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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 10): September 21, 1854

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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stitution guarantee to us protection of our  
sons and property. And yet every one kn

in fissures by strong flashes of lightning, where there was suddenly bright sunlight. Sept.

en m- I am somewhat kindly disposed towards

and thoroughly destroyed as by the  
et in motion by this curse of God.  
t be? Has not the ingenuity of r

yard a large pile of old furniture to be sold  
vendue. The scenes of early boyhood w  
which I was now surrounded, prompted m

th  
to

graceful expression her Majesty replied, 'There is no compulsion at my table.'



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...SEPT. 21, 1854.

**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
V. P. PALMER, 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 Scott's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Gay sts., Baltimore.  
S. M. FARRINGTON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State st., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

## Catholic Advocates.

How much do those papers which oppose and vilify the Know Nothings, expect to make by apologizing for and defending Catholicism? We can blame them less for attacking a class of men of whose actions and principles they are at least partially ignorant, than for defending others whose faults and crimes stand open to all the world.

The organized opposition to Catholicism is not religious, but political. This the association declare, and to this they have beyond question confined themselves. If the old party papers intend to justify Bishop Hughes for selling the Catholic vote of the country for thirty thousand dollars—if they think such dealing honorable and safe to the country—if they regard it as one of the religious and political rights which the Catholics ought to enjoy without molestation—no wonder they find the true American voters deserting the old ranks and raising a new banner. If they approve of distributing political offices and emoluments among foreign bullies and beggars, instead of giving them to the sons of the men of '76, let them say it openly, and we guarantee that their ranks will dwindle with increased rapidity. If they would trim our schools to the Catholic idea, by excluding the Bible, and divesting them of all religious characteristics except those dictated by the priest, they have only to say it as plainly as many of the party leaders have acted it where there was hope of securing Catholic votes. The American voice will tell them in tones too loud to be smothered by the hypocritical cry of persecution, that the time for this kind of political barter has gone by.

If anything will make an American breast burn with indignation, it is the tone of the old leaders, wire-pullers and party hacks, now that they see the great body of American freemen rising up to rebuke and spurn them. They whine, and groan, and scold, and anathematize, like Catholic priests, over deserters from the Mother Church; threatening, and waiting to see native-born freemen sink back to the feet of party, to kiss the hem of its garment and be forgiven! May God in His wisdom harden their hearts, that they may never seek such absolution!

## The Old Fashion and the New.

When new fashions are introduced they are generally judged by comparison with old ones. Since the triumph of the Maine Law, the prominent characteristics of an old-fashioned town election—namely, a liberal sacrifice of rum and horse-flesh—have in a measure disappeared. We had concluded that the modest and smooth political garments of the Know Nothings would fail of an opportunity to profit by close contrast with the flaunting rags and ribbons of the old parties. In this we have been disappointed. Great emergencies demand extraordinary efforts; and for some reason or other the old-line politicians seem to have come to the conclusion that their only safe motto for the present occasion was "Now or Never!" Under this banner no wire was left untouched. Among all the secrets supposed to exist, none lay deeper concealed than the demagogues that contributed to rally the voters of Waterville. The candidate had won, the same race in olden times, and his friends had forgotten that he had since taken a Rip Van Winkle nap on the railroad track. Snatching the gun beside which he laid down years ago, there was no time to discern that its lock was rusty and its charge mouldy.

Never did horses trot faster or sweat more freely; and never were votes thrust with less modesty into the hands of the fathers and grandfathers who hurried to the ballot-box. Tray and Towser never stood more cordially together to protect the bone from the lion that had been heard to growl in his hidden lair, than whigs and democrats in this last struggle to preserve the old party landmarks by old party machinery. Such mountain efforts could not end with a mouse! Nobody had labored but on one side—and how could victory be doubtful? When that sober old umpire, the ballot-box, proclaimed defeat by 150 votes, he was almost stamped a liar. Where were the whigs and democrats of old?—where the old party banners, under which so many had fought, bled—and died? Echo answered—"Where?"

**ELECTION ACCIDENTS.**—What is done in a hurry is ill done. There is such a sentiment in old Noah Webster's spelling book. The sudden discovery of the Know Nothings in Maine, only a short time before election, produced an equally sudden demand for electioneering labors. Of course such men must be sent out as could be got. In the vicinity of Portland a man was wanted to go out to the neighboring towns and among the neighboring farmers and mechanics, to tell them how to vote. A friend of the candidate to be helped found a young lawyer who had nothing else to do, and told him if he would take a trip out for this purpose, Gen. (Somebody) living in the city, would see him paid. The young lawyer seized the offer, but being doubtful whether the General was responsible for the amount he hoped to earn, proposed to start a day or two hence—intending in the mean time to assure himself in regard to the pay. Now it so happened that the gentleman who made the proposal had a brother who resembled him more in person than in politics; and who, in going

to his dinner next day, was met by the young candidate for political employment. Mistaking him for his friend, the contracting General's agent, the young man held him by the button long enough for the following dialogue:

'Well, just between you and me, how is it about General Blank's responsibility?—eh?'

'Responsibility—for how much?'

'Well—why—ahem—seems to me it would be something like a couple of hundred—from now to election—wouldn't it—eh?'

'Well—umph—'

'I don't know the General—in particular, I mean—and if I stump it from now till election, I should want to know for a certainty who pays, you know.'

'O yes, of course—but—'

'And I thought I'd make free with you to inquire whether the General is good for the amount whatever it may be.'

'Yes—but, do you know me?'

'Well—looking carefully in the inquirer's face—'Well, I thought I did, but—'

'Who did you make your bargain with?'

'With Mr. So-and-so.'

'Aye—he's a brother of mine; but he's a democrat and I'm a—I used to be a whig. I can't say whether the General is good or not but this is rather a good joke—eh?'

'Why—ahem—my dear sir, I have made a sad blunder; but I can rely upon your honor to keep my secret?'

No doubt the secret was kept; but like the boy's whistle, it told itself.

This reminds us of a similar accident in Waterville. One of the candidates, who had been pretty free in chartering teams and drivers, has a brother who very much resembles him personally, but is a warm friend of the Maine Law. The brother stood a silent spectator in the thronged passage to the polls, when a fellow half out of breath rushed up to him with,

'Well Squire, I reckon I've pretty much used up your horse—but I've brought in eight of 'em, I have! four on 'em's good, any how; but 'other four I don't know for sartin; three on 'em maybe a'n't legal voters:—one on 'em I know a'n't, but I don't care a—d—n for that if we can get 'em in;—But, Squire, I don't know but I've spoilt your horse, anyhow—eh?'

The counterfeit candidate was not a man to waste words in front of a strong smell of new rum; and he left the political Jehu to find out his mistake when he demanded his pay.

**A MAN TO BE RELIED UPON.**—One real Yankee bull is worth three Irish. At a recent meeting at Town Hall, the orator made a disclosure of some horrid and mysterious ceremonies, which he partially imputed to the Know Nothings, and which he said were derived from a fellow in Clinton, who came to him and 'wanted to tell him something.' The substance of the disclosure was that he took a very solemn oath not to reveal to any human being anything he saw or heard, and that he there saw certain men and heard certain things. In this man's statement, in the face of his horrid perjury, for no reason except that he 'wanted to tell him something,' the orator assured the audience he had the utmost confidence!—and when, afterwards, doubt was expressed as to the truth of a similar disclosure in Waterville, he said warmly, 'It is useless to deny it, I can rely on that man!' The revelators of Masonry, Odd-fellowship and Know Nothingism may always be relied upon, one way or the other; if they disclose facts they horribly perjure themselves, and if not they are horrible liars. Either way we grudge them not all the confidence they get; though their endorsement in this case may feel justified in making them his tools for the sake of their votes.

**PARTY-GUIDEBOARDS.**—Our friend J., who is good at illustrations, recommends that the numerous inquirers after the old political parties, who profess not to know how to vote till they find them, be answered by a case that occurred in a neighboring town, where numerous guideboards were posted on a store at cross-roads. A traveller who read them all over without being able to profit himself, went into the store and requested to be set right. The clerk assured him that he would gladly accommodate him if he could, but that 'the man who tended the guideboards was away from home!' Mr. J. says the political guideboard tenders are away from duty, and bewildered travellers must 'spell it out' the best way they can.

The pink of cities, Augusta, gives the rum candidate for Governor 244 votes—a larger number than it gives either the regular whig or the regular democrat. Can the Augusta editors bluff this down, as they attempted to do down our statement with regard to the drunkenness in Augusta on the 'Fourth'? 'Figures won't lie,' whether Augusta editors do or not. Augusta is alone in the glory of giving Cary a large vote—we are proud of our State capital!—(Gardiner Joke.)

The Journal should have given the State capital credit for a large Morrill vote and decided Maine Law representatives to the legislature. These 244 men, low enough in the scale of humanity to vote for Cary, should not be permitted to brand her a Sodom. The city has doubtless a decided temperance majority; but its government has been so managed that rum has heretofore held strong sway, and her general good character has suffered reproach. Now that party shackles are broken we confidently expect to see Augusta take a stand with her sister cities to sustain a cause in which the voice of the State has been so emphatically expressed.

**THE GOVERNOR VOTE.**—Returns are in from 395 towns and plantations. A very few more remain to come in. Morrill's majority over all others stands 359.

**FOREIGN.**—There have been two arrivals recently, but the only important news is the continued decline of breadstuffs. It is producing an effect upon the American market, and flour is daily falling.

**WARRS SLAVES.**—There are slaves in the Southern States so white that no trace of African blood can be detected in their appearance. Yet Mr. Preston of Kentucky, in reply to Gerrit Smith, said the slaveholders held the negroes in bondage because they were unwilling to amalgamate with them!

## OUR TABLE.

**"CAMP AND MARCH."** is the title of a work designed for volunteers and militia in the U. States, by Capt. Henry D. Gratton, of the U. S. Artillery. It contains instruction for the formation of camps, the construction of field works, bridges, &c., with an appendix of artillery rangers, &c. The author says it is only regarded as rudimentary, and is intended to meet the necessity that arises from bringing suddenly together large bodies of volunteers. In such an emergency the work would doubtless be found a good one, and meet an extensive sale. It may be found at Moody's book-store.

**"EVENTIDE,"** by Elie Afton. This book is composed of a collection of tales and poems, modestly and prettily dedicated 'To the Friends of the Western World.' The author is doubtless one of the thousand American women now in the field for literary fame. 'Wimbledon, or the Hermit of the Cedars,' is the principal tale, and a very good one. 'Shagglewood' is like unto it, in point of goodness. 'Alice Orville' we have not read. Among the poems, 'Our Helen' tells that the author is a wife and mother, as none else could have written it—for this reason, if for no other, we wish her book a wide sale. She has a heart's worth of a mother, and will find deep sympathy in hearts like her own. For 'friendship' it will be found interesting and useful beyond many similar works more widely known. [For sale by J. G. Moody.]

**THE GLOBE SKETCHES**, by Henry L. Stephens—press of DeWitt & Davenport. New York. This is the last book ever thought of, with all the globe illustrations ever dreamed of. We advise those who buy it to read it—though we venture not yet to pronounce it worth the twenty-five cents postage it cost us. Minus the ten cents, which would have been deducted on pre-payment, it would be received as a favor; as would others that we feel bound by good economy to decline taking. The Globe Sketches is a book to frighten children with, or to put under the pillow of persons troubled with nightmare. Price of our copy, 20 cents.

**LITTLE LIVING AGE.** No. 339 is illustrated with six fine portraits of Lord Byron, and contains an abundance of good reading. The two leading articles, Books for Children, and British and Continental Characteristics, are alone worth ten times the price of the number, to say nothing of Faithful Margaret, a beautiful story, and many short articles, poetry, &c. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., at \$6 a year.

**UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.** The September number has a fine view of Kronstadt, the Port of St. Petersburg, with numerous small pictures, and its contents, for interest and variety, are not surpassed by those of its predecessors. A change in the proprietorship of this magazine has taken place, and it is now published by J. M. Emerson & Co., 1 Spruce street, New York, at \$1 a year.

**NATIONAL MAGAZINE.** The October number contains a portrait of Elias Boudinot, first President of the American Bible Society, numerous illustrations of Luther and the Reformation, and other embellishments. It is needless to add that it is full of the best reading matter. Published by Carlton & Phillips, New York, at \$2 a year.

## HON. THOMAS RICE, OF WINSLOW.

He was graduated at Harvard in 1791, and has left but two of his class to survive him. He was a son of Dr. Rice of Wiscasset, and was born at that place on the 28th of March, 1768. He studied law with T. Bigelow, of Grotton, Mass, and in 1794 was admitted to practice, and opened an office in Winslow, on the east side of Kennebec river. He came intending to settle on the west side, now Waterville, but found himself anticipated by some five or six days by R. Kidder. He came to Winslow on horse-back, his saddlebags containing his scanty wardrobe and a few law books, which constituted for a while his whole library. The location proved a favorable one, and in a few years his talents, industry and perseverance, and above all, his well known fidelity to the interests of his clients, attracted to him a large and lucrative business. He was quite successful as an advocate, and for about twenty years, it is believed, he did a larger and more profitable business as collector of debts and advocate than any other lawyer on the river.

In 1814 he represented his town in the legislature of Massachusetts, and a few years afterwards was chosen a representative in congress, where he served two terms, to the entire satisfaction of his constituents.

With the exception of two years, when he resided at Augusta, he continued to live in Winslow till the time of his death, which was on the 24th of August last. In his intercourse with the younger members of the bar he was always courteous and liberal, and was held in much respect by his professional brethren. In his practice he was honorable and high-minded, and above all the arts of chicane and petty management. He was naturally of a social and cheerful temperament, and had quite a taste for gardening, which he indulged to the last. He gave up the practice of law about twenty years before he died.

He always dealt mercifully with his debtors, and the community in which he lived will long have occasion to mourn his loss as an exemplary christian and citizen. He contributed liberally to charitable and benevolent objects; appropriating, as it was understood, all the surplus of his income, over and above what was necessary to the support of his family;—and he died, as he had lived, a humble and sincere Christian. (Cont.)

**COMMENDABLE EXAMPLES.**—The Belfast editors, although their party has lost the election, do not, like some of their contemporaries, lose their temper likewise; but determined not to cry for spilt milk, and comforting themselves with 'better luck next time,' they make themselves and their readers merry over their woes. 'The mad wag' of the Journal, with a coolness that would be refreshing in a hot day, seems almost entirely oblivious on the subject of the election, and not till after he has favored his readers with long columns of literary and miscellaneous reading, including a solemn essay upon the Lamentations of Jeremiah, does he show any signs of consciousness, or seem to be aware that he is an inhabitant of that famous saline retreat for badly whipped politicians; and even then it is principally through the medium of a few jests that we get an inkling of the political tornado which has lately swept over our State. Of these we annex the following:

We find lying about our office several sheets of paper covered with figures supposed to represent the judgment of several individuals about the result of the election. The owners are requested to call and take them away. They are an offense to our sight.

Any one who will lend us 'Zimmerman on Solitude' or 'Baxter's Saints Rest' will do an especial favor. We want some good reading where we shall find no allusion to politics.

It is melancholy to observe that some democratic papers out of the state contain articles assailing one Mr. Reed, whose name appears in the returns of votes.

We acknowledge with shame and mortification, that, very much against our natural inclinations, we have been accustomed to talk of politics in our paper. Hereafter we shall abstain from any such thing. We subside immediately after the despatches concerning the election began to come in. We dry up on all things political and hereafter the Journal will be found the most meek, useful, literary, moral family paper in the universe.

The Saco Democrat has not cyphered up the returns, but the editor remarks that he has sufficient data to satisfy him that "in some instances democratic candidates have been defeated!"

Brother Moore's neighbor, too, of the Free Press, bears himself well under defeat, and thus good naturedly chronicles the result of the election in Waldo Congressional district, in numbers adapted to the classic air of 'Jordan':

Farley and Dick went out for to fight,  
Colored man (Rev. Eben Knowlton) came up behind  
'em  
And hit him on de head wid de Know Nothin' vote,  
And land him on de other side of Jordan.

With a slight alteration this will answer for any latitude, and tells the whole story of the late election in the Pine Tree State.

The Locusts and Whigs went out for to fight,  
Honest man came up behind 'em  
And hit him on de head wid de Know Nothin' vote,  
And land him on de other side of Jordan.

We acknowledge the receipt of some very fine onions from the garden of Charles Davis, Esq., of Sidney. This is considered one of the impracticable crops, by Mr. D., and this year in Maine, but it never fails with Mr. D., and people in Maine, he harvested some fifty bushels from his garden.

**"Do men gather Grapes"** in Maine, as well as in other places? Some rich clusters on our table, from the prolific garden of Messrs. Taber, of Vassalboro', give a ready answer on the sunny side. We are told the vine hung so full in the spring it had to be relieved of large quantities, and now bears all it can sustain.—They are the 'Isabella.'

Rev. Mr. Drew, of Augusta, has engaged to give the address before the Agricultural Society in this place. It will be a good one.

**SPAIN.**—Gen. McDonald has dissolved the Queen's body guard, notwithstanding her tears. The deficit of her administration is \$50,000. The Republicans of Madrid have circulated a constitution for a Republic. It proposes universal suffrage; all citizens 21 years of age to be voters; no indirect tax; all stamp, salt and tobacco taxes to be abolished; no standing army; Federal Government to be a council appointed by Congress; Congress to be composed of nine representatives from each province, bound by the instructions of their constituents; no government religion or church of state; people to be armed; liberty of the press guaranteed.

**POSITIVELY THE LAST DAY.**—A Syracuse paper says that the Millerites have recently been holding a series of meetings in that city, and have labored somewhat earnestly to make converts. The day now fixed for the end of all things earthly is the 19th of May, 1855.—All these fixed last days having so often come and gone without the occurrence of any unusual phenomena, we hardly think there can be many so unwise as to be disturbed by the prediction. But the end of delusion is not yet.

**RETURN OF OLD FASHIONS.**—All who have watched the history of fashion in dress, must have observed that certain fashions, long exploded, are continually coming into vogue again. We have already noticed the gradual return, in Europe, to the full skirts and hooped petticoats of a former generation—and we now see, amongst ourselves, the revival of a fashion amongst our young ladies, which has been in disuse ever since their mothers were young ladies. We allude to the broad, stiff, ribbon belts or bands, which, when we were boys, bound every lovely waist, but which have long since been discarded for polka waists, points, and other bewitching inventions, to conceal and yet define the female form divine.—One of our largest silk establishments informed us yesterday that a lot of these splendid belt ribbons, which had been laid aside and forgotten for many years, had just come to light, and were now in great demand. So that each lover, as he sees the dainty waist of his innamorata encircled by one of these reinstated cinturés de Venus, may exclaim, if he remembers the couplet—

'Give me but what this girdle binds,  
And take all else the world goes round.'

**S. MELANCTHON WHELFLEET**, who escaped from jail a few weeks ago so ingeniously, has indeed returned, according to the promise he made in the letter he left behind. He arrived in the last train Monday evening, and went back into the custody of the Sheriff Tuesday morning. In the course of the forenoon, the County Attorney, by the advice of the Judge, had him called into court, a nolle prosequi entered in his case, and he was fully discharged and set at liberty. The reason of this was, that his case had been once submitted to a jury and they could not agree; and neither the Attorney or the Judge believed they could do any better, if tried again. He had been in the Insane Hospital, and just escaped from there when he committed the act charged, and the Superintendent of the Hospital, Dr. Harlow, testified that he was then insane. We believe however there is no pretence that he is so now. [Augusta Journal.]

There seems to be a chance that three brothers will meet together as Representatives to Congress—a thing unparalleled in our history. Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., represents the Bangor district in Maine; E. B. Washburn, the Galena district in Illinois; and now C. C. Washburn, Esq., is nominated as the Anti-Nebreska candidate in the district in Wisconsin now represented by Mr. Eastman. These three men are brothers, and all of them able men.—[Boston Mail.]

**SANITARY MEASURES.**—Some people can never be satisfied, even when their own propositions are promptly carried out. A habit of constant fault-finding constitutes a disease, which may in extreme cases be advantageously treated by medicine. Whenever the cholera has been developed, the first popular movement has been to censure the public authorities whether selectmen, commissioners of sewers or physicians, and the welkin rings with their culpable neglect in not doing this thing or that which it is supposed would certainly have averted the threatening calamity. If a sporadic case of what appears to be the cholera happens to occur in some crowded and dirty cellar, or somebody has the stomach ache in an old house that was not painted, papered and varnished at the public charge, then it is popular and right to denounce the public authorities for not guarding those peculiar localities. Now a pestilence, especially one like the cholera, goes where it listeth, the laws by which it is governed being little understood. It is therefore unjust to find fault with faithful health officers in regard to such sanitary measures as they may have adopted, when the true course of management for keeping off the cholera is

unknown. Throughout the country generally a system of cleanliness has been adopted, and yet the cholera has not been kept away. No one knows, however, how much it has been curtailed in violence and extent, by the efforts which have been made to sustain the public health.

**CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN REV. DR. N. ADAMS AND HON. H. A. WISE ON THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY, &c.**—The Rev. Dr. Adams of this city has recently addressed a private note to Hon. Henry A. Wise, proposing certain queries on the subject of slavery. Having passed several months lately in Southern States, and watched with interest the practical workings of slavery in these States, Dr. Adams felt that he had received new light on the condition and relations of the colored population to the whites, and that he might say something through the press which might remove Northern misapprehensions and relieve honest, conscientious minds somewhat in regard to this vexed subject of slavery. Hearing Mr. Wise spoken of at the South as a gentleman likely to be interested in this purpose of his, he addressed a note of inquiry to Mr. Wise, proposing the following questions:

1. What ideas have you of the destiny of the slave population in the United States?
2. What is your conviction with regard to the practicability and usefulness to all concerned of the colonization scheme?
3. If a slave asserts his liberty and runs away, do you feel that he ought to be recovered, or has he a natural right to escape if he chooses?
4. Does slavery west of Georgia and in the Southwest differ much as to severity from that in the eastern and central southern States?
5. Is emancipation desirable or possible in any view of it, if the blacks are to remain here? Where did John Randolph's slaves find refuge at last, after being driven out by several Free States?

To this note Mr. Wise has replied at great length, which reply he published, with Dr. A's note, in the Washington Union. This reply is possibly intended to be respectful, but seems to us rather cavalier in its style, and quite characteristic of the man. He tells Dr. A., in effect, that he knows nothing about the subject, and that it is none of his business to be meddling with it; that he had better confine his labors to preaching obedience to the North, the observance of constitutional obligations, &c. Slaves are Southern property as much as their horses or houses, and all that is asked of the North is, to let this property alone. It need not be troubled about the moral duty of the South; slaveholders can take care of their own consciences; the North is not responsible for their sins, if slavery be a moral crime.—Having discoursed after this fashion for some time, Mr. Wise at length proceeds to answer the questions proposed. 1st. In regard to the destiny of the slave population of the United States. He regards slavery as the great christianizer of Africa. He thinks that American slavery has been the means of christianizing more people than any other agency ever employed. He would remove all restrictions from the African slave trade, under the conviction that to bring Africans from their native land to the United States or to Brazil, is to bring them to a 'negro heaven,' compared with their own country. The destiny of the slave population of this country then is, as he supposes, towards Africa—to react, on that land of their fathers, to elevate, improve and christianize the people.

His opinion of colonization is, that this is the plan of Providence; but that it will take centuries to accomplish the work. He holds that slaves have no business to run away, and no right to do it; but if they do run to the North, it is everybody's business to help catch them and send them back. As to the treatment of slaves, he says there is not a better provided body of laborers on earth than the negro slaves of the United States. Their treatment is nowhere in the United States severe, and there are no people happier than the slaves.

He condemns emancipation, if the emancipated are to remain on the soil. The slaves should be loosed from their bondage only so fast as they can be colonized in Africa, or some land of better promise than this. The fate of John Randolph's slaves was only one of a number of instances of the folly of emancipation on the soil. He knows nothing of them. Trusting that he had made a candid, decent, and respectful reply, Mr. Wise closes his letter of four and a half columns to Dr. Adams with the following postscript:—You may do what you please with this. And I trust that you will understand the whole tenor of what I have written as not upbraiding you personally, in the least, but as meaning in this mode to express the exact ideas of our feelings as well as of our opinions in regard to any interference with our slave property. The italics are his.

**FROM FORT LARAMIE—St. Louis, Friday Sept. 8, 1854.**—The following highly important despatch has just been received by special express from Fort Leavenworth:

Lieutenant Fleming states that on the 18th of August a Sioux killed an ox belonging to an emigrant train, close to Fort Laramie. The head chief reported the fact to him, (Lieut. Fleming) and offered to give up the offender, whereupon brevet 2d Lieutenant Gratman, with the interpreter, Sergeant Fawcett, Corporal McNully, and twenty privates were sent to receive him. Lieutenant Fleming subsequently learned that the whole detachment was massacred, without exception. How the deed was done, and the immediate cause of the attack, was not clearly known at the time the express left. It however had been ascertained that the Indian chief was among the killed, but the total number killed had not transpired. The Indians are reported to be extremely hostile, and the fort was considered in great danger. Reinforcements have been ordered to Fort Laramie.

**THE COMMENTARY.**—During the recent riot in St. Louis, the good citizens of that city turned out en masse and adopted the following resolution as the first and most essential step to be taken for protection.

**RESOLVED, THAT ALL LIQUOR SHOPS BE REQUESTED TO BE CLOSED EACH DAY AT FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.; TILL ORDER IS RESTORED.**

What a commentary this upon the Liquor traffic!

**GREAT LOSS, BUT SMALL GAIN.**—It is thought that the heat and prolonged drought of the summer may have accomplished much in destroying the insects and animals, which of late years have so greatly increased in some places as to render their existence a public calamity. A Virginia paper says that an examination of the distorted joints of wheat straw reveals the "joint worm," in almost every instance, dead and dried to powder.

Two hundred and forty paupers, direct from Irish almshouses, have lately been shipped to this country.

**CHILD ABANDONED.**—On Saturday last a woman having with her an infant apparently six weeks old, arrived in this city by the evening train from Portland, and took lodgings at the Stanley House. The next day she took the child to a public house at the east end of the bridge, where they both remained until Monday noon, when the woman left the infant and took a coach to Hallowell, and went on board the steamer Ocean for Boston. In the meantime the facts had been reported to the city authorities, who telegraphed to the city marshal at Bath to detain the woman there.—This was done, and she returned on Tuesday. She says she is married, that her name is Hanson, that her husband is a disolute fellow, and is at present in New York; that she abandoned her child because she could not support it. They are both cared for at the almshouse.—The mother claims to be a native of Machias. [Augusta paper.]

**A REAL KNOWNOTHING.** A lady in one of the western cities, according to the St. Louis Herald, has pronounced her husband a Know Nothing from the following suspicious circumstances:—She says that when she asked him when he was going to buy her that new dress, he replied, 'I don't know.' She then inquired when he would take her out riding; when he would buy that new carpet, and the mahogany chairs, and he made the same answer, 'I don't know!' She says if he is not a Knownothing she don't know nothing about 'em. Now, as editors are required to know everything without being initiated, we will tell her one of the "grips" of the order, by which she can find out for certain. When he comes home in the evening, go and sit upon his knee; place an arm gently round his neck, and press your lips to his; pat him on the cheek, and play with his moustache, repeating the lip service every half minute. Then ask him anything you please, and if he says 'I don't know,' you may have our hat for a baby-jumper.

**THE SWEET AND UNFERMENTED WINES.**—An intelligent written review of the wine culture in this country was recently published in the Home Journal. The following paragraph gives some useful information as to the unfermented and sweet wines, which are much used in some quarters on account of their containing no alcohol.

There are made in Cincinnati what are termed sweet wines. The only true sweet Catawba is that made by adding sugar in considerable quantities before fermentation. This is at least honest—if people will have a sweet wine—though the pure, simple fermented juice should be preferred; but there are those who make and offer for sale a 'sweet Catawba,' as the unfermented juice of the grape. This is not wine; for wine is the fermented juice of the grape, and nothing else is. The article just referred to is made by the introduction of potash, neutral spirits, mustard seed, (which contains sulphur) or sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol) into the cask. Nothing more deleterious could be used; it contains no alcohol of course, for the process of nature is suspended. Fermentation is checked by this poison, and the wine becomes clear, and remains of a mawkish, sickly, sweet taste. No unfermented substance can be healthfully used; or rather that in which the operation of nature is violently arrested by means of a drug. Yet thousands who are ignorant of these facts are daily drinking this trash. For females it is particularly improper, and its use should be generally denounced. The attention of medical men throughout the country should be attracted to these facts.

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 Hygeana, 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 fluid—supplying the lungs constantly with a 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. Mathews.

A new name has been started for the 'Soft Shells.' Their resolutions at Syracuse were neither fish nor frog, they are in future to be called 'The Polywogs.'

For the week ending Aug. 19th, 729 persons died in London of Cholera, of whom 214 were under 15, and 88 were 60 years old and upwards. The people living on low grounds have suffered ten times as much as those living on moderate elevations.

A live toad in a torpid state, was recently dug out of 'hard pan' at Rutland, Vt., some fifteen feet below the surface, where he must have reposed for centuries. On being laid upon the grass he soon revived, and hopped off to give the worms and bugs of the nineteenth century a specimen of antediluvian skill in 'snapping them up.'

Charles Scribner, one of the four persons implicated in the outrage upon the Smith girl, has been convicted of adultery. Stevens, Hasty and Gray have yet to be caught; the two last being under bonds for their appearance. The girl has been found, and her testimony was given on Scribner's trial. Whether the others will be brought to trial probably depends on the amount of security in the hands of their bail.—[Boston Times.]

The Fall River Monitor says that there is but one case of cholera in the city, and that the general health is as good as any other city of the same number of inhabitants.

N. P. Willis states in the Home Journal, that his father had three children, viz. Richard Scott Willis, Fanny Fern, (although the spunky Fanny does not seem to be proud of the relation) and himself. This statement puts at rest the relationship of that redoubtable lady.

An Indiana paper tells a godfather of a certain individual residing at Laporte, that State food is a New York or was decanting on the business prospects and advantages of our island city, in the presence of this citizen of the Hoosier State, who after having him through very innocently remarked that New York was too far from Laporte ever to amount to much.

Lucy Stone is about to assume the care of a husband a wealthy gentleman of Cincinnati. This is a proof that she is not all steps.

**CRUCIFIX.**—All prominent politicians in the whig and democratic parties in Maine announce themselves at the different hotels, on arrival here, as from the 'Provinces.' The effect of the reciprocity treaty is already beginning to be felt.—[Boston Times.]

**HOMAGE TO AGRICULTURE.** The Cattle Show and Fair of the South Kennebec Agricultural Society is to be held in Gardiner on the







