



5-15-1856

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 44): May 15, 1856

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 44): May 15, 1856" (1856). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 459.

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LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY MARY W. GIBSON.

No wooing had preceded the marriage. It was merely a marriage, *de convenance*—both parties understood and regarded it so. It was not they that were married, but the broad lands and fertile estates of their parents. Strange that any man, and much more any woman, could stoop to so false an act! But Hugh Grandison might and would have loved his beautiful bride, had it not been for the stately coldness of her demeanor; he had been unloved by contact with the world, and longed for happiness and home. Alice Charlton cared for neither, and still less for him. In her little girlhood she had pledged her faith to one who left her for a time, and died in a far-off land of gold—died before one word of message could be sent to her he loved—died alone and among strangers, and was buried where her tears could never moisten the turf on his breast! They told the tidings to Alice; little dreaming that the lonely adventurer had been taught to her. She was in her own elegant home surrounded by a brilliant circle of guests, with Hugh Grandison leaning over her chair, and bent his admiring eyes upon her queenly form and form. She heard the speaker through; the rich color died slowly out of her cheeks, leaving her white and stern; her lips shut firmly as if they would repress a shriek of agony; her large dark eyes wandered round the group with a gaze of passionate despair. The wondering looks of all around recalled her to herself, and making a graceful apology for her sudden abstraction, she played her part so successfully, that no one guessed the secret she guarded with Spartan like firmness.

Not until she was alone in her chamber, did the storm burst forth. She mourned as she had loved, most deeply and passionately, but to the world she seemed unmoved. A little colder—a little haughtier—a little more impatient of out-spoken admiration and love, she seemed; but feeling was unfashionable in her exclusive circle, and none knew or cared to know, that the heart beating within her breast, was a heart of stone.

A year passed away. The father of Alice, seeing that she was in no way inclined to choose one from her many lovers, chose for her, and selected Hugh Grandison as his future son-in-law. The young man was only too eager and willing to accept the fair hand offered him, but when her father brought him to her as an acknowledged lover, she checked all his raptures, and said coldly—

“Mr. Grandison, let us have a perfect understanding. I do not love you; I never shall love—” a look of pain shot over her calm face as she repressed the word “again.” She paused for a moment, and then went on, with her cold dark eyes bent full upon his face—

“But my father wishes us to marry—your parents wish it—you wish it, and I am not opposed to the measure. But I beg you to understand distinctly that while I give a wife’s duty, you must never look for love or blind submission. From the moment we leave the altar, our lives must be separate, though our house is one. On these conditions and these only, I will give you my hand. Are they accepted?”

The young man stood for a moment bewildered. There was no mistaking her words or manner. Those clear dark eyes, that scornful lip and haughty brow, assured him that she had spoken the truth and no love was there; but he had long cherished a passion for her, and hoping that his fervent love might win some affection in return, when they were one in the eyes of the world, he clasped the small, fair hand in his, raised it to his lips, and answered—

“I accept. And it shall be the study of my life to make you happy.”

“Be it so,” was her unmoved reply, and then she left him.

adornments for an empress, and right well did she become them. She was alone, and touching a secret spring in her private escritoire, she took from a small drawer two miniatures. One was that of her dead lover; the other, of her husband. Leaning her head upon her hand, she gazed long and earnestly at the two, and as her dark eyes dimmed with tears, she could not but acknowledge the shadowy likeness that existed between the loved and the unloved. It was a faint and shadowy one, but still it was no fancy. A something on the lip, cheek and brow—the same careless arrangement of the waving hair—and more than all the same earnest, loving intensity of look and expression in the deep blue eyes. This, never seen before, was what now claimed her attention to both.

The small pendule over the mantle piece struck the hour of nine, and with a deep sigh she replaced the portraits in the drawer, and left the room. She rang, on reaching the drawing-room, to ask for her husband. There was a bustle and the sound of many feet in the hall before the summons was answered, and then the servant who entered looked pale and frightened. A strange, sickening sensation crept over her as she asked—

“Where is your master?”

The servant stammered, hesitated, and cast strange looks towards the door. Dreading she knew not what, she stepped out into the hall, and looked down the wide stairs. Four men were ascending, bearing a motionless form between them. The long hair hanging down towards the floor, and from a wound in the forehead the dark red blood was flowing freely. They stopped short when they saw her awaiting them; they evidently dreaded the scene, but she was firm and calm, though heavy at her heart lay the thought, “If he is dead, how can I forgive myself for the unhappiness I have caused him!”

Obedient her calmly spoken orders, they laid him down upon a sofa, in the splendid drawing-room. He had been struck down, before his own dwelling, by a runaway horse, and the family physician, who was instantly summoned, gave little hopes of his recovery. The wretched wife sat close beside him while the unskillful wound was closed; his blood flowed unheeded over her rich attire, and one small white hand was crimsoned, as he held his own; for the first time she laid her cheek to his, and called him by a thousand endearing names; for the first time she knew that she loved him, and that he loved her. The estrangement of years was forgotten; the stone was rolled away from the door of her heart, and his living waters gushed out once more. But he who would have perilled life and limb for her still while she pressed him to her heart; and the love that he had sought in vain during life, seemed given only too late—only to waste itself upon a pallid corpse—a gilded coffin and a lonely grave!

She watched beside him day and night, in the chamber where he had spent so many lonely hours. Into this room she had scarcely entered since he had installed her mistress of his household; and everywhere she saw such traces of his love for her, as pierced her very heart. In a small alcove beyond his bed, hung her portrait, the first and last thing he saw as he opened and closed his eyes. A small inlaid cabinet held the gifts she had bestowed upon him from time to time; a favorite book—a picture—a tress of dark brown hair—withered bouquets—a small golden star, and many things which she had given ceremoniously or lightly, which he had treasured as his choicest possessions.

The glitter of a golden chain upon his neck attracted her attention, as she bent above him one night. Softly she drew it forth, and gazed upon a splendid picture of herself, set in a small gold frame. She gazed in silence for a moment, but when upon the other side she noticed a ring—the wedding ring that she had never worn—her composure gave way. Pride had left her heart, and love usurped its place.

Sinking upon her knees by the bedside, while her tears fell fast upon the dear hand that lay feebly upon the counterpane, she prayed as she had never prayed before, that God would spare his life, that he might atone for her sin by years of patient and enduring love.

Her prayer was heard, for God is merciful even when we sin most deeply. All night she watched beside him. With early dawn the physician (now domiciliated in the house) entered the room. He held the shrunken hand in his for one moment gave one searching glance into the marble like face, and turning to her, said briefly—

“Your care has saved him; he will live!”

Late in the afternoon of that day Alice sat beside the bed, waiting for the long, deep slumber to be broken, that she might see those blue eyes look up at her once again. She was dressed as for a bridal, in a robe of pearly satin, with no ornaments save a single white rose in her dark hair, and another on her breast. The color deepened in her cheeks as the eventful hour drew near; her fine eyes glowed and sparkled with the love so long imprisoned, and so suddenly set free.

The golden hands of her watch pointed to the hour of seven, when the sleeper moved slightly, drew a long sigh, and opened his eyes. She bent over him with a beating heart; his gaze wandered uneasily around the room, fixed upon her—kindled, and he tried to smile—Very gently she passed her arm beneath the aching head, and drew it towards her, till it rested upon her breast; very gently her warm lips touched his brow; very gently the tears, which she could not quite repress, fell upon his wasted cheek.

He looked up in a strange, joyful surprise, and asked faintly—

“Alice, what does this mean?”

wears inimitable gloves—that she has a toilet of two colors only, with a distracting way of wearing a shawl—that her manners are bewitching, full of small graces and delicately shaped coquetties, but never wanting the nicest appreciation of external propriety to which her flirtations are always subordinate—that she has a marvelous faculty of walking unsoiled through the dirty streets of Paris, and as marvelous a knack of holding up her skirts with one hand over her left hip; and that she has a bewildering habit of mistaking her friend’s husband for her own!

III—Using Horses.

Mr. Gavin, V. S., a contributor to the London Veterinarian, offers the following remarks on ill-using horses, which are adapted to our meridian as well as that of London.

“Allow me to draw the attention of your readers to a subject, which, although at first sight may appear a very unimportant one, yet, on a second view, seems to contain largely the tendency to mischief and misfortune; and the veterinary profession, I think, may safely be looked to, as likely to exercise a considerable influence in obviating the evil. I allude to the practice so common at horse-fairs, dealers’ yards, &c., of rattling a stick and hat together, with the avowed object of frightening horses. It seems very questionable whether it is judicious, on the contrary, to teach a horse to be afraid at all; but, to associate in the animal’s intelligence, terror on the one hand, and an article which may accidentally at any time create terror, on the other, appears very thoughtful. I have known many a case of tumble and run away, from just so simple a thing as a hat coming clattering to the ground. Not many horses will stand it. But what else can we look for? The last time they heard the sound, in all probability, was in connection with whips and sticks, fright, &c.”

I have frequently heard it very gravely recommended by very knowing horsemen, to under feed horses that are difficult to break. I suppose, on the presumption that hunger will tame a lion. I doubt if mere hunger ever tamed anything, starvation might, but even then, the tameness, apparently, is more the result of the subsequent kindness than the previous cruelty. From a trial of my own, I infer the practice to be a bad one. That “an angry man is a hungry one,” is proverbially true, this being one of the laws of organization; hence the soundness of British philosophy, in celebrating everything with a dinner; and I can see how an organization, disqualified to perform well the alimentary functions, should be attended, as often as it is in horses, with a fearful bad temper, *vide* what we call weakly animals.

Horses, however, on the whole, get pretty severely punished for being made this way. Others of them, from careless breaking, riding, or disease, get a habit of stumbling, to which the punishing is applied very often as a remedy; and although I never saw it do any good myself, and perhaps nobody else ever did either, yet I suppose it is impossible to allow such aggravated disobedience to go unpunished.

Horses frequently come under the rod for shyness, as if they had no right to be frightened without leave. It seems hardly fair, but opinions differ. He may be going past a time quarry, for instance; there is a noise, he gets uneasy, and then punished, to get more uneasy still the next time he sees the same object; and a further punishment only settles him more firmly in the belief, that there is some unfortunate connection between a quarry or animal leap and the whip and spur. I have every faith in the efficacy of kindness, and none whatever in cruelty. This, however, is at the consideration of your readers, for their own individual adoption as a principle of action in the treatment of animals.

LOUIS NAPOLEON’S FIXITY OF PURPOSE.

—The following, from Alison’s new volume of the History of Europe, confirms the statements of Chaplain Stewart in relation to Louis Napoleon’s belief that he would one day rule over the destinies of France. It appears as a footnote in Alison:

“The idea of a destiny, and his having a mission to perform, was throughout a fixed one in Louis Napoleon’s mind. No disasters shook his confidence in his star or belief in the ultimate fulfilment of his destiny. This was well known to all who were intimate with him in this country after he returned from America in 1837. Among other noble houses the hospitality of which he shared was that of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan, near Lochmold, and the Duke of Hamilton, at Brodick Castle, in the Island of Arran. His manner in both was grave and taciturn; he was wrapped in the contemplation of the future, and indifferent to the present. In 1839, the present Earl of W., then Lord B., came to visit the author after having been some days with Louis Napoleon at Buchanan House. One of the first things he said was, ‘Only think of that young man, Louis Napoleon. Nothing can persuade him he is not to be Emperor of France. The Strasburg affair has not in the least shaken him; he is thinking continually what he is to do when on the throne.’ The Duke of N. also said to the author in 1854, ‘Several years ago, before the Revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodick Castle, in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together; neither cared much for the sport, and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of Goat-fell, and began to speak seriously. He always opened these conferences by discoursing on what he would do when he was Emperor of France. Among other things he said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Brie, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded, when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he had got a grant of two million francs from the Chambers, to begin the draining of these very marshes. All that belongs to Louis Napoleon is now public property, and these noble persons will forgive the author if he endeavors to rescue from oblivion anecdotes so eminently illustrative of the fixity of purpose which is the most remarkable feature in that very eminent man’s character.’

This idea of destiny, of a star, or a mission, which are only different words for the same thing, will be found to have a fixed belief in most men who attain to ultimate greatness. Whether it is that the disposition of mind which leads to such a belief works out its own accomplishment, by the energy and perseverance which it infuses into the character, and

which enables its possessor to rise superior to all the storms of fate, or that Providence darkly reveals to the chosen instruments of great things—the vessels of honor, to which the working out of its purposes in human affairs is intrusted—enough of the future to secure its accomplishment, will forever remain a mystery in this world.”

GEN LANE.—As this gentleman is now prominently before the public as the defender of Kansas, it may be interesting to the reader to know how he is regarded in that Territory by those in whose behalf he is now acting so conspicuously at Washington. Our readers will remember that we, some time ago, published a letter from a correspondent in Kansas in which a comparison between Governor Robinson and Gen. Lane was instituted, unfavorable to the latter gentleman. Some of Gen. Lane’s friends subsequently appeared in his defence, in a note, or certificate, which we also published. A rejoinder to this certificate followed, in which our correspondent reaffirmed his opinion and offered evidence to substantiate it.

The last number of the “Kansas Herald of Freedom,”—which we take to be an authorized exponent of the views of the Free State party in Kansas, as it certainly is an ardent advocate of the Free State cause,—contains a comparison between Gov. Robinson and Gen. Lane, in an article on the “Kansas Notables.” It speaks of Lane as “hot-headed, rash, and regardless of consequences;” a “cross between a Western mountaineer and a Broadway dandy;” acting only for to-day—not a thinker, and as a writer, having a style “peculiarly Laneish.” In every respect Gov. Robinson’s character is said to be opposite to that of Gen. Lane. The article concludes with the following portrait of the General said to be drawn from life. It may interest our readers at this time:

“Time and place, night and a crowded meeting; a tall, wiry, Hoosierish-looking fellow mounts the stand; both hands in his breeches pockets; both eyes shut; mouth full of tobacco. Somebody in a remote corner of the Hall commences stamping—others take it up, and the applause becomes general. Quiet restored, the fellow on the stand straightens his face and legs, and commences: ‘The American flag still waves—still waves! Beneath its stars and stripes, we will oppose any and all attempts, come from whatever source to trample upon our rights as American citizens—as American citizens!’”

As he warms up with his subject he makes fewer repetitions and more gestures, letting fall unimportant sayings and good bits in chunks. If a ludicrous idea strikes him while soaring aloft, he spouts it out, he spouts it out, even if it spoils what he has just said. ‘It’s worth as much to hear Gen. Lane speak, when he lets himself loose, as it is to go to the Theater.’ is a common remark with young America.

In short, as Micawber would observe, Lane is great on “turning up,”—is here, there and everywhere at the same time—to-day at the bottom and to-morrow at the top of the heap; always on the strongest side; a great lover of excitement, and will have it; a great lover of office, and will have it; will always be a great favorite with the people, and will be true to them—so long as they are true to him.”

ORGANIC AND INORGANIC.—An organized body is one having organs to secure the purpose of its being. An animal has arteries, veins, nerves, and glands, a heart, lungs, stomach, &c.—organs having functions in the economy of life. A plant has sap-vessels, secreting organs, leaves, buds and flowers. Crystals of the metals and minerals have their parts arranged by a law as definite and inflexible as the bodies themselves,—a kind of organization. A gathering of citizens becomes an organized body by the choice of moderator and clerk. A Legislature is organized by appointing speaker and clerk. These officers are organs by which the design of assembling is to be accomplished. But the terms organic and inorganic, as technically used in agriculture, have nothing to do with the object, design or arrangement of parts, but refer simply to the elements of which the body is composed. The terms, thus used, may be convenient, and are easily understood. If we burn a body, those portions which become gases and fly off we call organic; those to which the fire gives no wings, we call inorganic. If we take a piece of hickory, for example, and burn, oxygen, carbon and hydrogen will fly off, and silicea, magnesia, potash, &c., will remain. If you burn a cabbage stump, nitrogen will be added to the winged products by burning. If you burn a fresh bone, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon will fly off, and lime, phosphorus, iron, &c., will remain. The wood, the cabbage and the bone are organized bodies, composed of organic and inorganic substances, and so far as we know, the inorganic potash and lime are as essential to organization as the oxygen and hydrogen. The fact that when you destroy the organization by fire, one part flies away, certainly proves nothing on this point. The inorganic are frequently called mineral elements.

Were we to apply scientific accuracy to the terms organic and inorganic, we should find them, in their best agricultural use, very indefinite and faulty. All would call a piece of chalk inorganic, and yet if you burn or heat it, almost half of it flies off in this same oxygen and carbon, and the remainder is lime; and even this lime, when subjected to a higher heat, is shown to be, in part, a metal called calcium, in part this same winged oxygen, and inorganic water, and the whole is composed wholly of the winged spirits, oxygen and hydrogen. So that chemistry soon brings us to elements, and of these, one is just as much organic, for ought we can see, as another. But in the agricultural use of the terms, if you burn an organized body, those substances which pass off are called organic, those which remain in the form of ashes, inorganic.—[Culturist and Gazette.

LIGHT-WEIGHT CHRISTIANS.—These old preachers though residing in Slave States, were usually anti-slavery men; and they had the pluck to express their sentiments where the evil existed. I like them for it. If a man is an anti-slavery man, let him dare avow it among slaveholders and take the consequences. Thus did a famous old Tennessee preacher, Father Craven, preaching once in the heart of Virginia, rebuke what he deemed the sins of the people:

“Here,” said he, “are a great many professors of religion, sleek and good-looking. Yet you are not the thing you ought to be. You know a bushel of wheat ought to weigh sixty or sixty-four pounds; but you sometimes get wheat with round, plump kernels, and when you come to weigh it, it’s only forty-five pounds.

You know that something is the matter with the wheat. You take a grain of it between your thumb and finger and squeeze it, and out pops a weevil. Now some of you good Christians only weigh forty-five pounds to the bushel, instead of sixty-four, as you ought. Squeeze you between the thumb of the law and the finger of the Gospel, and out will pop a whiskey bottle and a woolly head.”—[Rev. Mr. Milburn’s Lectures on the West.

Effect of training in the U. S. Navy.

An officer in the U. S. Navy relates the following incident to show the power of an American training even upon the rawest of British-born subjects who enlist under the stripes and stars:

In 1848 the frigate United States was lying in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the usual civilities were passing between the officers of the ship and those of the garrison. At one of the dinner parties conversation turned upon the various small arms in use, and Commodore Read spoke of the American carbine in terms of high praise. Few of the British officers present had ever seen the weapon, and a general request was made that an opportunity might be afforded of witnessing its efficiency. The Commodore readily complied, and an appointment for the next morning was made.—Orderly Sergeant Shaw was instructed to select a man and a weapon for the trial, and he directed Private Lynch to be on the ground. They found quite a party of British officers in waiting, who examined the weapon, and made numerous inquiries respecting it. Lynch, whom they soon discovered to be a son of the Emerald Isle. The trial began. A small china cup was placed on a post at a distance of thirty yards. Lynch loaded his carbine, brought it deliberately to his shoulder, fired, and the cup was in atoms. A second, third, and fourth experiment had the same result. The English officers expressed their gratification and astonishment by loud cheers, and one of them asked Lynch if he was not an Irishman?

“I am by birth, sir,” was his reply.

“How long have you been in the American service?”

“About six months sir,” said Lynch.

The officer gave him a sovereign; and, turning to his brothers, said: “Here is an Irishman who has been in the American Navy but six months, and I’ll wager a hundred pounds he can do what not one of his countrymen in the British service can. The officers expressed their thanks to Sergeant Shaw for his attention, and proffered him five pounds as a slight expression of their satisfaction. The Sergeant drew himself up to his full height, and said:

“I thank you, gentlemen, but a non-commissioned officer of the American Navy never receives presents on duty.”

“I’ll wager another hundred pounds,” said the British officer again, “there is not a sergeant in the English army or navy would have done that.”

The officers of the garrison were much gratified; and it would be difficult to decide whether the gallant Commodore was the more pleased with the skill of Private Lynch or the nice sense of honor displayed by Sergeant Shaw.

A few days afterward, Captain de Lacy, of the garrison, inquired of passed midshipman Brook, “How they Americanized Irishmen so rapidly?”

“No trouble at all,” said Brook; “there is an atmosphere breathed under the American flag that makes every man an American who served underneath it.”

“I believe you,” said Captain de Lacy. “Honor to the American flag, and to the gallant tars that defend it!”

AMERICAN GALLANTRY IN FRENCH EYES.

—A Monsieur d’Alambert has lately published a book of his experience in America. One of his chapters is on the spontaneous gallantry of the Americans towards women. After witnessing it he exclaims:

“I am profoundly humiliated; I blush to the roots of my hair. I know not where to hide myself. On the faith of tradition, I had hitherto believed that the French people were the most gallant people in the world. Everything supported this conviction. Songs, ballads, the good opinion we generally entertain of ourselves, and the error of foreign people, who say from habit, ‘Gallant as a Frenchman.’

A profound error which I have recognized with shame and surprise! Gallantry is not dead. It has deserted Europe, but has taken refuge in the United States. I proclaim it openly—it is in America that I have seen true gallantry universally practiced, spontaneously, disinterestedly. There woman is respected for her own sake, because she is a woman; because she is, or will be, the mother of a citizen. If a good thing could be carried to an excess, I should say that the rights attributed to the fair sex are pushed to exaggeration. The women know their power, they abuse it as tyrants do who know that there are no limits to their authority.”

BOILING SHINGLES IN LIME AND SALT.—

There is a building in this place, covered with shingles that were taken from another roof, (where they had been in use some years) were boiled in lime and salt about five minutes, and then relaid. This was twenty-seven years ago, and these shingles look, now, as if they would last some years longer.

Other roofs that were treated in the same way since, appear well; they are clean and smooth, the moss does not form on them, and the water runs off readily.

There seems to be no reason why whitewash, with the addition of salt, would not be beneficial when applied to a dry roof, in proportion to the lime and salt absorbed by the shingles.

Have you not observed that where the rain washes the lime from the chimney upon the roof, that the shingles remain sound longer than on the other part?—[Corr. New England Farmer.

ON FILES.—Twelve years since, I had this dreadful complaint to such a degree that I could neither sit, stand or lie down, without the most excruciating pain. I had called on no less than four physicians for relief, and a part of those practitioners were troubled with the same disease. The best counsel I obtained was a daily dose of Castor Oil, which remedy was about as bad as the disease; but I took it. About that time, I met my friend, our present Governor, and told him I was almost dead with that disease. He directed me to bathe the parts every morning or evening, as most convenient, in a dish of cold water, the colder the better,

and continue to bathe until a movement is produced, which will soon come. There is no need of taking physic, as the regular use of cold bathing answers every purpose; and from that very simple prescription I found very speedy relief. I have hardly been troubled the last eight or ten years with it. When any indication appears, I merely use the cold water. I do not have occasion to do so twice in a year. As I know there is great suffering from this disease, I take the liberty to offer it to you for an insertion in your valuable Journal, as I have never noticed any remedy for this troublesome disease except that of quack doctors whose object in introducing it the community must judge of.—[Corr. Drew’s Rural.

A writer in the Household Words, thus describes the Sultan of Turkey:

“He is a dark, weary looking man, in appearance about forty, though in reality some years younger. He is dressed in a dark blue frock coat with a Russian collar. The sleeves and collar are embroidered with gold and diamonds; both his coat and pants are much too large for him. He wears no ornament but the Nisham, a large medal of gold set with diamonds, and a heavy Turkish sabre, set with diamonds, also, but dirty. On his head is a red cap, and on his feet a pair of black French boots, with varnished tops, but so large that it is marvelous how he walks in them. This is Abdul Mijid, the Sultan of Turkey. As the ambassador and his suite approach, it is painful to see the embarrassment of the monarch which amounts to constitutional nervousness, and is evidenced in many ways. His eyes wander here and there, like those of a schoolboy called upon to repeat a lesson which he does not know. He changes his feet continually, and makes spasmodic efforts with his hands. I am sure that his beard, a very fine one, is very uncomfortable to him, and that he feels as if he had a hair shirt on. I am still more sure that he is literally embarrassed to death.”

Cakes and Cookies.—Crackers.—One pt. of water, one teacup of butter, one teacupful of soda, two of cream tartar, flour enough to make as stiff as biscuit. Let them stand in the oven until dried through. They do not need pounding.

Butter cake.—1-2 lbs. of sugar, 1-4 lb. of flour, 3-4 lb. of butter, six eggs, a pint of sweet milk, one teacupful of saleratus, one glass of wine, one of brandy, and as much fruit and spice as you can afford, and no more.

Cup cake.—Five cups of flour, three cups of nice sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one cup of good buttermilk, with saleratus enough to sweeten it, one nutmeg.

Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of cold water, half a teacupful of saleratus, two eggs, flour enough to roll, and no more.

Soft gingerbread.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of buttermilk, one egg, saleratus and cloves. Mix pretty stiff.

Cream cake.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, two eggs, teacupful of saleratus, flavor with lemon.

Delicate cake.—Nearly three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, whites of six eggs, one teacupful of cream tartar, half teacupful of soda, half a cup of butter, lemon for flavoring.

POISONOUS HAIR DYES.—We notice a statement that a short time since a gentleman was placed in a lunatic asylum in Berlin, Prussia, to be treated for mental alienation, brought on by the use of hair dyes. On examining the article which he had employed, it was ascertained to be composed of lead, mercury and lunar caustic. It produced violent pains in the head, and at length led to madness.

It would be an adumbratory history if it could be written, the experience of the barbers of this State, in the use of hair dyes and hair restoratives. Blindness, deafness and extensive and obstinate ulceration, and in instances, paralysis have been produced by them. One article alone, Twigg’s Mixture, has, in the ignorance of hair-dressers, and their customers, caused more mischief than any of us save physicians in full city practice, have any idea of. It is marvellous that men do not consider, that such violent alteratives as most of the hair dyes must be, are what are called poisons, and they can be taken into the human system by absorption through the scalp.

[Albany Evening Journal.

The quantity of American unmanufactured tobacco annually imported into the principal commercial countries of Europe is thus stated:

For each inhabitant of Great Britain 14 ounces, for each inhabitant of France 10 ounces, for each inhabitant of Belgium 2 1-2 pounds, for each inhabitant of Holland 2 1-2 pounds, for each inhabitant of the Hanse Towns 5 lbs., for each inhabitant of Hanover 3 1-2 pounds, for each inhabitant of Mecklenburg Stritz 2 pounds, for each inhabitant of Russia 1-4 ounces, for each inhabitant of Austria 1 ounce, for each inhabitant of Spain 3 ounces, and for each inhabitant of Portugal 1 1-2 ounces. The aggregate quantity of tobacco annually raised in these countries (exclusive of their colonies) is about two hundred and ten millions pounds. The aggregate quantity of tobacco raised in the United States in 1850 was 199,762,515 lbs.

The consumption of tobacco in the United States is about two pounds ten ounces for each inhabitant—enough, certainly, but the Hanse towns bear away the palm in this respect, each inhabitant consuming five pounds annually.

FEMALE RIOT IN CATTARAUGUS COUNTY, N. Y.—The Jamestown Journal gives the particulars of a novel riot which occurred at East Randolph, in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., on Friday evening, the 11th inst. A party of the most respectable ladies of the place had assembled as a “Surprise Party,” at the residence of Hon. Benj. Chamberlain, when it was suggested that a tavern kept by a man named Wheeler was an intolerable nuisance, by reason of the liquor dispensed there, and they resolved to abate it.

Before the arrival at the place of attack, the landlord, having got wind of the movement, had secreted his liquors and barricaded the doors, and his wife had provided a supply of hot water to give the assailants a warm bath. Nothing daunted, the feminine stormers broke open the door, and although the volleys of hot water did some execution, rushed upon the foe. The landlord took refuge in the garret, but was captured and bound, and taken towards the creek to be converted into a “cold water man” by dipping, but he succeeded in breaking his bonds and escaping.

GIRDLED TREES.—We have stated that a large number of valuable trees have been girdled and it was feared destroyed by field mice during the past winter. It is said that these trees may be saved by inserting into the bark above the place girdled the ends of several twigs and placing the other ends of these twigs into the bark below the bare trunk. The sap thus gains a passage into the upper bark, and in due process of time, new bark is formed and covers the place girdled. The experiment has been tried at the City Institutions at South Boston in past years, and a good crop of apples obtained in the fall from a tree which in the spring was completely girdled and to all appearances ruined.—[Boston Trav.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... MAY 15, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. F. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at No. 10, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; N. W. corner Third and Fayette streets, Baltimore; S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. HOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Waits from the West. No. 3.

St. Paul, Minnesota, May, 1856.

DEAR MAIL:—Here I am at the end of a three day's sail up the Mississippi, at this flourishing western city on the borders of civilization. The trip from Dunleith, where I took the steamer to this place, is a very pleasant one, even at this season of the year, but it has been very long. The boat was laden heavily with freight and passengers and there were many stoppages, with all their attendant delays, and this morning was the beginning of the third day from Dunleith, distant only 395 miles.—The weather has been incredibly wretched, as noisy and blustering as old Boreas himself—rain and sunshine alternating all the while—yesterday breezy, to-day "like Niobe all tears."

I find many flourishing villages on the route, each of which received its share of our living freight—hardy sons of toil, who are coming here by thousands to people this new territory. Some of them are old men, with time-worn hands and furrowed cheeks, whom misfortune has driven from their far-off homes to seek their fortune on the broad prairies or the deep woods of Minnesota.

Lansing, Winona, Wabasha and Red Wing are among the most enterprising towns on the river north of Dubuque, though they are as yet very small and their importance overrated sadly in my opinion. We had ample opportunity for strolling through each village we passed, while the boat was delivering freight and unloading it; and we found that real estate was everywhere exorbitantly high and the men insane in their expectations. I am certain the value is not real, but speculative. To give you an idea of the price at which village lots are held in these small towns I will give you some figures. At Winona \$2500 was asked for lots 30 by 100 feet, and \$400 refused for rent of a building 20 by 36 feet, for a store; and yet two years since there was scarce a home in any of these villages.

There must ever be a difficulty in getting from these river towns back over the bluffs into the country, as the land all along the shore is very rugged, and there is very much sameness in the appearance of the banks, and the scenery generally, along the upper Mississippi till you arrive at Lake Pepin. Along the western shore of this lake, for 30 miles, commencing at Wabasha village, is a government reservation for the Sioux and Pautahs, who live in a half civilized state by hunting, fishing, and government annuities.

The latter village is quite pleasantly situated upon a small prairie, belonging to this reservation, just upon the river bank; and the inhabitants have no other claim to their estates than that of preemption, but like the famed Wilkins Micawber they are "waiting for something to turn up," by which they will become entitled to their claim, by the government purchase of the Indian title. And the poor half-breeds will be sent farther toward the setting sun.

Upon the western shore of Lake Pepin may occasionally be seen the wigwags of the Sioux, with their frail birch canoes moored near by, the remnants of a once powerful tribe whom indolence induces to remain rather than follow their hardy brothers to the deep woods and a wider hunting ground.

Lake Pepin, as it is called, is no more than a widening of the "Father of Waters" for some 30 miles, and is surrounded by very high bluffs, conspicuous among which is Maiden Rock, a jutting, craggy promontory of great height upon the Eastern shore, from whose top, so says the legend, an Indian maid once threw herself, a victim of misplaced affection, upon the rocks beneath, and hence its name. I am inclined, I see, to the Minnesota territory, and am forgetting that on the east side of the river are villages that as yet eclipse any of their Minnesota rivals, and must add, parenthetically, what is generally conceded, that Prairie du Chien and Prairie La Crosse will soon be large and flourishing places, as each is soon to be connected by Railroad with Milwaukee.

St. Paul is now incorporated, and is certainly the most driving city I was ever in. But it is almost "without form and void" at present, as, on account of the number of new buildings in process of erection, you are obliged at every step to clamber piles of lumber or earth. The city is built on the east bank of the Mississippi, on a high table land which extends back far enough to give ample room for a very large population. The city numbers some 8,000 inhabitants and is increasing very rapidly in business importance, as it is the point of divergence for all parts of Minnesota,—the Lake Superior country, and far up to the head waters of the Mississippi, and must stand unrivalled.

The river is very high—higher than in years before, and is a great, swollen, turbid stream, bearing on its bosom floods of drift wood, booms of logs from the far off pinery, and its swarms of novel flat-bottomed steamers that carry to the wide ocean the products of twenty States.

Hastily yours, by the way,

IKE JR.

FATHER WALDO.—The Washington correspondent of the Morning Star speaks as follows of the venerable chaplain of the House of Representatives:

"Last Sabbath we heard this venerable man, chaplain of the House, preach at the Capitol. He is ninety-four years old—was a soldier some years in the Revolutionary war, at the close of which he obtained his education, entered the ministry, and has been in active service ever since. His voice has the strength and

music of a man in the prime of life, and his physical activity and mental power are truly remarkable. To-day you hear a man preaching and praying for the American Congress.—Twenty-five years ago that same man stood side by side with Washington in the contest for American Liberty. The future historian will record this as an "event" in our history.

Letter from the West.

The following letter which we are kindly permitted to copy, presents a graphic picture of "moving accidents by flood and field," incident to travel in a new country. It was written by a young gentleman, who recently went out from among us to seek a home in the West, and though not intended for the public eye will be read with interest.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, April 24, 1856.

Dear Father:—I have reached the Missouri in my progress westward and I am glad to have a few hours breathing space in order to give you a little account of my experiences. I was pretty well acquainted with Dubuque and its manners and people before I started, but of Iowa and its manners and people I was ignorant as a child. The last week has given me an opportunity to learn something of them, though at the expense of considerable hardships. I left Dubuque Tuesday evening by cars for Davenport. That of course was unpicturesque and unromantic enough—not an accident—not a scene of any kind—nothing but a crowd of sleepy passengers. Passed through Geneseo where Mr. Nourse lives, but didn't stop. It seems about as large as Waterville, quite a pretty village built on the level open prairie. Reached Davenport at eight in the morning and found quite a number of old acquaintances—True and George S. C. Dow formerly of Waterville and Plummer, a college friend.

Davenport is a beautiful city, but I am glad I went to Dubuque instead. There doesn't appear to be nearly as much business excitement as in my adopted home. Stayed there till Thursday evening, and then took the cars for Iowa City. Fifty miles. Every few miles the rails were buried in soft mud and the paddies had to clear the track before us as they do in winter. We were five hours going over that short distance, but we reached there at midnight and then commenced the romance of western travel. Not a bed to be had for love or money. Of the eight who were in the room with me, I was the most fortunate, having secured one corner of a large table on which coiled up in my shawl, I slept like a dormouse. The others stretched themselves on chairs, trunks and the floor. All my night experiences since have been of rather a reverse character—but I knew I had nothing better to expect in this wild region so I quietly took things as they turned up and got what fun of it was possible. The next night we reached a stopping place about two o'clock in the morning—a little log cabin by the wayside. We went in, struck a light, and found the landlord sleeping on the only bed in the house. He was quickly ejected and the three ladies of our party took possession of that, while the balance of the company, seven men encamped on chairs and on the floor. I took three chairs and got along very well, except finding myself rather sore in the morning. The next night we stopped at Weston, and a stage friend and myself were so lucky as to get a bed between us. To be sure there were two others sleeping in the room and it seemed to be a general thoroughfare through which the people of the house were travelling all night, but in comparison with the past it was very luxurious. The next night at midnight we reached Fort Des Moines. Hotel crowded as usual, but four of us found a very respectable chance on the floor. The two following nights we travelled all night, and last evening we arrived at this city on the banks of the Missouri; and once more found a bed to sleep in though in a room with seven others. So much for my night adventures. The day time was about as tedious. The roads are most villainous and the coaches never went more than 25 miles an hour. Every few minutes we had to get out and walk up a long hill or round a slough. I think we must have walked nearly a quarter of the whole distance. In one place, Skunk bottom, by name, we had to wade three quarters of a mile through mud and water, while the coach was hauled across by six men. At another time stuck fast up to the hubs at 11 o'clock at night—attempted to get out, the horses floundered and fell and the driver unbuckled them and swore he would do nothing more. The passengers took off the mails and the baggage, threatened to shoot the driver if he didn't put other horses in, so we finally got out. We had a variety of such adventures as that. One night near 12 o'clock we stuck fast and three of us walked ahead to let them get out of it as they could. We walked about two miles and then becoming terribly tired and sleepy, we found a wide board laid down under the lee of a fence and slept on it more than an hour. When we awoke the stage was not in sight and we went back. We found the driver dead drunk. The indignant passengers had deposited him in the soft mud hole and as a drizzling rain was falling, I presume he got a thorough soaking before morning. Luckily the next station wasn't far off so we went there, got fresh horses and a new driver and started on our course once more. All these things were annoying enough, but there was still enough of novelty and romance in them to enable me to rather enjoy them than otherwise. One evening before the moon rose we came to a creek about four feet deep. The stage forded it, but for us the only passage was a small tree which had fallen across only a few inches above the water. We couldn't walk it because it was inclining and slippery, so we had to creep over on our hands and knees. We all took our positions on the log like so many monkeys and then the guns were passed from hand to hand; when our traps were transferred we crept over our selves. A picture of this would have been decidedly rich—the swift white water below, the great oak trees arched with the stars twinkling down through as if they were enjoying the joke immensely. Incidents like these were occasionally varying the monotony of travel, and will make me long remember my trip thro' Iowa.

It is a magnificent country. The prairies are not of a dead level like those of Illinois, but gently swelling and sometimes very broken. The night after we left Des Moines we passed a prairie burning—it was glorious—the long line of flame extended from horizon to horizon. It was the grandest sight I ever saw.

I shall start for Sioux city, ninety miles above here to-morrow, but I have had enough of staging—I have bought me a beautiful little horse and shall ride him, and return across the country with him when I finish my labors here. So fancy me to-morrow morning with an immense pair of boots down over my pants, my shawl strapped to my saddle, a double-barrelled gun lying in front of me and the whole equipment starting through the forest for Sioux city. I don't know how it will rest for six months ago I wouldn't have believed that I would ever venture on such an expedition, but I dare almost anything now.

A. P.

OUR TABLE.

THE STANDARD SPELLER. Containing Exercises for Oral Spelling; also, Sentences for Silent Spelling, by Writing from Dictation. In which the Representative Words and the Anomalous Words of the English Language are Classified as to Indicate their Pronunciation, and to be fixed in the Memory by Association. By E. S. Sargent, author of "The Standard Speller," and the Standard Series of Readers. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is intended to accompany the excellent series of reading books by the same author, and like those is on a plan somewhat unique, the merits of which will be readily perceived by teachers. These books have been introduced quite extensively into the public schools in many parts of the country, and we are glad to learn that they are gradually coming into use in our own State. Copies of the whole series may be found at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville, and we commend them to the attention of those interested in education.

LINDA; OR THE YOUNG PILOT OF THE BELLE CREOLE. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Ernest Lincoln," "Courtship and Marriage," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Of this work the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin said, "Mrs. Hentz has given us here a very delightful romance, illustrative of life in the Southwest, on a Mississippi plantation. There is a well-wrought love plot; the characters are well drawn; the incidents are striking and novel; the denouement happy, and the moral excellent. Mrs. Hentz may twine new laurels above her 'Moby Dick'." The present edition is published in very good style, and is sent by mail, free of postage, in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, on the reception of \$1; or in two volumes, paper cover, for 75 cts. Address T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The June number has made its appearance this early, but this delightful visitor never comes to soon. It is full freighted with stories, poetry, pictures, and scores of knock-knocks, useful and interesting to the ladies. A new volume will commence with the next number, and this is therefore a good time to subscribe. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs.

THE SCALPER, an entirely original Quarterly Exposition of the Laws of Health and abuses of Medicine and Domestic Life.—The April number contains much valuable information and many practical hints on the preservation of health, while the editor is as severe as usual at upon the popular medical humbugs, and comes down with great effect upon quackery, regular and irregular. Works of this class are doing much to enlighten the people and protect them from fools and knaves, both in and out of the profession. Portions of this work—incidents in city and country practice—are of thrilling interest. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, New York, at \$2 a year. Edited by Edward H. Dixon, M. D.

Lookings-round at Kendall's Mills.

No. 3. "The Fairfield" House was built about '35, and has been kept by several landlords since; but probably by none better than Mr. Bunker the present proprietor. It has been newly painted and refitted throughout. The large Hall in the third story has been cut up into nice airy sleeping-rooms, and it is now one of the best arranged public houses in the county. With plenty of good fare and good attention it must be a favorite retreat for the travelling community.

Resuming our walk up-street, we next come to the store of Page & Bodfish, who have been for some time closing up their old business, which had been carried on pretty extensively. I cannot tell you what course they intend to pursue, but presume they will "fill up" again shortly. Their store, both for location and size is a very good one and with trifling expense might be made a very pretty one. The old shed which joins it on the North ought, I think, to be taken away and another store built in its place. That done, and the old store re-modelled, would add much to the beauty of this part of the village.

The next store on this side of the street is the new one occupied by Mr. Charles Eaton as a wholesale and retail grocery and provision store. This you see, with its large glass front, makes an imposing appearance. Should you want to purchase any goods here, you will find the friend Williams, the salesman, on hand, who knows how to tell you the good qualities of his goods as well as any other man. (Of course his goods have no bad qualities.)

Next comes the store of Messrs. Nye and Wilder. They keep a general assortment of groceries and dry goods, crockery, &c., as is usual in a country store. The industry and strict attention to business of these men must insure them an ample competence, in a few years.

Next to them is a little store and post office, and the next to that is what is known as Kendall's Block, in the south end of which is E. G. Pratt's variety store. Mr. Pratt formerly traded at Fairfield Meeting House. He came here some three or four years since, and has been doing a large trade; and is, perhaps, one of the shrewdest managers we have among us. He is one of our village assessors. The store in the other end of "The Block" was lately occupied by Wm. R. Appleton as a boot, shoe and clothing store; but a few days since he "came up missing," as the Irishman said, and the goods have been taken possession of by his creditors. I understand that other parties residing in Mass. claim to have bought the stock of Mr. Appleton. Whether there is anything out of joint or not, will probably be determined by judicial investigation. In the meantime, I have been informed, the goods will be sold at public auction some time next week.

In the second story of the Block is the office of Esq. Boyle, a new lawyer who has just established himself in the business here. If he has brass enough he may succeed. You know it is said that it requires brass to make a good lawyer. Dr. Bates also has an office here.—He belongs to the old school system of practice, still, he has endeavored to keep up with the times, and has probably come to the conclusion that there are other means of medication, in some cases, at least, besides calomel, jalap and blood letting. My own opinion is, that he is as reliable a physician as any other one of the old school practices, in this vicinity to say the least. If age and experience are any merit the Doctor has more of each, probably, than any other one of his profession in the county.

In the next office, may be found a Barber's shop, newly and neatly fitted up by friend Johnson, whose experienced hand and keen razors would take off your beard in a trice, and whose perfumery would make your head smell sweetly, for one day at least.

Back of these offices is the Kendall Hall, in which are held meetings for religious worship once in four weeks, by the Congregationalists. Rev. Benj. Dodge ministers to them, and I understand gives them good satisfaction. There are not a great many of that order here, but what there are seem to be ready for every good word and work. The Hall is also used for various other purposes, such as levees, parties, balls, and public lectures—when lectures can be heard through the din and noise of ill-bred boys, who usually surround the building on such occasions.

Mr. Cass.—The truth or value of those influences which sometimes decide great events or contribute to important results, is very pointedly exhibited by a writer in a Boston paper. In an article upon "The London Times, Senator Cass and the War," the writer, after alluding to the great power of the Times in promoting peace or war, presents a very strong view of the selfish, venal and wicked motives which control its course. With a brief sketch of the course by which Mr. Cass has advanced to leadership among the champions of the threatened war with England, bringing tangibly to the mind the miserable and frivolous basis from which such a war would have come. Of the Times our readers already know enough; of Mr. Cass they wish to know more:

"Of Senator Cass, we wish to speak with respect, for the many virtues of his heart; and of his talents, which have placed him above mediocrity, it is enough to say, he is, perhaps, foremost among second-rate men." This gentleman, if we do not misrecollect, was appointed, under a Van Buren administration, Minister to Paris in 1836. He returned from his mission in '40 or '41, and was sent to the Senate from his adopted State in March 4th, 1845. He was a member of the Senate contemporaneously with the great Daniel Webster. During the latter part of his mission to St. Cloud, besides writing, and, we think, publishing some marked letters on Louis Philippe, distinguished for their French unctious and by inference, at least, distasteful to the English government, he went out of his way to interfere with European policy. This he could have done, as Mr. Cass, but not as a Minister of the United States to a foreign power. For this impertinence he received, we think, from Lord Brougham, in his place in Parliament, a castigation whose severity, no one, who knows that gentleman's ability for sarcasm and eloquence, will doubt was sufficiently caustic. For the same intermeddling, and grounded on the same fact, he met a rebuke from Mr. Webster on the floor of the Senate of the United States, which was more withering than Lord Brougham's. After a lapse of years, he forgave Mr. Webster, but he has never forgotten nor forgiven the great English orator. For this and other causes, Mr. Cass owes England a grudge, and the Senator has lost no opportunity of fanning any spark of difference of opinion in the policy of the two countries into a live coal if he could, or into a smoke if he could not make a blaze. For this, he lately paraded in the Senate, at length, the recent well-written but unprincipled columns of the London Times. To pay off this grudge and settle up his balances with England, Mr. Cass lends his influence to aid the enemy of British interests, the London Times, would plunge the two nations into an unnatural war—a war which Victoria or President Pierce may declare, but in which the people of both countries, or we understate their good sense, WILL NEVER FIGHT.

SELF-DEFENCE.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the Independent, undertakes to prove that the New Testament does not countenance the use of force, or physical violence, in self-defence. He says:

"The New Testament declares that malignity, revenge, hatred, are not to be felt toward an enemy. We do not think it touches at all the question what kind of instruments men may employ. It simply teaches what is the state of mind which is to direct either kind of instrument—moral or physical. If we reason and argue, love, and not malignity, is to animate us. If we are in extremities, and defend our lives with weapons, it is not to be in bitter hatred, but calmly, deliberately and with Christian firmness. We know that there are those who will scoff at the idea of holding a sword or a rifle in a Christian state of mind. I think it is just as easy as to hold an argument in a Christian state of mind. When Mr. Garrison is called to write a review of Dr. Adams' South-side View of Slavery, or to expose the time-serving of lower-law clergymen, we think that it is far more difficult to maintain the peace principles inculcated by Christ, than it would be for Robinson and Pomeroy to do it while defending the city of Lawrence with arms."

THE PEAK FAMILY.—See their notice of a Concert in Waterville. This famous Company is too well known to need commendation. A full house with an entertainment of the very highest interest, are two "fixed facts," wherever they appear.

THE MURDER IN WASHINGTON.—The New York Mirror in commenting upon the recent murderous affray at Washington, uses the following language which will commend itself to the approval of most readers:

"We forbear comments to-day upon this bloody business, beyond this, that the time, the place, and the relative position of the parties, render the conduct of Herbert wholly inexcusable. No gentleman, in a public dining room, will have any altercation with the servants; and no man untainted by cowardice or ruffianism, will deem it necessary to go armed into a peaceful breakfast room. If waiters are 'insolent,' the gentlemanly guest will appeal to the host, and if he refuses to make the amende honorable, the only dignified alternative is to quit the house. We do not believe in hanging; but we would sentence the Honorable Mr. Herbert to the next severest penalty, and place the mark of Cain upon his brow."

Judge Crawford rendered his decision Monday morning in Herbert's case, deciding to admit him to bail in \$10,000, for appearance at the June term of the Criminal Court, to answer the charge of manslaughter. Jos. H. Herbert and James Owner became his sureties.

LETTERS HELD FOR POSTAGE, Waterville, May 15, 1856.—Miss Matilda Card, Bangor, Miss Anna McCausland, Winslow. Corydon Ireland, St. Albans. Geo. B. Loring, F. M. Salem, Mass. Geo. Holbrook, Bath. Winsor B. Gullifer, Wisconsin, retained for better direction.

Capt. Tinkelpaugh's protest against the conduct of the British at San Juan, sent to the Secretary of State, was before the Cabinet yesterday, and they have determined to take immediate action upon it. Already, I understand, a sufficient force has been ordered to proceed to San Juan to investigate the affair.

North Kennebec Agricultural & Horticultural Society.

PREMIUM LIST FOR 1856.

HORSES.

For best Stallion \$500; second best, \$300; third best, Patent Office Report. Premiums to be paid when the horse has been kept within limits of Society one service season.
For best breeding Mare, \$300; 2d, 200; 3d, Patent Office Report—one or more colts to be shown as proof of breeding qualities of Mare.
For best pair Horses for all work, training to be shown upon drag, plow or cart, 300.
For best Horse colt 3 years old, 200; 2d, one copy Transactions Agricultural Societies in Maine.
For best mare colt 3 years old, 200; 2d, the Transactions of Societies, as above.
For best colt 1 year old, 100; 2d, Patent Office Report.

BULLS.

For best Bull over two and under four years old, \$400; 2d, 200. To be kept in limits of Society one season before premium is paid.
For best Bull one year old and under two, 300; 2d, Transactions, with same conditions as above.
For best Bull calf, 200; 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best thoroughbred Bull, with undoubted pedigree Durham, Devon or Hereford, to be kept within limits of Society one service season 100.

COWS.

For best Dairy Cow, 400; 2d, 300. Written statements of the yield of butter the first ten days of June or the first ten days of September and of the feed during the time and five days previous to the feed, together with the breed and date of her last calving, will be required of competitors on this class.
For best stock Cow, one or more of her progeny to be shown, 300; 2d, same conditions, 200.
For best lot of Dairy Cows not less than three in number, and including all the cows kept by the competitor, with written statements of the yield of butter and cheese in lbs. and the value thereof from the first day of June to the first day of October, and also the average yield per lb. of milk, by weighing the same one day at least in each week during the above time, with full statement of kind of feed and management of cows during the trial, with ages of cows and date of last calving, 400.
For best Cow for all purposes, one or more calves to be shown as evidence of true stock properties and written statements in regard to her dairy qualities, giving the product of milk and butter in pounds for thirty days and her feed during the trial and for ten days previous to the trial, 400; 2d, 200.
For best Heifer 3 years old, Volume Maine Farmer and 100; 2d, 50.
For best Heifer 2 years old, Vol. Farmer and 100; 2d, a copy of Transactions Agricultural Societies in Maine.
For best Heifer one year old, Patent Office Report and 100; 2d, Vol. Maine Farmer.
For best Heifer calf 1 Vol. Maine Farmer; 2d, 100.

OXEN AND STEERS.

For best pair Fancy Oxen 4 years old and upwards 400; 2d, 200; 3d, 1 Vol. Maine Farmer.
For best Drawing Oxen 5 years old and upwards 400; 2d, 200; 3d, 1 Vol. Maine Farmer.
For best Drawing Oxen 4 years old 100; 2d, 50; 3d, 1 Vol. Maine Farmer.
For best Steers 3 years old, 300; 2d, 200; 3d, 100.
For best 2 years old Steers, Maine Farmer and 100; 2d, Maine Farmer.
For best 1 year old Steers 200; 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best Steer calf 1 Vol. Maine Farmer, 2d, Patent Office Report.

SHEEP.

For best lot of Sheep of any breed or kind, with written statement of expenses of keeping and profits for the season and their advantages, if any, over other breeds and kinds, 2d, 2d Transactions of Agricultural Societies in Maine and 100; 3d, 100.
For best lot of Turkeys 5 or more, with statement of mode of raising, Vol. Maine Farmer, 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best lot of Geese 6 or more, statement of age and keeping, Maine Farmer, 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best lot of Pigs of one litter, 5 or more from 2 to 10 weeks old, 1 Vol. Maine Farmer, 2d, 100.

POULTRY.

For best lot of Hens of any breed or kind, with written statement of expenses of keeping and profits for the season and their advantages, if any, over other breeds and kinds, 2d, 2d Transactions of Agricultural Societies in Maine and 100; 3d, 100.
For best lot of Turkeys 5 or more, with statement of mode of raising, Vol. Maine Farmer, 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best lot of Geese 6 or more, statement of age and keeping, Maine Farmer, 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best lot of Pigs of one litter, 5 or more from 2 to 10 weeks old, 1 Vol. Maine Farmer, 2d, 100.

SWINE.

For best Boar, 200; 2d, 100.
For Sow having one or more litter of pigs, one or more of the pigs to be shown, Maine Farmer and 100; 2d, 100; 3d, 50.
For best lot of Pigs of one litter, 5 or more from 2 to 10 weeks old, 1 Vol. Maine Farmer, 2d, 100.

CROPS.

For best Acre Winter Wheat not less than twenty bushels, Maine Farmer and 250; 2d, Maine Farmer and 150; 3d, 200, 4th 100.
For best Acre Spring Wheat not less than twenty bushels, 300; 2d, Vol. Maine Farmer and 100; 3d, 100.
For best Acre Winter Rye not less than twenty bushels, Vol. Maine Farmer, 2d, 100.
For best Spring Rye not less than fifteen bushels, Vol. Maine Farmer, 2d, 100.
For best Acre Indian Corn not less than seventy-five bushels 400; 2d, 300; 3d, 200, 4th, Patent Office Report.
For best Acre Oats and Peas one-third Peas not less than thirty-five bushels 200; 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best Acre Oats 200; 2d, 100.
For best Acre Barley not less than thirty-five bushels, 200; 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best half-Acre Beans Maine Farmer, 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best Crop Potatoes, not less than half an acre and not less than two hundred bushels per acre 300; 2d, 200.
For best Crop Carrots not less than one-fourth acre not less than five hundred bushels per acre 200; 2d, Vol. Maine Farmer.
For best Crop Beets one-fourth acre or more, five hundred bushels per acre 300; 2d, 200; 3d, 100.
For best Crop Turnips one-fourth acre or more, five hundred bushels or more per acre 200; 2d, 100.
For greatest profit from half an acre of land in any crop, crops full statement in writing of expense in labor, manure, &c., with value of crop and of manure, &c., patent witness, Maine Farmer and 100; 2d, Patent Office Report and 100.
For best exhibition of Garden Vegetables, Year Book of the Farm for greatest variety and best exhibition of products of the farm, seeds, grains, vegetables &c., The Year Book of the Farm, 2d 100.

PRIZES FOR BOYS.

For best boy raised on not less than one-eighth acre of land in vegetables or crops of any kind, written statement by boy himself, giving mode of cultivation and value of each portion of the crop, 300; 2d, 100.
For most value from one-fourth acre of corn or other Root crops statements as above 200; 2d, 100.
For most value from one-eighth acre Indian Corn, statement as above 200; 2d, 100.

RULES.

—Entries for premiums in crops must be made with the Secretary on or before the third Monday in December, accompanied with written statements certified to by a competent, disinterested witness, giving the following particulars:—First, a description of soil and its treatment the year previous, and the amount of the present crop with a detailed statement of manner of cultivation and quantity and quality of manure, time and depth of plowing, time of seeding, management of crop throughout the season, mode of harvesting. Secondly, the entire cost of cultivation and total value of the crop.

—In all cases where it is found that animals entitled to the first premium have received the same in the same class at any former exhibition of this Society, a certificate that the animal is the best presented shall be awarded also to choice animals from without the limits of the Society at the discretion of the several committees.

—All entries for Premiums of Animals or articles to be exhibited at the October Show may be made with the Secretary at any time before the 1st day of the Show, and must be made before ten o'clock A. M. of said day to entitle them to the privilege of competition.—All articles of manufacture must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to premium, but any new or useful article from without the limits will be received for exhibition and duly noticed by the Committees.

Committees will be instructed not to award premiums when the rules and regulations are not complied with.

Messrs. Ephraim Maxham, E. G. Sawtelle, Hall C. Burleigh, George E. Shores and Robert R. Drummond are appointed Committee on best managed Farms, and are requested to examine the farms entered for competition in the months of July, August and September.

JOS. FERGIVAL, Secretary pro tem.

THE ISSUE.—The New Orleans Bulletin the chief commercial and political journal of that city, and a supporter of the Fillmore ticket, says of the campaign:

"The man is as blind as a bat, and hopelessly stupid, who does not see that there is one overshadowing question which overwhelms and swallows up all other secondary issues; the fundamental and vital question of slavery; as much as possible, the fact cannot be disguised that slavery is the one real element of party divisions; and to organize a party with the expectation that the members of it North and South would unite and harmonize upon this main point of dispute, is only short of moonstruck madness."

A VERY CURIOUS CASE.—We clip the following from the Lowell News:

"About a year and a half ago a widow lady by the name of Smith, residing on Suffolk street, in this city, drank some water from a spring at the sea-shore, and as she supposed swallowed a small eel. Since then she has been gradually getting out of health and at length her illness became so severe and alarming that her life was thought to be in great danger. No medicine or physician could give her relief, till last week. Dr. Hutton being called in gave her a portion that on Saturday morning relieved her of a live eel a foot in length. The eel has been preserved in spirits, and is decidedly an ugly-looking customer. The lady is greatly relieved, but thinks there is another of the 'varmints' left behind."

The President has receded from his position on the Sound dues question. The American shipping is now directed to pay under protest

For best specimen Plums, three kinds or more 100
For best specimen Grapes, Allen's or another book upon Grape Culture.
For largest number Seedling Apple Trees raised the present season, Downing's Fruit Book, 2d, Cole's Fruit Book.
For best and largest Lot Pear and Plum Trees or either, set the present season 200.
For best exhibition of Fruit of any and all kinds, raised and presented by one man, 400.
For best dozen Hay Forks, 100.
For best Improved Sward, Plow, 200; 2d, Patent Office Report.
For best Improved Seed or Stubble Plows, 200; 3d, Patent Office Report.
For best Hay Forks, 100.
For best Hay Scythes, 100.
For best Hay Rakes, 100.
For best dozen Manure Forks, 100.
For best dozen Hay Forks, 100.
For best one-half dozen Shovels 100.
For best one-half dozen Axes 100.
For best dozen Axes 100.
For best Improved Horse Rake, Patent Office Report on Mechanics.
For best Single Sleigh 150.
For best Single Wagon 200.
For best two horse Farm Wagon 200; 2d, 100.
For best Single Harness 200.
For best Double Harness 200.
For best Ladies Cloth, Leather Boots 2 pairs 100.
For best Shoes 2 pairs 100.
For best specimen Cabinet Work 150.
For best Vase, 200.
For best Horse Carriage 200.
For best Farm Horse for one horse 100.
For best Horse-hoe or Cultivator 100.
For best Wheelbarrow 50.
For best Seed-sower 100.
For best Improved Harrow 100.
For best Vase York and Bows 100.
For the largest and best exhibition of Farming Implements 30

