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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 22): December 10, 1857

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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the Connecticut Sunday law, is run in the dead hours of night, and has but one passenger car attached. No route agent is employed to take care of the mail bags, and Tuckerman's plan seems to have been to carry a large trunk weighted with iron ballast, and during the necessary absence of the baggage master from the baggage cars at the stoppage places, to enter, and put the letter bag which he deemed most valuable into his trunk. He has managed his robberies very adroitly, but the most skilful rogue will always be caught at last.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . DEC. 10, 1857.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

Y. P. PALMER, 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 is at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York. N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore. S. M. Patterson & 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.

### Clinton vs. Gardiner.

On the line of the Penobscot & Kennebec railroad and near the ox-bow of the Sebasticook river, lies Clinton village, usually styled Hunter's Mills for obvious reasons. Its population are industrious, moral, in a word good citizens; and like the young man mentioned by the evangelist, if the commandments were rehearsed to them, would undoubtedly reply, "All these have I kept from my youth up." For them too, the old answer stands ready, "I lacketh thou one thing; for among their possessions few count 'the pearl of great price.'"

On Sabbath evening, the 22d ultimo, a series of meetings for the special benefit of this place, was commenced by the resident minister together with various associates and fellow laborers, at home and from abroad. Moved by these exertions and remembering the Gardiner example, one of the "good citizens" alluded to above, offered to give a barrel of flour, if the ladies would obtain music, and themselves haul it to the minister's dwelling. Good and benevolent women would not lose such an opportunity; brave women would not suffer the challenge to lie unquestioned. The store was invested by a company of fifty. The brass band was an impossibility; but the procession was marshaled by a lady conducting a carriage containing a mole, one, its player, and a clear-voiced treble, who were to guide the concerted music of all. The auspicious barrel is escorted to its place by a select committee; and falling into line along the ropes, they begin the march, singing

"God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform."

Others, moved by the spirit of the scene, unite their contributions. Up the long hill they move, now singing,

"Happy day, that fixed my choice."

With fifty willing hands and hearts, "the yoke was easy and the burden light."

Of the thanks and brief but appropriate address from the pastor, we need not speak. But after these arose a brief perplexity. The removal of the barrel from the wagon to the house was no light matter. In the midst of hurried consultation however, the woman for the emergency appears, takes the barrel in her arms, and places it on the ground gently, as if it had been an infant. With which feat, unequalled in Gardiner or elsewhere, our account properly closes.

**THE WEATHER.**—Be it known to our friends at the West—especially such as went there because they could not endure the cold winters in Maine—that on the 2d and 3d days of December the farmers here were plowing, and the ground clear of frost! Now the fields are lightly sprinkled with snow, but the weather is as gentle and smiling as a good wife. We have the double luxury of both wheeling and sleighing—though neither is benefited by the other—and the young cattle and sheep still find pleasure in picking up the crumbs that have fallen from the table of autumn. What mean the reports of blocking snow storms all through the West?—that warm and fertile West, to which so many of the shivering sons of Maine have gone to thaw themselves out? They write home that they enjoy the luxury of sleighrides at the very threshold of November. Possibly they may get so well hardened by exposure that they will be able to endure the frosts of Maine for the sake of enjoying the thousand luxuries denied them at the West.

**Business in our streets is lively; and if we were merely lookers-on we should hardly suspect that times are hard or money scarce. Produce, of most kinds, is bearing higher prices than are quoted at most other markets in the State; while imported goods are doubtless sold here as low as elsewhere. Every body seems in good heart, looking forward to redemption and issues by the banks, as the channel through which the business world is soon going to slide along to the highway of prosperity.**

**HEREFORD.**—Our enterprising friend Forbes, of the Oxford Democrat, has sold his clerical-faced Hereford bull, that has attracted so much attention among stock breeders. He has, however, bought another of the same blood, "only more so." Its genealogical paragraph from the Herd Book is long enough to reach back to the famous "Bulls of Bashan," and possibly passes through a family branch of the "Irish bull" that every body has heard of. Its long array of "g. d." must at least class it with profane history; though there is ground to hope that the stock of the animal may not add to the amount of profanity.

**Be Careful, ye who leave your horses at the East end of the bridge, to hitch them safely.** A few days ago Mr. Taylor, of Winslow, found a valuable horse choked to death, having slipped and fallen in such a way as to be unable to rise.

We are again under obligation to Hon. S. P. Benson, for valuable public documents.

### OUR TABLE.

**THE HORTICULTURIST, AND JOURNAL OF RURAL TASTE.** The December number of this periodical is well filled, and contains, in addition to the usual attractions, a portrait of F. Andrew Michaux, with an accompanying biographical memoir. We copy a portion of the prospectus for the coming volume:

This popular publication, which is gradually extending its influence throughout the country, and is becoming indispensable to the taste of the Gardener, the Fruit Cultivator, and the Horticulturist, will be continued under the editorship of J. Jay Smith, whose ability and taste in matters of country life are highly appreciated throughout the country.

The cultivation of the beautiful, both in Nature and Art, is justly esteemed an important element in education, and recommends itself to the attention of every retired gentleman of leisure—every one who wishes to make his dwelling and grounds attractive, and to surround himself with those luxuries and comforts that spring from the fruitful bosom of the earth, when cultivated by the practical hand. The topographical execution of the Horticulturist is designed to be an index to its contents—plain, clear, and elegant. It embraces within its scope:

I. The Description and Cultivation of Fruit and Fruit Trees, of every kind, and in which we are already more interested than any other people.  
II. The Description and Cultivation of Flowers and Flowering Plants, and Shrubs, from the most delicate and tender to the most hardy and robust.  
III. To the Description and Cultivation of all Edible Plants, which are, or should be, grown in our gardens.  
IV. Gardening as an Art of Taste—with designs for Ornamental or Landscape Gardening.  
V. To Rural Architecture—embracing Designs for Rural Cottages and Villas, Farm Houses, Lodges, Gates, Vinery, Ice Houses, etc., etc.  
VI. To Arboriculture—or the Planting and Culture of Forest and Ornamental Trees.

VII. To Botany and Entomology—so far as these branches are connected with the beautiful in nature, and to which the work is especially devoted.  
The extended and valuable correspondence of the Horticulturist presents the experience of the most intelligent cultivators in America; the superior illustrations, and the instructive and agreeable articles from the pens of the editor and contributors, make it equally sought after by the general reader interested in country life, and by the professional cultivator of the garden, the orchard, or the country seat—to scientific and practical cultivators of the soil—to Nurserymen and commercial gardeners, this Journal, giving the latest discoveries and improvements, experiments and acquisitions in Horticulture and those branches of knowledge connected with it, will be invaluable.

The publisher also says—  
There are in every neighborhood some Men who love Fruits and Flowers—lovers of the beautiful in nature and art—and Women who love Flowers as Women only loves them. These would cheerfully become patrons of the Horticulturist, if it was once presented to their notice. It is just what they need to inform them of all new and valuable Fruits and Flowers, and the best methods of cultivation. It is the Journal they require to enable them to reach the class of persons, and thus increase the circulation and usefulness of this Journal, as well as to offer a small compensation to those friends who are laboring so earnestly to introduce us to the Horticulturist, and to their neighbors, the Publisher offers liberal premiums.

Published by Robert Peckham Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition, \$5.

**FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.**—We almost feared we had been "baited" with a single number of this work; but the reception of two numbers at once would seem to indicate that the omission of last month was accidental. We hope we shall not fail to receive it regularly hereafter, for it is a periodical of great merit. The leading articles (most of them copiously illustrated) in the two numbers before us are—From Gibraltar to the Bidasoa, An American in Venice, A Story of New Year's Eve, The Shoemaker of St. Gobain, The Roman Catholic Custody, The Chemistry of Daily Life, Thrilling Incidents of the Revolutionary War, Amusements in India, The Pates and Festivals of the Nicaraguan Indians, a few chapters of 'Vere Egerton,' Something about India, Chamolli Hunting, Yentloquoque and its Master, A Brazilian Natural History, How Two Hearts were Lost and Won, A Few Pleasant Words about Music and Musicians, The Pottery of the Tombs of Peru, and Adventures with a Monomaniac, The Second Napoleon, Carthage, the Rascal King of Persia—and as many more that we cannot enumerate, with Wit and Humorous comic illustrations, &c., &c., to say nothing of one-third of each number devoted to the services of the ladies, with beautiful fashion plates and innumerable patterns for work and all sorts of knick-knackery.

The publisher calls this 'The Monarch of the Monthlies,' and says it is the cheapest magazine in the world. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

**LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.**—Among the extra good things in Nos. 706 and 707, we would instance—Tom Brown of Rugby, New Zealand, M. Sue and Quinet on the Religious Situation, Description of Tighat Plesier I. Moral Culture of Antiquity, Charles Spurgeon and the Pulpit, Lorn, Christian Government of India, The Four Empires, The Poems of Baroness Nain, The Mediterranean Sea, and the conclusion of Janet's Repentance.

Do not let the playful hard times deter any old friend of Little's Living Age from continuing his subscription, or any stranger from making its acquaintance; no other work can fill its place, and no other one furnishes so large an amount of reading, equally good, for the same money.

Published in weekly numbers of 64 pages each, by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year; single numbers 12 cts.

**PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.**—This comes first into the field for the new year, with an array of attractions hard to resist. In the pictorial department there will be found two fine steel engravings, 'Grandfather's Carriage,' and 'Mother's Darling,' and a host of minor embellishments, designs, &c. Of course the stories are good, and we have marked two or three to be copied. Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth commences a new story in this initial number of a new volume, entitled 'The Outcast; a Romance of the Blue Ridge,' the continuation of which will of course be looked for with interest. Peterson claims that his magazine, being cheap and good, is emphatically the one for the people. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDITING MAGAZINE** for December has the following table of contents:—Scenes of Clerical Life, No. 3—Janet's Repentance, conclusion. Notes on the Isthmus of Panama, What Will He do with It? by Platiastus, Caxton—part 2, Military Education—part 2, Cambrils and Cottonopolis, A Few Words from the Khyber, The Company's Raj.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription:—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 00 per annum; any two Reviews \$5 00; any three Reviews \$7 00; all four Reviews \$8 00; Blackwood's Magazine \$3 00; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9 00; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10 00—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the United States will be twenty-four cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but fourteen cents.

**FORBES'S PLAYMATE.**—The December number, which completes a volume, is full of pleasant and profitable reading, and ornamented with many pretty pictures. A letter in hieroglyphics will amuse the little folks and sharpen their wits. We trust the young patrons of the Playmate are so prepared to renew their subscriptions, and that many who have seen but little of it will desire to receive it regularly. A year's subscription for it would make a very appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift for boy or girl. Published by William Guild & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

**LOOK OUT FOR CINDERELLA!** Mr. J. E. Tillon, Salem, Mass., has just published a very pleasant diversion for children, styled Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper. The highly colored figures are intended to be cut out like the paper dolls, and afford quite a variety of pleasing changes, which cannot fail to interest and amuse the little folks. Those who are familiar with the fairy story of Cinderella, can make the diversion very entertaining, and the magic wand is bound to have a great run in this guise as in every other form in which it has been presented to the popular notice. For sale by all book-sellers.

**SNOW'S PATRIOTIC RAILWAY GUIDE** for the New England States and part of Canada, is a most useful and convenient handbook for the traveler. In addition to official time-tables of the Railway companies, with stations, distances, fares, &c., it contains complete Railway Maps of each of the New England States, and a plan of the city of Boston. It is published monthly by

George K. Snow, Boston, and is sold by ticket-masters, periodical dealers, and newsmen generally; price 6 cts.

**FORGORY.**—A friend tells us of a singular case of forgery. A large dog had been accustomed to get bits of money from his master, which he would carry a few rods to a meat shop and exchange for a lunch of fresh meat. One day when change was short, old Growler was handed a bit of white paper, on which his master had written in pencil something that made it good for the usual slice of meat, and with some urging the dog was induced to go and present it. Finding it legal tender, he next day took another—and for some few days the drafts were regularly presented and duly honored. Finally Growler ceased to apply to his master; and after some weeks of abstinence the butcher presented a long bill for meat, one of the largest items of which read, "Meat for Growler at sundry times," so much. The sum was so large as to suggest investigation; when it was found that Growler, in his ignorance of "what's in a name," had concluded that the merit of his draft was in the paper only,—so that as often as his appetite suggested, he would pick up a bit of white paper of proper size and hasten to the meat stall. The butcher looked closer at his day-book than at the order, and made the charge without looking for pencil marks. Strange to say, Growler lost nothing in reputation, though he no longer then lost flesh in trying the experiment afterwards.

There is no limit to "dog stories"—blessings on the faithful creatures!—and we could tell a hundred about our old "Spice." He never seemed to know much about the "higher law," but he certainly had many of the particular traits that make "man" a religious animal. It was always a mystery to us who learned him to go to church; but we well remember who broke him of the habit. Dear Somebody had pelted him with many a brick-bat, and Spice had never said a word about it; but once when the good parson was sick and the Deacon "opened the meeting," old Spice opened his eyes at the same moment; and dropping head and tail, he trotted down the aisle quicker than some very good men make themselves the forerunners of a contribution box. Poor dog!—the Deacon was accountable for his backsliding; but we could never afterwards make him pass a church slower than 2.40! But we reserve the remaining ninety-nine stories for future leisure.

**A PROMISING HORSE.**—A gentleman of Waterville has a young horse, of the Messenger blood, that promises to eclipse in speed any horse ever raised on the Kennebec. His exact speed per mile has not yet been fully settled; but in a late trial at the Waterville Park course, which was a private matter between himself and a friend, it was fully decided that he would have made his mile in the incredibly short time of two minutes and thirteen seconds, but for the fact, discovered too late to be remedied, that the distance fixed upon was too great for the time! No doubt the mistake will be remedied next time.

**BARGAINS! BARGAINS!**—Whoever has money now is fortunate; for by a concatenation of circumstances, cash purchasers can obtain dry goods of our local dealers at their own prices. See advertisement for particulars, and "encourage your own."

**"MUM'S THE WORD."**—To our inquiry about Dr. Ayer, the Bangor Whig responds never a word. What are you afraid of, neighbor? The Jeffersonian, however, boldly reiterates its former charge, in the face of that threatening "card."

**A 'DOWN-EAST' PAPER, SURE.**—W. S. Gilman & Co. have just commenced the publication of a paper at Presque Isle, Aroostook County. It is edited by Joseph B. Hall, and is very appropriately named the *Aroostook Pioneer*. It is devoted to the improvement of matters and things in general and the development of the agricultural and manufacturing resources of Aroostook county in particular, and advocates the construction of a railroad from Bangor to that county. Presque Isle is a village lying in townships E and G, on the Presque Isle river, forty miles north of Houlton. The editor of the *Pioneer* says:

'The *Aroostook Pioneer* is the most northern newspaper in the United States. The nearest press to us in the State is the *Calais Advertiser*, one hundred and thirty miles—and the nearest in New Brunswick, is at Woodstock, forty-five miles. Ours is the only paper in New England, we venture to say, that is published in a *Plantation* organized for election purposes only.'

**THE TOLLS.**—It will be seen that the Directors of the Bridge Company have decided to issue yearly passes, dating with the new year.

**COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.**—We invite attention to the prospectus for the coming year, published in another column. Mr. E. T. Elden is Honorary Secretary for this town, and will receive subscriptions and furnish all needed information.

A number of women in Erie county N. Y. have called a convention, the object of which is stated to be 'to gain a new knowledge of the nature and attributes of man.' An exchange very pertinently asks 'why don't they get married?'

Obtained in that way, perhaps they are afraid the knowledge might in some cases, be dearly bought—"the tuition would come too high."

**MARINE DISASTER.**—The high winds of last week were dangerous to ladies who would go shopping with the usual spread of crinolines. One of these craft, that carried an enormous spread of sail for the hull, we saw caught in a squall, and after tacking, and executing a variety of nautical manoeuvres that were of no avail against the rapid lee way, she finally stranded on a picket fence. Making signals of distress, she was towed to an offing, and went off handsomely before the wind.—*Delfort Press.*

Beauty is calculated to make us better. It is said a man walking on a Brussels carpet, will think twice before he walks, though I doubt this, if he is born in America. So sitting on reserved or mahogany, will restrain his propensity for whittling.—*B. W. Beecher.*

### The Early History of Maine.

**ANCIENT PEMAQUID, BY J. WINGATE THORNTON.**—Few, probably, are aware that the spot of land at the mouth of the Damariscotta river in Maine, known as Pemaquid Point, was once the seat of a colony of churchmen that had hopes of holding the colonists of Massachusetts in check, and that they at one time claimed that Pemaquid was the Metropolis of New England.

Mr. Thornton has done a good work for American history in rescuing ancient Pemaquid from its undeserved obscurity. He shows it to have been a point for a long time, of no little interest and importance. It was there that the early settlers to these shores rendezvoused. Prime was there in 1603, Weymouth in 1605. Popham and Gorges soon after, and from that time forward it was a well known and much frequented trading port, if it was not actually settled before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

He not only thus places it in the van of American history, with Jamestown and Plymouth, and Cape Ann, but he brings to light purposes and plans on the part of the colonists and their patrons, which had they been feasible and successful, might, and probably would have materially affected the subsequent history of the North American colonies. At one time, the colony, it appears, consisted of nearly five hundred souls, and was the seat of an ecclesiastical court; but the colony was an infant, unweaned, and yet three thousand miles from its mother church, to whom it was all the time looking for the nourishment that never came, and as might be expected, the babe languished and died. It never had any of the real vital energy and strength of the Massachusetts colonies. Without laws themselves, they early resorted to the tribunals of Massachusetts to settle their differences, and finally petitioned Massachusetts to extend jurisdiction over them. Our author has completely set at rest the oft repeated slander, that Massachusetts pursued a harsh and grasping course towards the colonists of Maine, since it would appear that it was only in obedience to repeated and solemn requests on the part of the colonists of Maine, that Massachusetts took the steps she did.

Our author has brought out many things new and curious in connection with old Pemaquid. It was there that the present form of acknowledgments to deeds was first invented; there the first and only in this country, it is believed, ecclesiastical court was instituted; there was the birth place and home of Samoset, the first and best friend of the Pilgrims; there it seems was committed the first piracy on the American coast; there assembled the first American fleet that ever rode on our waters, and there was built the strongest fort then in America. Indeed, our author has done himself and his subject credit. His history is full of historical facts and details, curious and interesting, and in that regard invaluable to the careful student of American history. But that is not all. He has so linked all that with the history of those times, and the purposes, plans, and designs of the several participants in the discovery and colonization of the States, as to throw much light on our early history. It is a fit accompaniment to his earlier work on the landing at Cape Ann, and is, as was that, a valuable contribution to American history.

[Boston Transcript.]

**JOHN RANDOLPH'S VIEW OF THE MATTER.**—John Randolph, not of 'Roanoke' but of 'Acheson,' who flourished in the recent Bogus Convention of Kansas, told some wholesome truths to the majority who resolved on the swindling mode of submission. Randolph was in favor of sending the constitution directly to Congress without submitting any part of it to the people. Especially was he opposed to the palpable fraud so manifest in the course adopted under the lead of Calhoun. Randolph expressed himself as follows—his language plainly showing that he is the species of individual popularly known as a 'brick':

'Why, here we have two constitutions, one for slavery, and one without. It's just a humbug. The fact is, it's a slave State constitution, and a slave State constitution. That's it—you may laugh. I'll tell you, the world will soon be laughing at us. I guess by this time the news of it is going on the lightning to New York, and if it isn't, it ought to be. This is a grand humbug. It's not fair. It is supposed by some of the gentlemen here that they are awful smart, or that abolitionists are awful fools. We expect them to vote for a slave State in this way. They are not such fools as you suppose. But let us suppose they are such fools.—Is it right that we should swindle them in this way? It isn't fair. I won't do it. If we are to submit it at all, submit it fair; let them have a free State constitution if they vote to be sent us, or do not submit it at all. I tell you this scheme of swindling submission will be the blackest page in our history, and we will never hear the end of it. We won't make much out of this dodge, I tell you. These Black Republicans will get to the bottom of it so quick that you will never cease to hear from this dodge.'

**THE MORMONS AND THEIR WAR.**—A letter from a Mrs. Huddleston, one of the overland company to California, gives an account of the frequent attacks they suffered from bands of Indians and Mormons, who were ranging about, pillaging and murdering unprotected trains. A Mr. Holloway from Illinois, had his wife and children killed before his eyes, and was robbed of \$1,500, escaping only with his life, severely wounded. They found a woman belonging to another train dead by the wayside, with her scalp taken off.

A Mormon woman at Salt Lake wrote to her husband, Sept. 4th, at San Francisco:

'All the men are preparing for war, both old and young. Some companies have gone out to meet the enemy; more are ready to go when called for. The carrying companies are all coming in; what they cannot bring with them they destroy. They have burned hundreds of tons of hay at the stations. Brother Brigham says if the brethren will stand by him, he will never let the Gentiles come into the valleys. He says, before they shall come here we will burn every house, fence and hay stack, and flee to the mountains. We will make a Moscow of the cities and towns in these valleys, and a potter's field of every canon that our enemies come into. Brother Kimball says all the women must have a dirk knife, so I wish you would bring me one. You must bring plenty of powder and lead. Brother Brigham says, if every saint will live their religion we will never be driven from these valleys. We shall stop here until the time comes to go to Jackson county. We shall no more be called the traitors of Utah, but the free people of Deeret.'

John Hyde, Jr., the seceding Mormon apostle, writes in the New York Herald, that the Mormons are utterly infatuated, are well armed and disciplined and supplied with munitions of war, and will prove much more formidable than the government seems to expect. He considers the present small force approaching Utah, entirely at the mercy of the Mormons, and believes they will be cut off or made pris-

oners of war, and that this success will very much embolden the Mormons to persevere in their rebellion.

### Farmer's Clubs.

Dr. True, in an address before the Oxford County Agricultural Society, speaks of the importance of Farmers holding frequent consultations in reference to their particular callings.

He remarks:

'Let me suggest what I believe might and should be found in every town in this County, and that is Farmer's Clubs. I will tell you how it may be done. Let two individuals in a town resolve that they will meet once a week for twelve weeks through the winter, at each other's houses, whether others will meet or not, and you have a society with a back bone in it. Do not depend on lawyer A., nor Rev. Mr. B., nor Dr. C., to lead off, merely, because they can talk, but take your wives with you, and make a visit, and introduce some subject for conversation. Ask questions of each other for information. Carry with you some choice fruit or seed that may be of interest. At the close of each meeting, let your host bring on his best apples, and nothing else, for your entertainment. Some of your neighbors may sneer at your efforts, but that is of no consequence, labor on. Others will be induced to join you. Make a few bye-laws, the fewer and simpler the better. At first you may feel a little awkward in your efforts, like a boy with his first new coat, but you will soon have a spirit of enterprise aroused within you, and a determination to do better than you have ever done before. I will remember, that when a club was formed in the town where I reside, it was that we should exhaust all the subjects worthy of consideration in a few evenings. Instead of that, every succeeding year brings out new subjects of increasing interest, and far more numerous than we can find time to discuss. A healthy spirit of rivalry exists among the members to do, at least, as well as their neighbors, and better if they can.'

**REVIVAL OF THE SLAVE TRADE.**—The Committee of the South Carolina Legislature have submitted their report upon that portion of the Governor's Message which relates to slavery, in which they strongly urge the policy of re-opening the African slave trade. The resolutions adopted in support of their views are:—

1. That the chief and almost entire productive industry of the slaveholding States is agriculture; to the successful prosecution of which the negro slave is indispensably necessary.

2. That there is a great and growing deficiency of agricultural labor in the said States, which the natural increase of the slave population is inadequate to supply.

3. That the effect of prohibiting the importation of slaves from abroad is to limit the expansion of the productive industry of the said States, and of the population, which that industry sustains, to the ratio of the natural increase of the slave population.

4. That the importation of slaves from abroad would accelerate the development of the agricultural resources of the slaveholding States, and promote their progress in wealth, population and general improvement, and that such importation carried on under proper regulations, would not be inconsistent with the principles of justice and humanity.

5. That the effect of an entire suppression of the African slave trade would be to confine the negroes to their own country, and preclude them from such means of relief from the pressure of a redundant population, as might be afforded by emigration in the only form in which its benefits can be extended to them.

The concluding resolution argues that 'the Act of Congress, declaring the African slave trade to be piracy, if it be understood as affirming that it is piracy in the nature of things and in the sense of the Constitution, affirms what is untrue; and inasmuch as it purports and intends to convert into piracy what is not so in the nature of things, and in the sense of the Constitution, the said Act is unconstitutional, null and void.'

**THE PURITANS AND THE BIBLE.**—Much has been said, and well said, about our unfledged social origin. We boast that it was not by force, or fraud or collusion, that we obtained possession of this goodly heritage. And how came the principles of peace and truth and integrity to prevail thus in our early councils? The answer is written in every page of Puritan history. We say not that they were faultless men. We say not that they never erred in judgement or principle. But if ever there was upon the face of the earth a company of men who incorporated the Bible into themselves and themselves into the Bible, it was the company that crossed the Atlantic in the Mayflower, and of the first white man's sacrifice on the inhospitable coast of New England. Their laws, their judgements, their private letters, their public documents and their deeds, are full of the Bible. It furnished the light of their rude dwellings; it was the arbiter of their momentous councils; it was the supporter of their burdened spirits, and the nourisher of faith, and hope, and joy, in all their disasters and disappointments. The Bible was every man's book, and every day's book; the conversation the salutations, and, in a word, the whole intercourse of the people, was full of the Bible. The Sabbath, too, was esteemed a delight, a holy of the Lord, honorable. Thus they lived, and thus they died, generation after generation. The scene has changed. The little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. The rapid development of our strength and resources has placed us, thus early among the first of the nations of the earth, and we count our people by tens of millions. But do we not need, so much the more, the checks and restraints imposed by the institutions of Christianity? We seek, then, to perpetuate those institutions which our progenitors so unfeignedly revered. To restore and extend their conservative power has been and must continue to be one of the obvious fruits of Sunday schools.

**ADDRESS TO THE WIVES OF THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.**—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer thus addresses himself to the wives of the Members of Congress:

'The truth is, and my experience, I mean my observation, confirms it, no wife should allow her husband to come home without accompanying him, and while here, sticking to him like wax. It is a place of seducing temptations which the sinner don't pretend to resist, and the righteous can hardly flee from by regular fasting and prayer. Wives stick to your husbands, is my advice.'

**A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS.**—There is a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, where the people are very poor, but pious and intelligent. Last year they were sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not go to sea. At last, one Sabbath morning the winds changed, and some of the men whose faith was weak went out-

wards the beach, the women and children looking out sadly, many saying with sighs—

'I'm sorry it's Sunday, but—if we were not so poor.'

'But if,' said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud, 'surely neighbors are your butts and ifs to break. God's law!'

This people gathered around him and he added:

'Mine's a religion for all weathers, fair wind and foul. 'This is the law of God and ye keep it holy.' That's the law friends. And our Lord came not to break, but to fulfil the law. True, we are poor; what of that? Better poor and have God's smile, than rich and have his frown. Go, you that dare; but I never knew any good to come of a religion that changed with the wind.'

These words in season staved off the purpose of the rest. They went home and made ready for the house of God, and spent the day in peace and prayer. In the evening, just as they would have been returning, a sudden storm sprung up, that raged terribly for two days. After the tempest came settled weather, and the pilchard fishery was so rich and abundant that there was soon no complaining in the village. Here was a religion for all weathers. Remember the words, 'Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

One of our citizens, who returned yesterday from a fortnight's tour at the west informs us that during his absence, and while in Illinois, he rode forty miles in a sleigh. He also passed over Rock river in a stage on runners. A week ago to-day, in the northern part of Illinois, the thermometer was six degrees below zero.—[Hartford Times, Dec. 2d.]

**VERDICT AGAINST CAPT. SANFORD.**—The jury in the case against the officers of the steamer Menomonee Sanford, in the Municipal Court in Boston, yesterday brought in a verdict that Capt. Edward H. Sanford is guilty of not making sufficient effort to save the life of Mr. Allen Frazier, after he had fallen overboard from the steamer. Capt. Sanford was bound over in \$5,000 to await the final disposition of the case, which will probably go to the Supreme Court on exceptions.

The Bangor Union, says, the bears having monopolized much attention lately, the wolves now claim notice. On Wednesday night last, as Mr. Mitchell was driving a mail wagon on the back Calais route, from Beddington to the next stopping place, twenty miles from Bangor, being without passengers, his team was beset by a pack of wolves. They were about a dozen in number and came on fierce and noisy. Mitchell, however, drove up bravely, which he had no difficulty in doing as the horses were quite as much frightened as himself. As they pressed hard upon him and gnawed his eyeballs and gnashed their teeth about him, he let go the contents of a fiddle which laid out one of the hungry crew, and for the time checked their pursuit. This was providentially near the stopping place, upon arriving at which, the driver is said to have been pretty well overcome with excitement and fright. Wolves and bears are very plenty on this back route and very audacious.

**PLAIN TRUTH.**—Some one who understands the subject describes the education of "young gentlemen and ladies," of the world be fashionable sort, which tends only to mental weakness and fashionable decay, as follows:

"A young gentleman—a smooth faced strippling with little breeding and less sense, ripens fast, and believes himself a nice, young man. He chews and smokes tobacco, sweats gently, coaxes embers imperially with bear's grease, twirls a rattan, spends his father's money, rides fast horses—on horseback and in sulkeys—double and single—drinks Catawba, curses the Maine law, and dirts with young 'ladies,' hundreds of which are just like himself, though of a different gender; and this is the fashionable education of the day. The fathers, and mothers of these fools were once poor. Good fortune has given them abundance. Their children go through with an inextinguishable fortune, and into the poor house. Parents, you are responsible for this folly. Set your sons and daughters to work, and let them know that only in us-fulness there is honor and prosperity."

The writers in the Atlantic Monthly cannot seem to elude detection, even if they desire it. The authors of the articles in the December number, are thus reported in literary circles:—'Florence Mosca,' J. Lothrop Motley. 'Battle of Lepanto,' Wm. H. Prescott. 'The Golden Mile Stone,' H. W. Longfellow. 'Skipper Ireson's Ride,' J. G. Whittier. 'The Ghost Redivivus,' Mr. Rutini, author of Dr. Antonio. Dr. O. W. Holmes of course contributed the charming paper in continuation of the 'Anecdotes of the Breakfast Table.' 'Our Birds and their Ways,' is attributed to Henry Thoreau. 'Soldiers and society' must have been written by R. W. Emerson. The able paper entitled 'Where will it End?' is doubtless from the pen of Parke Godwin of New York. We are pleased to hear that the Atlantic has reached a very large circulation. We hope the publishers







