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MISCELLANY.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In Paris, just after dark, one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two luxuries of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, an *troisième*, No. 33 Rue Dunot, l'abbaye, St. Germain. For an hour at least, we had maintained a profound silence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open, and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome. The prefect sat down, and shortly disclosed a most perplexing case, in which his professional services had been in requisition. His story was this:

"I have received information that a certain document, of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this is beyond a doubt, for he was seen to take it. It is known also that it remains in his possession. The person on whom the theft was committed, is a certain royal personage, a female over whom the holder of the document has gained by means a very dangerous ascendancy—her honor and peace are jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the letter's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—?"

"The thief," said G—, "is the minister D—, who dares all things—those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question, a letter had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal bed-chamber."

"During his personal, she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of another exalted individual, from whom especially she was loath to conceal it." After a vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it upon it as it was, upon the table. The address, however, was unimportant, and the contents duly unexplored, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D—, his eyes are immediately perceived the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the person addressed, and thence her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter, somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it pretends to read it, and then places it in juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some minutes upon the public affairs."

"At length, in taking leave, he takes from the table the letter in which he had no claim. His rightful owner saw him, of course, did not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third person, who stood at her elbow. The minister, disappointed, leaving his usual letter, one of no importance, on the table. The power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded for political purposes to a very dangerous extent. The person robbed is now thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming the letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fact, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister, since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which betrays the power. With the employment, the power departs."

"True," said G—, "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"O, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are not numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and being chiefly Neapolitans, are usually made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months, a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D— Hotel."

"My heart is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search, until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is more astute than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"Yet, neither is the letter on the person of the minister. He has been twice way-laid, as if by foot-pads, and his person has been very rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search of the premises?"

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched everywhere. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer, and I presume you know that, by a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a secret drawer is impossible."

"Any man is a dolt that lets a secret drawer escape him in a search of this kind; the thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. There was no exception in this case. The fifth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets, we took the chairs; the cushions we probed with the fine long needles

you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops,—"why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the top is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But cannot the cavity be detected by sound?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient quantity of wadding be placed around it."

"Besides, in our case, we are obliged to proceed without noise."

"But, you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces all articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting needle, and in this form it might be inserted in the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better. We examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the joints of every description of furniture, by the aid of a powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbances, we would have detected it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been obvious as an apple."

"Any disorder in the placing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"Of course you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates; and you probed the beds and the bed clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That of course; and when we had surveyed every article of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope as before."

"The two houses adjoining?" I exclaimed.

"You must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered us is prodigious."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt; we removed every carpet, and then examined the boards with a microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did; and as time and labor were of no importance, we dug up every one of them to the depth of four feet."

"Then," said I, "you have been making a misadventure, and the letter is not on the premises, as you suppose?"

"I fear you are right," said the prefect.

"And now Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G—. "I am not more sure that I breathe, than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin.

"You have, of course, accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" And here the prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more deeply depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before."

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very much as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:

"Well, but, G—, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as ever reaching the minister?"

"Too true! I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I will say, that I would not mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. I would really give fifty thousand francs, every centime of it, to any one who would aid me in this matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening the drawer, and producing a check-book, you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. It was abandoned. The prefect appeared thunder-stricken."

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanation.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand."

Thus when G— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D—, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended," said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would beyond a question have found it."

I merely laughed but he seemed quite serious in all he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are with the prefect, a sort of *Prætorian* band, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a school boy is a better reasoner than he. I know one about 8 years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. The game is simple and is played with numbers. One player holds in his hands a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is odd or even. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the matches of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing, and this lay in mere observation and admiration of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an ardent supporter is his opponent, and holding up his closed hand, asks, 'are they even or odd?' Our school boy replies 'odd'; and looses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'the supporter had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of winning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd; he guesses odd and wins. Now with a supposition a degree above the first he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he will propose to himself upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, and will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon having it even as before; I will therefore guess even; he guesses even and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the school-boy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,' what, in the last analysis is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin, "and upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected thorough identification in which success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression. This response of the school boy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Richelieu, to La Fontaine, to Molière, to Voltaire, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent, depends if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is ascertained?"

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; and the prefect and his cohort sat so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and secondly, by ill-advised argument, or rather through non-admiration of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their own ideas of ingenuity; and in searching for any thing hidden, advert only to the modes in which they would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the man; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of practice, without touching their principles."

What, for example, in this case of D—, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring and probing and scrutinizing with the microscope and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches, what is it all but an exaggeration of the application of the one principle, or set of principles of search, which are based upon a not of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see how he has taken it for granted that all men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but at least in some out of the way hole or corner suggested by the same train of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherche* notions for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of the article concealed—is in the very first instance, presumed and presumable; and thus its discovery depends not at all upon the acumen, but upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers, and where

the case is of importance, or what amounts to the same thing in the police eyes, when the reward is of magnitude, the qualities in question have never been known to fail.

You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of prefect's examination—in other words, had the principles of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the prefect, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, had been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister would do what he had done himself—take vast care to conceal the letter on account of its being so very precious. I went to work differently. My measures were adapted to the minister's capacity, with reference to the circumstances, which he was surrounded.

I knew him as a courtier too, and as a bold intriguer. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of ordinary police modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate the waylayings to which he was subject. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigation of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with conviction to effect G—. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recesses of his hotel would be as open as the commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect.

I saw, in fine, that he would be driven as a matter of course, to simplicity, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. This conjecture was above and beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable or possible that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

But the more I reflect upon the daring, flashing and discriminating ingenuity of D—, upon the fact that the document must always have been at hand, it he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden in the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search, the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the minister's hotel. I found D— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of ennui. He is perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

To be even with him, I complimented of my watch, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous and others, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

At length, my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a tawdry effigie—card rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn in two across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it up as worthless, had been altered or staved in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D— epher very conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D—, the minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

No sooner had I glanced at that letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was to all appearance radically different from the one of which the prefect had read so much minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, and the D— epher upon it; there, it was small and red, with the dual arms of the S— family. Here the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was rakishly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But the *relevances* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D—, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of the document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

I protracted my visit as long as possible, and talked with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to excite him. I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also felt at length upon a discovery which sat at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more chafed than seemed necessary. They presented the broken appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded, in a reverse direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, redirected, and ressealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box on the table.

The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the previous day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D— rushed to a casement, threw it open and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a fan simile, which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D— epher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without effect, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or drunkard. When he had gone, D— came from the window, whither I had followed him, immediately upon securing the object in view. Some afterwards, I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own way.

"But what purpose had you?" I asked.

"In replacing the letter by a fan simile!—Would it not have been better at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?"

"D—," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggested, I should never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris would have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political predilections. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months, the minister has had her in his power. She now has him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exertions as if it were. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facile desinens* *Arcturi*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Campanella said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that monstrous *herodotus*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like the very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the perfect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card rack."

"How! did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. To be sure, D—, at Vienna, once did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my manuscript, and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet, the words:

—Un dessein si funeste.
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste."

They are to be found in Crebillon's *Atrée*.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the merchant, "well, good bye, sir."

"Well, about the horse—the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that's all right, sir."

"Yes—well, but you know I am your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not."

The Little Sisters.

"You were not here yesterday," said the gentle teacher of a little village school, as she placed her hand kindly on the curly head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed had not gone out to frolic away the ten minutes, nor even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself mistress of a sum in long division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up, she seemed somewhat reassured by the glance that met her, and answered, "No, ma'am, I was not, but sister Nelly was."

"I remember there was a little girl who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know she was your sister. But why did you not come? You seem to love study very much."

"It was not because I didn't want to," was the earnest answer; "and then she passed, and the deep flush again tinged that fair brow; 'but' she continued, after a moment of painful embarrassment, 'mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns. I'm going to school one day, and sister the next, and to-night she will teach me all that she learns while here. It's the only way we can think to get along, and we want to study very much, so as to some time keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy Miss M— forebore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

You had better go out and take the air a moment, you have studied very hard to-day," said the teacher, as this little girl put aside her slate.

"I had rather not—I might tear my dress—I will stand by the window, and watch the rest."

There was a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said, "I might tear my dress," that Miss M— was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but a nervous quiver of deep blue, but it was nearly made and had never been washed. And while looking at it, she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight Mary Gray had attended school regularly, she had seen her wear but that one dress. "She is a thoughtful girl," said she to herself, and did not want to make her mother any trouble. I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something something so interesting in these two little sisters, the one eleven and the other eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend school by turns, that Miss M— could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty faced, of delicate frame, and fairly like hands and feet—the elder with dark, lustrous eyes and chestnut curls, the younger with eyes like the sky of June, her white neck veiled by a wreath of golden ringlets. She observed in both the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary had tarried in during play time so did Nelly, and upon speaking to her as she had to her sister, she received too the same answer, "I might tear my dress."

The reply excited Miss M— to notice the garb of the sister. She saw at once that it was of the same piece as Mary's, and upon scrutinizing it very closely, she became certain that it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so prettily on Nelly, and was too long for her, too, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed that teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so truly benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of that village school teacher. She ascertained the residence of their mother, and though shortened herself by a narrow purse, that same night having found in the only store in the place, a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning, as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place her books in neat order in her desk, ere she approached Miss M—, and whispering in a voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it low and deferential, "After this week, sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and oh, I'm so glad!"

"That is very good news," replied the teacher kindly. "Nelly is fond of her books I see, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study her books every day." Then she continued, a little good-natured mischief encircling her eyes and dimpling her sweet lips, "But how can your mother spare you both conveniently?"

"O, yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, she can now. Something happened she didn't expect, and she is so glad to have us come as we are so to do." She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural to tell the cause as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fullness of her heart she spoke and told her teacher this little story:

She and her sister were the only children of a very poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to sup-

port herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no clothes to wear, but she told them that if she could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which usually repaid them. They had nearly each saved enough to buy a calico, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money before hand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicine.

"O, I did feel so bad when school opened and Nelly could not go, because she had no dress," said Mary. "I told mother I would not go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister at home some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school and I couldn't be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lend Nelly my dress, and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week."

But last night don't you think somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. O, if I only knew who, I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we're done all we could for them—we're proud for them—and O, Miss M—, we are all so glad now. Ain't you, too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer. And when on the following Monday, little Nelly, in the new pink dress, entered the school room, her face radiant as a rose in sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table, exclaimed in tones as musical as those of a free fountain, "I am coming to school every day, and O, I am so glad!" Miss M— felt as she had never done before, that there is more blessings to give than to receive. No Millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, landed for his thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school teacher who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

A clergyman who had considerable of a farm, which was mostly generally the case in our forefathers' days, went out to see one of his laborers, who was plowing in the field, and he found him sitting upon his plough resting his team.

"John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub anywhere here, and be hubbing a few bushes while the team is resting?"

John, with a countenance which might have become the divine himself, instantly returned, "Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swinging log in the pulpit, and when they singing, to swing a little flax?"

The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, evidently convinced.

WALKING ON RED HOT IRON PLATES. Prof. Pepper recently delivered a lecture in the Polytechnic Institute, London, before a large audience of mechanics, in which he remarked that the setting of the Thames on fire was no longer a joke but a reality. By dashing a small bottle of sulphuric ether with a few particles of metal potassium into a flat cistern, a bright flame was produced, which illuminated the whole place. He then laid down four plates of red hot iron on four bricks and one of his attendants walked over them barefoot without any injury. By wetting his fingers in ammonia, the Professor dipped them into a crucible of melted lead, and let the metal run off in the shape of bullets into a shallow cistern of water.

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like the original! It's the very picture of him!"

"Tain't like," said an old farmer.

"Just show us where it's not like him," said they.

"Tain't," replied the farmer, "don't you see he's got his hands in his own pockets? 'Twould be as like again, if he had his hands in somebody's else's."

REV. MARK TRAFALTON. The Manchester (N. H.) Democrat has the following: Among the Members of Congress elect in Massachusetts is the Rev. Mark Trafalton, whom many in this city will remember as a lecturer in several of our churches two years ago. He is six feet and two inches in his stockings. Mr. Trafalton is a prompt, self-reliant speaker, and is incident to tell us of him while in London several years ago, which indicates that he will not be afraid of Senator Douglas. Wishing to enter the House of Lords (a favor never granted to ordinary travelers), he walked up to the porter—

"Is Lord Brougham in his seat?"

"He is."

"Ask him to come to the door,—a gentleman wishes to see him."

In a few moments the porter returned with his Lordship.

"I am Rev. Mark Trafalton, of Massachusetts, and ask of your Lordship the favor of looking upon the House of Lords in session."

It is hardly necessary to add that he was very cordially ushered in.

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boastfully. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

Never say "boo" to a goose, when she has the power to lay golden eggs. Let your face be long—and your bills longer. Never put your hand into your own pocket when that of anybody else is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters.

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PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Popular Sovereignty.

True popular sovereignty, consistent with right and civilization, is a principle dear to every American citizen. It is the foundation, as a general rule, of American government. The principle is, however, liable to the most obvious perversion. It has established that system of violence, called slavery on this continent—a system of despotism, injustice, weakness and degradation, which is constantly seeking to enlarge its boundaries.

If fully carried out it must likewise establish a Theocracy or Mormon despotism in the heart of this Republic abounding in all the evils likely to arise from the adoption of two semi-barbarous influences—superstition and polygamy. If the right of the people to form their own institutions be fully admitted, as claimed by Douglas and Cass and this administration, what shadow of right can there be in any attempt on the part of government to break up the Mormon Despotism? Shall not the Mormons make their own laws, choose their own rulers, select their own religion and construct their own domestic polity? If they desire to have Brigham Young to rule over them (whose term of office under the U. S. Government recently expired) shall they not have him?

We refer to this subject at the present time not for the purpose of showing the comparative absurdity and inconsistency into which the authors of this doctrine have plunged themselves; but more particularly for the purpose of giving our readers the benefit of a legal criticism on Mr. Cass' assumption of popular sovereignty found in the New York Post, one of the oldest and best Democratic papers in the United States—a paper which battled manfully for the divorce of Bank and State—for the Independent Treasury—and for the doctrine of strict construction and government economy in expenditures. Every reader will see by this argument that Douglas and his co-workers, here, in the passage of the Kansas Nebraska Bill "abandoned principle on the plea of patriotism." They have pretended to give up all to the popular will in the territories, so as in appearance to make that will law, when in fact and reality, they have simply yielded to the better tactics of the South, for the establishment and extension of Slavery.

The South has never admitted this broad doctrine of popular sovereignty; but its statesmen claim the full right of Congress to pass all "needful rules and regulations for new territories." They can therefore, stand up boldly, manfully and consistently and demand on the authority of Congress under the Constitution, that the Mormons shall have a republican government—not a despotism of theocracy, even if it is popular. They can likewise say to the land of pirates who, on the principles of popular sovereignty, claim to establish the practice of cannibalism, polygamy and highway robbery in the regions of the newly acquired territory, "the Constitution allows of no such conduct—no such principles." But our popular sovereignty men can say no such thing. They can only reiterate their oft repeated doctrine—"Popular sovereignty"—the people have a right to form their own domestic institutions—let them decide slavery, polygamy, cannibalism, highway robbery or theocracy.

The following is the article alluded to: "I have read lately General Cass' speech at Detroit, in reply to the Richmond Enquirer. (I trust no one will be deceived by this sham fight.) In that speech General Cass again elaborates his idea of territorial popular sovereignty, and what I thought to perceive in the Nicholson letter, I saw now clearly in this speech. It has happened to the General in this question as in his whole life; he mistakes himself and his natural relation to the public questions he discusses. General Cass always abandons principle on the plea of patriotism. He never was a radical Democrat, and if he would but carefully examine himself he would find that he ought to be in name, as he is by nature, a latitudinarian.

He calls the Nebraska act a measure which confers upon the people of these territories, in so many words, the right to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way," and contends that "under this provision the fate of slavery in these new regions must depend upon the will of the people." I emphatically deny both propositions—the first as untrue in fact, the second as deceptive, illusory and pernicious in the highest degree. As to the first, I will not insult your intelligent readers by spending further comments upon it. None but a sophist like Cass could pretend, even, that the people in our territories form and regulate their domestic institutions. But as to the second, I desire to add a few reflections:

Let us then inquire, whether the people in these territories have the right to decide the slavery question. I think not. In every aspect of the case it is a judicial question—and such is the true purpose of the Nebraska bill. I do not wonder at the fable (pretended, as it may be, in fact,) of the Richmond Enquirer at Cass' long-continued self-delusion, which will make that "old gentleman" persist in believing that he has come "over the South—while in reality the South has come over him. Cass starts out with a most fearful mistake as to what the Supreme Court has decided, and he wanders along in his mental labyrinth with the grossest illusions as to what courts will decide. First, then, courts

never have decided that it requires statute law to prove the establishment of slavery as to prove property in any one slave. If they have, then every slave in the South is free—since nowhere was slavery established by statute law. It exists everywhere as a "creeping thing" by "prescription." If General Cass would read Judge McLean's decision in the books—instead of through extracts in newspapers—he would find that, so far from McLean deciding the slave question as Cass understands it, he in fact decides against him. McLean, in the case quoted, expressly decides, as Cass says, "that slavery is a municipal regulation, is local, and cannot exist without authority by law," but McLean adds, and this Cass omits, "it need not be shown that it is created by express enactment. It may arise from long-recognized rights, contravened by no legislative action." Hence, if a slave is brought into court in Kansas, the question will not be, "how became you a slave?" or, "is there a statute in this territory to establish slavery?" It will be, "You were born a slave, your father before you was a slave, there is no notice to your owner, that to cross this line was to cross it at his peril, the Missouri Compromise is repealed, no legislative action contravenes his long-recognized right, and you remain a slave, therefore, because there is no law to make you free."

Every one who has read but a few pages of law knows with what sanctity a lawyer is trained to regard property, and none but just such superficial characters as Cass read court decisions as he does. Send human rights to courts struggling against property rights! How fatal is this northern delusion! The Southern Senators understood themselves and the question—the northern senators were theorizing and failed to act upon their own theory.

The southerners know how courts have decided, and how they will decide. All they oppose is legislative contravention against their long-recognized right. This they have got, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and they will be strong enough to defeat in territorial legislatures, by such deceptive pleas as Cass makes, any legislative prohibitory action. They will get a case into court, and there slavery by prescription is sure of judgment in its favor. In fact, I cannot see, how a lawyer can decide otherwise! I am sure there is not in this broad land of ours a lawyer who will not admit that the law-books teach in every case, that those rights of property which exist for such periods as the memory of man which runeth not to the contrary, are the best established and safest of all. Every slave carried to Kansas goes there stamped with that prescriptive property right—and Frank Pierce's judges will never go behind such a right and seek for the aboriginal human rights. If they should, the Supreme Court will overrule them.

Cass erred because he never came fully up to the real doctrine to which he gave his adhesion in his Nicholson letter, as it was written to him from Ohio—it meant, the emancipation of the territories from every department of the general government except the Indian and Land bureau—Cass' mind could not grasp the whole field—he has got us clear of Congress, but has sunk us deeper than ever in the mud of Executive and individual interference. I reserve for another article a further examination of this question." [C. R.]

Pity the Sorrows.

Some of the old Fusion organs who, by their acts have deserted the principles of Democracy are down upon their narrow bones crying—"Spare the National Democratic organization—spare it for the good it has done—spare President Pierce and those around him, and do not forsake them in their hour of need." This is the prayer addressed to those who elected these men to power for certain well defined reasons; and in consequence of public pledges of a sacred character. But after these pledges have been broken, with what grace can those who have brought down the execrations of the people upon themselves, now call upon them to sustain an organization which by its own aristocratic acts has dwindled to a fiction?

The people believe Democracy and Democratic Republicanism is a thing, and not a mere name. They believe it is a good to be sought in future—not a mere mummy to be lamented over in the past. They believe that it is a doctrine of universal application, and not a mere dogma that applies to a mere section. They believe it consists in regard for the interests of man; and not in regard for aristocracy and property. Let those who wish to preserve the antiquity of party organization first go back and reject the originators of party disorganization. Let them then rebuke those party leaders who have abandoned their principles and pledges. Let them, then, assume the position of true Democratic Republicans and they will be able, without crying or beseeching, to travel side by side with the patriotic lovers of American Institutions.

As to President Pierce's Administration, the people will sustain it so far as it is right, and condemn it where it is wrong. If party drillers insist upon perverting the designs of the people, when they elected President Pierce to power, and will get up "pretextual measures" which conflict with, not simply truth and justice, but ancient Compromises, let the consequences fall on their own heads. While this is a Government of the people, it will bear no responsibility which they do not approve. If men, pretending to be "National Democrats," will pervert their organization into an engine of violence, slavery propaganda and sectional agitation, in spite of pledges and warnings, its expiring agencies will be "crushed" out in the efforts of a patriotic people to form and reinstall a true Democratic Republican party. True Democracy, true Republicanism, true personal Liberty does not die at the nod of traitors, while they issue lamentations and maledictions for their losses and disruption. It is a fact worthy of remark that the President has far truer friends among those who condemn his most prominent measure than among those who like eulogistic, "damn with faint praise," and simply "bend the plant knee that thrift may follow fawning."

Let these two pretended "National" organizations—National Whig and National Democratic—which have each dwindled to factions—the remnants of which are composed of the most heterogeneous fusions and isms

—let them charge the people with disunion secession and other like absurdities—let them praise their Fugitive Slave Laws and their Kansas Slavery Bills—the former of which violates the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution—the latter of which violates a solemn compact, as well as human rights; and then let them see if they can drag after them the sober, intelligent, and patriotic masses.

The American people, not old, rusty, violated and soiled "organizations," befogged and bedewed by selfish guardians, will hereafter take charge of their own agents; and they will be very likely to fill the Presidential chair with a man who has an American heart, as well as a head; and likewise by one who deems personal rights of as much importance as scheming, perverted, aristocratic, dogmatic, intriguing, premising "organizations."

President's Message.

To the exclusion of all other matter we last week gave our readers the President's Message. It is a document not seen every day; and the public have a strong desire to see it at the earliest opportunity. The present message was looked for with universal interest. For it was supposed that such a document, at this crisis of affairs, in the present state of the public mind, would, in its doctrines and opinions, justify the course the responsible author of it has seen fit to pursue; and commend to his original friends and supporters that policy on which his Administration was expected and promised to be founded.

The public, the American people had a right to expect that this Message would have set forth more clearly than has the Constitutional doctrines of our domestic policy in relation to territorial sovereignty—a subject which is likely, according to present exigencies, to afford them for much discussion until it is more intelligently settled than at the present. They had a right to expect that the National policy in relation to Railroads and other corporations should have been more clearly marked than what it could be by interjections and hypothetical inferences—They had a right to know, likewise, why the spirit and essence of the Inaugural has been departed from on the subject of slavery agitation. Besides the knowledge which the Chief Magistrate is bound to convey to the people concerning Foreign affairs, Treaties and the state of the Army, Navy, currency, Post Office and the public debt—which are the common topics of all Messages—they had a right to expect a thorough investigation of all these things. Instead of this we have a very different affair. We have a document which has but few leading characteristics; and none of the traits which we have been in the habit of witnessing in Democratic Republican Messages.

Take for instance the marked assertion of the principle of "popular sovereignty" which is simply alluded to in the Message. This according to the investigations of giants, and other statesmen is a great doctrine. It is a mighty principle worthy of all acceptance. It is said to be at the foundation of American Government. The idea inculcated by it is that every community within the United States, in its incipency has a right to shape its laws, domestic policy, habits and religion. Kansas, therefore, though first by solemn contract, dedicated to Freedom—to men and not capitalists—was given to the Indians forever.

The policy of securing it to freedom was the policy of Jefferson. The policy of conveying it to the Indians forever was the policy of Jackson. Both these men were called Democratic Republicans, or true blue Democrats. The policy now is to annihilate both of these antiquated and time honored doctrines and pass this land over to "popular sovereignty" or what is the same thing, to slave sovereignty. This is now wise, sagacious, philosophical, statesman-like, giant-like democracy. God save the mark.

Again, this "popular sovereignty" doctrine will do more. The Constitution secures to every state, a Republican form of Government. But popular sovereignty has got ahead of this Washingtonian and Jeffersonian principle. The Mormons have established a Theocracy—a government of the appointed of heaven—an Agent of the Supreme Being—Brigham Young. Under this Theocracy, Brigham is encouraged, which is a step backward, on the dist plate of civilization. Now if the people of Utah—the Mormons are sufficiently numerous to form a State and demand admission as one of the sovereign states, will not this doctrine of popular sovereignty, compel every man who maintains it to vote for their admission with their theocracy, polygamy and all?

But we are saying far more upon this point than need be said to convince every right minded person that great error exists somewhere.

The Message, in so far as it refers to the Foreign concern of the country, is quite satisfactory. The condition of peace which the country now enjoys, and the prospect that it may so continue, is matter of universal congratulation. The Greytown affair was a bad speculation; and would have been for any administration. The Finances are satisfactory. The Army must be increased. The Navy must be increased. The members of the Supreme Court must be increased. And the Post Office don't pay its bills—all owing to the shameful Steamboat Monopoly contracts—and that odious aristocratic and unequal "Franking privilege."

After all that can be said, the Message is as good as any man had a right to anticipate, considering the circumstances under which the Author of it is placed.

REMOVAL AGITATION. Some of the Portland papers are agitating a removal of the State House, on account of inconvenience, &c. There is a set of aristocrats who have always been inconvenienced for the want of more room and better accommodations by way of larger chairs, more splendid sofas, larger spit-pots, better sounding boards, more committee rooms and more offices. But there is room enough, chairs enough, accommodations enough at the Capitol, unless a larger set of men arrive there than has ever been seen in Maine. We hope the legislature will see what this state cry of more plush and more room is manufactured for, and be wise enough to pass it by unnoticed.

The District School.

The time has now arrived, at which the winter schools are about to commence; and much is, or ought to be, felt for their character and success. This interest should be felt by the teacher and scholar; but above all by the parent and guardian. It is not too much to say that a good District school cannot be found where there is not a hearty unanimity of effort on the part of parents.

A good Teacher, a comfortable and convenient house, the necessary books, and well disposed scholars, are all necessary to the welfare of the District school. The teacher must be qualified, must be in season, must be energetic, watchful, industrious, must be devoted to his employment, and apt to teach—the house must be pleasant, well warmed and lighted—books of all kinds must be provided—and scholars must attend promptly, and devote themselves unreservedly, or the chances of failure are almost certain. And yet, with an active, capable, wise and experienced teacher, many deficiencies may exist, and still have a good school. It is, however, too much to demand, and too much to expect.

But the parents are the foundation of the District school. Let them do their duty, and we shall have but few bad, unprofitable schools. Let them enforce implicit obedience to all wholesome rules, let them teach their children kindness and good manners; let them regard the caprices of fashion; let them demand the best teaching talent, remunerating it with generous prices, let them visit the schools often, and carefully interrogate the scholars at home, in relation to their progress in their various lessons, and above all, let them act with perfect harmony in relation to everything that concerns the management of the school, both externally and internally; and our word for it, we shall hear far less about the unprofitableness of our common schools. Under each of these heads a sermon might be preached, and the duties of parents discovered and enlarged upon. But fruitful as the theme is, only one of these points will now receive attention, and that very briefly.

One remark about clothing. Everybody knows that physical comfort is necessary to mental culture and progress. A child half clothed or half starved, or what is the same thing, clothed or fed with great indiscretion, such, for instance, as filling the stomach with apples to-day, and meat to-morrow, or putting ten thicknesses of dress on one part of the body, while there is but one thickness on another part—is in danger of all sorts of bad consequences. A scholar thus dealt by, as regards clothing, is in danger of curvature of the spine, coughs, colds, pains, aches, Rheumatism, headaches, lung fevers, and eventually Consumption. If the want of a proper distribution of clothing can be followed by such a catalogue of diseases, the necessity for a correction of abuses in this matter, is exceedingly important, and deserves the candid attention of every parent. The penalties paid for a want of proper attention to this matter, are increasing; and the youth who are diseased and sinking on every hand, should exclaim aloud. The principle on which the parent should act is—"a sound body first, then a sound mind; for without the former you cannot have the latter."

Look for the moment at the manner of clothing children. The great rule of dress, in this cold region, should be uniformity—That is, all parts should be clothed alike—The extremities should be clothed as warm as the body, and the body as warm as the extremities. Nature and common sense say "no partiality." But how is it? Take the extreme, which is sufficiently common for illustration and example. A little girl, six or eight coverings about the body—two, perhaps, on the upper extremities—and one on the lower extremities. Parts of the body, by this arrangement, are constantly cold, especially in school; and the child must suffer, first for want of a uniform temperature, then from restlessness, then she must assume all kinds of awkward positions, and finally will be subject to aches, coughs, and lastly to consumption.

We say to parents, look to this matter, and know that your children are uniformly clothed, and their bodily comfort in all respects properly cared for. Neglect on this point is sickness, misery, death. Moral and intellectual improvement are utterly incompatible with such neglect.

The District school—the people's College—is the proud monument of American state policy. The education of the youth is assumed by the State. Each member of the community is bound, if by inclination, yet by the laws, to bear his due proportion of the expenses of this dearest and most Republican institution. Each individual, therefore, should aid his proportion to the common stock of intelligent effort for its success. If any injurious consequences are resulting from deficiencies of any sort—from individual or social indifference or neglect—from ill-constructed, ill-ventilated, imperfectly warmed houses, and too high seats—from carelessness in dress—from want of punctual attendance—from differences of opinion and disputes on politics, religion or morals, if schools are unprofitable from any or all these causes, parents must not blame the teacher, nor the State, but themselves.

Lyceum Lectures at Norway.

On account of the great snow storm of the 4th inst., the Rev. Theodore Parker's Lecture was postponed. The first Lecture, therefore, of the series, was delivered at the Universalist Meeting House, on Wednesday evening last, by Professor Hitchcock, of Bowdoin College. Subject—"The Races." The Lecture was of the highest order, and gave universal satisfaction. The grand idea was, our forefathers were a mixture of races, who came to this New World, 1st to pray, 2d to live, 3d to get a living—God first, political rights second, and wealth last. The Lecturer added, "happy would it be if this order of aim were ever observed by their posterity."

The next lecture will be delivered at the same place, on Wednesday evening next, by M. Pirat, a French refugee, now residing in Boston, and who was an eye witness of the revolution of 1848. Subject—"The French Revolution."

ACCIDENT. A little son of Mr. Alva Shortell, of So. Paris, broke his leg, on Saturday last, while sliding down a hill.

OFF-HAND TAKINGS. or Crayon Sketches of the noticeable men of our age, by George W. Hungey, embellished with Twenty Portraits, on steel. De Witt and Davenport, N. Y. 400 pages.

This work, as its title indicates, contains original sketches of about seventy-five distinguished Americans of the present time, including Poets, Authors, Editors, Philosophers, Artists, Statesmen, Heroes and Orators. It is embellished with Portraits of Everett, H. W. Beecher, J. P. Hale, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley, Sam Houston, T. H. Benton, S. A. Douglas, E. H. Chapin, etc. The sketches are brief, racy and discriminating. It is a book for the million. It will introduce the reader to the characteristics of the great living men of America, in whose fame every citizen feels both pride and satisfaction.

We cannot dismiss this book, without giving the reader a specimen of the style and spirit of at least two of the distinguished men sketched. The first is that of H. W. Beecher, in a speech delivered at the Kosuth dinner, in New York. Mr. Beecher then rose, and among other things, remarked as follows:

"Mr Chairman and Gentlemen, I am not accustomed to making speeches on such an occasion as this, and yet I did not feel at liberty to decline. I am sure that no sentiment could have been given to me to speak to, which I more religiously believe. Since I can remember anything, I remember my aged father left neither morning nor evening fall, that he did not supplicate God to send abroad the light of civil and religious liberty. And he believed what he prayed; and if I had not, I should not have been what I am now. Yes, I so thoroughly believe in it, that it is to me a part of my religion. In addressing you to-night, I cannot speak as though I were an honor merely to be a suppliant to the cause in which I am designated, but as if you were standing before the altar of God, and I were put there as a man to teach you duty. [Applause.] Now, gentlemen, civil and religious liberty is a thing that governments may declare and recognize, but which governments never make, any more than governments make a man. God made a man, and He never made one without the hope of liberty in him; and if there be a man on this earth that has not got that, then he ain't made! [Great laughter and applause.] And because this is a part of God's 'talents' let us, and let on interest, and which we are bound, as receiving it from Him, to trade well upon, therefore it is that every government and every nation that has citizens who are worthy to be called men, and are worthy to call their mothers 'Mother,'—therefore it is that every such nation is perpetually tending towards liberty—no matter under what oppressions—as a seed put under a rock, or under a board, or in the dark shadow of a wall, yet, so it has vitality, will attempt to grow, will seek the water, send its root down to it, and then seek out where light and heat may be found. So, put a man under what superincumbent oppression you please, there always will be reaching out a root that will have liberty—there always will be reaching out a stem for the light of God's precious civil and religious liberty! [Applause.] But, gentlemen, it is an easy thing for us to speak about civil and religious liberty. It is easy for us who have it, to praise it. Oh! methinks we praise it, as I can imagine an old curmudgeon, to whom Providence has given gold, and who will not give it to the Hungarians—as I would give it, if I had it. And the first time I ever envied such a man was lately. But I can imagine him dressed in velvet, with plush on which to rest his feet, flushed with wine, and surrounded with luxurious appliances, and fat and glowing in his abundance, this old usurer take out his gold, and talk and talk over and over about the benefits of life, while the beggars are on the sidewalk by his door, and get neither a crumb from his table nor a morsel of charity. Lask, what is the use of money to such a creature as that, except to damn him! [Laughter and applause.] So it is with every man who is talking, talking continually about civil and religious liberty. Now, I want to know what they do with civil and religious liberty?"

Kosuth captivated the hearts of many of our distinguished countrymen; and their lips, while he was present on public occasions, became tinged with fervid eloquence. It was on such an occasion, that Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke as follows:

"It is our republican doctrine, too, that the wide variety of opinions is an advantage; I believe, I may say of the people of this country at large, that their sympathy is more warm, because it stands the test of party. It is not a blind wave; it is the living soul, contending with living souls. It is, in every expression, antagonized. No opinion will pass, but must stand the tug of war. As you see, the love you win is worth something; for it has been argued through; its foundation searched; it has proved sound and whole; it may be avowed; it will last; and it will draw all opinion to itself."

"We have seen, with great pleasure, that there is nothing accidental in your attitude. We have seen that you are organically in that cause you plead. The man of freedom, you are also the man of fate. You do not elect, but you are elected by God and your genius to your task. We do not, therefore, affect to thank you. We only see the angel of freedom, crossing sea and land, crossing parties, nationalities, private interests, and self-esteem; dividing populations, where you go, and drawing to your party only the good. We are afraid you are growing popular, Sir; you may be called to the dangers of prosperity. But hitherto, you have had, in all countries, and in all parties, only the men of heart. I do not know who you will have the million yet. Then, may your strength be equal to your day! But remember, Sir, that everything great and excellent in the world is in minorities."

FIRST FRUITS IN KANSAS. The people of Kansas have had their election for Delegate to Congress. It resulted in the choice of the pro slavery candidate. This was what was planned and contemplated, promised and insured by the Nebraska bill which repealed the Missouri Compromise. The southern object is now certain to be accomplished and this is the first fruit. The little giants who worship at the shrine of the new anti-Jeffersonian temple have again found their tongues; and are now shouting, "all hail popular sovereignty!"

DIXFIELD, Nov. 25, 1854.

MY DEAR DEMOCRAT:—Here I am, and have been for a few days rusticating in this delightful village. How I came here you shall learn by and by. Left a few days since for a ramble through some of the valleys and over a few of the hills of good Old Oxford, believing the pure mountain air beneficial to health, and that views a-foot would be more interesting than if taken in any other way. Passed over Paris Hill, did not stop to visit the County Court then in session. The people of the Hill occupy an elevated situation, and if they have exalted ideas thereunto corresponding, they must be truly refined and intelligent. The pure air they breathe must prove invigorating physically, mentally and morally.

Kept on my way, looking frequently around and beholding hill after hill stretching far away into the blue distance terminating in the mammoth White Mountains. To an inhabitant of this County a sight of a hill is too common to attract attention, but to a city resident, nothing can be more beautifully grand, than to see your "Alps on Alps arise," and be, pigmy-like, feeling his own insignificance, while enraptured with the sublimity of nature.

Was very hospitably taken in at a red farm house by the road side, but a few miles from your sanctuary, where was kept a prisoner a night, a day, and another night, and before could make good an escape, was obliged to make attack upon nice pippins, sorted upon delicious cakes, *coup de mains* upon pumpkin pie, vengeful bites at flapjacks and maple sugar. The allied poverty gave up at last and raised the siege; and well was it that the fate of poor Turkey had held out much longer. Made my escape more alive than dead, and went on walking with a snow storm driving into my face. This was rather inconvenient at first, but it soon proved to be an advantage, a greater one that could have been asked for. The snow-filled atmosphere took away much of the prospect, while it obliged your pedestrian to direct his attention ahead, and not lose time by gazing right and left. What need of looking at hills that begin one don't know where, and end where one don't want to go, especially if we have to foot every twelve miles of the distance! Besides the nearest mountains appear all the larger for being seen through the flying snow, a storm view better suits them, than by moonlight or sunshine.

Moreover this storm came just at the proper time, saving your correspondent the trouble of describing Moose Pond, Mount Mollucks of *square* celebrity, who, that is the female Indian, shot the hunter Snow, whose name is localized at a certain fall of the Little Androscoggin—of mentioning the wilderness of the Notch, where the road passes through a cleft between mountains on either side, puzzling the traveler to guess how he is to get through, as his way seems to end at the side of a mountain taller and steeper too than the pyramid of the Cheops, when, all at once just as he fears that he may break his neck by stumbling over a mountain beholds the road suddenly turns a right angle, and goes on up, upon, up, until it reaches an altitude from which may be seen some miles away the village of Dixfield and the Androscoggin river.

Reached the ferry without much fatigue or any inconvenience except wet feet, (leather is seldom impervious to snow water,) and having to stop occasionally and shake out snow from neck, hair and whiskers. The ferry-man's sign, a tin trumpet of gigantic size, was stuck on a pointed stake. Took up the instrument and tried "to get it off," but my *solace* on the horn was not heard across the river. Chiron came at length, before my patience, but not my breath was exhausted. He explained how to manage his trumpet—"Don't blow too hard,"—a valuable hint, by the way, for politicians who blow their own bugles.

DIXFIELD VILLAGE. This is without exception as pretty a village as can be found any where in Oxford County. It is beautiful from location, the noble Androscoggin being in front, and Webb river running through one corner. The latter stream furnishing the water power that sustains the village. There are but two streets—the one parallel with the Androscoggin, and the other at right angles. The buildings are chiefly large and well built, showing the good taste and thrift of their owners.

There is one useless factory, a carriage do., one peripatetic magneto-tyrope Salon, six stores, one tin ware manufactory, several mechanic shops, two lawyers, two physicians, and a whole clergyman half the time. There is one meeting-house, much in want of a

November 21st, 1854.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Responsible for our Looks.

It was an idea of Swedenborg that the world is an emanation from God, and that man's body is but a product of his mind, drawn out from it as the oak is from the acorn. This hypothesis is unfounded. But it is nevertheless true that the soul exerts not a little influence over the corporeal nature of its companion. If it cannot create its "thems and sinews," it can do much to give them strength and proportion.

When we say that men are responsible for their looks, we would not be guilty of Swedenborg's notion, and be understood to affirm that they had a hand in their creation; thus looking down with contempt on the brutes, and up heavenward, blaming themselves meanwhile that they have not angelic or god-like forms.

But in a certain sense we hope to make it appear that our affirmation is true. Expression, cast of countenance, is caused by the temperament or disposition. Every mental trait or impulse leaves some trace, writes some hint upon the person. Especially is this true of "the human face divine." Upon it is sketched a mind. Even in "golden silence" the soul may discourse through its genial wisdom. An intelligent face means more than a landscape. Its every line and tint is burnt there by emotion. The eye laughs or languishes, the lip quivers with scorn, the cheek blushes with fear or glows with exultation, and the brow manifests under its earnest thought. And all this is but a response of the oracle within. True, we may disguise the honest utterance of this voice. Hypocrisy can wear a mask, but this is to be treated as hardly an exception to our statement. Art usually betrays itself, and looks artificial. Despite all our precautions, our hopes will smile, our anger frown, our thought look serene, our revenge brood darkling. "Colleen" Ode on the Passions finds in the human face an interpreter. Nay, the countenance is the original poem, of which the poet's is a feeble copy.

The common use of language favors the same idea. We often speak of a person's wearing a pleasant or melancholy aspect, or looking cheerful or forbidding. We feel that the act is voluntary. We refer to individuals under these circumstances, in the tone of compliment or complaint.

Add to this the practice of the theatrical performances of pantomime. Actors in those exercises dramatize some historic truth in dumb gesture and look. Crowds distinctly trace the progressive acts of the silent show with deepening interest, for mind is shadowed forth in the face.

Nor in this connection are we to forget that the common social intercourse among men, proceeds on the idea that the looks are the indices of the character. All men are practical physiognomists. Before a dark and low-browed face we mentally give our purse another glance; the frank and open countenance prompts us to forget all about it, or pour it unasked into the stranger's hands.

But it is not only the transient emotions, but also the character that is stamped upon the features. The aspects of the sky change with the weather. So do our looks change with the mind; and yet they almost bear the impress of its prevailing traits. Look a moment at the process; the nerves are the extension of the brain; the nervous and muscular system is most exquisitely developed in the human face, and that system is there doubly vital and sensitive. It is constantly beset in telegraphing the mental impressions to the features, and writing them down in their every lineament; and it proper action strengthens the muscular tissues, it will not fail to exert this influence there. Every look, cheerful or morose, is moulding and fixing a permanent expression. Is the individual in a happy mood?—the little, sensitive tissues, spreading out over his whole countenance, are lit up with the genial sunlight glowing within. Is he desponding and gloomy?—those delicate organs, gather a darker shade. That youthful face, once a picture of almost meek and saintly innocence, loses its freshness, the dew of its youth; and low-browed melancholy, pale fear, wrinkled care and the like, leave dark touches on the lovely grouping. And it is the mind, the character that does this. So if the mind cannot create, it can destroy; if it cannot make, it can break the vase, leaving Vandal-hands on the Creator's work. And are we not answerable for this? The more violent the emotions the more distinctly defined or even ghostly the traces they leave behind. Kenneth spent but a few hours in his visit to the tomb of Washington; but during that time his looks were marked as by the brooding years of years. Such changes do strong feeling create in the expression. And character thus makes itself a living reality in the world of action, as well as of silent thought.

To some, all this may seem a trifling matter. But is mind God's gift? Do its bestowal and use place us under obligation? If so, then our subject is one of no little interest; for the traits and emotions of the mind are putting themselves forth, and dramatizing themselves in every expression of countenance,—the looks are the intellectual and moral activities of the soul. If we are accountable for "every word," then we are accountable for "every look." Speech is silver-silence is golden.

There is a recuperative power in our physical nature; the muscular system reacts upon the mental. "Like the Tartar's bow, outward action directs its attack backward upon the intellect whence it had its origin." Gwynne aids the speaker. For aught the reader knows, the expression of countenance may react upon the character. And it should not be forgotten that this is also a question of social and moral influence. Our character grows on daily and hourly streaming out into the world through every look, as well as through every utterance and action. Mind thus silently but effectively acts upon others. The artistic forms of classic beauty prove its defining power upon intellect; while the faded effluvia which the Gorgon's head exerts by its terrific deformity in turning every beholder into stone, suggests the important truth, that an evil purpose finds even the outward expression a useful auxiliary in its bad work.

The snake may reach the eminence as certainly as the eagle, but he reaches it by crawling, and he still remains a snake.

A good life is the best philosophy.

The Snake Bit Irishman.

A party of gentlemen having gone on a deer hunt, was greatly annoyed by an Irish Jeremy Diddler, who quartered himself upon their camp, and bored them by his idle boasts and abuse of everything American, and a particular horror of all kinds of snakes, and one of the party determined to take advantage of his prejudice with a view of getting rid of his company. Accordingly, one night when he was "sound asleep," perhaps dreaming of snakes, the mischievous gentleman got his hunting-knife, and going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, cut off about seven feet of the intestines, and securing the ends with twine to retain the contents, tied one end of them fast and tight to a corner of Paddy's linen, that had wandered through a rent in his oh-so-never-mending trousers, coiling it up smoothly by his side, snake-like and true.

All things thus arranged, the conspirators lay down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage-horn scores, one of the gentlemen roared out at the top of his voice: "How-ee! ju-ee! a big black snake eleven feet long has crawled up my trousers, and is trying himself in a double bow-knot around my body!"

At the first shout, he gave the Irishman a furious dig in the side with his elbow, and kept up a running accompaniment on his shin with his heels. Of course, the noise and hurting awoke him quick and wide; in the first movement he laid his hand on the nice cold coil at his side, and he hissed out: "jabs!"

Making one bound, that carried him some ten feet from the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil, and it cracked like a whip. Chasing one wild, hissing look behind, he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp in a circle of forty feet across, and at every bound, yelling at the top of his voice: "Says him? says him by the tail! Oh, howly Vargin, stop him! Oh, Saint Patrick, tear him to bits! A-wha, a-wha, he's got me fast bound, eh, and he has! By the howly Saint he's mendin' his howl on to me! Oh, jabs, gentlemen, take hold on him; catch him! Shoot him in the tail end, mind!"

During this scene, one stood hugging a sapling with both arms and legs, his head thrown back, screaming with laughter; another lay on the ground, rolling in fits of laughter; another, "Pat Jim," stood with his legs about a yard apart, his hands holding his hips, shouting at intervals of five seconds, "snake! snake! snake!" and the echo seemed to mock him with the return of "snake! snake! snake!" as Paddy made the circle of the camp.

After circling about thirty times, the poor fellow flew off at a tangent into the dark woods, and the mingled sounds of "Snake! Murder! howly Vargin! Fire! Help!" etc., died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

"Umph," said one, "I thought that snake would stop his snoring in this camp at any rate."

The next evening Paddy was seen again at a nighty rate through Knoxville, with a bundle on his arm, and a shillany in the other hand, poking out his head in a half defensive, half exploring attitude. He was hailed with "which way, Paddy?"

"Strate to old Ireland, be jabs! where there are no snakes!" growled out Paddy, without stopping an instant.

Punch says that entering upon an argument with a physiologist is like getting into an omnibus—you know where you start from, but it is impossible to tell where it will carry you.

A man named Morgan, who shot an effort in Texas, was tried in a court of justice and fined one cent. This is too hard on the profession. To appraise an effort in such a wretchedly unjust manner demands the prompt retaliation of the entire craft. [Post.]

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

FIRE IN VASABROOK. On Friday Evening last, the saw mill situated on the Seven Mile Brook, in Vasabrook, was entirely destroyed by fire, together with a small amount of lumber.

According to the census returns of the United States, the liquor manufactured in this country requires the use of fourteen millions of dollars worth of grain, hops and apples.

As long as the waters of persecutions are upon the earth, so long we dwell in the ark; but where the land is dry, the dove itself will be tempted to a wandering course of life, and never to return to the house of her safety.

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of the new minister.

"Why do you understand these languages?" "No, but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

"Joa, I believe Sam's got no truth in him." "You don't know, nigger, dere's more truth in dat nigger, dan all de rest on de plantation."

"How do you make dat?" "Why, he's never let any out."

PAPER TO BE RETURNED.—The ship John Elliot Thayer, which sails to-day for Liverpool, takes back about one hundred and fifty papers from the different institutions in the state. Nine of these were brought up from Deer Island yesterday, making in all twenty-eight that have been sent to be returned. The others return of their own will. One of those who go back is an old man who has been in this country for thirty years, and who has raised a family and buried them all in America, and whose desire now is to return, that his bones may rest with those of his fathers.—[Boston Traveler, 20th.]

There is a difference between a law and a love suit—that with a law suit our fears are generally for the worst, whereas with a love suit our hopes are always for the best.

The snake may reach the eminence as certainly as the eagle, but he reaches it by crawling, and he still remains a snake.

Portland Business Directory.

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All kinds of Trunk and Valise Stock, at Manufacturer's lowest prices.
No. 1 Free Corner of Cross Street,
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HIDE, OIL AND LEATHER STORE,

340 East foot of Union St. on Commercial Street,
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TYLER, RICE & SONS,
Have constantly on hand a large assortment of
**Wax, Kin, Grain, Harness, Service, &
SADDLERY, &c., &c.**
French and American Calf Skins, Linings, Bindings and Leather in the rough, Straps, Bags, Sacks and Neats Foot Oil, Lamp Black and Saddle Soap.
Leather sold on Commission free of Storage.

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Successors to Joseph Hay & Son,
DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,
No. 88 Middle Street,
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Importers and Dealers in
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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Axes, Springs, Grindstones, &c.,
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HATS, CAPS, FURS,
GLOVES, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
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Beebe & Co's Hats constantly on hand.

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American Eye Salve?

ITS effects are most wonderful, producing almost instantaneous Relief.
We are daily receiving accounts of wonderful cures effected by the EYE SALVE, but can here only refer to the following as a specimen of its power.
A gentleman who had for years suffered by a concentration of HUMORS about the EYES, causing a discharge of much matter, and producing much pain, and at length, a total blindness, was cured by the use of Dr. Pettit's American Eye Salve.

As ULCEROUS SORE was the consequence, forming on the right side of the nostril, just below the eye, which had constantly discharged matter for upwards of two years, and was generally low, he took a cure.

This man received a perfect cure, by the use of Dr. PETTIT'S AMER. EYE SALVE.
Though this wonderful Remedy is designed for the CURE of diseased Eyes, yet we have testimony, showing it to be one of the most Perfect Pain Extractors in the World.

Persons who have used it for desperate cases of SORE EYES, have tried it for Sores and Inflammations, and it has exceeded their most sanguine expectations.
Infants' Sore Neck and Chafes are cured by one or two applications.
A cure for PILES, it has no rival. It has CURED cases that have withstood the treatment of the most skillful physicians, and all remedies.

As a Lip Salve
There is nothing yet discovered possessing such surprising efficacy.

Sore Lips, try it—Relief is immediate.
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Dr. Pettit's Canker Balsam,
The only remedy that never fails in the Cure of Nerving Sore Mouth; Canker in the Mouth, Stomach and Bowels, and Canker in every form in which it affects the Human Race.

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HUMOR DISCOVERY

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Cures Every Humor,

From a Pimple on the Face

TO THE WORST CASE OF

SCROFULA OR SALT RHEUM.

THIS MOST WONDERFUL MEDICINE, in curing the most serious cases, as almost everyone knows.

But seeing it is believed, and it is the mouth of two or three centuries, every word is established, and no one doubts the efficacy of the cure. It is the great remedy of the age, when they are attended to by hundreds upon hundreds from the East and West, the North and the South.

A few days since we saw a man who had received a cure of a very bad eruption, or Malignant Sore on his leg, by taking four bottles.

In Thimbleton we saw a man who had a large Swelling on the Neck, called KING'S EVIL, and who had been cured by the use of the medicine, and the swelling had nearly disappeared, and his health greatly improved. He feels certain of a cure by the use of a few more bottles.

SCROFULA can be cured by the use of from two to seven bottles.

SALT RHEUM requires about the same No. 1 Canker cure, and the cure is the same. Two cures have been known of Canker extending through the Stomach and Bowels, and including a complication of nodules, that required—four bottles.

JAUNDICE, DROWSINESS, &c., require from one to half a dozen bottles to effect a cure, according as disease has advanced in the system.

The worst RHEUMATISM is cured, and the cure of the system, by the use of 2 to 6 bottles. Pimples in the face, and Humors, are generally cured by from one to three bottles, though some last have been cured by four bottles.

Humors in the eyes, redness and soreness of the eyes and eyelids, are cured by using one to three bottles.

Rashes on the head and Scalp Head, are also cured by the application of 1 to 3 bottles.

Ulceroes Sores, Swelling of the limbs, and Eruptions on the skin are generally cured by using from one to six bottles. A few cases of great malignity have been cured requiring a larger number; in one case no more than ten bottles were used before a complete cure was effected.

By using from one to six bottles, have been cured, by using from three to five bottles.

Liver Complaint, with pain in the side, &c., have been cured after great suffering had been endured, and no benefit obtained from other remedies, by the use of from two to six bottles.

As an ALTERNATIVE, a regulator of the Stomach and Bowels, and a CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, and an attack of indigestion, the medicine is a single bottle will cure the most inveterate.

Sick and nervous HEADACHE, and Periodical Sore Headache, are cured by the use of from one to four bottles.

Kidney complaints are relieved, and a permanent cure effected by this medicine by any other kidney remedy.

Mercurial diseases, Venereal Diseases, &c., are cured by this medicine, with greater ease and more certainty, than by any medicine yet discovered.

Ladies suffering from irregularity, will find the medicine a most valuable remedy, and a PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, and a restorer to the system, it will restore them to health, than any other known remedy.

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March 28, 1851.

Farm for Sale.

A FARM situated in a very pleasant part of the town of Paris, Oxford County, Me., containing about two hundred acres of land, well divided into mowing pasture and tillage; more than two-thirds of the land can be plowed. The property is owned by one of the best families in the State, and is well improved. It is a good two-story house, two barns and a shed between them, and a well, and a good quantity of wood. The property is well improved, and is a good two-story house, two barns and a shed between them, and a well, and a good quantity of wood.

For further particulars, apply to the undersigned, or to the owner, who is a gentleman of high standing in the community. The property is well improved, and is a good two-story house, two barns and a shed between them, and a well, and a good quantity of wood.

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