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"Well, you must know when I was younger than I am now, and before dear Fritz, my husband, died, we were living in Boston, in quite respectable society, Fritz keeping a thriving store, and I living a lady, as it were, at home. But times is changed, since then; 'ah, me! Major Pierpoint." Well, don't you think, as I was waiting tea-one winter's night for Fritz, the bell rung, and instead of my husband, a man left a basket of champagne; as he said, telling the girl it was a present for our wedding day, which was to be on Saturday of the next week, sure enough, Major; we having then been married seven years. Well, I told her to set the champagne basket down in the tea-room, and soon afterwards Fritz came in. He was delighted when I showed him the present, and we both puzzled our heads to guess what friend it came from; but we sat down to the table intending to open it after we had finished tea. Mr. Phelps was taking his second cup when we both thought we heard a child cry right in the room. We started, and both asked "what is that?" "It must be the cat," said Fritz; and so we sat down again. We had not taken two bits of toast before we were startled by the loud, shrill scream of an infant. "The champagne basket," exclaimed Fritz. "It is in the champagne basket," I cried. "It is a baby in the champagne basket," yelled the girl, letting fall the tea-kettle.

"Fritz sprang to the basket and cut the cord with the table-knife, and sure enough, Major Pierpoint, there lay in the bottom the beautiful little female baby eyes ever looked upon—the very same Major Lee you just now took off your hat to! Well, to cut the story short, Fritz and I concluded, after making all inquiries, and advertising it in vain, to adopt it, seeing as how Providence had never blessed us with any children, neither before nor since. So we took the dear infant as our own, and to this day I have been as its own mother to it, and she has been as an own child to me. 'Ah me, the cruel parents that could desert such a sweet cherub! I have never been sorry to this hour we took the dear child. Oh, she has been a blessing to me!'

"She would be a blessing to any body," said the Major, warmly, his heart overrunning with emotion at her narration; and his eyes unconsciously wandered to the rear of the shop, where Mary sat quietly sewing. He sighed, and then turning to Mrs. Phelps, thanked her for her trouble in narrating Mary's story.

"Not the least, Major; not the least!" I could tell it fifty times a day if I had such a listener as you."

"You may send me half a dozen pairs of gloves, handkerchiefs, and—and—" Leslie hesitated, and then hastily added, "any thing else in your shop you think I would like."

"Oh, you are such a good customer, Major Pierpoint," said the pleased landlady; "I have just got in some new style India cravats which I think will suit you. Shall I send them to-night?"

"No, to-morrow at twelve."

"But you have town to-morrow!"

"Oh, true—true, I had forgotten. But never mind, madam, send them up, I think I shall be at home—yes, I am sure, quite sure I shall be at home! I have postponed my departure till the next day."

"I will certainly send them."

The Major lingered an instant over the glass case, and then buttoning up his overcoat, prepared to go.

"Good evening, Mrs. Phelps."

"Good evening, sir."

"You will be sure and send them?"

"You shall not be disappointed, Major."

"Very well."

Major Pierpoint took three decided steps towards the door, and then turned.

"Twelve o'clock, Mrs. Phelps."

"Yes, sir, they shall be there precisely."

The Major still did not move. There was evidently something he wished to say more, but was at a loss how to say it. All at once he turned back to the counter.

"By-the-by, Mrs. Phelps, you may, if you please, let the same young person bring them that took the lincen. That old woman, the last time she came, like to have broke her neck by catching her foot in the brass stair band. Besides, she is deaf as a post."

"I will send Mary, then," said Mrs. Phelps, smiling.

"You are very obliging, my dear madam. Good evening." And Major Pierpoint walked out of the shop with a free, light step, and a bland smile illuminating his handsome features.

Mrs. Phelps followed him with her eyes, and then put on a very thoughtful look, and for a few moments seemed to be communing with her own mind. Suddenly she laid one fore-finger down upon the other with emphasis.

"Yes, 'tis clear as that gas-light. I can see as deep as some folks can. He is not above forty, rich, respectable, and kind and pleasant-hearted as a child, and Mary's beauty has evidently made an impression upon him. He is a bachelor, and old bachelors often fall in love with young girls. I do believe, now I think it all over, he is in love with her. But then, he is so rich, and respectable. But Mary isn't my daughter; how does he or any body know but she is respectable, as himself? Plainly, there is something at the bottom of all this—Major Pierpoint is too honorable and moral for me to apprehend any evil coming out of it. My shall go up to-morrow, looking her best. Who knows what may happen? The poor child is not mine, but then I wish her to do as well as she can. I wonder what he said to her this evening. Mary, dear, come here, child."

Mary came forward with a half-finished linen collar in her hand.

"Well, dear, what did Miss Clayton say to the handkerchiefs you took her to?"

"She said they were very neatly done, but the price was too high—and told me she could not pay the bill unless you took off the nineteen cents."

"How close some people are! especially rich old maids that have none but beauties? They have no children or husband to pick or peck at, and so they must pick and peck on those that have to do work for 'em. I don't care about the nineteen cents—it is only to have something to find fault with. To-morrow, at half past eleven, you call there for the seventeen dollars and let her have the nineteen cents, if it will do her temper any good. Did Major Pierpoint appear displeased, because I didn't get the shirts there by six o'clock?"

Mary blushed, and knew not why; at this common-place question, and looking up and seeing her aunt's eyes fixed inquiringly upon her face, she became so confused to speak in reply—and, after one or two attempts to answer, dropped her head over the collar in her hand as if sewing it.

"What is the matter with you, child? What did Major Pierpoint say to you?"

"He said he was in the luck he gave me."

It's all right. Prompt pay—no nineteen cents to be cut off. But didn't he say anything to you?

Mary appeared still more confused. Her adopted mother looked at her steadily, though without displeasure, for a few seconds, then shook her head affirmatively, with a slight smile of self-satisfaction.

'Humph,' she said to herself, 'I see how it is! It has gone further than I thought. He came here to-night for nothing else in the world! Well, Mary, to-morrow, at twelve precisely, you must be at Major Pierpoint's with them gloves and handkerchiefs, and silk stockings. You must start at half past eleven, so as to call on the way on Miss Clayton for the money for her bill. Why do you blush so—are you afraid of Miss Clayton?'

'No, aunt.'

'Are you afraid of Major Pierpoint?'

'No, aunt.'

'Very well, child, go to your sewing. Mary bounded away lightly, and Mrs. Phelps looked after her with a prideful glance. Yes, if she is not foolish she has her fortune made. I will say nothing to her of my suspicions, but let her have her own way. To take young girls on such a subject and try to guide and advise them, only makes puppets of them, and destroys the natural character.—Leave Mary to her own native good sense and unbiassed feelings, and she will be more likely to please such a man as Major Pierpoint than if she practiced the most consummate artifices.'

With these sensible reflections, Mrs. Phelps dropped the subject for that night.

At a few minutes before half-past eleven, Mary Lee made her appearance in the shop from the little chamber over it, arrayed in a neat black silk dress, with a pretty straw cottage, trimmed with delicate blue ribbon, and her beautiful brown hair arranged with elegant simplicity. It had not been ten minutes since she left the shop to make this change in her appearance—yet it was as complete as if five hours had been wasted before her little mirror. Can any female reader tell me why Mary paid such attention to her appearance? Mrs. Phelps, on seeing her, lifted both hands, and in expression of surprise and displeasure was on her tongue. But some sudden reflections checked it on the verge of utterance, and dropping her hands, she said quietly and as if not noticing it—

'So, Mary, you are ready. Take the bundle and stop on the way at Miss Clayton's.—Be sure you are at Major Pierpoint's when the clock strikes twelve.'

'Yes, aunt,' said Mary hastening from the shop on her two-fold errand. As she passed up Chestnut street with her little bundle, the sparkling beauty of her face, her buoyant and graceful motion, drew after her many admiring eyes. It so chanced that Leslie was returning from the Exchange reading-room, whither he walked every morning, and was standing on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut, conversing with several bachelor gentlemen, when Mary passed. She looked up, and seeing him, colored and dropped her head. Leslie did the same.

'A lovely creature,' said one of the gentlemen; 'I seldom have seen a sweeter face or figure. You know her, Major, by your mutual blushes,' he added, smiling.

'I, gentlemen? oh, no,' said the Major, confused.

'She is certainly extremely beautiful. See how free and light her step is!'

'Some pretty milliner, I dare say,' said the Major, laughing. 'Good morning, gentlemen,' and Leslie took his way home more than ever enchanted, deeper than ever in love.—The quick, bright, eloquent, yet unintended glance he had received from her as she passed, kindled an imperishable flame in his bosom. He hastened homeward with anticipations of the delightful visit he was to receive at twelve o'clock.

Was Leslie Pierpoint really in love? Did he resolve to pay his addresses to this beautiful girl? Did he intend to ask her hand in marriage? Did she fill the place in his heart which Clara Clayton had left void?

Yes, he had met true love at last, and he was not to lose it.

Mary soon reached Miss Clayton's door in the upper part of Chestnut street, near Ninth. It was one of the most imposing mansions in the street. Miss Clayton lived there with her father.—the two alone. For several years after freeing herself from Leslie, she lived in poverty of marriage, but in vain. The men were all afraid of her. Her mortification when she found Leslie restored to perfect health, knew no bounds. She had a secret hope that he would yet address her; but from that period she never received more than a cold and civil bow from him. She could have poisoned herself with vexation. But as years passed away, and she saw that he still remained unmarried, she consoled herself with the idea that she was the cause—and that he could never love any one but her loved her. This devoted bachelor was Clara's only and greatest consolation. It was a healing balm to her wounded spirit. So he married not, she felt she could forgive herself for her folly in not marrying him. It is true, she watched his course to forty with more anxiety, lest he might yet marry; but when he passed that climax, she gave herself no further uneasiness, and rested in the convictions assurance of his eternal celibacy. This idea was the rainbow that spanned her darkest and skies—the sweet in her bitter cup of life. But, alas! she was soon to see the rainbow disappear, and her horizon become dark with sorrow! Alas! she was to drink the remainder of the cup with additional bitterness mingled with its dregs.

She was seated in her usual sitting-room when Mary arrived. Her hair was drawn back above her ears, and tied untidily with a dirty yellow ribbon; she wore a loose wrapper, and her stocking feet were thrust into red slippers. Her fingers were loaded with rings, and ear-drops hung from her ears. Her complexion was something coarse, for the wear and tear of time, and had very plain traces of being now indebted to white paint and rouge. For whatever pretensions it claimed, her forehead was crossed by horizontal impatient wrinkles, and a deep frown was cut between her eyebrows. She was thin about the breast and shoulders, and very slender in the waist, more so than in her youthful prime. The general expression of her face was querulous and impatient—precisely such an expression as she might have been expected to wear. As Mary was shown in she looked up with a sharp, impatient, creature.

'So, see, you have come for the amount of your bill!'

'Yes, m'm, if you please.'

'Don't *mem me*, as if I was fifty, Miss.'

'No m'm.'

'Did I not forbid your saying *marm* to me? What is the amount of the bill?'

'You have it, m— I mean Miss.'

'That is better. Ah, yes, here it is, \$17.19. What did your mistress say about the nineteen cents?'

'That she would take it off.'

'Very well; here is seventeen dollars. Receipt it.'

Mary took a pen from an inkstand on the table and acknowledged the payment.

'Humph, you write too pretty a hand for an apprentice girl,' said Miss Clayton, glancing contemptuously at Mary's beautiful chirography. 'I dare say you can dance too.'

'Yes, Miss,' said Mary, slightly smiling.

'And sing and play, more contemptuously still.'

'Yes, Miss.'

'Humph. Read Byron, Moore, Scott, doubtless, and perhaps the French poets?' she continued with a contemptuous smile of incredulity.

'Yes, Miss.'

'Yes, Miss. I suppose if I should ask you if you read French and sung Italian, you would reply with your parrot phrase 'yes, Miss.''

'Yes, Miss.'

'Upon my word! Ha, ha, ha! here's a linen-drawer's apprentice for you! I suppose you took to marry some nobleman at the least, with all them accomplishments, if you can! What package is that beneath your arm, my pretty minx?' for Miss Clayton had conceived a sudden and unaccountable (save that her youth and beauty were the cause,) dislike for Mary. And without waiting for a reply she snatched it from her.

'For Major Leslie Pierpoint, No. 27, South Sixth St.'

'You are sent with this to Major Pierpoint's, are you not?' she asked sharply and with a suspicious look at the young and guileless girl.

'Yes m'm,' answered Mary, quietly.

Miss Clayton let her eyes rest on the superscription for a few moments, and then lifted them steadily to the face of the maiden.

'You had best return directly to your shop with the amount of your mistress's bill, lest you should lose it on the way. I will dispatch my footman with this package to his lodgings.'

'I thank you, but I am ordered to take it where myself,' said Mary, firmly.

'Indeed! but it would not be prudent for so young a person as you to go to a bachelor's rooms alone. I will send it for you. Do you know Major Pierpoint?'

'No m'm,' answered Mary with embarrassment.

'Have you never seen him?'

'He was in the shop last evening,' answered Mary, evasively.

'Did he speak to you?'

'If you please I will take the package and go,' said Mary; half angry at this singular inquisition upon her affairs.

'Take it, trollope,' said Miss Clayton, flinging it towards her, 'and tell your mistress when she has occasion to send any one to me again, she will oblige me by sending some civil person.'

Mary stared with surprise, at a loss to account for the lady's ill-humor, and gladly took her departure.

The last tocsin of the State House had struck the last stroke of twelve, as Mary timidly pulled the bell at Major Pierpoint's handsome residence. It was opened by Cato.

'Massa says de young woman will please walk up and wait,' said Cato, as Mary offered to leave the bundle in his hand.

Mary hesitated an instant, and then, trembling, (she could not tell why,) she followed him to the library. The door was opened and Cato ushered her in, with one of his best bows.

Leslie pretended to be very busily engaged in a book as she entered, tho' he had been walking in his room, or watching through the blinds with ill-concealed impatience, till he heard the street door-bell. He permitted Cato to leave the room, and Mary to advance half way to the table, before he gave signs of her presence. He then suddenly rose up and turned round.

'Ah, Miss Lee,' he said with tender respect, 'you have brought the gloves.'

'Yes, sir,' said Mary, without lifting her eyes.

'Sit down, if you please, while I examine the package.'

Mary quietly took a seat, and Major Pierpoint began to look over the parcels. But evidently his thoughts were not with this pursuit. His fingers trembled—he shockingly rent several pairs of gloves; put six of the handkerchiefs, one after another, into his pocket; blew his nose on a pair of silk hose, and at length springing from the table in the most admirable confusion of mind in which a bachelor, at such a moment, could well be. After three strides springing the room to gather courage, he approached the surprised, embarrassed, yet not unexpected Mary. No woman of any sense or feeling, or mind, could be blind at such a time. He approached and seated himself beside her.

'Miss Lee—'

Mary trembled and remained silent. The Major gazed upon her tell-tale face, and then hurriedly sought her hand. She withdrew it instinctively, and half rose.

'Nay, my dear Miss Lee! pardon me! I meant no injury to your delicacy. Pray be seated!' and he took her hand and gently drew her to the chair, which she had left. 'I desire you to listen to me one moment. They have credited for you a deep and respectful passion. In your beauty, grace, and intelligence, you made an impression upon my heart no time can ever efface. It is true you are young, and full of life and beauty—I have passed half the allotted life of man. But the disparity is in years only. My heart is as young as your own, and my feelings as buoyant, my hopes as bright. I have sought to meet you to-day to make a confession of the sentiments with which you have inspired me—to tell you how infinitely my happiness is involved in your existence—to throw myself upon your generosity. You are an orphan, alas! and a cold, unfeeling world is before you. Your loveliness and helplessness claim protection. Permit me to fill that delightful position near you while life lasts. I offer you my heart, my hand, my fortune, and promise to devote my life to the promotion of your happiness.'

The Major, after ending his eloquent appeal, gazed upon her downcast face several moments in silence. She made no reply. He still con-

to hold her hand. Slowly he raised it to his lips. There was no resistance. He again sought her eyes. Tears were silently gushing from them, and rolling in sparkling globules down her lovely cheeks.

'Good God! Miss Lee, have I offended you?'

'No sir,' said Mary, lifting her eyes, the lashes dewy with tears, and sweetly smiling.

'Why these tears, then?'

'I do not know, indeed, unless it be that they flow from gratitude,' she answered, looking into his face with a radiant smile, like sunshine in an April shower.

The Major's eyes filled also, and the next moment he pressed the happy girl to his heart.

Yes, Mary Lee became Major Leslie's wife, through gratitude. They were married, for he well knew gratitude would grow to love, and a brief time proved that he judged rightly. One month from the day on which he confessed his passion he led to the altar his charming bride. They were married publicly in church.

'Ah, Major, so you—don't know her—some milliner's apprentice, eh?' laughingly said a gentleman present, after the ceremony was over.

Clara Clayton, hearing that Leslie Pierpoint was to be married, went to the church, disguised in a strange bonnet and long green veil—but Leslie recognized her by her taper waist, and felt that his triumph and (if such a feeling really existed in his breast,) his revenge were complete. Yes, Clara witnessed the ceremony, and when she saw it, and recognized the bride's face as she turned from the altar, she could scarcely suppress a shriek of mingled anger and disappointed malice. She went home, and died the same year, the victim of her own selfishness.

Leslie Pierpoint and his beautiful lady are now travelling in Europe. Mary makes him an excellent wife, proving to be as good as she is beautiful.

[From the Cayuga Chief.]

**Why I am a Temperance Man.**

**MY DEAR SIR:—**You seem to wonder at our zeal in the advocacy of temperance principles, and ask us why we are so sleepless in our hatred of the rum traffic.

The question has stirred many thro'ts within us. We first thought we would write you a private letter, for when a friend asks us a question in a spirit of kindness, we love to answer him. But thought has followed thought, until a whole train of visions have glided in, and the ink dripped on our rib. We have little time to spare, and propose to use our columns and let others see our reasons as well as yourself. By some, our motives are often questioned—that we expect. The sincerity of our blows against the liquor traffic cannot be accounted for by others, who feel not as we feel. We have reasons as 'plenty as blackberries' for our opinions, others must judge whether those opinions are carried out in our action. Those who have received our blows are welcome to all the consolation they can derive from the assertion that we only assail their system for effect.

Why do we hate the rum traffic? Our only wonder is, how any upright, honest man cannot hate it.

We have no direct personal wrongs to avenge. We were never drunk but once, and that is farther back than we can remember—but our mother has the fact on record, as well as the indignation she felt towards the man who put the glass to the lips of her child.—'May a kind Heaven and that mother be praised! she has but one such treasure in her memory! We look above into the blue sky, and abroad into the faces of our fellows, and lift our arms in the pride of unpolluted manhood, unfettered by chains which have enslaved and crushed the strongest of earth. We go to our home with a steady step. We stand at its hearth side as we stood in childhood, loving our honored parents with a stronger and holier love as years pass away, and obedient as then to their instructions. We can kiss the fading cheek of that mother with lips unstained by the cup. We go forth in the morning, and she knows that we will return, if alive, to honor and bless her. If the years allotted to ripened age are vouchsafed to us, we are midway in the ocean of life. We feel that the sun has passed its high noon mark, yet as we look back upon a brief life of varied fortunes, there is no shadow of drunkenness resting there. We have had sorrow, as who has not? yet never shall our young manhood has been disgraced or a single tribute offered upon the shrine of the bowl. We are a freeman to-day, and may God enable us, at our sun's decline, to rest in a freeman's grave.

No, we've no personal wrongs to avenge, and yet every warner drop of the red Pilgrimage in our veins, is embittered with the knowledge of wrongs which those most sacredly cherished by us, have suffered. We live to avenge those wrongs, as well as others suffered by those kindred to us by the ties of a common humanity.

History has taught us temperance principles. He must be blind who cannot learn her lessons. Her verdict is against the license system. Temperance is one of the most fearful words known in our language. It is the embodiment of all that is crushing in poverty, bitter in woe or black in crime. The rum traffic is an unadulterated, unmixed curse—a parent scourge, from its first cancerous seating upon humanity, to this day. That canvas as it moves before us with its fearful scenery of poverty, woe and crime, scratched from life in its deep coloring of tears and blood, has not one bright spot on which the wearied eye can rest. Not a single gleam of sunlight beams upon it.—Rum has been a malign star to man! From the cradle to the grave, its false light has lured him to ruin and death. From Noah's day to the present, its influence has been the same. Empires have passed away. Nations have been forgotten and the cities of their greatness covered with the dust of oblivion, but intemperance yet lives, the most desolating scourge that ever darkened the pathway of man. The pestilence stalks forth and feasts upon its rotting tribute, but passes away. War lifts its beacon of destruction in the red glare of conflagration and scatters the terrors of death until his garments drip and smoke with blood, but war ceases, and the harvests of peace lift their golden waves where hostile squadrons met in deadly shock. Famine, gaunt and spectral, stalks on around the fire-side of woe, and the famished skeleton lies down in death, and without shroud or grave, clench at the threshold. But the earth looms again with promise, and the judgment is stayed. But how different with rum!

never slumbers. Its work ceases not for a moment. It is not like the pestilence, confined to particular localities or classes. It invades all. It drools and slavers on the throne and in the hovel. The Civilian and the Divine; the Orator and the Poet; the Statesman and the Warrior, are alike cut down.—Like a serpent of glittering eye, its deadly evil slime uprose above the pedestal where genius is enthroned, the chaplet upon the God-like brow is withered, and the fair fabric which fame has reared crumbles into ruins. The strongest intellects from the hand of God, as well as the weakest, run has destroyed. Stars that have beamed in the world's sky, have seen in darkness, while unnumbered ones of lesser ray have gone out unnoticed. Such has been the work of ages. Onward the dark and damning tide has rolled, rid adding its tribute to fill until individuals, families, communities and nations have been swept away.—The strong axe has bowed to the storm as well as the slender reed. While wept over by humanity and denounced by God, strong behind the infamous legislation of ages, it has moved on, a withering, wide-sweeping curse—a seething and deluging tide, black with the wrecks of hope and happiness and life, and in every land and clime, filling homes with poverty and want, hearts with woe, the alms-houses with paupers, the prisons with felons and murderers, the earth of God with graves, and a Hell with the damned.

Are we right? Where?—when on God's green earth has the traffic borne a different phase than that we have given it? In civilized or savage land, it is the same. No spot so sacred or hidden away; no hill-side or valley with its lakes and rivers and blue sky, has escaped. By the School House and Church-door the Capitol and the Academic Hall, on the ocean, in the wilderness where the axe opened the first view to the forest blue, by the hearth-side where childhood lives and old age dies—everywhere run is the same. In every burial-ground in Christendom the sod is green above its victims, and the mould has gathered where its triumphs are chiselled in marble. Every house has had one dead in it. Every circle has been broken.

You say that the system is very ancient and should be cautiously removed. It is ancient. It is hoary with years and with infamy, for millions have been offered up at its shrines, and millions still go up to the sacrifice until like that idolatrous pilgrim path of heathendom its course is marked by the bleaching tribute of skulls. Great God, sir, could all who have thus died, pass before us in vision, the mind would reel! Yes, it is old, but ever a wrong. The whole system is a falsehood and exists to-day upon falsehood. From the time the Hungarian mijers swallowed alcohol to give them endurance, to the drunkards and tipplers of 1852, it has been a falsehood. The history of the past and present write it so.—Fact and reason are against it. The instinct of the brute is emphatic. Physiology brands the fatal deception, from the first faint network of red upon the cheek, to the swollen veins and livid purple of aetiolism—from the un-natural and sickening laughter of conviviality to the wailing curses of madness.—Nature, assaulted and injured, every where repels the falsehood, and in trumpet tones speaks out against the wrong, and in her citadels of heart and brain, was faithfully against the invasion of Honor and marriage, virtue, love and truth—all that's noble, and good and pure, utter an emphatic verdict against the falsehood. If it is consecrated by time, so are its iniquities more wide-spread and towering. It is ancient indeed, but if all the injury it has inflicted upon the human race—their destiny in this world and the next—could be gathered from the record of God's Angel and presented in one view, a world would be startled from its slumbers. We venerate not, we worship not, at the shrine of the Moloch, because the path-way to its shrine is worn deep and beaten hard by the ceaseless tramping of ages of idolatrous madness.

**Ossian Arrived.**

The following poem, of which Macpherson himself might be proud, refers to the circumstance of the Duke of Athol, with a party of his retainers resisting the passage through his grounds of some Cambridge Students, on a pedestrian tour: They sought to pass through this vast estate by a route which the Court of Sessions, have after a long litigation pronounced a public highway. *Punch* is the author.

Why is the peeper of Athol closed? Wherefore is the eye of Strange surrounded with a ring of purple?

It is the print of the Southron knuckle—The first-mark of the Cambridge Undergraduate, heavy-handed bruiser.

Cambridge Undergraduate, bruiser of the heavy hand, wherefore dost thou darken the eyes of Strange? Why bungst thou up the peeper of Athol?

The Autumn winds were singing the coronation of the summer in Glen Tilt. A moaning mass of no end of ghosts swept through the hollow glen. There, with the red and brown leaves falling around him, stood the Chief of Clan Athol, with a party of ladies and gentlemen.

Shrouded in the mist of the distance cometh Sandy Maclearran. With him behold two stranger forms approaching. Onward they come with the sturdy tramp of youth; stout are the cudgels which they grasp in their nervous fists.

Ho! there, ye that range unbidden the Glen of Tilt! Hail! ye wanderers from the land of Cockney! Stand, ye jumpers of the counter! We are no jumpers of the counter; no wanderers are we from the land of Cockney. We come from the meadows that are watered by the Cam;—from the abodes where learning dwells in her colleges and hall. Thither on our journey we on this beaten track. And who the other art thou that hinderest us?

Ken ye not the Chief of Clan Athol,—the dearest-buffing Duke of this impassable Glen?

For the Chief of Athol's clan we care not a rap, the Duke of the impassable Glen we value not a farthing. We have passed the Asseridge, wherefore should we not cross thy way? Chief of Clan Athol, get out of the way! Duke of the impassable Glen, stand out of the sunshade!

Fire flashed from the eye of Athol; wrath played from the countenance of Strange. By the collar he seized the foremost youth. Back! Return by the way thou comest. Back! or by the beard of my ten thousand ancestors, ye shall rue this day! Back, I say, a youth like ye sons of the Great!

Unhand me, Chief of Clan Athol, or whose

or thou art. Unharm'd me, I say, or I will pun-  
ch his head. Thow wilt not? No? Here goes  
then; take that for thyself!

Together they rushed; and the son of Grants  
and the Chief of Clan Athol. Furious was  
the Chief, and wild and aroused, was the Un-  
dergraduate's monkey. Blow was exchanged  
for blow, lunge for lunge, slash for slash,  
heavy was the countering, and the knocks re-  
sounded. Loud shouted the gentlemen: shri-  
eks were the screams of the ladies.

The Chief was overcome with fury, and he  
broke away. Wary was the Cantabrigian youth,  
well trained on the pleasant banks of the Cam,  
to encounter in stand-up mill the brawny bag-  
gage. Sharp fell the stinger on the proboscis of  
Strange; as flew the claret from the corner  
of Athol. One, two, were planted on the op-  
tics of the Chief—darkness swam before him;  
then fell a stunner on his ducal frontispiece,  
and he was doubled up by a finisher in the  
bread-basket. He staggered—he fell into the  
arms of his faithful henchman—even the arm  
of Sandy MacIarlan.

To the rescue Donald of the tufted chin  
Rodeick of the red moustaches, to the help of  
your Chief! Hamish of the Pipes—Douglas  
the breckless—claymore for Clan Athol!

The eight hands of the bold grounds were  
aroused on the collar of the Sassenach. As many  
more grabbed the coat-tails of his companion  
—the Heeland men were braw.

From before the bruised face of their chief  
they drag away the sons of Grants.

Mourn; for ecchymosis encircles the eye of  
Strange. Raise the sound of wall upon  
thousand bagpipes! Closed is the eye of him  
who would close Glen Tilt to the traveller.—  
Confusion sits on the brow of the chieftain;  
the countenance of the Duke beareth marks of  
punishment.

### To Destroy Underbrush.

'What is the best time to cut under-brush  
&c.?' In the June number of the Farmer the  
above question is proposed by 'A subscriber to  
to which I propose to give an answer, combining  
both a little experience and a little theory.  
Having been brought up on a farm, I used to  
hear much said by farmers in regard to the  
best time for cutting bushes, &c., and remem-  
ber well the many uncertainties that existed  
and the various opinions given on the subject.  
Some recommend to cut them at one season  
some at another. Some regard the 'moon',  
'others the 'signs,' &c. I also remember that  
the same kind of underbrush, if cut at one sea-  
son, would start again and grow luxuriantly  
but if cut at another, would be completely  
'used up.' I have also within the last few  
years, had an opportunity to notice the same  
facts; and the conclusion to which I have ar-  
rived is, that different shrubs or bushes, trees,  
&c., may be cut at different seasons of the year.  
Some are killed by cutting as early as the first  
of July; others by the first of August; and so  
on till October or even November. The rule  
is this:—Cut any plant or shrub, about the  
time that it has done growing for the season,  
and its destruction is almost certain.' If cut  
before this time, it will generally start again  
next year. The exceptions are few. So much  
for the facts, now for the theory.

1st. In the spring of the year, all roots are  
vigorous. Hence, if a tree or shrub be cut at  
this time, or while in full growth, the root will  
send forth a new set of shoots. The excep-  
tions are—1st., Evergreens generally, as pine,  
hemlock, spruce, &c. 2d. Those that have a  
copious flow of sap in the spring, as the maple,  
birch, &c. Yet even some of these will start  
again if cut soon after the buds have opened.  
I. e., after the spring flow of sap has ceased,  
except in the case of old or large trees, in  
which the root appears not sufficiently vigor-  
ous, or the evaporation from the new stump  
too rapid to allow of the formation of new  
shoots.

2d. In autumn, when a shrub or tree has  
done growing for the season, the active en-  
ergies of the root cease, being, perhaps, some-  
what exhausted by its summation. If then  
the bush or tree be cut, after it has done grow-  
ing, but while the stem and leaves are fresh  
and full of sap, the vital force of the root will  
rarely be sufficient to cause a new growth;  
but if left till the foliage is dead or dying, the  
energies of the root are restored by the return  
of the sap, and are ready for action again as  
soon as the season of growth shall return.  
Hence, too early or too late cutting will be  
equally unsuccessful.

Cut your underbrush, then, at the time above  
specified, and it will rarely start again. If it  
does, the growth will appear stunted or sickly,  
and soon die of its own accord, or a second  
cutting at the proper time will insure success.  
The same rule applies to all other plants, as  
Canada thistles, milk weeds, &c., &c., with  
greater or less certainty, according to the  
greater or less vital force, or tenacity, of the  
peculiar to the root of each kind of vegetable.

The proper time can easily be determined  
by observing whether new leaves continue to  
appear at the end of the prominent branches.  
When the end leaves are of full size, and a  
bud is seen at the end of the branch, then, (for  
spring after) is your time to cut. If deferred  
long beyond this time, or till the leaves begin  
to turn yellow, or fall, cutting will be of little  
use, as the root will be strong enough for a  
new start on the opening of a new spring.

[Genesee Farmer.]

### Cheesy Wash for Cottages of Wood.

For the outside of wooden cottages, barns,  
out-buildings, fences, &c., where economy is  
important, the following wash is recommended.

Take a clean barrel that will hold water.  
Put in it a half bushel of quicklime, and slack  
it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to  
cover it four or five inches deep, and stirring it  
till slacked.

When quite slacked, dissolve in water and  
add two pounds of sulphate of zinc [white vit-  
riol] which may be had of any of the drug-  
stores, and which, in a few weeks, will cause the  
white-wash to harden on the wood-work. Add  
sufficient water to bring it to the consistence  
of thick white-wash. The wash is, of course,  
white, and as white is a color which, we think,  
should never be used except on buildings of a  
good deal surrounded by trees, so as to pre-  
vent its glare, we would make it a fawn or drab  
color before using it.

To make the above wash a pleasing cream  
color, add four lbs. of yellow ochre.

For a fawn color, take four lbs. amber, one  
lb. Indian red, and one half lb. of lampblack.

To make the wash gray, or stone color, add  
one lb. new amber and two lbs. lampblack.

The color may be put on with a common  
white-wash brush, and will be found much more  
durable than common white-wash as the sul-  
phate of zinc sets or hardens the wash.

### A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

While giving to housekeepers the advice pointed out  
while attending to the very important matter  
of house-cleaning, and the like arrangements,  
Do not omit to inform housekeepers that a few  
drops of carbonate of ammonia in a small  
quantity of warm rain-water, will prove a most  
and easy anti-acid, &c., and will change it  
carefully applied, discolored spots upon car-  
pets, and indeed all spots whether produced  
by acids or alkalis. If one has the misfor-  
tune to have a carpet, injured by white-wash,  
this will immediately restore it. [LONE QUIN-  
VATOR.]











