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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 42): April 29, 1858

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BY L. A. GOODWIN.

"Good-by, father; kiss little Jamy, before you go."

David King—Uncle Dave, as he was commonly called, bent over to the pale young girl, his daughter, who held her infant brother in her arms, bestowing a hasty kiss upon one and the other. Then turning to his silent, agitated wife, with a similar token of affection, he received from her a small bundle, containing a change of linen, and, perhaps, some few other necessities for the traveler, pronounced, rather huskily, the parting word, to the group all together, and striking his rude staff hard upon the ground, walked fast away from before his cabin door, toward the wilderness surrounding.

When he was nearly under the leafless, brown boughs, he cast a first look over his shoulder, almost stopping as if something was forgotten; but verging a little from his course so as to bring into fuller view the little west window of the house left behind, he lifted his rough hand toward it in expressive gesture of farewell; after which, surmounting the brush fence that ran round the little clearing, he disappeared from the watchers' sight. The mother, as she re-entered the dwelling, was cheered by the smile upon the face of her invalid boy, which still pressed the fingers, straining, in vain, after one more glimpse of the parent, who might not return that way for many months. Ah! he did not in many years.

David King proceeded, and shortly struck the town road, which was a little better than the poor trail leading off past two or three scattered habitations, and ending at his own. That he had chosen not to follow, being desirous of quitting the neighborhood privately; for what with things he could not help, and also those he did not, Uncle Dave's circumstances had waxed from indifferent to bad, and from bad to worse, till every man he met was his creditor, and at present against him. He was going now to seek improved fortune for himself and family; either through obtaining money wherever to relieve the incubus of debt that was on him, or preparing for a new home amid better prospects, and so distant that the arm of the law would not stretch its stern uncles from hence to annoy him. The great West had just sent forth its circulars of invitation; and David King trusted there might be something there worth securing, even for him.

So on he strode, covered by his slouched hat and a new suit, frock and pants—of blue homespun, the former falling over the latter to the knee. "Twice a pity was it that dispensation from above were not all which bent the stalwart figure of the man in his prime, nor exposure to the bleakness which swept those 'redness of eyes' and of complexion! The past winter had been one of sickness and distress in his household; one child of the six was gone where it would know no want; another, the eldest son, had been on the verge of the grave, and must linger long, perhaps ever, a sufferer. But it was a job that used to depend from David's hand, along the road between home and the village, coming heavy, and so soon returning light, which wrought the great evil to him and his, Uncle Dave, though much of a man otherwise, would dare.

Spring opened; the rosy bud of the maples in the 'sugar places' changed green, expanding into leaf; the husband and partridge sounded his drum from the old log beside the stored sap-buckets; red and white benjamins, and yellow adder tongues bloomed plentifully beneath velvet wreaths of the mosswood; while the robin, bob-o-link, and brown thrush poured out music as the sun his splendor, making all the knolls and hollows of the deep forest to rejoice. The lone woman, with such occasional gratuity from some kind neighbor, sowed and planted her few acres; sun and shower fell in benediction on the soil, which brought forth a harvest for the needy family.

Winter succeeded—passed in dreary months, while there came no tidings of the wanderer. The wife's face, which had always gathered anxiety at thought of him, became confirmed in melancholy; the children watched her looks, and ceased to ask each other, with wistful eyes and tones, huddled round the blazing fire of logs, "What, if father should come now?"

About the close of the second year, a returned immigrant put an end to their suspense, by an account of Mr. King's death. His intemperate habits, which were the occasion of his wife's deepest solicitude, had wrecked him in the middle of the voyage of life, and his poor bulk had gone down to dishonor and speedy oblivion. This was the tale; Uncle Dave had been stopping for several months in a western town, working a little, and drinking a good deal; and one night he went out of the tavern intoxicated, strayed away, and lay down and died from cold.

It was said all through the neighborhood that King's family were as well off without him; those that said it, waiving the consideration of there being griefs to the widow and fatherless unconnected with bread and flannel. Uncle Dave's falling might have earned him disrepute in the community; but those whom it most affected, his family, bore him only love still. The meagre mourning they put on, was far more significant than the most imposing often is.

And now Mrs. King rallied herself to meet the exigency. Strength such as she had not possessed before her day required it, enabled her to bear her burden, and to bear it well and cheerfully. The oldest girl, now fifteen years of age, was put to a trade; and soon her earnings, as she went from house to house, at a couple of shillings a day, were a sensible addition to her mother's small means; while in time, every family for at least five miles around, came to depend on her for making up their filled cloth; and during the fall and winter especially, Mrs. King and her services were in the greatest demand.

Meanwhile, the widow's little farm was marked by more thrift than formerly. The great beds of beech and black birch were always raked wide away from the doorstone back against the woodpile of goodly size, and the space of ground swept clean as the cottage floor; the battery window, and occasional other panes, hitherto glazed with newspapers, were renewed with glass, albeit of a kind that was apt to cut pranks with the vision, metamorphosing the red rooster into the cat, with an angrier back up, and the speckled sow to a whole large litter of suckling pigs. The raw-thatched hayrack beyond the house grew a respectable barn, with 'great beams' for the boys try their gymnastic powers upon, and a yard and scaffold, where, in alternate forenoons, poor pullets cackled of under-sized eggs.

Drovers and collectors of produce began to call, and make offers for a fat two-year-old or half a dozen lambs, or a tub or so of butter, and a few nicely-kept, three-meal cheeses. Out fences divided the mowing from the pasture, and the plow-land from both. Year by year, new fields were cleared, until to the west they met those of the nearest neighbor, and a section of the Green Mountain range received a setting sun from the cottagers' view.

One rainy evening, five summers after Uncle Dave went away, a stranger knocked at the door and inquired how far it was to a tavern.

"There is one at the village two miles from here," Leonard, the crippled lad, answered him; "but, I guess, you've come out of your way some, and the road don't go no further."

"I thought it seemed to be toing off," rejoined the man, willing to mantle his chagrin with a jest.

He hesitated, shivering in his wet coat looked back into the darkness and spoke to his horse, and looked again into the bright fire-light as though coveting a place there.

Leonard's mother rose with her knitting work in her hands, and coming close behind her son, bade the stranger on her threshold, good evening, at the same time scanning his appearance. From this, as the part of her mother, Jamy and the next older child took license to draw towards the door; where they stood peeping out, one between the hinges, and the other with the end of the wooden latch in his mouth. The stranger threw a lively be-peep at each, calling them Keen-eyes and Curly-headed; while Leonard whispered his mother—

"Haden't we better ask him to stay?"

Perhaps the individual to whom this reference was made, overheard the words, or else was encouraged by the expression of the woman's face, for he asked immediately:

"Couldn't you give a stormy night's shelter to a tired man and his beast, ma'am?"

"If you can put up with our poor accommodations," Mrs. King began, but there was no occasion to say more, the other had already seized his horse's bit and was leading him for the barn.

In a few minutes he was heard returning with Leonard. Myra bowed as he entered, looking up from her busy stitching on a coat for one of her brothers; Mrs. King set her wooden bowl of flat-jack batter on the table and hastened to take his drenched overcoat, which she hung up beside Leonard's tin lantern on a peg in the wall.

The hostess supposed her guest hadn't been to supper; he confessed that he had not even been to dinner. He was a young man, with a certain look and air of smartness which were likely to favor him among any strangers, and which certainly did so here. He was very easy and affable, too; so that not only the children quickly relaxed from their self-imposed propriety of sitting in silent rigidity, looking artfully at one another whenever one another inadvertently screwed sideways on the chair, or grated a foot on the round it rested upon, but Myra, while conscious that the stranger's eyes were watching her, no longer broke her thread by nervous twitches, and her young sister cleared away the stranger's plate after his meal, with resignation at her green flannel gown not being done, and happily forgetful of the clatter her thick shoes made upon the floor.

The guest's name of Alton was not strange to them when he made it known and said he was the son of the late Jubal Alton, who died the possessor of land in the vicinity which he held under the original title, including a number of First Division Lots in that township. In that neighborhood, then, young Alton's journey ended; he having traveled from Hartford, partly for curiosity and partly of necessity, to examine his inheritance and advise himself concerning its condition and prospects.

It was Saturday night when he arrived; by Monday morning he had attained so good terms with the family as to venture upon asking Mrs. King for a few days' board. The widow smiled, only saying—"if Mr. Alton could put up with such accommodations as theirs," which accommodations the other declared he "liked capitally." The proposition was settled, therefore, to the delight of Alton and the majority of the other party.

The presence of the distinguished gentleman created nothing less than a *furore* throughout the neighborhood. Myra, wherever in her intimacy she went, heard him talked of; the scholars questioned the King children at school and carried home every night some new anecdote of him. Old women went a-visiting to Mrs. King's as though the thing was an epidemic; and instances were known where young women left the hominy dinner burn fast to the kettle while they stood gazing out after the dashing young man with his dashing white horse and elegant gig. The same dreamt of Jubal Alton, Jr. by night; and considered by day how lucky a circumstance it was that Myra King, from being away from home all the week, stood but little better chance of getting acquainted with him than they did themselves.

Four weeks went by, and just as a farmer's boy was harnessing a dilapidated horse into a wagon, of quite primitive make, for the purpose of carrying Miss King home to spend Sunday as usual, Mr. Alton drove up and entirely superseded the lad's business. They were so late in arriving, that Myra's mother concluded she must have had a garment to press off after the young man got there. Before, however, the supper had had to wait to its great endangerment, the two came.

Mrs. King leveled a shovelful of coals on the hearth and clapped down the tea to drawing, while Lucia met her sister and turned to hurry up the light johnnycake from the bright tin baker. Presently Leonard entered with his limping gait; and on his mother inquiring why Mr. Alton was not with him, he answered by putting a bank note in her hand and repeating what the gentleman had briefly told him—that he was obliged to leave for home without an hour's delay. He was by this time a mile away. Leonard had satisfied himself with the supposition that Alton had received letters at the village post office which occasioned the sudden and unceremonious departure.

The quicker instincts of his sister and their mother, however, led them toward a different solution of the mystery. Myra, as she pretended to be all-absorbed in folding her shawl, felt the eyes of both riveted on her; and, with averted face, stole out of the kitchen.

"Oh, Myra! sighed her sister, after her, with an almost fearful look.

Mrs. King followed her daughter and received a frank avowal of all that had happened; which was, that Alton had, during the ride home, offered himself to the young lady and been refused. But why—what reason could she possibly give for rejecting an honorable suit of this kind?

"I hope you don't want to get rid of me, dear mother," laughed Myra, in reply. "Only think how many of our good neighbors it would disappoint, if I were to set my goose, and, in-

stead of waxing my thread, was away in the distance!"

"I see how it is," interposed her mother, gravely, and even painfully; "you know how much we need your labor; for the sake of your poor mother and her fatherless children you sacrifice your own happiness. Oh, my child, what shall I say!—this is dreadful!"

But Myra protested, and with such affectionate sincerity as compelled to belief in her protest, that no circumstances of her family could have influenced her to another decision than the one she had made; that whatever might be others' opinion of Jubal Alton, she herself, had no love—nor even fancy for him.

That evening the son of a neighbor, Willard Morrill, a youth of twenty, found a seat with the family circle, played checkers with Leonard, and cracked jests on the hearth for the company. *There was his long, narrow, round place on Saturday evenings, though of late his welcome visit had been missed.*

"What's the reason you haven't been here so long?" inquired Jamy of him, boldly. "It's a whole month, for I remember 'twas the night that Mr. Alton came; and then you didn't stop. I ke and I reckoned you was mad 'cause the darned old cow broke into your turnips."

Willard looked rather foolish, said the critter didn't do any damage to speak of, and cast an eye across the table at Myra, who blushed like a peony in prime. Mrs. King observed the simple episode, and a light flashed out of it upon her mind, which chased midnight, as it were off her feelings.

Then passed other years like those which had preceded. Finally, on an occasion, Mrs. King was appealed to by young Morrill, for her influence with Myra in behalf of himself as her suitor. There had long been a sort of tacit engagement subsisting between the two. Willard had waited patiently; but the time had come when duty to his parents mingled with his own dearest hopes, and demanded a change. His mother had within the last few months fallen infirm; and the pious and commonly placid old lady was fretted beyond measure at having everything entrusted to a "hired girl," when there was her son ought to have a wife, who would take an interest in affairs.

Mrs. Morrill was not ignorant of her son's attachment, and she had always approved of it—why shouldn't she; but then if Myra King went ready to be married yet, what in conscience was the use of waiting for her? There wasn't a gal in town but would be glad to have her Willard, and take the homestead. (It was not altogether a mother's partiality which dictated this opinion.) Dolly Jackson had been at the house spinning and weaving, she seemed to be a real clever person, and handy; Mrs. Morrill hadn't a doubt she'd make Willard a good wife.

It was rather evident that the old lady had followed up her suggestion to her son, by at least half a suggestion to buxom Dolly; and that the latter was found ready to respond, heart and hand. If anything could have moved Miss King from her purpose of longer remaining single, this idea of being supplanted certainly would; but she was immovable. Her lover knew, though she candidly advised him to marry Dolly Jackson, that his affection for her was not slighted; and it was on this account that he besought her mother's generous interposition. But how could even this influence be expected to prevail, where an ardent wooer and a loving heart of one's own had failed?

"No, mother," returned Myra, "I have made the decision, and it must stand. Willard, though he would be glad to help you, I know, couldn't do much at present; and it is just now if ever that you need help. Leonard is lame, and the other boys are young yet. The old log house is about ready to tumble down over our heads; and in the course of next year we must build. As I am, I have no duty but to you. As I am, then, let me stay; I am not afraid to be an old maid."

Lucina has grown very beautiful every body says. If ever a stranger comes to the school house to meeting, especially if he is a young man, I see him gazing at my sister, and inquiring who she is, and then admiring again. You can't expect to keep her with you a great while. She longs for the society she sometimes reads about in a stray newspaper or magazine; and, somehow—I can't think where she learned it all—she is ladylike, and almost accomplished. For me, I never had any desires that went beyond this neighborhood; and for the future I mean to cherish none that go beyond my mother's dwelling."

Though trembling from head to foot, and sometimes speaking with forced and choking utterance, Myra argued right womanly, and, as her mother felt most sadly, becomingly to necessity. There was no palliation in this instance—Myra had indeed sacrificed herself. How could her mother bear up under the fact? How would she herself bear up under it in years to come? The poor widow had not known so bitter a trouble.

Myra returned in the morning to her place at the village, from which her mother had summoned her home. Calmly, dispassionately, as she thought, she had sealed her destiny; but now her feelings suffered agony under the excision her own hands had completed, her soul shrieked out for pity through the grates of the narrow cell it had been condemned to inhabit forever. To repeated questionings after her health by the family whom she served, the girl laughed with a hollow sound, and nimbly went on with her work; while seeming to see her lifetime entered into the garment's measure she was taking.

The middle of that afternoon, as she sat sewing, with eyes inflamed, she took pains to have it understood by so much working by candle light, a lad of the family rushed into her presence with the electric announcement—"Miss King, your father has come!"

She started in her chair, and looking from the window beheld as it were an image conjured up from the grave, her long absent and not always worthy parent. He had on the same slouched hat, in tatters now; the blue frock, threadbare and dirty; and—most unwelcome identifier—bore in his hand an old brown jug. His figure was somewhat more bent than when he went away, and the neglected beard was seen half turned white. Uncle Dave had come a foot traveler over the hill into the village; he was standing in the centre of a group of men, from whose salutations the lad had gained his information as to the stranger's name.

Myra, with the confirmation of what she heard, fell forward fainting; but with only a second's unconsciousness, rallied to meet her father, who entered the house, and, in-

stead of entering the house, having been told that his daughter was there. She did not forget that, whatever might be his failings and sins, he was her father. There might be a manifest humiliation on her part, as there certainly was on his, tempering the joy of their meeting; but the bronzed cheek was kissed more than once, and the sinewy arms which should have been the protection of his household through all these burdened years, folded the girl in a fond embrace.

They set off immediately—Myra and her father—for home. Few words were spoken on the way, especially on the part of the worn old man, who, seeming nearly crushed beneath his weight of remorse and shame, dwelt only on the probabilities connected with his reception by the family altogether. Not daring to enter their presence unannounced, he begged his daughter, when they were within sight of the place, to go on before; saying that he would follow by the time she should have spoken of him to her mother. Perhaps he counted on the influence of this gentle, forgiving child with the others and with his wife.

But whether the girl's feet were clogged by the strange tidings she bore, or whether, as might well be, the minutes were multiplied to the husband and father anxiously awaiting his doom, scarcely had Myra passed along the twilight road, than the other pressed her footsteps. As she entered the fire-lighted kitchen, the children bounded toward her, and Lucia gliding his arms around her neck and laying her cheek to her's whispered—

"Jubal Alton is here; he came over a week ago, but I could not keep it from you. He went away and has come back to-day. Sister, dear, when he was here long ago, I loved him for you, now I love him for myself. He has asked me to be his wife; we are to be married, oh! very soon; then I shall go away with him."

The tongue of the listener seemed palsied. The thought of further disgrace that was now to fall on her family, and how it might affect the mind of him who had chosen her as his bride, almost transformed her like another Daphne, into an inanimate creation. Before she could recover, David King appeared in the midst.

"My wife! my children!" he exclaimed, putting forth his arms like a circle which should gather them all within it; but the next instant he shrank away, dropped into a seat, and leaning low upon his staff, gave utterance to a groan from the deep caverns of his soul.

If he interpreted the momentary silence which followed for evil to his hopes, he was blissfully undecieved by the words and tokens of affection which burst spontaneously forth, so soon as the thunderbolt of his advent had passed by. The haggard wanderer rose once more to his feet.

"Think, he faltered, 'think well what it is you would do. Do not let impulse encourage me, if reflection must despise and reject. Is it possible that one who has wasted the best years and energies of his being, a guilty, though repentant man, can be received again into the bosom of his deserted family? Shall he who left you, in his strength, to your own support, burden you in his support now? Have the poverty and shame I have made you suffer, been so slight, that you can bear them added to by my living presence? Am I not, rather, now that the law will give my wronged wife freedom from me, to be cast out to perish in the debauchery to which I have yielded myself a slave?"

His wife and older children were weeping around him while he talked. When they grew calmer, the former cast on each of the latter a look of appeal, resting it last and longest on Myra, as much as to say—"My maintenance, also, must, perhaps, shortly fall on my children: it is not for me to decide without these." The faces gave back no true answer; and that was—"He is our long lost father!" Jamy alone—the younger two boys not remembering their father's person, had kept aloof and silent; by dragging the jug from beside the old man's chair and placing it contemptuously in a corner, seemed to demand a condition. Mrs. King extended her hands and pressed those of the returned wanderer, saying:

"Oh, my husband! such as your home is, welcome back to it. Whatever have been your trespasses against us, we forgive them as may God forgive us ours. Let us all forget that we have ever been separated."

He caught her for one moment close his heart, stepped back, and stood erect till his crown touched the low ceiling. He then drew off the slouched hat, rent the old blue frock down the front and flung it also at his feet. Now respectably clad, and with the light of manliness beaming suddenly through every feature, he thus addressed his mute, astonished household:

"Thank God, the test of your abiding love is over. Thank Him, I am not to tax your noble natures so far. Jamy, dear little man, your father's lips have not been put to a poison jug, like that, in years. I am not now a drunkard, nor poor. I have money, and I have lands which will be a noble patrimony to our children, and their children's children."

He proceeded to give some detail of his adventures. The fate reported as his, he had barely escaped. With still a sense of manhood remaining, the incident made a deep impression on him; and he resolved, with a resolution strong as the love of life, that the taste of anything which could incite to debauchery should never be on his tongue again.

On this foundation he rebuilt his character; but not without toil, and not without perseverance. There was the accumulated rubbish of established indolence to be removed; and now and then the wanting cement of the faith of his fellow men in him, left the walls he reared to totter and almost to fall. He knew that word of his death had been conveyed to his family, and he would not change that belief till a competency crowned his efforts.

Willard Morrill, who sitting gloomily in a darkened angle of the apartment, had not shown himself to Myra at her entrance, now joined the group and clasped her willing hand. Jubal Alton, who had entered in time to get a comfortable understanding of what had occurred, drew Lucia to him by an arm around her waist. The wife hung on her husband's neck; the children, quickly familiarized, clung to his knees. And here let the curtain descend.

Speaking of Judge Daggett reminds me of an occurrence that took place many years since, in my presence, at one of the dinners—or more properly, suppers, of our Yale Commencement. The substantial of the feast were already discussed, and the 'dessert' was being served

up, when Professor Benjamin Silliman, then in the full possession of manly beauty—and I have seldom seen a handsomer man—asked Daggett if he should help him to a piece of mince pie?

"A part of a piece, if you please," said Daggett.

Silliman immediately commenced dividing, subdividing and redviding a bit of pie, and continued the operation so long that Daggett at length noticed it, and inquired what he was doing.

"I was trying," said Silliman, "to get your part of a piece of pie; but, cut as I will, I can still find nothing but a whole piece."

[Harper's Drawer.]

(From the Portland Transcript.  
Letter From Ethan Spike.

HOBART, APRIL, 1858.

Figgeratively speakin'—this is a world of changes—an' what makes it wus—is its mighty insatiable. No man knows the eend therof, or by sarchin him make one hair of his statoary white or black,—likewise the tetotum which sometimes is, an' sometimes isn't. Tharfore, with Solomon—King of Sheber—I conclude that all is vanity, saith the preacher. Change, change is writ on everything! Change is everywhere, except whar its most wanted—in a feller's pockets. My own ideas change frequently, and on special occasions, oftener.

When General Persse wouldn't give me a nois, for instance, I had an idea that republics is an' ongratefoul, but when a survivin' patriot is in that majesty, and made me a civil magid, an' set me up as a pillow of State, that idea changed in the twinklin' of a wheelbarrow. I felt good all over. I loved everybody—(olere exceptin' federalists on niggers) an' thought republics was very gratefoul indeed. All nater looked different. The blew sky—in the firmament looked bluer—the trees were airier and greener-like, the air was more gratefoller. Even the dumb critters and creepin' things, likewise todes an' grass-hoppers wich jump, an' amibrous vermin, wot cant live in the water an' dies out of it, all was viewed from a different stand-point. Everything seemed to have stars an' stripes onto it! The winds whistled Yankee doodle, and the brooks danced to the music. I used to wake up in the night an' sing hals kerlunby in my sleep.

But now know changed! The sky is spanish brown, the airth aint wigh as airthy as it wat, the trees is done navin, critters looks liker citters agin, an' everything, but the ferymental hyperian, looks as blew as a dye-pot. I don't see no stars, nor nothin' streaked.—Even the old hug-borneed crows is a sheddin' her streaks! Ah, well, sich is life! Man's life is a span-shuckle, an' as foll of evil as a dog is of fleas. To day a todestool—tomorrow a Joner's good-stick.

Mr. Editor bear with me if I do appear eggisted. I'm a disappointed man—I've lost my offis—I'm a—oh that I should live to say it—I'm an aout—I'm nothin' but a common citizen—I'm of no account—I aint' looked up to at all. Common folks, sich as I didn't use to see when I met em on the streets—are gettin' to be dreadfoll familiar; an' the boys aint' afraid of me any longer.

Mr. Editor, is a dreadfoll thing for a public flunkshunery to be turned out of offis, an' gin over to the cold an' gainsayin' world, spechally one as has stood high, in his own estimation. I didn't use to think so when I was a 'tin. Fact, I ollers kinder liked to see other folks turned aout, but kim to try it onto me, modifies the idea a good deal. I don't think follers ever ought to be turned aout, that is, onless some feller had got into a place wich I wanted. This I believe is sound doctrine. I finds it hard to get a realizein sense of my situation. Sometimes afore I knows it, I stick my thumbs into the arm holes of my weskit—an' an struff off just as I used to.

But alas—recollection at hand—  
Soon hurries me back to despair.—

and I wilt like a newly sot cabbage plant in the sun, an' meach off like a dog with an ilent shell onto his hind flimb. I've bin advised to pterest agin the election on two grounds. In the first place the hull number of votes was 21, four of wich was gin for me, while tother 17 was scatterin, or wot amounts to the same thing—they was hev for somebody else. Naww take four from 17 an' 21 remains, then ough times ough is ough an' two to carry, wich bin divided by the highest given number, the remainder is the multiplicand.

Then take any number that comes handiest for multiplier, wich brings everything into vulgar fractions, an' leaves me a majority of one an' 16-18, long measure.

Tother ground is that I was 'defacto ignis fatus'—that is, the only constitutional candidate, in consequence of bein in pteression, wich is nine pints in law.

As I was sayin, its hard to realize. Dont seem possible that I am actoolly done agin in the vulgar walks of common onofishal life, that the robes of Judycator has bin stripped off my back like the skin of a horn-pout, an' I oblegged to resume the penajacket an' overalls wich certains to ex-official situations.

It is cases like this wich naturally leads one to distrust human nater, and raise the inquiry whether this really are the nineteenth century! Some may say I oughn't to complain. I'm only the victim of my own democratic doctrine of rotation. Them as would make such silly remarks only expose their ignorance of political science. That are doctrine of rotation belongs exclusively to the aouts, it duns't apply to the ins at all. Ins never was to rotate, except up higher, whar honors is thicker an' pickins an' stealins is more plentifuller.

I do suppose that sum folks would be so stuffy about it if they were in my case, they wouldn't sarve the country agin, but that aint my nater. I don't hold no grudge. Ef the country should want me to take an offis whar that want much to do except to take the pay, though I do feel kinder hurt, yet—sich is my patriotism, an' sich my good nater, I do blevo I should let it go, an' accept it. I love my country too much to see good payin' offis es go a beggin. I'll sacrifice my private pickelins any time.

ETHAN SPIKE.

MILK WASTING FROM THE TEATS OF COWS.—Your correspondent, P. M.C. inquires for a remedy. Let him get from the druggist a small quantity of Gelatin, or 'liquid outside,' and when the cow has been milked, apply it to the end of the teats. It instantly will form a thin tough skin, which will close the orifice and prevent the emission of the milk. At milking time the false skin can be broken through, and the cow milked, and the colloid

again applied. In a week or ten days there will be no necessity for further application, as the defect will be cured.—[D. L. Adair, in Country Gentleman.]

Timothy Tiftom's Hints to Young Ladies. And now I am upon this subject of talk, it will be well to say all I have to say upon it. It is a very common for young women to indulge in hyperbole. A pretty dress is very apt to be 'perfectly splendid'; a disagreeable person is often 'perfectly hateful'; a party in which the company enjoyed themselves, some-where becomes transmuted into the 'most delightful thing ever seen.' A young man of respectable parts and manly bearing is very often 'such a magnificent fellow!' The adjective 'perfect,' that stands so much alone as never to have the privilege of help from comparatives and superlatives, is unduly over-worked in company with several others of the intense and extravagant order. The result is that, by the use of such language as this, your opinion soon becomes valueless. A woman who deals only in superlatives demonstrates at once the fact that her judgment is subordinate to her feelings, and her opinions are entirely unreliable. All language thus loses its power and significance. The same words are brought in to use to describe a ribbon in a milliner's window, as are employed in the endeavor to do justice to Thalberg's execution of Beethoven's most heavenly symphony. The use of hyperbole is so common among women that a woman's criticism is generally without value. Now let me insist upon this thing. Be more economical in the use of your mother tongue. Apply your terms of praise with precision; use epithets with some degree of judgment and fitness. Do not waste your best and highest words upon inferior objects, and find when you have met with something which is superlatively great and good, that the terms by which you would distinguish it have all been thrown away upon inferior things—that you are bankrupt in expression. If a thing is simply good, say so; if very fine, say so; if grand, say so; if sublime, say so; if magnificent, say so; if splendid, say so. These words all have different meanings, and you may say them all of as many different objects, and not use the word 'perfect' once. That is a very large word. You will probably be obliged to save it for application to the Deity, or to his works, or to that serene rest which remains for those who love him.

Young women are very apt to imitate another bad habit, the use of slang. I was walking along the street the other day when I met an elegantly dressed lady and gentleman, upon the sidewalk. My attention was the more attracted to them because they were evidently strangers. At any rate, they impressed me as being very thoroughly refined and genteel people. As I came within hearing of their voices—they were quietly chatting along the way—I heard these words from the woman's lips—"You may bet your life on that." I was disgusted. I could almost have boxed her ears. I remember once being in the company of a belle—one who had had a winter's reign in Washington. Some kind of game was in progress, when, in a moment of surprise, she exclaimed, "My gracious!" Now you may regard this as a flippant notion, but I tell you that woman fell as flatly in my esteem as if she had uttered an oath. Let us see how you like this kind of talk.

If you wish to be an 'A No. 1' woman, you have got to 'toss the mark,' and be less 'halfling.' "You may bet your head on that." You may sing 'slightly,' 'like a martingale,' you may 'spin street yarn' at the rate of ten knots an hour, you may 'talk like a book,' you may dance as if you were on a 'regular break down,' you may 'turn up your nose at common talk,' and play the piano 'mildly fine,' but 'Hail-guy,' you 'can't come to ten.' You may just as well 'cave in,' first as last, and 'ab-squatulate,' for you can't 'put it thro'.' Any way you can fix it. If you imagine that you may 'go it while you are young, for when you are old you can't,' you won't 'come it' by a long chalk. 'Own up,' now, and 'do the straight thing,' and I'll set you down as one of the women we read of. If you can't 'come up to the scratch,' why I must 'let you slide.' But if you have a 'sneakin' notion' for being a 'regular brick,' there is no other way—not as you knows on—no sir-ree-hoss! If a young man should kick o'shine up to you, and you should 'cotton to him,' and he should hear you say 'by the jumping Moses,' or 'by the living jingo,' or 'my goodness,' or 'I vow,' or 'go it Betsey,' I'll hold your bonnet, or 'mind your eyes,' or 'bit 'im agin,' or 'take me away,' or 'dry up, now,' or 'draw your sled,' or 'cut stick,' or give him particular fits, he 'would pretty certainly evaporate.'

I would by no means insinuate that all young women use slang as coarse as this, but I acknowledge to have heard some of these phrases from friends whom I really esteem. Is not the use of the phrases, and of phrases like them whose number is legion, a vulgar habit? It seems so to me, and I can hear them from the lips of no pretty woman except with pain, and a certain degree of diminution of my respect for her. The habit certainly detracts from womanly dignity. It can be dropped without the slightest danger of going into that extreme of precision in the use of language which takes out all the life and freedom from social intercourse.

#### Recreation.

Man must have bodily work, and intellectual work different from his bread



cases—still less any occasion for aorists—but he is a good hand at some game or other, and he keeps up his self-respect and the respect of others for him, upon his prowess in that game. He is better and happier on that account.—And it is well, too, that the little world around him should know that excellence is not all of one form.

And with reference to our individual cultivation, we may remember that we are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law, physics or manufactured goods, but to become men, not narrow pedants, but wide seeing, mind traveled men.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . APR. 26, 1858.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, (successor to Y. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

J. BURRILL & CO., No. 36 Kibby street, Boston, are authorized to receive advertisements for the Mail, on the same terms as the above named agents.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

### Removal.

The office of the Eastern Mail is removed to Frye's new building, first door North of J. P. & W. A. Caffrey, and over the grocery and provision store of Stephen Frye.

**WATERVILLE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**—The Corporation of this Company, which was chartered by the late legislature, held their first meeting on Saturday evening, at the office of the A. & K. Railroad Co. The charter was unanimously accepted, and by-laws adopted; after which the following board of Directors were elected:

D. L. Milliken, C. H. Thayer, M. Hanscom, J. H. Drummond, N. R. Boutelle, George W. Pressey, and C. R. McFadden.

On motion, J. H. Drummond, N. R. Boutelle and Eph. Maxham were appointed a committee to complete the code of by-laws and prepare blank forms and documents for the active operations of the Company, and the meeting adjourned to this, Thursday, evening, at the same place.

The probability is that the Company will be speedily put into working order, and upon a basis that will commend it to public patronage.

**BOOT AND SHOE BUSINESS.**—This branch of business was one of the first to show symptoms of revival from the effects of the late financial calamities. It is now rapidly approaching its old and healthy position; and though it has by no means reached it, labor and capital are everywhere concentrating to forward its enterprises. It is a matter of much encouragement in Waterville, that a good and somewhat extensive establishment of this branch of manufactures has just opened here, taking the premises of the late firm of J. C. Merritt & Co. In this, as in all other business, great numbers of workmen are yet out of employment; and we are told that the demands of this establishment are already fully supplied. It is said that a good basis promises success to the enterprise, and our citizens generally will tender it a most hearty God speed!

**CONCERT.**—Monday evening next promises an entertainment of a choice kind to the lovers of good music. Mr. J. M. Tracy, of Bangor, favorably known to our citizens, will give one of his highly popular Concerts at Town Hall, in which he will be assisted by Mrs. J. H. Crowell, of Bangor, as vocalist; Mr. J. D. Conley, on the violin; and Mr. Edward Appleton, on the violin. The company is allowed to be one of superior talent, and has given the highest satisfaction to well cultivated musical audiences. They have been invited here by citizens of the place, who feel confident that the entertainment will be one of rare merit, and secure a good audience.

The adjourned meeting of citizens, to consult upon plans for improving the water power at Ticonic Falls, on Saturday evening, failed to get a report from their committee, and adjourned to their call, at such time as they could complete the duties assigned them. The committee feel confident of being able to make a full and favorable report at an early day.

**THE WEATHER.**—It is believed that a greater quantity of snow fell here on Monday and Tuesday, than in any one storm during the winter. The weather was warm, and the snow very damp and heavy, and some of the time mingled with rain; yet it accumulated to the depth of more than a foot in some places where it did not drift. It commenced early in the night of Sunday, clearing away Monday afternoon; commencing again on Tuesday about noon and continuing up to nine o'clock on Wednesday forenoon. The sun then came down upon it in melting mood, and at sunset the white coat had been reduced to tatters. To-day there is good reason to believe that the prediction of the Clarion, that the season will be either early or late, will prove correct.

**COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL.**—Hon. M. H. Dunsell, the Superintendent of the Public Schools, through a printed circular, calls the attention of the friends of education again to the plan of establishing a Common School Journal. The proposed periodical is to be issued monthly, in pamphlet form each number to contain 32 pages, at \$1.00 a year for a single copy. Subscriptions to be sent to Mr. Dunsell at Norway. If subscribers enough to warrant the undertaking be obtained by the 10th of May, the first number will be issued on that month.

The dwelling house of Mr. Wm. Farrell, an interperman man, of Portland, was much injured by fire last week, and he himself perished by suffocation.

Alas! poor Ethan! Alas! poor Spike! he has lost his office, and vents his sorrow and vexation in a characteristic letter, which may be found on our first page. Read and sympathize.

### OUR TABLE.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—The following is a list of the articles in the May number.—American Antiquity, Roger Pierce, Amour de Voyage, Intellectual Character, Loo Loo, Charles's Death, The Catcombs of Rome, The Pure Pearl of Divine May, Camille, The Hundred Days, Epigram on J. M., Beethoven, A Word to the Wise, Henry Ward Beecher, Mercedes, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Literary Notices. We have had opportunity to read only a few of these, but we will warrant them all good. Intellectual Character, the talk about Beecher, and the Breakfast Table, will be found of superior excellence.

The circulation of this excellent monthly, we are glad to learn, is steadily increasing. A new volume will commence with the next number. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

**EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.**—In addition to well written stories, graphic traveling sketches, fine poems, biographies, &c. &c. there will be found, in each number, a list of scientific articles of great merit, which will be highly relished by thinking men. The May number opens with a few chapters of the Illustrated Life of Washington, followed by an architectural article entitled "Our Homes," which abounds in valuable hints, and is illustrated by some beautiful designs for country residences; Jack Downing's Thirty Years Out of the Senate is continued, and so is "The King of the Mountains," a French translation. Of the other articles we will only enumerate: A Door to the Science of Centuries, Ancient Art in the New World, Sea Foments and Sunny Lands, The Philosophy of Colonization.

What with the magazine and the accompanying premium engraving, every subscriber to this work realizes twice the value of the money he invests.

Published by Oakesmith & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

**THE SCALPEL.**—Among the articles of special interest in the April number, are "The Natural Treatment of Consumption," which is the best of scientific articles on consumptives; "Structure and Functions of the Kidney—its Diseases," a popular article for all inclined to gluttony and drunkenness. Whooping Cough, Scarlet Fever, and Measles; ought they to be treated with medicines? Tobacco; its influence on the Body and Mind, and on the Social Condition of American Men. Letter of Advice to Consumptives.

This work, as we have often taken occasion to say, though a faithful expositor of the laws of health and abuses of medicine and domestic life, is not, strictly speaking, a medical work; that is, it is by no means designed expressly for professional men. It aims at the instruction of the people in the natural laws of health, and the method of curing and avoiding diseases, as far as possible, without the administration of medicine; and this is done in a way that cannot fail to interest the duller reader, for its pages are enlivened with pungent wit and genial humor, and many of the sketches of medical practice have all the charm of romance.

The Scalpel is edited by Edward H. Dixon, M. D., and published quarterly by Sherman & Co., New York, at \$1 a year, or 25 cents a single number. We suppose it can be obtained of most periodical dealers.

**THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE** for May contains the following illustrated articles:—The Cathedral and the Andes, Revolutionary Heroes No. 4.—Nathaniel Greene, Picturesque Views in Connecticut, Gibraltar, Dying Bird, The Dutch in New Amsterdam. Much excellent reading will be found in the number, including Catted Flowers, Editorial Notes and Gleanings, Small Change, The Farm and Flower Garden, &c. &c. The illustrations, as usual, are of great merit.

Published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 a year.

**MERRITT'S MUSEUM AND WOODWORTH'S CABINET.**—The little folks will find the May number nicely adapted to their tastes, with many pleasant stories and pretty pictures, and the usual lively Editorial Chat. This magazine answers an admirable purpose in inducing a love of reading in the young, and is on this account alone of incalculable value in a family of children.—Published by J. N. Stearns & Co., New York, at \$1 a year.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**—We have for some time mourned the absence of this periodical from our table, but our hearts are once more gladdened by the sight of the May number, which comes to us from A. Williams & Co., the whole-souled successors to Fetridge & Co., at 100 Washington St., Boston, and enterprising dealers in books, periodicals, &c. We hope we may henceforth number it among our regular visitors.

The number before us completes a volume, and abounds in the good things for which Harper has become famous. The Illustrated stories are—A Wagoner in the South, From Sinai to Wady Musa, Tiger Hunting on Foot in India, and The Virginians. This list of course includes but a small portion of the contents of the number; and then there is the well filled Editor's Easy Chair and Drawer, the usual laughable Chapter of Comicalities, Fashion Department, &c.

**THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE** for May will prove a welcome visitor to all the little folks who are fortunate enough to receive it. Its interesting stories, funny anecdotes, lively dialogues, pretty pictures, &c. furnish a great fund of amusement and instruction. Published by James Robinson & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

**THE MAY-DAY FAIR.**—The ladies have concluded to defer their Fair to Wednesday, the 5th, when it will open at 11 o'clock A. M., and continue through the evening. The sale of fancy articles and refreshments, with the usual incidents of such entertainments, will make up the bill of fare. The object being generally known, it is unnecessary to commend it to the good will and charitable efforts of our citizens. No enterprise of this kind ever failed to be well received and generously patronized; and surely no one was ever based upon a better object. It calls directly for the works which are the test of religious faith; and there need be little fear that the fruit of the labor will point to a percentage of thistles. If it is duty to "help one another," let those who have been helped on former occasions, take the present opportunity to return the kindness, and reap the reward that follows generous acts.—There is a deep personal interest to be promoted, and there is at least one who can make the emphatic appeal, "As ye would that I should do to you, do ye even so unto me."

[Those ladies and gentlemen who feel interested in promoting the success of the Fair, are invited to meet at the house of Charles Boutelle, on Silver street, at 7 o'clock, Friday evening.]

**BOY DROWNED.**—A boy of seven years of age, son of Mr. Soper, miller, of Newport, was drowned at that place on Saturday last.

**Rev. J. M. Palmer,** formerly of our place, has changed his residence from Newmarket to Rochester, N. H.

The alleged attempt to assassinate the alleged heir of the Bourbons appears to be altogether a hoax or an imposition. Had there been any foundation for it we should have heard further on the subject.

**N. P. Willis** is lying seriously ill at Idelwild. A bilious fever, and a return of his old trouble of the lungs, have, combined in a prostration, against which his usual active resistance to disease has succumbed for the present. It will probably be some little while before he is able to resume his busy pen.

### North Kennebec Ag. and Hort. Society.

#### PREMIUM LIST FOR 1858.

##### HORSES.

For a Morgan Stallion 3 years old or upwards with undoubted pedigree and to be kept within the limits of the society one or more service season, \$25

For best Stallion of any breed, 6 00; 2d 4 00; 3d 2 00

For best Breeding Mare 4 00; 2d 3 00; 3d 2 00; 4th 1 00

For best pair of Horses for all work 3 00; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00

For best Gelding or Mare for all work 2 00; 2d 1 00

##### COLTS.

For best Colt, mare or gelding, 3 years old, 3 00; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00

For best Colt 2 years old 2 00; 2d 1 00

For best trained Colt of any age by a boy not over 16 years old, training to be shown in harness on Show Ground, 3 00; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00

##### NEAT CATTLE.

For best Bull, pedigree undoubted, Durham, Devon or Hereford, to be kept within the limits of the Society, not less than one service season 15 00; 2d 10 00;

For best Bull of any breed 2 years old or upwards 4 00; 2d 2 00

For best Bull under 2 years old 3 00; 2d Vol. Maine Farmer.

For best Bull calf 2 00; 2d Transactions Agricultural Societies

For best lot of Cows for the Dairy not less than three 6 00; 2d 4 00; 3d 2 00

For best Dairy Cow 5 00; 2d 3 00; 3d 1 00. Written statements will be required on dairy cows giving the yield of milk and butter during the first ten days of June or September and of the kind of feed five days previous and during the trial.

For the best Stock Cow 3 00; 2d 2 00; one or more of her progeny to be shown as evidence of her breeding qualities.

For best Cow for all purposes 5 00; 2d 4 00; 3d 3 00; 4th 2 00. One or more of her progeny to be shown as evidence of breeding qualities, and written statements in regard to yield of milk and butter, as required for dairy cows.

**HEIFERS AND HEIFER CALVES.**

For best Heifer 3 years old 1 Volume Maine Farmer and 1 50; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00

For best Heifer 2 years old Maine Farmer and 1 00; 2d 1 00;

For best Heifer 1 year old 2 00; 2d 1 00

For best Heifer calf Vol. Me. Farmer; 2d 1 00

##### OXEN.

For best pair Oxen 4 00; 2d 3 00; 3d Vol. Maine Farmer.

For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 4 00; 2d 3 00; 3d Me. Farmer.

For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 4 00; 2d 3 00; 3d Vol. Me. Farmer.

For best team of Oxen from any one town not less than 8 pairs 8 00; 2d 6 00; 3d 4 00

##### STEERS.

For best Steers 3 years old 3; 2d 2; 3d 1; 4th Me. Farmer

For best Steers 2 years old Me. Farmer and 1 50; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00

For best trained Steers, by a boy not over 16 years old, training to be shown on cart or drag 3; 2d 2; 3d 1

For best team Steers from one town 8 pairs or more 6; 2d 4

For best Heir from one farm including all and not less than ten head 5; 2d 4; 3d 3

##### FAT CATTLE.

For best Fat Oxen 2; 2d 1 50; For best Fat Cow, Steer, or Heifer 1 50; 2d 1. Written statement of manner of fattening will be required.

##### PLOWING.

For best Plowing with four or more Oxen, regard being had to the skill of plowman and discipline of team rather than the time in which it is done if done in a reasonable time, 5; 2d 4; 3d 3

For best Plowing with two or more horses same conditions as with oxen 3; 2d 2; 3d 1

##### SHEEP.

For best Flock Sheep from one farm not less than 25 5; 2d 3; 3d 3

For best fine wool Back 2; 2d 1

For best long or middle wool Back 2; 2d 1

For best 6 or more fine wool Ewes 2; 2d 1

For best 6 or more Ewe Lambs 1 50 2d 1

For best 6 or more Buck Lambs 1 50 2d 1

##### SWINE.

For best Sow having one or more litter of pigs one or more pigs to be shown Me. Farmer and 1; 2d Me. Farmer

For best lot of Pigs of one litter from two to ten weeks old Me. Farmer; 2d 1

##### POULTRY.

For best lot of Hens 2; 2d 1 50; 3d 1

For best lot of Turkeys 2; 2d 1

For best lot of Geese 2; 2d 1. Written statement will be required giving the age, breed, manner of raising, keeping and profits of the same through the season.

##### BREAD BUTTER AND CHEESE.

For best Butter 20 lbs. or more 4; 2d 3; 3d 2; 4th 1

For best Cheese 50 lbs. or more 3; 2d 2; 3d 1

For best Domestic Flour Bread 1

For best Rye and Corn meal Bread 1

For best Wheat meal Bread 1

For best Barley meal 1. Written statements will be required of manner of making Bread, Butter and Cheese.

##### CROPS.

For best crop Winter Wheat 20 bushels or more per acre Maine Farmer and 2 50; 2d Me. Farmer and 1 50; 3d 2; 4th 1

For best crop Spring Wheat 20 or more bushels per acre 3; 3d Me. Farmer and 1 3d 1

For best crop Winter and Spring Rye 20 or more bushels per acre 2; 2d 1 each

For best crop Indian Corn 75 or more bushels per acre 4; 2d 3; 3d 2; 4th 1

For best Oats 2; 2d 1

For best Barley 2; 2d 1

For best half-acre Peas Me. Farmer; 2d 1

For best half-acre Beans Me. Farmer;

For best acre Potatoes not less than 200 bushels per acre 3; 2d 2; 3d 1

For best crop of Carrots not less than 500 bushels per acre 2; 2d 1

For best crop Turnips 500 or more bushels per acre 2; 2d 1

For best crop Onions 2; 2d 1

For greatest variety and best exhibition of products of the farm, seeds, grains, vegetables, &c., 2d 1, at Oct. Fair.

For best sample Winter Wheat and Spring do. 1 each

For best sample Winter and Spring Rye .75 each

For best sample Beans, Peas and Barley .75 each

For best sample Oats .50

For best samples Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Onions, Parsnips 1 bushel each .50 each

For best exhibition of products of the farm to be shown at the annual meeting in January, 2; 2d 1

For best compost manure not less than 10 cords prepared at least expense by some new method statement in writing of method of preparing and expense of same 3; 2d 2

##### FRUIT.

For best display of Fruit, all kinds, 3; 2d 2; display of Winter Fruit 1

display of Peas, 3 or more kinds 1 display of Plums 5 or more kinds 1 display of Grapes 1

**MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, FARM TOOLS, &c.**

For best Sward Plow (showing some improvement from those heretofore shown) 3; 2d 2

For best Stubble Plow with improvement as above 2; 2d 1

For best dozen Hay Forks, Grass Scythes, Manure Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, or Horse Rakes 1 each

For best one-Horse-Riding-Wagon 2; 2d 1

For best one-Horse-Sleigh 1 50

For best Farm Wagon for one or two horses 2; 2d 1

For best Ox Cart or Horse Cart 1 each

For best Horse Hoe or Cultivator 1 each

For best Harrow with some improvement 1

For best Ox Yoke and Bows 1

For best Wheelbarrow, Hand Cart and Seed Sower .50 each

For best specimen Cabinet Work 1 50 2d 1

For best and largest exhibition of farming Implements 3; 2d 2

**HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.**

For best Filled Cloth, Cotton & Wool Flannel, Wool Flannel, Wool Carpeting and Rag Carpeting 1 each

For best Hearth Rug, best Wool Shawl and Bed Spread 1; 2d .50 each

For best Mens Wool Hose, Womens Worsted do. 6 pairs each .75; 2d .50 each

For best Knit Hood, Wool Yarn, Wool Mittens, Knit or Embroidered Overshoes and Lamp Mat .50 each

For best specimen plain and fine Needle work and raised Worsted work .75 each

**GIRLS' ENTRIES.**

For best bed quilt 1; 2d .50

For best plain sewing, best fine needle work, best specimen knitting, worsted work, mending clothing, or stockings .50; 2d .25 each

**LADIES' HOUSEMANSHIP.**

For best Riding on horseback by a lady 15; 2d 10; 3d 5

**BEST MANAGED FARM.**

For best Managed Farm 8; 2d 6; 3d 4. Written statement giving a detailed account of the whole management of the farm throughout the season will be required. Competitors on Farms are requested to make their entries with the Secretary on or before the first day of June, so that the adjudging committee can make their examination in June and September. Committee—William Dyer, W. W. Merrill, John B. Stratton and John W. Drummond.

**FARM ACCOUNT.**

For best Farm Account, commencing May 1, 1858, and closing May 1, 1859, the account to give the management of the Stock, Crops, &c., any improvement in fencing, ditching, preparing the ground for seed, harvesting, or any other farm operation, any improvement in buildings, tools, of any kind, with a debt and credit account with the farm and with each crop through the season, showing the profit or loss upon any portion of the year's business, with a view to getting at the most profitable manner of conducting farm operations.

**TROTTERING HORSES.**

For fastest trotting Stallion 15; 2d 10; 3d 5

For fastest trotting Mare, or Gelding 15; 2d 10; 3d 5

For fastest trotting Mare or Gelding under 5 years old 10; 2d 5. All trials to be made in harness and the fee for entering horses to trot shall be \$3 each. Blanks will be furnished competitors on which to make their statements, and no premiums will be paid unless the required statements are made.

**MR. ENGLISH'S KANSAS PROPOSITION.**—The impression is generally entertained that English's proposition submits the Lecompton Constitution fairly to a popular vote. This is a mistake; it submits the Land ordinance, and, if accepted, the State is admitted under Lecompton.

The New York Express, not a Republican paper, but the organ of that portion of the American party of New York who still adhere to their organization, explains the matter as follows:

"We are a little in the fog here about this proposition of Mr. English—but let us grope our way as well as we can.

When the Lecomptians got up their job in Lecompton, they devised a project to steal land, as well as to steal away the voting rights of the People of Kansas. Hence a land-grabbing ordinance—said to amount to 3,000,000 of acres—was attached to the Lecompton Constitution, and made part and parcel of it. The Lecompton Senators of the United States, when Mr. Buchanan sent before Congress the Land Ordinance and the Constitution, objected to the land-stealing part, and segregated it from the vote-stealing part. To steal suffrages they set down as sought, they being stolen for the Southern market, but they could not stand the three millions land grab. Hence the ordinance was cut off,







