1.  
Best Ox Cart, Horse Cart, Hay Forks, Manure Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, Scythes, Hand Rakes, Wheelbarrows, Hand Cart, Horse Hoe, or Yokes and Bows, \$1 each.  
Best two horse Wagon, two horse Sled, 1 each.  
Best Seed planter, 1; Fan Mill or Corn Sheller, 1 each.  
Best exhibition of farm implements from one farm, 2; 2d, 1.  
Best Stump Pulling Machine and Rock lifter, 2; 2d, 1.

**LEATHER GOODS.**  
For best tanned Calfskins, sole and upper leather, 1 each.  
Best Case of Cowhide Boots, 2 or more pairs Cal do. 1 each.  
Best specimen Ladies' Winter Boot, best specimen Children's Boots or shoes for Winter, 1 each.  
Best double or single Harness, 2; 2d, 1.

**HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.**  
For best Wool Flannel, Cotton Wool do. Wool Carpeting, Cotton and Wool do. Heath Rug, Wool Shawl, Wool Cape, Bed quilt, 75 cts. each; 2d, 50 cts. each.  
Best Wool Mittens, Wool Yarn, Wool Stockings, for Men or Women, 60 cts. each; 2d, 25 cts.  
Best specimen of Plain and Fancy needlework, Woisted work, or of Darning Stockings, 50 cts. each.

**GIRLS' WORK.**  
For best Bed quilt, Plain or Fancy needlework, mending Stockings, making button-holes, mending clothing, or knitting stockings, 50 cts. each; 2d, 25 cts. each.  
Liberal notices and Gratuities will be given for any article, machine or implement calculated to and which will facilitate and lessen the labor of the Farmer, or Farmer







