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MISCELLANEOUS.

A Passage in the Life of Deacon Marvel.

The Deacon was a man who never did any thing by halves—who never made two bites of a cherry—as his family history will show.

Acting on the spur of those new feelings which had sprung up in his bosom, he went resolutely forward in his purpose of decorating the village green with "an elegant meetin'-us," and by a singular coincidence, the corner stone of that edifice was laid on the very day which made him the father of two lusty boys.

The foundation of the church being laid under such auspicious circumstances, and with such omens of fertility and speedy increase, the work went on with great vigor and high hope. A spacious frame-work was erected upon this foundation, roofed, shingled, clapboarded and painted with surprising expedition. The inside of the church was not so speedily completed, and in consequence of some unavoidable delay, it was determined to open the "Church" for worship at once, but to postpone the formal dedication till the whole of the work was completed.

Accordingly, as soon as the lower floor was laid, and the pews and pulpit erected, although scarcely any thing had been done to the "gallery," public worship was had in the new house. A few loose planks were arranged in the gallery to accommodate "the singers," and the crowd of urchins that always swarm around the highest seats in our synagogue. To keep these boys in order, as well as to lead the music, (for he was both tything man and chorister,) the Deacon took his seat also in the gallery. Alas! he little forsaw the catastrophe that awaited him, but in happy security joined in the psalmody, pouring forth a cataract of melody, and making the ears of the audience to tingle with the rich nasal twang of his stentorian voice. The psalms were sung, the prayers were prayed, and the chosen chapter of Holy Writ had been read, when the venerable Elder Mack rose in the pulpit and announced the text. At that unlucky moment, the attention of the Deacon was caught by the grimaces of a young rogue who was 'taking off' the Minister,' surrounded by half a dozen others ready to split with suppressed laughter. The spectacle was intolerable,

"The sight no longer Blount could bear!
By heavens and all its saints I swear,
I'll hit his head a knock!"

The angry Deacon sprang furiously forward to visit the pate of the offending urchin with an admonitory rap, trod thoughtlessly, but with all his weight, on the unsupported end of an unfastened board, and the next moment, to his utter amazement, found himself making a flying leap into the midst of the congregation below. He landed most gracefully astride the neck and shoulders of a corpulent old lady, who sunk under the tremendous shock of his descent into the bottom of the pew, kicking and screaming "like a shot deer or a hurt duck." The minister paused in the midst of his text, and the whole congregation arose as though they were about singing the doxology, and every head was turned towards the pew in which the flying Deacon and the fat woman had so mysteriously disappeared. For a moment not a sound was heard—

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note!"

but all was appallingly still; so that Elder Mack began to fear it was all over with both Deacon Marvel and Mrs. Broaders. But sounds soon broke upon the stillness of the people—sounds which indicated that a desperate struggle was in progress, attended with no little wrath, pain, affright and confusion. The Deacon had nearly stunned Mrs. B. by his fall, while she in her turn almost annihilated him by the manner in which she dragged him down with her and crushed his unfortunate legs beneath her mountainous weight. Rustling, groaning, kicking, and something that sounded awful like cursing, rose in horrid discord from the invisible pair, and at last just in time to prevent a general rush of the people to the pew, the lantern jaws of the Deacon appeared above the rail, looking as red and fiery as though his phiz actually was a lantern with a dozen lamps burning within, followed by the broad, blowsy and indignant face of the unhappy victim of his assault, more red if possible than his, looking like the full moon through an evening mist! the two together presenting in conjunction a spectacle beyond description ludicrous and extraordinary.

The Deacon limped back to the gallery, amazingly crest fallen, while Mrs. Broaders, with a vain endeavor to restore her crushed bonnet and rumpled ruff to decent and christian trim, hobbled out of the church and did not again make her appearance for a six months.

Five minutes, however, sufficed to reassure and compose the sturdy Deacon, so that he seated himself on the cross beam of the gallery, with his feet dangling on either side, reflecting on the "special providence," as he considered the affray from which he had just escaped.

Alas! for our hero! he would have been a wise man, had he gone home like the lady upon whom he alighted so unceremoniously.

Silence having been restored to the congregation, Elder Mack recommenced his discourse. Like most of the old fashioned preachers, his method of analysing and arranging his sermon was, to divide them into some eight or ten heads, each head being subdivided into some three or four more heads; thus resembling some of the strange monsters, with their heads and horns, seen by St. John in the Apocalypse. In fact the preaching of one of Elder Mack's discourses was like the conflict between Hercules and the Hydra, in which one head of the beast was hardly cut and disposed of before two others started up in its place.

The minister had now proceeded triumphantly through his "seventhly!" for upwards of an hour had his gutitural monotony fallen like a gentle opiate on the senses of his hearers, and he was just ready to grapple with his "eighthly," when his attention was arrested by the head of Deacon Marvel, which had gradually swayed from its perpendicularity, until his chin was now buried in the bosom of his vest, and his body seemed nodding to the cadences of the speaker's voice.

The truth is, Deacon Marvel was asleep. Either he had been kept awake by the squalling babies, the night before—or his recent fall had so stunned his faculties as to make him lethargic.

At every emphatic word, as if the Deacon attended to the discourse even when sleeping, his head nodded, and every nod seemed to bring him nearer the floor. The parson was dismayed; what should he do? Once already had the Deacon flown from the gallery, and now it appeared he was about to repeat the experiment, and alas, with no subjacent fat women to break his fall!

Suppressing a momentary rising of wrath and mortified vanity, Elder Mack resorted to several innocent artifices to rouse and save the slumbering saint.—He lifted up his voice like a trumpet; nod went the head. He lowered his tones to a gentle murmur; nod, nod.—He pounded the pulpit with his clenched fists; nod, nod, nod. The sweat started on his brow and trickled down his nose in his excitement, and with his eyes rolling in a sort of phrenzy, he slammed down the big Bible upon the desk with a tremendous noise; nod, nod, nod, as before.

The audience were surprised and delighted with the unwonted energy of their old parson; they imagined he had received from on high a new and sudden inspiration, little fancying where he borrowed his ardor. And now, Elder Mack growing desperate, began to hurl texts of Scripture at the unsteady head of the sleeper. "It is high time to awake out of sleep," cried he. But in vain, Deacon Marvel did not heed it. "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion," he shouted. The Deacon nodded his assent. "Awake, O sleeper and arise!" yelled the maddened divine. The only answer was another nod, and a most threatening lurch of the Deacon's whole body.

Elder Mack could stand it no longer, but called out at the top of his voice, "Deacon Marvel! Deacon Marvel! it is hard preaching to a sleepy congregation!" The Deacon's head flew up to its place at once, and before he could command his tongue, he thundered back, "Elder Mack, Elder Mack, it's a darned sight harder listening to a sleepy sermon!" The effect of this retort was irresistible, and the assembly broke out in a paroxysm of laughter.

What looks worse than to see young men loafing about a church door?

Newest London and Paris Fashions for August.—Capuchon Scarfs are much in vogue for the present month, as being both warm and light for travelling, paying visits to the baths, &c.—They are simply made of plain cashmere, blue or red, and encircled with a border of velvet of the same color, put on plain, and attached at the throat with a cord or tassel.

Caps are still formed very *petit*, and are worn very backward on the head, of a round shape, and made of plain light tullies, the front very small, descending moderately low at the ears, and lined with *taffetas* ribbon; the contrast formed by this light style of front (although lined,) with the *diaphane* crown, having a pretty effect.

Dresses.—White, blue, and pink, are the most predominating colors for carriage dresses. These dresses are made half high, and veiled by a splendid *canezout* of English *applioye* lace.

Capotes are still made in very light materials, such as tulle, *crepe*, &c.; the prettiest are decidedly those which are fulled, and each circle of which is decorated and divided with a small wreath of flowers. For the sea side, those made in *organdie* are mostly preferred, lined with pink or blue gauze, and trimmed with a handsome ribbon simply crossed, and a *voilette* of tulle the same color as the lining of the capote. For a morning, we have remarked several very elegant ones made of lilac *crepe*, and ornamented with a beautiful bunch of green grapes *a cinq tons*.

Mantelets.—Those which are at present worn with large patterned *barege* dresses, are composed of embroidered muslin, timmed with lace; or what is very pretty, plain *tarlatane* muslin, lined with a pretty light color, and encircled with three *ruches* of tulle, which, altho' very simple, has a most charming effect.

Shawls, composed of China *crepe*, and entirely covered with an embroidery, are much in fashion; some are made in white, whilst several very magnificent ones are of a splendid ponceau, dark blue or green.

Redingotes.—For dinner or evening dress the most elegant are those made in white silk, opening up the front, and showing an under skirt of clear muslin, trimmed up the fronts with five rows of lace, or five or seven rows of narrow plain ribbon put on quite flat; these redingotes are tied on at the waist with a broad silk ribbon, plain or fringed, and of some light color; the ends of the sash just reaching as low as the knee. The backs of the corsages are slightly fulled, and the fronts fastened with pearl or marcassites buttons; sometimes we see these buttons descending as low as the edge of the skirt.

Fichus—Les fichus Gertrude enjoy an immense success amongst our *elegantes;* having a high collar rounded and trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes lace put on very low and continuing down the front, forming a *jabot* and placed upon a *chemisette a tres petit plas* (small plaited;) the rows of the lace being *montee* upon an inlet lined with a colored ribbon, but without any *naud;* the *fichu* is fastened down with the front with a row of buttons periel to those on the front.

Materials—The texture of materials vary according to the style of dress for which it is intended; for instance, we have the *taffetas glace foulards*, unbleached cambrics, muslins of every description, those elegant *organdies* and gauzes, and others too numerous to enumerate.

Hats.—Several very delicate looking hats have lately appeared, made of *crepe* and entirely covered with lace, intermixed with very pretty foliage; but for young ladies, trimmed solely with net; others in pink or azure blue are ornamented with the perriwinkle primrose, or cowslips, the golden broom, or blue hyacinths, are also becoming when trimmed round the edge of the brim with *biais* or folds of pink tulle, and upon the side of the crown with a bouquet of pink *marabouts*.

Fashionable Colors.—The most predominant are still of a light hue, but they are principally of a mixed character; for instance, lilac and black, green and violet, and those of lighter shades, such as green and *grenat*, *poussierre*, or dust color, and pink, white and lilac, or white and green, &c.—*The World of Fashion.*

Used up!—An editor 'out west,' thus makes his exit:—

"Dear readers: With this paper ceases the existence of the 'Olio!' Our number is full and complete, and we are a 'busted establishment.' We shall gather up our coat and boots, shave off our whiskers, dun a few interesting specimens of 'patrons' that will pay—in promises, and then we're going for to go to some other field of operation. It may not be more extended, but it cannot be *less!*

☞ Speaking of the last advices from Mexico, the Washington Union says:

"As far as we are advised, the despatches to our government are not more decisive than our private accounts. War may come. The next arrival may bring the declaration; and yet no man counts upon it with any certainty. Still, it is best to prepare for the worst; and, acting upon this safe and prudent maxim, we have no doubt that the Executive is taking early precautions to meet the blow, and making every preparation to repel it. Our troops are actually on the frontiers; arms are already at Galveston. The Texans may probably be invited, if necessary, to co-operate with our troops; and rations will be furnished, if they require it. Our squadrons in the gulf will be on the alert. The first blow that shall be struck by Mexico, will become the signal of efficient and vigorous hostilities on the part of the United States."

The New Orleans Bulletin of the 9th instant says:

"As war with Mexico is by many deemed a probable event, some information relative to the strength and resources of our adversary might not at the present crisis be uninteresting. The entire population of the Mexican States, twenty-two in number, is estimated at about seven millions. From this amount a deduction must be made for the Indians, half-breeds and negroes, who constitute about six-sevenths of the census. These are all mere slaves, and a class too ignorant and degraded to be enumerated among the military statistics of the country. In physical vigor and intellectual capability, they are said to be much inferior to the negroes of the South, and are certainly kept under a bondage much more galling and enervating both to mind and body. Throwing this part of the population out of the account, there remains only about a million of Mexicans who can be said to be of pure Spanish or European descent, upon whom any reliance can be placed for the defence of the country. Even this small fraction of the populace is greatly degenerated, and, compared with the Spaniards of the days of Cortez or the Anglo-Saxons of the present era, may be called an effeminate race."

An Extra Session.—The Philadelphia Inquirer of the 19th inst. says:

"We hear it rumored on pretty good authority, that should Mexico declare war against the United States, the President will immediately call an extra session of congress."

It is said that a number of the officers of the brigade commanded by Gen. A. L. Roumfort, of Philadelphia, have volunteered their services, and that Gen. R. has tendered his own and their services to the general government, in case of a war with Mexico.

"*Letters of Marque and Reprisal.*—We heard it stated on Saturday last, by an intelligent officer of the United States Government, that Mr. Polk was determined, in case of a war with Mexico, to make a terrible example of any foreigner or foreigners, not belonging to Mexico, or parties to the war, who may attempt aggressions upon American commerce under the color of letters of marque from the Mexican government. He will give orders to the naval commanders to treat all such adventurers as pirates, as in reality they will be.—*Phil. Ledger.*

The ship Kalamazoo sailed from New York on Friday for Texas, with United States Government troops on board.—*Balt. American.*

Poisoned Tea.—*Look Out*—The N. York Morning News states that large quantities of tea recovered in a damaged state from the ruins of the late fire are now repacking, and probably preparing for market. It can hardly be otherwise than that this tea is poisoned, as it is packed in boxes lined with lead; which will be very likely to have imparted its poisonous qualities to the contents of the boxes which have been crushed by the falling buildings, and the lead and tea thus mixed up and exposed together to the action of the air and water. If, indeed, it escapes contact with wine, vinegar and other acid substances, it must inevitably be converted into a rank poison.

"Main't I see you home from meeting, Peggy?"

"No, yo shan't do no such thing, I'm otherwise engaged."

"I swanny, I guess you've missed it this time, for I've got my trousers pockets full of ginger bread."

"You may take my arm, Jonathan, I only said so."

"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said Miss Lackford to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial. "I agree with you perfectly, ma'am," was the reply, "for bachelorism certainly is a *luxury*."

The statement heretofore published, that Messrs. Corcoran & Riggs had taken the Bonds of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Company authorised to be issued by the Act of the last Legislature of Maryland, proves to be without any foundation. We find in the National Intelligencer of the 20th, the following publication, from which it will be seen that the Bonds are now in market, for disposal according the terms of the Act:

Office Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Co.
Frederick, Aug. 18, 1845.

Instruments of guaranty, with ample security, assuring to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company an aggregate transportation on the entire canal of not less than one hundred and ninety-five thousand tons of tonnage per year on an average of years for five years, dated from the end of six months after the canal shall be completed to Cumberland and the navigation opened to that point, having been executed and delivered to the Company, and approved by the Governor of Maryland and state agents, the board of President and Directors of said Company are now authorized to borrow money on the bonds of the Company, which are made preferred and absolute liens on the entire nett revenues of said Company, to pay for the completion of the said canal to Cumberland, or to enter into a contract or contracts for the completion of said work, and to pay for the same directly in said bonds.

The Board of President and Directors of said Company are therefore now prepared to receive and act upon proposals either for the negotiation of said loan or for the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to Cumberland for the bonds of the Company, secured as preferred liens on the nett revenues of the Company, as aforesaid, as stated in their report of the 20th of April; however, "no contract will be entered into for the completion of the work for bonds, unless the parties proposing can demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Board that they have ample means and resources, or have made such arrangements as to leave no doubt of their ability to finish the work within the time prescribed, which must not exceed two years from the date of the contract." More particular information may be had by application at the office of the Company in Frederick. By order of the Board.

THOMAS TURNER,
Clerk C. & O. C. Co.

The Tyler Men—composed principally of locofocos, with an occasional whig—on the fourth of March, for the first time, began to feel apprehensive of their fate. When they saw that none of the cabinet officers of Mr. Tyler were retained, except Mr. Mason, of Virginia, and that he had been spared, merely because, if he were dismissed, a more obnoxious Virginian would have to be substituted for him, and that he had been obliged to be degraded, both in rank and pay as a condition of office, they seemed to awake to a sense of their condition. They had been the most active in their exertions, to secure the election of Mr. Polk, and had spent more time and money than any other portion of the locofoco family. They had received such indications of favor too from him as induced them, with a true office-loving patriotism, to be entirely faithful to the cause. They were not aware that the other portions of the "democracy" had required, and expected as a condition from Mr. Polk, that he should sacrifice them, should he reach the presidential chair, at Washington. But the truth was, Mr. Polk stood pledged to all these factions. Of course, he must turn his back to all but one. He found himself, therefore, beset with difficulties, which he must have forseen, but which he could not escape. He knew he must disappoint somebody; the only question with him was which faction of locofocoism it should be. Immediately after the inauguration, the Young "Democracy" were exulting in the prospect of a triumph over the interests of the "Old Hunkers," and Albany regency faction. But the latter had pledges behind the curtain, which soon proved the impotency of the efforts of the former, and the vanity of their hopes.—*N. Y. Ex.*

Burning Brick with Coal.—The editor of the Norristown, Pa. Herald last week witnessed the new process of burning brick, invented by Joel W. Andrews, of that borough. The process is burning with anthracite coal with an artificial blast. The most perfect command of the heat is obtained by valves in the various flues, increasing or diminishing the heat, or directing it to any part of the kiln at pleasure. The time occupied in burning a kiln is about two thirds less than the whole expense of burning is reduced in a corresponding ratio. His kiln is situated in Bridgeport, opposite Norristown.

AGRICULTURAL.

Reclamation of Wet Lands.—The dry season, after haying and the harvest of small grains, is a good time for reclaiming wet lands. These low lands have for ages been receiving accessions of vegetable matters from the washings of high lands, and from the constant decay of a luxuriant vegetable growth, that has been secure from the level surface and the moisture that has prevented waste by evaporation. Of these accumulations of rich matter the farmer can generally avail himself with far less cost than the value of the improvement.

Some wet lands worth as was generally supposed not more than ten dollars an acre, have been improved at a cost of from fifty to sixty dollars, so that they now pay all cost and a profit equal to the interest of $200 an acre. This is surely making an investment to good advantage, even better than that of stocks which may occasionally in good times command an advance of from 20 to 30 per cent. These lands are the most valuable for grass of any in the country; and in some cases they answer well for potatoes and cabbages, and even grain crops, but the most profitable crop on such lands is grass.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Manures.—The object of manures is to furnish sustenance to plants, of which they ultimately become constituents.—By examining the substances, therefore, which enter into the formation of various productions, we shall ascertain the character of the aliment necessary to their growth. In the haulm of wheat, for instance, chemical analysis developes the presence of potass in combination with silicious acid. To ensure a vigorous growth of wheat, we should therefore seek such soils as are replete with these substances, or supply them by artificial means. An analysis of the grain discovers phosphoric acid in combination with magnesia and potass. These substances, consequently, must be either present in the soil, or supplied by manures, and must exist in such quantities as to ensure a proper development and maturation of the grain. So again, soils on which the turnip is to be cultivated, must possess phosphoric acid in quantity, for this being an essential constituent of this vegetable, its cultivation on lands deficient of this principle, must necessarily be attended with loss.

Bone dust, as well as the excrements of men and animals, are replete with this acid. Probably these articles are the best manures that can be applied. Fish manure, which contains phosphoric acid in abundance, acts favorably on the turnip crop. It has been supposed, however, by many, to be an injury to the soil.—*Maine Cultivator.*

Love and Romance.—The following is the prettiest little romantic story we have met with for some time:

"Thomas a Becket inherited a romantic turn of mind from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, a flourishing citizen, had been in his youth a soldier in the crusades, and being taken prisoner, became a slave to an Emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a person who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not, does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language, London and Gilbert, and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took her other talisman, and went from street to street, pronouncing "Gilbert." A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking, of course, a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—"Gilbert! Gilbert!" She found her faith in it sufficient.—Chance, or her determination to go thro' every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in good condition. The crowd drew the family to the window; his servant recognized her, and Gilbert a Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed his far-come princess with her solitary fond word."

"The London Punch" has another hit at his devoted readers on this side of the water. Punch must have his joke. He says:

"Another Young One.—A new journal has been started at New York, called Young America. We believe the principles it advocates are—universal repudiation, mint-julaps, no taxes, and a tarnation thrashing to all the world."

Learning is obtained only by labor; it cannot be bought with money; otherwise the rich would uniformly be intelligent.

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