

# The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

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LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

## UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

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## Agricultural.

### Clover Hay.

In an article from the *Ohio Cultivator*, upon the subject of clover hay, it appears that the idea is prevalent that clover hay is unwholesome for cattle, and that it frequently causes them to sicken and die.

We believe this to be a great error, and that it clover hay ever injures our neat stock it is in consequence of the imperfect condition in which it is put into the barn, and not in consequence of any inherent qualities of plant.

The object in making good hay, says Low, is to prepare it as quickly as possible, and with as little exposure to the weather, and as little waste of the natural juices, as circumstances will allow. When we are enabled to do this the hay will be sweet, fragrant, and of a greenish color. We still do much of our farm work under the English system, which came here with our ancestors, without taking into account the great difference in the climate of the two countries. There, they employ four days in curing the hay, which is often additionally done under our July sun in a single day! Many farmers do not consider the effect of these cloudless suns, and the consequence is that they dry their hay until its juices are evaporated, and a large proportion of its value lost. One cloudless July day, with a slight breeze, is sufficient to cure hay cut in the morning or the previous evening, where there is not more than thirty hundred to the acre. In such a case the weather should be evenly spread, and it will be necessary to stack quite often, and lay it up as lightly as possible from the ground.

A general rule should be observed that no hay be left in swath or window over night, unless it be that just before or after sundown. There are two advantages in its being covered: it prevents the injurious effects of dew or rain, while the slight heating process which is going on causes an evaporation which is retained in the stack, and gives the hay a most fragrant odor. In good weather, two days, at most, are sufficient to secure hay, even when heavy crops are cut. The stack should not be opened so as to expose dry hay until the dew has gone, and then only opened in thick masses. After lying in this manner until noon, they are ready to be carted to the barn.

Clover requires a very different process. It should be cut close to the ground, and allowed to remain until the afternoon of a bright day. In the swath, then they should be carefully turned upside down with a fork and left over night. After dinner on the following day, the swaths should be taken up with the fork and laid in a stack—no rolled or pushed up—and then these clover stacks may remain two nights. After that, on a clear morning, they may be turned over to admit the sun and air for a few hours, when they will be ready to go in, with their leaves all on, and as sweet and fragrant as a meadow. A load of brush is worth about as much for cattle as a load of clover, and as it is often found. Allen, in his "Farm Book," says there is a class of nutritive matter in the ordinary mode of curing hay, which is obvious to every careful feeder. This is conspicuously evident in the diminished quantity of milk yielded by cows when taken from the pasture and put upon the hay made from grass similar to that before consumed. There is undoubtedly a combination of causes to which this may be imputed, but the bad condition of the hay is often a prominent one.

ed away in the barn or shed, where it may be kept in good condition for winter feeding. Cattle are very fond of dried stalks, as well as green corn.

English turnips may be sown any time between the present and the 25th of July. The earlier the better, as a general thing, turnips may be raised with corn by sowing the seed at the time of the last hoeing. Five or six hundred bushels have been raised per acre in this way. If the corn be thin, no matter what may have been the cause, sow in turnip seed. Beside this way, a piece of land where you have taken off a crop of hay may be turned over, fertilized and sowed to turnips and a good crop grown. Turnips to the farmer who has short of hay are like green corn, when pastures are short—a good substitute, and will prevent the necessity of buying hay to winter the stock. It is time to be making preparation for this crop. Turnips are good for cows.

### How to get Cheap Turnips

Turnips are coming more and more into use among us for feeding stock, and it becomes a question how to produce them at the least cost. Even the white dashed field turnips are valuable for feeding in winter, and a stock of them judiciously fed tells a good story, in milk or in beef.

We tried an experiment with the cow horn turnip, as a second crop after corn, the past summer. The corn consisted of about one acre, had been manured with fish applied to the growing crop in June, and yielded about sixty bushels to the acre. The soil was in good heart, but not highly manured. The seed was sown at the last hoeing, early in August. As the ground was shaded by the corn, the turnip seed came up well, and the young plants made good progress even in dry weather. About the middle of September the corn was cut up and put in shocks. The turnips having full advantage of the sun, came on rapidly, and by the middle of October had made roots two or three inches in diameter and a foot in length. We thinned them, taking off about fifty bushels, and a final gathering the last of November of over fifty bushels more. The whole expense of raising them was the harvesting, which we estimate at four dollars.

Turnips at four cents a bushel are a cheap feeder. The seed sowing was treated to an inexperienced hand, or the yield would have been much longer. Full one-third of the field was vacant. We think this the cheapest way of raising turnips, and propose to follow it until we find a better.—*Boston Courier.*

**DISEASE AND DEATH AMONG CALVES.** All most every spring or summer we hear of deaths among calves. The sight of calves that look puny, untidy, or sickly, is one which not infrequently pains the eyes and sympathies of those who have occasion to travel in the rural districts. When come those losses and these painful sights? More frequently, we think, from stings, starting, and unnatural modes of feeding, than from any other cause. To enable the owners to make a few extra pounds of butter, the poor calves, deprived of the food which Nature has provided for them, and get some cold substitute in the shape of very skim-milk or some other nutritious shop. The consequence of this short-sighted, mistaken economy, is that the starved sufferers become puny and sickly, stunted and untidy, and that death steps in, now and then, to relieve some of them from their miserable life of woe, inflicted starvation and suffering. Those who would avoid this cruelty and miserable economy, and those who would secure animals that will pay, will keep their calves well for the first three or four months, for creatures starved and stunted in their youth will never make as thrifty, healthy, well formed, and able-bodied cattle as those which had a better start in life.—*Country Gentleman.*

## Miscellaneous.

### An Incident in the Travels of a Paralogist.

In 182-, happening to be in the lovely town of —, lying at the foot of the Alps, I was making a practical application of the principles of my science in devoting myself to numerous private consultations, individuals deeply interested having inquiries to propound. A very large number of persons of both sexes, of all ages and of every social condition, had professionally consulted me, but no case particularly striking had thus far presented itself to my notice, and my ears being concluded, I announced my departure.

My preparations being finished, on the evening of the day before I was to leave town, an anonymous note is brought in, mysterious both in form and style. I was desired to grant an interview for consultation at ten o'clock, and the terms of the note were very pressing, and intimated that the future of a young girl was involved in my conclusions.

Accustomed to mysteries of a similar confidential character, at 10 o'clock my man introduced two ladies, one of mature years, the other young, and so surprisingly beautiful that I am loath to be in company to define the expression of her countenance.

Singular thoughts animated these two faces, both pale, both betraying secret pain. They were mother and daughter. A woman of forty years, the mother exhibited in her features and in her languishing eyes, the expression of the blind, indulgent affection so ruinous to the welfare of daughters. Her countenance was sad. The passions had passed over her face, leaving their traces; the wrinkles in her forehead told of burning regrets; yet her general aspect indicated an inexpressible tenderness. The young girl, on the contrary, presented a disquieting countenance of subjugation; hers was not a submissive soul; she seemed under the empire of some complete, profound deception.

Her countenance seemed as pure as that of one of Raphael's angels, though perhaps a closer observation might have revealed, glancing from her brown eyes, the fire of burning passions. Her strongly marked features, black curly hair, and her figure, graceful and gentle, all conspired to render her an enigma. The mother after having presented to me her daughter and begged me to communicate to her afterwards without deviation, my observations and opinions, retired to wait in another apartment. We were alone; science and nature. The silence, emotion, and an indefinable something of which I felt a presentiment in these two ladies, led me to almost shrink from my task. But she waited, and her look appeared to me to insist on my duty. My investigation commenced. Not a word was uttered by the disquieted voice of the young girl, who seemed silently to interrogate me. My general impression of her was favorable; and now ready to interest myself more intimately in this peculiar organization, I extended my hand and buried my fingers in her hair.

But hardly had I encircled her head when my heart shuddered; crime, remorseless, deliberate, unfeeling crime—crime unprovoked, unbridled, unobscured, cold, resolute crime reigned supreme in her head. The passions, independent and unprovoked, constituted this entire organization where I sought vainly—heart. Science seemed at fault. I fancied I detected myself, but in examining again I could not doubt.

Wondering at my silence, by the embarrassment in which I seemed to be cast, she appeared triumphant; while my faltering voice could hardly articulate. I preferred to accuse science; my experience was confirmed; never had I witnessed contrast more dreadful; the face and the head. Without resolution enough to speak, and sound this nature to its depths, I was leaving her in order to call her mother. Anticipating my intentions, and fearing that she would disclose to her mother my results, she ran to the door, urging me to communicate them to herself. Her manner, at first quick and severe, seemed to defy my judgment, but it then became subdued, agitated and entreating.

"What am I, then," said she, "that you dare not speak?"

"Well," replied I, seating her, "I will tell you. You possess a strong constitution, but your passions predominate in your head. Being still young, your instincts may perhaps be corrected; but never marry—never form a love attachment."

"And why?" said she, with astonishment. "Because you will only marry by caprice; to deceive; from selfishness; because your heart will never love, and your lover or your husband will weary you."

"What then?" she asked, with agitation. "What then? Why then you will disembrace yourself of him," I replied.

"But see here, sir!"

"Hear me. There is dominant with you an insatiable thirst for wealth and splendor. The cunning of avaricefulness will assist acquiescence, conscientiousness is null; vengeance is small, nothing, then will restrain your desires. You have neither faith nor judgment; the most ardent, physical impulses burn in your veins; there is no affection for you are impelled by violence. Now you meet with any obstacle to your wishes, whether for love or money, if steal fails, if your iron will is thwarted, destructiveness will become active."

Hardly had the word destructiveness fallen from my lips, than she uttered a cry, and judging of my candor by the inflexibility of my features, she covered her face with her hands, then covered down her cheeks, and I witnessed the most poignant despair. I regretted my analysis while contemplating this nature, so beautiful yet consigned so utterly to evil. But science is never sterile; her results can be foreseen. I professed some counsel but in vain. Five minutes passed during which her despair continued to find vent; then rising from her seat, reassured and proud, yet resigned—

"Say nothing to my mother," said she, taking my hand, "I am what her indulgence has made me. What can be done? But it is too late."

"But she might save you," said I, moving towards the door.

"Good Heaven! stop!" exclaimed she. "What do you fear?" I said, surprised at seeing her almost kneeling.

"Oh!" "That," she said, "Oh! you do not know—Oh! I am soon to marry!"

"You to marry?" ejaculated I, not knowing what to say. "Wait till I see," she exclaimed. "No, no, I need liberty. To-morrow it will be all over."

"No doubt you love him," I remarked.

"He has two hundred thousand francs!" This shriek of perversity which pierced through her grief silenced me. It will hardly be believed that the young girl had seen only eighteen years.

The mother made her appearance; but hers was a feeble temperament, without energy. To reveal to her the character of her daughter would have been to kill her. I promised her my chart of her character for a certain hour of the next day, silently serving to mark if the intention of shading it down; and they both regained their carriage.

Hardly had I alighted at the Hotel de— when the landlord came eagerly detailing the news of the day.

A young lady, married only a few months, had just stabbed her husband several times with a large knife, and had eloped with a rich foreigner.

I asked, shuddering, the name of the young lady. I learned, only partially surprised, however, that it was she who had consulted me on my former visit.

From the National Intelligencer. The Crater of Popocatepetl.

Our party, originally consisting of eight, with servants, etc., arrived at Amecameca upon the evening of the 14th of January. Four of our number had been obliged to return, and another, with servants, left us at Amecameca. At this point, through the kindness of our hospitable friends, we procured our guides and made the necessary arrangements for the ascent of the mountain. When our object became known, we were at once joined by a number of volunteers, all anxious to accompany us to the summit. While some spoke of the season of the year, and of the intense cold we might anticipate, others told us of a path to the crater made by the Indians going up and returning with the sulphur, and assured us that at some seasons the ascent was by no means as difficult as imagined. But we found that but few of our friends had been beyond the snow-line, and that the mountain had not been ascended by even an Indian for months—the working of the sulphur ceasing with the commencement of the rainy season. As we sat at night watching the moon slowly rising behind the mountains, and lighting with a ghastly glare their frozen summits, stretching away in sublime beauty to the clouds, we felt that the task we had undertaken was no light one; but there was a fascination about the undertaking that we all felt. There, in her cold shroud, lay the Itzamal, or white woman; while there, in silent watch, wrapped in his icy mantle, stood the monarch of mountains of North America. An effort of civilization had invested him with a mystery that rivaled in its poetic wildness the mythology of the ancient Greeks. A god had dwelt there, and for ages had controlled the sentiments of millions. The lion heart of Cortes had identified it with his wonderful career, and the genius of Humboldt had consecrated it to science.

The morning dawned beautifully, and, as our arrangements were not yet completed, we remained over the Sacramento at the back of the town, and visited the beautiful grove upon its summit. A lovely view awaited us, and we have rarely seen a more enchanting spot. At Amecameca our observations showed an ascent from the city of Mexico of some five hundred feet, and the increasing cold assured us of that fact. At noon we took leave of our kind host, and turned our horses' heads towards the mountains. We soon reached Toluca, a small rancho, where a good mill is in operation, turned by a beautiful stream from Itzamal. We were joined by a party, among whom was Don Pablo Perez, a gentleman who had been engaged in extracting the sulphur from the veins and who had pursued the occupation for three years. His ascents had been frequent, and we felt reassured by his resolution to accompany us. Our road now was up, over steep ascents, through the cedars and pines; wild flowers of every hue grew through the tangled shrubbery. The labored breathing of our horses plainly told of the change of atmosphere, as our path gradually led us through the clustering pine-trees of Toluca. We were now ascending the mountain, and the rich hazy soil and airy earth through which our way led, gave evidence of the fact.

By sundown we arrived, much fatigued from our day's journey, at Toluca, a settlement created for the convenience of those engaged in the extraction of the sulphur. The night was exceedingly cold and comfortable. The thermometer stood at twenty-eight Fahrenheit, while our barometrical observations showed an ascent from Amecameca of over five thousand feet. Instead of the rest so necessary to us, we passed another disturbed night; but day at last dawned beautiful and clear, and our guides aroused us to the ascent.

Our party numbered twenty, including guides and ponies. We set out from Toluca on horseback as far as La Cruz, some ten miles back. Here, with two of my companions, I set out on foot; the remainder rode on some distance. At the same time we all joined, and after our final arrangements of our packs, etc., we grasped our spears, and protecting our eyes from the reflection, set out upon the snow, our guides ahead, the Indians with our packs following. Our first start out was steep and frozen snow. The guides and Indians struck boldly out without spear or staff; the rest of us, clinging to our snow-spears, slowly followed. Up we went some eight hundred feet, when, getting in advance of the party, we halted to take breath. Respiration had become labored and difficult, and as I sat exhausted on the snow, deadly feelings, akin to sea-sickness, came over me. Raising, however, I looked around for my companions, and of all those who had joined us at Amecameca, not one remained—Two of my friends, with the guides, were above me, shouting to us to follow. On we went slowly and laboriously. The difficulty of travelling increased with every step. The servants who accompanied us had all given out, and taking the barometer from one who had sunk exhausted, I joined my companion above. On we toiled some hundred yards further, and again we stopped to rest. Our number was now reduced to four, and our two guides. The same sickness I had experienced was now felt by others; the oppression was extreme. An angry cloud swept around the brow of the mountain, and a snow storm seemed inevitable. The cold was intense. My companions complained loudly of their feet, and so great was the

suffering of one of them that I persuaded him to return. One only accompanied me for a short distance, when he returned, with one guide, to follow his descending companion. I was now alone with one guide, and but half way to the summit, and clinging to the ice, I looked down at my retreating companion, and heard the shouts of those at the foot of the mountain, I almost regretted that I had not yielded to their solicitations to accompany them. My solitary guide rebelled, and I was obliged to bribe and even threaten him, to induce him to accompany me. Up, up, for what seemed an age, we clambered over the fields of frozen snow. The ascent had become more and more difficult, as breaking the ice at every step, we progressed slowly and tediously. Once more I turn to look back from my dizzy height. One mis-step, and inevitable destruction awaited us in the abyss below. The stillness of the grave was over everything, and, recoiling from the sight, I looked down no more. To go on for more than eight or ten paces without stopping to take rest was impossible, so rarefied had the air become. At one time, after an extraordinary exertion to reach my guide, I fell exhausted, and for some moments was unconscious. The blood gushed from my nostrils. Checking it with the frozen snow I rallied and clambered on. My guide, more injured to such trips, had now got far ahead. The sickening sensation I had experienced returned with redoubled force.—As I again sank exhausted on the snow, a heavy weight seemed pressing upon me, and everything appeared to grow dim again, when I was aroused by loud shouts from my guide, as standing high above, he shouted "create the crater!" Up, up, again I clambered, clinging to his footprints; one long painful struggle more, and I sank exhausted upon its brink.

What a spectacle! The incessant toil of eight hours, hunger and cold, were all forgotten, as, lying down upon the snow, I drank in, like a refreshing draught, the salubrity of the scene. The huge crater yawned in horrible vastness at my feet; sulphurous odors issued from every side.—An awful stillness pervaded everything, and I looked into its depths with a feeling I never before experienced. Before me stood the south-western side, dark and gloomy; huge rocks rose from its depths, craggy and precipitous, while far above the golden hue of the burning sulphur added to the picturesque, and sublime scene. I looked around, and the world seemed stretched beneath my feet. The lovely valley of Mexico, with its lakes and mountains, lay like a map before me; to the south and west lay the Sierra Caliente, its hills red in the setting sun. A misty rim of silver shrouded the Gulf of Mexico far to the eastward, and the frosty top of Orizaba rose gradually from the purple landscape. Though conversant with nature, I had never before beheld her in such magnificence. To remember that sight must ever be a glory; to forget it can only occur with the general decay of the faculties.

It was fast growing late, and planting my snow spear, I had hung up my barometer. I looked around for my guide; he had fallen asleep. Arousing him to a sense of his danger, he implored me to descend, or he would be lost. Not a foot would he return in any direction, as, deaf to my entreaties to assist me to enter the crater, he stood and threatened to leave me. I descended a little distance into the crater for some specimens of lava and basalt, and returned to arouse my guide, who, exhausted from his efforts, and overcome with the intense cold, had again fallen asleep. It was now highly dangerous to stay any longer, and, carefully taking my barometrical and thermometrical measurements, I prepared to descend. One more look at the abyss, black and dreadful in the deepening shade, one more longing gaze at the glorious prospects as it grew more lovely in the evening twilight, and I left the scene. For awhile we descended rapidly as we followed our ascending tracks, but at last they had frozen; and, as if suddenly, the whole mountain had become a sheet of ice. It was this that my guide had feared. The sun had now set, and darkness was fast coming, and our danger increased at every step. My guide lost me, and I had to make my dangerous way alone. The ice had now become so hard that it was almost impossible to break it, and it was with great difficulty that my snow spear sustained my weight. Striking it in advance of me, I slid down gently to its foot, and sustaining my weight as best I could while I struck into the ice in advance of me. I was on the edge of a great baranca or ravine. Excited by the peril of my situation, I progressed rapidly on. I know not how long I was descending. At last the black abyss appeared beneath me, and I heard the loud shouts of the guides sent to look for me by my friends, who thought I was lost.

One more slide and I was upon the earth. The nervous excitement that had so long sustained me was now gone, I had taken no food or drink the whole day, and an exhausting depression followed. My guide again joined me, and we took our way towards the rancho. Near La Cruz I met my horse with the guides that my thoughtful friend Fern had sent in search for me. In a short time I was among my friends, and with a hearty supper around a blazing fire my toils were forgotten.

The Little Tin Pail.

At about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, a passenger cannot walk through the quietest street in the city without meeting men, each with a little tin pail in his hand. As the beaver scurries it at his side, and raps it against his large buttons, one can readily know that it is empty! Where has he been? What has he been doing? What is the pail for? One may not be able to say anything in the pail, but, after all, it has a pleasant story in it. Early in the morning that pail is filled. Before the breakfast things are washed and put away, it is placed upon the

table by a good, industrious woman, who rose before the sun, to prepare the morning meal and bathe and dress the children. Her fingers and feet have been very busy all the morning, and now she stops all other work to see the laboring husband off to his work, and prepare his noon meal for him. The bread and meat and large piece of pie, the gingerbread, the pickles, and perhaps some dainty bit which she has saved for the man the loves are placed in the little tin pail, one after another until it is full, and the lid placed snugly on. When all is finished, he gives a kiss to the youngest, says a pleasant good morning to his wife, takes his pail in his hand, and away he goes.

From that time he disappears for the day. No one asks where he goes, and few know his errands, or pushes the plans, or practices some other handicraft; he does or out. He toils all day for bread and clothing, for himself and family. His arms are strong, his heart is courageous, and his mind content. The rich roll in their carriages, but he does not care. Gay idlers attract his eye for a moment, but he despises them. When nighttime comes, and the long whistles sound at the shops, he drops his work, and opens his little tin pail. Down goes the meal with true zeal, and the bread tastes as sweetly as manna, for he has the health which labor brings. At last, he reaches the bottom, and his eyes moisten as he sees there a piece of fruit or some little delicacy, which the kind wife has smuggled into unknown to him—something which has cost her self-denial. Isn't that a sweet meal? With his appetite, and with the sweet associations which enshroud it, it is a feast for the gods.

The whistle sounds again, and again the strong hands and courageous heart are at work. The day is now upon the wane, but he grows little weary, for there is a warm place in his heart that feeds the fire on which willing labor depends. His eye is lifted to the clock, hour after hour, during pauses in his labor, and down falls the tiny index, until, at last, the stroke of 6 runs out, and the whistle of release for the day gives its welcome blast. Before him are 12 or 14 blessed hours of rest; the rough hands are washed, the shirt sleeves rolled down and buttoned, the coat put on, the little tin pail taken from its hiding place, and he is in the street again. Now we meet him.—Now the streets are full of little tin pails.—They are carried by men who have self-respect, who live manly lives, who earn, and "owe not any man." The little tin pail rings caringly at their side, the celebration of a day's labor achieved—of hard money hardily won. A thousand children run to meet the little tin pails, and beg the privileges of carrying them into houses and tenements scattered all over the city. In 500 of these the table is already set out, and at the first sight the neatly dressed wife and the hissing teapot awaiting the husband's return.—Behold the family group gathered around the evening bowl! Before those healthy appetites how quickly the viands disappear. And then, the good wife washes the tin things where they stand, and the little tin pail is cleanly wiped out and polished off for the next day's service. Thus and thus again, the days go round, with sound sweet sleep between.

"Telling—rejoicing—sorrowing—  
Telling through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose."

God bless the laborer! God bless his companion, the little tin pail. May it ever be as full of love and all love's sweet associations as it is filled each morning with food, and may the food never fail! Few understand how truly the little tin pail is the index of the prosperity of a community. The more thickly we meet them in the streets, the more prosperous do we know that we are growing. Oh, let us feel kindly towards those who bare them. For labor is the truly honorable thing among men. There is not a nearly graded lawn, a pretty garden, or a well trained tree that does not tell of it.

It builds magnificent cities, and builds navies, and bridges rivers, and lays the railroad track and forms every part of the locomotive.—Where every steamer ploughs the waves, or the long canal bears the nation's inland traffic; wherever wheat fields wave and the mill wheels turn, there labor is the conqueror and the king. The newspaper wherever it spreads its wings, bears with it the impress of toiling hands. Should not the laborer be well fed? Should he not be well housed? Should he not have the best wife and the prettiest children in the world? Should not the man who produces all that we have to eat and drink, and wear, be honored? To us, there is more true poetry about the laborer's life and lot than any other man under heaven. It matters not in what calling a man toils—if he toil manfully, honestly, efficiently and contented.—The little tin pail should be a badge of nobility everywhere, and in the "good time coming boys," it will be.—*Springfield Republican.*

Some one lately sent the following paragraph to Henry Ward Beecher—  
"One day," says Luther, as Satan and hisimps were gathered together to consult in relation to their plans and to give an account of what each had done, one said—  
"I lost the wild beast upon a caravan of pilgrims, and now their bones lie bleached upon the sands of the desert." "Pshaw!" said the devil, "their souls were all saved!"

"And I," said another, "by temper, wrecked a ship loaded with Christians on their way to find a new community." "Pshaw!" said the devil again, "their souls were all saved!" "And I," said a third, "cultivated an intimate acquaintance with an independent preacher, and after long persuasion I induced him to drop his Bible and go to preaching politics, and then the Devil shouted in exultation till the arches of pandemonium rang and all the

night stars of Hell sang together for joy."

On last Sunday evening, says a writer in the *New York Times*, Mr. Beecher read this scrap, during his sermon, and then said—"Whether Luther ever wrote that or not, it is true; I don't wonder that when the man dropped his Bible and went to preaching politics, he went to the Devil at once; but he would have no trouble if he had lived in our day. It is not such preaching as that that makes disturbance now—it is when a man takes the Bible and applies its truths hating hot to the side of public affairs that the Devil screams."

The writer in the *Times* adds this comment:—"It is to be hoped that the kind friend who sent the extract may have been present to hear the whole sermon, but as it is possible that he was not, the above is sent to the *Times*, to give him another chance of learning the effect he produced. If he should see it, let him not be discouraged, but 'pick his flint' and try it again."

### Architecture.

That which at first concerned itself with nothing more than providing shelter from the heat or cold, has given birth to creations of almost more than earthly majesty, and won a name which declares its supremacy over all arts by pressing them each in their turn into its service, and mouldering them at its will. The sculptor and the painter may look with contempt on the log hut or cave of the savage, but their highest works are subordinate decorations in the shrine of the Olympian Zeus and the home of the Virgin Goddess. If we despise the grotesque design of Burmah or China as the monotonous and barren repetitions of unthought forms, we gaze with silent wonder at the gigantic strength which is enthroned in the stupendous minsters of Amiens or York or Cologne. But the special exercise of great mental powers is not alone required to realize the vast interval which separates the lowest from the highest architectural creations; a yet wider field opens before us, as we examine the various influences, whether political, ecclesiastical, or theological, which have affected the growth of this art in every age. The architectural remains of past generations, sometimes scattered over wastes in which the primal solitude has regained its empire over civilization, sometimes buried under the strata of more recent periods of history, are the most conspicuous and enduring monuments of nations, of religions, and of empires which have left no other trace upon this earth; and the hewn stones or dilapidated edifices by which these extinct races of men once dwelt, or reigned, or worshipped, still afford evidence of their character and their power, that may be compared by their results to the knowledge extracted by the geologist and the naturalist from the physical condition or the organic remains of the globe. The mere strength and solidity of Pelasgic or Cyclopean architecture, the gigantic grandeur of that of Egypt, the barbaric magnificence of the Assyrian, the loveliness of Greek design, exhibit the working in each case of particular moral or political ideas on the natural genius of each people. In one we discover the impress of a crushing tyranny through the medium of a systematized superstition; in another, the joyous luxuries of an exquisite taste, and the highest intellectual freedom. But beyond this we can advance to distinctions of yet greater nicety. We can discern in the peculiar character of Egyptian and Hindu art the supremacy of priestly power, in that of Assyria and Persia, the absolute authority of a political despot; the former seeking to establish itself by the maintenance of a gross and senseless worship of material forms, the latter by upholding the image of irresistible and remorseless power.—But while the Hindu was content to carve out of solid rock the monuments of patient drudgery and unskilled labor; while the Egyptian submitted himself to a gloomy creed which fettered his artistic taste even where it gave free scope to his consummate mechanical genius; the Greek cared nothing for the debasing superstition which venerated the forms of a calf or a dog, or which embodied its ideas of power and majesty, may, even of Deity itself, in the Assyrian compounds of winged and human-headed bulls. His eye sought throughout the wide kingdom of nature for her highest forms of grace and loveliness; his idea of God-like dignity was found in the perfection of human beauty. It is owing to the faultless elegance and purity of their taste, and above all, to the complete humanity of their religion, that the architecture of the Greeks leaves the impression of beauty rather than of extraordinary power. The god who except in his deathless existence was altogether human, whose habitation was the sunny mountain summit, or the green dell with its winding stream, needed not for his shrine the tortuous caves of Ajanta or Ellora, or the gloomy and mysterious temple of Thebes or Phylae. The desire for gigantic height was never roused in the mind of the Greek who had not only his Gods upon earth but his heaven also, in the Islands of the Blessed where the sun sets beyond the western waters. But the mind of the Eastern devotee, dwelling amongst abstractions and absorbed in the contemplation of the Infinite, must have in his temples the expression of unearthly mystery.—must signify the presence of an abstracted and unapproachable deity. From this desire sprang all that is grand and impressive in the works whether of Assyria and Persia, of Egypt or Hindostan.—*Edinburgh Review.*

COVERED LIGNONS. INTERESTING STATEMENT. The London *Times* notices in a list of joint stock companies in Paris, formally sanctioned by the prefect of police, the name of the "General company of fictitious or counterfeit wines." The company boldly state that no grape juice or alcohol is used, but do not specify the ingredients. The article is sold at from four to eight sous per quart, and the company has a capital of six million francs. These liquors are of course, sold as genuine. Our markets are flooded with spurious liquors, and no one can tell when he buys a genuine article. The *Springfield Republican* says, that an informant of that paper was on a visit to a friend, a liquor dealer in a western city, and in the space of an hour he saw him transform a barrel of high wines into "pure French brandy."—The barrel was stamped with the Custom House brand, and had all the appearance of a sea voyage. The manufacturer poured in the basis of the ingredients (the high wines) and then, having scented it with about two ounces of the oil of Cognac, added a pailful of a compound which he had mixed from one bucket to another, and which was to give to it its taste and color. The component parts of this last mixture were absolute peisons, directly destined to sap the energy and finally destroy the life of the poor victims to a habit that leads them to the use of such stimulants. Upon this barrel, the manufacturer would make over two hundred dollars, and the retailer probably as much more. When such facts are taken into consideration, there is no wonder that a prohibitive law is demanded for the suppression of the traffic.

Golden Rules for Gardeners.

Never waste animal or vegetable refuse—  
The very soap suds from the laundry is rich manure.

Have all flower pots washed, dried, and put away as soon as they are empty.

Never fill a pot so full of soil but that it may hold water enough to go through it; every pot should have an inch of vacancy above the compost.

Never grow a bad variety of anything if you can help it. It takes the same room, and wants the same attention as a good one. Never buy cheap seed. It is only by getting good prices that a seedman can supply the articles to be relied upon.

Cover all seeds with at least their own thickness of soil; but as some of it gets washed off you must allow for it.

Gather fruit in dry weather, and with the sun shining, and place them as carefully in a basket as if they were glass. The smallest bruise commences a decay.

Never subject a plant to a rapid change of temperature. Sudden changes or sudden extremes are equally injurious.

Never grow the same crop, nor crops of the same family to ice on the same spot without an intervening crop of a different nature.

Never transplant shrubs and trees in a growing state. However carefully it is done, the check is dangerous if not fatal.

Keep all kinds of plants under glass as close to the light as possible.

Never tie up lettuce or endives, or earth up celery when perfectly dry. They are sure to spoil if you do.

Keep your plants clean. Dust and dirt on the leaves makes them unhealthy, and it soils the plant to a certainty.

Never train or support a plant unnaturally. Climbers will not do hanging about. Trailers will not do climbing.

Never sweep a gravel walk with an old broom. It not only tears the edges, but it also scrapes up the walk itself.

Mow lawns before the dew is off the grass, unless you have a machine, which cuts it best when dry.

Rapid growth makes a mild flavor, slow growth a strong one. Therefore grow vegetables quick, and fruit moderately.

What we eat, and what we drink.

We have frequently taken occasion to quote from chemists concerning the compounds that are sold for spirituous liquors. The fact had become well established before the grape disease and the failure of the sugar sold, that a considerable part of the liquors sold were adulterated. It was this cause which produced the different effects upon the consumers. Formerly even hard drinkers—especially where they confined themselves to simple rum or whiskey—men who would drink their quart or more a day, were rosy faced, strong and long-lived.

There was more in what they drank of what might be termed food, that was taken into the system to support it. No such disease as delirium tremens was known. In time, to increase their profits, dealers would to a limited extent adulterate; and often there were cases of sudden death among the intemperate—congestion of the brain, apoplexy, paralysis. How those diseases have increased of late years among the classes named, and often times been transmitted so as to affect their children! It was impossible that it should be otherwise, when they were hourly taking into the stomach that would eat through a copper kettle, if allowed to act upon the metal.



THE UNION  
AND  
EASTERN JOURNAL.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1857.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
LOT M. MORRILL,  
OF AUGUSTA.

## The Maine Resolves.

"Run, Molineux, run, fire, Rover, fire,  
Were the words of Melville."  
So closed the campaign of 1840.

Yet they were not the last of the veteran Melville. The resolutions, reported by him at the convention of the black Democracy, are later, and such resolutions, never the like were seen before. The distinguished officer, federal we mean, who, like Dugally, always goes in for the present, must have elaborated them while "sitting on a rail" to the music of the bobolinks, have obtained the crotchets, quavers, demi semi quavers, and other hitches, in their texture. We gave our readers a touch of their quality, in the two copied last week, and now we propose to rescue others from the puddle of forgetfulness.

Passing by the first, already published, dropping an honest tear on the graves of those "various distinguished Governors of Maine," the allusion to whom did so illuminate it, and endorsing the correctness of the declaration, "men change, principles never," set forth therein, and modestly observing that the author himself is a practical illustration of its truth, for however much administrations and their policy may change, the glorious old veteran sticks closely to the old principle of keeping in office, we come to the second in the series. It reads as follows:

**Resolved**—That the Democratic Party, being theoretically and practically pledged to a strict construction of the Constitution, to the rights of individual States, and to all National measures to carry out these principles, are pledged to apply the same to all States, and to all territories, under the necessary legislation of Congress.

Hide your diminished heads, you time honored resolutions of '98! Here are great principles set out, with a limitation. Theoretical and practical pledges by the whole, and like Lord Dexter's punctuation marks, may be selected and put to use, to suit the taste of the reader. We are theoretically and practically pledged not to analyze this resolve, but for the future, when we feel coming upon us the strict construction fever which may legislate slavery into the territories, but can do nothing to keep it out, may take this specific of the hoary Rufus.

The third resolve repudiating a great many old things, protestant religion included, we published last week. The gem is too sacred to be submitted to the vulgar gaze so often. It is familiarity that breeds contempt, so we pass to the next.

**Resolved**—That as men of sound political principles and of unexceptionable conduct differ on many points of religious faith and questions in morals, it is unwise, inexpedient, and inconsistent with healthy political action to adopt rights to aid, exclude or intrude on the rights of any class of citizens on account of these differences.

This resolve accounts for the milk in the cocoanut, and explains the reason why the nominations of the convention were made with such sublime indifference to foolish "questions of morals." The candidates are suited to the resolve and the resolve to the candidates, and both together form a most judicious combination of theory and practice. The next resolve in course is this:

**Resolved**—That the Democratic party has long since announced and practiced upon the sentiment that this country was an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, and that it was the duty of the nation to extend to the rights of citizenship an equal and a reasonable term of time and conduct. To infringe on the invested rights of these adopted citizens, merely because they may not always agree to please the ruling majority, would be a violation of sacred faith and an outrage upon the clearest principles of common justice.

Stand aside colored folks, though you may be, by inevitable laws, nearly as white as your master, (we were about to write your patriarchal fathers) you have no right that a white man is bound to respect, and make room for the Duddy O'Flanagan, right from the "old countries," who have inherited rights which sacred faith requires should be respected. "A nigger," according to the tripe of Manassah, b, he ever so light, and his blood ever so little tinged with the African taint, is but a baboon who has lost his chivalric spendor, but a "furriner" from the bogs of Killy Keen is a sovereign, has rights in the republican bank of the United States of America and when he comes here with his shillalah, and reeking with "rot gut" and leperous with moral and mental defilement, give him room, room for the Dead Rabbits, for the Mickies, Teppery boys—room for the oppressed of all nations, but none for the oppressed of our own. This is the spirit of this resolve.

**Resolved**—That many questions involving the rights of citizenship from our complex institutions necessarily must be left to the decision of the Judiciary, where they are more than in the heat and hasty decisions of party contest. All our personal rights are finally decided in our courts of law, and there is no reason why rights of citizenship should be an exception.

How men change. In the days of the "old Hickory," then the Supreme Court was an aristocratic tribunal "sitting in a dark nook of the capital." Then the people were a safe depository of power and their old chief, leaning on them, was not slow to take the responsibility. Then the voice of the veteran Rufus was heard shouting, "Hurrah for the old Roman—the Supreme Court. Old Hickory is the boy to take the responsibility. Now hear his voice, shouting hurrah for the Judiciary. They have decided that niggers are nobody, and don't they know better than the people. Truly men change; the denouncer of the Judiciary in 1832 has become its eulogist in 1857.

"Men change, but principles never," but the voice of Rufus was always true to the principle of living and dying with Rufus. Can any of our readers recollect when the blue book of the nation was published without the name of the illustrious author of these resolves?

The last resolve smells somewhat musty with age. This or a similar one has been put to use before—Here it is—**Resolved**—That it is inexpedient for the Democratic party that has existed with known and avowed principles of action for more than half a century, to change its

name or assume a new one to disguise the principles and elements of its long success, or to get up by profession, merely, a new born regard for human rights. Their past actions are their best assurance of their future regard to the equal rights of all, and of their sacred observance of the sound principles of right and justice to the voluntary emigrant of all nations of every shade or color of religious faith.

It is "inexpedient" for the Democratic party to change its name—all true—it is the principles, not the name which should be changed. Democracy in itself is all right, but the men who constitute the black Democracy, are any thing else but Democrats. They have sold themselves for federal offices, and under the name of Democracy are practicing all manner of cheats on the people. The people have come to understand this, and are now making a practical application of one of the doctrines asserted in the resolve—judging the future of the black Democracy by its past actions as exemplified in Nebraska Bills, Border Ruffian Raids in Missouri, Dred Scott Decisions and kindred villanies.

We did not stop to say a single word on the singularly beautiful clearness of these resolves. The last is explicit enough—all the others lucid as a Newfoundland fog. Our limits require us to stop here, and seeking "no longer their merits to disclose," we leave them with an appreciative public.

## Clifford on the Bible.

There is a good story—one worth preserving by putting it in print—whispered among private circles at the Capital of the nation, of an amusing episode that occurred while ex-Antislavery General Clifford was arguing the exceptions in the famous "Knight murder case," at the law term of the Supreme Court, recently held in August.

Knight, it will be recollected, was convicted in Andromedon county, before Judge Rice. Clifford, his counsel, had taken exception to the verdict, and was arguing with his accustomed ability and fortitude of eloquence, before the august tribunal. In solemn conclave sat the six Judges, in an attitude of profound attention, seriously impressed with the magnitude of the issue, and wondering whether the argument of the learned counsel would ever end.

Mr. Clifford was, more than usual, pompously bland and deferential to the Court and to the opposing counsel. In suitable language he had alluded to the imperfections of his poor humanity, and in the openness of his nature, had suggested that he should receive, with kindness, any suggestions of error, into which he might be supposed to fall. Towards the close of one of the forenoons, which he occupied in arguing the case, having occasion to comment on the testimony of one of the physicians, who had sworn that it was, in his opinion, impossible for Mrs. Knight to eat her throat in such a manner, Mr. Clifford remarked with portentous solemnity, and great emphasis, "Secret things belong to God."

At this point, the learned counsel laid down his brief, took off his spectacles, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, observed to the Court, that he was indebted to his honor, Judge Rice, for this thought, who, at the trial, reminded him that it was the language of Mr. Sprague, in concluding his argument for Sagar.

Deeply impressed with its forcible language, as well as with the originality of the idea, he, Mr. Clifford, suspected that it must have been borrowed by Mr. Sprague, and now, having devoted some time to the investigation, he was happy to state to the Court, that he had traced the quotation to its source. By dilated searching the authorities, he had ascertained that the language was first used by "My Lord Hale, in his plea of the crown," referring the Court to the volume and page.

This was too much for the County Attorney, Mr. Goddard, one of the opposing counsel, who interposed, "Oh! Mr. Clifford, that is in the Bible. You will find it in Deuteronomy, Chap. 29, v. 23." Taken unawares at this unexpected correction, Mr. Clifford turned to Mr. G. and said, "Young man, you are getting very nervous. I do not want to be interrupted in this way."

The gravity of the Court relaxed for a moment, at this unexpected view of the case, and it was some moments before the learned counsel resumed the thread of his argument, so incoherently broken by the untimely correction of Mr. Goddard.

The story reminds us of a very fine one we once heard in a western State, which is too good to be lost. In 1852, a young stump orator, who rejoiced in the name of Ahab, was making an electioneering tour through a part of the State where he had formerly resided. It appeared that he, too, had been a sufferer by the proverbial ingratitude of republicans, for some of his former townsmen and neighbors, instead of rejoicing at his advent, had made his return the signal for the revival of some old stories of a character by no means flattering.

So, after discussing the Presidential question at considerable length, our orator touched upon the attempts that had been made to undermine his character in that locality. "But, fellow-citizens," said the patriot, "my enemies, not content with attacking my political reputation, have, with fiendish malice, sought to blast my private and personal character, by reviving and circulating an atrocious calumny, (proceeding to repeat it.) "But," continued Ahab, "in thus revisiting the home of my childhood, and the fame of my youth, I think myself fortunate in recognizing the familiar face of 'Squire Schooler, an old friend of my father, who knew me from a boy, and who can state, from his own knowledge and recollection, whether this story is true or false.'"

Then thrusting his thumbs into the armbolts of his vest, and fixing his eye on the "Squire," he added, "Squire Schooler, I leave for a reply."

The "Squire," who was seated among the Vice Presidents on the platform, without rising from his capacious arm chair, and without moving a muscle, drawled out,—"Well, Ahab, I rather guess you did it."

The roar of laughter, that followed the "Squire's" response, appalled Ahab for a moment, but instantly regaining his self-possession, and bestowing on the unlucky "Squire" an annihilating look, he retorted with emphatic invective, and threatening gesture, "You infernal old scoundrel, how dare you interrupt me, while discussing great constitutional questions, with your low personalities."

We notice by the Washington papers that the learned counsel of Mr. Knight, is now in Washington, where he has been invited to a cabinet dinner by President Buchanan.

Should he obtain a foreign appointment, as well as a cabinet dinner, the younger members of the bar, and especially Mr. Goddard, who is apt in scripture quoting, and benevolent in correcting his brother lawyers, should join in tendering to him a present of the Scriptures, elegantly bound in calf, with a marking ribbon, pointing to Deuteronomy 29th chap., 29th v. "My Lord Hale's plea of the crown" may not contain all the second hand quotations from Scripture that the learned counsel might need, should he be called to enter again upon a career of Diplomacy.

## Pledged to Southern Rights.

The article from the Washington Union relating to Kansas affairs, said to indicate the views of the administration respecting Walker's Policy, and to approve of it, is copied extensively with a flourish of trumpets into the black Democratic papers in the north, as showing that the President is determined that justice shall be done in Kansas. It contains the following remarkable paragraph.

"Gov. Walker is a Southern man; he has been sent out by an administration pledged to the defense of Southern rights; he is surrounded by a corps of officers, most of them from the South, and every one of them sound in national men; he is instructed to regard the territorial authorities as legal, and sustain them against the rebellion of the Topeka abolitionists; he is acting in concert with the friends of the South, and gallantly fighting their enemies."

An administration pledged not to the rights of the nation "but to the defense of Southern rights." The admission is one pregnant with meaning. Only about 1500 votes were given, in the whole, in Kansas for delegates to the convention. The people of Kansas refused to vote unanimously, and talk about submitting a constitution made by persons elected under laws without validity, and having no constituency behind them is simply ridiculous. The people of Kansas, in due time we trust will take care of the matter and pay no regard to Gov. Walker's wheedling, and promises to have submitted to them a constitution made by a set of self-constituted authorities. If the administration desires to do justice in Kansas, let them desist from all further efforts to govern that territory by virtue of the bogus laws, and aid the people in putting their own government in force. Kansas we trust will be a free State, thanks to the elastic, vigorous influences of freedom, but it will be in the eye of the scornful of the Nebraska bill and the efforts of men in high places. An administration which we are told sends out Governors "to act in concert with the friends of the south," will, we trust, be foiled, and Kansas will yet be free.

**A good Candidate to grow upon.**  
We notice the Boston Post, speaking of the nomination of the black democracy for Governor, says:—"Mr. Smith is a good candidate for the party to grow upon."

We are of opinion that the party has large margin to grow upon, and perhaps Mr. Smith is a good candidate for this purpose, as any other. We are not, however, favorably struck with the compliment to the candidate, but if it suits Mr. Smith, we should not complain. At any rate, he seems to be satisfied, taking his speech accepting the nomination, as a criterion of his feelings, for he says, that it will give him more pleasure to be the unsuccessful candidate of the black democracy, than to be the successful candidate of the black republicans. He stands, in relation to his political friends, somewhat as the old gentleman, who, to please his son, who was educating his bull pup, consented to get down on all fours and play the animal. The bull dog, having caught the old gentleman by the nose, young hopeful, who was wincing the process with great interest, cried out, "Grun and bear it—it will be the making of the pup." Evidently the Post thinks, if Manassah can bear it, it may be the making of the pup.

**Mr. Morrill's Acceptance.**  
CALAIS, JUNE 29th, 1857.  
MY DEAR SIR: At a convention of Republican delegates, representing every county and a large proportion of all the towns in the State, held at Bangor, pursuant to notice, on Thursday the 25th inst., you were elected by very great unanimity selected as candidate for Governor, and unanimously recommended to the people of the State, for their support for that office at the ensuing September election.

By order of the convention I was instructed to inform you of your nomination, and to communicate to you a copy of the resolutions adopted, which I now do.

Permit me to express the gratification I feel at being made the organ of a communication so entirely in unison with my individual views of what is due alike to yourself and to the interests of the party and of the State; and also the hope that you will accept the nomination thus tendered, and become the standard bearer of the Republican phalanx in the approaching campaign.

Please favor me with an early reply, that I may without delay make public your determination. I am respectfully,  
Your Obedient Servant,  
NOAH SMITH, Jr.  
Hon. Lot M. MORRILL, Augusta, Me.

DEAR SIR: I am honored with your favor of the 25th ult.  
I had read the published accounts of the convention at Bangor, and had observed the spirit of harmony and unanimity which prevailed, and the devotion of its members to the vital political questions of the day, and to the important interests of the State.

In the fullest sympathy with the spirit which governed the convention and which assumed appropriate expression in the resolutions adopted, I accept the nomination, in the hope, also, that I may be instrumental, in some slight degree, in promoting objects which, in my estimation, are of the highest moment to the country and the State.

I have the honor to be,  
Very respectfully,  
Your Obedient Servant,  
Lot M. MORRILL.  
Hon. N. SMITH, Jr.

**AMALGAMATION.** The South is always trying the North, or Abolitionists of amalgamation. Yet in the Slave States for about every 18 white persons there is one person of corrupt (Mulatto) blood. In the Free States for every 237 white persons there is one person of corrupt blood. Which are the practical amalgamationists?

**NEW BLOCK OF STORES.** The old brick and wooden stores on Pepperell Square, lately occupied by Messrs J. M. Deering, Jos. G. Deering, and Moses Lowell, are being rapidly demolished, to give place to a large, substantial block of stores of three stories, already commenced and being built by the Messrs. Deerings and Lowell. We are glad to notice the improvement.

**From Utah.**  
The St. Louis Intelligencer has advice from Utah to May 27th, taken principally from the Desert News, which paper has a long article under the editorial head, devoted to the subject of the introduction of the Bible into Utah, for which purpose, it seems, a missionary by the name of Van Emmon, had been specially sent into that territory. The News expresses great surprise at this, inasmuch as the Bible contained so many proofs in favor of "polygamy," to which the religious world, as a general thing, were so much opposed.

Under the head of "Impositions upon Utah," the News treats of the abuses which have been heaped upon the people of that Territory, and refers to the appointment of officers for it government—saying that some of them have been respectable men, "but the most of them have been men of the most corrupt, wicked and abominable practices that could be found, or that ever disgraced the human race." Judge Drummond, by name alluded to, and a letter is published from his wife, complaining of the treatment which she had received from him. Judge Phelps was engaged in making a settlement on the Weber river, above the crossing of the Emigration Road, either in the Eastern part of the county or Summit. The altitude of the country is high, and the warm season shorter, but what and some other kinds of grain may mature there. The News of the 27th announces the return of Gov. Brigham Young and his party, after an absence of 16 days, all well—the Governor's health much improved, and his body invigorated by the journey, as also many others in the company. "His return, and that of the principal men who accompanied him, will give new life and vigor to the city." A great number of men were employed on the Temple building for the use of the city.

**Hon. Wm. L. Marcy.**  
Mr. Marcy was born in the town of Stowbridge, Worcester co., Mass., in 1786, and was nearly twenty-two years of age at the time of his death. He graduated at Brown University in Rhode Island in 1808, and shortly removed to Troy, in this State, where he began the practice of his profession as a lawyer, and soon identified himself with the political forces of the Democrats, of which he has been an unwavering supporter. During the last war with Great Britain he tendered his services to Gov. Tompkins, and served with distinction in the State Militia on the frontier. In 1816 he was appointed Receiver of the city of Troy, his first political office; but, from this place he was removed in 1818, on account of his opposition to Gov. Clinton. He was appointed Adjutant General of the State in 1821, and Comptroller in 1823, when he removed to Albany, which has been his permanent residence ever since, and where he became one of the most influential members of the so called "Regency." In the year 1829 he was appointed one of the assigned Judges of the Supreme Court, but resigned his seat on the Bench on his election to the United States Senate in 1831. This place he also resigned on taking the oath of office as Governor of this State in January, 1833. He was twice re-elected Governor, but was defeated on a fourth nomination by Mr. Seward, in 1838. From this time until the death of Mr. Polk he filled the office of Secretary of the State, and on the accession of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, he accepted the post of Secretary of War and discharged its duties with distinguished ability. It was during his administration of the affairs of the Department that the war with Mexico occurred. On the accession of General Taylor to the Presidency, Mr. Marcy again retired to private life, from which he was called to fill the post of Secretary of State during the Administration of President Pierce. His conduct in this trying position gained the respect of all parties.

On his retirement from office he was honored with invitation to a public dinner from the citizens of Baltimore and Philadelphia, both of which he declined. Mr. Marcy was a devoted democrat. "Such and such" unfortunates in his taste, he was always ready to retire to the quiet of private life. Mr. Marcy was large in person, of a naturally strong and healthy constitution, and apparently still vigorous and hearty when he was stricken down. He married a daughter of the late Benjamin Knicker, of Albany who survives him.

**More Rioting in New York.**  
New York, July 13.  
There was another riot last night; and it is rumored that it is renewed this afternoon, and that the 7th regiment has been called out. The police and commissioners have repaired to the alleged scene of disturbance.

Four clock P. M. The riot going on in 17th ward is a very serious character. A mob of 500 Irish and Germans attacked the Metropolitan police with missiles and firearms. The police were driven back, and were also a squad of 100 men were immediately sent to the scene of conflict, and a requisition has been made for a detachment of military.

This riot, it is said, was premeditated, but it is not known whether it was intended to commence with an attack upon the 17th ward station-house.

Our friend, E. H. McKenney, the Daguerrean, is still operating at his rooms with marked success—as all liberal advertisers are expected to do. In his advertisement in our columns this week, it will be seen that he is taking pictures in all the various styles of the art. The Letter Ambrotypes, on enamelled cloth, taken by him, are very fine, and may be conveniently enclosed in letters to friends.

**Mr. Bayard Taylor.** The celebrated traveler, is about to be married to Miss Marie Hansen, a daughter of the eminent German astronomer of that name. The N. Y. Tribune says the wedding will come off in the autumn, at the residence of the bride's family, after Mr. Taylor's return from the North Cape, and the happy couple will spend the winter in Moscow. Mr. Taylor will carry out his project of exploring Central Asia previous to his return to this country.

**STRAWBERRIES IN THE ACRES.** Mr. John C. Stoddard, of Brighton, is one of the largest and most successful growers of strawberries in the vicinity of Boston. His beds of the plant are eleven acres in extent, from which he will raise about twenty thousand boxes of strawberries. Last year his farm produced over ten thousand boxes of strawberries. The largest yield he has ever taken from a single plant in a season consisted of 162 strawberries.

**INCENDIARISM AT ELLSWORTH.**—A man shot (by persons who were watching) He is thought to be shot in the face. He was tracked about a hundred rods by the blood which came from his wound; but finally managed to escape. A reward of \$200 for the arrest of the person or persons who shot him is offered by the Selectmen of Ellsworth.

**THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN LOWELL.** Mayor Mansur of Lowell has, we are informed, shut up over 100 liquor shops since he took the executive chair on the first of January. He says he shall proceed against every violator of the law in the city without any exception.

## News Gatherings, &amp;c.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT KANSAS.**—Gov. George's Administration in Kansas, is the title of a book just published by C. Rhodes, Philadelphia. It embraces a full history of Kansas—its discovery and Geography—its organization as a Territory, and the events and political transactions since then, compiled from the official documents at Washington, and from other papers, by John H. Gihon, M. D. See the advertisement in another column.

**THE KANSAS CORRESPONDENT.** The New York Times, who is writing letters to that paper, applauding Gov. Walker's policy, and eulogizing the justice of that government, when we are told by the official organ of the administration, was sent out "to act in concert with the friends of the South," is the private Secretary of Gov. Walker.

**STRAWBERRY EXPLOSION ON LAKE WINNEBAGO.** The boilers of the steamer Berlin City, running on Lake Winnebago, exploded on the 4th inst., while the Berlin City was racing with the steamer Pearl, tearing the boat all to pieces, and killing Capt. Brown, of Berlin, the engineer, and two other men. The vessel sank immediately after the explosion. Nearly all on board were more or less injured, and the lives of several are despaired of. The books of the Berlin being lost, it is not known how many passengers there were on board, or how many (if any) are missing.

**A barn belonging to Mr. Horace Thompson, of Kennebunkport, as we learn, was struck by lightning and consumed, on Wednesday last week.**

**A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat gives a dattering account of the wife of Senator Douglas. The gossip goes that "she exercises considerable influence over the Little Giant; that she has induced him to quit drinking; that under her management he now dresses well, goes to church, actually wears kid gloves, and has set up a coach! His personal appearance rather corroborates the story; his chief friends declare they never saw him looking so well. In politics Mrs. Douglas professes to be a whig; but her lord is too old a sinner ever to be brought by her to political repentance."**

**John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a reason.**

**"I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat—"pass on, pass on."**

**N. P. Willis thought he saw a ghost recently. The figure was in white, in the human form, moving at the foot of his bed. Ever and anon it would swell in an unnatural proportions, and then raise both arms towards the ceiling. Willis confesses that he was frightened. He rose with sweat-drops on his brow, approached the figure, and clutched it when he found it was his own silk shirt. It had been hanging near the foot of his bed, over a furnace register. The column of warm air occasionally inflated this shirt, and hence the ghost.**

**THE DEAN CASE AGAIN.** The New York Sunday Courier says, that John Dean not being of a studious turn of mind, found it rather dull studying grammar down among the Long Island, and signed to return. So he took a run up to the city and suddenly appeared to the fair and constant lady-love The Courier adds:

"She being a true-hearted and high-minded lady, was rather shocked by her husband's lack of honor in not keeping his parole. She positively refused to have anything to say to him, and commanded him to return and keep his engagement, or she would never see him again. He went, but unwillingly."

**The London Times newspaper** is printed in an antique, dingy looking building in Printing House Square, and the rooms are all low, dark and uninviting. 88 commissioners are always at work on advertisements, and 45 more on parliamentary debates and other matter. Four presses are required to work off the morning edition, and to take advantage of these four presses part of the paper is regularly electrolyzed. The daily edition of the Times is 33,000. Eighteen proof readers are employed regularly. A new printing press from Hoe's factory in New York is soon to be put up in the Times office.—Boston Post.

**THE CROPS.** The grass and grain crops on the Kennebec and Sandy rivers are unusually good, and extending through Gardiner, Farmington, Hallowell, Augusta, Waterville, Winslow, Waterville, Fairfield, Bloomfield, Norridgewock, Madison, Anson, and Starks, and conversation with the people, satisfies us that there will be one of the best crops of grain and grass in these towns—especially the last six—that was ever grown. Similar prospects appear in a large number of towns on the Penobscot, that we recently visited. We hope the entire State may be equally productive.—Gospel Banner.

**DIVIDENDS.** The Appleton and Hamilton Manufacturing Companies have just declared a semi-annual dividend each of four per cent.

**Mr. Bayard Taylor** the celebrated traveler, is about to be married to Miss Marie Hansen, a daughter of the eminent German astronomer of that name. The N. Y. Tribune says the wedding will come off in the autumn, at the residence of the bride's family, after Mr. Taylor's return from the North Cape, and the happy couple will spend the winter in Moscow. Mr. Taylor will carry out his project of exploring Central Asia previous to his return to this country.

**STRAWBERRIES IN THE ACRES.** Mr. John C. Stoddard, of Brighton, is one of the largest and most successful growers of strawberries in the vicinity of Boston. His beds of the plant are eleven acres in extent, from which he will raise about twenty thousand boxes of strawberries. Last year his farm produced over ten thousand boxes of strawberries. The largest yield he has ever taken from a single plant in a season consisted of 162 strawberries.

**INCENDIARISM AT ELLSWORTH.**—A man shot (by persons who were watching) He is thought to be shot in the face. He was tracked about a hundred rods by the blood which came from his wound; but finally managed to escape. A reward of \$200 for the arrest of the person or persons who shot him is offered by the Selectmen of Ellsworth.

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**SEES THE HANDWRITING.** The Southern ultraists begin to predict their defeat in the next Presidential election. Keitt of South Carolina, in a recent letter, says he believes "from all signs, that the democracy will be defeated in 1860," and he declares that while he entertains this belief he shall not concur in it. Keitt's resources of course is immediate. He does not advocate an immediate dissolution of the Union, but recommends the South "to have some—not absolute confidence in the national democratic party, and keep her powder dry."

**The New York "Evening Post"** tells us that—  
"At last the people of the Southern States are seriously looking the question of emancipation in the face. The movements in Missouri and Kentucky, it says, are not the only evidence of it; the publication of a book, written by Mr. H. R. Helper, of N. Carolina, who has collected in a volume of some 400 pages the most compact and irresistible array of facts and arguments to show the impolicy of slavery, has been remembered to have encountered. The book is entitled, 'The Impending Crisis of the South—How to Meet It,' and is published by Burdick Brothers, of this city."

Mr. Helper's tables show also that the entire wealth of the free and slave states, compared, is as follows:—  
Entire wealth of the Free States, \$4,102,172,108  
Do. Wealth of Slave States, including Slaves, 2,936,000,737  
Balance in favor of Free States, \$1,166,081,371

**POSTAGE ON WEEKLY PAPERS.** The Postmaster General has recently decided that "one free subscriber to weekly newspapers can receive the same free of postage if they reside in the county in which the paper is printed and published, even if the office to which the paper was sent is without the county, provided it is the office at which they receive their matter. This will be an item of interest to newspaper subscribers living near the county lines."

**SCIENCE.** Mary Foss, daughter of James Foss, at Buxton, lower corner, committed suicide by hanging in the chamber of her father's house, on the morning of the 10th inst. She was at the breakfast table, as usual; and in the short period after, some thirty minutes, her mother going into the chamber—the house is one story—found her suspended by the neck by a skein of yarn, which she had appended to a wooden pin projecting from a rafter in the roof. No cause is assigned for the act. Her age was 40 years.—State of Maine.

**MOORE RIVETS.** New York, July 13. An attack was made late yesterday night upon the Metropolitan police force, and the Hospital buildings at Seignin's Point. About 100 systemen, and others, hostile to the selection of that locality for a temporary quarantine, participated in the assault. The assailants fired over a hundred shots upon the policemen, and were finally driven away by Capt. Walling being fired at by his subordinates. It is supposed that several of the assailants were killed and wounded. None of the police were injured.

The greatest excitement relative to the attack prevails upon Staten Island. The Sheriff of that county, and the Quarantine Commissioners have been notified of the occurrence, and are making active preparations to resist any future attack.

A serious riot occurred last evening between the German and Irish population of the 17th Ward and the Metropolitan police force which resulted in the death of a German by the name of Muller, who was passing the scene of riot at the time, with his wife and child.

**REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN A SLAVE STATE.** On Wednesday of week before last, a Republican Convention was held at Newport, Ky., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress. The meeting was presided over by Mr. G. G. Payne of Covington. A. J. Payne was nominated for the State Senate, and B. F. Sanford for Congress. A series of resolutions were unanimously adopted, expressing regret at the existence of slavery in Kentucky, approving the principles of the great American Republican party, namely: non-interference on the part of Congress or the free States in regard to slavery in the sovereign States where it now exists, and non-extension of slavery over territory now free; declaring sovereignty to be inherent in the people and not in property; and including also the following:

"Resolved—That it is to the paramount interest of Kentucky, if she would keep pace with the growth and onward career of her sister States of the West, to foster and encourage free white labor, and that all her white citizens should be free men, free to think, free to speak and free to vote."

**CROPS IN MAINE.** A correspondent writing from Farmington, Maine, informs us that the crops in that vicinity never looked better. Oats, wheat, and potatoes are looking finely; corn rather backward, but has a decidedly healthy appearance, and no one doubts a large crop. Apples look fair for an unusual harvest. There are "roundly well set," and if one half of them remain on the trees there will be a yield greater than any known for many years. He adds: "I have not seen such fields of grass for many years; the very road sides will yield a ton to the acre."—Boston Journal.

**DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING.** We learn from the Bangor News, that that city and vicinity was visited on Saturday with a thunder shower. The lightning gleamed—once flash followed another in quick succession, and frightful to weak-nerved people. For a few minutes after the shower, the air was pure and refreshing but it soon became sultry, and continued heavy and oppressive through the night.

At Oldtown the lightning struck in several places—once near the barn of Mr. Veazie, setting on fire a couple of stumps, and again near the house of Mr. Hiram Smith, setting a cedar post on fire. A man named David coolly picked up one of the burning splinters and with it lighted his pipe. At Upper Stillwater, the barn of H. Hamlin, Esq., was struck and considerably damaged, but not set on fire. The flint also struck a barn in Milford.

**DROWNED.** A girl, by the name of Mary McFarland, 17 years of age, residing in the family of Mr. Clement Jordan, in Cape Elizabeth, was drowned on Saturday last, while bathing. She had been at work in one of the Factories in this city, and has a mother residing either in Calais or St. Stevens.

as is made in Oporto, and hence it must be shown.

Soon we reached another stage of this proceeding; molasses was scarce and grains were high, and they sold poisoned liquors under the names of rum and whiskey. Whiskey, that western man used to drink like water, is now dragged with strychnine and tobacco—deadly poisons; so that there is no class of liquors now that can be drank with any more safety than the poisoned bread of Hong Kong could be eaten. The diseases they create are striking the whole earth with dead men's bones. The brain and the nervous system cannot endure them; and madness and death follow in their track. Even the State of Ohio has been forced to pass a law for the prevention of this poisoning.



