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THE TWO FARMER BOYS.

BY W. H. GARDNER.

On one of those sultry summer days in June, when all nature seems imploring the Great Disposer of events for water to relieve the earth of its thirst, and prevent its becoming barren from drouth, two boys were at work in fields adjoining. They were farmer boys, and thus far through life had passed much of their leisure time together.

A scene of beauty, of surpassing beauty surrounds them. It was a home scene—a scene which, go where they will in after life, will remain enstamped upon the tablet of the memory. Broad acres of beautiful farming land, covered with luxuriant growing crops, were displayed in all their magnificent beauty before them. 'Twas such a scene as only farmers behold, and few beside farmers are fully capable of enjoying.

Let us approach and make the acquaintance of these farmer boys, whom we have said were at work. Martin Freeman was the son of an affluent farmer; Jerry Brown was the child of poor parents, but he is now an orphan. Martin has had superior advantages; Jerry's opportunities for acquiring knowledge have been meagre. But hear them, that ye may judge; for they are approaching the place where they stand by the fence, each at the same time.

'A fine day,' declares Jerry, leaning on the handles of his cultivator, raising his hat, and wiping the sweat from his high forehead.

'A plague on such fine days—so hot—corn all drying up. I would like to know what there is particularly fine about this day!' replies Martin.

'We have a beautiful place to work in here,—at the same time, with his eye, noticing the surrounding beauties of hill and valley,—and can see much to enjoy,' observed Jerry.

'Well, I would like to know who could enjoy this and be hard at work! I can see little to enjoy,' responds Martin.

'Why, we may enjoy the scene about us—the lovely view of wide spreading fields of grain, meadow and forest; and yonder are the distant hills, looking so beautifully blue beyond the clouds.'

'Pshaw, Jerry!' answered his companion, with a derisive laugh; 'I can see nothing in the view you have pointed out, worthy a look or thought. We have nothing in this town, worthy one's attention, and I am getting tired of the intolerable lonesome life I am leading.' 'I am contented,' responded Jerry. 'I find much time for reading, and subjects of wonder, inquiry, and admiration, daily present themselves to my notice.'

A laugh followed this expression of content by Jerry, and the boys separated.

We have heard enough of this conversation, as above, to learn that while at work, different thoughts, feelings, and incentives to action, possess them. Observe closely, and you will discover in the look, air and manner of the one, evidences of contentment, and a desire to become acquainted with more of the world than what his own eyes rest upon—speaking plainer than words, that he is happy. The other wears no look of sunshine, his eye gives forth no light, and the manner in which he does his work, shows it to be prompted by any love save that of his calling.

An hour later and we will discover the secret of this difference. The air, which has hitherto been sultry, begins to move—the corn leaves, which were wilted, rolled, and dry, begin to rustle—and a roar of distant thunder breaks the stillness. Low down in the western horizon dark clouds begin to appear—they increase, and in dark masses roll on, covering the sky. The wind freshens—the leaves turn up—the swallow flies rapidly, darting here and there—the thunder was more continuously—'twill rain—it rains—much needed, welcome rain is falling. The boys, anticipating but a slight shower, retreat to a grove near by, where, sheltered by the leafy branches, they await its cessation.

'How beautiful!' remarked Jerry, as the rain came pouring down, and falling on the parched earth, raised clouds of misty vapor.

'Beautiful!' exclaimed his friend, with an accent not to be misunderstood. 'Fog goes up skipping, rain will come down dripping.'

'Come, Jerry, let us turn out our horses, and go up to the corners; for I think it will rain all the remainder of the day.'

'No,' replies the other. 'I have reading at home, and would rather read, than pass my time in such conversation as I would hear at the corners.'

'Reading!' replies his friend, with another peculiar emphasis; 'let your reading go till some other time; we will have fun up there, with the boys who always assemble there on rainy days.'

Jerry was firm, and Martin ceased to urge. Here is the secret revealed. Martin has lost all relish for thought or observation, and is only happy while in company with others of kindred habits. Reading he hates, and up he goes to the corners.

Who has not witnessed the change that now came over Martin Brown? It was not a rapid change—great changes never are. It was a gradual, radical change. First it blinded him to the beauties of nature and religion, and then to the enjoyments of home,—until finally he saw beauty only in the achievements of the clown, or in being the chief actor in a bar-room club, or some kindred amusement.

Great was the change in taste, worth, and influence, of our friends in ten years. Arrived at manhood, and assuming its responsibilities and duties, Mr. Freeman was a man of knowledge, talent, worth and influence. Martin Brown was yet a loafer—a loafer in language, habits and appearance—his influence gone, his person neglected, his property squandered; he presented a sad spectacle of the result of spending his youthful leisure hours at the corners!

WIVES AND CARPETS.—In the selection of a carpet, you should always prefer one with small figures, because the two webs of which the fabrics consist are always more closely interwoven than in carpeting where large figures are wrought. There is a great deal of true philosophy in this, that will apply to matters widely different from the selection of carpets.

A man commits a sad mistake when he selects a wife that cuts too large a figure on the green carpet of life—in other words, makes much display. The attractions fade out—the web of life becomes worn and weak, and the gay figures that seemed so charming at first disappear like summer flowers in autumn. Many a man has made himself miserable, by striving to weave a large figure, and finds himself worn out, used up, and like an old carpet hanging on the fence, before he has lived out half his allotted days of usefulness. Many a man wears out like a carpet that is never swept, by the dust of indolence. Like that same carpet, he needs shaking or whipping—he needs actively something to think of,—something to do.

Look out, then, for the large figures, and there are those now stowed away in the garret of the world, awaiting their final consignment to the cellar, who, had they practiced this bit of carpet philosophy, would to-day be firm and bright as a Brussels fresh from the loom, and

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. VIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1854.

NO. 4.

everybody exclaiming, "It is wonderful how well they do!"

ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING.

When the bounding beat of the heart of love
And the springing step grow slow
When the form of a cloud in the blue above
Lies dark on the path below:
The song that he sings is lost in a sigh,
And he turns where a star is dawning,
And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and his eye,
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When the strong man armed, in the middle watch,
From life's dim deck is gazing,
And strives, through the wreck of the tempest to catch
A gleam of the day beam's blaring;
Amid the wild storm, there hard by the helm,
He heeds not the dark ocean yawning;
For this song in his soul no sorrow can overwhelm—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When the battle is done, the harp unstung,
Its music trembling—dying;
When the waves are unwept, and his deeds unsung,
And he lingers in the grave to be lying,
Then a voice shall charm, as it charmed before,
He had wept or waited the dawning;
They do love there for aye—I'll be true as of yore—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

Thus all through the world, by ship and shore,
Where the mother bends over
The cradle, whose tenant has gone on before,
Where the eyes of the lover
Light the way to the soul; whatever the word,
A welcome, a wail, or a warning,
This is everywhere cherished—its every where heard—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

A Bachelor's Views of Marriage.

The editor of the Republican Journal says many sensible things, and although (unfortunately) a bachelor, often strikes a matrimonial vein that yields rich returns. Hear him on the subject of 'Marriage.'

'It occurs to us that we have not done our whole duty to man, in neglecting to speak of the institution of marriage, and of the thousands of evidences about us to show that this high condition is becoming often lightly entered upon and carelessly degraded. In the antique romance and poetry of youth, marriage is held to be only a summer's journey through paths which are always even, and flowers that never fade. People forget what old Thomas Fuller says: "Marriage is not like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the summer, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their young."'

We propose to fortify these philosophical reflections of ours with figures that cannot lie. At the last session of the superior court of New Hampshire, sitting at Concord, there were 83 applications for divorce—33 granted, 7 refused, and 43 not yet decided! In the small State of Rhode Island have recently been 73 applications, and 42 granted. Looking at some of the reasons urged we discover that these solemn unions are so lightly made, and so earnestly got rid of, that we are approximately to the condition of society contemplated by Monsieur Fourier. Thus, a young man holds in his arms for the first time, a nymph of a waltzer. Animation brings to the cheek of the lady the rose tint. The round fullness of her person is voluptuous. Her feet peeping in and out, like mice from under a bale of dry goods, display a well-turned ankle, and bespeak a firm pedestal. Her conversation is all that is required in a ball-room. The charms have operated. What next! Now the husband finds that in the normal state these soft cheeks are pale and dry—this round form was but part muscle—these tiny feet were always cold—this ball-room conversation was all that was in store. So it is a case of getting goods upon false pretences, and the authorities are appealed to. In one of the cases that we have enumerated, the charge of cold feet was one. Could a condemn a man in our climate and price of coal, to sleep beside a pair of cold feet? The pair were dissatisfied.

Nor is it only the stouter sex that are deceived. Among the Tartars, in a wedding the bride rides after the bridegroom, and if the latter suffers himself to be overtaken, the thing is accomplished. So with us, the pursuing bride, when she catches a Tartar, has only caught a Tartar. There is also, getting too much romance in our age. Now, recently in New York, see how many thousands have been spent to get apart Catherine P. and Wildes P. Walker. That was a romantic marriage. Mr. Patton, with his strong good sense, knew other things beside ship-building. He saw that Wildes P. Walker was a rotten timber, and not fit for keel, or breast-hook, or spar of his social edifice. But the girl saw with different eyes—or rather saw no at all. The world would have called Mr. Patton cruel if he had interposed his parental authority,—now he has expended \$15,000 to undo the work of mischief, and has failed at that! Consider, that this is a serious business, and that in accomplishing it, the heart alone is not the thing to consult, but the understanding also. Look to it and see that there be harmony of purpose and congeniality of disposition, not dependent upon time and place. Then shall the future be sweet before you—and you will love the rough paths and rugged mountains of life's way, because you will bear each other's burdens, and will pass over this stiff and hard soil of existence leaning upon each other like the olive and the vine! Harkken unto the words of wisdom, and treasure them up.

LAZY BONES.—Of all the pests of society, the voluntary idler sins the most without excuse, and bears the most disgusting character. Men there are in some parts of the world, (Heaven help them!) who can get nothing to do, and with manly hearts and willing hands they seek in vain for labor enough to feed and clothe them. Poor as such men are, they are kings and princes to those men, who, with minds to think and plan, arms to work and a purse to command, imagine they will find their highest happiness in allowing all of these gifts to lie idle, or in using them only more perfectly to secure and render still more easy their blessed ease. What a life! Think of it!—What a destiny, to make up the great sum of earthly existence by periodically stuffing, and taking off and putting on a pair of pantaloons. Oh! voluntary idler in God's busy universe, if you have nothing to do, get something to do. Every worthy working man despises you, if you do not despise yourself. A lazy man cannot be happy, and if you are possessed with a lazy devil, cast it out and do something to keep bright and healthy those faculties which in a future life must measure themselves with the wings of angels.

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS.—A susceptibility to delicate attentions, a fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of manner and

thought, constitute in the minds of its possessors, the deepest undercurrent of life; the felt and treasured but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but it outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless, and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended; the breath of indifference or rude touch, may destroy forever its delicate texture. There is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, which can alone preserve the freshness of passion. The easy surpluses of pleasure, earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, and habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics to the company of others, unwavering attention to his or her comfort both abroad and at home, and above all the careful preservation of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred when before the world, are some of the secrets of that rare happiness, which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish.

MASSACRE AT BLOUNT'S FORT.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY.

The following deeply interesting narrative is from the pen of the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, and is extracted from a valuable publication entitled "Autographs for Freedom."

On the west side of the Appalachicola river, some forty miles below the line of Georgia, are yet found the ruins of what was once called "Blount's Fort." Its ramparts are covered with a dense growth of underbrush and small trees. You may yet trace out its bastions, curtains and magazine. At this time the country adjacent presents the appearance of an unbroken wilderness, and the whole scene is one of gloomy solitude, associated as it is, with one of the most cruel massacres which ever disgraced the American arms.

The fort had originally been erected by civilized troops, and when abandoned by its occupants at the close of the war in 1815, it was taken possession of by the fugitives from Georgia. But little is yet known of that persecuted people; their history can only be found in the national archives at Washington. They had been held as slaves in the State referred to; but during the revolution they caught the spirit of liberty, at that time so prevalent throughout our land, and fled from their oppressors and found an asylum among the aborigines living in Florida.

During forty years they had effectually eluded or resisted all attempts to re-enslave them. They were true to themselves, to the instinctive love of liberty which is planted in every human heart. Most of them had been born amidst perils, reared in the forests, and taught from their childhood to hate the oppressors of their race. Most of those who had been personally held in degrading servitude, whose backs had been scarred by the lash of the savage overseer, had passed to that spirit land where clanking of chains is not heard, where slavery is not known. Some few of that class yet remained. Their gray hairs and feeble limbs however, indicated that they, too, must pass away. Of the three hundred and eleven persons residing in "Blount's Fort," not more than twenty had been actually held in servitude. The others were descended from slave parents, who fled from Georgia, and according to the laws of the slave States, were liable to suffer the same outrage to which their ancestors had been subjected.

It is a most singular feature in slaveholding morals, that if the parents be robbed of their liberty, deprived of their rights with which their creator has endowed them, the perpetrator of those wrongs becomes entitled to repeat them upon the children of their former victims. There were also some parents and grandchildren, as well as middle aged persons, who sought protection within the walls of the fort against the vigilant slave catchers, who occasionally were seen prowling around the fortifications, but who dared not venture within the powers of those whom they sought to enslave.

These fugitives had planted their gardens, and some of them had flocks roaming in the wilderness: all were enjoying the fruits of their labor, and congratulating themselves upon being safe from the attacks of those who enslave mankind. But the spirit of oppression is inexorable. The slaveholders, finding they could not themselves obtain possession of their intended victims, called on the President of the United States for assistance to perpetrate the crime of enslaving their fellow men. That functionary had been reared amid Southern institutions. He entertained no doubt of the right of one man to enslave another. He did not doubt that if a man held in servitude should attempt to escape, he would be worthy of death. In short, he fully sympathized with those who had sought his official aid. He immediately directed the Secretary of War to issue orders to the commander of the "Southern Military District of the United States," to send a detachment of troops to destroy Blount's Fort, and to "seize those who occupied it, and bring them to their masters."

Gen. Jackson, at that time commander of the Southern Military district, directed Lieut. Col. Clinch to perform the barbarous task. It was at one time personally acquainted with that officer, and knew the impulses of his generous nature, and can readily account for the failure of his expedition. He marched to the vicinity of the fort, made the necessary reconnaissance, and returned, making report that "the fortification was not accessible by land." Orders were then issued to Commodore Patterson, directing him to carry out the directions of the Secretary of War. He at that time commanded the American flotilla lying in Mobile Bay, and instantly issued an order to Lieut. Loomis, to ascend the Appalachicola river, with two gun-boats, "to seize the people in Blount's Fort, deliver them to their owners, and destroy the Fort."

On the morning of the 17th of September, 1816, a spectator might have seen several individuals standing upon the walls of that fortress, watching with intense interest the approach of two small vessels that were slowly ascending the river under full spread canvas, by the aid of a light southerly breeze. They were in sight at early dawn, but it was ten o'clock when they furled their sails and cast anchor opposite the fort, and some four or five hundred yards distant from it.

Vide Executive documents of the 24 session, 13th Congress.

It is believed that this report was suggested by the humanity of Col. Clinch. He was regarded one of the bravest and most energetic officers in the service. He possessed an indomitable perseverance, and could probably have captured the fort in one hour, had he desired to do so.

A boat was lowered, and soon a midshipman and twelve men were observed making for the shore. They were met at the water's edge by some half-dozen of the principal men in the fort, and their errand demanded.

The young officer told them he was sent to make a demand of the fort, and the inmates were to be given up to the "slaveholders" then on board the gunboat, who claimed them as fugitive slaves! The demand was instantly rejected, and the midshipman and his men returned to the gunboats and informed Lieut. Loomis of the answer he had received.

As the colored men entered the fort, they related to their companions the demand that had been made. Great was the consternation manifested by the females, and even a portion of the sterner sex appeared to be distressed at their situation. This was observed by an old patriarch, who had drunk the bitter cup of servitude—one who bore on his person the visible marks of the thong, as well as the brand of his master upon his shoulder. He saw his friends falter, and he spoke cheerfully to them. He assured them that they were safe from the cannon-shot of the enemy—that there were not men enough on board to storm their fort; and finally closed with the emphatic declaration, "Give me liberty or give me death!" This saying was repeated by many agonized fathers and mothers on that bloody day.

A cannonade was soon commenced upon the fort, but without much apparent effect. The shots were harmless; they penetrated the earth of which the walls were composed, and were there buried without further injury. Some two hours were thus spent, without injuring any person in the fort. They then commenced throwing bombs. The bursting of these shells had more effect; there was no shelter from these fatal messages. Mothers gathered their little ones around them, and pressed their babes more closely to their bosoms, as one explosion after another warned them of their imminent danger. By these explosions, some were occasionally wounded, and a few killed, until at length the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying were heard in various parts of the fortress.

Do you ask why those mothers and children were thus butchered in cold blood? I answer, they were slain for adhering to the doctrine, that 'all men are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to enjoy life and liberty.' Holding to this doctrine of Hancock and Jefferson, the power of the nation was arrayed against them, and our army employed to deprive them of life.

The bombardment was continued some hours with but little effect, so far as the assailants could discover. They manifested no disposition to surrender. The day was passing away. Lieut. Loomis called a council of officers, and put to them the question, "what further shall be done?" An under officer suggested the propriety of firing "hot shot at the magazine." The proposition was agreed to. The furnaces were heated, balls were prepared, and the cannonade was resumed. The occupants of the fort felt relieved by the change. They could hear the deep humming sound of the cannon balls, to which they had become accustomed in the early part of the day, and some made themselves merry at the supposed folly of their assailants. They knew not that the shot were heated, and were therefore unconscious of the danger which threatened them.

The sun was rapidly descending in the west. The tall pines and spruce threw their shadows over the fortification. The roar of the cannon, the groans of the wounded, the dark shades of the approaching evening, all conspired to render the scene one of intense gloom. They longed for the approaching night to close around them, in order that they might bury the dead and flee to the wilderness for safety.

Suddenly a startling phenomenon presented itself to their astonished view. The heavy embankment and timbers protecting the magazine appeared to rise from the earth, and the next instant the dreadful explosion overwhelmed them, and the next found two hundred and seventy parents and children in the immediate presence of God, making their appeal for retributive justice upon the government who had murdered them, and the freedom of the north who had sustained such unutterable crime.

Many were crushed by the falling earth and timbers; many were entirely buried in the ruins. Some were horribly gangled by the fragments of timber and the explosion of charged shells that were in the magazine. Limbs were torn from the bodies to which they had been attached. Mothers and babies lay beside each other, wrapped in that sleep which knows no waking. The sun had set, and the twilight of evening was closing around, when some sixty sailors, under the officer second in command, landed, and without opposition entered the fort. The veteran soldiers, accustomed to blood and carnage, were horror-stricken as they viewed the scene before them. Twenty were accompanied, however, by some twenty slaveholders, all anxious for their prey. These paid little attention to the dead and dying, but anxiously seized upon the living, and fastening the fetters upon their limbs, hurried them from the fort, and instantly commenced their return toward the frontier of Georgia. Some fifteen persons in the fort survived the terrible explosion, and they now sleep in servile graves, or moan and weep in bondage.

The officer in command of the party, with his men, returned to the boats as soon as the slaveholders were fairly in possession of their victims. The sailors appeared gloomy and thoughtful as they returned to their vessels. The anchors were heaved, the sails unfurled, and both vessels hurried from the scene of butchery as rapidly as they were able. After the officers had retired to their cabins, the rough-featured sailors gathered before the mast, and loud and bitter were the curses they uttered against those officers of government who had thus constrained them to murder women and helpless children, merely for their love of liberty.

But the dead remain unburied; and the next day the vultures were feeding upon the carcasses of young men and women whose hearts on the previous morning had beaten high with expectation. Their bones have been bleached in the sun for thirty-seven years, and may yet be seen scattered among the ruins of that ancient fortification.

Twenty-two years have elapsed, and a Representative from Congress, from one of the free States, reported a bill, giving to the perpetrators of these murders a gratuity of five thousand dollars from the public treasury, as a token of the gratitude which the people of the nation felt, for the soldierly and gallant manner in which the crime was committed toward

them. The bill passed both Houses of Congress, was approved by the President, and now stands upon our third session of the 25th Congress.

These facts are all found scattered among the various public documents which repose in the alcoves of our national library. But no historian has been willing to collect and publish them, in consequence of the deep disgrace which they reflect upon the American arms, and upon these who then controlled the government.

FAITH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Far away the bird is soaring,
With her children over the main;
Threatning are the skies above her,
Underneath the billows roaring.
And the children loud complain:
"Ah, we never shall get over,
All around the waters dreary,
And the little wing so weary."
But the mother off doth say:
"Children faint not by the way!
Hear ye not a voice internal
Calling ever to you shore?
Gaily decked in beauty vernal?
On, in trust, and fear no more!
He who hath the longing given,
Guides us safely to our haven;
And what joys will soon be ours,
In those freshly blooming bowers!"

A Story of a Courtship.

'Come—come,' said Mrs. Gray, 'you have been moping there long enough, nephew, forgetting manners and everything else. Here are the apples waiting, and no one to hand them round, for when I once get settled in my easy chair—here the good woman gave a smiling survey of her ample person, which certainly overpowered the chair at each point, leaving all but a ridge of the back and the curving arms quite invisible—it isn't a very easy thing to get up again. Now bustle about, while we old women rest ourselves, you and Julia there can try your luck with the apple seeds.'

I remember the first time I ever surmised that Mr. Gray had taken a notion to me, was once when we were at an apple-cutting together down in Maine. Somehow Mr. Gray got into my neighborhood when we ranged round the great basket of apples. I felt my cheeks turn the minute he drew his seat so close to mine, and took out his jack-knife to begin work. He pared and I quartered. I never looked up but once, and then his cheek was redder than mine, and he held the jack-knife terribly unsteady. Bye-and-bye he got a noble great apple, yellow as gold, and as smooth as a baby's cheek. I was looking at his hands sideways from under my lashes, and saw that he was paring it carefully, as if every round of the skin was a strip of gold. At last he cut it off at the seed end, and the soft rings fell down over his wrist, as he took the apple from his fingers.

'Now,' said he, in a whisper, bending his head a little and raising the apple-peel carefully with his right hand, 'I'm just as sure this will be the first letter of the name I love, as I am that we are alive.'

He began swiftly whirling the apple-peel round his head; the company were busy with one another, and I was the only person who saw the yellow links quivering around his head, once, twice, three times. Then he held it still a moment, and sat looking right into my eyes. I held my breath, and so did he.

'Now,' says he, and his breath came out with a quiver, 'what if it should be your name?'

'I did not answer and we both looked back at the same time. Sure enough it was a letter S. No pen ever made one more beautiful.'

'Just as I expected,' says he, and his eyes grew bright as diamonds, 'Just as I expected. That was all he said.'

'And what answer did you make him, aunt?' asked Robert Otis, who had been listening with a flushed face. 'What did you say?'

'I didn't speak a word, but quartered on just as fast as I could. As for Mr. Gray, he kept paring and paring like all possessed. I thought he would never stop paring or speak a word more. Bye-and-bye he stuck the point of his knife into an apple, and unwinding the skin from around it, he handed it over to me. It was a red skin, I remember, and cut as smooth as a ribbon.'

'I shouldn't a bit wonder if that dropped into a letter G,' said Mr. Gray. 'Suppose you try it.'

'Well, I took the red apple skin, and whirled it three times round my head, and down it went on to the floor, curled up into the nicest capital G that you ever set eyes upon.'

'Mr. Gray, he looked at the letter, and then sort of sideways into my face. "B. G.," says he, taking up the apple-skin, and eating it as if it had been the first mouthful of a Thanksgiving dinner. "How would you like to see them two letters on a new set of silver teaspoons?'

'I really believe you could have lit a candle on my face, if I burned so; but I couldn't speak more than half an hour tongue-tied.'

'But did you never answer about the teaspoons?' asked Julia.

'Well, yes, I believe I did, the next Sunday night,' said the old lady, demurely smoothing her apron.—From Fashion and Famine, by Mr. Ann S. Stephens.

THE ONLY CERTAIN CURE FOR SNAKE BITES.—I have seen it stated that drinking a large quantity of whiskey will cure poisonous snake-bites; but if this method is even successful it often fails. Alcoholic stimulants cannot be depended on to cure any poisonous bites. In nearly all parts of the country where venomous snakes are known, there are to be found persons who can cure their poisons. I will not detail these various cures, but will give a perfect cure for the poisons of all venomous reptiles and insects, first giving the reason why the remedy I shall mention is an unfailing curative. From years of investigation and inquiry I am quite positive that the poisonous principle in the virus of all snakes, &c., is prussic acid; somewhat modified, no doubt, but so essentially identical with it, that what will neutralize this acid is an antidote to the poison. This antidote is the volatile alkali, ammonia. It is found in the shops, and called volatile salts used in ladies' smelling-bottles, also, the aqua ammonia and spirits of ammonia. As soon as possible after the bite, apply a few drops of the aqua ammonia to the wound, and put two drops in a little water, or whiskey, and water; if you please and drink it. Take a dose every 10 to 20 minutes, until there is prodigious perspiration and all symptoms of poisoning disappear. The salts of ammonia, such as found in smelling-bottles, should be dissolved

in a little water, and used as the aqua ammonia; but in larger doses, as they are usually much weaker. The same remark applies to the spirits of hartshorn, which is usually of less strength than the aqua ammonia. Ammonia is in no respect poisonous, and if sufficiently diluted may be taken freely without danger of injury. The rule is to give enough to induce free perspiration. This antidote is perfect and unfailing. Carry it with you, wherever you go, where there are venomous snakes. A piece of lint or linen cloth should be bound on to the wound and kept wet with the ammonia, until the sufferer is well. A drop or two applied to the bee or musketo sting will remove all pain in a few minutes. Had I to treat the bite of a mad dog I should at once fill the wound with strong aqua ammonia, and keep the wound discharging with it for some weeks, at the same time giving it internally, so as to thoroughly impregnate the system with it for some time.—[N. Y. Tribune.

ADULTERATION OF VINEGAR, MILK, &c.—A large meeting was held a short time since in London, M. Scholfield, M. P., in the chair, to discuss the adulterations in foods, drinks, &c., practiced by dealers on the people.

J. Postgate, lecturer on Anatomy, at Sydenham College, Birmingham, presented a statement from which we quote the following curious passage:

Much of the malt vinegar I have met with is of oil of vitriol diluted with water, colored with burnt sugar, and a small quantity of the real article to give it the proper color. A solution of the chloride of barium soon detects the acid. Even in Sulton cheese, for which I paid the best price, calcareous nodules of carbonate of lime have been discovered. Cream of Tartar is an article of common consumption in the summer months, under the name of ginger beer, lemonade, and other cooling beverages.

I have examined recently a sample which contained three parts of alum in four, and the druggist was obliged to mix it with a better article to make it saleable. The price paid per cwt. was £5; alum is only 10s. per cwt., consequently the person alluded to has been defrauded to the extent of £3 7s 6d. This cream of tartar, or rather, tartar cream, will, I dare say, be shortly sold and consumed in Birmingham, under the characteristic cognomen of pop! With what effect? Spirits of sweet nitre and spirits of sal volatile are both sold much diluted with water, the former often contains aquafortis, and thus a mild and useful medicine is rendered irritating and injurious; the latter in one case lately produced indirectly serious consequences.

Within a mile or two of the center of this midland, in a back street with a very aristocratic name resides, or did reside, a milkman, celebrated for the thickness and richness of his cream. He was thought to have rare cows. His name was up, and he drove a roaring trade. His cream consisted of very finely prepared chalk and a modicum of cow cream, to which a rich butter tint was given by turmeric. The real cream he churned. My informant is the druggist who regularly sold him these articles.

OLD TURKEYS BEST FOR BREEDERS.—Every turkey breeder is not aware of it, but it is a fact, that of either sex, one old turkey is worth two yearlings for rearing young ones. A turkey does not arrive at its full growth and maturity till the next fall after two years old, and of consequence, to its full strength and vigor for breeding in the best possible manner. The continual repetition of keeping young gobblers and pullets for breeding, as some people do, reduces the size of their young until they arrive at scarcely half the weight they should do. Besides, the young of these immature birds are exceedingly tender, and much more difficult to raise than of old birds. We have tried this thoroughly, and are convinced of the difference. Were we to choose our birds for the best breeding, both cocks and hens should not be less than three years old, and then the cock should be from a different stock from the hens. We think turkeys bear breeding from close affinities less successfully than any other fowl—at least we found it so—and we would never breed a cock to hens very closely related, if it could be helped.

[American Agriculturist.]

GAVE HIM THE MOUTHER.—Ah, mon dieu! mon dieu! said Monsieur Melomet, to his friend Siffains, "my sweetheart give me de mitchen."

'Indeed! how did that happen?'

'Vel, I thought I must go and make her von visseet before I leave town, so I step in de side of de room, and dere I behold her beautiful paison stretch out on von lazy.'

'A lounge, you mean?'

'Ah, yes—von lounge. And den I make von ver polite branch, and—'

'You mean a polite bow?'

'Ah, yes—von lough. And den I say I ver see her before I—'

'You said what?'

'That she would be rotten, if I—'

'That's enough. You have "put your foot in it" to be sure.'

'No more. I put my foot out of it, for she say she would call her acre big brother and keek me out, de gar

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... AUG. 10, 1854.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. FARRER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Seely's Building, West side, Boston. Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Commencement.

The Maine Law has become a prominent object of interest in connection with this festival. It has diverted it of the resemblance to an old fashioned military muster, and left it more exclusively a literary entertainment. In both departments there is less intoxication, if not less dust and noise. Out door peddlers are less numerous and more honest, though some of them have found a seat within. The services of the day are materially shortened at both ends, greatly to the relief of such as are compelled to enjoy its various luxuries in spite of themselves. Thanks to the Maine Law for a great improvement in Commencement.

A cool and comfortable day never happened so luckily before—but such a day was yesterday; and though the terrible ravages of cholera in Waterville—manifested in the death of several French children, through the help of green apples—undoubtedly frightened away many, yet the number of visitors from abroad was probably as great as usual. The festival has at least been one of singular pleasantness.

The graduating class numbered but six—whose exercises were as follows:

ORATION. Influence of Manners upon Literature.—SAMUEL WOODBURY MATTHEWS, Newport. DISSEMINATION. Anglo-Saxon Laws and Institutions. DERRICK STAFFORD BINGHAM, Westbrook. DISSEMINATION. Art and its Design. JOHN BUTLER WILSON, Paris. PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION. The Philosophy of Events. HENRY ALLEN SAWYER, Sidney. DISSEMINATION. The Conservative Element in Civil Government. ALBION KATH FARRIS KNOWLTON, New Portland. ORATION. Grounds of Hope for our Country. CYRUS WEALEY LAMORE, Fairfield.

These exercises are reported as highly creditable to the class and to the institution in which they have been trained.

The address, by the President, announced to follow the conferring of degrees, was prevented by the illness of President Pattison.

The Oration and Poem before the literary societies, on Tuesday evening, attracted the usual crowd. All arrangements for reporters having been overlooked or avoided, as usual at this college, we could not get a position to hear the Oration. The Poem, by Mr. Thurber, of Worcester, Mass., was an exceedingly pleasant thing, and well adapted to the occasion; bringing down the house at appropriate intervals, and leaving the audience with a better estimate of the poet and the man.

Degrees in Course.—Rev. Edgar H. Grey, Shelburn Falls, Mass., A. M. Rev. Nathaniel M. Williams, Somerville, Mass., A. B. and A. M. Wm. W. Woodbury, Salford, Conn., A. B. and A. M. Wm. Godding Lord, A. M.

Honorary Degrees.—Rev. Robert Cole, E. Harrington, Me., A. M. Rev. George W. Bosworth, S. Boston, Mass., A. M. J. H. Hunaford, Cambridge, Mass., A. M. Timothy Ludden, Buckfield, A. M. Hon. Henry W. Paine, Cambridge, Mass., L. L. D. Rev. Sam'l B. Swain, West Cambridge, Mass., D. D.

The Trustees appropriated \$300, to be expended under the direction of Prof. Keely, in the erection of an observatory. They also voted to increase the price of tuition from eight to ten dollars, after the first of August, 1855, as has been done at Brunswick.

CHOLERA PREVENTIVE—TRY IT.—It has lately been discovered that a certain preventive of cholera is good fish chowder—to be eaten at the edge of the water, either on a boat or the bank—the partaker having previously travelled a dozen miles, and caught the fish of which the chowder is made. The experiment was tried by some twenty-five of our neighbors, on Friday last, with most satisfactory result; not one of the number having suffered the least symptom of this dreadful disease since. To render the test more conclusive, and put the remedy in a position to be commended to everybody, the party was composed of equal numbers of both sexes; each one of whom was positively required to bait a hook, catch a fish, and swallow one twenty-fifth part of the sum total of a certain capacious iron pot full of chowder. The road selected for the ride was that between Waterville and China, by way of N. Vassalboro'. Mr. Crossman, of the China House, was designated as the physician-general, to see that no part of the experiment failed a jot or tittle. It is due to him to say that he met his complicated duties like one who felt their importance. When all this was done,—the boat manned, the fish caught, the chowder eaten, and the party homeward bound—the conviction of the excellence of the preventive was unanimous; and it was resolved with one voice to advise everybody that fears cholera to go and do likewise—always bearing in mind that Mr. Crossman can superintend such details in the experiment as fall into his hands, in a manner pleasing and satisfactory in the best degree.

HOW KISSING 'GOES' DOWN EAST.—Col. Favor and Mr. Gunnison are express agents between Boston and St. John, N. B. They have accommodations on board the fine steamer Admiral, and do a good business. A Halifax paper tells the following story in this connection. It is the conversation of two ladies who observed the expressmen collecting their parcels preparatory to landing: "See what a collection the gentlemen are carrying Express?" "Yes—as they carry everything. I wonder if they would carry a kiss? I shouldn't mind, as that Mr. Gunnison is a good looking fellow." "True—but you couldn't send it by him." "Why?" "Because kissing goes by Favor."

From California and the Isthmus. By the steamer Star of the West, at New York July 15th, we have intelligence of four great fires in California; one of which occurred in San Francisco on the 11th of July, destroying property to the value of \$250,000; one in Sacramento City, with a loss of nearly \$500,000; one in Columbus, Calaveras Co., which resulted in the almost entire destruction of that town and a loss estimated at \$500,000—supposed to have been the work of an incendiary; and one in the mining town of Minnesota, by which every house but three was destroyed, with a loss of \$50,000 worth of property.

From the Isthmus we have the following items of news.—

The inhabitants of San Juan have commenced rebuilding their town, but most of the influential men have left for other places. The greatest excitement existed at Kingston relative to the destruction of Greytown, and it was reported that the English and French Admirals had each sent a frigate in pursuit of the Cyane. A steamer had been despatched to Halifax with the intelligence. The Cyane left Greytown on the 15th ult. for Pensacola via Navy Bay. Immediately after her departure, Commander Jolly, of the British brig Bermuda, proclaimed the town under martial law, and established a blockade of the port.

The English ship of war Espiegle holds Punta Arenas, and her Commander says that point is a part of San Juan, and that he will hold it as security until something can be arranged between the two countries. Altogether a lively state of things is likely to grow out of the Greytown Exploit.

The Star of the West left in the port of San Juan, the English Mail Steamer Teviot, the English brig-of-war Espiegle, sent from Jamaica with relief for the citizens of San Juan, the surveying cutter Bermuda.

METALLIC COFFINS.—Though slow of introduction, it will be strange if the metallic coffin is not generally adopted in due time.—They offer too many advantages to be disregarded. Bodies of persons dying of cholera, small pox, or any contagious disease, may be carried with safety by any conveyance, or kept without danger for any length of time. They may be removed from one cemetery to another with little trouble, after the lapse of any number of years; and when perfectly sealed, as usual, neither air or water can penetrate them, and the form may be looked upon at any time without danger of any offensive odor.—During the warm season all public conveyances refuse to carry bodies that are not enclosed in them. They are not costly beyond the means of most persons, and their neatness and convenience, added to their security—as they cannot be opened when once sealed—must ultimately commend them to general use. They are sold in this place by Messrs. Caffrey, and those who examine them will at once see the propriety of using them.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—Hon. Samuel P. Benson, the present representative of this district in Congress, was nominated for re-election, on Wednesday of last week, by acclamation. Mr. Benson has the singular advantage of standing before his constituents in the plain garb of an honest man; at a time, too, when the great mass of the voters are looking specially for this characteristic. With boldness enough for any emergency, he is frank in declaring his precise position upon all the questions in which the voters of the district feel interested. He believes that a politician may be an honest man, and has full faith for the experiment. The ballot box will show him that his qualifications are estimated beyond the limits of mere party lines.

TANNERY BURNT.—The extensive tannery of W. H. Healy & Co., in China, was entirely consumed by fire on Sunday morning last, together with a large quantity of wood and bark. The fire was discovered about half past 5 o'clock, and spread with such rapidity as to baffie all opposition. The loss is estimated at four to six thousand dollars, on which there was no insurance.

A LITTLE FRACAS.—There was a slight specimen of disorder at the door of the church yesterday, caused by the attempt of a band of rowdy fellows to rush in, despite the regulations to the contrary. They were pretty successfully repulsed, with some rather rough handling—as they deserved.

Mr. Oliver Crommett is the successor of C. C. Wheeler, as postmaster at Canaan, and not Hiram as some of the papers have it.

CHOLERA.—The little excitement that prevailed here a week ago, on account of the cases mentioned in our last, has entirely subsided. There have been three or four cases having some resemblance to cholera, but none for nearly a week past. The cases of bowel complaint are perhaps less than usual at this season.

A London correspondent of a New York paper announces that Mr. Charles Dickens is hopelessly bankrupt—and has had even to flee the constables lately to escape imprisonment, that this humiliating condition of the novelist's affairs is the direct result of his notorious personal extravagances, and altogether portrays the author of "American Notes" in colors far from enchanting.

DIMINUTION OF SLAVE POPULATION IN VIRGINIA.—The Philadelphia Bulletin says that in the county of Marion in Virginia, which had in 1850 a population of 10,532, and is now rapidly increasing, there are at the present time only 21 slaves. The number in 1850 was 94. There are about twenty counties in the State that cannot muster 100 slaves each, and one county (Hancock) had in 1850, only three. The peculiar institution, therefore, may be regarded as almost extinct in this and several other counties of Virginia. The advantages of free labor over slave labor, in the more northerly of the slave states, show themselves more strongly every year, and are gradually affecting quietly what the more violent efforts of the abolition party are likely never to accomplish.

ASSAULT ON PRESIDENT PIERCE.—Washington, Aug. 5.—After the adjournment of the Senate this afternoon, as President Pierce was leaving the Capitol, he was followed out and addressed by James M. Jeffards, of Charleston, S. C. Jeffards was considerably intoxicated at the time, and was in company with J. S. Duke, of St. Louis, and J. F. Wiggins, Esq., of New York, all of whom had been drinking. The President shook hands with Jeffards, who asked him to take a drink, which the President declined and turned to enter his carriage. As he was doing so, his hat was knocked off by a hard boiled egg. Jeffards walked into the Capitol saying "The President was a d—d fool. The President spoke to one of the police asking if he had authority to make an arrest."

Jeffards was shortly afterwards arrested.—He denied throwing the egg. He was examined before Capt. Demmington. One witness testified that he saw Jeffards with an egg in his hand a few minutes before the assault. Another testified that he saw him throw in the direction of the President, and another that he saw him throw the egg at and hit the President. The Justice held Jeffards to bail.

Jeffards sent for Senator Evans, who declined becoming bail. He then sent for another. In the meantime he became more sober, cried bitterly, and declared that if sent to jail he would not be living. He took out a small knife and stabbed himself in the leg just above the knee, saying he was determined to bleed to death.

As the blood flowed profusely he became alarmed and allowed it to be examined and disarmed.

The Attorney General then communicated to Capt. Demmington the desire of the President that the prisoner be not prosecuted, and he was accordingly discharged.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.—Last evening, about 6 o'clock, the large fly wheel at the Rolling Mill, on First street, City Point, South Boston, burst with a terrific noise. The wheel weighed some sixteen tons, and was revolving at a rapid rate, when the centrifugal force caused it to break into a hundred fragments. One piece, weighing three or four tons, was carried through the roof of the building across the yard, and down through the roof of the main building. The remainder of the wheel broke into smaller pieces, which scattered in every direction, doing great damage to the buildings. Heavy timbers were cut off as neatly as with a saw, while the machinery was seriously broken.

Strange as it may seem, although there were 200 men at work in the establishment, no one was in the least injured, although some met with most narrow escapes from instant death.

YANKEES OUTDONE.—The ship Eagle, at New York, from San Francisco, had a portion of her cargo in tea (as the Captain supposed) but, according to the Journal of Commerce, it has turned out to be something else. The Journal says:—

We have before us a specimen of Gunpowder tea, said to be a fair sample of 60 tons, which arrived in the ship Eagle, to order.—There is not the least smell or taste of tea about it, but in appearance it is the most complete imitation we ever saw. It is probably made of thin paper, rolled in mud; but in weight, color, peculiar shape of the leaf, and every thing but flavor, it cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. Even the little bits of broken stones seen in good samples of gunpowder tea, are imitated to the life, apparently all from the same material. Once mixed with genuine tea, the adulteration could hardly be discovered; and it may be well for dealers to keep a lookout as to the disposal of this invoice. Meanwhile the San Francisco operators, who have thus returned us out for our fine shoe pegs, can have their diploma.

INTOXICATION IN THE HALLES OF CONGRESS.—While Congress has been reforming the Navy, by abolishing the use of grog in the forecabin, and the drinking of wine in the mess-room, has it not forgotten that there is an evil nearer home, which, though less extensive, is really more disgraceful to the country? We allude to the repeated appearance in their seats of 'honorable' members in a state of intoxication. This shameful practice, if visitors to Washington are to be credited, increases with every session. To it may be attributed most of the blackguardism, in speech and conduct, which is witnessed so frequently in Congress. Is the lie given and reorted, as now-a-days is heard nowhere else, unless in some low tavern, or in a saloon of blacklegs, it is nearly sure to come from some member who has been drinking to intoxication. Are pistols flourished, they owe their appearance in the halls of legislation to a similar cause. It is sufficiently disgraceful when a man dishonors his family and degrades himself by tippling to drunkenness; but when he reels into Congress with maudlin speech, he puts his very country to shame—he insults, as it were, the whole body of his fellow citizens.

We cannot but think that every member shares, to some degree, in the guilt and disgrace of this evil. Not that a majority, or even a considerable number, appear in their seats in a condition of inebriety. But they look too leniently on those who do, and pass over too lightly the disorderly scenes which are the consequences of intoxication. If a colleague is what is called a 'good fellow,' he may brutalize himself and insult the House with impunity, provided only he can urge afterwards that he was inebriated at the time. Is not this, however, pushing charity too far? Is it not practically laying a bounty on disgrace?

We hope yet to see the day, when Congress, with a true sense of its dignity, will hold such conduct as derogatory to its own character, and will punish it accordingly. In the earlier days of the republic a member who came drunk to his seat, would have been promptly expelled; and this, though drinking, as a social vice, was more prevalent then than now. Meantime, as Congress may be long in attempting a cure, we recommend that the people take the remedy into their own hands.—Let the friends of temperance everywhere vote against re-electing candidates who have gone to the House in a state of intoxication. They are sufficiently numerous to prevent the return of every such member; and they owe it to good morals, and to decency, to exercise their power.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.—The Salem Gazette says that a few evenings since, two ladies, who were driving through that city in a four-wheeled chaise on their way to Marblehead, requested a gentleman whom they overtook in the streets, to drive them a short distance for the purpose of showing them the way. The gentleman accordingly drove them as far as Central street, and was then about to leave. They still seemed somewhat fearful, and at their request he proceeded as far as the Derby farm, where he bade them good-bye, and on parting was informed by them that Irishmen

were all they were afraid of. The gentleman confronted them by assurances that they would find no difficulty from that cause, and departed, inwardly laughing at the fact that they had had an Irishman's company all the time!

CONGRESS.—Yesterday, the 4th, was the day fixed on for the adjournment of Congress. As usual, a large amount of important business was pressed on the attention of Congress in the very last moments of the session. In the hurry of the occasion, it is quite likely some acts will have been passed which should not have been, while other and most important measures, will have been buried and lost among the rubbish of the Speaker's table. Of the latter kind we are sorry to see that the French Spoliations Bill is one. How Congress so then wondrously refuse justice to the heirs of those who were impoverished by the French spoliations on our commerce, when the money to pay those demands has been received by our government—or, what is the same thing in effect, an equivalent for the money—is more than we can understand, with all our experience of human depravity, and of Congressional in particular.

The Senate did one good act in its dying moments, for which its members deserve a grateful remembrance despite their many bad acts. We refer to the adoption of the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, refusing the request of the President to be put in possession of power to embroil the country in a war with Spain during the recess of Congress, and to be furnished with ten millions pocket money to enable him to carry out his plans. Mr. Mason, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported that the Committee entirely concurred with the declaration contained in the President's message to the House of Representatives and reiterated in his message to the Senate, "that in view of the position of the island of Cuba, its proximity to our coast, the relations which it may ever bear to our commercial and other interests, it is vain to expect that a series of unfriendly acts infringing our commercial rights and the adoption of a policy threatening the honor and security of these States can long consist with peaceful relations, and are satisfied that whenever measures may be found necessary to insure future security and repose to the country menaced from the quarter indicated, and vindicate the honor of our flag, they will be adopted by Congress."

"The full reparation that has been demanded by the executive, with adequate guarantees for the future, will alone satisfy the just expectations of the country; and the committee would not hesitate to recommend the provisional measures suggested by the President, to be executed by him in the recess of Congress, even under the difficulties of maturing them, when the close of the session is already at hand, were the interval to be long before the next meeting of Congress. As that however will be but four months duration, they have deemed it better on the whole, to leave the subject as it is at present with the executive. And for the above reasons the Committee ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject."

The Committee was then discharged and the report ordered to be printed.

The President voted the River and Harbor Bill, and the Reciprocity Treaty has been ratified, and the necessary bill to carry into effect its provisions has been passed by the House.

PRICE OF WHEAT.—The New York Tribune copies from Hunt's Merchant's Magazine a table of the prices of wheat per bushel at Albany, on the 1st of January for sixty-one years, and upon this table remarks:—

You will notice that only five times in all those years wheat has been \$2 or upward per bushel, while it has been seventeen times at \$1 or under—twice at seventy-five cents. Only once in thirty-seven years, that is since 1817, to wit, in 1837, has it reached \$2. The average price for the whole period is \$1.38. For the first thirty years it is \$1.25, and we give it as a prophecy, which we think may be relied upon, that that will be the price next January. Those who are interested may as well make a note of that. The crop of wheat is too good, too widely extended, and the demand for export to Europe or California too limited, for speculators too hard up to maintain present prices. You may as well mark that, Messrs. Farmers & Wheat-buyers.

OPENING OF TUFTS COLLEGE.—The third Monday in September has been appointed for the opening of the new Universalist College in Somerville, Mass. Rev. H. Ballou, 2d, D. D., President, will give instruction in ancient and modern geography, evidences of Christianity, and other studies. Wm. P. Drew, a young gentleman belonging in this city, and a graduate of Bowdoin College, has been elected professor of the Latin and Greek languages. The other professors are not yet appointed. The examination of candidates for admission to the Freshman class will take place at the College, on Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 12 1-2 o'clock, P. M.—[Maine Farmer.]

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE GERMANS IN CINCINNATI.—We learn that there is intense excitement, among a portion of our German born citizens, at a villainous attack made upon the life, as is supposed, of Catherine Myers, the girl who made the charge of assault against Father Kroeger, the Roman Catholic Priest. On Friday afternoon, while in the yard at the place of residence, near the Fifth Street Church, she was struck in the face with a stone, thrown from some hand as yet unknown, causing a severe wound, and occasioned her friends some apprehension. Efforts are being made to ferret out the offender.

COMFORT OF RAILROAD PASSENGERS.—We earnestly hope that the stock will go down still lower, of every railroad whose managers have not the humanity to place the cheap luxury of a keg of water in each of its cars. If the wailing of babies for a drink of water, which monotonously sounds thro' some trains, could be heard in Wall street, we know that the tender-hearted men who congregate there would hasten to sell out of any concern which so trifled with the necessities of children, the comfort of parents and the peace of bachelors without any regard to possible dividends.—This is a dry and dusty world. Let those who drive us up and down the land and break our bones for us, keep our poor clay moist while they can so cheaply.—N. Y. Times.

been attached to Mr. S. in the matter, and speaks of him in the highest terms. The murderer was promptly arrested, and is now in jail awaiting trial.—[Gardiner Journal.]

DRY TIMES IN CONNECTICUT.—The anti-liquor law, enacted at the last session of the Connecticut Legislature, went into effect yesterday, and as several of the large towns have refused to establish agencies, some of the old toppers will get very thirsty. The New Haven Courier of Tuesday has the following, relating to this subject:—

"In Memoriam"—A large party of mourners, dressed in the habiliments of woe, attended the funeral procession of King Alcohol, yesterday afternoon. The van was led by a somber looking harlequin on horseback; who was followed by a couple of drums and fifes, and perhaps a hundred men in tattered costumes of all descriptions, and of all shades of uncleanliness. The misery of drunkenness was symbolized by the semblance of a wretched looking woman with a bottle to her mouth, and Bacchus rested in rubicund grief on top of an enormous whiskey barrel. A fat man, the weight of whose potations sunk his belly to his knees, waddled along by the side of the gaunt and haggard victim whose miserable rags hung about him like a scare-crow, and every variety and degree of mischief resulting from the use of liquor, was depicted by the different characters. With solemn tread the procession moved through the streets, greeting with cheers the residences of those who had been prominent in delivering them from the 'enemy' whose death they celebrated; and they finally wound up the exhibition during the evening by those demonstrations of affection usually manifested in parting with old and familiar friends."

FIRE IN BREWER. On Sunday morning last the new block of Saw Mills in Brewer Village, owned by Messrs. Sargent & Stearns, was totally destroyed by fire, together with all its machinery and over 200,000 feet of manufactured lumber. The boarding house attached to the Mills was also destroyed, and the schooner Canton, lying at the wharf, considerably injured. The loss of the mill property is estimated at about \$10,000. Nos. 3 and 6 Engine Companies of this city went promptly to the spot, three miles distant, and by their efforts saved a further destruction of property in the vicinity.

A SAD STORY.—The following extraordinary case occurred in Mississippi under the slave law of that State:—

A planter was afflicted with a loathsome disease. So offensive were the ulcers that he was deserted by his white friends; and while thus afflicted and forsaken, a girl whom he owned as a slave, kindly and patiently waited upon him, dressed his ulcers, cleansed his person and watched over him till he eventually recovered. With gratitude and affection to his benefactor, he took her to Cincinnati, Ohio, executed to her a deed of manumission, and he returned, returned to Mississippi, and there married her in legal form. They lived together affectionately for many years, reared a family of children, and as he lay upon his death bed, by will divided his property between his wife and children. His brothers hearing of his death, came forward and demanded the property. The widow and children were indignant at the demand. They, too, were seized; and the validity of that marriage was tried before Judge Sharkey, of that State, who decided that the whole matter was a fraud upon the law of slavery—that the property belonged to the collateral heirs. His widow was sold by the surviving brothers, and the children were bid off at public auction, and both mother and children now toil in chains or sleep in servile graves.

CONVENTION OF THE KNOW NOTHINGS IN THIS CITY.—A business Convention of the Know Nothings of Massachusetts was held in this city yesterday, which continued throughout the day and evening. A friend of ours, from the interior of the Commonwealth, who knows something, informs us that the Convention was very numerously attended, spirited and unanimous in feeling and sentiment. The Convention met in a hall at the West End, but the quarters were found too narrow for the meeting and they adjourned to a larger hall.

Delegates from the two hundred and fifty lodges in the State were present, representing nearly every town in Massachusetts. Of course we know nothing about the specific action of the Convention, and would not tell if we knew—as we are not the official organ of the party. Suffice it to say that the plan of the fall campaign in this State was laid down, and when the election comes we shall see what we shall see. The old stagers in politics will stare some at the figures, which will show the result next autumn.—[Herald.]

HEALTH OF BOSTON.—The Medical Journal says there need be no fear of cholera becoming an epidemic the present season. The public authorities have taken every necessary precaution to ward it off. The water runs through our common sewers almost as clear as in a brook; and so long as we have a plentiful supply from Lake Cochichewick, we have no occasion to fear that sickness will be occasioned by any miasm proceeding from the underground conduits. With regard to diet, the advice of the Journal is, during the excessive hot season, to avoid eating meats, and also those vegetables which are not perfectly fresh; never to eat while in a hot, feverish or excited condition; to eat slowly, and masticate the food well and to remain a while after each meal in a quiet state, or at least not to be exposed to the sun's rays. The bowels should be covered with flannel through the whole season, and other precautions taken against the sudden changes of weather which are so common among us.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MATTERS.—The Romish Church in this country seems to be in rather a disturbed state just now. First, there is some trouble about Mr. Orestes Brownson: who for years has been editing a Quarterly Review passionately devoted to the cause of Romanism. Though this Review bears on its covers a goodly supply of crosses and the recommendation of the Bishops of the Church, yet some of the Catholic newspapers are condemning Mr. Brownson and denouncing his Review in unmeasured terms.

At Hartford, Ct., as we learn from the Hartford Times, a difficulty has existed for some time between the Catholic Bishop of that city and a Father Brady, the Pastor of St. Patrick's church in that city. "Father Brady," the Times says, "came here some twenty years ago, when the Church of Rome in Hartford was quite weak. He has labored incessantly—has called around him a large congregation—has built one of the largest and most costly church edifices in the city, and now he is 'silenced.' We believe that most of the property of the church stands in his own name, and probably this is the cause of the difficulty with the Bishop. On Sunday last the Bishop preached to the congregation, and the excitement among them was very great. Some of them left the church abruptly

others were dissatisfied but kept still, and one woman with a stone in her hand, 'sent the Bishop to Hell and Father Brady to Heaven,' in loud tones; she is called crazy."

But these are both comparatively unimportant matters—only noteworthy as showing that the element of freedom in this country cannot all be stifled, even by the heavy hand of Popery; that the Hierarchy cannot crush out from its American subjects all individuality and independence of thought and action on religious subjects.

But, though the matters already referred to may be regarded as not fundamentally important, yet, if we may credit, the account given in the N. Y. Times, there is trouble brewing in higher quarters—among the dignitaries themselves of the Romish Church.

The American born and the foreign born bishops in this country, it says, are at variance on the best method of promoting Romanism in the United States. An alarm has been spread by the Know Nothing movement; and the bishops disagree as to the tendency of that movement and the best method of counteracting it; also, in respect to the question whether the genius of the church is monarchical. The property question likewise troubles them. The recent movement in Buffalo respecting church property, is very unpalatable to the ruling powers.

The Times learns from good authority that a Nuncio will be despatched forthwith. Another authority says that a council sitting at Rome, with the Pope at its head, will settle the differences between the bishops.

A WONDERFUL LEAP FOR A COW!—The following somewhat extravagant story is copied from the Rochester Democrat:—

"A gentleman of our acquaintance, in whose word entire reliance may be placed, informs us that while riding a few days since between Honeoye and Rush, on the Canandaigua and Niagara Falls Railroad, a cow was seen upon the track, running with all speed to keep ahead of the train. The animal persisted in keeping the track, notwithstanding the rapid rate at which the thundering train gained upon her. The train was travelling at lightning speed, and very soon struck the cow. The long nose of the 'catcher' struck under the beast, just as she was making one of her highest bounds, when she was in an instant thrown to the height of thirty feet in the air, and again struck upon the track just as the last car shot from under her! The train consisted of the locomotive and tender, a baggage and two passenger cars. Our friend assures us that the cars did not pass over the animal, and the conductor and engineer testify to the fact that the animal was tossed up as described, and he, being in the last car, saw the dead creature after its fall upon the track. It was her last somersault!"

THE PEOPLE'S WATCH DOG.—In Congress on Saturday, during the debate on the sale of intoxicating drinks, Mr. Gerritt Smith defined government as nothing more nor less than a great watch dog lying in front of the people's houses, but never to enter.

PRETTY SMART.—While the Cyane was cannonading San Juan, a note was received by Capt. Hollins from the captain of the British schooner Bermuda, stating that he regretted that he had not a British vessel of war there of the size of the Cyane—he would compel him to do so. Capt. Hollins, in reply to the note, regretted that Capt. Jolly had not two just such, as he believed the United States could get possession of them on the same terms as they got the Cyane.

A VERACIOUS DOG STORY.—The following new instance of canine sagacity is from the Boston Herald:—

"Captain Pratt, formerly of Chelsea, grandfather of Daniel Pratt Jr., the great American traveller, once had a remarkable dog. Mr. P. was wont to relate that on a certain occasion he lost his wallet on the Chelsea beach, and after he returned to his home sent his dog down to the beach to find it. The dog found the tide in, and as the wallet was dropped at low water he waited until the tide had ebbed, and then picked up the article and brought it home. On examination Mr. Pratt found that the wallet contained four-and-sixpence, whereas it had only two-and-threepence when he lost it. His shrewd and faithful dog had found thirty-seven and a half cents on the road, and put it into the pocket book."

"YOUNG AMERICA" gives the following as "Mr. Snipe's litanies":—

"From Dr's pills, western 'chills,' and other ills—deliver us!
From want of gold, wives that scold, maidens old, and by shapers 'sold'—deliver us!
From stringing flies, coal black eyes, baker's pies, and baby-corns—deliver us!
From seedy coats, protested notes, sinking boats, and Catholic votes—protect us!
From creaking doors, a wife that snores, confounded botes, and run-hole stores—deliver us!
From choleric gripes, Paddy's pipes, and Mrs. Snipe's deliver us!
From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—never mind!"

RECKLESS CARELESSNESS.—The Commonwealth relates the following instance of reckless, stupid carelessness, which occurred a few days since:—

"A wagon, freighted with gunpowder, the wheels of which were tired with leather, to prevent the possibility of ignition from sparks that might be produced by the contact of an iron tire with the pavement, was seen passing over Craigie's Bridge a few days since, on the top of which was seated the driver, apparently an Irishman, with a pipe and some matches in his hand, with which he was endeavoring to 'get up a smoke.' He was rubbing away quite lustily upon one of the explosive packages, without appearing to comprehend the fact that a single unlucky spark might send him to paradise or purgatory in a twinkling, besides endangering the lives of others."

SHADE TREES AND CHOLERA.—It is a well known fact that trees on the streets of a city absorb through their foliage, a large portion of the noxious vapor and gases which are evolved by the rays of the sun. The comfort which we enjoy from the cooling shade, and pleasure we receive from their gay and enlivening appearance, are not their only benefits. The air is purer and more healthful thereby; and the exhalation of the system induced by breathing more oxygen and carbon, draws our thoughts towards the bright side of nature and things in general; thus acting as a preventive against a disease that easily preys upon distressed spirits. The effect of a physical cause upon the phenomena of mind, and the reactionary power of mind upon health, are necessary consequences from the unity of man's nature. The Cleveland Herald thinks the healthiness of the 'Forest City' may be partially attributable to the abundance of shade trees; and we note the fact as an additional inducement for all to plant when the proper time comes. [Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

Waterville College.

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