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THE DEATH-BED BETROTHAL.

"O mother, mother! is this our long-promised meeting? Is this the joy I have dreamed of, day and night, for the last year? Is it for this that I have prayed once more to hold you to my heart—to hear your fond blessing—to meet your loving look? Oh, to find you thus—sick, dying! It is too, too much; mother, I cannot bear it! And with a wild burst of anguish, the broken-hearted son flung himself beside the sick woman's couch, while the hot tears bathed her transparent fingers now so fondly clasping his."

"Edward!" she said; but he could only press the feeble fingers in reply. "Edward, my son," she continued, "I know how hard this is, but it must be borne. I have long dreamed this hour for you; yet to have hinted at my state before would have destroyed your pleasure while doing you no benefit. I have long been reconciled to die—long known that it was inevitable; and though my heart would cling to earth for love of you, I murmur not at the destiny which separates us. I have known little of joy and much of suffering, in my chequered life, and but for you, would gladly lay the burden down. When I am gone, let it comfort you, my son, that never by word or deed have you given me one moment's pain; your love and obedience have amply repaid me for the bitter trials I have passed through in earlier days. And now, Edward, there is one request more I have to make to you—one more promise to exact, and I shall die happy, knowing that by your last obedience you have secured your earthly happiness. Edward, will you grant your mother's dying request?"

"He knelt beside her, and still holding the faded hand in his, promised to obey her wishes in all things."

It was strange to see that strong, resolute man, whom people called stern and reserved, thus changed into almost boyish weakness; but few knew what an idolising love Edward Livingston had cherished for his mother—that mother who in his sight was perfection, whose wishes he held inflexible—that mother, to save whose life now he would willingly have yielded up his own. He felt now that she must die, and the last opportunity of affording her a pleasure was eagerly seized at.

"Anything you wish, mother, dearest!" he replied, "only speak it: I'll do anything to give you happiness, even to the destroying of all my earthly hopes."

There was a change in the countenance of the dying woman. Did she hesitate? Did she feel that it might be, even as he said, to the destruction of earthly hopes, and that she had no right to bind him by a promise? None can tell; but if such were her thoughts, there came the conviction, the assurance and certainty, that her judgment had not erred.

"Not for the destroying of your peace," said his mother, "but the ensuring of your happiness, do I ask this of you, knowing that by so doing I leave one who will more than supply my place to you—who will be your friend, your companion, your trusty counsellor, your loving wife; rejoicing with you in gladness, and sharing your sorrows, all and far more to you than any other can, will Ellen ever be. For the past two years since her father died she has been to me even as a daughter, next only to yourself in my love, and I have sometimes thought even more anxiously loved, from her utter loneliness and clinging attachment to myself. I have watched her closely, and have found her in all things as faultless as human nature can be; and in leaving you together, I have as anxious a care for her happiness as yours."

Edward Livingston made no reply to his mother's address, save that when overcome with the exertion of speaking he leaned back faint and breathless on the pillow, he bent down and kissed the cheek and pressed the feeble hand, on which the coldness of death was even stealing; and she faintly smiled, and laid her hand on his head in blessing, while murmured words of thankfulness were on her lips. "He saw the look, and heard the whispered thanksgiving; and not for worlds would he have had her know the cold chill of despair which had crept into his heart at these words."

There was a pause, and no sound was heard in the chamber save the heavy breathing of that stricken man as he knelt and wiped the child from his mother's face; then the dying woman spoke again, and an her bidding the son called at attendant.

"Bring Miss Ellen," said she.

The woman went away and quickly returned, followed by a fair, pale girl, whose swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks gave evidence of sorrow scarce less than Edward's.

"Let in the sunshine, Martha," said Mrs. Livingston; and the drawn curtains flooded the chamber with light. "Ellen!" she said.

The young girl bent down and kissed the pale brow, while with convulsive energy the sick woman clasped her in her arms; then taking her hand, and motioning for Edward to approach, she joined their hands together and taking off a ring from her own finger, placed it on Ellen's.

Thus they stood—those two who on earth had never met before, thus strangely betrothed for life. And the glorious sunshine came pouring through the open casement, and shone on them in brightness, whose hearts were heavy with sorrow; and on the pale lady before them, which should know no more of sadness and sorrow; for while they thought she rested, her spirit had gone forth!

Edward raised his companion in his arms, and bore her from the room; for worn out with watching and excitement, she had fainted; and as he stooped over her, and strove to call back life and sense, he was involuntarily touched by the sweet and expression of the lovely face before him. He held her hands in his—those small hands so soft and white, and now so cold—and called her by her name; but when she did not move, and still lay there, looking like some fair marble image, he grew alarmed and made redoubled efforts to restore her. Slowly, at last, she opened her eyes; but with reverent sense came the remembrance of her sorrow.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she moaned bitterly. "Why did you not take me with you?"

Edward bent down and kissed her cheek. "Do not grieve," he whispered, "I will be your friend now."

His own voice choked, and he went hastily from her presence; but comfort remained with sweet Ellen, and wearied and worn out with grief, she soon slumbered.

This attention and gentle kindness in her betrothed, while under his own heavy affliction, was most unexpected to Ellen; and she felt a happy sense of security and shelter stealing over her. Poor unconscious Ellen! Ellen! your bright anticipations while you may. You do not yet know that your new friend has two natures—the cool, calm impassiveness with which he walks abroad and mingles with his fellow men, and which he has learned; and the deep tenderness, the warmth of kindness which is his natural inheritance, yet which early experience has taught him well to conceal. You little dream while his kiss yet thrills on your cheek, that weeks and months will elapse ere you again behold Edward Livingston in this endearing mood. Taught by

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his mother to believe him the very soul of gentleness, you are ill prepared to tremble at his frown, to shrink abashed from his look of keen, cool criticism. But I will not anticipate; enjoy your dreams while you may, poor, gentle-hearted orphan."

For three days Edward left not the abode of the dead; and on the third I came—I, his only cousin, the nearest relative he now had in the world—and we gave the precious dust to its kindred earth."

I who had long known Ellen's attachment to Mrs. Livingston, was not surprised that she should be to ill to follow her friend to her last home; but I thought it strange that Edward never once should ask about her. And all that long evening, while I divided my attentions between them, her name never passed his lips. Of course at the time I knew nothing of the death-bed betrothal; nevertheless I thought it strange that he should be so forgetful of his mother's young friend."

Late in the night I stole again into Ellen's room and found her sleeping. The night-lamp shone on some glittering object in her hand, which as I gently took away, she made an effort to retain. It was a handsome double locket, with Mrs. Livingston's likeness on one side; on the reverse a miniature copy of a magnificent portrait of Edward, which his mother thought an excellent likeness. I now noticed for the first time a ring on Ellen's finger. I knew the ring from its color; and having long been aware that it was my aunt's first wish to unite her son with this fair girl, I began to have some idea of the truth."

Ellen was too ill to come to table next morning, and Edward and I were taking our breakfast in silence when the post came in. There were three letters for me and one for him. I laid mine down while I finished my coffee. The warmth of my three dear little correspondents no time could cool; but my breakfast would not improve by waiting, so I took up my cup and looked at my companion. He was holding, with trembling eagerness, a letter no gentleman had ever penned—a little delicate, perfumed affair, such as has made many a strong man's heart throb to touch, and ache to pursue. That it had some effect on Edward, it needed no great penetration to detect. The color came and went in his face, his lips quivered with emotion, his hand trembled, and at last I thought I saw the tears start. I looked away then, finished my coffee, and read my own letters; and then looking at him again, I saw that a great change had come over his face. The mouth was firm set, the brows knitted, and the eyes showed determination and other feelings which I sought in vain to read. I must confess to some little feeling of awe at the change, for I had not believed my handsome cousin capable of such feelings as I then instinctively read in his countenance. That some strong passions were at work I could not but believe; what they were, or why he was so agitated, I knew I should some time be told, for next to his mother, I had all his life been Edward's confidential friend and correspondent.

He passed the day in business with his lawyer, and we did not meet until tea-time, and then he came into the room in an undetermined way, and stood looking out of the window in silence, until Ellen's maid entered and said if I would wait five minutes, she would come down to tea. As the girl went out, he turned round quickly.

"I think I shall go to town this evening, cousin; I have some business which must be attended to, and the sooner the better."

He had a cold, hard look which forbade all questioning, and I thought he looked fearfully pale.

"I am sorry you are going, for it is lonely here now for Ellen and me," I said.

But at that instant her hand touched the door, and merely saying, "I will explain all to-morrow," he left the room.

Ellen and I spent the evening alone, but I saw by the anxious look she cast at the door each time a servant entered, how disappointed the poor girl felt; and after we retired, she told me of their strange betrothal, and how his mother had made her give a solemn promise to be Edward's wife.

"He does not love me," she said, "that I know; and I fear sometimes he may love another. If so, he will surely hate me."

I thought of the letter and Edward's agitation, and said nothing; but it was not difficult to see that if Ellen did not love her betrothed, she had learned to think all too highly of him for her own happiness.

"I love her, cousin, as I never loved any one save my mother," said Edward. "She is my ideal of all that is enchanting in woman, and in giving her up I am surrendering all that makes life worth keeping. Oh, the struggle has been a bitter one! But I have conquered at last; and now it only remains for me to marry, and thus fulfil my promise."

"But, Edward, you have not told me yet where you met Miss Vane," I said. "Of course it was abroad?"

"No, not exactly," he replied; "we came home from India together, and she, as well as myself, being exempt from sickness, we spent long hours together on the deck, and even in the roughest weather she loved to face the storm. Her father gave her entirely to my care at such times, and I had opportunities of studying her disposition, and also judging of her talents for conversation, such as are never found in occasional visits to a lady at her own house."

And excellent opportunities to carry on a flirtation, also, which no doubt the lady was not slow to take advantage of, I observed, mentally.

"Long before we arrived," he continued, "I knew that I loved her, and had many reasons for believing that I was not indifferent to her, but resolved to see my mother before I learned anything definite. I came home, found her, my idolized mother, dying, and within an hour after my arrival made a promise which forever seals my wretchedness. Last night I saw Sophia for the last time, learned enough to convince me that she was as wretched as myself, and bade her farewell. Now you have the whole history, cousin, and I shall never speak of the past again to any living being. Perhaps I should not have done so now, but that in future you may understand my conduct; what others may think concerns me not. At the end of three months, I shall marry Miss Emerson, who will then have obtained what she doubtless influenced my mother to get for her—both wealth and position. My love she can never have—but that she will not mind, so far as I can gratify her love for luxury and

taste for society (and I presume these are her chief foibles) before the world I shall be a pattern husband."

It was in vain I tried to convince him of his error—to make him understand how far above such actions, such culpable treachery, was my favorite Ellen; and I even went so far as to hint at her tender feelings for himself—but that was a subject in which, for her sake, I had to be very guarded. I might have spared myself the trouble of talking."

"I fully understand your kind intentions, cousin," said Edward, "but I have well thought on this matter, and the whole scheme is too plain to deceive me. As to Miss Emerson entertaining any other than very selfish feelings towards me, it is simply ridiculous, we never having met until a week ago."

Finding my efforts useless, I desisted; but my heart ached for gentle, loving Ellen, in whom I felt he was winning such a treasure, and against whom he had formed so cruel a prejudice."

Of Miss Vane, I must confess I judged harshly. I knew it was the same fault I blamed in him, unfounded prejudice; nevertheless, I could not but think that his position and wealth had been her aim, while their meeting on board ship (the best place in the world for a flirtation) had given her all the opportunity she wanted to fascinate him. On board ship a beautiful woman looks still more beautiful, from the contrast with surroundings. Then there are opportunities of showing all manner of little kindnesses and attentions; to these you may add sentimental talks by moonlight, or still more dangerous promenades when the weather is an excuse for the attentions on the part of the gentleman for which no manner of excuse at all could be found on land, and all taken together, as I said before, for the best place to carry on a successful flirtation, commend me to a ship."

I need scarcely say that I breathed no hint to Ellen of my conversation with Edward; not for worlds would I have had her know his feelings, as I trusted to time and her own goodness to convince him of his error."

He soon after left us, to attend to some property in Ireland, purposing then to travel for a few months. Ellen and I remained alone with the servants in our old home; but we heard that previous to his departure, Edward had given orders to have his mother's town residence thoroughly repaired and furnished—all to be done and in readiness by his return. This dwelling had not been used by the family for several years, Mrs. Livingston having preferred to reside at the Hall, which had been part of her dowry, to her husband's more elegant mansion in town. Probably she disliked it from its having been the scene of her greatest sorrows, Mrs. Livingston having for many years before his death yielded to the temptations of the wine-cup, and at last become a willing slave to it."

My home had been with them from the time of Edward's birth, at which period I became a widow. Mrs. Livingston insisted on my sharing her home; and as I had no female relations except herself (we were the children of two sisters), I gladly accepted her offer, and the little Edward became to me the dearest object on earth. I had some distant connections in Wales, where, at some passed on, little families grew up, and where Aunt Mary was always a welcome guest. It was from one of these visits that the unexpected tidings of my cousin's death summoned me back, where, by Edward's request, I decided to remain permanently and superintend his household."

Of Ellen, it is as well here to give a more particular history. Her father had been the favorite physician of Mrs. Livingston, and his child had early seen trouble, though shielded as far as possible by her father's love and care. Having lost her mother and found no kind friend to take her place, the child had suffered much from the ill-treatment of domestics; and when, at her father's death, she came to live with us, her lively gratitude to her benefactress was one of the great causes of Mrs. Livingston's attachment to her. I know that her father had left her very well off; but it was a subject never mentioned to her, my cousin preferring to treat her as her own child. Consequently, her property was left to accumulate; and being principally real estate, and in the care of a capable, honest man, Ellen, had been known, would probably have been a mark for many a fortune-hunter. Edward knew nothing of this; he had simply understood that she had been left to his mother's care, and naturally supposed she was poor—an idea strengthened by finding in his mother's well-kept accounts the various items of her protegee's expenses."

Thus it happened that when the wedding-day approached, and Ellen's lawyer came to know if her property was to be settled on herself, Edward cut him short in his explanations by saying that he had no time to attend to it; then, but it was all to be settled on her, and also at the same time naming a liberal sum for her yearly expenses, which he desired the lawyer to have properly done in legal form."

In all matters relating to their marriage he was scrupulously particular about her consent and opinion, and at all times when they met ceremoniously polite; but his face now always wore its cold, hard look, and never by one word or action did he allow her to think that his share in these preparations was performed from any other motive than duty."

The day appointed came at last, about six months after Mrs. Livingston's death, a change Ellen had wished from the first arrangement. The morning looked gloomy enough, with every symptom of a heavy storm; but as the day advanced, the clouds cleared, and after the ceremony the sun shone brightly as any bride could wish, as they drove from church."

The wedding was quite private, neither having any relatives and but few friends. Ellen looked fair and pale as a lily, in her snowy robes and veil, the faint blush on her cheek rendering her perfectly beautiful. When the ring was to be put on, Edward first removed the one she wore. I saw one tear fall as he replaced his mother's ring upon the fair girl's finger above the plain claret which had made her his. It was the only one I saw her shed that day."

Two months after I joined them in town. Ellen's new home was magnificent, unrivalled. All that wealth and taste could do had been done; and her little feet trod on velvet and tapestry, her head rested on a downy couch beneath silken hangings, costly mirrors reflected her slender form, and all was in lavish profusion. The most costly articles of attire around her were brought for her to choose from; well-trained domestics awaited her high-

est order. If she wished to walk, her husband was always ready and willing to accompany her; if she preferred to ride, the carriage was that moment ordered to the door. And her carriage was itself an object of envy to half their acquaintances. All that wealth could do was done; and yet the shadow daily deepened on her fair face, and each succeeding week saw her grow paler and more frail. Had she loved gaiety and splendor the poor child might have been happy; but it was not her nature, and she faded like a delicate flower exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun."

It was touching to see how unweariedly she strove to win her husband's affection, and her patient love deserved a better return than it met from Edward's stubborn heart. I left them once, in hopes that when thrown entirely in each other's society, they might learn new lessons; but the experiment failed, as all others had done. Edward wrote for me at the end of a week, and though I resisted this appeal I could not refuse a few weeks after, to comply with Ellen's pressing entreaty to return to her. Edward was unchanged; calm, reserved, and polite as ever, he treated Ellen precisely as he would have done a guest in his house, and his manner compelled every one else to be equally reserved."

On New Year's Ellen completed her nineteenth year. The night before her husband brought home a valuable suite of pearls; we were invited to a large party on the second of the month, and he desired her to wear them. This cold kindness completely overcame her, and she left the room in tears. For a few minutes he walked moodily up and down the floor, then came and stood before me.

"Can you explain Mrs. Livingston's strange conduct, cousin? I have done everything for her that money can do, and now she is not happy. Do you suppose she wanted some other articles of jewelry? If she did, she shall have them. Anything at all that she will ask for, she shall have; and all I ask in return is that she will be happy. Of all things in the world, I hate to see a woman in tears. I promised my mother to make her happy, and I will do so if I can."

"Then you need give her no more jewels, Edward, for they are only valuable in her sight as your gifts. Bestow a few more smiles upon her, stay at home, and read or talk to her, instead of going so much to your club; give her more of the love for which she is pining, and less of the splendor which sickens her; and believe me, you will soon see her look happy."

Edward heard me through, then said, in an impatient tone, "Pshaw, cousin, that has always been your mistake! You judge Ellen's disposition by your own. It is probably something she wants, and is too proud to ask for, that makes her fret. But I don't wish to be annoyed any more."

Mrs. Trevor's at home was a magnificent affair. The lady herself was unrivalled in taste and splendor, and her parties had always been the admiration of the circles she called her own."

I thought Edward introduced his wife with more than usual satisfaction, and that the lady appeared rather surprised at the beauty and grace of the fair Mrs. Livingston. Certainly no woman in the room could compare with her, the dress of pale blue satin suiting admirably her delicate complexion and light brown hair, while pearls were the only ornaments which ever became her. I wore dark lavender and black lace, the gayest dress I had put on for five-and-twenty years; but it was Edward's wish, and I loved to gratify him."

After promenading for a short time, Edward left us together in one of the deep, heavily curtained windows, and as the room filled, the scene became very interesting. Here, undisturbed and unseen, we could watch the rest, and enjoyed it until a party came and seated themselves directly before us, and where we could not avoid hearing all they said. They had scarcely got themselves seated, when a buzz at the other end of the room announced a new arrival, and escorted by several gentlemen, and followed by a large party of ladies, we saw a beautiful girl advancing towards us. From the heavy braids of her dark hair to the belt which clasped her slender waist, she was glittering with jewels; they sparkled from her neck, and circled her head in a glittering diadem. She wore a rich purple satin, and with the heavy folds sweeping the ground, might well have been mistaken for some royal queen."

"Who is it?" one of the ladies before us asked her neighbor.

"Why, don't you see? It is Sophia Vane. I started involuntarily, and Ellen looked at me, but I could not remove my eyes from the proud beauty on whom all eyes were now turned."

"I hear she is going to be married," said the first speaker.

"Yes, to old Mr. Lincoln, very much to his nephew's annoyance; for he would certainly have been his heir. It is also quite a surprise to Miss Vane's friends, for you know, since that affair of Edward Livingston's, she has flitted dreadfully, and they really thought she never would marry."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I never did understand rightly about that affair."

"You didn't? Well, you see they came home from Calcutta together, and of course Sophia would not lose such an opportunity; so at last Mr. Livingston was over head and ears in love; and as soon as he landed, went off to see his mother, to get her consent it appears. He only got there the day she died, and she made him promise to marry a girl she had picked up somewhere, a doctor's daughter, or something like that, I believe. A homely little rustic I've heard them say she was, and that's the reason she does not go to more."

"I have never met her yet. It is too bad for Mr. Livingston, such a splendid fellow as he is, to be tied to such a wife; not but what I think he had a lucky escape from Sophia, for she is a dreadful flirt; but then he liked her, and you know love is blind."

Our gossiping neighbors went away, and I hardly dared to look at Ellen. She was very pale, and apparently lost in thought; but at last she said quickly, "Let us go and walk with the rest; I am tired of sitting here."

As we passed out we met Mrs. Trevor, leaning on the arm of a most distinguished looking man. She introduced him as her brother, Mr. Norton. He bowed low to Ellen, and after conversing a few minutes, asked her to dance. To my surprise she instantly consented, and they went away. I soon after followed, and by a strange coincidence saw that they were standing opposite to Edward and his partner, who were Miss Vane. Ellen danced gracefully, and

never more so than on this occasion, while I could see that she was holding an animated conversation with her partner."

Miss Vane glanced critically at the stranger, and Edward looked restless and unhappy. When the dance was finished, Mr. Norton and his partner were joined by Mr. Trevor and a few other of the elderly gentlemen, all distinguished, and well known men. The peculiar education Ellen had received from her father, and the solid studies she had all her life pursued, enabled her now to join in the conversation of her new companions with far more spirit than she had just before mingled in the dance. They were charmed. Here was a well-read lady, without the least tinge of blueism, with new and brilliant ideas on most subjects, and an intimate acquaintance with authors the very names of which are unknown to most fashionable ladies. Perhaps not the least of Ellen's charms was her simplicity; she did not like the society of young men—they were all dull in comparison to Edward; but old men brought back the memory of her father, and with them she was always a favorite. When Edward came to lead his wife away, the oldest man of the group came forward, and shaking him heartily by the hand congratulated him on the matrimonial prize he had drawn, saying, "I shall take the privilege of an old friend, and come frequently to see you, if only for the selfish gratification of a conversation with your wife."

Such words from such a man were no mere praise, for his indifference to the ladies was well known as his fame was widespread. Ellen I spoke of the conversation we had overheard; but once, when she asked me if I had known of Edward's love for Miss Vane before. She sighed heavily when I answered in the affirmative, and the subject was dropped."

The winter passed quickly, for we lived much in society, and as Ellen now made a point of always accepting invitations, her husband could no longer accuse her of staying at home to annoy him. She felt that Miss Vane was artfully weaving spells around Edward, even now while he vainly struggled to free himself from the fascinating influence, and it was her place to be at his side. The season was over at last, but our return to the country was delayed by Edward being taken suddenly ill. Ellen nursed him through his short but painful sickness, and when he recovered, Miss Vane was married, and had gone on her wedding tour."

We went back to the Hall, Ellen rejoicing to be once more among the birds and flowers, Edward more gloomy and reserved than ever. Poor Edward, I pitied him now; he had scorned Ellen's love in the day when it might have been his, and now when he had learned her worth, learned how highly others esteemed her, he also discovered that his love was not necessary to her happiness. Believing that it was too late now to repair his error, and too proud to make any change in his behavior, or let her know his feelings, he suffered in silence torments of remorse."

It was a sad misunderstanding, for had she dreamed of the change in his feelings all would have been well; but believing that he loved Miss Vane, and that her own fate was inevitable, she strove still to do her duty, or cheerfully accept the bounteous gifts Heaven had lavished upon her, to render her husband's home as pleasant to him as possible, and patiently submit to what she could not avert."

Early in the summer, business called Edward away from home, and he purposed taking a voyage to India ere he returned, to settle the affairs of a deceased friend. I had hoped that this separation might break down the barriers to happiness these two proud young people had raised for themselves, but again I was mistaken. They parted as usual, with a simple hand clasp, and when I asked Ellen, as she sobbed and wept on her couch, why she had so dissembled her grief before her husband, she said she had done so dreading his cold reproval, wishing at least to part in peace. All things had been done to ensure our comfort during his absence—Ellen's own apartments beautifully furnished, the gardens improved by slopes and Italian terraces, and the greenhouse well stocked with choice exotics."

The summer was very warm, and I saw that Ellen suffered from the excessive heat; having no longer a motive for appearing cheerful, she sank into a dangerous state of sadness, and all my efforts to rouse her were vain. Our daily walks were gradually shortened into a stroll in the gardens, then to a visit to the greenhouse, and at last she could go no farther than to the open window of her boudoir. Here, under the shadow of the curtains, reclining on her favorite couch, she spent her days, hourly growing more feeble, and, as I feared, rapidly falling into a decline. In his three months' absence, Edward had sent us but three letters, one only of the number being to Ellen. It was in the usual reserved style in which he always addressed her, commencing simply "Mrs. Livingston," but she had shed many tears over those few lines, and I noticed, failed more rapidly afterwards."

We received a letter from town one day, one of those gossiping, scandal-bearing epistles which some women love so well to indulge in. It contained the intelligence that Mr. Lincoln had eloped with her an immense sum of money. The poor old man, her husband, through grief and vexation had died next day. I must confess to feeling some anxiety to know what Edward would think of his paragon now. Ellen said little, but she truly pitied the guilty woman."

As Autumn approached, I began to grow seriously alarmed at the state of Ellen's health; her appetite was gone, her face and hands, always fair, became transparently white, and her eyes looked larger than ever, and more beautifully blue and bright. She could no longer move without assistance, and as I daily placed her on her sofa, I prayed that Edward might return ere it was too late."

It was time now that he should come, and I had resolved to write at all hazards, and tell him of the change in his wife's health, when I received an unexpected letter from him. He had returned and was finishing up the business which had occupied him all the summer; and he gave many minute details, but that was the most interesting part of his letter. He had met Mrs. Lincoln and her companion in guilt—had been the first to inform them of Mr. Lincoln's death, and had been most thoroughly shocked and disgusted by Sophia's unfeeling ridicule of the old man, who had only loved and treated her too well, as also by the manner in which she rejected all his entreat-

ies that she and her companion should immediately be married."

"Most heartily do I thank Heaven for preserving me from the fate to which I should doubtless have rushed on," he wrote; "most grateful am I for the gift of my innocent, pure-minded wife, my beautiful Ellen. And now, if I am spared to see home once more, I shall devote the remainder of my life to teaching Ellen to love me—she must, she shall love me—I have no more pride, no thought, no hope save the one constant longing to hold her to my heart, and hear the loved words from her own lips. I have spent five wretched months striving to conquer what I thought a pitiful weakness; but as well might I try to stem the river's current as quell the all-powerful sensations which have now assumed their rightful possession in my soul. I cannot write to Ellen. Only at her feet can I ask pardon for my cruel injustice. Write to me immediately—I shall be obliged to remain here long enough to get your answer."

I dared not refuse to give Ellen her husband's letter, yet dreaded its effect; but my worst fears were short of anticipating the consequences. After reading it, she sat silent for a time; then a frightful convulsion passed over her, and she fell forward on the sofa. When I raised her the red blood was flowing from her lips, and fell warm on my hands. She had ruptured a blood-vessel. What I wrote to Edward I do not know, it must have been something dreadful.

Nine o'clock, and a cold, stormy autumn night, the wind roaring round the house, and the rain dashing against the windows in sudden gusts. Without, all was noise, and storm, and darkness; within, peace and warmth, and stillness. I sat in Ellen's chamber and watched; the firelight making fantastic shadows in the room, sometimes, flickering over the pale face, lying in such deathlike repose on the snowy pillows, and sometimes on the sleeping infant in my arms, Ellen's new-born babe. It was an hour of deep anxiety, for the mother's life seemed ebbing fast."

"She might revive, but the chances were against her," said the physician, and he looked too grave for me to doubt his real opinion, even had my own convictions not been the same."

"Oh, that her husband would come, that he might see her alive once more!" I had said again and again; and at last, as if in answer to my prayer, came the sound of his horse's feet above even the roar of the storm. I laid the sleeping infant in its little bed, and went forth to meet him."

"Mary, is she still alive?" was his first inquiry."

I pressed his hand in silence, it was no time to tell him my fears then. In a few minutes he was beside her, gazing with an aching heart on the ravages a few short months had made. She still slept, a deathlike slumber, all unconscious of whose tears were falling on her pillow. I drew aside the curtains of the infant's cradle, and whispered Edward to come. He started with surprise at sight of the tiny occupant."

"Mary, what is this?" he asked.

"Ellen's child and yours," I answered, and placed his little daughter in his arms."

Poor Edward, he might well say his pride was gone; never was man more thoroughly repentant for the past. Through the long hours of the night we watched beside the sleeper, occasionally drawing near to make sure she really breathed."

At sunrise, while he still sat near her, she suddenly opened her eyes, and called his name. I went softly out of the room, and when I returned, an hour after, Ellen had again fallen asleep, her hand fast clasped in her husband's, the babe held lovingly to her bosom. Edward's face was radiant with joy."

"She says she will not leave me," he whispered, "that my love has given her new strength."

His words proved prophetic. Day by day she improved under our careful nursing, until after many weeks she was permitted once more to leave her chamber for her own cheerful sitting-room. It was a joyful day, when, borne in Edward's arms, she changed the dreary sameness of the sick room for her favorite sofa in the bay window."

A pretty picture they made, sitting there under the rose-colored drapery. I think I see them even now. Ellen in her dressing robe, whose crimson hue imparted a faint flush to her delicate cheek; her clipped feet resting on a soft ottoman; in her hand, still too weak for much service to its owner, is held a tiny bouquet, Edward's memento from the greenhouse. He sits beside her, and with many merry jokes to hide a deeper feeling, binds golden threads around the two rings, now all too large for Ellen's poor thin finger. The still little babe is in its cradle, between the lace curtain of which Edward frequently looks down to assure himself it has not vanished away, the precious miniature copy of his young wife. It was beautiful to see him in his new character of father, displaying a world of tenderness and feeling which even I who had known him all his life had never believed he possessed. I think that that day's pure joy more than repaid them for the sufferings of the past year. Ellen tried to recollect how old the child was, and commenced counting, then suddenly stopped."

"Why, Edward, this is our wedding day," said she.

Truly she was right, and in another sense—it was indeed their wedding day—the day on which they were united."

LOOKING UP.—Mr. Astor, it is said, when once forcing the Susquehanna on horseback, found himself becoming so dizzy, as to be about to lose his seat. Suddenly he received a blow on his chin from a trapper who was his companion, with the words, "Look up." He did look up, and recovered his balance. It was looking on the turbulent waters, that imperiled his life; the blow he received, and the looking up, saved it."

It is so often with ourselves under God's discipline. A sudden shock comes to our own persons, or death descends on one of our friends. At the moment, with our eyes fixed on self, or some object of earthly idolatry, we may be nigh ruin. Then God's providence comes and disfigures the idol, or forcibly withdraws our eyes from the path in which we were seeking destruction. In earthly relations, we would see in such interpositions, the presence not only of a wise but loving friend. Shall we not, when we consider the relations of the soul, infer the same thing from God's chastening providences?"

THE EYE-LID.—Dr. Leon Renard, in a note to the editor of the Union Medical, describes the following

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 4, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.
S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS,
Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

Programme of Commencement.

The preliminaries of the great college annual are already upon us—a hopeful looking for and preparing for something pleasant and good. The class is small, giving note of comfort in this direction, while its quality is a guaranty of healthy condensation, both of time and perspiration. Everybody is looking for one of the very best festivals we have ever had. This programme reads somewhat thus—

Sunday evening, sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. Mr. Duncan of Boston.

Monday evening, anniversary of the Delta Upsilon Society, at the Congregational church. Oration by Joseph Odell, of Lebanon, Ken.; poem by Rev. Geo. M. Preston, of Medford, Mass. (Supper at the Society's Hall in Phoenix Block.)

Tuesday afternoon, sermon before the Baptist Education Society, by Rev. Mr. Butler of Rockland.

Tuesday evening, anniversary of the Literary Societies. Oration by Rev. O. S. Stearns, of Newton, Mass.; poem by Wm. Stark, Esq., of Manchester, N. H.

Wednesday, exercises of the graduating class, at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday evening, concert by the Gilmore Band, in the Baptist church.

The annual dinner will be served at Town Hall, under the promising auspices of Mr. C. E. Williams, of the Williams House.

The President's Lecture, (a new institution,) takes place at his residence on College street, after the close of the concert on Wednesday evening.

If we add to the above, the usual favorable weather, the promises of Commencement were never better.

THE FORT POINT CELEBRATION.—They had a great time on Thursday, at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the erection of Fort Point, near the mouth of the Penobscot River. Eight thousand people were present, and the sayings and doings fill the daily papers. A procession was formed, of which Gen. S. S. Heagan was Chief Marshal. Exercises were held at the stand. Rev. Joshua Hall of Frankfort, presided. An oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. Thurston of Seabrook. At the dinner, speeches were made by Hon. S. H. Blake of Bangor, Dr. Simonton of Seabrook, Rev. Joshua Hall, 91 years old, Gen. Webster of Belfast, Rev. S. S. Southern of Worcester, Mass., Col. A. W. Johnson of Belfast, and others. It was an interesting occasion.

THE FIRST GREEN CORN.—Mr. Harrison Cole brought us a mess of green corn on Thursday last week, July 28, picked the day previous, July 27. This is earlier than we have ever known this luxury in our market. Yesterday we saw him selling it at our shops, in liberal quantities.

GREEN CORN NO. 2.—Mr. Reuben D. Pulsifer helped us to some good eating, yesterday, by bringing in a supply of large and well filled green corn. Mr. P., is a brother of Dr. Pulsifer, and came into town last fall and bought the William Blair farm, on the west side of the Massalonskee—one of the prettiest spots in our vicinity—on which according to all accounts he is doing a good work. Long may he flourish here in our midst, to read the Eastern Mail and treat the editor's thereof to the rarities of the season.

SPOCK HORSES.—Mr. I. R. Deolittle has at his stable two very fine horses, designed to improve the blood of Kennebec horses. —'Ivachob' is among the best Morgan representatives we ever saw; a dapple chestnut, of great substance and constitution, and high courage and good trotting action. His sire Comet, g. Comet or Billy Root, g. g. Sherman Morgan, g. g. g. Justin Morgan. Dam by Woodbury or Burbank Morgan. He took the first premium of the Boston Agt Association, in 1855, and the first premium of the Granite State Horse Show. 'St. Lawrence,' the other, is a beautiful bay, five years old, and can trot very fast. Both the horses are worthy the attention of breeders, and their introduction to this section will result to their advantage.

BOSTON.—Hear what the irreverent wag of the Bath Times says of modern Athens:—

Boston has been called the hub of the universe. Were the earth a top the cupola of the State House or Beacon Hill would doubtless be the leg on which it would spin. John G. Saxe—the next Governor of Vermont if there should not be too many scattering votes against him—speaks of those who 'born in Boston need no second birth.' We are not surprised that some one should exclaim:—'Blessed are the dead who die in Boston, for they rest at Mount Auburn, and their works shall be talked about.'

MAN DROWNED.—Mr. H. A. Jack fell overboard from a fishing boat at Richmond, on Tuesday morning of last week, and was drowned.

Hon. Levi Bradley a well known citizen, of Bangor, died in that city on Thursday evening last, at the age of sixty-four.

SONS OF MALTA.—A lodge of this mysterious order was instituted in Gardiner, last week, by a delegation from Boston.

OUR TABLE.

THE MAINE TEACHER.—A Monthly Journal devoted to the Educational Interests of Maine. Edited and published by Mark H. Dunnell, Superintendent of Common Schools.

A year ago we received the initial number of this work, and made a notice of it, setting forth its objects, claims, size, price, &c., but seeing and hearing no more of it, we concluded it had met with an early death. In this it would seem we were mistaken, however, for we have before us the first number of a second volume.

The Maine Teacher we would again say, therefore, is a monthly publication managed by our efficient Superintendent of Common Schools, Hon. Mark H. Dunnell. Having such a work in the State, teachers and all who are interested in the cause of education, should sustain it with pen and purse. But a small portion of the number before us, we are sorry to see, is original, it being made up mainly of extracts from publications of a similar character from abroad. The articles are good, and the number is well filled; but the teachers and other friends of education in this State ought to ask but little foreign aid in this enterprise. They should occupy its pages almost entirely, and thus bring its teachings home to the people of Maine, who would soon appropriate it, according to its deserts. The price of the work is \$1 a year. Address the editor at Norway.

MARY'S MUSKETS.—Several unusually good stories will be found in the August number of this nice little juvenile—'Christine, a story of Switzerland,' 'The Two Rules and how they Worked,' and 'How Aunt Betsey's Eyes were Opened.' Much other good reading will be found, with many handsome pictures, the whole forming a very attractive book for the young. Published by J. N. Stearns & Co., New York, \$1 a year.

New Music.—Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, send us the following musical novelties:—

'Yankee Doodle,' with brilliant Variations. By Ch. Voss. 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be. A Ballad. By C. W. Glover.

'Loving Voices,' a song. By Ch. W. Glover.

'The Violet and the Rose,' two Polkas, composed by W. Purves.

'Gen. Garibaldi's Gallop.' By A. Silcox.

'Sadie's Yacht Club Schottisch,' for the piano. By Alphonse Ledue.

'Laugh and Sing,' a Ballad. By Steph. Glover.

The above, with all of the other publications of Oliver Ditson & Co., will be found at Mathews's.

YOUTH'S CASSET AND PLAYMATE.—The July number is full of very pleasant things for the little folks—stories, anecdotes, poetry, original dialogues, chit-chat, enigmas, &c., prettily illustrated. It costs but a dollar to secure its monthly visits for a whole year. Address Wm. Guild & Co., Boston.

ATTENTION, FISHERMEN!—North and East Ponds, in Smithfield, offer great inducements to those who enjoy fishing and a pleasant sail upon a beautiful sheet of water. Mr. Frohock, of the North Ponds House, as will be seen by advertisement, is prepared with all the 'fixings' necessary; and at his hostelry the tired angler may recuperate after his toil, and eat fish of his own catching, with all the delectable accessories usually found at such places of resort. The editor of the *Gospel Banner*, a worthy brother of the angle, was there recently, and thus discourses of the sport to be met with in that vicinity:—

Thursday we voyaged to Smithfield, and cast anchor in the hospitable North Pond House, kept by Mr. Frohock, who has boats and fishing tackle for all comers, and who will do everything to render the stay of his guests pleasant. The pond is a charming lake four miles long and two miles wide, with finely diversified shores, and in the distance, clearly seen from its surface, the noble summit of Blue, Abraham and Saddleback. It is full of pickerel and white perch, and contains fine trout. We once took out seven from its waters, weighing in all, twenty-two pounds. They are very scarce, having been nearly exterminated by pickerel, and are shy and hard to catch, and only now and then are they taken. With fishing gear and boat we slowly paddled up a wide stream that connects North and East Ponds, sometimes fishing, then lying in the bottom of the boat, sleeping in the sun, paddling in the water, or wading along the shores where grew the gay cardinal flower in greater abundance than we ever saw them before, scaring the long legged heron from his marshy haunts, till the edge of the evening called us to our inn, where the pickerel captured, done to a turn, made a supper fit for a king. The shades of evening found us on an eminence near the hotel, from which a sunset view can be had worth going miles to see. Frohock's is five miles from Norridgewock, ten from Skowhegan, eleven from Waterville, and twenty-two from Augusta. Lovers of Isaac Walton's art who wish to obtain plenty of fish, a good hotel, and all the essentials of a day's or a week's successful sport, can find everything they want at Frohock's.

Friday we discovered a model trout brook—of course we shall not say where—from which we took out more than thirty shy speckled beauties, and on the lake secured perch and pickerel enough to gladden the hearts of several friends at home, to whom we sent a box, besides what our own wants required, and wound up the day successfully every way, and returned to Waterville, sunburnt, ragged, tired, but happy as could be desired.

A VENERABLE AUTHOR.—The New York Contributor of the Philadelphia Press, speaking of a new novel 'Walter Thornley,' just published by the Harpers, says:—

It is written by Mrs. Sedgwick, the mother of Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., a distinguished lawyer and a public man of this city. Mrs. Sedgwick is seventy years old, but as fresh and vigorous in her intellect as she was at thirty. I was shown her manuscript this morning at Harper's, and I speak with romancing when I pronounce it the most faultlessly elegant specimen of calligraphy I ever beheld—the letters are as clearly and as perfectly formed as if they had been cut by the hand of an engraver.

DEDICATION.—On Tuesday evening of last week the beautiful new hall of Queen City Division, S. of T. of Bangor, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The dedicatory address was by S. L. Carlton, Esq. of Portland, and interesting speeches were made by several other gentlemen. It is said to be one of the most beautiful halls in New England. In speaking of this dedication the *Jeffersonian* well remarks on the present promising indications:—

The interest in the cause of Temperance is rapidly and it is believed permanently spreading in this city, and in fact in all parts of the State. Many influential men are enlisting in the cause who have hitherto stood aloof from all movements of the kind. This fact may be regarded as one of the signs of the times in the point of social and economical progress.

THE HOLMES CASE.—The Court is prepared with a decision in this case, but its delivery is delayed in consequence of the ill health of Capt. Holmes, who is represented as being near his end.

Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, died at Yellow Springs, Ohio, on Tuesday.

FOREIGN NEWS.—Much speculation is afloat in all quarters concerning the peace so suddenly and unexpectedly concluded—the motives which led to it, the bearing of its stipulations, its probable duration. In this there is opportunity for a great amount of shrewd guess work, and letter writers are swift to take advantage of it. We might easily fill our paper with these speculations, with but little profit to the reader however. We content ourselves with the following items by the later arrivals:—

The preliminary conditions of the treaty of peace, are thus announced in the official Austrian correspondence:—

Austria and France will support the formation of the Italian Confederation, to which Austria accedes. Lombardy, as far as the line of the Mincio, is to be given up. Mantua, Peschiera, Borgoforte and the whole of Venetia remain Austrian possessions. The Princes of Tuscany and Modena are to return to their States. A general amnesty is granted.

The Emperor and King of Sardinia arrived at Turin on the 15th, and amidst enthusiastic acclamations were met by Prince Carignano and Count Cavour.

The Emperor of Austria left Verona for Vienna on the morning of the 14th.

An order of the day published at Verona says Austria commenced the war for the maintenance of sacred treaties, relying on the devotedness of the people, the bravery of the army and her natural allies. Not having found allies, Austria yields to an unfavorable political situation. The Emperor cordially thanks the people as well as the army who have again showed that their Sovereign may confidently rely on their devotedness if any new struggles should arise.

Count Cavour and his colleagues in the Sardinian Ministry had resigned, and their resignation had been accepted by the King. This action is said to have been caused by the conditions of peace. Count Aresé was charged with the formation of a new Cabinet.

Letters from Paris assert that much discontent prevailed there in regard to the terms of peace and the small results of the war, although peace itself gave general satisfaction.

The *Stiele* (organ of the French Liberals) is dissatisfied, and says France will have everything to begin again in a few years if the minutest Austrian influence is suffered an abode in Italy. It calls for the expulsion of the petty Italian Princes who are confederates of Austria.

It is remarked that Sardinia, by accepting Lombardy without the fortresses necessary to defend it, has made herself the vassal of France, and that Italy has gained nothing, while the Emperor returns to Paris nominally a conqueror, but in reality, a baffled and dishonored man.

It was reported in Paris, Friday, that great agitation prevailed at Milan, and that troubles had broken out in Venice; that Florence was disturbed, and that the Parisian populace was indignant at the Emperor not fulfilling his promise to the latter.

It is said that Garibaldi was about to issue a proclamation. It was considered doubtful if he would readily lay down his arms.

Up to the 11th the formation of the Hungarian Legion had proceeded favorably, five thousand men having joined.

LATER.—A few more items, by a later arrival, will be found below:—

There is nothing additional in regard to the basis of peace. Discontent is apparently increasing, especially in Italy.

Louis Napoleon had arrived at St. Cloud.

The Queen of Portugal is dead.

The *Times* correspondent at Turin, says the peace has produced the greatest exasperation and dejection in that capital. The Emperor Napoleon is accused of being a traitor to Italy. His portraits have been withdrawn to prevent shop windows from being broken. Two hundred French policemen were at Turin.

By the Turin correspondent of the *News*, the Piedmontese are described as a prey to grief and stupor, in consequence of the peace, which leaves Sardinia without a fortified frontier.

The representatives of Austria, France and Sardinia will soon meet at Zurich to conclude the treaty of peace. There will be no Congress, as the two Emperors have agreed to settle their differences without the intervention of the neutral powers.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Herald* says that the greatest activity prevailed all along the French Coast.

The channel coast was being fortified, and from Cherbourg to Dunkirk earth batteries were being constructed at every 3000 yards.

The *Paris Pays* says the whole Imperial Guard, a division of infantry of the line, and a battalion of Chasseurs, selected from different corps, and representing the army of Italy, had received orders to march immediately for Paris, where they are to receive a distinguished reception.

FIRE AT FAIRFIELD CORNER.—On Friday evening last, during the shower, a barn belonging to Col. Nathan Fowler, of Fairfield Corner, was struck by lightning, set on fire, and totally destroyed, together with another barn, a stable, two sheds and a hog pen. About 20 tons of hay and nearly all the farming tools were also destroyed. The amount of loss we do not learn, but we are informed that a policy of insurance on the property had expired two days previous and had not been renewed.

MOTE AND BEAM.—The sarcastic Gilman, of the Bath Times, enlarges in a wonderful manner upon the dullness and more than Sabbath quiet of Hallowell; but is careless enough in the same issue, to give utterance to a complaint of the ladies of his own city, that the burdocks are so plentiful in the vicinity of the sidewalks as to seriously inconvenience them and damage their dresses.

Senator Iverson, of Georgia, has been making one of his pleasant disunion speeches at Griffin, Georgia. The following passages from a synopsis of the Honorable Senator's speech, give a sufficiently clear and comprehensive idea of the production:—

'The proud and enviable condition of the poor white man in the South, compared to the degraded, white slave of the north, is owing to the existence of African slavery in the south. If the question of emancipating the negroes was to-day submitted to the people of Georgia, nine out of ten who own no slaves would vote in the negative. Slavery must be maintained—in the Union if possible—out of it, if necessary—peaceably if we may—forcibly if we must. He was once an advocate of the theory of Squatter Sovereignty, but had repented and recanted the error. Subsequent investigations had convinced him that the true theory

in relation to the Territorial Governments of the Union, is that it is both the power and duty of Congress to pass laws for the protection of slavery, wherever it exists or may exist upon the common soil.

GRAND DIVISION, S. of T.—The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of the State of Maine held their quarterly session at Bangor on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The attendance was large, and an enthusiastic and harmonious spirit pervaded the meetings, which promises well for the progress of temperance in our State. Though dropped by the political parties, the good cause will not languish; indeed, it may flourish all the better, now, divorced from politics. The following officers were present:—

S. L. Carlton, Portland, G. W. P. L. T. Boothby, Waterville, G. W. A. H. R. Morrell, Gardiner, G. Scribe. Calvin Hall, Treasurer. John S. Kimball, Bangor, G. Con. Rev. W. G. Hoben, Yarmouth, G. Chaplain.

'D. B. Ricker, Portland, G. Sen. Thirty new members were initiated at this session.

The reports show that during the last quarter 13 new divisions have been instituted, and during the same time about 1500 members have been admitted to the order and about 800 lay visitors.

In addition to the private sessions for business, several interesting public meetings were held which were well attended. On Thursday evening the Grand Division, joined by all the Temperance Divisions in this city, all in regalia, formed in procession and marched to Noremberga Hall, escorted by a band of music, where a large audience was in waiting. Several speeches were made by leading apostles of Temperance, giving an encouraging account of the Temperance cause in the several parts of the State.

With hearts warmed anew in the cause of virtue and morality, the members separated to enter again upon their labors with fresh courage and zeal, the fruits of which, we doubt not, will be manifest in due time. Our folks are loud in praise of the hospitality and courtesy of their Bangor brethren, and hope they will some day have an opportunity to repay them in kind.

THE DUTTON CHILDREN.—These little fairies are to be exhibited in Waterville tomorrow and next day, and of course all the small people and a great many of the large ones will go and see them. Large crowds visit them wherever they go, and are delighted with these little atomies—the smallest and most perfectly formed specimens of humanity ever seen. For particulars, see advertisement.

The *Kennebec Journal* says:—

The two Dutton children or the Fairy Sisters were exhibited in this city last week, and on the several occasions of their leaving the large audience that was filled with delighted visitors. They are very pleasing objects of curiosity, so tiny, so sprightly, so every way interesting in body, in mind and in action. The more one sees of them the more interesting they become. It seems impossible that such tiny creatures can be the dwelling of so much life, intelligence and affection. It would hardly surprise one more to see the beautiful, curly haired dolls in the shops, neatly dressed for a present, start into life and dance and sing and speak and smile than to see these little creatures in their finely furnished bodies and delicate limbs and cherub faces, possessed of intelligence, and activity, life and love. They are without deformity, without awkwardness and seemingly without the slightest physical defect, and yet so very small and delicate—a doll come to life. The nearer one comes to them the smaller they appear. They are exceedingly cunning and curious specimens of human kind and wherever they may go they cannot fail to find multitudes of friends and admirers.

In addition to the pleasing interest which these tiny little sisters awaken in their own person, is the fact that they are in keeping and under the guiding care of their father, and other friends who are deeply interested in all that pertains to their health, their comfort and their cultivation. We can most heartily recommend them to the attention of the people wherever they may find it convenient to give their leave.

WELL PUT.—'Them wicked Universal-Jers,'—a practical, working people—have not often been charged with relying too much on prayer; but the following anecdote, told by Brother Hanson of the Banner, would seem to show that while setting a high value on 'good works,' they at the same time properly appreciate this other weapon of the spiritual armory:—

A ministering brother was recently returning from church, when he was overtaken by one of his hearers who evidently went, not to learn, but to criticize. Entering into conversation he said, in substance, 'I do not believe in prayer. Works are alone necessary. Now I have been very successful in raising onions. I might pray till Doomsday that the maggots should not injure my crop, but it would do no good. But when I go to work to kill them, the onions all flourish. Prayer does not help my work at all.'

'Very likely,' was the reply, 'it is possible that the Almighty has special reference to you, and though he has made prayer necessary to most of his children, he has made an exception in your case, and finding that you would not believe in prayer, placed you where prayer would not be necessary, and so raised you up and fitted you for your business—killing maggots. I am glad, since you will not pray, that you have a sphere of labor in which prayer is not necessary.'

CALIFORNIA WHEAT.—All the wonderful stories of big nuggets and rich diggings we have read, and all the golden drops our eyes have been permitted to behold, have never given us the first pulse-beat of California fever; but when we took out a few heads of wheat from a letter the other day—such as would make a Maine farmer's eye glisten, if he could raise them—and learned that they were taken from a field of fifty acres grown on Feather river, and only an average specimen at that; we were almost tempted to calculate—not the value of the Union, to be sure, but—the price of a ticket to California, and the distance to the Golden Gate. They were sent to us by Mr. Wm. H. Moor of Sacramento lately of Waterville, whose many friends will be glad to hear of his prosperity. [Private.] We were not so overcome, William, but what we pocketed the little 'yellow boy,' put in, we suppose, to prevent the wheat being lost.]

A CALL DECLINED.—Rev. Mr. Balkam, of Lewiston, declines a call from Andover, Mass., though accompanied by an offer of a salary of \$1200.

A valuable horse, belonging to J. S. Butterfield of East Yarmouth, was killed by lightning on Wednesday of last week.

The friends of Rev. J. P. Weston will be pleased to learn that his health has improved, and that he decides to remain at Westbrook Seminary instead of accepting more lucrative employment.

Rev. Mr. Harris, of Skowhegan, is troubled with an affection of the throat, and has been advised by his physician to rest from his labors for a few months, at least.

A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS.

BY MRS. ADY.

Why do I dwell on the change of the weather?
Why speak of our climate with scoffing disdain?
And say that the clouds closely meeting together
Are certain to end in a torrent of rain?
The sun on the landscape was recently shining,
And, although dimmed its splendor anon,
My counsel is this—never think of repining,
But always look out for a Break in the Clouds!

From youth I have welcomed each trivial enjoyment;
And even when hopes have been chilled or deferred,
I never adopted the dreary employment
Of picturing evils that had not occurred;
When phantasms of trouble were hovering near me,
I gazed undismayed on their threatening crowds;
I hopefully waited for sunshine to cheer me,
And saw it, ere long, though a Break in the Clouds!

Behold, while I speak, the bright sun is dispelling
With warm, genial rays, the thick clouds from above;
How fair is the earth, what a beautiful dwelling
We owe to the Lord of beneficent love!
He deals not his trials to wound and oppress us,
His purpose awhile amid darkness He shrouds,
But soon sends the light of His mercy to bless us,
And bids it shine forth, through a Break in the Clouds!

The Tail of a Tadpole.

Is any one partial to bull-frogs? can any one, but the gourmand who loves their hind legs served up in white sauce, find any interest in such unwieldy, unamiable, and lopping animals, who have not even the toad's redeeming feature of wearing a jewel in their heads? Yes! some can. The naturalist who loves to investigate all that God has made, and who regards none of his works as 'common or unclean.'

As to the common mind, frogs are uninteresting, how much more so must Froggy Junior, the little black and wriggling tadpole be! What can be found in him worth studying? Science answers that his very tail is a world of mystery and full of wonders as a conjuror's box. Listen how it is described by that loving naturalist and pleasant writer, C. H. Lewis, in the first number of the new English periodical called *Once a Week*:—

A blade of grass is a world of mystery, would men observingly distill it out. My erudite friend, Gerunds, glancing round my workroom, arrested his contemptuous eye on a vase abounding in tadpoles, and asked me with a sniffing superiority, 'Do you really mean to say that you find any interest in these little beasts?'

'As much as you find in Elzevirs,' I energetically answered.

'H'm!' grunted Gerunds. 'Very absurd, isn't it? But we have all our hobbies. I can pass a bookstall on which I perceive that the ignorance of the bookseller permits him to exhibit an edition of Persius among the rubbish at 'one shilling each.' The sight gives me no thrill—it does not even slacken my rapid pace. But I can't so easily pass a pond in which I see a shoal of tadpoles swimming about, as ignorant of their own value, as the bookseller is of Persius. I may walk on, but the sight has sent a slight electric shock through me. Why, sir, there is more to me in the tail of one of these tadpoles than in all the poems of that obscure and dreary Persius. But I won't thrash you Jew unless you thrash mine.'

'Why would you on earth can you do with the tail?'

'Do with it? Study it, experiment on it, put it under the microscope, and day by day watch the growth of its various parts. At first it is little but a mass of cells. Then I observe some of these cells assuming a well-known shape, and forming rudimentary blood-vessels. I also observe some other cells changing into blood cells. Then the trace of muscles becomes visible. These grow and grow, and the pigment cells, which give their color to the tail, assume fantastic shapes.'

'Very interesting, I dare say.'

'You don't seem to think so, by your tone. But look in this vase here, you see several tadpoles with the most apologetic tails—mere stumps, in fact. I cut them off nine days ago.'

'Will they grow again?'

'Perfectly; because, although the frog dispenses with a tail, and gradually loses it by a process of resorption as he reaches the frog form, the tadpole needs his tail to swim with, and nature kindly supplies any accident that may deprive him of it.'

'Yes, yes,' added Gerunds, glad to feel himself once more in the region of things familiarly known; 'just like the lobster, or the crab you know. They tear off their legs and arms in the most reckless manner, yet always grow them again.'

'And would you like to know what has become of these tails?'

'Are they dead?'

'Not at all. Alive and kicking.'

'Alive after nine days? Oh! oh!'

'Here they are in this glass. It is exactly nine days since they were cut off, and I have been watching them daily under the microscope. I assure you that I have seen them grow—not larger, indeed, but develop more and more, muscle-fibers appearing where no trace of fiber existed, and a cicatrice forming at the cut end.'

'Come, now, you are trying my gullibility!'

'I am perfectly serious. The discovery is none of mine. It was made this time last year by M. Vulpian in Paris, and I have only waited for the tadpole season to repeat the observations. He says that the tails constantly living many days—as many as eighteen on one occasion; but I have never kept mine alive more than eleven. He says, moreover, that they not only grow, as I have said, but manifest sensibility, for they twist about with a rapid swimming movement when irritated. I have not seen this, but M. Vulpian is too experienced a physiologist to have been mistaken; and with regard to the growth of the tails, his observations are the more trustworthy because he daily made drawings of the aspect presented by the tails, and could thus compare the progress made.'

'Well, but I say, how the deuce could they live when separated from the body? our arms and legs don't live; the lobsters legs don't live.'

'Quite true; but in these cases we have limbs of complex organization, which require a complex apparatus for their maintenance; they must have blood, the blood must circulate, the blood must be oxygenated—'

'Stop, stop; I don't want to understand why our arms can't live apart from our bodies. They don't. The fact is enough for me. I want to know why the tail of a tadpole can live apart from the body.'

'I can. Is not the fact enough for you in that case also? Well, I was going to tell you the reason. The tail will only live apart from the body so long as it retains its early immature form; that is to say, so long as it has not become highly organized. If you cut it off from a tadpole which is old enough to have

lost its external gills a week or more, the tail will not live more than three or four days. And every tail will die out as soon as it reaches the point in its development which requires the circulation of the blood as a necessary condition.'

'But where does it get food?'

'That is more than I can say. I don't know that it wants food. The power of abstinence by reptiles is amazing. I was reading the other day an account of a reptile which had been kept in the Boston Museum for eight-and-twenty months without any food, except such as it might have found in the small quantity of dirty water in which it was kept. Really I begin to think there is more in these little beasts than I suspected. But you see it requires a great deal of study to get at these things.'

'Not more than to get at any of the other open insects of nature. But since you are interested, look at these tails as the tadpoles come bobbing against the side of the glass. Do you see how they are covered with little white spots?'

'No.'

'Look closer. All over the tail there are tiny cotton-like spots. Take a lens if your unaccustomed eye is not sharp enough. There, now you see them.'

THE EASTERN MAIL, An Independent Family Newspaper.

Published every Thursday,
by
MAXHAM AND WING,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
Rye's Building, Main Street, Waterbury.

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
paid within six months, 1.75
paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in pay
on.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the option of the publishers.
POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERBURY.
DEPARTURE OF MAIL.
Eastern Mail leaves daily at 10.15 A.M. Close at 10.00 A.M.
Boston " " " 10.35 " " 9.45 " "
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Main Street, Waterbury, N.Y.
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Close at 7.00 A.M. on Sunday, 7.45 A.M.
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FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Never say the sky is black, if thou dost think it
blue.
Never speak another's thoughts unless thou know them
true.
Never walk along a road because by others trod;
true unto thyself, O man? be true unto thy God.
Whatever others do, do right; whatever others say, be
free.
Where others walk, go straight, and God will bless and
honor thee.
Others choose to set up gold, and say it is their god;
there is no need, though thousands bow, that thou
should bow.
And firm, erect in manhood's strength, though millions
round thee bow.
Then, thou but one man in the world, that one man, then
thou art a god.

A strong feeling is being manifested in Upper Canada
in a dissolution of the Union of the two Provinces.
able demonstrations are being made, meetings being
held, resolutions passed, and a plan of action manufac-
tured for its accomplishment.
Fighting bills is the latest definition for love. Not
bad definition.
No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example
is no hurt.
Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment
after you consent to do precisely what other people
do.

Proctor Mill. A new mill is nearly complete in Bath
will turn out 35,000 barrels of flour per annum.
Bath. A bridge has been commenced across the
creeks at Hallowell.
Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham is about to commence
lecturing to the Universities of West Waterbury and
New-York.

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelors' Hall,"
which will differ from most houses, in having no doors.
Bachelors.—The time of holding the Republican
convention at Skowhegan, has been changed from
the 18th to the 25th inst.

The shortest answer that can be given to the frequent
query, "What is the cause of the war?" is to say,
"Africa has been covering more ground than she has
a right to."

Rev. Henry Sawtelle, of Limerick, has resigned his
charge as pastor of the Baptist Society of that place, and
will start in a few weeks for China, where he is to labor
as a missionary, under the patronage of the
Society of Missions.

Samuel Patterson, of Edgecomb, fell from a load
of hay on Friday, and was killed. He leaves a wife and
family.

During the late war in Italy great numbers of Pro-
testants were distributed to the soldiers, even at
Rome. A wide field for missionary effort was opened,
and was well improved by the Waldensian Christians
and their conductors in other countries.

At Newport, Ky., a party that was serenading a new-
wed couple with horns, stove pipes and other
music, were astonished to see the bride appear
among them in charming dress, and seizing one of
the party doused her head with soap suds and kept
there till almost drowned.

HUMBLED ADVERTISEMENTS.—We cannot
but caution the public about the humbled
advertisements which are in so many papers
of the present day. For instance; we see
the following in a good many respectable jour-
nals:

Rare chance to make money. I will send
receipt to any person who will send me five
postage stamps, or fifteen cents in money,
whereby he can make from three to five dol-
lars per day.

People think in this enlightened age there
is no person foolish enough to be humbled,
in the above manner; and yet there are thou-
sands of young men in the country who reply
to such advertisements, and expect an answer,
whereby they can make their fortune in a few
months.—We caution all against such hum-
bled, and when persons read this, we hope
they will think twice before sending either
money or postage stamps.

DOINGS BY LIGHTNING.—On Tuesday
night, the large two story dwelling-house,
owned by Joseph Nelson, in the town of Win-
throp, was struck by lightning and entirely
destroyed. Most of the furniture was saved, though
part of it in a damaged state. No person
in the house was injured. The loss probably
\$2000.

The barn of Mr. Theobald, in Dredon, was
struck, and with its contents consumed.
Mr. Theobald had just backed his oxen and
out of the barn when it was struck.

During the shower on the night of the 26th
inst., lightning struck the house of Mr. Samuel
libert of Sangerville, and one end of it was
most literally shattered in pieces.

The house of Mr. G. D. Holmes, of North
bury, was struck by lightning Tuesday
night. Every room was shattered more or
less, but no one was injured.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—A patent has been
secured by W. Clark, of London, for the
following method of preserving butter. The but-
ter is first well beaten in the usual manner
after churning, then placed between linen
cloths and submitted to severe pressure for
removing whey and water. It is now com-
pletely enveloped or covered with clean white
paper, which is coated on both sides with a pre-
paration of the white of eggs, in which fifteen
grains of salt is used for each egg.

The first dried, then heated before a fire, or
in hot iron, just prior to wrapping it round
the butter. It is stated that butter may be
perfectly sweet without any salt for two
months, when thus treated, if placed in a cool
cellar. The submitting of butter to pres-
sure, as described, is a good plan, and one which
we recommend to all farmers. They can
practice it with a small cheese press.

WASHING HORSES' LEGS.—It is quite a
modern custom for carmen and hostlers to
wash noble horses, by the erroneous prac-
tice of dashing of cold water on their legs
when they are dirty. In regard to this prac-
tice, Sir George Stephens the eminent veteri-
nary surgeon says, "Wherever it is necessary
to wash horses' legs, do it in the morning—
not groom, attend to a different principle,
wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I
am convinced this is a bad practice. When
the roads are dirty, and the weather wet, and
the legs already soaked, washing can do no
harm, but to deluge the legs with water the
moment a horse enters the yard, heated with
exercise, is to my mind, as unnatural and ab-
surd as to jump into a shower-bath after play-

ing an hour at cricket. My plan is, rubbing
down with straw and a dry brush, and the
next morning wash as clean as soap and water
can make them. Pick and wash the soles as
soon as the horse comes in."
[The Scientific American.]

CATERPILLARS.—Place a handful of quick
lime in the nest, early in the morning before
the caterpillars are abroad, and while the dew
is on. This is a remedy harmless to the tree,
and generally destroys the insects. If thought
necessary, the lime may be previously wet to
insure its slacking. The operation should be
performed while the caterpillars are small, or
as soon as they emerge from the eggs. Nests
filled with large insects, must be removed by
the abscission of the limbs to which they are
attached, and burned.

HINTS ON TRAVELLING.—At this season
many persons contemplate travelling; to do so
with the largest amount of comfort and advan-
tage, physical, social and mental, the following
suggestions are made.

Take one-fourth more money than your ac-
tual estimated expenses.
Acquaint yourself with the geography of the
route and region of travel.

Have a good supply of small change, and
have no bill or pieces higher than ten dollars,
which you may not take counterfeited change.
So arrange as to have but a single article of
luggage to look after.

Dress substantially; better to be too hot for
two or three hours at noon, than to be too cool
for the remainder of the twenty-four.

Arrange under all circumstances, to be at
the place of starting fifteen or twenty minutes
before the time, thus allowing for unavoidable
or unanticipated detention on the way.

Do not commence a day's travel before
breakfast, even if that has to be eaten at day-
light. Dinner or supper or both can be more
healthfully dispensed with than a good warm
breakfast.

Put your purse and watch in your vest pocket,
or stockings, and all under your pillow, and
you will not be likely to leave either.

The best, if not the most secure fastening of
your chamber door is a common bolt on the in-
side; if there is none, lock the door, turn the
key so that it can be drawn partly out, and
put the wash basin under it; thus, any attempt
to use a jimmy or put in another key, will push
it out, and cause a racket among the crockery,
which will be pretty sure to rouse the sleeper
and rout the robber.

A sixpenny sandwich eaten leisurely in the
cars, is better for you than a dollar dinner,
bolted at a station.

Take with you a month's supply of patience
and always think thirteen times before you re-
ply once to any supposed rudeness or insult, or
intimation.

Do not suppose yourself specially and de-
signedly neglected, if waiters at hotels do not
bring you what you call for in double quick
time. Nothing so distinctly marks the well bred
man as quiet waiting on such occasions; pas-
sion proves the puppy.

Do not allow yourself to converse in a tone
loud enough to be heard by a person at two or
three seats from you, it is the mark of a boor
in a man, and of want of refinement and lady-
like delicacy, if in a woman. A gentleman is
not noisy; ladies are serene.

Comply cheerfully and gracefully with the
customs of the conveyances in which you travel
and of the places where you stop.

Respect yourself by exhibiting the manners
of a gentleman and a lady, if you wish to be
treated as such, and then you will receive the
benefit of others.

Travel is a great leveller, take the position
which others assign you from your conduct
rather than from your pretensions.

A LEGAL ANECDOTE.—Elisha Williams,
formerly of Columbia county, was somewhat
noted for his eloquence and power of moving a
jury. On one occasion he made a plea which
produced a marked effect both upon the jury
and upon the Court. His legal opponent was
a mere pettifogger, but shrewd, and, as it
happened on the occasion, succeeded in laying
out the eminent counsellor. When Mr. Wil-
liams had closed his eloquent appeal, the petti-
fogger rose and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury and your Honors:
I should despair of the triumph of my client
in this case, after the eloquent appeal of the
learned counsel, but for the fact that common
law is common sense. No man could like bet-
ter the piece which the learned gentleman has
spoken, than what I like the piece. He spoke
it good. I've heard him give it four times
before—once at Scodack, in a burglary case;
once at Kiak, on a suspicion of stealing; once
at Poughkeepsie, in a murder case; and
the next time at Kalkak, about the man who
was caught a counterfeiting. Well, he always
spoke it good, but this time he's really beat
himself. But what does it all amount to, gen-
tlemen of the jury? That is the question, and
you can answer it as well as I kin and better
twice!"

And so they did, and quickly, by a verdict
for the pettifogger's client.

"SEE WONT SCRATCH I."—We had a little
cousin visit us once, a three-year old boy,
who had always pretty determinedly had his
own way. We found him one day with the
old gray cat, which he had fastened into a bar-
rel and which was looking rather savagely an-
xious to get out. "How dare you play with
that cross old cat, Charlie?" said we. "Ain't
you afraid she will scratch you?" "Oh," an-
swered the little fellow in his piping treble,
"She will scratch everybody but I, and she
won't scratch I!" Not long afterwards
we met poor Charlie crying bitterly, with
several deep wounds on his face and hands from
that naughty cat. We laughed at Charlie's
answer at the time, but we have often thought
seriously of it since.

We never see a young man who is sure he
can drink moderately and never go to excess,
but we think of the cat that will scratch every-
body but I.

We never see a man running into doubtful
speculations in hopes of great gain but we think
of the cat that won't scratch I.

We never see any one recklessly expose him-
self to physical or moral danger, but we think
of the cat that will scratch everybody but I.

Very few there are, but sometimes get a
scratch from this dangerous cat, whose wounds
are slow to heal, and whose venom rankles
long.

Whoever trifles with the truth, selfishly
wronging another, or carelessly wronging him-
self, is playing a dangerous game, and will in the
end find himself deeply wounded by the cat,
he fondly fancies will scratch everybody but
I.—[Cambridge Chronicle.]

WORLDLY PRUDENCE.—Lord Lytton
strongly urges the prudent, circumspect use of
money, and in so doing, says, "I am convinced
that no man can be happy or honorable who
does not proportion his expenses to the means
he possesses. If your creditor is a shoemaker,
your rank may be, he becomes your superior,
and the moment you put it out of your power
to pay a servant he becomes your master, and

you must not only submit to his impertinence,
but connive at his faults in order to prevent
this creditor from making his demands. But
the circumspect use of money, arising not from
avaricious principle, but from the wise prac-
tice of applying means to ends, will keep you
in that state of independence which is the rock
of life. On that foundation you can stand
firm, return the haughty look give truth its
due force, and scorn the embroidered lie."

WALK SOFTLY.—The latest pebble thrown
sea-ward from the beach, causes a wavelet,
whose influences are felt for unnumbered
leagues out upon old ocean's bosom. The soft-
est whisper excites vibrations in the atmosphere
around us, which cease not this side the bound-
less ether; so the act or thought of an immor-
tal man, however insignificant, may color a
life-time, may leave influences which shall not
cease, until time shall be no longer; influence
for good or ill, to millions of immortals like
himself, for unending ages. These things be-
lieve so, it would seem that every fact should be
a felt responsibility, and every thought a prayer.
Let us walk softly then, or at least with a
motive and a wish for good. A crust of brown
bread thrown thoughtlessly by a fellow travel-
ler, nearly half a century. An ill timed jest
has severed many a warm friendship, and
planted bitterness for a lifetime, where ought
to have welled up the warmest and purest,
and loveliest springs of our nature. Many a
time and oft, has a frown, a harsh
unfeeling or contemptuous gesture, crushed
resolves forever, which were budding to a
new and changed better life. Reader, let us
walk softly then by day and by night, at home
and abroad, inasmuch as for every step in life
we must give an account at the judgment.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Dr. J. H. PLATTED & CO.,
Sole Importers for the U.S.,
125 Broadway, New York.

HAIR DYE: HAIR DYE: HAIR DYE!
The Only Harmless and Reliable Hair Dye!
All others are mere imitations, and should be avoided, if
you wish to escape ridicule.
We have a Hair Dye that is not only a beautiful
and natural Brown or Black, without the least injury to Hair
or Skin.

Persons Medals and Diplomas have been awarded to
Wm. A. Bache's Hair Dye, and over 50,000 applications
have been made for it, and it is now the most common
Hair Dye in the world. It is a perfect and reliable
dye, and is the only one that does not injure the
hair, and is the only one that is not only a beautiful
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We have a Hair Dye that is not only a beautiful
and natural Brown or Black, without the least injury to Hair
or Skin.

THE EXCITEMENT STILL CONTINUES!
Read the following Letter:
It speaks for itself, as the patient medicine folks say:
Dr. J. H. PLATTED, Dear Sir:—I am happy to say that the
preparation, the Oriental Balm, stands unrivaled for
its curative properties, and in my opinion should find its
way into every family, because it is so useful and so
important, and so easily and so quickly brought before
the public for the cure of Burns, Scalds, Rheumatism, Weak
Knees, Complicated, Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Head-ache,
and all sorts of Aches and Pains.
I was badly afflicted with Neuralgia in my neck and shoulders.
I was so much pained that it was almost impossible for me to
dress or undress myself. I was persuaded by a friend who had
heard of the efficacy of the Balm to try one bottle. I did so, and
a few applications entirely cured me. I am happy to learn
that you are meeting with great success in introducing it to
the public, and would recommend it to all suffering from
Neuralgia. I subscribe myself, your humble servant.
J. M. CROOKER, Waterbury.

Dr. Littlefield's Oriental Balm is warranted, and it relieves
all kinds of pains, and cures all sorts of ailments. It is
sold in Waterbury by J. H. PLATTED & CO., and by all
druggists and medicine dealers. Price only 25 cents.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Dr. J. H. PLATTED & CO.,
Sole Importers for the U.S.,
125 Broadway, New York.

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