

# The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

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LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

## UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

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MARCUS WATSON, Printer.

## Poetry.

### The First Fall of Snow.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night,  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock,  
Wore a crown of gleaming white,  
And the smallest twig on the elm tree  
Was rigid with deep white.

From the sheds new-roofed with Carrara,  
Came Chanticleer's muffled cry;  
The still rills were softened to swan's down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I thought of a mount in sweet Auburn,  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the snow was folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke the little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told her of the good dill-dallier,  
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That stretched over our first great sorrow,  
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake at healing and hiding  
The scar of the death-debated woe.

Again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that visiteth all,  
Daring, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,  
And also, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

J. Russell Lowell.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE MARINER'S SON.

A Tale by a Lawyer's Clerk.

About the year 1798, James Bradshaw and William Drysdale, both invalided masters of the Royal Navy, came ashore for the remainder of their lives at about twelve miles' distance from Exeter, on the London road. Bradshaw named his domicile, an old-fashioned straggling building, Rodney Place, in honor of the admiral in whose great victory he had fought. Drysdale's smaller and snugger dwelling, about half a mile away from Rodney Place, was called Poplar Cottage, and about midway between them stood the Hunter's Inn, a roadside public-house, kept by one Thomas Burnham, a stout-hearted, jolly-bellied individual, the constant of whose rubicund figure-head was considerably damaged by the loss of an eye, which, however, it is right to say, the extinguished light appeared to have been transferred in undiminished intensity to his fiery, piercing fellow. The retired masters, who had long known each other, were intimate as brothers, notwithstanding that Bradshaw was much the richer of the two, having contrived to pick up a considerable amount of prize money, in addition to a rather large sum inherited from his father. Neither did the difference of circumstances oppose, in Bradshaw's opinion, the slightest obstacle to the union of his niece and heiress, Rachel Rifford, with Edward Drysdale, his fellow veteran's only surviving offspring. The precedent condition, however, was that Edward should attain permanent rank in the Royal Navy, and with this view a midshipman's warrant was obtained in '99 for the young man, then in his eighteenth year, and he was dispatched to sea.

The naval profession proved to be, unfortunately, for which Edward Drysdale was altogether unfitted by temperament and bent of mind, and all consequences followed. He had been at sea about eighteen months, when news reached England of a desperate, but successful, cutting-out affair by the boats of the frigates to which he belonged. His name was not mentioned in the official report—but that could hardly have been hoped for—neither was it in the list of killed and wounded. A map of the coast where the fight took place was procured; the battle was fought over and over again by the two veterans, and they were still indulging in those pleasures of the imagination, in the parlor of the "Hunter's Inn," when the landlord entered with a Plymouth paper in his hand, upon one paragraph of which his single orb of vision glared with fiery indignation. It was an extract from a letter written by one of the frigates' officers, plainly intimating that Midshipman Drysdale had shown the white feather in the late brush with the enemy, and that he would not seek home by the first opportunity. The stroke of a dagger could have been nothing compared with the sharp agony which such an announcement inflicted on the young man's father, and Bradshaw was for a few moments equally thunder-struck. But he quickly rallied. William Drysdale's son a coward! Pook! the thing was out of nature—impossible; and very shortly were his maledictions, savagely echoed by Burnham, with whom young Drysdale was a great favorite, of the lying lubber that wrote the letter, and the newspaper rascal that printed it.

But it was too true! On the third evening after the appearance of the alarming paragraph the two mariners were sitting in the porch of Poplar Cottage, separated only by a flower garden from the main road, conversing upon the sad and constantly recurring topic, when the coach from London came in sight. A youthful figure, in naval uniform, on the box-seat, rivaled their station, as it did that of Rachel Rifford, who

was standing in the little garden apparently absorbed till that moment by the shrubs and flowers. The coach rapidly drew near, stopped, and Edward Drysdale alighted from it.

The two seamen, instead of waiting for his approach, hastily arose from their seats and went into the cottage, as much perhaps to avoid the humiliating though compassionate glances of the outside passengers, as from any other motive. The young man was deadly pale, and seemed to have hardly sufficient strength to move back the light wicket-gate which admitted to the garden. He held by it till the coach had passed on, and then turned with a beseeching half-reproachful look towards Rachel. She, poor girl, was as much agitated as himself, and appeared to be eagerly scanning his countenance, as if hopeful of reading there a contradiction of the deplorable rumor that had got abroad. In answer to his mute appeal, she stepped quickly towards him, clasped his proffered hand in both hers, and with a faint and trembling voice ejaculated—

"Dear, dear Edward! It is not true—I am sure it is not, that you—that you—"

"That I have been dismissed from the naval service, as unfit to serve his majesty, is quite true," rejoined Edward Drysdale, slowly and with partially recovered calm—"quite true."

The young man shrank indignantly from him; fire glared in his suffused eyes, and her light, elegant figure appeared to glow and dilate with irrepressible scorn, as this avowed fall upon her ear. "A coward!" she vehemently exclaimed; "you that—"

"But no," she added, giving away again to grief and tenderness, as she looked upon the fine, intelligent countenance of her lover, "it cannot be; there must be some error—some mistake. It is impossible!"

"There is some error and mistake, Rachel; but the world will never, I fear, admit so much. But come, let us in; you shall go with me!"

We will not follow them till the first outbreak of angry excitement is passed; till the father's passionate, heart-broken reproaches have subsided to a more patient, subdued, faintly-hopeful sorrow, and Rachel's wavering faith in the manhood of her betrothed has regained something of its old firmness. Entering them, we shall find that only Mr. Bradshaw has remained obstinately and contemptuously deaf to what the young man has falteringly urged in vindication of his behavior in the unhappy affair which led to his dismissal from the service. He had, it appeared, suddenly fainted at the sight of the hideous agony in which, for the first time in his life, he found himself involved.

"You have a letter you say, from Captain Otway," said Mr. Drysdale, partially raising his head from his hands, in which it had been buried whilst his son was speaking—"Where is it? Give it to Rachel; I cannot see the words."

The note was directed to Mr. Drysdale, whom Captain Otway personally knew, and who no doubt kindly intended to soften the blow the return of his son under such circumstances must inflict. Although deciding that Edward Drysdale was unfit for the naval profession, he did not think that the failure of the young man's physical nerve, in one of the most murderous encounters that had occurred during the war, was attributable to deficiency of true courage; and as a proof that it was not, Captain Otway mentioned that the young man had jumped overboard during a gale of wind, and when night was falling, and saved, at much peril to himself, a seaman's life. This was the substance of the note. As soon as Rachel ceased reading, Mr. Drysdale looked deprecatingly in his friend's face, and murmured "You hear."

"Yes, William Drysdale, I do. I never doubted that your son was a good swimmer, nor more than I do that toward means toward, and that all the letters in the alphabet cannot spell it to mean anything else. Come, Rachel," added the grim, unreasoning, iron-tempered veteran, "let us be gone. And God bless, and if it is possible, comfort you, old friend. Good-bye! No, thank you, young sir!" he continued, with renewed sternness, as Edward Drysdale snatched at his hand. "That hand was once grasped by Rodney, in some such other business as the letter speaks of, when its owner did not faint! It must not be touched by you!"

The older Drysdale took not long afterwards to his bed. He had been ailing for some time, but no question that mortification at his son's failure in the profession, to which he had with so much pride devoted him, helped to weaken the springs of life, and accelerate his end which took place about six months after Edward's return home. The father and son had become entirely reconciled to each other, and almost the last accents which fell from the lips of the dying seaman, were a prayer to Bradshaw to forget and forgive what had passed, and renew his sanction to the marriage of Edward and his niece. The stern man was inextinguishable; and his pitiless reply was, that he would a thousand times rather follow Rachel to her grave.

The constancy of the young people was not however, to be subdued, and something more than a year after Mr. Drysdale's death they were married; their present resources, the rents—about one hundred and twenty pounds per annum—of a number of small tenements at Exeter. They removed to within three miles of the city, and dwelt there in sufficiency and peace, for about five years, when the exigencies of a fast increasing family induced them to dispose not very advantageously of their cottage property, and embark the proceeds in a showy speculation, promising, of course, immense results, and really ending, in the brief space of six months, in their utter ruin. Edward Drysdale found himself, in lieu of his golden hopes, worth about two hundred pounds less than nothing. The usual consequences followed. An undisciplined suit-at-law speedily reached the stage at which execution might be issued, and unless a considerable

sum of money could be instantly raised his furniture would be seized and sacrificed to no purpose.

One of the most expedient remained—that of once more endeavoring to soften the obduracy of Mr. Bradshaw. This it was finally determined to attempt, and Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale set off, by a London morning coach, upon the well-nigh hopeless speculation. They alighted at the Hunter's Inn where Drysdale remained, whilst his wife proceeded alone to Rodney Place. Thomas Burnham was friendly and good-natured as ever. The old mariner, he told Drysdale, was visibly failing, and his chief amusement seemed to be gazing and hoarding up money. James Berry, a broken-down tailor, and a chap, according to Burnham, who knew how many beans made five as well as any man in Devonshire, had been for some time vain, gaudy, and appeared to exercise great influence over Mr. Bradshaw. The only other person in the establishment, was the old cook, Margery Deane, who, never otherwise since he had known her, but desperately deaf of hearing, was now become deaf as a stone. Drysdale, it was afterwards remembered listened to all this with eager attention, and was especially inquisitive and talkative, respecting Mr. Bradshaw's hoarding propensities, and the solitary, unprotected state in which he lived.

Mr. Drysdale was long gone; but the tremulous hopes which her protracted stay called feebly forth, vanished at the sight of her pale, tearful, yet resolute aspect. "It is useless, Edward," she murmured, with her arms cast about her husband's neck, and looking in his face with far more lavish expression of affection than when, with orange blossoms in her hair, she stood a newly-completed wife beside him; "it is useless to expect relief from my uncle, save upon the heartless, impossible condition you know of. But let us go home. God's heaven is still above our heads, though clouds and darknesses rest between us. We will trust in him, Edward, and fear not."

So brave a woman ought to have been matched with a stout-hearted man; but this, unhappily, was not the case. Edward Drysdale was utterly dependent, and he listened, as his wife was afterwards fain to admit to herself and others, with impatient reluctance to all she said as they journeyed homeward, save when the condition of help spoken of, namely, that she should abandon her husband, and take up her abode with her children at Rodney Place, was discussed—by her indignantly. Once, also, when she mentioned that the old will in her favor was not yet destroyed, but would be, her uncle threatened, if she did not soon return, a bright, almost fiery expression seemed to leap from his usually mild, reflective eyes, and partially disfigure the gloom which mantled his features.

This occurred on a winter's day, in early March, and the evening up to 7 o'clock had passed drearily with the Drysdales, when all at once the husband, starting from a profound reverie, said he would take a walk as far as Exeter, see the attorney in the suit against him, and, if possible gain a little more time for the arrangement of the debt, his wife acquiesced, though with small hopes of any favorable result, and the strangely abstracted man left the house.

Ten o'clock, the hour by which Edward Drysdale had promised to return, chimed from the dial on the mantle-piece. Mrs. Drysdale trimmed the fire, lit the candles, which for economy's sake she had extinguished, and had their frugal supper laid. He came not. Eleven o'clock! What could be detaining him so late? Twelve!—half-past twelve! Rachel Drysdale was just about to bid the servant-maid, who was sitting up in the kitchen, go to bed, when the sound of carriage-wheels going towards Exeter stopped at the door. It was a return post-chaise, and brought Edward Drysdale.

He staggered, as if intoxicated, into the kitchen, reached down a half-bottle of brandy, and from a cupboard, and took it the post-boy, who immediately drove off. Anne Moody, the servant girl, was greatly startled by her master's appearance; he looked, she afterwards stated, more the color of a whitened wall, than of flesh and blood, and shook and "covered," as if he had theague. Mrs. Drysdale came into the kitchen, and stood gazing at her husband, in a white, dumb kind of way (I am transcribing literally from the girl's statement) till the bedroom window. "Rodney Place," said Mr. Prince, "is nine miles from Drysdale's residence. I understood you to say, Mr. Sims, that Mrs. Drysdale declares her husband was at home at twenty minutes past one."

"Certainly she does; but the wife's evidence, you are aware, cannot avail the husband."

"True; but the servant girl's driver of the post-chaise! This is a vital point, and must be cleared up without delay."

Williams, Sims's clerk, and I set off instantly to see Mrs. Drysdale, who had not left her room since her husband's apprehension. She was confident it was barely so late as twenty minutes to one when the post-chaise drove up to the door. Her evidence was, however, legally inadmissible, and our hopes rested on Anne Moody, who was immediately called in. Her answer was embarrassing. She had been asleep in the kitchen, and could not positively say whether it was one or two o'clock when her master reached home. There was still a chance left—that of the post-chaise driver. He did not, we found, reach Exeter, a distance of three miles only from Mr. Drysdale's, till a quarter to three o'clock, and then was much the worse for liquor. So much for one chance of proving an alibi.

There was one circumstance perpetually harping upon our bright one-eyed friend of the Hunter's Inn—Cyclops, I and Williams called him. What had become of a large sum in notes, paid it was well known, to Mr. Bradshaw three or four days before his death? What also of a ruby ring, and some unprecious stones he had brought from abroad, and which he had always est-

mated, rightly or wrongly, at so high a price? Drysdale's house and garden had been turned inside out, but nothing has been found, and so for that matter had Rodney Place, and its two remaining inmates had been examined with the like ill success.

Burnham, who was exceedingly disatisfied with the progress of affairs, swore there was an infernal mystery somewhere, and that he shouldn't sleep till he had ferried it out. That was his business. Ours was to make the best of the wretched materials at our disposal; but the result we all expected, lowly, the foregone conclusion of the jury that were empaneled in the case, was just about to be formally recorded in a verdict of guilty, when a note was handed across to Mr. Sims. One Mr. Jay, a timber merchant, who had heard the evidence of the postilion, desired to be examined. This the Judge at once assented to, and Mr. Jay deposed that having left Exeter in his gig upon pressing business, at about two o'clock on the morning of the murder, he had observed a post-chaise at the edge of a pond, about a mile and a half out of the city, where the dead horses had been, he supposed, drinking. They were standing still, and the post-boy, who was inside, and had reins to drive with, passed through the front windows, was fast asleep—a drunken sleep, it seemed—and he, Mr. Jay, had to hawl for some time, and strike the chaise with his whip, before he could wake the man, who, at last, with a growl and a curse, drove on. He believed, but would not like to positively swear, that the postilion he had heard examined, was the man. The testimony, strongly suggestive as it was, his lordship presumed, did not materially affect the case; the jury concurred, and a verdict of guilty was pronounced and recorded amidst the deathlike silence of a hushed and anxious auditory.

The unfortunate prisoner staggered visibly beneath the blow, fully expected as it must have been, and a terrible spasm convulsed his features and shook his frame. It passed away, and his bearing and speech, when asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed according to law, was not without a certain calm dignity and power, whilst his tone, tranquil, it is true, were silvery and assuming as a child's.

"I cannot blame the gentlemen of the jury," he said. "Their fatal verdict is, I am sure, as conscientious as God and myself know it to be erroneous—false! Circumstances are, I feel, strangely arrayed against me; and it has been my fate to live the life of a wretchedly judged, save only by one whose truth and affection have shed upon my chequered existence the only happiness it has ever known. I observe, too, the telling sneer of the prosecuting counsel, connecting the circumstances under which I left the navy with the cowardice of the deed of which I stand here accused—convicted, I suppose I should say. I forgive that gentleman his cruel sneer as freely as I do you, gentlemen of the jury, your mistake on verdict—you, my lord, the death sentence you are about to pronounce. The manner in which I hope to pass through the brief, but dark and bitter passage lying between me and the grave, will, I trust, be a sufficient answer to the taunt of cowardice, and the future vindication of my innocence, not for my own, but for my wife and children's sake, I confidently leave to him into whose hands I shall soon, untimely, render up my spirit. This is all I have to say."

The prisoner's calm, simple, unburied words produced a marvelous effect upon the court and auditory. The Judge, Chief Baron MacDonald, a conscientious and somewhat nervous man, paused in the act of assuming the black cap, and presently said, rather hastily, "Let the prisoner be removed; I will pass sentence to-morrow." The Court then immediately adjourned.

I was miserably depressed in spirits, which the cold, sleety weather that greeted us on emerging from the hot and crowded court considerably increased. I was thinking—that a glass of brandy and water might not go amiss, when whom should I rudely jostle against but Cyclops, alias Thomas Burnham. He was going the same way as myself, in prodigious haste, his eye bright and flaming as a live coal, and his whole manner denoting intense excitement. "Is that you?" he broke out. "Come along, then, and quick, for the love of God! I've missed Sims and his clerk, but I'll do as well, perhaps better." I had no power, if I had the inclination, to refuse, for the enthusiastic man seized me by the arm, and hurried me along at a tremendous rate, towards the outskirts of the city. "This is the place," he exclaimed, as he burst into a tavern parlor, where two trunks had been deposited. "He's not come yet," Burnham continued, "but the coach is to call for him here. He thinks to be off for London this very night."

"Whom are you talking of? Who's off to London to-night?"

"James Berry, if he's clever enough—Look there!"

"I see," James Berry, passenger, London. "There, then, are his trunks, I suppose?"

"Right, my boy; but there is nothing in them of importance. Sly, steady-going Margery has well ascertained that. You know Margery—bustle! here she comes."

Berry—it was he—could not repress a nervous start, as he unexpectedly encountered Burnham's burly person and fierce glare.

"You here!" he stammered, as he mechanically took a chair by the fire. "Who would have thought it!"

"Not you, Jim, sure; it must be, therefore, an unexpected pleasure. I've come to have a smoke and a bit of chat with you, Berry—there's no 's' in a ripe berry than you are in the Kingdom—before you go to London. Jim—do you mark—before you go to London. Ha, he, ho, ho! But Zounds! how pale and shaky you're looking, and before this rousing fire, too! D—n the villain!" shouted Burnham, jumping suddenly

up from his chair, and dashing his pipe to fragments on the floor. "I can't play with the any longer. Tell me—when did the devil teach thee to stuff out collars with the spoils of murdered men, eh?"

A yell of dismay escaped Berry, and he made a desperate rush to get past Burnham—but in vain. The fierce publican caught him by the throat, and held him by a grip of steel. "You're caught, scoundrel!—nicked, trapped, found out, and by whom, think you? Why, by deaf, paralytic Margery, whose old eyes have never wearied in watching you, from the hour you slew and robbed her good old master till to-day, when you dreamed yourself alone, and she discovered the mystery of the coal collar!"

"Let me go!" gasped the meek, down whose pallid cheeks big drops of agony were streaming. "Take all and let me go!"

A fierce imprecation, followed by a blow, replied to the despairing plea. A constable, attracted by the increasing uproar, soon arrived; the thick coal collar was ripped, and it was found a considerable sum in Exeter notes, the ruby ring, and other valuable well known to have belonged to Mr. Bradshaw. Berry was quickly lodged in goal. A true bill was returned the next day by the grand jury before whom, and by the time the clock struck four, the murderer was, on his own confession, convicted of the foul crime of which a perfectly innocent man had been, not many hours before, pronounced guilty! A great lesson this was felt to be at the time in Exeter, and in the Western country, generally. A lesson of the watchfulness of Providence over innocent lives; of rebuke to the self-sufficing infallibility of men, however organized or empaneled; and of patience under unmerited obloquy and slander.

Edward Drysdale was, I need hardly say, liberated by the king's pardon—pardon for an uncommitted offence; and he and his true-hearted wife, the heiress of her uncle, are still living, I believe, in competence, content and harmony.

A Scene at Sea.

In the year 1830, there were hovering on the African coast a large clipper brig, called the *Brilliant*, commanded by a desperado named Homan. Homan was an Englishman by birth, and was known along the whole coast, and in Cuba, as the most successful slaver of his day. The brig was owned by two men residing in Havana—one an Englishman, and the other a Spaniard. She was built to carry six hundred negroes, and in her, Homan had made ten successful voyages, actually landing in Cuba five thousand negroes! The brig carried ten guns, had thirty sweeps, and a crew of fifty Spaniards, most of them old pirates, as desperate as their commander. An English brig of war which attacked her, was so out up in hull and rigging that she was abandoned, and soon sunk. An English sloop of war attempted to carry the *Brilliant* with boats, which were beaten off with great slaughter. Now, it was known that Homan was again on the African coast for another cargo, and it was resolved to make another attempt to take him, with the evidence of his guilt on board. The arrangements for that purpose were well made. He was allowed to take in his cargo of Negroes and set sail.

The *Brilliant* had not lost sight of the coast when the quick eye of her commander discovered that she was entrapped. Four cruizers, three of them English, and one American, had been lying in wait for him, and he was now within reach of another. Night was coming on, and Homan was silently regarding his pursuer when suddenly the huge mull of the brig flung idly, the wind died away, and the slaver was motionless on the water. "This will not do," Homan muttered, knocking away the ashes from his cigar, "their boats will be down upon me before I am ready for the visit; as he said this stern face lit up with a smile, the expression of which was diabolical. It was evident enough that he meditated some desperate plan.

A dozen sweeps were got out, and the vessel moved silently through the water. Meanwhile the darkness having deepened, Homan proceeded to carry out his design. The cable attached to the heaviest anchor was taken out of the hawser hole, and carried around the stern, extending from the bow and around the stern, and then forward on the other side. The hatches were then taken off, and the negroes passed up, and securely ironed by the wrists. As the miserable wretches came up from the hold into the fresh air, they expressed by their looks a gratitude which would have softened the heart of any but the fiend in whose power they were. Without a word they were led to the side, and to bend over the rail, outside of which the chain ran. The iron that clasped their wrists were then fastened by smaller chains to the links of the cable. It was slow work, but at the end of four hours, 600 Africans, male and female, were bending over the rail of the brig, in a painful position, holding by their chained hands had received the money found upon his person at his house, from the deceased's own hands, in order to pay the debts and costs in the suit, wherein execution was about to be levied on his furniture, and that the residue was about to be applied to his, the prisoner's own use; that the expressions deposed to by Anne Moody, and his own and Mrs. Drysdale's emotion after his return home, which had told so heavily against him in the examinations before the magistrates, were perfectly reconcilable with his huge cable which was attached to a heavy anchor suspended by a single sling from the bow.

Homan himself examined the fastenings to see that every negro was strongly bound to the chain. This done, he ordered the pen-work of the hold to be broken up, brought on deck, bound in matting, and well filled with shot, and thrown overboard. The work was completed an hour before

daybreak, and now the only witnesses of Homan's guilt were attached to that fatal chain. Homan turned to the first mate, and with a smile full of meaning said in Spanish—

"Haro, take an axe and go forward. The wind will come off to us soon. Listen to the word, and when you hear it, cut the sling."

The man went forward, and Homan turned and in vain endeavored to penetrate the darkness, "I don't want to lose these niggers," he said, speaking aloud, "and yet I dare not wait until day-light. I wish I knew where the hounds are."

At that instant the report of the gun reached his ear, then another, in different directions. The cruizers were firing signals. "That's enough," exclaimed Homan—"I know where you are." Then raising his voice, he said, "Haro, are you ready? The wind will reach us soon."

Ay, ay, sir, was the response. In a few minutes the sails began to fill, and the vessel moved slowly through the water.

"How much water do you suppose we have here?" observed Homan, turning to the man at the wheel.

"Fifty fathoms, at least," was the reply.

"That will do," the slaver muttered, and he walked forward and examined carefully the "chain gang," as he brutally termed his diabolical invention.

The negroes sent up piteous groans. For many an hour they had been bent over in this unnatural position, by which they were suffering the keenest torture.

The breeze strengthened, and the *Brilliant* dashed like a racer over the deep. Homan hailed from the quarter-deck, while his men collected in groups, saw unmoved, the commination of the plan.

"Are you ready, Harro?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

Homan looked round, and into the darkness which was fast giving way to the morn. Then he thundered out—

"Strike!"

There was a sound of a single blow, a heavy plunge, and as the cable fell off the side, a crash, above which arose one terrible shriek—it was the last cry of the murdered Africans. One moment more, and all was still. Six hundred human beings had gone down with that anchor and chain into the depths of the ocean!

Two hours after daybreak the *Brilliant* was overhauled. There was no evidence that she was a slaver, and her captors were obliged to let her pass. The instructions to cruizers at that time, did not allow a vessel to be captured unless negroes were found on board.

The County Courts of England.

The following article, attributed to the pen of Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, bears testimony of the reform, adopted in Maine, in relation to the admission of parties to testify in their own suits. It also shows that Courts of Conciliation are practically and successfully in operation in England. It is taken from the Boston Law Reporter, for November:—

A court, without lawyers and without a jury, is a novelty, if not an anomaly. Such, practically, is an English County Court.

By the invitation of Adolphus, known to the profession as a learned reporter and leading barrister, and now a county court judge, I attended a session of his court, in the Marylebone district of London. The Court house is a large building, with its name printed on a large sign over the door, and easily found by the poorer class of suitors who may seek for it. The lower story is occupied by the officers of the registrar and bailiffs, and the upper by the court-room. It was about noon; the court-room was well filled with parties and witnesses; the judge sat upon the bench, in a barrister's wig and gown; the registrar sat below him, as does the clerk of our courts, and there was a reasonable attendance of bailiffs and other officers.

The course of proceedings may be best presented to the reader by a familiar description. The registrar calls a case; "John Lucas—John Lucas! Is John Lucas in court?" calls the bailiff. John Lucas appears and takes his stand in the witness box, on the left of the judge, and is sworn. Mr. Brown is called in the same manner, and takes his seat in the same manner, and takes his place at the opposite box. They are in full sight of each other, separated by the registrar's desk. There are no written pleadings, but only the names and descriptions of the parties, and the plaintiff's bill, made out like a shop bill, and sworn to. The judge reads over the bill to the plaintiff, and examines him upon it, and requires him to tell his story, when and how the contract was made, the goods delivered, and why the bill was not paid. He then asks defendant if he wishes to examine the plaintiff. Mr. Brown is quite ready to do so, and a series of questions is put and replied to, which develops the real issue quite as well as the best special pleading. Perhaps the very first question by the defendant shows that he has no defence, except as to the mode of payment; or else, that the dispute turns on the value or condition of some of the articles.

"Mr. Lucas, didn't my wife tell you that the pitcher was broken, and that the plates were not worth more than two shillings?"

"Then you admit," says the judge, "that you received all these articles, Mr. Brown?"

"I don't deny that, your honor."

"Have you got them now?"

"Yes, sir."

The judge then interviews as a day-man between them, and after a little talk between the parties and the judge, and perhaps an examination of Mr. Brown as to the condition of the pitcher and plates, the plaintiff deducts a little from his bill, and takes a judgment by instalments, at £1 10s. per month.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune writes that he has "the most positive assurance that Franklin Pierce intends running as a candidate for the Senate of the United States, in place of Mr. Hale, in 1858."











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 who is not a citizen of the United States; and in case  
 of putting their applications in a firm to secure for them  
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 Late Commissioner of Patents "

From the present Commissioner.  
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 ington, has been extremely engaged in the transaction  
 of business with the Office, as a Solicitor. He is there-  
 fore unable to give any personal attention to the  
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**RICKETS** or a softened and distorted condition of  
 the Bones, **Joint Affections** & White  
 Swellings.  
 "It being a case of the Digestive Organs, com-  
 mencing a fast of, or a renewed and irregular action,  
 and severe and distressing symptoms.  
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 perior in Asthma, or hard Coughs & Hemorrhages & Aus-  
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