

The Union and Eastern Journal.

Class of Courts

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

BIDDEFORD, MAINE, FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1867.

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LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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MARCUS WATSON, Printer.

Poetry.

The First Flowers.

By J. G. WATSON.

For ages on our river borders,
These plants in their sunny bloom,
And witness each of dewy dawns,
Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unobscured waters
Painted on them from their pebbly bed,
And the air of each of the rosin
And the song of blue bird welcomed them.

But never from smiling river,
Or song of early bird, have they
Been greeted with a gladder welcome
Than whenever from our hearts to day.

They break the spell of cold and darkness,
The weary watch of sleepless pain;
And from their joy, as from the river,
The first of winter melts again.

Think, Mary, for this will wild waters
Of Spring's fondness drawing near;
Alone, as in the ruin of Aeneas,
The groaning of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-tree called me
From cedar dome and alien bloom,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks!

As, in the old Tiberian hall I
Of Ovid's love, live and true,
Forever live in song and beauty,
So link my thought these flowers and thee.

The small, leafy tree, the tiny droop,
Never more the primal rock;
Who knows but that these little vines
May leave some trace by Aristotle?

And amidst the forest's twilight
Reverent words to breathe and stream,
And wonder if the old-time Mary
Were real, or the singer's dream!

(National Era.)

Agricultural.

ARE YOU PLANTING OUT A GRAPE VINE?

Then dig the ground two feet deep, and at least a space of four feet in diameter; and also dig and mix in with the earth one bushel of well rotted barn-yard manure, and if you have no old, then mix one quart of lime, and two quarts ground or broken bones, with one gallon of chamber lye; scatter it over the ground beforehand, and dig it thoroughly. When you plant the vine, see to it, first, that the roots are not dry and dead; cut one; if it is black on the inside, it is dead; try another; if any are blackened and dead, cut them away. The roots of young grape-vines will not bear much exposure, and often plants are set out when not a single root will grow, and thus the plant is not better than a cutting. Cut your vine after planting, so that only two buds are left to grow. If you have been careful to prepare the ground as above, have spread out the roots carefully, in setting, have not trod upon the ground, and afterward, be careful to keep the ground hard once in two weeks, all summer, your vine will be six feet high in October.—Ohio Farmer.

RASPBERRIES. No one of the smaller fruits is more desirable or more easily cultivated than these. In many parts of the country the wild fruit is so abundant that it is not grown in gardens. In mountainous districts the red raspberry is as common as the bramble and whortleberry, and quite as productive. In other districts, the black-cap, or thimble berry is quite prolific. But neither of these are equal in size or flavor to the cultivated fruit.

This fruit requires a deep, rich, moist soil, to do its best, but will flourish in any good garden soil. The plantation is made best in staves, about four or five feet apart, and the canes of two stools tied together at the top, forming a small arch. This is ornamental in the garden, and at the same time convenient for cultivation and for picking the fruit. These varieties are but half hardy, and only yield full crops when laid down in winter and covered with a few inches of soil. This is but little trouble and makes the fruit as certain as that of the strawberry.

HOW TO COOK RASPBERRIES. It is a common error in cooking raspberries to peel it. This should never be done as the skin contains the aroma of the plant and is not at all fibrous but cooks as readily and becomes pulpy. We have derived this information from a French cook of note, experience and skill. The same cook tells us that raspberries should be cut into pieces about three quarters of an inch long before cooking. It should be boiled with a nice piece of salt pork and served up in the same manner as peas.

FORCING RASPBERRIES. This is easily done by taking up old roots and setting them in a hot bed the first of this month. The frame should be high enough above the bed to give the leaves full chance to develop themselves. Sound, strong roots will start almost immediately, and in a few weeks give leaf stalks a foot long or more. In this way you may anticipate the season of raspberries, a month or more. Nothing is more inviting in the early spring, than this delicious vegetable.

PLANT A TREE. This planting season is now upon us, and do not put off planting trees and shrubs. You can plant now as well as next fall, or next year, and in the meantime, your tree or shrub will be growing, soon to bear fruit, flowers, shade, &c.

LINE IN PLANTING TREES. One quart of lime scattered into the hole before placing the tree in its place, will assist it very much in readily growing, as well as aid its future growth.

CRANLINES IMPORTANT TO PIGS.

A gentleman put six pigs of almost equal health, to fatten: treated them, with one exception, all exactly the same, and fed them on similar food, given in equal quantities to each for seven weeks. Three of these pigs were left to shift for themselves, so far as cleanliness went, and the other three were carefully curried, brushed and washed. The latter consumed in the seven weeks less food by five bushels than the other three, and yet, when killed, weighed more by two stones four pounds on the average.

Radishes.

It any of your readers, who cannot raise good radishes, on account of worms, or suitable soil, will sow common wheat bran, one inch thick, on any good soil, and hoe it in, and then plant their seed, they may get as good radishes as anybody can grow.

Miscellaneous.

For the Union & Eastern Journal.

REMINISCENCES No. 3.

Mr. Editor: Having in my former communications briefly sketched some incidents as they were related to me by aged people many years ago, I now come to certain events which transpired, in the same locality, within my own recollection.

In June, 1806, an event occurred, which caused much fear and trembling, not only here, but also in other parts of New England; especially among those unacquainted with its natural cause. I here refer to the great and total eclipse of the sun, June 16th, 1806. Although I then was but 10 years old, yet I distinctly recollect that on the morning of that day, I rode my grandfather's horse to hallow among his corn, in his back field, east of the Great Gully. The morning was mild and serene—not a cloud could be seen above the horizon—the day throughout was clear; the stars, during the observation, were visible, the birds that made the morning of that day vocal with their music, were greatly agitated; the beasts of the field retired to their folds, as if a premature night had come on, a gloom gradually spread over the land—cape, and an indescribable sensation of dread or fear pervaded the minds of those whose attentions were drawn to its effects, without attempting to penetrate the cause of this wonderful phenomenon! The first gleam of light, when the veil began to recede from the disk of the sun, contrasted with the previous gloom, seemed like a new born day spring at once into being; and gave unbounded delight not only to man, but to the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and to the insect world; it was as if the sun, by its light, had been cut out; and it was as if it were a single person on that memorable day gazing at the sun, who did not feel relieved from a sensation of dread, and show that relief in the subsequent cheerfulness of his countenance. So much for the great Solar Eclipse of 1806.

Another event occurred in 1809-10, which produced great consternation among the people, and was actually attended with much evil in this, as well as many other towns. This was caused by the general prevalence of hydrophobia among the dogs and foxes. At one period during the prevalence of this dread malady, it was extremely dangerous to venture abroad without some shield of defence; for although the dogs, which were not already mad or at large, might be secured, yet no one had control over the wild fox. Hence he was full in running to and fro in the pastures, the fields, the highways, and even in the farm-yards; and was to him who met the infuriated dog or fox without some weapon of defence. This I know by personal observation. Riding one day from Biddeford, in 1810, not far from Buxton, Center, I suddenly came upon a large rabid dog. I saw at a glance that he was mad, from his lank appearance, the fiery red hue of his eyes, and the froth in his mouth. When I first fell in with him, he was standing entirely still at the forks of the road, and about five or six feet from me. The instant I passed him, he made a rush at my horse, but missed him, as I was riding with considerable speed. Being now fully aware of my danger, as I was some distance from any habitation, I applied the whip to my horse, which was young and nervous, and which so accelerated his speed that he left this rabid beast in the rear, and I never saw him more! A Mrs. Pennell, who resided near Buxton Lower Corner, was bitten by a rabid fox, and soon after died of great agony. It was said, that during the paroxysms of her malady, that her appearance and countenance of body were indescribable; and that the presence of water or anything of a relish produced spasmodic sufferings, dreadful to behold! A young man in Standish, and several children in Gorham were also bitten by dogs and foxes, which in almost every instance proved fatal. Numerous cures, oxen, and horses, and other animals were bitten in various towns, and for a time so much danger was to be apprehended on every side, that many were deterred from venturing abroad; and dismay for some months pervaded the minds of all classes of the community. During the prevalence of the malady, I saw an ox chained to a strong post, and when under the paroxysms of his disease, his efforts to free himself from his confinement were tremendous—his look was appalling, and his bellowing terrific! This one patient ox was soon after shot by the order of his owner, and found an honorable grave with his fellow sufferers.

The advent of the remarkable Comet in 1811, was one of those events which produced serious apprehensions of evil, not only here, but other parts of the United States. By those unacquainted with the laws, which govern the planetary system, Comets were looked upon as harbingers of dire calamity; as messengers portending vengeance from Heaven. Some told me that Comets, or blazing stars were eccentric orbs, guided by

no fixed laws; but hurled at random by an Almighty hand through boundless space.—Hence, those whose opinions were based upon this hypothesis, must have endured a great amount of mental suffering, while this unwelcome visitor remained visible in our Western Hemisphere. When, therefore, this omen of evil, as many supposed, took up his line of march, to pay his respects to other worlds, far beyond the ken of mortal man, thousands felt relieved from a sensation of dread, with which they had been oppressed, during his passing visit to our earth.

W. M. N.

From Person's Magazine for May.

The Cottage on the Hill.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I wish I were an artist that I might preface my story with a vignette. It would be of a little brown cottage, with low, sloping eaves, and the moss thick and grey upon its shingled roof. There should be trees in front, and a rambling, carelessly-built stone wall, overgrown with sweet-briar and woodbine, shutting it off from the highway. On the eastern side I would paint a garden—not a great, well-kept garden, full of gay flowers and thrifty vegetables, such as you often see beside a substantial country farmhouse, but one with a few blossoms and herbs, and berries, such as a woman's hand could keep in order. In front of the garden, I should draw the same rambling looking wall, only, instead of sweet briar and woodbine, gooseberry and currant bushes should grow thick and green behind it, and in their midst, you should see, as I did one July morning, years ago, old mother Margery, as the villagers called her, busily gathering the ripe, red currants, and dropping them, sprig by sprig, into her tin basin.

I was going to school with a companion, a bold, black-eyed girl, a year or two older than myself. The highway was white with the summer dust. The locust blossoms, which we were not tall enough to reach, dropped downward, over head, tantalizing us with their fragrance. It was so warm the birds had ceased to sing, perching lazily with folded wings; and looking over the wall, there was something very inviting in the ripe currants, and dewy roses under the shade-trees of the little garden.

"I do think the old woman is so mean," said Jane Anderson, as we walked along. "She never gives us so much as a hollyhock, and that dill and caraway would be real good this morning, to say nothing of the currants. Hey, mother Margery! she exclaimed in a louder tone as we drew near, 'you're picking currants, I s'pose, for your husband and children, and haven't any to spare?'"

Mother Margery lifted her grey eyes and gazed full upon her. There was an angry gleam in them, chased away, in an instant by an expression of wounded feeling, but she made no reply.

I pitied her, and pulled Jane's arm to draw her away.

"Hush! I said, 'you shall not say anything to pain her. She is old and she is alone. What if you should be, some day?'"

I thought there was a look of grateful surprise in the old woman's face, but she did not speak, and we went along.

For the next two or three days, as we passed by to school, we did not see Mother Margery. But at last, one morning, as I was going alone, she came out and spoke to me.

"Won't you come in?" she said, in a voice which, though cracked and musical, was still friendly. "You are a good child, and I'd like to give you some of the roses I see you looking at. I am old, as you said, and all alone. I have more flowers and fruit than I can use myself."

I thanked her warmly. I had never entered the little garden before, and like all prohibited places, it seemed a sort of Paradise. The roses, of which she gave me a large bunch, were redder and sweeter than any which grew in other gardens, and the currants and caraway were enjoyed with a keener zest.

After that I went frequently to see her, for it seemed to give her pleasure, and to visit one of whom the world knew so little was a rare treat myself. Once I helped her in her tasks, and read to her favorite hymns and verses of Holy Writ, which were no longer legible to her dimming sight.—She was always kind but never communicative, though she listened with pleasure to the little incidents of my own life, and it grew, at length into a habit to confide in her.

At fifteen came my first love dream. The star which rose then set soon after, or rather, I discovered it to have been a rush-light after all and a breath blew it out. But at the time my feelings seemed very real, and I carried them at once to my customary confessor.

"Do you love this young man then so much?" asked mother Margery, rather sadly, when I had concluded my recital.

"Oh, yes," I answered, fervently, "there never was, and there never will be another like him."

"Beware child, of giving all your heart up to a human idol. God never blesses such a love. I will tell you my story. It will not hurt me to call back the long past now, when the blood flows clear and sluggish in my veins, and my steps are so near the shadow of death; and perhaps, it will do you good to listen."

"You cannot see in my wrinkled face and dim eyes any remnants of youth or beauty, but I was young and fresh and blithesome once, though I was never pretty. Such as I was, Harry Pierson loved me, and at seventeen, I promised to be his wife. Oh, how I loved him. I was an orphan and he was all I had. I could not see God in those days, because of his creature of whom I had made an idol. Harry was ambitious, but he was poor. At twenty-one he resolved to go to college. College learning wasn't so common a thing then as it is now, and his

friends looked upon it as a great, nay, an impossible undertaking. I only encouraged him. We had been engaged two years then. At that time I had been working at my trade as a tailor's apprentice, and my trade, with my goose and my thimble, earned thus a great deal more than was sufficient for my simple wants.

"How well I remember telling him so, one summer evening, as we walked beneath the orchard trees, and talked of his going to college. I had a proposal to make on which I ventured timidly, for Harry was very proud. Looking up after I told him how much money I could earn, I said—I tried to say it in a quiet, matter-of-fact way.

"So you see, Harry, I can help you a little. Besides my clothes I shall have, every year, more than a hundred dollars, that I shall know what to do with. You shall have that, and pay back to me in gowns and bonnets, and buy-byes."

"As drew me to his heart. Old woman as I am, I thank God that once in my life I have been entangled in a clasp of such strong tenderness. He looked in my eyes, and the tears his manly pride would not let him shed gathered heavily in his own.

"You are a good girl," he said, "a good girl, Margery—too good for me, but you must never say this to me again. True heart, pure heart! much as I had loved you, it needed this to help me sound the depths of your nature. Thank you that you have said it, but as you love me you must never say it over again. Food that your poor, little earnings bought would choke me. I would saw wood from door to door before I would use money for which your weak woman's hands had toiled. But I know how well you love me now, and that will be the best help of all. God bless you, Margery."

"I saw how determined he was, and that it was of no use to me to try to help him in that way, but I resolved then and there what I would do with my money. It does not take much to buy and furnish a little cottage and a patch of garden ground in the country, and there rose up, for my comfort, a mental picture of the snug home which should await him when he came from college; which I would earn for my marriage dowry. I had four years to do it in.

"During the next three years Harry's life was a great deal harder than mine. I saw him only once in a year, during the shortest vacations. In the others he taught school. In term time, besides keeping at the head of his class, he toiled perseveringly in every possible opening for his support. He was literally a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Every time I saw him the change from his fresh youthfulness to me more and more. But he laughed at my fears. He was only tired, he said—little overworked. When he was through college he should get rested and be well again, and I tried to believe him. At the end of the third year he seemed more than ever weak and exhausted, and he was obliged to confess that his labors were almost too severe.

At that time we settled it that as soon as he graduated we should be married, and he should open a select school which he had been encouraged to think would succeed in our native village. I remember when we parted, though we had been discussing these things hopefully and cheerfully, there was a great weight at my heart—a shadow of coming sorrow. He looked so frail, so spiritual, with the gleaming light in his eyes and the glow on his transparent forehead. But I tried to cast aside my fears.

"I was in high health then myself. My three years had been passed so quietly—my toil had been brightened by such blessed hopes. From day to day and week to week I had gone steadily on, laying up my earnings, until now, I had nearly four hundred dollars; enough to purchase this little house and garden patch, for the house was not new or even fashionable then, and land was not so high in Ryefield as it is now.—The next year I should earn enough to furnish it simply and humbly, in accordance with our modest wants.

"Harry's college life closed in July, and by the spring before, the little brown cottage all furnished to my mind. In April I hired a neighbor to help me make the garden. We set out gooseberry and currant bushes; we grafted trees; we transplanted roses and flower roots, and when all was done, it seemed the fairest of homes to my love and fancy. My needle flew very nimbly in those days, for my heart was glad, and quickest fingers could scarcely keep time to its joyous beatings. Sundays I used to go to my little cottage—our home that was to be—watch the flowers springing up in the garden, or stand at the door of the tiny parlor, and fancy my student husband sitting in the low, easy-chair, at the open window, and drawing in life and strength from the outside summer of bird and flower and breeze.

"Perhaps into those weeks of joyful anticipation was compressed happiness enough for my life-time. Of Harry's truth I had never a single doubt. Well meaning persons suggested to me, sometimes in mistaken kindness, that I must not depend on him too much, that he was getting an education which would place him far above me, and perhaps he might find some one who would suit him better. Thank God, these shafts fell powerless. Thank God, I never doubted him.

Just about a week before I was expecting to see him in Ryefield, a letter came to me in a strange hand. I broke the seal with trembling fingers. A mist swam before my eyes, so that I could hardly read its contents. With difficulty I comprehended the truth. Harry was prepared to graduate with the highest honors of his class, when just one week before examination his strength had given way, and now he lay there, feeble and helpless, praying for me to come to him before he died. There were no rail-roads then, and I reached him in twenty-four hours by day and night travelling by stage.

"When I stood at his bedside I lost my self-command, though I had resolved to be very brave, and the tears rolled down my cheeks. I had not been prepared to see him looking so wan and attenuated, so much like a spirit. The soul in his eyes beamed brighter than ever, but the bodily life seemed utterly wasted away. He was dying of exhaustion.

"The next few hours were full, in the midst of our strong agony, of a peace and trust too sacred for words. I remember their very utterance, but no third person can share them—they must die with me.—We were married, the next morning, following. He objected at first. He said he would not burden me with his weakness and his suffering—that I should not take his hand to go down with him into the night. Then I showed him my heart, and he knew that all my life was in his love—that it would be best for us both. We were married, and I took my husband home.

"The doctor said the change could not hurt him, and I had great hopes that native air and the tender care of one who loved him so, would give back the strength to his failing limbs.

"He was so weak and helpless that he depended on me like a little child. He had never even asked where I would take him. We were five days making the journey, in an old-fashioned chaise, which I had hired for the purpose. The afternoon of the fifth day we wound round slowly up the hill, toward the little cottage. Harry's head lay upon my breast.

"'Look up,' I said, rousing him, 'here is home. That little house is yours and mine, love—I earned it in those last four years for you to live in.'"

"He said nothing, but he lifted up his head and looked at it eagerly, with the color coming and going very fast in his cheeks. Then he sank back again, closer, closer against my heart, and drew my hand slowly over his wet eyes. It needed no words to tell me how fully my husband blessed me in that moment, though words were not wanting afterwards, of wonder at my self denial and perseverance; of praise and passionate love.

"I supported him from the gate up to the house door. I led him in and made him rest on the lounge in the comfortable parlor, and seeing him there despite sickness and sorrow, I was happy.

"That was the golden summer of my life. Harry did not suffer much pain. He was not very sick, only weak. He loved to sit as I had fancied he would, at the open window, drinking in the sights and sounds of the beautiful nature outside. I was always near him at my sewing. The neighbors were very kind. They gave me all the help I could do, so that we wanted for nothing which could help to make Harry comfortable. I felt sure, all the while, that he would recover. He was so cheerful, entering into all my plans, and never saying anything that could dishearten me. He was my idol, but I did not think God would take him from me.

"The summer passed away at last. The apples grew ripe upon the trees, and the grape vines hung heavy with their purple clusters. But the bracing winds brought no strength to my patient sufferer, and when the leaves fell from the trees the light of his life went out. Oh, I cannot talk about it. I loved him too well to tell you calmly, how he died. My arms were round his head. His last kiss, his last prayer, his last blessing were for his true wife—Margery! his last breath came faintly against my passionately clinging lips. Oh, I had not thought he could have died and the life-blood still coursing through my veins—I, who loved him so—who was one flesh with him! But he has slept forty years, come next 28th of October, in the village churchyard, and I am here still.

"I have lived in this house ever since. I could not go out again into the world. I had worked enough brought forth to keep cold and hunger away from my dwelling. I asked nothing more. He was gone, and with him earthly hope died, and all of life was memory. Perhaps, I cannot say, if I had loved him less, God would not have taken him from me. But the long grief is over now. You said once that I was alone, but that word, which seemed so terrible to you, has no sting for me. Other love could never be in place of the dead, and I thank God, calmly, at every day's sunset, that I am one day nearer the still-flowing river, on whose other shore Harry Pierson is waiting to dwell with me forever, in a mansion not made with hands—eternal in the heavens."

I went away sorrowfully and in silence, for I recognized in my own love no counterpart to the long enduring devotion, which time and poverty could not chill, and death had only power to make immortal.

Mother Margery is dead long ago. I heard the bell toll for her seventy-two years of life, but it sounded to me like marriage chimes, for I knew that she was old and grey no longer, in heaven, and in the spring-time of her immortal youth, she was once more standing beside the lover of her girlhood.

A stately mansion rises now on the hill which the little brown cottage crowned in years gone by, but no flowers in its well-kept garden are half so sweet as mother Margery's roses, and all that art and wealth can do for its embellishment fades into insignificance before the simple tale of that true woman's love.

"The Somerset, Pa., Democrat says that sometime last fall a blackbird came to Mr. Joseph Snyder's, in that borough, and has since lived constantly with the chickens. It has become thoroughly domesticated, and comes regularly for its food. Instead of roosting as the chickens do, it takes a position on the rooster's back, who bears the weight of his little friend with great good nature. But the most singular of all, that it has learned to crow like a cock, and crows regularly, more frequently than the rooster, and it seems to be vain of its accomplishment.—Boston Post.

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The Want of Sunshine.

"You city horses don't get enough sunshine," said a shrewd farmer, "and no wonder, therefore, they are so often unhealthy. In the coldest days of winter, when it was clear, my old father used to take his horses out of the stable, and tie them to the fence in the middle of the day so that they might get sunshine."

There was even more wisdom in the farmer's speech than he supposed. It is not horses only that suffer for the want of sunshine. Thousands of persons living in cities injure their health because of the want of sunshine. The over-worked operative, who is confined all day in a dark, ill-ventilated room, owes not a little of his fondness for a dram to the absence of the light, joyous, exhilarating sunshine. The pale, sickly child, that by and by is laid in its coffin, amid the sob of its heart broken mother, might prove his heart grown up to a vigorous manhood if it had been bred on a breezy, clover-decked sunny hillside. Who can compute the adults who die annually of consumption solely because they have deprived themselves of sunshine year after year? In the physical life of Americans, especially those who dwell in cities, there is no deficiency so marked and fatal as that of the want of sunshine. The human animal requires sunshine quite as much as a plant.

But we need sunshine in a moral sense also. We are too grave and serious a people. We rack our nervous systems to pieces and prematurely destroy our digestion by the neglect of reasonable recreation, or by amusements that are such only in name.—As old Froisart said of the English four hundred years ago, "we take our pleasures sadly as in our fashion." Man is a laughing animal—the only laughing animal there is! Nature intended that a due proportion of mirth and merriment should be. "All work and no play," as the old proverb goes, "makes Jack a dull boy." The English people were never more heroic than in that almost Arcadian time, when their country went by the name of "merry England," and when, after the transition period during which Froisart wrote, and in which civil war made the nation naturally and even in their pleasures, they were proper, happy and festive. It is impossible to believe that what tradition says of the last fifty years of the sixteenth century in England is all poetic exaggeration. The love of music alone—a love which then existed among all classes, but which, alas, has long ago died out—is a proof to the contrary. It was an age when there was sunshine, metaphorically speaking, all over the realm of England; and the natural results followed, great deeds and generally diffused happiness.

It is said, however, that we have too solemn a mission before us, as a people, to be otherwise than grave. But it is a mistake to suppose a serious aspect indispensable to success; as fatal as to confound a long face and sour aspect with religion.—The healthiest man, all things else being

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time ailments of mankind it is Dr. Smith's Sugar Coated Pills."

"I have used them and seen them used with the most astonishing results—in several instances within my knowledge, restoring the patient from extreme weakness and suffering to strength and health. *For Ladies, during pregnancy*, these Pills are a sovereign balm. I recommend them to all as a valuable family medicine."

(Signed) SARAH A. GOULD,
Matron of the U. S. Naval Hospital.

From a part of the Michigan Legislature:—
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 Benjamin Smith's Sugar Coated Pills, and com-

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