EASTON GAZETTE.

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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MYSTERY.

The remarkable history we are about to relate occurred within our recollection, and near a certain locality in New Hampshire. The exciting event will be recognized and remembered. About two miles from a small town in the state we have mentioned, the road crosses a hill of considerable eminence, behind which a valley of a mile broad, called by the people an 'interval,' lay extended. This piece of land from over-tillage was worn out, and belonged to a man who kept a tavern on the road side. Near the top of the hill, on the side nearest the valley, was a deep pond—a strange place, it is true, for such a thing to exist, but the nature of the ground made a permanent lodgment of water in the hollow of the hill perfectly natural. Near this pond stood a little rude tenement, in which lived a woman in the neighborhood, and looked upon with great distrust and suspicion. She had a little girl with her a child of five years old, whom she called her daughter, and who was her only companion in the hut in which she lived.

A farmer who resided upon the outskirts of the town, upon opening his door one morning, discovered the poor little girl, bare footed and ragged, crouched beneath the eave of the house, and seemingly very much terrified. When he questioned her, she said she had come to tell him something dreadful, but she feared her mother would kill her for doing so.

'O, good sir,' she said, 'I think it is right that I should tell you, for it is something very bad; but my mother will kill me if you tell her.'

The farmer quieted the child's fears, and then learned from her the horrid relation that her mother had last night murdered and robbed a traveller who had stopped at her house. It had stormed desperately during the night, and a strange man, she said, had come to the little lonely hut, looking for shelter. He had gone to sleep, stretched upon the floor before the fire, and hearing a groan in the night she woke up and saw her mother killing the stranger with a knife. She lay still, in great terror and saw her wretched mother take money from the man's pockets and hide it, then drag the body into a narrow space behind the chimney and cover it with the brush wood used for fuel, after which the miserable murderess crept into bed by the child's side. The poor girl could not sleep, and at the first peep of morning she saw her mother rise again, drag the body from behind the chimney to the pond at the back of the house, tie stones to it, and with a long pole force it down into the thick mud at the bottom. Terrified, pale, and almost speechless with fear, the little girl fled from her miserable mother's habitation, and ran a mile and a half to the farmer's house to relate these horrid details.

Of course the alarm was instantly given, and a terrific excitement flew through the town and among the neighbors for miles around. An early hour in the morning found constables and a large crowd of persons assembled at the woman's dwelling. The unhappy wretch instantly turned pale and exhibited every sign of guilt; first refusing the officers admission, then forcing herself between them and the space behind the chimney, as if eager to retard investigation, but still vociferously asserting her innocence.—An officer got behind the chimney and picked up a large knife, which, together with the floor around was newly clotted with blood: but the woman continued insolently to deny her guilt, and accused the child of lying, in revenge for having been whipped the night before. This last assertion instantly confirmed her guilt, for it was quite evident a child of five years old could never invent such a story, and the burst of indignation against the mother for her unnatural charge, told the strong feeling that was already awakened against her. The girl was still overcome with terror and kept in awe by the mother's frowns, so that it required long persuasion and promises of protection before she would reveal where the money was hidden. At length she pointed to the spot, and the sum of thirty dollars was dug up, the miserable amount for which a female demon had launched a human being into eternity.

The investigation was continued; the woman was placed in custody, and the pond, about a quarter of a mile wide, was dragged with grappling irons in all directions, yet no body was discovered. The next day the search went on with like success, and at length, when all other efforts seemed useless it was suggested that the pond might be drained dry, and by this process the body must inevitably come to light. This plan, after some further search, (in which the pole mentioned by the children was found stained with blood and with some remnants of apparel attached to it) was adopted by the authorities, and a sluice was dug out to let the water off down the hill side. The operation occupied some time, and when at length a vent was opened, the impetuous rush of the water swept away nearly the whole bank of the pond upon the hill side, letting off the flood at one bound, followed by a mass of pitch black mud, dead logs, fresh water turtles, cat fish, paddacks, eels, water snakes, and all the strange tenants of the pool.—Still the body did not appear, and after a thorough examination of the black bottom of the pond, vague suspicions of some other kind of roguery began to be entertained by the crowd. The child was again examined, the pond was again scraped, and the 'interval,' over which the dark sediment and filth of the pond now lay a foot deep, was carefully inspected in all directions, and still the dreadful mystery was unexplained.

The evidence of the child, the finding of the knife, the pole, the money, the woman's strong appearance of guilt, all proved that a heartless and horrid human butchery, had been perpetuated, and fruitless search after the body, seemed but to add new terror to the excitement. Who was the unfortunate stranger. Evidently some traveller from a distance, for nobody in the neighborhood was missed. Why could the body not be found? Ten thousand conjectures flew around, each of which only added to the perplexing mystery. A strange uncertainty forced itself upon the minds of the people. By all appearances, it seemed certain, that the murdered man had never been thrown into the pond at all yet that the bloody deed had been perpetrated was, from the evidence conclusively established.

Thus the affair continued enveloped in darkness, and all hope was abandoned of discovering the body. The woman could not be convicted upon the evidence of the child, and that evidence itself could not be substantiated without the finding of the body. So, while every person was satisfied of guilt, it was clear nothing but her own confession would ever bring the murderess within the power of the law. She, with unflinching obstinacy, continued to deny all knowledge of the murder, and at length, she was actually released from confinement, no possibility appearing of ever being able to secure her conviction.

A few months passed on, and the 'interval' upon which the pond had been emptied, and which before had been almost worthless, now grew to be a flourishing piece of land, and people would remark, that the draining of the big pool had at least proved a good thing for the Yankee tavern keeper, who owned the ground below.

Now for the development of this mysterious tragedy. A quarrel occurred between the heroine of the story and the innkeeper of the 'interval.'—In her exasperation, she came forward and threw a blaze of light upon this blood-chilling mystery, which at once opened all eyes wide with astonishment A scheme was laid open, the intricate and cunningly devised wheels of which, could never have been set in motion but by a genuine bred and born, and thoroughly educated, son of Yankee land.—The tavern keeper wanted his land improved, he wanted the pond turned on to it, and soon hit upon a plan to have the job done free of expense. He laid awake three nights, matured his plan, contracted with the poor woman for fifty dollars, to put it in operation, and she, with the assistance of a consummately artful child, carried it out. She killed a pig, smeared, a knife and a pole, taught her child a story to tell, and acted out the game, in a manner worthy the best living representative of Lady Macbeth. The tavern keeper had furnished the thirty dollars of the murdered man's money, but when his object was gained, he refused to pay the promised fifty, not careing a pin whether the woman would expose his plan or not. This led to the grand development, and thus our thrilling narrative of 'A New Hampshire Mystery." gentle reader, turns out to be neither more nor less than a super-excellent and surpassingly executed 'Yankee trick."

N. O. Picayune.

A TRAGEDY IN THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS.

We published some time ago a report of the suicide of Mr. Wilson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, committed it was said during a fit of derangement produced by the apprehension that a person who had accompanied him in his perilous but successful journey of discovery in the Arctic regions, would reach England sooner than he, and deprive him of the merit to which he was entitled by his persevering and hazardous efforts. The following letter, which we find in the New York Commercial, was received by the President of the American Fur Company from one of the agents at St. Louis, and gives the particulars of the melancholy incident;—Balt. American.

"According to your request I beg to state the information received at St. Peter's before I left, and confirmed now by Messrs. William and Robert Logan, of Red River, who are here with me, regarding the unfortunate and melancholy affair referred to in your letter. A party of emigrants left Red River on the 2d June last, and were followed in two days afterwards by another party, consisting of Mr. Thomas Simpson, the nephew of Gov. ernor Simpson, Mr. John Bird and old Le Gros, the guide. This party overtook the other and remained with them two days. During this time the Messrs. Logan remarked that Mr. Simpson did not appear right; 'he could not have rest,' but after they encamped kept walking almost continually. On the third day, 10th June, Mr. Simpson's party separated, taking with them Mr. James Bruce and Le Gros' son, a boy about 15, and went another road.

On Monday morning James Bruce and Le Gros' son came riding to their encampment, about sunrise, and related to them that from the time they had separated Mr. Simpson had kept them moving, sometimes forward and sometimes backward, on the return toward Red River, until the evening of Sunday; that on that evening, when they were in company Bird Bruce and Le Gros' son being busy in putting up the tent, and old Le Gros occupied at the cart, Mr. Simpson took up a double barrelled gun, and after standing awhile looking at them, presented the gun at Bird's back and shot him down; he immediately fired the other barrel at old Le Gros's body and shot him down. Mr. Bird was killed on the moment, but Le Gros remained alive.

James Bruce then ran across the brook, and Le Gros's boy moved on one side and Bruce heard Mr. Simpson say he had shot them because they had intended to kill him the day before. He walked up to Le Gros, and finding him alive, asked him whether he had not intended to kill him, and Le Gros answered yes. Bruce told Mr. Simpson he was sure Le Gros was not in his senses, and did not know what he was saying. Upon which Mr. Simpson repeated the question and Le Gros answered, no.

Mr. Simpson then proposed to Bruce to return to Red River, and told him he would give him £500 to go back with him and say nothing about it. Bruce, being frightened and wanting to get away assented to his proposal, and getting an opportunity to speak to Le Gros's boy in [illegible] caught horses, and set off immediately in search of the other camp. After riding the greater part of the night they reached the other encampment as before stated, about sunrise.

A party of six immediately took their guns & mounted to return to the encampment of Mr. Simpson. Of this party Mr. Robert Logan, jr., who is by my side, was one. They proceeded in the greatest haste, and soon after 8 o'clock in the morning arrived at their destination.

They pulled up about 200 yards from the encampment, and called out—no answer was given. They then called on Mr. Simpson by name, and still no answer. They then moved round to the other side, keeping the same distance, and called again.

They could not see Mr. Simpson but saw a dog move, and immediately afterward heard the report of a gun, and saw the smoke near the cart. They then moved round to where the horses were, caught them, and approached a little nearer the cart. They then fired off their guns, intending to alarm Mr. Simpson, but seeing nothing of him, approached gradually until at last Sinclair, one of the party, got near enough to the cart to see Mr. Simpson, and called out that he was dead.

They then all advanced and Mr. Robert Logan saw him lying on his gun, with his face downward. He had a wound on the forehead and all the upper part of his head was blown off. His cap, a white one, partially burnt, was found about 30 yards off; he had no other wound. The body of Mr. Bird was found covered over with the tent, and two sticks to keep it down. Le Gross was dead and covered with blankets, and there was a path between the two bodies, as if Mr. Simpson had kept walking to and fro all night.

They buried all the three bodies as they were, without taking off their clothes and covered them with the tent. Mr. Simpson's portmanteau and little trunk were not opened but taken to *Lac qui Parle*, and there deposited in the care of Dr. Williamson, the Presbyterian missionary, until the fall, when James Platt, who will then be returning to Red River, has agreed to take them back to the H. B. Company's agent there.

I have thus detailed all the information I can obtain as carefully and minutely as possible. There can remain no doubt on the subject, as Mr. Logan, whom you have also seen and conversed with, was an eye witness to the facts.

A. ROBERTSON.

From the 1st of January last to the 1st inst., 48,492 passengers from foreign countries arrived at the port of New York, being 340 more than arrived during the whole of last year, and nearly double the number who arrived during the whole of 1838.

Betting.—The Legislature of Virginia passed a law to prohibit betting on elections, which took effect on the first inst. The penalties are severe.

From the National Gazette.

General Cass has used, as is generally known, the advantages of his position as Minister to the court of Louis Philippe, to make observations upon the condition of France which he has published within a few months in a small volume. The following is a passage from it which may be new to many readers, mentioning facts which should be known in this country especially at this time. The matter is concerning the army system of France, and exhibits in a strong light the state of society throughout the kingdom as it must necessarily be, when every man is subject to do military duty for seven years at the very period of life when his habits of industry and business and his domestic associations as husband and father should be formed.

'It is difficult for an American to conceive an idea of the true state of the working class, upon whose passions these men continually operate. Perhaps thirty cents a day, or a little more, may be the average price of labor throughout France; and out of this the workman must clothe and feed himself. And then come the seasons of interruption, when work is almost discontinued, and when the starving mechanics are thrown upon the community, to seek the support of life as they can. With us every honest industrious man can reasonably expect to provide something in the meridian of life for its decline. By emigrating westward, he can procure a piece of land, and close his days surrounded by his family. But such an occurrence in Europe would be little short of a miracle; and in this reasonable expectation of an eventual acquisition of property in our country, with the moral stimulus which accompanies it, and in this despair of the future which seems almost inseparable from the condition of a European laborer, I trace one of the most striking distinctions between a new society and an old one, and one of our surest guarantees for the perpetuation of our institutions.

An illustration confirmatory of this state of things is furnished by the law of conscription. By this law every young man after the age of twenty years, is liable to serve in the army. He draws for his chance of enrolment and is then called as his number and the exigencies serves seven years precisely at the time of life when he ought to be forming himself for his eventual duties, and lay the foundation of any respectability he may hope to acquire It is precisely the period which, with us, if lost, would be lost irreparably. The average annual demand of conscripts in France, to keep the army at its requisite number, is eighty thousand; *and this immense amount is* every year drawn from the class of the population in the very spring time of life, to be returned—such of them indeed, as have the luck, good or bad, as it may be, to return—seven years after, without any preparation for eventual usefulness.

But the most remarkable fact in all this institution, is the pay which these forced soldiers receive—a pay which, after making the deductions which go to the government for indispensable supplies, amounts to *once cent* a day, twenty-five dollars and a half for seven years services. And yet this process of military supply seems firmly established and engrafted on the habits of society; nor have I seen among all the propositions with which the public has been excited since my residence, for the melioration of the existing institutions of the country, a single allusion to this greatest of all practical oppressions. And I cannot account for this apparent indifference to a subject which strikes every American with astonishment, unless it results from the conviction that a bare support is all the laboring classes can procure by the most fortunate exertion, and that this may as well be in the army as elsewhere."

Such is the system in France, and with certain modifications in other countries of Europe, the governments of which on account of its operation are said to be "strong." To our apprehension a large standing army is at once an index of a despotism, feeble in itself and resting for support upon the arms of the soldiery. Just in this particular does our republican institution differ from all other forms of civil polity in existence. Its strength is intrinsic. Its safeguard is the affections of the People. Every where but in the United States the municipal authorities are protected from the people, here they are protected by the people. The operation of laws among us is through respectful acquiescence in the necessity and justice of them. In foreign countries it is through the organised coercion of a military force. There is a spirit of truth and patriotism in the following remarks of the American Sentinel, which we warmly commend. The subject is kindred to the matter in hand. Where but in this Union—which ruffian scribblers abroad have held up as semi-savage,—where but here would thousands and tens of thousands of men peaceably assemble, peaceably discuss questions of the most exciting temporary interest to the mass, and peaceably disperse to their homes, as men do daily throughout our vast territory? Republicanism needs than this no higher eulogy; no better proof that its foundations are eternal truth and equity.

"It must certainly be regarded as a most gratifying sign, that with all the excitement which now pervades the country from one end to the other, on the Presidential question, there is little to offend or alarm the lovers of good order, or threaten the security of republicanism. Millions of people are in unrestrained motion, and even ferment. Frequent Conventions of zealous partizans, attended by ten, twenty, or forty thousands, and listening for hours, and sometimes days to the most impassioned, earnest and eloquent orators, are held in all parts of the land, and nearly with as much order and quietness as a Sabbath gathering for religious purposes. No other country in the world could do it. The most stable nation of Europe would reel like a drunkard—would be convulsed with revolution, and drenched with blood, in such an experiment upon the populace. Think of such Conventions in Paris or London, with all their note of preparation, with all their pageantry, and all their freedom and eloquence of speech, and you think of a revolution. To the enemies of republican forms, the political agitations of this country may appear precursive of its end. To us, it is the most assuring token of permanence and power that a great people assembling, as is the wont of ours, like waves or storm clouds, are yet so far the intelligent masters of their passions, that they can deliberate and retire from the most exciting gatherings in peace and good temper."

From the Phenix. (Edinburg.)

THE PROPHET OF 1770.

Let us suppose ourselves carried back seventy years in the stream of time, and to live again the youthful subject of the young King George III. Let us likewise imagine that in those days the divine spirit of prophecy had come upon us unveiling to our sight the events of the future. In seven years from this time, the British empire shall be rent in twain, (American war in 1776.) In fifteen years man shall rise from the earth and fly through the air, (invention of balloons 1780.) In twenty years the French monarchy the oldest that ever was, and now so flourishing, shall come to an end. A virtuous prince (Lewis XVI, 1783,) not yet a king, shall, in twenty three years lay down his life on the scaffold: his wife

In those same days, news shall travel with the speed of the wind, and what was done at mid-day shall be known at the farthest bounds of the kingdom ere the setting of the sun; (the Telegraph 1791) In twenty-six years a conqueror shall arise (Bonaparte,) who shall water his horses at the Nile, the Jordan, the Tagus, and the Borysthenes. The conqueror shall restore the chair of St. Peter, and throw down what he had restored (dethronement of Pius VII.) Finally, he whom the world could not contain, shall die a captive on a rocky island, (St Helena,) neither in Europe, Asia, Africa nor America, but in the midst of the vast ocean; a few feet of earth his empire, a willow his monument.

In those days metals shall be found which float on the water and burn under it, (sodium and potassium, discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy.) Ships shall stem the stormiest ocean without sails or oars; (steam ships.) Carriages shall run without horses with the speed of the wind—(locomotive engines,) [The ordinary speed of the wind is 35 miles an hour; that of the engines on the Great Western Railway is 39.] Men shall be conveyed from India to the mighty Babylon in a month, from America in ten days: from one end of England to the other in eight hours. Bridges shall hang by a chain over the sea, while roads shall be made under it; (the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel. The very beasts in those days shall have laws to protect them.

Those days shall be days of great light. Men shall plough without horses—(steam plough,) they shall spin without hands—(power loom;) they shall calculate by wheels—(Babbage's machine;) the sun shall engrave for them—(the Daguerrotype,) they shall write with the lightening—(electric telegraph.) One machine shall print in one hour many thousand books, each of which shall take a man many days to read; and a man may buy a book for a penny; for a penny he may send it to the ends of the empire. They shall read the rocks instead of a book—(geology,) and decypher the history of beings which lived and died ere man existed. In the heavens new stars shall be discovered; some, sisters of the earth: some, brothers of the sun; (the planets, 5 in number, discovered since the American war, and the double stars by Sir William *Herschel*,) and of all the colors of the rainbow. In those days, likewise they shall read the Pyramids, (Young's and Champollion's discoveries.) They shall find out the mouth of the Nigar and the Magnetic Pole; the way to every thing shall have been discovered but the way to be happy.

HEN'S EGGS.—I notice in the Farmers' Cabinet for 4th mo. last, p. 275, an inquiry as to the truth of the assertion, that hen's eggs which are *round* produce female chickens, and those which are *long* or pointed, produce males.

When a boy, I was in a situation to be able to indulge my fondness for fowls, and often raised chickens,—without ever having heard of the above facts, I discovered that the eggs which approached nearest to roundness always produced females, and those which are pointed at one end always produced males—I acted accordingly, and always succeeded in obtaining females or males, according as I wished.

After a lapse of a number of years, being in Philadelphia market, I happened to mention the fact to one who raised chickens for sale, and who preferred the males, because they grew larger—the information was received with some surprise, but I advised the person to try it, and afterwards was informed of the entire success of the experiment, all males being produced by selecting the long or pointed eggs.

I since find the fact was mentioned by a writer over 2000 years ago.

I. H.

Farmers' Cabinet.

Export of Breadstuffs.—We find in the New York Express a notice of the exports of bread stuffs from that city to England for several years. It is as follows.

Export of 1837,	from N. Y.	63,951	bbls
Do.	1838, do	do 75,923	"
Do	1839, do	do 177,681	"
Do	1840, do	do 410,360	"

The export from other places has also been unusually large. There are yet nearly four months of the present year to run, and as shipments are now stated to be very active it is thought the exports from New York alone may probably reach seven hundred thousand barrels, amounting in value, freight included, to over four millions of dollars. The exports of grain for the same period are as follows.

	Wheat.	Corn.
Exports of 1837,	17,741	48,159
do 1838,	2,830	20,740
do 1839,	6,187	31,524
do 1840,	126,488	132,653

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT FAIR.

Quincy Hall was yesterday morning opened for the exhibition of the articles which have been prepared for the Fair which is to begin in earnest this day.—As it was supposed that there might be many persons, who from ill-health or other circumstances, would fear to enter Hall was opened, at double the price of entrance this day, to admit such to a view of the Hall. A very large number of persons availed themselves of this opportunity. The Hall was filled for the greater part of the day,—and every one seemed delighted with the order and beauty of the arrangements.

The entrance to the Fair is by a temporary staircase from the street, at the upper end of the building. On the left of the entrance an oil painting consisting of a panoramic view of Charlestown extends quite across the Hall, with a representation of the Navy Yard and the surrounding water, and with ships in miniature, representing the national ships at anchor. Directly facing the entrance, two persons, a young lady and a lad, are employed in striking off, from a real miniature hand press, the Fair Newspaper, filled with sprightly and amusing matter. Near this Printing Office stands the Post Office, and the fair clerks there stand ready to hand out a letter to whoever calls for one. The sad sound of "no sir, none for you," never is heard to issue from that opening, and so far as we have been informed, the letters contain nothing but the most agreeable intelligence.

Near the Post Office is a mysterious stall on which is inscribed, "The Gentleman's honor, price ten cents." The mystery of this apartment has not yet been developed. Those who have explored it keep a most impenetrable silence, and we are unable to give any clue to what is to be seen there.

On either side of the hall are arranged the tables, with a little scroll over each bearing the name of the town which is represented at the table. The interest of the Fair is very much increased by the meeting of friends from all parts of the country. In the centre of the Rotunda is the Charlestown table, from which rises in its simple dignity an exact model of the monument completed. There are various representations of the monument at other tables, some of them unfinished, the miniature workmen, with their hods and other implements busily employed in raising the structure. One of them represents the monument a la pincushion with lady dolls reaching up miniature blocks of granite, while some gentlemen are indolently lounging at a distance smoking their cigars.

Where every thing is so beautiful it is impossible to undertake any thing like a description. Those who would obtain an idea of the exhibition must go and look for themselves. There is a very great profusion of articles, all richly made—showing the perfection of the fair manufactures in needle work and the kindred arts, and many of them are of a useful as well as ornamental kind. There is a great deal of very beautiful tapestry work and other kinds of embroidery.—Every species of doll, of every size, dressed one would suppose in every possible style, is to be found there. There is an office for subscriptions to the monument, where every one who chooses to contribute over a dollar, can inscribe his

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