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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 20): November 29, 1855

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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WRONG SIDE OUTWARD.

"Did I tell you about it, Eunice?"  
"About what?"  
"My going to the city, wrong side outward."  
"What do you mean?" said Eunice.  
"Oh, I see you have never heard the story, so I will tell you. Two years ago I spent a few weeks with my friends, the Wiltons, near the city of A. In the family were two young ladies who found it necessary to do a great deal of shopping and not a little visiting in the city, and of course patronized the railroad connecting their little village with the 'Green Street Depot,' to no trifling extent.  
"Now you shall see what a handsome and gentlemanly conductor we have on this route," said Bell Wilton to me, as I took a luxurious cushion in the crowded car for a first-class miscellaneous trip to A. "He is my beau ideal of a conductor," added Kate; "let the car be ever so crowded, he is sure to find a place for the ladies, and never objects to our hand-boxes and carpet-bags, as many ill-natured fellows, dressed in a little brief authority, are apt to do; and if our purses are short after a shopping excursion, he often—". Kate's rhapsody was interrupted by the starting of the train.  
"We were whirled on to A, in about twenty minutes, yet I had opportunity to notice that the labelled official was indisputably very considerate and attentive, at all events to our party. He opened the window which was swollen with damp weather, and a look from Kate; he ordered a Dutchman, smoking meekly upon the platform, into the baggage-car, at a symptom of faintness from Bell. I could not but acknowledge that Fanny Fern should add to her list of model conductors—taking this one for her original.  
"Arrived at our destination, I was again entertained with my friend's praises of the various merchants and milliners they were accustomed to patronize.  
"I always purchase silks at Weaver's; they are so conscientious, and never try to palm off an inferior article upon a customer. At Mrs. Lassalle's you will find an superb assortment of gloves and embroideries. The proprietress is a reduced French Countess, and one of the most lady-like persons you ever saw," rattled Bell Wilton.  
"And if you wish to buy shoes, be sure and call at Marvin's; they are so accommodating; they never make very faces, if you happen to break a string or loose a clasp, or any other such trifling accident," added Kate.  
"This was enough, yet if I needed more to convince me of the superior excellence of the aristocratic shopkeepers, that afternoon's observation would have furnished it. No sooner did the rich brocades, and crapes and ribbons, of the fair Misses Wilton flutter inside the door, than every attendant, from the proprietor to the errand-boy, proceeded to don their most obsequious smiles and agreeable deportment. It was not strange, Eunice. The young ladies carried heavy purses, and were easily persuaded to lighten them.  
"The afternoon passed pleasantly and fatiguingly enough, till chatting and shopping, in shaking hands with old acquaintances, and trying to bow gracefully to new introductions, and on our return, amid many expressions of satisfaction as our purchases were unfolded and exhibited before Mrs. Wilton and Aunt Lucy, the girls forced me to confess that the A—conductors and the A—conductors far surpassed any others in the known world.  
"And so it was, almost daily, during the first fortnight of my stay. At one time we called upon a celebrated dentist for some trifling tooth operation. He was an acquaintance of Bell's, and she presented him to me as a friend. He was very handsome, and his voice and smile captivated to one who could appreciate music and sunshine. Eunice, I was amazingly pleased with that man. I am so fastidious, I fancied him the impersonation of skill and benevolence—the head and the heart—the means and the end—the glorious combination for those who set themselves up as the world's healers and teachers. He impressed me as one of the few to whom science may safely commit her priceless treasures, sure that they would only be used for the blessing of humanity. Ah, Eunice! I had only seen the silken side!"  
"Pray go on," said Eunice.  
"One rainy morning I received a letter from home, giving notice that my young sister was about to make a Western tour with a friend. 'New dresses, of course, are requisite,' wrote my mother, 'and I wish you to procure and send them immediately.' Then followed a list of the articles needed.  
"This letter had been longer than usual on the route. That moment I knew sister Lib, amid a sympathizing concourse of waiting milliners, marvelled at my long delay.  
"The articles must be purchased that very day, raining as it was, and moreover I must go alone; for Bell and Kate had gone to bed with hair in curl papers, and novels under their pillows. Towards noon the rain abated, and I notified my friends of my determination to go to A. The young ladies started with astonishment.  
"To-morrow I'll be at your service," said Bell, but not to-day. Why, you're crazy—look at the clouds. You'll take a dreadful cold. Don't get satin striped tissue; it is drags shockingly."  
"I dressed, walked to the station, but a few rods distant, and found myself half an hour too early. Very soon the clouds lowered, and rain fell in catenars. Nevertheless, I stubbornly adhered to my determination, the more stubbornly that I knew the girls would ridicule me without mercy, if I returned. But I looked at my dress, and thought of my bonnet, and was glad that the old brown veil that I found crumpled in my pocket would protect the latter. My mantle was of watered silk, handsomely trimmed, and I remembered a lady told me that water would spot it. How foolish had I been to wear it.  
"Well, Eunice, what do you suppose I did? I turned it wrong side outward! It was lined with the usual black muslin from which the gloss had disappeared in spots. I was the only occupant of the ladies' saloon, and enjoyed the full benefit of an eight by ten looking-glass. I glanced in it and seeing what a ludicrous figure my old felt and rusty outer garments made in contrast with my fine cashmere travelling dress, with its richly trimmed basque, the idea of going to the city thoroughly disgraced at once presented itself. The skirt of my dress was separate from the body, and I had lined it for comfort in winter with an old gingham dress, clean and whole, but I must confess easily faded. Well, I turned this wrong side outward, also.  
"You don't mean to say that you went to the city in this style?" said Eunice.  
"Idiot, and enjoyed it, too, convinced that I was doing a sensible thing. But you shall hear. Scarcely was my toilet completed, when the whistle sounded, and drawing the thick veil tightly over my face, I made my way to the nearest car.  
"And now, commenced the development. The handsome and gentlemanly conductor nearly knocked me over in the doorway, in his willingness to pioneer a lady in blue silk dress with four buttons, a sachet, a bonnet, a parasol, and a lap-dog, safely out upon the platform. Returning, while I stood

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WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1855.

NO. 20.

# The Eastern Mail.

## MY ANGEL LOVE.

BY THE LATE MRS. JUDSON—FANNY FORRESTER.

[The 'Home Journal' has recently published the following poem written by the late Mrs. Judson—the wife of the great missionary. The allusions to her husband and his departure to the spirit-land before, are touchingly beautiful.]

I gazed down life's green labyrinth,  
A widening maze to see,  
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,  
And wild as wild could be;  
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,  
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,  
I knew him even then,  
Thou' meekly as a child he stood  
Among the sons of men;  
By his deep spirit-loveliness,  
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head  
Upon his proffered breast,  
And scanned the peril-haunted wild  
From out my place of rest,  
I wondered if the shining ones  
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,  
Light on my peaceful way,  
And all around the blue above,  
The clustering starlight lay,  
And sweetly I saw appeared  
The pearly gates of day.

So, hand in hand, we trod the wild,  
My angel love and I—  
His lifted wing all quivering  
With tokens from the sky;  
Strange my dull thought could not divine  
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth,  
I groped my way alone,  
While wildly through the midnight sky  
Black hurrying clouds are blown,  
And thickly in my tangled path,  
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know  
The goal cannot be far—  
And ever, through the rifted clouds,  
Shines out one steady star—  
For when my guide went up, he left  
The pearly gates ajar!

## How do we know there is a God?

The Westminster Quarterly in a review of one of the 'Burnett Prize Essays,' by Rev. Prof. T. Tulloch, contends that the existence of an All-wise and Beneficent Creator cannot be logically proved; and after having, in its own opinion, demolished the Professor's arguments to the contrary, makes the following conclusion of the whole matter, which, considering its infidel proclivities, is singular, to say the least.

Is there, then, no other and no surer way? Are we doomed to wander on in this dim uncertainty, seeking rest and finding none, tortured incessantly by this tremendous doubt, hovering incessantly on the verge of this deep despair? Has God indeed left himself without witness in the human heart and soul, save this so uncertain sound, these partial harmonies of order thus drowned and lost amid these discords of fierce disorder? We believe He has not; we believe there is another surer and simpler way, high above this one as His thoughts are above man's thoughts. We believe the error lies in applying inductive process, or process strictly so called of any kind whatever, to Him; and thus attempting to deal with Him as a mere phenomenon of being, parallel in kind to any other of its phenomena. We believe that thus, as it is not originated, yet largely confirmed, those sad perplexities, those achings of mind and heart, which are at present so widely impelling the stronger toward intellectual scepticism, and—in conjunction with other motives—the weaker toward shelter under an infallible human authority, which shall assume to itself this aspect of the burden of their life. We think this surer way was explicitly and of purpose indicated eighteen centuries ago by the Apostle of the Gentiles, when he declared that 'by faith we know that the worlds were made by God; there is no mention of induction here. But whatever may have been the conscious purpose with which these words were spoken, we believe they indicate the truth, and the whole truth, on this absorbing subject. God has not left himself without witness assured and sufficient; but He has placed that witness primarily in no objective manifestation of Himself, not even in the manifestation in flesh of the Word that 'was in the beginning with God,—but in the very center and vital seat of our consciousness. His primary and authoritative revelation of Himself is there. The Heavens may declare His glory, and the firmament show forth His handiwork; but they declare His glory, they show forth His handiwork, alone to this pre-existent faith-consciousness. The Son may 'show us to the Father; but except there had been this essential knowledge of the Father within us, even His words and the utterance of His life must have been to us unmeaning words or idle tales.

This our knowledge, intuition, faith-consciousness—call it what we will—of His being, we regard as an ultimate fact of our consciousness. We conceive that this reality of His being admits of no primary process of proof, evidence, demonstration even; and that the instant we attempt to apply such process to it, otherwise than in mere illustration of a reality self-revealing above all proof, that instant we degrade its character and destroy its certainty. We conceive that this faith-consciousness of the Infinite One, rests on a basis parallel in kind to that which sustains our consciousness of the objective universe,—nay, our self-consciousness itself: only that, inasmuch as the reality thus self-revealing includes in its infinitude those other realities, by so much is its self-assertion deeper and more vital still than theirs. Degrade the objects of either of these other phases of faith-consciousness to the realm of evidence; subject them primarily, and irrefragably to this authoritative assertion of them, to attempts at inductive or logical proof, and doubt and denial of them become possible, and have ensued. So also with the great Reality who is the object of this crowning faith. Call forth His being from the depths of its self-revealing within the soul; ignore for the time the fact of that self-revealing; subject that being to these laws of inductive reasoning; to these processes of the logical understanding; and we inevitably end—where else we ever can—ever will end while such remains our course—in doubt, perplexity, or denial. There is no 'walking by sight' possible to us here, because this walking by sight involves not alone apprehension but comprehension of its object; and in this light of the logical understanding we are as truly walking by sight as in that of the natural sun.

It is not enough, with Principal Tulloch, to detach certain isolated portions of this self-assertion, and, weaving them into the general scheme of the inductive argument, endeavor

thus to complement its deficiencies. So treated, it loses all true authoritative, and must stand or fall with the scheme of which it is thus degraded to form a subsidiary part. For this faith-consciousness of Deity, this direct and immediate self-revelation by the Infinite One to the soul, we claim authority absolute and without appeal: absolute against all counter appearances of the objective universe; absolute above, as primary, to what has been distinctively called Revelation. We cannot conceive such Revelation possible, save as the confirmative and definitive appeal to this one.—We identify as the only sure and fundamental basis of all proof of that specific revelation its essential and glorious harmony with this primary one; its releasing it from those mists with which the weakness of the logical understanding tends to overlay it, and from those still worse confusions which the depravation of the moral will induces. That is has been thus to a certain extent overlaid and perverted,—that its deep, still utterance struggles with difficulty forth through those mysterious conditions of evil which have enveloped our being,—that it speaks to our consciousness rather as the faint, uncertain sound of a dream, than the still small voice of the Eternal in us,—not only is beyond all doubt, but presents in one of its profoundest and most bewildering aspects the awful anomaly of man's alienation from God. At the same time we cannot name one single agency which has done, and is doing, more towards this result, than inductive Theistic argument of whatever kind. Still it is ever there, giving that inductive scheme itself the suggestion through which alone it becomes a possibility; and unconsciously degraded by the Theistic logician into the hypothetical postulate, apart from which he could not advance a single step. And that it is there, stronger in its self-affirmation than all reasonings, is, we are convinced, our security against these would-be theistic arguments compelling us to their own logically inevitable conclusion,—Atheism or Dualism. There are depths of human degradation where it seems to be utterly silenced—where our keenest analysis may fail satisfactorily to identify its presence—is also a sad and fearful truth. But it were no more legitimate to question its reality and universality on the ground of such cases as these, than it were to question the reality of that aspect of its outward activity which we call Conscience, because men are found in whom Conscience seems utterly silenced and dead. Amid all intellectual overlappings and all moral perversions of it, it is ever there; and, as through the great appointed means and allotted discipline, these clouds begin to dissipate, the Revelation within begins to reassume its clearness, to reassert its full authority, and to win us back to the faith and trust, the obedience and submission, of children, toward the 'Father which is in Heaven.'

Here, then, we would take our stand. Evidence that there is 'a Being all-powerful, wise and good, by whom everything exists,' fails us; but fails us because the theme transcends all evidence: because in the very nature of things we, the finite, cannot from the finite deduce or reason out the Infinite; we, the merely mortal, cannot from the successional attain even to logical apprehension of the Eternal. But He witnesses to Himself within us all; he proclaims Himself, His infinitude, there. This inward witness, in its essential nature and free unbiased utterance, is authoritative and supreme. That it might be released from all false bias, of whatever kind, which has incidentally gathered around it; that it might receive the utmost degree of intellectual definition and specification that the nature of the logical faculty admitted; and that the fundamental truth thus self-revealing in us might be brought into special relation with our position as beings against whom evil has prevailed; or, in other words, that we might behold the Father as He is and as He is self-revealing in us, not as our intellectual weakness acted on by our moral depravation presents Him; He has given to us that entire objective Revelation, begun to be unfolded with Man's first appearance upon earth and still unfolding, whose one great and final purpose, as enunciated by the Word Himself, is to 'show us the Father.' But this inward witness solves for us no logical difficulties, provides for us no inductive completion of our Theistic argument. Only, asserting His infinitude, it assures that there is solution of them all in Him, and implicitly attests them all, as shadows upon His perfection, to be appearances alone, and not realities. Nay more; under the guidance and authority of this faith-consciousness of Him as the Infinite One, Induction herself might find, in all those dark anomalies and awful mysteries that now perplex and defy her, far closer suggestion of His infinitude than all she has vainly thought to find in stellar magnitudes or cometary varieties; and to the soul, surrendered childlike to this faith-consciousness so wonderfully confirmed and illustrated by Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary, the more these mysteries transcend all logical reconciliation while yet this faith includes them all in Him, the more would they become the voices of the Eternal, sounding deep and solemn through all the ages. Be still, and know that I am God.

It strikes us that these are singular admissions for this celebrated organ of the 'liberals' to make. In one paragraph of a recently discovered letter of John Randolph, we find some what similar notions, and we therefore feel warranted in placing them in juxtaposition.

"Did you ever read Bishop Butler's Analogy? If not, I will send it to you. Have you read this Book? What I say upon this subject I do not only believe, but I know to be true—not the Bible, studied with an humble and contrite heart, never yet failed to do its work, even with those who from idiosyncrasy or disordered minds have conceived that they were cut off from its promises of a life to come.  
"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." This was my only support and stay during years of misery and darkness; and just as I had almost begun to despair, after more than ten years of penitence and prayer, it pleased God to enable me to see the truth, to which until then my eyes had been sealed. To this voice I have made the most ungrateful returns. But I would not give up my slender portion of the price paid for our redemption—yes, my brother, our redemption—the ransom of sinners—of all who do not hog their chains, and refuse to come out of the house of bondage.—I say that I would not exchange my little portion in the Son of David for the power and glory of the Parthian or

Roman empires, as described by Milton in the temptation of our Lord and Savior—not for all with which the Enemy tempted the Savior of men.

"This is the secret of the change of my spirits, which all who know me must have observed within a few years past. After years spent in humble and contrite entreaty that the tremendous sacrifice on Mount Calvary might not have been made in vain for me—the chiefest of sinners—it pleased God to speak His peace into my heart—that peace of God which passeth all understanding to them that know it not, and even to them that do. And although I have now, as then, to reproach myself with time mispent, and faculties misemployed; although my condition has on more than one occasion resembled that of him who, having one evil spirit cast out, was taken possession of by seven other spirits more wicked than the first, and the first also; yet I trust that they, too, by the power and mercy of God, may be, if they are not, vanquished."

"The existence of atheism has been denied; but I was an honest one. Hume began and Hobbes finished me. I read Spinoza and all his tribe. Surely I felt by no ignoble hand. And the very man (—) who gave me Hume's 'Essays upon Human Nature,' to read, administered 'Beattie upon Truth' as the antidote! Venice treacle against arsenic and the essential oil of bitter almonds—a bread and milk poultice for the bite of the cobra capello!

"Had I remained a successful political leader, I might never have been a Christian. But it pleased God that my pride should be mortified; that by death and desertion I should lose my friends; that . . . The death of Tudor finished my humiliation. I had tried all things but the refuge to Christ; and in that, with parental stripes, was I driven."

"Throw Revelation aside, and I can drive any man by irresistible induction to atheism. John Marshall could not resist me. When I say any man, I mean a man capable of logical and consequential reasoning. Deism is the refuge of those that startle at atheism, and can not believe Revelation; and my (—) (may God have forgiven us both!) and myself used, with Diderot & Co., to laugh at the deistical bigots who must have milk, not being able to digest meat."

"But enough—and more than enough. I can scarcely guide my pen. I will, however, add that no lukewarm seeker ever became a real Christian; for, from the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;—a text which I read five hundred times before I had the slightest conception of its true application."

## PAR AVAY.

[From the Memphis Appeal.]  
Far away, far away, in the wild-wind shade,  
Is a lonely lover sighing;  
Far away, far away, on a low couch laid,  
Is a weary maiden dying.  
And alas! for the love of life's sweet young spring!  
And alas! for the hopes that were blossoming!  
And alas! for the hearts where those hopes may cling  
Nevermore, ah! no, nevermore!  
Far away, far away, in a household band,  
Is a voice of woe and weeping;  
Far away, far away, in a stranger land,  
Is a weary maiden sleeping.  
Where the green forest-moss and the violets lie,  
Where low music is borne on the winds evening by,  
She's asleep; they shall gaze on her glorious eye  
Nevermore, ah! no, nevermore!  
Far away, far away, in the realms of light,  
Where the spirit harps are voicing,  
Is a maiden who walks in her robes of white,  
'Mid the angel throng rejoicing.  
There is life, there is love, there is bliss in store,  
For the weary of earth with their wand'ring o'er;  
They shall suffer and sigh and weep no more!  
Nevermore, ah! no, nevermore!  
MINNIE.  
La Grange, Oct., 1855.

## Down East.

In the New York Independent we find the following extract of a letter from its editor, Rev. Dr. Thompson, in respect to portions of Maine that he recently visited.

Men who live in Maine have a right to feel themselves of consequence; for of all the sisterhood of States added to the old thirteen, theirs is 'the State,' which in material resources, in religious and literary institutions, in the general character of its population, in the culture and standing of its ministry, and in the public spirit of its leading men, has the best claim to the somewhat ambitious motto, Dirige.

Open now your map,—that fine large township map by Colton,—and you will trace in the outline of the lake before you a general resemblance to the head and horns of the Moose, whence its present name;—the old Indian name I will not attempt to reduce to a written form. This lake is forty miles long, being divided into two sections by Mount Kineo, which just as a promontory into its very middle. At some points, measuring from bay to bay, it is ten miles wide, but in general it varies from two to five miles in width. Its shores are diversified with bays and inlets, and its bosom is studded with islands, of which there are said to be more than three hundred. Some of these islands are beautifully wooded, and the mountains that skirt its shores are clothed with trees to the water's edge. You will be struck with this feature in contrast with the lakes of Scotland. The heather which enshrouns their shores and adds to the general wildness of bank and brae, is nowhere seen in our American mountain scenery, but in place of this a thick growth of pines, firs, and other evergreens, with varieties of underbrush. The woodman's axe has not yet stripped the hillsides of Moosehead, so that, with here and there a solitary spot of cultivation, you are girded about with the forest primal. These mountains, now sloping from the margin of the lake, now receding in a distant amphitheater, some times low and easy of access, sometimes rising abruptly two thousand feet, are a picturesque and ever-varying feature of this wild and romantic region. How many pictures the eye paints for its every moment upon this canvas of lake, and hill, and forest! A cloud sitting by, a blaze of golden light, a pale sun subdued by passing mists, how exquisitely do these checker the ever-changing scene.

A neat steamer will convey you in a few hours from Greenville to the head of the lake; and you could not have a more delightful sail. But I recommend you to stop at Mount Kineo—where you will find comfortable accommodation in the hotel upon the slope of the promontory—and regale your eye from its summit with the panorama of the Lake and its mountains. From the steamer's landing you must double the promontory in a small sailboat, and then climb the rugged Rinty Bluff to the height

of seven hundred and fifty feet. It looks for all the world like the mass of East Rock at New Haven cast into the middle of the lake.

As yet the hotel arrangements are not very complete for lady visitors, or for mere pleasure travelers. There should be gardens, bath-houses, and other attractions on the premises, for such as do not care to fish and hunt. Just now the chief attraction of Moosehead are for fishermen and hunters, professional and amateur. Trout weighing twelve pounds and upward, and moose ranging above a thousand pounds weight, give zest to such as are fond of these sports. To secure the moose one must commonly camp out upon the margin of a stream and await the coming of the animal to feed; then cautiously approach it from the leeward, lest its quick sense of hearing should catch the alarm of the most wary footstep. It seems a cruelty for mere sport to waylay a creature that manifests such a confiding simplicity and beautiful taste in the selection of its food. The moose comes down to the brink of the streamlet, and standing in the water up to its knees bends its neck and plunges up the lilies by the roots, then washes the 'pads' with care and eats the tender browse, as an epicure enjoys his salad. Quere: Had Solomon ever noticed a deer thus feeding on the margin of the Jordan, that he should liken his beloved to a roe that 'feedeth among the lilies?' Now could you have it in your heart to fire upon such a fastidious creature and 'bring him down' with your rifle in the midst of his meal? I am sure I could not; and yet I too must have a meal, and moosemeat makes delicious eating. The legitimate hunter whose rifle, knife, and snares are his every-day accoutrement, I perfectly respect; but your fancy sportsman who runs up from town to have a crack at a moose, and to boast a pair of horns at his next winter's club, deserves to be devoured of black flies by day and mosquitoes by night.

But do not fancy that catching trout and killing moose are the sole occupations of the neighbors of the lake. Here, as on the Penobscot, lumbering is the chief business. In the winter the lumbermen penetrate the woods for several miles, carrying with them stores of provisions—and build large camps, where they remain for months cutting down the trees and shaping the logs. These are then drawn by horses or oxen to the lake, and with the opening of spring floated down the Kennebec toward yonder outlet, a little to the south-west of Kineo. From twenty to forty million feet of logs pass yearly through that outlet, which are sawn into lumber at the mills below. Business before pleasure is the rule in America. The dam in the Kennebec at Augusta is broken, and while it is undergoing repairs the gate is closed at the outlet of the lake to check the head of water; this set the water back into the streams and keeps these so high that the moose do not come down to feed, whereto the hunters greatly complain. Such are our American game laws; mills before moose, and timber before trout.

A few years will work great changes in this now wild and distant region; the hills will be stripped of their forests, and girdled with rows of corn; the hunter's cabin will give place to the cottage and barn of the farmer; the moose will stand in the furrow where the moose and the bear now roam. Then Pleasure and Fashion hurrying lightly by steam, will transfer the dais of coquetry and the stupid routine of etiquette to these unsophisticated regions, and you and I, not caring to see a nature bedimmed with folly, will seek elsewhere a quiet retreat to commune together of the glory of God in his works. To us Moosehead will remain skirted with forests, dotted with wooded isles, the home of the free wild sons of nature and the wild beasts of the chase.

And thus, my dear Agricola, in the wilderness of this interior lake and forest region, you have come nearer than ever to the aboriginal picture of America. But let me not forget to gratify your nice English tastes with a further view of social culture in immediate proximity to such scenes. You passed from thrift and culture into wildness, you emerge again from wildness into perfect cultivation. But first prepare yourself for a rough and tumble stage ride by night, through mud holes deep, over corduroy roads and rugged hills, in the course of which you discover that the rack has been rolled off its luggage, and after walking back till you are tired, you return and wheel about the coach in the narrowest part of the road, and drive five miles to find your trunks sticking in the mud. You will see again fields crowded with the stumps of old forests and fenced in with roots of trees, showing how recent is the encroachment of the farmer upon the lumberman. But at length we come once more to the line of railways and whirl by thriving villages and towns, along the romantic banks of the Kennebec, till we arrive at Augusta, the capital of this yet infant State.

Tell me now, Agricola, if in all England you have more of quiet beauty, of romantic loveliness, of neat architecture, of tasteful cultivation, combined in one locality, than here greet the eyes upon either side of the river that winds so gracefully between these hills? Have you a view that surpasses those from the State-house on the one side and the Hospital on the other? I do not forget that view of Oxford from the window of my chamber in your cottage, and I feel again the spell that first came over me as I looked out upon meadow, and lawn, and tower and spire, and dome, where the blooming present lies begirt with the sombre past. But here features of natural scenery that more than compensate for the lack of your elegant lawns and gardens, your ivied towers, and your venerable associations. Few of your parish churches have so fine a location, or are so tastefully disposed as this church upon the hill-side,—with its neat lawn and avenue of trees; and in few churches will you find a more numerous, intelligent, and cultivated congregation. Indeed the society of Augusta is somewhat eminent as of the very best New England quality. If from the capital you ride down to Brunswick, you will there see how strong a hold the institutions of education have already gained upon the affections of the people of Maine; and if you smile at the barracks which everywhere in America, we build for colleges, you will not fail to admire the fine specimen of medieval architecture in the new chapel and library. As I have said before, you have nothing finer in its way, in all Oxford, and you will remember with gratitude that here all art and learning, and enterprise are consecrated to a pure and living faith.

The world must not pry into the unostentatious hospitality of those whom the pursuits of literature have called hither; but should I introduce you to one whom you already know, not only through me, but through his beautiful impersonation of the Christian spirit in the Walk of Faith, and the Interior Life, or to one whose admiration of Napoleon the Great, you saw as an Englishman—albeit an ally of Napoleon the Little—has not endured, but whose labor, as against South and Allison, you appreciate, and whose loving and truthful spirit you will fully reciprocate—could I introduce you to the circles that here embrace the college as their pride, you would own that neither the growth of centuries nor historic names, nor State patronage, nor ecclesiastical supervision, are needful to make literature and society vigorous and flourishing.

What do you scratch 'dar dog' and what the other give on a Sunday, or late at night with pig on the grocery.

## THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

—Since the return of Dr. Kane, the strange phenomenon of an open sea, nearer the pole than any region previously reached, entirely free from either fixed or drift ice, and abounding in animal life, has continued to excite the speculative minds of the lovers of science. All kinds of theories are framed to account for it, as might have been expected from the natural ingenuity of our people. One writer attributes it to the subterranean passage of tropical waters from equatorial seas to the polar region. Another finds the cause in some supposed great agitation of the winds about the poles of the earth, consequent upon the action of the latter. A third calls attention to the well-known fact that the earth is an oblate spheroid, and the flattening at the poles, brings the latter nearer to the internal fires believed to exist at the centre of the globe than any portion of the surface. A fourth revives Symmes' famous theory that the earth is hollow and open at the poles, and adds that this opening must have been caused by the rupture of the earth's crust by the internal fires, the heat of which emitted from the opening, keeps the polar sea free of ice and milder in temperature. The same writer undertakes to prove Symmes' theory by a quotation from the book of Job: 'If the polar sea is not accounted for, it will not be for lack of theorizing.' [Philad. U. S. Gaz.]

[Ohio Farmer.]



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 29, 1855.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

P. F. Allen, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office are at No. 7, Building, Court-st., Boston. Tribune Building, N. York, N. W. cor., Third and Chestnut, Philadelphia; S. W. cor., North and Fayette, Baltimore.

## A. T. HOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Hon. Stephen Stark. We find the following tribute to the memory of our late fellow citizen in the Boston Traveller.

Hon. Stephen Stark was born in Conway, N. H., March 6, 1803. He was a grand-nephew of Gen. John Stark, who acted so conspicuously in the war of the Revolution. He graduated in the class of 1827; was admitted to the bar in 1830, and afterwards engaged in a successful practice of Law in Clinton and Waterville, Me. He was twice a Representative and twice a Senator in the Legislature of his adopted State, and in both of these capacities enjoyed, in a high degree, the confidence and esteem of his constituents and associates.

About a year since he accepted the Trusteeship of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad; to the duties of which office he devoted himself so unreservedly, as to neglect to improve his health, and to contract his resignation in the course of a few months. A few weeks since he became a patient of the Maine Asylum, at Somerville, from which it was confidently hoped he would emerge with restored health of mind and body, to gladden the hearts of his beloved family. Use by your paper of this evening, that this hope has been suddenly blighted—that his beloved family is stricken—the husband and father is no more. He has gone; but he has left them a rich legacy in the memory of his virtues, and the best of consolation in the assurance that his spirit is at rest on the bosom of his God.

The College at Waterville will honor him as the friend whose disinterested efforts relieved it from a seemingly hopeless embarrassment, and secured it its present prosperity. The citizens of that town will long remember him as one whose heart and hand were in every good work; and those of his classmates who shall survive to meet at the 50th Anniversary in '57, will each have his tear and his tribute, when he hears that the name of this deceased brother has been added to the list of the "starred ones."

Salem, Nov. 21, 1855. A CLASS-MATE.

THE WEATHER.—The fields present a solemn gray of tinged snow and grass. The sleigh-bells jingled merrily on Thanksgiving day; but through use and a little sunshine have brought us back to the exclusive rumbling of wheels. Mother Earth has a half clad, shivering look, and is evidently about to snuggle down under her mantle and take a nap.—Those who have faithfully tugged at her breast during the Summer can afford to let her sleep a little, and turn themselves to the work of digestion and recharging. May sweet incense from on high settle upon her generous bosom, while she again renews her eternal youth, for the blessings of another year.

A New Book.—We are informed that Br. H. C. Leonard of Waterville, designs to publish a volume of Sermons. The mechanical part of the book will be in the best style, and those who know him will be certain that the contents will be of a superior character. The sermons will be practical in their tone, and will occupy a high position in the minds of those who love pure literature. We trust that all who desire a good book will obtain Leonard's Sermons.—[Gospel Banner.]

"O that mine adversary had written a book!" was the exclamation of one in the old time; but things are not now as they were in good old Job's day, and book-making has come to be so reputable that we heartily rejoice to learn that our friend has been engaged in the work; and this we do because we feel confident that his book will be creditable alike to his heart and head, and pleasant and profitable to those for whom it is made.

CAUTION.—A sad accident occurred from the careless use of burning fluid, on Sunday evening; by which a fine little son of Mrs. Craig, living near the post-office, was badly burned. As usual, the fault was in filling a lighted lamp—which is always dangerous.—The face and neck of the child were badly burned; and Mrs. Craig had one hand considerably burned in extinguishing the flames from his clothes.

BELGRADE ACADEMY.—The Summer term of this school, which has been under the tuition of Mr. D. B. Hubbard, of Waterville College, closed with a dramatic exhibition.—With the aid of the Waterville Band, the evening entertainment is reported a very agreeable one, and indicative of successful application to study, under good instruction, during the term.

We borrow the following sermon from the Rockland Gazette, and hope our own little flock will take every word of it to heart. It describes our own case and expresses our sentiments to a nicety:

SERMON.—Our patrons will be surprised to find us assuming a clerical air, and undertaking to preach a sermon this morning. But we find in one of our contemporaries a text upon which we are seriously inclined to make a maiden attempt at sermonizing. The text is, no matter where it is found, "Suffer little suns to come unto us, for of such is our income." It reminds us of the quaint Dr. Mazon of New York, who said at a missionary meeting that he contemplated issuing a new version of the scriptures, and should revise one text as follows, "All things are possible to him that hath the pewter." You see a striking similarity in the texts. We are disposed, as the preacher would say, to treat the subject *textually* rather than *topically*. We are not sure that we have used these words properly, but we are sure that they are in the theological dialect. "Suffer little suns." Now for the application. The suns due us from our patrons are generally "little suns,"—but though small, there are a good many of them, and we are dependent upon those suns, (for of such is our income,) in the language of the text, for our own support, for meeting our necessary expenses. Will not those to whom our text applies just remember us in this our time of need? If the times are hard, they will remember that they are quite as hard for the printer as anybody else. The amount paid in to us the past season is much smaller than usual, owing to these hard times. But our expenses have not diminished—they have increased;—and hence our excuse for asking such patrons as have not been fully mindful of our wants, to "come over and help us."

"His Head upon the Hazard of a Die."—The Editor of the Skowhegan Clarion, after stating that Mr. Cyrus Rogers, of Solon, killed a pig that weighed 311 lbs at 7 months old, recklessly ventures to offer his head to any man who will beat that pig. We beg our friend to withdraw the stake, as there is yet too much matter in that head to be "cast before swine." If he will not, then, "Off with his head—so much for Buckingham."

## OUR TABLE.

"CASTLE."—This new anti-slavery novel, just published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, bids fair to rival in popularity any of its predecessors. In notice of it the Boston Post says, "there is no discussion of slavery worth noticing—one leading purpose of the book being to quietly set forth one of its undeniable evils, while another is to picture the opprobrium attached to the colored races at the north, where so much is said of freedom and equality. And the author hits hard both north and south. He has written his book ingeniously as well as powerfully."

For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The December number is most elegantly ornamented with illustrations of the following articles:—Valentin, Christmas Customs, Winter Scenery, Turkish Coffee House, Military Strategems, The Shipwreck, Methodist Church Architecture, The Deluge. These articles comprise but a small portion of the contents of the number, which are rich and varied as usual. A new volume will commence with the January number, and we would again earnestly commend this meritorious work to the attention of the public, as being one of the best—and we are sometimes inclined to think the very best—family magazines in the country. While attractive and interesting in the highest degree, it presents only a pure and healthy literature.

Considering the excellence of its contents and the beautiful style in which it is printed, it is the cheapest as well as best magazine published, being furnished for two dollars a year, the twelve numbers, containing about two hundred pages. Address Carlton & Phillips, N. York City.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL.—The December number contains contributions of "Masks and Faces," and "Soldier of Fortune," two interesting stories, and some additional chapters of "Lives of the Queens of England," all of which are illustrated. The other illustrated articles are:—Le Grand Cafe Parisien, Fontaine de Versailles, Wild Hog Hunt in Texas, Fall of Sebastopol, Capture of the Malakoff and Attack on the Redan, Rambles through Belgium and Holland, Invasion of the Stocking-Loom, Satan Playing with Man for his Soul, Death of the Invalids, Napoleon's Tomb, Outlines of Popular Science, The Cave of Adelsberg, Microscopic Drawing and Engraving, Boghosian, the Ancient Capital of the Crimea. Long as this list is, a host of other articles will also be found, the whole forming a literary, scientific and miscellaneous melange, alike agreeable and useful. With this number closes the second volume of this magazine, and the present is therefore a good time to commence an acquaintance with this popular work. It is issued monthly in quarto, by Frank Leslie, Nos. 12 and 14 Spruce-st., New York, at \$2 per annum and is sold by all periodical dealers in the country.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November has the following table of contents:—The Eastern States, the Black Sea, part 12 of Zaiden, Professor Johnston's Last Work, An Old Contributor at the Sea-Side, Modern Light Literature—Traveller's Tales, Paris and the Exhibition—Letter to Fremont, The Story of the Campaign—written in a tent in the Crimea, War Politics—What are We Fighting for?

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of Subscription:—Any one Review or Blackwood's \$3 a year. Blackwood and one Review, or any two Reviews, \$5. The four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10. Four Copies, \$30.—Postage on the four Reviews and Blackwood to any Post Office in the United States only 50 cents a year.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—Frank Leslie, so well known through his "New York Journal," and "Gazette of Fashions," two popular monthlies, will issue on the first of December, in New York, the first number of a large and handsomely illustrated newspaper, devoted to Politics, Literature, the Fine Arts, and the news of the day. The experiment has been tried in that city before, but failed, even with a Barnum as manager. But Mr. Leslie's chances for success are greater than those of any of his predecessors, if we can judge by what he has done with his magazines. It is intended to make of this new paper something more than a mere picture paper—something more and better than a mere literary paper, even; the department of news will be most prominent, and the illustrations of passing events will be executed with a promptness that will make them valuable for their intelligence. Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper will be issued in quarto form, each number containing 16 pages, at 10 cents a copy or \$2 for six months—1 volume. The first number will contain fine pictures illustrative of scenes in the voyage of the late American Arctic Exploring Expedition.

THE LADY'S ALMANAC FOR 1856.—This pretty little annual has just made its appearance and for a copy of it we are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. It is issued in a style of surpassing elegance, ornamented with many tasteful embellishments, and in addition to the almanac proper contains much that is useful and interesting. No lady will willingly do without it. It will be found at the bookstores.

FOREST REIMS.—Brown, Bazin & Co., of Boston, are about to publish a volume of poems, with this title, by "Florence Percy," Mrs. Taylor, one of Maine's sweetest songsters. It will be issued in good style, and will make a charming gift book for the holidays.

POOR RICHARD FOR 1856.—Being an Almanac for the whole United States, and containing twenty Engravings illustrating the maxims and sayings of Poor Richard, (Dr. Franklin),—is a very pretty and neatly printed little book of pictures, just issued from the press of Jonathan Olden, New York. Mr. B. H. Day, the publisher, offers to give it away to anybody who asks for a copy. Send a 3 cent stamp to Mr. Day to pre-pay postage, and you will get a copy by return mail.

BLOOMFIELD ACADEMY. The term closed on the 24th. Mr. H. K. Trask, of Waterville College, principal. Number of students for the term 95; for the three terms 300. The school has a high reputation, and under the direction of Mr. Trask its course will be upward. Miss Sarah C. Marston, of this place, is engaged as preceptress for the approaching term,—an excellent selection.

ATTEND!—Dr. Pearson's lectures on human physiology, are giving great delight to good audiences at Appleton Hall. Old heads are getting new ideas, while young ones are laying up a fund of valuable information for future use. We assure such as have not attended, that this is a rare opportunity, and should be improved by all classes.

W. L. A.—Nobody needs to be assured that the lecture of Mr. Douglas, on Friday evening will be one of the richest of the course. We cannot doubt that our citizens will look with a liberal eye upon the arrangements of the committee, and give them an encouraging audience at the opening lecture.

Our thanks are due to Hon. S. P. Benson for two volumes of Patent Office Reports for 1854.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.—The Winter Term of this institution will commence Dec. 3d, instead of Nov. 26th, as at first advertised. See advertisement.

A RICH TREAT.—The famous "Panorama of Pilgrim's Progress" is advertised for exhibition at Waterville, on Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week. This we are assured is the splendid original painting, and not one of the numerous imitations which have been exhibited. It is mentioned in high terms by the best men and most distinguished painters, as a work of great artistic as well as religious interest.

The Clarion states that the Kennebec is frozen over at that place.

## Foreign News.

By the arrival of the Canada at Halifax, we have a week later news from Europe; but although of some interest, it is unimportant.—The telegraphic summary of it will be found condensed below. An effort is being made by France and England to force Sweden into active alliance. With the exception of some rumors generally discredited of engagements near Simpheropol, and the alleged bombardment of Nicolaioff, there is absolutely nothing to report from the Crimea. The French are left in garrison at Kinburn, and the English contingent who went with them there has returned to Sebastopol. It is stated that the Czar and the Duke Constantine witnessed the capture of Kinburn from Oichakoff. An Anglo French force had been making expeditions of reconnaissance into the interior, but their only achievement, the Russians that they met declining an engagement, appears to have been the destruction by fire of the different little villages which lay upon their route. General Luder, with a force of Russian grenadiers and cavalry, accompanied by a train—8,000 wagons, and who were posted between Kinburn and Kherson, are reported to have reached Simpheropol by way of Perekop. The troops of Gortschakoff are said to have by their provisions for six or eight months, so that they will require no further supplies during the winter; and the Russian force now in the Crimea is computed at 200,000 men, being exactly equal in numbers to that of the Allies. The weather kept fine, but both armies were engaged in the erection of huts for the winter. Shot and shell from the northern forts are said to reach every part of Sebastopol, though the old rumor is revived that Gortschakoff is preparing under cover of this attack, for their evacuation. Sir Colin Campbell, taking of the appointment of Gen. Codrington as commander-in-chief, has asked leave to return to England. In Asia, Omar Pasha is marching for the relief of Hama. The allied fleet, with the exception of cruisers, has now entirely left the Baltic, where snowy weather prevailed. There is some talk in Vienna of a renewal of peace negotiations. In England the panic about war with this country had quite subsided; but it is said that unfriendly relations are now subsisting between Great Britain and Spain. Russia has accepted the office of mediator respecting the Sound Dues between this country and Denmark. The news by this arrival shows a little more confidence in money matters; but the corn market was again very firm, and the price of flour had advanced in Paris.—[Boston Trav.]

Later from California and the Isthmus.

New Orleans 26.—The steamship Daniel Webster from Nicaragua, arrived here today. She brings California dates to the 5th inst. Two hundred additional recruits had left San Francisco to join Gen. Walker.

The Oregon Indians continue their depredations. The latest mining news is encouraging. Col. Walker was still at Grenada, and held quiet possession of the Transit route. Col. Wheeler had formerly recognized Walker's government. The latter was receiving daily accessions to his troops. Gen. Corral, ex-commander of the government troops, had been found guilty of treason and shot. Espinosa was again very firm, and the price of flour had advanced in Paris.—[Boston Trav.]

LATER FROM KANSAS.—The Times' Kansas correspondent gives interesting details of political affairs in that territory.

The Free State Convention which has been in session for some weeks at Topeka, adjourned on the 11th, after having adopted a constitution which is to be submitted to the popular vote on the 15th of December.

The resolution offered by Mr. Delahay endorsing the principle of the Nebraska Bill, after a long and spirited debate was rejected.

The constitution as it has been adopted submits the question of Slavery in Kansas to the vote of the people.

We have also a report of the organization of a Law and Order Convention at Leavenworth, together with the speech of G. V. Shannon on taking his seat as president. The Governor denounces in the most vehement terms the Free State movement, and declares that whoever resists the execution of the laws enacted by the last Legislature will be guilty of treason to the State. He asserts also that the National Administration is determined to support the last Legislature, and predicts that in the coming presidential contest there will be but two parties, the black Republicans and the Unionists. Resolutions embodying similar sentiments were adopted by the Convention.

A bill has been found by the Grand Jury against McCrear for murder. The Grand Jury once refused to find a bill but the presiding Judge added seven men to the Jury who were known to be enemies to McCrear, and by this manoeuvre a bill has been returned.

ENGLAND AND THE POLITICAL REFUGEES.—In a letter of M. Gaillardet to the New York Courier des Etats Unis, received by the Pacific, we find the following: "Thirty-six political refugees have been ordered by the British government to quit the Isle of Jersey before the 24 day of November, for having signed the protest against the expulsion of three writers for L'Homme. This protest was regarded as an insult to an ally of Great Britain in the person of Louis Napoleon. Victor Hugo and his sons are among those expelled from Jersey. M. Gaillardet thinks Victor Hugo will now shake all British dust from his feet and embark for America."

A letter from Kossuth says: "Expulsion of political refugees is thick as hail in Jersey. Victor Hugo and thirty-five more have been expelled in consequence of a declaration they have published upon the expulsion of the three. For this time I only mention the fact—I may return to the subject next. The right of asylum is on the anvil of secret diplomacy, with all its sordid means of secret plots."

NEGRO WIT.—There is a tradition that one of the old squires in Malden, Massachusetts, had a slave who had been in the family until he was about 70 years of age. Perceiving there was not much more work left in the old man, the squire took him one day, and made him a somewhat pompous address, to the following effect:—You have been a faithful servant to me and my father before me. I have long been thinking what I should do to reward you for your service. I give you your freedom. You are your own master—you are your own man."

Upon this the old negro shook his grizzled head, and with a sly glance, showing that he saw through his master's intentions, quietly replied, "No, no, massa; you eat de meat, and now you must pick de bone!"

RECLAMATION OF A MURDERER.—Deputy Chief of Police Ham, arrived in this city this morning, from Toronto, Canada, having in custody James McNally, received from the English authorities there, on a requisition from the U. S. authorities. McNally, it will be remembered, is charged with having murdered Chas. S. Smith, a trader of this city, in May 1851,

by stabbing him in the back at about noon in Haymarket Square, after which he fled the country. He is about forty years of age, and has a wife and children, who now reside in Elliot-st., of this city.—[Boston Trav.]

## Color of Country-Houses.

"The question of color is a most interesting one in any design for a country-house, and at present but little understood in America; by far the greater number of houses being simply painted white, and fitted with bright green blinds. By this means each residence is clearly projected from the surrounding landscape, and instead of harmonizing with it asserts a right to carry on a separate business on its own account. This lack of sympathy between the building and its surroundings is very disagreeable to an artistic eye. A harsh, vulgar outline may pass without particular notice, in a view of rural scenery, if the mass is quiet and harmonious in color; while a very tolerable composition may injure, materially, the view near it, if painted white; the human eye being so constituted that it will be held in bondage by this striking blot of crude light, and compelled to give it unwilling attention.—Where a palace, like that at Versailles, is erected in the midst of formal gardens and terraces on a very large scale, and so arranged that it is the principal feature, from every point of view, it is not inappropriate that it should be of white marble, since there is nothing more interesting for the eye to rest on than the building, and the light and shade of the architectural decorations, together with the general magnificence of the composition, are set forth to advantage. Pure white, even in large masses, is only disagreeable to the eye when it forces into prominent notice objects of secondary importance."

In country-houses the design has to be adapted to the location, not the location to the design; it is, moreover, undesirable, and generally impracticable, to make the natural subservient to the artificial. Woods, fields, mountains, and rivers will be more important than the houses that are built among them, and every attempt to force individual buildings into prominence, is an evidence either of a vulgar desire for notoriety, at any sacrifice, or of an ill-educated eye and taste.

As for the colors of rural buildings, they should be carefully varied—often cheerful and light, sometimes neutral, seldom dark, and never black or white; and there is no end to the changes and combinations of tints that may be used in painting a house. The constant recurrence of about the same requirements will, of course, lead to much similarity in plan, particularly in small buildings; but the monotony that this would occasion may be agreeably relieved by variety in color, both in the interior and exterior. Different patterns of paper will make two rooms of the same proportions no longer look alike, and the same result will be obtained on the exterior by adopting different tints for the color of the walls and wood-work.

And her importance to be considered is, that it is entirely insufficient to use only one or two shades of color for each house; every rural building requires four tints to make it a pleasant object in the way of color. This variety costs no more than monotonous repetition, and adds much to the completeness of the effect. The principal walls should be of some agreeable shade of color, the roof-trimmings, verandas, and other wood-work, being either of a different color, or a different shade of the same color, so that a contrast, but not a harsh one, may be established. The third tint, not widely different from the other wood work, should be applied to the solid parts of the Venetian blinds, while the movable-lats should be painted of the fourth tint. This last tint should be, by far, the darkest used on the premises, for the effect of a glass window or opening in a wall is universally dark when viewed from a distance, and if this natural fact is not remembered, the shutters being painted the same color as the rest of the house, a blank uninteresting effect will be produced; for when the blinds are closed (which is generally the case), the house, except to a person very near it, will appear to be without any windows at all. This error is often fallen into, and requires to be carefully guarded against.

It is, however, a very simple and easy matter thus, in a few words, to lay down common sense rules that may be advantageously followed in painting all country-houses but it is a very different affair to overcome the difficulties of ignorance and prejudice. In some cases the house painters themselves show a laudable desire to escape from monotonous repetition; but on the other hand, they are at times, troublesome opponents to a reform in this matter. It is indeed, scarcely surprising that a mechanic, who has been brought up on a chalk-white and spinach green diet, ever since he was old enough to handle a brush, should have little taste for delicate variations of color, because a perpetual contemplation of white lead and verdigris is calculated to have the same effect on the eye that incessant tobacco-chewing has on the palate; in each case the organ is rendered incapable of nice appreciation. Any person who may wish to have his residence judiciously painted, will do well to depend on himself to make the selection of colors; and if he will but study the question simply and fairly, trusting to his real, natural, instinctive taste, and regulating his decision by his private feeling, for what is agreeable or otherwise, instead of by what he finds next door to him, he will at once cut loose from conventional absurdity, and in all probability arrive at a result that will be artistic and pleasing.

It is highly satisfactory that, in this matter of color, which is so important to rural art, there is constant opportunity for improvement. The necessity for painting every two or three years fortunately compels the question to remain always an open one. Ill-planned roads and ugly houses are troublesome to alter, but an improved taste may readily satisfy its craving for harmonious color, which will give, in every instance, a most liberal return for whatever outlay of thought or money may be judiciously bestowed on it.—[Harper's Magazine.]

THE BORDER TROUBLES IN MISSOURI.—The Western Reporter gives an account of a meeting of the citizens of that place on the evening of the 12th inst., and states that previous to the assembly fifty armed men from Platte city had collected in the court house and seemed inclined to overawe and control the meeting. No disturbance, however, took place. The citizens of Parkville and its vicinity claim that it is their privilege, and not the privilege of persons residing at Platte city or in any other section, to determine who is and who is not a fit person to reside at the former place.

These proceedings refer to Mr. George S. Park who was expelled from Parkville some time ago, but lately invited to return thither by its inhabitants, against the wishes of some of the people of Platte city.

The meeting adopted a preamble and resolutions affirming that "the honor, glory, and best interests of the pro-slavery cause, as well in Missouri as in Kansas, depend upon the maintenance, observance, and enforcement of the law; recognizing 'a large majority of the citizens of Parkville and vicinity as men sound and true upon the slavery question,' and ad-

vising their friends of other sections of the country to quiet all excitement and pay respect to the laws. A publication was afterward made by four gentlemen stating that the people of Platte city would attempt to destroy valuable lives and property in Parkville."

It was no doubt this condition of things on the borders which gave rise to the recent momentary excitement in the Legislature of Missouri. We presume the difficulty has been peacefully settled. It is certainly a strange state of affairs that one community should undertake to regulate the affairs of another.

[National Intelligencer.]

"Not a Drop more, 'thout It's Sweetened." It is astonishing how firmly certain words and phrases become incorporated in our vernacular, by the chance telling of an anecdote, or anything of that sort. A very common metaphorical expression is contained in the words, "getting the hang." It is of universal application and convenience, and became popular from the day of its first appearance in the New Orleans Picayune, ten years ago, as the nub of a story of a western gambler in a steamboat who refused to refund certain monies fraudulently obtained, although made fast to a piston rod of the machinery, and compelled, every second, alternately, to plunge and jump backwards, to prevent, in the one case, his head from being jerked off, and in the other, his brains from being dashed out by the regular powerful stroke.

"Let me alone; I'm just getting the hang of the machinery," he exclaimed, when it was demanded, "Won't you pay back, now?"

And so in law, politics, religion, and morals, science, and art, the American people have been getting the hang ever since.

"Not a drop more, 'thout it's sweetened," is a household phrase in a part of Georgia and Alabama. A man declines, with it, to renew a game of cards at which he has been unsuccessful; a rustic expresses, by the elegant periphrasis, his determination to drop the acquaintance of some cruel beauty; the little politician vows, in these terms, to abstain, in future, from some particular course which has proved unprofitable; and so on, through a thousand phases and cases of commonplace life, it answers its purposes of a playful, but decided negation or declension for the party using it. In fact, it is a rather liberal rendering of the Shakespearean "No more of that, Hal, and thou lovest me," though mostly by those who never read Shakespeare.

We believe that our friend, Col. L. Haralson, formerly of Georgia, is entitled to the credit of the story out of which grew the expression.—He tells it about thus:

Twenty years ago, it was the custom in north western Georgia, as indeed it was throughout the south-west, for dry-goods dealers to keep a barrel of "sperrits" in the back room, and to treat liberal customers to a glass whenever desired.

Fillets and Deverry were such dealers in one of the small towns indicated; and they had for a customer a clever, rollicking old fellow, named Joe Denney, who drank whiskey in preference to water, always, and whose wife was "flesh of his flesh" in that particular. The old couple would come to town, trade quite freely, and quite as freely imbibe the spirits in the back room of the dealers we have named.

On one occasion both the old man and old woman continued their potations inordinately; and as Fillets observed that his goods went better the drier the old woman became, he pressed her to drink.

At last she refused unless he "would sweeten it with a little store sugar." The amiable shop keeper indulged her, and when the old people started home in the evening late, the old man could scarcely mount his horse, and the good wife had actually to be lifted and placed on the pillow behind him. Happily, she leaned one way, and her husband the other, so that the gravitating point was between them; and as she clung to him instinctively, they passed out of the village safely.

Before reaching their home, however, they had to cross a small creek, and when their horse stepped in to drink, the old lady having reached unconsciousness, released her hold, and quietly lapsed in the stream below. Occupied with his thoughts, the old man did not perceive his loss, but jogged slowly homeward. Arrived there, the children inquired anxiously for "mama," but the old man could only say that she had been on the "critter," and the "critter hadn't kicked up any nary time, so he couldn't say where she must be," and threw himself stupid on a bed.

Girls and boys flew along the road the old man had come, yelling *mamy! mamee!* but of course no *mamy* responded.

When they arrived at the creek, the oldest girl shouted "yonder she is, setting down in the creek!" And there she was, seated comfortably in the water, which came nearly up to her mouth. As she swayed back and forth, now yielding to the impetuosity of the stream, and now resisting it with some success, the muddy fluid would occasionally wet her lips, and each time it did so, she would faintly exclaim with a grim effort to smile:

"Not a drop more Mr. Fillets, 'thout it's sweetened." And it is to this romantic little incident in the life of the venerable Mrs. Joe Denney, that we are indebted for one of our most popular colloquialisms.

[Montgomery Mail.]

A. & K. RAILROAD.—Many of our readers have probably noticed that the trains on the road have been larger than heretofore. It is no unusual occurrence for forty or fifty freight cars to pass up the road in one day with merchandise for this place and the east, and nearly as many down laden with cattle, lumber and Agricultural products from the east, cotton and woolen fabrics from the Lewiston Station, and Boots & Shoes from the station on this side of the river. The passenger trains have also been heavier than ever before. Three or four cars are now run, where heretofore one or two has sufficed. Indeed the road is doing an excellent business and is now meeting the just expectations of its early friends. We are happy to learn that its earnings for September were something over \$22,000, and for October still larger. This amount if continued—and we cannot doubt that it will be—is amply sufficient to give the stockholders a dividend in due time. Won't that be a good time when our old subterranean share that cost us one hundred dollars cash (that was before we turned editor) shall earn us six dollars yearly. Six dollars, just think of it, almost enough to buy a half barrel of flour!—[Dem. Adv.]

THE LIQUOR TROUBLES IN BANGOR.—The Committee appointed by the City Government to investigate the charges against Marshal Weaver, made report on Wednesday. The report is quite a lengthy document, occupying nearly five closely printed columns in the Bangor Whig & Courier, and in its conclusions fully substantiating all the grave charges brought against the Marshal. The offenses of which he was proved guilty may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. Liquors which were ordered to be destroyed after seizure and trial, were not destroyed by the Marshal, although he returned

the warrants as "destroyed." He retained the liquors and took money for them illegally.

2. He clandestinely returned liquors to the persons from whom they were seized, and was paid money for so doing, which money he pocketed. For a friendly service of this kind, he received \$10 from one McCann.

3. He discharged persons from custody in instances named, on receipt of a reward or bribe therefor.

4. He was in the habit, while professing to be a teetotaler, of frequently testing by tasting, the liquors which were in his keeping. Different members of the Police testified to his doing this quite often.

"For these rascally acts, the City Government at once removed him from office, and thereby placed the seal of their condemnation upon his character. The Marshal, however, prevented the necessity of a formal decapitation by quietly leaving the city on the evening of the 14th. He took the cars at Danville Junction, and thence by the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad, according to first report, he 'bied away' to the dominions of Queen Victoria. This, however, turns out to be untrue, as the Marshal himself can be believed, as he writes that he is in Boston, and will return to Bangor in a few days. Before his departure, he sold all his possessions—consisting of several parcels of real estate, and various items of personal property—intimating thereby that he had no intention of 'soon returning.' We think the City of Bangor and the State at large 'prejudicially rid' of him.

The State of Maine, in concluding a review of the case, very candidly and very justly remarks:

"The conduct of Marshal Weaver, however, has nothing to do with the merits or demerits of the Liquor Law. . . . Let every true friend of temperance—whether friendly or opposed to the Liquor Law—see to it that he does not lose sight of that great principle, by reason of the course of fanatical or foolish men."

And the Boston Atlas, in concluding a very pungent article on the same topic, says, with still more force and point—

"Of course nobody but a fool would charge the heavy drafts of Marshal Weaver to the Maine Law, any more than he would charge the sins of the reverend Weaver to the account of the church."—[Kennebec Journal.]

THE REFORM SCHOOL.—A Sabbath School was commenced at this Institution in July last. It has been sustained by ladies and gentlemen from Pine St.—State St.—High St.—and St. Luke Churches. There are twenty-two classes, consisting of ten boys each. A strict account is kept by every teacher of the number of verses each scholar repeats, and of the general deportment during the session of the school. This scale of merit is rigidly kept and the rank of each boy marked by figures.

No boy is entitled for instance, to a 4 (the highest figure) who is guilty of whispering, or communication of any kind with his associates, or who, by gazing about exhibits inattention to the exercises of the school.

The first Sabbath in this month, the usual exercises were omitted to hear addresses from the Teachers, and a Quarterly R-report of the condition of the School, from Mr. Lincoln the indefatigable Superintendent of this excellent Institution. This report gave the number of verses repeated by every class, the average to each member; the quality of the lessons, as well as the deportment. Several classes averaged 4, the perfect mark for deportment.—Many came within a very small fraction. The whole number of verses committed to memory by the school was reported, which considerably exceeded 18,000! One little boy about 8 years of age led the school on the scale of merit. No little enthusiasm was created by this exercise, and many resolved they would have 4's another Quarter. To add to the interest of this occasion, a letter was read from the sister of a former member of the school, who is now declining under the heavy pressure of disease. This dying boy sent most grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Lincoln, to his teacher (ex-mayor Cahoon), and his love to the boys of the school, exhorting them to be good.—"This boy died last week."

If any one doubts the healthy influence of this Reform School, let him visit it, and study the social, moral, and religious influences there brought to bear, and he will doubt no longer.

[Mirror.]

AN OLD SAW.—"Easy blows kill the devil," is one of the oldest maxims extant







