



8-7-1856

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 04): August 7, 1856

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 04): August 7, 1856" (1856). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 471.
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TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

How did people live two hundred years ago? We all know that they had neither railroads, telegraphs, nor ocean-steamer, neither gas, nor heaters, nor indeed, a score of other things, which civilized men in our days could not do without. But there are fifty other matters, relating to the life of our ancestors, of which most persons are ignorant. How did they eat, dress, and amuse themselves? Was it the fashion, two hundred years ago, to wear hoops, or dance the polka, or do croquet work?—How did our forefathers marry? How were they buried? Fortunately for posterity, there lived in London, two centuries back, a certain Samuel Pepys, who kept a record, for ten successive years, of his daily life, telling how much he paid for his wife's dresses, what they had for dinner, how much gilt and varnish was on his coach, when he saw the king walking abroad, and what the fiddlers asked for music at a party. He began like a poor dependent on an influential kinsman, rose to be a clerk and then Secretary to the Admiralty, amassed a pretty estate, became the confidential adviser of the Duke of York on navy affairs, and in consequence, in his diary, we have a complete picture of life in England, two hundred years ago, through all the various ranks of life from the lower strata of the middle classes, up to the nobility, and even to the king himself.

Two hundred years ago, London was built almost entirely of wood, so that when the great fire of 1666 broke out, nearly the whole city was laid in ashes. Pepys notices, with admiration, as if a novelty, how a brick house 'burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt.' The streets were narrow, for when after the fire, it was talked about, that new ones should be forty feet wide, he congratulated himself on the improvement to the city. There was no paving, no water-pipes, no properly laid gutters. Mud in winter and dust in summer were the annoyance of the citizens. The common highway was the river Thames, where numerous wharves, piers, and it was vastly more pleasant than any street. Yet to even the Thames there was one serious drawback. London bridge was built with such ignorance of mechanics, that the piers partially clogged up the current, making an artificial rapid there, so that 'shooting under the bridge' as it was called, that is passing under it, was frequently attended with peril. To avoid this, it was the custom to land just above the bridge, and take to boat again below. To the indifference drainage of the city, the close, narrow streets, and the insufficient supply of water, are to be principally attributed the virulence with which the plague raged in old London.

The furniture of houses, two hundred years ago, was very different from what it is now. Carpets were comparatively scarce. They were kept chiefly bought for covering tables; matting, rushes and oil-cloth being employed for floors. Pewter sconces were used to burn oil or candles in, instead of chandeliers, candleabra and gas fixtures. Pianos were as yet unknown, but the virginals, a sort of ancient spinet, were quite common, for the English people at that period, loved music more heartily than they do now. Hangings to beds were considered indispensable by all persons of condition. Pepys was a proud man, if we may believe his Diary, the day he hung his best bed room with tapestry; the walls of his second best he covered with pictures, as less expensive. Equipages were clumsy, but gorgeous. Six-horse coaches were owned by all the nobility, and were, indeed, necessary, for travelling, so had were the roads. Ordinary persons, in town, contented themselves with two horses. The coaches were painted, gilt and varnished. There were no good native horses. The most desirable coach horses were Flanders mares. When Pepys set up a coach, he records with a proud heart the display he made. 'And so anon we went through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us.'

Dress was an important item with all classes. The different ranks were distinguishable by their attire, and it was thought presumptuous for one to affect the other. Poor Pepys, even when he had got rich, and when he was almost daily at court, found people talking of the gold lace on the sleeves of his new coat, and so went humbly to his tailor to have it removed.—When periwigs came into fashion, it was a long time before he could make up his mind, that it was proper for him to wear one. He mentions his wife having one subsequently of light hair. Every few weeks, while he wore his, he had to have his head shaved. The ladies wore wigs, and some of them men's waistcoats. The materials of their dresses were often cloth, faced with silver or gold if they were people of means. Pepys notes his having paid, on one occasion, five pounds for a petticoat for his wife, and as the pound was then worth about twice as much as at present, he expended what would be equivalent to fifty dollars now; but the petticoat was displayed, as embroidered ones are even to this day. He paid at the same time, six pounds for lace, so the ladies loved fine laces then quite as much as now. When the maids of honor rode on horseback they wore a costume like that of men, bat, coat, waistcoat complete, and were only distinguishable by the petticoat. Painting the cheeks was fashionable. Black patches were also worn on the face. Pepys, one day, met the king and queen riding, and says that, in her 'white-laced waistcoat, and crimson short petticoat, and hair dressed a la negligente, she looked mighty pretty.' Yellow bird's-eye hoods were all the rage; for the modern bonnet had not come into fashion. Sacques were just then coming into vogue. The women of the middle classes wore high crowned hats, laced stomachers, and yellow-starched neckerchiefs. Ladies of quality wore trains. The courtesiers and gentry ruffled in silks and velvets of gay colors, plumed or cocked hats, cravats of lace and jewelry, having their hair long, and curling their love-locks, till periwigs came into fashion. Every gentleman carried a sword; and of course duels were frequent.

The table was profusely, rather than delicately served. Tea had just been introduced, and was still very dear, so that the ordinary breakfast beverage was ale. Meat was considered underdone if at all rare. Venison was comparatively plenty, at least with people of means. Fresh beef, was common in London during the spring, summer and autumn; but for winter salted meat was the general food. Turkeys and mince pies were even then the orthodox bill of fare for a Christmas dinner. As elegant English crockery was of a century later date and porcelain was only to be had from China and Japan at an immense price, the ordinary table-service with even the richer of the middle class, was pewter; while the poor ate from wooden trenchers, or coarse earthenware. With people of condition, consequently, silver plate was more common than at present.

The manners of all, court and people, were very unlike what they are now. The king, instead of secluding himself in solitary state, as monarchs do in our time, kept open court at Whitehall, and walked daily in the park, nodding to everybody he knew and talking familiarly with the company. Pepys, calling on

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the Duke of York, found him with the duchess and her ladies, sitting on the floor, playing a game something like what is now called forfeits. Personal cleanliness was generally neglected, and taking a bath a thing to be noted down. Affrays in the streets were frequent, and men often killed in consequence. Music and dancing were usual at evening parties, and it seems a common thing to have staid up, at such entertainments, till one or two o'clock in the morning. Three or four persons of both sexes would frequently hire a coach, go out for an afternoon's ride, up at some tavern, visit the theatre, and then adjourn to the residence of one of them, where, sending for fiddlers, they would dance till midnight. Sometimes the sport would end by ladies and gentlemen flinging cushions at each other. Men and women, if intimate, kissed when they met. The Puritans and Quakers of course lived differently. In May, ladies of every rank were accustomed to rise at daybreak, and go out into the fields to gather. May dew, the belief being general that it beautified the complexion. Masquerades were a popular species of amusement. Gold fish were a novelty, just introduced as parlor ornaments. In general, the age was a more brutal one than this. Bear-gardens, where bears were baited by dogs, were a popular resort. Pepys records beating his servant girl as if it were a common mode of punishment. Traitors were executed with cruel and horrible rites.

Marriage was even more a matter of bargain and sale than at present. Parties openly chaffered, as in France to this day, for a wife for a son, or a husband for a daughter. When a rich citizen died, his widow almost before his burial, was besieged with suitors, lords and courtiers being as ready, then as now, to trade off rank for money. Weddings were celebrated with hearty, but coarse festivities, such as throwing the stocking and other obsolete customs. The evening usually concluded by the guests visiting the nuptial chamber and kissing the bride in bed. Funerals were more ceremonious even than now. Pepys describes his brother's. The guests were a hundred and fifty, though, he says, he had bid but a hundred and twenty. 'Their service,' he records, 'was six biscuits apiece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cousin Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them.' The men sat by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others. Rings were given, at funerals, to the relatives, and friends, and servants: at Pepys' own funeral a hundred and thirty rings were distributed; varying in value from five to ten dollars each.

Taste and knowledge were very inferior, generally, to what they are now. Pepys' wife had been educated at a convent in France, yet did not know arithmetic; and of Pepys' numerous correspondents hardly one spelt correctly. It is well known that Paradise Lost, which came out about this time, was considered, even by the critics of the day, as a prosy, if not a silly affair. At the Royal Society, of which Pepys was a member, there was a lecture on respiration, but without throwing any light on it: 'it is not known or concluded on,' says puzzled Pepys, 'how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is.' The fixed stars were a mystery also to the scientific men of that age. 'Spong and I,' says Pepys, writing of an astronomer, 'had several fine discourses upon the globes, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I either.' Medicine was almost quackery. Pepys wrote about him a hare's foot to prevent colic; and though the first experiment failed, he did not lose faith in it, but attributed its want of success to his having cut off the joint. The plague, which raged so frightfully in 1665, found the physicians almost wholly ignorant what to do.

The cost of living, two hundred years ago, is difficult to ascertain. A day laborer, or mechanic, earned about a shilling a day. At present, the former earns twice as much, even in England, and the latter four, five and eight times as much. All dress fabric, all luxuries, all descriptions of furniture, were costlier then than now; but meat and ale were cheaper; while bread was nearly the same price as at present. Lord Sandwich, Pepys' patron hired a spacious mansion, surrounded by gardens, in the suburbs of London, for what would now be equivalent to twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Pepys seems to have generally spent what would be equal to three thousand per annum; but he lived expensively, and better than the majority of the middle class; and when he set up a coach he spent more.

The immorality of the age was proverbial. It affected public as well as private life. The servants of the crown, high and low, not only took bribes, but would do nothing without them. Pepys acquired his estate principally by bribes and by jobbing. His salary was but three hundred and fifty pounds yearly, yet in some years he made three thousand pounds; but he never seemed to think he did anything criminal; and he appears also really to have had a conscience, which few other public employees had.

But enough. Two hundred years hence, when some private diary of 1856 comes to light, as doubtless there will, our customs, manners, and perhaps even morals, will seem as curious to our descendants as those of our ancestors now appear to us.

[Ladies' National Magazine.]

HOME AND WOMAN.—Our homes—what are their corner stones but the virtue of a woman, and on what does social well-being rest but in our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearthstones guarded by holy forms, conjugal, filial and parental love, the corner stone of Church and State, more sacred than either, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and capitals of State, be levelled with the dust, but spare our homes! Let no socialist invade them with his wild plans of community. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all in the world, high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being; seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name—this is home; and here is the birthplace of every secret thought. Here the Church and State must come for their origin and support. O! spare our homes! The love we experience there, gives us our faith in an infinite goodness; the purity and disinterestedness of home and our earnest of a better world. In relations there established and fostered do we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name compared with those whom a birthright give us? One mother is worth a thousand friends! one sister truer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth, under the light of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred, more important the tie that binds? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate, different spheres may divide, but those who can love anything, who continue to love at all, must find that the friends whom God himself gave are wholly unlike any we can choose of ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strong spark in our expiring affection.

[From the Transcript and Eclectic.]

A Letter from Ethan Spike.

HORNBURY, July 24, 1856.

MISTER EDITORS.—It haint generally known that our town is kinder set off into two great subordnary divisions or rather, hemispherical latitudes. A bed-line from Pliable Punroy's humsied lot on the North East to Joshua Jinkins tetter-hole on the Sow-West, divides us into east and west ends—or more generally speakin into 'Libbytown' an 'Peabodyville'.

The boys of these two prinipalities ollers makes it a pint to fight when they meet, an' on 4th of July days, Fast days, Thanksgiving and general trainins—peticklerly at town-meetins an raisins, the monfolks try their hands. An on more than one of these interesting occasions I've counted more'n twenty bunged eyes (my own included) in Hornbury—to say nothin of the broken heads, chawed ears and sill noses. These natural outbursts of popperlar feelin have bin rather increasin lately until now thars a parfe 'Gib o line an Gulf' state of affairs. Its an awful situation—revolutin is pre-eminent, we are standing on a volcanick corruption while fiery billers, slippery rocks an sich like roll below. The immediate cause of this new outburst is this.

Permisskyous Peabody Jr., who lives on our side of the line has got the itch in his family, an sent his younguns to school so broke out that their hands and faces look like cherry puddins. The Libbytowners faound fault an said the young uns must be kept to hum. But Permisskyous swore they shouldn't leave school, so a querill took begun an arrow all Libbytown an all Peabodyville is arrayed agin each other.

Generally when we've had any difficulty its generally been settled by a town meetin—but town meetins don't meet this case. We've held three an they only made the matter wus. Its got into our pollyticks an oversot all the old party organization—there haint now no dimecrats, federalists or abolitionists. The one great, almighty, overpawrin issoo before the survin people of Hornbury in the election of sickelmen wich comes off in two weeks, the issoo that will shake this here community from the centre of gravity to its widest circumferential diameter is—Ar the the itch a local or a public institution? An of so, shall Permisskyous Peabody keep him to hum, or sow it broadcast among our interprisin' population?

Them that goes for permutagin the institution held a caucus last night to nominate a candiydate and build a platform. A committee of four was ris to receive, sort an account the delegates which committee reported O. K. An another committee was ris to make a platform. The caucus then proceeded to take an infamous ballet for sickelman—as follows—

| | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Onspeakable Libby had | 9 votes |
| Kerlosus Kyer | 1 |
| Ethan Spike | " |

The cheer decided that the fast named individual was unanimously the chyece of the convention. Ephie Kyer daunted the vote an was prompty throwna out the winder for interferin.

The committee on platforms kim in, an the cheerman read the followin—

State of Maine, Dyridge: County of Oxford ss: To whom it may concern—

Resolved That when in the course of on-sicklable rights, things git snarled up, it is the duty of the people to straighten em out.

Resolved That things is snarled the wust kind, and that this is convention ar an argust body, fully noncompus to meet the occasion though it be one of the most distressid kind of occasion.

Resolved That this convention ar favorably disposed toward the itch—just because it is an ancient an a patriarchal institution, havin ben introduced by the patriarch Job or the Devil, wich the convention an not prepared to say. Second, becase, properly appreciated, it ar a good thing; them as never had it haint ben an imperfected idee of the luxury of scratching.

Resolved That our hull souled greater citizen—Permisskyous Peabody—by his efforts to enlarge the arey of this perkuler blessing, deserves the thanks of the convention. Likewise that this here body do sympathise with him on account of the ongrateful treatment of them deluded critters as dont know wot is good for them.

Resolved That we hereby pledge our honor an our aour sacred forins to perpetuate an spread this B 9 institution.

Resolved That the people of Libbytown have full power to vote on this pint, whether they have the itch or not, but if they vote agin it, the ballet shall be calcatered unconstitutional, an we will go over an help em vote right, an if they resist we'll leg em.

Resolved That the foregin resolution is expressly contrived an calkerlated to presarve the Union.

Resolved That this platform ar the embodiment of the ideas of them great luminaries who havin fit the light—have passed away to the terrestrial spears of glory—such as Washington, Jefferson, Santy-Anner an Santy Claw.

Resolved That our candiydate is required to maount this platform forthwith.

Arter an adjournment of fifteen minutes to lickier, the convention accepted the resolutions as the sense of the meetin.

Onspeakable then kim forrerd an accepted the nomination as follers. 'Mr. Cheerman an fellar citizens—This ar the proudest day of my hull life. I'm proued of my kedentry, proued of you—an by the everlastin jingo! I'm proued of myself. Will I accept this ere orispiskus nomination? I wont do nothin else! The resolutions wich has ben read are my sentiments only more beautifuller expressed. Feller citizens—I not only maount the platform but I'll ride it to the divil of the safety of the Constitution an the Union shall seem to ax it. I shall so kinder mix myself with this platform

that 'twill be hard to tell tother from which. Yes—feller citizens, your lookin yer last upon the late Onspeakable Libby. I feel the planks growin into my ribs, my inderbs are hardin, my legs are feelin awfully timberish an my toe-nails is turnin into twenty pennys an spikes. I shall soon be a platform an my wife will be a widder—unless it ar constitutional for sich kind of furnitur as I'm becomin to keep wives. But feller citizens—don't think I regret the sacrifice, becase I dont. Mrs. S. is no great account anyhow—an then the oh be joyful! ish feelin that comes over me when I reflects—

My kedentry tis for thee,
Sweet land of lib-ty,
Haillyoyer, Amen!

Tother side is gittin ready to make their splurge, an as a simple looker on Vienny, I shall take daoun the proceedings of that convention also.

As ollers,
ETHAN SPIKE, Esq.

Carrying Concealed Weapons.

There are two things which gentlemen never do; one is, writing anonymous letters; the other is, carrying concealed weapons. Of course, there are occasions when a man, knowing he is to be attacked, may fairly carry weapons which he does not display. But no gentleman habitually secretos knives and pistols about his person unless he lives among savages or wild beasts.

The reasons for this are obvious. It is an entirely unfair advantage, not only physically but morally; for a man will not be likely to restrain his tongue or his temper when he knows that he has the means of effectually silencing his opponent—and knows, also, that his opponent cannot be possibly aware of the fact. It was all fair and right enough when every gentleman openly wore his sword at his side. Certainly it was bad enough then, but there was nothing concealed. But to hide your knife and pick a quarrel, or to engage in a quarrel, knowing that you have a knife hidden, is as bad as inviting your enemy to drink wine which you have poisoned.

Decent society is not possible upon such terms. We are all so purely unchristian and putulant that anything which serves to unbridle our tongues and loose our wrath, as concealed weapons inevitably do, postpones any happier day.

It is easy to see how the thing works. If young Gunnybags may carry a pistol in his waistcoat, or a knife up his sleeve, then Thomas, his servant, who is also a man and a voter, may do the same thing. Now servants are the class which is most frequently insulted, and therefore if the excuse of concealed weapons be defence against insult, Thomas is one of the class which ought especially to carry them. Very well. Young Gunnybags thinks fit to leave word with Thomas that he is not to be seen until twelve, for he has important affairs to attend to; and Thomas says, 'Yes, sir,' and goes on cleaning his knives. Presently M. Hue, the missionary from Thibet, arrives and wishes to see Mr. Gunnybags.

'He is not to be seen until after twelve,' replies Thomas.

'But I must see him.'

'Those are his orders, sir,' continues Thomas.

'You stupid blockhead, I have important business with him, and must see him,' answered M. Hue.

Thomas makes no reply, and goes on cleaning knives; upon which, in the high state of exasperation which becomes a gentleman, M. Hue raises his cane to strike, and Thomas, drawing his pistol, shoots him dead on the spot.

Nothing is plainer than that if a man may carry pistols to protect himself from insult, Thomas was doing only what the usages of society allow him to do. If M. Hue may carry weapons, and Mr. Gunnybags, and the Honorable John Naps, of Greece, then Thomas may carry; and if the gentlemen may use them upon provocation, Thomas may use them upon provocation.

Now what will Society do?

It will apprehend Thomas, and write luminous leaders in many influential journals—the editors of which have bowie-knives up their sleeves—to the effect that society is tottering; that the ingratitude of man is appalling; that men are not safe at their hearth-stones; that adders, warmed upon the human bosom, suddenly turn and sting; and Thomas will be condemned for manslaughter in the worst degree.

But how if M. Hue happens to kill Thomas first?

Well, then the Honorable John Naps of Greece, will decline to give any testimony although he was passing at the moment. For how can he know the customs of the country? How can he feel sure that M. Hue will not be 'after him' with the same weapon? Besides M. Hue is Missionary from Thibet, and who is Thomas? Servants must be taught to know their places. The Honorable John Naps, of Greece, and Henry Pimpernel, and Christopher Sly will all shake hands with M. Hue, and consider him a rather severe disciplinarian.

You see it makes so much difference whether your bull gores my ox, or my bull your ox.

Exchange paper.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

It was said by a clerical orator, on a public occasion of much interest in a neighboring city, that 'if the base of the pyramid is clay, it is of little purpose that you build its apex of precious stone. In all exertions for the public weal, continued the orator, 'we must look out for the foundation. We must see to it that the power lies among the masses.' And certain it is, the power will lie among the masses, do what we may, but we are to see to it, that lying there, as a matter of course, it is not left uninformed and unsanctified, to be perverted by knavish demagogues, and to be duped by crafty priests.

The work of the Sabbath school is eminently 'at the base of the pyramid.' Then it shows itself among the masses. So far as its legitimate agency is felt, it infuses into the 'masses' a consciousness of their power, of their rights, and of their responsibilities. Let every American child have a reasonable and thorough training in a good Sabbath school, and our statesmen and orators may go to sleep without any misgivings as to that portion of the 'base of the pyramid' that extends over our continent. Give us the sun, and it will shine in spite of all mists and fogs that gather around it.

THE HERBERT ACQUITTAL.

The N. York Courier translates from the editorial columns of the Courier des Etats Unis, the following appreciation of the failure of justice in this case: 'Whatever may have been the determining causes of this verdict, it is the denouement

of the trial which concerns us. We repeat, with a conviction which the public conscience will endorse, the issue would have been very different had the accused been a poor humble man. In France—the country which the American press shames so much, and knows so little—when a crime is committed in the high circles of society, the position of the culprit only makes the more signal his fall and punishment. In the United States we have yet to find, during ten years, a man of any political or pecuniary influence, who was not able after violating the law, to escape its penalties. The Herbert trial, however, is one of those facts which go beyond all bounds, and demands the energetic intervention of the press. It is such an administration of justice that leads to Committees of Vigilance.'

Checked Perspiration.

Is the fruitful cause of sickness, disease and death to multitudes every year. Heat is constantly generated within the human body, by the chemical disorganization, the combustion, of the food we eat. There are seven millions of tubes or pores on the surface of the body, which in health are constantly open, conveying from the system by what is called insensible perspiration this internal heat, which having answered its purpose, is passed off like the jets of steam which are thrown from the escape-pipes, in puffs, of any ordinary steam engine; but this insensible perspiration carries with it, in a dissolved form, very much of the waste matter of the system, to the extent of a pound or two or more every twenty-four hours. It must be apparent, then, that if the pores of the skin are closed, if the multitude of valves, which are placed over the whole surface of the human body, are shut down, two things take place: First, the internal heat is prevented from passing off, it accumulates every moment, the person expresses himself as burning up, and then large draughts of water are swallowed to quench the internal fire—this we call 'Fever.' When the warm steam is constantly escaping from the body in health, it keeps the skin moist, and there is a soft, pleasant feeling and warmth about it. But when the pores are closed, the skin feels harsh, and hot, and dry.

But another result follows the closing of the pores of the skin, and more immediately dangerous; a main outlet for the waste of the body is closed; it re-mingles with the blood, which in a few hours becomes impure, and begins to generate disease in every fiber of the system—the whole machinery of the man becomes at once disordered, and he expresses himself as 'feeling miserable.' The terrible effects of checked perspiration of a dog, who sweats only by his tongue, is evinced by his becoming mad. The water runs in streams from a dog's mouth in summer, if exercising freely. If it ceases to run, that is hydrophobia. It has been asserted by a French physician, that if a person suffering under hydrophobia can be only made to perspire freely, he is cured at once. It is familiar to the commonest observer, that in all ordinary forms of disease, the patient begins to get better, the moment he begins to perspire, simply because the internal heat is passing off, and there is an outlet for the waste of the system. Thus it is that one of the most important means for curing all sickness, is bodily cleanliness, which is simply relieving the mouths of these little pores, of that gum, and dust and oil, which clog them up. Thus it is also, that personal cleanliness is one of the main elements of health: thus it is, that filth and disease habituate together the world over.

There are two kinds of perspiration, sensible and insensible. When we see drops of water on the surface of the body as the result of exercise, or subsidence of fever, that is sensible perspiration, perspiration recognized by the sense of sight. But when perspiration is so gentle that it cannot be detected in the shape of water drops, when no moisture can be felt, when it is known to us only by a certain softness of the skin, that is insensible perspiration, and is so gentle, that it may be checked to a very considerable extent without special injury. But to use popular language, which cannot be mistaken, when a man is sweating freely, and it is suddenly checked, and the sweat is not brought out again in a very few moments, sudden and painful sickness is a very certain result. What then checks perspiration? A draft of air while we are at rest, after exercise, or getting our clothing wet and remaining at rest, while it is so. Getting out of a warm bed and going to an open door or window, has been the death of multitudes.

A lady heard the cry of fire at midnight; it was bitter cold; it was so near, the flames illuminated her chamber. She left the bed, hoisted the window, the cold wind chilled her in a moment. From that hour until her death, a quarter of a century later, she never saw a well day.

A young lady went to an open window in her night clothes to look at something in the street, leaning her unprotected arms on the stone window sill, which was damp and cold. She became an invalid, and will remain so for life.

The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader is this: When you are perspiring freely, keep in motion until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft of air whatever.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

TO MAKE INK.

1. Take three ounces of best galls and 1.4 of an ounce of cloves, bruise to a coarse powder, and boil over a slow fire in a pint of water for a few hours, stirring frequently; then set aside in a covered vessel till cold; then strain, and supply the place of the water lost by evaporation till it measures one pint.—2. Now dissolve 1 ounce, and 1 dram of best copperas in 1.2 pint of water and strain; then dissolve 5 drams of gum arabic in 1.2 pint of water, and add to the copperas solution and 1.2 pint of good cider vinegar. Now mix 1 and 2, and add 1 ounce of liquid blue. Use soft water. Let your Ink be exposed to the air and you will have a black ink.—[Scientific American.]

BRONCHITIS CURE.

Peter Faulkner, of Rockland, Pa., secured a patent in September, 1843, for an elixir to cure that troublesome and somewhat wide-spread disease, bronchitis. It is made as follows:—Two pounds of dried sweet apple bark are boiled in six gallons of soft water until it is reduced to one gallon and then strained. To this are added 1 1/2 oz. of pulverized jalap, half a pound of nitrate of potash, one pint of spirits of camphor, and half a pound of loaf sugar. All these are well incorporated together, and bottled for use. Mr. Faulkner stated he had discovered that this

elixir was excellent, not only for bronchitis, but for sore throats, asthma, croup, whooping cough, and dyspepsia. A teaspoonful of this elixir is enough for a dose.

In the last number of the Medical Reporter, (Richmond, Va.), Jackson's 'Pectoral Syrup' is described by F. Stearns, pharmacist, Detroit, Mich., and he states it to be a favorite prescription with many physicians where he resides. It is composed of 1 oz. Ipecacuanha, seneka 3 ozs., refined sugar 2 lbs., sulphate or murate of morphia, 10 grains, oil of saffras, 10 minims. These make two pints of syrup. The ipecacuanha in coarse powder is steeped for fourteen days in a pint of diluted alcohol. The seneka is digested in water, 10 oz., alcohol, 2 oz., at a heat of 104 degrees Fah., for six hours, then strained. This is mixed with the ipecacuanha extract and the other drugs, and the sugar dissolved in them at a gentle heat. From one to two teaspoonfuls is a maximum dose.

"The True Issue."

The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer is the leading Democratic paper of the South. It holds the same position among the Democratic organs in the Slave States, that the Boston Post does among the Nebraska sheets of New England. The opinions of the Enquirer are, in short, the very essence of 'Democratic' orthodoxy. This being the case, we respectfully invite the attention of every Democrat into whose hands this paper may fall, to the article below. Read it, reflect on it, and see whether things are tending—

"THE TRUE ISSUE.—The Democrats of the South in the present canvass cannot rely on the old grounds of defense and excuse for Slavery; for they seek not merely to retain it where it is, but to extend it where it is unknown.—Much less can they rely on the mere constitutional guarantees of Slavery, for such reliance is pregnant with the admission that Slavery is wrong, and but for the constitution should be abolished. This constitutional argument for Slavery, standing alone, fully justifies the abolitionists. They are clearly right if Slavery be morally wrong, for to get rid of it under the constitution, or by amending the constitution, is confessedly impracticable. In truth the constitution cannot help Slavery, if it be a violation of the laws of God and of morality. In that case, the constitution should secede, rather than continue to guaranty what they consider immoral and profane. The constitution cannot help slavery for another reason. That institution extending through fifteen States, and intermingled with the interests, the feelings, and the very existence of many millions of men, is much stronger than the constitution. It would be far easier to change or violate the constitution, than to abolish Slavery. Besides, slavery is older than the constitution, existed before it, and independently of it. We derive no right to our slaves from it, and weaken our cause by seeming to rely on it. Nor will it avail us aught to show that the negro is most happy and best situated in the condition of Slavery. If we stop there, we weaken our cause by the very argument intended to advance it; for we propose to introduce into new territory human beings whom we assert to be unfit for liberty, self-government, and equal association with other men. We must go a step farther. We must show that African Slavery is a moral, religious, natural, and probably, in the general, a necessary institution of society. This is the only line of argument that will enable Southern Democrats to maintain the doctrines of State equality and Slavery extension. For if Slavery be not a legitimate, useful, moral, and expedient institution, we cannot, without reproach of conscience and the blush of shame, seek to extend it, or assert our equality with those States having no such institution. Northern Democrats need not go thus far. They do not seek to extend Slavery, but only agree to its extension, as a matter of right on our part. They may prefer their own social system to ours. It is best that they should.—Our friends are conservatives at home, and conservatives of the Union—conservative of religion, of marriage, of property, of State institutions, and of Federal institutions. But whilst they may prefer their own social system they will have to admit in this canvass that ours is also rightful and legitimate, and sanctioned alike by the opinions and usages of mankind, and by the authority and expressed injunctions of Scripture. They cannot consistently maintain that Slavery is immoral, inexpedient and yet continue to submit to its extension. We know that we utter bold truths. But the time has now arrived when their utterance can be no longer postponed. The true issue should stand out so boldly and clearly that none may mistake it. STRANGE OCCURRENCE.—A Western editor on entering his office, and seeing the apprentice boy cutting some queer capers, called out to him: 'Jim, what are you doing there on the floor, 'Why, sir, I have had a shock!' 'A shock?' 'Yes, sir.' 'What kind of a shock?' 'Why, sir,' said the lad, gasping, 'one of your subscribers come in during your absence—said he owed for two years' subscription—paid it, and also paid one year in advance.' 'In advance!' gasped the editor, very nearly as much overcome as the lone apprentice. 'Yes, sir, and it has produced such an effect upon me, that I have ben helpless ever since.' 'And well you may, Jim. But get up; if you survive this, you are safe, as there is little prospect of another such catastrophe in this office.' MORE AMERICAN PRINTING PRESSES FOR ENGLAND.—The Illustrated London News announces that it has contracted for one of Hoe's printing presses and the London Times has also ordered a very large one. At the Complimentary Supper given by the proprietor of the New York Sun, a few years ago, to Col. Hoe, when the first large press was put up in the Sun Establishment, James the Novelist, who was present, said, 'Westward Hoe' had become a byword, but 'Eastward Hoe' would soon supersede it. He said this in reference to a demand that would yet arise for such presses in Europe. His prediction is now fulfilling. KEEP COOL!—The Boston Herald makes the following just and shrewd suggestion to 'hot' folks:—Steady, continued employment during the warm weather is favorable to coolness. The hottest people whom we know are those who have nothing under heaven to do except to keep cool. For want of some rational employment, they are constantly working themselves up to a fever heat by their uneasiness; thus they increase the uncomfortableness of all with whom they come in contact. RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—THE VERDICT.—The Coroner's Jury, in the case of the terrible railroad accident on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, mentioned by us last week, is, that the collision was caused by the criminal negligence of Alfred Hoppel, the conductor of the excursion train, who carelessly and negligently ran his train beyond the siding at Edgely. This conductor is now in jail. The total number of the dead by this accident is 66; wounded over a hundred. Will any person be punished for the criminal negligence which caused this accident? Let the people of Pennsylvania answer.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 7, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, Asst. Editor Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York. N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. S. N. TITUS & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, 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. HOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

OUR VILLAGE.—“A splendid country, when finished,” said the Frenchman, after a hurried journey through our growing cities and towns. Now we have arrived at just that point; our village is finished and ready for exhibition, and the sun in its daily round shines upon no prettier one. Hardly a new building has been erected here this season; and whoever visits us at the approaching literary festival, will encounter no unsightly heaps of brick or piles of lumber in walking through our streets, nor will his ear be disturbed by the ring of the trowel, the long drawn cry of “more mortar!” or the noise of the carpenter’s hammer; no half-finished buildings with their unavoidable accompaniment of “clutter,” will meet his eye; nor will rude gangs of the “unwashed” intrude “betwixt the wind and his nobility.” But though finished, our village is but just finished; and there will be found none of the melancholy signs of decay, seen in some places; for although there has been little or no building done, there has been a great deal of cleaning and fixing up, repairing and painting, tree-planting, sidewalk laying, and fence-making, here a touch and there a touch, till we have acquired a neatness and beauty most pleasant to behold. And though there is not that feverish rush of trade and business through our streets, which one eager in the pursuit of wealth would be glad to see, still there are no signs of rust or stagnation, but enough of life and wholesome activity to keep us in healthy condition. Ours may not be a ‘fast’ place—we hope it never will be; but it is just as far from being a ‘Sleepy Hollow.’ Quiet, but not dull; busy, but not noisy—long may it flourish—the pride of its citizens and the love of the Kennebec valley.

TOMATOES.—These grown in the hill with cucumbers or squashes, are said to protect the latter from the ravages of the striped bug; but we have had the two growing close together this season, without perceiving that the bugs were at all disturbed by the tomatoes. If the bugs are possessed of any delicacy of smell, like those who

“Die of a rose, in aromatic pain,” and the tomatoes were large enough to dispense their peculiar fragrance freely, we should not be at all surprised to find that the insects kept at a respectful distance; but during the period when the bug is most destructive, the plants are necessarily small and give forth little or none of their offensive odor, and the striped pests work away undisturbed.

We are reminded here of a little story told by one of our “solid men,” which we will repeat. Many years ago, while hoeing in his garden, he discovered a strange plant, which from its singularity and thriftiness he spared from the fate usually allotted to weeds in a well kept garden. Being unmolested it flourished wonderfully, spread abroad its branches, and in a little time came to be quite a shrub. It blossomed too, and soon there appeared upon its clusters of fruit, not unlike the bell pepper, with which our worthy friend was familiar. In all this time the plant was a source of infinite wonderment; hundreds of people were taken into the garden to look at it, but it was an utter stranger to them all; no one knew what it was, no one had seen anything like it before. About the time it was nicely filled with fruit, some of which began to show signs of ripening, our friend, being in the vicinity of the plant, discovered all at once a very disagreeable smell. What was it? where was it? After making a searching inquiry, he ascertained that it proceeded from the strange plant, which had probably been “stirred up” recently, and gave forth a most vile odor. Apples of Sodom! could it be a wholesome plant that gave forth such a smell? Was it of the nature of the deadly Bohn Upas, of which he had read? Perhaps even now he was breathing noxious exhalations, which would poison the blood in his veins. His head swam at the thought for a moment; but with an effort he roused himself and with characteristic decision set about measures of prevention; for though he feared the worst, he hoped the deadly principle might not yet be fully developed. “He dugged a hole and dugged it deep,” and in it hurriedly thrust this vile intruder with a pitchfork, and covering it carefully from the light of day, left it to swell and fester in its noisomeous alone.

Long years after, the papers were filled with glowing accounts of a wonderful plant, recently introduced, called the tomato. It was good for food, it was good for medicine; it would prevent disease, and cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. Finally it reached even this remote corner of down east, and was for sale at the shops, being brought from Boston; and what was the astonishment of our friend, to recognize in this delectable article of food and wonderful panacea, his old fragrant acquaintance that had given him such a fright, and which so many years ago he had so hastily and unadvisedly hurried out of sight in his garden.

WHERE NEWSPAPERS CIRCULATE.—The New York Herald, in an article upon its circulation, says:

The circulation of the Herald in the South was never but a very small part of its support, as will always be but a small part of the support of any Northern paper. For the last ten or fifteen years our circulation in Boston and Massachusetts alone has been equal to the Southern States. The truth is that the Northern States are the great newspaper readers.

OUR TABLE.

THE KNECKBOCKER for August, a well-filled budget of sparkling wit and genial sentiment, most excellent warm weather reading, comes promptly to hand at the opening of the month. A few small sample packages will be found below:

PARSON GRAY, A PASTORAL.
A quiet home had Parson Gray,
Excluded in a vale;
His daughters all were feminine,
And all his sons were male.
How faithfully did Parson Gray
The bread of life dispense—
Well pointed in theology,
And just and true his fence.
“Why, my dear son,”
“Unlaid all the vines of the age
He manfully did battle;
His chickens were a blip breed,
And gaudied his cattle.
No clock more punctually went,
He never delayed a minute—
Nor ever empty was his purse,
When he had money in it.
His piety was never denied;
He truthfully said to his dinner;
At morn he always breakfasted;
He always dined at dinner.
He never by any luck was grieved,
By any care or vexation;
No flatter he thought when he preached,
He always ‘took a text.’
As faithful characters he drew
He never over-drew;
But ah! poor parson! when he died,
His breath he could not draw!

Do you remember, reader, the first pair of boots that ever encased your boyish legs? Is there any acquisition of after-life that quite comes up to it? “How many boots,” asked a little boy of his father, who had a friend with him at the time who had just called upon him? “Do three shoes wear?” “Then,” said the little fellow, with conscious pride “there are six boots in this room!” Simple arithmetic, surely; but it was the only way in which he could attract the stranger’s attention to the fact—with him a great fact—that for the first time in his life he had on a pair of little boots.

The late honored and lamented Statesman, Henry Clay, used to tell a capital story of an opponent of his making a stump speech in the midst of the most unsettled parts of the then farthest Western States. He was small, pettiest-looking, “wordy,” “windy” and “wandering,” in all that he said, and with the utmost confusion as to what he was talking; only he knew that he was accusing Mr. Clay of wanting to introduce the ‘cursed Fugitive System’ into this country. A demagogue had told him that that was the nature of Mr. Clay’s protective system. “Look o’ here, now, my friends,” said he, “jest-buck-astle I want to know if any of you here ever saw this Fugitive System?” What had it done for England, and Europe, and France, and Scotland, and other foreign countries? Look at ‘em! Half of ‘em are no better than slaves, and some of ‘em not half as good. What has done this? The blasted Fugitive System that they want to fasten on to this country, same as they did on Greece!

And then just look at the expense. What do you think England owes, for instance, for wars and high living, under this Fugitive System? What has it done for England, and Europe, and France, and Scotland, and other foreign countries? Look at ‘em! Half of ‘em are no better than slaves, and some of ‘em not half as good. What has done this? The blasted Fugitive System that they want to fasten on to this country, same as they did on Greece!

LADIES’ REPOSITORY.—In our notice of this work last week, we accidentally omitted some sayings of the little folks, which we had marked for insertion, and as they are too good to lose we copy them this week:

A very bright boy of my acquaintance had received the gift of a bow and arrow. He was perfectly delighted, and, standing on the top of a tree, was searching for some proper object to which to try his skill as a marksman. At length he exclaimed: “Now I wish Satan would have light; for then I’d shoot him dead back on his pillow, but soon routing he murmured: ‘It was in vain—the tongue refused to obey!’” “Papa, talk to me.” “How do you do to day, Alice?” “All right, papa.” “All right, how does your mother do?” “All right, papa.” “You like a few more peas?” “A little boy, after saying the prayers which had been taught him, was quite conscious of what he called ‘praying his own way.’ He ate a large number of peaches, and, after those who were peculiar to him sometimes made the subject of conversation on one occasion, he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with his slumber he said: ‘O Lord, bless Elizabeth, and make her better than she is!’ His head fell back on his pillow, but soon routing he murmured: ‘It was in vain—the tongue refused to obey!’” “O Lord, I can’t; there’s too many on ‘em,” and sank into a deep slumber.

At another time, while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said: “O Lord, bless Elizabeth, and make her better than she is!” His head fell back on his pillow, but soon routing he murmured: ‘It was in vain—the tongue refused to obey!’” “O Lord, I can’t; there’s too many on ‘em,” and sank into a deep slumber.

PETERSON’S MAGAZINE.—The embellishments in the September number are: “Children in a Storm,” a handsome wood engraving; a beautiful fashion plate, and a host of wood cuts, illustrating the various useful and ornamental departments. In addition to the usual number of good stories, and many fine pieces of poetry, there will be found patterns and directions for various sorts of embroidery, modelling in leather, making children’s dresses, and artificial flowers, marking letters, &c. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE HORTICULTURIST for August is ornamented with a handsome fruit plate, “Doyenne d’Alencon Pear,” a picture of the Residence of G. G. Logan, Esq., with grounds, shrub, garden ornaments, &c. It is filled with matter of great value to those interested in cultivating and beautifying the earth. A series of papers on Rural Cemetery is commenced in this number, which will be of great advantage to the readers of this magazine. Published by Robert Pearson Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition, \$5.

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.—This is now a three-dollar magazine, and contains a most valuable chapter of the Historical and descriptive article on the “Capitol” at Washington, with numerous beautiful illustrations; No. 2 of Ornithology of the United States; The Intersected Messenger of Kamapa Pass; the commencement of a biographical sketch of John C. Fremont, with a portrait, do. of John C. Breckinridge; The Revolution in California; Mrs. Austin and the Bear; Aunt Becky’s Load of Wood; and many other articles, most of which are illustrated. With Editor’s Studio, and Editor’s Olio, in the last of which will be found “The Live Yankee,” an original humorous American Poem, with comic illustrations. This work is now most admirably well conducted, and is a model of beauty and neatness. Published by J. M. Emerson & Co., New York, at \$2 00 a year.

NORTHERN HOME MAGAZINE.—The August number, with other embellishments, contains portraits of Buchanan and Fremont—the two presidential candidates. This work improves with each succeeding number, and we learn that it is meeting with fair encouragement. Published by Daley & Lufkin, Portland, at \$2 00 a year.

FORBES’ BOYS’ AND GIRLS’ MAGAZINE for August contains another chapter of the beautiful story of Hiawatha, with illustrations, and numerous other stories, pretty pictures, riddles, &c., all of which will do much to instruct and interest the young. Published by F. & G. C. Rand, Boston, at \$1 a year.

Pulpit Notices.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN, of New York, will preach in the Universalist Church in this village, on the third Sabbath of this month.

REV. R. B. THURSTON, of Chicopee Falls, will preach in the Congregationalist House in this village next Sunday.

REV. L. S. KALLOOH, of the Tremont street Church, Boston, will preach in the Baptist House next Sabbath.

MILDEW.—Mr. William Dyer informs us that soap-suds are a sure preventive of mildew on gooseberries; and that if freely administered they will even arrest the evil in an advanced stage. The publication of this may seem a little unseasonable at this time, but we treasure the information up and it may be of value another year.

THE BANGOR JOURNAL.—We more than hinted to the Journal, long ago, that it would do us a favor by cutting our acquaintance. If we deserve a title of the scandalous epithets it applies to us, or are guilty of any portion of the meanness and dishonesty it charges upon us, we deserve no rank among the advocates of moral principles or public measures. Nor does it relieve us, that the best papers in the State, and the best men in public notoriety, receive from the Journal the same stupid and ill-bred scurrility; for if we repel its abuse—as others seldom take pains to do—we can only make our rebuke felt through the idiom of billingsgate, the only language intelligible to its editor.

The last Journal, after exhausting its category of filthy epithets in a summary of the thousand-and-one horrible “lies” it had previously charged upon us, and accusing us of a relish for “dirty work” which we would deny if its editor did not wear the proof against us scored under his own jacket, adds to the other damning evidences of our guilt, what it declares to be a fact, that we “refused” to make the correction of an error published in the Mail touching the political notions of the Piscataquis band. Now the columns of our paper show that this correction was fairly and distinctly made more than a week before the Journal’s charge, and a copy of the paper sent to the Journal. On what ground did that paper charge us with refusing to make the correction? With the evidence on its table that the charge was untrue and most wantonly unjust to us, how came he to make it? Certainly the Band made no such charge, for the correction appeared in a few hours after they requested it. Let the editor put his fingers in his ears and keep silence if he will; we expect him to do so. But unless he attempts some excuse for bringing this false charge—for which even the members of the Band should feel bound to hold him to account—let him save himself the trouble for a brief period at least, of bringing any more.

POLITICAL FLAGS.—We have two of these waving in our street now—one for each of the prominent parties. The Democrats flung theirs to the breeze some time since, for Buchanan and Breckinridge, and last week the Republicans run up a large and beautiful one, bearing the names of Fremont and Dayton, with the inscription—“Free Speech and Free Kansas.” “The Union and the Constitution, they must and shall be preserved.” No treason or nullification in that, eh? Long may it wave.

The correspondent of the Cambridge Chronicle tells the following story concerning the Buchanan flag in Hallowell:

A few days ago, a good old farmer was riding leisurely into town in a light wagon, attached to which behind was an old dog. The sober-minded horse jogged quietly along, while the farmer, with his head bent, meditated abstractly, unnoticed the passers by, or aught on either side. Suddenly the horse came to a standstill. “Get up,” said the old man. No motion on the part of the horse. “Go along,” said he again jerking the reins. The horse remained immovable, except turning his eye towards his master. Looking up then, the old man spied the flag hanging over him; slowly he read aloud, Buchanan and Breckinridge. Samuel Wells. Drawing up the reins, he said to the horse, “So old fellow, you went on under that flag will you? you went on under it? Well, I don’t blame you. I went on under it myself,” and quietly backing he turned up by the Factory, and coming round by the Hallowell House, went through Winthrop down into Water street again.

NOT SO BAD AS WE FEARED.—The Lewiston Falls Journal, in noticing the reported action of the Col. Abbott—Long John—says: “O, John! John! We are sorry you applied so late, the church is full, and you came in. Since writing the above we learn it was only for a brief period that John enlisted. It is said that John very unfortunately got a little bumpy, and like many other hardened sinners in which a state repeated of his evil doings. Upon coming to himself again, he went back to his ways of wickedness and now supports Buck and Breck again.

COMMENCEMENT AT WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—This will occur on Wednesday next. For programme of proceedings see notice in another column.

STATE FAIR.—This, it is now decided, will be held in Portland, instead of Waterville, as first announced. This decision, under the circumstances, we learn excites considerable dissatisfaction among the members of our society, particularly with those who have expended considerable time and labor in getting up the required subscription here.

TICONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION.—At the meeting on Tuesday last it was voted to build 3 large cisterns holding from one to two hundred hogsheads each,—one to be located near junction of Temple and Main streets, one near Elmwood Hotel, and one near the junction of Spring and Silver streets.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR HARBORS IN MAINE. In the Senate of the United States on Monday the 21st ult., Mr. Hamlin asked the Senate to indulge him, by taking up the bill making appropriations for harbors in Maine. The bill was taken up, and after some slight amendments was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading by a vote of 24 to 8. Subsequently it was read a third time and passed. The bill appropriates \$8,000 for continuing the repairs of the Breakwater in Portland harbor; \$50,000 for continuing the Breakwater at Richmond Island; and \$12,000 for continuing the Breakwater at Owl’s Head, and extending the same to Eagle Ledge.

SUICIDE AT NEWPORT.—Greenville Flint, a merchant at Newport, Me., drowned himself in Newport Pond on Thursday last. He was 45 years of age and leaves a wife and four children. Mr. Flint’s body is recovered. The legs were pinioned at the knees, and his hands tied together and attached to a stone weighing about 75 lbs.

Whitfield’s seat,—pretended delegate from Kansas—has been declared vacant. Whitfield has been refused by a vote of 110 to 92, and Gov. Reeder has been refused by a vote of 113 to 88. Whitfield’s election with some of the forms of law was a consummate fraud, and Reeder, although having the legal voting citizens of Kansas, had not the proper legal forms.

Stop that Calumny!

The Border Ruffian prints are making desperate efforts to tarnish the character of Col. Fremont. Every day witnesses the birth of some new libel, which, thank Heaven, expires like the ephemeral insects of August. We should enjoy the sight of the process were it not for the exhibition of such meanness in the men who give themselves to that kind of business. The last specimen has appeared, of course, in the columns of the Argus—and it is no less than an attempt to lower the gallant Fremont to the abject level of a Brooks!

The following is the Argus version of an incident which took place in the Senate at the close of the memorable session of 1850. “Mr. Foote had charged Fremont in the Senate with being influenced in reference to legislation for California, by his own interest in the gold mines. As he goes afterwards into the ante-chamber of the Senate, Fremont meets him and strikes him so as to draw blood. The conflict then being interrupted by the bystanders, Fremont goes home and writes Foote a challenge to fight a duel, but once more, by the intervention of friends, the difficulty is adjusted. Here we have the black-republican candidate for President placed before the people, first as a bully, striking a senator for words spoken in debate, so as to draw blood—and second as a duellist, seeking the life of that same senator, for the same cause. And this candidate should be chosen, our opponents tell us, to vindicate free speech, and rebuke Brooks!”

Again the Argus returns to the matter in speaking of Cobb of Georgia: “He never struck a senator, so as to draw blood, for words spoken in debate. He never enacted a bully’s part like Fremont and Brooks nor did he ever justify the conduct of either of these persons.”

Now greater untruths were never uttered than those contained in the above extracts. For its brevity, we take the real facts of the occurrence from the New York Post, edited by William Cullen Bryant, as follows:

“In the first place Fremont did not strike Foote, and of course did not draw blood.

The facts are briefly as follows:—Senator Foote entered the Senate the last night of the session, with an uncommonly large brick in his hat, and availed himself of the first opportunity, as is the habit of people with hats thus furnished, to make a speech. In the course of his remarks he reflected offensively upon certain California measures which had been pending before the Senate, and upon the motives of those who advocated them. Col. Fremont immediately left the Senate chamber and sent for Senator Foote to come out. When they met, Colonel Fremont told him that he had sent for him to say that he (Foote) had just used language in reference to the Californian legislation and senators which no gentleman could use, and unworthy of an American Senator. Foote immediately struck at Fremont and slightly grazed his face. Senators and officers who were near, doubtless anticipating something of the kind, promptly interfered and prevented any further controversy at that time.

On the following day Fremont sent Foote a note by Gov. Price, of New Jersey, demanding a retraction of his offensive language, and Foote wrote a retraction which was deemed satisfactory by the friends of the respective parties.”—[State of Maine.

The Anglo-American Question.

The latest advices from England, in regard to the progress of our diplomatic negotiations with the British Government, afford encouragement that the Central American controversy will soon be amicably adjusted. The dispute concerning the occupation of the Bay Islands by Great Britain may indeed be regarded as settled. This result has been effected through the intervention of the envoy of the Republic of Honduras in London, Don Victor Herran. This gentleman has formally laid claim, on behalf of his Government, to the islands of Ruatan, Bonanca, Utilia, Helene, Barbat and Moxat, constituting the Bay Islands. It is proposed that the British Government shall renounce all claim to these islands, and consent to their cession to Honduras, the latter Government agreeing to recognize the rights and property of the British settlers therein, the inhabitants of the island having the right of becoming citizens of Honduras, or of remaining on the islands as British subjects. There is reason to believe that the British government has agreed to this proposition. The London Times, which is supposed to express the sentiments of the present Administration, speaks favorably of the proposition of the Honduras minister, and suggests that Great Britain may as well waive any claim that it possesses to the Bay Islands, when there is ‘a chance of settlement so entirely satisfactory.’ The Times is disposed to regard these islands as worthless possessions at any rate, and declares that Great Britain has no wish for territories on the Central American coast, not caring to extend her sovereignty further over tropical regions, which can only be rendered profitable by the adoption of a system of labor which has been solemnly condemned. Nor does the Times manifest any disposition to defend the British title to the Bay Islands; and indeed, in the same number of that journal which contains the editorial remarks in favor of the proposed cession of these islands to Honduras, there is published a copy of a despatch written in 1836, by Sir George Grey, then British Colonial Secretary, to Mr. Cox, the agent of a commercial company trading on the eastern coast of Central America. In that despatch Sir George defines the easternmost limit of the boundaries of the Belize settlement to be the meridian of Light-house Reef; that, according to British charts, is more than sixty miles to the westward of Ruatan. This official declaration seems effectually to dispose of the British claim to Ruatan and the other Bay Islands, on the ground that they are dependencies of the Belize; and it has undoubtedly had some influence in inducing the British ministry to agree to the settlement of the dispute, in relation to this point, upon the terms proposed by the Government of Honduras.

Mr. Dallas—to whom the proposition of Honduras has likewise been presented—will of course readily accede to it. Our Government has no claim whatever to the Bay Islands. The only interest we have in the matter is that these islands shall not remain in the occupation of Great Britain. We insist upon this in conformity with the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; and we ought to insist upon it, even if the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty were not in existence, inasmuch as the British occupancy of these islands might seriously endanger our commercial interests in that region. If this question can be settled, in the manner proposed, by the Governments of Honduras and Great Britain, all that we have to do is to acquiesce in such settlement with a feeling of thankfulness to the third party, who has stepped in at this juncture to take a disagreeable negotiation off our hands. It is probably more agreeable to British pride to come to terms with Honduras, in the matter of yielding the occupancy of the islands claimed by the latter Government as part of its rightful territory, than it would be to relinquish such occupancy at the instance of the United States, who do not profess to have any claim at all to the territory in dispute.

In connection with the proposition above mentioned, and as an inducement to its adoption, the Minister of Honduras, on behalf of his government, offers to cede to Great Britain and to the United States a right of way through the territory of the Republic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and to make the ports on each ocean, at the extremities of the proposed route, free ports. This cession will undoubtedly be of value to the two Governments inasmuch as it secures to them a new communication across the Isthmus, though it is probable that, with two Isthmian routes already in operation, a long time will elapse before this right of way will be improved for practical purposes.

The Day Islands dispute settled, the only remaining point of the Central American controversy is the Mosquito protectorate, and we have information that, though Great Britain still insists upon her right to exercise this protectorate she is willing to abandon it on very moderate considerations, and Lord Clarendon is understood to have recently made an offer to Mr. Dallas, providing for a joint protectorate of the Mosquito Indians by Great Britain, the United States and Nicaragua, the object being merely to secure to those Indians certain territory and a small annuity, without recognising them as an independent political power.

Another condition on which Lord C. is understood to place the relinquishment of the British protectorate is the making of a free port of San Juan. This latter point may give occasion to some further discussion, but it is evident that a solution of the protectorate difficulty is near at hand, and there is now every prospect that the most important of those ‘unsettled questions’ which threaten to disturb the peaceful relations of two great nations, will shortly be adjusted, and all gloomy anticipations of war be dispelled.—[Boston Traveller.

Plant One Acre Less. “Plant one acre less,” so advises the Rural New Yorker, in opposition to the advice given by the N. Y. Tribune last spring, to “Plant one acre more.” The New Yorker says: “Farmers cannot afford to cultivate as much land as has been their wont. If proof of this assertion is required, just hitch up some day, drive through your own neighborhood, and examine the farms therein—you don’t want the trouble,—then just look at your own, and if not convinced, we will set you down as incorrigible. The preparation that wheat field received before sowing the seed, is an exemplification of the ‘one acre more’ dogma. Your plowing is like beauty, but skin deep. “What is the matter with your potatoes?” “Oh, they want rain.” “Is that all? Indeed!” “Your corn-field looks as though it would need powerful tonics to be enabled to survive the season.” “Yes, it don’t look very healthy, but I have been so hurried, had so much to do, and so little to do with, that I find it utterly impossible to give each and every crop the attention I suppose it ought to receive.” “Then, my dear sir, pardon a little frankness, you have mistaken your vocation, and have no business upon a farm. You can no more afford to have such crops of wheat, potatoes and corn, than you can to keep a poor horse, cow or hog. You can’t afford to raise such luxuriant crops of weeds as you do.—You can’t afford to use such poor tools. If your State and county should offer premiums for the poorest farm, you can’t afford to live upon them, even if you should win, which is not at all unlikely. Above all, you can’t afford to plant one acre more! Sell off a portion and apply the funds therefrom to the benefit of the remainder. Have good implements, good help, and we will warrant good crops and good times. Plant one acre less, and do it well.

The cultivation of a large amount of land, as the process is performed by many agriculturists, is a waste of labor and fertility—impoverishing both the tiller and the soil. Sound judgment, we think, will demonstrate that large crops per acre, as a general rule, are the most profitable, and experiment will verify it. It should be the aim of the farmer to sustain the richness of his land, and this can be done only by reducing the breadth under the plow, proportionately to his capacity for applying such fertilizing materials as will return the elements taken therefrom by the crop. “A little farm well tilled” gladdened the heart, but a great breadth of acres cultivated in a slovenly manner, is a blight upon the interests of its owner, and an evil in the sight of all men.”

PHILOSOPHY OF WETTING BRICKS.—Little bits of practical information which we are accustomed to collect and present to our readers we frequently find appropriated by other journals after they are years old; and again, we often find these paragraphs copied from paper to paper, credit being given for the second-hand productions. This we have found to be the case with an article having the above caption. It has recently been going the rounds credit being given to the Philadelphia Journal. It was published ten years ago in the Scientific American.

It explains briefly the philosophy of wetting brick during warm weather. Lime-mortar only acts as a bond, with brick by adhesion, the vehicle being the moisture or water of the mortar. Dry porous bricks at once abstract the moisture from mortar, and it soon evaporates; and thus the binding vehicle between the two is removed.

Spring and fall are the best seasons of the year for building brick houses. In warm dry weather the moisture of the mortar evaporates too rapidly; and in frosty weather it crystallizes, and when thawed it sweats out.

Mortar becomes hard by absorbing carbonic acid from the atmosphere; and it acquires by the character of stone. Without moisture it will not become hard and solid, but crumble into dust, hence the necessity of preventing the rapid evaporation of moisture in mortar used in buildings of brick or stone.

LIGHTNING DOWN EAST.—It seems that portions of Maine as well as Massachusetts, have been visited with ‘streaks of lightning.’

In Cooper, Maine, on Thursday last week, there was the heaviest thunder storm ever experienced in that town. After the storm had subsided the hail stones lay in some places three inches deep, and some of them measured seven-eighths of an inch in diameter.

Vegetation was leveled to the earth, and from its appearance at sun set it will be a hard matter for it to straighten up again.

The Bangor Journal says that last Monday, the stable of Mr. G. D. Parsley, in Sangerville village, was struck by lightning, setting it on fire and consuming the same, together with seven tons of hay, 100 bushels of oats, and a considerable quantity of other grain, with a valuable swine. The dwelling house and shed connected with the same, were also burnt, together with a portion of the furniture, clothing, &c. By great exertions the fire was

kept from spreading. Mr. P.’s entire loss is estimated at \$1500—insured in the Piscataquis Mutual Company for \$675.

About the same time, a school house some 50 rods distant was struck, shattering and injuring it considerably, but not setting it on fire.

THE RIGHTS OF FOOT PASSENGERS IN OUR STREETS, was the subject of an important decision in the Municipal Court to-day. A hackman was condemned to four months imprisonment for trespassing upon these rights, and running over a foot passenger. The court stated the rule of law in such cases to be that carriages had no paramount right of way in the streets, and that drivers were bound at all times to heed the rights of those on foot, and to exercise due care for their safety. This is a timely decision. Long habit and impunity have emboldened drivers of carriages, and of wagons, and other teams, especially to insist upon what they seem to imagine to be their priority of right, and to hinder and annoy, and even endanger the safety of foot passengers, by always claiming the precedence in the privileges of the highway.—[Boston Trav.

NEW YORK, August 2. The whole number of cases of yellow fever that have occurred at Quarantine this season is eighty, of which forty six have come directly from shipboard, ten from the neighboring village, and seventeen from this city, but all are traceable directly to the infection taken from ships in the harbor. In one case three men sickened from pumping out an infected vessel from St. Thomas. The others were custom-house officers and captains of vessels, or their families, who had come up to the city, but all were returned to the Marine Hospital, where the treatment was very successful. Of the whole number but eight persons are reported to have died. From this it will be seen that there is absolutely no fever in this city; all of it is imported, and for the last week only one case occurred within the city limits.

A GOOD HIT.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times furnishes the following anecdote:

A good story is told at the expense of those who protest that Fremont’s election will lead to disunion. A few evenings since, a company of gentlemen were assembled in this city at a quiet game of whist. Among the party was a distinguished New York politician, and several Southern Members of Congress. The conversation turned upon the Presidential election, and all the horrid train of evils to follow upon Fremont’s election were set forth in glowing colors. It was asserted that his most necessary consequence would be sectional administration, under which no Southern man could or would take office—the consequence of which calamity, it was voted, must uproot the pillars of the Republic. One of the Southern M. C.’s, after listening for some time to these grave arguments, instead of assenting to their force, suggested that he desired no larger fortune than he would undertake to collect in the way of toll across the Long Bridge over the Potomac, from the applicants for office under Fremont’s Administration from the State of Virginia!

TOOMBS AND HIS DOLEFUL SOUND.—Senator Toombs, the approver of Brooks and the great Buchanan leader of Georgia, has recently written a letter in which he says: “The election of Fremont will be the end of the Union, and ought to be.”

Here we have the declaration that the coming election of Fremont on the ground of opposition to slavery-extension, will, and ought to, dissolve this Union. Slavery in the free territories, or disunion! Is there a northern man who will be cowed into submission by such an outcry? Is there one who will not indignantly repel this attempt to bully him out of the exercise of his sacred and constitutional rights? American freedom has indeed come to a pretty pass, if it is actually contingent on the spread of bondage! Freemen of Maine! consider these things—consult your chartered rights, your own reason and your hearts—and then teach these demagogues their needed lesson.

Demagogues they are. This Robert Toombs may desire disunion and labor for it, but the patriotism of the South alone would overwhelm him and his fellows in the day of trial, and consign their names to the borders of infamous oblivion.

Very pertinently does the N. Y. Herald say in this connection:

Let Mr. Toombs bear in mind that there are 500,000 non-slaveholding voters in the South against 300,000 voting slaveholders, at the highest estimate, and he will probably lower his voice when he speaks of secession as the consequence of the election of Fremont to the Presidency—a man who is neither abolitionist nor sectionalist, nor yet a slaveholder; but who is for the constitution and the Union, and who, though adopted by the North, is still a Southern man, representing the bulk of those five hundred thousand voters of the South who own no slaves.

When Mr. Toombs shall have digested this branch of our argument we shall be happy to hear from him, for the benefit of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Buchanan.

HELPING THE PREACHER.—Dr. Beecher once said to an old lady who had expressed her wonder to him that she was permitted to live, as she could not do any more good, “You are doing a great deal of good; you help me to preach every Sunday.” She was greatly surprised and inquired how it could be. “In the first place,” said he, “you are always in your seat on the Sabbath and that helps me; in the second place, you are always wide awake, and you look right up into my face, and that helps me; and in the third place, I very often see the tears running down your face, and that helps me very much.

THE TOOMBS AND DOUGLAS KANSAS BILL.—No better evidence is needed of the true character of the Kansas bill of Toombs and Douglas, than has passed the Senate this fact that Stringfellow and other Missourians have issued a handbill, calling on all Missourians to go on to Kansas before August to vote at the November election. Stringfellow has allowed his zeal to run away with his discretion, and by his proclamation has shown that the bill is simply a poorly conceived scheme to make Kansas a slave State.

THE BURLINGAME AND BROOKS AFFAIR.—Mr. Campbell has published a statement of facts connected with the Burlingame and Brooks case, and Mr. Burlingame also issues a card. The choice of Canada for meeting was made by Mr. Campbell, and against protestations by Mr. Burlingame, who expressed his readiness to go even to South Carolina, but was overruled by his friend’s decision.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE. The Prize Declamations of the Junior and Sophomore Classes of Bowdoin College took place on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The prizes were awarded as follows:—In the Junior class, to Samuel B. Stewart, Farmington, \$20, and Jas. T. Hewes, Saco, \$10.

In the Sophomore class the prizes were awarded to Charles P. Loring, Danville, and Simon G. Philbrick, Lewiston, \$5 each.

