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ONE CASE OF ENNUI CURED.
BY BETTIE HOLYOKE.

Charles Manning was young, rich, well-bred, gifted, handsome; possessed enough talent and energy to rule an empire with success: and this, added to all his other gifts and graces, gave him an air of dignity which no mere top can acquire, because it grows alone from innate worth and genuine self-respect.

I had not seen this miracle of a youth since we parted at college—both eager to begin the life for which we had labored so long to prepare ourselves. I left him—what I have described above—and after a lapse of ten years found him all this, and more.

We happened to meet on one of the Hudson River boats, recognized each other quickly, and became so absorbed in recalling old times and comparing subsequent experiences, that before we knew it, the sun, to watch whose setting we had gone on deck with our cigars, rose again in the East; and still we smoked and paced the deck, and moralized like two gray seers of ninety, instead of the gay youths we had parted at nineteen.

Life had befriended us, and we had kept the resolutions with which we entered its lists. Poor and unknown at first I had fought my way, and become a prosperous country physician; Charlie had studied law, but with no intention of practicing. The ten years I had spent in working hard to earn my daily bread, he had employed by working harder to make his daily bread palatable. He had traveled at home and abroad; had worn out Washington, Newport and Saratoga; knew every distinguished man and every pretty woman in the States; had been courted and flattered to satiety; had refused the hand and fortune of several heiresses, sometimes offered by themselves, sometimes by their papas. He had written a poem, endowed a starving college, settled a minister at large, established a charity school, and ended the rapid and careless enumeration of his good deeds with:

"No use, no use in them all!—one is hollow as another. This fine world for which one meant to do so much was too far gone before we began; and in my ear the old machine more than 'begins to grate.' On its last legs and desperately sick"—can you prescribe for it, Doctor?"

"I can for one of its inmates," I responded, laughing, "if he will promise to adopt my remedy."

"Say on, I am listening. What's the disease?"

"Ennui of the worst kind; glorious energies rusting into themselves, and beautiful affections grown torpid with neglect."

"Good! You have guessed. But bring your elixir."

"Settle down in life—marry some woman who will live down your prejudices, and draw out what is good in you."

"He laughed the merry, ringing laugh of college days; and I knew then he was cured."

"Bring your crucible and your books of Alchemy," he said, "and make this wonder; for she doesn't exist in New York or Boston, in London, Paris or Vienna. But for dread of the harness I knew it would prove, I should have settled to a profession, long ago, and grown soberly contented as you are, my fortunate elum. Do you think then I'm going to walk open-eyed into a tangle of responsibilities and connections, such as these wives bring?"

"When I am doing my best to endure the lovely doll you prescribe, to have a host of wife's relations interfering, and—oh, the remedy is worse than the disease!"

"But," I persisted, "without a crucible I can find you this impossible woman—yet suppose she's neither dazlingly beautiful, nor rich, nor very robust in health?"

"Suppose everything you like, my dear fellow, though it's rather severe; poor, homely, and sickly all at once!"

"But surely you needn't care for her lack of wealth!"

"I do care; it is one-tenth advantage to possess money, and nine tenths to know how to spend it. Cooked over meat, made-over dresses, sham-finery, parlors barricaded against the sun; no, I thank you my wife may throw her ingots into the Hudson on our wedding day, but she must have possessed them, once. I am fully resolved, too, to join the Shakers at Lebanon; they are sensible mortals, see that earth yields only food and drink, secure that, and so drink and feed till earth-worms feed upon them."

"This wonderful woman lives—in your village. I'd like to see one recommended by so excellent a person as yourself; though I'm too thoroughly confirmed a bachelor to have any other motive than curiosity. Why, look there, for a specimen of married life!"

He pointed to a group among the passengers, a woman still young, with a thin, worn, miserable face, and scantily clad, talking vehemently to a man—her husband, who seemed prematurely old—mere bones, and wrinkles, and rage, with a cadaverous face made duller and more repulsive by leering, blood-shot eyes. A swarm of children lurked in the back-ground, and hid behind trunks and band-boxes, with which the deck was strewn; peeping forth with dull, frightened faces. Nine of them Charlie counted; concealed, not garmented, in dirt and rags, with shocks of stiff, black, tangled hair—they looked more animal than human; more akin to wild-cats and wood-chucks, than to the gifted man who stood beside me watching the scene.

"We had neared our landing-place, and the woman was striving to make her husband comprehend the fact. The louder and more passionately she talked—the less he understood; for the man was imbecile, and could only make his loose, wet, unmanageable lips utter, in an intoxicated drawl: 'Sposin I am drunk; wha d'ye sposin I care for you!—Notthin' but my women.' His tone as he emphasized these last two words, conveyed in itself a history. But we questioned the wife; and glad to find more intelligent listeners, she answered, though in the same excited, snappish manner, to which her spouse had so evidently grown accustomed.

"Where'd we come from? The hills there, 'other side of the river; what they call the White Oak Settlement. Where we going?—Out West; tired o' being called Anti-Renters; and I want to drag him away from his old habits, if I can. All my children—yes, the whole nine; and it's more than I can hope if we get settled before there's a tenth. Hard to feed them. I guess you'd think so—one woman working for nine mouths, yes, ten, eleven—for he hasn't earned a cent these years."

"That's what I married you for," drawled the man.

"How do I clothe them?" she went on, without heeding him. "In rags; and that only by begging. Summer time they can pick a few berries, but it's hard work! Come, John, take the baby, and I'll look after the rest of the troupe and the rest of them." Baby in arms, John staggered out of sight; the woman fell into a loud altercation with the baggage-master; and we walked on, Charlie full of the new illustration to his theory of this life's worthlessness.

"Where's the use," he said, "in charity and reform, when they go so little way back, when

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their objects are, like these, born of drunkenness and imbecility; nurse woe and wrath with their mother's milk? Did you see the infant turn away from her breast to watch the woman when she scolded? And think what a childhood for the rest; laughing at their father, hiding away from their mother's rage; and what a home! no comfort, no beauty, no love! Can we blame prison convicts for obeying instincts which were born in them? You and I have done the same, and win praise for it!"

"I could only murmur—and thank heaven for it—that you may trust children to find beauty and objects of love anywhere; but these living arguments are not easily refuted. I sadly consoled myself with the thought that culture or time would come for presenting equally cogent ones on my side of the question."

While Manning and I were discussing the respective merits of two hotels, uncertain at which to pass the approaching Sunday, I recognized in the crowd of strange faces which thronged the landing, that of another college friend, Harry Eddy. He greeted us eagerly and warmly, and would take no nay to his invitation; we must see his house, his estate, his children, Mrs. Eddy; we must, he asked it as a favor, his man had already taken our valises from the hackman, so we went.

Shall I ever forget that wondrous, splendid visit—or Charlie's laugh as he met me in the city afterward; for he retreated Sunday noon on plea of an urgent engagement; I, a stranger, had no such fortunate excuse.

We walked on velvet, we lounged on satin—our country coat was reflected in thousand-dollar mirrors—the paper-hangings were pearl and gold; the curtains of heavy brocade and afloat lace, invited you toward prospects that would make an artist wild; the table glittered with silver and gold, and its viands would rival those at the banquet of Antony and Cleopatra; the silver-binged doors opened noiselessly, and the servants came without a call.

I was thoroughly dazzled at first; accustomed to simple village life, and having until then esteemed Kidderminster carpets, yard square (two on the mantel, and a case of books, something beyond the common, and even elegant.

Why it was I could not tell, but I made my parting bow to Mrs. Eddy with an unspeakable feeling of relief; and for the lavish attention which had been bestowed upon my insignificant self, returned less real gratitude (indications of the same) than many a time when I had passed a pleasant evening beside a neighbor's kitchen fire; where hearty welcome, and some old man's strong sound sense, or his son's honest straightforwardness, and keen tho' homely jokes, had given more refreshment to my soul than the rich man's cakes and wine, though served in silver.

I confessed this, and asked the reason.

"Reason," he answered, merrily, "I felt a foreshadowing of it in the shake of Harry's hand; and confess my own apparent willingness was only a ruse upon you. I wanted to give practical demonstration of what a nice dilemma your prescription might lead me into. All that nonsensical pomp—hollow glitter—ostentatious hospitality, deceive only the uninitiated. I have penetrated behind the scenes in more than one of these magnificent homes. hollow! hollow! these people live for the outside; and to make a show, give up comfort, culture, peace, all the real luxury of existence; abuse their servants, defraud their children, deceive each other—and exceed such people as those we met on the boat, as far, in making trouble to this life, as Lucifer himself exceeds his smallest imps."

I began to think Charlie's prejudice amounted to absolute monomania, as he went on.

"I feel this insincerity, and the unnaturalness of this mode of life, oppressing me like an atmosphere when I enter a house of which it has taken possession. I escape at the earliest opportunity, and take long, deep breaths as I go home, wondering whether there's light, and air, and air enough in the sweet heavens to wash out some day, all the impurities of earth. But, doctor, tell me more about that model woman—let me see! saintly!—that means a bigot; homely, sickly and poor—did you say old too and very fascinating?"

"Why you must know that a few summers since, these same Eddys came to our village of Sharon, spent some months there at the hotel, were frequent guests at my house, and very unlike the people I found at the elegant estate on the Hudson; unpretending, grateful for the smallest attentions, though dreadfully bored with Sharon, I must own."

"During the last weeks of their stay, I observed another member in their family; a pale, quiet girl, whom they did not introduce—and yet who attracted me by her very unobtrusiveness. She was always busy too, though with some trifle of embroidery, so I could hardly suppose her to be a serving girl. She fascinated me, so I watched her more closely, and found that though seldom answering, she heard, and made inward comments upon all that passed. If the sun was setting brilliantly, Mary's silent absorption in watching it turned the attention of all thither; if a case of suffering and want was described, while Mrs. Eddy turned from the subject as painful, you saw tears in Mary's eyes. If you quoted a wise or witty speech, in some magnetic way she made you feel that it pleased her; if you said anything insincere or unfeeling, her eyes left the everlasting work a minute to glance at you in denial and disapprobation; a look so quiet you couldn't resent it, and yet which haunted you."

"Once—the day before the family departed—I met Mary walking alone, and made her talk; her face shone like Stephen's! her thro' were pure as pearls and fresh as violets, all vias uttered in that unconscious, quiet, fascinating way."

"I asked Hal about her last Sunday, 'Oh, she was,' he said, 'a weak, mystical, half-witted thing—a cousin of his wife's—they pitied her, invited her to this visit in the country on account of her health—but he remembered she made herself very useful in keeping the children still.' Yet I, staid disciple of medicine, that I am—of all professions the most prosaic—was completely enchanted by this meek 'quaker of children.'"

"Some angel who came unawares to uplift and heal that excellent family; and finding them inexhaustible went back to heaven no more."

"So be it then," I answered, bent upon retaliating for the ruse he had played upon me; "but Charlie, speaking of splendid people, do you remember Frank Leslie?"

"Yes, indeed, another glorious man lost by lapsing into married life. The poor fellow has

been cruelly tried in business affairs; has lost his all, and works like a slave now to support his wife and family; only keeps them alive by superhuman exertions—think of the drudgery! Eddy told me about it; and I mean to look him up, will you go with me?"

"Right gladly—but shan't we look up our paragon of womanhood first?"

"Don't speak of it! that she's one of the Eddy tribe is sufficient for me. But I am in earnest about Frank."

We found the house soon. As we entered the parlor, I saw Charlie glance at the under-peried windows, and imitation walnut chairs, as if comparing this with the luxurious apartment to which Frank had so often welcomed us in the days of his bachelorhood.

But some vestiges of former elegance remained; a piano, rare books, engravings from Raphael, Guido, Correggio, and—

We did not wait to look farther, the picture about the blazing fire was better than any on the walls. Supper over, the little family had met after the day's work to enjoy each other's presence. Mrs. Leslie disarmed prejudice at once by her gentle, lady-like demeanor. Frank made us forget our pity in his joy at meeting old friends again, and the pride with which he introduced us to the inmates of his house. The bright-eyed children, directly we were seated, climbed back to their station, two on the father's knee, and one on a cricket stool beside him; while a fourth, in answer to a beckoning smile, crept behind our chairs to sit on the sofa with the young lady who had been introduced as Miss Armitage, Mrs. Leslie's sister.

It was raining out of doors, and the wind howled angrily; perhaps this added to the look of cheer, security, and peace in that little parlor. I cannot recall our conversation. I remember that Miss Armitage opened the piano at our request, and Charlie said played divinely; her music was most beautiful to me when Mrs. Leslie's sweet, low voice, and then one by one the children's voices chimed with it, as they sang their little evening hymn. I have heard Grieg, and Sontag, and Jenny Lind, but never any music so like that of angels, as the songs of childhood always seem to me; and these children, with such bright intelligence in their faces—such an air of culture and refinement!—I could not wonder that Manning went wild and begged for more. I saw him looking, too, as they stroked the father's hair with their little dimpled hands, laid their sweet faces to his, and watched him while he talked. He heard them say their prayers at last, and went to see if they were safe in bed. The little elves had bewitched him out of his weariness and worldliness at once. For all his cares and losses, he was lighter-hearted than either of his guests.

After the children went, with their sweet voices haunting me, I was ready to depart also; not so Charles Manning; he had taken away Miss Armitage's work, and on pretence of examining it, had drawn her into conversation; would it never end! The storm had ceased, and the stars were bright before I could entice him home.

He praised Frank, praised the children and Mrs. Leslie, and the piano and pictures; not a word about Miss Armitage.

I ventured to ask an opinion.

"She will vanish to-morrow morning," he exclaimed, "she is one of the angels beyond mistake; and so it was cruel in you to hurry me away while she did last. But if that pale, poor, homely, fascinating damsel of yours were

"Were named Mary Armitage!" I interrupted. He wheeled me round in the moonlight to look into my laughing face.

"You cannot mean it! then for once in my life I am caught in a snare—your unsophisticatedness threw me off my guard. But you were right, her talk is like pearls and violets, and she herself is a pearl of worth and wisdom, and purity, if any man could be so fortunate to win her! She homely and poor!"

"Any one can guess a little way into my sequel: that in a few months wedding cake came from 'Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Waverly Place.' I wish the remainder were conveyed as easily—that I could have you enter into their model home, map out the pathway of their beautiful lives, and tell how courtesy and hospitality abide there; not in marble statues alone, but in actual presence; how beside the rare pictures on the wall, and the well-filled library, refinement and culture exist in the very atmosphere; how with the luxury and splendor we found in Harry Eddy's cheerless home, are combined the sense of comfort and security we found in Leslie's little parlor. It is as if that great, glittering, lifeless show of existence we meet so often, were informed with a living soul that grows, aspires and enjoys."

I do not know more active and efficient workers than the Mannings, in all plans to 'Lidge over the great gulfs of ignorance, and call, 'come up hither, to the fallen, whether by sin or want; but generously as their efforts and their gold may be bestowed, I do believe they help the world on more by what they are, than by what they do; by leading the way in paths they recommend to others, by keeping their own home so pregnant with sincerity, freedom, and love; for it is an easy thing to demonstrate the excellence of virtue, the beauty of disinterestedness, quite another to prove the possibility of translating them into life."

"For he that feeds men serveth few; He serves all who dares be true."

THE MEN OF ATHENS.—The modern Greeks have not greatly changed in their national characteristics since the days of Paul. A modern French traveller, M. About, in a book entitled Greece and the Greeks says:

"We were standing in the middle of the garden, near an oleander which Capo d'Istria had formerly planted with his own hands. 'There,' said the Italian, 'is the only thing which has prospered.' Two of the seven students of the school came and brought us some bouquets of roses. 'Do you think,' I enquired of their professor, 'that these young people will one day profit by your lessons?' They understood what you teach them? 'They understand sufficiently,' he replied; 'you must already know, that it is not understanding that they are deficient in. But when they have well understood, they go and explain to the others what they have just learned; it never comes into their head to apply it. You see that pot of flax? It has been the admiration of all the inhabitants of Argos and Naxos. They used to ask me, 'of what use are those little blue flowers?' I explained how the stalk of the flax is gathered, steeped, and crushed; how this little plant, with blue flowers, can yield a thread, finer, softer, and more

durable than all they make with their cotton. They used to exclaim, 'Ah, really, that is curious! one sees something new every day! I will tell this to my grandfather; he will be much astonished!' Not one ever thought of asking me for some seed."

Evading the Issue.

When those who are most deeply interested in negro slavery, and have reflected most upon the subject shall desire to relieve themselves of it, they will probably adopt a gradual mode of emancipation. The relation between master and slave cannot be suddenly dissolved with safety to either, while the number of slaves is so large.

The Southern people are subjected to the burden of slavery, and they know how to treat it better than we do, and it is alike alien to patriotism, and a true sense of religious duty, to inflame the winds of Southern citizens, and aggravate their condition by a constant course of censure and an unnecessary interference with their affairs.—[Governor Wells's Address.]

Where there is a constant and persistent effort to institute a fictitious issue on a question of public interest, we are certainly warranted in inferring that the true issue is feared. Gov. Wells, and the party whose representative he is, afford a case in point. They approach the discussion of the slavery question as if every-body opposed to their own miserable, dough-face policy was an abolitionist, and about to invade the Southern States and make a forcible emancipation of every slave there held. The above extracts from the Governor's Address, it will be observed, are entirely aimed at those who His excellency feigns to imagine are bent on interfering with slavery in the slave States. This is a mere dodge; and one which shall give no shelter to him who makes it.

The real issue in regard to slavery, and, indeed, the only one of vital interest connected with it as a national question, is its spread and extension into the territories. We have nothing to do with it in the States where it exists; but very few have the hardihood to deny to Congress the power to prohibit its existence in the territories, and the question is, shall Congress exercise its power in this respect? Gov. Wells may spare himself the trouble of discussing the subject of slavery in the States; we tell him its existence there is none of his business. He has, as a citizen of the nation, the right to deal with slavery in its relations to the nation; as a citizen of a free State, he has the right to deal with it in its relations to the free States; but in the Slave States the subject is alike beyond his constitutional power and his moral responsibility. The Governor, therefore, performed a work of supererogation in saying a word about slavery in the slave States, and neglected his duty in failing to enter boldly upon the subject, as it affects our national territories. He was evidently timid on this point, and afraid to speak his mind in a many way. He therefore sought to delude the public with a false issue, but his attempt is awkward and his motive apparent. We wish to advise Gov. Wells distinctly, that the practical, tangible question in relation to slavery is whether Congress, by the exercise of a great constitutional power, shall prevent the extension of the evil into territory now free? This is the substantial issue, and no arts and devices, either of the high official or low demagogue, will blind the people to a knowledge of the fact.

[Ken. Journal.]

SOUND DUES.—The London Times devotes nearly a column to an analysis of the controversy between Denmark and the United States on the question of the Sound dues. The Times presents very fairly the position of the respective parties, and concludes with the following remarks:

"Whatever justice there may be in the arguments which the Americans so peremptorily urge, there can be no doubt that the payment of these dues, consecrated by prescription and justified by common sense, may fairly be demanded. To such an extent, indeed, has this demand been admitted by Great Britain, that the interest on Danish loans raised in this country has been guaranteed on the receipts of these very Sound dues. Again, the expense of keeping up the aids to navigation would fall on a small and poor State, which gains but little from the trade of its great neighbors. Denmark has, however, no doubt, grounded her claims on a wrong basis. She claims the right to stop any ship at pleasure, not because she has built lighthouses, but because she is one of the Powers which hold the Strait. She alleges that it is only of her free bounty that a ship proceeds, even when it has paid the dues. She holds to the theory that a Power possessing the shores of a strait may exclude all foreign vessels—a claim entirely indefensible, and one which would, as Mr. Marry urges, close the Dardanelles and the Straits of Reggio and even the Mediterranean, if the British once more possessed Tangier. If Denmark takes lower ground she will have the world on her side. Every nation is interested in preserving the safe navigation of the Sound and Belts, and is willing to pay a fair amount for such safety. [The United States have signified their willingness to do this.] The trade of the Baltic will probably be vastly increased when this war has been brought to a close, and we trust that by that time Denmark will have made fair terms with the nations of both the Old and the New World."

EFFECTS OF HEAT UPON MEAT.—A well-cooked piece of meat should be full of its own juice, or natural gravy. In roasting, therefore, it should be exposed to a quick fire, that the external surface may be made to contract at once, and the albumen to coagulate before the juice has had time to escape from within. And so in boiling. When a piece of beef or mutton is plunged into boiling water, the outer part contracts, the albumen which is near the surface coagulates, and the internal juice is prevented from escaping into the water by which it is surrounded, or from being diluted or weakened by the admission of water among it. When cut up the meat yields much gravy, and it is rich in flavor. Hence a beefsteak or mutton chop is done quickly, over a quick fire, that the natural juices may be retained. On the other hand, if the meat be exposed to a slow fire its pores remain open, the juice continues to flow from within, as it has dried from the surface, and the flesh pines, and becomes dry, hard and unsavory. Or if it be put in cold or tepid water, which is gradually brought to a boil, much of the albumen is extracted before it coagulates, the natural juices for the most part flow out, and the meat is served in a nearly tasteless state. Hence, to prepare good boiled meat, it should be put into water already brought to a boil. But to make beef-tea, mutton broth, and other meat soups, the flesh should be put into cold water, and this afterwards very slowly warmed, and finally boiled.

The advantage derived from "simmering"—a term not unfrequent in cookery books—depends very much upon the effects of slow boiling, as above described.

These are the views of Liebig and Professor Johnstone on cooking meat, and should be treasured up by every person who boils in a pot or fries in a pan.—[Scientific American.]

How to keep your House warm in the Country.

BY HENRY F. FRICKER.

Discourse as pleasantly and as learnedly as we may, of the cheerfulness and healthfulness of an old fashioned wood fire on the hearthstone, we can never bring back any more of that agreeable idea than the pleasant memories of one generation which has just lived through it, choose to furnish to posterity.

Wood piles on the hearth, like wigwags and log-houses, are, as the clearings increase, getting to be matters of history. They are very pleasant things to remember, but on the whole would be, to our more cultivated sensibilities, in these times, very uncomfortable to depend on, for house warming, in a New England winter.

I trust I am not ungrateful in what I am saying. Many a time have I sat on a stool in the chimney corner, and looked up and seen the stars twinkling through the broad flue—Well do I remember the high-backed settle, which was as essential then in a kitchen, as a sofa is now to a parlor. There may be readers of the *Farmer* so ignorant as not to know what a settle is! It is a high-backed wooden bench, long enough for four, or occasionally, six or eight, boys and girls to sit on, boarded close, from top to bottom on the back, and with arms at the ends, and a board overhead—a piece of furniture doubtless designed, not only for a seat, but for a screen to break the current of cold air, that always whistled past every door and window towards the big fireplace to supply the tremendous draught.

I remember well, too, the fun we had, getting in the wood for the evening fires, at one of our neighbors' where the old fashioned fire-place flourished in its purity. The boys had a sled, with a yoke at the end of the tongue, for the two largest to pull by, and a rope hitched forward, for the smaller ones. We piled on the wood, four-foot length, to the top of the stakes, about three feet high, and then at the word, with the doors set open, in we went, into the kitchen, sled and all, and unloaded near the fire-place. A back-log of any size not less than a foot and a half in diameter, and a fore stick of half the size, were essential to every respectable fire, and a supply of pine knots for light, finished the preparation for the evening's comfort, in the way of light and heat.

say there is a house in Chester, where the occupants always hauled the wood into the kitchen, sled-length, with a horse, but that was before my day. In our own Homestead, we used to burn four-foot wood in the kitchen, and ours was a modern house, built about the year one of the present century. Now as to the comfort of this style of fires—everybody knows who ever lived in an old fashioned house, in the country that in a cold day, everything froze even in the back part of the room, with the large fire blazing, and the chambers where there were no fires, seemed considerably colder than out-doors. Who, that remembers how his breath was frozen like snow upon the blankets,—(we should have perished in sheets)—at waking, ever desires to go back to the old way of keeping warm?

And then the labor and expense! To be sure the wood was reckoned of little value on the lot. But, at my father's, and at every respectable establishment, it was the winter's work for two men, and a team of four oxen, and as many axes, to get up the year's stock of fuel. The men and teams were off by daylight, and brought home the wood, sled-length, load after load, and rolled it up into huge piles in the door-yard, and he was considered an uncommonly forward-looking farmer, who ever had a stock of seasoned wood on hand. And so they toiled all summer, to raise corn and hay and potatoes enough, to keep the men and teams through the winter, and worked all winter long, getting up wood to keep from freezing!

Wood fires, on the hearth, are out of the question. They cost too much, and that is decisive of the matter. Next in order came Franklin stoves, and fire-frames, and patent fire places of all descriptions. The old-fashioned people would see the fire, and war was for a long time, waged against close stoves, mainly because they shut the fire from sight. I have always fancied that the reason why we love to see the fire is because we are usually cold where open fire places are used. I never saw a person who thought a blazing fire a very beautiful object in dog-days, and am inclined to think that a person who is comfortably warm, usually thinks very little of the presence or absence of the fire that warms him; while it is very natural for one who is obliged to stand close by the andirons and turn round, like a goose suspended to a string to roast, once a minute, to keep from freezing—it is very natural for him to like the looks of a wood fire. Some one has suggested, as an economical substitute for the use of those who want a fire to look at, that they should warm their house with a stove, and have a picture of a good fire painted on the fire-board.

The objections to Franklin stoves and fire-frames were found to be that they smoked, because in modern buildings the rooms were too tight to supply the draught, and again, they consumed too much wood. They too are gone, like the Indians, an occasional straggler only, remaining; and we in New England, in spite of all sorts of warnings, of all sorts of fatal effects, have practically come to the choice between stoves and furnaces. Leaving all other questions for those who believe that the earth goes backward sometimes, let us discuss for a little space this question of stoves and furnaces, remembering always that we are speaking of houses in the country. Your brick blocks in the city, sheltered on every side, warmed from cellar to attic day and night, form a distinct class, of which we say nothing now, except that the principles which govern the subjects of heat and ventilation are not limited in their application to the rural districts.

Two objects are to be kept distinctly in view—heat and fresh air. Perhaps the latter should be put first, for without air a man will die in about three minutes, while at the lowest temperature known in this latitude, he would live much longer than that, exposed naked, before he would freeze to death.

There is no difficulty in generating heat enough at a cheap rate. An air-tight stove in an air-tight room will do that, but the difficulty is, nobody can live in such a place, thus heat-

ed. A healthy man must have about a pint of air at a breath, and he breathes about a third, and times in an hour, and so requires about fifty-seven hogheads of air in twenty-four hours! And this air, once breathed, is unfit for respiration, until chemically changed. The pint of air which passes from the lungs does not remain in one lump by itself, in some corner of the room, so that a fresh quantity is taken in at the next breath. A single whiff of cigar smoke will pervade the whole room in a few moments, and an old pipe zealously worked by some vagabond will pollute the atmosphere of a whole street, as you follow behind him. And so, delicate ladies and gentlemen, so fastidious that they would faint at the idea of drinking from the glass another had used, sit pent up in an unventilated room, and breathe—what? Really, it is too disagreeable a topic to pursue so minutely.

The air is, as we have seen, polluted—in other words, it is deprived of its oxygen, and receives in return carbonic acid and vapor, by passing through the lungs in breathing.

This same poisonous carbonic acid is generated also, in large quantities, in the combustion of coal of all kinds. It is heavier at the same temperature than common air, and therefore only ascends through the stove-pipe, or chimney, by being heated and so expanded as to become lighter than common air.

In the air-tight coal stoves, where the combustion is very slow, and all the heat is saved, the carbonic acid is saved also, and instead of going up the chimney, rolls out into the room. It sometimes takes the form of carbonic oxide gas, or, as the miners call it, coal gas, which is, when pure, at once destructive of human life. Such a fire is like a pan of coal ignited in a room without any escape for the smoke or gas—a very common means of committing suicide.

A third method by which the air is rendered impure and unfit for respiration, is by coming in contact with red hot iron. Carbonic acid is generated, not only by the iron itself, but from the particles of dust floating in the air, which are consumed at once by contact with the iron. Iron contains, also, usually, traces of sulphur, phosphorus, and sometimes arsenic, all of which are given off by the iron at a red heat.

These three methods of corrupting the air, namely, by breathing, by slow combustion of coal, including the charcoal made in all tight wood stoves, and by contact with red hot iron, are always to be kept in mind. The remedies obviously are ventilation, or the introduction of fresh air, the use of stoves open, or with sufficient draught to carry off the unhealthy fumes, and the disuse of all stoves and furnaces that require heating to redness.

I have room only for a few general suggestions as to ventilation. Ventilation implies the introduction of air, and its escape; for it is obvious that air cannot come into a room, unless a like quantity at the same time escapes, for the room is at all times full. All stoves that have a free draught constantly carry air out of the room through their smoke pipes.

If your room were perfectly tight, the fire must go out, or smoke, by the air coming down the chimney, in part. You ventilate such rooms by providing an opening for the air to enter the room, and this may be often done by introducing fresh air by a pipe or box through the cellar, and admitting it by a register, under the stove, so that it may be warmed as it enters.

If the heat comes from a furnace, the fresh air being supplied below, and heated, must have space in the room which is to be heated, or it cannot enter. The room is therefore to be ventilated by providing an opening for the escape of the air from it, and this is done best by a register near the top of the room; for, although, as we have seen, the air which has been rendered impure by breathing, is at the same temperature, heavier than before, yet it is warmed in the same process of breathing and so rendered lighter, and at first ascends; as you may see your breath do in any clear, cold morning. In the case of close stoves, or air-tights, there is no change of the air,—no tendency of the air to enter or escape. The room soon becomes like a corked up bottle of the water of the Dead Sea, unless artificial means are provided for the admission and escape of air. A register under the stove bringing fresh air in from without, and a register at some distant point at the top of the room, for its escape, are perhaps the best means of ventilation.—[N. E. Farmer.]

THE BENEFIT OF APPRENTICESHIP.—There is an important feature in the regulations of a master-mechanic, which is frightful to some kind parents' heart; and that is the five to seven years' apprenticeship the boy who learns a trade must submit to. But it is an excellent discipline. It takes the lad at a critical period of life—when he perhaps has a disposition adverse to steady employment, when he is inclined to roam at large, amid the contaminating influences about him—and puts him to a steady round of duties—severe at first, but soon becoming, from habit, agreeable; and when his minority expires, his steady habits and industry are established, and he comes forth of a man, the master of a trade, of fixed principles and good habits; a blessing to himself and the community.

If parents would but look at it aright, they would declare that, had they many sons, they should learn trades. Contrast the youth just alluded to with him who, having a horror of an apprenticeship, is allowed to run at large. At the most critical period of life for forming habits, he is forming those that are the reverse of industry. He is not fitting himself to be a man, but wearing away his boyhood in idleness. The partial parent sees this,

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE. . . JAN. 24, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PARKER, Assistant Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by law. His office is at Scott's Building, Court street, Boston. Telephone Building, New York. N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; R. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore; S. M. Terrence & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

[For The Eastern Mail.]

Water Power.

[In explanation of a map of the Emerson Stream Water Privileges.]

The map here presented, showing the extensive surface or area of water, may satisfy the best of judges that such an extensive body of water must be a never-failing reservoir with a suitable outlet, stream and falls to propel and keep in operation machinery of all kinds on the most extensive scale. And this would be the case, except in some very dry seasons and extreme droughts. But we have the important fact to state, that so large a fountain of water, in area or surface, would, in general, be considered, by good judges, as satisfactory evidence, that so extensive a reservoir of water must insure a very first rate water privilege. And so it would, with such an outlet and stream of water as this has, and would very seldom fail in dry seasons. But when we state the important facts of the depth of this extensive body of water and other circumstances of this very remarkable water privilege, it must greatly increase its value to nearly double as a water privilege, in the estimation of the best judges of such property. In the first place, this large group of ponds, which constitute this extensive surface of water, are in general of very great depth, some of them, it is said, have been sounded to the depth of 150 ft. But they are rated to be on an average 80 ft. And in addition to these important facts of the depth of water, containing as they must, nearly double the cubic feet of water of ordinary ponds, there are connected with some of these ponds extensive bogs, which are also of great depth, which is well known to good judges, who understand the nature of reservoirs of water, that the durability of such bodies of water is far greater where there is such depth and far greater still where large bogs are connected with such reservoirs. This will be very evident to any one who will consider the subject, as it is well known that the evaporation from very deep water and more especially from bogs filled with water is far less, than from shallow water, then as we can take the water from nearly the bottom of the ponds we have nearly twice the number of cubic feet to draw from that we should from shallow ponds, and in connection with these important facts there are some other circumstances connected with this remarkable water privilege: there are in the immediate vicinity of this group of ponds, above mentioned, ten ponds having no outlets or inlets all called deep ponds, some of them of considerable extent and very deep, and it is said, that no outlets or inlets have been discovered. But it is most probable that they must have some underground communication with the large ponds. And another quite remarkable fact is that the water from the outlet to the point where the stream empties into the Kennebec River, is so warm that it seldom freezes during our coldest winters and never to obstruct the operation of machinery so as to require cutting ice. This is very remarkable in a climate like Maine, and not known of any other water privilege in this climate. It has been thought by some that these ponds must be made up of deep springs or the water could not be of such warmth. But whether this is the true reason, or the depth of water, or the large bogs or all these combined, we will not attempt to decide, but these are the facts.

This is a description of the reservoir or fountain of water, as will be seen represented on the map. We will now attempt to describe and explain the outlet and the stream and falls which constitute the numerous mill privileges where the water drawn from this reservoir is to be used. At the outlet of one of the largest ponds, there have been mills and factories for many years, which have had a full and constant supply of water, and though they have had always quite leaky dams the water has held out in dry seasons and droughts better than any other known in our State. This is some practical evidence that we do not over-rate the genuineness of this reservoir or fountain of water which supplies this stream. And from the first mills to the Rice falls and the Railroad water power, which is some three miles, there are some iron works such as axe and scythe factories, and also many excellent water privileges, not yet occupied, which would afford excellent water power for manufacturing on an extensive scale. And from Rice falls or Railroad water power to the point where the Emerson stream empties into the Kennebec River, which is something like four miles, the stream has no falls for about two miles till it passes the Depot in Waterville about three-quarters of a mile near what may be called the Crommett water privilege. Here will be found one of the best water privileges on the Emerson stream, with the exception of the Railroad water privilege, and from this to the junction with the Kennebec River very good water privileges can be had, all good and very reliable even where only a very few feet of dam can be erected, for the water as it runs in the stream naturally is, except in dry seasons, sufficient to carry on the operation of machinery. But we may mention the one near the Depot, tho' the banks would not admit of a high dam yet a dam built there, even a low one, would flow a deep and quite wide stream two miles or more. This would afford a very good reservoir of water which would always be full, and which would be of importance in times of extreme droughts. Now the stream retains its warmth to the point where it empties into the Kenne-

bec river, and even melts the ice on the West side of the river some miles below where it empties in, some weeks before the ice breaks up elsewhere. Now if we compare this water privilege with Lawrence, Lowell, Fall River or Lewiston we shall find the balance of advantages and value much in favor of Waterville. In the first place we feel very certain that this privilege has a far superior reservoir of water to either of those above named. Then to the expenses of dams and other outlays the one at Lawrence (the second dam, the first was carried away by a freshet) cost the owners \$250,000. Now this sum would erect twenty dams on the Emerson stream, and each of these dams would command as many cubic feet of water as the one at Lawrence and many of them twice the fall, which every one knows who is acquainted with water power, greatly increases its value, as a motive power for propelling all kinds of machinery. Now the above description will present the most important facts of this remarkable water privilege. An area or surface containing not less than one hundred square miles of unusual depth, the outlet, stream, and falls are such that the water from this great reservoir can ever be so secured and commanded as always to be used to the best possible advantage. And such too, that there can be no possible danger of freshets, back water, or ice to obstruct the operation of machinery, and less affected by droughts than any other known in our country.

And now further as it relates to this great water power and privilege, if facts do not deceive us, will, when brought into requisition and fully proved by the investment of capital, be found not to be rivalled by any other water privilege in our country. And as to location for Railroad facilities it is not equalled in our State, if in our country. The one which is destined to become the grand trunk through the State of Maine, which has been in operation for some years from Portland to Waterville, is now finished to Bangor and will, no doubt, be extended till it forms a junction with the Halifax and Quebec Railroad which will soon be opened from Richmond to Quebec, and will at no distant day be finished to Halifax. Here it will be seen that we shall have Railroad communication with the one which will constitute the grand trunk and great thoroughfare from Europe through Canada by Quebec and through our State to Montreal, and very probably some future time to the Pacific ocean. Such water privilege with such railroad facilities if equalled can not be exceeded in our country. Then with all these great advantages, Waterville and West Waterville when all these things are truly represented to our enterprising men and companies of capital, must soon be built up into one of the very best manufacturing districts in the State, or most probably in our country; and if we estimate the cost to purchasers, far the best in the world.

Now we predicate all this, on the certain knowledge of the genuineness of this water privilege and its situation in relation to the best facilities for transportation. These are two of the most important considerations in the value of property of this nature. For a water privilege which must be made by many dams and sometimes at a great distance at the outlet of ponds and lakes and on large and rapid streams subject to freshets, ice and back waters, and though perhaps most of the time they may have a good supply of water yet in dry seasons the machinery must stop and workmen lay by. All these difficulties not very unfrequently occur on water privileges which are considered good. Now it must appear very evident that a water privilege, free from all these objections, will hold a much higher rank in value, than one which has some more or less and must be in the future in the nature of things, subject to the above named circumstances and objections. The privilege, if such can be found, where there is a sufficient and constant supply of water to move and keep in operation machinery, where no danger exists from freshets, back water or ice, will be found to ownere equal to ten or twelve per cent. protection against all foreign or home competition. And the fear of this competition is one of the principal reasons why many enterprising men of capital do not think it safe to invest their capital in manufacturing establishments. But if this water privilege does, in fact, combine so many advantages as it is fully believed to do, though it may not come up fully to perfection in all things, yet it must be clearly seen, if carefully and accurately estimated by a mathematical calculation, that capital to any amount may be safely invested without fear, in such kind of property. And this will appear more evident if the intrinsic nature of such water power is fully considered, for it will be most evident to all, who may consider the subject that when brought under the command and control of owners, by good, permanent, stone dams, it will perpetually renew all its great resources for operations, will never wear out or be weary, and therefore can never lessen but must increase in value in all coming time, which cannot be said of any other property on the globe.

"N. 3."—The first Assembly of Waterville Engine Company, at Elmwood Hall, was well attended and highly pleasant. Like all the efforts of No. 3, this course of Assemblies is not only "bound to go," but to constitute a series of highly agreeable entertainments. The characteristic elegance and order of the Elmwood prevailed in the hall; where the propriety of the management must have secured a full attendance for the second Assembly, appointed for Friday evening of this week. The excellence of the music, by Tenue's popular band, elicited the highest praise—communicated most inspiring "fidgets" to such feet as could not thread the crooked paths of the "Wenzel."

The weather continues fine for business—good sleighing, sunny days and pretty moonlight nights—with the thermometer at a pretty good "downward pitch."

OUR TABLE.

POEMS OF HOME AND TRAVEL, by Bayard Taylor.

A romantic interest attaches to this author, that renders him a great favorite personally, especially with the fairer portion of community; and few of our literary men are better received or more warmly welcomed than Bayard Taylor, whether he comes as traveler, lecturer, or poet. In this last character he has several times presented to the public small volumes which have had a wide circulation; and new editions of these having been called for, he has selected the poems deemed worthy of preservation, and they are to be found in the present volume. This, therefore, and 'Poems of the Orient,' another volume recently published, contain all of his poetry that he wishes to have remembered. A few pieces written since the appearance of the work last named are inserted in this, from which we select the following, by way of sample:

WIND AND SEA.

The sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes;
The merriest abode in the dimpling line
That flinks his blue robes;
He says his own at the feet of the Sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And looks at the first faint faint on the shore,
In the mirth of the mighty sea.
But the wind is sad and restless
And cursed with an inward pain,
You may mark as you will by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He walks on the barren, he walks on the shore,
And shrieks on the wintry sea.
He sobs in the cedar and moans in the pine,<
And shudders all over the barren tree.
Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best—
The lighter that sings from the Ocean's lips,
Or the comforter who sighs in distress,
There's a pang in all his sighing,
A joy in the heart of his glee,
And the winds that sadden, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the same strain.

For sale at Matthews's.

THE COMMUNION SABBATH, by Nehemiah Adams, D.

D. D. Pastor of the Essex Street Church, Boston. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

"Viewing with deep interest, from time to time," says the author in his preface, "those who leave the House of Worship when the Lord's Supper is to be administered, the thought has presented itself of preparing a volume which might, in some parts of it, be interesting as well as useful to them. While, therefore, this book is also designed for Communicants, they to whom it owes its origin are kept in mind."

The New York Observer says—"It is impossible for us to speak in terms of too earnest commendation of this beautiful volume, which we would gladly see in the hands of all Christian readers. It is upon a theme on which Dr. Adams is just the man to write, and his whole soul breathes its holy fervor over these glowing pages. The most interesting topics that cluster about the Lord's table are treated with the skill of a master writer, and the truths of the gospel are brought home to the heart with such fulness of instruction and depth of emotion, as to feed and strengthen the soul."

This book, which is issued in a style neat and elegant, is for sale at Matthews's.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE

LANDOR. Edited by George Stillman Hillard. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Having long been a student and an admirer of the writings of Walter Savage Landor, Mr. Hillard says he is moved to present to the public a volume of selections therefrom, in the hope that by the personal many will be induced to read his entire works, which are now little known in this country. In his own words, "If, through the little book of selections, I can persuade the public to pass into the study the structure of wisdom and beauty which Landor has rarely, my purpose will have been accomplished. He is a man of letters, and all who are American people, aside from his literary merits, for his ardent love of liberty, and his sympathy with all who do not possess its blessings. The volume is ornamented with a handsome portrait of Landor; and being in the old fashioned, broad-faced type of a past age, agreeable to the eye—it has a quaint look absolutely bewitching to a genuine lover of books."

From this rich storehouse, abounding in "pearls of thought, as perfect in form as they are solid in substance," we borrow a handful of gems and give them a setting below:

If you wish to make the bulk of men wiser, do not put books into their hands, and from which they spring in a way through difference, or must drop from necessity; but give them employment suitable to their abilities, and let them be occupied in what will repay them the most certain and the best.

Kings play at war unfeignedly with republics; they can only lose some earth, and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose the most precious part of themselves.

Ambition is but avarice on stilts, and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind; none of them surely for our admiration.

That which moeth the heart most is the best poetry; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.

It is easy to lie down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

What is companionship, where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the small dimension of the smaller? 'Tis a delicacy to HAVE a slave; 'tis an inexpressible curse to BE one.

The worst of unbelief is that which regards the goodness of our heavenly Father, and from which there springs in us a desire of breaking what we cannot bend, and twisting what we cannot break; and by the way, in his security, Christianity, as I understand it, is a religion of the heart.

What is a good servant who obeys the just orders of his master; who repays his wages, measures his stature, or traces his pedigree? On all occasions it is better to be a little more than tolerant; especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves has given freely from us.

Woe gives strength to the weak as winds drive up snow, making and concealing many abysses.

If an English lawyer is in danger of starving in a market town or village, he invites another and both thrive.

A 4th of Shakespeare would have made a Milton; the same portion of Milton, all poets born ever since.

When Love finds the soul, he neglects the body, and only turns to it in the midst of his afterthought.

I feel that I am growing old, and I am growing old to tell me that I am looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

It is easy to plume the pillow of love; it is difficult to keep it from being soiled by the dust of passion and passion.

Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked at; lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber.

The book is for sale at Matthews's.

BIBLE HISTORY OF PRAYER, with Practical Reflections, by Charles A. Goodrich. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

The history of the authorship of this volume is as follows:—"On the eve of the departure of a missionary to Ceylon, a few years since, a MS. was presented to him by a young lady, a relative of his, accompanied by a wish that it might prove during his voyage, and thro' his toils and trials as a missionary, a source of instruction and consolation. A copy of the MS. was retained by the young lady, who some time after placed it at the disposal of the author of this work. It contains all the passages of the Bible pertaining to prayer. The perusal of this MS. suggested the present volume."

The work is made up of brief discourses on prayer, the different passages of scripture forming appropriate texts thereon, and giving it attraction for youth, and it will have a tendency to inspire and encourage all to a more faithful performance of this first of Christian duties. For sale at Matthews's.

SABBATH SCHOOLS, by the Little Children Aided by JAMES. By the Mother of the Mothers of the Bible. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

A most excellent little book for the Sabbath School or the home circle, being nicely adapted to the comprehension of children, and to interest them in the lessons of morality and virtue which it aims to teach. It is a very successful attempt in one of the most difficult departments of book-making, and it will not fail to find favor with those who are most careful in the selection of books for their children.

It will be found at Matthews's.

ZAIDEE, a Romance. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

This romance was first introduced to American readers by Little's Living Age, a publication celebrated for the excellence of its selections in this as well as other departments of literature. It is now published in a cheap form, under an arrangement with the proprietors of the Living Age, to reproduce in this way all the stories that appear in that magazine. The romance cannot fail to be popular, and will drive out of circulation much of the worthless trash which now darkens the land.

For sale by all periodical dealers.

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW.—In our late notice of this work, one of the best and cheapest of the kind in the country, we mentioned the Prize Songs, now in course of publication in many of these occupy a prominent position among its pages. These songs, and will help it to a still wider circulation. The names of Dr. Lowell Mason, Mr. George F. Root, and Mr. William F. Bradbury, as regular contributors, commend it to the confidence and support of every lover, teacher, and pupil of music. Published by Mason Brothers, at \$1 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Contents of the December number:—Conclusion of Zerkow, a charming romance. Simony and Lay Patronage, of Herodotus, and Morally Considered. Illustrations of Herodotus, in which some one comes to the rescue of the father of history, who has been accused of drawing a long bow occasionally. Modern Light Literature—Art: an assault upon Ruskin and his theories, half in jest and half in earnest. Courtship under Difficulties, a humorous history. Our Rural Population and the War; a note of alarm in reference to the depopulation of certain portions of the kingdom by emigration, and the general deterioration of the working classes. Death of the Rev. John Eagles. Index.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of Subscription.—Any 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.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The number for February is early in the field, but this issue by no means indicates light weight. George Washington, by John S. C. Abbott, profusely illustrated, is the opening article, then follow Adventures in the Gold Fields of Central America, with illustrations; Birchknoll—a new ghost story of old Virginia; Fur-hunting in Oregon; Sentiment and Action; Passages of Eastern Travel, illustrated; Chase, Dickens, with portrait; four more chapters of Little Dorrit, Dickens's new work; Monthly Record; Literary Notices; Editor's Table, Easy Chair, and Drawer; with a leaf of Comicalities, Fashions, &c. As usual, we are indebted to Fetridge & Co., of Boston, for this work, which will be found at the bookstore of Mr. J. G. Moody, Waterville.

NORTHERN HERETICS.—The N. Y. Observer, in giving a synopsis of "A belief," classes the abolitionists among those who "ignore the fall of man and its consequences."—This may also be a part of the belief of the Observer's subscribers at the South, but must savor a little of heresy to its northern anti-slavery patrons—if it has any. But when the Observer records its belief that these northern brethren "encourage men placed in subordinate stations in society to murmur at their lot, to envy, and hate, and violate the obligations which God imposes on them in their relations to their fellow men," it will generally be conceded that if this item of its creed is not true it ought to be. The Observer's teaching, that because "God imposes" the condition of slavery it is the duty of the slave "to therewith to be content," is an article of belief that we should class among the "damnable heresies" that are liable to work iniquity to the church.

"Old Ticonic."—A friend requests us to make inquiry after the health and condition of this popular old member of the fire department. He suggests that both the Ticonic and the Bloomer, if kept in order, would be highly useful at an extensive fire, and greatly relieve the severe labors that usually devolve upon the "Waterville." We suppose both these engines are kept in a condition to come to the rescue when occasion demands—lacking only the men who are responsible for their appearance. If this is not the case, our friend is right in suggesting that it ought to be.

MUSIC.—It will be seen by reference to their advertisement that Mr. Ben C. Brett and his sister propose to give one of their popular concerts at Appleton Hall, on Wednesday evening next. We have not seen the programme, but venture to promise a pleasant entertainment, such as is greatly needed just at this time.

W. L. A.—Frederick Douglass lectures upon his favorite topic, slavery, at the Baptist Church this, Thursday, evening. Tickets ten cents. Those who heard his former lecture will find "Richard himself again" when unfettered by manuscript. No man cuts closer, or swings the battle-axe with a broader sweep. Let him have a full house.

Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court, sitting at Portland, has refused to recognize the credentials of the newly appointed sheriff of that county; on the ground that the present sheriff holds his office till the election of a successor by the people, agreeable to the late amendment of the constitution.

At the meeting of the owners of the Ticonic Mills and Dam, held on Saturday last, a majority in interest of the owners of the Mills and Dam on the Waterville side of the Kennebec River, being present, it was determined and voted to rebuild the Bulkhead and Raceway dam carried away by the late freshet, immediately; and Wm. Getchell Jr. was appointed agent to superintend the work. It was also voted that the owners on the West side of the River would at any time during the ensuing Summer and Fall, unite with the owners of the privilege on the east side, in erecting a dam directly across the River at such point between the Ticonic Bridge and the head of Rock Island as in the judgment of a competent engineer may be deemed most advisable. A proposition is also made to such of our citizens as may be able and willing to do something towards relieving business in this place, to unite their capital in putting in operation a flour mill in the large brick building erected by F. B. Blanchard, near the Falls. The proposition on the part of the owners of the building and water power is to take the amount thereof in Stock of the Company, the active capital necessary, to be submitted by others. It may not be improper here to remark, that the building is equally well adapted to the business of manufacturing intoxicating liquors out of grain; and if the good people of Waterville deem that a more desirable investment they can have the same building and water power for this purpose.

BREAD OR LIQUOR.

"HARK!—Those who open their ears in a still evening, when the wind is right, will catch the tones of the new bell on the Universalist church, at Kendall's Mills. This is a rarity, with a voice of great sweetness, from the tongue of some 1200 lbs. of bell-metal, and gives great satisfaction to our neighbors up the river.

TO THE W. L. A.—A near neighbor, (who says he speaks in behalf of himself and others) after commending the liberality of the Directors of the W. L. A. in securing lectures on slavery, woman's rights, &c. inquires if they will admit a lecture upon Spiritism—provided the friends of that faith will secure an

honorable lecturer, and engage to meet the possible deficiency of funds. He would not expect it to constitute a part of the regular course, but to take the same position as Mr. Douglass's lecture this evening. We doubt not they will most cordially do so—and will notify him of their reply when they favor us with it.

CONGRESS.—The House continues to ballot for speaker, with a growing dubiousness in regard to the result. How long will the American people smother the voice of rebuke towards the minority factions which, thus stop the wheels of government?

Waterville College.

We have read, with more than ordinary attention and interest, the 'Report of the Faculty of Waterville College, on the Condition and Wants of the Institution,' presented at a special meeting of the Trustees, Dec. 18, 1855. This College is understood to be under the special patronage of the Baptist denomination; and it ought, by this time, to be apparent to our readers that we are no friends of exclusive sectarian institutions of any kind. Nevertheless, in Colleges, as in everything else, 'what is everybody's business is nobody's business.' Experience has shown that some theological—certainly some religious—bias is necessary to stimulate the great mass of people to labor for any great cause—whether of education or anything else. If the *odium theologum* is the strongest expression of hate, let us be thankful that the *amor theologus* is the strongest expression of love.

It ought not, therefore, to be urged as an objection to Waterville College that it is a sectarian institution, any more than it ought to be urged against Bowdoin, or Harvard, or Yale. If the College is a good one, it deserves encouragement. That it is a good one, the names of its Professors, and the triennial catalogue of its graduates filled with honored names, amply testify. What it wants now, to enlarge its sphere of usefulness, is money—a want by no means confined to Waterville College. This report sets forth, in a clear and eloquent manner, the whole scope of the College requirements. It is the best plea for Colleges, and College education, that we have ever seen.

We have read the appeals of Quincy and Sparks, and heard the eloquence of Everett and Walker on the same subject—but nothing equal to this. We would have this pamphlet put into the hands of every young man seeking after greater knowledge and clearer light.

We confess to a preference for our own Colleges over those in other States. The largest Colleges are not necessarily the best. We have a personal feeling of attachment for 'Old Bowdoin' which leads us to set it above any other. But that cannot hinder our hearty recognition of the claims of Waterville College on its friends.

What it needs, as set forth in this appeal, is the sum of \$60,000. We hope it may get that sum. Such instructors as Prof. Chapman and others deserve too well of their country to be neglected and overlooked. We hope to see a new impetus given to all our Colleges, and welcome this movement in behalf of Waterville as inaugurating that movement.

[State of Maine.]

DIFFICULTY BETWEEN THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH CONSULS AT HONG-KONG.—Quite a serious difficulty had arisen at Hong-Kong, between the American and English Consuls.

The trouble arose by the British police of the port apprehending E. W. Nichols, master of the ship Reindeer, on board his ship, for an assault on the carpenter, and putting him in irons. Mr. Nichols was fined but refused to pay. Consul Keenan was present during the examination, and protested against the jurisdiction of the court, as the affair took place on board of an American ship. The police proceeded to lock up Capt. Nichols, but Mr. Keenan took him by the arm and went quickly to the harbor, where he took a boat and went on board the United States steamer Powhatan. The Superintendent and police followed, and demanded the prisoner to be given up. Captain McCluney, of the Powhatan, replied that without stating whether Nichols was on board the Court altogether illegal, and he would not hesitate to resist by force, any attempt of the British authorities to exercise jurisdiction over American citizens in American ships. Nichols afterwards sent the amount of the fine to the Court. The American Consul was summoned by warrant to appear and answer but did not attend, whereupon he was apprehended and committed for trial before the Supreme Court, charged with the rescue of a prisoner. The result of the difficulty is not known.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.—The packet ship St. Denis, Captain Alonzo Follansbee, of Boyd & Hinckens' New York and Havre line, foundered at sea on the 16th inst. She sailed from New York on the first. Captain Follansbee, F. Smith, carpenter, F. Davies, steward, C. S. Potter, first cook, Richard Havy, 2d cook, and sixteen seamen went down in the ship. The first mate, Mr. Tufts, third mate, Mr. Gardiner, and nine seamen took to the long boat, were picked up after being 29 hours in it, and bro't to New York by the ship Naples, from Leghorn. The last that was seen of the Captain, who refused to leave the ship, though begged so to do by all, he was standing on deck winging up his watch, when she went down about ten minutes after the boat left.

Captain Follansbee had commanded the St. Denis for nearly 12 years.

The rescued seamen were in the boats 29 hours, with but one barrel of sea biscuit soaked with salt water. They had not one drop of fresh water.

The N. Y. Express says: Great exertions were made by the Captain to save his ship and passengers, but alas! he, with most of the crew, found a watery grave. The mate states that the sufferings of all were intense. A bitter cold wind, with an entire deprivation of all comforts, made the situation of all on board most lamentable.

Among the passengers were a young couple who were married only two days before the packet left this port, both of whom locked in each other's arms, went down into the great depths of the sea together.

The Captain, who is reported to have used every available means in the accomplishment of his duty, leaves a large family to mourn his loss; he was a resident of Pittston, Me., and was esteemed to be one of the most able shipmasters who ever sailed from the United States.

The St. Denis was a strongly built vessel. Her cargo is partly insured. It consisted of 12,000 bushels of grain, 47,000 barrels of flour, 61,000 lbs. of Copper, 137 pieces of rice, with maple wood, tobacco, potash, barley, &c., in smaller quantities.

FIRE.—We regret to learn that the house of Mr. George H. Gardner, in Bowdoinham, caught fire through a defect in one of the chimney flues, during the storm on Sunday afternoon, and was entirely destroyed, together with the entire contents of the upper portion of the house and the cellar. Most of the furniture on the main floor was saved. The barn which were connected with the house by sheds, car-

riage house, &c., were saved. The entire loss is probably not far from \$4,500. There was insurance on the house for \$2,000.

FIRE IN HERMON.—About 4 o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in Ames's saw-mill, which was entirely destroyed, together with about sixteen M shingles and some other property. The mill was a water and steam one, and the fire was discovered in the part most remote from the steam works. The mill was owned by Mr. Irving Ames, and was not insured. The steam works had been put into the mill within a few weeks. Loss about \$3,000. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—[Bangor Whig.]

REDEMPTION OF THE PUBLIC DEBT.—By a report from the Treasury Department, it appears that the amount of the United States debt which has been redeemed before falling due since the 3d of March, 1855, to January 1, 1856, is \$29,933,806.52, on which a premium of \$4,173,495.15 was paid. The interest thereon was \$885,182.38, and the amount of interest saved by prepayment was \$13,097,641.61.

What other nation in the world redeems its debt in this way?

WHO MAKES INFIDELS?—A correspondent of the State of Maine, alluding to the Bible defense of Negro Slavery by Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, after giving citations of its monstrous sentiments, says:—

'I believe that I shall be excused now if I use some other epithet besides "curious" in relation to this work, and the word "blasphemous" I think many people would consider not strong. I would commend Mr. Lord to the care of those who are interested in checking the spread of infidelity. Such a man as he, writing such books, will make more infidels in a week, than all the eloquence of Strauss or the force of Theodore Parker can convert in a year! It is fortunate for his family that he is not eminent enough to live long in history.—Fifty years from now his descendants will have cause for gratitude that their ancestor's works were long ago forgotten.'

Mr. Lord's case is only a new exemplification of an old truth that a mind perverted itself, naturally perverts all things, however holy, to sustain its own absurdities.

POPERY IN LOUISIANA.—Louisiana was originally settled by Papists, who had consequently the prestige of respectability, wealth and numbers in their favor, when that territory was annexed to the United States. Since its admission into the Union forty-three years of religious toleration have elapsed. What is the result? Romanism has but 55 churches in the State, while Protestantism has 2591! Toleration is death to Romanism.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.

A private letter from Lawrence, Kansas Territory, in the Evening Post, says—We are threatened with another invasion on the 4th of March, to arrest officers of the government under the constitution, and it is reported that companies are drilling in Missouri for that purpose. Several of our citizens design to visit the East in a few days to lay our case before the country and among them are Gen. Lane, J. S. Emory, and others.

The Hon. David Atchinson has addressed an appeal to Georgians, to aid him in making Kansas a slave State. He calls for 'young men well armed, with money enough to support them for twelve months, and determined to see this thing out.' He adds in a postscript—'I was a peacemaker in the difficulty recently settled by Gov. Shannon. I counselled the "Ruffians" to forbearance, but I will never again counsel peace.'

MATTERS IN KANSAS.—St. Louis, Jan. 21.—A dispatch from Weston says that the reported battle in Kansas was greatly exaggerated. Nothing serious occurred. There were none killed and but few slightly wounded.

STATE RIGHTS.—Judge Smith, of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, has given a recent decision in a suit against the U. S. Marshal for an unlawful arrest, to the effect that the State Courts have a right to issue a writ of habeas corpus for the purpose of taking a person out of the custody of an officer of the United States, and having a hearing to ascertain if he be properly detained. The authority cannot be suspended except in case of rebellion or invasion. Some difference of opinion exists on this question, involving State sovereignty, but in Wisconsin the Courts have formed and reiterated the opinion contained in this decision of Judge Smith.

CHIVALRY IN KENTUCKY.—A teacher named Brady in one of the city schools at Lexington, Kentucky, being the suspected writer of a letter in an Ohio paper reflecting on slavery, a gang of about 200 rowdies went and dragged him from his lodgings. Then in the language of the Louisville Courier,

"He was conducted to the Court House yard, and there stripped. A large quantity of pitch had been prepared for the occasion, with the contents of several bags of feathers. The clothing was speedily removed from the

