



4-24-1856

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 41): April 24, 1856

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 41): April 24, 1856" (1856). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 456.

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Miscellany.

ART AND NATURE.

BY MRS. H. B. STONE.

'Now, girls,' said Mrs. Ellis Grey to her daughters, 'Here is a letter from George Somers, and he is to be down here next week; so I give you fair warning.'

'Warning?' said Fanny Grey, looking up from her embroidery; 'what do you mean by that, mamma?'

'Now that's just you, Fanny,' said the elder sister, laughing. 'You dear little simplicity, you can never understand any thing unless it is stated as definitely as the multiplication table.'

'But we need no warning in the case of Cousin George, I'm sure,' said Fanny.

'Cousin George? he is sure! Do you hear the little innocent?' said Isabella, the second sister. 'I suppose, Fanny, you never heard that he had been visiting all the Courts of Europe, seeing all the fine women, stone, picture, and real, that he is to be found, such an amateur and connoisseur!'

'Besides having received a fortune of a million or so,' said Emma. 'I dare say now, Fanny, you thought he was coming home to make dandelion chains, and play with button balls, as he used to do when he was a little boy.'

'Fanny will never take the world as it is,' said Mrs. Grey. 'I do believe she will be a child as long as she lives.' Mrs. Grey said this as if she were sighing over some radical defect in the mind of her daughter, and the delicate cheek of Fanny showed a tint somewhat deeper as she spoke, and she went on with her embroidery in silence.

Mrs. Grey had been left, by the death of her husband, sole guardian of the three girls whose names have appeared on the page. She was an active, busy, ambitious woman, one of the sort for whom nothing is ever finished enough, or perfect enough, without a few touches, and dashes, and emendations; and, as such people always make a mighty affair of education, Mrs. Grey had made it a life's enterprise to order, adjust, and settle the character of her daughters; and when we use the word *character*, as Mrs. Grey understood it, we mean it to include both face, figure, dress, accomplishments, as well as those more unessential items, mind and heart.

Mrs. Grey had determined that her daughters should be something altogether out of the common way; and accordingly she had conducted the training of the two eldest with such care and effect, that every trace of an original character was thoroughly educated out of them. All their opinions, feelings, words and actions, instead of gushing naturally from their hearts, were, according to the most approved authority, diligently compared and revised. Emma, the eldest, was an imposing, showy girl, of some considerable talent, and she had been assiduously trained to make a sensation as a woman of ability and intellect. Her mind had been filled with information on all sorts of subjects, much faster than she had power to digest or employ it; and the standard which her ambitious mother had set for her being rather above the range of her abilities, there was a constant sensation of effort in her keeping up to it. In hearing her talk you were constantly reminded 'I am a woman of intellect—I am entirely above the ordinary level of women; and on all subjects she was so anxiously and laboriously, well and circumstantially informed, that it was enough to make one's head ache to hear her talk.

Isabella, the second daughter, was, par excellence, a beauty—a tall, sparkling, Cleopatra-looking girl, whose rich color, dazzling eyes, and superb figure might have bid defiance to art to furnish an extra charm; nevertheless, each grace had been as indefatigably drilled and manoeuvred as the members of an artillery company. Eyes, lips, eyelashes, all had their lesson; and every motion of her sculptured limbs, every intonation of her silvery voice, till even her fastidious mother could discern that there was something wanting. Then were added all the graces of belles lettres—all the approved rules of being delighted with music, painting, and poetry—and last of all came the tour of the continent; travelling being generally considered a sort of pumice stone, for rubbing down the varnish, and giving the very last touch to character.

During the time that all this was going on, Miss Fanny, whom we now declare our heroine, had been growing up in the quietude of her mother's country seat, and growing, as girls are apt to, much faster than her mother imagined. She was a fair, slender girl, with a purity and simplicity of appearance, which, if it be not in itself beauty, had all the best effect of beauty, in interesting and engaging the heart.

She looked not so much beautiful as lovable. Her character was in precise correspondence with her appearance; its first and chief element was feeling; and to this add fancy, fervor, taste, enthusiasm almost up to the point of genius, and just common sense enough to keep them all in order, and you will have a very good idea of the mind of Fanny Grey.

Delightfully passed the days with Fanny during the absence of her mother, while, without thought of rule or compass, she sang her own songs, painted flowers, and sketches, landscapes from nature, visited sociably all over the village, where she was a great favorite, ran about through the fields, over fences, or in the woods with her little cottage bonnet, and, above all, built her own little castles in the air with-out any body to help pull them down, which we think about the happiest circumstance in her situation.

But affairs were a very different aspect when Mrs. Grey with her daughters returned from Europe, as full of foreign tastes and notions as people of an artificial character generally do return.

Poor Fanny was deluged with a torrent of new ideas; she heard of styles of appearance and styles of behavior, styles of manner and styles of conversation, this, that, and the other air, a general effect and a particular effect, and of four hundred and fifty ways of producing an impression—in short, it seemed to her that people ought to be of wonderful consequence to have so many things to think and to say about the how and why of every word and action.

Mrs. Grey, who had no manner of doubt of her own ability to make over a character, undertook the point with Fanny as systematically as one would undertake to make over an old dress. Poor Fanny, who had an unconquerable aversion to trying on dresses or settling points in millinery, went through with most exemplary meekness an entire transformation as to all externals; but when Mrs. Grey set herself at work upon her mind, and tastes, and opinions, the matter became somewhat more serious; for the buoyant feeling and fanciful elements of her character were as incapable of being arranged according to rule as the sparkling water drops are of being strung into necklaces and earrings, or the gay clouds of being made into artificial flowers. Some warm natural desire of taste of her own was forever interfering with her mother's regime; some obstinate little Fannyism would always put up its head in defiance of received custom; and as her mother and sisters pathetically remarked, do what you would, with her, she would always come out herself after all.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1856.

NO. 41.

After trying laboriously to conform to the pattern which was daily set before her, she came at last to the conclusion that some natural inferiority must forever prevent her aspiring to accomplish anything in that way.

'If I can't be what my mother wishes, I'll at least be myself,' said she one day to her sisters, 'for if I try to alter I shall neither be myself nor anybody else; and on the whole her mother and sisters came to the same conclusion. And in truth they found it a very convenient thing to have one in the family who was not studying effect or aspiring to be anything in particular.

It was very agreeable to Mrs. Grey to have a daughter to sit with her when she had the sick headache, while the other girls were entertaining company in the drawing room below. It was very convenient to her sisters to have one whose dress took so little time that she had always a head and a pair of hands at their disposal, in case of any toilet emergency. Then she was always loving and affectionate, entirely willing to be outtalked and outdone on every occasion; and that was another advantage.

As to Isabella and Emma, the sensation that they made in society was enough to have gratified a dozen ordinary belles. All that they said, and did, and wore, was instant and unquestionable precedent; and young gentlemen, all starch and perfume, twirled their laced pocket handkerchiefs, and declared on their honor that they knew not which was the most overcoming, the genius and wit of Miss Emma or the bright eyes of Miss Isabella; though it was an agreed point that between them both, not a heart in the gay world remained in its owner's possession—a thing which might have a serious sound to one who did not know the character of these articles, often the most trifling item in the inventory of worldly possessions. And all this while, all that was said of our heroine was something in this way:—'I believe there is another sister—is there not?'

'Yes, there is a quiet little blue-eyed girl, who never has a word to say for herself—quite amiable I'm told.'

Now, it was not a fact that Miss Fanny never had a word to say for herself. If people had seen her on a visit at any one of the houses along the little green street of her native village, they might have turned that her tongue could go fast enough.

But in lighted drawing rooms, and among buzzing voices, and surrounded by people who were always saying things because such things were proper to be said, Fanny was always dazed, and puzzled, and unready; and for fear that she would say something that she should not, she concluded to say nothing at all; nevertheless, she made good use of her eyes, and found a very quiet amusement in looking on to see how other people conducted matters.

Well, Mr. George Somers is actually arrived at Mrs. Grey's country seat, and there he sits with Miss Isabella in the deep recess of that window, where the white roses are peeping in so modestly.

'To be sure,' thought Fanny to herself, as she quietly surveyed him looming up through the shade of a pair of magnificent whiskers, and heard him passing the shuttlecock of compliment back and forth with the most assured and practiced air in the world—'to be sure, I was a child in imagining that I should see Cousin George Somers. I'm sure this magnificent young gentleman, full of all utterance and knowledge, is not the cousin that I used to feel so easy with; no, indeed; and Fanny gave a half sigh, and then went into the garden to water her geraniums.

For some days Mr. Somers seemed to feel put upon his reputation to sustain the character of gallant, savant, connoisseur, &c., which every one who makes the tour of the continent is expected to bring home as a matter of course; for there is seldom a young gentleman who knows he has qualifications in this line, who can resist the temptation of showing what he can do. Accordingly he discussed tragedies, and reviews, and ancient and modern customs with Miss Emma; and with Miss Isabella retouched her drawings and exhibited his own; sported the most choice and recherché style of compliment at every turn, and, in short, flattered himself, perhaps justly, that he was playing the irresistible in a manner quite equal to that of his fair cousins.

Now, all this while Miss Fanny was mistaken in one point, for Mr. George Somers, though an exceedingly fine gentleman, had after all, quite a substratum of reality about him, of real heart, real feeling, and real opinion of his own; and the consequence was, that when tired of the effort of conversing he really longed to find somebody to talk to; and in this mood he one evening strolled into the library, leaving the gay party in the drawing room to themselves. Miss Fanny was there, quite intent upon a book of selections from the old English poets.

'Really, Miss Fanny,' said Mr. Somers, 'you are very sparing of the favor of your company to us this evening.'

'O, I presume my company is not much missed,' said Fanny, with a smile.

'You must have a poor opinion of our taste, then,' said Mr. Somers.

'Come, come, Mr. Somers,' replied Fanny, 'you forget the person you are talking to; it is not at all necessary for you to compliment me; nobody ever does—so you may feel relieved of that trouble.'

'Nobody ever does, Miss Fanny; pray, how is that?'

'Because I'm not the sort of person to say such things to.'

'And pray, what sort of a person ought one to be, in order to have such things said?' replied Mr. Somers.

'Why, like sister Isabella, or like Emma—' You understand I am a sort of little nobody; if any one wastes fine words on me, I never know what to make of them.'

'And pray, what must one say to you?' said Mr. Somers, quite amused.

'Why, what they really think and really feel; and I am always puzzled by anything else.'

Accordingly, about a half an hour afterwards, you might have seen the much admired Mr. Somers, once more transformed into the Cousin George, and he and Fanny engaged in a very interesting tete-a-tete about old times and things.

Now, you may skip across a fortnight from this evening, and then look in at the same old library, just as the setting sun is looking in at its western window, and you will see Fanny sitting back a little in the shadow, with one straggling ray of light illuminating her pure childish face, and she is looking up at Mr. George Somers, as if in some perplexity; and, dear

me, if we are not mistaken, our young gentleman is blushing.

'Why Cousin George,' says the lady, 'what do you mean?'

'I thought I spoke plainly enough, Fanny,' replied Cousin George, in a tone that might have made the matter plain enough, to be sure. Fanny laughed outright, and the gentleman looked terribly serious.

'Indeed, now, don't be angry,' said she, as he turned away with a vexed and mortified air; 'indeed, now, I can't help laughing, it seems to me so odd; what will they all think of you?'

'It's of no consequence to me what they think,' said Mr. Somers. 'I think, Fanny, if you had the heart I gave you credit for, you might have seen my feelings before now.'

'Now, do sit down, my dear cousin,' said Fanny, earnestly, drawing him into a chair, and tell me, how could I, poor little Miss Fanny Nobody, how could I have thought any such thing with such sisters as I have? I did think that you liked me, that you knew more of my real feelings than mamma and sisters; but that you should—that you ever should—why, I am astonished that you did not fall in love with Isabella.'

'That would have met your feelings, then?' said George, eagerly, and looking as if he would have looked through her eyes, soul and all.

'No, no, indeed,' she said, turning away her head; 'but, added she, quickly, 'you'll lose all your credit for good taste. Now, tell me, seriously, what do you like me for?'

'Well, then, Fanny, I can give you the best reason. I like you for being a real, sincere, natural girl—for being simple in your tastes, and simple in your appearance, and simple in your manners, and for having heart enough left as I hope, to love plain George Somers, with all his faults, and not Mr. Somers's reputation, or Mr. Somers's establishment.'

'Well, this is all very reasonable to me, of course,' said Fanny, 'but it will be so much Greek to poor mamma.'

'I dare say your mother could never understand how seeing the very acme of cultivation in all countries should have really made my eyes ache, and long for something as simple as green grass or pure water, to rest them on. I came down here to find it among my cousins, and I found in your sisters only just such women as I have seen and admired all over Europe, till I was tired of admiring. Your mother has achieved what she aimed at, perfectly; I know of no circle that could produce higher specimens; but it is all art, triumphant art, after all, and I have so strong a current of natural feeling running through my heart that I could never be happy except with a fresh, simple, impulsive character.'

'Like me, you are going to say,' said Fanny, laughing. 'Well, I'll admit that you are right. It would be a pity that you should not have one vote, at least.'

HARD TO PLEASE.—When our late lamented neighbor, Rev. S. Judd publicly announced his ultra peace doctrines and preached from his pulpit in this city, that no Christian, who lived up to the spirit of the New Testament, could bear arms even in self-defence, and who, therefore thought the war for American Liberty—the most justifiable of all wars—unnecessary, and even plucked the plume of military glory from Washington's brow—certain politicians in our Legislature, who understood the Bible so much better than he, expelled him by an indignant vote from his place as one of the invited Chaplains of the House of Representatives.

And now, when Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in giving the Bible to some of his Connecticut Brethren about removing to Kansas as a Sharp's Rifle, to defend themselves, if need there should be, against any lawless attempts made upon their lives or liberties by ruffian hosts sent in to murder them, he, in turn, is pronounced ignorant of scripture teachings, and no Christian, by the same class of politicians who seem to understand religion on both sides better than conscientious ministers do on either.

The Editor of the Free Press pronounces him guilty of 'treason,'—worse than Benedict Arnold, and says he 'deserves the severest punishment'—which we suppose is hanging.—Surely if such is the opinion of that Editor, it becomes him, as a duty he owes to his country, to proceed forthwith to New York and have Mr. Beecher duly indicted, tried and hung; if, indeed, it is necessary in these days, to try any man before he is condemned and executed.

[Drew's Rural.

SEZ AND DARIEN.—It is scarcely possible—remarks a writer in the Edinburgh Review—for any one to study the map of the world, with reference to the commercial communications between remote nations, without being seized with the desire to cut through the two narrow isthmuses of Darien and Suez, which seem to offer such feeble barriers to the most important lines of intercourse.

But in all possibility, those seemingly feeble, but really most formidable, barriers will never be broken down; or not till a remote period of time. The Isthmus of Darien, only forty miles across in its narrowest part, is, in places, so high above the level of the ocean, that it would be an operation of immense difficulty to supply the upper levels of the canal with water. To cut a canal through rocky ridges, that might be called mountains, so that a ship could float from ocean to ocean without the aid of locks, is impossible. The best engineers of the age have reported against the canal project altogether.

The Suez canal scheme promises no better. The Review quoted above (Jan., 1856) seems to prove that a canal through the Isthmus of Suez could only be made with an outlay most prodigious; that, when made, supplying it with water and keeping it in repair would exhaust any possible revenue ten times over; that, if made, it would not be an advantage to the commercial world; and that, therefore, it would be the height of folly to attempt it.

Thus fade the dreams of Geographers, cherished for two centuries.

[New York Life Illustrated.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—A bill has been reported in Congress granting a jury trial in every case of contempt of court, the fine to be a stated amount, and the imprisonment for a limited period. This is right. However cautious and liberal courts may have been in the exercise of the power of contempt for contempt, personal liberty is too dear to be subjected to the hazard of any judge's caprice. Every citizen should know the nature of his offense, the extent of the penalty incurred thereby, and have a right to be tried by a jury. Judges themselves, we suppose, would desire to see

statute regulation upon the subject, which would take from the proceeding the arbitrary feature which makes this necessary exercise of power so offensive in appearance. [Phila. Ledger.

[From the Knickerbocker.

SPRING.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

King North's loud voice I hear no more. In realms of ice and snow eternal, where the winds sweep From polar chambers issue forth and sweep The Arctic Sea, and icebergs southward drive, Huge, cold and glittering, to intercept And tarry bold mariners, who stir Their ships across the northern main. He now, in boisterous mirth, shouts, roars and laughs: To fan the calm mood, with chattering gale, Beholds the white and crimson streams of light, Which upward dash and flash, and sink and fade, On ever silent, frigid heavens; so like Reflections of hot fires of furnace vast, And fiery bold mariners, who stir Their ships across the northern main. He now, in boisterous mirth, shouts, roars and laughs: To fan the calm mood, with chattering gale, Beholds the white and crimson streams of light, Which upward dash and flash, and sink and fade, On ever silent, frigid heavens; so like Reflections of hot fires of furnace vast, And fiery bold mariners, who stir Their ships across the northern main. He now, in boisterous mirth, shouts, roars and laughs: To fan the calm mood, with chattering gale, Beholds the white and crimson streams of light, Which upward dash and flash, and sink and fade, On ever silent, frigid heavens; so like Reflections of hot fires of furnace vast, And fiery bold mariners, who stir Their ships across the northern main.

The White Slave Trade.

Attention is now being drawn towards the new species of slave trade which has sprung up between China and Peru and the West Indies, &c. The Chinamen, or Coolies, as they are called, are stolen from their homes and sold to servitude in foreign lands. The trade is carried on mostly by English and American vessels. We copy the following from the New York Journal of Commerce:

'The following extract of a letter which has been handed us for publication, shows how the materials of the modern slave trade—the Chinese Coolies—are obtained. To fill out the picture, we require a narrative of the horrors of the middle passage,—which is often fatal to large numbers,—and then to see the poor wretches getting out guano at the Chincha Islands, which soon destroys the remainder. We are credibly informed that a person who lay some days near those islands, saw eleven (we think it was) of the poor creatures jump into the sea, preferring death by drowning to the slow torture to which their employment subjected them.'

Extract of a letter dated Swatow (China), Dec. 10th:—'We have now bent our sails and expect to sail in a few days. We have now on board 700 Coolies, and expect to take 200 more. I suppose, if God preserves our lives, we will arrive in about 75 days. I will try to explain what our cargo consists of, viz.: men, Chinamen of course, who are called Chinamen Coolies. As you have been to Russia you had a sample—the same as serfs, or as our Southern negroes; but, poor things, they are torn from their parents and friends, and sent on board of our ship and many other ships of our own country, as well as English.'

They kidnap them and take them to the junk, as we call it, and stay there one or two weeks, till the captain thinks proper to take them on board our ship. They are bought for fifteen and twenty dollars per man, and when the captain is ready to go on board the junk, the mate sings out, 'Lay aft here,' calling the boys by name, and they have to keep the boat away from the junk for fear of some of the Coolies' friends coming and taking them away. We have one Cooley who has run away from five different ships. The kidnappers bring out the Coolies the same as at the slave market at Mobile, for inspection. They are then made to go through several exercises, jumping, kicking, &c., and then inspected by the doctor. After this, they are given new clothes, and then sent aboard the ship, and we have to keep sentry. We have twenty men armed on sentry night and day.

The Coolies have several times tried to rise, and if it had not been for two or three Coolies who made it known, they would have taken the ship. We have plenty of ammunition on board, and three guns which are lashed so as to bear on the slaves if they should rise. A ship took some from here and sold them for \$250 each. This ship expects to stay out here about two years.

LOVING NOT WISELY.—The young man Hayden, who robbed the store of Ball, Black & Co., in New York, of jewelry to the amount of \$28,000, in his examination before Justice Osborne, said:

'I was born in London; am 23 years old; live in Cortland street, and am a clock repairer; my prime motive for acting as I did, was the distress of my mother and family; my mother wrote constantly to me for aid, and I was not able to give her assistance. There was another reason. I was devoted to a young lady, and all that separated us was my want of wealth. I had not sufficient either in the present or in the future. Those were my impelling motives. I state them because they are different from the motives of young men in general.'

THE BOY WITH THE BAD HAT.—Soon after I was settled in the ministry, I was appointed a member of the School committee of that place. In my frequent visits to one of the schools, I took notice of a boy whose clothing was very coarse, and showed many patches, but still was clean and neat throughout. His habits were remarkably quiet and orderly, and his manners very correct. His disposition was evidently generous and kind, and his temper mild and cheerful, as he mingled with his schoolmates at play, or joined their company on the road.

When I last saw him in New England he was on his way to school. His appearance still bespoke the condition of his poor and widowed

mother; and his hat was but a poor protection against either sun or rain. But as I passed him, he lifted it with an easy but respectful action, a pleasant smile, and a cheerful 'good morning,' which unconsciously to himself, made the noble boy a perfect model of genuine good manners. His bow, his smile, and his words, all came straight from his true, kind heart.

When I last saw him, thirty years had passed, and I was on a visit to the West. The boy had become a distinguished lawyer and statesman. But his bow, and his smile, and his kind greeting, were just the same as those of the barefoot boy with the poor hat.

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.—The last number of the American Publishers' Circular, keeps up its fire upon the moderns.

'The greatest works of Thackeray and Bulwer, lack that idealism which is one of the distinctive marks of genius. These authors are incapable of giving that personality to a mythus, by means of which they could elucidate a moral idea. Every reader will remember the story of the visionary artist in Johnson's 'Rasselas,' who, not contented with the ordinary mode of locomotion, sought to transcend his nature by artificial wings; but ended the wild project in a neighboring pond. Here is a life-drama, told in a single chapter: just as Dante's story of Francesca da Rimini, because of the ideal introduction of the novel of Sir Lancelot, will ever retain its deep and solemn interest. This intuitive art, so to speak, was eminently characteristic of the creators of the Greek Myth; and of the authors of 'The Arabian Nights,' and of 'Gulliver's Travels.'

But it is sought for in vain in the writings of Bulwer and Thackeray. All their heroes and heroines are exaggerated, unnatural, impossible human beings. Neither are they mythic fictions, like the characters of Shakespeare, representative of nature in universal man. Indeed, they are external to all human experience; but their romantic exaggerations—their false coloring—and their sentimental bombast, please the ears of the uncritical public, and fickle its fancy. This is the secret of the popularity of their authors. We all know how favorably the wild ravings of the stupid Claude Melnotte, and the sickening sentimentalism of his Pauline, are received at our theatres. And yet, Bulwer never gave to the public a more natural delineation of character than we find in his 'Lady of Lyons.' The maudlin weakness which characterized his earlier novels, as well as the immoral licentiousness of his later productions, have been left off, only to be substituted by the overbearing pedantries and impossibilities of 'The Caxtons' and 'My Novels.'

In short, what Bulwer is to business, and M. Meyerbeer to music, Bulwer is to literature—a successful humbug! Thackeray is infinitely a greater man; but even he falls short of true greatness. His idea of human nature is as elevated as Barney Williams' conception of Irish character. It is true, he is a satirist; but so was Addison; and which is the most genial, Sir Roger do Coverley, or Thackeray's caricatures? The latter, we freely acknowledge, has a fine sense of the ridiculous, and is a keen observer of mankind; but the Satyr who sits grinning at the weaknesses of his fellow beings, and chuckles with frantic delight, in the anticipation of exposing their naked deformities to the vulgar gaze, is hardly to be admired, much less worshipped. And yet such are the men exalted by the Boston Post and some of its neighbors, above Fielding and Smollet! Alas, as well might it compare Olympus to a Mole, and class Parnassus with a Wart.'

SORREL—WHITE CLOVER.—The question is often asked—Is there any way to destroy sorrel?

'And another—Does sorrel turn to white clover?'

My observation and experience enables me to answer yes to the first question, and no to the second.

If a person wishes to raise white clover, a thick growth of sorrel is the very best indication that the land is of the proper kind, or contains the necessary ingredients for it. White clover and sorrel require the same kind of land: except that sorrel requires one ingredient more than the clover. Deduct the acid from the soil, and it will produce white clover; add the acid to it, and it will kill out the clover, and produce the sorrel. Then add the hydrate of (slacked) lime, and it will neutralize the acid, and kill the sorrel, and white clover will come again.

You may thus change from sorrel to clover, and from clover to sorrel at pleasure, which has given some the idea that sorrel turns to clover.

The past season I had a piece of ground so thickly covered with sorrel that it was impossible to see the ground. I sowed a coat of air slacked lime of full strength over it, till the leaves were white. In a short time not a spear of sorrel was to be seen, but as fine a crop of white clover as I ever saw.

A HOT AIR LOCOMOTIVE.—The hot air locomotive built at Novelty Works, this city, for P. Benet—as recently noticed by us on page 181—was tried on the 4th inst. on the Paterson Railroad, N. J., and accomplished the feat of running off the track. It is stated that when this happened it was running at the extraordinary speed of eighty miles per hour. This locomotive has cost \$40,000, and weighs about 40 tons. The hot air employed in it is moistened with steam generated in a small boiler. The hot air to be used in the cylinder passes directly through the fire and is mixed with carbonic acid gas. Any engine impelled by such a motive agent, or rather agents, must soon destroy itself. In their very nature the hot air and gas (although somewhat mollified by steam) will act injuriously upon the metal. [Scientific American.

APPEAL TO A JURY.—Gentlemen of the Jury, I quote from Shakespeare, when I say to you, 'To be or not to be'—that's the question. My client is a national stump machine—he flings his wrath in painfull, and it is dangerous to run a snag against his interests. Let me be made fodder for a fool, and chowder for a powder mill, if he is guilty, notwithstanding the criminal absurdities alleged against him. Do you believe that my client is so destitute of the common principle of humanity, so full of the fog of human nature—so wrapped up in the moral insensibility of his being, as deliberately to pick up a tater, and throw it at the nasal protuberance of the prosecutor? No, not while you can discern a star in the northern sky—while the waters of the Ohio roll, and the race of Buffaloes roams on the Rocky

Mountains, this immutable principle will remain—that my client is a gentleman, tater or no tater!

SUGAR BUSH.—Certain little parallelograms of a chocolate colored article offered just now in the market, about which, judging from appearances, there is nothing first quality but the price, remind us that in those regions where maples 'most do congregate, they are busy in the manufacture of sugar.

The red light of the camp-fires plays fitfully among the silent woods, the unadorned old Gothic of Nature; the music of the bubbling kettles, like the murmur of a hidden brook, the voice of childhood, and the musical laugh of maidens fall upon the ear in a sweet tune.

The 'great kettle' is swung over the fire, and the 'little kettle,' a short distance off, keeps it company. There is a tinkling in the sap troughs all over, the sugar bush, for the frost of last night was followed by the sun of this morning. The ox-sled is drawn up hard by the fire with a perfect lot of tubs and buckets; John is seen coming among the trees with a brace of pails swung from the wooden yoke upon his shoulders; James has gone for a milk pan of snow from the drift December has forgotten, and the spring sun has not found, as it lies heaped up there in the 'hollow;' Joseph is making a loop of a twig for a test, and the girls, for there is a whole row of them seated side by side upon the sled, or dancing round in the light of the fire, or darting out into the timid shadows that dodged behind the tree trunks and played 'bopeep' with the fire, or lay rolled up at length behind fallen logs, or floating on misty wings in the air among the branches—went out into the darkness like stars behind a cloud, just as some of them have gone since, and have never re-appeared to bless our hearts and our eyes—gone behind the cold gray cloud of night and death.

The old Sugar Bush we write of is cut down, and corn rustled these summers and summers ago, and a mossy stone leans like the tower of Pisa in the church yard, with a 'John' carved under a willow that droops in the stone. 'So runs the world away.' [Chicago Jour.

A YANKEE IN FRANCE.—Mr. Francis, of New York, has recently presented to the French Emperor, a military carriage made of corrugated metal. The carriage was exhibited and experimented with on the Seine.

A great strength is given to a very thin and very light metal. He furnished a proof off by striking the wagon body with all his strength, twice redoubled, and the same point with a large long handled hammer. He afterwards caused the wagon, with all its equipments to be launched in the water, where it floated like a boat. The men who were in it, to the number of 16, placed themselves in a mass on the sides without being able, in spite of all their efforts, to make the sides sink to a level of the water. The wagon was afterwards taken into the current of the river, to show that a large load would by this means be transported from one bank to the other, without being necessary to take off the wheels, so that a train of the wagons could continue to follow their route without delay. Afterwards, the running gear having been detached, the body was manoeuvred separately, like a boat with oars.

'Woman is subjected by nature to disadvantages for which a husband's love, sympathy, fidelity and devotion are the only adequate compensation. In virgin youth she has personal charms which attract man and make him for the time almost her worshipper. She is wooed, won and wed. She becomes a mother, once, twice, thrice, etc. It exhausts her strength, preys on her nervous system, impairs her beauty, confines her to the nursery, reduces her health, and despoils her of much that was formerly attractive. Love, duty, necessity, have rendered her at once more weak, helpless and dependent than in the bloom of youth. Now it is that she needs the love, sympathy, and devotion of the man that wooed her heart and hand with such protestations of devoted love. Is she not entitled to this? Is she then to be told that her attractions have ceased,—that new charms have come up, and that she is no longer to her husband what she once was?'

LONDON THE GREATEST CITY.—London is now the greatest city in the world, and far surpasses all the great cities of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome, in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; Nineveh is estimated to have had 600,000; and Dr. McIlhust supposes that the population of Pekin is about 2,000,000. The population of London, according to recent statistics, amounts to 2,500,000—414,722 having been added to it during the last ten years.—The census shows that it contains 307,722 inhabited, and 16,389 uninhabited houses.

Fanny Fern, in her 'Peeps from under a Parasol,' has taken a peep at herself. Hear her here!—

And here, by the road, comes Fanny Fern! Fanny is a woman. For that she is not to blame, though since she first found it out, she has never ceased to deplore it. She might be prettier, she might be younger. She might be older, she might be uglier. She has

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APRIL 24, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston; Telephone Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore; S. M. Petrusz & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. DOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You have already called attention in your paper to the fact that we have not an adequate supply of water in case of fires. The Corporation meeting is about to take place, and at that meeting some action should be taken.

It is an alarming fact, that we have no reservoir in the village, except the one near Mr. Crooker's store, that will supply, even when full, our Engines half an hour. The loss and danger of moving from one cistern to another was shown when Wheeler's shop was burned. Now most of these reservoirs are full but a small portion of the year, and during the time when we need the most water, they contain the least.—The self filling cisterns in the middle of the summer, many of them at any rate, have but from 15 to 20 inches of water. Every one connected with the fire department knows the danger we are in; and any one who will examine the matter, and consider the facts, will very readily understand it.

But how can we be supplied? There are several projects. And now is the time to examine them all, and to decide which to adopt. It has been proposed to make a reservoir between Main and Elm Streets, extending from Temple Street to and across Spring Street.—Another proposition is to take the water from Hayden Brook and bring it in pipes to supply our cisterns.

How many of these projects are feasible is not certainly known, and should be ascertained. At any rate let the matter be discussed, and let us have all the light we can have—and then let us do something.

FIREMAN.

PEACE AND PLENTY.—The monetary articles of the city papers indicate the good effects, financially, of the establishment of peace in Europe. Money is easy, at low rates, and good investments are sought by capitalists.

KENDALL'S MILLS.—The Act of Incorporation, making Kendall's Mills a village, was approved by the Governor March 1, 1856. By a census taken in April, there is just about one thousand inhabitants residing within the limits of the village. In addition to these are usually employed about the Mills and Boom some two hundred more. The first meeting of the Corporation was held on the first Monday in April, at which it was voted by more than two to one to accept the Charter. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows:—

Clerk.—E. W. McFadden.

Assessors.—Orin Woodman, George Richardson, Elbridge Pratt.

Police Constables.—Joseph F. Nye, Hosea Maynard, David Bunker, Nath'l Woodman and Simon Connor.

The particular object in view in getting incorporated was to secure a Fire Department, and supply another good engine,—the one now owned there being of small capacity, old and out of repair,—and also to establish a Police Corps in order that rowdiness may not get a foothold within the place.

MAY-DAY FAIR.—The ladies of the Congregational church propose to hold a fair on May-day evening. The avails are to be devoted to the improvement of their house of worship. There will be a very nice exhibition of tableaux—with sales of fancy articles, refreshments, &c.; making one of those good social times, for old and young, in the arrangement of which the ladies of Waterville have always been so successful. We predict one of the pleasantest festivals of the season, and advise everybody to go and help to make it so. There is no place in the world where men let go their small change with so few twinges, as in an assembly of merry, chatty, beautiful women. They almost thank God for the privilege of "shelling over." As a medium through which charity passes with double profit, every opportunity of this kind should be improved.

GENESIO SEMINARY, ILL.—A catalogue—for which the donor has our thanks—indicates that it is one of the most flourishing institutions of the West. The board of instruction embraces teachers of mathematics and natural sciences, of ancient and modern languages, of drawing and painting, and of music. M. S. Crowell, A. B., principal—a graduate of Amherst College in '55, having left Waterville in his junior year. Among the teachers in the department of languages and music, we notice the name of the accomplished Miss Jane E. Nourse, daughter of our late townsman, Henry Nourse, Esq., who has become a citizen of Geneseo.

TREES.—All those in want of trees, either fruit or ornamental, are referred to the advertisements of Messrs. Crowell and Taylor, in another column of our paper. Now is just the time to plant out trees and shrubbery for use and ornament.

CUT THIS OUT.—A correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisoning, adds:

I venture to affirm that there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events,—nothing more than a desiccated spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drunk immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety where one is required. By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end.

OUR TABLE.

"FOREST AND STREAM, or Legends of the Pine-Tree State."—Early in May, Messrs. J. P. Jewett & Co., of Boston will issue a volume of about 500 pages, with the above title. It is a collection of stories, the scenes of which are laid here in our own State, and the author has dedicated his work to the Sons and Daughters of Maine, wherever found. It is from the pen of Mr. Chas. P. Bailey, formerly editor of the *Portland Transcript*, a talented and practiced writer, and author of many popular tales and novelettes. The work will be impatiently looked for by his many friends and admirers, and the reading public may anticipate a rich treat in its pages.

HARTER FOR MAY.—The illustrated articles are—A Visit to the Silver Mines of Central America, Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan, and The Quavers. There are also full page cuts of May Day in New York and May Day in the Country, and the fashions for the month. Little Dorrit, by Charles Dickens, is continued, and the number is well filled in all its various departments. Our copy comes to us from Fretzger & Co. of Boston, through the hands of J. G. Moody, who furnishes this magazine to purchasers in Waterville.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The May number contains a biographical sketch of John Kepler, the celebrated astronomer; another number of the Scandinavian Sketches, and also of Scenes from Cooper's Task, both handsomely illustrated. The other illustrated articles are—Residence of Dr. Isaac Watts, The Little Dauphin, An Adventure in the Levant, and Methodist Church Architecture.—This last containing a picture of the Beacon Street Church in Bath. Another of these spicy Reviews Extraordinary is given, and the number is full of pleasant and profitable reading. This is the cheapest and best magazine for the family printed in all the country. Published by Carlton & Phillips, New York, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.—No. 18 is entitled *The Museum*, and is filled with beautiful pictures of strange and curious things, accompanied by entertaining and instructive explanations and descriptions. No cheaper and better books for children can be found than are embraced in this series. For sale at the bookstore of J. G. Moody, Waterville, who is supplied by Fretzger & Co. of Boston.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for May has a fine steel engraving entitled *The First Lesson*, a fashion plate for the month, with numerous patterns for embroidery, &c. Of course it is full of good stories. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK for May abounds in the useful and the beautiful, and has all the charming freshness of the May Flower. What would console the ladies for the loss of Godley?

"SPRING."—As this little poem, by Rev. H. C. Leonard, was disfigured by several errors in our last paper, in justice to the author we republish it this week, and it will be found on our first page, revised and corrected.

THE SERMON OF REV. M. M. WOOD on *Modern Spiritualism*, has been printed at this office in pamphlet form, and may be obtained at the book-store of C. K. Mathews.

A PEEK AT THE HOWADJIS.—Fanny Fern, who is slyly squinting from under the fringes of her eyes and parasol at the notabilities she meets in Broadway, catches and reflects a glimpse of Curtis:

Potiphar Curtis! ye gods, what a name! Pity my ignorance reader, I had not then heard of the great 'Howadjis'; the only Potiphar I knew of being that much abused ancient who—but never mind him; suffice it to say, I had not heard of 'Howadjis'; and while I stood transfixed with this ridiculous cognomen, his coat tails, like his namesake's rivals, were disappearing in the distance. So I cannot describe for you; but I give you my word, should I ever see him, to do him justice to the tip of his boots; I understand are immaculate in polish. I have read his 'Papers' though, and to speak in the style of the patronizing critics who review lady-books, they are very well—for a man.

A PATRIOT BOUGHT UP.—Mr. M. F. Whittier better known as 'Ethan Spike', has been chosen clerk of the Common Council in Portland. We are afraid we shall see no more of those humorous letters in the Transcript.

KOSSUTH.—Walter Savage Landor has published a plea for M. Kossuth in the London Times. He states that 'the illustrious exile is in straitened circumstances.' We quote the last paragraph of the appeal:

"Only one orator and statesman ever acted with so much ability, consistency and energy; he, too, was an exile. Demosthenes, a victim crowned with imperishable glory, walked calmly forth from the temple of Poseidon and shook hands with death, sparing his enemy the guilt of his murder. May we Englishmen be exempted from a guilt almost as hideous!—the guilt of seeing die among us, without our sympathy and without our help—a man as virtuous, as ardent an orator, and as pure a patriot—the one Pan-Hellenic, the Pan-European."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

P. S. I forgot to say my subscription of £10 is ready. March 22, 1856.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.—A multitude of them have perished during the winter; give the survivors a chance. We fully concur with the Hartford Courant when it says:

Shame! on the man or boy who kills robins at this season of the year! It is a dastardly thing—unsportsmanlike. The youth who murders robins in the spring, is the same young man who kills hired horses, because they are hired; cheats his creditors and abuses his mother! These qualities go in clusters; and where you find a boy or a man mean enough to shoot a robin in April, you will find a coward! Pass the boy who kills robins in April, on to his moral pillory.

THE PACIFIC.—The following item from Lloyd's List, it is thought may have reference to the missing steamer Pacific:

FIGUERIA, March 24.—The Shipwreck, Captain Ryan, which left St. Johns, Newfoundland, Feb. 13th, has arrived here, and reports that in coming off the Newfoundland coast she fell in with ice to the distance of 200 miles from the land, and saw the lights of a steamer in the ice.

See call for Republican District Convention, in another part of our paper.

ANOTHER BIG EGG!—Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Mr. H. B. White has laid—no, his hen has laid, and he has placed upon our table, an egg of the same size and weight as that of Mr. Clifford, who so nicely silenced the crowing of Dr. Holmes over the doings of his Windthrop hens. Let the good work go on; bring in the hen first, gentlemen; you may not all equal the above extravagant patterns, but you may do something towards enriching our saddest pudding.

During the last campaign in Russia, more than sixty thousand images of saints were sent from St. Petersburg for the encouragement of the Russian soldiers. Yet French and English bullets were too much for the saints!

The Temperance Movement.

It is with unfeigned joy, and not without devout gratitude, that we are permitted to witness amongst us a revival of the old Washingtonian movement on the subject of Temperance, which has already embraced in its salutary current an encouraging number of our otherwise respected and beloved citizens, many of whom seemed on the high road to ruin, and some were already balancing over the awful precipice. It is a salvation that gives all joy, and brings warm offerings of thanksgiving and praise to many a family amongst us. The subjects of this reform are generally men of estimable dispositions, of good promise, and of firm resolve; and having taken the Pledge, 'by the help of God and Mr. Johnson,' that henceforth and forever they will 'touch not, taste not, and handle not' the accursed thing, we hope they will have, as we know they will, the prayers and counsels and aids of all the good amongst us, male and female, to encourage and strengthen them in their conflicts with bad appetites and habits. None but one very nearly related to the arch Fiend, would now spread a snare for their feet, and by temptations endeavor to entice them again into the dangerous path which they are seeking to leave. We mention this now, because we have heard it said, that the other day, one of these Washingtonians, having occasion to visit a certain place in the city, where he had often been led astray, was challenged by the proprietor, or some one in his service, to drink anew! and, as a direct address to a yet longing appetite, brought forth the decanter, shook the red liquid in his face and sought thus to induce him to break his sacred pledge! What ought to be done with such a man? Is any Maine Law too stringent for a tempter like this? A man who would thus seek to revive a latent passion and put him on the road to misery and death again,—would do anything,—he would as soon put a knife to the throat of his victim, as a brandy bottle, if thereby he thought he could beguile from his pocket the hard-earned money which his family need for support. Reader, are you a father? Suppose it were your son, who had been a drunkard, a disgrace to his name and an affliction to his family; suppose he had 'by the help of God and Mr. Johnson,' resolved to turn about, reform himself of the damning vice and be a man again—an honorable and useful man, amongst his fellow men; and suppose he should chance into a place where this dreadful ruin is achieved, and that a being in human shape should approach him with enticing words and smiles, and with the ruddy cup shaking at his lips and nostrils, should endeavor to bring him back to ignominy and shame;—what sort of a law would you have for such a man? Then, reflect, make the case your own, and then say,—[Drew's Rural.

—The Mount Vernon estate and reasons which have led to the apparent conflict between Mr. Everett's oration in aid of the purchase of Mt. Vernon, and the owner's letter to a Mrs. Wofford that he will not sell,—has been the subject of much conjecture, and is thus explained by an apparently well-informed source:

Mr. John A. Washington, grand-nephew of Gen. Washington, and the owner of Mount Vernon, is not poor, though he has been represented as such, and Mount Vernon's general appearance is one that only poverty in the owner would excuse. He owns, it is said, one or two other plantations besides this, and is under no sort of constraint to sell. And he says he will not sell to any private individual, meaning, it is judged, that no ordinary or conceivable offer would tempt him. A gentleman has said he would give \$250,000 for the place and would then make a good thing of it. But Mr. Washington will sell to the United States or the State of Virginia, and his price is either \$200,000. For this he proposes to give only the two hundred acres or so next the Potomac which include the house and tomb of Washington, (and which had not been Washington's) and not fetch \$20,000. He will only sell with the understanding that the place is to be kept as it should be (not as it has been), and a patriotic memorial of the patriotic dead. It is stated that Mr. Washington derives quite an income from Mt. Vernon notwithstanding its sterility. He received \$1500 last year of the stevedores which places between this city and Mount Vernon for the privilege of landing passengers at the latter, and he has just sold timber off the place to the amount of \$12,000, to be manufactured into Mount Vernon canes, snuff boxes, &c. His trade is yet in its infancy, and is expected to expand. Mr. Washington is some 35 to 40 years old, is married and has five children—the youngest (an infant) is a son, and the only male child born in the Washington mansion since it became such.

THE WAY TO GET A CLAIM.—Horace Greeley writes to the Tribune, from Washington, the way 'claims' are sometimes obtained. It is thus:

"I have been told that a man who had an indisputable claim on the Government for four or five thousand dollars danced attendance at the Capitol for two or three sessions to no purpose. At length, an old Member, who knew the ropes, struck by his pertinacity, called him aside, and gave him the benefit of some volunteer counsel. 'My friend,' said he, 'I see you are green, long as you have been in Washington. Just withdraw your papers, and increase your claim to twenty or thirty thousand. Then promise a thousand to this one, and two thousand to that, and so on through a list of half-a-dozen who can help you, all of course on the contingency of your gaining your claim.—If you should be cut down a little, you can afford it.' The claimant thankfully took the advice, acted on it, and in due time, carried home his honest due and a little more."

THE RECALL OF MR. CRAMPTON.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says:

"The Executive Government indulges in the hope that the British Ministry will see the propriety of a compliance with the demand made in Mr. Marcy's letter of the 28th of December, for the recall of Mr. Crampton and the three Consuls. This desire and expectation are not founded upon any relaxation in the tone of the London Times on this subject; for its views and statements are as perverse and blundering as ever. But the impression has been made by information from unofficial but authentic sources, that the Ministry will be compelled by the opinion of British statesmen, and by public opinion, to make suitable amends to the United States for the infraction of our neutrality laws."

This correspondent further says, that it is positively certain that Mr. Crampton will be dismissed, if he is not recalled by his Government. The Times, as we have already stated, speaks contemptuously of the idea of recalling Mr. Crampton. In other English journals we find no reference to the subject, excepting the mention of a rumor that the Government contemplated a recall.

MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AT ISLEBORO.—The Whig contains an account of a shocking murder committed on the morning of the 16th at Isleboro (Long Island)

Waldo county, by Joseph Brown, upon the person of his wife by cutting her throat in a most brutal manner. He immediately fled, procured a boat, and attempted to make his escape by water to the main land. The alarm being soon given, he was followed by several of the citizens in another boat, and overtaken just before reaching the shore. As soon as he found that he must be taken he jumped overboard with a rope and a heavy stone attached to his body. The water however being shoal he could not succeed in eluding the grasp of his pursuers, but was immediately rescued, bound and taken back to the scene of his hellish outrage. A coroner went from Belfast Wednesday evening, and an inquest was to be held Thursday.

THE INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.—The number of persons known to have been killed by the Indians at the South, since the breaking out of hostilities, amounts to one hundred and twenty-eight! Eighty odd buildings have been burned—thousands of stock have been killed and driven off, and an immense amount of other property destroyed and stolen by the Indians.

We learn from Yreka that Mr. Benjamin White and a company of thirty persons have been killed by the Indians in Rogue River Valley.

From Puget Sound we learn that Pat Kamin's party surprised the camp of Leschi and routed them, killing several. One chief and eight others were killed that are known of. Leschi's force is estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred warriors.

Advices from Washington territory state that a body of Indians, 1500 strong, were about to make another attack on the scuttle. A conflict had taken place on the White river, between a portion of the 4th Infantry, under Lieut. Kantz, and a large body of Indians. The latter were routed. One white was killed, and Lieut. Kantz had three privates wounded. The Indians were building a fort on White river, and a large body of them were encamped near Lake Skow.

The news from Oregon is still very far from satisfactory. Indeed the present advices from the war districts are more alarming than previous intelligence, and there is now no doubt but that the hostile Indians will prosecute the war with all possible vigor. The combined force of the enemy is estimated to be not less than 2000, with strong probabilities of its being further increased. Opposed to them are 600 volunteers under Col. Cornelius, and a bloody contest is expected. At Port Orford the garrison is surrounded by a large body of Indians, and it is thought they will have to surrender from scarcity of provisions. Some volunteers had attempted to carry them relief in a whale-boat, but it capsized and six men were drowned. Gen. Wool and staff had reached Fort Vancouver, and it is thought he would take the field in force early in the present month.

WASHINGTON NEWS.—New York, April 21.

The government has received no despatches from Mr. Dallas by the last steamer, in regard to the difficulties between the two countries, nor any notice from Mr. Crampton that he had received the answer to Mr. Marcy's demand, which has been so long promised. At the latest accounts, Mr. Dallas had not been presented to the Queen personally, owing to her absence at Windsor; but he had been formally recognized by Lord Palmerston, and was transacting business at the Foreign Office.

The rumors from here of the contents of Minister Wheeler's despatches are entirely fabricated. Not a line has come from him respecting the recent hostilities.

The reported challenge of Senator Douglas by Col. Lane was very little foundation. No challenge has been given, and no correspondence between them yet exists, except a note from Col. Lane, handed to Mr. Douglas, to relieve Col. Lane from the imputations upon his honor and integrity which were implied in Senator's comments upon the Kansas memorial. To that note it is expected a satisfactory reply will be made.

[Tribune Washington Corr.]

LATER FROM EUROPE.—The Africa, which arrived at New York on Saturday afternoon, brings our European advices down to the 5th inst. The conformation of peace has essentially diminished the interest, with which we have for two years been accustomed to look for intelligence from Europe.

The advices by the Africa are of little moment. The rejoicings for peace had not subsided. The terms of peace, still unknown, are conjectured and speculated upon variously by different journals. Preparations were making reducing the vast armies of the Allies again to a peace establishment. The Central American question has again been brought up in the British Parliament, and an attempt made by Lord Palmerston to palliate the inexcusable blunder of Mr. Crampton, in withholding Lord Clarendon's proposal for arbitration.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN FRANCE.—The French journals have justly stigmatized the intolerant circular of the Spanish minister of justice. A trial that has recently taken place before the civil tribunal of Belac, in the department of Haute Vienne, shows that tolerance is not a special virtue of the French courts of justice. Evangelical churches were established in that department, and individuals of the protestant faith enjoyed full liberty of worship until 1853. Their worship was then forbidden and their schools closed. Numerous attempts were vainly made by them to obtain a reversal of this proscription. Meantime they persisted in celebrating divine service in their school-room, and several prosecutions ensued. The half of one parish, Thiat, in the arrondissement of Belac, are Protestants of irreproachable conduct, piety and tranquility.—Their church being closed, they met for worship in their school-room, presided over by their pastor. In consequence of this, seven had to appear before the tribunal of Belac on the 29th of January, to answer charges of infraction of law and disobedience to the orders of the police. In this charge, 80 persons were included. The accused, notwithstanding an eloquent defence of one of their pastors, at the trial were condemned, four to a fine of 1000 and three to 500 francs each, under penalty of execution. The whole being poor people, and utterly unable to pay without being sold up, must be ruined unless the Emperor should exercise an act of grace in their favor. Meantime, if the above outline extracted from the Presse be correct, it is manifest that religious liberty does not exist in France.

A SURE PROOF OF SPRING.—We need no other evidence of the approach of spring than the return of the professional beggars. One of these enterprising characters made his appearance in our sanctum a few days since, and presented his appeal to the public, wherein he was represented as being totally unacquainted with the English language, having been born in Italy, where he and his property had been blown sky-high by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius or by some other awful visitation, and afterwards, by the kindness of Capt. Don Pedro, he had been furnished with a free passage to America, to the people of which coun-

try the aforesaid Don recommended the 'furner.' We respectfully declined 'forking over,' remembering that we had before seen several of these unfortunate sufferers at the Vesuvius explosion, whereupon the applicant, although 'totally unacquainted with the English language,' gave undoubted indications of being proficient in bar-room English.

[Lewiston paper.]

'What Does that Man do for a Living?' As I was standing by a public corner in conversation with a friend, a man passed by whose appearance attracted our attention, and drew from my friend the exclamation, 'I wonder what that man does for a living?' We resumed our conversation and the man was soon forgotten; but after we had separated, his remark recurred to my mind, and I could not help revolving the question, 'what does that man do for a living?' and I began to consider what certain men of my acquaintance were doing for a living.

This man, said I, is a carpenter; builds houses for people to live in, stores for them to trade in, shops to work in, and churches in which to worship God. There is a specimen of his work, a house, which he built, and yonder is another which he is building. It is easy to see what he does for a living. That man is a merchant, he purchases various articles which are necessary for the community, and keeps them for sale for the accommodation of those who pursue other callings, and by the profits of the trade gets his living. This man is a tailor. He cuts and makes garments for his neighbors, who having some other occupation, can better afford to pay him than to make them themselves. That man is a shoemaker; we all know what he does for a living, and how difficult it would be to dispense with his services. There is a farmer, and yonder a manufacturer; here is a lawyer, and there is a doctor, and it is easy to answer the question when asked concerning either of these persons, 'What does that man do for a living?' But as I passed the rum-seller's door and asked myself 'What does that man do for a living?' I found it more difficult to frame an answer.

'He sells rum for a living,' says one. Yes, but what benefit does he confer upon community? What does he give in return for what he receives? Does what he sells supply any necessary want of the people? Does it clothe the naked or feed the hungry? Does it contribute in any degree to the comforts and joys of the family circle? When the father comes home from the rum-seller's store, do the little children run with joyous smiles to meet him, and are they anxious to see and partake of the contents of the jug, to fill which he has paid the money that should have bought them bread? 'What does that man do for a living?' He, vampire like, sucks the life blood of the community, fattening himself thereon, and giving nothing in return but suffering and death.

Go to the home of the man who has paid his last shilling to the rum-seller, and see what that rum-seller 'does for a living.' Look at the miserable dwelling fast going to decay; fences in sad condition, and everything about the premises showing signs of the most abject poverty, yet, valueless as they are, under mortgage, and soon to be sold to pay his debts. Look within and what a picture of wretchedness do you behold. The besotted husband and father, the terror of his family when awake, has fallen into a drunken slumber upon the floor. The house is destitute of furniture and of food. The wife, prematurely grey, and her face furrowed with trouble, is doing what she can to relieve the wants of the ragged and starving little ones around her, and as she sits at her hopeless task, the deep sigh and look of despair tell plainly that her heart is broken, and the sun of her life is fast setting in darkness. Do you ask what is the cause of all this poverty and suffering? They are the legitimate fruits of the rum-seller's business. Producing such scenes as this is what he 'does for a living.'

Go to the almshouse and inquire of its inmates the cause of their being obliged to avail themselves of this means of support, and you will find that a large proportion of them are victims of the rum-seller's trade. He took the money which should have provided them bread, clothing and comfortable homes, and gave that in return which sent husbands and fathers down to an untimely and dishonored grave, and their helpless families out of doors, to be supported by public charity. That is 'what that man does for a living.' Listen to that cry of distress which rings out upon the midnight air, hasten to the spot whence it proceeds, and there behold the murdered victim of a drunken melee weltering in his blood; and in that scene of midnight murder you may read another answer to the question, 'What does that man do for a living?' Visit yonder prison and view its inmates, inquire into their history, and you will be surprised at the number who, directly or indirectly, are the victims of the liquor traffic. See that wretched looking being lying in yon narrow-grated cell, who, while maddened by the fiery liquor furnished by the rum-seller, dealt the fatal blow, and hurried a fellow-being into eternity. There he lies, convicted of murder and under sentence of death. In a few days he will be led to the place of execution to finish his career upon the gallows. In this sad spectacle you have another specimen of the rum-seller's work, and a further answer to the question, 'What does that man do for a living?' And were it possible to lift the veil which hides the scenes of eternity from the eyes of mortals, how many lost spirits who, in the world of woe are suffering the agonies of eternal despair, and 'the smoke of whose torment ascendeth up forever and ever,' could be pointed to as victims of the rum-traffic, having been first allured from the paths of virtue into the paths of vice, which led swiftly downward to destruction, by the demon who lurks in the rum-seller's cup.

'What does that man do for a living?' He sows broadcast the seeds of suffering, crime and death. He makes houses desolate, families wretched, maddens and defaces God's noblest work, blights the fairest prospects and withers the brightest hopes, provides paupers for the State to support, criminals for the prison and the gallows, and victims for the fires of eternal perdition. Is it desirable that a man should be sustained in any community in doing such a work? Ought the protection of the law to be afforded to such business, as this? Who will dare answer yes? Yet how often we hear of the rights of rum-sellers, and complaints that the Maine Law deprives such men of the right to follow a lawful business, on which they are dependent for a living. Let those who sympathize so deeply with this class, and are so anxious to have all restrictions upon their business removed, candidly and seriously ponder the question, 'What does that man do for a living?'—[Advocate and Examiner.]

POLITICAL.—The republican national committee has issued an address requesting the choice of delegates to the Philadelphia convention of June 17th.

They invite the co-operation of all opposed to the repeal of the Missouri compromise, to the policy of the present administration, to the

extension of slavery into the territories; in favor of the admission of Kansas as a Free State, and of restoring the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson. The representation is to be there from each congressional district and six at large from each State.

HEROES OF THE RAIL.—Engineer John F. Haskins, in charge of a passenger locomotive upon the Rochester and Niagara Falls Road, saved a train of cars containing 150 passengers, thus skillfully and bravely:

'He was running rapidly upon an embankment. A flange flew off from one of the forward track wheels. The divergence of the head of the machine from the line of the track caught the engineer's eye, and told him that the engine must go down the bank. At the same instant he felt the train press upon the tender and engine, and knew the couplings were slack.

The sensation suggested to his experienced mind as quick as lightning, the salvation of the passenger cars by the breaking of the first coupling next to the tender by a sudden and powerful jerk. He twitched open the throttle valve to its full width, and gave the pistons suddenly a full head of steam. The engine leaped, and snapped the couplings of the first car, plunged down the bank and overturned—the whole train passed in safety upon the rails and was stopped by the brakes—its savior, severely wounded but not killed lay at the bottom. Dignified as heroic, the faithful engineer refused a large present of money from the passengers whom his devotion had saved.—[Albany Journal.]

THE TORNADO IN PENNSYLVANIA.—As the mails arrive from the interior of Pennsylvania, we continue to receive additional particulars of the destruction of property effected by the tremendous hurricane of last Saturday night, one of the most terrible that has ever swept over that State.

At Frankstown the Lutheran church was destroyed. At Williamsburg a distillery was blown to the ground, and a buggy blown entirely away from a horse to which it was attached. At Harmony, in Butler county, sixteen houses were destroyed, unroofed or badly damaged, and two boys are reported to have been killed. The Catholic Church, on the Franklin road, near the borders of Allegheny county, was demolished.

In Beaver, the observatory on the new Methodist Episcopal Seminary was blown away. But the storm appears to have been most serious at Kittanning, in that State, and at Alliance in Ohio. At Kittanning especially the storm laid waste almost everything in its course, and struck terror into the hearts of the citizens. The wood work of the bridge across the Allegheny, which was only completed a short time since, was lifted by the violence of the storm and hurled into the river a perfect wreck. A man who was on it was carried for two miles down the river and with difficulty rescued. So violent was the wind that many persons were lifted off their feet. Houses were unroofed and leveled with the ground. 'Slabtown,' with the exception of one or two houses is literally a mass of ruins. Mr. Baker's barn, on the west side of the river, was blown down and two horses killed. Many houses and barns have been blown to atoms.

[Boston Trav.]

LIBEL SUIT.—On Wednesday, M. M. Balon, Proprietor of Balloon's Pictorial, of Boston, was arrested at the suit of Frank Leslie, the Proprietor of Leslie's Illustrated newspaper, and appeared before Judge Woodruff, of the Superior Court, and gave bail in \$3,000 in answer to the charge of libel. The action is based upon the alleged sending of an anonymous note by the defendant to the firm of James T. Derriekson & Co., paper manufacturers, tending to injure the credit of the plaintiff with the above firm. Damages laid at \$20,000.

AN AROOSTOOK VOLCANO.—Marcus R. Keep, Missionary in the upper regions of this State, writes from No. 11, to The Christian Mirror that there are volcanic indications at 'Winchell's Hill' 25 miles this side of Fort Kent. Here and there are what are called cobble knolls, or conical piles of loose fragments of volcanic rocks, rising from 10 to 50 feet above the general surface. These cobble knolls are mostly destitute of soil and vegetation. Without the emission of any volcanic fumes, their appearance at once suggests the idea, that, in their primeval history, they were the rising bubbles of pent-up, fiery elements. Mr. Keep says: 'Two years ago the present winter, in the coldest of the weather, for 2 or 3 weeks time, a smoke was seen from one of the conical hills, near by a log house. The snow was melted off the summit from the under surface upward, till the summit was left bare. The amount of smoke was about equal to a single chimney, and was accompanied by a sulphurous smell. The inmates of the log house, who related to me these facts, did not seem biased by any superstitious fears, and are such as I should call reliable witnesses of facts.'

COURTESY IN THE BOOK TRADE.—The Eastern (Portland) Argus mentions the following instance of courtesy and generosity on the part of a well known and enterprising publishing house of this city, in connection with the recent fire:

'While the fire was still burning on Saturday, the publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., generously informed Sanborn, Carter & Bazin that three of their power presses were at their service. On Monday morning, the latter firm had four or five presses at work, and in two days arrangements were partially made for rebuilding on the same grounds, in such style, and with such protections against fire, as they might direct.'

LONG SPEECHES.—Oschell speaking Cramwell! whose vocation was by no means talk, but who made Europe tremble, and Ireland orderly, and England great—how need we wonder that a true worker should seek to get rid of chattering Parliamentary magpies, and pray the Lord to deliver him from Sir Henry Vane! O, silent Washington! who could conquer the mighty, and founded the greatest empire in the world, but whom a D'Israeli could confound in utterance! O, taciturn Brutus! who could even make Rome more illustrious, and deplete Carthage from the world's map, but could not outspout even the ravest of reporters! Have we not fallen on evil days, and evil tongues?—London Dis.

The people of Chicago are training the Kansas agitation to a good account. They propose to push their railway from Iowa City to Council Bluffs on the Missouri. The distance from this point to Kansas is about 65 miles. From Chicago to Rock Island is

Poetry.

[From Household Words.]

DRIP, DRIP, O RAIN!

Drip, drip, O RAIN!
From the sky's beclouded eaves;
Wail, wail, O Wind,
That sweepst the wither'd leaves.
Moon, moon, O Sun!
In the depths of thy secret caves;
Utter thine agony,
With the roar of thy striving waves!
Sigh, sigh, O Heart!
That vainly seekst rest;
Mourn, mourn, O Heart!
By grief and care oppress.

For the drip of the falling rain
And the wail of the wind that shall cease;
The roar and strive of the waves
Ere long shall be at peace.
Then fear not, O and Heart!
To let thy grief have way;
For the grief that hideth not
Shall the sooner pass away.

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