Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

ISSUED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT MONTPELIER, NORTHFIELD, WATERBURY, &C.

BY E. P. WALTON, JR. FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1854. VOL. XLVIII, NO. 27......WHOLE NO. 2485.

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Railroads.

1854 Vt. Central Railroad. 1854

Northern & Western, British and United States Mail Route.

ON and after May 1, 1854, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Going North and West.

LEAVE [illegible] at 7 1-2 A. M., reaching Burlington at [illegible] and Rouse's Point at 7 P. M., Montreal [illegible].

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ALSO, LEAVE MONTPELIER at 4.45 A. M., and 3.45 P. M.

Going East and South.

LEAVE ROUSES POINT at 8 A. M. and 7 P. M., [illegible] Montreal [illegible] New York [illegible] SAME DAY [illegible] by the 7 P. M. train.

ALSO, LEAVE MONTPELIER at 4.35 and 10.45 A. M.

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JAMES MOORE,
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Northfield, Vt., April 25, 1854.

1854. Northern Railroad, N. H.

British & U. S. MAIL ROUTE,

—Via—

Boston, Lowell, Concord, Northern, Passumpsic, Vermont Central, Ogdensburgh and Central Railroads.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Attn Dec. 12, 1853, trains North leave Boston at 7.45 A. M. and 12 M. and Concord at 10.30 A. M. and 3 P. M. [illegible]

[illegible]

Concord, N. H., Dec. 12, 1853.

ALBANY RUTLAND

RAILROAD.

NOW OPEN AND RUNNING THROUGH to Albany without change of Cars.

1853. Fall & Winter Arrangement.

[illegible]

via Rutland and Eagle Bridge,

[illegible]

NO CHANGE OF CARS.

[illegible]

FIRST TRAIN [illegible] Burlington 5.15 A. M.

SECOND TRAIN leaves Burlington 10.30 A. M. [illegible] Troy 3.15 P. M. and Albany 3.25 P. M., leaves Troy 4.15 P. M. [illegible] 4.30 P. M. for New York.—Arrives at New York 9.15 P. M.

THIRD TRAIN leaves Burlington 6.30 P. M., [illegible] 6.30 A. M., [illegible] A. M. and Albany 10.15 A. M., leaves Troy 10.30 A. M. [illegible] 10.45 A. M. for New York, arrives at New York 4.10 P. M.

Express Train for Buffalo leaves Albany 10.30 A. M.

Through Tickets [illegible] at the Rutland and Burlington [illegible].

JAMES W. HILL, Agent, Burlington.
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Also, Through Tickets to Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, and all the Western cities, for sale at the Office of the Rutland and Burlington [illegible] Albany & Rutland Railroad.

Baggage Checked Through to Troy, Albany or New York.

In all cases to avoid delay Check Baggage through by EAGLE BRIDGE ROUTE

THOS. H. CANFIELD, Sup.

Burlington, Nov. 9, 1853.

Poetry.

NOW.

Arise! for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your [illegible] are [illegible] in armor,
And forth to fight are gone;
Your pl[illegible] in the r[illegible] awaits you,
Each m[illegible] has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard fought field,
Of storming the airy [illegible]
Or bidding th[illegible] giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle!
Rise! rise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
And from the dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken, and find it past.

HOLLOW! HOLLOW!

I stood beneath a hollow tree—
The blast it hollow blew—
I thought upon the hollow world,
And all its hollow crew
Ambition and its hollow schemes,
The hollow hopes we follow,
Imagination's hollow dreams;
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

A crown it is a hollow thing,
And hollow heads oft wear it;
The hollow title of a King
What hollow hearts oft bear it!
No hollow wiles, or honeyed smiles
Of ladies fair, I follow;
For beauty sweet still hides deceit,
'Tis hollow, hollow, hollow.

The hollow leader but betrays
The hollow dupes who heed him;
The hollow critic vends his praise
To hollow fools who feed him;
The hollow friend who takes your hand,
Is but a summer swallow;
Whate'er I see is like this tree,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

BIRDS.

Sweet bird! thou sing'st away the early hours
Of winter past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,—
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers;
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness,) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven!
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

[W. Drummond.

Miscellaneous.

Passages from the Life of Washington.

From a Biography by J. T. Headley publishing in Graham's Magazine.

His Courtship. It was about this time [the spring of 1758,] while on his way to Williamsburg that Washington was first made acquainted with the young widow who was destined to become his wife. The Colonel, in military undress, mounted on a splendid charger, and attended by a single body servant, both the gift of the dying Braddock, as he fled from the fatal field of Monongahela, had just crossed William's Ferry, over the Pamunkey, a branch of York river, when he was met by Mr Chamberlayne, a Virginia gentleman of the old school, who invited him to his house. Washington excused himself, on the ground of urgent business with the Governor. But the hospitable planter would take no denial, and at last succeeded in turning the scale by promising to introduce him to a young and beautiful widow. The Colonel finally consented to stop and dine—nothing more. A short delay could be made up by hard riding and pressing further into the night. In dismounting he gave his horse into the charge of his servant Bishop, with explicit instructions to have him at the door at a certain hour; giving his arm to his guest, the hospitable planter entered the house and introduced him to his family. The young Virginia Colonel immediately drew every eye upon him, for a fine, commanding appearance heightened, rather than lessened, the romance that gathered around his chivalrous and adventurous life. The young widow was handsome, fascinating, and possessed of a large fortune, and was, withal, the widow of a Colonel—Colonel Washington was also rich, of high family connections, and, above all, possessed that which ever attracts a woman, a valiant, heroic heart, that would beat as calmly amid whistling bullets and death and carnage as in its peaceful slumbers. The lady was only three months younger than he, and from the first could not disguise her admiration of the youthful hero. On the other hand, her society was so agreeable to Washington that for the first time in his life he forgot his own appointment. His servant Bishop, punctual to his orders, had the two horses saddled and bridled, standing at the gate at the time appointed. Contrary to all military rules, and all the former experience, his master did not make his appearance. Lingering under the sweet influence of the beautiful young widow, the time slipped unconsciously away. At length, as the sun stooped behind the western wilderness, the planter stepped forward and declared that it was contrary to the rules of his estate to allow a guest to leave the house after sundown. Washington laughingly acknowledged that he felt bound to submit to such wholesome regulations, and was soon forgetful of everything but the fascinating woman beside him. Other dreams than those of military glory visited his pillow that night, and other hopes impelled him forward, as the next morning he continued his journey to Williamsburg.

On his return he stopped again at the "White House" of his friend, and surrendered at discretion to the blooming widow.

His Marriage. Having now returned to private life, he consummated his engagement with Mrs. Curtis, and a wedding was given [January 6th, 1759,] on a scale commensurate with the wealth and standing of the parties, in keeping with the good old customs of the time. From far and near came the laced coats and powdered hair and long cues, till the hospitable mansion overflowed with the wealth and beauty and gayety of the colony.—And a noble couple they were—the young Colonel six feet three inches in height, towering above all around, and the beautiful bride radiant with happiness. The rafters of that huge mansion rang that night with mirth and gayety. The bride brought as dowry thirty thousand pounds sterling, besides one third of large landed estates. She had two children; a son, six years old, and a daughter, four. To the former belonged one third of the estates left by his father, while the latter had the remaining third, together with ten thousand pounds sterling. This swelled Washington's fortune to an enormous amount for those days.

He did not take his bride immediately to Mount Vernon, but repaired to Williamsburg and took his seat as member of the Assembly. During the session the speaker was directed, by a vote of the House, "to return thanks on behalf of the Colony to Colonel Washington, for the distinguished military service he has rendered the country." This the eloquent speaker did in a manner to suit himself, and poured forth a strain of eulogium at once unexpected and embarring. Washington, taken wholly by surprise, rose to reply, but could not stammer forth a single word. Out of this painful dilemma the witty speaker helped him as generously as he had helped him into it. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." Nothing could be more elegant and skillful than this double stroke which at once relieved Washington, while it enhanced the compliment.

His Home and Sports. In the spring, Washington retired to Mount Vernon and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits.

He adorned his library with the busts of distinguished military chieftains of former ages, and, with true Virginia hospitality, kept an open house for his friends. He was interested in every improvement in agriculture—entered largely into the cultivation of tobacco, which he shipped directly from his estates to England. He was very fond of hunting, and kept a fine pack of hounds, not only for his own amusement but that of his friends. He was a splendid rider and when following the hounds in full cry, taking the daring leap as he flew over the fields, he was the admiration of all. Two or three times a week, with horse and dogs, he was out—his nature finding relief in the excitement and clamor of the chase.

Duck-shooting was another favorite pastime, and he spent hours in his boat, stealing stealthily on the coveys of birds, or watching their flight from his place of concealment. His love of this sport once brought him in direct collision with a bold, reckless fellow, who lived on the opposite side of the Potomac, but would often cross and shoot near Mount Vernon. Washington had repeatedly forbade his doing so, but without effect. In some secluded creek or nook the poacher would hide away, and shoot at leisure—One day the former hearing a shot, sprang on his horse and galloped towards the spot whence the sound came. The marauder, seeing him approach, ran for his skiff, and had just time to push off from shore and leap in as Washington galloped up. The latter instantly rode in & seized the boat. The reckless fellow within, immediately levelled his gun at Washington's breast, swearing that he would shoot him dead if he did not let him go. But the blood of the excited young planter was up, and paying no attention to his threats, he drew the desperado fiercely ashore. He then disarmed and dragged him out upon the bank, and gave him a thorough cowhiding, as merely a foretaste of what awaited him if he continued his depredations. The cure was effectual, and the poacher sought other fields in which to prosecute his calling.—There was something about Washington's demeanor and look, when excited, that would make a bold man hesitate to assail him.

The Trout Stream—What was caught in it.

A poor student with empty purse, thread bare coat, lofty aspirations, wasted form and pallid cheek, applied at Monsieur Dallis' boarding house, but as he could not "pay down," was required to give bonds for his board, or seek it elsewhere.

The somewhat facetious but withal benevolent Dr. B heard the conversation between the student and the landlord, and compassionating the poor fellow's condition, said to him: "Sir, I will board you without bonds." The student turned to the Doctor with a hopeful air, inquiring his terms, when the Doctor replied, "They are simple, yet imperative; I shall require punctual payments weekly."

Mr Lange, for so was the student addressed began to look anxious, but Dr. B. good naturedly continued:—"You shall pay me every week by trouts caught by your own hands in sufficient quantity to furnish our table with one dinner per week!"—Mr. Lange looked a little perplexed at first, but soon rallied and agreed to the proposition, and very cheerfully accompanied the Doctor home to dinner, where he was introduced to the good Doctor's wife and her neice, a school-girl of some sixteen Summers, and *possibly* as many Winters—though in speaking of the young, I believe they are considered to know no Winter, or at least the novelist, so far as my memory serves, gives them only Summers, while the aged as invariably have all the Winters to their share. Is this fair?—Is it just?

Our hero was a devoted student, and so assiduous, had he bowed at learning's shrine, that he was, though almost unconsciously, ruining his health and destroying his constitution forever. But his comical engagement with Dr. B. interrupted the closeness of his application to books written by man, and brought him into near proximity to some pages of the Almighty's ever open volume. His heart was warmed with new life as he looked upon the closely-written leaves of nature, and the breath of heaven fanning his cheek, gave it a natural glow as unlike the hectic flush as the steady shining star is to the lightning's erratic flash. Mr. Lange was an indifferent angler, quite so, and consequently it required him oft times many hours' exercise by the banks of the "silver stream" to entrap sufficient wary trout for dinner, in order to the fulfillment of his contract with Dr. B., who never allowed him to forget the arrangement.

Weeks passed, and instead of a dreaded task, and his patron's ironic laugh, as not unfrequently Lange returned empty; instead of feeling his time thus employed to be thrown away, Mr. Lange began to look for his appointed angling hours with something of the spirit with which "old Izaak Walton" dallied on the banks of the "Dove."

But not alone were all the student's rambles by the babbling stream. The shyness of Cornelia, the good Doctor's neice, had gradually worn away by dint of the prolonged dinner hour and the cheerful chat, the wit and intelligence that flowed at that social hour, and the pleasant twilight conversations about the departed poets, the sweet bards of "other days," the wandering minstrel, and the shepherd and his song, even back to David, "the sweet Psalmist of Israel." Their thoughts thus harmoniously blending, Mr. Lange began to think that Cornelia ought to learn to angle like the ladies of olden time, and her uncle suggesting that a fine opportunity was presented for the pursuit of botany under Mr Lange's tuition, the angling rod was almost daily in requisition, and loads of wild flowers adorned the table on their return, awaiting "dissection," as the Doctor persisted in calling the process of analyzing a flower much to the annoyance of Cornelia.

But I need not prolong my sketch. One may "see through" the good Doctor's plan by this time, which was, simply to restore health to the young student by driving him from a pent-up room out into God's pure sunshine; and the robust form, swarthy cheek and liquid eye of Mr. Lange gave ample evidence that Dr. B's plan succeeded admirably. And for the lovers of match-making I will leave them on the *qui vive* to know whether Cornelia ever married the student or not, since it was no intention of mine to write a love-story, but simply to give one example out of the many of the beneficial results of exercise in the open air.

CEDAR HILL, Vt. C. E.

The Cuba Qustion.

The plans of the Spanish Government in regard to Cuba, as embodied in several decrees just published, and which are quite minute in their details, may be embraced under four heads, as follows:

1. By a re-arrangement of the poll-taxes upon slaves, to discourage their use as domestic servants, and so leave more hands for labor in the fields.

2. Connected with this system of taxation is one of premiums and exemptions, intended to encourage marriages of slaves, in order that, by increased propagation, the cessation of imports from Africa may be in some measure compensated.—With this part of the enactment are conected regulations tending to encourage humanity to the slaves, and to render their good treatment profitable to their owners. One of the premiums (which are to be paid by the poll-tax) is to be allotted to that proprietor of slaves, who, possessing the largest number, has had proportionately the fewest deaths among them in the course of the year.

3. A very long decree contains regulations for the conveyance, payment, good treatment and security in all respects of laborers and servants, whose introduction into the colony from the mother country, China and Yucatan, the Government desires to encourage.

4. Under this head come the regulations, comprised in fifty-six articles, for the registration of the slaves. Registers are to be opened in the chief towns of the various provinces or Governments of the Island of Cuba. After a certain period, amply sufficient to permit slave-owners to have their slaves inscribed, the registers will be closed, and thenceforward all blacks who are not set down in them will be considered as free men, to whom none can lay claim.

The registers are to be kept by persons appointed by royal order upon the recommendation of the Captain General of Cuba. They are subject to heavy fines for any faults or irregularities they may commit. A slave who by negligence is left unregistered obtains his freedom, but the registrar must pay his value to his owner.

The closing articles of the decree order the Captain General of Cuba to put them into immediate execution, provisionally appointing registrars, and fixing the amount of security they are to give, and reporting progress to the home Government.

The decrees do not provide for the importation of negroes under any name or pretence. All blacks except those registered as now slaves, and their descendants, to be free.

Mr. Senator Slidell would anticipate this change in Cuba by bringing about another. It is known that men in the United States are ready to make a piratical descent upon the Island; and Mr. Slidell proposes that the President be authorised to suspend all laws that restrain them,—in other words to authorize and invite the fillibusters to go ahead. This, of course, is a new matter of agitation respecting slavery; but is not brought forward by northern agency. The North is content that the law should stand as it is and be faithfully executed. It is the South that demands a change,—that gets up an agitation on the slavery question.

Mr Slidell's Plan for Americanising Cuba.—Having succeeded in persuading himself that England and France are plotting the "Africanization" of Cuba, Mr. Slidell proposes to head them off, and to Americanize it, by repealing our neutrality laws, and opening upon the devoted island the floodgates of fillibusterism and piracy. The following article from the Charleston Mercury, a high-toned democratic journal, shows that Mr Slidell will not be sustained by the unanimous approbation of the South:—*Traveller.*

"The resolution introduced by Mr. Slidell, a senator from Louisiana, authorizing the President to suspending the neutrality laws, certainly merits the attention it has received, and in our judgment, calls for a stern rebuke from those who cannot complacently see the Government committed to such a course.

The circumstances and disastrous results of the Lopez expedition are distinct in the minds of all, and their graves are yet fresh, who in defiance of law and under the infatuation of falsehoods, wasted their lives in that miserable expedition.—It was a disgrace to the country, a libel upon the orderly character which should belong to the citizens of a Republic, and, in the judgment of sober men, called for the active enforcement of our neutrality laws.

To have sanctioned such an enterprise was to commit the sentiment of the whole country in favor of a project which however worthy in some of its aspects, was blackened by the spirit and passions of mere robbery. But the failure of the Lopez expedition only sharpened the appetites of fillibusterism, and made it more rational in its plans, more resolute in its temper. And how stands the case now? Is it not a fact well known that in some of the cities of the Union there exist secret but powerful organizations eagerly watching for the first opportunity which offers to pounce down upon their prey? Is it not also well known that the existence of our neutrality laws, their enforcement during the Lopez expedition, and the dread of this now, alone keeps these adventurers within bounds, and saves the country from the violation of treaties and from war? But again: Fillibusterism, while darkly vicubating on our Atlantic coast, has recently invaded with fire and sword the province of a sister Republic, with whom questions of a most sensitive nature are now pending, the peaceable settlement of which has been embarrassed by these outrages. It is at such a time and with all these facts in broad light before us, that a proposition is introduced in the Senate to authorize the President to suspend the neutrality laws, and thereby to let loose upon sea and land pirates and marauders."

The Proposed Suspension of the Neutrality Laws.—The object and the effect of Mr. Slidell's proposition to repeal or suspend the operation of the neutrality laws, is clearly and fairly stated in the following paragraphs from the National Intelligencer:

"Our neutrality laws prohibit not only our own citizens but all others from fitting out hostile expeditions within our own ports to wage private warfare solely on the personal responsibility of the parties engaged and thus to prey upon the commerce, subjects, or territories of other nations. A person who, being armed, stops another on a public road, and forcibly despoils him of his watch or his purse, is called a highwayman; and is by the laws of all civilized nations subject to severe penal punishment—in most countries to be ignominiously put to death. Parties who congregate for the same purpose to proceed in armed vessels upon the high seas, and there to capture private property of individuals, or to land upon foreign territories and wage war, are by the acknowledged laws of all nations considered as pirates, and as such are liable as criminals to be executed by any nation into whose hands they may fall.

The proposed suspension or repeal of our neutrality laws would then amount to a public and official declaration on the part of the American government that our own citizens or foreigners may fit out, without let or hindrance, in our ports, expeditions against the territories, commerce, and subjects of Spain, which kind of expedition every civilized nation in the world by their laws have declared to be piratical; and the proposition of Mr Slidell divested of all attempt to cloak it over with specious arguments, is nothing more nor less, in its naked deformity, than inviting the organization and equipment of piratical expeditions to redress real or pretended, actual or apprehended national wrong. We are to invoke private individuals to congregate in our ports for the purpose of waging war with a friendly Power, with the full knowledge of the fact that all parties engaged in such proceedings, who cannot procure national commissions and national authority are deemed and considered as pirates, and liable to capital punishment as such if captured."

Louis Napoleon and the Sultan Descended from American Ancestors.—The past history of the families of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey is full of interesting and marvellous incidents, some of which are probably not generally known to our readers.

These two monarchs, now so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, are both grandsons of American ladies. These ladies were born and raised in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinique, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and a Miss S——.

The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter Hortense was married to Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by that marriage.

Miss S. quitted the Island of Martinique some time before her friend. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by the Algerine Corsairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners. But this Corsair ship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates and Miss S was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan; and she soon became the chief lady of the Seraglio, & Sultaness of Turkey. Mahmoud II was her son, and the present Sultan, Abdul Mejid, is the son of Mahmoud.

Thus the two sovereigns, who now occupy so large a space in the world's eye, are grandsons of two American creole girls, who were playmates in their youth, and were as remarkable for their beauty and excellent disposition, as for their varied and singular fortunes.

Both of these women, in the height of their power, remembered all the friends of their youth, and provided munificently for their welfare. Many of the relatives of this Sultaness left the Island of Martinique and settled at Constantinople, where their descendants still reside and enjoy the favor of the Sultan.

The Sultaness died in 1811, the Empress in 1814, and their grandsons now rule over two wide and powerful empires, and are entering, as friends and allies, upon one of the most momentous and sanguinary struggles in which Europe was ever involved.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Skullcap a Cure for Hydrophobia.

A writer in the *Christian Watchman & Reflector* (Wm. Hubbard, of Middleboro' Centre,) urges the claim of common skullcap as a cure for the bite of a mad dog. Though we believe that very few dogs indeed become rabid, unless pelted and hooted into madness by men and boys—yet, as once in a great while a person does get bitten by a rabid dog, it is well to know all we can about remedies. Skullcap (*scutellaria galericulata*) nearly half a century ago was proclaimed as an effectual antidote for the bite of a rabid animal, and for the cure of disease in an animal. As long ago as 1809 a letter was published in the Salem *Gazette*, and afterwards copied into the American Dispensatory, in which the fact was stated that a family by the name of Lewis in West Chester County, N. Y., had long known this remedy and had cured scores of persons and animals bitten by rabid dogs.—The family was resorted to by the whole neighborhood in such cases; and it is said, never failed to cure when their prescriptions were followed. A white powder was administered every other day in a tea, and sulphur intermediate days, for successive weeks.

For a time, the nature of this white powder was kept secret; but some seeds having been found in one of the powders, some person had the curiosity to plant them, and thus discovered that the article was simply pulverized skullcap. There are several species of this herb.—The proper kind grows about 2 feet high, has a square stalk, green leaves opposite each other, and spear-shaped toward the end, with a small stem of flowers, of the color and shape of the common garden sage blow, though much smaller, between the leaf and the stalk. It flowers in July and August; and that is the proper time to gather the herb. It grows generally in wet ground, in the woods, by the side of ponds and streams, and best in shady spots. The genuine article may be distinguished from other kinds by the curl of the small leaves toward the top of the main stalk. The herb should be gathered, dried and made into a tea, and taken every other day, two or three ounces of it divided into several portions.—*Boston Traveller.*

College Incident.—Some of the students of the Indiana State University were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Where they obtained it was a mystery.—Dr. Daily determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug store, the proprietor asked him "how that sick student, Mr. Carter, came on?" Smelling a rat, the Dr. answered in an evasive manner, and soon drew out of the apothecary the fact that the students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter; that they said he was quite low and kept alive by stimulants; that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him.

Now the secret was out. This Carter was a fictitious character, and the Dr. had the secret. However, he kept his own counsel.

The next time the students assembled in the chapel for prayers, he cast his eyes over the crowd, and satisfied himself that Carter's nurses were all present. The devotions were duly conducted, and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a mournful task to perform, as President of the University, it being his duty to announce the death of their fellow student, Mr. Carter. After a lingering illness of several weeks, during a portion of which he was only kept alive by stimulants, he had breathed his last. He had no doubt that this announcement would fall sadly on the ears of those who had so faithfully attended to his wants, but he hoped they would bear it with resignation—he hoped that they would reflect upon the oft repeated words, "*Memento mori*"—said he would no longer detain them but leave them to their reflections!

The result of this announcement was startling. None of the professors, and but few of the students, had ever heard of Carter. "Who is he?" was whispered; none knew but the kind friend who attended him, and they wouldn't tell; and the President seemed so deeply affected, they didn't like to ask him.—*Brookville American.*

Affecting Incident.—*Irenæus*, of the New York Observer, in a letter, written after leaving Cologne to pass up the Rhine, relates the following occurrence:

On the following day my visit to this cathedral, I was in a steamer on the Rhine; one of an English family on board was a young lady, an invalid. She was lovely to look on, though thin and pale; the brightness of her dark eyes and her expression so *spirituelle*, had often caught my attention, and when I could be of any service to her, there was pleasure in ministering to a stranger in this world, and near a better. It was at sunset; we had been admiring the castled hills and picturesque scenery of the Rhine, when she quoted Longfellow, and I said it was pleasant to hear the bards of my own country repeated in a foreign land.

"I think him," said she, "the first of living poets. And as you are an American tell me your impressions of Europe: you have been at Cologne, what think you of the cathedral?"

"Beautiful exceedingly," I said, "even glorious, and a thing to be remembered a life time; but Americans are worshippers of *utility*, and I fear that many of us on that account, do not admire, as you do, the vastness and grandeur of a temple that is not demanded by the wants of the people."

She replied with soft but earnest tones, "I do not associate *utility* with such a temple; it is *not* merely to worship in; it is worship itself—it is an anthem—praising God as it stands, silently, like the stars that have no speech, but are heard in their evening songs 'forever singing as they shine.'" Her pale face was half crimsoned as she spoke, and gathering strength she added, "I shall never see anything so beautiful."

"Never," I asked, "do you mean *never*?"

She looked at me thoughtfully, and comprehending my question, said, "Ah, yes: I hope to see it—heaven, heaven."

"The building," I continued, "not made with hands: its gates are pearl: its dome is a sun, and every pinnacle is a star. How mean these earthly temples are when once compared with Heaven. And the *Anthem*; to hear it in the choir of that house—the anthem of angels, and the spirits of the pure who have gone up there to join in the song of—but you will think I am preaching."

"No, no" she cried, "if that is preaching I would hear more of it—they tell me that I am gaining health and strength; but I know better—my thoughts are more up there than here—tell me of Heaven."

And in my poor way, in an undertone of voice that the gay around might not hear, I talked with this gentle spirit of the spirit-world, till the curtain of evening fell, and we came to the end of our journey for the day. The next morning, stepping into the cars, I saw her leaning on the arm of her father, about to take a train in another direction. She waved her hand to me as a farewell, and then *she pointed upward*. I never saw her again.

Important to Lottery Speculators.—A decision was given in New York on Saturday last by Judge Woodruff, on a motion to advocate arrest in a suit brought against Josiah Perham for violating the statute against lotteries. It shows that Mr. Perham's attempt to evade the laws, is not likely to succed after all, and it should be a warning to speculators on the score of "Gift Enterprises," which have sprung up of late, as well as to those who are foolish enough to put money into "gift tickets."

"The circumstances in this case are well known. Mr. Perham professed to be the owner of the Seven Mile Mirror, a farm, a trotting horse, jewelry, and other property which he propose to distribute by lot among 100,000 purchasers of $1 tickets.—The property was turned over to a committee, who proceeded to Georgetown, D. C., and there distributed the "gifts" by lot. The Judge decided as follows:

"The Court is called upon, under this state of facts, to say that the statute prohibiting any game of chace or lotteries has not been violated by defendant, and that the arrest should be vacated. It considers that the intention was to evade the law.

"If schemes like the present are successful, we may expect to see offices upon every corner, and allurements held out, to attract our citizens to engage in an old vice under a new name, till this species of gambling is as common as it is pernicious. Neither courts nor juries can, for this reason, make laws, but they may and ought to be vigilant to see that the laws we have are not violated with impunity.

"The motion to discharge the order of arrest, must be denied, with costs to either party, to abide the event of the suit."

Something about Carpets.—Perhaps eight out of every ten of newspaper readers have experienced the annoyance of laying down carpets; have felt the rush of blood to the head—the straining of nether garments—the unpleasant rapping of the tops of fingers instead of tops of the tacks, which that employment is heir to. The foreign correspondent of the Newark *Adviser*, writing from Florence, suggests the basis of a reform which all housekeepers will appreciate and desire. "Here," he says, "iron rings are fastened in the floors when the carpets are laid, and they have hooks in the binding, for which these rings are eyes, so that there is no taking out and nailing in of tacks, and carpets are raised and laid as noiselessly and easy as bed covers." There are a good many people about this time, we imagine, who will approve of the hook and eye system for carpets, and the abolition of tack-hammers and bruised fingers.

The Plow & the Hoe.

BY E. P. WALTON.

"He that by the Plow would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive."

Now is the Time.—The clerk of the weather predicts a great drouth the coming summer. Drouth or no drouth, he that is wise, should provide for himself and his stock, and sow in drills, three feet apart, green sweet corn, as food for his cattle, especially for his milch cows. Common corn will do well, if sweet corn seed cannot be had. Now is the time to sow it. Try it, brother farmers. Try it. We know, from experience, that the practice is a good one, and so do the cattle.—The best and most reliable substitute for *grass* and hay is Indian corn, sown in drills, sufficiently far apart to admit the Cultivator between the rows. Next to corn, oats are recommended, to be cut when the grain is in the milk and feed unthrashed. Either corn or oats, thus raised and fed, are equal, ton for ton, if not superior to the best of hay. Run the stocks through a straw cutter; and so also with the oats. The cows will more than pay the labor, in milk, butter and cheese. Try the experiment and see if they don't.—Every farmer should raise, of this kind of feed, at least a three months' supply; and then, come rain or sunshine, drouth and dearth, it will be found that the "merciful man *has regarded* the life of his beast."

I would like to know where I can obtain the best Agricultural Boiler for cooking feed for stock, with the price of one of 30 or 40 gallons.—D. P. Bailey. *Fairfield, Vt.*

At Hubbard and Blake's, Agricultural Store, Montpelier, Vt.