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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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THE LOVE LETTER.

Robert Tracy wandered along the principal street of the thriving town of Carlisle, lifting his hat and bowing gracefully to the numerous ladies of his acquaintance, whom he met on their way to the stores of Messrs. Radcliffe & Co., and their brother merchants, all of whom, as the daily papers informed those who might be concerned, had just received from New York a fresh supply of goods consisting of—what it is unnecessary for us to particularize, as it was daily set forth in the aforesaid papers, together with the unparalleled low prices at which these articles were to be had; since all the merchants adopted the motto, 'large sales and small profits.'

Many were the winning smiles of the fair shoppers that greeted Mr. Tracy's low bows, and many were the pleasant looks that seemed to invite him, he imagined, to turn and join them on their exhibition. But he had been shopping before now, when he was younger and more inexperienced, and not even the bewitching smile of Lizzie Raleigh, the acknowledged belle of Carlisle, as the tripped by, could inveigle him in the snare. He remembered too well his former experience—the sitting for an hour or more by a counter piled with silks, gazing at all the colors of the rainbow in quick succession, as the obsequious clerk held them up to view, declaiming on their loveliness in words as glowing as would have been a description of a gorgeous sunset; then the hesitation of his fair companion between 'that lovely apple green *poult de soie*,' and 'that heavenly blue brocade,'—the referring it to him, poor wretch! who had been twisting about uneasily on his rotary stool all this time, and who was obliged to confess his utter inability to help them out of their dilemma; then the decision to 'look a little further,' at which he, as well as the clerk, had inwardly groaned in bitterness of spirit, and the repetition of this procedure at nearly every store in town; these were some of the reminiscences of his first 'going shopping'; and while the ladies grew more voluble, and more oblivious to him, in their consultations, he had leisure to make a solemn vow, which he has not as yet felt tempted to break, never again to go shopping with ladies.

Miss Lizzie did not know this, or she might have been spared wondering if she had offended Robert Tracy in any way, that he did not join her as he usually did, when he met her on his walks; he meanwhile strolled on, his fine eyes cast down, apparently in deep meditation, though the truth must be known, his thoughts were on no more important subject than what he should do with himself—a problem of pretty difficult solution, considering the idle, aimless life he led.

To be sure, he had a profession—that of the law—and talent enough to make him eminent, had he chosen to apply himself; but, unfortunately, he was wealthy, and there was no occasion for burying himself in dusty books; so, after leaving college and the law school, he tossed them all aside, and determined to enjoy himself.

One would have thought this no difficult task, situated as was Robert Tracy, blessed with youth, health and wealth; but he soon found time drag heavily on his hands. He determined to travel, and for a time thought he had found the road to happiness; but ere long, he wearied of sight-seeing, of strange places, strange tongues and strange faces, and returned to his native land. He made acquaintances, friends, as they called themselves, but as he saw more of society, its emptiness disgusted him; he took no pleasure in the wild and riotous scenes of dissipation into which his would be friends would have plunged him, and, at the age of twenty-seven, Robert Tracy was wearied of himself and the world. What should he do with himself for this one day? Ride—go fishing, or gunning? Read, or call on the ladies? Pshaw! he was tired of all these amusements. Suddenly his eye rested on a letter which lay on the sidewalk before him. Somebody had dropped it; he would carry it to the post-office—that would use up a half hour or so of his time. He picked it up and turned it over; there was no address, and it was unsealed. Perhaps it was a handbill done up in this way to attract attention; but no—it was written; he would look at it; the address might be inside, and it might be of importance. He unfolded it. It was in a lady's hand writing—not one of the ordinary writing school stamp, but firm, though delicate and rather peculiar. He had a theory about judging of the character from the hand-writing, and this was so original that it attracted him. 'My dear John'—John was anybody; John Smith, perhaps. He turned it over and looked at the signature, 'Flora.' That gave him no further information, and, impelled by curiosity, he began to read the epistle.

'My dear John:—I have been sitting for the last half hour, with my pen in my fingers, puzzling myself as to what I should say in this my first love letter. If I were a gentleman, now, I might fill up my sheet with pretty flatterings, and tender epithets; but I don't imagine you would be delighted, were I to call you an angel, tho' I presume you are just as near being one as I am, or any of my sex; so that is out of the question. Then, if I were to undertake to tell you how much affection I felt for you, why—love speeches do not look well in black and white, and if they did, what would be the use of filling up this sheet in making known the fact that I love you very dearly, expressing this one idea, in ten thousand different forms? Isn't it a self-evident proposition, needing no demonstration, other than the fact of my scratching off these lines to you? I should get tired of it, if you didn't; so we'll dismiss that topic too. And now, what is left for me to write about? Why a plenty of subjects, so you needn't look grave, in anticipation of future short letters; you ought, rather, to groan under the impending deluge which I foresee for you; for I just intend, in this and other epistles that may follow in its wake, to think on paper, to get down whatever first comes into this good-for-nothing head of mine.

It is very pleasant to have a friend to whom we can open our secret souls, and to say all that we think or feel, without fear of being misunderstood; to speak of all that is highest and purest in our nature, without fear of meeting a sneering smile, or a scoffing reply; to know that our aspirations, hopes and aims are the same—to cultivate all the powers God has given us, and to do all in our power to elevate those around us; and it is because they will enable you to do so much more good in the world, that I am so proud of your talents; and I am ambitious for you to become a distinguished lawyer, not so much because I long to see you at the head of your profession, (though I confess that alone would give me great pleasure,) as because it will enlarge the sphere of your usefulness.

All this will come with time. Don't get discouraged, as you sometimes do; plod on cheerfully, and don't neglect the little duties now, that you may hasten on to do great things hereafter. And that reminds me of poor widow Blair. I wish you would step in and tell her how well Willie is doing here on the farm, and while you are in Elm street, call at Mrs.

O'Reilly's and see if Nora needs anything—I shall like to hear from my proteges. It will be only three weeks before I am at home again; so keep up good courage, and I will soon relieve you of your unprofessional visits to these places.

You are a dear, kind John, to do it; but I always knew that, under the rough exterior, (for you are rough my dear nutmeg,) there was something gentle and good. You only needed a sort of a grater to get at it, like the humble individual who now bids you farewell, and informs you that she is ever your affectionate Flora.'

Robert Tracy sighed as he finished the perusal of this letter. What would he not give for the love of such a being;—something more than a mere butterfly—a cheerful, active woman—one that would lead him on to something nobler and higher, instead of dragging him down to an existence that could barely be called life. He could see Flora. Young, she certainly was—sprightly, pretty, he was sure; perhaps not regularly so, but with an elastic step, graceful figure, clear complexion, smiling mouth, and quick, vivacious eyes—fresh, frank, guileless, affectionate. Oh! what would he not give to meet her! to know her! to gain her heart! Pshaw! somebody else had her already; and if it had not been so; how could he hope to be beloved by such a girl? neither his wealth, nor elegance, nor manners, would be sufficient to gain the heart of Flora. She would despise his indolent, aimless life, as much as just now he himself did. But why should he not be worthy of her or some one like her? He, too, had talents, and might do good. The letter had inspired him; and he would exert himself, and some day, perhaps, he might meet Flora, and tell her what her letter had done for him. Carlisle was not so large that he could not find her out; at any rate, as John had not got the letter, he would go to Elm street and attend to her commission. There might have been something beside pure benevolence in this resolution; he might have hoped to get a clue to her, unknown; but it isn't best to pry too closely into motives when the act is good.

At any rate, Robert Tracy was soon in Elm street, among a lot of tumble-down, rickety old buildings. He inquired for Mrs. O'Reilly's residence, and was shown a house a little further on; he entered it, making his way through the dark with difficulty, but guided by the loud and angry tones of a female voice, he reached at last a small room, and rapped at the door, which was a little ajar. His summons was obeyed by a stout, red-faced virago, who answered in the affirmative to his inquiry, if she was Mrs. O'Reilly.

What to say next, was the question; he mustered up courage, and declared that he was sent by Miss Flora to see her sick daughter Nora. 'Och, thin, it's a doctor that yeez is,' replied the woman to whom Miss Flora's name seemed familiar;—'but it's me first cousin yeez is after findin', Bridget Brady, and not meself, at all at all. Jist go up them stairs, and when ye get to the top, it's the door foremost yeez.'

A gentle voice bade him enter, in answer to his rap, and he obeyed the request. The room was small, but scrupulously clean, and in the young girl who lay on a small pallet, he recognized Nora. He approached her, and stated, as before, that he had been sent by Miss Flora.

'And is it Miss Flora Mason that ye mean?' 'Yes,' replied Tracy, delighted to find out who he did mean, and then he went on to question the girl as delicately as possible as to her wants.

She was not at all reserved; she told of the kindness of Miss Flora in supplying her wants and said that now her mother had got work again, though it was rather lonely for her while she was out washing, they would get along very well. It was evident that the girl was in a consumption, but she was very cheerful, and wiped away the tears that would come when she spoke of being a burden to her old mother. Robert did not very well know what to say. It was rather new business for him to be at the sick beds of the poor; but he said a few kind words, and put a bill into the girl's hand as bade her good bye. During his conversation with her, she had named some other families, and told him that Mrs. Gallagher was in great distress; that her drunken husband had stolen the money she had put away for the rent, and it must be paid that day or they would be turned out into the street.

Robert went bent his steps in this quarter, and left the poor woman showering blessings upon his head, even after he had lost sight of her door. It was a new but very pleasurable sensation that young Tracy experienced on leaving Elm street. He had never before received so much enjoyment from the expenditure of any sum of money, as from this small one. He returned to his office, which might more appropriately have been called his smoking-room, and began to rummage over his law books. He really read a few pages in Blackstone, though I am afraid he did not give it his individual attention. Not long after this came off a grand soiree at Mrs. Raleigh's where Robert Tracy became introduced to Miss Flora Mason, and, to Miss Lizzie's inexpressible annoyance, to this girl, just emancipated from school, he paid most marked attention. She was not pretty, but aside from this, she was all he had imagined her to be—a cheerful, sprightly, unaffected girl, whom he had admired very much; and after that evening he paid frequent visits to her father's residence, and as he came to know her better, it required constant reflections on John, to prevent his actually falling in love with her. He looked on all young men rejoicing in that name with suspicion, but to his surprise, no one of them seemed more highly favored than the rest.

The mystery was solved at last; by casual inquiries, he discovered that her cousin, John Somers, a young lawyer, had recently gone West. He was the rival, then, and from all he could learn of him, every way worthy of her. Everybody liked him and wished him well, except Robert Tracy, and he, it must be confessed, so far from joining the rest, really at times wished him worse things than the fever and ague, though that would have been bad enough for any ordinary malignity. Yet, notwithstanding Tracy's inhumanity towards John Somers, his benevolence continued in active exercise in Elm street. He found out and relieved many cases of suffering, and assisted many in obtaining situations who were idle, not from indolence, but inability to get work. He had become a close student, and had already gained considerable practice, and

the reputation of a rising young man. So passed away more than a year.

It was just before Christmas, and Robert, who was going to treat himself to making the most useful presents he could procure to his proteges, was just emerging from one of those dwellings where he had been to discover what was most needed, when the sudden apparition of Flora Mason, just opposite, rooted him to the spot.

She, on her part, seemed equally astonished but almost immediately gained her self-possession, and exclaimed, 'Can it be possible that you, Mr. Tracy, are the young gentleman of whom I have heard so much here!'

Robert was silent; he blushed as if caught in some disreputable act, but his very looks confirmed Flora in her suspicions.

'But I have a grave charge to make against you,' she continued laughing; 'You declared that Miss Flora sent you, so I have been credibly informed by the good people who have detailed the circumstances against you. When did I send you, sir? I have no recollection of the fact.'

'But you did, Miss Flora,' replied Robert, in his turn recovering himself; and drawing out the letter which he had already read, and which he carried very suspiciously near his heart, he handed it to the writer.

It was now her turn to blush, and her cheeks, neck, and brow were crimson, as Robert went on to tell what an effect it had upon him. He did more—he declared his love for her, concluding, 'forgive this avowal, Miss Flora; I know how hopeless is my love for you; yet vain as it is, I do not regret it. It has roused the better part of my nature, and whatever in the future I may be, I owe to your influence. God bless you for that! May you be happy. Farewell!'

His voice was choked, and tears stood in his eyes; he pressed her hand warmly, and turned away.

But Flora recalled him. 'Mr. Tracy,' said she, 'let me explain. This letter is not what you suppose it to be. It is nothing more or less than a school teacher, who had a great many queer notions, bid us all write a love letter one week, and this is mine.'

'And John!' interrupted Robert. 'Exists only in imagination,' replied Flora. What Robert Tracy said next, and what Flora replied, it is quite unnecessary to repeat. Suffice it to say, that her first genuine love letter began, 'My dear Robert,' and that even when they were old enough to have outlived the age of romance, a sedate old married couple, they still cherished the yellow, time-worn pages of Flora's first love letter.

A Picture of Our Country. America, as she now stands, is a striking fact. The Western clearings, the immense farms of the Mississippi Valley, the Lake trade, the foreign immigration, toiling Africa chained to the car of commerce, gorgeous and reckless New York, and sudden San Francisco, excite the imagination, by all that they imply and foreshadow. They represent many ideas, and embody many a wonderful and moving story; for business has its danger and daring, its suffering and endurance, and the changes of fortune, in this new world of boundless resources and free activity, are more marvelous than the tales of the Arabian Nights. This bold enterprise that stretches to the Pacific, this skilled and thoughtful race grasping a vast empire, like a homestead, to cultivate, and plant, and adorn; this brave army of worshippers, marching on irresistibly to the conquest of nature, form a grand spectacle. Though their weapons—the axe, the plow, and the steam engine—have not the lustre of poetry that gleams from the point of the sword; though the heroes of the farm, the workshop, and the counting-house, like village Hampdens, die unang, yet great qualities are often exhibited in these humble fields of man's efforts, and their labors found nations, as the coral insect life the basis of an island above the sea, to the light and air of heaven.

But the picture has its dark side. The earnest desire for wealth, the incessant and Sabbathless pursuit of it, have become the universal passion and occupation. We have that love of money, which is the root of all evil; and under the deadly shade of the tree from that root, the knowledge and art, of truth, and virtue and beauty, withers and dies. 'In prosperity no man remembers his Maker.' The curse of Midas is upon us. Our feelings, our ideas, our aspirations, all are turned to gold, and are starving amid our barren abundance. We worship the material, not the spiritual; the visible and transient, not the invisible and eternal. We are practical, not intellectual; and our pleasures are of the senses, not of the reason, imagination, and taste. We are smitten with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. We are true disciples of the ethics of interest and utility, and our only morality is cash payment. Truly has it been said, that he who maketh haste to get rich shall not be innocent. If intemperate drinking be the degrading vice of one portion of our people, intemperate gambling is the besetting sin of another and much larger portion, and it is difficult to say which is the more pernicious. One is the vice of the senses, destroying the mind; the other a delusion of the mind, and a selfish passion, blasting the moral sentiments, and slaying the higher powers of the intellect. The poor drunkard cannot resist the 'baneful cup,' which benumbs his soul, 'unmoulding reason's vantage,' and transforming him

into the inglorious likeness of a beast; and the intemperate worshipper of mammon deliberately uses his mental faculties for his own destruction, prefers the ignoble and low to the pure and high, and shuts out the light of heaven from his life. Successful industry, rapid gains, rank prosperity, without counteracting causes to modify their influence, have stimulated passion for wealth to excess, and have produced already, in this country, luxury, venality, corruption, contempt for intellectual pursuits, and sneering indifference to ennobling and elevated sentiment. Hence the vulgar ostentation of our cities; hence the want of literary taste and culture; hence the deplorable frauds of business; hence much of the baseness of our politics. [North Am. Review.]

In the good old days of our forefathers, when plain speaking and hard blows were in fashion—when a man had his heart at the tip of his tongue, and four feet of sharp-pointed dagger at his side, Hate played an honest, open part in the theater of the world. In fact, when we read history, it seems to have 'starred it' on the stage. But now, where is Hate?—who ever sees its face? Is it that smiling, good-

tempered creature, that presses you by the hand so cordially? or that dignified figure of state that calls you its 'right honorable friend'? Is it that bowing, grateful dependent?—is it that soft-eyed Amariyllis? Ask not, guess not; you will only know Hate when the poison is in your own cup, or the poiard in your breast. In the Gothic age, grim Humour painted 'the Dance of Death' in our polished century, some sardonic wit should give us 'the Masquerade of Hate.'

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

(AUTHOR'S PROTECTIVE EDITION.) You who hold in grace and honour, In the sunny, nervous dream, When he published former poems, Sang EVANGELINE the noble, Sang the golden Golden Legend, Sang the songs the Voices after, Crying in the Night and Darkness, Sang how unto the Red Planet Mars, he gave the Night's First Watches. Hark! ye who love whose adoration (Coming onward, for the accents, Into this latest rhythm) In Latin, Longue d'Amour, Buy the Song of Hiawatha.

Should you ask me, is the poem Worthy of its predecessors, Worthy of the sweet conceptions, Of the mainly, nervous dream, Of the phrase, concise or pliant, Of the songs that sped the pulses, Of the songs that gemmed the eyelids, Of the other words of Henry? I should answer, I should tell you, You may wish that you may get it—Don't you wish that you may get it?

Should you ask me, is it worthless, Is it both and is it baneful, Merely facile flowing nonsense, Easy to a practiced rhymist, Fit to charm a private circle, But not worth the price and paper, EDIT BOKER hath here expended? I should answer, I should tell you, You're a fool and most presumptuous, Hath not HENRY WADSWORTH said? Hath not Punch commented 'Buy it?'

Should you ask me, What's its nature? Ask me what's the kind of poem? Ask me in respectful language, Touching your respectful leaves, Kicking back your many hind-legs, Like to one who sees his better: I should answer, I should tell you, 'Tis a poem in this metre, And embracing the traditions, Fables, rites, and superstitions, Legends, charms, and personals Of the various tribes of Indians, From the land of the Ojibwas, From the land of the Dakotas, From the fast-deep mountains, And the heron, the Shish-shuh-gar, Finds its sugar in the rushes: From the fast-deep mountains, Which our gentle Uncle SAMUEL Is improving, very smartly, From the face of all creation, Off the face of all creation.

Should you ask me, By what story, By what action, plot, or fiction, All these matters are connected? I should answer, I should tell you, Go to BOKER and the publisher, Publish'd, neatly, at one shilling, Publish'd, sweetly, at five shillings.

Should you ask me, Is there music In the structure of the verses, In the names and in the phrases? Pleading, that, like weaver Bottom, You prefer your ears well tickled; I should answer, I should tell you, Poet's verse is very charming, And for names, there's Hiawatha, Whose the hero of the poem, Proclaims, that's the West Wind, Hiawatha's graceful father, There's Nokomis, there's Wenonah, Ladies both, of various merit, Paganwagon, that's a warclub, Pau-pau-keewis, he's a dandy 'Bard' with streaks of red and yellow, And the women the maidens, Love the handsome Pau-pau-keewis, Tracing in him Punch's likeness, Then there's lovely Minnehaha, Pretty name with sixty meanings, It implies the Laughing-Water, And the darling Minnehaha, Warred noble Hiawatha; And her story's far too touching To be sport for you, you dandy, With your ears like weaver Bottom's, Ears like loopy Billy Bottom.

Once upon a lonely day in London, In the days of the Lyceum, Ages are keen AROLD let it To the dreadful Northern Wizard, Ages are the best of MARYKUS Tripp'd up its boards in briskness— I remember, I remember How a scribe, with pen chivalrous, Tried to save the Indian stories From the fate of chill oblivion. Out came sundry comic Indian tales Of ribaldry and buffoonery, With their chief the clean Erasmus, With the growing Downy Beaver, With the valiant Nokomis's Uncle, And the graceful Hiawatha, Firing off a pocket-poet, Singing too, that Mudge-keewis (Shorten'd in the song to 'Wild Wind' By a spirit very kindly, Came her Sire, the joyous Ke-lee, By the waving tresses doated, Noted the Buffalo and wedded To the fairest of the maidens, But repented of his bargain, And his brother Kutan-back-ums Very earnestly shoo'd his toes off, Serve him right, the fickle Ke-lee.

If you ask me, What this memory Hath to do with Hiawatha, And the poem which I speak of? I should answer, I should tell you, You're a fool, and most presumptuous? 'Tis not for such humble cattle To inquire what links and unions Join the thoughts and mystic meanings, Of their better, rightly poets, Mighty writers—Punch the mightiest.

I should answer, I should tell you, Shut your mouth, and go to DAVID, DAVID, Mr. Punch's neighbor, Read, and learn, and then be thankful Unto Punch and HENRY WADSWORTH, Punch, and noble HENRY WADSWORTH, Trust me, better follow Than to be annoy'd at jesting From his friend great Punch, who loves him.

(From the New York Examiner.) 'Outlived her Usefulness.' Reverence for age should be instilled very early into the minds of children; and, like all seed sown by a mother's hand, it will take deep root. Then will the virtues of the aged shine very brightly before the mind, and their infirmities be looked on with great leniency and pity. Next to motherless children, do the 'stricken-in years' claim our sympathy. The mossy marble rest On the lips which they had pressed In their bloom: And the names they loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb. Not long since, a good looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for 'the minister.' When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, 'I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him.' 'Your heart rose up in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss." 'Well—yes,' replied the strong man, with hesitancy, 'a mother is a great loss in general—but, our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that

she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters, and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out; and that was more than three months before her death. But then, she was a good mother, in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up.'

Without looking in the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces there, which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as 'Mother,'—and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, 'She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!' And we hoped that before such a day should dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our graves may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went up to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

'She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—but she had outlived her usefulness—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else.'

These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until it had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five; how clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports upon the greenward, in the meadow, and by the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—spoke more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen—brought before us the happy bride. Twenty—spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then, stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the love and care, and hopes and fears and toils through which she passed during those long years, till Fifty rang out, harsh and loud. From that to Sixty, each stroke told of the strong, warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark! the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones that, after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four; ah, she is now a second child—now, she has outlived her usefulness—she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody; that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lonely forest, and echoing back from our hill of the dead, Eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now—demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, 'she was a good mother in her day.'

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was erect and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture, expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of His tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Maker while in health, that they might claim His promises when heart and flesh should fail them. 'Then,' he said, 'the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms.' Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffin form before him, he then said reverently, 'From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother,' he added most tenderly, 'who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that, till health and vigor left her, she lived for you, her descendants. You, who together shared her love and her care, know how well you have required her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doings you will surely reap from them when you yourself totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you, as a friend, as one who has himself entered the 'evening of life,' that you never say in the presence of your families nor of heaven, 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.' Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their faithful bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.

Adieu, then, poor toil-worn mother! there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find thy longed-for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold.'

(From the Daily Whig and Courier.) Gov. Wells on Slavery. In his Legislative Address, Gov. Wells, like most of his class of politicians, betrays either great ignorance or want of veracity. He admits that in the early days of the Republic it was expected that slavery would not continue many years. Nothing can be more true than this, yet it is tantamount to an admission that the 'fusion' party, for which he speaks, has utterly repudiated the cherished principles of the founders of our government.

But my present purpose is to notice the thousand times repeated charge which the Gov. stoops to reiterate, that the agitation of the subject in the Free States has prevented 'the adoption of measures for its removal.'

I deny the issue, and appeal to facts. According to him *honesty*, yet I say Gov. Wells is as ignorant of the history of slavery in this country as his slavery fusion party are of the principles of true democracy. According to him *intelligence* on this subject, then I say he has prostituted his office, by deliberately falsifying history for party ends. Now let us see what 'prospects' there was for the adoption of measures for the removal of slavery previous to 1831, the date of the commencement of Gov. Wells's 'agitating era.' In 1790, there were, in the Southern States, in round numbers, 600,000 slaves. In 1830, the number had increased to 2,007,000 or more than three hundred per cent! During the same period, six slave States were added to the Union. What striking progress toward emancipation! In 1801, Congress assumed the protection of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. In 1802, the Grand Jury of Alexandria presented the slave trade in the District, as a grievance, exhibiting to our view a scene of wretchedness and human degradation, disgraceful to our characters as citizens of a free government, demanding a legislative redress. Congress did not apply the remedy. In 1816, Judge Morrell, charging the Grand Jury of Washington, said, 'The frequency with which the streets of the city had been crowded with manacled captives, sometimes on the Sabbath, could not fail to shock the feelings of all humane persons.' Yet though the Northern conscience was sleeping, and its voice silent, no remedy was applied to the untold horrors daily and nightly perpetrated in the National Man Market. For a period of more than thirty years previous to 1830, the Federal Government was engaged in the most persistent efforts to obtain fugitive slaves from the Seminole and Creek Indians. Government agents were appointed to take charge of this important branch of the public service! And by the treaty of 1824 (7 vol. U. S. Laws 708) the Seminoles were required to be 'vigilant' in preventing fugitive slaves from going through their country, and for use all necessary means to apprehend and deliver such fugitive slaves to the agent of the United States. By treaty with the Creeks in 1821, they were compelled to leave in trust with our government, \$250,000 for the slaveholders of Georgia as a compensation for slaves who had escaped to the Creeks, originally, and subsequently to the Seminoles, with whom many of them had intermarried. The President appointed a commission, who reported due the slaveholders of Georgia in full of all demands, 101,000. According to Mr. Wirt, U. S. Attorney General, this sum was made up by estimating the slaves at two or three times their real value (Ex Doc. 1st Ses., 26 Congress, vol. 6, no 123).—Subsequently, the remaining \$149,000 was, at their petition, very graciously distributed among the aforesaid slaveholders, by Congress, (Laws U. S., vol. 9, p. 117.) These slave catching efforts of the Federal Government finally resulted in the Florida War, which cost the nation more than \$20,000,000. And no man can read the detailed history of these transactions, and not be struck with the enormous outrage and untold perfidy of this government toward the Indian tribes. And all to uphold that system of fraud and injustice, that 'sum of all villainies,' which Gov. Wells would have us believe only escaped death by Northern agitation, which commenced years after. From 1826 to 1829 the government was engaged in hunting the fugitives in Canada and Mexico, and in efforts to prevent emancipation in Cuba. Can the Governor, or any of his *Strait Union* organs tell us why, if slavery was just ready to die, that they were so anxious to hunt and bring back their fugitives from foreign lands, and declare themselves ready to plunge the nation in war, rather than see slavery abolished in Cuba? (See Congress Debates, Vol. 2—Senate Doc., 1st Ses., 19th Cong. Vol. 3. Letters from Mr. Clay to Mr. Middleton, May 10, 1825—Van Buren to Van Ness, Oct. 22, 1829.)

Curious and instructive is the commentary of Mr. Poinsett, our Minister in Mexico at the time, on the refusal of that government to engage in our national negro hunt. He says—'The article for the restoration of fugitive slaves was rejected on philanthropic grounds, altogether. Such are most likely to influence the young legislators of young nations.'

The same considerations led to the expectation 'in the early days of this Republic, that slavery would not continue many years.' But in 1826 this nation had become older. It had outgrown the little philanthropic scruples of youth, and under the guardian care of slaveholders, the government was perverted to the support and extension of slavery; and thus were defeated the reasonable and just expectations which were cherished by its founders. In March 1827, 1100 citizens of the District of Columbia petitioned Congress for the abolition of slave trade, and the gradual abolition of slavery therein. Dec. 22, 1827, Mr. Barney of Maryland presented a similar petition from that State. But all in vain. I submit that these facts do not indicate any great prospect that measures were likely to be adopted for the removal of slavery previous to 1830, which were defeated by the agitation that followed.

H. G. writes to the Tribune from Washington, January 27, as follows:—The Rev. Mr. D. Conway, pastor of the Unitarian Church in this city, to-day preached a straight-out anti-slavery sermon. He recited the pretense that the Slavery question is one of North and South, insisting that it is one of Conscience and Humanity, which know no geographical demarcations. He urged that the Slavery issue is moral, rather than political, and affirmed the right as well as duty of the North to resist the spread of the giant wrong. As Mr. Conway is a native of Virginia, and has spent nearly all his days in slaveholding communities, it will hardly be pretended that he does not know what Slavery is. His discourse was very able as well as fearless, and was heard with profound interest by a most intelligent congregation. Mr. C. expects to lose his pastorate because of it.



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 7, 1856.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

Y. P. PALMER, Agent for the Eastern Mail, at Waterville, Me. His office is at the corner of the Court and State streets, in the building formerly occupied by the late Mr. J. B. Smith. He is also Agent for the Eastern Mail at Bangor, Me. His office is at the corner of the Court and State streets, in the building formerly occupied by the late Mr. J. B. Smith.

## A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

## Water Power.

## The Railroad Water-Privilege at Rice Falls.

This privilege is located about three miles below the outlet of the large pond above named, and is about one mile below the last falls on the stream, and about one mile from West Waterville depot. The location for building a dam at the head of the falls is peculiarly advantageous and striking. The stream at this place, with steep banks at least twenty feet high on the lowest side, would not require a dam more than eighty feet at the margin of the stream, and at the top of the dam not more than ninety or a hundred; so that the cost of building a dam of split stones, which would be as durable as the earth, would not exceed \$5,000. This may seem to some to be quite a large sum, but let this be compared to the cost of the dam at Lawrence, and this sum will be hardly worth naming; for the dam at Lawrence cost the owner two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; so taking out the \$5,000, for building this dam, leaves a balance in favor of this of \$245,000. And yet it is believed that this dam, which costs only \$5,000, will command the year round as many cubic feet of water as they can command at Lawrence by expensive canals; for they cannot use the water in any other way there, than by canals. And in favor of this compared with that, the stream may be justly considered more like a natural canal and the falls are at least four times as great here as at Lawrence, which would make the same cubic feet of water worth at least twice as much here as there. Now, to return from this digression and further describe some advantages which the Railroad water privilege possesses, which may be justly considered to entitle it to a superiority over any other privilege in the stream. In the first place, a dam built at the head of the falls will flow a pond sufficiently large and deep that it will be a reservoir of water which will, by the water that will run over and under the dams above, ever be full. This would, in times of extreme drought, be of great benefit, and make this privilege far better than that at the outlet. Now, as to the facilities for the transportation to and from this privilege; we much doubt if it is equalled in this or any other country. For one of the most important railroads in the State crosses this water privilege at the very point that a judicious engineer would have pointed out and directed, had it been left to him to decide where it would be for the interest of the privilege. For as the dam will be about twelve rods above the railroad bridge, this distance will give ample room for an iron foundry, on the largest scale, for casting and finishing all kinds of railroad machinery and all kinds of hard ware. But should there not be room for a factory for this purpose or any other, on so extensive a scale as may be wished, there will be a privilege equally good on the lower side of the railroad bridge for factories for any purpose. We have here suggested that the privilege would be best suited for the manufacture of iron for the special reason that iron is the heaviest of all manufactured articles, and that this privilege is so favorably situated that railroads from factories on both sides of the railroad bridge may be conveniently constructed, so as to take the raw material of all kinds from the freight cars into the factories, and the finished articles back again to the cars. Besides these factories above and at the railroad bridge, the stream may be occupied below the bridge on both sides by canals from the same dam for at least seventy rods.

Now, as to the importance of the railroad alluded to. It is now opened to Bangor, and it is very evident that it will not stop here; for without doubt, it will continue to progress till it forms a junction with the great railway now in progress from Halifax to Quebec. And this will, some day, be the Grand Trunk from the junction in the Province to Portland, Boston, New York, &c., and from the present junction with the Grand Trunk in Danville to Montreal, and finally, some future time to the Pacific.

**CAUTION.**—A valuable horse belonging to Pomeroy Hill, of this village, broke his leg on Monday by stepping up on a ordinary "cradle hole," while passing up College-st. The fracture is at the fetlock joint, and though the owner is making an effort to save the horse, the prospect is that it will not be done with much profit, if at all. The roads abound in these holes this winter, in all sections, and drivers should pass them cautiously, or their "thank-ee-ma'me" may lead to thankless mishap.

**ANOTHER.**—Mr. Joseph Roncoe met a similar loss in the street on the Plain, on Tuesday. A valuable young horse broke his leg by a misstep of some kind—whether the fault of the town or the driver, we do not learn.

**RAILROAD ACCIDENT.**—Just after the evening train of Friday, on the Somerset & Kennebec Railroad, left Kendall's Mills, a wheel of the tender was broken and thrown upon the track, passing under the passenger car. Some glass was broken, and the passengers were terribly frightened, but nobody was hurt. The train of the Bangor road was just behind, and took the passengers to their depot in this place. The disabled car was left on the track, but passengers were taken to Augusta the same evening. It is said the damage was but little.

## OUR TABLE.

THE KNICKKNACKER for February appears in good things in prose and verse, and the Editor's Table is unusually well filled. That portrait of John P. Squibb can near being the death of us; and persons of frail organization should be careful not to look at it. We annex a few tit-bits—

A friend of mine once told me a good thing in the pictorial line of a gentleman of distinguished ability, who has held a seat in the cabinet of our common Uncle Samuel. The individual referred to is a man of three-score-and-ten, somewhat blind, wears breeches, gaiters, and silver buckles on his shoes. He will pass as a fine gentleman of the old school; is rich, and has no bad representative of the gentle land, for his domestic life is a model. My friend took a stroll one fine morning over the crazy bridge that spans (or squirts over) the Potomac, between the District and Virginia. Arriving at the channel, he observed the veteran fisherman sitting on the side of the bridge, his small-clothed legs hanging down, and a colored boy at his side to bait and take off the fish. The fish had ebbed, and it was remarkably dry season; consequently the river was shallow that the mud-draw and lead were exposed. My social and inquisitive friend accosted the old gentleman somewhat in the following style:

Friend: What luck this morning, Judge?  
 P. Well—about two hundred and fifty fish.  
 Q. What have you caught?  
 P. Well—nothing new; but I've had a curious nibble, about an hour ago.

Q. What do you bait with?  
 P. (With a snarl) Frogs, sir, frogs: frogs are great for Red-bellies and blue-backs.

Q. You seem rather short of bait, Judge.  
 P. Well—yes, I have a few more in the bag, but I've got to go down and catch them: I've used 'em all.

Q. Judge, I see a fine picket sitting down on that mud; I'll give you a dollar for it.  
 P. Well—yes, I'll give you a dollar for it, but I don't want it.

Q. Why not?  
 P. Well—because I don't want to be a picket.

Q. What do you want to be?  
 P. Well—because I don't want to be a picket.

Q. What do you want to be?  
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are sucked in unnatural and indigestible quantities, from its side-pores and cracks, and the remaining pulp is offered on salary to the hungry masses, who are too near the point of starvation to be able to swallow it. Libraries and reading-rooms, that for the amount expended in a single course of lectures might have met the wants of mechanics and merchants, clerks and apprentices, for many years, are thus crowded beyond reach; and those most in need not only of lectures but of books, are forced to stand out of the way, that those who have enough and to spare may fatten upon more.

Is this the other side of the account?—and does it balance? Certainly it does not. Where then is the fault? Who would think of blaming the committees and associations, who labor without thanks or rewards to secure these lectures? They only mistake the results. These dainty dishes cannot be set for a hungry multitude at such enormous prices. They cannot reach the mouths for which they are intended.

The tall and lanky secure them, while the famishing are trodden under foot. But do those who sell their labors at these exorbitant prices, think them fair and honest? Can the speculators in God's truth put to blush the speculators in flour? Unaware? If the side issues of the pulpit, the clippings and shreds of the service of God, are thus valuable, what ought their salaries to be?

But, enough for this time. Those who have engaged courses of lectures should sustain them through. Those who have labored to secure them should have all thanks for their good intentions; those who lecture should have evidence that the laborer is worthy of his hire, however hard the bargain; and those who listen should "hear as for their might," or they will not get a tithe of the worth of their money.

**ELECTION OF SPEAKER.**—Hon. N. P. Banks of Massachusetts, the Republican candidate for speaker, was elected on Saturday last, by the adoption of the plurality vote. The ballot stood 103 for Banks, 100 for Aiken, 6 for Fuller, 4 for Campbell, and 1 for Wells. When the result was announced by Hon. Samuel P. Benson, one of the tellers, Mr. Marshall raised the question that Mr. Banks was not elected, on the ground that the clerk had no power to authorize a result to be announced; whereupon a resolution declaring Mr. B. elected speaker was adopted by a vote of 156 to 39.

Mr. Banks was conducted to the chair by the three opposing candidates, Messrs. Aiken, Campbell and Fuller, and addressed the House in the following brief but pertinent remarks:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:—Before I proceed to complete the acceptance of the office which you have conferred upon me, I will avail myself of your indulgence to express my obligation for the honor conferred upon me. It would afford far greater pleasure were it accompanied even by the self-assurance that I would bring to the discharge of arduous and delicate duties, all difficulties, but now envied with unusual difficulties, any capacity commensurate with their responsibility and dignity. I can only say, I shall bear myself so far as practicable with fidelity to the interests and institutions of the country and the government, and with impartiality so far as regards the rights of the members of this House. I have no personal objects to accomplish. I am animated by a single desire of contributing in some little degree to the maintenance of the well established principles of our government, in their original American significance, in that portion of the continent we occupy, so far as we may do so within the power conferred upon us, enlarging and swelling its capacities for beneficial influences at home and abroad, and maintaining intact in perpetuity the inestimable privileges transmitted to us. I am aware that neither myself nor any other man is equal to the perfect accomplishment of those duties. I am, therefore, as a man, much in such a position as a suppliant for your indulgence and support. I again return to you my thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me."

The new speaker is not only a northern man, but a man with northern principles, openly expressed and boldly contended for. Neither southern advocates of slavery or northern dough-faces voted for him; and his election is most emphatically a triumph of freedom over slavery, and of republican principles over the doctrines of the party in power.

**A DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.**—The Alexandria Sentinel says a lady, with her hair cut short, pistol in her belt, and masculine air generally, went by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad a day or two since. She is a student in the Philadelphia Female College, and her dress and equipments are said to be the uniform of her college mates.

And why may not a southern woman be as cowardly as a southern man? Pistols and bowie knives are the badges of cowardice, and while southern bullies go armed to the teeth, why may not slender and lonely women seek the same protection. Certainly the lords of the bowie knife should not laugh at her. As for her masculine appearance, doubtless it all comes from the pistol—just as theirs does.

**A FLORIDA WAR.**—We begin to hear of Indian outrages in Florida, and it seems quite evident that the usual artifices will be resorted to—relieve the national treasury of some millions of dollars in an incursion upon the Seminole, as easily as unnecessary. It is said there are not more than one hundred warriors in the State, and not more than five hundred, women, children and all. One murder has been committed, and that is a *casus belli* for hostilities against Indians. A Washington letter writer says:—

"An old and respectable planter of that State told me two months ago that if the government would keep its troops at St. Augustine and such places, removed from the neighborhood of the Indians, there would be no collision or difficulty. He said the great mass of the people of Florida were satisfied that the Indians should live and die in their hunting grounds; but there was another interest, which required pretexts of quarrel with them, which constantly urged their removal west of the Mississippi, and which contrived to get the troops of the United States so stationed in the interior as to provoke the very 'outrages' which now form the staple of so much outcry, and which now threaten another costly expedition. Settlers and traders, and contractors, and rum-sellers, know the value of an Indian war too well to let any chance of fomenting one pass by, and their friends elsewhere are not insensible to the inducements of this cruel speculation in innocent blood. What a reflection upon the name of Christianity, that the poor Indian will not be allowed to lie down and die in peace in his hammock, and be denied the privilege of the wild beasts that roam over the prairies of Florida."

**IMPORTANT.**—In the S. J. Court at Portland, in suit Alfred Whitney vs. A. & St. L. Railroad, action to recover the value of a colt killed by the train. It is alleged that there was a defect in the fence by which the colt obtained access to the track. Defence was, negligence of plaintiff in not-keeping the gates closed.

The Judge charged the jury that, notwithstanding the Railroad is under a lease and occupied and controlled by another party, still the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad corporation is liable, and the action is well brought. That it is incumbent on the A. & St. L. Railroad Co. to build and keep in good order on the line of their road, fences, gates and crossings. That the plaintiff has his remedy against the company to compel them to keep the fences and gates in good order. That any obvious defect either in the fences or gates, the plaintiff was bound to notice, and he had no right to turn his cattle into the pasture adjoining the railroad, when he knew that either the fence or gates, or both, were broken. That if both parties have been guilty of neglect, plaintiff cannot recover. That defendants are not responsible for keeping the gates shut, except when used by their employees. The jury could not agree, and the action was continued.

**FACTS WORTHY OF NOTE.**—We are assured, on the best authority, that with a single exception, the passenger trains on the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad have not varied ten minutes from their regular running time, since the 1st of July last. This time is 2 h., 15 m. in summer, and 2 h., 20 m. in winter. When they have been late either way, it has been on account of delays by connecting roads.

It is also a fact that for a year past the freight train has not in a single instance missed of its regular daily trip over the entire road.

Another fact—worthy of note by the travelling public, as well as the stockholders—is that for a full year past not a single wheel has been off the track, nor an accident occurred that has caused damage to the amount of ten dollars!

We believe that a comparison with any other in New England, if not in the United States, will make the above statements appear still more remarkable, and cause them to reflect additional credit upon the men to whose skill and care they must be attributed. "Honor to whom honor is due."

**A General Jail Delivery.** Governor Wells has commenced issuing pardons to all persons now in jail, who have been convicted of offences under the prohibitory Liquor Law. On Monday last he granted pardon to three prisoners in the Augusta Jail, all of whom were notoriously and confessedly guilty of numerous offences against the law. Their names were H. C. Pierce, of China, and John Hatfield and wife, of Waterville. The first had only ten days to serve out of his sentence, the other two had three months each.

We know nothing of the merits of these cases alluded to by the Journal—whether such representations were made to the Governor, as to render his action in the premises humane and laudable, or whether the clemency was extended on the ground of the offense of liquor-selling was not a crime worthy of imprisonment and bond. Judging from the principles declared in the speeches and inaugural message of Gov. Wells, many will attribute his leniency in the above cases to his opposition to the Maine Law. It is a notorious fact that within a few months past rum-sellers have grown bold and defiant in the pursuit of their delinquent traffic, and from the avowed cause that the results of the last election were considered to be decisive in their favor. Such has been the case in this city; and either from discouragement on account of the want of efficient support, or the fear, as some assert, but we think without truth, of forfeiting popularity with rum-sellers and their sympathizers, our city authorities have discontinued prosecutions for violation of the liquor law almost altogether. It is not to be wondered at, that under these circumstances the friends of temperance are discouraged in their attempts to bring violators of law to justice. There has always been a noisy minority ready to throw every obstacle possible in the way; and now that the majority is claimed—but not in fact—in favor, they seem to fear neither fines nor imprisonment. Their victims continue to find lodgment in jail as usual, and we do not learn that executive clemency has been extended to them, or that any opposition is manifested by these opponents to "liquor laws that imprison men!" As we have often said, we have more sympathy for the man who cannot control his appetite for strong drink, and who cannot resist the temptations of the dram shops in his path, than for those who for grasping gain will place the cup in the trembling hand of the inebriate, and then send him forth to encounter the frowns of city marshals, judges and jailors. Every humane citizen, in his sober senses, knows that this view of the case is the correct one, although many may censure and condemn us for speaking thus plainly. [Hallowell Gazette.]

**WASHINGTON MATTERS.**—Washington, Jan. 31.—It is understood beyond dispute that but for Walker's revolutionary movements, Nicaragua and Great Britain would before now have concluded a treaty satisfactory to the former, regarding the Mosquito territory and kindred questions, and at the same time not conflicting with the Clayton and Bulwer treaty.

Mr. Seward spoke in the Senate yesterday on the Central American question. He took strong ground against the British pretensions, and maintained that the position of our Government in regard to Central America was right and just. He conceived war to be among the possible solutions of the present controversy; but conceived it nevertheless to be our duty to adhere to our demands, and to throw upon Great Britain the responsibility of peace or war. His advice, on the whole, is that we notify Great Britain that we shall interfere to prevent her exercise of dominion in Central America, if it shall not be discontinued within one year; and that in the mean time we prepare ourselves for war.

**WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.** Mr. Cullom was elected clerk of the House by the votes of all the Republicans present excepting Messrs. Billingsworth, Bass, Brenton, Day, Williams, Lester, Nichols, Skinner and Watson, combined with all the Americans

present excepting Messrs. Humphrey Marshall, A. K. Marshall and Walker.

**Mr. Greeley on his Assault.** WASHINGTON, Jan. 29, 1856. I have heard since I came here a good deal of the personal violence to which I was exposed, but only one man has offered to attack me till to-day, and he was so drunk he made a poor fist of it. In fact, I do not remember that any man ever seriously attacked me till now.

I was conversing with two gentlemen on my way down from the Capitol after the adjournment of the House this afternoon, when a stranger requested a word with me. I stopped, and my friends went on. The stranger, who appeared in the prime of life, six feet high, and who must weigh over two hundred, thus began—

"Is your name Greeley?"

"Yes."

"Are you a non-combatant?"

"That is according to circumstances."

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when he struck me a stunning blow on the right side of my head, and followed it by two or three more, as rapidly as possible. My hands were still in my great coat pockets, for I had no idea that he was about to strike. He staggered me against the fence of the walk from the Capitol to the Avenue, but did not get me down. I rallied as soon as possible, and saw him standing several feet from me, with several persons standing or rushing in between us. I asked, "Who is this man?" "I don't know him," and understood him to answer, with an impression, "You'll know me soon enough," or "You'll know me hereafter," when he turned, and went down toward the street. No one answered my inquiry directly, but some friends soon came up, who told me that my assailant was Albert Rust, M. C., from Arkansas. He gave no hint of any cause or pretext he may have had for this assault, but I must infer that it is to be found in my strictures on Monday's Tribune, (letter of Thursday evening last), on his attempt to drive Mr. Banks out of the field as a candidate for Speaker by passing a resolution inviting all the present candidates to withdraw. I thought that a mean trick, and said so most decidedly; I certainly thought no better of it, now that I have made the acquaintance of its author.

The bully turned and walked down along; I followed, conversing with two friends. Crossing Four-and-a-half street, they dropped behind to speak to acquaintances, and I, walking along toward the National Hotel, soon found myself in the midst of a huddle of strangers. One of these turned short upon me—"I saw it was my former assailant," said, "Do you know me now?" I answered, "Yes; you are Rust, of Arkansas." He said something of what he would do if I were a combatant, and I replied that I claimed no exemption on that account. He now drew a heavy cane, which I had not seen before, and struck a pretty heavy blow at my head, which I caught on my left arm, with no other damage than a rather severe bruise. He was trying to strike again, and I was endeavoring to close with him, when several persons rushed between and separated us. I did not strike him at all, nor lay a finger on him; but it certainly would have been a pleasure to me to have been able to perform the public duty of knocking him down. I cannot mistake the movement of his hand on the Avenue, and am sure it must have been toward a pistol in his belt. And the crowd which surrounded us was nearly all Southern, as he doubtless knew before he renewed his attack on me.

I presume this is not the last outrage to which I am to be subjected. I came here with a clear understanding that it was about an even chance whether I should or should not be allowed to go home alive; for my business here is to unmask hypocrisy, detect treachery and rebuke meanness, and these are not dainty employments even in smoother times than ours. But I shall stay here just so long as I think proper, using great plainness of speech, but endeavoring to treat all men justly and faithfully. I may often judge harshly, and even be mistaken as to facts, but I shall always be ready to correct my mistakes and to amend my judgments. I shall carry no weapons and engage in no brawls; but if ruffians waylay and assail me, I shall certainly not run, and so far as able, I shall defend myself.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

**ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MEXICO.**—We find in an exchange the following statement respecting the Romish ecclesiastical establishment in Mexico. In these we have a sufficient explanation of the unhappy condition of the people of that country.

While the annual income of the Republic does not exceed \$9,000,000, the revenues of the church amount to \$28,000,000. The product of the tithes, on an average, is estimated at \$855,000 per annum, and in addition to this the clergy possess an immense capital in specie, the accumulation of three centuries, arising partly from bequests, and partly from surplus income. The ecclesiastical establishment consists of one archbishopric (that of Mexico) and nine bishoprics, the income of which is derived chiefly from that portion of the tithes intended for the subsistence of the clergy, and amounts to \$499,000—the archbishop receiving \$180,000. The total number of convents is 150, the Franciscans having 67, the Dominicans 26, the Augustines 22, the Mercedarians 19, and the Carmelites 16. The entire number of individuals in these convents is 2,515; the number of curacies 40, and of missions 1017. Besides this large number of friars and convents, the Propaganda Fide has five colleges, with 333 religious schools, and 90 missions.

No sects of religion differing from that established by law, are tolerated. It does not yet appear that all this expensive machinery has contributed essentially either to the happiness or prosperity of the people. On the contrary the inhabitants are poor, illiterate, bigoted, ill-governed, and oppressed.

**RAILROAD IN MEXICO.**—A work of vast importance is about to be undertaken in Mexico, according to the Washington correspondent of the Tribune, and one that will there effect more good than all the political schemes that might be devised in a century to come. It is the construction of a railroad from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico—some 300 miles. British, French, and Mexican capitalists are principally interested in this great scheme; though, of course, American enterprise will co-operate in advancing an undertaking which, in its results, must be so advantageous to our commerce and connections. \$6,000,000 have already been subscribed by firms in the city of Mexico, and it is not proposed to issue bonds upon the construction as it progresses, after the now prevalent fashion, but to build only on bona fide capital. \$12,000,000 is the estimated cost of the whole road. The work will be commenced about the middle of March, beginning at the city of Mexico. An American Superintendent, familiar with the building of the railroads in the United States, and a corps of American Engineers are about to start for this destination, in order to commence the preliminary operations immediately. Some of the most distinguished men and the ablest financiers in Mexico have enlisted in the enterprise, and lent that material aid which is so necessary to success.

**THE NEW CUNARD STEAMER.**—The new iron steamship Persia, of the Cunard line, has arrived at Liverpool from the Clyde, under the command of Captain Judkins, of the Arabia. The Persia's speed from Greenock to Liverpool, averaged sixteen knots an hour. She left the Clough Light Clyde, at 4.56 P. M., of Wednesday the 9th, and reached Liverpool, 203 miles, in 10 hours and 43 minutes.

The Persia exceeds, by 1,200 tons, the present capacity of the largest of the present Cunarders. Her proportions are:

Length from figure-head to funnel 360 feet.  
 Length in the water 350 feet.  
 Breadth of hull 45 feet.  
 Breadth over all 71 feet.  
 Depth 12 feet.  
 Burden 3600 tons.

According to the government rule of admittance, her power is equal to that of 900 horses; according to the plan laid down in Earl Hardwicke's bill, 1,200 horses; and according to James Watt's old established rule, of 33,000 lbs. per horse, she would work up to 4,000 or 5,000 horses. She has seven watertight compartments; separate sleeping accommodation for 300 passengers; and a clear promenade from stem to stern, along the roof of the deckhouse. The weight of iron in the Persia, when launched was 2,200 tons, and with the engines, 1,400 tons of coal, and full cargo will be 5,400 tons, with which she will draw 23 feet of water. Her accommodation is for 1,200 tons measurement of goods. Steam being the sole motive agent, she is but lightly rigged with three masts. Bets are made that she will accomplish the trip between Europe and America, in seven days. She will sail from Liverpool about a month hence.

**PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.** In our Supreme Court to-day Judge Black delivered the unanimous opinion of the Court in the matter of the Cleveland, Painesville and Ashtabula R. R. vs. the city of Erie, to the effect that the Railroad Company have the right to extend their road through Erie to the eastern boundary to connect with the north east road, and that resistance and destruction of property by the Mayor and Councils of Erie is unlawful and must be restrained. The injunction sought for was granted.

In the case of the Erie and North East Road vs. Joseph Casey, the Court was divided. Judges Black, Lowrie and Knox, held that the repeal of the charter of the road was constitutional and valid; while Chief Justice Lewis and Judge Woodward, held it to be unconstitutional and void. The case is to be taken up to the U. S. Court.

**RUFFIANISM AT WASHINGTON.**—A despatch from Washington, dated Jan. 29th, says: As Mr. Horace Greeley was leaving the Capitol this afternoon, he was attacked by Rust of Arkansas, who with his fist inflicted several blows on his head, and afterwards, when Mr. Greeley was approaching the National Hotel, Rust struck him a severe blow on the arm with a stick. The assault is presumed to be in consequence of strictures in Mr. Greeley's Washington letter, in Monday's Tribune, on Rust's proposition in the House requesting candidates for the Speakership to withdraw from the contest.

They have a place in New York, fitted up in oriental style, where gentlemen of leisure often retire to smoke from a Turkish pipe, and sip excellent Mocha. Great trouble is experienced to make the waiters understand their wants; as they—the waiters—are dressed in Turkish costume; it is taken for granted that they speak the language of the Turks, and no other.

It is related that Bayard Taylor happened in there the other day, and anxious to give his Arabic an airing, asked the waiter in that language, for a cup of coffee. All that he received, however, was a look of stupid astonishment. Supposing that he might be mistaken in the name of the article, Mr. Taylor made a careless remark upon the weather, in a way that he was sure that no Moslem would mistake. Chagrined that he could not make himself understood through a language in which he took much pride, he ventured to ask in English, "What is your name?"



THE EASTERN MAIL.  
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.  
Published every Thursday by  
MAXHAM AND WING,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.  
At No. 33, Bowditch Block, Main Street.  
E. P. MAXHAM. DAN L. R. WING.

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If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50  
If paid within six months, 1.75  
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

DR. KANE'S NEW WORK.—We learn that Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, are to be joint publishers with the Philadelphia house of Dr. Kane's Narrative of his Arctic expedition. It will be ready in May.

NAUTICAL GAZETTE INTO THE FLEET.—A late writer in the Ohio Cultivator gives the following: "Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time it is pared. The disposition to close the nail draws the nail up from the blood. It occurred nine after I had suffered weeks with my feeting."

ANOTHER MAINE CLIPPER.—An extraordinary, if not unparalleled sailing ship, has recently been performed by the clipper ship Flying Cloud, (of New York) she having arrived at Marseilles from New York, in 13 days 15 hours and 11 minutes. The notice of her arrival reached her owners in New York, in 34 days from the time she sailed. The Flying Cloud was launched at Danversville last year, by Messrs. Metcalf & Norris.

MURDER AT S. BERTWICK.—A correspondent of the Portsmouth Chronicle states that an Irishman by the name of Harlow murdered, with a butcher knife, another by the name of Mc Cabe, at South Berwick, last Thursday evening. Harlow fled.

EXQUISITE SENTIMENT.—"What!" exclaimed the accomplished and fashionable English beauty, the coquette, lovely Miss De La Sparrowhawk, "what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon your cheek?" "I would be a creature," she replied, "I would be a creature, I would be a creature."

A young man named Kirk Anderson has been arrested in St. Louis, Mo., for wearing a shawl, on the ground that it was not the apparel of his sex. The case came up on Friday, and Anderson was fined \$50. It has created intense excitement among the shawl-wearing gentry of St. Louis.

It is related that the French General, at Rome, recently waited upon the Pope, and informed him that he had been elected to the papacy. The Pope, who was then in the temporal dominion, to which his Holiness is represented as answering, "We fully concur in the necessity of the separation you allude to, for the experience of many centuries has demonstrated the impossibility of uniting two such widely separated spheres; we therefore cheerfully resign our spiritual authority to you, and we sincerely trust that you will wisely reserve the temporal dominion for ourselves."

In Cumberland, Pa., a fellow suffered a young lady with whom he was leaping to freeze to death. Never heard of such a case in Maine.

Bayard Taylor is not to be married to a young lady in Springfield, Ohio. So says the N. Y. Tribune. It is stated in the Mexican papers that Santa Anna and his wife have separated.

Within a few years no less than seven representatives of foreign governments have married American ladies.

A writer at Augusta says that the Legislature now in session will repeal all the acts of the last Legislature, and it is said that Gov. Wells is about to recommend the repeal of the Acts of the Apostles!

A GOV. HIR.—A Washington correspondent of the Boston Post having copied of the President's Message as one which will form a brilliant page in the history of the country, the Boston Atlas has a loss to understand what the correspondent's idea of brilliancy is, unless he gets it from John Randolph's celebrated history of the United States.

OUR USHER ARMS.—A singular individual was, a few days since, by a little whim, told, "I say, you're not you belong to the Army?" "No," was the indignant reply. "Well," said the other, "I thought you did, as you are not an officer?"—(Boston Chronicle.)

If we steal from the moderns, it will be cried down as a plagiarism; if from the ancients, it will be cried up as an erudition.

THE BIG STEAMER.—Mr. Bidder, Superintendent of the Grand Trunk Railway, has received information from England that the big ship is to go to Portland, if the winds are provided.

CONSUL AT HALIFAX.—Albert Pilsbury, of Maine has received his appointment from the British Government, as United States Consul at Halifax.

APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT.—George A. Fairfield, Esq., of this city, has been appointed Agent to receive Claims of Maine at Washington, a post now held by G. W. Weston, Esq., (Bangor Journal.)

FRUIT.—Bookings have been a severe sufferer by fire. On the night of the 23d ult., two blocks of stores were destroyed there—Palmer's Block and Wilson's Block—and nine or ten occupancies were destroyed. The buildings were worth about \$6000; insured for \$6000.

Gen. Houston, in private conversation, has declared that he will resign his seat in the United States Senate, in obedience to the resolution of the Texas Legislature instructing him to do so.

MR. G. W. CURTIS, a novelist, above Sir Walter Scott.

Justice E. M. Kellogg of Kent, Co., one day last week was tacked and confined and ridden on a rail, at midday, by the friends of free labor, for having executed the law on a runaway. Who will now call Connecticut the land of steady habits?

The Dexter Gen. says: "No one has a right to shut his eyes to the fact that the kind of a school he keeps. Every parent ought to know this much. And he can learn much better by personal observation, than by listening to the complaints of his dissatisfied children."

100 of the students at Dickinson College have rebelled against the faculty in consequence of the alleged expulsion of four members.

O. D. Metcalf, Esq., has been appointed postmaster at Anson, in place of Ephraim Heald, Esq., resigned.

RECAPITULATION OF A NON-RESISTANT.—A non-resistant named Stearns writes from Lawrence, Kansas Territory, that he has given up his non-resistant principles, and he has kept them for ten days, and he has been called upon to enter the ranks, but a cold blooded murder of one of the best citizens of Lawrence, the night previous, had been committed, and he has decided to take a pistol, determined to conquer or die. He says: "Christ said, 'If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also.' So say I. But I can't attack you, how then?"

UPFORD'S PATENT LAMP.—This is a Yankee invention that promises to find good success on the score of economy. Its adaptation for burning grease and the poorer qualities of oil is readily seen, so that the buyer is in no danger of being deceived. Those who have tried it speak well of it—and this is the best recommendation for new things. The agent has left a few for sale at the store of S. S. Parker, where we advise housekeepers to call and see.

See advertisement of "Edith, the Quaker's Daughter," just published by Mason Brothers, of New York.

A NEW WORK FROM EMERSON.—We learn from Phillips, Sampson & Co., that they have in press a new volume from the pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Such an announcement will be regarded with no slight interest of course, but when it is understood that, in the forthcoming volume, we are to have the matured philosophic conclusions, suggested by Mr. Emerson's visit to England some years since, expectation will take an added interest from the nature of the subject, "English Traits," is the title of what will be a series of papers, presenting the leading features and inner springs of English character and nationality. As the theme is better adapted for a wider popularity than any of the author's previous papers, so it is stated that, its treatment is calculated to create a sensation.

The active literary talent of New England, seems to be divided, just now, between Phillips, Sampson & Co., and Ticknor & Fields. The latter firm in having the writings of Prescott, Emerson, Hilditch, Mrs. Stowe, etc., seem to monopolize the press writers, whilst the other, in Longfellow, Lowell, etc., lead the activity of American literature in poetry.

[N. Y. Express.]

Legislature.

Senate, Tuesday, Jan. 28.—Ordered, That the Committee on Judiciary be directed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the laws relating to materials, machinery, and labor, that prices to be paid for such materials shall be against the property on which the lien is claimed.

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Senate, Wednesday, Jan. 30.—Order from the House, requesting the Governor to furnish the Legislature with copies of returns of votes of the people on the constitutional amendments, for a free bridge across the Sebasticook river. Accepted.

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Mr. Rich of Frankfort, from same Committee, reports and instructs inexpedient on the petition of Somerset Bridge Co.

Mr. Scammon of Saco, moved a reconsideration of the vote, whereby the order was yesterday passed, requesting the Governor and Council to transmit to the House the returns of the votes on the constitutional amendments, last year, viz. 59.

Petitions presented and referred.—Wm. Farrington and others for bank at Bowdoinham; Wm. Jordan and others for further legislation as to admissibility of witnesses. Senate, Thursday, Jan. 31.—Ordered, That the Committee on Judiciary be directed to inquire into the expediency of repealing chapter 144 of acts approved 1855, entitled "an act giving to laborers on lumber a lien thereon for their wages."

Legislation reported inexpedient on the subject of establishing the width of ox-slides by law.

House, Thursday, Jan. 31.—Ordered, That the Committee on Judiciary be directed to inquire into the expediency of repealing chapter 144 of acts approved 1855, entitled "an act giving to laborers on lumber a lien thereon for their wages."

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