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Daniel Ripley Wing

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A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

What a very happy period of my life that was when I was supposed to be studying Roman law at the feet of the great Professor Mittermaier at Heidelberg. Little did my fond parents reckon the way in which I spent my nights, or the mad scenes of which I was sharer, among the feather-brained Burschens. I had only recently quitted Cambridge, after four years of college experience and forgetfulness of what I had learned at school, and the contrast of a German university presented was most striking. Still I took to the new mod of life very kindly, and by the time I was able to express my wants and wishes in fearfully broken German, I was perfectly happy; for life is so pleasant at twenty!

Perhaps, though, I enjoyed my vacations even more than I did my terms, for I was my own master, and could wander whither I pleased. I had a passport in my pocket, and a respectable amount of florins, and with knapsack on back, I trudged through the whole of the Black Forest, learning German (of a sort, it is true) rapidly on the road, and meeting with various queer adventures. One of the queerest, however, that befel me was in the Vosges, and I may as well narrate it here, as another instance of those strange things which travellers sometimes see. I had over a predilection for Alsace, for in that happy land the quart bottle holds not merely a quart, which is a rarity, but just three pints, which is a marvel. Nor is the quality of the wine depreciated by the quantity; on the contrary, Chablis is not a patch upon the white wines that grow on the sunny slopes of the Vosges. 'If you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try'; which you can easily do, readers, on your next visit to Strasburg, by calling in at the Rebsch, and asking for a litre of white wine with the ochre seal. However, as I knew that I was going into the country where the delectable wine grew, I did not dally at Strasburg, but strode manfully away toward the Vosges, full of glorious anticipations, and carefully studying the patois by conversing with every peasant I fell in with. There is a very simple plan, however, to make yourself comprehended in Alsace: always use a French word alternately; it is wonderful what success you meet with. An infallible rule to make yourself liked is, by lugging in the name of Napoleon to Grand on every possible occasion, and, if you are sufficiently cosmopolitan, you may tacitly assent to the fact that he won the battle of Waterloo.

There is only one defect connected with Alsace; when it rains there, there is no mistake about it. I was fated to discover this interesting meteorological fact at the expense of a thorough wetting. I had dined at a little village inn on the inevitable cold veal and pickled plums, and when I set out on my jaunt to my night's quarters, seventeen miles off, the clouds were beginning to collect ominously in the west. I buttoned my blouse round me, and trudged manfully onward along a road which had not been traversed by a respectable conveyance within the memory of man. It was full of ruts, hard enough at first, but which the persistent rain, which had commenced by this time to fall, converted into so many pitfalls, into which I was continually slipping. To add to my trouble, night set in with that rapidity peculiar to Southern Germany, and there was no sign of the village at which I intended to spend the night. Not a creature did I meet; nobody was foolish enough to venture out in such weather, save pleasure travellers like myself, and on I went, making about half a mile an hour, and growing very savage—whether the result of the wetting, or of indigestion, I really cannot say. My brandy flask had long been emptied; there was no chance of filling it, and I was weary—so weary that I could have lain down to sleep in a dry ditch, had there been one handy; but against that the elements had carefully guarded. There was no hope for it; I must trudge onward.

Suddenly, through the rain, I fancied I could see a light glimmering a short distance from the road. I stopped, and looked steadily; it was no Will-o'-the-wisp, and by a sudden impulse I bounded over the low hedge, and went stumbling over a ploughed field toward the house, as I now felt certain it was. Up to the present, I had regarded the peasant's cabin with considerable aversion, and pour cause; they were the dirtiest places imaginable, and I have no desire to sleep in them long as an auberge could be found. But now I would have gladly paid a handsome sum for the use of a dog kennel, so long as it sheltered me from the pitiless rain, and held out the prospect of a glass of brandy to warm my inner man, which stood so much in need of that refreshment.

I soon approached the cabin, which stood beneath the shade of some gloomy trees, and the light, which probably came from the fire, burned so dimly, that I hesitated for a moment; all appeared so uninvitingly wretched about the house, that I had a nervous timidity about approaching it. I am not constitutionally fearful; but on the contrary, I am usually too prone to run into foolhardiness; but, now, whether it was the soaking or the veil, I felt horribly nervous. A moment, however, sufficed to recover me, and I walked across the yard, and knocked boldly at the door. All remained perfectly quiet in the house, except that I fancied I could hear the growling of a huge dog, like distant thunder; then I knocked again somewhat more loudly, and a dog began barking violently. At the same time, however, I had the satisfaction of hearing footsteps approach the door.

'Who is without?' a voice was heard saying in execrable Jewish-German; 'is it you Benjamin?'

'Is a stranger,' I shouted, fearing lest any hesitation might render my friend inside suspicious; 'I want shelter for the night, and will pay you handsomely for it.'

'Are you alone?' the voice asked again. 'Quiet, Nero? down dog! what do you mean by growling when I did not order you to watch him?'

'All alone, but as wet as if I had been dipped in the river.'

'You'd be clever to keep yourself dry this day,' he said, as he pulled back the bolts, and opened the door slowly and cautiously. 'Come in—the dog won't hurt you when I'm with you. What weather! Come to the fire, and dry yourself.'

He walked in front of me to the fire, stirred up the emouldering wood, and threw a few sticks upon it. All this while I could notice he was taking quick, sharp glances at me; then he went up to my knapsack, which I had laid on a chair, appeared to feel its weight for a moment, and brought it up to the fire to dry it as well as myself.

'And you're hungry, too, I suppose! out for pleasure, eh? Young blood! young blood!' he grinned in a manner to me quite diabolical. He then went to the table, spread a very dirty tablecloth, on which he placed a loaf of black bread, stuck a knife into it, and then produced a large green glass jar, containing the much desired drink. After filling an iron saucerpan with hot water, and putting it on the wood, he quitted the room for a while. During his absence, I surveyed the room in which I was seated, and the very sight of it made

me uncomfortable. It was quite destitute of furniture, contrary to the usual fashion of the peasantry, and I shuddered involuntarily. But, nonsense, it could only be the cold and the moisture the fire was drawing out of my clothes, and yet, for all that, I began to wish I had trudged on through the rain. And then, that immense dog that lay close to the fireplace, and kept his small, suspicious eyes fixed upon me. And the walls were shining with grease and soot, and the small cupboards fixed against them, and shelves. But, Heaven! I could hardly suppress a cry of surprise when my eye fell on an old mummy-like woman who rose from the dark corner where she had probably been sleeping, and walked toward me and the fire. She was a model of ugliness and disguise, this half hanging over her forehead and temples, her sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, and wrinkled neck, as she stood there shivering with cold, and stretched out her thin bony hands to the fire. I fell back a step to give the old creature room, but on my first attempt to quit the chimney-place, the dog growled, and as I turned toward him, his eyes sparkled so vividly that I thought it advisable to stay where I was, and not anger him unnecessarily.

The old woman now turned her face to me, and after gazing fixedly at me for a moment, whispered a few hurried words in a language of which I did not understand a syllable.

'What a pity! I thought to myself, I did not understand a little Hebrew.' I then looked carefully at the old woman, trying to find out by her gestures what she really meant.

Again she began her whispering, turning her head timidly toward the door, and pointing at the same time to the table.

'I can't understand you!' I said, in the usual patois, hoping she would understand me at any rate.

'Hush!' the crone said, quickly and fearfully, holding up her finger in warning; at this moment the door opened, and the Jew, on seeing the old woman by my side, went up angrily to her, and spoke harshly in the same unknown tongue. The woman crept timidly away wrapped herself more closely in her old cloak and lay down again in her corner. The Jew then said pleasantly enough to me—

'Don't bother about the old girl; she is quiet and harmless; but not quite right here,' he said, pointing to his forehead. 'When we are alone, I let her do much as she likes; but when strangers visit me, which is seldom enough, she must keep in her corner. But here,' he added, in a louder voice, 'is something for you to eat—bread and Munster cheese. I lately brought from Strasburg, and a famous glass of brandy, which will do you more good, I fancy, than all the rest; the water will be hot by this time. Ah! see it's boiling, and I'll mix you a glass of punch in the meanwhile. So, now, go to the table and begin.'

I was really almost starving, and yet I could not swallow anything. That confounded dog had his eyes still fixed so dangerously upon me.

'The dog won't hurt you,' said the Jew, calmly; 'he is only not accustomed to strangers.'

'But if I had stirred while you were out of the room, he would have sprung at me,' I said, rather angrily.

'It's an old dog,' the man continued, with a smile, 'and hasn't a tooth left in his head; but he often pretends to be savage. The time is long past since he bit any one, and you can go up and pat him, and he won't say a word.'

However, I did not feel the slightest inclination to try the experiment; I therefore proceeded to the table, and cut a hunch of bread and cheese, while the old Jew stooped down to the fire, and, after shaking something out of a paper into the glass, poured the water upon it.

'There!' he said, as he came to the table, 'now put as much brandy as you like, but the stiffer the better, for it will keep you from catching cold.'

'What have you put into the glass, my friend?' I asked, as I held the glass to the fire.

'Sugar and water; the sugar is good, and takes off the strength of the brandy.'

'I'm not so fond of sugar,' I replied, suspiciously; 'and if you've no objection, I'll mix myself.'

'Not like sugar! why it's the best part of it,' said the Jew, 'only taste it, and you'll soon see how good it is.'

However, I persisted in throwing the mixture away, and after carefully washing the glass out, I filled it afresh with water, and poured in some brandy.

'More, my friend—more,' the Jew advised me; 'that's not half enough, and won't draw the cold out of your limbs. Why, my old woman will drink stronger punch, if I give it to her.'

'Thanks, thanks!' I said, as I turned away the bottle, from which the Jew persisted in pouring more into my glass. 'I'm not accustomed to strong drinks, and shall have a headache to-morrow morning.'

'Oh! to-morrow! I'll guarantee you against that,' the old man laughed to himself; 'the brandy is capital, and no one has a headache from it.'

I really felt such a shiver come over me at these words, (though, of course, I ascribed it to my wet clothes), and the brandy really tasted so good, that I took up the glass and emptied it at a draught. By Jupiter! how it burned!

And now you had better lie down, the Jew said, after removing the brandy and other things from the table; it is late in the night, and after your sleeping draught, you will sleep sound in spite of your hard bed. The best place for you will be here by the fire. Before we go to bed, I'll put on some fresh wood, and by the time that is burnt out, you'll be warm enough. The nights are beginning to grow fresh.

I was glad enough to lie down, so I took up my knapsack, which had dried a little by this time, to serve as a pillow, and the old man brought me a blanket and a sheepskin, regretting that he had nothing better to offer to me, but all his beds were occupied. But he'll bring you something to keep your feet warm,' he added; 'that is the chief thing, and by the morning you will be all right again.'

With these words he took a canvas sack, which appeared to me to be ominously stained from the chimney-nook, and then, bringing it to my feet, (for I had lain down by this time), requested me to put them in it.

'In the sack?' I said, in amazement—

'Why?'

'Oh! you will see how warm it will keep your feet.'

'No, I'd rather lay it over them; that will answer the same purpose.'

'Not half so good, I tell you,' the old man continued, and tried to draw the sack over my feet, but I strenuously resisted. There was something so dangerous, in my opinion, in knowing my feet were in a sack, which I could not easily remove in the dark, if I were obliged to spring up in a hurry. If—? Besides the old fellow's pressing made me feel uncomfortable (I may tell you so in strict confidence). What reason on earth could he have for insisting on my putting my feet in the sack. However, when the Jew found that I was obstinate, he laid the sack over my feet, and went back to the fire instead of retiring to bed as I had expected, and sat cross-legged, staring fixedly into the flame. Well, I shut my eyes and tried to go to sleep, but some how I could not manage it; the fire burned low, and I could see the old fellow still sitting there, but I felt that his eyes were fixed upon me, and that he was watching my every movement, every breath. Why? I lay thus for an hour, and the strangest feelings came over me. Then I had a curious taste in my mouth—the brandy, of course, but why was it so metallic? And my head began to lead round, and my eyelids grew heavy as lead. At last, I could stand it no longer, and determined to jump up; but I was unable to do so; my limbs refused me their service, a veil seemed to be let down over my eyes, and I felt that a deep, irresistible sleep was overpowering me.

How long I lay in this sort of half-dreaming condition I do not know, although I struggled against this unnatural state with all the strength of my mind, and should have finally yielded to it, had not a slight sound just at the right moment come to my aid in resisting it. The Jew, who was still seated at the fire, moved, gently and noiselessly, it is true; still he got up, and now stood with his face turned toward me. I tried to close my eyes, and dispel the odious vision which my fancy seemed to summon up, but at that moment I felt the light, crawling steps of the old man on the floor, felt that he was drawing nearer and nearer; and when I half opened my eyes, cautiously enough, lest the scowling fellow might see I was awake, I saw him standing a few paces from me, with his body half bent to listen, and watching my every breath. What was he about—what did he want? Should I jump up and meet him, in case he attempted to attack me—but then the dog, which was still lying in the room? And again, was the Jew really going to attack me, or might it be no anxiety whether I slept comfortably? I determined to wait and judge for myself, even at the risk of exposing myself to his attack, for I was young and strong, and if the old man designed evil he should meet with a resistance he little anticipated. So, in order to leave the old man at leisure to carry out his designs, whatever they might be, I began breathing loudly and regularly, while watching him carefully through my half-closed eyelids.

The Jew remained for awhile observing me, as if to make sure that my sleep was real; but then, as if every doubt were removed, he crept quietly back to the chimney, threw some brushwood on the glimmering charcoal, which began to glisten and crackle, and went to the opposite end of the room, where the crockery was kept. Anxiously I watched him; but I must confess that my blood appeared to stagnate, and an icy feeling ran down my back, when I saw him take up a long gleaming knife, and while trying its edge with his thumb, seem to measure the distance between himself and his victim.

As I have told you before, I believe I am anything but a coward; I have stood behind a four foot barricade, and looked up into the gaping muzzles of the cannon as they poured a shower of bullets on our slight defences; but I am bound to say, that the present was the most uncomfortable moment in my life. The calculating villainy of the old scoundrel, and the simplicity with which I had entered the snare, seemed to render escape almost impossible. Still I made up my mind to sell my life as dearly as possible. Fortunately I had in my pocket a Spanish spring-back autilet, generally employed in the peaceful duties of cutting bread and cheese, (German and French knives being made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell, and not to cut), and I cautiously moved my hand to my breast pocket, and noiselessly drew it out. When I once held it in my hand, my confidence returned to me. I opened it very quietly, and then laying my left arm across my breast, to parry the first blow, which would probably be aimed there, I held my knife firmly clutched in my hand, and awaited the attack with ground teeth, but so failing determination. My heart, though, would beat so loudly, and so violently, that I feared the Jew must hear it; but when I saw him approaching, with the knife cautiously held behind his back, when I felt his foot against my own, when he bent over me, and felt along the wall with his left hand, to find a spot on which to rest it and give his blow more certainty, my fears entirely disappeared. It is a well known fact, that danger really exists only so long as it threatens us, and it is robbed of more than half its terrors when it breaks over us with undiminished force. This was just my case; I had felt terrified and could hardly struggle against the feeling, so long as the danger was drawing nearer and nearer to me; but every thought, save that of self defence, disappeared when I knew that the knife was directed against my heart. So soon as he was struck at me, I determined to parry the blow by means of the left arm, and the blanket lying over it would afford me great protection; but then I would start up, and bury my knife in the villain's ribs, before he could recover from his surprise, or summon the dog. I should soon be able to overcome the weak old man; and as for the brute, once on my legs, I dare say I could keep him from doing me an injury.

Such was my line of thought, and I was quite prepared to carry it into effect. But why did the Jew hesitate so long? He had advanced his left foot a little, his arm was still supported against the wall, yet he did not raise his other arm to strike the blow. Was he afraid? I bit my teeth more closely together, and almost longed for the decisive moment to come, so excited did I feel—anything, sooner than endure this horrible suspense. Suddenly the Jew drew back; he did not strike at me; his left arm quitted the wall, and he held it in his hand, as if he were awake or dreaming—the same look from which I had

previously been eating. He walked with it to the fire, cut off a hunch of the fearful long knife, laid the remainder on the chimney board, and, after poking up the wood fire till it threw a brilliant light over the room, he began quietly eating, without troubling himself any further about my presence.

I drew a deep breath—it was as if a large stone had been rolled off my chest—and I lay for a long while in a sort of dreamy condition, hardly able to realize this state of perfect security following closely on the danger which I had fancied so shortly before had menaced me. I really began to feel ashamed of the cruel injustice I had done, though only in thought, to a man who had so hospitably entertained me; and I almost felt inclined to jump up and tell him of my foolish suspicions. But no—that would not do; he would laugh at me. Still I felt I must do something, if only to reconcile my own conscience. I therefore shut up my knife as quietly as possible, returned it to my pocket, and then, pretending to wake from a deep sleep, I threw off the blanket, took the sack, and put my feet quietly into it.

'Alas!' chuckled my host, who, on hearing my movement, turned his head quietly toward me; 'one's feet generally get cold of nights, if they have been wet during the day; but the sack will keep them warm enough.'

'I think so, too. I fancy it will be better so,' I replied; then fell back on my somewhat hard pillow, drew the blanket up to my chin, and in a few seconds had fallen into a deep and sweet sleep. When I woke the next morning, I found that the sun was high in the heavens, and on the table a comfortable breakfast had been laid. A pretty little girl was tidying the room, and her presence really rendered it quite cheerful.

'So, sir,' she said, good-humoredly, 'you are awake at last. Uncle did not like to disturb you. I am sorry, though, you had no better bed than this; but I only came home last night from Strasburg on a visit, and we had all gone to bed for the night.'

The old Jew now came in, and gave me a hearty welcome. I hardly had the heart to look him in the face. I was then forced to sit down to the breakfast table, at which the old man's son, a fine young fellow of twenty-four, joined us. Hearing from him that he was going back with his light cart to Strasburg that morning, I willingly accepted his offer of accompanying him. I had had quite enough of adventures for this bout, and, besides, sundry rheumatic twinges told me that I ought not to venture away so far from civilization, lest I might be laid on my back in a rustic village, and my mourning relatives never learn where they should set up a cenotaph to my memory.

When the light cart came up to the door, I inquired what I had to pay; but the old Jew could not be induced to accept a farthing for the accommodation. Bed and breakfast, he said, had both been poor enough; and I shook his hand heartily upon leaving him. And, upon my honor, in the bright sunshine, he wasn't half such a bad looking old fellow. There was something patriarchal about him.

Now, I dare say, you'll all laugh very heartily at my story, and fancy I must have been a great cur to let myself be frightened by an old man; but really, even now, in writing it, I have had an uncomfortable feeling crawl over me at the reminiscence. It's a good many years since it happened, and there's not much prospect of my having any more adventures of that or a similar nature; and between ourselves—in strict confidence, mind—I prefer making a pleasant night of it with Smith, and Jones, and Thompson, after a very different fashion.

A GENTLE BOY.—Be very gentle with her, my son, said Mrs. B., as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently J. came in and threw down his hat, saying, 'I hate playing with girls!—there's no fun with them; they cry in a minute.'

'What have you been doing with your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; I have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle.'

'Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother. It is their nature to be rough and hardy; they are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It is very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous!'

'And yet, J., a few years hence, you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentleman.'

'A gentleman! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish.'

'This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy.'

'Yes, indeed, mother.'

'Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavor to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called upon to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with females or men; be gentle toward all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps, you will not so greatly object to.'

'I see what you mean, dear mother; and I will endeavor to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy.'

Too MUCH WATER.—Sol Jones was a stage-driver for many years before the railroads had become plentiful, and he has followed a variety of occupations since. His principal employment now is drinking strong liquors, and his nose reflects constantly the bonfire. A few days since, Sol stepped into one of our fashionable restaurants, and called for brandy. The decanter was handed to him, and he poured out a glass full. With a look of aversion at the glass pump near which he was standing, he tossed off the brandy, and sat down his glass with a strong expression of disgust upon his humorous countenance.

'Anything the matter with the brandy?' inquired the bar-tender.

'Yes,' was the gruff reply.

'What ails it?' asked Boniface.

'Why,' said Sol, 'I kin taste the water in it.'

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 1858.

NO. 13.

THE BIRDS.

BY RALPH RIPPET.

What beautiful little preachers!
What sweet and heaven-born teachers,
Are the myriad little singers
Of the forest, field and air.
Ever warbling, ever singing,
Ever sweetest music bringing—
Joyous, winsome little songsters
Breathing music ev'ry where.

Chirping, warbling, twitt'ring, humming!
Heralding the morning coming,
With sweet music floating purely
On the perfum'd laden air.
Late-lilies, glads, sweet, entrancing—
Nature's glories ever enhancing—
Floats their merry, merry greeting
On the rosy morning air.

Welcome to our rills and fountains!
Welcome to our vales and mountains!
Welcome with your lute-like singing—
Cheering, ringing ev'rywhere!
Welcome! peckers, waders, drummers:
Welcome! warblers, singers, hummers:
Welcome! with your cheerful singing,
Soliciting dull hours of care.

Tell us, beautiful little birdlings!
Tell us poor and craves earthings—
Come ye Heaven's echoes singing?
Sounding on the morning air.
Do ye hear seraphic singing?
Hear ye Heaven's echoes bringing?
Borrow ye of angel harpers
Notes so winning, forms so fair!

Are ye from the realm elysian?
Come to bless our wond'ring vision—
Come to tell us of the blessing
Waiting for the faithful there?
Are the notes, so sweetly ringing,
Echoes of cherubic singing?
Hear ye of the happy music
Ever sweetly ringing there?

The answer comes in singing—
Comes in anthems sweetly ringing,
'We are praising Him who careth
For his children everywhere!
We are so the grumblers preaching—
Joy and goodness ever teaching:
We are praising Him who ruleth
In the forest, field and air.'

ANOTHER 'GREAT EVENT OF THE AGE'—A genius out West, by the name of Tholow Weed Brown, is dividing the honors of a grateful country with Cyrus W. Field and Mr. Everett. He writes thus in regard to the successful hanging of a gate, the effect of which upon society in general he states will be vastly more beneficial than all the Atlantic cables ever laid.

'On the thirty-first the sun rose in the east, and went on the even tenor of his way. The hinges were not completed until 2 p. m. Precisely at three o'clock we commenced operations, the posts having been already set. The hinges worked to a charm, and at 5 o'clock the gate was raised to its place. It looked majestic, and swung magnificently. At twenty minutes after five o'clock we elevated our hats into the air, shot a gopher with two charges, and whistled a Te Deum to the tune of Yankee Doodle.'

The other post was then set, and at 6 o'clock the connection was complete, and signals came through from post to post with remarkable distinctness. With brow bared and locks flowing, we swung it through back and forward, thus proving to those who have believed not the reality of the event, and its capacity to take such messages through. That gate is a triumph. It will be a bond of union between the two fences, a sure thing against hogs, and a greater evangelizer of those who go through. It hangs on its 'easy simplicity,' and has already elicited the most vociferous approbation. While the Atlantic cable binds continents together, our gate binds the fence in one unbroken string, fraternizing the two in one. At the first swing of the gate, we forwarded a message to President Buchanan:

'Dear Buchanan:—We've got a gate. It is national in its arrangement. It knows no North, no South, no East, no West, but swings all around. Fetch over the children and have a swing.'

SECESSION FROM ROME.—An item has recently gone the rounds setting forth that Father Chiniquy, a Roman Catholic priest, had abjured (at Kankakee, Illinois), his allegiance to the Papal See. Father Chiniquy is a French Canadian, and is a man of candor, ability, and irreproachable morals. A few years ago he was to the French population of Canada what Father Mathew was to the Irish. He was the eloquent advocate of temperance. He visited all the towns and villages of Lower Canada, preaching abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, and was the means of rescuing thousands from the drunkard's fate. His influence became immense, for he had healed many a heartbroken family.

In process of time he removed to a French settlement in Northern Illinois, and there became the parish priest. Bishop O'Regan visited him, and demanded the church edifice and lands to be placed under his (the Bishop's) protection, according to the regulations of Rome. Chiniquy replied that the property belonged to his people, and it would be for them to say whether it should be thus transferred, or not.

Bishop O'Regan stated that he (the Bishop) had not only the right to the church edifice, but to the house in which the Priest resided. Father Chiniquy, at this juncture, answered that the house was his own, and that he was an American citizen, knew his rights, and should protect them. This was the opening of a controversy, which commenced more than two years ago. The writings of Pere Chiniquy profoundly moved many of his old admirers in Canada, and won new friends among those of an opposite faith; for the latter saw that his written replies contained not only strong reasoning, but evidence of a search after truth at the fountain-head—the Bible. He was not driven from his position. He continued to labor and preach among his people. He was evidently growing in his convictions of the justice of the principles which he defended. Recently his efforts for the diffusion of the Scriptures, and the bold stand which he had taken, called down more severely than before the denunciations of his superiors.

On the 23d ult., in a crowded assembly which convened in the Court House at Kankakee, he pronounced definitely his determination to withdraw from the Roman Catholic Church, and to form a new ecclesiastical body, which he proposed to call the 'New Christian Catholic Church.' About one hundred persons, it is said, have followed him in this movement, and, doubtless, from his former relations and influence, his action will have an important bearing on the religious welfare of Lower Canada. Unlike Hong, who a few years ago attempted a reform in Roman Catholic Germany, this man appears to be a sincere and earnest searcher of the Bible, and desires it to be open to the people.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax

as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda, as a cooling beverage.

WEBSTER MATCHED BY A WOMAN.—In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the supreme court some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the court and jury. He therefore resolved, if possible to break her up. And when she answered to the first question put to her, 'I believe,' Webster roared out, 'We don't want to hear what you believe, we want to hear what you know!'

Mrs. Greenough replied, 'That is just what I was about to say, sir,' and went on with her testimony. And notwithstanding her repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster becoming quite fearful of the result, arose apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the 'deep pinch' to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distantly and loud through the crowded hall. Webster—Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?' Mrs. Greenough—

'I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had one very dirty trick.' Webster—'What's that, madam?' Mrs. Greenough—'She took snuff!'

The roar of the court house was such, that the future 'defender of the constitution' subsided, and neither rose nor spoke again until after Mrs. Greenough having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown on his head by a woman.

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.—Two unappreciated country lasses visited Niblo's, in New York during the ballet season. When the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgety.

'O, Annie!' exclaimed one, *sotto voce*.

'Well, Mary.'

'It ain't nice. I don't like it.'

'Hush, the folks will notice you.'

'I don't care; it ain't nice, and I wonder must brought us to such a place.'

'Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you.'

'After one or two flings and a piousette, the blushing Mary said:

'O, Annie, let's go; it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable.'

'Do hush, Mary,' replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination; 'it's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I am just going to stay it out if they dance every rag off their backs!'

The Knickerbocker thus touches the kind of beings that spoil very respectable women in idle efforts to be very ordinary men.

'There were some strong minded women' speakers at a recent New

which but for them would deteriorate, and become what some old fool would have it, a matter of convenience and of taste and art. *Elegeris nascentem non filium.* A man is born a poet. There are heads that can't wear hats; there are necks that can't fit cravats; there are jaws that can't fit collars; there are movements nothing can subdue to the graceful suavity, or elegant languor, or stately serenity, which belong to different styles of dandyism.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, OCT. 7, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required at this office. S. B. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 125 Broadway, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

J. BURRILL & CO., No. 20 Kilby street, Boston, are authorized to receive advertisements for the Mail, on the same terms as the above named agents.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to MAXHAM & WING, or EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.

Excursion to Aroostook.

MATTAWAMKEAG, Oct. 4, 1858.

Messrs. Maxham & Wing. We left Waterville in the evening train, Oct. 2d for Bangor, and the far "down East." We soon found ourselves among more of the same sort, and bound for the same goodly region, and all bound to have a pleasant time, wind and weather permitting—in fact the good time has already begun, for a ride from Waterville to Bangor in the cars of the Pen. & Ken. Road, is pleasant at any time; it is a part of our Road, and the conductors are some of our own folks. Arrived in Bangor we made our way to the Bangor House, and made ourselves at home, as we were encouraged to do, by the cheerful look of all in and about the house.

This morning we left Bangor at about six o'clock, by the Bangor & Oldtown R. R. having a pleasant ride thro' Stillwater, to Oldtown where we visited the saw mills of Gen. Veazie and others, among which is one block containing sixteen single saws and two gangs of saws. This is a noble mill, and this is a great place for the lumber business. Some of our party visited the Indian Islands, and some of the Indians visited us. After spending a short time here, we took the steamer W. N. Ray, a nice, strong moving, stern wheel boat, commanded by Capt. J. L. Smith, and owned by himself and his brother. Capt. S. treated us with much courtesy, and as we were informed, refused to take any compensation for our whole party from Oldtown to Five Islands, within two miles of this place, and the head of steamboat navigation at present.

I forgot to tell you, before this, that there were thirty-three of us, from Oldtown, and as social a company as you ever saw, I think. We had a fine day, and a beautiful sail up the river, among the one hundred and forty-six Islands between here and Oldtown. The Islands and shores, at this time, are very picturesque and beautiful; the forests are clothed in garments of varied and gorgeous hues. The banks of this river are generally more flat than those of the Kennebec, and the surrounding country more level; but here and there are highlands rising in the distance, to vary the picture. We are told that all the islands between Oldtown and Mattawamkeag are appropriated to the use of the Indians, and cannot be alienated from them. They are under the supervision of the State agent for this tribe of Penobscots. Several gentlemen of Oldtown came up with us, and gave us much information in regard to the Indians. They cut considerable hay upon these islands, estimated by Hon. Mr. Blake, of Oldtown, at a thousand tons the present season. Considerable portion of their lands are sowed in freestone, so that they are enriched without plowing or artificial manuring. We had with us a map of these islands, upon which were put down the names of some of the Indian proprietors, under the State, among which are some very curious ones, such as Molly Molasses, Saul Ninipence and Talles Molly, his wife—Mary Susup, Newell Peck Molly, and Molly Oleosole. Oldtown Island is the head quarters of these Indians, and there they have their church and chief village.

We dined at the hotel of Daniel Seavey at Mattawamkeag, and were well entertained. At this place, we saw the carcass of a bear, which an Irishman had caught in a trap. About five miles above this last named place the Piscataquis river empties into the Penobscot. There is a dam across the mouth of the former river, and mills upon it. Just above this are Piscataquis Falls (in the Penobscot) by which we passed through a lock and canal—and also passed over "Mohawk Rips," so called from an old Indian tradition that the chief of the Mohawks was killed here—upon a rock pointed out to us—by the Penobscots, when the Mohawks came to fight the former. This is near South Lincoln, and they say it was carried up to Mattawamkeag and buried at a place which they point out to this day.

At Lincoln we saw our old neighbor, Philander Soule, who is now located there.

I enclose a copy of proceedings here at a meeting on board the "Ray" which please insert. I haven't time to write more to-night.

D.

At a meeting of the Aroostook Excursion Party, held on board the W. N. Ray, on the Penobscot river, Oct. 4, 1858.

Col. John A. Poor was chosen Chairman, and Joseph Bartlett, Esq., Secretary, and the following votes unanimously passed, viz. That the thanks of this party be cordially extended to Capt. Smith, and the officers of this Boat, for their liberal and gentlemanly attentions to us this day, and for conveying us pleasantly and safely from Oldtown to Five Points, free of charge.

And voted that a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be published in each of the papers represented in this company.

TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The following is the table of contents in the September number: *Chlorburg: The Spectacle.* Part 16 of What will he do with it? *Respiration and Suffocation.* Part I. of the Light on the Hearth. A Parochial Epic. John Company's Farewell to John Bull. The Commons at Chlorburg—by one of them.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold street, New York. *Terms of subscription.*—For any one of the four Reviews \$2 per annum; any two Reviews \$3; any three Reviews \$4; any four Reviews \$5; 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 the Reviews.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the October number are No. 9. of Revolutionary figures, The Valley of the Amazon, Mandala and its Tragedy, Lalulad and his daughter, Nightingales and their Nests, Nomadic Life in Europe. The articles are unusually interesting, and the number will be pronounced very good, even for this excellent monthly. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 a year.

EDITORIAL EXCURSION TO THE AROOSTOOK.

TOOK.—The iron rule of adverse circumstance prevented us from personally availing ourselves of the generous invitation received from our down-east friends; and the regret we felt, at missing a sight of that glorious part of our State at this delightful season of the year, was greatly enhanced as we read the names of the party, and realized in what capital good company we should have found ourselves, and how much wit and wisdom we should have inhaled. However, though disappointed ourselves, neither our readers nor the Aroostook country will suffer loss, for we are ably represented. The party left Bangor thirty-one strong, representing the press of the State as follows:—

John A. Poor, State of Maine, Portland.
John M. Adams, Eastern Argus, "
J. C. Fletcher, Advertiser, "
E. H. Elwell, Transcript, "
Darius Forbes, Temperance Jour. "
Charles A. Lord, Christian Mirror, "
B. Thurston, Zion's Advocate, "
John T. Gilman, Daily Times, Bath.
Jas. M. Lincoln, Am. Sentinel, "
J. W. Hanson, Gospel Banner, Augusta.
Daniel T. Pike, Age, "
J. Q. A. Hawes, Kennebec Jour. "
Frank L. Dingley, Journal, Lewiston.
J. D. Stetson, Democratic Adv. "
N. Dingley, Jr., Me. Evangelist, "
A. G. Tenney, Telegraph, Brunswick.
William Dyer, Eastern Mail, Waterville.
W. B. Lapham, Oxford Democrat, Paris.
L. O. Cowan, Union & Journal, Biddeford.
E. Rowell, Hallowell Gazette, Hallowell.
Z. Pope Vos, Rockland Gaz., Rockland.
S. H. Chapman, Dem. & Free Press, "
W. H. Waldron, Morn. Star, Dover, N. H.
C. H. Paine, Lincoln Adv., Thomaston.
C. P. Roberts, Daily Times, Bangor.
J. H. Lynde, Daily Whig
Marcellus Emery, Daily Union, "
Joseph Bartlett, Jeffersonian, "

The following gentlemen also accompany the fraternity: Hon. Ephraim K. Smart, of Camden; Thos. H. Gamsey, and C. P. Stetson, Esqs.; and Rev. Amory Battles, of Bangor. All shades of politics and religion are represented, of which the Aroostook will have the full benefit.

S. M. PETERSON & Co.—Many of the papers, we notice, have lately complimented this well known advertising house for its liberality and honesty, and we take pleasure in adding our testimony to theirs. For a number of years we have had dealings with these gentlemen, through the offices in Boston and New York, and we have always found their prices liberal and their settlements and payments prompt. We never have had to send a bill the second time, but the money we have earned is always promptly forwarded by return mail. And so far as we know, publishers are unanimous in this expression of confidence: not a single word of complaint has ever met our eye in any of our exchange papers.

VICTOR ENGINE CO.—The Victors, Capt. Simon Conner, Foreman, went up to Skowhegan, last week, during the Cattle Show at that place, visited the grounds, and afterwards dined at Turner's Hotel. Having their machine with them, in the afternoon they showed the good people what could be done in throwing cold water, with a fine tub and a tip-top company. The Skowhegan papers are loud in their praise of the conduct and bearing of the members of the company, whose visit made one of the pleasantest events of a delightful week.

TIGONIC DIVISION, No. 18, S. of T.—The following is the list of officers for the present quarter:—C. M. Morse, W. P.; C. R. McFadden, W. A.; F. F. Dunbar, E. S.; S. Sam'l D. Webb, A. R. S.; G. C. Eaton, F. S.; L. E. Crommett, T.; Simon Keith, C.; T. F. McFadden, A. C.; Jos. B. Chandler, I. S.; Nelson McCrillis, O. S.

SOMMERSET DIVISION, No. 39.—This Division of the Sons of Temperance, located at Kendall's Mills, numbers 103 members and is in a very prosperous condition. The officers for the present quarter are as follows:—Wm. B. Snel, W. P.; A. W. Jackson, W. A.; Preston Emery, B. S.; Frank Hudson, A. R. S.; H. B. Lewis, F. S.; C. B. Ellis, T.; J. P. Leavitt, C.; E. H. Evans, A. C.; R. Woodman, F. S.; W. W. Emery, O. S.

MAINE STATE FAIR.—From an article in the Maine Farmer we take the following items, which will doubtless be of interest to our readers:—

The principal show in the department of manufactured articles, was by the North Vassalboro Manufacturing Company, J. D. Lang & Co. This company had on exhibition some very fine specimens of doekins, cassimeres and pilot cloth, of superior quality and manufacture, and of different colors. Two of the pieces of doekin, manufactured from Silesian wool, at a cost, when ready to put into the cloth, of \$250 a pound, were the identical pieces which received the gold medal at the World's Fair, at London, in 1851. They were indeed, splendid pieces of cloth, and good enough for the wear of a President, or Emperor either. Friend Lang need fear no competitor, while he turns out such cloths as that which he displayed at the State Fair last week.

Mrs. Theodore Hill, of West Waterville, exhibited a cap, made of her own hair.

A chair made of moose horns was exhibited by Theodore Hill, West Waterville, which showed considerable skill and ingenuity on the part of the maker.

A model of a clock by J. M. Crocker, Waterville, was of very neat workmanship. The Dunn Edge Tool Co., Waterville, exhibited some splendid samples of axes, which received the first prize. Also, some fine scythes.

Williams, Morse & Co., Bloomfield, made a fine show of chisels and skates of their own manufacture. Their chisels are fast becoming known and their demand for them is increasing.

Mr. S. Wing, of our village, had some of his fine photographs, &c., on exhibition, which attracted much admiration, and for which he was awarded a premium and diploma.

H. C. Burleigh, of Fairfield, took the second premium on maple sugar.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

We take unusual pleasure in recording the details of the Society's annual festival, as its entire exhibition, in every department, has excelled that of any previous year. It had been feared by many that our vicinity to the State Fair, and the efforts made to contribute to that exhibition, would detract from the interest of our own. The result has been opposite to expectation; and the success of that exhibition seems to have stimulated our tributary society to put forth its best exertions. Complete and most encouraging success has been the result. By general assent, the Society never before equalled its present exhibition.

Tuesday, the first day, was devoted to the exhibition of neat stock, sheep, swine and poultry. Three hundred and forty head of neat cattle were on the ground. One hundred yoke of oxen and steers were embraced in this number. In size, condition, and general quality, they were at least full up to the standard of former years. The proportion of bulls was less than usual; but the quality of the few on exhibition made up, in some degree, for the deficiency. Conspicuous among them was the Devon bull, purchased from the stock of this class, at the State Fair, by Col. Drummond, of Winslow. It is a beautiful animal, two years old in July, and elicited general admiration; the best stock growers generally conceding the propriety of his cross with the Durham. Col. Drummond has done the Society a favor, which he promises to increase by putting the terms so low as to give general facilities for testing the experiment of a cross.

Mr. Burleigh's neat Devon oxen, and a beautiful heifer of the same breed and from the same stock, were also an exhibition, and were much admired. We have good faith that the grade Devons will in due time present an improvement in our present neat stock in this vicinity. They possess marked points that are wanted in our present stock.

There was a larger exhibition of sheep than usual; tho' it cannot be denied that the same deficiency in quality that has always marked this department, still exists in a measure. The butcher yet continues to spoil the flock, by having his choice of the lambs; and this obstacle to improvement will exist so long as the past and present high prices continue to be offered. But few withstand the temptation, tho' they know the error is a fatal one. The few who avoid it will rejoice in due time. There were, however, some very good specimens—more particular mention of which we leave to the committee.

Those who recollect the Society's early exhibitions cannot fail to have marked the improvement of swine. The Shanghai qualities have disappeared, and in their place is a marked tendency to plumpness, and to brevity of nose, ears, legs and bristles. In this exhibition was a fine Essex sow, the only fault in which, seemed to be the color—even this depending upon the political whims of the committee. The Suffolk blood is expanding, as shown not only in the number but in the size of those on exhibition. Both these points are desirable—though each depends on the other; more of them if bigger, and bigger if more of them. There is evidence of increasing attention to this class of farm stock, which will doubtless get new impulses in proportion as the "hog cholera" continues to prevail at the West—reference being had rather to the quality than the quantity of Western pork.

There was fine music in the department of poultry. Turkeys, geese, and hens uttered an ominous quacking of Thanksgiving, with strong hints of moderate prices. Half as many were never presented before. We could not help thinking that this interesting department of the fair is even yet but half appreciated. If it pays for all the flour brought into the State, it also makes up two thirds of every Thanksgiving and Christmas; and who could live without both of these?

Wednesday was assigned to the horses. In this class there was a still more striking preeminence over past years. We hear it said that the exhibition far excelled that of the State Fair. This may smack a little of boasting—and yet be true! We guess it is true.

There was a fine trot in the afternoon, which was witnessed by a large audience. Two purses were offered, the first of which was contended for by the Bigelow horse, from Smithfield; a sorrel Withersell 4 yrs. old, owned by Ira Doollittle, of this town; and a black horse from Oxford county, owned by C. C. Whitman. Mile heats, best two in three.

The black horse won the first heat in 3.01, and the second in 3.08, and took the purse. The Bigelow held him to close work in both heats; while Withersell kept every inch of the last half mile, and won good laurels in promise of what he will do when as old as his victors.

Competitors for the second purse were the Howard mare, owned by Buel Howard, of Waterville; a black horse called the Burgess horse, from W. Waterville; and a bay mare recently brought from Massachusetts and now owned by Mr. Hamblin of Sidney. Mile heats.

best two in three. The last named took the purse, going the first heat in 3.08 and the second in 3.09; Burgess making 3.08 and 3.10. This closed the second day.

The high wind on Tuesday did such injury to the tent that it had to be taken down, and the exhibition assigned to it was removed to Town Hall. This change was a favorable one, and will doubtless be permanent. The hall, though but half large enough, offers advantage that cannot be had at the park. There, too, the exhibition excelled all its predecessors; claiming also strong competition with the State Fair. Utility, taste, luxury and beauty were well represented. The department of painting was fine and singularly large; while those of household manufactures, fruit, vegetables and fancy articles were not a whit behind. We leave details to the several committees, though we shall at leisure refer to particulars.

Wednesday closed with very pleasant attractions in the display connected with the arrival and reception of Eagle Engine Co., No. 3, of Bangor. They were met at the depot by Waterville Co., No. 3, and conducted to their quarters at the Williams House by a torch-light procession, headed by the Norridgewood Brass Band. The march through Main street was made brilliant by a shower of fire-works; the Engine house of the Threes being prettily illuminated. The ball at Appleton Hall, the evolutions at the Park, the dinner on Thursday, and all the good time enjoyed by the Eagles and their brother Threes—will they not be written in the Mail next week?

The attraction at the Park on Thursday forenoon consisted of the Fire companies mentioned above, and the competition for the prizes for Ladies' Equestrianism. Miss Mary Seavey took the first prize; Miss Ellen Williams the second, and Miss Louisa Connor, of Kendall's Mills, the third. A "scrub race" and trotting match in the afternoon, both of which were well contested and highly interesting, closed the exhibition at the Park. The reports of committees were made at Town Hall—the usual address being dispensed with.

Our next paper will contain reports and other matters in detail—as usual.

NORTH SOMMERSET CATTLE SHOW & FAIR. The exhibition of the North Somerset Cattle Show and Fair will take place at Solon, Oct. 13th and 14th. Address by Rev. H. C. Leonard, of Waterville.

H. M. EATON'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.—See notice of this school, located at Readfield, in advertising columns. Warm commendations of this school have appeared in many papers in the State.

The corner stone of a new church at Greenville, Moosehead Lake, 33 by 42 feet, was laid with appropriate ceremonies, on the 28th ult.

Rev. Stephen Lovell, a Methodist minister well known in Maine, having been repeatedly stationed in Bangor, Portland, and other important places, died recently in Boston, and was buried with Masonic honors.

"Ephraim" catches it occasionally for the sins of the junior, but then he gets all the compliments, and so has the best of the bargain. Will Dr. Holmes and the Bangor Whig please make a note, and do better next time. We have made it all right with neighbor Percival and the 'Eagles'.

Great Sermons and their Results.

The American church, under its various names, has been run something like a mill for the last twenty-five years. A certain stereotyped style of machinery has been introduced into a building set apart for the purpose, consisting of an organ, a boy to blow it, a map to play it, and a choir to sing it, at one end; and a pulpit, and a man of education in it, at the other, who directs all operations, and takes a prominent part in them himself. A certain amount of money has been raised by building a dam across the stream of private expenditures, and so often as Sunday morning has come, the gate has been hoisted, the wheel put in motion, and the grist has been ground. The minister who has succeeded in making the most revolutions in a minute, or kept his machine in the best order, or ground his wheat the finest, has won always the greatest reputation. Christians generally imbibed the idea that great sermons were of course to do great things. So every man went from his farm and his merchandise to the sermon and back from the sermon to his employments, with the idea that great sermons were great things, and that the Rev. Mr. Millstone was a great man, and probably the smartest clergyman there was out.

But somehow or other, during all these flourishing years, while great sermons were doing their work, the church made no progress. The world absolutely gained on it. The vice of intemperance rather increased than diminished; slavery took gigantic strides clean over law and Gospel; politics became ten-fold more corrupt, than before; mercantile honor and honesty were debauched beyond all precedent; the lust for gain grew almost furiously; perhaps in the whole history of Protestantism the lines between the character of the church and the world had never become more dim, and there was a general complaint that there were not students enough in the theological seminaries to supply the wants of the country, to say nothing of the wants of the heathen. Somehow, although the mill went with perfect regularity, and clergymen became eminent as men of power, and achieved great reputations, with corresponding salaries, there were no corresponding results. The church was wonderfully 'fed,' but for some reason it did not flourish. It was marvellously stirred, but like the pool of Bethesda it was only stirred while the angel was engaged in the operation, and was still before the crippled world could get in. The pulpit was very 'able' as we loved to call it—able to preach great sermons.

Now we approach the object of the present discourse. The preaching which has made more reputations than it has converts has been almost exclusively intellectual. The text has been taken from the Bible, and the subject has of course been religious, but the sermons themselves have derived their greatness only from their intellectual greatness. They have been essentially intellectual performances. Everything else has been subordinated to this quality. Half the great sermons there are preached have been more tributary to the reputations of the preachers than to the spiritual

and moral good of those who heard them. They have been admitted to be smart sermons—great sermons—but they were criticised by the people as literary productions, estimated as such, and produced precisely the effect of such performances. As literary productions they have had the recommendation of not having 'an immoral tendency.' They were lectures, orations, disquisitions—anything but spiritualizing sermons. So accustomed to this preaching have people become, that they are not inclined to regard any sermon worthy of their notice, or worthy of the pulpit, which does not at least partake very largely of this character. Such sermons are particularly enjoyed by those who devote themselves exclusively to business during the week. They have had no pure intellectual food and stimulus during this period; and because their souls are starving, and they find themselves fed by religious lectures, they imagine that it is pure religious food, when, practically, it has no more spiritual nutriment than there is in any good lecture before the Springfield Institute.

Now has not the church been about far enough in this direction? Has it not done more than it can afford in deifying the intellectual giants of the pulpit? Is the house of God a place where the intellect is to be amused or fed to those who will not take the time from their employments and quest for wealth to attend a lecture or read a book? We should judge that the experience of the past would suffice, and that the teachings of the present would point to a better way. We find that just as soon as anything is really to be done, just so soon as results are sought, just so soon as the church is to be revived and aggressions made upon the world, a new set of machinery is brought into operation, and the old is blown away, like the chaff that it is. A minister now, who goes into the pulpit with a great sermon, specially got up as a high intellectual effort, without direct point and bearing upon the very thing most interesting to all hearts, is a trifle, and we all feel him to be such. We feel that he has no business in the pulpit. The matter of religion, when we are really in earnest about it, becomes a very simple thing, of few details, and those not difficult of comprehension. We stop talking of anything but essential doctrines. The church works, and, by the instrumentality of brief prayers and brief addresses, religious conviction and conversion are making a thousand fold greater progress than during the long era of great sermons and the regular operation of the mill.

It is spiritual food, or, rather, spiritual stimulus, that men want from the pulpit, and not intellectual. The intellect, of course, is to be used in its best way, but it is to be used entirely in its tributary relation—as a means for the production of results above the intellect, and above intellectual pleasure, profit and reputation. We read that out of the heart are the issues of life, and it is to the heart, the conscience, the spiritual nature, that preaching is to be addressed. It is there that the effect is to be produced. This simplifies sermonizing very materially. The conviction of the intellect is, in fact, a minor end, for it is even with the heart that man believes, in anything like a practical way. We have a whole country full of intellectual believers in Christianity, and what good does it do? The fact is that this extremely respectable old machinery was reforming, and the people and preachers too, want reforming with it. It is mighty nice and comfortable to go to one's church, and sit in one's cushioned slip, and listen while a minister goes through his intellectual exercises, especially when we pay well for them. It is delightful to pick flaws in his logic, or to be able to admire his style of delivery, and sometimes to indulge in a little pride over 'our minister.' If we are able to brag about him, so much the more agreeable. But, after all, it is better that he do his work, and that we get our intellectual food, as such, somewhere else. Books are cheap; newspapers are cheap; courses of lectures are cheap; there is intellectual food elsewhere in abundance; but ministers who believe in Christianity with all the faith of little children, who have no worldly ambitions, and nothing in God's world to serve, but the cause in which they are ministers, and who serve it directly by a spotless life and an ardent devotion to their work, are scarce. What is worse, the people who love such ministers are scarcer still.—[Springfield Republican.]

MORE PERSONS RESCUED.

The Norwegian ship Catarina arrived at Quebec on Sunday last, bringing 22 more of the passengers of the lost steamer Austria. They were taken from the burning ship on the morning of the 14th ult., after the French barque Maurice had ceased her efforts for their rescue. Among them is a young girl of fourteen and her brother, who had remained all night on the bowsprit hanging on by the rigging.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE. The Crystal Palace, New York, with all its contents, was entirely destroyed by fire, Tuesday afternoon. The Fair of the American Institute was being held there at the time. A large amount of property was destroyed, consisting of mechanical implements; melodeons, pianos, steam engines, and other kinds of goods that were on exhibition. The fire broke out in the lumber room which was filled with empty boxes and a large quantity of old lumber, and is believed to be the work of an incendiary. When it was first discovered, the Palace engine was brought out, but the hose was so full of holes as to be useless. The flames spread with astonishing rapidity, creating intense excitement among the visitors, of whom it is estimated upwards of 2000 were present. It is feared many are killed. One dead body has been taken out. The heat was so intense that the firemen's services were of no avail, and the whole building is in ruins. Very little of its contents were saved. Two only of the many fire engines on exhibition were got out uninjured. The building was crowded with articles on exhibition of every possible description, and it is impossible to estimate the loss with any degree of accuracy. The building itself cost \$250,000. The contents must have been worth double that sum.

MORE BEARS.—The Piscataquis Observer remarks that bears have become very plenty and very voracious of late. Mr. Tolman, of Milo, has lost within the past two weeks upwards of twenty nice sheep by them, and great havoc has been done by them in other places. On Saturday night last one of these 'varmints' came into the pasture of Mr. Austin Pratt, in Foxcroft, and killed one sheep, ate part of it and buried the rest up for his Sunday morning's meal, in lieu of 'pork and baked beans.' On Monday morning Randall H. Spaulding and Henry C. Pratt set two guns, which old brain had the impudence to come in contact with, and received two balls in his 'cranium' which terminated his ignominious life. When dressed he weighed over 400 pounds, and the fat was some four inches thick.

CAN RAILROADS OBSTRUCT THE HIGHWAYS?

—This question has just been decided

in the negative by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In the case of Patrick Kelly vs. the Pennsylvania Railway Company, it was finally decided that the Railway Company was liable for damages arising from the obstruction of a public highway at a 'crossing,' by their locomotives, cars, &c. In this instance, the plaintiff had sent his son, a boy of nine years of age, to town for tobacco. On reaching the turnpike he attempted to creep under the defendant's cars, which had just arrived and were standing across it. The train started, and his leg was caught in the wheel, and so injured as to render amputation necessary. The jury found by their verdict, that the defendants were obstructing the crossing, and gave a judgment for the plaintiff \$3000 damages.

THE CHESS CONTEST IN EUROPE.—From private advices received by the Arabia, we learn that Paul Morphy is ahead of his great chess antagonist, Harwitz, the score standing three for Morphy and two for Harwitz. The chess writers on the other side of the ocean are all but unanimous in acknowledging that Morphy is the strongest living player, and should be succeeded in the present match with Harwitz, there will be very little doubt of it. He has yet to meet Staunton and Anderson, but those who are capable of judging entertain no doubt of the result. One result of the chess contest on the other side of the ocean is, that it has attracted an unprecedented degree of public attention to chess in this country. Dealers in chess boards and men say that twenty sets are sold now where one was sold a year since.

THE ST. LOUIS ELECTION FRAUDS.—The investigation into the frauds committed at the Congressional election in St. Louis is proceeding very satisfactorily to the contestant, Hon. F. P. Blair. An order of Court having been procured for an examination of the ballots from which the returns were made, Mr. Blair has detected and exposed, already, in returns from a small portion of the district 400 fraudulent ballots, and he and his friends do not doubt that the investigation will result in proving his election by 800 majority over his Democratic competitor, Mr. Barrett. The latter, it is said, takes little interest in the contest, and probably was ignorant of the frauds practiced by his party.

A NOVEL STEAMSHIP.—Some months ago, it was announced that the Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, were constructing a steamship on a novel principle, which was expected to be able to cross the ocean in a six days' voyage. The constructors seem to have thoroughly considered the subject, and have produced a novelty in ship building. The vessel is about 170 feet long, and tapering down to the sharpest edge at each end; a large propelling wheel, with diagonal paddles, runs in the center of right angles, and is driven by powerful engines. Instead of riding upon the waves, it is intended to penetrate them. The vessel is now finished, and is shortly to be launched at Baltimore. The experiment will be watched with interest, for the projectors of this novel craft expect that it will exceed any ship ever constructed. [Philadelphia Ledger.]

PRACTICAL ENFORCEMENT OF JUDAS SHAW'S DECISION.—On Saturday night, a woman named Chitrick, wife of Robert Chitrick, learning that her husband was at a noted grocer shop known as 'Rife's,' in East Cambridge, proceeded to the place, and commenced smashing the bottles, decanters, &c. A man named Wallace attempted to stop her, when a police officer who came up, interfered and asked him if he owned or kept the place. He replied in the negative, and the officer then compelled him to let the woman complete the work of destruction which she did in the most thorough manner.

THE MISSING AERONAUT.—The tract of country where it was conjectured Mr. Thurston, the lost balloonist, might be found, has been thoroughly searched without discovering slightest clue to his fate. Mr. Bannister now thinks that the violent motion of the balloon swaying to and fro in the air, and its great elevation (three miles) caused the unfortunate man to resign his hold and drop to the earth, in which case he must have been dashed into such minute particles, as to leave but few traces. Mr. Thurston leaves a daughter of eighteen years, wholly unprovided for.

Caution.—Coughs, Colds and Affections of the Lungs prevail amongst our people to an extent wholly unknown in Europe, and, if neglected, often assume a dangerous form. Winter's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the remedy in such cases.

The 'New World' and the 'New Man,' in the Atlantic Monthly for October by Rev. D. A. Wasson, of Groveland, near Bradford, Mass. 'The Cup' is by Trowbridge; the poem 'Waldensamkeit' is by Emerson; the sketch of Dr. J. W. Palmer, of New York, may be traced in the humorous story of 'Miss Wimple's Hoop.' The authorship of the learned and interesting article on 'The German Popular Legend of 'Dr. Faustus,' is attributed to Mrs. Robinson (of Tal.)

SLAVERY IN MARYLAND.—The Baltimore American publishes a communication advocating the abolition of slavery by purchase. The publication of such an article in a slave State, and one in which, although the slaves are few, there has been a recent demonstration in favor of the institution, is sufficiently remarkable. The American, in giving place to the article, dissents from the proposition as impracticable and unnecessary. It admits that the extinction of slavery is desirable, but does not regard the present as a favorable time to test the experiment, on account of the excitement that has been caused by the numerous escapes of slaves, and the consequent difficulty of getting the people to take a calm and deliberate view of the question. Moreover, the American thinks that the extinction of slavery is going on gradually and surely, and that natural causes are bringing Maryland to freedom, without the necessity of any direct measure to that end. From 1810 to 1850, the white population of Maryland has increased over 71 per cent, while the slave population has decreased over 20 per cent.

SEVEN FOOLS.—1. The envious man—who sends away his mutton because the pork next to him is eating venison.
2. The jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it.
3. The proud man—who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of his inferior.
4. The litigious man—who goes to law in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.
5. The extravagant man—who buys a harrow, and takes a cab to carry it home.
6. The angry man—who learns to play the tambourine because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.
7. The ostentatious man—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.—[Lund.]

