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VESUVIUS AND POMPEII.

BY HON. S. C. GOODRICH.

Vesuvius lies exactly east of Naples, and obtrudes itself upon your notice from every part of the city. As you walk about the streets, as you traverse the bay, or ride into the country, it seems to pursue you, to gaze at and frown upon you. By the road, its top is eight or ten miles from the town, but in a direct line it is less than five. To the stranger who is impressed with its history, it has ever an ominous look, but it is decidedly a favorite with the dwellers around it. Familiarity has shown it of its horrors, and the romance of its convulsions seems to be a compensation for its destructiveness. Could its fires be forever quenched by a royal edict I have no idea that the people would consent to it. For ten days after our arrival its summit was enveloped in clouds, but it cleared at last, and at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, we set out, six of us, to visit it.

It may as well say that what is generally called Vesuvius consists of a mountain with two crests—its southern slopes coming down to the bay, along the verge of which are Portici, Anagnina, and Resina, with the vestiges of Herculanum and Pompeii. The northern crest is called Mount Somma, the southern Vesuvio. It was once a single pyramid with a single crater. Ages ago, in some mighty convulsion prior to the great eruption of 79, it seems to have broken down its top on all sides, leaving it, as it were, an irregular plain. On the southern side of this a new crater was formed, the various overflows of which, for the last eighteen centuries, have heaped up the pyramid which now bears the name of Vesuvius. The entire mountain is thirty miles in circumference, the highest elevation about 4,000 feet above the level of the bay.

It rises by a very gentle ascent to the height of 2500 feet. Here is the first plain, five miles in extent, which seems to be the proper basis of the mountain. At this point, on an isthmus of sand thrown out by some ancient convulsion, and lying between black and hideous rivers of lava, is the Hermitage, as well as the Royal Observatory, devoted to scientific investigations of the volcano. This latter is visible from Naples, and seen between the peaks of Somma and Vesuvius, seems almost as elevated as they are. Yet, when this point is attained, it is found that the crater is still 1500 feet higher up. As far as the Hermitage, the vegetation is prolific, except upon the more recent streams of lava, these being black as forged iron, and absolutely naked. The slopes of the mountain all around are dotted with villas and villages. Vineyards and olive groves are the chief objects of culture. Huge cacti and gigantic aloes run riot in the soil.

We engaged a guide and horses at Resina, still proceeding up the ascent in our carriage as far as the bleak old stone edifice called the Hermitage, which we reached in three hours from Naples. Our road hither was a serpentine path up the sandy isthmus I have mentioned. Sometimes we traveled a mile to advance a hundred rods. All the way we were attended by a troop of volunteer boys ragged as bears, as well as our six horses, lively little rants that cut across our path, disdainful of the beaten road, and clambering over the cliffs of lava like squirrels. Each had a rider as compact and adventurous as himself. We found at the Hermitage an uncouth assemblage of wild-looking men and shaggy boys, some thirty in number, and all waiting for us, sent as a Providence for their benefit.

It here became as an intelligent tourist to inquire of our guide for some Lacrymæ Christi, the inestimable beverage produced on the shell of this amiable volcano. He referred us to the master of the Hermitage—a grimy monk standing under a tree, and leaning against its trunk. I called out to him, but he was deep in his breviary and made no answer. I could see his eyes twinkle at the prospect of a transaction, but his lips mumbled away as rapidly as ever. He knew there was no competition, and let me call again and again, without in the least betraying himself. In about five minutes however, the saint uncloaked from his devotion, and brought forth two bottles, one of red and one of white wine—the veritable Lacrymæ Christi of Vesuvius, as he told us—made in Calabria, as the guide told us aside. "How much is it?" we asked. "What you please," was the answer, which always means double what you please. But the wine was very refreshing, and we paid willingly. We found the monk to be a very jolly fellow, and were much edified by his conversation.

Having engaged two chairs fastened to poles, and arranged our corps of assistants, consisting of fourteen pushers and pullers, a guide and an armed policeman, we mounted on six horses. Precision compels me to mention a detail at first sight unnecessary—that our party consisted of two gentlemen, three ladies, and a little girl of nine years. Besides our regular troop there was a loose dozen of fellows, some with straps, some with chains, and some with wine and oranges—depending upon chance for an opportunity to be useful or obtrusive. We were at least thirty in all, without counting the four-legged members of the expedition.

We now left the plain, and with it all signs of vegetation, except here and there some spindling grass or tenacious weed that rooted itself in the iron soil. We soon came to the volcanic fragments, and over these lay our ragged bridge path. The scene gradually became ghastly, lonesome and wild. No one, without seeing it, can have any idea of the fearful aspect of a spreading mass of lava lying at the foot of a volcano rising and smoking above it. By the side of our track lay the torrent which was poured out in 1850. It seemed at least half a mile in width, and several miles in length. It had the appearance of melted scoria, thrown out from a blacksmith's forge. Its complexion is black, slightly tinged with a bluish gray. The surface is undulating and broken into a thousand jagged and ragged forms—twisted, bent, contorted—displaying to the imagination the terrible means by which the dread phenomena were produced—the bowels of the earth converted into a crucible, and the mountain vomiting forth whole seas of rocks, sand and earth, liquified in the sulphurous and fiery agency of the elements. The mind is absolutely humbled and oppressed in the presence of such scenes. I felt this myself, and read it visibly in the countenances of our adventurers, save only the child who rolled along on her pony, led by a young vandal who had seized his bridle. While we meditated and soliloquized, she abandoned herself to the delight of her first adventure on horseback. While we gazed thoughtfully upward at the frowning pyramid, or glanced with emotions of wonder and admiration at the far-spreading bay of Naples, and the glittering cities along its border—all now at our feet—she saw only her pony, and felt only the exhilaration of his bounding motion.

After an hour's ride hither and thither, and often over bridle and dangerous points of lava, or along the narrow verges of yawning crevices, seeming to look into the depths of Inferno, we came to the plain called Atrio del Cavallo—the termination of our ride. This lies between the craggy elevations of Mount Somma on the north, and the cone of Vesuvius to the south. It is an irregular valley of

ashes, sand and stones, intersected by masses of lava. The cone, about 1,000 feet high, rises at an angle of forty degrees, directly from this valley. It is composed of loose ashes and scoriae, and broken, rolling, jagged masses of lava. The ascent of this is the tug of war.

Two of the members of our party—the oldest and the youngest—being seated in chairs were borne up the ascent, each with four men. The rest bravely set out on foot. There was nothing really dangerous, but there was something a little scary in the operation, to say nothing of the discouraging, treadmill sensation in climbing such a mountain, half knee deep in sand and ashes, or what was worse, over the sharp, jagged points of lava. The child went first, and was speedily out of sight in easy unconsciousness, enjoying the luxury of a ride up Vesuvius. The elderly personage was soon nearly sea-sick, because of the wallowing from side to side, either on account of the bending of the poles, the raggedness of the way, or, perchance, a mischievous roll, now and then, put in gratis by the carriers, in revenge for the weight of their burden.

Some of the foot passengers soon began to puff, and now the waiters upon Providence, the men with straps, the men with an extra chair, the boys with lusty arms, fell upon them and insisted upon lending a hand. It was a regular rape of the Sabines. In vain was all remonstrance, until, descending to the scene of action, I endeavored to beat them off. They still persisted, however, and it was not till the gendarme actually loaded his carbine and threatened to fire on them that they gave way. One desperate fellow even defied him, and I expected to see him made a fatal example of, for the soldier took aim, and evidently was not a man to be trifled with. I now understood the necessity of such a guard. These fellows are savage as wolves, and but for the presence of authority, armed with power to shoot them down, would render the traveler's condition anything but safe. As it was, they were rude and insulting to the ladies, seeming to consider that in such a place, the laws of civilization are at least partially repealed or to be liberally interpreted.

After three-fourths of an hour—during which the ascent constantly grew more difficult and more formidable—we all reached the top. The scene amply compensated us for the toil of getting there. Our first attention was absorbed by a deep yawning gulf, out of which was issuing a thin white vapor, strongly impregnated with sulphur. This is a crater formed within the last three months, seeming to forebode a speedy convulsion. Passing beyond this, we came to the crater of 1850. It is a profound excavation, the depth of which we could not determine, as it was filled with smoke. We understood it to be 200 feet. The edges are narrow, permitting one person only to pass at a time; portions of it consist of masses of pure sulphur, several feet thick. The quantities of brimstone here amazed us, and sufficiently indicated the abundant supplies of this ingredient in kindling the fires of the volcano. All around, the gas and smoke were issuing from the crevices, and in these the heat was intense. A speculator in eggs had roasted half a dozen for us in one of their fissures. We ate them, as in duty bound, though they had a sulphurous taste, either from the mode of cooking, or from their longevity.

The third crater, that of 1839, is still larger and still more active. The smoke issues in volumes, and its odor is such as almost to stop the breath. Six months ago, a German gentleman standing on its verge, was suddenly involved in a puff of exhalations, and losing his senses for the moment, fell into the crater, a distance of two hundred feet. With great difficulty he was found, still alive, but he expired a few moments afterward.

The extent of surface embraced in the present grand crater of Vesuvius, which includes the several particular vents I have mentioned, as well as some others, is about two miles in circuit. The great chimney of the mountain, however it may seem to be open in several places, is still encumbered by a huge mass of materials, which have been accumulating since the terrific eruption of 1850, and hence it is supposed another eruption, necessary to relieve the volcano of its burden, cannot be remote.

Having long studied the summit of the mountains with wonder, bordering on fear, and having taken an admiring survey of the prospect, circling far out to sea on the south, and far over the valleys and mountains to the north, we commenced our descent. This consisted of a series of flying leaps in the sand and ashes (for now we avoided the lava), with a few incidental slumps, tumbles, spraws and pitches, much more ludicrous than dangerous. Each downward step, or rather jump, could not measure less than twelve or fifteen feet. It is scarcely possible to describe either the scene or the sensations occasioned by this coming down from the upper to the lower regions. It is, strictly speaking, neither running nor walking, nor flying, nor pitching, but a compound of them all, attended by a remarkable tendency to turn heels over head. It would be a break-neck business, but for the soft, feathery bed in which these gymnastics are performed. A fat old man, or a fat old woman, going it strong, beats the witches of Salem. For me, I felt that gravity was gone, the center as well as the periphery—gravity, physical, moral and social. I made this observation even more upon others than upon myself. All dignity, all perpendicularity, all putting the best foot first, all look ere you leap, were lost in the funny headlong momentum of the descent. Facilis descensus avari, said Virgil, and I thus translated the passage at the moment: It is a good deal easier to go down than up Vesuvius.

In due time we reached the bottom of the cone, mounted our ponies and proceeded back to the Hermitage. Here we made a settlement, everybody putting in a claim for services rendered—even the men driven off at the muzzle of a carbine. Some rested their rights on leading the ponies, which, however, they were positively forbidden to do; one had carried the signora's shawl, another had picked up her bonnet; one had given signora a push at the critical moment of the ascent—and though she resented it as an insult, he must still be paid. Two men had lent the signora their strap, and wanted a dollar. One chap, a mere throb of rage—who had trotted along from Resina, and had rendered no other service than to look at us by the way—burst into tears when he found his petition rejected. One of the young ladies upon this, felt a spontaneous relaxation of her purse strings, to the extent of two cents—which greatly comforted the broken-hearted beggar.

We paid our guide a dollar, and four dollars

for each chair. The whole expense of the expedition was thirty dollars—a detail which I chronicle for the use of future excursionists and parties of six. Such is a very concise narrative of how we went to see Volcan Vesuvius.

After the volcano, in point of interest, comes Pompeii, the volcano's victim. I went twice to the burned city, once in a carriage and once by railroad. It is some fifteen miles from Naples, and lies on the margin of the bay, immediately at the foot of Vesuvius. It has been so often described that I shall not impose my account of it upon you. I shall content myself with remarking that taken in connection with its relics at the Museum at Naples, it throws more light upon the domestic manners of ancient Rome, than all other sources of information. It is more exciting to the imagination, more satisfactory as a study to our curiosity, than the relics at Rome, whether in the streets or the Vatican. It is difficult, yet impossible, to call up to the fancy the crowds that once thronged the former at the great Capitol, or rent the air with acclamations in the Coliseum—but at Pompeii we can easily picture Diomedes and his daughter, Sallust and others in their houses, for here are their very rooms, fresh with their decorations; here are their utensils, their books or rolls of papyrus, the very coin found in their purses, the very rings worn on their fingers. Here are their sofas, their wine jugs, their lamps, their drinking cups, their plates and platters, their pots and kettles.

Here were found their bones, dramatically laid out to tell the dread story of their death, and the final catastrophe of a great city. Whoever has read Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii,' has noticed the minuteness of his descriptions, the delineations of objects belonging to persons; and whoever has visited the place, has found that in every particular, these are placed upon facts which the senses verify. Except that there is a romantic hue and poetic exaggeration—lawful to the novelist—thrown over the scenes and events of the tale, and here and there a fictitious name or incident necessary to the continuity of a story, the whole might be a history, and far more reliable, far more susceptible of realization by the imagination, than the legends of Romulus and Remus, of the Sabine women, of Egeria and Numa Pompilius, of the flight of the three Romans and the three Albans, of the Sybilline Books, of the wrongs of Lucretia, the death of Virginia, of the heroism of Horatius Coclès.

But while I make these remarks, I feel bound to warn the reader against adopting the extravagant language of critics upon the character of the arts displayed in the relics of Pompeii. It is quite true that the Pompeians seem to have had almost every convenient device common to our households, especially in the kitchen. Furnaces, stoves, pots, pans, griddles, gridirons, were all in use. Glass, especially in bottles of diversified forms was abundant. Glass for windows does not seem to have been used, except in very few cases; the house of Diomedes was partially glazed with plates of mica, which are now at the Museum. The shapes of nearly all of the utensils, such as vases, lamps, drinking cups, and all such as admitted of tasteful proportions, were Egyptian in conception, whatever name they bore, as Grecian, Etruscan, and the like. I saw abundant evidence of the fact—becoming more and more evident every day—that Egypt was the great mother of ancient civilized nations and ideas, that the Pelasgians and Etruscans, the giant shadows of Italian history, as well as the Greeks, whether of the Peninsula or of Asia Minor, were of Egyptian kin and kin.

Still, when we come to speak of the fine arts of Pompeii in a modern sense, and compared with modern achievements, our language should be measured. The architecture certainly presents nothing of remarkable excellence. The vaulted frescoes, which have excited so much drooling ecstasy of admiration, would for the most part not satisfy the present requirements of a parlor fire-board. They are clever enough, as decorations of the houses of a third-rate Roman town 1,800 years ago. We are surprised, and have reason, therefore, to be delighted at finding the taste of these people so far advanced—in discovering their appreciation of luxury so refined. But to speak of them as exquisite specimens of pictorial art, as we now use language, is absurd. The mosaics, so much extolled, are all coarse and inferior, compared with the best modern productions in this branch of art. Most of the statuary is poor, a few groups only ranking among the higher achievements of sculpture.

One thing in these decorations is remarkable—the subjects are almost exclusively drawn from the Greek Mythology. Among the thousand specimens there are scarcely a dozen of a strictly historical character. Venus and Cupid are the great staple of these productions. Is there not a remarkable analogy in this to the modern paintings of Italy, so largely devoted to the Christian Mythology? Here the Virgin and child occupy the first place in palaces, convents, churches and private houses. Next come the Saints, and the more dubious legends, the more sure are they of the honors of oil and fresco. Is not this a curious trait, in the Italian mind, which seems thus in ancient as well as modern days to insist upon making religion a fable, and fable a religion? Is Italian inspiration safe to those who desire a religion whose basis is immutable truth.

After Pompeii comes Herculanum, which is but five miles from Naples. A small part only of the town is excavated, chiefly because the modern city of Resina is built immediately above it, on the very lava which covers it. Here, for fifteen hundred years, the people lived, ignorant of the wonders which lay buried beneath them. The chief objects of interest among the disclosed relics, is the ancient theater, of such dimensions that its orchestra was nearly one-third more extensive than that of San Carlo of Naples—the largest modern theater in the world. It is buried nearly one hundred feet in the lava; the descent is by a deep cut in the rock. It is but partially excavated, and parts and pieces of it can only be seen, and that only by the light of torches. What an amazing revelation! A theater which once held 8,000 spectators, now hidden in the earth, and actually beneath the streets of a modern city, whose busy wheels and jarring movements thunder over the head of the explorer.

Though Herculanum was probably much less populous than Pompeii, it seems to have been more sumptuous. Several of the edifices disinterred display considerable luxury and taste. Numerous statues and a large number of valuable antiques, now in the Museo Bor-

bonico, were found here. Among the marbles is the interminable family of Balbus, including father and son, both on horseback, and both the subjects of unbounded critical eulogy. Nevertheless, one of them has got the head of somebody else upon his shoulders—though fortunately an old one. This, by the way, is the son's statue, while the head of the father, having been knocked off and lost, its place was supplied by a new one—the work of a modern sculptor, Canardi. What an advantage stone has over flesh; it may be mended even to the extent of fitting another man's head upon a pair of shoulders, and thus it may rise from the dead, and after 1,800 years, stand erect among living generations. But a real head once knocked off is done for. What a curious commentary on life and the things of this world. Reality dies and returns to ashes; men perish, and all that constitutes existence, their consciousness, disappears like vapor—nothing but memory, the mere mirror of existence, is perpetuated. And in this dream of the past, how things do get jumbled. On the old trunk of Balbus we find the vulgar head of some modern Smith, and to us and to Balbus it is all one and the same.

You will suppose that we did not leave Naples without visiting Baia, that fashionable watering-place of the times of Cicero and Caesar—that Baden Baden in the days of Nero. On our way we stopped at Lake Avernus, where Virgil locates the descent of Æneas into hell. I even took a look into the hole by which he went down, and which is a dark, narrow, winding grotto, leading to a huge cavern invaded by the waves of the sea. The waters of the charming little bay of Baia—bright as they were two thousand years ago—on one hand offered a striking contrast to the temples, baths, villas, and theaters of the luxurious Romans, lying in grass-encumbered heaps, upon the other. How calm, how eternal, is this beautiful nature, to which a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years—how evanescent, is man! what shadows are even emperors and princes, and what shadows they pursue.

The idea of the transitory character of Rome and the Romans, to which I alluded in a late letter, is still more forcibly impressed upon the mind here, than even at the would-be eternal city. Everything strictly Roman, everything imperial, everything which constituted the glory of Rome was false, and hence has perished or is perishing.

Its temples were devoted to a fictitious religion, and they are gone with the myths which they enshrined. Its aqueducts were built in ignorance of the simple fact that water will rise to its level, and hence their remains are rather monuments of barbarism than art. Its gigantic baths were constructed for purposes of debauchery, and are now heaps of ruins. Its theaters and amphitheaters were adapted only to a brutal age, and they too, are ghostly mounds of decayed rubbish. These are the types and symbols of the vaunted eternity of Rome. Eternity of what? Of stone, of brick, and of mortar! Not even this, for the remains of Roman edifices show very little art—little that lives to interest mankind. What architect can now profit by all the ruins of Rome? We can see the physical power of Emperors in the heaps of brick they have left, showing that millions of brawny arms were obedient to their behests. Whoever has seen the villa of Adrian, has easily pictured the road from Rome to Tivoli, seventeen centuries ago—a continuous work-shop of toiling stone-cutters, brick-makers and masons. But what knowledge displayed in his villa—which he designed to embrace in one series of edifices all he had seen worthy of commemoration during his travels—could instruct even a common house carpenter of our day!

Rome is dead, and with it, all its material glory. It has perished because its foundations were false, its cultivation unsound. No cement can bind error to eternity, no stone can lend immortality to falsehood.

A LITTLE CHILD'S SOLILOQUY.—Wish my mamma would please keep me warm; my little bare legs are very cold with these lace ruffles; they are not half so nice as black Jim's woolen stockings. Wish I had a little pair of warm rubbers. Wish I had a long-sleeved apron, for my bare arms and neck. Wish I might push my curls out of my eyes, or have them cut off. Wish my dress would stay upon my shoulders, and that it was not too nice for me to get on the floor and play nine-pins. Wish my mamma would go to walk with me sometimes instead of Betty. Wish she would not promise me something 'very nice,' and then forget all about it. Wish she would answer my questions, and not always say, 'Don't bore me, Freddy.' Wish when we go to the country she wouldn't make me wear my gloves, lest I should 'tan my hands.' Wish she would not tell me that all the pretty flowers 'will poison me.' Wish I could tumble on the bay, and go into the barn, and see how Dobbin eats his supper. Wish I could make pretty dirt pies. Wish there was not a bit of lace, or satin, or silk in the world. Wish I knew what makes mother look so smiling at aunt Emma's children, (who come here in their papa's carriage,) and so very cross at my poor little cousins, whose mother works so hard and cries so much. Wish I knew what makes the clouds stay up in the sky, and where the stars go in the day time. Wish I could get over that high hill where the sun is going down, and just touch it with my finger. Wish I did not keep thinking of things that puzzle me, when nobody will stop to tell me the reason for anything. If I ask Betty, she says, 'Don't be a fool, Master Freddy.' I wonder if Betty knows herself. I wonder why mamma don't love her own little boy. I wonder, when I am grown a man, if I shall have to look so nice all the time, and be so tired of doing nothing.

CUCUMBER SEED.—Some people do not know how to cleanse the cucumber seeds which they save from their own gardens. They cut the cucumbers open, dry them and dig out the seed with the dried mucilage adhering to the seeds. A better way is—when the cucumbers are ripe, cut them open and scrape out the seed, with all the mucilage, into an iron or tin vessel large enough to contain them. Put water into the vessel, and set it in a place moderately warm. In a few hours fermentation will take place, that will collect all the mucilage together on the top of the water, leaving the sound and heavy seeds to sink clean at the bottom. Pour off the water with the thick stuff on the top, and then you have the seeds clean. Put them where they will dry, and then lay them away till next spring.—[Rural Intelligencer.

Food from Flour of Sprouted Wheat.

It is unnecessary to explain the process of bread making, as that is familiar to every good housewife; but the philosophic principles upon which it is based, and the chemical changes which take place during the process, are understood by very few outside of the Chemist's laboratory. We all know that after the sponge is added and thoroughly incorporated with the mass, and the dough kneaded, the incipient leaves are set in a warm place to rise—that it swells and puffs up to double its original size—and that, if the fermentation is not checked in time, by passing the bread through the heated oven, it soon becomes sour and unfit for food. But many of us do not know why it rises, what new combination of elements takes place in its structure, and wherefore it becomes acid if it stands too long.

Flour of good wheat contains about ten per cent. each of water and gluten, seventy per cent. of starch, five per cent. of saccharine matter, and six per cent. of gum and other materials. These proportions vary in different varieties of wheat and in different samples of the same variety raised in different localities. The yeast, which is added, produces the vinous fermentation of the saccharine matter contained in the dough, which fermentation changes the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid. The latter, being an elastic gas, generated and pervading the mass in minute and expanding bubbles, which are confined by an adhesive covering of dough, causes it to puff up into a spongy and cellular mass. When just sufficiently light to bring the bread to the greatest perfection, a point which the experienced housewife soon learns how to determine, the fermentation is arrested, and the dough converted into bread by placing it in the heated oven. The minute portion of alcohol is dissipated by the heat, and the loaf comes out one of the best and most nutritious articles of food known to the civilized world.

The flour of sprouted wheat contains even more saccharine matter than the perfect article, since the process of germination tends to the production of grape sugar. It therefore contains all the elements necessary for the vinous fermentation, and will enter upon the initiatory process of rising quite as readily, and continue it even more actively, than the other; but being deficient in gluten, which gives the dough consistency, the expanding gas breaks through and escapes. The mass, thus deprived of its expanding principle, falls into a heavy, inelastic lump, and when baked presents the objectionable features of clamminess, so peculiarly a characteristic of sprouted grain.

Various recipes and modes are recommended to overcome these defects, many of them founded upon false data, and of course valueless. One theory, and that an unfounded one, is that sprouted grain is deficient in the alcoholic principle, and therefore, by the addition of a certain quantity of spirits to the dough, all defects will be cured. This is certainly a false theory, for sprouted grain contains as fully the elements of alcohol as grain in its perfect state. Indeed, the former has approached much nearer alcohol in its nature than the latter, having by germination partially gone through one fermentation, viz., the saccharine, which all the glutinous and starchy matter in the grain must pass before it reaches the vinous fermentation. As we stated above, it is this vinous fermentation which sets the carbonic acid free, and causes the sponge to rise, the added alcohol, therefore, having already been through this process, can be of no avail. If it ferments at all, it is that disastrous fermentation so ruinous to good bread, viz., the acetic or vinegary fermentation, which brings down upon the heads of unskillful cooks such a universal execration. The only possible agency alcohol could have in overcoming the tendency of the bread to fall, would be its transformation into vapor while the baking process is going on. We have consulted several of the most skillful bakers of this city, and they have no faith whatever in the alcoholic remedy.

Some ingredient may perhaps be added to make up for the deficiency in gluten, and restore adhesiveness and consistency to the dough. Alum is sometimes used for this purpose, which from its binding properties, prevents the escape of the expanding gases of the sponge; but its taste is perceptible in the bread, and its use on other grounds is highly objectionable. Any mineral or other doubtful doctored, either of the flour by the manufacturer or of the bread by the baker, cannot be too earnestly discountenanced, for the adulteration of human food is carried to a fearful and death-producing extent already.

A lady experienced in the culinary art, and who had used the flour of sprouted wheat in the next worst season to the present, viz., that of 1836, assures us that a small amount of shortening added to the batch, is of great advantage to the bread; but in absence of any positive and unmistakable rule for overcoming the difficulty, we can only give some general advice, and leave the subject to the experiments of our enlightened and skillful cooks, of whose good success we hope to hear, and give for the public good a record of their experiments in the columns of the Rural.

It will probably be advantageous in the making of bread from the imperfect flour of the present season, to mix the dough as stiff as can conveniently be done, for the tendency is to run over and out of the pans; to knead it very thoroughly indeed, so as to give the baked loaf all the toughness and elasticity possible; to raise it with active and lively yeast, and in the shortest possible time; and then to bake it with a quick heat, so as to fix the tellur structure of the bread before the gases have escaped, and the subsidence into a sticky, clammy mass shall have taken place. In this way, according to present lights, it appears to us that reasonably good bread can be made out of the kind of flour under consideration. It is possible that a slower heat in baking will be preferable, in order to admit of the expansion of the mass by the generation of the vapor; but the tendency of the dough to overrun the pans seems to render it desirable to fix the structure of the loaf early in the process of baking. A few experiments, accompanied with intelligent observation, will determine which is best.

As we said above, we shall look with no small interest (for our stomach's sake) to the success of our lady friends in overcoming the present difficulty, and shall be glad to publish any and every rule for making good, light bread from the flour of sprouted wheat. One thing we desire to impress upon all, and that is, there is no ingredient positively injurious in this kind of flour; it is, on the other hand, not only highly nutritious and palatable, but it is

even medicinal. The results of incipient germination are absolutely necessary to the life and growth of the young plant, as the milk of the dam is to that of the young animal.—The starch and gluten of the grain being converted into grape sugar, is dissolved by the juices and absorbed, and on this the young plant lives until its roots gain strength sufficient to elaborate its food directly from the soil. The only injurious property in the bread therefore being a mere mechanical one, viz., its clamminess, if the skill of the housewife fails to overcome it, we must eat a coarser article, easily obtained by directing the miller to turn the middlings and the bran spouts into the flour bin.—[Rural New Yorker.

A FACTORY-GIRL.—A correspondent of the Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph, in writing from Worcester concerning the Orend Institute, its studies, students, and examination, says:—

There was another remarkable feature to this examination. The young lady who received the highest honors, who passed the best examination, and who is regarded by her associates as a wonder of intellectual cultivation is Miss Rosalinda H. Palmer, a Nashua factory-girl; and who, on leaving her school, has again entered the mill to earn money for the support of her indigent parents and younger sisters. Think of that, ye animated bundles of ribbons and flounces, who are butterflying around the dry goods stores, and nursing your white fingers upon some father's purse or the hopes of some future husband! There is a plainly-dressed girl, now tending her loom on the Jackson Corporation, in the corner of whose brain all that you ever knew, or read of might lie as insignificant and unnoticed as a private in the great army of Xerxes!

LUDICROUS WAGGERY.—The Pioneer, a magazine published monthly at San Francisco, California, contains an 'editor's table,' similar to that in the Knickerbocker, from which we extract the following paragraph:

And this reminds us of a facetious performance of the late J. P. Squibb, who once on a time while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, was sorely mystified by a modest little sign standing in the window of a neat little shop, on the left hand side as you go down. The sign bore in gaily painted letters the legend, 'Washington Ladies' Depository.' Flattening his nose against the window, Squibb desisted two ladies whom he saw as of exceeding beauty, neatly dressed and busily engaged in sewing behind the counter. The foreground was filled with lace caps, baby's stockings, compresses for the waist, capes, collars, and other articles of still life. Hat in hand Squibb reverently entered, and with intense politeness, addressed one of the ladies as follows:—'Madam, I perceive by your sign that this is the depository for Washington Ladies; I am going to the North for a few days, and should be pleased to leave my wife in your charge—but I don't know if by your rules you could receive her as she is a Baltimore woman.' 'One of the ladies,' says Squibb, 'a pretty little girl in a blue dress, turning very red and holding down her head, made the remark 'to her?' But the elder of the twain, after making as if she would laugh, but by a strong minded effort holding in, she replied, 'Sir you have made a mistake; this is the place where the Society of Washington Ladies deposit their work, to be sold for the benefit of the distressed natives of the Island of Fernando de Noronha, or words to that effect. Gravely did the wicked Squibb bow, all solemnly begged her pardon, and putting on his hat walked off, followed by a sound from that depository, as of an autumnal brook gurgling and babbling over its pebbly bed in the New England forest.'

WETTING BRICK.—It is important that every one engaged in building should be well informed in regard to the durability of materials. We publish the following from an exchange paper:

Very few people, or even builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them, or if aware of it, they do not practice it; for of the many houses now in progress in this city, there are very few in which wet bricks are used. A wall twelve inches thick, built of good mortar with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are well saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization; and on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it to dry and harden, and the consequence is, that, when a building of this description is taken down or tumbles down of its own accord, the mortar from it is like so much sand.—[Scientific American.

SPLENDID PROJECT.—We find the following in an exchange, credited to 'A Northern Paper':—

Send me three millions dollars. (As to what I want of it a word in your ears privately.) I intend to lay down in every street, court, lane, place and alley of Boston 10,000 miles of iron main, 4 feet diameter, with 13 inch service pipes entering each house; so far so good. Then I shall commence at the top of the white mountains to the Main in Boston, which will have been already constructed, as before remarked; this done, I shall build a steam engine, seven hundred and eighteen thousand horse power, and (lean over this way if you please, I am afraid somebody might hear) force the freezing atmosphere from the mountains into every house in B.!! There's no mistake about this—it's bound to go; and when it is finished, I mean to buy me a pair of boots and go in flat-footed for a line of pipes to the tropics, to pump hot air into the houses in winter. These little jobs completed, and we will have our weather in July, and in January it shall be warm and comfortable, as it always ought to have been. I guess Nature's jig is about up, ain't it?

When the enterprising patentee of the above invention gets through his job he will please turn his steps in this direction. An importation from the North Pole would be exceedingly acceptable about now.

HOGS ROOTING.—To prevent hogs from rooting, cut across the nose, just above the gristle of the snout, by which you will sever the nasal tendon, by which the operation is performed. Then split the gristle of the nose up and down the face, and the work is done. For the long-nosed, flap eared breed, cut the nose off eighteen inches above the snout.

ANONING WITH OIL AND WASHING WITH WATER.—C. Dowden, of Newark, N. J., has communicated to us by letter his reasons why anointing with oil, as recommended by Mr. Sepimus Piesse, should not be substituted, for washing with water in our country. Water containing some alkali in solution, he states, is necessary for removing the acids generated by perspiration. It is not with us as with the natives of India who anoint with oil, as they go mostly nude. Evening, he states, is the best period to perform our ablutions. His views are very good, but both customs of the Hebrews—anointing with oil and frequent washings—are not incompatible with one another.



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 30, 1855.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

P. PALM, A. 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, and he is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. The receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. HOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

## 'Heads you win, tails I lose.'

It seems to us that the republicans should give all possible encouragement to the progress of Judge Wells in stumping the State. Behind the party platform, the people might possibly be deceived in his position in regard to slavery, if not to the Maine Law. Face to face, so far as they will meet him there, he is compelled to speak out; of course he takes the pro-slavery position, and declares the North all wrong and the South all right. He may be honest in this but the people of Maine can never believe it is true. Party machinery may for a time bind a considerable force to their old leaders, but the principles of liberty are too deep in the hearts of the true democracy of Maine to admit of their following blindly a banner that declares that all men are not born free and equal. The more openly the true principles of freedom are opposed the plainer they look and the dearer they grow to true freemen. Then, we say, let Judge Wells go on. Let him assert as he everywhere does, that the Nebraska scheme is a good and just one; that the propagators of slavery should not be opposed in planting slavery on free soil and extending its rule over free men. Let the people listen to arguments of this kind; we have faith in them that they will not believe a word of them. The political school master has been abroad, and the people have learned to spell out their honest convictions at the ballot-box. Daniel Webster's fugitive slave-law was on the road to popular favor, till the people saw it enforced in all its abominations before their eyes. The Nebraska swindle, a thousand miles off, may be neglected; but when brought to the threshold of the voters of Maine, and developed in the speeches of their file leaders, it becomes too execrable to escape rebuke. 'Revolutions move slowly,' but none the less surely for being deep and radical. A deep and radical political revolution is now passing over the American States, and the bonds of old party creeds are but straw before it. A broader and deeper idea of civil freedom, and a fuller estimate of the privileges and powers of the people, are at its foundation. Under such a movement, the sooner and the faster the bonds of slavery are crushed the better. Mr. Wells is but casting them under the wheels, let him continue his work.

We know the result of our State election is vastly important to the present national administration. Its friends can afford to immolate themselves upon the weakest chance of success. The result will whisper hope or despair in the ears of its minions, even in Kansas. This one triumph, even though the known precursor of endless defeat to follow, would be cheap at any price. Our fair banner may dip in the red blood of slavery, or float in a sea of rum, no matter, if only this one backward triumph can be gained. Even the leaders of the old democracy of Maine, who were once thought to carry the flag that led to success the good men of '76 will come before the people to argue the cause of slavery. It is the only chance, the last plank, the forlorn hope, of men who can grasp at nothing else. Let them have it;—aye, stand back while they throw themselves upon it, and go down with it.

Can any body doubt the result of this contest among the voters of Maine? Freedom against slavery—can there be any doubt? Who says this is not the question? 'Rum or no rum'—how much better is this even? Be it so, it rum and slavery fall into the same side of the scale;—and may God forgive the man who dares put his vote there?

CURIOUS, ISN'T IT?—The Belfast Free Press, which takes the most rabid position in favor of 'free rum,' introduces a paragraph from the Portland Inquirer with the following very gentlemanly preface:

A BASKET LIE.—That scurrilous, lying sheet, the Portland Inquirer, edited by that notorious lying whelp Austin Wiley, publishes to the world the following information in relation to Professor Hildreth, late of Bowdoin College:

To make the matter still more curious—the paragraph quoted containing an insinuation that the Professor sometimes drinks wine—the Press pronounces the charge the first one ever made against his 'moral character.' If to sip a little wine is a violation of good morals, what is the Press doing by advocating 'rot-gut' enough to float a ship? But the beauty of the quotation lies in the purity and delicacy of the language. Col. John Abbott is the editor of the Press—now Col. Abbott, allow us to introduce you to the Honorable Daniel Sanborn, editor of the Bangor Journal. It strikes us that you two can make a bit of a dialogue.

MORE FUSION.—The Whigs and Democrats of Kennebec county met in convention at Augusta on Thursday last, and were addressed by Benj. A. G. Fuller, Esq., Hon. E. W. Farley, and others. The two parties agreed to nominate a union ticket and the following gentlemen were fixed upon as candidates:—

**Senators.** Emory O. Bean, of Readfield, Thomas Burrill, of Albion, Lot M. Morrill, of Augusta.

**County Attorney.** Sewall Lancaster, of Augusta.

**County Commissioners.** Samuel Wood, of Winthrop, —Merrill, of Sidney.

**County Treasurer.** Sewall N. Watson of Fayette.

THE WEATHER.—We have had a light frost two or three nights this week, but not serious enough to do any injury in this region. In other sections, however, it may have been more severe. A heavy frost now would be a serious calamity for the State of Maine.

## Letter from J. H. Drummond.

The last Skowhegan Clarion contains an extract of a letter written by J. H. Drummond, Esq., of this place, to a friend in that vicinity, which will be read with interest by those who know him. It is a frank and independent expression, from an honest man, of reasons for declining to follow the lead of President Pierce in the pro-slavery course marked out for the democracy of Maine. Those who have known Mr. Drummond in his past devotion to the democratic party, in which he was born, trained and educated, will believe that he has not now left it without an honest conviction that the great principles for which he loved it have been betrayed. We are gratified to find, at such a crisis as the present, that his boldness promises to stand backer for his integrity.

'Without violating the firmest convictions of right, without being false to all the past, without becoming traitor to freedom and humanity, I cannot vote for Judge Wells; and therefore, though the struggle to break party ties is terribly severe, though from personal feelings I should rejoice to vote for him, I feel it to be my duty in common with all worthy the name of freemen, to forego all former predilections, and personal feelings, in acting upon the momentous issues before the American people.—Nor is the position, I now assume, of hostility to the Democratic party (as it calls itself) so much at variance with the principles of that party, as avowed within a very few years past. I have always been a Democrat; have voted for every regular Democratic Candidate for Governor since I first threw a vote—I was a member of the State Convention in 1849 when Governor Hubbard was nominated, and fully concurred in the resolutions then passed.—I have, in common with the Democrats of the North, acquiesced in the compromise measures of 1850, as a final settlement of the slavery question, though I was opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law, considering it best to acquiesce in the measures as a whole, rather than have the incessant agitation which a discussion of these questions would produce. Accordingly I supported President Pierce in 1852, on these grounds; and from his repeated pledges to use his efforts to prevent the agitation of that question, I formed high hopes for his administration. But they were soon to be disappointed.—Upon the formation of his Cabinet, I perceived he was acting with reference to a second election, regardless of the interests of the country or his party. Still I conceived it impossible for him to injure either, materially, by a mere blunder. The idea had not entered my mind, that, in the face of the platform upon which he was elected, with the plaudits occasioned by his inaugural still sounding in his ears from all parts of the Union, he would conceive the idea of the stupendous iniquity involved in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. But it was done; and the whole weight of his Administration thrown in favor of it.

Then I regarded myself wholly absolved from any obligation to support the Compromise of 1850, and demanded that the North should insist upon her rights; that the Fugitive Slave Law should be reduced to its lowest constitutional limits.

So things stood at our last year's State Convention. Of that I was a member. I desired that the principles of the Baltimore Platform should be reasserted by that convention, and the Administration rebuked for its course. I yielded to others, however, and fully believing the Democracy of Maine were with me, supported the nomination of Judge Parris.

Of this year's State Convention, I was also a member, and suffered the humiliation of seeing a Convention professing to represent the Democracy of Maine, at the beck of the minions of the Administration, discarding those principles, which, only six years before, they had so solemnly affirmed.

These office holders of the Administration, in their excessive zeal to repudiate all principles, and with an utter disregard to their past course, avowedly acting for the persons whose 'attorneys' they are for the time being, obtained the control of the committee on resolutions, actually though not avowedly, endorsing the Nebraska Bill. This was indignantly resisted, but resistance availed but little. From all this it is easy to see whether the party is tending. The next National Democratic Convention, as surely as one ever meets, will endorse the Nebraska Bill and make it a test of Democracy. But my mind is unalterably fixed to resist the introduction of slavery into territory now free, and I cannot act with any party whose principles are opposed to this.

Therefore, disregarding political associations, names and men, I shall vote for Governor Morrill as the representative of the principles by which I am governed, and several among my friends here, who voted as I did last year, will do the same. J. H. DRUMMOND.

Shortly after the death of Robbins in the Portland riot, some doggerel verses concerning the same were published by the rum sympathizers, and circulated through the State. As an offset to this, we suppose, a 'pome' was issued by some one on the other side, the literary and poetical merit of which was but a trifle above the first issue, but the sentiments which it contained were well enough, and the following 'specimen brick' hits some folks:

'Hear what a cry the ruminates raise,  
Because this man they kill;  
Rum kills its thousands every day,  
And these same mouths are still.'

A bundle containing a thousand copies of these verses was fished up from the bottom of the Messalonskee, near the railroad bridge, a few days since, showing pretty conclusively that the property destroying principle, about which there is so much complaint by certain people, now-a-days, is applied to other articles besides liquor. They were doubtless thrown from the cars by some one to whom they had been entrusted for delivery in this place, but whose rum sympathies betrayed him into a dishonest and mean act.

YANKEE LOCKE has been tickling the ribs of the Watervilleans this week, and the health of the community has improved in consequence.

A PROCLAMATION.—Attention, the whole world, by kingdoms! Be it known that the Pumpkin Pie season commences from and after the date of this instrument. We write this with the half of a luscious one under our vest; and the kings and potentates of the earth, common folks, and the 'generality of mankind in general,' are now graciously permitted to 'go in' and luxuriate. Nota Bene.—If a ripe pumpkin cannot be found, make your pies of nice yellow squash, as we did; it is of the same family.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The Fall Term of this institution will commence next Wednesday. How large a Freshman class has entered we do not learn. Hobart W. Richardson of Benton, a graduate of the class of '53, will fill the office of Tutor. He is a talented young man, and his appointment shows him to be a good scholar, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge. In addition to a diploma from his alma mater, he carries one from the poor boy's college—the printing office—both well deserved and for ought we know equally honorable.

See notice of Dr. Pollard's visit, in advertising columns.

ONE OF THE "POLITICAL PARSONS" ON 'TOTHER SIDE.—We clip the following item from a religious exchange:

The Rev. Mr. Shannon, President of the Missouri State University, says, 'Slavery is alike sanctioned by the Bible and the laws of nature.' On this platform he is willing 'to do or die.' He may 'do' as he pleases; but we should not like to have a reverend clergyman 'die' with such views. He would be likely to go where the thermometer is never so low as 96 in the shade.

At a meeting of the Grand Council of the American Order of the State of Maine, held in Portland this day.

It was unanimously resolved.—That we heartily endorse and cheerfully approve of the action of our delegates to the late National convention, held at Philadelphia, as noble, high minded and honorable alike to themselves and the Order.

A committee appointed to consider the condition of the Order, reported it in good standing, and recommended its continuance and hearty support. They also recommended a modification of its ritual and constitution, also that a committee of five be raised for such purpose; and that a special meeting of the Order be held on the last Tuesday in October next in Portland, to consider the same and take any other action involved in the premises.

The Council also declared that henceforth, all the principles of the order may be openly and frankly avowed, depending upon the justice of the cause, the practical advantage of its working to our American institutions for its future defence.

At the last meeting of the Grand Council held at Bangor, it was decided to refer the matter of gubernatorial nomination to the direct vote of the Sub Councils, they being requested to make returns to this meeting of all the votes cast, together with the names of the candidates voted for. Such returns showed a large vote, more than nineteen twentieths of which were for Anson P. Morrill and he was thereupon declared the gubernatorial nominee of the American Order in this State.

Voted, that the above abstract of the doings of the Council be published in all the papers in the State friendly to the same.

BENJAMIN FREEMAN, Secretary.

AUGUST 28, 1855.

We copy the following from the Albany Argus with the hope that upon this subject the universal Press of the country will unite and advocate the measure. It will be a sublime moral spectacle to see the whole people of this great country uniting together in a National Thanksgiving:

A National Thanksgiving.—We are glad to see the press generally advocating the movement for a National Thanksgiving in consequence of the abundant harvest. Nothing could be more appropriate. Something of the kind was recommended years ago, and though for some unknown reason the President did not see fit to issue his proclamation, the errors of the States acted promptly and harmoniously, and, at the same time, the millions of our confederacy acknowledged the goodness of the all-wise and bountiful Creator. A famine would have been the greatest of national calamities, and now that we have a bountiful harvest, making glad the hearts of millions—now that our country is free from the scourge of war, and we as a nation enjoy a prosperity with which no other country is blessed, most appropriate is it that we should acknowledge with gratitude the goodness of

The Glorious Giver

Who doeth all things well.

Let us then have a National Thanksgiving, and let all the States join in according thanks to Him to whom we are indebted for these blessings. We earnestly hope the President will issue his proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. If he does not, let our Governors act on the measure. It is a duty we owe ourselves as citizens of a Christian country, a duty we owe our God, to thank him for the blessings he has so liberally bestowed upon us.

THE HELEN JEWETT MURDER.—The recent death of Robinson, the alleged murderer of Helen Jewett, has again brought the particulars of that shocking affair, which occurred many years ago, prominently before the public. A letter appears in the New York Express presenting a link in the chain of evidence which it tendered at the trial would probably have led to a different verdict. It may be remembered that a grocer named Fulton, who lived on the corner of Pine and Nassau streets, proved an alibi by swearing that Robinson was in his store at the time of the alleged murder, and that he was dressed differently from that described by the other witnesses. The writer of the letter we have referred to, Henry Wilson, states that he was in the store at the time, that when Robinson was there he was muffled in a cloak exactly as the witnesses had described, but states that he had not the moral courage to come forward at the time and prove Fulton's perjury. He adds:—It was on a Saturday evening, a short time after, Mrs. Fulton, stepping out of the store, slipped down and broke her arm. Not long after that, Fulton sold out and took passage to Havana, and on the passage jumped overboard and was drowned. A mournful instance of just retribution.

SABBATH DESECRATION.—The desecration of the Sabbath by the German population is becoming more and more alarming. Yesterday the neighborhoods of West Hoboken, Union Hill and Guttenberg were scenes of debauchery and carnival, only to be met with in the most degraded German cities. Brass bands, singing clubs and processions, occur every Sabbath in their localities. What makes the matter worse, is the abominable use they put the American flag to, carrying it in the air at every exhibition of some drunken speaker's wit, as he addresses the crowd. Let Hudson county nip this evil in the bud, before it grows too strong to be manageable.

Jersey City Sentinel, 20th inst.

CUCUMBER SKED.—Some people do not know how to cleanse the cucumber seeds which they save from their own gardens. They cut the cucumbers open, dry them and dig out the

seeds with the dried mucilage adhering to the seeds. A better way is—when the cucumbers are ripe, cut them open and scrape out the seeds, with all the mucilage, into an iron or tin vessel large enough to contain them. Put water into the vessel, and set into a place moderately warm. In a few hours fermentation will take place, that will collect all the mucilage together on the top of the water, leaving the sound and heavy seeds to sink clean at the bottom. Pour off the water with the thick stuff on the top, and then you have the seeds clean. Put them where they will dry, and then lay them away till next spring.

[Drew's Rural.]

LEGISLATION IN KANSAS.—Amongst the most remarkable Acts of the Legislature of Kansas, which is still in Session, is one to punish offences against slave property. By this, death is prescribed as the penalty of all active interference in reference to slavery; but the following two sections strike in so daring a manner at the freedom of opinion and the liberty of free speech and of the press, that we think it our duty to place them in full upon record, for the execration of the country.

'If any person print, write, introduce into, publish or circulate, or cause to be brought into, printed, written, published or circulated, or shall knowingly aid or assist in bringing into, printing, publishing, or circulating within this territory any book, paper, &c., containing any statements, doctrines, &c., calculated to produce a disaffection among the slaves of this territory,—he shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor for not less than five years.

'If any person, by speaking or by writing, assert or maintain, that persons have not the right to hold slaves in the territory, or shall introduce into Kansas, print, or publish, write, circulate, or cause to be introduced into the territory, written, printed, published or circulated in this territory, any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet or circular, containing any denial of the rights of persons to hold slaves in this territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term not less than two years.'

This is neither more nor less than making a difference of opinion, upon a constitutional question, a penitentiary offence. It is right to state that on finally passing the Act, the House came to a resolve that it should not be printed.

Amongst the other bills which have passed the House is one to exempt homesteads and certain other property from execution. By this act one hundred and sixty acres of land, outside of a town or city, is exempted from execution; a house or lot within a town or city, worth no more than fifteen hundred dollars is exempted from execution, and also every man's wearing apparel and working tools.

The Legislature, in joint session, have appointed DeLeonthe permanent seat of the government, which has raised shares in the town company from \$100 to \$1,000 in a day.

SANTA ANNA'S ABDICATION DOUBTED.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says that the report of Santa Anna's flight and abdication is doubted in that city. No news of the affair had been received by the Mexican Legation.

A letter to the Herald says that quarters were provided at Havana for Santa Anna, who was expected to arrive in the English steamship Wye from Vera Cruz, where the British sloop-of-war Daring had been waiting to take him on board. The Wye arrived at Havana on the 22d, and left same day for Southampton via St. Thomas, but whether Santa Anna was on board was not known. The same letter says that a Spanish war steamer which went to sea on the 22d had orders to proceed to Vera Cruz to aid in the escape of Santa Anna, should it be necessary.

THE FEVER PANIC AT THE SOUTH.—The Washington correspondent of the National Intelligencer, under date of Tuesday, writes that 'the fever panic at Norfolk and its vicinity has increased, and I cannot learn that it is diminished in the places which are exposed to communications with the infected region.' He adds:

The obstinacy and fatality of the fever have induced many of the inhabitants of the infected region to believe that it is not the ordinary yellow fever, such as has heretofore been known there, but an African fever, of a more aggravated type, and one that cannot be controlled by any remedies heretofore resorted to.

RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS IN THE PACIFIC.—Petropaulski, which was unsuccessfully attacked a year ago by the Allies, has again been visited by them, and found deserted. The Russians having, on their approach, pulled up stakes and got clean out of the way under cover of a fog—four vessels, a corvette, a frigate, and two merchantmen, dexterously sailing out of the harbor, without detection. When the Allies landed, the bird had flown and the cage was empty, the door being guarded by a hundred hungry dogs that the Russians had left behind them, and two or three Yankees—it would be a stranger place than Petropaulski where a Yankee was not to be found—who raised the stars and stripes and claimed to be rightful possessors of the place. The French and English vessels left Petropaulski at once, and had arrived at San Francisco, where the officers were receiving complimentary attentions.

A DIABOLICAL MURDER was perpetrated at Kankakee, Mich., a few days ago, as we learn from the Chicago Democrat. The murdered man was a mulatto, and the murderers three young men belonging to some of the oldest and most respectable families in the county of Kankakee, and a negro. It appears that two of these young men lately purchased the property of the mulatto, consisting of a small farm. They paid him \$150 for the property, and shortly after paying him, followed him out on the prairie, and basely and cruelly took his life and robbed him of the money.

The same evening they took with them another young man and a negro, and fastening a bag of sand to the body, threw it into the river LaSalle. For some reason, however, the body rose and floated to the river side shortly after, and was providentially discovered and the murderer and the murderers detected. Thus murder out, even though buried in the water. And thus for a paltry sum of money, four persons have involved themselves in the guilt of murder.

MURDER IN NEW YORK.—A shocking homicide took place early on Friday morning last, at a saloon in Elm street, both the murderer and his victim being Germans. One of them named Bullus had been imprisoned four months on the testimony of the other, named Blume, for an assault; and had resolved on revenge. Bullus encountered Blume in the saloon Friday morning, and without saying a word deliberately drew a single-barrelled pistol and shot him. The murderer was immediately arrested and the wounded man taken to the hospital, where he died in three hours.

WELL DONE.—Henry T. Walls was killed at Woodbury, Tenn., in a drunken row, whereupon the citizens assembled and resolved that they would not suffer such a man to live in their midst.

they would not sell liquor themselves, would not put their property to a man who would use it for such purposes. They then made up a purse, and bought all the liquor in the place, rolled the barrels into the street, poured out their contents, and set fire to them.

## LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

'Mary, Mary,' said a pale, care-worn mother, 'do take those children out of the room; they certainly will make me crazy; I never see such noisy children in my life—never.'

As Mrs. Jones said this she took little John by the arm, and in rather an unceremonious manner 'pitched him,' as his brother Ben said, into the middle of the grass plot, his twin sister following him in double quick time; after which Mrs. Jones, overcome with vexation and impatience, shut the door, and sitting down in her rocking chair, had what she called a good cry. Poor woman, she was really very much to be pitied, not that her outward circumstances were so very trying,—she had a kind husband and six healthy children, who, although active and noisy, were really no more so than others of the same temperament; but she had a quick, impatient temper, which she had not learned to control; and all those little every day cares and vexations which arise, and which are sent to teach us patience, only seemed to make her more and more fretful and gloomy. She saw everything in its worst light, and really seemed to be a little disappointed if things did not prove to be quite as bad as she thought they were.

She grew thin, pale and nervous, and her hair was fast turning grey, although she was only in her thirtieth year.

Very different was 'Aunt Lucy,' as the children called her, who tapped at the door just in the middle of the good cry.

Aunt Lucy, with her round, rosy face and happy blue eyes, looked like a perpetual smile, and when she did really smile, which was quite often, not only her mouth, but her eyes, forehead, cheeks, and in short her whole face broke out into one hearty gleam of sunshine. Everything that came in contact with her seemed in some measure to imbibe her cheerful spirit. The neat little cap which shaded her soft, brown hair, fitted so nicely that it seemed to have grown there, and had a happy, satisfied appearance, as though it would not for the world be on any other person's head; and the straw bonnet, particularly the one she wore every day, had grown so much like her, that her little niece was actually seen kissing it one day when sent to put it away in the closet.

No wonder that the dear little bonnet looked lovely, for it had long rested on a head filled with kind thoughts and pleasant fancies, which proceeded from a warm and loving heart.

The tiny roses in her dark calico dress, were all bright and cheerful, and even her shoes, which were never known to creak, had a contented, easy look which seemed to say, 'we are not tired at all, Aunt Lucy; we consider ourselves a very happy pair in being allowed to carry you round on your errands of love and kindness.'

On such an errand had she now come; she knew that her brother was home, and thought she would just step in and sit with Mary an hour or two, and perhaps help her about the children's mending, and as her grapes had just been gathered in, she brought over a basket full of the very best.

'Come in,' said Mrs. Jones, in answer to Aunt Lucy's tap, but the 'come in' was said in a tone which seemed much more suitable to 'go away.'

'Why, Mary, dear, what is the matter?' said Aunt Lucy in a pleasant voice; 'I am afraid you have got the blues this bright morning.'

'O, no indeed, Lucy! my troubles are all real; it is true they are what people call little troubles, but there are so many of them, that I am completely worn out and tired of life. I know you will say "look on the bright side," that is your motto, I believe, but what shall I do if there is no bright side?'

'Why, in such a desperate case as that,' said Aunt Lucy, 'I don't see but we shall have to make one; come sit down by the side of me, and while I help you about your work, you shall tell me your troubles, and we will talk them over.'

'Well, aunt, you know what a pleasant day we had yesterday; Ellen did the washing, and towards evening I noticed that the clothes were all dry, but I suppose Ellen left them out to whiten, or forgot them perhaps, and the first sight that met my eyes this morning was a broken clothes-line and the clothes all dragging and dripping in mud and water. They all had to be washed over, and Ellen will be at work on them all day, I suppose.'

'Well, well, this is rather trying. I acknowledge, particularly to Ellen, who, I think, has the worst of it; but you must remember that the same rain storm which broke your clothes-line filled your cistern with nice rain water. You know last week you had to send to the river for all your washing water; and then, too, I should be very thankful that the line didn't break two weeks ago when you had no help. What happened next to trouble you?'

'Well, next came breakfast. Ellen, I suppose, felt cross and out of sorts, and she burnt the biscuit black, and dried the beef steak all up to chips, and the coffee looked like muddy water.'

'And did your husband find fault?'

'No indeed, Lucy, he is too much like you; he did not say a word about it.'

'Then, my dear, if your husband can eat charcoal and chips, and drink muddy coffee without complaining, you ought to be a very happy woman. What next?'

'Why, after breakfast everything went wrong. I sent James for a pitcher of water, and he must fall down and break the pitcher.'

'And did he cut himself?' inquired Aunt Lucy.

'O, no, not at all; but it is too trying to have children tumbling down and doing such awkward things.'

'But I should think you would be very glad that he didn't get hurt.'

'O, I didn't think of that. I was so angry about my new pitcher; I scolded James, and threw away the pieces, and on returning to my room, found my new mahogany work stand all covered with scratches. Alice and John had been drawing what they called horses and carriages all over it. Now find a bright side for that, do,' said Mrs. Jones, with an air of triumph.

'All in good time,' replied Aunt Lucy.—'First tell me how you know they did it; did any one see them, or did they tell you of each other?'

'O, no, I asked them and they both acknowledged they did it.'

'Did you ask them about it kindly and gently?'

'I rather think not; I was in no gentle mood, I assure you.'

'And yet they told you the truth; Mary, do you see nothing to be thankful for in this?—How many children of their age would have said yes? Is not truth in a child worth more than nice furniture? Give the little ones pa-

per and pencils, and teach them to draw, and they will come to make you a parlor with their pictures.'

'Well, Lucy, you seem determined to carry your point, but hear one thing more. As I passed through the entry, the door bell rang, and in my hurry to get up stairs I caught my dress on a nail which Ben had driven there for no earthly purpose that I can see, but mischief, and before I could stop I tore my dress quite across the breadth; now if you can make this appear as well as the rest of my mishaps, I will give up and believe that I am, or ought to be, a very happy woman.'

'Did you know that the nail was there?'

'No indeed; if I had known it before, I should have kept away from it, or have taken it out.'

'Was it your morning dress, or your new calico?'

'O, no, it was an old calico—but then you know, it had to be mended.'

'Yes, but how much worse it would have been if you had worn your new dress when you passed the nail. You can take it out now and comfort yourself by thinking that the old calico has saved your nice calico.'

'Well, Lucy, I should be very glad if I could take things as you do, but I am weak and nervous. You are stronger than I both in body and mind,—that must be the reason of the great difference between us.'

'No, dear, said Aunt Lucy, 'that is not the cause, but the effect of my happiness. I have learned in little as well as in great things to cast my cares on Him who careth for us. He has promised that as our day is so shall our strength be. He says that all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and if all things, then of course little things as well as great. How soon do you suppose a diamond would be polished and fit for use if taken in its rough state and rubbed only with soft silk, and how could a life of ease and indulgence teach us to forget ourselves and find our happiness in promoting that of others.'

'Be assured, Mary, our kind Father in Heaven knows what is good for us, and by all the little cares and trials of every-day life, if we make good use of them, our souls will be purified and polished and prepared to shine forever in the crown of Him who was made perfect by the suffering, and who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.'

[Temperance Union.]

St. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.—To-day, the 24th of August, is the anniversary of the frightful massacre of the French Huguenots, or Protestants, in Paris and throughout France, in 1572—a day which in the present age of Papal usurpation ought not to be forgotten by the Protestant world.

The writings of the Reformers had made many converts in France, and the King of Navarre, with other nobles, had ranged himself at the head of the Reformers, who soon became a powerful political party. The French court however was still Catholic; but under a pretence of a desire for reconciliation, the King's sister was given in marriage to the King of Navarre. All the Protestant leaders were invited to Paris to witness the celebration of the nuptials. There, on the night of the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24th, 1572, the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medicis, gave the signal of a preconcerted massacre, which had long been a subject of conversation; and during that fatal night, 20,000 Huguenots, with the brave Admiral Coligny, were murdered in Paris alone, neither age nor sex being spared by the demoniac soldiery. The bodies of the dead were carried in carts and thrown into the river.

These brutal deeds were not confined within the walls of Paris, but extended into other cities and quarters of the realm, and the total number of victims is variously estimated at from 30,000 to 70,000. The greatest rejoicings were made at Rome on receipt of the intelligence, and by order of Pope Gregory the XIII, a Te Deum was sung in honor of the extermination of 'Christ's enemies!'

The Huguenots rose in arms, and fighting with the courage of despair, obtained once more a recognition of their rights, in the Edict of Nantes; but after the massacre, the Reformed Church was reduced to half the strength which it possessed before.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew's day illustrates as no language, however impassioned and graphic could do, the demoniacal character of the Papal Hierarchy. Not merely, what it was, but also what it now is, and while its present creed and principles remain, ever must be. Claiming to be unchangeable and infallible, St. Bartholomew's massacre mirrors forth the true character of the intolerant, persecuting Church of Rome. What she was in 1572, she is now, in heart and spirit. She does not now fight heretics with fire and sword, and murder men and women by thousands, because she has not the power. Her principles







