Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

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The partnership of E. P. Walton & Son is this day dissolved by mutual consent, E. P. WALTON, JR. having become proprietor of the printing department, and SAMUEL M. WALTON of the Bookstore and Bindery.

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Will be published as usual during the session of the Legislature. The session promises to be unusually long and unusually exciting. Subscribers are requested to order early.

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☞Editors copying the above two weeks will be furnished with the Daily.

Poetry.

The following was written by a father after the death of his "little boy"—Dr. Chalmers, we believe. In those who have a "little boy" it will excite wakeful thoughts—in those who had a "little boy" feelings another kind.

The Little Boy that Died.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear,
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of endearment glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fire side,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall miss his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties,
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

HARVEST HOME.

Hark from the woodlands the echoes stream,
Rousing the merry roundelay;
Now across the russet plain,
Slowly moves the loaded wain,
Great the respers as they come—
Happy, happy harvest home!

Never fear the wintry blast,
Summer suns will shine at last;
See the golden grain appear,
See the produce of the year,
Greet the respers as they come—
Happy, happy harvest home!

Children, join the jocund ring,
Young and old, come forth and sing;
Stripling blushes, and maiden gay,
Hail the rural holiday,
Great the respers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home!

Miscellaneous.

FISHER'S GHOST.

A SINGULAR STORY.

In the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penrith, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had become free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character, had acquired for him a considerable property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stocks were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about forty-five years of age.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbors—a man named Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years. Smith produced a document purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this document, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during his absence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits, and eccentric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of creating any surprise, was declared to be 'exactly like him.'

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Ben Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney, one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which bounded the road, Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence from the middle of the road was at least twelve yards. Weir, nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He pulled his old mare up, and called out,

'Fisher, is that you?'

No answer was returned, but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Weir—who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses on the road—jumped off his cart and approached the rail. To his surprise the form vanished.

'Well,' exclaimed old Weir, 'that is very curious, anyhow,' and, breaking several branches of a sapling, so as to mark the exact spot, he re-mounted his cart, put his old mare into a jog-trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep his vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

'Hold your nonsense, Ben!' was old Betty's reply. 'You know you have been drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher a gone to England? And if he had a come back, do you think we shouldn't a heard on it?'

'Ay, Betty!' said old Ben, 'but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh-like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost!'

'How can you talk so foolish, Ben!' said the old woman. 'You must be drunk, surely, to get on about ghosteses.'

'I tell thee I am not drunk,' repined old Ben, angrily. 'There's been foul play, Betty, I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail, not more than a matter of two rodes from this. Egad, it were on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt sleeves, with his arms a folded; just as he used to sit when he was a waiting for anybody coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close to him as I am to thee, when, all on a sudden, he vanished like smoke.'

'Noonsense, Ben, don't talk of it,' said old Betty, 'or the neighbors will only laugh at you. Come to bed, and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning.'

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night; on the contrary he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest and oft repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear that it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated upon the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drink that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged his old mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sydney in return. After this he said to her—

'Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, anyhow, am I?'

'No,' said Betty. 'You are quite sober, sensible-like to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghosts! Don't believe there is such things.'

'Well, you're satisfied I am not drunk, but perfectly sober,' said the old man.

'Yes, Ben,' said Betty.

'Well, then,' said Ben, 'I tell thee what, Betty, I saw Fisher to-night, again!'

'Stuff!' cried old Betty.

'You may *stuff*,' said the old farmer! 'but I'll tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night. Smith is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left this country without coming to bid me and you good bye?'

'It's all fancy,' said old Betty. 'Now drink your grog, and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost. I won't hear on't.'

'I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe, as most men,' said old Ben, 'but I'm not going to drink anything to-night. It may be all fancy as you call it, but I'm now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think;' and with these words he got up and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had formerly been a Lieutenant in the Navy, but was now on half-pay, and was a settler in the new colony; he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news at Sydney.

'The news in Sydney, sir, is very small,' said old Ben, 'wheat is falling, but maize still keeps its price—seven and six-pence a bushel. But I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you.'

'What is it, Ben?' inquired Mr. Grafton.

'Why, sir,' resumed old Ben, 'you know I am not a weak minded man, nor a fool, exactly; for I was born and bred in Yorkshire.'

'No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool; but what can you have to say, that you require such a preface?'

'That I have seen the ghost of Fisher,' said the old man; and he then detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that on the second night, when perfectly sober, he had been unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But, after a little consideration, the words, 'How very singular!' involuntarily escaped from him.

'Go home, Ben,' said Mr. Grafton, 'and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the spot where you saw the ghost.'

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, (that race which has been aptly described, 'the last link in the human chain,') to remain about the premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Johnny Crook. The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales of tracking the human foot, not only over grass, but over the hardest rock, and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways, by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Johnny Crook, was famous in his skill for this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bushrangers he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and field which they had crossed barefooted, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with his horse police.

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning, at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief, Johnny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came, and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Johnny Crook, who had then no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be 'white man's blood;' and after searching about for sometime, he pointed to a spot whereon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales, long droughts are not very uncommon, and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously—not sufficient, even, to lay the dust upon the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulties to contend with; but in two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither.—The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders, and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No clue had been washed ashore to show that anything unusual had been sunk in the pond; but having finished his examination he laid himself down on his face, and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long-sought object, clapped his hands, and pointing to the middle of the pond, where decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colors, he exclaimed 'White man's fat!'

The pond was immediately searched, and below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotted silk handkerchief were found near the body; these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no doubt. It might have been identified by the teeth; but on the waistcoat there was some large brass buttons, which were immediately recognized both by Mr. Grafton and Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn these buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, with old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. He inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr. Grafton to alight, which he did; and after a few desultory observations, said:

'Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it; have you the power to sell it?'

'Oh yes sir,' replied Smith. 'The power which I hold from Fisher is a general power,' and he forthwith produced a document purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

'If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to,' said Mr. Grafton.

'Oh, certainly, sir, I am quite at your service,' said Smith: and then he ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were exposed. When they came near the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said,

'Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something—look here.'

He then pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, he added—

'These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?'

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left home for Sydney; had murdered him for his gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and had thrown him into the pond.

'My hands, thank heaven,' he concluded, 'are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell you that I had no hand in this horrible murder.'

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed the crime, and, finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing he might be detected, had trumped up the story about the ghost—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus, by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind dispostion, and good nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir; but he still was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much appearances were against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came and said he had gone at last, they did not think it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder was rendered against Thomas Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came, and the court was crowded to suffocation. The attorney general very truthfully remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton.—Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at a considerable length and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the jury, (which consisted of military officers,) in his defence. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him, but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He further produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury, whether the ghost story was entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror-stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he has been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Francis Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition; and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favor of an acquittal. The jury retired; but after deliberating for several hours they returned to the court with a verdict of 'Guilty.'

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was Thursday night that he was convicted. On Sunday he expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was instantly attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and that it was upon the very rail where Weir swore that he had seen Fisher's ghost sitting, that he knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney, he likewise confessed, was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine. This is very extraordinary, but is nevertheless true in substance, if not in every particular.—Most persons who have visited Sydney for any time, have no doubt had it narrated to them.

British Periodical Literature.

Republication of the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the North British, and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. LEONARD SCOTT & Co., Publishers, 79 Fulton and 54 Gold streets, New York.

These periodicals are the critical censors of the British scholastic and literary world. By their criticisms, they and readers in the selection of standard valuable books; and by the epitomes which they present, often obviate the necessity of consulting works too voluminous for general examination. They fill a place which American Magazines cannot supply; for they discuss topics relating more strictly to the affairs, political, religious, scientific, and literary, of the continent of Europe. They are conducted by the best talent of Great Britain; and are engaged with the most important questions which interest or agitate the civilized world. Whoever subscribes for them all, may read the ablest representatives of the principal parties into which the people of Great Britain are divided.

THE EDINGBURGH REVIEW

is the exponent of the Whig party in Great Britain, having from its commencement advocated Freedom and the side of the people. When the war, apparently of extermination, was waged against France by British Tory rulers, and during which occurred the second great struggle of England with our own country, this Review first unfurled the flag of resistance, and made, by its unanswerable and eloquent appeals in behalf of inalienable rights, the halls of British legislation and even the throne itself to tremble. The graphic and stirring delineations of those events, presented in the pages of that distinguished Journal, exhibit the truest portraiture of those perilous days to be found, perhaps, in the language. Its influence was becoming so apparent, that at length the leaders of the Tory party, at whom the thunders of its eloquence were especially directed, found it too powerful an instrument to be resisted by ordinary means, and hence they established the "Quarterly," or as it is distinguished among the American Reprints,

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,

whereby to counteract that influence which its powerful rival exerted against their measures. The two great political parties thus made strenuous efforts through their respective organs, for the promulgation of their antagonistic principles; and during a long series of years, these two leading Periodicals have concentrated the labors, the talent, and the influence of the adherents of the Whig and Tory parties of Great Britain.

Men of the highest literary rank, as well as dignitaries civil and ecclesiastic, have contributed to the pages of these works; among them might be mentioned some of the most resplendent names on the scroll of fame. Among the regular contributors to the London Quarterly Review were *Southey, Scott, Lockhart,* (its present editor,) *Apperley, Ferguson, Wordsworth, Lord Mahon, Dr. Milman* (whose articles on Oriental literature have been so highly esteemed), and that wonderful woman of science, *Mrs. Somerville*, with many others scarcely less celebrated. Then again in the *Edinburgh Review*, it is enough to mention the following names, any one of which would of itself insure a high degree of renown to any work with which it might be associated:—we refer to *Jeffrey, Napier, Brougham, Mackintosh*, and *Macaulay*; the first of whom during his long connexion with the Review actually wrote, on the average, *one-third* of the articles that graced its brilliant pages; while the universally admired essays of the last, republished so extensively in our own and the parent country, leave us in no manner of doubt as to their great intrinsic merit.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

This able Journal was established under the patronage and support of the ultra-liberals, so styled, of the British House of Commons; among whom *Roebuck, Mill, Bowring, Professor Long* of the London University, *Miss Martineau*, and others whose names need not be quoted, conspicuously figured. It was for some years under the editorial supervision of Jeremy Bentham, from which fact it obtained the *soubriquet* of the mouth-piece of Benthamism. This work has ever been especially devoted to the great topics which interest the mass of the people; its pages have been rife, it will be remembered, with a series of powerful articles, tending to the reduction of Tory and exclusive privileges, hereditary rights, kingly prerogatives, &c. The astounding developements made a few years since, respecting the wretched and, till then, unheard of horrors of some branches of the mining population of England, first appeared in its pages. Not only have its articles ever been directed against the afore-mentioned abuses; the work has also maintained an unrelenting crusade against the alliance of Church and State, thus virtually seeking to abolish the "Parliamentary Religion" of England, and eventually to remove the still existing remnants of feudalism, which continue to afflict the British nation. It has recently become the medium through which Cobden promulgates his Free-trade doctrines, which will give it increased interest to the numerous admirers, here and elsewhere, of that great Reformer. In many particulars, the Westminster Review espouses a political faith closely allied to that of our own country; and therefore we may, without any extraordinary effort of charity, be induced to cherish it as an exotic worthy of being engrafted into our more genial soil. It has recently been united with the Foreign Quarterly Review, the more attractive features of the two Reviews being now combined in the Westminster, and thus adding greatly to its value as a literary periodical.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW

is a work of more recent origin than those already described—but is, nevertheless, destined to occupy as prominent a place in the Republic of Letters.

The great ecclesiastical movement in Scotland led to its establishment. There was no JOURNAL in the UNITED KINGDOM, which appeared to meet the necessities of this Anti-National-Church agitation. Indeed, the revolution caused by the disruption induced a new state of things, placing the actors in new positions of observation; nor could they give utterance to their new perceptions of State and Church Polity—their new sympathies—their new emotions, without some other organ of thought than any then extant. Hence the spontaneous agreement of the great master minds among them, in the necessity of a new outlet of opinion, and the immediate creation of the NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. The basis of this Journal is the Evangelism of the Nineteenth Century; nor is it to be overlooked as one of the striking characteristics of the times, that the grand principle which Robertson, Smith, and many of the eminent men of Scotland took the field a century ago to *write down*, is now *advocated* and *vindicated* in this able work, and in the same literary metropolis.

This Periodical is not ultra in its views on any one of the grand departments of human knowledge: at the same time it never drifts from its moorings on the shores of the pure Evangelical religion of the Bible. Nor will it fail to compare most favorably with every other contemporary in the amount of talent, energy, and spirit, enlisted on its side. The names of Sir David Brewster, Drs. Hanna, Cunningham, Lorrimer, Candlish, Gordon, Buchanan, Smith, &c., are a host in themselves. Much foreign talent is also pledged to adorn and enrich its pages.

It is not to be considered strictly a Theological Review, for topics of every kind calculated to occupy and interest the well cultivated mind are introduced. Political questions, not so much in their party aspects as in their general character, are considered. Literature and the literary merits of works are discussed, and discoveries in mental and physical science unfolded; the discussion of religious subjects, however, in a dispassionate and Christian spirit, forms a distinct feature of the work, and will continue to occupy a prominent place in its pages.

The lamented Dr. CHALMERS was the founder and principal Editor of this Review, and since his death it has been ably conducted by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

is less exclusive in its character, under the general heads of classical literature, biography, narratives historical and fictitious, poetry, critical analyses of new works, &c., &c. The high order of its disquisitions has long rendered it proudly distinguished in the department of Greek and Roman archæology; while its range of elegant fiction may be said to discover a masterly power and skill, unsurpassed by any of its numerous contemporaries. Again, in its biographical department, and narratives of voyages and travels, no less than in its papers on subjects purely scientific, this admirable Periodical has ever displayed resources unquestionably superior to any similar work in the world. As to its political opinions, although deeply infused with Toryism, to an extent the most zealous partisan could desire; yet, so witching is its rhetoric, and so consistently uniform is it in its anti-republican obliquity, that, however obnoxious its tenets, it is impossible for the reader to foil of being charmed by the perusal of its brilliant pages. The fact of this distinguished Magazine having, for a series of years, maintained a circulation in Great Britain of about 40,000 copies—a prodigious and unequalled circulation for that country, where the price is $7.50 a year, will alone settle the question of its preeminent merits. The same remark is equally applicable to this country: it is well known that its circulation, even in the United States, is already far above that of any other work of its class, notwithstanding the unpalatable character of its politics, a fact which can only be accounted for by the transcendent ability which characterizes its pages.

When we call to mind the names of the contributors to this sterling work, it is not surprising that such high meed of praise should be awarded it in the republic of letters. Of the eminent writers who have graced its pages, may be mentioned the following:—*Professor Wilson*, better known as Christopher North, its renowned editor; *Dr. Warren*, the graphic and brilliant author of the "Diary of a late Physician," and of "Ten Thousand a-year," works which have been so extensively popular in a re-published form; *R. P. Gilly, Auster, Jeffrey, Lockhart, James, Lytton Bulwer, Dr. Maginn, Sydney Smith*, and the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," "Cruise of the Midge," etc., works which have been the delight of thousands of readers.

It is at this time unusually attractive from the serial works of Bulwer and of other distinguished writers, which grace its pages as original contributions, appearing first in this Magazine, both in the British and American Editions. By an arrangement with the British Publishers early sheets of the Magazine are regularly forwarded to this country so as to enable the American Publishers to issue their reprint before the original edition arrives. Notwithstanding they are thus sure to be in the market before any of its contents can be published in other forms, still the popularity of these serial works is so great that several of the leading publishers in this country are content to issue other reprints of them copied from the reprint of Blackwood after it has already been placed in the hands of its numerous subscribers. "The Caxtons," and "My Novel," by Bulwer; "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials of a similar stamp are among the works alluded to. Their great popularity in this country will show, in this feature alone, the attractions of Blackwood's Magazine, and it is well to remember, in this connection, that TWENTY-FIVE CENTS *will purchase a monthly number.*

Sustained, then, as these distinguished works are and ever have been, by the highest order of scholastic ability and political sagacity, we need not be surprised to find them occupying such a proud pre-eminence among the literary productions of the world: and the neglect their high claims upon the consideration of all classes of the intelligent community, would necessarily argue a corresponding indifference to the great interests of the common weal. But a spirit of philosophical inquiry is abroad among the people; and to the honor of the age may it be stated, that ignorance is no longer deemed a misfortune, but a fault: and assuredly the fault is not lessened when we find such rare advantages thus placed within our grasp; and however trite, also, may be the remark, it is not the less true, that if the cultivation of literature brings its own reward, the neglect of it brings its punishment. With these views, therefore, the American publishers respectfully beg to invite the especial attention of their fellow-citizens to the Reprints of the several Periodicals here referred to, feeling confident that in doing so they will not only subserve the best interests of popular intelligence, but will, at the same time, add to the general happiness of the nation, by imparting to the public mind a healthful stimulus for a high order of intellectual pleasure.

TERMS.—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

For any one of the four Reviews,	$3 00	pr yr
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LEONARD SCOTT & Co., Pub.,
79 Fulton st., entrance 54 Gold st,
New York.

THE STATE OF THINGS IN MAINE.—A Portland paper, which speaks in a candid tone, and we presume truly, says:—

That liquor is furnished in some hotels is undoubtedly true. But great caution is practiced as to how and to whom it is furnished. There are no "open and undisguised" bars. According to our best information, some of the hotels furnish liquor to "travelers" in their rooms, and have a private and retired room where some are permitted to drink. But we find no such thing as an "open and undisguised" bar, where young men can meet to talk, smoke, chew, spit, drink and "treat," as was fashionable, to the ruin of thousands, twenty years ago. Nay, more,—if any of the hotels where liquors are now kept in a private and what is termed a "judicious" manner, for the "accommodation of travelers," should become places of resort for our young men, as were the bar-rooms of twenty years ago, the law would be "down upon them" in a manner which would stop it at once. This the keepers of these hotels know very well. They know that they are now put upon their good behavior—that what they do in the liquor line is by sufferance—and hence, they are under a restraint which the bar-keeper of twenty years ago never felt. In these remarks, it has been our object, not so much to discuss the law, or to point out the state of things which should exist, as to state the facts as they are. Open groggshops have been suppressed. The sale of liquors at the hotels is neither "open and undisguised," nor general and indiscriminate—but as it is, and as we have stated.

It is sometimes gratifying to know what the world says of us outside. As 'there is no prophet in his own country,' we are willing to let the Keystone State speak:

A MODEL STATE.—Vermont is in the enjoyment of about as many blessings as any of her sisters of this great Confederacy. First she has her Prohibitory Liquor Law, which, among other things, has emptied three of her county prisons. She has no public debt. Her system of Education flourishes with 2,594 school districts, and nearly 100,000 scholars. She has also three collegiate institutions, and a large number of academies and private schools. She has 23 libraries containing 35,000 volumes. The whole number of newspapers and periodicals published in Vermont in 1850 was 36. There are 564 churches in the State, which accommodate 226,166 persons, and are valued at $1,213,120. On the first of January last she had 427 miles of railway in operation, and 40 miles in construction. 'The Maine Law and no public debt'—when shall we say that of our noble old Keystone?—*Lancaster (Pa.) Express.*

REPORT OF THE PREMIUMS
AWARDED AT THE EIGHTH
ANNUAL SHOW AND FAIR
OF THE
Washington County AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

HORSES.

Best Stallion, 4 yrs old & over,		L. Hammett	$10,00
2d	do do	John Doty	7,00
3d	do do	James Caldwell	4,00
Best 3 years old Stallion,		J. W. E. Bliss	3,00
2d	do do	William Farwell	2,00
Best pr Matched Geldings		Lewis Gale	8,00
2d	do do	O. C. House,	6,00
3d	do do	E. N. Spalding	4,00
Best Gelding,		Charles Bennet	7,00
2d	do	Geo. W. Collamer	5,00
3d	do	Wm. C. Lewis	3,00
Best 2 year old Colt,		J. M. Richardson	2,00
2d	do do	B. Short	1,00
Best blood Mare & Colt		A. K. Warren	7,00
2d	do do	Stephen F. Stevens	5,00
3d	do do	B. Short	3,00

REMARK.—This Report was made out by the Committee in an intelligent manner—plain writing, and just as it should be.

MECHANIC ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

Best Overshoes, Goodwin & Moulton		75
Best thick Boots, Jonas Abbott		75
2d	do do	50
Best blacksmith work, J. E. Bosworth & Son		1,00
2d	do do	50
Best Hoes	do	50
Best Ox Cart, Jasper Clough		2,00
Best Bee-hive, S. F. Stevens		1,00
Best Ox-yoke, H. P. Wilson		50
Best Churn, William Bancroft		50
Best model for dairy room, do		50
Best single Sleigh, S. L. & B. Town		1,00
Best covered Carriage, Gilman & Camp		2,00
Best Harrow, O. Cummins		1,00
A superior specimen of Flour, manufactured at the Montpelier Mills, by Bancroft, Hyde & Co.		1,00
Best Flour Barrels,	do	50
Best single Harness, A. McGaffey		1,00

A superior specimen of Carriage Trimming was presented by Mr. McGaffey.

REMARK.—This Report was very imperfect, so much so that it was nearly impossible to decipher it, and embraces a part of the report which should have been made by the Committee on Manufactures and Farming Implements.

CATTLE AND FAT CATTLE.

Best pair fat Oxen,	David Wing	4,00
2d do	Cooledge Taylor	3,00
3d do	Henry Nott	2,00
Best 2 y'r old do	Orin Cummins	2,00
2d do do	do	1,00
Best 2 year old Heifer,	J. W. E. Bliss	2,00
2d do	do	1,00
Best 1 year old Heifer,	O. Wood	2,00
2d do	J. Gregory	1,00
Best 3 Calves,	A. C. Tenney	3,00
2d do	O. Wood	2,00

This Report was a good one, made out with *ink*, and plainly written. The only fault was in not naming the amount of awards.

PLOWING.

Best Plowing with Oxen,	A. H. Nye	4,00
2d do do	O. F. Lewis	3,00
3d do do	N. C. Tabor	2,00
Best do with Horses,	A. Redway,	4,00
Best do with sod and subsoil double plow, No. 33,	A. Bradford	4,00

There was no farther competition that came within the rules.

The above is another model Report, with the same exceptions as the one preceding it.

SHEEP.

Best Buck,	D. Hollister	5,00
2d do	John Gregory	3,00
3d do	Ambrose Bradford	2,00
Best 5 ewes,	John Gregory	5,00
2d do	A. Bradford	3,00
3d do	J. Gregory	2,00
Best 5 lambs,	D. Hollister	3,00
2d do	A. Bradford	2,00
3d do	J. Gregory	1,00
Best long wool sheep,	W. Warren	2,00

This Report lacked *ink* and amount of awards—otherwise good.

DISCRETIONARY.

Leather Picture Frame, Mrs. G. W. Scott	1,00
Studs & Rows Picture, Hannah H. Gould	25
Linen Thread, Sarah Nye	25
Woolen Flannel, James Gould	1,00
Fringed Table Cover, Mrs. Ira Smith	50
Pears grafted in Mountain Ash, 2 years after grafting, J. S. Dwinnell	25
Merino Buck, without fleece, H. Hollister	2,00
Flour Barrel, Joel Linch	50

This Report was well made, but originally embraced awards on some manufactured goods which were examined by another committee. The Secretary would here remark that the examination was made on the first day. On the second, there were other articles presented, but not examined, or if so, not reported. Among them was a most beautiful painting of the Falls of Niagara, by Miss Alma Thompson, daughter of D. P. Thompson, which must have received a generous award if the committee could have seen it. Also a specimen of millinery and needle work presented by Miss Gurnsey, of Montpelier, which was very *neat* in its arrangement, and beautiful in appearance, and would compare favorably with the specimen windows of the most fashionable city shops.

DAIRY, SUGAR AND HONEY.

Best 100 lbs. Maple Sugar,	E. Wheaton	4,00
2d do	C. W. H. Dwinnell & I. Smith	3,00
Best 100 lbs. Cheese,	S. Short, Phillips & Hill, Wm. Templeton & Jesse Scott, each	4,00
2d do	R. C. Gale	3,00
Best 25 lbs. Sugar,	C. W. H. Dwinnell, E. Pitkin, A. H. Davis & P. Bushall, each	3,00
Best 100 lbs Honey,	Jonas Abbott	3,00

This Report was very imperfectly made with a pencil, and what is still worse not a pound of Butter was exhibited.