

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

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Agricultural.

Preparing Soil for Gardens.

There are several reasons why the soils of gardens should be made better than for ordinary farm crops. 1. Most of the products of gardens are of a succulent nature, or will otherwise have high feeding, such as garden roots in general, plants whose leaves furnish food, as lettuce, cabbage, &c., or those which produce large and succulent fruits, as cucumbers, melons, squashes, &c. 2. As nearly all garden crops are the immediate food of man, while many farm crops are only the coarse food of animals, greater care and skill may properly be applied in bringing the former forward to a high degree of perfection. 3. The great amount of family supplies which may be obtained from a half acre garden, provided the best soil is prepared for their growth, renders it a matter of equal importance and economy, to give the soil the very best preparation.

It rarely happens that there is much selection to be made in soils as we find them in nature, for gardening purposes, unless particular attention is given to the subject in choosing a site for a new dwelling. Generally we have taken land as we find it. Unless, therefore, we happen to find it just right, we should endeavor to improve it in the best manner. The principal means for making a perfect garden soil, are draining, trenching and manuring.

Now, let any one who is started at the onset, with the fear of cost in this preparing the soil, we may remark that the entire expense of preparing half an acre, (which would constitute a large kitchen garden,) would not in general, amount to more than the amount saved in a single year in the purchase of food for family supplies, by the fine and abundant vegetables afforded. If the owner cannot possibly prepare his half or quarter acre of land properly, then we would earnestly request him to occupy the ground with something else than garden crops, and to take only a single square rod, (if he cannot afford to more,) and give this the most perfect preparation. A square rod of rich, luxuriant vegetables, will be found more valuable than eighty rods or half an acre of scant, dwarfed, and stony growth, which no one will wish to eat; while the extra cost and labor spent on the eighty rods in seeds, digging and hoeing, would have been more than sufficient to prepare the smaller plot in the most complete manner.

Let the determination be made, therefore, at the commencement, to take no more land than can be properly prepared, and in the most thorough manner.

1. *Draining.* A few soils do not require draining, but most will be indispensible. Where the subsoil is gravelly or porous, so that any amount of extra surface water will be immediately discharged below, the operation is not needed; but in all cases where, in digging a hole two feet deep, the water is found to stand in its bottom during the wettest times, we may be sure that draining will be of the greatest importance, in preventing a cold, sour subsoil, and stagnant water beneath its surface. Such a condition of the soil could not fail to prove exceedingly detrimental to good growth, and drains not more than thirty feet apart should be made as the first indispensable requisite. No one who has never given draining a full and fair trial, can appreciate its importance. It often happens that the soil may be worked and planted from two to four weeks earlier in spring—a most important advantage for early vegetables, where a few days of accelerated maturity are so highly valued. Scarcely less, is the benefit during the rest of the season, in preventing a hard and baked soil in times of drought.

2. *Trenching.* A surface soil of a few inches only, will not answer for a good garden. The roots of succulent vegetables must extend into a deeper bed of fertility: and a greater degree of pulverization is required to absorb surplus rains, and to give off the accumulated moisture in dry weather. A shallow soil will become deluged by a single shower, because the hard subsoil will not allow it to pass downward; and again in the heat and drought of midsummer, a thin stratum is made dry and parched in a week, while one of greater depth becomes scarcely affected. We might cite numerous instances, where trenches had remained in the finest state of luxuriance during most severe droughts, when others under ordinary management were nearly burnt up with the heat, growth having quite ceased, and leaves curled and withering for want of moisture.

The mode of trenching must vary with circumstances. In small circumscribed pieces of ground, necessity requires it to be done by hand, according to the well-known process of throwing the earth to one side, from a ditch cut between the trenched and untrenched portions of the ground. It is not unusual to trench three feet deep for trees, but for the kitchen-garden two feet or even twenty inches, will answer an excellent purpose, and prove incomparably better than its entire omission. Disappointment sometimes results from the practice of throwing the poorer subsoil to the top; this should be avoided, or at least but a portion of the lower soil mixed with the upper, and the same time a copious amount of manure mixed through and more abundantly applied near the bottom. Compost or old manure is best; but fresh manure will answer nearly or quite as well, provided it is thoroughly broken up with an iron rake and mixed in, as the work advances.

The cost of trenching by hand may appear great, but when its future results are taken into account, it will be found to be a remarkably paying expenditure, the gain amounting perhaps, to five hundred or a thousand per cent. for subsequent years. It may be greatly cheapened on all grounds where a team can be used, by the subsoil plow, to loosen up to a depth of one and a half to two feet. A double Michigan plow may be afterwards employed with great ease in this loosened bed of soil, to bring any desired portion to the surface, but more especially for working in through all parts a plentiful supply of manure.

The cost of preparing this half an acre of garden ground, will be about as follows: One coat of manure or compost, 20 loads drawn, \$10.00 Two thorough harrowings of this manure, to break and intermix it, 25 " Plowing with a common plow, followed with a subsoil and double team, 3.00 Another coat of manure, 20 loads, 20.00 Two thorough harrowings, 25 " The whole trenched under to a depth of 15 inches, by large Michigan plow and triple team, 5.00 A third coat of manure, 20 loads, 20.00 Two harrowings, 25 " Plowing under with a common plow, about 8 inches, 1.00 Total cost for preparing garden ground, \$57.75

Of this expense, \$50 are paid for fifty loads of manure, (for half an acre or 100 loads per acre) and only \$7.75 for all else, after the manure is applied, the drawing of the manure being reckoned with the cost, \$1 per load. The manure would cost the same if applied in the common way, and would be much less efficient, hence the subsoiling, plowing and harrowing, are operations of great economy, if only the saving in the manure is considered.

The mode and depth of some of the plowings must be made to vary with circumstances. If the subsoil is sterile, the plowing, therefore, we happen to find it just right, we should endeavor to improve it in the best manner. The principal means for making a perfect garden soil, are draining, trenching and manuring.

Miscellaneous.

THE HUSBAND'S SECRET.

One day, a good many years ago, a young woman knocked at the door of a little cottage in the suburbs of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The knock was immediately responded to by the opening of the door from within. An aged woman, neatly dressed, and who had evidently risen from her wheel, was the sole inmate of the little cot.

"Bless your heart, girl," said the dame as she entered with her visitor, and sat down on the wheel again; "there must surely be something particular about you to-day for you did not use the knock."

"I was afraid some one might be with you, mother," said the girl who had taken a seat opposite the spinner.

"And though a neighbor had been here," replied the dame, "this surely wouldn't have frightened you away. But the truth is, you have got something to say to me, Catherine," continued the speaker kindly; "out with it, my dear, and depend upon it the best counsel old Hannah can give."

The young woman blushed and did not speak. "Has William Hutton asked you to become his wife, Catherine?" said the dame, who easily and rightly anticipated the matter that was in the thoughts of her youthful visitor.

"He has, mother," was the reply.

The woman began to birl earnestly at her wheel. "Well, my dear," said she, after a short pause, "is not that what you have long expected—aye, and wished? he has your heart and so I suppose it needs no witch to tell what will be the end on't."

This might all be very true, but there was something upon Catherine's mind which struggled to be out and it came. "Dear Hannah," said she, seating herself close by the dame, and taking hold of her hand, "you have been a kind friend—a parent—to me, since my own poor mother died, and I have no one else to look to for advice but yourself. I have not told you to you; especially as something—as you once said—"

"What did I say Catherine?" interrupted the old woman; "nothing against the young man you love, surely. He is, from all that I have seen and heard, kind-hearted and industrious, and every way well behaved."

"Yes Hannah," replied the woman; "but you once said that I had brought him once or twice to see you, that you did not like those—those sort of low fits that sometimes fall upon him even in your company. I have often noticed them since, Hannah," continued Catherine with a sigh.

"Plague on my thoughtless tongue for saying such things to you my dear child! He was a soldier, you know, a good many years ago—before he was twenty—and fought for his country. He may have seen sights then that made him grave to think upon, without blaming himself. But whatever it may be, I mean not, Catherine, that you should take such a passing word as that, if he has so little care for you, will easily soothe them and make him happy."

As the worthy dame spoke, her visitor's brow gradually cleared, and after some further conversation, Catherine left the cottage, lightened at heart with the thought that her old friend approved of her following the course to which inclination led her.

Catherine Smith was indeed well entitled to pay respect to the counsels of Hannah. The latter had never married, and had spent the greater part of her life in the service of a wealthy family at Morpeth. When she was there, the widowed mother of Catherine had died at Newcastle; and on learning of the circumstance, Hannah, though a friend merely, and no relation, had sent for the orphan girl, then about ten years of age, and had taken care of her till she grew fit to maintain herself by service. On finding herself unable to continue a working life longer, Hannah had retired to Newcastle, her native place, where she lived in humble comfort on the earnings of her long career of servitude. Catherine came back with her to Newcastle, and immediately entered into service there. Hannah and Catherine had been two years in these respective situations, when the dialogue which has been recorded took place.

On the day succeeding the expiration of her term of service, Catherine was married to the young man whose name has been stated as being William Hutton. He was a joiner by trade, and bore as Hannah had said, an excellent character. The first visit paid by the new married pair was to the cottage of the old woman, who gazed on them with a truly maternal pride, thinking she had never seen so handsome a couple. The few years spent by Hutton in the army had given to his naturally good figure an erect manliness, which looked as well in one of his plows, as the light, graceful figure, and fair, ingenuous countenance of Catherine, was calculated to adorn one of woman kind. Some of this kind, at least, was in the traits of Hannah, when Catherine and her husband visited the dame's dwelling.

Many a future visit was paid by the same parties to Hannah, and on each successive occasion the old woman looked narrowly, though as unobtrusively as possible into the state of the wife's feelings with a motherly anxiety to know if she was happy. For, though Hannah, seeing Catherine's affections deeply engaged, had made light of her own early remarks upon the strange and most unpleasant gloom occasionally, if not frequently observable in the look and manner of William Hutton, the old woman was never able to rid her own mind altogether of misgivings upon the subject. For many months after Catherine's marriage, however, Hannah could discover nothing but open, unalloyed happiness in the air and conversation of the youthful wife. But at length Hannah's anxious eye did perceive a change. Catherine seemed sometimes to fall, when visiting the cottage, into fits of abstraction not unlike those which had been observed in her husband. The aged dame felt greatly distressed at the thought of her dear Catherine's being unhappy, but for a long time held her place upon the subject, trusting that the cloud might be a temporary one, and would disappear.

It was not so, unfortunately. Though in their manner to each other when together, nothing but the most cordial affection was observable, Catherine, when she came alone to see Hannah, always seemed a prey to some uneasiness, which all her efforts could not conceal from her old friend. Even when she came for the first time a mother, and with all the beautiful pride of a young mother's love, presented her babe to Hannah, the latter could see signs of a secret grief impeding on Catherine's brow. Hoping by her counsels to bring relief, Hannah at last took an opportunity to tell the young wife what she had observed, and besought her confidence.

At first, Catherine stammered forth a hurried assurance that she was perfectly happy, and in a few seconds, belied her word by bursting into tears, and owning that she was very unhappy. "But I cannot Hannah," she exclaimed, "I cannot tell the cause—not even to you."

"Don't say so, my poor Catherine," replied Hannah; "it is not curiosity that bids me to interfere."

"Oh, no, Hannah!" replied the young wife; "I know you speak from love to me."

"Well, then," continued the dame, "open your heart to me. Age is a good adviser," Catherine was silent. "Is your husband harsh?" asked Hannah.

"No, no," cried the wife; "man could not be kinder to woman than he is to me."

"Perhaps he indulges in drink, in private?"

"Hannah, you mistake altogether," was Catherine's reply; "my husband is as free from all such faults as ever man was."

"My dear child," said the old woman, almost smiling as the idea entered her head "you are not suspicious—not jealous."

"I have never had a moment's cause, Hannah," answered Catherine. "No, my griefs are not of that nature. He is one of the best and dearest of husbands."

Old Hannah was puzzled at these replies, as such as she was distressed by the open sorrow of Catherine's having some cause of sorrow; but seeing that her young friend could not make up her mind to a disclosure at the time, the aged dame gave up her inquiries, and told Catherine to think seriously of the propriety of confiding all to her.

Hannah conceived that on mature consideration, Catherine would come to the resolution of seeking counsel at the cottage—and she was not wrong. In a few days after their late conversation, the young wife came to visit Hannah again, and after a little embarrassed talk, entered on the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both.

"Hannah," said Catherine, "I fear you can serve me nothing—I fear no living being can serve me, O Hannah! good as my husband appears to be—good as he is—there is some dreadful weight pressing upon his mind, which destroys his peace—and mine too. Alas! the gloomy fits which you so well as noticed in him are not, I fear, without cause." Catherine wept in silence for a minute, and then continued: "All that I know of this cause arises from my expressions—while he is sleeping by my side. Hannah! he speaks in broken language of murder—of having committed murder—Hannah! perhaps a woman deceived and was killed by him." As Catherine said this she shuddered, and buried her face in that of the babe which she carried in her arms. Hannah was shocked to hear of this, but her good sense led her at once to suggest, for the comfort of the poor wife, that it was perfectly possible for her husband to consider himself a murderer in his sleep, and speak of it without the slightest reality in the whole affair.

"Ah, Hannah," said Catherine sadly, "these dreadful sayings are not the result of one nightmare slumber. They occur often—too often. Besides, when I first heard him mutter in his sleep these horrible things, I mentioned the matter to him in the morning at our breakfast, and he laughed at it; but he grew much agitated; and telling me to pay no attention to such things, 'as he sometimes talked nonsense, he knew in his sleep,' he rose and went away, leaving his meal undressed, indeed, scarcely touched. I am sure he does not know how often he speaks in his sleep, for I have never mentioned the subject again—though my rest is destroyed by it. And then his fits of sadness at ordinary moments! Hannah! Hannah! there is some mystery—some terrible mystery under it! Yet," continued the young wife, "he is so good—so kind—so dutiful to God and to man! He has too much tenderness and feeling to harm a fly! Hannah, what am I to think or do, for I am wretched at the present."

It was long ere the old dame replied to this question. She mused greatly on what had been told her, and in the end said to Catherine: "My poor child I cannot believe that William is guilty of what those circumstances lay seemingly at his door. But if the worst be true; it is better for you to know it, than to be in this killing suspense forever. Go and gain his confidence, Catherine; tell him all that has come to your ear, and say so by my advice. Hannah continued to use persuasions of the same kind for some time longer, and at length sent Catherine home, firmly resolved to follow the counsel given to her.

On the following day Catherine once more presented herself at the abode of Hannah, and as soon as she had entered, exclaimed: "Dear mother I have told him all! He will be here soon to explain everything to us both."

The old woman did not exactly comprehend this. "Has he not," said she "given an explanation then to you?"

"No, Hannah," said Catherine; "but oh, he is not guilty! When I had spoken to him as you desired me he was silent for a long time, and then took me in his arms, Hannah, and kissed me, saying: 'My darling Catherine, I ought to have confided in you long before. I have been unfortunate, not guilty. Go to kind Hannah's, and I will soon follow you, and set your mind at ease—as far as it can be done. Had I known how much you have been suffering, I would have done this long before.' These were his words, Hannah. Oh, he may be unfortunate, but not guilty!"

Hannah and Catherine said but little to each other, until the husband of the latter came to the cottage. William sat down gravely by the side of his wife, and after kindly inquiring for the old woman, at once commenced to tell his story.

"The reason of the unhappy exclamations in sleep," said he, "which have weighed so much upon my mind dear Catherine, may be very soon told. They arose from a circumstance which has much embittered my own peace, but which, I hope, is to be regarded as a calamity rather than a crime. When I entered the army, which I did at the age of nineteen, the recruiting party to which I attached myself was sent to Scotland, where we remained but for a few months, being ordered again to England in order to be transported to the continent."

One unhappy morning, as we were passing out of a town where we had rested on our march southward, my companions and I chanced to see a girl, apparently about fifteen years of age, washing clothes in a tub. Being the most light-hearted among the light-hearted, I took up a large stone with the intention of splashing the water against the girl. She stooped hastily, and, shaking to tell, when I threw the stone it struck her on the head, and she fell to the ground, with, I fear, her skull fractured. Stupefied at what I had done, I stood gazing on the stream of blood rushing from my poor victim's head, when my companions observing that no one had seen us, for it was then early in the morning—hurried me off. We were not pursued; and we were in a few weeks on the continent; but the image of that bleeding girl followed me everywhere; and since I came home, I have never dared to inquire the result, lest suspicion should be excited, and I should suffer for murder. For, I fear from the dreadful nature of the blow, that the death of that poor creature lies at my door."

While Hutton was relating this story, he had turned his eyes to the window but what was his astonishment, as he was concluding, to hear old Hannah cry aloud: "Thank God!" while his wife broke out into a hysterical passion of tears and smiles and threw herself into his arms.

"My dear husband," cried she, as soon as her voice found utterance, "that town was Morpeth!"

"It was," said he.

"Dear William," the wife then cried, "I am that girl!"

"You Catherine," cried the amazed and enraptured husband, as he pressed her to his breast.

"Yes," said old Hannah, from whose eyes tears of joy were fast dropping; "the girl whom you unfortunately struck was she who is now the wife of your bosom; but your fears had magnified the blow. Catherine was found by myself soon after the accident and though she lost a little blood, and was stunned for a time, she soon got round again. Praise be heaven for bringing about this blessed explanation."

"Amen," cried Catherine and her husband.

Peace and happiness, as much as usually falls to the happiness of mortals, were the lot of Catherine and her husband from this time forward, their great source of iniquity being thus taken away. The wife even loved her husband more, from the discovery that the circumstances which had caused her distress, were but a proof of his extreme tenderness of heart and conscience; and William was attached the more strongly to Catherine, after finding her to be the person whom he had unwittingly injured. A new tie, as it were, had been formed between them. Strange as this history may appear, it is true.

The Game at Cards.

"The darkies are mine," said the gambler, striking his fist upon the table; "show 'em up, and let us see what they look like."

The young planter, who had lost, sent one of the boat servants below for John and Helen. The passengers awaited the appearance of the servant in silence, for a long time; but they came not.

The servant had informed them of the change of owners, and they dreaded to see their new owner. They were attached to the young planter and wife, and did not like to leave them; besides they had children of their own at home; and what was to become of them?

The winner began to wax impatient at the delay, and exclaimed: "Come, Danton; hurry up the niggers. They must move quicker than this, when I send for 'em, or they'll never know what hurt 'em."

The young planter's aristocratic face flushed crimson at this rude and brutal exclamation, but he made no reply. He was about to send another servant for John and Helen, when his purpose was stayed by the appearance of Mrs. Danton.

Her husband had been gaming, and she had been weeping ever since the boat left Cincinnati; and we were now far down the Mississippi. No wonder, then, that she was pale and wan, and that her eyes looked as though they had been nearly wept away; but she was exquisitely lovely, nevertheless.

Although many years have passed since that evening, I can see the sorrow-stricken young wife now, as she glided up to the table and looked her husband in the face. He could not bear up under her gaze. He had lost all their money, and in a fit of desperation had also staked and lost the two slaves. Laying her little hand on his arm, she said:

"Is it true, Charles, that you have lost John and Helen?"

Her husband made no reply; he could not even look up.

The passengers were now fast gathering around, and the scene was growing painful. My father (who had come North to fetch me from school, and was taking the longest possible way home), was holding me by the hand, and I knew by the tightening of his grasp, that he was becoming much excited.

As Danton did not seem inclined to answer his wife's question, the gambler roared: "Yes ma'am, John and Helen are lost; and I want to see 'em quick."

Danton sprang to his feet, and stooping across the table, hissed in the teeth of the gambler:

"Villain! don't you presume to speak to my wife again!"

The look with which this menace was accomplished was perfectly blasting, and made the swarthy and pitted face of the gambler fairly turn white.

How inconsistent is man? That accomplished and high born husband could deliberately jeopardize the property and corrode the happiness of his wife, hour after hour, day after day, and year after year, but he could not bear that the man whom he had chosen for a companion, should even so much as speak to her.

"Yes, Mary; John and Helen are lost," he said at last, as he let the gambler from under his gaze; "they are lost, and it can't be helped now; so don't let us have a scene about it."

"I shall not let them go," said Mary firmly, "and I shall have a scene about it. I did not say a word about the money; but now that you have played them away—Oh, Charles! this," and she leaned her head on her husband's breast.

"Ah! here they come!" said the gambler, as John and Helen approached.

John was a powerful and fine looking mulatto; and his face indicated unusual intelligence and kind heartedness. Helen was much younger than her husband, and remarkably handsome.

The gambler's evil eyes gleamed as he surveyed her, and turning to a savage looking man near him, he said:

"I'll tell John to go in the morning, Hammond, but Helen I shall keep—at least for a few days."

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"I'll tell John to go in the morning, Hammond, but Helen I shall keep—at least for a few days."

"I'm agreeable," said the slave trader, for such he was; "but I'd like the gal as soon as possible."

A look of indignation ran round the group at this brutal colloquy. My father's grasp grew tighter still; and encouraged thereby, I whispered to him to buy John and Helen himself; but he shook his head, and motioned me to keep silent.

"I tell you I shall not let them go," repeated Mrs. Danton, addressing the stranger; "they were brought up in my mother's family; besides they have children at home, from whom it would be cruel to separate them."

The gambler and slave dealer exchanged glances at Mrs. Danton's sentimental remarks.

For not letting the slaves go, and her husband said:

"It can't be helped now, Mary, let us go to our room."

"O, Misses, don't go and lose me wid dat man," shrieked Helen; "I shall die, or jump overboard. O, don't you lose your true Helen, who saved your life when you fell in de bayoo."

"I shall not leave you, Helen. Do not be alarmed. I—"

"Bress de Lord for dat," interrupted Helen; "I know we're safe now; kase you aller does jes' what you say you will."

"I think it's about time this nonsense was stopped," said the gambler, rising from the table—"You acknowledge, Danton, that these negroes are my property; consequently they are mine, and I have a right to do what I please with them; no bill of sale is necessary between two gentlemen. And now, you niggers just come along with me, and don't make a fuss, or I'll have you flogged and put in irons."

The scene now became extremely exciting. John drew Helen to his side, and clenched his teeth and fists, while their young mistress stood close in front, as if with her feeble arm she would protect them from the clutches of the gambler. I was wild with excitement, and begged my father either to buy the slaves or shoot the gambler—I did not care which.

A New Englander, who had been very quiet during the whole trip, allowed his way to the table, and asked the gambler at what sum he valued his slaves.

"Two thousand dollars," said he "do you want to buy?"

"I have only a thousand dollars," the young man answered; "I will give you that for them."

"No, sir, but I'll stake 'em against a thousand dollars, and play you a game of poker for the pile."

"I don't understand the game," said the New Englander.

"What game do you play?"

"I have played a few games at all-ours, but I never gambled for a cent in my life."

"Well, I'll play you a game at all-ours then if you like, and stake the niggers against your thousand dollars."

To the surprise of every one present, the young man accepted the challenge, called for a new pack of cards, staked his thousand dollars, and the game commenced—the gambler having the first deal.

As the company drew more closely round the table, it seemed as though a watchmaker's shop were in our midst, so distinctly we heard the tick of the watches.

The first hand the New Englander made three to the gambler's one, at which a buzz of pleasure ran round the group. The second hand the gambler three to his opponent's nothing; the third hand they each made two, which left the New Englander two to go, while the gambler had but one to make, and it was his turn to beg. This was a great advantage, and everybody seemed to give up the thousand dollars as lost.

The New Englander dealt the cards with a steady hand, however, and turned up the jack of hearts, which placed him even with his antagonist, but when he raised his cards I saw that he had not a single trump in his hand, and his adversary was hesitating whether to stand or beg; if the former, the game was his to a certainty; if the latter, there would be another chance for the slaves.

After drumming on the back of his cards for a short time, he looked at the New Englander to see if he could determine by his manner what it was best to do, but the Young Bunker Hill met his gaze without flinching, and there they sat for a long time gazing into each other's eyes.

"Run the cards," said the gambler, at last. I could have hugged him for his mistake.

Bunker Hill again dealt, and the queen of spades was turned. Every heart stood still as the cards were for the last time lifted.

"They are mine!" shouted the New Englander; "or, rather, they are yours, madam," said he, in a milder tone, to Mrs. Danton, as she threw down the ace of spades.

The beautiful and impetuous Southern threw her arms around the winner's neck, and three deafening cheers (in which even the slaveholder joined) told the satisfaction of the audience.

Many years after, I met the New Englander in Mississippi, and claimed his acquaintance, on the score of having been one of the most enthusiastic partisans on the night of his well remembered triumph.

He had prospered in business and become rich. He was making his annual pilgrimage to the family hearthstone—a stone which has most potent charms for good, than that at which kneel Mohammedan devotees in the city of their prophet. He said he had never touched a card since that memorable game; that the thousand dollars he then risked was the sum total of his savings for many toil-some years; but that he staked it, and played the game with a perfect conviction of success.

Danton had sought him out and kept up the acquaintance ever since; and Mrs. Danton could now travel the world over with her husband without fear, for he had sworn gambling from that never to be forgotten night.

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"What game do you play?"

"I have played a few games at all-ours, but I never gambled for a cent in my life."

"Well, I'll play you a game at all-ours then if you like, and stake the niggers against your thousand dollars."

To the surprise of every one present, the young man accepted the challenge, called for a new pack of cards, staked his thousand dollars, and the game commenced—the gambler having the first deal.

As the company drew more closely round the table, it seemed as though a watchmaker's shop were in our midst, so distinctly we heard the tick of the watches.

The first hand the New Englander made three to the gambler's one, at which a buzz of pleasure ran round the group. The second hand the gambler three to his opponent's nothing; the third hand they each made two, which left the New Englander two to go, while the gambler had but one to make, and it was his turn to beg. This was a great advantage, and everybody seemed to give up the thousand

New Spring Goods!

CLEAVES & KIMBALL'S
No. 4, WIDFORD HOUSE BLOCK



We are now prepared to offer our customers full ac-

Gold and Silver Watchee is Common and Hunting cones, Gothic, Square, Gallery, Marine & Ornamental Cloths from 18 to 60 inches wide and without alarm. Gold and Silver best Fox Long and Neck Chains. Lady's & Gent's Pins of all the latest styles. Gold Rings—Plain, Chained, Scale and Stone, Gold and Silver Spooncases, Thumbless Fox Vases, Seal Boxes.

Cross Pins, sleeve Buttons, Studs,
Slides, Pins, Penalls, Lockets,
Bracelets, Belt Pins and Buckles,
CUFF-PINS, BEADS, &c., &c.
The largest Stock of
Sterling Silver and
SILVER PLATED GOODS.

After dinner in this vicinity, consisting of
 Tea, Coffee, Fruit,
 Cake and Cold Baskets.
 Cakes, Fruit Pie, Fruit,
 Table & Butter Knife, Spoons
 of every variety and price. Tea Table,
 Dessert and Pickle Forks, Cream
 sugar and soup
 Ladies, Napkin Rings,
 Mustard and Salt Dishes,
 Nipper Flasks, and vases,
 Silver Pitchers, Combs, Card &
 Match Cases, Pitchers, Mugs,
 Goblets, &c., &c.
ALSO,

**FISHING : ACKLE,
CARPENTERS' TOOLS &.**

A valuable stock of
Pocket and Table Cutlery, and
FANCY
GOODS,

OF EVERY VARIETY.

We invite the special attention of **Farmers** to our assortment of

FARMING TOOLS,



We have on hand
FRY & HUSSEY'S CELEBRATED
PREMIUM PLOWS & CULTIVATORS,
Every one of which we warrant sound and sat-
isfactory to the purchaser.

Kimball's patent, Ames', and other Cast Steel Shoulder and Spades, long and short handled Manure and Hay Forks, Fry's fine Cast Steel Hoes, with steel picks and teeth, without wedging, and other kinds, all warranted; Garden Hoes and Rakes, &c., &c.

We also have constantly on hand, all kinds of German

Indoos Pipes, Weymouth Nails, Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Glass, Copper, Iron, Chain and Force Maces, Grind-stones and Fixtures, Oven Moulds, Camlrods, Cast-iron and Soft Cast, Alabaster, Iron wheel Hubs, Platform and other SCALERS from 5 to 1500 lbs.

SHELF HARDWARES,

embracing many new styles of House Trimmings, at Reduced Prices.

We have enumerated some of the leading articles of our stock for the purpose of calling the attention of our customers to the fact that they can secure the best bargains in the market, on the kind of goods we keep, by calling at our Hardware and Jewelry store, under the Middleford Bank.

 All kinds of Watch and Clock work
and Engraving executed on short
notice. Also,
Jewelry,
Fan and Parasol repairing
done in the best manner.
Bridford, April 11, 1846.
CLEAVES & KIMBALL.

**DR. BAILEY'S
ALTERATIVE SYRUP.**

It was first prepared with reference to one bad case of Scrophula; and **EFFECTED THE CURE.** It was afterwards, for several years, used in numerous cases with similar success.

It has now become an effectual remedy in this disease. It has been used successfully by scores of persons who were afflicted with the following manifestations of Scrophula:

**Ulcerating Tumors, Scald Head,
Diseased Eyes**

DISEASED SKIN, hot, dry, rough and eruptive, or cold, pale, pasty, or clammy and Swelling.

DROPPICAL EFFUSIONS, occasioning difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, extreme languor, and frequent fatigue.

RICKETS, or a softened and distorted condition of the Bones, Spinal Stiffness & White Swellings.

Damaged condition of the Digestive Organ, sometimes a *fever*, or a *ravenous* and *irregular appetite* and protracted *Costiveness* or *Chronic Diarrhea*.

Diseased Lungs, which had involved the cutters in *Asthma*, or *hard Coughs* & *Hæmorrhages* & *Emutation* and other symptoms of

FATAL CONSUMPTION.
Tuberculosis, Chronic Rheumatism, and
Neuritis, Piles, Cancer Tumors,
and many other diseases and Humors when connected
with a feeble condition of the blood.
The Doctor will visit and prescribe for all persons wish-
ing to test his medicine, who request it, and who are
willing to remunerate him for the service he has rendered
by a visit at the same distance to his Regular
Office Cash on Delivery. No Agents wished,
at well qualified Physicians, and no deposits will here-
after be made.
Made and Sold by

Ambrotype Rooms.
No. 6 Central Block, Bideford.

THE Subscriber having purchased the right for Cutting's patent Ambrotypes in Bideford, has fitted up his Rooms in such a manner that he is fully prepared to take these beautiful and enduring pictures on GLASS, in the most perfect manner. Daguerotypes are executed in the most perfect manner and sold very cheaply. The public are invited to call and examine specimens at the Bideford Ambrotype Gallery.

R. U. M'KENNEY.

Biddeford, March, 1850. 1714
FOR SALE.
 A NEW Two Story building situated on High Street,
 Baco, next to Mr. Joseph Stephens'. Said house
 was built by Mr. Joshua Chisholm of the very best
 materials, has a good cellar, Cistern, Wood House, and
 four rooms on each floor. The owner, (Capt. T. R.
 Drinkwater,) wishing to leave town will sell on reasona-
 ble terms. For particulars, enquire of
 SAMUEL WHITE, Biddeford.
 Baco, April 28, 1850. 4715
Corn.

YELLOW CORN of Superior quality is now selling by the subscriber, at seventy cts. per bushel.

JOHN GILPATRICK.
17

Race, April 21st, 1884.

NOTICE.

THIS is to certify that I, this day relinquish to T. Charles F. Grant, the remainder of his minority, that I shall not claim any of his earnings or property, any debts of his contracting; that he is free to trade and act for himself.

SAMUEL GRANT.
3w18th

Alfred, May 1, 1885.

