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THE FIRE FLY,

Or, God the Father of the Fatherless.

On the evening of a hot sultry summer day, a poor widow sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, and the heat of the sun soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps, and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into her chamber, as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the half-open window, together with the grape-vine which adorned it, upon the nicely sanded floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful or two of her supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was also greatly disturbed but he did not speak, because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful. Having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish still stood upon the table, almost as full as when it was served up. It was so placed in the moon beams, that it cast a clear round light upon the ceiling of the chimney.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the past spring. Her deceased husband, one of the wealthiest young men in the village, had by industry and economy, saved a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from incumbrance. The industrious young man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees, which already bore the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her, because she was known as the most pious, industrious and well behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happily together. But the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she herself was attacked with it, after his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them much behind hand. But now she must part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage, with the ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick, her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and daughter-in-law, found the note for three hundred crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them to witness that the whole except fifty crowns. But all this was of no avail. The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and brought her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided that the estate's claim against her was valid. The heirs insisted upon payment, and as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand knelt with her—both wept—but all was in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told her.

It was for this reason that she now sat so sorrowful by the open window, gazing now upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazed steadily upon the floor. There was a sad silence.

'Alas!' she said to herself, 'I to-day then, raked the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums, which I picked this morning for Ferdinand, are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him. Yes, this may be the last night we shall spend beneath this roof. By this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall find a shelter to-morrow, perhaps under the open heaven! She began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who, until now, had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said—'Mother, do not cry so bitterly—or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed? "Do not weep so," he said, "God is a Father to poor widows and orphans. Call upon him in thy distress, and he will aid thee." That is what he said, and it is not true, then?'

'Yes, dear child,' said the mother, 'it is true.'

'Well,' said the boy, 'why do you weep so long, then? Pray to God and he will help thee.'

'Good child, thou art right!' said his mother, and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her hands and raised her moist eyes toward heaven, and Ferdinand folded his little hands also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon mother and child.

And the mother began to pray, and the boy repeated every word after her.

'Great Father in Heaven,' she said, 'look down upon a poor mother and her child; a poor widow and a poor orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mercy. Thou hast thyself said, "Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee." Oh, to Thee we pray. Thrust us not forth from this dwelling—take not from a poor orphan his only little inheritance. Or, if in thy mysterious, but still most wise and benevolent purposes, Thou hast otherwise decreed—prepare for us a resting place upon the wide, vast earth; oh, pour this consolation into our hearts, lest they break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill turn to look for the last time upon our home?'

Sobs interrupted her—weeping, she gazed towards heaven, and was silent. The boy, who yet stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed, with outstretched finger—

'Mother, look! what is that? Yonder moves a light! Yonder flies a star! Look, there it comes in! How bright and beautiful it shines! Look, only look! It has a greenish light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1856.

NO. 42.

The Eastern Mail.

it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful! 'It is a fire-fly, dear Ferdinand!' said his mother. 'In the day time it is a small and unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light.'

'May I catch it?' said the boy. 'Will it not hurt me, and will not the light burn me?'

'It will not burn thee,' said his mother, and laughed, while tears streamed down her cheek. 'Catch it and examine it closer. It is one of the wonders of God's almighty power.'

The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire-fly, now on the floor, now under the chair.

'Ah, me, what a pity,' cried the boy, for just as he stretched out his hand to grasp the bright insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.

'I see it plainly enough,' he said; 'there it is, close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of dust near it shines as if the moon shone upon it; but I cannot reach it. My arm is not near long enough.'

'Have patience,' said his mother, 'it will soon come out again.'

The boy waited a little while, then came to his mother, and said, with a soft, imploring voice—

'Mother, do you get it out for me, or move the chest a little from the wall, and I can easily catch it.'

The mother rose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire-fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand, and was delighted with it.

But his mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something which had stuck between it and the wall, fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'now all our trouble is over. That is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought that it had been destroyed as of no value by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness! Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that thy demand of us. Who would have thought that the account was stuck behind the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it.'

She at once lighted a lamp, and turned over the leaves of the account book, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which her deceased husband owed of the three hundred crowns at the beginning of the year, and what he had paid off in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand:

'I have now settled accounts with James Bloom to-day, St. Martin's day, and he now owes me fifty crowns.'

The mother struck her hands together with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight—

'Oh, Ferdinand, give thanks to God; for now we need not leave home; now we can remain in our cottage.'

'And I was the cause, was I not, mother!' said the little fellow. 'If I had not begged you to move the chest, you would never have found the book. It might have stuck there for a hundred years.'

The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said—

'Oh my child, it was God's doings. I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look, as we both prayed and wept there came the sparkling fire-fly, and pointed out the spot where it was concealed. Yes, truly, God's hand is seen in all things, however trifling. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our heads are numbered; not one of them falls to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this for thy life-doing, and put thy trust in him, especially in time of need. It is easy for him to aid and save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us help by a winged insect.'

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after the break of day, she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed at having slandered the woman before the court, and at having called her a liar. The judge declared that he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was not unwilling to make atonement for his injustice.

But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and of the appearance of the fire-fly, the judge said—

'That is the finger of God; he has visibly helped you.'

Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and said, with tears in his eyes—

'Yes, it is so. God is the father of the widow and the fatherless—and their avenger also. Pardon me for my harshness toward you. It was owing to an error. As a recompense for the sufferings which I have caused you, I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and if you are at any time in need, come to me and I will always assist you. I now see clearly that those who trust in God he will never forsake—and that confidence in him is a safer dependence than great riches. And if ever I come to want, or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may He help us also as he helped you.'

Trust always in him, and be as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you in time of need.

'THE DESERTED VILLAGE'—Goldsmith and Macaulay.—A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portrait bears no resemblance to the originals, for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who would mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be sufficient defense of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely colored, that the green hedges, the apple trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sunburned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boy sliding were also very fine?

To such a picture, 'The Deserted Village' bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and

the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native islands such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquility, as his 'Auburn.' He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day, and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent, the ejection he had probably seen in Munster, but by joining the two he has produced something which never will be seen in any part of the world. [Mr. Macaulay in the new volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

[From the National Magazine.]

THE SORROWS OF THE CHEROKEES.

What can be more melancholy than the history of the North American Indians? Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwags, and the light of their council fires, might have been seen in every valley from the St. Croix to the Sabine, and from the ocean to the lakes. Now the winds of the Atlantic fan not a country they can call their own. We have heard their footsteps rustling like the leaves of autumn—and they are gone. Everywhere fading away at the approach of the white man, they have passed mournfully by us to return no more forever. Of all the tribes who roamed in their native freedom over the American continent, none were more daring, none more constant, than the Cherokees. Little more than half a century ago, their shouts of victory rang along the river and across the glades in sight of where I now write. Their council fires were kindled on the spots where stand our flourishing cities; their thick arrows and deadly tomahawks whistled through the forests that lately stood around; and their dark encampments and hunter's trace startled naught save the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors then stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days, while the aged sat down but wept not. They believed they would soon be at rest in a happier home, where dwelt the Great Spirit—far beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. Their courage, fortitude, and sagacity, were astonishing. They shrank from no dangers; they feared no hardships. They had the virtues, but they also had the vices of savage life. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. Their vengeance was terrible, but their fidelity was unquarrelable. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side the tomb. But where are they? They have passed away from the graves of their fathers and the homes of their hearts. I saw them as they passed. It was in 1838. The last remnant of that once powerful tribe were driven from their mountain homes in North Carolina, to seek a temporary resting-place beyond the Mississippi. There was that in their hearts which defied the power of speech. There was something in their looks that spoke not of vengeance, nor of submission, but of hard necessity, which defied both; which choked all utterance; which had no aim nor method. It was courage absorbed in despair. They lingered but for a moment; they looked and step were onward, and soon they passed the 'Father of waters' to return to the homes of their childhood and the graves of their fathers no more forever!

But there is not yet, between us and them, an impassable gulf. There is one star whose rays gild their sorrowful pathway—whose cheering influence inspires their hearts with hope, and points them out to a better state. God's blessed word found its way in their midst; ere they were driven from their early homes, and while the 'fire-water' and oppressions of the pale-faced man continued to scatter 'fire-brands' and death among the many, a few took heed to this, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, and found that peace 'the world cannot give.' How unexpectably dear was this to their hearts when driven from their homes to the 'far West.' A majority of the nation removed willingly, but a large minority were forced, literally forced, by armed troops, hunted up one by one, dragged into camp, and thence far away. Some years before their removal, characters had been invented, their language written, a portion of the Holy Scriptures, with many excellent hymns, and a few other books translated for their use. How fondly they clung to these when stripped of almost everything else, I had many opportunities to witness. The Indians were collected by the United States troops, carried to camp, and kept under guard preparatory to their removal in the midst of summer. It was my fate to pass their country again and again during the process of removal; and never can I forget the sight, or the feelings it produced. They took with them what few clothes they had, but scarce anything else; and the sight of their deserted cabins, their flourishing corn and fruitful beans; the howling of the dogs and piteous howling of the cattle, produced a melancholy feeling that haunts me to this hour. Rather than leave their country, scores of them fled to the mountains, where many, alas! many, perished with hunger, and left their unburied bones to bleach in the sun. Weeks after the main body had been removed, one after another of those who had fled to the mountains would straggle into the settlements weak and emaciated almost to a skeleton, and piteously ask for bread—'Where is your wife?' 'Dead, too—die in the mountains—nothing to eat—all die!' It was enough to melt a heart of stone. Such was the suffering, such the distress consequent upon the order for their removal, that officers and soldiers, while executing that order, were often seen to weep like children. Yes, hardly soldiers, who perhaps had not wept for years, would go to the cabin, seize the father and mother, and perhaps some of the older children, while the younger and more timid would flee to the fields or thickets to hide themselves; and on witnessing the deep, unaffected distress of the now ruined families, would sit down and weep as though their hearts would break. I said that many of the smaller children fled and hid themselves on the approach of the soldiers; and so it was. Many of them were found, and dragged from their hiding-places to accompany their parents; but many others were never found. Many a hearty, sprightly Indian child, whose father, mother, brothers, sisters, were all gone, never to return, was left to perish and die alone!

Of the many affecting scenes which came to my knowledge during the forcible removal of

these hapless people, I select one. I knew the man well. He and most of his family were worthy members of the Methodist Church, and for several years under my charge. He lived in a secluded part of the nation, among the mountains of North Carolina, and seemed to have formed his opinions of the white man, from his knowledge of the missionary of the cross, who had brought him the Gospel of Christ, baptized him into the Christian faith, and had so often afforded him the consolations of the blessed word. He was slow to believe he would ever be forced from his humble but quiet home; and some months elapsed ere he was molested. His was among the last families in all that region visited by the soldiers. But they came at last. An officer, with a guard and an interpreter, presented himself at the cabin door, and the old man was told that he and his family must go into camp immediately. As if doubting their sincerity, he hesitated, and offered several common-place excuses, such as his cattle and hogs were in the woods; he would lose his crop; his wife was making cloth, none of which could be left. But finding these of no avail, with a heavy heart and sad countenance he made one request—just one—which he hoped would be granted. What was it? That he might be allowed to pray in his cabin once more with his wife and children ere he left it forever! It was granted. The old man took from a rude shelf a portion of the Scriptures, and some hymns that had been translated into his native tongue; he read, he sang, and kneeled to pray. He kneeled near the middle of the cabin floor, while his wife and children, eight in number, huddled closely around him. He stood, upright on his knees; they bowed their heads to the floor. With a tremulous voice he began. First, he thanked God for life, health and preservation; for the Gospel; for the privilege of reading his word, and calling on his name. Next, he prayed for the white man, all white men, especially those who persecuted the Indian and took his home; begged that God would pity and forgive them. He particularly mentioned those at the door; excused them in his prayer, because they had been commanded to do as they did. Then he prayed for the Indian—the poor Indian, as he called him—once strong and powerful, now few and weak; his property was gone; his land was gone; his home was gone; his friends were gone; all was gone! 'O good Spirit,' he cried, 'O blessed Jesus, help poor Indian; he can't help himself any more!'

The prayer was frequently interrupted by the groans and sobs of his family; and such was his earnestness, unaffected simplicity, and pathos, that the interpreter, though a wicked man, found it impossible to restrain his feelings, and cried aloud. The officer and soldiers, without understanding a word that was said, were overcome by the scene, and mingled their tears and sobs with those of the afflicted family. At the close of the prayer the officer bade the interpreter tell the Indian he might come into camp whenever he chose; and, turning away, declared he might be punished for disobedience, or even broke of his commission, but he could not, and would not lay hands on such a man, or such a family as that.

Reader, that Indian and his family were never removed west. He fairly prayed himself out of the hands of the troops; and long did he live, and, for aught I know, still lives at his quiet home in the mountains of western North Carolina, to witness the truth, excellence, and power of our holy religion. One of his sons became an exhorter, and another a leader in the Methodist Church organized among a few hundred Cherokees, who remained on a reservation by the State, some forty or fifty miles from where the family lived at the time mentioned; and often did I share their homely fare, and join with them in prayers and hymns of praise to the 'Father of us all.'

DOES WEALTH LEAD TO THE PHYSICAL ENERVATION OF A COUNTRY?—The writers who lived at the periods when Europe was slowly emerging from ignorance and poverty, through the first slight union of capital and labor as voluntary exchanges, complain of the increase of comforts as indications of the growing luxury and effeminacy of the people. Harrison says, 'in times past men were content to dwell in houses built of saw, willow, plum-tree or elm; so that the use of oak was dedicated to churches, religious houses, princes' palaces, noblemen's lodgings, and navigation. But now, these are rejected, and nothing but oak any whit regarded. And yet see the change; for when our houses were built of willow, then had we oaken men; but now that our houses are made of oak, our men not only become willow, but many, thro' Persian delicacy crept in among us, altogether of straw which is a sore alteration. In those days the courage of the owner was a sufficient defence to keep the house in safety; but now, the assurance of the timber, double doors, locks, and bolts, must defend the man from robbing. Now have we many chimneys, and our tenderlings complain of rheums, catarrhs, and poses. Then had we none but re-cre-does, and our heads did never ache.' These complaints go upon the same principle that made it a merit in Epicurus, the Greek philosopher, to have no door to his house. We think he would have been a wiser man if he had contrived to have had a door. A story is told of a Highland chief, Sir Evan Cameron, that himself and a party of his followers being benighted and compelled to sleep in the open air, when his son rolled up a ball of snow and laid his head upon it for a pillow, this rough old man kicked it away, exclaiming, 'What, sir! are you turning effeminate?' We doubt whether Sir Evan Cameron and his men were braver than the English officers who fought at Waterloo; and yet many of these marched from the ball-room at Brussels in their holiday attire, and won the battle in silk stockings. It is an old notion that plenty of the necessities and conveniences of life renders a nation feeble. We are told that the Carthaginian soldiers whom Hannibal carried into Italy were suddenly rendered effeminate by the abundance which they found around them at Capua. The Commissariat of modern nations goes upon another principle; and believes that unless the soldier has plenty of food and clothing he will not fight with alacrity and steadiness. The half-starved soldiers of Henry V. won the battle of Agincourt; but it was not because they were half-starved, but because they roused their native courage to cut their way out of the peril by which they were surrounded. When we hear of ancient nations being enervated by abundance, we may be sure that the abundance was almost entirely devoured by a

few tyrants, and that the bulk of the people were rendered weak by the destitution which resulted from the unnatural distribution of riches.

FARMERS' BOYS.

BY H. M. LADD.

Out in every tempest,
Out in every gale,
Battling the weather,
Wind, and storm, and hail;
In the meadow mowing,
In the shadowy wood,
Letting in the sunlight,
Where the tall oaks stood,
Every fitting moment,
Each skilled hand employs—
Bless me! were there ever
Like farmers' boys?

Though the palm be callous,
Holding fast the plough,
The round cheek is ruddy,
And the open brow
Has no lines and furrows
Wrought by evil hours,
For the heart keeps wholesome,
Trained in nature's bowers;
Healthy, hearty pastime,
The spirit never cloy;
Heaven bless the manly,
Honest farmers' boys!

At the merry husking,
At the apple-bob,
How their hearts run over
With genial, harmless glee,
How the country maidens
Dance with conscious bliss
At the love-words whispered
With a parting kiss;
Then the winter evenings,
With their social joys,
Bless me! they are pleasant,
Spent with farmers' boys!

In Debt and out of Debt.

Of what hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What meanness, what invasions of self-respect, what double dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how like a knife it will stab the honest heart. And then its transformations. How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how, with the miserable custom of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsome morsel in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit and an onion, dines in 'The Apollo.'

And then, for raiment, what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in your pocket! What Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well worn hat, if it covers not the greasy head of a debtor! Next the home sweets, the out-door recreation of the free man. The street door falls not a knell on his heart; the foot on the staircase through his anatomy; at the rap of his door, he can crow, 'come in,' and his pulse still beats healthfully, his heart sinks not in his bowels.

See him abroad. How he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; now meeting an acquaintance; he stands and gossips, but then this man knows no debt; debt, that casts a drug in the richest wine—that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible—that sprinkles the banquets of a Lucullus with ashes and drops soot in the soup of an emperor; debt, that, like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a festering prison, (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for;) debt, that writes upon freestone halls the hand-writing of the attorney, that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and brings to his face the ashy hue of death, as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him.

Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes can with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker makes wry faces, there may after all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt however courteously it may be offered, is the cup of the Syren; and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, is poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, although clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a poor serf out upon a holiday—a slave, to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor?

My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; see thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the only proper thing to wear; and acknowledge a whitewashed garret the fittest housing-place for a gentleman. Do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at rest and the sheriff confounded.

[Douglas Jerrold.]

THE LONDON TIMES.—Among the European Journals the great Leviathan is the London Times. It has for years monopolized, to a great extent, the newspaper business of England, while it circulates extensively, also, in other countries. The other dailies of London have not approached it in circulation, and have been inferior, too, in the ability of their articles and the completeness of their news arrangements. The resources of the Times have almost enabled it to defy competition. Money was of no consequence in comparison with the attainment of an object. The very heat talent, both of England and the continent, it has been able to command, because it has been able to pay for it. It keeps a corps of correspondents in every important capital of the world. It has its contributors not only in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, but in New York and San Francisco. It anticipated the British government in news from the Crimea, and the truth, as well as brilliancy, of its despatches, was proved before the celebrated committee of investigation. Its policies are as erratic as the course of a comet. It aims to please the English people, and it knows perfectly well how to excite their prejudices or minister to their tastes. Let some stupid young lord commit an outrage upon a humble commoner, and the Times will take delight in demanding justice for the injured party. Let a straight-laced justice fine and imprison a poor laborer for gathering his crop on Sunday, and the 'thunderer' will be down upon the justice with all its energies of ridicule and sarcasm and denunciation. So, if a commercial conspiracy is to be exposed, the Times has boldness and nerve and ability enough to do it with effect. These things, in addition to the talent and enterprise which it displays, commend it to the favor of the masses; while the greatness and the resources of England, as well as its 'inviolability,' constitute themes of which it never tires. It does not scruple however, at times, to roar a little for the govern-

ment, when government complies with its demands. One of its editors, Mr. Lowe, has a good position under Lord Palmerston, and the course of the Times toward the Palmerston administration, changed manifestly when Mr. Lowe's appointment was determined on. In general, however, its policy is rather to complain of government than to support it. The aristocracy have no love for it. It is a perfect 'thorn in the flesh' to them. It is not afraid to expose any of their blunders, and last summer it even forbid the Queen to marry her daughter to the Prince of Prussia, under serious threats of popular displeasure. How it constantly sneers at Prince Albert and his German cousins is very well known, and its war upon Lord Raglan (who was completely hedged in by dukes) was fierce and unrelenting. It pays no attention to what is usually called consistency. To suit its purposes, it will change its course three times a week, but always with great adroitness, and in editorials of dazzling ability. It has done this upon the Enlistment question now pending with this country. While one day it denounces the British government for having attempted such enlistments, the next day it threatens us with war and destruction if we dare to complain of the attempt. On the subject of Central America, it is equally peculiar. Now, it ridicules the idea of any difficulty about a few acres of worthless territory, and then it gets into a fierce access of patriotism, and is ready to explode with rage at the thought of yielding a single inch of British soil. It is splendidly inconsistent and popularly independent.—[Eastern Argus.]

A CONVERT TO FREEDOM.—We yesterday received a call from our friend Samuel Taylor, of New York City, who has been spending some time in Kansas. He went out there with pro-slavery proclivities, so he says, but the treatment which he received at the hands of the border ruffians on his way home, has changed his views, and he now discovers the importance of securing that country to freedom. He was mistaken, for once in his life, for a great man; and the rewards of greatness, under the circumstance, came very near being the death of him. He tells his own story something after this manner. He took the steamer 'Omaha' at the city of Leavenworth, for St. Louis. Gov. Robinson and Gen. Lane had taken passage on the same boat on their way to Washington. The trip went along very well until the boat reached Brunswick, Missouri, when the spies who now invest the steamers, to scent out the abolitionists, as they call them, discovered that Governor Robinson was on board, but had not the means of identifying him.

The fact that the Governor of Kansas was there, was communicated on shore, when a party headed by a son of the Governor of Missouri, boarded the boat and made search for him. Soon after, Taylor was pointed out as the Governor, he bearing some slight personal resemblance to him.

This was sufficient; he was seized and dragged on shore, in spite of his protestation that he was no Governor. There he found waiting for him a rope and other implements of Judge Lynch. The rabble which had collected on shore demanded that he should be hung at once as a d—d abolitionist, and preparations for such an accomplishment seemed to be going on with more rapidity than was pleasant to our friend, who desired to see his friends in the Empire State once more. He produced papers to prove his identity. The first was a letter from the Hon. Thomas Corwin. That was sufficient—Corwin was an abolitionist, and so was he. He ought to be hung for knowing Tom Corwin. Finally, he produced a paper from Robert J. Walker and some Western Governor, and that seemed to satisfy the Missouriers that they had got 'the wrong pig by the ear' this time. He was permitted to return on board, thankful for a longer lease of life and glad when the boat shoved off and was once more under way.

This is but one of the innumerable instances that occur on the route between the free States and Kansas, where personal rights are outraged by a lawless mob. The slave propagandists can travel with their slaves and their rifles unmolested, but a free man has no guarantee of protection from insult and perhaps death, from the moment he steps on board a Mississippi steamer until he reaches his point of destination. The Missourians have determined if possible, to force slavery into Kansas at all hazards, and the administration has determined to aid the attempt.—[Buffalo Express.]

THE ORIGIN OF TOLERATION.—The leading article in Putnam's Monthly for April is upon religious freedom in America. The writer shows very clearly what it seems strange that any one should deny, that Roger Williams in Rhode Island first practically inaugurated this right on our continent. He then takes occasion to expose the unfounded pretensions set up recently by one Mr. Davis, of Baltimore, on behalf of the Roman Catholics of Maryland, as 'having fought the first great battle of religious liberty.' The only fault we find with the writer in Putnam, says the Intelligencer, is that he is not half severe enough. Too long have the settlers of Maryland received a credit to which they have no claim at all. Their highest idea of liberty (the famous law of 1649) denounced death and confiscation of goods to deniers of the Trinity. And yet in our days a man of liberal education writes a book to glorify these folks as the originators of toleration. Surely the pen which castigates such perversions of historical facts ought to mingle a little virrol with its ink.

JAMES BUCHANAN.—As the name of James Buchanan has been prominently mentioned in connection with the democratic nomination for the presidency, a brief account of his life may be of interest. We do not suppose that Mr. Buchanan will be nominated, although his chances are considered good. He has just returned from Europe in season for the expected honor.

Mr. Buchanan is in the sixty-fifth year of his age and was never married. Having received a good education, he studied the profession of the law, in the county of Lancaster, in his native State, Pennsylvania. In 1814 and 1815 he was elected to the State Legislature. At this time he was a federalist. As a lawyer, he took a high standing. In 1820 he was elected to Congress and there remained ten years. He opposed Adams's Administration and supported Jackson. In 1831 he was appointed minister to Russia, and on his return, in 1834, was elected to the U. S. Senate, where he remained till 1845. He was Secretary of State during Polk's administration. During Taylor and Fillmore's administration he was not in public life. In 1852 he was appointed minister to England, which position he has continued to hold until within a few months.

In regard to the slavery question he is identical with the pro-slavery party. He supports the Nebraska bill and Pierce's administration. As far as ability is concerned he is infinitely in advance of Pierce.—[Lexington Falls Jour.]

CONDUCTOR AND ENGINEER INDICED.—The Jonesville, Mich., Independent learns that the grand jury indicted Parsons, the conductor, and Keegan, the engineer, for manslaughter, in causing the loss of several lives, by the collision between that place and Hillsdale, on the 7th of February last. They started the train from Jonesville out of time.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . MAY 1, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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 the Post Office. His office is at the corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. S. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets, Baltimore. S. M. Patterson & 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 payment.

A. T. HOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

For The Eastern Mail.

Waifs from the West. No. 1.

Suspension Bridge, C. W. 1, '56.

DEAR MAIL:—Eight years ago the present month, I stood upon this same spot and looked down from this same dizzy height, at the roaring, rushing waters of Niagara River, and could see above me a miniature view of the great cataract with its cloud of spray stealing down the gorge. I watched, with wonder, admiration and awe. It was my first view of this great phenomenon of nature, and though it looked quite like the pictures and paintings of it I had often seen, its grandeur was real, and the great cloud of spray took shapes as it rose towards Heaven or floated down the gorge. I felt as if I fancy the red man must do, who watches the advance of civilization as the motion of a gigantic machine, whose great throes lay waste his beautiful hunting grounds, by what appear to him to be vain attempts to improve upon nature. And now just what I feared, has happened, and the wild natural beauty of this spot has been visited by man and his works. He never can stop that mighty torrent, or even sound its depths, but he has thrown a bridge across this awful chasm, and there it hangs before me now, a "thing of beauty," a matchless production even in this wonder-making age.

Eight years ago to-day a wire cable an inch and a half in diameter was drawn across here, and I saw men displaying their daring and intrepidity by riding across this gulf in a little iron basket attached to rollers which ran upon the cable. There was not a house here then, and no other evidence of civilization. To-day I stood upon a platform of one of a train of cars, and crossed the beautiful suspension bridge of which the single cable was the commencement. Thousands have done the same in safety, and it is no scarce a wonder, for it is an every day occurrence.

To-day the Engine, as if pursuing its beaten track coughed from its great throat and drawing after it the ponderous train, screamed a shrill whistle as of exultation as it passed along this airy track over the rapids, and we heard it echo far below us where it mingled with the roar and rush of waters. To-day I see around me a flourishing village, an embryo city, rising from out the forest of cedars, with its hotels, depots, freight houses and its long trains of cars and its thousands of strangers. There is already a population of some two thousand here; and some of the buildings are very fine. Conspicuous among them I notice 'Mont Eagle,' a fine hotel almost upon the brink of the precipice on the American side, very modern and imposing in appearance and exceedingly well kept. Every train of cars arrives crowded to excess with men of all nations and creeds bound en masse for the golden West with the "Star of Empire," and every one seeming ready to exclaim, where are so many people going?

The first wave of the tide of emigration is just here, and if we may judge of what is to follow by what has already arrived, the influx to the Great West will be by thousands—I might say legions. Some are labelled Kansas, some bound for Minnesota, others—and of these there are a host—have their faces set towards Iowa. Many will remain this side the Mississippi, and find homes in Illinois or Wisconsin. But the West will welcome them all, for "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give to all a farm."

Yours, by the way, Ike, Jr.

[For The Eastern Mail.]

Home Manufactures.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Observing that you inform the readers of the Mail, frequently, where they can witness exhibitions of enterprise and industry, I venture to send you for publication this description of the scythe and axe manufactory of Mathews, Hubbard & Co., of West Waterville, and to let the farmers know where scythes are made "upon honor." This factory went into operation last year. It is 122 feet long, 33 wide, high in the walls, well ventilated, and, situated on the east side of the Falls.—There are four bell-triphammers, two run of grind stones, an excellent polishing appendage, and a good fan. All the machinery, except the fan, is propelled by a breast wheel, nineteen feet long, fourteen in diameter; and for adaptation, perfection, and durability, is unsurpassed. It was constructed by Mr. Leonard Norcross, of Dixfield, Me. The patterns for the castings are at the furnace of Messrs. Webster & Haviland, where those constructing similar machinery can avail themselves of them.

The systematic and economical arrangement of the machinery and furnaces, and some valuable improvements in the same, are of that peculiar stamp that is "hard to beat," the credit of which, is due to the original and enterprising superintendent, John U. Hubbard, one of the firm. The dam is permanently located on the top of the Falls, and is but four feet high; the flume is short, durable and cheap. There has been a large surplus of water here all winter, while many factories and mills, on account of low water have been obliged to suspend business from three to five weeks. The highest floods known here are no damage or inconvenience; and the bottom of the Falls being some forty feet below the wheel, backwater is out of the question. With these advantages, this Company pride themselves on having a privilege second to none in New England. I have no practical knowledge of axe making, but know something of the art of scythe making; and will state a few facts in regard to the

scythes made here, for the benefit of the farmers. The overseer does the most important part (welding) himself, and is an able and experienced workman. He has borne off the palm from all competitors in this part of the process, in the States of New York, Rhode Island and Maine. As scythes can be spoilt in any part of the process, even in grinding, this firm employs none but experienced and careful workmen. "Boss John," as we call him, is always on the spot, and but little overheating could be practiced without being detected at the time; for nearly all of the monstrous flood of worse than worthless scythes, is in consequence of overheating; for it is impossible to put a temper into overheated steel, especially cast steel, that will give it a good edge. In twenty years experience at scythe making in different establishments, I never saw better stock used, or so large a portion of steel put into the back or edge of any other scythes, or worked with so much care. No false stamps or labels are anywhere, scythes stamped "cast steel, steel back," will not be German steel with iron backs, of less cost and value.

Last year, which was the first of their operations, this Company made three hundred dozen scythes. This year, to meet actual orders, they will have to turn out at least three times this number; and another year, arrangements will be made for doubling the amount made this year. So much for the discretion of the farming community, and the success of a truly good article when tested by actual trial.

Now let the farmers give these scythes a fair trial, and if careful workmen, good stock, and handsome scythes, light and stiff, are any guarantee, they will not fail to make a wide swath and well; will get their money's worth, and be satisfied, if they use the scythes stamped "Mathews, Hubbard & Co., W. Waterville." D.

Looking-round at Kendall's Mills.

No. 1.

[A friend who takes early walks and close observations, has given us below, by our special request, something about Kendall's Mills. He promises to continue his walks, and we promise to publish his sketches—geographical, historical, commercial or mechanical—as far as he finds time to extend them. They will make a convenient and interesting record for the use of the 'Mayor and Board of Aldermen' of the city—that is to be.]

Taking the cars of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad at Waterville, at 11 1-2 o'clock P. M., you may be set down at about five minutes at their Depot at Kendall's Mills. Standing on the platform, on the west side of the Depot, and facing the west, you see directly before you the residence of Henry C. Newhall, the enterprising proprietor of the principal part of the lands which you see in that direction.—Old General Kendall formerly owned a large farm here, extending from the Kennebec River back as far as the limits of the village now extend. With ninety rods in width, it covered the principal part of the business location of what is now the village. The large brick house, which, as you stand here, you may see at your right just across Newhall Street, was erected by him for a private dwelling. He also built some mills, and a little store, and thus gave a name to the place. He sold out a few lots along the main road, to accommodate such people as were employed in his mills or on his farm. About the year 1830 several individuals from Hollis and Buxton, amongst whom may be named John and James Woodman, and some others, with some capital, came here and went into the lumbering business.—This gave the place a start. In 1833 or 34 a company from Massachusetts bought the mills and privileges and made great improvement on the extensive water power. They built a block of saw mills calculated for eighteen up-and-down saws, and added much small machinery, such as shingle and lath saws, &c. About the same time, old Captain Bodfish and his sons built "The Fairfield House" a three storied wooden Hotel. Business matters here at this time began to look up—several stores and dwelling houses were built, along the main road, and about midway the settlement might be seen the old gate and the pathway leading up the rising ground to the old General's mansion. It was speculation times. Business was lively: the hum of industry was heard on every hand. Owners and agents rode in sulkeys drawn by fast horses. No small quantity of "Arden" was imbibed, and a great place was ardently anticipated. But as "all things sublunary are subject to change," so also good General Kendall died, and the great Boston Bubble Company burst up. Business was flat—the mills decayed—grass grew in the streets, and a few grog-shops with the tops about them was all that was left of the flourishing village of Kendall's Mills.

For several years but little business was done, the people were left poor, many of them so deeply in debt that they could not hope to pay. In this way matters went on until about the year 1844 or 45, when Messrs. William Connor, Simon Connor, Ezra Totman, Nahum Totman, Joseph S. Clark and Oliver Bragdon purchased the mills and water power, and commenced anew the lumbering and manufacturing operations, in which they have generally been very successful up to the present time. Some of these purchasers have since sold out, and the present owners and occupants will be spoken of more particularly when we come to speak of the mills in their present situation.

In '47 and '48 a grand temperance movement under the law of '46, was made here, under a vote of the town, through a committee of which Joshua Nye, now of Waterville, was chairman. Every grog shop was closed, and the sale of intoxicating liquors was entirely banished the place. The last liquor-bar was deposited as a trophy in the Ante-room of the Sons of Temperance. From that time to this rum-selling has been a stranger here, except two or three French and Irish shanties, which broke out the past winter; but which are now closed, having been promptly prosecuted. It is to be hoped

that no more trouble will be had in that direction.

In 1848 the "Fairfield Bridge" was completed across the Kennebec at this place, and a road opened from Benton village, on the Sebasticook, across the Neck to the Bridge. This brought the travel of the Eastern country, in the direction of Bangor, by this place, on their way to Waterville and other places on the river, and gave our traders and landlords a chance to compete with other places for trade and custom.

In 1853 the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad was opened as far as here, and the finished part was called "Moor's Battery," for reasons not necessary to be mentioned here. This opened a communication with the rest of mankind by Railroad. By this we could go to Portland and Boston, via Lewiston, and bring back goods by cars. The next year the Somerset and Kennebec Railroad was opened, direct from Augusta, making a junction of railroads here and constituting this place a sort of center from which railroads diverge in all directions—North, South, East and West; giving facilities for business not often enjoyed by country villages at least. These business facilities, in connection with the immense water-power, it is thought make this one of the most inviting places for capital seeking investment that can be found.

FEED YOUR SHEEP.—To the point that good care and good feed are the main agency in getting a good flock of sheep, here is a fact. Three years ago in December we were buying here and there, a flock of sheep; and finding three or four extra ewes in the yard of Mr. Thomas Parker, a mile or two north of the village, we bought two, and exchanged for two more at the rate of two for one—giving him four yearling ewes, that had been taken from a large and inferior flock, for two of his, that had been raised in a flock of only eight or ten, with the best of feed and care. Transferred to our flock of eighty or ninety, with only ordinary care, these favorites soon began to look less like themselves and more like their associates; while the report of Mr. Parker was, that the poor animals we swapped upon his hands, were gradually looking better and better. Of one of them in particular, he now gives us this account:—that in June following the swap, she brought her owner a fine pair of twin lambs and gave him a fleece of 5½ pounds. The two following years she raised twins, and sheared the same weight of fleece; and within the past week she has added to his flock three fine lambs, all of which are growing well; and the fleece on her back is such as such sheep deserves to wear in a climate like this.

OAK GROVE SEMINARY.—This school is located near the 'Friends' meeting house, near Vassalboro' Corner, in a beautiful grove, near the residence of John D. Lang. The closing exhibition of the term on Friday evening, drew a crowded house, and was an occasion of much interest. It consisted of declamations, dialogues, essays, poetical readings, and articles from the Seminary newspaper. This is the close of the third year, under the tuition of Mr. Franklin E. Page; during which we are told, the average attendance has been about forty pupils, the greater portion of whom have been in attendance during this entire period—making progress in study, no doubt, proportioned to such advantages.

THE LOOKED-FOR BOOK.—Mrs. Upton's "HOME STUDIES," the prospectus of which we noticed a few weeks since, has just made its appearance, from the press of Crosby, Nichols & Co. Boston. We expected a book of practical value—of every-day usefulness; a book for home reading and home comfort; for the parlor, the study, the kitchen and the garden; for the wife and the mother, husband, father, children—a book for everybody. This is just what it proves to be. With eating, drinking, sleeping—in short, with living and enjoying, in all their departments, it has so close a relation, that it should be a book of daily reference in every house that claims to be a "home." All its hints and suggestions; its facts and philosophies, its recipes and directions, are alphabetically arranged, so as to be available for immediate practical use; and they work so directly into the bosom of every-day life as to become essential to the real enjoyments of every home.

We advise every husband to buy this book for his wife. It will help her to direct her household, train her daughters, and please her husband!—while in the single department of economy, it will save enough yearly to buy a cow, or pay the music teacher. For sale at the bookstores.

Make way for Waldo!

Stop your crowing, all you Kennebecers, and let poor "bleeding Waldo" take the Banner. I have a hen that weighs 6 1-2 lbs. that last week laid an egg 8 inches by 6 5-8 in circumference. So tell our old friends to try again. Had I seen your notice before, I should have saved it for you, instead of boiling it to make a dinner for six.

B. F. WHEELER.

North Palermo, April 17, '56.

INQUIRY.—Col. Wm. McClure, of Elmira, N. York, makes inquiry for his son, Archibald S. McClure, who started for Union College, on the 4th of January, and has not since been heard from—disappearing mysteriously between Syracuse and Elmira. He is 22 years of age, with dark hair and whiskers, black eyes, and thick-set. He prepared for college in Bloomfield, in this State, where he has friends.

The Secretaries or other officers of all the literary or educational associations which are conducted by young persons in this State whether connected with our academies or independent organizations, will confer a favor by addressing the Secretary of the Rockland Literary Union stating the objects, date of organization, &c., of their respective societies.

Don't forget the Village Corporation meeting on Monday next.

OUR TABLE.

COLONNA. By Prosper Merimee. Translated from the French. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The scene of this story is laid in Corsica, and it furnishes a lively picture of life and manners in that island. Though plainly showing its French origin, it is not open to the objections so justly urged against most of the light literature of that language; and it will interest the great flight of American novels recently let loose over the land. The author is one of the most agreeable of French writers, and though this is the first of his works presented to the American public through a translation, we do not believe it will be the last. The volume is printed in revived antique type, and its appearance is creditable to its enterprising publishers.

For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

REVENGE: A Novel. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The earlier scenes of the story are laid in Maine, and this piece of supposititious autobiography is felicitously written at the birth place of the author, on one of the islands of Passamaquoddy Bay. The story is one of considerable interest, and the author shows herself possessed of power truly wonderful. Portions of the work are highly finished, being evidently done by a practiced hand, and so life-like and spirited are some of the pictures that we cannot help thinking the author has occasionally written out her own painful experience. So much of one side of the story, now for the other. Although the story is an interesting one, yet the author lingers her plot with some needless machinery, and ninety-nine readers in every hundred will be dissatisfied with the *dénouement*, and pronounce it a 'lame and impotent conclusion'; now and then the sublime runs into the ludicrous and the finely wrought sentiment is little better than rose tinted gloom; and though the design of the author was doubtless good, we fear the tendency and effect of the book, with many readers, will be of an opposite character. However, in these days, when 'strong minded females' are so plenty, and the sanctity of the marriage relation is scoffed at on all hands, it is quite possible we may be outwitted.

For sale at Mathews's.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—Of all the various publications in the country, this gives the best reading and the most of it for the least money. The following, among other articles, will be found in No. 623:—Zwingle and his Times, Fashion, Vessel in which William III. came to England, Jerome Bonaparte, Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV., The Recognition, The Earth seen from the Moon, Letters of Robert Southey, Machine Hexameter, English Men and Women, 50 years ago, A Rogue's Life, Dynasty of Napoleon, Turks to be coerced by the Allies. Published weekly by Littell, Son & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year; single numbers 12 1-2 cts.

FRANK LESTER'S NEW YORK JOURNAL.—In the May number will be found the commencement of a new story entitled 'De Lucy Louvaine, or the Star in the Dark,' with continuations of 'Masks and Faces' and 'Leila, or the Star of Mingrelia,' all of which are illustrated. A great variety of interesting miscellaneous reading is also given, with a profusion of embellishments, the whole making a very attractive number. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2 a year.

FORESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—We can hardly tell you what is the best thing in the May number, where all is so excellent, but the *drollet* is a picture of poor Gilliver fastened to the ground by the Lilliputians, who are swarming all over and around him. Good stories and pretty pictures are plentiful, and the editor's Chit-chat is wonderfully spicy. Published by F. & G. C. Rand, Boston, at \$1 a year.

Hens—Another Statement.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Having noticed the statement of Mr. Cushman and Mr. Watson, relative to the profit of their flocks of hens, I take the liberty to present the doings of a flock of mine for the past year. Commenced Jan. 1 1855, with 38 hens and 2 crows. Lost in a few weeks 2 and in the course of the season 4 more, average 36. Eggs sold, amounting to \$74.73, besides using what were needed in the family. Raised 23 chickens, at 25 cts. apiece, \$5.75; making the whole amount to \$80.48. I kept no account of the cost of keeping, as they went where they pleased, and picked up a portion of their living about the yard, barns, hogpen, &c. We fed them once a day with a variety of food, such as wheat bran, corn, oats, barley, boiled potatoes, refuse meat or fish. They laid 591 eggs, besides those used in the family, or 417 dozen; or 140 eggs apiece. My hens are Bolton Greys. KANSAS.

Waterville, April 21, 1856.

DON'T FORGET THE FAIR, this evening. The ladies have taken great pains to provide a pleasant entertainment for May-day eve, and common gallantry demands that it should be well received. The Tableau rehearsals promise something very nice in this department.—So stir about, gentlemen, young and old, and get out a full house; and if you fail of having a good time, with full satisfaction for your money, we agree to apologise to the ladies for your mistake, and to convince them it is the first time you ever failed when they were the managers. Go it boldly, and trust the result. It is leap-year, you know—and the ladies 'take the responsibility.'

We have telegraphic rumors of further troubles in Kansas, but nothing very definite or reliable. WHAT POETRY WE LIKE.—A French writer has said that the American mind tends to drollery, not to sentiment. He is only half right—it tends eminently to both, but most to the latter. One of the firm of Ticknor & Co., the great American publishing house for the poets, said not long ago that the poetical works most in demand were those of Longfellow and Saxe;—the one a writer of sentiment and fancy; the other of wit, fun and frolic.

LITERARY RELICS.—The unburied remains of the old horse executed on the College grounds last autumn. If 'science is the light of the mind,' it is high time this carcass was sold to a tallow-chandler. It is said that the eyes and nose of the neighborhood have been taken on the subject.

CHANGE OF NAME.—By act of Legislature the past winter, James Ledyard Crommett, formerly of Waterville, was allowed to change his name to James Ledyard, and he will henceforth be known by that designation. STUCK UP FOLKS.—I don't like those people, they are so dreadfully stuck up; was the remark we heard the other day. What are 'stuck up' people, thought we, and we have been looking about to see if we could find any. Do you see that young man over yonder, leaning against the post of that hotel piazza, twirling a shadow walking stick, now and then cooing the hair on his lip, and watching every lady that passed, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious to know whether they are observing him; he belongs to the 'stuck up' folks. What is the occasion? Well, he happens to have a rich father, and a foolish mother, who has taught him that he isn't a 'common folks'; and that poverty is almost the same as vulgarity and meanness, and so he has be-

come 'stuck up'; he doesn't take pains to learn anything, for he does not feel the need of knowing any more; he does not work, for he has never required it, and he is so extensively 'stuck up,' that he hasn't the least idea that he will ever come down—he doesn't know, however.

There goes a young woman—lady she calls herself—with the most condescending air to nobody in one of the most pervading consciousness that she has not earned the salt she eats, knows a little, very little, of a good many things, and nothing thoroughly of anything; is most puzzled lest she should be puzzled to make a selection out of some fifty young men, all of whom are dying for her, she supposes; she is one of the 'stuck up' folks; and that is about all she is. That old gentleman over the way, barraged with half a yard of shirt collar, guarded by a gold headed cane, with a poisonous, patronizing air—do you see him? Well, he's one of the 'stuck up' too. He has been so about ten years, since he got off his leather apron, and began to speculate successfully in real estate. There are other folks of this class, some 'stuck up' by having at some time been 'constable, justice of the peace, an alderman, and in various other ways get 'stuck up' notions. They are not proud people, for they do not rise to the dignity of pride; they are not distinguished folks, for they have not the ability or character enough to 'make them so; these are just what they seem to be, 'stuck up'—let them stick.

The News from Europe.

The negotiations for peace have ended, and all matters in immediate dispute between the Western Powers and Russia brought to a final and amicable adjustment. But the conferences at Paris, which it has always been presumed would widen into a general European congress, are still in session—the places of the primary plenipotentiaries being, in part at least, supplied by others subsequently designated to adjust subsidiary points, having no direct bearing upon the question of peace. Among these is one point which may prove of vital interest, namely, the threatening condition of Italy. There is probably a disposition to evade the subject, which is one full of difficulties; but Sardinia will hardly do her duty if she fails to insist upon its being considered, and with reference to the establishment of principles which she has so nobly initiated. The oppressive policy of Austria is the chief obstacle to be overcome. It is a question between absolutism and something like free government and liberal principles. The adjustment of it may be delayed; but sooner or later it must come. It would seem that the subject of the Danish Sound Dues was urged upon the attention of the peace congress, by the government of Denmark, but that it was set aside, Russia alone declaring that she was willing to take the subject into consideration, as a matter of European interest. The proposition to capitalize the Sound Dues, on terms offered by Denmark, has already been stated, was rejected on the part of the English Government. The *entente cordiale* between France and Russia has been so completely established as to excite jealousy in some quarters, and a suspicion of an alliance between them. Russia is said also to be making a fast friend of Sardinia; which, if it be a fact, is ominous of hostility to Austrian influence in Italy.

MAN KILLED IN THIS CITY.—A Mr. Tibbets was killed on the railroad in this city on Tuesday afternoon last, by the cars just as they were entering the village from Hallowell. Mr. T. was an elderly man, rather deaf, and was passing by the side of the track in the same direction. On turning the curve, he was discovered by the Conductor, who instantly reversed the engine and sounded the alarm whistle. The man appeared to take no notice of the approaching engine, and before the train could be entirely stopped, the "cow catcher" struck him, threw him about six feet and probably broke his body internally. He was taken immediately up, and put under the care of surgeons, but in half an hour he ceased to breathe. He formerly resided on Sandy River, was a peaceable old gentleman, and has left two respectable sons in this city. [Drew's Rural.

PROTECTION OF SEED CORN.—To prevent the seed from being destroyed by hens. The pig, with a full belly, will never root; the hen, with a full crop, will not scratch the ground. Therefore—when my hens are disposed to scratch, I call them up to the barn, and give them as much corn as they will eat, for which they always sing to me a merry tune, and lay a whole hat full of eggs.

To prevent crows from pulling corn. I scatter corn in the field, broadcast, which they feed upon and leave the seed. If I have too much corn by my liberality, I soak the corn in strichnia and hot water. Last spring, after scattering half a bushel of corn soaked in this way, I picked up forty-two dead crows, and how many more went off feeling 'kind to sick' I am not able to state.

Wire and grub worms are more difficult customers to deal with—for any poison used for their destruction is always absorbed by the soil, which is a sure protection to them. I have never found a surer remedy for these pests; and can only secure my seed by planting enough for their wants and mine too, and if they get more than their share, I plant new hills a few inches from the old ones thus destroyed, and 'thin out' at second hoeing.—M. J. P., Cream Hill, Rutland, Vt.—[Country Gentleman, March 27.]

The Univers, the leading Roman Catholic journal of France, and, indeed, of Europe, lays down, on the 3d of April, the following axioms:—Railroads are not a progress; Telegraphs are an analogous invention; The freedom of industry is not progress; The invention of gunpowder is not a progress; Machines derange all agricultural labor; Industrial discoveries are a sign of abasement and not of grandeur.

We like these broad statements. There can surely be no mistake as to their intent, nor overclouding and mystifying meanings in such sharp, curt axioms. Now the people know what is orthodox doctrine as regards human improvement. It is the middle ages versus the present, and they can choose between the philosophy and achievement of these two eras. [N. Y. Tribune.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD OF SOCIAL POLITENESS.—Manners are very often the concealment of truth; and they who pride themselves in speaking what they think and feel are not very refined and agreeable people. Indeed there are no such people. Society would not tolerate them. The false are less offensive, unless they are so very false as to be injurious or insulting. A compliment is rarely literally true; but an exaggerated compliment is offensive. If you speak to a humpback of his tall and handsome figure, you will insult him; you must praise him delicately, and fix upon features and attributes that will bear the pressure of strong praise. A pretty girl will bear a great weight of compliment, because her glass tells her that possibly it may at the worst be

only a little exaggerated by the feelings of the speaker; but you cannot, without offence, call that beautiful figure, which is really not so, nor that straight which is really crooked. Short, however, of such extreme flattery, you may exaggerate much, and not only not offend, but even gain the reputation of a model man. Plain speaking, just what you think of people and their affairs, is just the very extreme of rudeness; it is impertinence that will speedily get you turned out of all respectable society, and banished into solitude, there to congratulate yourself on your vast superiority to the prejudices of the age, forgetting that, however unreasonable people are in finding fault with your plainness of speech, you never feel comfortable when they report by treating you with their plain and honest opinion of yourself.

Later from Europe.

The news by the Steamship Persia, which arrived at New York, April 29 is unimportant. Its chief features are—the closing of the conference at Paris—the postponement of the debate in parliament upon the American question, until the return of Lord Clarendon—the Giv Banquet given in London to Mr. Dallas—Lord Palmer's explanation why troops are being sent to Canada—and the slight defeat met by government in the vote against the grant to Maynooth college, and of strengthened rumors, in consequence that parliament will shortly be dissolved.

In the House of Lords, Lord Palmer, in reply to Earl Elgin's question, touching reports that large bodies of troops, and quantities of ammunition were about to be dispatched to Canada, said it was true government contemplated doing so, but the impression that they were to be sent there for purposes of aggression was entirely without foundation.—Government intended only to replace troops, stores, and munitions of war previously withdrawn for the purposes of the Crimean war.

New York, April 20.

The steamer Empire City arrived this morning from Havana evening of 24th. A terrible affray occurred at Panama, April 15th, between American transit passengers and the natives, in which the former beat 30 killed and 20 wounded. The Empire City brings three of the wounded. A large amount of the passengers' baggage, Railroad property, and property of individuals residing near the Railroad station was destroyed, and all the baggage in the freight house rifled.

Among the wounded are—Wm. H. Hunter, Theodore de Saba, Secretary of the American Consul at Panama; and Mr. Palmer, employee of Railroad Co., all residents at the Isthmus. Also, George O. Field of New York, Jos. M. Parker of Bangor, A. W. Selover of Providence, A. Lane Swann of Strong, Me., Patrick O'Neal of San Francisco, Nathan Preble of Hancock County, Ohio, Rev. John Ledwood, late of Grahamville, S. C. All the above have been sedulously attended to by the steamer and Isthmus physicians.

The passengers upon whom this outrage was committed, were those which left San Francisco March 20, in the steamer Cortez, for San Juan, but were landed at Panama in consequence of the Walker troubles.

New York, April 29.

The steamer Orezaba arrived here about 7 1-2 o'clock this evening with San Juan dates to the 21st inst. The defeat of Col. Schlessinger at Santa Rosa is confirmed. About seventy of his men are reported as missing. During his trial by court martial, while on parole he deserted, and it is supposed that he went over to the Costa Ricans, having sold himself to them before the battle.

On the 7th inst., the Costa Ricans took possession of Rivas with 2000 men.

On the 11th, Walker with 600 men attacked them, and after a fight of 17 1-2 hours he was obliged to abandon the city from want of ammunition. The loss of the Costa Ricans is said to be 600 killed and a large number wounded.—While Walker's loss is set down at between 50 and 60 killed and about 80 wounded and missing.—Amongst the former are Col. Marchado, commander of the native forces, Lieut. Morgan, aid-de-camp of Walker, Captains Higgins, Clinton, Linton, and Harrell, Lieut. Cillis, Stall, Gay, and Croyleap.

The El Nicaraguense, Walker's organ, claims it as a glorious victory.

It is said that the Costa Ricans on taking possession of Virgin Bay, fired indiscriminately on every person they saw; killing 8 or 10 American citizens in the employ of the transit company.

Before the departure of Walker from Rivas, an official bulletin, issued by President Morra, was posted on the outskirts of Walker's army. It declared that all filibusters who had not used their arms against the Republic and would give themselves up to officers of the Costa Rican army would be pardoned. Appended to this was a list of 17 of Schlessinger's party who were taken and shot. They were mostly Irishmen and Germans—only two Americans. Affidavits in respect to the indiscriminate slaughter of American citizens at Virgin bay and the destruction of the property of the transit Company, by the Costa Ricans having been made before Minister Wheeler, that gentleman had addressed a strong protest against Morra, who was in immediate command of the troops at the time, not only against such conduct but against the threat to drive the Americans from Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and unless explained and atoned for decided measures on the part of the U. S. Government are threatened by Mr. Wheeler.

On the 10th, Lieut. Green with 15 men had an encounter with about 200 Costa Ricans, 18 miles above the mouth of the Serrapung, killing 57 of them and dispersing the rest. The American loss was only one killed and two wounded.

It is reported that Gen. Walker intended to attack the Costa Ricans at Virgin bay about the 21st having at the latest dates 1000 Americans and 1800 natives under his command.—With the exception of a few prominent men in the former legitimate party, the Nicaraguans noted with Walker, much to the disappointment of the Costa Ricans.

Honduras, San Salvador, and Guatemala are said to be in favor of peace and will not invade Nicaragua. They received the commissioners from Nicaragua in a friendly spirit—had discontinued the enlistments of troops and disbanded some of their new levies.

An intercepted correspondence between the British Government and Costa Rica in which the former agreed to contribute 2000 stand of arms to the latter, had caused great excitement among the Americans.

A number of Minnie rifles were taken from the Costa Ricans at Rivas, and several Englishmen and Frenchmen were observed in their army.

The British frigate Eudorice was the only vessel at San Juan, and her boats were constantly on duty, watching the movements of the American passengers who came down the river in the steamer, and were prohibited from going on shore.

THE EASTERN MAIL, AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published every Thursday by MAXHAM AND WING, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

STANZAS.

The only sign of Spring I see,

Is in the dress of the young and cold,

When I fondly look on thee,

Sweet girl of angel mould!

I think of violets when they bloom,

And dream of more of cloudless skies,

And the green fields of May.

Old winter wears a look less grim,

To hear thee breathe affection's words;

Thy looks recall Spring's rosy bow,

Thy voice her singing birds.

[W. H. C. Hosmer, in the Criterion.]

A few weeks since, says the Norfolk Argus, a lady

brought a breast-pin which she prized very highly and being

desirous to recover it, if possible, she advertised for it in

our paper. Her advertisement had appeared but a few

days, when on going to the Bath of Lexington, she

saw the missing breast-pin, looking as natural as ever.

We always thought there was efficacy in advertising, and

this instance is conclusive.

Rev. Dr. Champlin, of Waterville College has been

appointed to deliver the Oration before the "Society of

Missionary Inquiry" at the next Anniversary of Newton

Theological Institution, the last week in June.

The Court of Cassation has just delivered a deplorable

verdict, which has filled all France with horror and

disgust. It has decided that the distribution of voting cards

in elections shall be illegal, unless such cards shall be

in favor of the government candidate.

Through carelessness and haste in writing, says the

Bath Tribune, we made, in a paragraph published on

Tuesday, Mr. Harrington play the life at his own

funeral, instead of at the Battle of Lexington.

Two new poets have appeared in England, with

considerable success. One is Thomas Capern, a postman;

the other a factory girl, who writes under the signature

of Isa.

Col. Fremont is not a native of France, as has been

stated. He was born in South Carolina.

A census taken once called upon the mother of a family

in the State of New York, to give the names of all the

children, and how many children she had. The mother replied

that she really could not tell, but there was this of which

she was certain, the measles got among the children once,

but there wasn't enough of it to go round.

Mr. Henry Grinnell has just received a letter from

Lady Franklin, in which she expresses a desire Dr. Kane

should visit England for the purpose of taking charge of

another Arctic expedition. She still hopes that some

survivor of Sir John Franklin's party may be found

among the Esquimaux, from whom might be obtained

the particulars of her husband's fate. She proposes to

send out a propeller at her own expense, and give the

command to Dr. Kane.

The New York Times in alluding to the fact that the

late President of the United States had been a Quaker,

it is not the first time that a theatrical manager has

suffered from an injudicious puff.

According to Dr. Bouton's history of Concord, N. H.,

the people of that town voted, in 1780, to pay their

minister a salary of \$500 per annum. This would be

estimated a fair salary now-a-days, but in those days,

on account of the depreciation of the continental currency,

amounted to nothing more than a living compensation

for a clergyman.

Hezekiah Conant, of Hartford, formerly a printer here

in Worcester, is reported to have sold the patent for his

YOUNG ENGLAND.—"So, Charley, I hear you have

been to a juvenile party?"

Preocious Boy. "Well, I don't know what you call

Juvenile. There was no one there under five years

old."—[Punch.]

When the Duke of York formed the connection with

Mrs. Clark, she abused his confidence by selling to him

commissions for which she was examined before par-

liament; he was expatriated to the Prince of Wales on her

amiable qualities, among others she had confessed the

marriage of her former lovers. "What could?" explained

the duke; "And what a memory!" replied the Prince.

IMPORTANT TIP TRUE.—Mrs. Potter, a spiritual medium

in New York, has prophesied that the steamer

Excursion will be burned to the water's edge before the

25th of the present month.

A WARNING.—A little girl named Frank, a pupil in a

Primary School, East Boston, fell dead immediately

after jumping a rope 200 times.

SOLUTION OF A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.—An acquit-

tance of one who was complaining to some of his friends

of the difficulties that beset him in trying to solve the

problem of life, was gravely assured by one of them that

it was all "because he had taken no woman into his

account."

That tuneful warbler, the frog, is again heard 'nights.

What a welcome singer he is—a sort of door-croaker.

His dreamy notes seem to be in the house, in the clouds,

and all round! Surest herald of genuine Spring—long

may he wave!

A Coquette.—A young lady of more beauty than

sense; more accomplishments than learning; more

charms of person than grace of mind; more admirers

than friends; more fools than wise men.

[—Longfellow.]

"That's So!"—New clothes are great promoters of

piety. A new bonnet or a new dress will induce a girl

to go to church at least twice on a Sunday, where she

did not go once before she got it.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn by the Bangor Whig

that a young man named Jeremiah Hargrave, was killed

Friday, at his father's house on one of the streets in the

rear of the gas-works. He was at work, with other men

under the boiler, in preparation for constructing a cellar

kitchen, and having just taken away one of the posts,

was passing out under the sill at one corner, when the

building lurched to that side and crushed him to

death instantly. He was about 20 years of age.

A WORTHLESS MILLIONAIRE.—One of these devotees

to Mammon, once received a lesson from a humble

follower, who did not seem to pay him, the possessor of

the purse, sufficient homage, and said, "Do you know,

sir, that I am worth a hundred thousand pounds?"

"Yes, my dear sir," replied the other, "but I am

not a millionaire; I do not know that it is all gone."

MODEST.—Exceedingly modest young lady—"Isn't

this a pretty baby, Mr. Brown?"

Brown—"Yes, my dear. Boy or girl?"

Young Lady—"He—a—belongs to the female persuasion."

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN TO A YOUNG

MINISTER.—Many a preacher, on whose lips

admiring crowds have hung, has had to look

back with grateful recollection on some kind

word 'fitly spoken' to him at the commence-

ment of his course, as having had not a little

to do with the splendor of its subsequent stages.

One such piece of counsel Mr. Wardlaw

received from his uncle, Mr. Ewing Maclean,

which proved to him a cherished lesson for life.

'Ralph,' said his uncle after hearing him preach

one of his first sermons in public, 'did you not

think that poor woman in the duffle cloak that

sat under the pulpit when you were preaching

to-day?' 'Yes, sir,' 'Well, my man,

remember that people like her have souls as well as

SLAVERY IN THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

The Washington correspondent of the New

York Independent makes a statement which,

if it be true, is of the highest importance. He

understands that a majority of the Judges have

over-ruled all the previous decisions of the

Court, and have decided that the law of a

slave State holds a slave in bondage while in

a free State. We agree with the correspond-

ent. There is nothing new for the Court to

do but to decide that all State sovereignty is

annihilated, when a master in his sovereignty

sees fit to settle in a free State with his chil-

dren around him. It is understood that Judge

McLean, Nelson and Curtis dissent from this

decision.

THE HOBBS LOCK PICKED.—The Lion

Independent of this week asserts that the Day

& Newell Lock, manufactured at New York,

commonly known as the 'Hobbs' Lock, has at

last been picked by Linus Yale, Jr., of the ad-

joining village of Newport. It says:

"The exact 'modus operandi' of picking

the lock of course, is not expected to be made

known to the public just at present; but it is

sufficient to say that, by a singular and inge-

nious curve, the action of the key upon the

method of the tumbler of the lock are mapped

out and from which a wooden key is made,

which unlocks and locks the lock, and in all

respects operates it as perfectly as the true

key. In this manner the lock was opened in

the presence of the Cashier of the Dairyman's

bank, Newport, N. Y., and of the President

of the Fort Stanwix Bank, Rome, N. Y., and

within a few weeks was so opened, (a \$300

lock on a jeweler's safe), in Wall street, New

York—from all of whom certificates to this

effect have been taken. This statement, of course,

will astonish the world, but it is true."

FROM KANSAS.—A Tribune correspondent

writes from Kansas City, April 17th:—Messrs.

Howard and Sherman, of the Congressional

Investigating Commission, will leave here to-

day for Lawrence, where the Commission will

have its headquarters instead of at Leaven-

worth. A party of Georgians, about 30 in

number, arrived here yesterday; and 50 per-

sons have just arrived from Rhode Island, and

150 from Ohio. Emigration from the East

averages about 100 daily, and about that num-

ber come weekly from the Southern States.

Gov. Reeder has been visiting Leavenworth,

and leaves here to-day for Lawrence. He is

everywhere treated with respect.

LETTERS FOR CALIFORNIA.—The provisions

of the new postage law do not seem to be

clearly understood by all. We clip the fol-

lowing from the Bangor Courier:—

"We are informed by the postmaster of this

city, that many persons are still unaware of

the fact that the single rate postage on letters

to California, is now ten cents, instead of six

cents as formerly—and that letters are con-

stantly received with the postage only partial-

ly paid. The department may, under the law,

direct all such letters to be detained."

Harpwell we have long known as celebrated

for his fine fish and for sea-fowl,—his nume-

rous bays swarming with game, during the fall

and spring. Our friend of the Rural Intelli-

gencer, who evidently has an eye to the useful

has discovered another production of Harp-

well, which he notices as follows:—

BLANC MANE.—We spoke last summer

Dr. Wm. R. Hayden: Allow me to thank you for the great

benefit which has resulted from the use of your most valu-

able medicine, which I have recommended to me by

my friend, Mr. Tremblay, who is enthusiastic in his praise.

If my hearty recommendation is of any service to you, it is

cheerfully given. Respectfully yours,

1842 B. A. BENNETT.

Old Father Time, the parent of bright-eyed truth, is daily de-

veloping new facts and theories, but among his numerous

progeny no fact is more incontrovertible than the success at

treating the introduction of G. W. Stone's Liquid Cathartic and

Family Physic to the public use, is utterly without a parallel.

Those families which have used this medicine in their ailments

merits, are honest and most enthusiastic in their encomiums

of its virtues. It admirably meets a want long experienced by

all classes of persons, and is rapidly gaining that confidence

which is justly deserved.—[Lewell Courier. 2nd.]

Ma sensibly Cures Ulcerated Sore Lips.

Lewis P. Atwood says, "I have been afflicted with sore lips

physicians, regular and irregular. They have prescribed

ward and outward applications, but it was of no avail. At last

I induced my wife to try the "Hassall's Balm," which healed my

lips in short time. And now, when I see friends with ailments

of this character, my first impulse is, to ask them why they do

not use this valuable medicine. It is a most efficacious

remedy for all kinds of sore lips, and is sold by

J. DICKSON & Son, General Agents, Southwark, Me. 9.

THE BEST. The best of the best, and the best of the best, is

not always indicative of the greatest merit. Next to

though there are numerous preparations so much known that

the uninitiated would think they originated a little beneath the

sky, and possess such remarkable qualities that they are not

for poor mortal flesh, but are designed for some more ethereal

class of beings, it is refreshing to come in contact with a remedy

of this character, and to see it so well known to G. W. Stone's

Cough, Consumption and Bronchitis Pills. It is not only

modest enunciation of its merits, but from the ACTUAL and

observation, we believe it to be the VERY BEST cough remedy

extant. It has cured very bad and tight seated coughs and

colds in forty-eight hours. Try it. 440

To Nervous Sufferers.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after

years of suffering, writes, offering in anxious to make

known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription

used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton

Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

Sir James Clark's Celebrated Female Pills.

Protected by Royal Letters Patent.

Prepared from a prescription of Sir James Clark, M. D., Physi-

cian to the Queen of England, and to the Emperor of Russia, is

unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases

incident to the female constitution.

It moderates all excess, removes all obstructions, and brings

on the monthly period with regularity. These Pills should be

used two or three weeks previous to confinement; they fortify

the mother to perform her duties with safety to herself and child.

These Pills should not be taken by females during the

