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THE TOWN-MEETING AT GRABTOWN.

Then Clerk. The meeting will please come to order. Is it the pleasure of this meeting to nominate a chairman? and whom will they nominate? Squire Grabb is nominated. Is it your pleasure that Squire Grabb shall be chairman? It is a vote.

Squire G. (taking the chair.) Will some one nominate a secretary?

Farmer Bright. I move that the Town Clerk be secretary of the meeting.

Squire G. Is it your pleasure that the Town-Clerk be secretary of this meeting? It is a vote. Gentlemen, the meeting has been called to decide on the site of the new school-house, and on the style and size of the structure. Of course, we must consult economy in this business. And, first, touching the site of the building. An idea has occurred to me by which we may kill two birds with one stone, as the saying is. It has long been a subject of complaint to the people of the upper village that our present hog-pound is too small; that the hogs have no good place to root in; that it is badly exposed for their shelter in winter, and is destitute of trees and shrubs for their comfort in summer. Some people think it is not a healthy place for hogs. At any rate, the hogs don't seem to like it. They don't thrive there; and some of the upper village people have offered to give the town a nice lot for a hog-pound, if we will move it there. Now, gentlemen, my proposition is to take our present hog-pound for the site of the new school-house, and to accept the offer of the upper village people for the removal of the pound. We shall thus accomplish a double purpose without expense.

Lawyer Chatter. I second the proposition of our enlightened chairman. The pound, though unfit for hogs, would be an excellent place for a school. True, it is only twenty feet by twenty; but children can be packed close. True, there is a marsh close by, and people on the borders complain of the prevalence of fevers; but our physician, Dr. Pshaw, will tell you that the place is healthy as need be. True, there are no trees near by; so much the better—the boys will not be climbing after birds' nests. And so, Mr. Chairman, I hope the proposition to take the hog-pound for the site of the school-house will prevail.

Mr. Sharp. I am sorry to differ from my friends who have preceded me; but I think we can cut off an angle from the old burial-ground, that will afford a site quite as economical as the hog-pound, and more central. It is a rough, gravelly piece of ground; nothing will grow there; the old tombs in the vicinity are in a ruinous state, and some dainty people refuse to live opposite, because of bad smells; but the children will not mind the smells; or, if they do, they will soon get used to them. I hope, therefore, that the idea of the hog-pound will be abandoned, and that a slice will be taken off the old burial-ground for the desired purpose.

Mr. Skinfint. Mr. Chairman, I have listened with profound interest to the remarks of the liberal and enlightened speakers who have preceded me. None, sir, can doubt their patriotism; none can throw a suspicion on the purity and loftiness of their motives. I hope my fellow-citizens will believe that I also am actuated by the sincerest devotion to the public good; that in me also the spirit of Seventy-Six burns bright—bright, Mr. Chairman—I say, bright. Sir, I am willing to make a sacrifice of my self-interest to promote the public welfare in this matter. Sir, it has been suggested by several enlightened citizens that the town might make a great saving in the matter of a school-house by buying my old stable, and fixing it up with benches and desks.

Farmer Bright. The gentleman will excuse me for interrupting him; but I would inquire whether he has not repeatedly said that the old stable was not fit for his cattle, and that he must build a new one.

Mr. Skinfint. Well, sir, it doesn't follow that it may not be made into a very respectable school-house. The gentleman did not hear me out. Reluctant as I am, fellow-citizens, to part with a building endeared to me by ancestral associations, and many tender ties, yet out of regard to the rising generation I am willing to sell the stable at a sacrifice; and furthermore, in case the town will give me my price for it, I will make a donation to the town of the lot bounding my cow-yard on the south, and which is just big enough to receive the stable. Here, sir, in this charming locality, with my cow-yard on the south, and my spacious pig-pen on the north, it will be the fault of the rising generation if they do not make rapid progress in their studies.

Mr. Easy. I move, Mr. Chairman, that the hog-pound be selected as the site for the new school-house.

Mr. Crane. I second the motion.

Squire G. You have heard the motion, gentlemen. It is moved and seconded that the hog-pound be the site. Are you ready for the question?

Farmer Bright. I'd like to argue the point a little, Mr. Chairman; but I'm a poor speaker, and somehow the right words won't come when I want them. However, here's my son, Jeff, who can talk like a book, boy though he is. He knows just what I think on this matter of the school-house, and if it's agreeable to the meeting he shall speak in my stead.

Squire G. I presume there will be no objection. We will hear what Jeff has to say.

Jeff. Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens: I thank you for your permission to speak.

The question is one in which the boys are especially interested, and I am happy to represent them, however feebly, on this occasion. Sir, it is no trivial question. It has bearings which most affect the welfare of immortal souls.—(Sensation.) Sir, I do not overstate the question. Is it a light matter whether your children are surrounded, in their school hours, by influences that contribute to their happiness and health? Is it a light matter whether they breathe a contaminated air, and pine in a narrow, uncongenial enclosure? Sir, I would not be wanting in deference to any gentleman of this meeting; certainly not to its chairman; but when I heard him pleading for the hogs and neglecting the children, when I heard him propose the hog-pound as the site for the new school-house in order that the hogs might have a better place, I could not believe that he was serious. What, sir, is a place not fit for hogs fit for your children and their teachers?—(Loud applause.)

Squire G. (rapping.) Order! order! The speaker will please confine himself to the subject before the meeting, and not indulge in any impertinent remarks.

Jeff. Sir, I can conceive of nothing more pertinent than the inquiry whether a place which the very hogs protest against is suitable for a school for human beings. But I see from the faces before me that I need not press my objections further. We may love pork, sir, but we love our children better. (Tumultuous applause.)

Squire G. Order, I say! If the young gentleman cannot regulate his remarks so as to produce no disorder, he had better stop speaking.

Jeff. Certainly, if the audience desire it. (Cries of "No!" "Go on!" "Hit him!")

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again! 'That's the talk!' 'Give it to him!'

'Children before hogs!' &c.)

Jeff. There seems to be a desire, sir, that I should proceed. Allow me to discuss the proposition of the gentleman who wishes us to take up with the flag-end of an old burial-ground for our school-site. The charm by which he would captivate us is the economy of the plan. Sir, the economy which he recommends is the self-same economy that would lead a man to buy tainted beef for his family, because he could get it cheaper than good beef. (Applause and laughter.)

Mr. Sharp. Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!

Is this in order?

Squire G. Silence! No interruption!

Jeff. The tainted beef, sir, may lead to a doctor's bill much longer than the butcher's. It may do for hyenas, but not for healthy human appetites. Sir, such penny-wise, pound-foolish policy is not for us. I come now to the third proposition—the proposition of the free and enlightened citizen who wants us to buy his old stable and convert it into a school-house. (Laughter.) Sir, I bow to the eloquence with which he commended the plan to our acceptance; with which he expatiated on the romantic attractions of the locality, with his cow-yard on one side, and his pigery on the other. (Applause.) Sir, I admire as much as any man the public spirit, the generosity, the magnanimity, which induced him to propose to make us a free gift of a lot of land, the acceptance of which by the town would raise the value of his adjoining lots ten times the value of his gift. I also admire the self-sacrificing devotion which leads him to give up his 'ancestral' stable, at his own price, now that it is no longer fit for four-legged cattle. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. Skinfint. Mr. Chairman, I call the young man to order! It is shameful, sir, shameful, that such personalities should be permitted!

Squire G. The speaker is not out of order. Mr. Skinfint. I protest, sir, against—

(Cries of "Put him out!" "Trip him up!" "Skin him!" "Choke him!" "Punch him!" &c.)

Jeff. Sir, I think we have given a quietus to the stable plan. An unstable plan it has proved. And now, sir, what shall we do? I will tell you what. Select the best and healthiest ten-acre lot in the town for your school lot. (Applause, and cries of "Good!" "That's it!") What are a few dollars, sir, compared with the health, the well-being of your children, during the most important period of their lives? Let it be a spot combining beauty of prospect and situation with perfect salubrity. Let it be such as to afford a spacious play-ground and shaded walks, where young and old may delight to ramble. Let every scholar have the privilege of planting a tree on the land. How will your posterity bless you for your foresight in setting apart so large a lot at a time when land was cheap, and no public burden was entailed by the act! Build a school-house, sir, worthy of such a site—large, commodious, well-ventilated. The intelligent emigrant will say, as he looks on your tasteful and liberal provision for education, 'Here will I pitch my tent—here, where my children can have the advantage of a good and healthy school—a school in which regard is had to the training of the body, as well as of the mind.' And so, sir, you shall find that your real estate will rise in value, and that a judicious expenditure is in the end the best economy. I move, sir, that the ten-acre lot belonging to the town, on Walnut-street, be all appropriated to the site of the new school-house and its grounds. (Applause, and cries of "Question!")

Mr. Easy. I second the motion.

Squire G. The first motion in order is, Shall the hog-pound be selected as the site for the new school-house? Those in favor of the motion will say Ay. (Ay, from Skinfint.) Those opposed to the motion will say No. (Loud and almost unanimous No. The Noes have it. Are you ready for the second question? (Cries of "Question Question!") Those in favor of taking the ten-acre lot for the new school-house will say Ay. (Loud and almost unanimous Ay.) Those opposed to the motion will say No. (No, from Skinfint.) The Ays have it.

Jeff. I move that this meeting do now adjourn.

Squire G. It is moved and seconded that this meeting do now adjourn. Is this your pleasure?

(Tumultuous "Ay," during which the meeting breaks up.)

SOUVENIRS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.—A Crimean correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes:

'The bombshells strewn about the city during the siege are still doing the work of death. No less than eight deaths, I think have been caused by explosion of these missiles since my arrival, hardly a year since. Only a few days ago, two seamen belonging to the English steamer 'Beyrout,' came on shore near our shipyard, and for a few minutes were conversing with Mr. Gowen. They then started for a walk to the Redan, quite near our residence, and on reaching the breast-work, one of them picked up an unexploded detonating shell, intending to keep it as a relic, but finding it rather heavy, threw it down, when it instantly exploded, and killed him, almost severing the head from the body, and completely cutting off his right leg. The remains were brought to our yard, whence they were buried. His companion escaped with a slight scratch on the lip. On the following day two Russians were killed in a similar manner, while picking out the stopper of a shell. The lock by which the concussion ignited the power of the shell is a curious affair,—being a small equilateral cross, with a capsule at each point, and four little hammers held by a human hair. A sudden jerk breaks the hair, causing the hammer to strike the cap, which explodes. After the shells are charged, the locks are inclosed in a copper tube and inserted within the hole of the shell, upon which a plug is placed. The shell, thus prepared, is placed in a box of the size of an ordinary chronometer box, which, for safety, must be handled 'this side up, with care.'

TO IMITATE CORAL BASKETS.—Make the basket of pasteboard in any shape you please; dissolve three sticks of sealing-wax in a pint of alcohol; wet the basket with this mixture, and sprinkle on rice which has been about half ground; let it dry, and repeat the process until the pasteboard is covered, after which point it with the mixture until it is red enough. A brush of hair or feathers should be used.

(New England Farmer.)

THE LITTLE GRAY CLOAK.

There's a little gray cloak that goes trotting about—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
There's a something beneath it, I've not a doubt—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
In sunshine or rain, in pleasure or pain,
Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
Like a sprite of the air, 'tis now here and now there,
I see it before me, that little gray cloak.

O, I fear that my heart is not strong as my eyes!
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
That my heart is betraying itself by its sighs—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
For, all through the day, a vision of gray
Is over my heart, and is over my eyes;
For my eyes I can't swear—for my heart I declare,
'Tis under the folds of that little gray cloak!

I have faithfully sworn—to the oath I will own—
Heigh ho, that little gray cloak!
That the little gray cloak shall not go trotting alone—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
I'll step by its side, and I'll take for my guide
Whatever may be in its mysterious bid,
I shall fear not the storm—it will keep us both warm,
For broad are the folds of that little gray cloak.

TOBACCO.

Walk up here and be talked to, ye filthy chawers, smokers and snuffers; Dr. Dixon, editor of the 'Scalpel,' has the rostrum—hear him.

What, then, is tobacco? Why, simply a narcotic—that is, (see the dictionary) 'a stupefying—a deadener of nervous and muscular energy!' If any man disputes this, and asserts that he finds himself more capable of intellectual or muscular effort, when he has a quid in his mouth, we congratulate him on his improved astuteness: we may betray our own want of the precious intellectual quickener, but we will venture the question: How much did it sharpen your logic-chopper when you took the first quid? And how majestically did you stand on your legs when you first felt its full effect?

Every one must remember the first effect of tobacco. Nausea, vertigo, vomiting and relaxation of the entire muscular system, are its inevitable effects; and if continued, relaxation of all the sphincter or closing muscles of the hollow viscera, bowels, bladder, and stomach. This result is sometimes sought for by the surgeon, and produced by injecting an infusion of tobacco into the bowels, in cases of obstinate constipation, or for relaxing the grip of the openings in the abdomen, when the bowel slips through them in those who have ruptures. We have seen the consequences in our own practice so awful from a very weak injection, which we administered to avoid the necessity of operating by the knife, that we resolved never to use it again.

Now, the reader will please to remember that the symptoms he first experiences from tobacco, are the inevitable results upon a natural or healthy condition of the body; and if he succeeds, by perseverance in its use, in overcoming the immediate consequences, it is only because the alarmed and abused nerves have summoned the forces of youthful vigor to bear the invasion as long as possible before they capitulate. Breath, food, and drink are the means of resistance, and the besotted youth soon discovers that the quantity of the latter must be increased, and its quality strengthened, if he would resist the invader and continue to perform his ordinary duties without showing plainly his incapacity to stand upon his legs. Thus it is that tobacco, either used by smoking or chewing, is the direct introduction to drunkenness.

Our remarks apply in a much more forcible manner to smoking than to chewing. Some people are so silly as to suppose, because they do not spit whilst smoking, that no harm can ensue; but they should remember that the oil of tobacco, which contains the deadly nicotine, (equally deadly and almost as rapid in its action as strychnine,) is volatilized, and circulates with the smoke through the delicate lining membrane of the mouth at each whiff of the cigar, and is absorbed by the extensive continuation of this membrane that lines the nostrils, and acts upon the whole body. The smoke of tobacco is indeed much more rapid in its stupefying effect, as every professed smoker knows; it is usually called "soothing" by its votaries; but this is, of course, only the first stage of stupefaction; it acts precisely as opium or other narcotics do. Moreover, the reader will observe that the older physicians used to throw the smoke of tobacco into the intestines, when they sought its terribly relaxing effects on the body in rupture or constipation of the bowels, or for reducing dislocation. Nicotine was the awful agent chosen by Boccaccio for poisoning his brother-in-law, because it killed and left no sign whereby to convict him. At each whiff of smoke, it is known that a good portion of a large drop of the oil of tobacco circulates through the mouth; we have often seen it blown out of the mouth and condensed on the thumb-nail, by men who had the ability to contract the lips to an opening sufficiently small for that purpose.—Five drops of the oil of tobacco will kill a large dog. The throat often becomes excessively dry and irritable in smokers, and there is a morbid thirst produced that greatly debilitates digestion, by diluting too much the fluids of the stomach—robbed, also, of its healthful saliva by the spitting.

But there are other and far more mortifying and disastrous effects following the use of cigars. There is a law of the system, which, in a great number of cases, insures similar morbid results to similar structures of the human body. The lining membrane of the urethra is very similar in its structure to that of the mouth. Here the use of tobacco is followed by the most distressing consequences; it is impossible to particularize these in this place. They are almost invariably in delicate persons, from even moderate smoking. The morbid and absurd fastidiousness of too many readers would pervert the object of the most refined and delicate teacher; many of our readers have very absurd ideas of propriety. We can only say in this place that the morbid irritability on the mucous lining of the urethra, and the fearful prostration of the lower parts of the body and extremities, produced by the action of tobacco on the spinal nerves, have often induced the doubt whether its use, and some other revolting vices, were not the actual origin of so much unhappiness in married life. If we have used a moderate share of intellect and very extensive observation, except tobacco, capable of producing the wrecks of manhood that often come under our professional notice. The dull and leaden eye, the trembling hand, and insecure and unmanly step, the vacillating purpose and incapacity to reason correctly on the most simple subjects, are too often seen connected with the aroma of the deadly weed, as the victim unfolds in trembling

accents his tale of blighted prospects and chilled affections.

So far are we from doubting its power over the moral and physical welfare of the race, that we have not a doubt that it has infinitely more to do with the physical imperfection and early death of the children of its votaries, than its great associate, drunkenness itself. The local surgical and medical treatment most effective in these cases, proves conclusively that it is to the debilitating and exhausting influence of tobacco, that these sad consequences are due. How, indeed, could it be that an agent of such universality of action on the nervous and muscular systems—one that at first invariably produces vertigo and blindness, and throws its victim prostrate on the earth in temporary death, should not reach to its climax in the role of its peculiar power, in that mysterious system where nature has chosen to evolve redundant life? What is the period for this grand demonstration of Almighty power?—What evidence does the Creator impress upon the countenance of its possession?

One would think that a man, more especially a young man's natural instincts would awaken him to the discovery that some horrid vampire was fanning him from mental sleep to physical death; he has before him every day the bright eye, the elastic step, and the lithe limbs of his companions; he sees, but seems not to understand, the quickly averted eye, the expressive and scornful face of insulted woman, as she refuses to take his offered but defiled seat in the omnibus or rail-car; he permits her to open the window and expose her health to the chill air, to get a little air untainted with the loathsome aroma of his foul breath; he is refused employment at many gentlemanly occupations by most sagacious men, and yet he persists in debasing himself; he must have his 'narcotic,' his 'stupefyer.' A very good proof of its influence on the delicacy of a man's perception may be found in the frequent appeal to his opponents: 'Look at me, it has never hurt me.' This appeal is often made by men who, from the associate habit of beer or brandy-drinking, have become actually puffy with soft fat, and their breaths redolent of that indescribably filthy and disgusting exhalation from liquor and tobacco; drenching the floor in a circle, and defiling your clothes with their constant expectoration, apparently unconscious of their filthiness, and their liability to a biting or insulting reply.

Both smoking and chewing also produce marked alterations in the most expressive features of the face. The lips are closed by a circular muscle, which completely surrounds them and forms their pulpy fullness. Now every muscle of the body is developed in precise ratio with its use, as most young men know—they endeavor to develop and increase their muscles in the gymnasium. In spitting, and holding the cigar in his mouth, this muscle is in constant use; hence the coarse appearance and irregular development of the lips, when compared to the rest of the features, in chewers and smokers. The eye loses its natural fire, and becomes dull and lurid; it is unresponsive and unappreciative; it answers not before the word; its owner gazes vacantly, and often repels conversation by his stupidity.

The fullness of the breath in most chewers and smokers proves positively that the oil of tobacco, with all its deadly powers, is carried into the blood and pervades the whole system; it could not be continually thrown out from the lungs if it did not thus reach the air-cells and wind-pipe; it is thrown out there with the poisonous carbonic acid. Some persons absorb the poison more freely than others. We have seen paralysis of both the upper and lower extremities in men scarce past middle age. A person who is saturated with tobacco, or tobacco-poisoned, acquires a sallow or dirty yellow hue; two whiffs of his breath will sear a large room; you may nose him before he takes his seat. Of this he is entirely unconscious; he will give you the full force of his lungs, and for the most part such people have a great desire to approach and annoy you.—We have been followed round a large office by the nuisance, till we had made a revolution or two before our motive was perceived.

In eating, the tobacco-chewer must lose all delicate appreciation of flavor; we have observed, indeed, that he is very easily satisfied by the filthy Irish cookery, and greasy and cold meat and vegetables of the hotel and boarding-house; he seasons his food very highly, because of his obtuse taste; many of these unfortunate drink raw brandy for the same reason.

The tobacco-chewer rarely eats a raw oyster, preferring it fried, and coated over with grease and its empyreuma; if he takes it raw, he tortures the poor creature with pepper and vinegar, and sticks a fork in it; he can not elicit it gently from its pearly prison with his lips—they are clumsy and half paralyzed.

Finally, and worst of all, he ceases to appreciate the chaste salute from the rosy lip of love, and if the mistress of his blunted affections should permit him to approach her cheek, it can only be with pent-up breath, and averted eye directed towards his pocket—the only attraction a beautiful woman can possibly have for a tobacco-chewer. If there be a vice more prostrating to the body and mind, and more crucifying to the sympathies of man's spiritual nature, we have yet to be convinced of it.

GALLS ON HORSES.—An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is bad economy to use a poor harness. The collar, especially, should always be in good condition. It should be frequently washed and oiled; an occasional pounding will keep it soft and in good shape. Whenever it becomes thin or broken pads should be worn underneath it.

Galls are occasioned, often, by putting horses to hard work all at once, after a period of rest, as in the spring, after the rest of winter. As a means of preparing the horse for such work, it is well to bathe his breast and back with a solution of alum and whiskey for several days before the labor begins. It is well to use this preparation also at any other time when the skin seems tender. We have known small sores to heal up entirely under the use of this remedy, even though the horse was kept at work.

It is another excellent preventive of galls to bathe the shoulders and breast of a working horse once or twice a week, at night, with salt and water, washing off the same with pure water in the morning.

When the skin becomes badly broken, a horse should be allowed a few days' rest, or if work is very pressing, the harness should be so padded as not to irritate the sore; otherwise,

it will be vain to expect a cure. Some of our neighbors use white lead, mixed with linseed oil, (common paint,) to cure galls. And they often succeed with it; at least they get a hard incrustation over the broken skin. But we hardly fancy this tanning a horse's hide while he is yet wearing it.

[American Agriculturist, January.]

The Skin the seat of Pain.

The same Infinite Wisdom which has contrived pain for our protection has also distributed it in a manner which causes it to fulfill its defensive purposes with the least suffering to its subjects. The chapters which Sir Charles Bell devoted to this question in his work on the 'Hand' are alone, from their originality, and the striking evidence they afford of design, worth all the rest of the Bridge-water Treatises. The skin is the advanced guard through which every injury to the other parts must make its way. The skin, therefore, required to be the seat of a peculiar sensibility both for its own security and to impel us to flinch from the violence which would hurt the flesh beneath. Forming our notions of pain from what we feel at the surface, we imbibed the idea that the deeper the wound the more severe would be the suffering, but this, says Sir Charles Bell, is delusive, and contrary to the fact. The surgeon, he adds, who makes use of the knife, informs the patient that the worst is over when the skin is passed, and if, in the progress of the operation, it is found necessary to extend the outer incision, the return to the skin proves far more trying than the original cut, from the contrast which it presents to the comparative insensibility of the interior. The muscle is protected not by its own tenderness, which is by no means acute, but by the tenderness of its superficial covering, which affords, says Sir Charles, 'a more effectual defence than if our bodies were clothed with the hide of a rhinoceros.' To have endowed the delicate internal textures with an exquisite susceptibility to the gash from a knife, or a blow from a stick, would have been superfluous torture. The end is effectually attained by spreading over them a thin layer of highly sensitive skin, which is too intolerant of cuts or bruises to allow any harm to approach it, which it is in our power to avert. In addition to the protection which is thus provided against occasional dangers, the skin, by its sensibility, is essential to our existence under the hourly conditions of life.

It is the skin which acts as a thermometer to tell us whether the temperature is suited to our organization, and warns us alike to shun pernicious extremes of heat and cold. It is the skin again which prompts the instinctive restlessness that preserves the frame from decay. A paralytic patient must be supported upon soft pillows, and his position frequently changed by the nurse, or the uninterrupted pressure upon the same surface stops the flow of the blood, of which the consequence is the speedy destruction of the part, mortification, and death. When Sir Charles Bell called the attention of his audience to this fact, in a lecture delivered before the College of Surgeons, he bid them observe how often, as they listened to him, they had moved upon their seats that they might shift the weight of their bodies, and relieve the portions which were beginning to be cramped. 'Were you constrained,' he said, 'to retain one position during the whole hour, you would rise stiff and lame.' Even in the unconsciousness of slumber the contrivance continues to act, and, were it otherwise, sleep instead of being 'nature's sweet restorer,' would derange the circulation and cripple our frames.

Not only have different parts of the system sensibilities which differ in degree, but sensibilities which differ altogether in kind, so that while both shall be acutely alive to their appropriate stimulus, one or either may be dead to the application which rouses and tortures the other. 'A man who had his finger torn off,' writes Sir Charles Bell, in his 'Animal Mechanics,' 'so as to hang by the tendon only, came a pupil of Dr. Hunter. I shall now say, said the surgeon, whether this man has any sensibility in his tendon. He laid a cord along the finger, and blindingfold the patient, cut across the tendon. Tell me, he asked, what I have cut across? Why, the cord, to be sure, was the answer.' The tendon was as insensible as the string itself. Further experiments have shown that the tendons of the muscles, the ligaments which hold together the joints, the cartilages which act as a pad to the extremities of the bones where they work upon one another, feel neither cuts nor burns. But there is a very different result if they are submitted to stretching, laceration, and concussion. Then they raise the warning voice of pain, and obtuse to what might seem a more agonizing species of injury, they are intolerant of the less. The reason is obvious. The skin is the fence of the inner membranes from the first class of evils, but if the skin is to have the play and power of adaptation which is essential to its functions, its suppleness would be too great to be a check upon the movements, which affect the cartilages, the ligaments and the tendons. These consequently are made impatient of concussion, of tearing, and of stretching, that we might not leap from heights, run with violence, or twist our joints with a force inconsistent with the strength of the human fabric. The pain of a sprained ankle shows how sufficient is the punishment to put a check upon any excesses of the kind. Exchange the sensibilities, confer upon the membranes which are interposed between the joints, or tie them together, the same feelings both in kind and degree which belong to the skin, and the common movements of the body, or even the weight of one foot upon another, would have been attended, says Sir Charles Bell, with as much suffering as we experience when we walk upon an inflamed limb.

[London Quarterly Review.]

THE AMERICAN PARTY SOUTH.—There are many sagacious men at the North of strong anti-slavery sentiments, who have regarded the American party as the only organization which can be made effective in the Southern States to resist the schemes of the extremists. The following resolution is from a Kentucky paper, giving an account of the State Convention of the American party recently held at Frankfort:

'Resolved, That the recent course of our distinguished fellow-citizen and Senator, Hon. John J. Crittenden, as well as that of Hon. Humphrey Marshall and W. L. Underwood, in reference to the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, meets our hearty and unqualified approbation, and they deserve the thanks of every patriot and lover of Republican institutions for the

noble stand they have taken in defence of popular rights and in behalf of truth and justice, in opposition to fraud and injustice.'

Here is a feather clipped from the 'Memphis Eagle':

'If John J. Crittenden is a Black Republican, there are ten in the South of this political faith to one attached to the fallen fortunes of that Free-soil Federalist, James Buchanan. The country indorses Mr. Crittenden's substitute for the Lecompton swindle, and it didn't indorse the President.'

There is evidently life in the South yet; and while there is life there is hope.

Top Dressing Grass Land.

In the grazing districts, where butter and cheese are the leading products, farmers often find it inconvenient to take up-sward land as often as desirable. It is considered a debatable question whether lands naturally adapted to grass, may not better be kept in good heart by top dressing, than by plowing and reseeded. Some very intelligent farmers claim that it takes many years to make a perfect sod well seeded with the best variety of grasses for the dairy, and that when this sod is once formed it should not be broken up.—Of course they do not discard manuring, but apply it in the shape of top-dressing, as often as the land gives any indication of a decreasing yield of hay. They also accompany the dressing with sowing grass seed, where the sward is not sufficiently thick.

In Litchfield County, Ct., they have a very ingenious and simple contrivance, combining the advantages of roller and harrow, to aid in the work of top dressing. It is claimed that the manure benefits the land, just as it is made fine and available for the roots of the grasses. To accomplish this communication of the manure, they spread it upon the surface of the meadow, and go over it repeatedly with this peculiar implement. The framework is simply two large planks, such as are used for making stone boats or drags. The plank should be of the best white oak timber, two or more inches thick, two feet wide, and five or six long. Two of these are framed together in the usual way, and then the bottom is bored for harrow teeth.—The teeth are made of steel, four inches long, and about an inch square. They are arranged in triangular shape, three triangles shutting into each other, and no tooth following its neighbor. It takes about forty teeth for a complete implement.

This breaks all lumps in the manure very finely, and makes small lumps among the grass roots, into which the manure is pressed by the drag as it passes along. It leaves the surface much more even than the harrow, and breaks the lumps better than the roller.—Grass-seeds is put in with this implement in the best manner. By occasional top dressings, and scarifying old meadows are kept in flourishing condition, and there is no loss of the grass crop, even for a single season.

We have never met with this Yankee contrivance in any other locality.—It is considered by those acquainted with it, as better adapted to scarifying and smoothing the surface of grass land, than any other implement. It is not patented, and there is nothing to prevent any cultivator who chooses, from availing himself of its advantages.

[American Agriculturist.]

An Interest rather than an Institution.

Slavery concerns the people of the free States, for the reason that they are summoned to resist or submit to its extension. For the purpose of its extension, attempts will continue to be made to use the Federal Government. Should these attempts succeed, then will inevitably follow the inauguration of slavery as a part of our nationality. This is at least a possibility of the future; and in view of that possibility, the people should clearly understand what it is to the spread of which they may, as a people, be committed. Anxiety for peace and repose, weariness of agitation even devotion to the Union, should not prevent the people from examining thoroughly the tremendous question which is continually coming up for consideration and settlement. In such an examination, the point indicated by our caption deserves attention.

Owing to the existence, in the past, as a part of civil policy, of some form of involuntary servitude, and owing also to the compromise agreed upon at the formation of the Constitution,—(a compromise, by the way, of necessity rather than choice, and regarded as a temporary concession to a decaying system)—by which slaves were partially recognized as human beings, and not as mere property,—American chattel slavery has come to be regarded in some sense as a political institution of the country, and having in consequence special claims and rights, to be granted and respected by the country. This is an error that ought to be exploded. Slavery is simply a local interest—just as shoe and leather dealing—cotton manufacturing—the India trade—are local interests; and the distinction in this statement makes between a vague, popular fallacy, and the real fact, is not without a difference. A mere change of terms here means much. This is a case where there is a vast deal in a name.

Taking it for granted that a majority of the people have the right to determine what sort of business, if any, they will fight for, as a republic, aid and abet the spread of, accept as belonging to the national organism,—take this for granted, and the question presenting itself for the verdict of that majority, assumes a form and complexion entirely unlike that often given to it in the discussions of the day. Suppose New England were to ask to have the whole power of the Federal government, its diplomacy, treasury, navy and army, employed to annex or conquer Canada, for the express, open and avowed purpose of giving New England more territory to build and work factories in; or suppose Kansas should knock at the door of Congress for admission into the Union with a Constitution guaranteeing an everlasting monopoly to some one branch of trade, whose existence might be regarded by the present confederacy as an evil; does any man in his senses imagine that such a preposterous demand would be listened to for a moment or received in any other manner than with looks of derision and astonishment? Yet these suppositions are hardly exaggerated illustrations of what the slave power appear to be determined to insist upon.

What does the slave power propagandism ask, as the *sine qua non* condition on which it will agree to be content? It asks that a local interest, created and upheld by municipal law merely a form of labor for the raising of rice, cotton and sugar, and furnishing house and board servants, shall have the countenance and force of the whole United States used in its behalf, just as far and fast as those who live by it, and make it their speciality, choose to demand? Cleared of all obfuscation, this is the precise nature of the claim set up; and this is what the people of the country ought to understand. Are the people ready to aid and comfort General Walker—to get Cuba; honestly or otherwise?—to give up their responsibility in the settlement and organization of the Western territory, simply and solely because some three hundred thousand persons demand this of them, in behalf of the peculiar and their type and style of domestic life?

Are the people ready for this—nothing more and nothing less? Perhaps they are, and perhaps they will be, blinded to the inhumanity,

the despotism, the social, necessarily involved in this interest. But, ready or not, they should penetrate beneath all the ingenious disguises, brush away all the quibbles, cleanse their eyes from the dust of politics may have thrown into them, and meet the naked truth. Is not slavery merely an interest, and if it be true, it is an interest that the people, in their capacity as a nation, are prepared by legislation, negotiation, by money or force of arms to endorse, uphold, and spread further and wider on this continent?

In putting and pressing this inquiry, we are thinking of the freedom-loving people and the Union-loving people too, everywhere. We are entering upon no crusade against slavery where it already exists; we are not moved by any hostility towards the South—certainly not by any sectional spirit. We will not quarrel here with those who maintain that slavery is no evil, but a great good, alike to bondman and master. Whilst they do not ask us to accept and act upon their belief. Let them hug that belief alone to their hearts, if they please. But it is very clear to our minds that the hour has come when the people should understand precisely what is expected of them, and whether they are prepared to give up the government of the nation into the hands of a small fragment of the population, to be used by that fragment as they may see fit, to the advantage of its peculiar interest,—whether, in short, they, the people, counting themselves by millions, are willing to dedicate this Republic to the service of slavery—chattel slavery, considered as a business.

THE PERILS OF THE BORDER.

While reading recently an account of the frightful massacre of several white families by the Black-foot Indians, we were reminded of a thrilling event which occurred in the "Wild West," a short time subsequent to the Revolution, in which a highly accomplished young lady, the daughter of a distinguished officer of the American army, played an important part. The story being of a most thrilling nature, and exhibiting in a striking manner the "Perils of the Border," we have concluded to give an extract from it, as originally published, as follows:

The angle on the right bank of the Great Kanawha, formed by its junction with the Ohio, is called Point Pleasant, and is a place of historical note. Here, on the 10th of October, 1774, during what is known as Lord Dunmore's War, was fought one of the fiercest and most desperate battles that ever took place between the Virginians and their forest foes.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, a fort was here erected by the victors, which became a post of great importance throughout the sanguinary scenes of strife which almost immediately followed, and which in this section of the country were continued for many years after that establishment of peace which acknowledged the United Colonies of America a free and independent nation.

At the landing of the fort, on the day our story opens, was fastened a flat-boat of the kind used by the early navigators of the Western rivers.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females, who were slowly approaching the landing. Of these five, one was a stout, sleek negro, in partial livery, and evidently a house or body servant; three were boatmen and borderers, as indicated by their rough, bronzed visages and coarse attire; but the fifth was a young man, some two-and-twenty years of age, of a fine commanding person, and a clear, open, intelligent countenance; and in the lofty carriage of his head—in the gleam of his large, bright, hazel eyes—there was something which denoted one of superior mind; but as we shall have occasion in the course of our narrative to fully set forth who and what Eugene Fairfax was, we will leave him for the present, and turn to the approaching group, whom he seemed to be regarding with lively interest.

Of this group, composed of a middle-aged man and four females, with a black female servant following some five or six paces in the rear, there was one whom the most casual eye would have singled out and rested upon with pleasure. The lady in question, was apparently about twenty years of age, of a slender and graceful figure, and of that peculiar cast of feature, which, besides being beautiful in every lineament, rarely fails to affect the beholder with something like a charm.

Her traveling costume—a fine brown habit, high in the neck, buttoned closely over the bosom and coming down to her small pretty feet, without trailing on the ground—was both neat and becoming; and with her riding-cap and its waving ostrich plume, set gaily above her flowing curls, her appearance contrasted forcibly with the rough, unpolished looks of those of her sex beside her, with their livery bed-gowns, scarlet flannel petticoats and bleached linen caps.

"Oh, Blanche," said one of the more venerable of her female companions, pursuing a conversation which had been maintained since quitting the open fort behind them, "I cannot bear to let you go; for it just seems to me as if something were going to happen to you, and when I feel that way, something generally does happen."

"Well, aunt," returned Blanche, with a light laugh, "I do not doubt in the least that something will happen—far I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and give them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents—and that will be something that has not happened for two long years at least."

"But I don't mean that, Blanche," returned the other somewhat petulantly; "and you just laugh like a gay and thoughtless girl, when you ought to be serious. Because you have come safe thus far, through a partially settled country, you think, perhaps, your own pretty face will ward off the danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you! Scarcely a boat descends the Ohio, that does not encounter more or less peril from the savages that prowl along either shore; and some of them that go down freighted with human life, are heard of no more, and none ever return to tell the tale."

"But why repeat this to me, dear aunt," returned Blanche, with a more serious air, "when you know it is my destiny, either good or bad, to attempt the voyage? My parents have sent for me to join them in their new home, and it is my duty to go to them, be the peril what it may."

"You never did know what it was to fear!" pursued the good woman, rather proudly. "No," she repeated, turning to the others, "Blanche Bertrand never did know what it was to fear, I believe!"

the party; "a true daughter of a true soldier. Her father, Colonel Philip Bertrand, God bless him for a true heart! never did seem to know what it was to fear—and Blanche is just like him."

By this time the parties had reached the boat; and the young man already described—Eugene Fairfax, the Secretary of Blanche's father—at once stepped forward, and, in a polite and deferential manner, offered his hand to the different females, to assist them on board. The hand of Blanche was the last to touch his—and then but slightly, as she sprang quickly and lightly to the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight flush which mantled his noble, expressive features as his eye for a single instant met hers. She might herself have seen it—perhaps she did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face, as she inquired, in the calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the inequality of position between herself and him she addressed:

"Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure? It will not do for our boat to spring a leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us, I am told, to touch either shore between the different forts and trading-posts on our route, this side of our destination,—the Falls of the Ohio."

"No, indeed!" rejoined her aunt, quickly; "it will be as much as your lives are worth to venture a float from the main current of the Ohio—for news reached us only the other day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost, with all on board."

"No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself," replied Eugene, in a deferential tone; "and since our arrival here, I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort."

"That is true, to my personal knowledge," joined in the uncle of Blanche; "and I thank you, Mr. Fairfax, in behalf of my fair kinswoman. There will, perhaps, be pursued, 'be no great danger, so long as you keep in the current; but your watch must not be neglected for a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemnly charge and warn you, under any circumstances, or any pretence whatsoever, suffer yourselves to be decoyed to either shore!"

"I hope we understand our duty better, Colonel," said one of the men respectfully. "I doubt it not," replied the commander of the Point; "I believe you are all faithful and true men, or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than you ever carried before; but still the wisest and the best of men have lost their lives by giving ear to the most earnest appeals of humanity. You understand what I mean? White men, apparently in the greatest distress, will hail your boat, represent themselves as having just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God, in the most piteous tones, to come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—even should they know the plunders to be of your own kin; for in such a case your own brother might deceive you—not wilfully and voluntarily, perhaps—but because of being goaded on by the savages, themselves concealed. Yes, such things have been known as one friend being thus used to lure another to his destruction; and so be cautious, vigilant, brave and true, and may the good God keep you all from harm!"

As he finished speaking, Blanche proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many a tender message for her parents from those who held them in love and veneration; and the boat swung out, and began to float down with the current, now fairly entered upon the most dangerous portion of a long and perilous journey.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand, was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees, who fled from their native land after the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685. He had been an officer of some note during the Revolution—a warm political and personal friend of the author of the Declaration of Independence—and a gentleman who had always stood high in the esteem of his associates and contemporaries.

Though at one time a man of wealth, Colonel Bertrand had lost much, and suffered much, through British invasion; and when, shortly after the close of the war, he had met with a few more serious reverses, he had been fain to accept a grant of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, tendered him by Virginia, which then held jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his new possessions and building up a new home in the then Far West, and as his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first tour, he had assented to her desire, on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring she would have to remain at the East till he should see proper to send for her; and as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

When Colonel Bertrand removed to the West, Eugene Fairfax, as we have seen, accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort and offered such inducements to settlers as to speedily collect around him quite a little community—of which, as a matter of course, he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way, he had opened a store, and filled it with goods from the Eastern marts, which goods were transported by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of the Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship these goods, and deliver a package of letters to friends in the East, Eugene had been thrice dispatched—his third commission also extending to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with the servants, to her new home. This last commission had been so far executed at the time chosen for the opening of our story, as to bring the different parties to the mouth of the great Kanawha, whence the reader has seen them slowly floating off upon the still, glassy bosom of "the belle of rivers."

The day, which was an auspicious one, passed without anything occurring worthy of note, until near four o'clock, when, as Blanche was standing on the fore part of the deck gazing at the lovely scene which surrounded her, she saw a seemingly flying body suddenly leave a limb of a gigantic tree, (whose mighty branches extended far over the river, and

near which the boat was then swayed by the action of the current), and alight with a crash upon the deck of the boat, not more than eight feet from her. One glance sufficed to show her what the object was, and to freeze the blood in her veins. The glowing eyes of a huge panther met her gaze. The suddenness of the shock which this discovery gave her was overpowering. With a deafening shriek she fell upon her knees and clasped her hands before her breast. The panther crouched for his deadly leap, but ere he sprang, the hunting knife of Eugene Fairfax (who, with the steersman, was the only person on deck besides Blanche), was buried to the hilt in his side inflicting a severe but not fatal wound. The infuriated beast at once turned upon Eugene, and a deadly struggle ensued. But it was a short one. The polished blade of the knife played back and forth like lightning flashes, and at every plunge it was buried to the hilt in the panther's body, who soon fell to the deck, dragging the dauntless Eugene with him.

On seeing her protector fall, Blanche uttered another shriek and rushed to his aid; but assistance from stouter arms was at hand. The boatmen gathered round, and the savage monster was literally hacked in pieces with knives and hatchets, and Eugene, covered with blood, was dragged from under his carcass. Supposing him to be dead or mortally wounded, Blanche threw her arms around his neck and gave way to a passionate burst of grief. But he was not dead—he was not even hurt, with the exception of a few slight scratches. The blood with which he was covered was the panther's, not his own. But Blanche's embrace was his—a priceless treasure—an index of her heart's emotions and affections. It was to color his whole future life, as will be seen in the progress of our story.

Slowly and silently, save the occasional creak, dip, and splash of the steersman's oar, the boat of our voyagers was borne along upon the bosom of the current, on the third night of the voyage. The hour was waxing late, and Eugene, the only one astir except the watch, was suddenly startled by a rough hand being placed upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words, in the gruff voice of the boatman:

"I say, Cap'n, here's trouble!"

"What is it, Dick?" inquired Eugene, starting to his feet.

"Don't you see that's a heavy fog rising, that'll soon give us up so thick that we won't be able to tell a white man from a nigger?" replied the boatman—Dick Winter by name—a tall, bony, muscular, athletic specimen of his class.

"Good heaven! so there is!" exclaimed Eugene, looking off upon the already misty waters. "It must have gathered very suddenly, for all was clear a minute ago. What is to be done now? That is something I was not prepared for, on such a night as this."

"It looks troublous, Cap'n, I'll allow," returned Dick; "but we're in for't, that's sartain, and I s'pose we'll have to make the best on't."

"But what is to be done?—what do you advise?" asked Eugene, in a quick, excited tone, that indicated some degree of alarm.

"Why, if you war'n't so skeered about the young lady, and it war'n't so dead agin the orders from head quarters, my plan would be a clear and easy one—I'd just run over to the Kanawha, and tie up."

"No, no," said Eugene, positively; "that will never do, Dick—that will never do! I would not risk such a thing for a moment! We must keep in the current by all means!"

"If you can," rejoined the boatman; "but when it gets so dark as we can't tell one thing from 'other, it'll be powerful hard to do, and if we don't run agin a bar afore morning, in spite of the best of us, it'll be the luckiest go that ever I had a hand in. See, Cap'n—it's thickening up fast; we can't see either bank at all, nor the water nyther; the stars is gettin' dim, and it looks as if that war a cloud all round us."

"I see! I see!" returned Eugene, excitedly. "Merciful Heaven! I hope no accident will befall us here—and yet my heart almost misgives me—for this, I believe, is the most dangerous part of our journey—the vicinity where most of our boats have been captured by the savages."

Saying this, Eugene hastened below, where he found the other boatmen sleeping so soundly as to require considerable effort, on his part, to wake them. At last, getting them fairly roused, he informed them, almost in a whisper, for he did not care to disturb the others, that a heavy fog had suddenly arisen, and he wished their presence on deck, immediately.

"A fog, Cap'n exclaimed one, in a tone which indicated that he comprehended the peril with the word.

"Hush!" returned Eugene; "there is no necessity for waking the others, and having a scene. Up! and follow me without a word!"

He guided back to the deck, and was almost immediately joined by the boatmen, to whom he briefly made known his hopes and fears.

They thought, like their companion, that the boat would be safest if made fast to an overhanging limb of the Kentucky shore; but he frankly admitted that this could not now be done without difficulty and danger, and that there was a possibility of keeping the current.

"Then make that possibility a certainty, and it shall be the best night's work you ever performed!" rejoined Eugene, in a quick, excited tone.

"We'll do the best we can, Cap'n," was the response; "but no man can be sartin of the current of this here crooked stream in a foggy night."

A long silence followed—the voyagers slowly drifting down through a misty darkness impenetrable to the eye—when, suddenly, our young commander, who was standing near the bow, felt the extended branch of an overhanging limb stealthily brush his face.

He started, with an exclamation of alarm, and at the same moment the boatman on the right called out:

"Quick, here, boys! we're agin the shore, as sure as death!"

Then followed a scene of hurried and anxious confusion, the voices of the three boatmen mingling together in loud, quick, excited tones.

"Push off the bow!" cried one.

"Quick! it's together, now! I over with her!" shouted another.

"The devil's in it! she's running aground here on a muddy bottom!" almost yelled a third.

The fact was announced by Dick Winter, in his characteristic manner—who added, with an oath, that it was just what he expected. For a moment or two a dead silence followed, as if each comprehended that the matter was one to be viewed in a very serious light.

"I'll get over the bow, and try to get the lay of the land with my feet," said Tom Harris; and forthwith he set about the not very pleasant undertaking.

At this moment Eugene heard his name pronounced by a voice that seldom failed to excite a peculiar emotion in his breast, and now getting a thrill through every nerve; and hastening thither, he found Blanche, fully dressed, with a light in her hand, standing just outside of her cabin, in the regular passage which led lengthwise through the center of the boat.

"I have heard something, Eugene," she said "enough to know that we have met with an accident, but not sufficient to fully comprehend its nature."

"Unfortunately, about two hours ago," replied Eugene, "we suddenly became involved in a dense fog; and in spite of our every precaution and care, we have run aground—it may be against the Ohio shore—it may be against an island—it is so dark we can't tell. But be not alarmed, Miss Blanche," he hurriedly added; "I trust we shall soon be afloat again; though in any event, the darkness is sufficient to conceal us from the savages, even were they in the vicinity."

"I know little of Indians," returned Blanche; "but I have always understood that they are somewhat remarkable for their acuteness of hearing; and if such is the case, there would be no necessity of their being very near, to be made acquainted with our locality, judging from the loud voices I heard a few minutes ago."

"I fear we've been rather imprudent," said Eugene, in a deprecating tone; "but in the excitement—"

His words were suddenly cut short by several loud voices of alarm from without, followed by a quick and heavy tramping across the deck; and the next moment Seth Harper and Dick Winter burst into the passage, the former exclaiming:

"We've run plumb into a red nigger's nest, Cap'n, and Tom Harris is already butchered and scalped!"

And even as he spoke, as if in confirmation of his dreadful intelligence, there arose a series of wild, piercing, demoniacal yells, followed by a dead and ominous silence.

So far we have followed the lovely heroine and her friends in this adventure; but the foregoing is all that we can publish in our columns. The balance of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtained at all periodical stores where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the "Ledger," dated May 22nd, and in it you will get the continuation of the narrative where it leaves off here. If there are no book-stores or news-offices convenient to where you reside, the publisher of the Ledger will send you a copy by mail if you will send him five cents in a letter. Address, Robert Bonner, Ledger Office, 44 Ann street, New York. This story is entitled, "Perils of the Border," and grows more and more interesting as it goes on.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . MAY 13, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.
S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by the above named agents.
Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

A VISITOR.—The Clarion tells us that its ponderous editor has been "tak'n notes" in Waterville. A few things that astonished him most are set down. The first of these was the immense stock of dry goods, crockery and carpetings he saw at the store of E. T. Elden & Co. He says he judges they are "very anxious to sell," from the low prices they ask. Just so, friend; we are all "anxious" here, and those who come from abroad get great bargains. He predicts that the senior of the Mail is going to get fat on California potatoes, and hints that the plump superintendent of the A. & K. Railroad is growing poor in overeating "the best managed railroad in New England." Probably there is as much truth in one case as the other. He says he found spiritualism and the churches at loggerheads, without himself caring which got the better; and that Waterville is "cursed with a few individuals whose only object and aim in life is self-interest." He turns his back upon the place with a hearty wish of "success" to our worthy neighbor Dea. Stevens, in the ominous business of making grave-stones. Call again, brother Littlefield!

THREES.—A good work is progressing in Main-st., that promises to add greatly to its beauty and comfort. But those who have set trees should be prompt to protect them with posts. They are not worth a fig without, on this street. Box them closely and firmly, and then shoot the villain who attempts to destroy them. Some bad fellows, on their way to their lodgings at a late hour, on Friday evening last, pulled down a fine maple that was set the day before in front of Phenix Hall. On their way up College street they lugged off a gate, and made themselves known by their familiar voices; and at last gave strong indications that they went to bed drunk.

"BRICK MILLS," W. WATERVILLE.—We call attention to the notice of our old friend Smith, who has recently taken the charge of these mills. He is well known as a first rate miller; and with one of the very best mills in this section, he will not fail to give the best satisfaction to a reasonable public. Try him and see!

WATERVILLE MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.—The organization is now complete, the directors having appointed D. L. Milliken, president, Ch. H. Thayer treasurer, and C. R. McFadden, secretary. Messrs. Geo. W. Fessenden and L. T. Boothby are engaged as agents in soliciting applications.

Fifteen persons united with the Congregational Church in this village on Sunday last.

OUR TABLE.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The April number has the following table of contents:—The Religion of Positivism; Recollections of Shelley and Byron; China—Past and Present; Party Government; The Roscoe Tracts; Our Relation to the Princes of India; Medical Reform; Organization of the War Department; Contemporary Literature. If one is curious to know what vagaries a modern philosopher who rejects revelation will run into, in constructing a substitute for the religion of the Bible, let him read the review of the system of M. Comte, in the first article of this number.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54, Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE WAY OF LIFE.—Such is the title of a very neatly printed paper, just started in New York, which will advocate "the interests of Young Men's Christian Associations, and the promotion of Evangelical Christianity world wide." It is edited and published by George P. Edgar and William Herries, 174 Pearl Street, at \$1.50 a year. The first number appears well, is well filled, will meet a popular demand, and commend itself to thousands of those who have recently come to a knowledge of the true end of life.

NEWSPAPERIAL.—The Temperance Journal came to us last week very much improved; wonderfully "brushed up," in fact—with new heads all round, including one in the editorial chair. It is now under the control of Rev. Darius Forbes—a sort of 'Admirable Crichton,' who has more iron in the fire than any other Yankee we know of, and being always ready to strike or blow; they all receive good attention. He will make the Journal acceptable to the temperance men of Maine, and an agreeable visitor in the homes of the people.

Geo. B. Moore, who has for several years presided over the fortunes of the Belfast Republican Journal, has retired from that post, and is succeeded by W. H. Simpson. We know Mr. M., through the Journal, to be a talented and agreeable writer, with classical tastes and strong literary proclivities; and report represents him as a genial companion and downright good fellow generally. Although he made the Journal an admirable paper, yet he was out of his element while editing a partisan sheet; and we hope soon to find him in a position more agreeable to his tastes, and better adapted to the development of the powers within him.

The State of Maine is now published by a joint stock company, and the amount of reading in it has been largely increased. When Wood's Hotel is completed, when the Leviathan arrives, and when the "State of Maine" comes up to the ideal of its projector, then will the Forest City rise and shine and the Portlanders all need hooping. As it is, though, it is a good paper, and we prize it.

Brother Drew, of the Rural Intelligencer says our Minnesota Bean, or 'Indian Chief,' is known in his latitude as the Lebanon Bean, and is of the opinion that it originated with the Shakers of Lebanon, N. Y. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and whatever the label placed upon this bean, it will always reign King of the Snaps!

CALIFORNIA POTATOES.—Mr. John Mitchell has a quantity of these potatoes for sale. They are probably a good kind to raise for stock. Forty of them, which Mr. Mitchell presented us, measured a heaping half-bushel. They are not merely when cooked, but their flavor is good. We recommend a general trial of them, in a small way, for feeding stock.

THE FAIR.—About one hundred dollars was the amount raised at the fair last week. It was well attended, and as a whole, was among the most pleasant entertainments of the kind.

The weather is cool and rainy, and apparently more friendly to grass than corn.

WAR IN THE WORK-BOX.—In these bellicose days, when half the world is at war, it is little wonder that there should be "domestic broils" and "civil commotions." A lady informed us the other day, that there had been, not a temper in her tea-pot, but a disturbance among her sewing implements. The needle, with a single eye to business, and a great deal of sharpness made a point of attacking GROVER & BAKER, manufacturers of the Sewing MACHINE. "Quoth the Needle," like Othello, "my occupation's gone." Here have I reigned in the domestic circle from time immemorial, and now am to be used up—sewn up, I mean—by a thing with an iron arm and a common wheel; in other words, I was a Despot, and the Machine like Cromwell, is a Protector.

"Pooh!" remarked a Pin, "it's high time your tyranny was put an end to. You've killed more wives than Bluebeard, or Henry VIII. himself, to say nothing of unprotected females of all descriptions." "Ah!" exclaimed a pair of Scissors, "I'm rejoiced that you are off." And so the war of words went on, until the noise awoke the lady, who, having finished her work in a very short time, through the aid of GROVER & BAKER, had enjoyed a refreshing dose and dream. But it is no dream that this GROVER & BAKER Machine is the finest of its kind.

Offices of exhibition and sale 495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer street, Boston; and 730 Chestnut, Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT LIQUOR CASE.—Chief Justice Shaw, of Mass., recently has decided that liquors kept for unlawful sale may be destroyed by individuals, without legal process, under the nuisance act of that State, from which our nuisance act of 1858 was copied. The Court says that "all intoxicating liquors illegally kept for sale, together with the vessels and implements of the trade, and the building in which they are found, are common nuisances, which individuals may abate, when used for illegal purposes, to wit, gaming, prostitution, and liquor selling."

"All persons have a right to abate a public nuisance. As in cases cited by defendants, individuals may cut down a gate erected in a highway, or destroy a bridge thrown over navigable waters. I am of opinion that liquors kept illegally for sale, with the implements of trade, having been declared by law a public nuisance, every person may destroy them."

Judge Shaw makes a distinction between a house and shop. If kept in a shop not a dwelling-house, it is justifiable to use so much

force as is necessary to come at such liquor and vessels for the purpose of destroying them; a dwelling-house is surrounded by law with a peculiar sacredness, and in that case the rule would be otherwise. The law abounds in maxims declaring that a man's house is his castle. It is the right of individuals to abate a public nuisance—the right must be cautiously exercised. If no liquor is found in the shop so entered, or if unnecessary violence is used, the justification fails.

The case was, James Brown vs. Stephen Perkins and wife, a case growing out of an occurrence in Rockport, on the eighth of July 1856. Some two hundred women collected together on that day, and proceeded to several places where liquor was sold, and entered the shops by force, and destroyed the liquors there found. Among other grounds of defence, it was claimed that the defendants, if they performed acts alleged, were justified in so doing, inasmuch as liquors kept for sale, and the shops in which they are kept, are declared common nuisances by the statute of 1855, and, as it was claimed by defendants, could be abated by the destruction of such liquors. The Court so decided.

The importance of this case will at once appear, for under the nuisance act now in force, every unlicensed shop in this State can be entered to-day, in the same way, and broken up. Is not this law stringent enough to suit our most ardent friends of temperance.

[State of Maine.]

FROM WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times, says: "It is understood between the President and the Democratic leaders that Congress shall not adjourn until the 15th of June."

The House Committee on Territories have agreed to report a bill organizing a Territorial Government for Nevada, the Western part of Utah, including the rich Carson Valley.

A large number of those who have participated in the rejoicing on the passage of the Kansas bill, are the fortunate scurvers of mail contracts at the "lettings" just concluded. We of the old Northern States pay heavy contributions to the Post Office treasury, the "pickings" of which keep in existence partisan newspapers and enrich partisan mail-contractors. These individuals are generally truculent-looking fellows, with immense beards, and enough chains, rings and pins about their persons to set up a jewelry store with. For a week prior to the "lettings," there was an enormous deal of log-rolling and wire-pulling among them; but, generally speaking, such satisfactory arrangements were made that there was no dangerous competition, and "all went merrily as a marriage bell." Upwards of thirty thousand "bids" were examined, recorded and decided upon.

FROM WASHINGTON.—New York, May 8.—The Tariff Investigating Committee have recently had before them a witness who was connected with the firm of Lawrence, Stone & Co., and who in his testimony has accounted for most of the \$87,000. Among other facts, he states that he paid a certain Albany editor \$5000 for his services. This editor has been subpoenaed by the Committee.

The Committee have also pretty strong evidence against a Mr. Corbin, who for many years has been a clerk to the House Committee on Claims. This gentleman addressed a letter to the Boston firm, telling them it would take at least \$25,000 or \$30,000 more than he had already received to pass the Tariff bill. His letter is in possession of the Committee.

COLLISIONS AT SEA.—New York, May 7.—At the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce yesterday, a report was presented on the subject of collisions at sea, in which the course of the French authorities in the case of the Lyons and Adriatic is criticised. The Committee contend that if the claim in the case of Messrs. Gautier Brothers is just, then the Collins Steamship Company have a claim against the French steamship Vesta for the loss of the steamship Arctic. Appended to the report is a draft of a bill in regard to collisions at sea. The merchants intend to agitate for a uniform national law on the subject.

CONTINUED OUTRAGES OF THE YUCATAN INDIANS.—New York, May 8.—Advices at New Orleans from Honduras to the 17th ult. state that the Yucatan Indians were still committing depredations on the frontiers.

The British frigate Eagle had arrived at Belize, with a detachment of troops for the protection of the inhabitants.

DESTRUCTION OF LIQUORS.—The Springfield Republican states that, City Marshal Hodgett, of that city, being called on Wednesday evening to quell a fight in an Irish boarding house and "groggery," put in immediate force and effect the late decision of Judge Shaw, that all liquors illegally held for sale may be destroyed with impunity. He gained entrance, to the house, in and about which nearly a hundred people were assembled, and finding there a full assortment of liquors, smashed all the decanters, jugs, glasses, &c., without further words, and being unable to break in the heads of several half-barrels that lined the beds of the room, he drove the excited people back, and waited until the liquor had wasted itself through the faucets. There was great excitement during these proceedings, but no assault was made upon Mr. Hodgett.

