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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 38): April 6, 1854

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## THE MAY FLOWERS.

BY INEZ.

The May flowers budded in the glen  
Where Alice dwelt, a fair flower,  
And lavishly the sunshine fell  
Upon them in the morning hour.  
When she, the child of joy and song,  
Went seeking them from field to grove,  
The dew among their snowy leaves,  
The dew upon her heart of love.

The May flowers blossomed in the glen,  
And still went Alice every day,  
To gather them by bowers and brook,  
From morning till the twilight grey.  
She bound them to her lovely brow,  
She twined them in her flowing hair,  
And clasped them to her childish breast,  
With blessings that they were so fair.

The May flowers faded in the glen,  
They faded, and were seen no more,  
But to the little maiden's heart,  
They blossomed sweeter than before.  
And when pure, kindly thoughts arose  
And away her spirit's holiest powers,  
Her guardian angel's faithful  
"It is the fragrance of the flowers."

And years are fled—Alice now  
May seek no more the dewy glen,  
For she is in the world's great field,  
And cannot be a child again;  
Yet even now, when o'er her heart  
Sneak sweet and pure and dreamy hours,  
The angel breathes—how gladly breathes  
"It is the fragrance of the flowers!"

## Miscellany.

[From The National Magazine.]

## STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I have always been interested in the conversation of any one who could tell me anything about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith, in 1593, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by his act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, he the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered that "the first named monarch feared them, and the latter loved them." The extermination of the Huguenots was a favorite project with Cardinal Richelieu; and it was, at his instigation that the second siege of Rochelle was undertaken—known even to the most careless student of history for the horrors of famine which the besieged endured. Miserably disappointed as they were at the failure of the looked-for assistance from England, the mayor of the town, Guion, rejected the conditions of peace which Cardinal Richelieu offered; namely, that they would raise their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. But there was a traitorous faction in the town; and, on Guion's rejection of the terms, this faction collected in one night a crowd of women and children and aged persons, and drove them beyond the lines; they were useless and yet they ate food. Driven out from the beloved city, tottering, faint, and weary, they were fired at by the enemy; and the survivors came pleading back to the walls of Rochelle, pleading for a quiet shelter to die in, even if their death were caused by hunger. When two-thirds of the inhabitants had perished; when the survivors were insufficient to bury their dead; when ghastly corpses out-numbered the living—miserable, glorious Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, opened its gates to receive the Roman Catholic Cardinal, who celebrated mass in the Church of St. Marguerite, once the beloved sanctuary of Protestant worship. As we cling to the memory of the dead, so did the Huguenots remember Rochelle. Years—long years of suffering—gone by, a village sprang up, not twenty miles from New York, and the name of that village was New-Rochelle; and the old men told with tears of the sufferings their parents had undergone when they were little children, far away across the sea, in the "pleasant" land of France.

Richelieu was otherwise occupied after the second siege of Rochelle, and had to put his schemes for the extermination of the Huguenots on one side. So they lived in a kind of trembling uncertain peace during the remainder of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. But they strove to avert persecution by untiring submission. It was not until 1685, that the Huguenots of the South of France resolved to profess their religion, and refuse any more to be registered among those of the Roman Catholic faith; to be martyrs, rather than apostates or hypocrites. On an appointed Sabbath, the old deserted Huguenot churches were reopened; nay, those in ruins, of which but a few stones remained to tell the tale of having once been holy ground, were peopled with attentive hearers, listening to the word of God as preached by reformed ministers. Languedoc, Cevennes, Dauphiny, seemed alive with Huguenots—even as the highlands were, at the chief-tain's call, alive with armed men, whose farts had been hidden but a moment before in the harmonious and blending colors of the heath.

Dragonades took place, and cruelties were perpetrated, which it is as well for the honor of human nature, should be forgotten. Twenty-four thousand conversions were announced to Le Grand Louis, who fully believed in them. The more far-seeing Madame de Maintenon hinted at her doubts in the famous speech:—"Even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be Catholics."

And then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A multitude of weak reasons were alleged, as is generally the case where there is not one that is really good or presentable; such as that the edict was never meant to be perpetual; that (by the blessing of Heaven and the dragonades) the Huguenots had returned to the true faith, therefore the edict was useless—a mere matter of form, &c., &c.

As a mere matter of form, some penalties were decreed against the professors of the extinct heresy. Every Huguenot place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the Hôpital des Forçats at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal, he was to be considered "obstinate," and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. The children of Huguenot parents were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns.

And now come in some of the traditions which I have heard and collected.

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. VII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1854.

NO. 38.

The family Lefebvre lived almost entirely on the produce of the estate, and had little need for much communication with their nearest neighbors, with whom, however, as kindly, well-meaning people, they were on good terms, although they differed in their religion. In those days coffee was scarcely known, even in large cities; honey supplied the place of sugar; and for the potage, the bouilli, the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the garden, farm and orchard of the Lefebvres was all-sufficient. The woolen cloth was spun by the men of the house on winter evenings, standing by the great wheel, and carefully and slowly turning it to secure evenness of thread. The women took charge of the linen, gathering, and drying, and bending the bad-smelling hemp, the ugliest crop that grew about the farm; and, reserving the delicate blue-flowered flax for the fine thread needed for the daughter's trousseau, for as soon as a woman child was born, the mother, lying too faint to work, smiled as she planned the web of dainty linen, which was to be woven at Rouen out of the flaxen thread of gossamer fineness, to be spun by no hand, as you may guess, but that mother's own. And the farm-maidens took pride in the store of sheets and table napery which they were to have a share in preparing for the future wedding of the little baby, sleeping serene in her warm cot, by her mother's side. Such being the self-sufficient habits of the Norman farmers, it was no wonder that in the eventful year of 1685 Louis the Thirteenth remained ignorant for many days of that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his co-religionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and sell for the winter's provision. Accordingly the large-boned Norman horse was accosted, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheep-skin, scarlet worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre, slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse block, by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nodding and kissing her hand as he rode away.

When he arrived at the fair, in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learned for the first time, of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his sons would sacrifice anything—would be proud of martyrdom if need were—but the clause which cut him to the heart, was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent. A convent, to the Huguenots, excited prejudices implied a place of dissolute morals, as well as of idolatrous doctrine.

Poor farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death—nay, the salvation or damnation—of his darling, seemed to him to depend on the speed with which he could reach his home, and take measures for her safety. What these were to be, he could not tell in this moment of bewildered terror; for, even while he watched the stable-boy at the inn, arranging his horse's gear without daring to help him—for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him—even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight, for ever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old horse; but the road was hilly, and the steed had not his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and, at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, and ran by the horse's side up every hill, pulling him along, and encouraging his flagging speed by every conceivable noise, meant to be cheerful, though the tears were fast running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revolution of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun, playing with the "fomages" of the mallow-plant, which are such a delight to Norman children. He got off his horse, which found its accustomed way into the stable. He kissed Magdalen over and over again, the tears coming down his cheeks like rain; and then he went in to tell his wife—his poor invalid wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest. That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some one of the people, who had called at the farm, on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. The captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake—

But we must part from her—Magdalen, the apple of her eyes. And she—she has never left her home before, never been away from us—who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child? And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer and said:

"God will take care of our precious child, and keep her safe from harm, till we two—or you at least, dear husband, can leave this cursed land. Or, if we cannot follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion, and we shall never see her again—never!"

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the little girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but straw, and a new mattress rolled up, and peeping out of a sackcloth covering. The mother blessed her child, with a full conviction that she should never see her again. The father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in her strange imprisonment. He stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labor-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her feet were cold; he took off his warm flannel jacket to wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hiding place at the quay at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected trousseau; the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her

eventually in London. But the father, moaning to himself, "If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved," saying that pitiful sentence over and over again, as if the repetition could charm away the deep sense of woe—went home, and took to his bed and died; nor did the mother remain long after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughter's descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and many other particulars relating to the exiled Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revocation were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole congregations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and intelligent of the Huguenots, (who, as a people, had distinguished themselves in manufacture and commerce) when the king's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life, including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests.

Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend:

"A husband and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him; and, after vainly using argument to persuade him to renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest, with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with an iron floor, and no seat, nor means of support or rest; into this room the poor Huguenot was introduced. The iron flooring was gradually heated; (one remembers the guilty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in Sanford and Merton; but there, the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case); still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burned off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by and by they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last, my informant could not tell. He only knew that, after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor gray cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, making vain inquiries for his wife in his broken English, as little understood by most as the Moorish maiden's cry for Gilbert, Gilbert. Some one at last directed him, to a coffee-house near Soho-square, kept by an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even their national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple bled himself; but no one knew of his wife; she might be alive, or she might be dead; it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a pedlar listening to everything, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbors of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crapes; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried on one or two delicate employments, such as jewelry, wax-bleaching, &c. The pedlar took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there, earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believed her husband to be either a galley slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the pedlar's tale, she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterward in Canterbury, supported by his wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby? If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the baby into a formless bundle; to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advantage of the deep gutter which runs in the center of so many old streets in French towns, they placed the baby in this hollow, close to one of the gates, after dark. Thegendarme came out to open the gate to them. They were suddenly summoned to see a sick relation; they said they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother would willingly leave behind to be brought up by Papists. So the sentinel concluded that they were not going to emigrate, at least this time, and locking the great town gates behind them, he reentered his little guard room. Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick! There in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried. Pray God the sleeping draught be not too strong; father, mother and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading this very paper.

England, Holland, and the Protestant states of Germany were the places of refuge for the Norman and Breton Protestants. From the south of France escape was more difficult. Algerine pirates infested the Mediterranean, and the small vessels in which many of the Huguenots embarked from the southern ports were an easy prey. There were Huguenot slaves in Algiers and Tripoli for years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Most Catholic Spain caught some of the fugitives, who were welcomed by the Spanish Inquisition with a different kind of greeting from that which the wise, far-seeing William the Third of England bestowed on such of them as sought English shelter after his accession. We will return to the condition of the English Huguenots presently. First let us follow the fortunes of those French Protestants who went a letter to the State of Massachusetts (among whose historical papers it is still extant) giving an account of the persecutions to which they were exposed, and the distress they were

undergoing, stating the wish of many of them to emigrate to America, and asking how far they might have privileges allowed them for following out their pursuit of agriculture. What answer was returned may be guessed from the fact that a tract of land comprising about eleven thousand acres at Oxford, near the present town of Worcester, Massachusetts, was granted to thirty Huguenots, who were invited to come over and settle there. The invitation came like a sudden summons to a land of hope across the Atlantic. There was no time for preparations; these might excite suspicion; they left the "pot boiling on the fire" (to use the expression of one of their descendants), and carried no clothes with them but what they wore. The New Englanders had too lately escaped from religious persecution themselves, not to welcome, and shelter, and clothe these poor refugees when they once arrived at Boston. The little French colony at Oxford was called a plantation; and Gabriel Bernon, a descendant of a knightly name, in Friesland, a Protestant merchant in Rochelle, was appointed undertaker for this settlement. They sent for a French Protestant minister, and assigned to him a salary of forty pounds a year. They bent themselves assiduously to the task of cultivating the half cleared land, on the borders of which lay the dark forest, among which the Indians prowled and lurked, ready to spring upon the unguarded households. To protect themselves from this creeping, deadly enemy, the French built a fort, traces of which yet remain. But on the murder of the Johnson family, the French dared no longer remain on the bloody spot; although more than ten acres of ground were in garden cultivation around the fort; and long afterwards those who told in hushed, awe-struck voices of the Johnson murder, could point to the rose bushes, the apple and pear trees yet standing in the Frenchmen's deserted gardens. Mrs. Johnson was a sister of Andrew Sigourney, one of the first Huguenots who came over. He saved his sister's life by dragging her by main force through a back door, while the Indians massacred her children, and shot down her husband at his own threshold. To preserve her life was but a cruel kindness.

Gabriel Bernon lived to a patriarchal age, in spite of his early sufferings in France and the wild Indian cries of revenge around his home in Massachusetts. He died rich and prosperous. He had kissed Queen Anne's hand, and become intimate with some of the English nobility, such as Lord Archdale, the Quaker Governor of Carolina, who had lands and governments in the American States. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees repaid in part their debt of gratitude to Massachusetts in various ways during the War of Independence; one, Gabriel Manigault, by advancing a large loan to further the objects of it. Indeed, three of the nine presidents of the old Congress, which conducted the United States through the Revolutionary War, were descendants of the French Protestant refugees. Gen. Francis Marion, who fought bravely under Washington, was of Huguenot descent. In fact, both in England and France, the Huguenot refugees showed themselves temperate, industrious, thoughtful and intelligent people, full of good principle and strength of character. But all this is implied in the one circumstance that they suffered and emigrated to secure the rights of conscience.

In the State of New York they fondly called their plantation or settlement by the name of the precious city which had been their stronghold, and where they had suffered so much. New Rochelle was built on the shore of Long Island Sound, twenty-three miles from New York. On the Saturday afternoon, the inhabitants of New Rochelle, harnessed their horses to their carts, to convey the women and little ones; and the men in the prime of life walked all the distance to New York, camping out in their carts in the environs of the city, through the night, till the bell summoned them on Sunday morning to service, in the old Church du Saint-Esprit. In the same way they returned on Sunday evening. The old longing for home recorded in Allan Cunningham's ballad:

"It's home, and it's home, home I would I be;  
O' home, home, home, to my ain country!"

clung to the breasts, and caused singular melancholy in some of them. There was one old man who went every day down to the seashore, to look and gaze his fill toward the beautiful cruel land where most of his life had been passed. With his face to the east—his eyes strained, as if by force of longing he could see the far distant France—he said his morning prayers, and sang one of Clement Marot's hymns. There had been an edition of the Psalms of David put into French rhyme, (Psaumes de David, mis en Rime Francoise, par Clement Marot et Theodore de Beze), published in as small a form as possible, in order that the book might be concealed in their bosoms, if the Huguenots were surprised in their worship while they lived in France.

Nor were Oxford and New Rochelle the only settlements of the Huguenots in the United States. Farther south again they were welcomed, and found resting-places in Virginia and South Carolina.

GONE RIGHT OVER IT.—I have a friend, whose ready wit often enlivens the social circle, and sometimes, also, faithfully serves the cause of truth. One Sabbath morning, as he stepped from his house to go to church, he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. He turned upon him, stopped, lifted up both hands, and stood in a tragic attitude, gazing upon the ground beneath the vehicle, and exclaimed: "There! there! you are going right over it! You have gone right over it!" The traveller hastily gathered up his reins, drew in his horses, came to a dead stand, and began looking under his wheels to see what little innocent child, or dog, or pig, might have been ground to jelly by their heavy weight. But seeing nothing, he looked anxiously up to the man who had so singularly arrested his progress, and said: "Over what?" "The fourth Commandment," was the quick reply. "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy!" It was hard starting those wheels again, and hard hauling that load all the rest of the day. [Norwich Examiner.]

HOBBS' LOCK.—It was one of Hobbs' cheap till locks which the foreman of Mr. Chubb picked in England. Mr. Hobbs himself explained how this might be picked, and afterwards added a simple protection. The Messrs. Chubb improved upon the hint, and their foreman at work on one of the old locks, and boasted to the world that they had picked the famous Hobbs' lock. Mr. Hobbs offered £200 if

they would pick his American lock, but the trial was declined.

## THE NEW SKATES.

"I do hope the canal will freeze over to-night so that I can try my new skates in the morning," said Freddy Holland, one cold evening to his schoolmates.

"It's cold enough to freeze anything, I should think, but have you new skates?"

"Yes, father bought me a beautiful pair this morning! come home with me, and I'll show them to you."

"Agreed! boys, let's all go home by Mr. Holland's and see Fred's new skates!"

"Well, I will for one," and I for two," said another, and so on, laughing and shouting, the troop of boys drew up in front of Mr. Holland's handsome residence.

"Now for a sight of the new skates!"

"Just let me put my books in the house, and then I'll bring them out to you," said Fred. "I know you will all say they are well worth looking at."

"Oh, but they are grand ones, was the universal exclamation when Fred reappeared with his skates. "Why, I never saw anything like them!"

"No, they are a new kind," Mr. Smith unpacked them last night; father bought the very best pair from the lot, and he picked out the highest priced pair too; how glad I felt when I saw them!"

"Well, if they ain't just the nicest skates that ever were seen; they must have cost a great deal, though!"

"Father never buys a poor article; and there is not another such pair of skates nearer than New York city," said Fred, boastfully.

"Oh, if Mr. Smith received a lot of them I guess there are others as good as yours," said Jimmy Fritz, laughing.

"I tell you there ain't; the others are very nice but these cost half a dollar more than any of them."

"You always think your things a little better than other people's; how much are the others?"

"Different prices, two dollars, a dollar and a half, and some a dollar and a quarter."

"I've got a dollar and a quarter of my own money, I mean to have a pair of them!"

"I mean to coax father to get me a pair."

"Father has promised me a new pair this winter; I hope he will get them to-night."

"I mean to have a pair before this time to-morrow."

Just then two men passed by, and one said to the other, "it is stinging cold, to-night; I think the canal will be closed before morning."

"Good news!" cried Fred, clapping his hands.

"I tell you what it is, boys, let all of us who can raise skates meet on the ice right after breakfast, and skate till school-time."

"Well, that will be fine."

"You will come, won't you, Edwin Merriek?"

"I wish I could," replied Edwin, sadly, "but I haven't any skates."

"Can't your father get you a pair?" asked one of the boys.

"He hasn't any father," said another compassionately.

"Hasn't he? I didn't know that."

All the boys felt so sorry for Edwin that they did not care to talk about their skating any longer. They wanted to say something to comfort him, but, boy like, they did not know how; so they separated for their different homes, each one thinking how hard it was for a little boy to have no father to buy him skates and other nice things.

Oh, those beautiful skates! thought Edwin, as he walked slowly home. "I do wish I had a pair; I wonder if mother couldn't get them? But when he went to the house, and saw his mother toiling over her sewing to get them needed food, he felt that it would be useless to ask her. "I wonder if there is no other way in which I can get them," thought he; and long after he had gone to bed that night, he lay tossing and wondering to himself whether he could not earn the money to buy them.

The next morning he called at Mr. Smith's store to look at the skates, and saw a pair for a dollar and a half, which he thought just as good as those over which Freddy had boasted so.

"Nice article that," said Mr. Smith; "it is just about the right size for you."

"Mr. Smith," Edwin began, and then he cleared his throat two or three times before he could get on. "Mr. Smith, is there any way in which I can earn money enough to pay for these?"

"Why, yes; the boy that I had here, to run errands and carry home parcels is sick; if you choose to come and take his place, you can earn them in a few days."

"I should like to, but mother wishes me to go to school."

"And you wish the skates?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you will come to me a couple of hours, in the morning and again in the evening, when school is done, you shall have the skates in two weeks. Do you think your mother can let you?"

"I guess so, sir; I'll go home and ask her."

His mother readily gave her permission when she saw how anxious her little boy was to get the skates. So Edwin began to get up very early in the morning, that he might finish all his mother wanted done by breakfast time, and be ready to go and work for Mr. S. immediately after.

A hopeful spirit makes a light foot, and Edwin was so quick in doing errands that Mr. S. was greatly pleased with him, and in about ten days said, "Edwin, to-morrow is Saturday; if you will come and help me all day, you shall have the skates to take home with you. My other boy will be home next week. Edwin's eyes glistened as he ran home to tell his mother the good news. He heard the shouts of the boys on the canal, (for it was now a fine skating-place), and said to himself, "To-morrow night at this time I'll be with them, and as happy as a king with my new skates, all my own earning!" He found his mother busy preparing something for his grandmother's rheumatism, and as the old lady groaned out with the pain in her shoulder, she said, "I am afraid I shall always have it, until I get a warm shawl to wear in cold weather."

"Do put on your black one," said his mother.

"Oh, no, I hope to get to church again, when spring comes, and must keep that shawl close to wear there." Besides it is not thick enough to keep off rheumatism; a little blanket shawl would be the thing."

"I know it, and I must try and get one very soon."

"Hasn't grandmother any warm shawl?" asked Edwin.

"No."

"How much would it cost, mother?"

"About a dollar and a half."

"Just about the price of my skates," thought the boy, "how nice it would be to give her a shawl. How I should enjoy to see her wear it, and in thinking I had helped to keep away her rheumatism. But then I should have to go without the skates; all the other boys have them, and it would be so pleasant to go with them to the canal to-morrow night! shall I give up all this pleasure or not? I'll think about it." He did think, not only that night, but all the next day while doing errands.

When he had carried home the last parcel for his employer, he went back to get his pay; and when that gentleman laid down the skates, saying, "there they are, my boy, all your own, may you have many a merry time with them," his heart swelled with joy for a moment to think that he owned the long coveted skates. But then he remembered his grandmother, and though the tears sprang to his eyes, he said in a tolerably steady voice, "would you as leave, sir, that I took one of those blanket shawls instead of the skates?"

"A blanket shawl! what in the world would you do with it?"

"Give it to my grandmother, sir," (Edwin said, "What sudden change is this? I thought you were half crazy for a pair of skates!"

"So I was, but I heard grandmother say last night she could never get well of the rheumatism until she had a warm shawl."

"And you are going to treat her to one, ha?"

"I should like to."

"Very well, select the nicest shawl in the store. There, what do you think of that drawback?"

"Just the thing for grandmother, but have I earned as much as that?"

"Yes, and more too; a boy so thoughtful of his grandmother's comfort," he replied, as he carefully wrapped up the shawl.

"Thank you, sir," said Edwin, leaving the store with the parcel in his hand. He did not dare to give another look at the skates; for, somehow, they had never seemed so attractive as then. When he passed near the canal he whistled loud, that he should not hear the shouts of the merry skaters; but in spite of himself, his eyes filled with tears as he remembered he had no skates. But when he entered the house, and slipping up to his grandmother, spread the shawl round her shoulders, he had to laugh at her look of surprise. "Oh, what a nice warm shawl! she kept saying over and over again, 'what a fine thing to keep off rheumatism! If I had such a shawl as that, I should be made up for life!'"

"Be 'made up,' grandmother," he said merrily, "the shawl is yours, and nobody else's."

"Mine?" asked the old lady in amazement.

"Yes, yours; I earned it by going on errands for Mr. Smith, and I want you to wear it for my sake, grandmother."

"Dear heart, may the lord bless you, and raise up as kind children to cherish you in your old age!" and she laid her trembling hand upon his head while her lips moved as if in prayer for him.

Never had grandmother looked so well as on that evening, wrapped in Edwin's shawl. She seemed so comfortable and happy that he was more than paid for his sacrifice.

"And you gave up your skates, Edwin, for this?" said his mother, following him to his little bedroom. "Grandmother needed the shawl so much more, mother."

"My darling son!" was all she could say, but she resolved that her child should have a pair of skates; too, if she had to sew all night to get them. She did not yet know that God had put it into the hearts of some other friends to give them to him, and that her extra toil would not be required.

On Sunday Edwin felt very happy seeing his grandmother in her warm shawl and he thought to himself, "if I had the skates I could not enjoy them to-day; but grandmother can use her shawl all the time—I am glad I got it."

"That is a fine little lad of widow Merriek's," said Mr. Smith to some gentlemen who were in his store Saturday night, "a mainly little fellow," he repeated, and then he told them the story of the skates and shawl.

"The good boy! he shall have a pair of skates, for he deserves them if ever a lad did, and money was quickly produced to pay for the very best skates in the store."

Monday morning, when Edwin was in the yard sawing wood, a boy came up and handed him a parcel on which was written, "for Master Edwin Merriek, from some friends who have heard with pleasure of his generous conduct to his grandmother, and who feel that, though men, they might learn a lesson of self-denial from a boy."

Edwin tore open the papers hastily, and



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APRIL 6, 1854.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. 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 us. His offices are at No. 10, N. W. cor., Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; N. W. cor., North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

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A. T. BOWMAN, Traveling Agent.

## Strike at Lewiston.

Some of the cotton factories at Lewiston have demanded twelve hours labor of the employees, instead of eleven and one quarter, as heretofore. The consequence is what it ought to be, a strike. There is strong excitement, and much sympathy is expressed by influential citizens for the spirited and true Yankee girls, who have thus chosen to be thrown out of employment, rather than submit to terms they know to be wrong. All the Lewiston papers side with them strongly except the Journal.

We look upon those "strikes" which aim to regulate the price of labor as of vastly less consequence than those which point to the daily number of hours. While everything in our country depends upon the condition of labor, the laboring interests, in turn, rest upon the intellectual and moral cultivation of the laborer. The price of labor may be reduced without positive injury except to the pocket; but in proportion as we reduce the hours of leisure, rest, and social improvement, we undermine the physical, mental and moral constitution of the laborer; and ultimately the degrading subordination of labor to capital, exhibited by the factory system of England, will be seen grinding to the earth the industrial interests of our own country. Take away the bread of the laborer if you will, if at the same time you leave him in possession of his intellect, his dignity, and his self-respect. Fill his pockets, while you empty his head and degrade his manhood, and you insidiously bring him into a position to be robbed of both bread and brains. Add minute after minute, hour after hour, to his daily task; and even add dollars and cents in double ratio, and though the progress of his debasement be less rapid, it will be none the less sure.

There are important principles and deep and distant interests involved in the "Ten Hour System." It is one of the great ideas of true Democracy; and if its advocates are anywhere at fault, it is in offering a compromise, instead of demanding the entire idea. Ten hours is too much, even! But any system or custom that demands more should enlist the united opposition of all the laboring hands and laboring heads in Christendom. Wherever there is a "strike" for ten hours, or against more than ten hours, the sympathies of all the true friends of labor should center; and most heartily do we commend the girls and boys and women and men concerned in the strike at Lewiston, to the cordial help of this sympathy, in all the departments of physical labor. We want cotton and other manufactures at Waterville, and confidently look for them in due time; but sooner than welcome them with a system that fosters degradation and promotes mental and physical degeneracy, we would see the waters of the Kennebec poured in a torrent into Symmes's Hole.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

**MR. GILES'S LECTURE.**—The subject of Mr. Giles's lecture at the College Chapel was "The Immortality of Shakespeare's Genius; and the manner in which he handled it showed an intimate acquaintance with the works of the great poet of human nature. He touched upon the various traits in Shakespeare's writings, which had contributed in any great degree to their immortality. The chief points which he discussed at length, were their pleasing humor, beneath which flows a deep current of serious thought; their melting pathos, appealing directly to the better feelings, and the terrible exactness with which they portray the passions of the human heart. To this transcendent power of his genius, aided by his wonderful knowledge of human nature, he considered Shakespeare chiefly indebted for the immortality of his works.

## Thwarting the Aim of Mercy.

Notwithstanding the efforts of such philanthropists as Miss Dix, there is reason to believe that many of our so-called charitable institutions are anything but charitable or merciful in their true characters. From general report, as well as from facts that have in times past come to our knowledge, we think this to be more extensively the case in N. York than in any N. England State. A communication to the board of Governors of Blackwell's Island Hospital, from Dr. E. F. Sanger, (late of Waterville), physician to Blackwell's Island, makes the following statement of the condition of the female department of that institution:

"In that wing there are 190 beds, while there are 240 white and 14 colored females in this same wing, being an excess of 64 females more than there are beds to accommodate. In some of these beds are placed two patients, while in other cases two beds are placed side by side and five patients are crowded into them, and others again are obliged to lie on the floor. The result has been a severe attack of epidemic erysipelas, while sickness and mortality have been increased generally."

This communication was referred to the "Committee on Out-door Poor," and it would appear merciful to refer the occupants of the hospital to the same committee, if by this means they could be turned out doors. The appeal is creditable to Dr. Sanger; and we trust that he will continue to occupy a position so favorable to his improvement in medical science, he will always keep his heart open to the claims of kindness and mercy—so profitable to mankind when thus combined in the hands of the scientific physician.

The following extracts from the weather diary of a correspondent of the Augusta Age kept during the year 1843, show that matters are not very much worse this spring than they have been before:

**APRIL 1st.**—This month comes in wintry and stormy, four feet of snow on the level in the woods. The roads are greatly blocked up. It is almost impossible for travellers to proceed, there is so much snow. The mails east and west are brought in on single sleighs. The river has been passable until this day.

**APRIL 6th—State Past.** A snow storm commenced last night and continued mostly through this day. Snow very damp. One foot of snow fell. It is supposed that about 15 feet of snow have fallen since November. The roads are blocked up. Five feet of solid snow in the country. The mails are detained by reason of the excessive bad travelling. Such a winter and spring thus far has not been experienced for a great number of years past.

**11—**Children slide in the fields in the morning; snow crust hard.

**16—**Ice moved down as far as Hallowell.

**20th—**Ice above the dam moved down.

**22—**Upper ice coming down.

**25th—**Great rain, the freshet in the Kennebec very high. Snow almost gone in the fields.

**26th—**Copious rain throughout the day.

**N. B.**—1843 was an excellent hay season.

The editor of the Belfast Journal—unfeeling dog—refuses to publish poetical obituary notices without pay. He says:

"It is bad to have children die, but that is no reason why the King's English should be murdered free gratis. Those who desire to do this should remember that a quarter a verse is the only balm that heals our wounded feelings when we see this thing done."

Here is another version of the story of the man with the wheelbarrow, given by a correspondent of the Lowell Vox Populi:

Some of the persons employed on the trains which have been interrupted by the uncommodious, had agreed to deliver certain vessels containing a liquid prohibited in that section. In order to do so without exposing themselves to prosecution, they arranged a figure which might be attached to the engine at such place as they desired, and thus propelled over the road a few feet in front of the locomotive. As the train approached the depot where they designed delivering the contraband article, the passengers in the cars were mysteriously informed that there was something on the track just ahead of the engine, which could neither be run over nor run down. Of course all was excitement at once. The cars were stopped, and while the credulous were straining their eyes to make out the location of the ghost, barrels, kegs, and demijohns, were spirited from the baggage cars with more despatch than discretion. And this is the whole story about the reckless wheelbarrow ghost.

**CONNECTICUT ELECTION.**—The Nebraska Bill of Abomination has given Connecticut to the Whigs, with a great triumph. The soother the administration wash their hands from this matter the better. If they hold on they must sink with it beyond redemption.

**THE WEATHER.**—We are having fine March weather, and the snow is diminishing rapidly; but the quantity is yet enormous, exceeding anything remembered at this season. It seems impossible it should all dissolve without producing a disastrous freshet. If flows are used in April, it must be in snow banks.

The Legislature will probably adjourn in about two weeks.

**MEN OF THE PRESENT AND OF THE PAST.**—A modern English writer—evidently belonging to the race of "old fogies"—thus castigates upon the degeneracy of the age in which we live:

"In times past men were contented to dwell in houses of willow, so that the use of the oak was, in a measure, confined wholly to churches, palaces, navigation, &c.: but now willow is rejected, and nothing but oak anywhere regarded; and yet, see the change; for when our houses were built of willow, then had we oaken men; but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are but only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration."

**GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S VETO.**—The expected veto of the N. Y. prohibitory liquor bill has been sent to the N. Y. Legislature by Governor Seymour. From what he adds to his enumeration of specific objections to this particular bill, it is quite evident that any other bill which recognized the general prohibitory principles of this bill, would have received the same usage at his Excellency's hands; for he does not believe in legalisation as a means of promoting temperance.

The Senate on Saturday refused, by yeas 14 to nays 13, to pass the bill over the Governor's veto. A motion to reconsider it was lost by 10 to 15. So the question of a stringent liquor law for this session is probably settled.

**THE CONVEYS CONVICTED!**—Mr. Evans concluded his argument against the Conveys (for the murder of Thomas Guiney), at eleven o'clock on Saturday. Judge Shepley then charged the jury, who retired at 12 o'clock. At 5 P. M. they came into Court with the verdict of murder in the second degree. The case goes up for final arraignment of the full bench, on exceptions duly filed by Mr. Clifford, counsel for defendants.

**AUTHORITY OF TEACHERS OVER SCHOLARS DURING RECESS.** Mr. Justice Green at Worcester, Mass., lately decided that a teacher has no authority over a scholar during recess, and accordingly fined James Whittier, Jr., one of the masters of the English and Classical High School in that city, for detaining a scholar "after school" and punishing him for misconduct. But this is the decision of only a Worcester Justice of the Peace.

Congress is fond of precedents. For future use, therefore, we put on record these three established by them last week.

**1st.** It is disrespectful to the Senate of the United States to appeal to them in the name of Almighty God, or even to allude to His presence.

## Later From Europe.

The Africa arrived at New York on Tuesday having left Liverpool on the 11th.

Breadstuffs had declined 2 a 3d on Wheat, and 1 a 1c 6d on Flour. Indian Corn unchanged.

The statement that Calafat was captured by the Russians was an atrocious falsehood, and totally unfounded. No fighting worthy of notice has taken place either on the Danube or in Asia.

The London Daily News says (without date) that the Czar had sent another proposal to Vienna, which the representatives of the four powers found inadmissible and rejected.

The messenger with France and England's ultimatum to the Czar, left Vienna for St. Petersburg on the 7th. Prussia and Austria have not signed this ultimatum, their policy being still defined to be neutrality for the present and mediation for the future.

The first division, consisting of fourteen British ships under the command of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, was to sail from Portsmouth on the 11th for the Baltic.

It is said that 3000 British troops will go to the Baltic for land service. The 77th Regiment embarked at Liverpool on the 11th for Turkey.

The allied fleets were at Bencos bay; the bulk of the Russian fleet at Sebastopol. Both fleets had cruised in the Black Sea.

The Russian Baltic fleet is making its way through the ice to the sea.

Some excitement was caused, in commercial circles by Lord Clarendon's announcement to Riga merchants that all Russian produce, no matter to whom belonging, and even in neutral vessels, shall be considered a lawful prize in the event of war.

Latest despatches from Paris fully confirm the news respecting the attitude assumed by Austria and Austria on the Eastern question. Austria expressed her perfect willingness to join the Western Powers, but Prussia positively refused, on the ground that as Prussia was not a maritime power she had therefore comparatively little interest in the matter.

A despatch to the Morning Chronicle, of the 10th, from Athens, states the Greek intention to be extending to Thessaly. Genl. Karyos had joined the insurgents, City of Argi was taken by assault. The Turks were beaten in several encounters.

**REVISION OF THE REVISED STATUTES.**—The Judiciary Committee has been directed to "inquire into the expediency" of revising and reprinting the Statutes of Maine. We believe there is little doubt in the minds of legal men, as to the expediency of the thing; and none at all in the minds of men not legal. The amendments to the Revised Statutes are legion; and to a person who has not the means at hand of sifting out these amendments, the volume is about as reliable as a last year's almanac. It is the business of lawyers to keep the run of the laws, but they are sometimes puzzled to know exactly what portion of the Revised Statutes of 1841 still remains intact. Another reason for revising and reprinting, is found in the fact that copies of the present Statutes are becoming scarce. The edition printed was smaller than it ought to have been, and is about exhausted. We hope a commission may be appointed to perform the work of revision the present summer.

**HOMAGE TO CHURCH CEREMONIES.**—The Judges of the Supreme Court yesterday delivered judgment, quashing the conviction and fine recorded against Narcisse Filiau for refusing to doff his hat while the R. C. procession of the Host passed where he stood. [Quebec Mercury.]

This decision settles a long existing dispute respecting an absurd custom that has prevailed in Canada, and which, some thirty or forty years ago, was troublesome to strangers who occasionally visited Lower Canada. We believe, however, that it has grown into disuse, generally, and little attention of late years has been given to it. From the name of the offender we suppose he is a Roman Catholic, and hence the imposition of a fine upon him by a lower Court. Within a church, all visitors should comply with the usages of the denomination, when made known to them, and if they cannot do this should abstain from going there. In the public streets, however, whether it be the procession of the Host, or an ordinary funeral train, it is absurd to require any one to pull off his hat. Many years ago the Chief Justice of Upper Canada (Powell) had occasion to pass through the Main street of Montreal, when the Host was passing, and it was demanded of him to pull off his hat. The old gentleman, however, refused, and when force was attempted, soon convinced his assailant, by a tangible argument, that he was a man not to be trifled with in the public highway. [N. Y. Coin. Adv.]

**IS A CLERGYMAN A CITIZEN?**—One would infer from the along of certain reckless Senators, partisan editors, and power mad spouters, that a clergyman has no right to express an opinion upon any public measure or political subject. Three thousand educated and intelligent Ministers of Christianity have no business, we are told, to sign their names to a petition or remonstrance to go before the Congress of the nation. It is only your rum hole rowdies that have a right to be heard on questions of vital interest and importance to the State and to humanity. These patriots of the grog shop—these frothy demagogues alone have a right to discuss the affairs of the nation!

In a country where all sects are tolerated there is no danger of the Church exercising an undue influence in the State; and it is rather to be regretted that not only the clergy, but that wise and educated men of all classes do not take a more active interest in political affairs. It is the duty of every good citizen to vote for good men at the ballot boxes, and to advocate good measures in the halls of legislation. The right of petition and remonstrance is absolute to all classes of citizens—to the clergy as well as to the laity; and we think the voice of fifty thousand ministers of the gospel against the Nebraska Bill is quite as significant and as respectable as the clamor of fifty thousand office holders in favor of it. [N. Y. Mirror.]

**THE COMING WAR IN EUROPE.**—In returning from walk, just now, I encountered near the Palais Royal, a Senator of my acquaintance—an admirer experienced in state concerns—I expressed to him my hope that the war would not endure beyond six months in London, the ministers called it short and sharp, and the President of the French Legislative Body, in his address of last week, trusted that it would be vigorous, rapid and decisive. The Senator answered—no one of my colleagues, or the members of the government, really expects that it will end in six months, or can imagine when it will end, according to the declarations of the British cabinet the struggle with Russia was once for all, that was the idea of the French Emperor, and the preparations on both sides of the channel were proportionate. Russia had strength, pride, persistency, enough for a protracted, dauntless resistance; the Czar had been potent as a conservative; he could be equally as more so as a destructive. I was reminded of Sampson—When he had shaken the pillars, the house fell upon all the princes; he killed more at his death than he had killed in his life time. [Paris Correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce.]

**EVANGELIZATION OF CHINA.**—Plans are matured for printing 250,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures, in Chinese, in 18 months, dating from Jan. 1, 1854. It is proposed that another quarter of a million should be printed in London, in the same period, for which wood blocks will be sent from China. The committee of the Bible Society, at their late sitting passed a resolution for the printing of 50,000 copies of the entire Bible in Chinese, at as early a period as practicable. The sum now received by the London Missionary Society, towards the fund for sending additional missionaries to China, amounts to £3837 14 2d, and the British and Foreign Bible Society have received towards the fund for 1,000,000 Chinese testaments, £15,480 19s, sufficient to pay for 828,858 copies.

**HIGH TREASON.**—Some time since, we noticed the unsuccessful attempt of Major Bryant, United States Marshal for the District of Missouri, to execute certain writs against trespassers upon the public lands in McDonald county, in this State. They were engaged in cutting timber upon this land, and when Major Bryant appeared to execute the writs, they not only resisted, but drove him out of the county into the State of Arkansas. They followed him, and had it not been for the protection afforded by the people of Bentonport, the Marshal would have hardly escaped with a whole skin. He did get off, however, and it is presumed that all the facts of the case were presented to the District Court, recently in session at Jefferson City. At all events, a warrant was on Friday evening, issued by B. F. Hickman, Esq., Clerk of the United States District Court, against James M. Barker, on a charge of being concerned in the rebellion to which we have alluded, and in resisting the process of the United States Court. He is, we learn, not only an attorney at law, but a merchant, in McDonald county, and in the former capacity, and perhaps in the latter, countenanced resistance to the law. A few days ago he appeared in this city to purchase his goods, as a merchant, but a warrant was procured for him as a lawyer; and under indictments found against him at Jefferson City, he was arrested at the Monroe house, and committed to jail. He was sent to jail, the offence of high treason not being bailable. The Circuit Court of the United States meets in this city in a few days, when the matter will be brought up for hearing. [St. Louis Rep., of March 26.]

**THE BALTIC.**—Notwithstanding its extent, the Baltic has all the characteristics of a great lake. No sea has, in proportion to its size, so great an influx of fresh water; hence it contains but little salt. In proportion to the North Sea this is found to be as 104 to 373. The depth of the Baltic on the west is not more than 15 fathoms, and in general it is only from 8 to 10 fathoms deep; on the south it is nowhere more than 50 fathoms; but towards the north it deepens to 100 fathoms. The Baltic receives the waters of the Nieman, Vistula and the Oder, besides numerous lakes and smaller streams. The great amount of sand and mud carried down by the rivers has considerably raised the bottom of this sea, and closed the mouths of many of its navigable streams, so that ships which formerly entered these rivers must now be anchored at a considerable distance from their mouths. This, together with the numerous islands and sandbanks, and the gradual upward movement of the bed of the sea, at the rate of several feet in a century, renders navigation on the Danish shores of the Baltic troublesome and dangerous. It has no tides, or rather the effect of the tide is so little felt as not to be observable; but it is subject to changes of level, depending on the winds, retarding or accelerating the passage of the water through the sound and the belts. During winter this sea is usually frozen to a greater or less distance along the coasts; and in severe winters, not only the sound and the belts, but a great part of its surface, is covered with ice. The ancients were but slightly acquainted with the Baltic; its shores, however, gave forth those hardy warriors who overthrew in its decrepitude the Roman empire, and laid the foundation of European States.

**THE QUARREL AND UNBROKEN DUEL AT WASHINGTON.**—A telegraphic despatch from Washington this morning informs us that the ally and unmanly dispute between Messrs. Cutting and Breckenridge, has been settled on a basis entirely honorable to both parties. What this basis is, we are not informed. We can conceive of nothing but disgrace in connection with this whole affair. For one man to bully and provoke another into a fight—or to fight—is in the highest degree dishonorable and disreputable; particularly when that insulted and provoked man was a Northerner, whose whole training must necessarily render him averse to duelling. And for a Northerner, honored by the confidence of an anti-duelling constituency, to allow himself to be dragged into a quarrel like this, is decidedly discreditable to his self-control, self-respect and moral principles.

What a picture does the history of this purpose to commit murder present of the morality of our legislators? Here are men chosen to make laws for the government of a great nation, hiding themselves to prevent their arrest by the officers of the law, for a flagrant violation of the laws of the land and the law of God! The laws of the District of Columbia, made and enacted by the two Houses of Congress, make the sending of a challenge to fight a duel, the carrying and acceptance of any such challenge, or the aiding and abetting in any way in the giving, sending and accepting of any such challenge—a penal offence; and the person convicted is liable to be punished by confinement to hard labor for five years. If, then, Messrs. Cutting and Breckenridge, and their second and aiders and abettors in this duelling affair, have their just deserts, they will be forthwith exiled from further labor in the U. S. House of Representatives and sent to labor for the good of the District of Columbia, at picking stones, or some other useful employment.

**BRITISH DOCTRINE OF CITIZENSHIP.**—In the Vice Chancellor's Court, England, Sir John Stewart recently decided that an infant born in New York, whose mother was an American, and her father a naturalized citizen of the United States, born in England, is a subject of the Crown of England! Naturalization, although it conferred the right of an American citizen upon the father, did not absolve him from his duties, or deprive him of his rights as a British subject. This is carrying the arrogant and absurd English doctrine of citizenship and allegiance to a most ridiculous extreme. Such a doctrine would make British subjects of every native born American of British extraction, for if it is applicable to one generation born here, it is applicable to all succeeding generations. Those, therefore, who have been priding themselves on being true blue natives, will be amused to hear, that by this decision they are subjects of Great Britain, and nothing but foreigners after all.

**THE HUNGARIAN SIDE IN THE WAR.**—It is said that Kossuth, Mazzini, and the other revolutionists, who bide their time, are rather pleased than otherwise with their intention, or the inclination, of Austria to join issue against Russia. It is true that such action renders it impossible for them to take up arms in the Turkish cause; but they have better hopes from Russia herself. Their calculation is that Nicholas, seeing himself menaced and imperilled, will say to Hungary—Come, strike for your independence, and I'll help you. Such a movement would strike terror into Austria, and her possessions in Italy would at once rise in revolt, and revolution would by this means be brought into the heart of Europe. It is the fear of this that renders Austria so unwilling and so vacillating; and it is yet uncertain which cause she will espouse. Should she declare against Russia, it is not improbable that Hungary may declare for Russia, in the single design of thus finding herself face to face with Austria, with a heavy power to back her. Certainly would not be more extraordinary than to see France and England the close allies that they are, after having been for centuries eager rivals and bitter foes; than to see England and Russia, but lately united against a Napoleon, now split asunder by Napoleon's nephew, to see the hopes of nearly the whole of Christendom bent upon the triumph of the Crescent; than to see the United States, who, thirty years ago, could find no exorcisms, no anathemas, too strong to express their abhorrence of the savage cruelties practiced by the Turks upon the Greeks, now having deserted, to a man, to the banner they so lately reviled and outlawed. To see Russia and Hungary united against Austria would be, but natural, after having seen Russia and Austria united against Hungary. A curious choice of partners all round in this dance of death. [Letter from London.]

**EXECUTION OF JEWELL.**—Pittsburgh, March 26th.—David Jewell was executed here to-day. Large crowds thronged the streets, and at times it was difficult to suppress disorder. About 400 persons were assembled at the jail yard to witness the execution. He read a dying declaration against the proceedings of the Court which convicted him, and denied premeditated murder.

He said he never knew his victim before he went out with a friend to redress a friend's grievance; heated with drink and unadvised with insanity he had no recollection of the events until after the fatal blow attributed to him.

He concluded by addressing his young friends, urging them to avoid the intoxicating cup, and cordially forgiving all. [Cleveland Herald.]

The Black Warrior affair seems to have been adjusted very quietly, without an appeal to arms, or any convulsion of nations. The ship was found to be guilty of an infraction of the revenue laws; was seized, and after an examination, released from confiscation, on the payment of \$6000. For this procedure the Cuban authorities have a warrant in the conduct of our own government, who have repeatedly seized the Cunard steamers for smuggling, and on finding that the captain and agents of the ship were not implicated, have released the ship on the payment of a heavy fine. Capt. Bullock is said to have paid the fine on the Black Warrior, and to have received back the ship under protest. This was no doubt a wise precaution on the part of the captain; and we vouch for it, he thinks himself a lucky dog; to get out of the scrape on such terms; and his owners will too, when they know all the circumstances of the case. [Boston Traveller.]

**THE SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812.**—In January last a convention of the soldiers of the war of 1812 met in Philadelphia, and adopted a series of resolutions expressive of their views and sentiments. They state with great propriety that the government should be just before she is generous, and after she has granted land to those who have served their country, it will be time enough to go in search of new recipients of her favors; that it is now forty years since the service was rendered, and if Congress had been as generous to those who fought in the second war of independence, as she has been to those who were engaged in the Mexican war, the forty acres of land would by this time have amounted to one hundred and sixty.

They represent that the greater part of those who served in the war have now passed off the stage; and that our government ought to remember the survivors and the widows of the departed; and therefore recommend that petitions be forwarded to Congress, asking that an appropriation of one hundred and sixty acres of land be granted to all who served in that war. While Congress is granting lands so liberally, we think it is due to those who have fought her battles that they have at least an equal share. The government was never in a better situation to do justice to her sons.

**REPRESENTATIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812.**—The Mil. Sentinel has been in attendance at the session of the Wisconsin Legislature for the past month or two, corresponding for his paper. In one of his letters he took occasion to criticize the appearance and manner of a fair lecturer on Temperance, Mrs. Fonda, of Waukegan. That lady answers the strictures of Watson through the columns of the Waukegan Advocate, and makes the following happy hit:

"My husband has laughed heartily to think my mouth did not work right to suit Mr. Watson. He thinks he stands in no danger as it regards him, any way; and then she 'compressed her lips' in so uncomfortable a manner—my husband continued his laugh, for he thought they 'compressed' about right to meet another pair sometimes!"

**GARRET IN COWS.**—Some years since, I met with a fine imported Durham cow, on the way to the butcher, the owner parting with her in consequence of her being afflicted with the garget. The owner had tried all the usual modes of eradicating the disease, after which he put her under charge of a distinguished Veterinarian, who, after a six months' attendance, discharged her as incurable.

Deeming her a good subject for a treatment with iodine, and not knowing whether it had been used in the case, I purchased her at what she was worth for beef. At that time she gave but a few drops of milk at a time from one teat, the other three having ceased to yield any. I determined to make use of iodine in the form of hydrate of potash, being solvent in water, and if it failed to exhibit its effects on the system, I would resort to an ointment, (20 grains of iodine to 1 oz. hog's lard) applied externally, to the udder and teats. I commenced by giving 10 grains of hyd. potash in a tablespoonful of water, three times a day, mixed in a mash

of shorts or meal; and though the dose was unusually small for a cow, still as it was giving unmistakable signs of effect, I did not increase the dose. In seven days she gave milk freely from each teat, and in three weeks she was discharged as cured. The result in the foregoing case was so favorable, that I advised my neighbors, who had cows afflicted with the garget, to make trial of the same remedy. I have known of its trial in at least forty cases, and in every one the cure has been effected with even the above named small dose. A larger quantity could be used at a dose with safety.

Hydrate of potash can be procured of any apothecary, and dissolved so as to allow 10 grs. to each spoonful of water, increasing the doses till it gives effect on testing the urine.

[Boston Cultivator.]

**British Oppression of Ireland.** The English correspondent of the N. York Recorder, in one of his letters to that paper, comments very freely on the manner in which Americans have received Mitchell, the Irish refugee, and his representations, in regard to the oppression of Ireland. He makes it out, that Ireland's oppressions are from her home tyrants, the representatives of him who sits enthroned in the seven-hilled city. He says:

"The whole case of Ireland may be expressed in a sentence: social disorganization, arising in a great measure from a disjointed system of landed proprietorship, but traceable mainly to the pernicious influence of the Roman Catholic religion upon the peasant population. The evils connected with the tenure of land are, no doubt, to be ascribed in part, to the principle of primogeniture, which holds in favor of a immense proportion of the landed property of the United Kingdom. Still, this, in itself, involves no peculiar hardship with respect to Ireland; it is consistent with the fullest enjoyment of political freedom in England; there is nothing to prevent it from being equally consistent with it in Ireland. The great abuse of the principle in question, among the Irish nobility, arose from the immense imbalances in the shape of settlements and mortgages of various kinds, which often rendered the nominal owner of an estate the slave of a host of claimants, and left him without a penny of capital to spend in the improvement of the land, and the enjoyment of labor. The establishment of manufactures might have achieved a practical deliverance from these evils, as it has done in England; but it is notorious, that property was insecure in almost every district of the country. A Protestant capitalist literally held his life at the mercy of the parish priest; if he displeased the priest, he was soon denounced from the altar, and their ten to one, if a market, levelled with murderous aim from behind some hedge row did not end his career within a few weeks. Instances of such facts could be given by scores, and they are sufficient of themselves to account for a large proportion of the wretchedness which has prevailed. The political franchise is enjoyed to the same extent in Ireland as in England; but here again, the priest steps in and spoils all. What should you think of men being literally whipped to the poll? Yet this has not unfrequently occurred. What would you think of a priest standing on the altar, and devoting to eternal perdition all who should dare to vote against the Romish candidate? This has been done again and again. Specific proofs could be quoted from parliamentary documents, and in reference to the last general election. The men thus sent to Parliament, are, for the most part, mere adventurers, ready to sell their vote after all, to the highest bidder, having previously raised its value by factitious opposition. Give Ireland a hundred patriots in the British Senate, instead of nearly as many sworn tools of the Vatican, and what a change might not have taken place ere this! As it is it may be affirmed that every good measure for Ireland has been the work of English statesmen, and been passed without the aid of Irish members. Mr. Mitchell says our government caused the famine. Whether the failure of the potato crop could be laid to our charge, may fairly be left to the judgment of your readers; but I will tell them what we did to mitigate that calamity. We gave them fifty millions of dollars out of the National treasury to purchase food, and thousands of individuals throughout England denied themselves of luxuries, and even necessities, in order to help their Irish brethren. Ten years ago, when Sir Robert Peel introduced his income tax, which levied five or seven percent on all incomes above a given amount, though the object was strictly National—being intended in fact to create a surplus in the exchequer, which would 'admit of the carrying out of the Free trade policy'—Ireland was exempted from its operation. During the present year, on the renewal of this income tax for the same purpose, it was thought that the improved circumstances of Ireland justified its being extended to that part of the kingdom; but mark what was done: Twenty millions of dollars, advanced in aid of the poor law relief of Ireland, and for which interest has been paid for several years, was entirely remitted. Ireland is notoriously improving, and that at a rate altogether beyond expectation. The Encumbered Estates Bill has set free an immense quantity of land from the burdens to which I have alluded, while such men as Mr. Dargan are pointing out the path to National opulence. Mr. Dargan has done more for Ireland, by carrying out the Great Dublin Exhibition, than all the O'Connells and O'Briens that ever lived."

**FIGHTING FOR THE HOLY PLACES.**—The latest news from Syria furnishes a sad commentary upon the state of religion among those who congregate around the places sacred in their historical associations to all Christians. The whole country is represented as in a state of anarchy, owing to the withdrawal of the troops for the war with Russia, and the Pashas are left without the means of enforcing their authority. The Greek and Latin clergy at Jerusalem have renewed their shameful contests about the Holy Places, while the Turkish officials had not the power to prevent them coming to blows. This time the Latins claimed more than they were entitled to, and the Latin Patriarch and the French Consul (M. Boite) finding themselves under the necessity of yielding to the Greeks, left Jerusalem for Beyrout.

**LYING IN BED WITH THE HEAD HIGH.**—It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or even with the body, was the most wholesome. Most consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now although many delight in the bolstering up of their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head, are always tensioned in their casities when the head is raised in bed higher than the body, therefore in all diseases attended with fever the head should be pretty nearly on a level with that of the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep in this way to avoid danger. [Medical Journal, or Annals of Surgery.]







