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Ventilation of the Bee Hive.

If a populous hive is examined on a warm summer day, a considerable number of bees will be found standing on the alighting board, with their heads turned towards the entrance, the extremity of their bodies slightly elevated and their wings in such rapid motion that they are almost as indistinct as the spokes of a wheel, in swift rotation on its axis. A brisk current of air may be felt proceeding from the hive, and if a small piece of down be suspended by a thread, it will be blown out from one part of the entrance, and drawn in at another. What are these bees expecting to accomplish, that they appear so deeply absorbed in their fanning occupation, while busy numbers are constantly crowding in and out of the hive? and what is the meaning of this double current of air? To Huber we owe the first satisfactory explanation of these curious phenomena. These bees plying their rapid wings in such a singular attitude, are performing the important business of ventilating the hive; and this double current is composed of pure air rushing in at one part, to supply the place of the foul air forced out at another, by a series of the most careful and beautiful experiments, Huber ascertained that the air of a crowded hive is almost if not quite, as pure as the atmosphere by which it is surrounded.

Now, as the entrance to such a hive is often (more especially in a state of nature) very small, the interior air cannot be renewed without resort to some artificial means. If a lamp is put into a glass vessel with only one small orifice, it will soon exhaust all the oxygen, and go out. If another small orifice is made the same result will follow; but if by some device a current of air is drawn out from one, an equal current will force its way into the other and the lamp will burn until the oil is exhausted.

It is precisely on this principle of maintaining a double current by artificial means that the bees ventilate their crowded habitations. A body of active ventilators stands inside of the hive; as well as outside, all with their heads turned towards the entrance, and by the rapid fanning of their wings, a current of air is blown briskly out of the hive, and an equal current drawn in. This important office is one which requires great physical exertion on the part of those to whom it is entrusted; and if their proceedings are carefully watched, it will be found that the exhausted ventilators, after some time, relieved by fresh detachments. If the interior of the hive will admit of inspection, in very hot weather, large numbers of these ventilators will be found in regular files, in various parts of the hive, all busily engaged in their laborious employment. If the entrance at any time is contracted, a speedy accession will be made to the numbers, both inside and outside; and if it is closed entirely, the heat of the hive will quickly increase, the whole colony will commence a rapid vibration of their wings, and in a few moments will drop lifeless from the combs, for want of air.

It has been proved by careful experiments that pure air is necessary not only for the respiration of the mature bees, but that without it, neither the eggs can be hatched, nor the larvæ developed. A fine netting of air vessels covers the eggs; and the cells of the larvæ are sealed over with a covering which is full of airholes. In winter, as has been stated in the Chapter on Protection, bees, if kept in the dark, and neither too warm nor too cold, are almost dormant, and seem to require but a small allowance of air; but even under such circumstances, they cannot live entirely without air; and if they are excited by being exposed to atmospheric changes, or by being disturbed, a very loud humming may be heard in the interior of their hives, and they need quite as much air as in warm weather.

If at any time, by moving their hives, or in any other way, bees are greatly disturbed, it will be unsafe to confine them, especially in warm weather, unless a free admission of air is given to them, and even then, the air ought to be admitted above, as well as below the mass of bees, or the ventilators may become clogged with dead bees, and the swarm may perish. Under close confinement, the bees become excessively heated, and the combs are often melted down. When bees are confined to a close atmosphere, especially if dampness is added to its injurious influences, they are sure to become diseased; and large numbers, if not the whole colony, perish from dysentery. It is not under circumstances precisely similar, that cholera and dysentery prove most fatal to human beings. How often do the filthy, damp, and unventilated abodes of the laborer prove perfect lazarettoes to their wretched inmates?

I examined last summer, the bees of a new swarm which had been suffocated for want of air, and found their bodies distended with a yellow and noxious substance, just as though they had perished from dysentery. A few were still alive, and instead of honey their bodies were filled with this same disgusting fluid; though the bees had not been shut up more than two hours.

In a medical point of view, I consider these facts as highly interesting; showing as they do, under what circumstances, and how speedily disease may be produced.

In very hot weather, if thin hives are exposed to the sun's rays, the bees are excessively annoyed by the intense heat, and have recourse to the most powerful ventilation, not merely to keep the air of the hive pure, but to carry off, as much as possible, the internal warmth. They often leave the interior of the hive, almost in a body, and in thick masses, cluster on the outside, not simply to escape the close heat within, but to guard their combs against the danger of being dissolved. At such times they are particularly careful not to cluster on the combs containing sealed honey; for as most of these combs have not been lined with the cocoons of the larvæ, they are, for this reason, as well as on account of the extra amount of wax used for their covers, much more liable to be melted than the breeding cells.

Apianians have often noticed the fact, that as a general thing, the bees leave the honey cells almost entirely bare, as soon as they have sealed them over; but it seems to have escaped their observation, that in hot weather, there is often an absolute necessity for such a course. In cool weather on the contrary, the bees may often be found clustered among the sealed honey combs, because there is then no danger of their melting down.

Now things in the range of their wonderful instincts, are so well fitted to impress the mind with their admirable sagacity, as the truly scientific device, by which these wise little insects ventilate their dwellings. I was on the point of saying that it was almost like human reason, when the painful and mortifying reflection presented itself to my mind that in respect to ventilation, the bee is immensely in advance of the great mass of those who consider themselves as rational beings. It has to be sure, no ability to make an elaborate analysis of the chemical constituents of atmosphere, and to decide how large a proportion of oxygen is essential to the support of life, and how rapidly the process of breathing converts this important element into a deadly poison. It has not, like Liebig, been able to demonstrate that God

has set the animal and vegetable world, the one over against the other; so that the carbonic acid produced by the breathing of the one, furnishes the aliment of the other; which, in turn, gives out its oxygen for the support of animal life; and that, in this wonderful manner, God has provided that the atmosphere shall, through all ages, be as pure as when it first came from his creating hand. But shame upon us! that with all our intelligence, the most of us live as though pure air was of little or no importance; while the bee ventilates with a scientific precision and thoroughness, that puts to the blush our criminal neglect.

To this it may be replied that ventilation in our case, cannot be had, without considerable expense. Can it be had for nothing by the industrious bees? Those busy insects, which are so indefatigably plying their wings, are not engaged in idle amusement; nor might they, as some would-be utilitarian may imagine, be better engaged in gathering honey, or in superintending some other department in the economy of the hive. They are at great expense of time and labor, supplying the rest of the colony with pure air, so conducive in every way, to their health and prosperity.

I trust that I shall be permitted to digress, for a short time, from bees to men, and that the remarks which I shall offer on the subject of ventilation in human dwellings, may make a deeper impression, in connection with the wise arrangements of the bee, than they would if presented in the shape of a mere scientific discussion; and that some who have been in the habit of considering all air, except in the particular of temperature, as about alike, may be thoroughly convinced of their mistake.

Recent statistics prove that consumption and its kindred diseases are most fearfully on the increase, in the Northern and more especially in the New England States; and that the general mortality of Massachusetts exceeds that of almost every other State in the Union. In these States, the tendency of increasing attention to manufacturing and mechanical pursuits is to compel a larger and larger proportion of the population to lead an in-door life, and to breathe an atmosphere more or less vitiated, and thus unfit for the full development of vigorous health. The importance of pure air can hardly be over estimated; indeed, the quality of the air we breathe, seems to exert an influence much more powerful, and hardly less direct, than the mere quality of our food. Those who, by active exercise in the open air, keep their lungs saturated as it were with the pure element, can eat almost anything with impunity; while those who breathe the sorry apology for air which is to be found in so many habitations, although they may live upon the most nutritious diet, and avoid the least excess, are incessantly troubled with headache, dyspepsia, and various mental as well as physical sufferings. Well may such persons, as they witness the healthy forms and happy faces of so many of the hardy sons of toil, exclaim with the old Latin poet:

Oh dura mensura illis!

It is with the human family very much as it is with the vegetable kingdom; take a plant or tree, and shut it out from pure air and the invigorating light, and though you may supply it with an abundance of water and the very soil which, by the strictest analysis, is found to contain all the elements that are essential to its vigorous growth, it will still be a puny thing, ready to droop if exposed to a summer's sun, or to be prostrated by the first visitation of a winter's blast. Compare, now, this wretched abortion with an oak or maple, which has grown upon the comparatively sterile mountain-pasture, and whose branches, in summer, are the pleasant resort of the happy songsters, while, under its mighty shade, the panting herds drink in a refreshing coolness. In winter it laughs at the mighty storms which wildly toss its giant branches in the air, and which serve only to exercise the limbs of the sturdy tree, whose roots, deep intertwined among its native rocks, enable it to bid defiance to anything short of a whirlwind or tornado.

To a population who, for more than two-thirds of the year, are compelled to breathe an atmosphere heated by artificial means, the question how can this air be made, at a moderate expense, to resemble as far as possible the purest ether of the skies, is (or, as I should rather say, ought to be) a question of the utmost interest. When open fires were used, there was no lack of pure air, whatever else might have been deficient. A capacious chimney carried up, through its insatiable throat, immense volumes of air, to be replaced by the pure element, whistling in glee, through every crack, crevice, and key-hole. Now, the house builder and stove maker, with but few exceptions, seem to have joined hands in waging a most effectual warfare against the unwelcome intruder. By labor-saving machinery, they contrive to make the one, the joints of his wood work, and the other, those of his iron work, tighter and tighter, and if it were possible for them to accomplish fully their manful design, they would be able to furnish rooms almost as fatal to life as the Black Hole of Calcutta. But in spite of all that they can do, the materials will shrink, and no fuel has yet been found, which will burn without any air, so that sufficient ventilation is kept up, to prevent such deadly occurrences. Still they are tolerably successful in keeping out the unfriendly element; and by the use of huge cooking-stoves with towering ovens and other salamander-contrivances, the little air that can find its way in, is almost as thoroughly cooked as are the various delicacies destined for the table.

On reading an account of a runaway slave, who was for a considerable time, closely boxed up, a gentleman remarked that if the poor fellow had only known that a renewal of the air was necessary to the support of life, he could not have lived there an hour without suffocation; I have frequently thought that if the occupants of the rooms I have been describing, could only know as much, they would be in almost similar danger.

Bad air, one would think, is bad enough; but when it is heated and dried to an excessive degree, all its original violence is stimulated to greater activity, and thus made doubly injurious by this new element of evil. Not only our private houses but our churches and school-rooms, our railroad cars, and all our places of public assemblage are, to a lamentable degree, either unprovided with any means of ventilation, or, to a great extent, supplied with those that are so wretchedly deficient that they

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That ultimate degeneracy must surely follow such entire disregard of the laws of health cannot be doubted; and those who imagine that the physical stamina of a people can be undermined, and yet that their intellectual, moral and religious health will suffer no eclipse or decay, know very little of the intimate connection between body and mind, which the Creator has seen fit to establish.

The men may, to a certain extent, resist the injurious influences of foul air; as their employments usually compel them to live, much more out of doors; but alas, alas! for the poor women! In the very land where women are treated with more universal deference and respect than in any other, and where they so well deserve it, there often no provision is made to furnish them with that great element of health, cheerfulness and beauty, Heaven's pure air.

In Southern climes, where doors and windows may safely be kept open for a large part of the year, pure air is cheap enough, and can be obtained without any special effort; but in Northern latitudes, where heated air must be used for nearly three-quarters of the year, the neglect of ventilation is fast causing the health and beauty of our women to disappear. The pallid cheek, or the hectic flush, the angular form and distorted spine, the debilitated appearance of a large portion of females, which to a stranger would seem to indicate that they were just recovering from a long illness, all these indications of the lamentable absence of physical health, to say nothing of the anxious care-worn faces and premature wrinkles, proclaim in sorrowful voices, our violation of God's physical laws, and the dreadful penalty with which He visits our transgressions.

Our people must, and I have no doubt that eventually they will be most thoroughly aroused to the necessity of a vital reform on this important subject. Open stoves, and cheerful fires and fire-places will again be in vogue with the mass of the people, unless some better mode of warming shall be devised, which at less expense, shall make still more ample provision for the constant introduction of fresh air. Houses will be constructed, which, although more expensive in the first cost, will be far cheaper in the end, and by requiring a much smaller quantity of fuel to warm the air which may be duly tempered, and yet be pure and invigorating. Air-tight and all other snug-tight stoves will be exploded as economizing in fuel only when they allow the smallest possible change of air, and thus squandering health and endangering life.

The laws very wisely forbid the erection of wooden buildings in large cities, and in various ways, prescribe such regulations for the construction of edifices as are deemed to be essential to the public welfare; and the time cannot, I trust, be very far distant, when all public buildings erected for the accommodation of large numbers, will be required by law, to furnish a supply of fresh air, in some reasonable degree adequate to the necessities of those who are to occupy them.

I shall ask no excuse for the honest warmth of language which will appear extravagant to only those who cannot, or rather will not see the immense importance of pure air to the highest enjoyment, not only of physical, but of mental and moral health. The man who shall succeed in convincing the mass of the people of the truth of the views thus imperfectly presented and whose inventive mind shall devise a cheap and efficacious way of furnishing a copious supply of pure air for our dwellings and public buildings, our steamboats and railroad cars, will be even more of a benefactor to a Jenner, or a Watt, a Fulton or a Morse.

To return from this lengthy and yet I trust not unprofitable digression.

In the ventilation of my hive I have endeavored as far as possible, to meet all the necessities of the bees, under the varying circumstances to which they are exposed, in our uncertain climate, whose severe extremes of temperature impress most forcibly upon the bee keeper, the maxim of the Mantuan Bard,

Utque vis pariter apibus melioranda.

Extremes of heat or cold, alike are harmful to the bees. In order to make artificial ventilation of any use to the great majority of bee-keepers, it must be simple, and not, as in Nutt's hive, and many other labored contrivances, so complicated as to require almost as constant a supervision as a hot bed or a green house. The very foundation of any system of ventilation should be such a construction of the hive that the bees shall need a change of air only for breathing.

In the Chapter on Protection, I have explained the construction of my hives, and of the Protector by which the bees being kept warm in winter and cool in summer do not require, as in thin hives, a very free introduction of air, in hot weather, to keep the combs from softening; or a still larger supply in winter, to prevent them from moulding, and to dry up the moisture which runs from their icy tops and sides; and which, if suffered to remain, will often affect the bees with dysentery, or it is sometimes called 'the rot.' The intelligent Apianian will perceive that I thus imitate the natural habitation of the bees in the recesses of a hollow tree in the forest, where they feel neither the extremes of heat nor cold, and where through the efficacy of their ventilating powers, a very small opening admits all the air which is necessary for respiration.

In the Chapter on the Requisites of a good Hive, I have spoken of the importance of 'furnishing ventilation, independently of the entrance. By such an arrangement, I am able to improve upon the method which the bees are compelled to adopt in a state of nature. As they have no means of admitting air by wire-cloth, and at the same time, of effectually excluding all intruders, they are obliged in very hot weather, and in a very crowded state of their dwellings, to employ a larger force for the laborious business of ventilation, than would otherwise be necessary; while in winter, they have no means of admitting air which is only moderately cool. I can keep the entrance so small, that only a single bee can go in at once, or I can, if circumstances require, entirely close it, and yet the bees need not suffer for want of air. In all ordinary cases, the ventilators will admit a sufficient supply of duly tempered air from the Protector, and the bees can, at any time, increase their efficiency by their own direct agency, while yet they will at no time admit a strong current of chilly air, so as to endanger the life of the brood. As bees are, at all times, prone to close the ventilators with probolis, they must be placed where

they can easily be removed, and cleansed by soaking them in boiling water.

As respects ventilation from above, as well as from below, so as to allow a free current of air to pass through the hive, I am decidedly opposed to it, as in cool and windy weather, such a current often compels the bees to retire from the brood, which in this way is destroyed by a fatal chill. In thin hives, ventilation from above may be desirable in winter, to carry off the superfluous moisture, but in properly constructed hives, standing over a Protector, there is, as has already been remarked, little or no dampness to be carried off. The construction of my hives will allow, if at all desirable, of ventilation from above; and I always make use of it, when the bees are to be shut up for any length of time, in order to be moved; as in this case, there is always a risk that the ventilators on the bottom-board may be clogged by dead bees, and the colony suffocated. As the entrance of the hive, may in a moment, be enlarged to any desirable extent, without in the least perplexing the bees, any quantity of air may be admitted, which the necessities of the bees, under any possible circumstances, may require. It may be made full 18 inches in length, but as a general rule in summer, in a large colony, it need not exceed six inches; while in spring and autumn, two or three inches will suffice. In winter it should be entirely closed; unless in latitudes so warm, that even with the Protector, the bees cannot be kept quiet. The bee keeper should never forget that it is almost certain destruction to a colony, to confine them when they wish to fly out. The precautions requisite to prevent robbing, will be subsequently described. In Northern latitudes, in the months of April and May, I prefer to keep the ventilators entirely closed; as the air of the Protector, at such times, like the air of a cellar in spring, is uncomfortably cool, and has a tendency to interfere with breeding.

I COME.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—the tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting within, and fearing without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,Sight, thoughts, and feelings all behind,
Yes, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love now known,
Iath broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yes, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

The Penobscot Indians.

The following interesting information of the Penobscot Indians is taken from a recent letter in the Puritan Recorder. It was written at Oldtown, Me.:

My special object in writing this communication is to give some facts respecting the Penobscot Tribe of Indians, from whom this town derived its name. Their residence is upon the islands in the Penobscot, extending some fifty miles and containing some thousands of acres. Most of the tribe dwell upon the south part of the islands, nearest to this town. The tribe like others all over the land has been gradually wasting away. It numbers less than five hundred, of whom many are constantly absent to secure the means of living. The tribe still clings to its ancient custom of retaining at its head a Chief, or King, or Governor, whose office is hereditary. Some are anxious to have his office elective. Hence two parties were formed who became mutually hostile, and for a time were in open and bitter conflict. At length the parties agreed upon the terms of peace, and pledged to each other to bury the tomahawk at the foot of the Liberty Pole which they had erected as the place of mutual concord for the future. Here was their common rallying point, until the Catholic Bishop and Priests came with the design to cut down that pole and erect in its stead the cross, the emblem of Romanism. The day came for this transaction. The Indians assembled. The Bishop and Priests appeared in their gorgeous robes and moved to the spot. There, the preparatory measures having been taken, the Bishop was just giving his orders to apply the axe; when, directly before him, stepped up one of the Indians, a noble, athletic and fearless man, and taking his stand between him and the Liberty Pole—he said to the Bishop, 'You go too far, Bishop. This pole my property. He part my property. No white man any right to touch 'em. Suppose Governor of State himself come here; he no right to touch 'em—Indian property. Who are you? Foreigner,—you come from Massachusetts, and you go to destroy Indian property. You no touch 'em.'

The Bishop replied, 'You Indians can't understand—I am your Bishop. I know what is best for you. You are ignorant, you don't know.'

To which the Indian replied: 'You say true, Bishop, the Indian be ignorant—but who make him ignorant? You Bishop, and you Priests. You been here on Indian land 125 years. You never teach Indian to read one word. You bury Indian one foot deeper in darkness every year. Now you get him 125 feet deep, and tell him he no see. The Priest tell him, "Learning is not suitable for Indian, learning was not made for Indian. That which is good for white man, is not good for them." Now, Bishop, you show me one place in the Bible where it says learning is good for white man,—he no good for Indian,—and let me carry 'em to Oldtown and show 'em to my friend (meaning Rev. Mr. Merrill), and see if you read 'em right.'

With such reasoning the Indian stood his ground; the Bishop and Priests were compelled to retire; and the Liberty pole is still standing. After a little time, the same Indian said to the Priest, who had been residing there for years—and only to depress the people:—I guess the best way you live somewhere else. Suppose you live here; may be you get hurt. The Priest took the hint, left the island, and has not resided there since.

This young man, who took such a decided stand for the tribe, is now one of the Council of the Nation, and was their Representative

two years since to the Legislature of Maine. His deep feeling and earnest efforts for the improvement of his brethren are traceable to a striking event. Some ten years since, among those who visited the island, was a pious lady from Boston. She sought those who could read; and finding a young Indian near the church who answered her inquiry in the affirmative, she presented him with a Bible. He was a boy in whom the priest had expressed great interest, had taken him to his house and had learned him thus to read the English language. That boy was then residing with the Priest. He received the Bible gratefully and read it with deep interest. He soon found its teachings to be unlike those of the priest. This increased his interest in it, and caused him to conceal the book when not reading in it. At length by accident, he was called suddenly from his room, where he left the Bible upon the table, the priest on coming in saw it, and asked him how he obtained it. The boy frankly told him. The priest then said: 'It is a bad book, and threw it into the fire. This, however, did not settle the question with the youth; he secured another copy and read and reflected, and was hopefully led to Christ as the only hope of his soul. Not long after he was called to his dying scene; when he entreated his elder brother to labor for the improvement of the tribe, and for its relief from the degradation to which Romanism had so long reduced it. That elder brother is the same person who has been described above. He and others are now active in efforts to elevate the character of the tribe; and to furnish means of education for the children and youth. They have had, at times, a school upon the island. The pupils have learned rapidly, and as they improve, have an increasing desire to improve.

Two years since the legislature paid an extra grant of \$200 to furnish means of improvement. Last year they increased the amount to \$300; and under the direction of their real and valued friend Rev. Mr. Merrill, the tribe are receiving advantages for continued improvement. They are feeling more and more the need of it. Obstacles exist which they are laboring to remove. They are compelled to leave the islands and traverse the country to obtain support; thus taking the children away from a settled home and means of instruction. It is hoped relief on this point will be obtained, by establishing a deposit for the articles manufactured by them, and in return supplying them with the means of living. In respect to religion they are in a transition state. Many of them are totally dissatisfied with Romanism, and disgusted with the priests, and could a judicious course be taken, by those in whom they confide, the light of the Gospel might reach them, and its precious hopes be theirs. They are a very interesting people. No one can visit them and converse with them without deep sympathy. As a people they are honest and upright in all their dealings, and are treated with respect and kindness by the surrounding communities. They cherish and practice principles of peace. They were never or known in our revolutionary struggle, to act against the Colonies, nor since, against the nation. Nor have they been in conflict with other tribes, except in cases of self-defence and protection. It is hoped that amid the benevolent activities of this age, they will not be overlooked by Christians who know them and can fully appreciate their condition.

too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you care for and receive into your company those lazy popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, so long as they can keep body and soul together and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject as we do, and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, "such a young lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often turn a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sousing the purses of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coat, look into their hearts and habits. Mark if they have trades and can depend upon themselves; see if they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft delicate hand—the splendid form and the fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not those foolish considerations throng your thoughts.

Niagara Falls—Doesticks on a Bender.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been to Niagara you know—Niagara Falls—big rocks, water, foam, Table Rock, Indian curiosities, squaws, moccasins, stuffed snakes, rapids, wolves, Clifton House, suspension bridge, place where the water runs swift, the ladies faint, scream, and get the paint washed off their faces; where the aristocratic Indian ladies sit on the dirt, and make little bags; where all the inhabitants swindle strangers; where the cars go in a sherry, the waiters are impudent, and all the small boys swear.

When I came in sight of the suspension bridge, I was vividly impressed with the idea that it was some bridge, in fact a considerable curiosity, and a considerable bridge—took a glass of beer and walked up to the Falls—another glass of beer and walked under the Falls, wanted another glass of beer, but couldn't get it; walked away from the Falls, wet through, mad; triumphant, victorious, humbug! humbug! sir, all humbug! except the dabbles of everything, which is a most certainty, and the cupidity of everybody, which is a diabolical fact, and the Indians and niggers everywhere, which is a Salatic truth.

Another glass of beer; 'twas forthcoming immediately; also another of which I drank. I then proceeded to drink a glass of beer, went over to the States, where I procured a glass of beer; went up stairs for which I paid six pence, over to Goat Island, for which I disbursed 25 cents, hired a guide, to whom I paid half a dollar—smeared four times at nine cents a sneeze; went up on the tower for a quartet of a dollar, and looked at the Falls; didn't feel sublime any, tried to but couldn't, took some beer, and tried again but failed; drank a glass of beer and began to feel better; thought the waters were sent for and were on a journey to—, thought the place below was one sea of beer; was going to jump down and get some, guide held me; sent him over to a hotel to get a glass of beer, while I tried to write some poetry, result as follows:

O thou (spray in one eye) awful, (small lobster in right shoe) sublime (both wet); masterpiece of (Gimminy, what a lie), the Almighty. Terrible and majestic art thou in thy tremendous might; awful (orful) to behold, (cramp in my right shoulder) gigantic, huge and nice? Oh, thou that tumbled down and risest up again to Heaven; the glorious parent of a thousand rainbows; what a huge, grand, awful, terrible, tremendous, infinite old swindling old humbug you are; what are you doing there; you rapids you; you know you've tumbled over the rocks and can't get up again, to save your puny existence; you make a great fuss, don't you!

Man came back with the beer, drank it to the last drop, and wished there had been a gallon more; walked out on a rock to the edge of the fall, woman on shore very much frightened—I told her not to get excited if I fell over, would step right up again; it would not be much of a fall anyhow; got a glass of beer of a man, another of a woman, and another of two small boys, with a pair; fifteen minutes elapsed, when I purchased some more of an Indian woman and imbibed it through a straw; it wasn't good; had to get a glass of beer to take the taste out of my mouth, legs began to tangle up, effect of the spray in my eyes, got hungry and something to eat; went into an eating house, called for a plate of beans, when the plate brought the waiter in his hand, I took it, hung up my beef and beans on a nail, eat my hat, paid dollar to a nigger, and sided out on the step-walk, bought a boy of a glass of dog with a small beer and a neck on the tail, with a collar with a white spot on the end; felt funny, sick; got some soda-water in a tin cup, drank the cup and placed the soda on the counter, and paid for the money full of pocket; very bad headache; rubbed it against a lamp post and then stumbled along; station house came along and said if I didn't go straight he'd take me to the watchman; very evil station house, very; met a baby with an Irishman and a wheelbarrow in it, couldn't get out of the way, she wouldn't walk on the side, walk but insisted on going on both sides of the street at once; tried to walk between her; consequence collision, awful, knocked out the wheelbarrows nose, broke the Irish woman all to pieces, baby loose, court house handy, took me to the constable, jury sat on me, and the jail said the magistrate must take me to the constable; objected; the dungeon put me into the darkest constable in the city; got out, and here I am prepared to stick to my original opinion; Niagara unus humbug! non capelus, non indiguns admiralcon!

Yours unquestionably,
Q. R. PHILANDER DOESTICKS.

The Trees of England.

When we came fairly into the courtyard of the castle, a scene of magnificent beauty opened before us. I cannot describe it minutely. The principal features are the battlements, towers, and turrets of the old feudal castle, encompassed by grounds on which has been expended all that princely art of landscape gardening for which England is famous—leafy thickets, magnificent trees, openings, and vistas of verdure, and wide sweeps of grass, short, thick, and vividly green, as the velvet moss we sometimes see growing on rocks in New England. Grass is an art and a science in England—it is an institution. The pains that are taken in sowing, tending, cutting, clipping, rolling, and otherwise nursing and coaxing it, being seconded by the misty breath and often falling tears of the climate, produce results which must be seen to be appreciated. So again of trees in England. Trees here are an order of nobility; and they wear their crowns right kinglly. A few years ago, when Miss Sedgwick was in this country, while admiring some trees in a nobleman's park, a lady standing by said to her encouragingly, 'O, well, I suppose your trees in America will be grown up after awhile!'. Since that time, another style of thinking of America has come up, and the remark that I most generally hear made is, 'O, I suppose we cannot think of showing you anything in the way of trees, coming as you do from America.' Throwing out of account, however, the gigantic growth of our western river bottoms, where I have seen sycamore trunks twenty feet in diameter—leaving out of account, I say, all this mammoth forest, these English parks have trees as fine and as effective, of their kind, as any of ours; and when I say their trees are an order of nobility, I mean that they pay a reverence to such as their magnificence deserves.

Such elms as adorn the streets of New Haven or overarch the meadows of Andover, would in England be considered as of a value which no money could represent; no pains, no expense would be spared to preserve their life and health; they would never be shot dead by having gas-pipes laid under them, as they have been in some of our New England towns; or suffered to be devoured by canker-worms for want of any amount of money spent in their defence. Some of the finest trees in this place are magnificent cedars of Lebanon, which bring to mind the expression in the Psalms, 'Excellent as the cedars.' They are the very imperation of kingly majesty, and are fitted to grace the old feudal stronghold of Warwick the king-maker. These trees standing as they do amid magnificent sweeps and undulations of lawn, throwing out their mighty arms with such majestic breadth and freedom of outline, are themselves a living, growing, historical epic. Their seed was brought from the holy land in the old days of the Crusades; and a hundred legends might be made up of the time, date, and occasion of their planting.

GOOD ADVICE TO WOMEN.—Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work; and not be dependent upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things, do not esteem

THE CITY OF SLABS.—The Bangor papers are bragging about their pine board city. They publish solid columns of figures going to show how many feet of green pine, dry pine, spruce, hemlock, hardwood and bass have been sold there within a year. Bangor is great on lumber—a regular slab-sided affair, whose wooden walls are seen from afar. The scent of green pine lingers lovingly about all her ways.

We went down to Bangor once, thinking to see the city, but couldn't—on account of the pyramids of slabs. We found the place overtly lumbered up. The river was floored with green pine, upon which dwelt an amphibious race of red-shirted, pine-board men. The wharves were overwhelmed with piles of board and every second house was a lumber yard. Somebody in Europe has discovered the art of manufacturing cloth from pine leaves, but the Bangoreans have evidently found out a way of extracting food and nourishment from the pine itself. We went into the market. The country carts were all arranged in a row, and filled with—shingles and clapboards! Where we looked to see potatoes and green peas, we found only green pine and hemlock. And yet the pines have a very spruce appearance. Living on pine one would take the Bangoreans to be wooden-headed people, but they are not—though we make no doubt they have 'hearts of oak.' We trust they will continue to thrive on their saw-dust diet, and flourish like a green pine tree.—[Portland Transcript.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE,....AUG. 31, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. R. PARSONS, 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 No. 10 State St., Boston. He is also Agent for the Boston Mail, and is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as satisfactory.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Who Knows?

We were probably mistaken in our report last week that A. P. Stevens had been committed to jail in Augusta. Still, we have no better authority for the correction than we had for the assertion—in both cases relying upon the statements of those who think they know, and whom we think we can believe—generally. If the grand jury were as much troubled to get the truth in this case as everybody else we may even now doubt whether bills have been found, and still more whether convictions will be had. So many persons are associated in this affair, either by act or 'fellow feeling,' and so general the virtuous sentiment of community against them, that almost any report, once started, gains circulation. Any one who has taken pains to look for the real facts, has found how difficult it is to obtain them. Indeed, upon recent legal interpretations, we may still contend for our statement. If it is 'ruled' that a convict may serve thirty or sixty days in jail while attending personally to his ordinary business in Waterville, we see not why Stevens may not be legally in Augusta jail while enjoying a rustication in Boston. Though we do not seriously contend on this ground, we should really like the opinion of high-sheer Pettengill in the premises. We think consistency would throw him on our side. If not, it might give him a worse position in public estimation.

Is it so—or not?

It is reported that Sheriff Pettengill's construction of the Maine Law is about as liberal as the decision of the Dutch justice, that a man might bite off his own nose because all things were 'possible with God.' Still we can hardly doubt that injustice is done him in the report that two men in Waterville, sent to Augusta to serve the legal term in jail for rum-selling, are permitted, under his construction of the law, to board, lodge and travel where they please; and that they have chosen Waterville as their residence, their own houses as their boarding places, and their own shops as their prisons—and that they are thus enduring the penalty of 'imprisonment in the county jail,' as contemplated by law. We say that we can hardly believe that Mr. Pettengill, with all his liberality, has consented to be the instrument of a farce that throws such ridicule upon all law. We therefore inquire—Is it so or not?

The Cat out of the Bag.

The Bangor Mercury notices a singular phenomenon in that city, in the shape of small bits of white paper posted up in various locations; which the editor says indicate the secret workings of the "Know Nothings." We are told that the same cabalistic tokens have been seen at N. Vassalboro'; and on Friday morning last they were found numerously posted around the streets of Waterville. If this is a genuine sign, we infer that these curious political reformers are at work here. This would not be strange for Waterville, but that the quiet and worthy Quakers of Vassalboro' have a finger in the pie is beyond all credit! But the development of wonders commenced with Douglas, and if it reaches the Kennebec who need be astonished? *Wanted: A man who will tell us the name of the person who posted up the "Know Nothings" in Waterville.*

This leads us to tell a curious story that reached us from Kendall's Mills. Our informant tells us the Know Nothings are making thorough work there, for the following reason: Mrs. Soderly went to bed precisely at nine o'clock, thinking it passing strange that her good man had not made his appearance just ten minutes before. Of course he would be home in a minute and a half, or two minutes at farthest, and so Mrs. Soderly left a lamp burning on the hall table. There it burnt and burnt—but she must tell her own story; as she told it next morning to about thirteen of her most confidential friends:

"Well, there that lamp burnt and burnt, till as near as I can guess 'twas well nigh on to ten o'clock, and then man hadn't come! What to make on't I didn't know no more'n the dead—for he hadn't never been out so before, since the time they had such a fuss about the Aroostook war. I wain't no use to speak to the children, for they wouldn't know; and so after I had waited till I couldn't wait no longer, I bounced out of bed, and down stairs I went. I went right into the buttry and raised the window towards Mr. Blank's, and says I, 'Mr. Blank!' In a minute I heard her jump out of bed and raise the window—and says she:

"Why, Mrs. Soderly, what on earth's the matter?'" "Matter!" says I—speaking low, because I didn't want anybody to hear—"matter!" Mrs. Blank, do tell if you have seen anything of my husband?"

"Your husband!" says she, "you didn't souse 'd got him, did you?"—and then speaking almost in a whisper, says she:

"Look here—what on earth does this mean? have you seen anything of my husband?"—Then we both began to think something had happened, severe enough; and in about two minutes I was dressed and over to Mr. Blank's. Well, we concluded to step over to Mr. Quaker's and start him out for a search; but we hadn't got half way across the street, talking along, when we heard the window above up and Mrs. Quaker says, 'Who's there?' Says I, 'It's me.' 'Well,' says she, 'do for pity's sake tell if you've seen anything of my husband!'"

"Now wasn't here a pretty pickle?" Well,

to make a long story short, we went up that street clear to the schoolhouse, and back on 't'other side, and not a woman did we find but who was wondering what had become of her husband!"

"Well just as we got to our gate, who should we see there but my husband and Mr. Blank?" "Mr. Soderly," says I, a little spunky, "will you just tell me what all this means?"

"What it means!" says he, just as cool as though nothing had happened—"well, Mrs. Soderly—ahem—I should be very glad to gratify you if I could, but the truth is—ahem—that I don't 'Know Nothing' about it!"

"Well—from that time to this I go to bed when I get ready, without asking any questions; and if I find Mr. Soderly there in the morning that's all I care for—for I'd just give him to know that I'm as good a Know Nothing as he is."

DROWNED.—An interesting little daughter of Mr. W. H. Stevens, of Kendall's Mills, was found drowned in the river on Tuesday afternoon. It is supposed she slipped from the logs when no one saw her. Mr. S. lived on the island above the bridge, and she was found nearly opposite the house by those in search of her after she had been missed for a short time.

FIRE.—We omitted to mention last week that two barns belonging to Mr. David Bowman 2d, of Sidney, were burnt on the night of the 16th inst., with their contents, consisting of 30 tons of hay, grain, sleigh, farming tools, &c. There was no insurance.

A. & K. RAILROAD.—Chs. M. Morse, Esq., has resigned the office of Superintendent of this road, and Edwin Noyes, Esq., has been re-appointed in his place. The appointment of Mr. Noyes will of course give the highest satisfaction to the friends of the road, as his qualifications for the post have been thoroughly tested and are well appreciated. It is understood that the services of Mr. Morse have been highly satisfactory, while he has secured a wide circle of warm friends, not only in immediate connection with the road, but among all with whom his duties have brought him in contact. We hope he will find it as much for his interest as for their gratification to remain among them.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—Peel and slice longitudinally, about one quarter of an inch thick. Dredge with flour, and fry in butter or good pork gravy until cooked brown; add a little salt and pepper, and eat them for oysters.

[Rural New Yorker.]

Sure enough!—how easy to manufacture oysters! We recommend the recipe to the Paddy who held a potato in each hand and bit alternately from each, trying as he said 'to be-lave one of 'em was mate.' An excellent way to avoid cholera from eating cucumbers, to 'eat them for oysters.'

AN ART ILLUSTRATION.—The Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, in his recent speech at the Whig State Convention, told the following amusing story, the moral of which may be readily comprehended:

"Many years ago there lived on the banks of the Penobscot, just at its confluence with the dark waters of the Kennebec, an eccentric old man by the name of Bodge. Misfortunes and rum had reduced him from a position of wealth. The people there, especially those who had known him in better days, had a sympathy for this decayed old citizen, and were not disposed to criticize his somewhat erratic conduct with much particularity. Moreover, whatever other failings he had, 'Old Bodge' was a man of truth. There was a theory that he would sometimes steal, but he scorned a lie. This was a distinction upon which he stood with something like pride. One summer's afternoon there came up upon the lazy tide of the old schooner which was then the chief means of communication with the metropolis, and among the crowd of men and boys waiting her arrival on the shore, was our friend. A worthy deacon of the village church took him aside, and informed him with business like frankness that he had a large variety of merchandise on board; particularly a fine lot of salt fish, and he proposed to give Bodge five of the latter, with the understanding that he was not to take anything else. Bodge hesitated, 'it was a hard case; but if the deacon would let him select nine of the best fish on board he would pass his word; and so the compromise was made. It was a larger cargo than Bodge expected. The shades of evening began to fall before it was half landed, and opportunity seemed to serve better than he had supposed. He repeated his bargain but never thought of breaking his word. He left a course like this to his better, but he deliberately brought back the fish he had received, laid them on the wharf and said 'Deacon I've brought back those fish. The fact is, I think I can do better!'"

Now, the fact was, this course was honest and honest itself, compared with that of men who, after having the advantage of a bargain thirty years, now refuse to keep it, and who do not propose to return what they had taken under that bargain. Less honest than Bodge, they keep the fish and break their faith. In any court of honor upon earth, this old man would bear the palm from those at the South who have been parties to this great wrong."

N. P. WILLIS.—We are glad to find the following in the Transcript, written by a correspondent:

"Willis is an invalid and suffering greatly from hemorrhage and cough, yet not so ill as I had been led to suppose from the accounts that have reached us of late. He is able to ride on horseback still, and I trust that many years are before him of improved physical condition and his usual mental activity. He has only ceased writing the 'Idlewild' papers 'to commence another series of articles in the Home Journal on a different topic. 'Idlewild' is even more charming than Willis has painted it in his exquisite letters from this spot, and his master and mistress belong naturally where they are living. It is a rare thing to find a beautiful house well occupied, and every one will join in the wish that a long time may elapse before a change will occur in the ownership of 'cottage and grounds' where Willis has pitched his tent."

DEATH OF DR. WOODS.—It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D., of Andover, on Thursday, of affection of the heart, in the 81st year of his age. Dr. Woods was born in Princeton, Mass., June 16th, 1775. He graduated at Harvard University; was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in West New-

berry, Mass., and thence soon removed to Andover, to be a Professor in the new Theological Seminary, in the establishment of which he had taken an active and important part. He remained Professor of the Institution until within a few weeks of his death. He has been twice married, and a widow survives him. He has had ten children, and eight of them are still living.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM.—Know-Nothingism seems, just now, to be a great staple for letter writers from Massachusetts. So I might as well tread in the beaten track, and tell you a little about Know-Nothingism here. It is a hot cost for politicians. If they pick it up they are afraid it will burn their hands by and by. If they do not meddle with it, but let it go as it pleases, they are afraid it will set their houses on fire. Contrary to all expectation, it has gained a firm foothold in many of the country counties, often comprising within its numbers nearly all the voters of a town. West Boylston, in Worcester county, is an extraordinary instance of this. It is a small town, with less than two thousand inhabitants, but of all its voters there are said to be not more than thirty who are not Know Nothings.

In Boston it is no wonder that the organization is so strong. It should be remembered that in 1850, out of its population of 137,000, nearly one half of the foreigners, and 33,000 of them were Irish. These Irish carry to excess their universally prevailing clannish spirit. They are almost without exception Catholics, and support a paper, The Boston Pilot, which boasts that the foreign population is now, 1854, in a majority in Boston, and urges them, as Catholics, not as republicans, to become naturalized without delay, with a view to their ultimate attainment of the political control of the city. This advice has been consistently followed by the foreign Catholics.

In 1850 there were less than 2000 naturalized voters in the whole city. Now there are three times that number. Last fall this same Boston Pilot opposed the revised Constitution chiefly because it contained a clause prohibiting forever the donation of any public fund for the support of sectarian schools of whatever denomination, and because it divided Boston into districts for the election of State Representatives. It told Catholics that if the city should be districted, they might now and then possibly get one or two Catholic representatives, but if they should hold on to the old general ticket system and vote down the revised Constitution, in a few years they would be able to elect the whole forty-four. The results of this course of action on the part of the foreigners are now seen in the fact that the Know Nothing lodges there have on their lists a number of names exceeding a majority of any vote ever cast in the city.

Next winter, when Native Americanism shall be rampant in the State House, the unfortunate Catholics will have to suffer. They might as well petition the moon as petition the next Legislature for indemnity for their Ursuline convent. The finishing touch will be put to the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting Sectarian Schools, and it will be ready to go to the people again, to be ratified this time by 100,000 majority. Irish military companies might as well have a good time of it while they can, and fight and spree as hard as ever during the rest of the year, for after next January every one of them will cease to exist. There will be some attempt at tinkering the election laws in such a way as to satiate the warmest desires of 'Native America,' and Catholic Church Corporations will have to provide an active detachment of lobby members, if they hope for mercy.

One thing the Know Nothings ought to bear in mind, which I fear that in some localities they will forget; that justice never is intolerance, and that intolerance never is justice. [Corr. State of Maine.]

CUBA.—The sending of General Concha back to the Governor-Generalship of Cuba, by the new Government of Spain, is a damper to the hopes of all the bankers after that rich colony, whether filibuster, diplomat or pacific. The appointment says plainly to all the world that the Constitutional Government of Espartero is just as inflexibly opposed to the alienation of that richest of the jewels in the Spanish Crown as was ever the Government of Christina or Isabella. The appointment according to European letters, seems to have been regarded as conclusive by our envoy and negotiator and to have disconcerted all his plans. In all this we consider that the good genius of our country as well as of Spain prevailed. Whatever tends to place out of our reach that 'forbidden fruit' we regard as a blessing to our country. The Courier des Etats Unis, highly praises the appointment of Concha. No other person, it thinks, could so well have satisfied the people of Cuba, with whom he left, in 1851, a character for energy, spirit, justice, and liberality. [Nat. Intel.]

SETTLEMENT OF KANSAS.—The papers are just now filled with notes of correspondents from the Kansas territory. All unite in praising the beauty of the country, the fertility of the soil, and the healthfulness and mildness of the climate. Settlers are pouring into the territory from all parts, particularly from the North and West. The stories about mob law and forcible resistance to peaceful immigration are all moonshine; as the residents, both of the territory and the adjoining States, understand too well the value of thriving and industrious communities upon their borders to offer any resistance to the incoming settlers. They are received, both at St. Louis and throughout the entire route, with a most sincere welcome, and are forwarded to their destination with a hearty God-speed. Another convoy of immigrants leaves for the territory about the middle of September, and in a brief period Kansas will be writing herself beside the older States, as 'E Pluribus Unum.' [Rural New Yorker.]

GOLD IN VERMONT.—The Woodstock Age says that there is gold in Vermont; and says that for the last three or four weeks, from thirty to fifty workmen, under the direction of Capt. Ira F. Payson, of N. Y., have been engaged in digging into and examining the premises of Bridgewater, where gold has been discovered, and that the result thus far, has been entirely satisfactory. The Age concludes by assuring the public that there is no humbug about this matter, and that the mines will prove among the richest ever discovered.

RAIN AT LAST.—After a warm sultry day, with no appearance of rain in the early part of it, a gathering of clouds began to obscure the South-Western horizon toward evening, and about seven o'clock a storm of wind and rain burst upon us, accompanied with heavy thunder and brilliant lightning. The wind which preceded the rain, filled the streets with dust and darkness. Rain fell copiously for about half an hour, and then more moderately for some time longer, and it continued to fall during the entire night. The parched earth will be greatly refreshed by this kindly visitation, which, as it has broken the monotony of the severest drought that we remember to have witnessed, will, we hope, be the ushering in of

an era of alternate rain and sunshine. In this latitude, Indian corn and potatoes were too far advanced to be greatly benefited by rain, but the grass will be at once revived, and, if the rains continue, the Fall feed will be abundant. We do not know how extensive the rain has been, but we presume it has spread over a large section of country. Let us remember the Giver, and learn from the history of the past few weeks, how entirely dependent we are upon Him, even for the blessings which we are accustomed to consider a matter of course. It is not necessary that he should impose any positive inflictions upon his creatures—he has only to withhold any one of the many blessings which he is accustomed to bestow, and very soon the human race would be extinct. [N. Y. Jour. of Commerce, Saturday.]

WHEAT.—Wheat is now at least one dollar higher per barrel in this country than it is in Europe. This is owing in part to the small supply coming forward, the farmers holding back in hopes of higher prices. The New York Express says that 'the wheat crop this year is believed to be the largest ever garnered, and, taking into consideration the Reciprocity Treaty, which will bring Canadian flour into our market free of duty, we look to prices down to \$5 (for common brands) before the close of Autumn.' In this city, at retail, the best brands of flour command \$12 per barrel. [Boston Traveller.]

FROM THE SOUTH—Baltimore, Aug. 28.—No mail beyond Augusta. Savannah papers speak of a great panic there in consequence of the prevalence of the yellow fever. The citizens are rapidly leaving, and the disease shows no sign of abatement.

At Charleston great uneasiness is also manifested, and preparations are being made to open the Hospitals, should the disease become epidemic.

CHOLERA IN FRANCE.—A Paris letter says: 'The cholera has now made its appearance in almost every part of the country, but we begin to hope the worst may be over.' In certain localities of Paris the cases have been numerous and suddenly fatal; but we have as yet experienced nothing like the mortality of 1849, when 1000 deaths were officially reported in 24 hours.'

Some time since, some grains of wheat, which had been taken from an old Egyptian sarcophagus at Cairo, were given to the Agricultural Society of Compiegne, by whom they were sown with the most surprising results. The stems which have risen from this seed are as large as a reed, the leaves are more than an inch in breadth, and the ears have each one hundred grains of very large size, so that several of the original seeds have multiplied 2,000 fold. It is thought that the seed dates as far back as Sesostris, or at least Cleopatra.

In Stoddard, N. H., several days since, Mr. Curtis Hunt attempted to drive a team laden with store goods to the value of \$700, belonging to Mr. Fisk, of Marlow, through a road which passed by three hundred acres of woodland belonging to the Stoddard Glass Co., and which were all on fire. A strong gust of wind suddenly freshened the flames, and the fiery mass rushed toward him so rapidly that he was obliged to quit the wagon and fly for his life, saving only one of his three horses, which was badly burned. The other horses with the wagon and goods were destroyed. Mr. Hunt barely escaped, his shirt being burnt from his back, and his face and hands blistered.

KNOW-NOTHING KNOWLEDGE.—The Richmond Examiner a short time since gave a detailed expose of the oaths and aims of the society of Know-Nothings, which has been extensively copied. We did not copy it for several satisfactory reasons, perfectly convincing to us.

First, if it was true, we didn't know or care; secondly, we have no faith in small traitors, from the village busybody, who promises 'not to tell,' down to a forewarned Know-Nothing. But the Examiner now states that it has been informed by gentlemen of the highest respectability in Richmond, that the publication alluded to, is a gross and wholesale misrepresentation. Perhaps so; but we believe it now quite as much as before, and possibly, a little more. [Vox Populi.]

DROUGHT AT THE WEST.—The editor of the Louisville Journal, after travelling from St. Louis to Chicago, and thence south to Louisville, Ky., comes to the conclusion that in the great corn-growing States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Arkansas and Missouri, the corn crop this season will fall short of one half the average yield. In portions of Illinois and Missouri, it is thought the crop will not be one third as large as usual, and in the neighborhood of the Ohio river it is regarded as nearly a total failure.

There were copious showers in the neighborhood of Nashville, Tenn., last week (12) and in adjoining counties. But it came too late to save the crop. There is more hope of cotton.

TROUBLE AMONG THE ODD FELLOWS.—A good deal of feeling has been engendered in the ranks of the Odd Fellows in New York, by a misunderstanding between the Grand Lodge and the Polar Star Lodge. The latter it appears, failed to comply with an order issued by the Grand Lodge. The result was, that the delinquent branch of the Order was expelled, and their 'regalia, together with both public and private property seized, by some person unknown, and removed beyond their reach. A search warrant was issued and the property found in a safe, in 'Odd Fellows' Hall, the key of which was in possession of the Grand master. The matter is to be settled by the law.

HOW TO BECOME A KNOW NOTHING.—The Buffalo Express says that a gentleman in that city who for some time past had entertained a burning desire to become a Know Nothing, recently applied to an acquaintance whom he supposed to be one of the order, for an explanation. His friend gravely promised him assistance, and to the great delight of the aspirant for secret honors, called upon him a few evenings after for the purpose of inducing him into the mysteries of the sect. He led him to a certain street in the city, and telling him to remain there a few moments until he 'saw or heard something,' left him. The would-be Know Nothing remained there an hour, during which time he neither saw, or heard anything unusual, and as his friend did not return, was finally forced to conclude that he had been egregiously sold.

WORKS.—Theodore Parker, in a recent sermon, uttered the following touching words:—There are three classes of women: First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their house-keeping and child-keeping. Their house-keeping is a trade, and no more; and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England, it is a small class, getting less every year.

Next, there are domestic dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show which delights the eyes

and ears. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris, Nuremberg, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and other toy-shops in Europe, out of wax and papier-mache, and sold in Boston at the haberdasher's by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their functions as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate womankind.

But there are domestic women, who order a house and are not mere drudges; nothing if, and are not mere dolls, but women. Some of these—a great many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are wholly taken up with their functions as housekeeper, wife and mother.

A SITUATION VACANT.—Some years ago a black man called on a clergyman in Western New York, avowed himself a fugitive slave, and asked for food and shelter, which was freely accorded. Two or three persons being cognizant of the fact, called in to see the 'run-away nigger,' when the following dialogue ensued:

"S'pose you had pretty hard times down South—lickings a plenty?"

"No, I never was whipped."

"Wasn't—well you had to work awful hard?"

"My work was very tight."

"Guess your clothes wasn't very nice?"

"I was always well clothed—I was a good servant."

"Reckon your victuals wasn't uncommon fine?"

"As good as I desired."

"Well! I should give it as my opinion that you was a mighty big fool for running away from such a place as this, just for the sake of shirking for yourself."

"Gentlemen! my place down south is vacant. Any of you can have it by applying for it."

A bit of Literary scandal has been started by the Charleston Courier's New York correspondent, concerning the 'poetical' midwife, Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, who has recently married his third wife. The correspondent referred to says of the reverend individual:

"His first wife died, and it was her daughter through whom Rev. Rufus W. obtained \$10,000 for the injuries inflicted upon her person by the Norwalk calamity on the New Haven road. He secured a divorce from his second wife in the Pennsylvania Legislature, and married a third. Mrs. B. F. Ellet, the Biographer of the 'Women of the Revolution,' was the intimate personal friend of the second Mrs. Griswold, and believing that the divorce was unfairly granted; through bribery of interest, is out with an attachment for the arrest of Mr. Griswold on the charge of bigamy!" He on the contrary, hearing of Mrs. Ellet's movements, threatens her with a suit for conspiring to disturb his domestic bliss. As a matter of course, there is a world of gossip growing out of these piquant developments.

GREAT FIRE IN WALDOBORO'.—About 1 o'clock last Friday, a fire broke out in the rear of the Hotel, which swept all the village from Mr. Tobbetts large furniture store on the North and East, as far as the Meeting House, (which was saved), including every store in the village, and every building South and West to the river, and to Capt. H. Kuhn's on the South side.

Gen. H. Kennedy's new ship, Capt. Jas. Cook's new barque, both on the stocks, were burnt. Also, Mr. J. Clark's timber in his yard for a large ship. Both Banks, Custom House, and Post Office were burnt.

Over one hundred buildings were destroyed and seventy-five families were turned into the street. The loss cannot now be approximated, but must exceed \$250,000.

DEATH OF THE KING OF SAXONY.—The English steamer brings news of the death of the King of Saxony, who is said to have been killed by falling from his carriage and being kicked by one of his horses. The King was Frederick Augustus, born May 18, 1797, and in the 58th year of his age. He ascended the throne June 6, 1836. He was a Catholic, though the greater part of his subjects are protestants (Lutherans). Out of a population of 2,000,000 there are not more than 30,000 Catholics in Saxony. The kingdom holds the fourth rank among the German States. The royal family is said to be descended from Wittichind, sovereign of the territory in the time of Charlemagne, uncle in the government, several years before he succeeded to the throne; and it was under his direction that many political changes were accomplished—such as the establishment of a representative system, consisting of a senate and house of representatives; and the suppression of the abuses incident to the feudal system. [Trav.]

FIRE IN THE WOODS—Bangor, Aug. 28.—The fires remain unchecked, although the slight rain on Saturday damped them somewhat in this vicinity. Buildings have been burned in Kenduskeag, Lagrange, Levant, Charleston, Corinth, and many other towns. In Corinth alone, a small town, the damage to wood lands, &c., is over \$10,000. Valuable tracts of timber land are entirely destroyed. In Hancock county the damage is also great. In some places the heat is so strong, and the smoke so dense, that the roads are impassable. Nothing is done in many sections but fight the fires; but copious rains must come before they can be subdued. There is scarcely a town within fifty miles of here but has more or less suffered. The drought continues, and the crops are all drying up. No prospect of rain but the flames are being fanned by hot winds.

A Most Wonderful Discovery has recently been made by Dr. Curtis, for the cure of Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and all Lung Complaints, by Medicated Inhalation. Dr. Curtis's Hygeena, or Inhaling Vapor and Cherry Syrup, has accomplished the most wonderful cures of Asthma and consumption in the city of New York, and vicinity for a few months past, ever known to man. It is producing an impression on Diseases of the Lungs never before witnessed by the medical profession. [See certificates in hands of agents.] The Inhaler is worn on the breast under the linen, without the least inconvenience, the heat of the body being sufficient to evaporate the healing and agreeable vapor, passing into all the air cells and passages of the lungs that cannot possibly be reached by any other medicine. Sold in Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

TERRIFIC STORM—Cincinnati, Aug. 28.—The Louisville papers of this evening contain full particulars of a terrific tornado which passed over that city yesterday. The Democrat describes it as one of the most violent storms that ever passed over that section. The Third Presbyterian Church, situated on the corner of Twelfth and Walnut streets, was completely wrecked. The outer building, including the roof and rafters, and the brick walls, fell in, causing the instant death of 20 of the congregation and seriously injured 10 or 20 others.

SENTENCE ON THE ASSAILANT OF MR. DANA.—In the Municipal Court, this morning, William Oxford or Huxford, convicted of an assault upon lawyer R. H. Dana, Jr., in the street, on the night of the rendition of Burns, came up for sentence. Mr. Haskell, his counsel, made a long plea for a light sentence, but the Court Judge Perkins, thought that the case was one of an aggravated character, and sentenced him to eighteen months in the House of Correction.

When Macheon, the Greek Physician was slain, Homer said of him: "a good Physician is worth as much as a whole army." Then a good medicine like Ayer's Cathartic Pills, is worth a great deal more, because it cures as well, works wider, and lasts longer. The care of the best Physician's labor, must be careful, while such a remedy is available—can be had by everybody, and is worth having.

Sold in Waterville by J. H. Thayer & Co.

CAMPFIRE PRODUCING INSANITY.—The Toronto Colonist says:—We are informed that not less than eight persons have been admitted into the Lunatic Asylum in a state of insanity, occasioned by consuming quantities of campfire to prevent cholera. Some of them carried it about in their pockets, and kept from time to time eating small quantities of it. Others took it dissolved in brandy. In all cases where it was taken in any quantity it produced insanity. It is a fact well known, that a comparatively small quantity of campfire will set a dog mad, and that he will soon afterwards die.

AN OLD NEWSBOY.—The National Intelligencer relates the following striking instance of the 'ups and downs' of life:—

The sojourners at our city hotels are familiar with the modest tons in which the words New York Herald, Tribune, Times, Baltimore Sun, Intelligencer, Union, etc., fall upon their ears from a respectable elderly gentleman in the newspaper line. At break of day you may find him at the railroad depot, with his bundle of these maps of busy life; at breakfast, he is at the hotel ready to exchange his commodities for the ready cash; and again as midnight draws near you will still find him pursuing the tenor of his way, pressing his sales. We have observed him for many years, going regularly through this routine. Many wonder, if he ever sleeps. "Ah, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," he is entitled to the largest that may be had. A curiosity is often manifested to know his history. Some say that he has by dint of such untiring industry, and perseverance laid up something handsome for a rainy day.

One morning last week, as the Honorable Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, was passing from the breakfast room at the National with his morning mail, this veteran news-vender met him at the foot of the flight of steps near the office. His eye caught the title Cincinnati Gazette to a paper in Mr. C's hand, and with a peculiar expression, he remarked:—

"Ah, the old Cincinnati Gazette!"

Mr. Campbell halted, observing, "You have it not in your package?"

"No; but I took it once."

Mr. Campbell:—When?

"In 1828, when Charles Hammond, was editor and I was in the firm of Carrington & Wells, wholesale merchants, Main street, Cincinnati."

Mr. Campbell:—"I recollect the firm, for I was then a printer's devil in the Gazette office, and faithfully through wintry storms, carried the paper to you. We are living monuments of those ups and downs of life!"

There was a strange expression passed over the countenance of Wells and Mr. C., fearing that he might awaken unpleasant reminiscences, in connection with his change of fortune, left with a "God-give you success; your energy, deserves it!"

GREAT FIRE IN TROY.—A fire broke out at 2 o'clock Aug. 25th, and spread with irresistible fury over a space equal to about eight blocks, consuming probably, not less than two or three hundred buildings, and destroying property which will amount to a million dollars.

Owing to the dry state of everything, it was found almost impossible to check the fury of the flames. The burnt district is bounded on the West by the river, on the East by River street, to Division street, and thence by the alley between First and Second streets, and on the South by Jefferson street.

In this district is embraced an extensive lumber business, and lumber amounting to not less than \$250,000, the freight depot, machine shop, and several car houses, with the cars of the Hudson River Railroad; also the very extensive establishment known as Bridge's chair factory, the bell foundry of Jones & Hitchcock, and several other manufacturing establishments were destroyed. The fire was arrested on the East side, in the rear of the costly range of buildings fronting on Washington Park. The amount of insurance is not ascertained.

Our city has never before been visited by such a conflagration.


AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.—The parties are a lady of uncertain age, with a decided expression of pain upon her features, otherwise quite pretty; her face tied up with a white handkerchief, and a little man in a snuff-colored coat, and a decidedly woolly style of countenance. Little man fidgets awhile, and then turns to the dame—

"Be you alive anything, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, I have the toothache."

"Oh, toothache, have you—well, I know something 'thar' 'd do ye good."

THE AMERICAN'S FRIEND



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

To the Citizens of the United States,—

I most humbly and sincerely thank you for the immense patronage which you have bestowed on my Pills. I take this opportunity of stating that my Ancestors were all American Citizens, and I wish for all the Americans to become so.

[illegible][illegible]

plains Gout Urine Weakness, from
Constipation of the Bowels whatever cause.

At the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 88, Corner
of Ann and Nassau Streets, New York, sold by all respectable
Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the United
States, in boxes at 87 1/2 cents, 87 cents and 41 and 40c. To
be sent by Mail, when desired, in 10 days.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger size.
N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disor-
der are affixed to each Box. 9

DOOR, SASH, AND BLIND FACTORY.

PRICES OF DOORS.

Size.	Thickness.	Price.	Thickness.	Price.
2x6.	1-8	\$1.15 to 1.20	1-8 inch	1.17 to 1.25
2x6 1/2.	1-8	1.25	1-8	1.27
2x8.	1-8	1.75	1-8	1.80
2x10.	1-8	2.05	1-8	2.00
2x6 1/2.	1-8	1.25	1-7	1.30
2x8.	1-8	1.62	1-7	1.60
2x10.	1-8	1.95	1-7	1.90
2x12.	1-8	2.25	1-7	2.20
2x14.	1-8	2.60	2x6	2.55

For Moulding Doors a charge of 12 1/2 to 25 cts per
foot.

Doors, from the above.

PRICES OF SASH.		PRICES OF BLINDS.	
7x9	3 to 3 1/2 cts per Light.	7x9, 12 lighted, 50 to 63 cts	
8x10	3 to 3 1/2 cts	7x9, 15 "	58 to 67 "
8x12	4 to 5 "	8x10, 12 "	58 to 67 "
10x12 and 13	4 to 5 "	8x10, 15 "	67 to 75 "
10x14	5 to 6 "	9x12, 12 "	75 to 80 "
10x16 and 16, 5 to 6 "		9x12, 15 "	75 to 80 "
11x16 and 17, 6 to 8 "		10x14, 12 "	83 to 92 "
		10x15, 12 "	92 to 100 "
		11x15, 12 "	100 to 110 "

WINDOW FRAMES made to order. MOULDINGS of the newest styles in use supplied at short notice.

Job Sawing and Planing.
On all descriptions, done in the best manner, and at reasonable prices.

Seasoned Lumber constantly on hand for sale. [7] Boxes
made to order. F. B. BLANCHARD.
Waterville, August, 1863. 7

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Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company
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The Mutual Life Office of Life Insurance adopted by this Com-
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paid are in advance of the first year, and are paid in full, and
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In Waterville and vicinity, lives and property insured by
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INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
LEVER SPRINGS FOR CARRIAGES
(Patent applied for.)

OUR SPRINGS weigh but half as much as the common English
ones. The bearings in the axle are much better; They are adapted
for heavy or light loads, are easily applied to all sizes and
lengths of carriages, and the larger sizes are much cheaper.
There are two or three hundred sets in use in this state, so
that you can see them at any time, and at any place. Every
spring is warranted. Orders addressed to us will receive prompt
attention, and the most accommodating terms. For sale by all
hardware dealers generally.

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MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT—
Every land has hailed with
rapture this preparation whose
intrinsic merits has introduced its
use into the courts of the whole
American people. Rheumatism of long duration,
Neuralgia, with its tortures, have yielded to its

Malign influence; cancers, contorted joints,
 Ulcerations, and all the horrors of disease,
 Suffered for years under the weight of dis-
 tress by its application to suppleness and health.
 It is such general usefulness that can restore
 Nervous of Action to the deceased arteries and
 Glands of the human body, its worth of high praise.
 Let the rheumatic, halt, lame and pained
 Invalid examine his condition, and they will
 Not wonder at the rapidity of its success.
 Investigation have enabled the proprietors of the
 Mexican Mustang Liniment to furnish a remedy,
 That is the best in the world for all the above.
 No matter of how long standing—sold at
 The agent in all parts of the Union.
 Dr. J. B. Bacon & Co., Proprietors, 303 Broadway N. York.
 Taylor, Jr., General Agent, Boston, 1725
 Just Received at Low & Blunt's,
 Direct from the Manufacturers,
 LBS. Prime Atlantic White Lead,
 4000 lbs. French 1000 lbs. American do.
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Belting.—*See under Sewing Machine*

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CASH, and the highest market price, paid for all kinds of Poultry, by
WATERVILLE, Dec. 14, 1888. **M. F. MANLEY.**

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Fans! Fans! Fans!
JUST received a Splendid Assortment as
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Atlantic White Lead.
JUST received direct from the "Manufacture and war-
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SHEET IRON AND TIN WORK.
MR. STEPHEN H. PRESCOTT having engaged with **DON-
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 Always on hand a large Stock of Tin Ware, made expressly
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JUST open, a fresh lot of **ROASTED COFFEE**—also
 unroasted Java and Rio Coffee of superior qual-
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