



1-19-1854

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 27): January 19, 1854

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 27): January 19, 1854" (1854). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 338.  
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Some of the most remarkable and curious pages in history escape the attention even of the serious student, because they perhaps refer to some obscure part of the world, or other events occur at the same time with those they record which weigh so heavy in the balance of human progress, that things in themselves deeply interesting are scarcely known beyond the locality where they occur. Local chronicles frequently contain records of actions which, had they simply taken place on a larger scale, would have excited the universal attention of mankind. Riez, had Rome for its theater; Massaniello, Naples; hence they live on the perpetual tablets of world-memory.—Another hero, another thinker, whose actions excited the wonder, admiration, and love of his fellow-countrymen, and who performed a real prodigy in a time of remarkable men, is now forgotten, his name doubtful, and his acts buried in the archives of his native land, or mentioned in the reports of an antiquarian society.

Somewhere about the sixth century, there was built in Gaul a city called Aleth; or rather we first hear of it at that date. It was on the seashore, and well fortified. Near at hand was a rocky island, known as Aaron's Isle, for there a holy man, Aaron by name, built a monastery and a church. The dwellers in Aleth paid no attention for some time to this island, because it was water; but by and by the Norman pirates came and twice pillaged the city, making of the island their place of shelter; upon this, in 1140, the inhabitants removed to the island, and built a city upon it, which they called, and called it St. Malo, after a bishop of that name, much venerated by them. An indomitable and energetic race, a nest of sailors, adventurers, merchants, corsairs, the Malouines were known in the days of the Crusades as the light troops of the sea. From the time of Clovis, the kings of France and the dukes of Brittany struggled for possession of the city, but always in vain. It continued to maintain its independence, supporting the prince which pleased the people best. They were governed by a bishop elected by popular vote; he was called Lord of St. Malo. But although he and the chapter had much power, the citizens made the laws and elected all officers; they had the duty of guarding the town, and chose their own chiefs. All foreigners who came to reside there were obliged to become citizens, and no king or prince had ever a fugitive given up to him. Even the Pope recognized the independence of the Malouines, and took care to be respectful in all his briefs, lest they might haughtily deny his authority. At one time entering into an alliance with Jean de Montfort, they narrowly escaped falling into English hands; and, being in difficulties, they gave themselves to the Pope, who handed them over to the king; but this remained not long. The Malouines fell under the gentle rule of the Duke of Brittany, and remained so for some time; but presently, when Anne of Brittany married Charles VIII., their ten centuries of independence ended. The Dutchess Anne obtained possession of the place, and took all power out of the hands of the maritime republic, making the bishop, chapter, and community together bow to her. She built a formidable citadel, and when the people murmured, ordered an inscription to be stuck up, which at once demonstrated her insolence and the subjection of the people.

QUIC-EN-GROGNE GROWL AS YOU MAY  
AINY SERRA SO IT SHALL BE  
C'EST MON PLASSIR. SUCH IS MY PLEASURE.

The people afterwards effaced this inscription, but the tower to the present day is called familiarly the Tower of Quic-en-Grogne.

Sullen and discontented, the Malouines never even appeared to notice the presence of Louis XII. or Francis I. in their city; and when the wars of religion commenced, confined to side neither with king nor league, although in heart stubborn Catholics. The Count de Fontaines held the castle of Anne of Brittany for the king; the Duke de Mercur had possession of the great fort on the mainland, called Solidor. By the exercise of a little cunning and gentle violence, the citizens obtained the exclusive guard of the citadel; and in the same way took possession of Solidor. The count and the duke, when they beheld the citizens resume their old trading habits unfettered and untaxed, saw that they had been outgeneraled; and in 1590 it was rumored that Henry IV., having come to the throne, had given orders for St. Malo to be assimilated to other French towns, deprived of its privileges and liberties, and forced to pay regular taxes. This rumor caused a state of extreme and angry excitement.

St. Malo has but little changed since the days of which we speak; it is almost as peculiar and fresh now as it was then. It is a vast rock, on which some thousand men, women and children cluster like bees in a hive. Its towers, its cathedral, its lofty houses, its magnificent ramparts of heavy granite, rise perpendicularly from the sea; on one side, separating it from verdant meadows, green-bosomed hills, mouth harrowed by wind-mills, woods, valleys, and the advanced guard of the Bance river, the dark towers of Solidor.

The town of St. Malo is composed of narrow and sombre streets, with here and there a little lively open place, with a fountain or a tree in the center, and surrounded by very striking mansions. From the ramparts the view is magnificent; while, looking down from the towers of the citadel, you behold, a hundred feet below, the sea breaking against the heavy rocks which form the foundation of the castle. This fortress seemed to overshadow the free city as with a cloud; and few passed the huge tower of Quic-en-Grogne without marveling, and without cursing the folly that had ever induced them to allow an enemy thus to fix himself in a position by which he was able to intimidate and command the citizens.

Those were good old times, said a gray-haired citizen one evening, who surrounded me by a group of friends, sat on the ramparts immediately beneath the citadel, when our community made the laws, appointed all officers, and when, under Josselin de Rohan, the good bishop, we beat off, unaided, except by the blessed Virgin, the Duke of Lancaster and an English fleet.

At those were days, Porcon de la Barbinas, replied a man somewhat younger than himself, glancing uneasily at the ramparts of the castle, where two or three sentinels walked up and down, while in a corner stood a lady, richly dressed, in conversation with a young man in the garb of a Malouine. But mind was your own? You walls have long ears, and what have those on the ramparts when I would not have heard our discourse?

# The Eastern Mail.

shame, to think that so gallant and sedate a youth should allow himself to be led away by love and ambition, to abandon his country and serve the enemy of his native city!

Excuse me, Father Porcon, modestly observed a youth of about twenty, a young sailor, wearing the picturesque naval costume of the day: 'at all events, Henry the Fourth is king of France.'

'And what has France to do with us?' replied Porcon sharply. 'When did St. Malo recognize either Brittany or Gaul? By what right does any power or potentate come and impose his sovereignty over us? Did we not build St. Malo on a barren rock?—did we not build, and fortify, and defend ourselves always without king or prince's aid!—have we not fitted out fleets for all parts of the world, our vessels?—and why comes any power to ask us for taxes, imposts, and royal dues?'

'Because,' said the youth, whose name was Pepin de la Blinias, a name in local history most revered, 'we are weak, and the king of France is strong. But again, allow me, Father Porcon, to observe that Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere has as yet not deserved the universal blame which has fallen on him.'

'Has he not?' replied Porcon, bitterly. 'Was he not, after two or three years of travel and voyage with our best captains, destined by his father for the robe?—did he not take to learning with enthusiasm?—did not all St. Malo love him as one who was to shed glory on his native city?—and has he not deserted all to live in the society of our enemies, whispering soft nonsense in the ears of Isabelle de Fontaines?—to be one day driven shamefully away for daring to raise his eyes to one so far his superior?'

'He has,' said Pepin with a sigh, while all the crowd gave vent to a low murmur of indignation, casting their eyes upward with menace and anger.

'And are we not promised that our city shall fall into the hands of the Bearnais, have its every privilege destroyed, and its inhabitants crushed by heavy imposts, by the hands of this Count de Fontaines, who will perhaps give us Michel as *scheyn*, or bishop, or seneschal?'

'He would not dare,' said an old man, rising from the seat he occupied—'he would not dare!'

'Why not?' asked a voice near at hand, that made all start and shudder; and yet it was a rich and musical voice, too. It was Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere. He had parted with the lady on the ramparts, and, descending quietly, had approached the group of talkers unperceived, and heard the last two sentences. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, dark, pale, thoughtful, with great lustrous eyes, and a mouth rather hard in expression, as if it were accustomed, or destined, to command. He wore loose breeches, black stockings, shoes with buckles, a jacket, showing a shirt of lace and fine linen, a broad brimmed hat, and a sword.

'Michel—Michel!' said old Porcon gravely, 'as you know our opinions of you, let me speak, and try to lead you the right way.'

'Speak I do,' replied Michel.

'You are the friend and companion of the Count de Fontaines, our enemy,' began Porcon.

'I am but his hired servant—his secretary, if you will,' said Michel coldly.

'You love his daughter,' continued Porcon.

'I love his daughter,' replied Michel, folding his arms.

'You aspire to be the ruler and governor of your native city,' said Porcon with flashing eyes, while the others looked as if they could have cast Michel from the summit of the battlements.

'I do. And mark me, good Master Porcon,' continued Michel coldly, 'I will be, despite your efforts, many days perhaps, ruler and governor of my native city. And without a single word more, the young man turned away and walked along the ramparts in the direction of the Silon. It was difficult to tell whether his mouth gave token more of scorn or stern resolution.

The group, burning with indignation, descended to the principal place of the city, and there, joined by others, vented their anger in murmurs. So enraged at length became the citizens, that there was a very great crowd collected. Voices were heard giving extreme counsel; threats were freely bandied about; and men spoke of attacking the castle with as much earnestness, as if it had not been all so impregnable. Suddenly a loud shout caused silence, as a party of six horsemen, headed by Michel walking on foot, came up to the open place, in the center of which stood the episcopal palace, now inhabited by Charles de Bourneuf, a notorious Leaguer in his heart; and for this reason as much suspected by the people as was the king's officer who held the castle. The troop was headed by a captain of noble mien, somewhat bluff, and even then rather stern, who looked about him curiously.

'Your good people of St. Malo are but sorry pleased at some event,' observed the horseman to Michel, who walked proudly beside the soldier.

'Sir Captain, it is my unworthy self they are exciting themselves about. In favor at the castle, I cannot be in favor in the city.'

'So young man, you are in favor at the castle,' said the captain with a smile.

'I am private secretary to Count de Fontaines,' replied Michel carelessly.

'But why should your favor in the city be in inverse ratio to what it is at the fortress?' asked the soldier, who was pressing his horse slowly and gently through the crowd.

but of many good parts we are making now a noble whole; and let but interior peace come, and we shall have a great, a splendid country, powerful by sea and land; and the king cannot even spare St. Malo.'

This last speech was heard by the citizens, who, though they said nothing, showed by their looks their bitter discontent. When Michel and the soldiers passed up the street leading to the fort, the groups formed again. A few minutes later, a man came hurriedly forth from the episcopal palace. It was the bishop himself.

'Porcon,' said he to the old man above mentioned, 'do you know that captain who was with Michel the traitor?'

'No, your reverence.'

'It was the Bearnais, the king of Navarre, falsely calling himself Henry the Fourth, king of France,' and the bishop returned to his palace without another word. He had said with admiration at the courage of the king, and then an explosion of indignation burst forth.

The moment for action is come, said Pepin significantly to some friends around him. The word passed, and silence overspread the whole place. In five minutes more the crowd had dispersed, each man to his own dwelling.

It was Henry IV., indeed, who, not yet firmly seated on his throne, was making a journey through his province of Brittany, to judge for himself of the public mind towards the king. Aware that St. Malo was by no means well affected towards his person and dignity, because of his former Protestantism, his doubtful conversion, and his intention to centralize government, he determined to enter the castle, consult M. de Fontaines, and judge for himself as to the spirit of the inhabitants. By the time he had reached the castle, he was still more firmly convinced that in his dear city of St. Malo, as he was pleased to call it, he was far from being popular; while he was too good a general, and had too observant an eye, not to be aware of the paramount importance of possessing a place so strongly fortified, and having so hardy a population. He scrutinized with a soldier's glance the ramparts of the castle, and vowed within himself that he would not rest in peace until he ruled over that quaint old city.

'By the faith of a soldier,' said he energetically, as he entered the chateau, 'Monsieur de Fontaines has done well to bid the king fix his eye on St. Malo. It is a good place, Master Secretary, and a goodly jewel in a king's crown.'

'Sire,' replied Michel respectfully, 'it may suit your majesty, but your majesty does not seem to suit it!'

'Truth to say,' laughed Henry, 'you say right. I verily believe the good fishermen would eat me if they knew who I am. However, since you know me, young master, you must also know that I did not suit France, and yet I am its king.'

'We all in St. Malo know the wonders you have effected,' exclaimed Michel; 'but here is the governor coming to meet your majesty. As the visit of the king to St. Malo was intended to be kept secret, the Count de Fontaines received him merely as an officer of rank, and accompanied him to a well-supplied table, where he was soon joined by his daughter Isabelle and Master Secretary. The girl at once attracted the king's attention. She was about sixteen, fair-haired, with waving curls, a white forehead, intelligent eyes, and a sweet expression of countenance, especially when looking at Michel. This circumstance made Henry IV., crown being apt to think that when such a cavalier as himself was present, no woman of taste should look at another. But he did not allow this thought to draw his attention from the object of his journey.

'So, my Lord Count,' said he, after some preliminary discourse, 'you thing it will be easy to capture the city, and put in a royal garrison.'

'Nothing more easy, sire,' replied he, none now being at table but himself, the king, and the two young people: 'give me but the word and the town shall be ours to-night.'

'But how do you propose to act?' asked the king, who had over a relish for military plans.

'The city-guard rests, and the people will soon be asleep. At midnight there will not be an owl stirring. I will enter the city with a hundred soldiers, leaving the rest as a reserve, and simply proclaiming your presence in the castle. St. Malo is ours.'

Isabella turned very pale, Michel ground his teeth and started. His emotion, however, was not remarked.

'Nay,' said the king; 'the people are goodly burghers, and would fight. We should have a scene of midnight massacre that makes my heart sick. Let us try other means. To-morrow, summon them in the king's name to yield to his authority; and then if they refuse, we can use force.'

'As your majesty wishes,' replied de Fontaines, who, a rough soldier, knew no means of action save brute strength and measures of violence, unfortunately an idea but too prevalent with military men in all ages.

'If I might be permitted to speak,' said Michel respectfully, 'I would give a piece of advice.'

'Speak, Master Secretary,' replied Henry IV. dryly.

'In my humble opinion, neither course will succeed. Your majesty is not master of France till your conversion to the Catholic Church has been recognized by the Pope; therefore St. Malo thinks herself bound by no ties to obey you, while the stout burghers would rather bury their city in its own ruins than be ruled by one suspected of heresy.'

'Truly,' said the king still more dryly, 'well, as you think that my reason may not prove convincing, what say you to the warlike proposition of Monsieur de Fontaines?'

'He might succeed, but the Malouines are stubborn dogs, and I fancy the burgher-guard will perish to a man first. They know the value of liberty. They pay no taxes now except to themselves, and they fear that your majesty however gentle and generous a king, may not exempt them from state charges, if they once join France.'

'And personally what think you?' asked the king with a scrutinizing air.

'Sire, I should not sympathize with men who hate me because they see me here, but at bottom I think them right, and the young man smiled at the vacant astonishment of de Fontaines.

'Then why are you not with them?' continued the king.

'For many reasons, sire,' said Michel with some emotion; 'in the first place, because of my strong personal attachment to Monsieur de Fontaines, a man of learning and parts, in whose society and conversation I learn much that is valuable and useful.'

The Count de Fontaines appeared much flattered, the king laughed heartily.

'I should have thought it was the Count found your learning agreeable, for I believe you have studied and read, young man. But is the Lady Isabella a person of learning; and do you find her society also valuable and useful?'

'The Lady Isabella, sire, is a person of rare modesty, talents, and with a deep desire for study. Shut up in this castle, her chief resource is books, and she has been pleased to ask my advice and assistance in fathoming the secrets of Latin and Greek poetry,' replied Michel firmly.

'A new Abelard and Heloise,' said the king with something of a frown; 'but you may retire to your studies, as I have private business with the governor, Master Secretary.'

Michel bowed and retired, the Lady Isabella having preceded him by ten minutes. The king waited until he was quite out of hearing.

'Sire Count, that youth is a burning local patriot. He is personally attached to you, and more so to your daughter, but the moment you turn against his native city, he will abandon you, and combat you even unto the death.'

'Sire!' exclaimed the astounded governor, opening eyes that would have done honor to Mongolian idol: 'you mistake Michel. The lad loves both Greek and Latin; he reads all day, and is the companion of my daughter, and my secretary and friend. He could never be a traitor.'

'Count de Fontaines, there are few men who have not been traitors within the last twenty years, during these civil wars.—But I have learned to read men's countenances. This youth has served you while the ally and protector of his native city. But once turn against St. Malo, and knowing your plans, he will frustrate them. Make no noise, but see that he does not leave the castle to-night.'

'Your majesty shall be obeyed,' said the count, rising with an effort.

'No haste, Sire Count; let us take a walk on the ramparts, and there consider further of what is to be done.'

And the king and the count walked forth to the battlements in earnest discourse.

The great tower of the castle of Anne of Brittany was the favorite place of resort both of Isabella and Michel. Here they often sat for hours in the day reading, watching the waves, the wide sea, and the white sails glancing in the distance on the moving waters. In the evening, they sometimes came with the count to spend an hour or two in discourse; and, on the present occasion, the two young people were seated there in the company of two waiting-maids, who conversed, in a corner, of their absent sweet-hearts; both being well-favored girls, sought in marriage by rich young citizens of the town. It was a lovely night. The moon danced over the speckled waters with a brightness almost equal to that of day, silencing the house-tops and the ramparts, the cathedral and the rocks of St. Malo, while it breathed out in bold relief the towers of Solidor.

'I must leave you,' said Michel in a low tone; 'my dream of love and happiness is over. Your father has at last resolved to become the aggressor. You know my feelings, you know my hopes; but you know also that I love my native city, and am determined to see it free and independent. I have never deceived you, and in your heart you are a Malouine yourself.'

'Yes, Michel, you have taught me to love all that belongs to you. Your country is my country, your home my home. I was but a French girl two years ago, now I am of St. Malo. But remember your solemn promise, and my vow. You will in any struggle look after my father; and I, if anything happens to him, shall enter a convent, and we part forever. But could I not warn him?'

'Isabella, your father never tells you his secrets; if he did, you would not betray them to me. I tell you mine; they must be sacred as your word.'

'They were looking down from the battlements as they spoke to where the sea broke against the rocks a hundred and twenty feet below.

'I will keep true to my word,' exclaimed Isabella; 'but be careful.'

'My love, I answer for your father's life with mine,' replied Michel warmly.

'And be careful of your own,' continued Isabella sadly; and then she added more cheerfully, 'at all events, my Greek and Latin lessons are at an end.'

'Why dearest?' asked Michel anxiously.

'Because you are now so occupied with your warlike schemes, your plots and conspiracies, that you will have no time to think of me.'

'When the time comes that I do not think of you, my heart will have ceased to beat.—But adieu, Lady Isabella; here is the king and your father.'

'Wither away so hastily?' said the rather sarcastic voice of the king.

'I was making place for your majesty,' replied Michel with a shudder. In the sound of that voice, he thought he detected a suspicion of his great secret.

'Nay, say near the Lady Isabella, while the count and I keep sentry awhile. Methinks there will be rumors in the city to-night.—What building is that so brilliantly lighted up in the Grand Place?'

Michel drew a long breath, and then answered calmly, a clock meanwhile striking ten: 'It is the palace of the bishop.'

'A notorious Leaguer,' said the king.

'Yes, sire, and hence kept a prisoner in his own palace.'

'I faith, a goodly set of rebels, that will own neither one king nor the other, nor even their own bishop-elect,' said Henry IV., laughing, and then he turned to whisper to the governor.

'They leaned over the battlement towards the town, so placed that no one could descend the stairs of the lower without brushing against them; while Michel and Isabella overlooked the sea.

The town was dark and still, save where the palace of the bishop stood out in marked relief in the large place. Suddenly this was more evident as the moon disappeared, and the scene became in general dark and gloomy.

At this moment a bugle sounded from some unknown spot in the town—a grave and solemn air, that made the heart of king and governor beat; it was almost unearthly in its tone.

'What means that?' said Henry IV., in a low tone.

'I know not; but perhaps if we ask Michel, he will tell us,' replied the governor. 'He knows all the customs of the place.'

'Then ask him, in God's name, for methinks that horn bodes no good, sounding at this hour in the silent city.'

They turned to where Michel and Isabella had been, but Michel had disappeared, and Isabella was standing up, her back turned to them, talking with her maids.

'Where is Michel?' said the Count de Fontaines, hurriedly advancing towards his daughter.

'He left me but a moment since, and said he would be back presently,' replied Isabella.

'Said I not so?' muttered the king. 'There is something beneath all this. Count de Fontaines, go down into the castle, and keep good watch. I will mount sentry myself on this tower. I feel that the night will not pass without events. Be quick; and if you can, prevent Michel from leaving the castle. Put him in safe custody until the morning.'

The count and his daughter left the summit of the tower, and descended the stairs leading to the Place d'Armes. Henry remained alone. His mind was in that uneasy state which is said to prelude misfortune. He was anxious, because he could not tell whence the danger would come; but he determined, fatigued as he was, to watch all night, and take rest only next day. He walked up and down for some time, but he heard nothing but the wind, which had risen almost to a gale, and howled around the battlements, and once more at midnight the sound of the wild music played on the mysterious bugle. He looked down upon the dark town, but without noticing anything remarkable, except that the palace of the archbishop remained lighted up in the same brilliant manner. He then sat down for a few minutes, musing deeply; then his eyes closed a moment.

He saw again Michel and Isabella, and he heard afar off the semi-wailing of a plaintive horn; and then he was in a sound sleep, from which he awoke only when startled by the din of arms, the firing of guns, and a general murmur throughout the castle. He rubbed his eyes and started to his feet.

We must, however, retrograde an hour or two.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[From the Chicago Journal.]

## THE LONG AGO.

O! a wonderful stream is the river TIME,  
As it rumbles through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,  
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,  
And the summers, like buds between,  
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides to the shadow and show.

There's a magical tale up the river TIME,  
Where the softest of airs are blowing,  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the roses are blooming and blowing.

And the name of the Isle is LONG AGO,  
And we bury our treasures there,  
There's a little sunset, and a happy glow,  
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a little sunset, and a happy glow,  
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy  
By the Mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remember! for aye, be the blessed Isle,  
All the days of our life till night—  
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

## A SLEIGH RIDE.

The snow! the snow! I away we go,  
To the chiming music of silver bells,  
The world all white, and a sky of light—  
Oh, glorious night, and oh silver bells!

The stars are out in their midnight rout,  
And they twinkle and dance in the sober skies,  
While the lady moon to the joyous tune,  
Is merry as mischievous maiden's eyes.

The snow! the snow! I away we go,  
With the blue above and the white below!  
Oh! magic night, and the earth how bright,  
In the gleaming light of crisp snow!

[From the New England Farmer.]

## Points are Pins.

Once on a time, imagination has it, a grave debate arose concerning pins. Assembled and associated wisdom gave to the subject great importance; and those who were in the habit of making pins, with those who were accustomed to using pins, together sat and listened; while merchant princes and knights of the counter entered fiercely into the conflict.

sharp pleaders. The great debaters urged that the head was the chief end and substance of a pin—that a thing without a head was no more a pin than an old maid is a part of mankind. If you use one to attach one part of the web of humanity to another, it will not stay put; but will surely leave itself right out of place, because of being without a head. It would be difficult for most unaccustomed as I am to reporting such great arguments, to do full justice to those who so forcibly argued that pin-head was pin.

The long pleaders suited their manner to their subject, and made long and polished speeches to prove that the bar constituted the pin. There was much in their pleas. So long arguments, however, I have not time now to report.

The sharp pleaders contended that the point was the essential and indispensable end and subject of a pin; so much so that the point really constituted it a pin.

From the three contending parties might be heard the cries: 'Head is pin!' 'Bar is pin!' 'Point is pin!'

I was about to denounce the whole assembly—it was on my tongue to call them all a set of fools, mockery of truth, when the genius of reflection addressed me, saying, 'utter no word of condemnation. You are a farmer. You are numbered among agricultural writers; and you can find fully to condemn in your own department. You may hear men crying, Head is pin.—Bar is pin.—Point is pin, among agricultural writers.'

Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction.

There is a class of farmers who depend wholly upon quantity, in the preparation or making of manure. They offer premiums to those who will make the most manure according to the amount of stock kept. They are continually crying, 'Head is pin.' Now, any fool can pile stuff together to make a heap; yet his heap of manure may be no more suited to supply the wants of the soil than a saw-dust pudding would be to meet the cravings of an empty stomach. There is something besides quantity to be considered, in making large heaps of compost. Bulky manures, large masses of old vegetable matter are as necessary to the soil as a head is to the pin. Without them the soil will certainly remain in as bad condition as any old maid in the wide world. You may dress it, and sigh over it; but it will bring forth nothing but grief and sadness. It will be barren. It must be married, that is cultivated according to the natural laws of vegetable want, before it can be in any other condition than barrenness. The carbonaceous matter necessary to the maturity of a plant, and especially of a bearing seed, will not all be supplied from the air during the short life of the plant. Plants draw carbon from the atmosphere, but not in sufficient quantity to meet the wants of any thing more than dwarfs in vegetable life. More than ninety-eight pounds in every hundred pounds of wheat or rye grain, belonged originally to water and air. These are driven off into the air by the process of burning. This is the pin-head to agriculture. An omission on this point, in our agriculture, will certainly prove unfortunate for us. But we may have ever so much old vegetable or carbonaceous matter in the soil, and not in the state it should be in to feed plants, or where the soil lacks the mineral or earthy ingredients of plants, and we may cry out pin-head is pin, as much as we will, we shall find that the crop fails of coming to maturity.

There is another set of men connected with agricultural papers and books who are continually crying, 'Point is pin.' They are, from week to week making exhibition of the tables, which chemists have prepared to show what the little end of vegetation is made of. That is, they give an analysis of the ashes of plants, and discourse untiringly upon the importance of supplying these substances, which are the elements of plants. Truly, the point of a pin is very necessary to the perfection of the pin; but these men may stand and cry, 'Point is pin, point is pin,' as long as they please, in agricultural matters, and when I take off my hat to make a bow to them, on the high road of agricultural progress, they may expect it to be done in a style a Quaker would do it. The fact is, after all, that the chemical composition of the inorganic or earthy matter of vegetables and plants is only the little end of the greatest of all matters to a dependent world. It is to me a settled and certain fact that there are ninety-nine failures in crops from other causes about which little or nothing is said by the class of teachers referred to, where one such failure can be attributed to a lack of the requisite inorganic elements of plants. In the use of guano, super-phosphate, plaster, salt, and lime, without supplying the soil with carbonaceous matter, men are imitating the sharp pleader, crying, 'Point is pin.' Now, all these are very valuable, and chemical analysis also; but we have had enough of making everything out of the little end of a thing.

The intelligent general management of a farm is, unquestionably, the most important of all things about farming. There is a class of farmers, however, who entirely abuse this idea, and contend that this is the whole matter. They despise all ideas of improvement, and all helps from abroad. We hear them incessantly crying, 'Bar is pin. They care not for pin-head or pin-point. They want neither green crops nor meadow muck, neither guano, nor anything else.

So important is this matter, that I say without hesitation, that I have no disposition to be satisfied with books or papers on agriculture, which are not edited by men who are practical farmers. Others may tell us many good things, but they give us so many bad lessons at the same time, that they cannot be relied upon. Hence the strong objections to Hook Farming. We want a pin, to have a good head, and good point, and a well-formed and polished bar. We want full views in agriculture, also.

The New York Tribune, in a reply to the Troy Whig, says:

'So long as good brandy may be lawfully bought at the Astor House for a shilling a glass, an act forbidding the sale of raw whiskey at the Five Points or in Cherry street, at three pence a sling, will always be regarded by the aquid and desperate as an infringement of their rights, and an aristocratic scheme to monopolize gratification and limit indulgence. We are willing to pay money to war thoroughly on the Run Traffic; we should pay it very grudgingly to prosecute a crusade against the low grogeries, while the high ones were protected by law.'

As OUTRAGE.—The New Haven Palladium states that a poor Irish widow, whom the mother of several children, who resides in that city, recently had some difficulty with her Catholic friends, arising from the fact that she declined attending confession for a year or more. On Sunday last one of her children was allowed to enter a Protestant Sabbath school, and she herself attended service at the church during the day. This was the climax of her derelictions, and on Monday night eight or ten men entered her chamber and threatened to kill her unless she returned to the Catholic Church; and through fear of her life she yielded. The police are upon the track of the ruffians.



The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 19, 1854.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

Y. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by law. His office is at No. 10 State St., Boston. 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. BOWMAN - Traveling Agent.

Cruelty to Horses.

The man who recently, in the vicinity of Boston, pitched from the bank a poor sick horse that had become worthless on his hands, and left him there to struggle upon the rocks for two days, till a watchman mercifully put an end to his sufferings, has thus far escaped exposure and punishment. The man who recently beat his horses in Silver street, Waterville, so unmercifully that women who saw him from their windows wept at his cruelty, has also avoided all punishment but that inflicted by his own conscience, though it is to be regretted that he was allowed to escape the fine and imprisonment provided by law.

It is said that the horse has nowhere truer or warmer friends than in Kennebec; that his great beauty and value are nowhere better appreciated or more shrewdly turned to pecuniary profit. This is doubtless true. Some of the principal dealers are men of large hearts and whole souls, and they look upon the horse as one of the most beautiful productions and best gifts of God. His docility and usefulness warm their gratitude, while his grace and beauty cultivate their taste and enliven their admiration. It is not enough to say they admire him. Such men love a good horse, especially upon long acquaintance. And who would not, that has a heart to love anything? But a few days ago we saw tears start freely in the eyes of men who looked upon a dying horse. He was a beauty and a favorite, and had done his mile in 2:50, and as they spoke of his courage and kindness, and praised his smooth limbs, his graceful neck and his mild and intelligent face, who would wonder that their eyes moistened? Men may talk of their philanthropy and their religion; if they are not manifested towards the brutes God has committed to their care, their profession towards men is but a sham—mere cant!

But our design was not to praise the horse—who needs it not,—but to shame men who abuse him. Is it not strange that the same Kennebec where the horse finds so many admirers, is also a positive horse-purgatory—the place where he finds the worst punishment for his faults, and the least mercy in his lot? Nowhere is he drove harder, whipped worse, or starved with less remorse. For evidence, look at any time among the horses in our streets. Count the spavins, ring-bones and wind-galls—and worse than all, count the ribs! See how many are wheezing with heaves, or panting with broken-wind; and how many have but one eye in their heads. We saw one of the latter class a few days ago, hitched to a post, in a snow-storm—and the contents of a broken eye-bell running down his face! Who would confess to the ownership of that horse?

How did that happen? We asked of a man who proceeded to unhitch the poor creature. Well, ahem!—he—he hit it against something. Yes, he hit it against a goad stick, or a club, or that villain's fist perhaps. But yesterday a horse, loaded beyond his strength, fell upon his knees for want of suitable shoes, and hit his meagre ribs twenty times in succession against the heartless driver's cow-hide boot. Who does not curse the wretch?—but did not a dozen men look on without a word? Few men, it is true, would whip a horse to death in the streets—but how many looked on and saw it done in Waterville, a few years ago!

Passing a blacksmith's shop, some time since, we stopped to admire a beautiful horse belonging to Mr. S.; as it stood waiting for a set of shoes. No wonder that horse was a pet—and none but a bold man would dare abuse him in the presence of his owner. When the flies made him a little restive at the driving of the first nail the smith flew into a passion, and dealt blow after blow with his hammer, with the fury of a madman. The owner did not know how that blood came upon his horse's nose, or those bunches upon his ribs—but we did.

It is doubtless a legal question—it is certainly a moral one—how far a man has a right to vent his fury upon a balky or a vicious horse. We say, because nothing renders a passionate man so frantic as a contrary horse. We have seen a mere looker-on turn pale with anger; while the man with the whip would foam at the mouth like a rabid dog. To those who have not seen it, this is beyond credit; to those who have, it is strange. For such men the law against cruelty to animals was provided; and upon all such it is the positive duty of the minister of law to see it executed. The rascal, even, is not more deserving of restraint than such brutes; nor the drunkard more needy of protection than the horse.

We have more on this head, when we have time.

The Legislature.

The wheels of legislation are not yet in motion. A step has been taken in the House towards obtaining the opinion of the Supreme Court. A committee was to report the form of the appeal yesterday. Beyond this no progress has been made.

Who has it? Adams has led off very quickly for a week. A little more of a drizzling rain—a little snow and a little frost—these have made a week of weather against the militia. The militia are not yet in the field.

We are indebted to Hon. J. Washburn, for many valuable documents. We have also received a copy of his speech on the subject of the militia.

been favored with a copy of his speech on the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, which is pronounced by many papers the best of the session.

A REAL MAINE LIQUOR LAW, says the Wall Street Journal, would be a charge of \$250 for the license to sell the poison now vended, and an annulment of the same if sold at less than 25 cents per glass. We contend a rich man has a right to drink—may even get tipsy—a poor one not for this plain, simple reason—a rich man by drinking injures only himself, while a poor man harms his family, who are dependant on him for support. When the rich one becomes poor, as he inevitably must if he persists in his ways and subsidizes into beggary, it is time enough then to waste sympathy on him and his family. If all the world were rich, there would be no necessity for law, for poverty is the mother of crime and intolerance, is its first born. Crude as these ideas may be, they are true.

Crude as they are, they are more false than crude—and as absurd as false. No need of law for a rich man!—no shame for a rich drunkard's wife and children!—no suffering for a poor drunkard's wife but hunger!—no injury to his children but rage!—time enough to sympathize with the drunkard when he becomes a tax upon our pockets! Such arguments could come only from Wall-street or from hell, which is but the next door. The man who knows no object of life but money—nothing estimable but money—no duty but to get money—no object of worship but money—no respect for a poor man—no sympathy for a poor man—no virtue in a poor man—such a creature may swallow such arguments with his rum, and yet be permitted in God's mercy to live till he dies! No other can do it. Poverty is indeed often the 'mother of crime,' but is not intolerance often the mother of poverty?

We omitted to mention last week, that Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the citizens' candidate for Mayor of Boston, had been elected by 1500 majority. The concluding portion of his inaugural address, which we publish below, would seem to indicate that the anti-liquor law will no longer remain a dead letter in Boston.

Among other grave circumstances belonging to our new relations, we have individually sworn allegiance to this Commonwealth. If any of its laws are oppressive, or contrary to the exercise of the inherent right and privileges of the sovereign people, let them go at once to the Legislature, in the majesty of their strength, and demand a repeal. We have nothing to say or do respecting the unconstitutionality of any of the enactments of the General Court.

It is an unquestionable duty to have them respected and executed. In this, however, we are to proceed with extreme caution, even when no clouds of doubt surround the subject, and never, under any pressure or contingencies, unduly. When one law is disregarded, another may be set aside, upon the same principle, with equal impunity. Thus the bands of civil society would be sundered, and reputation, property, and even life, be at the mercy of incendiaries, thieves, robbers and murderers.

Through a long succession of years, Boston has been distinguished for a love of order and good government; and for the honor of the age in which we live, may that fair fame be transmitted unimpaired to posterity, that all the people may exclaim in the fullness of hope—God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

SUPPOSED ATTEMPT AT INCENDIARISM.—Near 11 o'clock, Wednesday night, as Police officers Houston and Paine were walking up Fore street, when off against the store occupied by Joseph B. Haskell (grocer and provision dealer), their attention was arrested by a strong smell of smoke appearing to come from Haskell's store. Upon this impression they tried to force in the door, but did not succeed. Their noise, however, attracted the attention of Mr. Donohue, who, with his family, lived overhead. He immediately came down into his entry, where another door was known to lead into the shop, and which, like the other, was locked; but being apprised of the existence of the fire within, he burst it through, and together with the policemen entered. A very hot coal fire was burning in the stove, and close by it stood a chair, a portion of which was blackened and charred. On the same chair were two quarter gross of friction matches. Matches and shavings were also scattered over the floor about the stove, and were connected with winnows or trays of the latter combustible, which led off among barrels, boxes, and other loose matters behind the counter, and also to a farther corner of the room. Small bills of pine wood were so disposed against the wall as apparently to make the plan certain of success. The fire had already consumed the shavings about the stove, and ran several feet; and when discovered had taken hold of a closet wall. In a few moments the whole interior must have been in flames, but for the timely discovery, as related. Water was instantly procured and the flames extinguished without having done any material damage.

We hardly need add that the evidences of an intention to burn this store and its contents are most marked and unmistakable. Of course suspicion points very strongly to Mr. Haskell himself, as the guilty individual. The grounds of suspicion are, that no one else could have found access to his store, from the fact that the back door was bolted with an iron-bolt on the inside; that the windows had not been opened, as shown by the undisturbed state of the cobwebs that covered the sashes; that the value of the stock in the store was certainly four hundred dollars less than the amount of insurance of said stock it being insured in the sum of \$300.

These circumstances induced our authorities to put Mr. Haskell under arrest. [Portland Advertiser.]

We learn from the Advertiser of last Tuesday, that the examination of Haskell resulted in his being committed to jail to await further trial at the March term of the Supreme Judicial Court. No testimony was offered on the side of the defence; but it was pleaded that the suspicious appearances inside the store, were to be accounted for in the careless and slovenly habits of the occupant; rather than in a design to burn the store.

THE BURN ROT.—The Advertiser of last Tuesday, published a dispatch directed to the Mayor of this city, from Hon. Jas. Thompson, now in Harrisburg, and who is Council for the people of Iowa, was received at this place about three o'clock to-day, ordering suit to be brought against the U. S. Marshal and his aids, in the name of each prisoner who had been arrested for false imprisonment. The Marshal and aids were arrested by the Sheriff and committed; but afterwards released on a bail of \$5000 in each suit.

A meeting was held in the Court House, at which the speakers advised the people to keep the peace. This notice on the part of the

Pennsylvania authorities is received here with great enthusiasm. The Marshal has received a copy of all the proceedings in the case, and will doubtless send them to Harrisburg.

Later from Europe!

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.

The Royal Mail Steamship Europa, Capt. Shannon from Liverpool Saturday, Dec. 31st, arrived at this port about 10 o'clock this morning. Her news offers nothing exciting.

There had been no further operations along the line of the Danube, but the Russians were still concentrating their forces apparently with a view to attack Kalafat, which is strongly fortified.

Trifling skirmishes continue, but nothing of importance has yet occurred.

No further news from the seat of war in Asia has been received, but is anxiously looked for.

Lord Dudley Smart is at Constantinople endeavoring to cause the Porte to enrol an European Polish legion, in order to entice the desertion of Poles from the Russian army.

The ratification of the treaty between Russia and Persia was done at St. Petersburg, Dec. 18th. The Persians were daily expected to attack Bagdad. Turkey has formally accepted Persia's Declaration of War.

The Shah of Persia has dismissed all German, French, English and Italian officers from his army.

It was rumored in Paris on the 29th, that Minister Soule had fought a third duel with the Duke of Alba, at Madrid, and was killed. This, however, wants confirmation.

Sweden and Denmark have formed an armed league against Russia.

The Steamer San Francisco Lost, with 140 Lives.

The British ship Three Bells, arrived at New York, last evening, with two hundred and thirty-three persons on board, including passengers, officers, troops and seamen of the San Francisco, which sailed from New York, Dec. 21st, for California, via Cape Horn, with about five hundred U. S. troops and officers on board. The following are the particulars of the disaster, as received by telegraph from New York:

The steamship San Francisco was caught in a gale on the night of the 24th of December, and disabled. Soon after a heavy sea swept her decks, and washed overboard one hundred and forty passengers, including Col. S. B. Washington, Lieut. Smith, Capt. H. B. Field, and Maj. Taylor and wife. The ship drifted about until Jan. 5, when she was fallen in with by the ship Three Bells, from Glasgow-barque Kilby, of Boston, and the ship Antarctic, for Liverpool, in lat. 38, lon. 59, which vessels took off the crew and remaining passengers.

The troops were divided among the three vessels. Major F. O. Wyse and Lieut. A. A. Winder are on board the Three Bells; Major Gates, Major Merchant, Capt. Judd, Lieut. Fremont, Lieut. Looser, Lieut. Van Vorst, and all the ladies, except Mrs. Taylor, are on board the barque Kilby, bound to Boston; Lieut. C. S. Winder and Lieut. T. C. Chandler are on board the Antarctic.

On the morning of the 25th, the engines of the San Francisco stopped, the piston rod breaking off, leaving the vessel totally unmanageable. The sea striking her tremendous blows under guards, tearing up the planking floor and aft on both sides. At the same time she began making water, when the troops were organized into water-bailing gangs.

At nine o'clock on the 24th, a heavy sea struck her amidships, carrying away both smoke stacks, all the upper saloon, staving the quarter deck, and washing overboard a large number of passengers—including Col. Washington, Major Taylor and wife, Capt. Field, Lieut. Smith, two ladies, names unknown, three civilians, also unknown, and 150 U. S. troops. At the same time, three were killed, namely: the barber of the boat; and the carpenter's brother, named Duckett.

On the 28th spoke barque Kilby, of Boston, bound to New York, who lay by until 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th, getting passengers on board. Upwards of one hundred got on board—men, women, and children, including the officers before reported and their families; Capt. Judd and wife; Lieut. Fremont and family; G. W. Aspinwall and J. L. Graham. At night, wind increasing, with squally weather, the Kilby let go her hawser, at ten o'clock, and nothing was seen of her afterwards.

The gale continued throughout the 30th and 31st, and a large number of men were sick and dying.

On the morning of Jan. 1st, spoke British ship Three Bells, which lay by us off and on until the 3d, when her boat came alongside.

On the same day, the ship Antarctic, from New York for Liverpool, came in sight and bore down for her.

On Wednesday, the 4th, both ships commenced taking off the passengers, provisions and water, and at sunset on the 6th had them all on board. The next morning took off the crew and officers, Capt. Watkins being the last man to leave the San Francisco.

The Three Bells brings into this port 233 souls, including passengers, troops, officers and seamen of the steamer. There were eleven deaths among the crew of the steamer from the time she was disabled up to Jan. 8th, including two washed overboard.

Those on board the San Francisco when she left this port, so far as we can at present learn may be accounted for as follows: On board the Three Bells, at this port, 230. On board the Antarctic, for Liverpool 170. On board the Kilby, for Boston, 100. Killed or washed overboard, 150. Total, 550. The Kilby being short of provisions, and having only one cask of water on board, would probably make the nearest port. She has not yet been heard from.

THE BARQUE KILBY SAFE.—The New York Jan. 16.—The barque Kilby was spoken at 4 o'clock P. M., yesterday, 50 miles E. by S. of the Highlands, in tow of the steamer City of New York, bound for Boston. The Captain of the vessel speaking her, offered to take off the remaining passengers, but the Captain of the Kilby declined, saying he would take them to Boston. On this point at present no further news is received.

One of the passengers on board the San Francisco, in his statement, says:—Our captain was the last on board. He saw every officer, every sailor, every fireman, and every negro waiter, of whom there were forty or fifty, safely in the boats, then lowered himself down, and the boat pulled away. He was rowed alongside the Three Bells where he was greeted with nine hearty cheers, and then pulled away for the Antarctic.

THE THREE BELLS AND HER CAPTAIN.—The New York Times says:—The Three Bells is a 40-ton iron vessel, 38 ft. long, 12 ft. wide, and 4 ft. deep. She is owned by three brothers named Bell, citizens of Glasgow. The rescued soldiers and crew on board are loud in praise of her commander. They unanimously state that no language is adequate to describe the kind and considerate manner in which they were treated, and the readiness manifested to supply their needs.

ties. We asked one of the officers last night about the Captain of the Three Bells. He replied, with feeling emphasis, and his eyes watered as he spoke,—"He is a gentleman, God bless him—he is a gentleman." The Three Bells lay by six days, accomplishing her good work of rescue.

THE SAN FRANCISCO—CAUSES OF THE DISASTER.—The New York Tribune suggests that there must have been some defect in the model or trimming of the San Francisco. She 'branched to' twice in succession; in less than an hour—thus showing that she would not steer in a gale of wind—and was thus disabled and wrecked.

And in the statement of a passenger in the New York Times, we find the following:

"Two remarks as to the causes of the awful disaster, and I have done. In the first place, the ship was sent to sea without having tried her engines. She had, indeed, tried them in the smooth waters of the bay, but her first encounter with the stormy billows of the Atlantic proved them no more to be depended on than a broken reed."

In the second place, she was far too deeply laden. Her paddle wheels had so much dip as to cause a great strain upon her shaft and engines. True, she might in any case have encountered the storm, had she not been dismasted and damaged in her upper works, and had her engines proved true, she could have reached a port in safety."

AND, & KEN. R.—the receipts of this road for six months, ending November 30, 1853, were, \$84,014. Corresponding period in 1852, 72,226.

Showing a gain for six months of \$12,688.

TRAGEDY IN NEW BOSTON.—Henry N. Sargent, twenty-three years old, discharged a pistol yesterday, (13th) four times, at Miss S. Jones, seventeen years old, and killed her instantly. He then shot himself with another pistol, and died in about six hours. It occurred at New Boston, N. H., where both lived, about fourteen miles from this city. Cause, unrequited love. She refused to marry him. Great excitement prevails. He had premeditated this for a long time, and left a long explanation in writing of his fatal act, and the causes that led to such melancholy results.—They were both respectable.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—An important treaty has been concluded with Mexico which gives to the United States thirty-nine million acres in the Mesilla Valley, for the sum of twenty million dollars; five millions of which are reserved for paying claims, including the Garay grant.

DEMONSTRATION AGAINST M. BEDINI.—Philadelphia, Jan. 16.—There is an immense procession passing through the streets this evening, with an effigy of M. Bedini, who is believed to be in the city.

M. Bedini, the Pope's Nuncio, has been burnt in effigy at Wheeling, and has left the city.

Placards in English, French, Spanish and German, were posted at New Orleans, announcing the intention of M. Bedini to visit the city, and calling on the citizens to treat him as a wild beast.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN SKOWHEGAN.—We learn from the Skowhegan Clarion, that a fire occurred in that town last Wednesday morning about four o'clock. The fire originated in the blacksmith shop of J. H. K. Lord, at the end of the bridge. The fire next communicated to the saw factory of Lord & Abbott, which in a few minutes was in flames; next came the Grist Mill of the Messrs. Neils, and these three buildings were burnt to the ground.

The Saw Mill was on fire several times, but was finally saved. The shop occupied by Mr. Isaac Gage, took fire, and was upset into the river; the contents of the shop, and the grain and a few articles from the mill were removed, but nothing was saved from the blacksmith's or from Messrs. Lord & Abbott's shop. Of the property destroyed, Mr. J. H. K. Lord owned the building occupied by Mr. Gage, the blacksmith's shop and contents, the building occupied by Lord & Abbott, and \$500 in the machinery, and Thos. Lord and Albin Abbott \$500 each in machinery and tools. Mr. J. H. K. Lord estimates his loss at \$2500, and that of Lord & Abbott at \$1200. Mr. Robert Tait, cabinet-maker, lost about \$1200. The Grist Mill belonged to E. H. & J. G. Neill and Reuel Weston, and was valued at \$2500. The total loss will not fall far short of \$7,500, on which there is no insurance.

CAPT. INGRAHAM AT ALEXANDRIA.—Extract from a letter from an officer of the United States Army of war St. Louis, dated Alexandria, Dec. 1, 1853:—"Our reception here was of the most gratifying character; owing chiefly to the feelings of respect and admiration which the gallant act of Capt. Ingraham at Smyrna, and its decided endorsement and vindication by our government, have inspired throughout the East. Two public demonstrations of respect to that commander, to our country and its flag, have already taken place here since our arrival. The first was in the form of a serenade on the first evening; the second at the theatre, to which we were invited, for the express purpose, as we afterwards understood. On the first occasion Mr. Jones, consul, briefly returned thanks to the crowd for the compliment. On the second, the respect paid to Captain Ingraham and to the flag (one of which had been prepared, and waved from the box of a party of gentlemen) was acknowledged by Captain Ingraham and Mr. De Leon, the new consul-general, who was conveyed to his post by the St. Louis, simply by rising up and bowing to the audience. Upon the whole, these demonstrations were so significant and so respectable in their character, as to induce the mention of them. [Washington Union.]

We see by the Court Records, that the two counterfeiters, White of Buffalo, and Lawrence of Epping, N. H., have been placed under ten thousand dollar bonds each, for making and selling imitations of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This is right. If the law should protect men from imposition at all, it should certainly protect them from being imposed upon by worthless counterfeits of such a medicine as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. We had only to complain that the punishment is not half enough. The villain who would for paltry gain, deliberately trifle with the health of his fellow-men, by taking from their lips the cup of hope, when they are sinking and substituting a falsehood—an utter delusion, should be punished at least as severely as he who counterfeits the coin of the country. [Green Co. Banner, Carrollton, Ill.]

Sold in Waterville by J. H. Plaflet, & Co. A SAILOR CAPTURED AND TAKEN TO NEW YORK.—New York, Jan. 6.—The schooner N. H. Gambell, Lieut. De Camp commanding, arrived at this port yesterday, in 53 days from Loango, S. Africa. The N. H. G. sailed from

Baltimore, is a slaver, and prize to the U. S. frigate Constitution, Commodore Isaac Mayo, was captured on the 31 of November off Congo river, and placed in charge of Lieut. De Camp, who brought her home. The cook, one seaman belonging to the vessel, also twelve seamen, invalids from the squadron, returned in the N. H. G.

OUR TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for December, the concluding number of the 74th Vol., has the following table of contents:—National Gallery, A letter from the Boulevard, The Narcotics we indulge in, part 3; A few more Words on University Reform, Rapping the Question—A tale of modern magic, Real and Ideal Beauty, The Quiet Heart, part 1, Russia and Turkey, Index. "Rapping the Question" bears rather hard upon the spiritually superstitious; the "Quiet Heart" opens well, and will probably prove an interesting story.

L. Scott & Co., 70 Fulton st., New York, republish the London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine. Terms, payment to be made in advance.—For any one of the Reviews \$3 per annum; two, \$2; three, \$7; the four, \$8; for Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood's Magazine and 3 Reviews, \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for January is most beautifully embellished, having three full page engravings.—A View of Albany, a portrait of Rev. T. A. Morris, D. D. one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church, and a charming title page. This magazine is published in Cincinnati, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is edited at present by Rev. Davis W. Clark, D. D. It has been steadily improving and is now the best work of the kind in the country. J. P. Magee, Boston, is the agent for New England. Price, \$2 a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—Since the opening of the year, the contents of this magazine have been unusually interesting. Each number is now embellished with a steel plate, an innovation upon which we looked with suspicion when it was first announced; but really these pictures are such perfect gems, that they cannot fail to please the most fastidious, and they will henceforth form a very attractive feature of this very popular work. The last two numbers contain for embellishments, "The Mount of Olives, a view from the walls of Jerusalem," from the Byron Gallery, and "Lalla," a splendid picture, from the same source. Whoever wishes to be well informed on the great questions that are agitating the European world, and the important events transpiring there, cannot better do it than by aid of the "Living Age." The spirited historical sketch, the publication of which we commence this week, came to us through this medium. Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage to any part of the country. Call and examine it at Mathews's.

FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—This great favorite with the small folk makes its first visit for the new year, greatly improved in appearance and brimful of choice things for all who are lucky enough to receive it. "Lessons in Pencil Drawing," just commenced, bid fair to be interesting and useful, and will prove an attractive feature. Published by F. & G. G. Rand, Boston, at \$1 a year.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.—This most excellent agricultural paper has just entered upon a new volume and has been much improved. The farming community has few abler champions than this, and while doing much for the furtherance of the science of agriculture, it fearlessly exposes all charlatanisms and humbugs as they rise. It is beautifully printed in a shape convenient for binding, contains much choice reading, besides that specially interesting to farmers, keeps its readers informed of the latest and most important news, and its pages are graced with many beautiful engravings of fruit, flowers, animals, plans of buildings, portraits of distinguished men, &c. &c. Published weekly by D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y., at \$2 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

THE WHITE SLAVE.—We have just seen a young man, 17 years of age, who has made his escape from slavery, and who is as white as the President of the United States. In no features of this young man can the slightest resemblance to the negro race be traced—nose, lips, and hair, Caucasian or Anglo Saxon—yet he was a slave.

Can such things be? And overcome us as a summer cloud? And not excite our special wonder? (St. Catherine's (Canada) Journal.)

LIQUOR-SELLING IN SWEDEN.—In Sweden the people are fast rising to a fearful conviction of the self-inflicted miseries produced by spirit-drinking. The late allusion to this vice in the King's speech at the opening of the Diet seems to have been more the reflex of incipient public opinion than an original conception of his own. Various petitions have been presented of late to King Oscar, praying him to take such measures as shall avert the misery which threatens the nation if the production of spirits be allowed to continue in its present extent. The last of these petitions had 18,000 signatures. The people begin now to assemble in large crowds, and to call tumultuously for the closing of the distilleries, "that they may be secured against death before the next harvest comes round." In some cases the mob has forcibly entered the distilleries, and with the very "hell-drink" shall not be made any more, put out the fires. Hitherto no more violent excesses than the above had taken place.

NOVELTY FOR THE LADIES.—Among the new ideas just brought out at Paris is a 'self-expanding petticoat.' It is filled with air, and is just becoming all the rage. According to the inventor, one of these petticoats will stand out and occupy the room of half a dozen got up on the old-fashioned principle. It is true that when a lady desires to get into a carriage, the hoop will be likely to stick at the door. To obviate this, she must, at the moment of embarking turn a little screw, hidden in some fold of her dress, and let out the air. The swollen folds at once collapse, and shrink into an extremely small compass. As she alights from the vehicle, she applies her lips to the mouth piece, inflates the tubes and restores her skirts. This perpetual letting in and out of air, one would think, would become monotonous, not to say tedious, in time. It is possible that a flageliot might in some way be adapted to the tube, so that the wind, in eddying, might whistle an air. Or an arrangement of reeds might produce a melody like that of a barrel organ, or that of an Arabian harp. No lady could allege, as an objection, her inability to play upon the flute—Hamel having settled that question long ago.

THE MOST PROFITABLE HONESTY.—I know that there is a certain coarse, grossly, which drains its nutriment from the soul of the dearest heart. I know that to steal and commit forgery and swindle, lead in the long run to poverty, as well as to shame. But there is a border-land between unblushing avarice and virgin honesty, into which successful forays may be made under the cloud of night and secrecy. We say that honesty is the best policy, but no man was ever honest who acted from mere policy; and it is also not true that the vice of honesty is the best policy. The most successful honesty, like the most current coin, is that in which the fine gold of virtue is mingled with the alloy of worldly thrift. The most successful man of business, other things being so far brought as to admit of slight deviations, thus give the color of integrity to acts in themselves doubtful. There is such a thing as 'losing honesty,' which never deliberates, and

which never parleys—which is as pure as the snow 'that's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er'; an honesty sometimes crowned with brilliant success, but more commonly dwelling with modest fortunes and a lowly estate. [Hilliard's Mercantile Library Address.]

Rip Van Winkle Library Up. The news of the late naval defeat of the Turks seems to have had the effect to rouse John Bull from his lethargy a little. If the language of the London Times affords any indication of the future purposes of the British government, a change of tactics from 'masterly inactivity' to more vigorous measures, in connection with the contest, may be looked for. The Times, referring to the Turkish defeat, observes:

The intelligence from the seat of war, which we received yesterday with hesitation, has now been corroborated by several channels, and by a positive announcement in the official journal of France. War has begun in earnest. A naval action has been fought upon the coast of Asia Minor, ending in the total destruction of a portion of the Ottoman fleet; and for the first time in naval history, a Russian squadron has returned to Sebastopol laden with the spoils of victory. The war, hitherto confined to the occupation of the Danubian Principalities, and to a few partial encounters of the hostile armies, appears to have assumed on the Black Sea the character of a direct aggression, and the Emperor of Russia has thrown down the gauntlet to the maritime Powers precisely on the element on which they are best prepared to meet him. We have thought it our duty to uphold and defend the cause of peace, as long as peace was compatible with the honor and dignity of the country, and we feel no regret that to the very last we have adhered to a course of policy which a just concern for the best interests of England and of the world prescribed. But we have never concealed our opinion that the events occurring in the East might not ere long compel us to meet by more resolute measures a sterner alternative; and we have repeatedly urged upon the governments of England and France the necessity of being prepared with a plan of operations adapted to such an emergency. If the intelligence last received be confirmed in the manner in which it is related to us, the time for these resolutions to take effect has already come.

WILD RACE OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—In the Cincinnati Commercial of Saturday we find an account of a somewhat singular collision on the Miami road, at Milford. The engine of a freight train ran into the rear of a passenger train, which was standing still at the depot.—The Commercial says:—

When Mr. Watt, engineer of the mail train, heard the crash of the collision he supposed his own train would be driven over him, and, with his assistants, sprang off. The furnace had just been crammed with wood, and there was a full head of steam on. The force of the blow uncoupled the locomotive and tender from the baggage car, at the same instant jerking the lever and throwing the throttle valve wide open. Away sped the locomotive like an arrow—if we may so say, like a flat of Omnipotence—sweeping down the track at seventy miles an hour! God help any hapless train met or overtaken—help the city, but full fourtee miles before that distance will be devoured in twelve minutes!

Harness maddened with your iron hands! Be sure of your curb and rein!

For I scorn the strength of your puny hands; As the tempest scorns the chain, and the wind the mill. The escaped engine came howling by Plainville—visible for an instant to the appalled villagers—switched off into the double track as lightning from one steel rod to another divergent, and thundered on to the city, whose spies might now have been seen from the iron side of this fiery comet—but there was none to see—for rider, or driver, or living human soul, had the engine none. On, straight on, the city! the city!

Happily the furnace door flew open; the draught ceased, and a little way above the upper engine-house, on a heavy upgrade, the locomotive's breath was spent; it came to a dead stand and stood there silent, cold, forming as much a part of the still, wintry landscape as the whitened rock and shrouded trees on the hill-side above.

The house of Hezekiah Gowell, of Peru, was so blocked up with snow in the late snow storm, that the inmates were obliged to get out of a window on the other side of the house, and tunnel about 70 feet to the door, so that to get into the house one must pass through a complete tunnel that distance, the snow being from 3 to 4 feet thick over head. A man who has seen it says that he paced the distance, and found it to be 23 good long paces; and within 15 rods of the house the snow was all blown off so as to leave the ground bare, excepting the ice formed before the storm.

A GOOD WAY OF HEARING FROM HOME.—A young man in California, whose friends had not remembered him as he thought they ought, adopted the following expedient:—He sat down and wrote some half dozen letters to different persons at home, inquiring the price of land and stock—what he could buy a hundred some farm of, 200 or 300 acres for, &c.; estimating that he had largely done so to invest; and was very rich, generally. By return mail he received no less than seven letters, all anxiously inquiring after his health, when he was coming, &c.; and has received three or four every mail, since, including some very warm ones from an old and very old sweetheart.

ESCAPED.—We learn that "Whitely," who some time since got away from the Trinité Hospital and left town with a team which he borrowed to catch himself, but who was recently arrested in Lowell, Mass., has again escaped from the Hospital. He left yesterday morning, having for that purpose, made his way through the ventilator of his room, which was 7 inches in diameter, and escaped by the back of the building.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Rich, a man who was brought before the Police Court, Boston, on a charge of torturing his horse by starvation. It appeared that he kept the animal in a stable in the rear of Commercial and Fleet streets, without food, and that the horse to satisfy the cravings of hunger, had eaten through the side of the stable in front of the stall, had eaten the manger, and gnawed off the two or three joists. Lombard was bound over in







## HEALTH FOR THE STATE

**FOLLOWUP'S PILLS**

ORDINARY CURE OF LOSS OF HEAD  
AND STOMACH INDIGESTION AND DE-  
TERMINATION OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD

A Letter from Mr. John Lloyd of Eves-  
ham, Herefordshire.

DEAR HOLLIVAR,  
I avail myself of the first opportunity of  
writing to you, very long period I was afflicted with a  
disordered stomach, and frequent swimings in the head, and  
disordered stomach, and generally im-  
paired health had to give me any permanent  
benefit. I have been alarmed that I was really  
about an attendant. In this melancholy  
personally upon Mr. Hughes, Chemist, has  
of consulting him as to what I had better  
mended your Pills; I tried them without  
finding them for a short time, I am now restored  
and enabled to resume my usual duties.  
I publish this letter in any way you may  
think proper, as a testimonial of the  
benefit, 1862. (Signed) JOHN LLOYD  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

A Letter from Edward Bentley Esq.  
Walk, Tokyo, dated April 8th, 1854

DEAR HOLLIVAR,  
I deem it a duty I owe to you and the  
public to state that I have been cured of  
my complaint by the use of your Pills.

disinfectants, Drops, and which, under God, I have been able to overcome, and have been able to get cured, until I had recourse to your medicine, and all I had to undergo, the miseries of the disease, in the course of six weeks. (Signed) EDWARD BROWN

**UNDEVELOPED CURE OF A STOMACH COMPLAINT AND INDIGESTION AND VIOLENT HEAD-ACHE.**

*a Letter From M<sup>r</sup>. S. Goven,*  
*Chifton, near Bristol, dated July 14, 1856.*

SIR—HOLLOWAY,  
SIR—I am requested by a lady named Mrs. Goven, in the West Indies, to acquaint you that for some time herself and family suffered from various complaints, viz. Indigestion, Head-ache, Stomach Ache, and general debility, for which she consulted many of the best medical men in the colony, but without any permanent benefit. She then had recourse to your invaluable medicine, and in a short time effected so great a change for the better, that she and her family were continued them, and the whole family was enabled to pursue their usual occupations with ease and strength. Further, she desires me to

used their extraordinary virtues to subvert the influence of the Pills, and have effected positive cures of those diseases.	(Signed)	8																																	
<p>Medicated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints:</p> <table border="1"> <tr> <td>Dropsy</td> <td>Inflammation</td> <td>Sore Throat</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Jaundice</td> <td>Stomachic</td> <td>Stomachic</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Erysipelas</td> <td>Liver Com.</td> <td>Second</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Nervous Irregu.</td> <td>plains</td> <td>Stoma</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Stomachic</td> <td>Stomachic</td> <td>Stoma</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Fevers of all kinds</td> <td>Piles</td> <td>Tumors</td> </tr> <tr> <td>On the Liver</td> <td>Rheumatism</td> <td>Ulcers</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Retention of Urine</td> <td>Retention of Urine</td> <td>Yenars</td> </tr> <tr> <td>On the Gout</td> <td>Scrofula,</td> <td>Weakness</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Headache</td> <td>King's Evil</td> <td>Whitlow</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Indigestion</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table>			Dropsy	Inflammation	Sore Throat	Jaundice	Stomachic	Stomachic	Erysipelas	Liver Com.	Second	Nervous Irregu.	plains	Stoma	Stomachic	Stomachic	Stoma	Fevers of all kinds	Piles	Tumors	On the Liver	Rheumatism	Ulcers	Retention of Urine	Retention of Urine	Yenars	On the Gout	Scrofula,	Weakness	Headache	King's Evil	Whitlow	Indigestion		
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<p>On the establishment of Professor HOWLAND, at the United States in New York at 74 1/2 cent.</p>																																			
<p>By Messrs. A. B. &amp; D. BARRS, New York.</p>																																			
<p>Portland by JOSHUA DURGIN, in Water</p>																																			
<p>It is a considerable saving by taking the Pills for the guidance of patients in every</p>																																			

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an B. Gilman & Co., George H. Gray &  
Sons, Albert Fearing, Esq., H. M. Holbrook,  
Philip G. Smith, Jr., Esq., George Williams  
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the best English Offices, secures all the com-  
forts of the Standard and Mutual Systems. The Pa-  
tient Cash; and the Permanent Annuity.  
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premiums, at the option of the party insured.

**BREATH CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA**  
**DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S**  
**TRUE DIGESTIVE FL**  
**OR, GASTRIC JUICE.**  
 Prepared from RENNIN, OR  
 STOMACH OF THE GOAT, after  
 the action of LIEBIG, the great  
 chemical Chemist, at HOUG  
 D, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 This is NATURE'S OWN RE  
 medy for an acrid Stomach. No act  
 of the human system is more  
 BITTER, UNPLEASANT, OR NAUSEOU  
 S than indigestion. It is un  
 agreeable to the taste, and may be tal  
 ed by patients who cannot eat a water  
 crure.

The Agent grant a descriptive circular,  
 of almost scientific evidence.  
 J. H. PLAINSTED and Co., WATERTOWN,  
 Agents, Dillingham & Tibbels, Augusta.  
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 Agents supplied at Proprietor's prices.

**GLASS, SASH, AND BLIND FACTORY.**  
**PRICES OF DOORS.**

Thickness.	Price.	Thickness.	Price.
1 inch	\$1.12 to 1.20	1 1/8 inch	\$1.12 to 1.20
1 1/8	1.25	1 1/4	1.37
1 3/8	1.75	1 1/2	1.75
1 3/4	2.00	2 1/8	1.12
1 1/4	1.25	1 3/8	1.37
1 3/8	1.62	1 1/2	1.75
1 3/4	1.87	2 1/4	1.37
1 3/4	2.50	2 3/8	1.75

MOULDING DOORS a charge of 12 1/2 cts.  
 made; and an extra charge will be made  
 on the above.

OF SASH.		PRICES OF	
3 to 10	Light.	7x12	12
3 to 4	"	7x12	15
4 to 5	"	8x10	15
5 to 6	"	9x12	12
6 to 8	"	9x12	12
8 to 10	"	10x14	12
10 to 12	"	11x14	12
12 to 14	"	11x15	12

FRAMES made to order. MOULDINGS  
 in use supplied at short notice.

**Job Sawing and Planing,**  
 in the best manner, and at  
 the lowest rates.

Lumber constantly on hand for sale  
 at the mill.

August, 1883.

**F. E. BLANK**

**THE IDA**  
 Light Parlor Stove. The design is different  
 from any other. The plates are of a form so  
 constructed that they will not  
 get flabby crack.

**CARL PRIOR COOK STOVE**  
 One of the most useful Stoves ever constructed by Carl Prior, cooking and Dining room use, and well constructed oven, and by removing the top can be opened, making it equal to a range. It is ornamental, and is wanted to give satisfaction. Sold by DUNN, ELDER & CO.

**Farm for Sale.**  
 One of the best places adjoining Col. Scribner's, and now on the edge of the prairie, for sale. The farm contains 160 acres, and is well situated about 10 miles from the college, on the road leading from Waukegan to the lake. The house and barn are both new, well finished, and comfortable. The place is one of the most charming and healthy in the country, and is situated on the Kennebise River; and to those who are desirous of a beautiful place, the owners are anxious to sell. For particulars enquire of DAVID McGUIRE, on the corner of Third and Main streets.

Nov. 8, 1865.

**Embroideries**  
 A large quantity of the best French and English Embroideries, for sale at the lowest prices. Apply to J. H. BROWN, at the corner of Third and Main streets.

100 lb lot of Wash Colours, in great  
 and quality, from 12-1 to 2 cts. to 35 cts.  
 Mrs. BRADSHAW  
 CELEBRATED  
**HURLEY'S** FURNITURE  
 POLISH  
 S. H. HURLEY, Proprietor  
 and  
 Furniture Dealers &c., for  
 DUNN, ELDER &  
 THE UNITED STATES.  
 Goods shown, well arranged, and given good  
 advice.  
 DUNN, ELDER &  
 N. Y. — Just received at MOODY and SEYMOUR  
 a consignment of Perliners, of all kinds, viz—  
 Worcester Water, Pink Perfume, Lubin's  
 Scented Oil, Pomade, Toilet Soap, Hair Oil, Hair  
 Pomade, Hair, Powder, pudle, Tooth Powder, Soap of  
**FLOUR! FLOUR!**  
 received and for sale by E. C. LOWE

that superior Ohio Flour (via. Mo.  
given such perfect satisfaction. Also  
Extras, various brands.  
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