



9-23-1858

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 11): September 23, 1858

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 11): September 23, 1858" (1858). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 582.  
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"I think we have no right either to pass faults, or to judge those who are faulty."

And after this sententious little speech slipped to the other side of the room, two filled vases of flowers, which she had long been arranging on the console. Evidently she desired no rejoinder, nor to enter any discussion on the merits or demerits of her townsfolk. She, at least, is purely from the provincial tendency to talk over neighbors, their sayings and doings. You confess I feel humiliated when I think of such nobility and simple, unconsciousness as is existent in that slight, girlish creature, with her delicate intelligence, her refinement and sense, and feeling; who is on the world, making her own way, as her own bread, and is so blithe and sweet womanly withal.

diversity. Then, how delicious were the  
back in the cool calm evening, with the  
glow of the sunset glorifying everything,  
the very mine-stacks on the distant hill  
rose-sprays in the hedges and the braided  
Katherine Trevelyan's brown hair!  
pleasant, too, was her own intense delight  
the beauty of it all! How childlike was  
absorption—how woman-like its keen ap-  
tation, its vivid feeling! At last, some-  
used to turn to her face as to a picture  
beautiful than the landscape itself, because  
interpreted so perfectly the emotion that  
more subtly exquisite, more divinely in-  
than any visible grandeur or beauty.  
out of a pure heart for beauty is more  
tiful even than that which it loves—at le-  
felt so looking at her.

"Oh you were a real 'young man those days; you thought well of yourself; were most happy, complacent person I did you a great deal of good. But how astonished you must have been when you discovered that a young lady existed to whom you were not irresistible!—now, weren't you?"

This last with a serious air of inquiry, attending to my indignant rejoinder, how she was lost in the diary again, till a fresh cavation forced her to utterance.

"Shameful injustice! Poor Miss Roderic! excellent woman! Oh, Lionel, how could you malign her? Not only her, either; you made a case, like the clever theorist you

self! how beyond and above everybody in manners, mind, morals, everything! (Ceited, infatuated fool!)

'You know very well you thought not of the kind,' came the impetuous reply (expected by me); you know you were as ferent to other young men as my favorite Galahad would be, if he were to appear Regent street to-morrow; you know you thought about yourself, that you were also kind and unselfish and good, that made everybody love you. Do people

The child grew very solemn at her thoughts, and a feeling as if some one near troubled her. She thought the must be alive; for it moved, and very swift, and it had a great many voices. I did not know what they said, perhaps they tell what life was. And then she looked at the aged oaks, as they reared their arms to the sky, and she longed to ask them the question but dared not. A small spring leaped from a rock above her, and fled past her ceaseless murmurs, and she felt sure that

They took an order on the bank at Amatepec for their pay, which was offered them here. However, but they objected to taking it as it was too heavy to carry, and they preferred to take the bank notes. And here the laugh came. The officers of the bank refused to cash the bills, because the farmers were going far out into the wilderness *the bills would not come back to the bank again!* The matter was finally compromised by the bank's paying each one dollar extra on their consent to receive silver instead of paper money."



## The Eastern Mail.

EPI. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 23, 1858.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

M. P. FLETCHER & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

J. H. KRILL & Co., No. 26 Kilby street, Boston, are authorized to receive advertisements for the Mail, on the same terms as the above named agents.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

## Mr. Blanchard's Improvement.

We trust that none of our readers will tire of hearing of the success of Mr. Blanchard, with his improvement in the steam engine, for apart from the fact that he is our townsman, we regard his invention as one of great importance to the public generally. From the New York Evening Post of Sept. 9th, we take the following account of another trial trip of the John Paton, with some interesting particulars in regard to the practical working of the improvement. It will be seen, too, that there is a prospect of introducing it upon the canals, and should it prove successful there it will work a great change in this department of the carrying business, and cannot fail to richly reward the inventor. We hope this is not news too good to be true.

Yesterday afternoon the steamer John Paton made a trip to Haverstraw, at the instance of Mr. S. B. Ruggles, Canal Commissioner, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of adopting Mr. Blanchard's "improvement in steam-boilers" in the navigation of the canals. On board were Messrs. Ruggles, Horatio Allen, of the Novelty Works, Thomas Hewitt, of this city, Abram Hewitt, of the Trenton Iron Works, Thomas Main, of the Fulton Iron Works, Thomas R. Scott, of the Baltimore Transportation Company, and several other gentlemen desirous to ascertain the advantages of the "improvement."

The Paton left Chambers street at 3 o'clock, arriving at Haverstraw, a distance of forty miles, at 7. The heavy tide greatly impeded her progress. At 4 o'clock she had barely passed Manhattanville, arriving at Yonkers 50 minutes later, passing Sing-Sing at half-past five, and Nyack half an hour later. The Isaac P. Smith, leaving this city at half-past three, passed her at Yonkers, but was overtaken at Tarrytown, and kept in balling distance the rest of the way. After landing passengers at Haverstraw, the John Paton crossed to Sing-Sing, disembarking her guests to take the cars, and proceeded thence to Dobbs' Ferry to land Mr. Ruggles, and returned to Haverstraw, having made, in the whole, 86 miles in 5 hours and 45 minutes.

The average speed was fifteen miles an hour, consuming in the whole 3,444 pounds of coal—about forty pounds a mile—and five hundred and ninety eight an hour. The mean pressure of steam was about sixteen pounds; that of the vacuum, twelve pounds—twenty eight in all. The average number of revolutions exceeded twenty-two a minute.

The horse-power, estimating by the number of strokes, the area of the piston and pressure of the steam, exceeds three hundred. The boat is not a good one to exhibit such experiments to advantage. It is one hundred and forty-five feet keel, and twenty-four feet beam, and draws four feet of water. The diameter of the cylinder of the engine is thirty-six inches with eight feet stroke. Yet with these difficulties, and a tide adding twenty-five per cent. to the obstacles to be surmounted, the headway, particularly after half-past four o'clock, spoke well for the "improvement."

The great advantage in this engine is its thorough combustion of the fuel employed. All scientific men are aware that more than half the calorific which coal contains is lost by the imperfections of the burning apparatus. Much of the carbon, taking the form of gas, in combination with oxygen and other substances, is thrown off unconsumed, because the want of power in the draft renders its combustion impossible. The same difficulty exists in the common stoves. Mr. Blanchard is confident that he has overcome this impediment. The coal is fed from the deck by means of a feeder or "hopper" provided with two valves. This hopper is then closed, and one of the valves opened, through which the coal falls on a distributor, which being shaken by an axle, it is carried through stuffing-boxes outside the boiler and projected evenly over the fire. A draft is supplied from beneath the fire-bars by a pipe from an air pump, which is worked by the engine—the pressure of the draft being not over one pound. There is also another tube, by which a given quantity of air can be furnished above the fire. The gaseous products of combustion are conveyed through tubes into a smoke-box; and when the fire is lighted, two valves above are opened by a lever and rod, to produce a direct draft up the chimney, after which, when the fire is well going, they are closed, and these gases are repelled through flues into superheaters, and thence into a vessel surrounded by water. The steam, when generated, is also conveyed thither, and receiving an additional supply of heat from these gaseous substances, is carried by a tube to the high pressure engine. It is conveyed thence through a pipe to another superheater, where it receives caloric to supply what has been lost in its migrations, and thence through another pipe to the lower pressure condensing engine. The products of combustion, having thus rendered the important service of adding heat to the cooling steam, are now made to go through tubes into heaters, where they are further employed to heat the feed-water and the air supplied to the furnace, and pass into the smoke-pipe in the form of pure carbonic acid, (CO<sub>2</sub>) and not in the usual form of smoke, and carbonic oxide (CO), which is produced by imperfect combustion, and is often expelled in a state of flame.

One gentleman present proposed that the chimneys might be lowered; Mr. Ruggles, who is desirous to obtain the advantages of the "improvement" for navigation of the canal, told him to be prompt, if he would obtain favorable consideration for this modification. The amount of coal employed on a trip to Haverstraw and back never exceeds two and a half tons; whereas the Isaac P. Smith, with all the advantages of superior construction, requires seven tons for the same route. Usually, however, two tons of coal and two hundred weight of coke and other kindling material are all that is required for one trip. The fire is fed on the average, every seven minutes. The sole expense for coal yesterday afternoon did not amount to eleven dollars.

In the trial trip made to Albany on the twenty-first of August, the distance was accomplished in twelve hours. The amount of coal employed was 6,076 pounds, or 457 pounds per hour; from which must be deducted 446 pounds of coke and other kindling material, 996 pounds of coal used to start the fire, and 905 pounds taken from the furnace at the end of the trip.

The feasibility of employing the "improvement" in canal navigation would seem to be established. The economy secured will place it in the power of every boat proprietor to use it; and the speed which the law will allow can be obtained; and the thorough combustion of the fuel prevents the creation of sparks, which would otherwise greatly endanger the endless number of wooden houses and bridges which abound along the canal. Mr. Ruggles has already made stipulations with Mr. Blanchard, by which proprietors of boats can secure the right of using the "improvement" at a moderate rate; and being determined that the enlargement shall be completed by the first day of September next, he is quite confident that the era of steam in canal navigation is about to be inaugurated.

The following figures were furnished by Mr. Main:

Age of coal per horse-power by the hour, 1.09 pounds; water evaporated to each pound of coal, 13 pounds; steam above the initial temperature, 64°; temperature of escaped gases, 230°. The dimension of the vessel are: Length, 155 feet; breadth of beam, 24 feet; depth of hold, 7½ feet; tonnage 252; immersion amidship section, 92 square feet; diameter of paddle-wheels, 22 feet; breadth of face, 6 feet. Horse-power indicated per ton, 1.19 to 1; per square foot, amidship section, 3.2 to 1.

**THE ELECTION.**—The Portland Advertiser publishes returns from the whole State, with the exception of thirty-two small plantations, which last year gave 658 votes for Morrill and 892 for Smith, and makes the result as follows:—

Morrill,	60,156
Smith,	51,103
Morrill's majority,	9,053

The House will consist of 103 Republicans and 48 Democrats; and the Senate will stand 30 Republicans to 1 Democrat.

Two of the Representatives to Congress are yet in doubt—both parties claiming them quite confidently. An official count alone will decide between them.

**CORRECTION.**—Our attention having been called to the notice of the Republic, the organ of the Republicans, at Washington, which appeared in our paper recently, we find it contains an error. "Weston & Coombs" are the editors and proprietors, and not "Watson & Coombs," as we had it. Mr. George M. Weston's name is too great a tower of strength in the good cause to be upset in that way.

**BUY AN ATLANTIC?**—Carter has just received the September number of the "Atlantic Monthly" from Federhen & Co., those princely periodical dealers of Boston. Read notice in appropriate column, and buy the best magazine published in the country.

Bro. Emery, we wear No. 9, French patent leather.

Not very pleasant, at the tail of a political defeat, to be restricted to that mode of booting a saucy opponent, eh, Brother "Democrat"? Don't you think, on the whole, that betting is foolish business?

We are under obligation to Hon. F. H. Morse for a valuable public document.

**WATERVILLE COLLEGE.**—Of this institution Zion's Advocate of last week says:

It gives us much pleasure to learn that the prospects of this college are unusually encouraging. The Professors are now all filled, the Faculty as a whole, are remarkably united in their views of collegiate instruction and discipline. And, as an additional source of encouragement, we are happy to say that forty or more young men, have already been admitted as Freshmen, which, if we mistake not, is the largest class which has ever entered there.

One thing however is wanting to put the College upon the basis where we desire to see it. That is a suitable fund for its endowment. This want will be supplied when the present financial embarrassments are over, and business, in its various departments shall be revived. Our churches and those who sympathize with our denominational views, as well as the lovers of sound learning in general, will be ready then, to supply this deficiency. Towards this let us all look, and for this at a proper time, let us all labor. There should be among us, if not more denominational pride, at least more denominational enthusiasm, in carrying forward that part of the great work of education and Christian benevolence which properly belongs to us. We have a good College, finely located, furnished with an able Faculty, and a respectable number of students, and we ought to cherish it in our hearts, and make it as prosperous and efficient as possible.

**SAD ACCIDENT.**—On Monday last, Mr. Clark Stanley, of W. Waterville, while superintending the erection of the new building of the Dunn Edge Tool Co., fell about 12 feet, striking upon his head and shoulder, and was taken up senseless. Dr. Boutelle was immediately called, and found one shoulder fractured, and a gash in the back of the head. No fracture of the skull could be discovered, though there was evidence of severe injury to the brain. He was still lying in a state of stupor on Tuesday evening, at which time it was thought there was small chance for his recovery. Mr. Stanley is a worthy citizen of the West Village, about 50 years of age, and has a wife and several children. The accident arose from the slipping of a lever at which he was prying, throwing him with great force to the floor below.

**THE WEATHER.**—No frost yet, and fair prospects ahead. Fall moon about this time, which is said to be an indication of either warm or cold weather, we have forgotten which. Anybody can tell by keeping watch. Corn is rapidly getting out of danger, and the potato rot is not so bad as many feared it was going to be. Fall feed is good, and butter and cheese promise to bear moderate prices. The storm of Thursday night last, did some injury to fruit and fruit trees, and gave to some cornfields a leaning posture; but the amount of loss is not great.

## OUR TABLE.

**ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—We have had time to read but little in the October number of this work, which is just out, but we know it is full of good things. The following is a list of the articles:—The New World and the New Men, The Post Route, The German Popular Legend of Dr. Faustus, Miss Wimple's Hoop, The Corp, The Language of the Sea, The Whirligig of Time, The Telegraph, The Birds of the Garden and Orchard, The Old Well, The Dead House, The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, The Dot and Line Alphabet, Notices.

Mathews has just been supplied by J. J. Dyer & Co., periodical dealers, Boston, and will be happy to sell to everybody.

**EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.**—The September contains much good reading. The illustrated articles are—Life of Washington, Major-General Charles Lee, A New Era in the World's History, The Sea-Serpent, The Regulators in North Carolina, The Child of Destiny. These articles, however, form but a small portion of the contents of the number, and make up but a small share of its numerous attractions. Remember that with this work you get a picture worth all the money you pay. Published by Oakesmith & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.**—The Offering of Psammethicus, an Egyptian Coup d'Etat, is the title of the illustrated historical article in the October number, which contains many choice articles. Leland is as genial and joyous as ever and dispenses his cheerful philosophy liberally. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3.00 a year.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.**—The pictorial department of this October number is well provided for, and the reading is of that pure character which we always find in this high-toned monthly. The "Lady's Home Magazine" should be a welcome visitor to many a family circle. Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**FORRESTER'S PLATINUM** for September will make the eyes of the little folks glisten, and its many pleasant stories, lively dialogues, &c., will afford them much delightful reading. Published by William Guild & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

**SAXE** was in New York the other day, and being treated with marked consideration by those who were quite strangers to him, returns through the Boston Post, thanks in dejected to the "fellow in the alley," to a fashionable lady, and to a sorrowful lady, thus:

Fellow in the alley:  
Offers me a book;  
Stop a single moment  
Just to take a look;  
Judging by the pictures,  
(Not of strict propriety.)  
He is not an agent  
Of the tract society.

Fashionable lady:  
Treats me like a brother;  
Hospitably asks me  
Homes to see her mother.  
Rather like her manner,  
But think her language odd,  
Sweeping she has "nary red"  
To buy a brandy tot!

Lady dressed in mourning  
Stops me in the street,  
Says I am the angel  
That she hoped to meet;  
Smiling very sweetly,  
Thanks me for the sum  
Which I kindly lend her.  
"Till her letters come."

**A NEW BUSINESS.**—See the card of C. P. Bremner & Co., Clinton.

**THE STATE FAIR**, now in progress at Augusta, is well reported up to last night. The exhibition is said to be good in all departments, and the attendance large.

**CAUTION.**—A little child visiting a family in Gorham, was poisoned, one day last week by eating fly poison. It lingered awhile, but finally died in spite of every remedy administered.

**DRED SCOTT.**—This accidentally famous individual died at St. Louis on Monday last.

**ESTIMATION OF HORSES.**—The New York Tribune, in an article on the present Horse Show at Springfield, remarks:

"We recollect, we think, some instances where real value in a horse has weighed but little with judges against speed; and we certainly have seen the audience give a cold shoulder to a remarkably fine specimen of a blood horse, and clap their hands in delight at the 'exquisitely beautiful' fast trotter, whose coat looked like oiled silk, and his form as though it had been cast in a smooth mould, where every angle had been carefully rounded."

We recollect at the first show at Springfield hearing it often remarked of that noble old Messenger horse from Maine, "Oh, he is poor!" "He is coarse!" "What an ugly head!" and above all other objections, "He is not fast!" But oh, how these same people did about their delight over the fast trotting of Bob Logie—a horse that, for himself and his progeny, as compared with the whole Messenger stock, sinks into insignificance."

**THE NEGROES OF THE ECHO AGAIN.**—The people of Charleston, S. C., or some of them, appear to be quite anxious to have the negroes of the brig Echo taken from the custody of the U. S. Marshal of that District, and an application was made last week to Judge M'Grath for a writ of habeas corpus, requiring the Marshal to show cause why the captured Africans are detained in the custody of the government. On Thursday the Judge delivered his opinion, in which he reiterated some of the points of the Dred Scott decision, that negroes had no civil rights in this country, but refused the writ chiefly on the ground that the negroes were rightfully in the custody of the Marshal, under a law of the United States, which directs him to keep them until the President can take measures to send them back to the country from whence they came.

**A RUN BY THE SUFFOLK BANK.**—The Lowell papers report that on Saturday morning the Suffolk Bank made a requisition upon the Merchants' Bank of that city for \$15,000 in specie, and that the bank by friendly aid was able to meet the demand. This movement of the Suffolk Bank is regarded as an attempt to intimidate those banks that prefer to do their business through the Bank of Mutual Redemption, and much indignation is expressed at the course pursued. The Lowell Citizen characterizes the act as one of "outrageous despotism," and recommends that petitions be at once put in circulation, asking the next legislature to repeal the charter of the Suffolk Bank.

**OVERHAULING A THIEF.**—In the Police Court on Saturday officers Bicknell and Walker caused to be arraigned Nathaniel Tabbets, the Henry Greene, and Elijah Greene for the robbery of Benjamin Grover's store in this city on the 19th of August. The goods were found in Oldtown in the house of the Greens. The latter proved that they bought the goods of Tabbets and were discharged. Tabbets was ordered to recognize in \$1000 for his appearance at the Criminal Term of the Supreme Court in February and in default was committed. He was caught in Burlington and is said to be a hard customer. He is a Provincial, married a young wife at Oldtown last May and has a family. [Bangor Times.]

**MAINE SCENERY.**—A correspondent of the Boston Journal, who seems to view every thing *colore de rose*, thus writes of portions of Maine visited by him:

If Bostonians wish to enjoy a bracing air, and meet genuine specimens of humanity, Down East is the place above all others, the nearest and cheapest of access. The coast of Maine is now in its glory. Old England could not, even if we threw in the sunshine, present a richer green than that which clothes field, mountain, peninsular and sea-washed isle. The Hesperides themselves, where

And west winds about the golden apples ding  
Nard and cassia's balmy smell!

could not, in luscious fruits and balmy odors, surpass the plump blueberries, the blushing raspberries and the fragrant fir groves of old Acadia—the modern Maine. By the way, were you aware that when a name was to be elected for this State, Acadia was only defeated by a very few votes?

I have just returned from a cruise among the hundreds of islands that are the dread and the safety of the mariner and the joy of the artist. Church has spent many a summer amid the picturesque sublimities of Mount Desert. But my observation has not been confined to the lighthouses, which stud these shores and bristle with the wildwood equal to Ulysses' home. I have by railway, buggy, old-fashioned stage coach and 'shank's mare' jaunted over the hills, down the dunes, and into the bosom of the forest. I have found rich historical reminiscence, romantic incident, suffering, joy, spiritual and material cultivation, homely wit, industry and downright hospitality. It did me good to find some old things—some things which had the moss of a respectable past, if not the hoar of ages. Fort George, dismantled now, tells of English sway upon the picturesque bay of Castine.

Mr. Deseri is the island loved by artists. Here Church sketched the bold jutting scenery, and the exquisite blue of mountains and waves, before he placed on canvas the mighty Cordilleras of South America. I have traveled much in the United States and, on the coast, but never have I gazed upon a landscape in our borders which equals the view of mountain, lake and sea which you here behold. At one time I fancied that I was revisiting the scenes of my students days, when the bold peaks of Switzerland were piled around me, and bold lakes mirrored the Alps. Or again, it seemed as if I were once more gazing upon the mountains which lift themselves from the Gulf of Spezzia. The peculiarities of Mt. Deseri consist of historical associations earlier than those of James River and Plymouth Rock, for it was settled by the Jesuits more than two hundred and fifty years ago; of mountains looming up from the sea; and of fresh water lakes in the midst of those lofty eminences. Nowhere else on our sea coast are such elevations to be found as here, and every lover of the grand and picturesque should seek a spot so accessible and so charming as Mount Deseri.

I visited Maine further eastward, but the culminating point of coast-scenery is to be found in the vicinity of Ellsworth and Mt. Deseri. For river scenery the sail up the Penobscot is the finest north of the Hudson, and in one or two places, near Bucksport, it is fully to the Rhine standard.

**Taste in Dress.**

Yesterday we stood looking at a flower-bed, into which some really exquisite roses, besides pansies, mignonettes, English daisies, verbenas, and other blossoms, had been transplanted. Kate, our Irish cook, and a beautiful girl, by the way, was hanging out the Monday's washing to dry, over a plat of rich new grass, green and velvety, and delightful to the eyes and feet. She sympathized with our admiration of the grass, and the delicate, soul-enchanting roses; 'but this,' said she, 'is the proudest flower of them all. I think,' and she pointed out a sprig of the scarlet bloom of the fish-geranium. It was gayest, and therefore hand-somest to her—she required not the yearning holiness of the lily, nor the grace and love inspiring perfumes of the roses and pansies. We would not give one half-expanded rosebud, with the blush diffusing itself outward from its odorous heart, for a basket-full of fish geraniums. But which of us was right?—Often, when we have been thinking upon dress, as a subject for study, to be cultivated as a fine art, we have gone to nature, who is the mother of art, for lessons. We have seen that she mingles all colors with effects which are truly harmonious; and why should we be more arbitrary than she in her adornment of the flowers, when we would prescribe the hues and combinations for a lady's toilette? The 'purple pavy' puts on a yellow vest with its purple velvet robe; the queenly tulips are gorgeous with streaks of red and yellow, gay enough for an Indian squaw; the forlorn labors for rainbow effects in his pet dabbias; the poppy flaunts her scarlet looped petticoat, and the peony shakes out her dozen of crimson furies; the morning-glory trims her blue robe with a scarf of pink; while one and all, without exception, find a mantle of green becoming. Nature tries all kinds of experiments with the materials at her command, and her success is always certain. If nothing in nature is ugly, then is nothing in art ugly when it simply copies nature; and it cannot truly be said (though it is often asserted) that good taste limits the colors of the toilette, and that drab, or black, or white, slightly relieved by some trimming in harmony, not in contrast, is the only really elegant costume. If a dahlia can look well in purple, black, and yellow, then why not a lady? If a maiden fastens the flounces of her azure ball-dress with pink garlands, she is only copying the pattern of the morning-glories—and would she ask to be more modest and tasteful than they?

Still, there seems to be such a thing as the correspondence of attire with the complexion, height, style and years. The fragile lily of the valley does not depend from a mullen-stock, nor is the superb japonica nestled amid the moss and grass with the violet. Therefore ladies may well and profoundly study, which of all the various patterns and hues best assimilate with the character of each; and therefore it is that we enter our protest against the blind adoption of any and every color and shape which fashion may dictate. Upon the brow of fashion is written, change; she is a chameleon; yet there is no woman (almost none) but will pronounce her beautiful, whatever aspect she assumes; and the number is precisely equal who will pronounce her thrown off aspect as hideous and ludicrous. The woman who adorned her elegance in large bonnets, coat-sleeves, and slender skirts, now turns from the memory with uplifted hands. The name of fashion is caprice, and of her followers is folly. It is well that nature knows her own mind better; else, some seasons we should have all the flowers of the garden, regardless of what was intended for them, dressed up in the queerly bell-shaped robe and snowy trail of the calla; again we should have the hollyhock and peonies all squeezed into dainty ladyslippers; and anon, the violets and primroses smothered in the mantle of the dabbias.

Let word come over from Paris that green is to be worn by Mistress Fashion, and straightway every sallow-faced woman becomes 'sick-lie'd o'er with the pale cast' of jaundice. Or let the mandate be blue, and no face is so florid but that it can afford a deeper tint for the sake of being in the fashion. No woman is too short for plaids or too tall for stripes, when they are fashionable—nor too thick for short waists, nor too thin for long ones.

It is impossible to arrive at any fixed standard of taste in dress; for it is a curious fact that, what our eyes have become accustomed to, they regard as becoming. Most new fashions displease when first seen, and become more charming as we grow familiar with them—we regret to change; yet after the change is made, it grows more beautiful than the last. Studying the art of dress is like gazing into a whirlpool of bubbling waters—the longer it is continued, the more confused we grow. We would not suggest, that while fashion is not neglected entirely, propriety, becomingness, style, and place, be also respected.—[A Lady in Cosmopolitan Art Journal.]

**Indulgence in Dress.**

We object to any indulgence in dress that may justly be considered extravagant. The plain, simple, unadorned apparel of our first parents is far more reasonable and scriptural than excess of adornment. The latter develops some of the most dangerous propensities of the heart. Such devotion to self, cultivates that selfishness which is always repulsive. It makes so much of the person himself that little regard is paid to others.

It also interferes with intellectual and moral improvement. There is usually not much intelligence among toilet worshippers. They may possess a sort of refinement that springs from mingling in society, but their knowledge of science and literature is very limited. So much time is given to dress that little or none is left for reading and study.

In regard to moral improvement, we need only add that the mothers of such men, as Newton, Haliburton, Doddridge, Wesley, Washington, and Edwards, never troubled themselves much about the fashions. The same was true of the mothers of such women as Theodosia Burr, Lucretia Davidson, and Mary Edwards. Fashionable mothers have too little sense of their responsibility to attend faithfully to the training of their children. Ribbons and ornaments have more value in their estimation than wholesome lessons on morals and religion. Daughters of high moral excellence, too, are not the slaves of style and display. Like the daughter of Henry Lawrence, President of the Continental Congress, they regard apparel of secondary importance. When she was residing in Paris with her father, and mingling in the most fashionable society, she was at full liberty to gratify her love of dress to any extent. On one occasion her father made her a present of five hundred guineas, evidently with the intention of having her conform more to the habits of fashionable life; but after appropriating a small part of it for her own use, she purchased a quantity of French Testaments, which she distributed among the poor, and established a school for this class, constituting a fund for defraying the annual expenses thereof. How beautiful is such generous conduct in contrast with that of young ladies who spend all the money they can command, for apparel!

There is a charming incident in the life of the Princess Charlotte, who was distinguished for ardent simplicity. On one occasion a shawl of uncommon worth and beauty, just received from India, was handed to her for examination. The price of it was three thousand guineas. She returned it, saying: 'In the first place, I cannot afford to give three thousand guineas for a shawl; and in the second, a Norwich shawl, of the value of half a crown, manufactured by a native of England, would become me better than the costliest article that the loom of India ever produced.' How many females seek for the costliest articles, and they will wear only those of foreign manufacture! Poor, weak souls! Princess Charlotte was an angel of light beside them.

We recommend the reader to imitate the example of a lady in one of the leading circles of Washington. A gentleman complimented her upon the simplicity and taste of her apparel. She replied, 'I am glad you like my dress; it cost just seven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself.'

It is very evident from the foregoing, that dress is a good or evil educator in the family. As such it demands the attention of parents, that it may not become a snare and curse to children. Perhaps the best rule to regulate dress is that which Newton gave to a woman who asked his opinion. 'Madam, so dress and so conduct yourself that persons who have been in your company shall not recollect what you had on.'—[Happy Home.]

**THE PHILOSOPHERS IN THE WOODS.**—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post from the Adirondack region says:

"On Follenby Pond, a beautiful lake of three miles in circuit, is encamped a party of Boston gentlemen, whose character and acquirements have given to their shanty the name of Philosophers' Camp. Knowing some of the gentlemen at the camp, and being commissioned by Martin to carry up some stores, we paid them a visit, and found the party consisted of Prof. Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Prof. Jeffries Wyman, James Russell Lowell, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Stillman, Mr. Binney, Mr. Hoar, and Dr. Howe, with ten guides. A headland overlooking the blue expanse of waters, and overlooking the mountains, had been selected for a camp, and an excellent spruce covered shanty had been built for the visitors, and a tent raised for the guides. A fire of trunks of trees formed the beacon by night, and the pillar of cloud by day, while an American ensign waved in sublime ostentation over the roof. The camp was a permanent one, and its arrangements complete. A butchery, where deer and fish were cut up and the offal buried, a kennel for the hounds, a landing for boats, and a covered kitchen for preparing the dinner, were a portion of its accompaniments. The habits of the Philosophers were as well arranged as their camp. At daybreak they all bathed in the lake, and then separated for the different pursuits of the day. Agassiz caught bugs and insects with an industry and enthusiasm that astonished the guides, who are more bent on getting rid of the same insects than in securing them. Sam Dunning one of our guides, who saw him, imitates his manner very successfully, running round as if endeavoring to catch some imaginary insect, which he at last secures either in the air or in his mouth of hair, and then as he pinches him between his thumb nails, exclaims, 'A verree fine specimen of a bug—verree.' Doctor Wyman collects specimens of the anatomy of the wild animals of the district, and the distended stomachs of deer may be seen, inflated with wind and tied up with threads, between different trees, like huge spiders waiting to entrap you. Holmes shoots and writes, Emerson reads and watches Stillman fish, and when the day's amusements are ended, and the supper distributed, and the whole party assembled around the big fire, earnest in their talk and lively ex-

pression, it would not be amiss to affirm that no such coterie of minds is assembled at one hearthside from the land of chivalry to where the fisher baits his angle and the hunter twangs his bow 'on the larchen banks of the Temiscouta.'

**HIGH PRIORS AMONG THE ANCIENT MARINERS.**—The following yarn which was related by an old friend, about the proclivities of ancient mariners in the city of New Bedford to draw on their imaginations, is good:

A dozen of old captains were seated around old Uncle Johnny Coggabill's grocery store one winter's day. Says old Captain Ben Nash, 'I guess I got more in the West Indies for herrin than any other man about this place.'

'How much did you get, Uncle Ben?' 'Well, you see, I was bound to the Windward Islands and a market, and just as I had got all my cargo aboard, I was cyphered on my log slate how long I should possibly be from home, when I found I should take a barrel of herrin on speculation. I had a good passage, and got there just in the nick of time, and sold 'em off well.'

'How much did you get, Uncle Ben?' said some of the old salts, who, with pencils in hand, were making notes to try to catch Uncle Ben foul; 'how much did you get?'

'Well, I can't say exactly how much, but I put the money back into the barrel after the herrin was out, and I could scarcely crowd the head in.'

'What did you get apiece for the herrin?'

'Sold 'em for a dollar a piece!'

'Ah, yes. Well now, Uncle Ben, at a dollar a piece for your herrin, you couldn't have filled the barrel.'

'Well, says Uncle Ben, 'that's all very true; but I sold the pickle at five dollars a spoonful!'

A hard boy—that same 'ancient mariner.'

**FACTS IN DEADHEADISM.**—Some close observer of how the world wags, has been recording his observations on the various phases of deadheadism, and arrives at the conclusion, that in all its manifold phases, that which is inflicted upon the press is the most 'exacting and universal.' He says:

'The press endures the infliction of deadheadism from the pulpit, the bar and the stage, from corporations, societies and individuals. It is expected to yield its interests; it is required to give strength to weak institutions; eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked, and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover up infirmities, hide weaknesses, and wink at improprieties; it is expected to herald quacks, bolster up dull authors, and flatter the vain; it is, in short, to be all things to all men; and if it looks for pay or reward, it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so much to society, without pay or thanks, as the press.'

**THE CROPS.**—The New York Tribune makes the following discouraging estimate of the crops of the country:

'We have recently travelled a thousand miles westward from this city to Indianapolis, which may be regarded as the present centre of the corn growing, and perhaps also of the wheat growing portion of our Union. Observation fully confirmed the worst accounts we had received of the deficiency of the harvest. We were, of course, obliged to take the testimony of others with regard to the wheat and oats, but we had the evidence of our own eyes as to the deplorable meagreness of the corn crop. In Western New York, in Central and Southwestern Ohio, in Eastern and Central Indiana, we saw more corn that will yield less than over fifteen bushels per acre, while a great deal growing on rich, mellow soil will fall below even five bushels. From all parts of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, except a very narrow belt of dry, warm soil on the shore of Lake Erie, our accounts indicate a similar deplorable. Iowa had but a third of a wheat crop, no oats at all, and is likely to have not more than half a corn crop.

Michigan and Wisconsin send better accounts; but only from Minnesota and Kansas have we assurance of a full harvest, and even in Minnesota the oats are deficient. The Slave States participate but slightly in the general disaster, while New England, eastern New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania have nearly or quite average crops. Very little of the corn we have seen is yet fit to cut up, and a frost within the next week would damage it most seriously, while a warm growing fortnight would greatly improve it. We consider every day's general exemption from frost henceforth as worth at least one million dollars to the country. And, making full allowance for the fact that, while failures and disasters are blazoned, good average yields attract no attention and provoke no comment, we are confident of being within the truth in estimating the wheat and corn crops of the whole country as twenty-five per cent below the average while the oat crop is deficient by thirty or forty per cent.'

**BONES.**—The following shows what is done with the bones in New York. The same operations are carried on in the vicinity of Portland.

'The price paid for bones varies according to quality. 1. Heavy bones of







