

POLITICS IN THE UNITED STATES

The present aspect of political affairs in the neighboring Republic can not be regarded by us wholly with indifference. The language of our exchanges from the North and from the South warrant the conclusion, that the republican institutions of the Union are at this moment in greater danger than they have ever yet been.

The liberty of political action extinguished in Southern States. A chronic civil war in one of the territories. The Newspapers of the South proclaiming with vehemence that, if the North succeed in electing Fremont, the South will refuse to acknowledge him as President and rise in insurrection and rebellion against him; while the North responds with the declaration that, elected whoever may be, Kansas shall not be a Slave State. Truly these things do betoken a fearful crisis.

The state of affairs in the United States, is lapsing fast into the anarchical condition of unhappy Mexico. The old-fashioned Democratic doctrine of the right of the majority to govern; which maintains liberty of speech, of the press, of public assemblies and of political action; which utterly repudiates any resort to violence, and submits itself to the test of the ballot-box—this doctrine is utterly and practically ignored in the startling noologies of the Buchanan Democracy.

The New York Tribune, however, thro' all the dark clouds that are gathering around the Republic, sees a glimmer of hope, that the integrity of the Union may yet be preserved.

"Suppose," says that Journal, "Col. Fremont is elected President, and that he shall thereupon supersede the tools of Slavery now tyrannizing over Kansas as U. S. functionaries by a new Governor, Judges, Marshal, Indian Agents, and so on, all earnestly desirous of making her a Free State. Suppose his Secretary of War shall give whoever shall then be Military Commandant on that frontier orders to support and obey the Governor thus appointed, and to stop all manner of piracy and robbery on emigrants passing up or down the Missouri River—will this do to save the Union? Why should it? How can it? Suppose the Border Ruffians should make a show of resisting, and the President should call on the Free States for volunteers to help to suppress rebellion and enforce the laws—how long need he call to raise one hundred thousand men? We believe five thousand would answer every purpose; but if a hundred thousand were wanted, they would be mustered on the banks of the Mississippi in fifteen days from the issuing of the call, and in line on the eastern border of Kansas within thirty. And where, to say nothing of the men, is the money to be found to arm, equip and provision a force able to stand before them? Consider how the half-armed and scantily fed Free-State men of Kansas have just hunted the Ruffians out of their Territory, and made them tremble for the fate of Westport and other border towns which our people had no thought of attacking, and then answer.

No—the braggarts who made so poor a business of fighting, while the Free-State leaders were mainly in prison, and when the Federal Government was denouncing our people as insurgents and traitors, and calling on Illinois and Kentucky for militia to put them down, will make a much worse fist of it, when Uncle Sam's heavy sword and heavier purse are thrown into the Free-State scale. "Who goeth a warfare at his own charges?"—and the rebels could raise no serious amount in support of their military operations, not even though Mississippi should pledge her honor and Arkansas her credit in aid of the Atchison and Buford array. Let us put the Government once more on the side of Freedom in the Territories, and treason will in vain invoke the aid of bayonets and cannon to overcome it.

What excuse, what pretext, will Col. Fremont's election afford for dissolving the Union? Will Slavery be in any respect more secure with the Union dissolved than it is now? Will dissolution catch runaway negroes? Will it restore Kansas to the domination of the Slave Power? Will it give that Power control over the Treasury, the Army and the Navy? Suppose Brooks &

Co. could grab what money there may happen to be in the Treasury at Washington—perhaps two millions in all—and add to it what is on deposit in the Southern Sub-Treasuries, what of it? They would only be killing the goose that has thus far laid them golden eggs. It is not what is in the Treasury, but what is coming in, that is of vital consequence; and this is mainly collected at Northern seaports and North-western Land-Offices.

No—there will be no dissolution of the Union, until the Slave Power shall have extended its lines and set its stakes far beyond its present boundaries."

After this, we ought not to be surprised that thoughtful citizens of the United States begin to look forward to the permanent co-existence, in one and the same political system, of principles and powers so irreconcilably hostile, as impossible.—Moreover, there is no denying that each returning crisis, in the history of this terrible controversy, appears, while it lasts, more menacing than any that preceded it. The present collision between legal and constitutional force "looks ugly."

A MACHINE FOR MILKING COWS.

There is no work about a farm that is so universally considered drudgery, and avoided and dreaded by all the inmates of the farm house, as the constantly recurring labour of milking. It is always the first thing to be done in the morning and the last thing at night. And after a hard day's work at the wash tub or in the hay field, through a long, hot day in July or August, to be obliged to sit down and milk three or four cows, is certainly no very trifling or attractive affair. To be able to perform this work easily and rapidly by machinery is therefore one of the most desirable steps to be made in the process of labor-saving inventions, in agricultural improvement. And when it is considered that the United States alone, there were in 1850, 6,385,000 milch cows, each one to be milked by hand twice every day for about three hundred days in a year; that the amount of the butter and cheese for that year, as shown by the census, was 418,881,000 pounds, in addition to \$7,000,000 worth of milk sold, we get some idea of the magnitude of the labour to be annually performed in milking.

But it is not a difficult matter to perform all this unpleasant drudgery by machinery. The only wonder is that so simple a thing had not been discovered and used years ago. Just look at a calf while he is sucking, and consider how rapidly, easily and perfectly he would perform the operation of drawing milk from the cow's udder, if he had four months instead of one! And every one will see it is no very difficult affair to construct a machine with four mouths, that will do the same thing in the same way, quite as easily, rapidly and perfectly as the calf could do it! drawing all the milk into a pail or vessel, free from every impurity, and with very little exertion.

Acting on this idea, I have been devoting the leisure moments of some two or three years to experiments, with a view to perfect a machine for milking cows; and I am happy to say that I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. My application in the Patent Office, and the machine will soon be presented to the public.

It is somewhat difficult to describe even the most simple piece of mechanism, without diagrams or illustrations, so as to make one's self understood; but this little machine is so simple, and its action so easily comprehended, that I will venture to describe it without cuts or figures.

In the first place, I take a large size pail, either of tin or wood, and fit on it a cover so as to make it air tight; then I construct a small pump in some compact form, so as to exhaust a part of the air from the pail. The pump made for my experiments (and which is described in the application for a patent) is a part of the cover to the pail, and being flat and thin, works rapidly and without friction, and does not wear so as to leak. It is only necessary to produce a slight vacuum, such as a calf might make with his mouth; I then connect four small rubber tubes, about eighteen inches long, with the top of the pail; and on the other end of each of these tubes, I fix a little cup

of tin, glass, or any other convenient material, about two inches in diameter and three inches deep. Over the top of each of these cups is drawn a cap of thin, flexible rubber, having a sack or mouth in the centre, of sufficient size to receive the end of the cow's teat, with a small hole in the bottom for the milk to pass through. The cap fits to the top of the cup, air tight, by its own contraction, and also hangs around the end of the teat, but by its flexibility permits a free flow of the milk into the cup, and through the rubber tube into the pail. *New England Farmer.*

A BEAR FIGHT IN THE WATER.

An interesting account of the pursuit and capture of a large black bear in the Petit Bay de Noque, an arm of Green Bay, is communicated to the Chicago Tribune by Captain J. B. Ball, of the schooner *Adriatic*. On the 25th August a bear was descried taking to the water from a point of land, apparently with the intention of swimming to the opposite shore of the bay, about a mile distant, two or three islands intervening. A boat was manned with five seamen, and the captain started in pursuit, but with such precipitancy that no weapons were taken except an axe and a common bread knife. Bruin made for the first island, but his pursuers were upon him by the time he had gained half the distance. On coming up with him, one of the seamen aimed a blow with the axe upon the skull of the affrighted and retreating brute, but the instrument glanced off, and inflicted a deep wound in his neck, which had no other effect than to enrage him. Poor Bruin turned towards the boat a moment, showed a set of tusks that would have done honor to a wild boar, uttered a deep growl, and then struck out with all his might for the island. He was a powerful swimmer, and the two men had a severe task to head him off.

Upon again coming up with the bear, a second blow was aimed at him with the axe, but he eluded it, and the axe went to the bottom, slipping from the holder's grasp. This left the attacking party with no weapon but the knife. On hearing him a third time, the captain gave him two thrusts in the neck with the knife, on each side of the spine. Bruin now gallantly turned upon his pursuers, and attacked the boat, growling fiercely. As he came up, several more blows were dealt with the knife, the bear meanwhile attempting to catch the captain's arm in his jaws. While making these thrusts, the knife was accidentally struck upon the bow of the boat and bent nearly double, thus rendering it useless. The bear now got upon the gunwale of the boat and seized it with his teeth. At this critical moment, the oars were brought into requisition, and several well directed blows compelled him to let go. Had he succeeded in getting on board, his enemies would have been obliged to take their turn in the water to escape his wrath.

The bear again sought safety in flight, striking out for the island, his pursuers following. The knife having been straightened out, another thrust was dealt him in the neck, and then the captain seized him by the long hair upon his rump, thus forcing his head under water. The poor brute struggled violently, but it was of no use; his enemies had the advantage, and held him in that position until they supposed him drowned, when they hauled him into the boat. Bruin, however, gradually came to his senses (if he had any), and, resolved not to die thus ingloriously without punishing his captors, raised himself on his fore paws and made a pass at one of the men, just grazing his clothes with his paw. But by this time they were alongside a vessel, from which another axe was obtained, and with this powerful weapon poor Bruin was quickly rendered harmless, although so tenacious of life was he that he did not die until his jugular vein had been cut some ten minutes, and he had lost several gallons of blood. No means were at hand for weighing the animal, but he was estimated at from 350 to 400 pounds weight.

THE MOST POPULAR PREACHER OF THE AGE.—One of the greatest lions of London, at the present time, is the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. This extraordinary man is now

only 33 years of age; yet never, since the time of the great Edward Irving, has any preacher caused such an excitement among all classes and ranks of the millions of London. With reference to this point, a late leading London paper says:

Let any person take his station opposite to Exeter Hall on Sunday evening, at about a few minutes before six o'clock. We say opposite, because unless he arrives some time before the hour mentioned there will be no standing room on the pavement from which the entrance to the hall ascends. At six the doors open, and a dense mass of human beings pours in. There is no interruption now to the continuous stream until half-past six o'clock, when the whole of the vast hall, with its galleries and platform, will be filled with the closely packed crowd. If the spectator has not taken care to enter before this time, he will have but small chance of finding even standing room. Suppose him to have entered early enough to have found a seat. He will naturally look around him to scan the features of the scene. They are remarkable enough to excite attention in the minds of the most listless. Stretching far away in the back are thousands of persons evidently eager for the appearance of some one. Towering up the p'atforms the seats are all crowded. Nearly all the eyes in the multitude are directed to the front of the platform. The breathless suspense is only broken occasionally by the struggle in the body of the hall, of those who are endeavouring to gain or maintain a position. Suddenly even this noise is stopped. A short squarely built man, with thick black hair parted down the middle, with a sallow countenance only redeemed from heaviness by the restlessness of the eyes, advances along the platform towards the seat of honour. A cataract of short coughs, indicative of the relief afforded to the ill-repressed impatience of the assembly, announces to the stranger, that the business of the evening has commenced. He will be told with a certain degree of awe by those whom he asks for the information, that the person just arrived is the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. He will perhaps hear, in addition to this, that Mr. Spurgeon is beyond all question the most popular preacher in London; that he is obliged to leave off preaching in the evening at his chapel in New Park-street, Southwark, on account of the want of room to accommodate more than a mere fraction of the thousands who flock to hear him; that Exeter Hall has been taken for the purpose of diminishing in a light degree the disappointment experienced; but that nothing will be done to afford effectual relief until the new chapel which is in contemplation is built, and which is intended to hold 15,000 persons.

There is a shop kept by a lady, in the window of which appears these words—"No reasonable offer refused."

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