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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 28): January 31, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, theMechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1850.

NO. 28.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
BY E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

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If paid within six months, 1.75  
If paid within the year, 2.00

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## POETRY.

[From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.]  
FREE GALLERY OF THE ART UNION.

Here at last the arts of beauty  
In their fittest home abide,  
Not beneath the gilded ceilings  
Of the palaces of pride;  
Not in lordly shrines sequestered,  
For the favored few alone,  
But in simple halls whose portals  
Open to the world are thrown!

Close beside the whirl incessant  
Of the city's ceaseless din,  
Free to all who choose to enter,  
Is the wealth of art within;  
And the rich man and the poor man,  
Turning from the crowded street,  
In the fellowship of feeling,  
Here as equals still may meet!

Here the child may stray at pleasure,  
And his eager gaze behold  
All the marvels that the magic  
Of the painter's art unfolds;  
While the forms of grace around him,  
Rising on his raptur'd sight,  
Quickened all his youthful fancy  
With a new and strange delight.

Here the care-worn son of traffic,  
Lingering for a moment's glance,  
Catches from the glowing canvases,  
Like the glimmerings of a trance,  
Many a golden glimpse of beauty,  
That with pure and vivid rays,  
Lights again his wasted memories  
With the joys of happier days.

Not forgotten, not unheeded,  
Are the magic spells of art;  
Through the senses swiftly gliding,  
Soon they reach the inmost heart;  
Waking all the gentler feelings,  
That have slumbered long alone,  
And the world's harsh discords tuning  
To a calmer, holier tone.

Ah! 'tis well to scatter freely,  
Waiting till they spring again,  
Thus the precious seeds of beauty,  
Broadcast in the hearts of men,  
Who may know how rich the harvest  
That their silent growth shall claim,  
In the loftier thoughts of virtue,  
And the nobler deeds of fame!

## POPULAR READING.

### FRANK M'LAUGHLIN: OR, THE PHANTOM CALIFORNIAN.

The New York Sunday Atlas, one of the very best of the Sunday papers, tells the following rich story. It is supposed that the New Yorkers are still up to present time in pursuit of the "Phantom Californian."

The most extensive and the most amusing 'saw' that was ever run in this community was put in motion in the early part of last week, by some villainous wags, which with the assistance of each successive victim, has been most successfully and humorously kept in motion up to the present time. Thousands of our good citizens have been handsomely 'sold' and have earnestly followed from house to house in search of Frank M'Laughlin, the rich Californian, who had just returned from El Dorado, via New Orleans, having in his possession a letter for them. No class has been exempt from the 'sell,' and there are few of the 'boys' and 'men about town,' who have not been seen at some public house inquiring for Mr. M'Laughlin.

The original joker probably only intended it for a few of his friends, but it took so well that the friends of some of our popular houses have run it for their benefit at an incredible extent. The Fountain, 28 Park Row; the Ivy Green, 72 Elm Street; the Arbor; the Westchester House; the Comet; Sherwood and Fisher's; and Charley Abel's have enjoyed the greatest run, though there is scarcely a public house in the city, that has not had more or less inquiries after Frank M'Laughlin!

A few incidents will serve as a sample for thousands, and will give the reader an idea of the extent of the fun, and of the extent of the joke.

Captain Bill Webb met Captain Joe Cornell, who says:

"Have you seen Frank?"  
"Frank who?"  
"Why, Frank M'Laughlin, who has just arrived from California with plenty of the stuff, and letters from several of the boys out there. He was just inquiring for you, and says he has a letter for you."

"The devil he has. I'll go and get it. Where'll I find him?"

"I'll go and see him."

Off starts the Captain for the Fountain, where the 'boys' all understood the 'sell,' and walking boldly up to the bar, inquires if Mr. M'Laughlin is in.

"No," says the barkeeper; "but he hasn't been gone five minutes. I think he has gone up to the Ivy Green, where you will find him."

While Captain Bill was getting this information, several others came in, with several inquiries for M'Laughlin; and all were directed to the Ivy.

Captain Bill, being rather up to snuff, began to smoke the pipe, but said nothing, determined, however, to go to the Ivy and see; but in walking across the Park, he met our friend Jim Fury, walking in much haste.

"Hallo! Fury, which way?" Said Capt. Bill.

"Why," said Jim, "I'm going over to the Fountain to see Frank M'Laughlin, who has just arrived from California, and I understand he has a letter for me."

"Oh, yes," said the Captain, "I have just left him. Why?"

"I understand," says the judge, "that he has a letter for me. I am just going over to get it." The judge did go, and was told that Frank had, not five minutes before, gone over to Sherwood and Fisher's. Thither the Judge followed, and was told that Frank had, not three minutes before, left with some friends, and said that he was going to the Carlton House to see Bates. The Judge followed upon a dog trot, and upon reaching the Carlton House and inquiring, was told that Frank had just gone out with his friends and was then probably around to the Ivy Green. Growing more and more eager for the letter, the Judge hurried round to the Ivy, but here he was again a little too late, for Nesbit informed him that Mr. M'Laughlin had been there but a moment before, but had gone up to the Comet in Walker-st. The Judge, thinking it 'would never do to give it up so,' hastened to the Comet, where, for the first time, he 'smoked' the 'sell.'

In like manner, it is estimated that more than ten thousand people were last week put in pursuit of Frank M'Laughlin, and hundreds kept on the trail from house to house and from street to street for hours, and many for days, in happy innocence of the rich amusement they were affording the wags, who, pulling the strings, still witnessed the eagerness to obtain letters from their friends in California. Sensible and intelligent citizens, and many ladies from remote parts of the city—from Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, and other out-of-town places, have been, to an extent almost incredible, during the whole week, persevering in their inquiries for Frank M'Laughlin.

Captain Bill Harrington, who has been long expecting a letter from his friend Dr. Brown, was informed at the Westchester House, that Frank M'Laughlin had a letter for him. He took a strong hold; put the party through on the strength of the information; was sent to The Gridiron, where he again put the party through, and received the information that Frank had, not five minutes before, gone over to the Chrystal; from the Chrystal he was sent to the Comet; and from thence to the Ivy Green; and from thence to the Fountain; and from thence to some other house, and we are not certain that he is not yet in pursuit of his letter from El Dorado.

'Pop Green,' of the tenth ward was also placed upon the 'string' at the Westchester House, and took the rounds in pursuit of a letter from his friend Jake Colvin, which he had been assured was in the possession of Mr. M'Laughlin; but at every place he called he learned that Frank had left about five minutes before! Our friends, ex-Mayor Havemeyer, Sheriff Carnley, Joe Murphy, Alderman Spader, and Tom Makin, may also be numbered among the most amusing victims of this most rascally joke.

The 'Kinderhook Roarer' took the bait with surprising innocence, and was run from Rath-bun's Hotel, through the different houses, till he reached the Comet, where, upon being told that Mr. M'Laughlin had not been gone five minutes, quietly observed that he had gained five minutes upon him since he left the Ivy Green, and concluded to abandon the pursuit.

The County Clerk obtained information that Mr. M'Laughlin had a letter for him at Ritter's in Twenty-seventh street, and he immediately took the cars and came down to Park Row, and was trotted round to more than a dozen places, before he began to suspect the game.

Sol Kip came down town, post haste, on Friday afternoon, with his horse and wagon, and was diligently inquiring for Mr. M'Laughlin, when he last heard from him.

On Thursday evening, the scene at most of the public houses was rich in the extreme. Whatever place you might visit, you were sure to witness a continued stream of anxious inquirers after Frank M'Laughlin, and the invariable answer was that he had just gone out.

On Thursday, in one hour, at the Ivy Green, no less than eighty persons called to inquire for Frank, who said they had been informed that he was there, and had letters for them; and the invariable answer of Nesbit, the wags, and the landlord, was, that he had just left, but might be found at some other named house.

On Friday night we stopped about five minutes at the house of our friend Charley Abel, during which time the innocent inquirers for Frank M'Laughlin numbered twenty, and Mr. Abel informed us that during the day, more than two hundred had been there in pursuit of the rich Californian, all of whom had been sent on their way rejoicing!

Yesterday, we found the 'saw' running as vigorously as when it was first started, and the Lord only knows how long the mania will continue! The victims, when they are brought to a 'realizing sense' of the joke, swear vengeance against those who put them upon 'the string,' but generally keep dark, and seek for a fresh subject, and delight in seeing him go the same rounds they have been led before, and thus the 'sell' passes from one to the other, and will continue to pass, till half our population will find themselves traveling from house to house, in pursuit of the imaginary Frank M'Laughlin!

### Singular Machine.

A mechanic residing at Newcastle-street, Hulme, has constructed a little machine for the purpose of awaking himself early in the morning. To a Dutch clock in the kitchen he has attached a lever, from which a wire communicates through the ceiling to the bed room above, in which he has fixed his novel invention. Having set the lever at any hour at which he may be awakened, when the time arrives it is released by the clock, and the machinery up stairs rings a bell, then strikes a match, which lights an oil lamp. This lamp runs upon four wheels, and is at the same instant propelled through a tin tube on a miniature railway, about five feet long, which is raised by small iron supports a few inches above the bed room floor. Near the end of the 'line' is fixed an elevated iron stand upon which a small teakettle is placed (holding about a pint), and immediately under it, by the aid of a spring, the lamp is stopped, and its flame boils the water in the kettle in twenty minutes, thus enabling him to take a cup of coffee prior to going to work. The bell attached is so powerful that it awakes his neighbor, and the machine altogether is of a very neat appearance, the mechanism being of polished iron. The inventor has made it during his leisure hours, and has been about eighteen months in bringing it to state of completion.

He has also combined economy with utility, as the working of it does not cost more than a half-penny per week.—[Eng. paper.

### Professional Life.

I cannot give you, my young friends, a better description of a successful professional struggle, and the wear and tear of life, than that which the commentary of Dr. Johnson upon the life of Cheyne affords. It is drawn by the graphic pen of the editor of the 'Medical-Chirurgical Review,' an eloquent Irishman, himself a successful struggler. He adds: 'We have followed Cheyne in his march up-hill; we see him at his summit; we are to see him going down. Such are the objects of human desires; sought with avidity; obtained with difficulty; enjoyed with disappointment; and often, in themselves, the source of irreparable evils. Success means wealth and eminence bought with the sacrifice of all healthy recreation both of body and mind. The daily toil is relieved only by the nightly anxiety; and, worn by almost uninterrupted exertions, the fortunate man is deprived of most of the social pleasures of life, and debarr'd from indulgence in its most cherished affections. He acquires property, loses his health, and often leaves the wealth of his industry, to be squandered by children whom it demoralizes.' Besides all this, remember that it has been truly said, in the most elevated position there is the least liberty, because that very elevation invites observation, and excites envy. That merit and ability which would have carried a man successfully through the crowd, will be found insufficient for him who is the object of general scrutiny. You should recollect, gentlemen, that even the position won by merit and ability may be lost by a want of that continued energy and persevering struggle which overcame all the obstacles opposed to your pioneering ascent. The champion in our profession, like in that of Christianity, must be ever progressing. A fall from an eminence is always perilous; in the medical sphere, fatal to fame. The world, in respect to our calling, may be esteemed as a school; the boy who has obtained the head place must labor assiduously to retain that position against his less fortunate competitors. Remember that sympathy is enlisted for the swimmer to the shore, against the buffeting billows, rather than for the individual who has encountered the same obstacles, the same dangers, and the same difficulties, but who has now apparently surmounted and escaped all.—[Lecture by Dr. Hayden.

### Practice and Preaching Both.

A clergyman, who was chaplain of a little squadron stationed in the Mediterranean for five years, related the following interesting anecdote which occurred during that time:

"The commodore was a frank and generous man, who treated the with marked attention, and I used to preach in all the ships but one. This was a small frigate, and its captain was an irreligious and profane man. He used to say he wanted no Methodist parson for a pilot, and he embraced every opportunity of annoying me. Being a person of violent temper, he took offence, and insulted the commodore, who meant to send him home. When I heard of his intention, I waited on the commodore, and said I was come to ask a particular favor of him.

"That shall be granted. I am always happy to oblige you. What is it?"

"That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S—," said I.

"Nay, nay; you can't be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy? and I believe the only man in the fleet who does not wish to see you on board his ship?"

"That's the very reason why I ask the favor, commodore; I must practice as well as preach."

"Well, well, 'tis an odd whim; but if on reflection I can grant your request without prejudice to his majesty's service, I will do it."

"The next day I renewed my petition.

"Well," said he, "if Captain S— will make a public apology, I will overlook his conduct."

"I instantly got into a boat, and rowed to the frigate. The captain met me with a frown on his countenance; but when I told him my business, I saw a tear in his eye, and taking me by the hand, he said: 'Mr. —, I really don't understand your religion, but I understand your conduct, and I thank you.'

"The affair blew over, and he pressed me to preach in his ship. The first time I went there the whole crew were dressed in their best clothes, and the captain at my right hand. I could hardly utter a word, my mind was so much moved, and so were the whole crew. There seemed a more than ordinary solemnity among us.

"That very night the ship disappeared, and not a soul survived to tell the tale. None ever knew how it happened, but we supposed, as there had been a gale of wind, she had foundered and went down in deep water."

How cheering the thought, that the men thus suddenly summoned into eternity had listened to the blessed message of the Gospel, and that, too, under circumstances which, through the blessing of God, were so peculiarly adapted to prepare their minds to welcome and receive it!

See, dear young reader, how "example" is more regarded than "precept." Persons can understand our conduct, if they cannot appreciate our principles; and they form their opinion of us more from what we do than from what we say. We should therefore strive to live well rather than to talk well. "Even a child is known by his doings." The religion of Christ teaches us to let our light shine before men; and it is highly important that those who profess to love the Savior should be careful to "adorn" in all things His doctrine.

### Queer Phraseology.

The funniest employment that we have in these dull days, is to look over the telegraphic despatches, announcing the state of the markets. Taking up an exchange paper yesterday, we found a few items which we shall copy with a running commentary for the benefit of unsophisticated readers.

"Provisions steady but not active."

Now, in the name of sense, what provisions could be active, unless it might be cheese in an advanced state of decomposition. It is true that cattle sometimes 'kick up a muss,' and a rather active lot passed our office yesterday, but these are not provisions until they are killed, and when they are, their action ceases.

"Lard has declined."

We can understand how lard can decline,

when placed in a very large iron pan, over a large fire; but during such weather as this, we should not think the article would drop by any means.

"Corn is held higher."

Now, what the deuce is corn held higher for? Or why indeed, is it held at all? Our knowledge of all kind of corn, except whiskey corn, induces us to believe that it is a very peaceable grain, which remains quiet unless disturbed, and requires no peculiar ward.

"Groceries steady."

This might have been expected, for though T is always in a riot, coffee, sugar and their confederate articles are exceedingly well behaved.

"Nothing doing in cotton."

After that we have no more to say. In the name of modesty and all the cardinal virtues, what should be doing in cotton?

### Dabbling in Medicine.

The folly of this is well illustrated in the following amusing narrative:

"About four years ago I was happily married to a very prudent lady, and, being of the same disposition myself, we made a very prudent couple. Some time after our marriage, my wife told me that doctor's bills were high, and, as we could not always expect to be free from disease, she thought it best to purchase some doctor's books, 'and thus,' said she with a smile, 'we can steal their trade at once.'—This I agreed to, and made it my particular business to attend all auctions of books, in order to buy medical books at the lowest rate.—In fine, in less than twelve months I had bought two 'Dispensaries,' 'Buchan's Family Physician,' two or three treatises on the art of preserving the health, different authors; seven treatises on the diseases of children, and divers others of the greatest note. My wife spent all the time she could spare from the economy of her household in studying, and as soon as my store was shut up in the evening, I edited myself with a few receipts from my Dispensary."

"As soon as spring arrived, my dear wife informed me that she found it positively enjoined by some of our writers, that we must swallow a large dose of cream of tartar and brimstone, to be taken in molasses every evening for three weeks. 'This the whole family complied with: first I myself, who being the head of the family, I reckon first; my wife, my brother Dick, who lives with me, my son and my daughter, my negro boy, and the servant maid. This cure we all went through to the entire satisfaction of my wife, who had the pleasure to find her medicine had the desired effect."

"Soon after this, the contagion of reading medical books spread through all my family, and scarce a day passed but some of them made use of some medicine or other. My poor brother Dick, after he had permission to read my books, had acquired a dejected countenance, the cause of which I could not conceive. At last he broke silence: 'Brother,' said he, (supposing that I had read more than himself) 'I feel my pulse; I think I have too much blood; had I not better get bled; you know that if too much blood gets into the head, it produces apoplexy; the symptoms of its appearance, says Buchan, are remarkable redness in the face, and you see that is exactly the case with me.' I could not but laugh at him; he was indeed red in the face, but such redness as indicated the very offspring of health. Our maid, from an education in a country school had learned to read; she earnestly requested her mistress to lend her a doctor book to read on Sunday afternoon. 'This reasonable request was granted, but poor creature! being not of the fairest complexion, she low-spirited, and finding my wife and me alone one evening, she came in, and ventured to express herself thus: 'La! mistress, I am concerned, and afraid I shall get the yellow jaundice, as I begin to look yellow in the face.' Decency prevented my smiling for a while, but when she left the room, I could not but enjoy a laugh. My negro boy was always eating roasted onions for a cold, but as he cannot read, he has luckily escaped every other disorder. One night as we were about going to bed, my wife desired me in the most serious manner, that if she should ever be taken with a locked-jaw, I should rub her jaw with muck, as she was convinced, from comparing the arguments of a variety of authors, that this was the best remedy. I told her there was no danger of such an event, as I had Doctor Cullen's word for it, it seldom attacked females; indeed, I am convinced that a locked-jaw lady is a *ra-ra* case in *terris*."

Hitherto our family medicines were used with confidence and satisfaction on all sides, till I considered one day that our family, without a doctor, had consumed more medicine in one year than my father's family used to do with the advice of a family physician, in six years. But one day, when my wife told me she thought it would be well to weigh our food before we ate it, lest we should eat too much or too little, and that *Sanctorius* advised it for good reasons, I got such a disgust for our scheme, that I resolved gradually to abandon it. I am now convinced of the truth of a saying of a rational medical writer, 'one or more things must happen to every human body; to live temperately; to use exercise; to take physic, or be sick.' And I am pretty certain that if I and my family persevere in the two former courses, we need not be in danger of the two last."

A FEW PUNCHES.—We find the following in Punch's Almanac:

Ladies, answer this.—If a man is a wretch who lifts his hand against a woman, what must the woman be who raises the heart-brush against a man, and that man her husband?

How to make things pleasant in an omnibus. Take a bull-dog in with you; or a couple of babies; or produce a pistol, and quietly cock it; or take the Police Gazette out of your pocket, and as you read it look most intently at the features of every person in the omnibus.

Breakfast in Europe.—On some fine morning, the city you reside in undergoing a siege, you ring for your egg and toast; instead of which there comes a shell and roll of musketry.

How to pull a person's nose.—Make him a present of half-a-dozen silk pocket-handkerchiefs.

Marriage.—The penalty paid for courting.

Dr. — was walking down the street the other day, when he saw two boys on the sidewalk apparently searching for something.—One of the boys remarked, just as he reached

them, "Well, five dollars is worth hunting after." So the Dr. stopped and searched awhile. Finally he got tired, and said to the boys, "Have you lost a five dollar bill?" "No, sir," said they, "but we didn't know but what we could find one." The Dr. sloped.

### If you would Avoid Broils, Learn to Fry.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA: In three acts and a half, short metre—being the kind of meter used by most great companies.

This longing after beauty,  
This sighing after curls,  
This chasing after fashion,  
Wherever fashion whiffs,  
And all that sort of thing,  
May do for those who like them—  
For those devoid of taste,  
For those who barter diamonds off  
For diamonds made of paste,  
And other blockheads;

But to a wife who truly loves,  
Who'd be what she appears,  
Who'd spread a sunshine round the man,  
That keeps away her tears,  
And brings her 'taters home,  
We'd whisper softly in her ear,  
We'd grave it on her heart,  
That knowing well to fry a steak  
Beats sentiment and art  
A darn'd sight.

### A Piece of Legal Advice.

RENNES, the ancient capital of Brittany, is a famous place for law. People come there from the extremities of the country to get information and ask advice. To visit Rennes without getting advice appears impossible to a Breton. This was true at the latter end of the last century, just as it is at present, and especially among the country people, who are a timid and cautious race.

Now it happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to Rennes on business, belittled himself that as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to employ them in getting the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of Monsieur Potier de la Germondie, who was in such high repute, that people believed their lawsuit gained when he undertook their cause. The countryman inquired for his address, and proceeded to his house in Rue St. Georges. The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait some time. At length his turn arrived, and he was introduced. M. Potier de la Germondie signed to him to be seated, then taking off his spectacles, and placing them on his desk, he requested to know his business.

"Why, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, twirling his hat, "I have heard so much about you, that, as I have come to Rennes, I wish to take the opportunity of consulting you."

"I thank you for your confidence, my friend: you wish to bring an action, perhaps?"

"An action! oh, I hold that in abhorrence! Never has Pierre Bernard had a word with any one."

"Then it is a settlement—a division of property?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer; My family and I have never made a division, seeing that we all draw from the same well, as they say."

"Well, is it to negotiate a purchase or a sale?"

"Oh, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell!"

"Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?" said the lawyer in surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer, replied Bernard. 'I want your advice—for payment, of course, as I am well able to give it to you, and I don't wish to lose this opportunity.'"

M. Potier took a pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

"Pierre Bernard," replied the latter, quite happy that he was at length understood.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years or very near it."

"Your vocation?"

"My vocation! Oh, that means what I do? I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange client.

"Is it finished already? Well and good.—What is the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Three francs!"

Bernard paid the money, and took his leave, delighted that he had taken advantage of his opportunity.

When he reached home, it was four o'clock: the journey had fatigued him, and he was determined to rest himself the remainder of the day. In the meantime the hay had been two days cut, and was completely saved. One of the working-men came to ask if it should be drawn in.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come in to meet her husband. "No, it would be a pity to commence the work so late, since it can be done to-morrow without any inconvenience." The man objected that the weather might change: that the horses were all ready, and the hands idle. But the farmer's wife replied that the wind was in a good quarter, and that night would set in before the work could be completed. Bernard, who had been listening to the argument, was uncertain which way to decide, when he suddenly recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed; "I have an advice—and a famous one too—that I paid three francs for: it ought to tell us what to do. Here Theresa, see what it says: you can read written hand better than I."

The woman took the paper, and read this line—*Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day!*

"That's it!" exclaimed Bernard, struck with a sudden ray of light. "Come, be quick; get the carts, and away; boys, girls, all to the hay-field!"

His wife ventured a few more objections, but he declared that he had not bought a three-franc opinion to make no use of it, and that he would follow the lawyer's advice. He himself set the example by taking the lead in the work, and not returning till all the hay was brought in.

The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, for the weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley; and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed, and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed; Bernard alone had not suffered.

The success of this first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that day forth he adopted it as the rule of his conduct, and became, by his order and dili-

gence, one of the richest farmers in the country. He never forgot the service done him by M. Potier de la Germondie, to whom he ever afterwards carried a couple of his finest fowls every year as a token of gratitude.—[Chambers' Journal.

### A Musical Critic.

"Ah, Spiffler, what jolly times you have of it—going every night to the opera, and getting up to all these things,—compared to us poor fellows in the city, who have to drudge away until foreign post hour. I wish I knew enough of music to be a critic."

"So you do," said Spiffler.

"But I don't know anything."

"That's enough."

"What! and music so complicated a science?"

"Music may be a science, but writing about music is a dodge, and one dodge is worth three sciences any day in the week, that is, of course, if you know how to work it."

"I don't understand—I—"

"Hold your tongue, and I'll make you a critic in three words. Call all tunes 'movements,' never say anything is correctly played, but 'conscientiously interpreted.' Whenever you hear a slow air and then a quick one, lug in a sentence about a 'largo' and a 'cabaletta,' write as much about 'diatonics,' 'major-fifths,' and 'chromatic intervals,' as you please, because nobody but fiddlers and piano-forte teachers know anything about them. If you want to do the severely classical, you can always talk about some old Dutchman of the name of 'Bach' who wrote figures—go into raptures about 'Jupiter in D-minor,' snort at any one who writes lovely melodies as a quadrille composer, and say, good naturedly, that, of course, Aubert and Bellini are very well in their way. Then, as to vocal music, take care you don't get confounding mezzotinos with mezzo-sopranos, for that is awkward; but be sure, when a *debutante* comes out, to be great upon the tones of the upper and lower 'register'—don't forget that word—nor 'flexibility,' neither—nor 'wiry,' nor 'timbre.' Never call a voice a voice, but always an 'organ'; and above all, (and here's half the secret of musical criticism, in a word,) make it a solemn rule never to conclude an article without complaining that the brass drowned the stringed instruments, and finding fault with the conductor for taking the time of the adagio 'too fast,' or, if the allegro, 'too slow.'—[From Clement Lorimer, Part III.

PUFFING SIGNS. Much ingenuity is displayed by some of our tradesmen, in the meaning conveyed by their signs; but none have ever equalled the two gentlemen of the comb, of whom the following anecdote is related.

At a time when frizzled wigs and hair of natural growth were contending for the mastery in the world of fashion, the rival species of head dress were advocated by two barbers, who lived opposite to each other in a certain street in London. One excelled in manufacturing perukes and keeping them in order, the other in dressing the locks which nature had bestowed. At length the former, to show the advantage of the wig, had a sign painted, on which was the figure of Absalom, hanging by his hair, and labelled above,

Care on these locks, and ere this tangling twig—  
I might have 'scaped, had I but worn a wig.

The other, not to be outdone, also mounted a new sign, painted with a view of a man drowning; while another, in attempting to pluck him forth by the locks, only pulls off his wig, and leaves him to sink. This sign was inscribed,

Care on this wig!—had not my hair been shaved,  
To give it place, I now might have been saved.

The following Epigram was translated by John Quincy Adams, from the French. It was addressed to a lady, who had closed a letter to the author, by saying she sent him a kiss:

You send me, lady,



## MISCELLANY.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## WHAT IS BEAUTY?

Oh, what is beauty? 'Tis a flower,  
That blossoms in the morn,  
And lives but a short summer hour,  
And then is gone.

Or like the tints that deck the bow,  
So beautifully bright—  
That but a moment richly glow,  
Then lost to sight.

Or like the gorgeous canopy,  
Upon a summer eve,  
Whose glories we can hardly see  
Before they leave.

Or like the golden vista seen  
In some enchanted dream,  
When splendours that have never been  
So real seem.

Such is the beauty of the eye,  
The brow, the lip, the cheek—  
Such that deceitful witchery  
So many seek.

Give me the beauty of the mind—  
To this I homage pay;  
And this through changing years, I find,  
Knows no decay.

MRS. L. L. B. FAIRFIELD.

[Translated from the French for the Boston Museum.]

## A Good Joke.

A few days since, at a late hour in the night, a coach was stationed before the gate of the Park of St. Cloud. There are always people who will be forever too late for the cars, and ingenious drivers, speculating upon this class of unfortunate *retardataires*, bring providentially their coaches upon the road which leads to the Depot.

These coaches never leave until the four seats are occupied.

The far-famed comedian, G., of the *Comedie Francaise*, after a protracted dinner at one of his friend's, perceived that the hour of the last train would be passed before he could reach the Depot, and seeing the carriage near, he said to the driver:

"Do you start immediately?"

"Yes," replied the coachman, "if you pay for the four seats."

"How much?" said G.

"Twenty francs."

"It is too much."

"Never mind, get in," replied the driver, "the others will soon be here."

The artist thought he would punish in an eccentric manner the extravagant pretensions of the coachman.

He entered the coach with the careless manners of a young man. The coachman shut the door and began to watch the road for other customers.

While he was thus engaged, the artist opened the door on the other side of the coach, slipped silently out, leaving his overcoat inside, and taking a large circle round, presented himself, limping, to the coachman, and asked in a stuttering voice if he should soon start.

"Immediately," replied the coachman; "there are now two of you, and I am waiting for two more who are coming."

The lame artist hobbled into the coach and closed the door; almost immediately after the other was noiselessly opened, and the artist disguised himself a third time as an old man.

It is known that G. can assume a voice and a face to suit any occasion.

"Sir," said the coachman to the supposed old man, "we are off in a moment. You are the third, and the fourth is in that house, hat in hand."

The fourth, like the others, was an imaginary being, who would never have come if the artist had not used another disguise. Putting on his overcoat, he reappeared before the coachman as a young man, slightly affected by the frequent libations of a sumptuous dinner.

"Well!" exclaimed the driver, "if you are in such a hurry as you say, we will start at once. We are all full."

"Mount your box and go on, then," said G., getting into the coach and closing the door after him.

The horses started at full gallop, but carried only one passenger. At the place of La Concorde, as it was agreed, the carriage stopped. The artist opened the door himself, gave five francs to the coachman, and disappeared. The coachman stood waiting for the other passengers.

Nobody appeared.

"They must be asleep," said he. And he put in his head to wake them up.

It was total darkness. The coachman felt about with his hands for the other passengers, but not one was to be found. He stood speechless.

How could the three passengers have vanished? The horses had come at full speed from St. Cloud. Four entered the carriage, only one had come out. What a mystery! and above all, what a loss! the total loss of fifteen francs!

As he was thus absorbed in his reflections, an old beggar approached and asked for charity.

"Oh! you come in the wrong time, my friend," replied the coachman. "I have just lost fifteen francs, and almost my senses in the bargain."

"Here they are," said the beggar, handing him, at the same time, three five-franc pieces.

"Beware in future how you impose upon unfortunate passengers."

And thus speaking, the beggar, who was no other than our friend G., disappeared, leaving the coachman to ponder over his mysterious adventure.

## Our Cases are Blessings.

There are a few who have not many of them;—few who do not complain of them. But who is better for being without care? Is it the son that is heir to millions, and who never had an earthly wish that is not gratified? the daughter who has slaves to fan and feed her, and whose caprice is law? Can two beings be found more selfish, and useless, not to say vicious, than they? Indolent, imbecile, unthankful, vain, ignorant, prodigal and corrupt;—persons of this class are tormentors to themselves and others. That parent is very unwise, who anticipates every desire, and removes every source of care that may lie in his child's way. It were far better to teach him to moderate his desires, and to labor diligently for himself and for the welfare of others.

Care sobers the mind, and makes it familiar with the realities and responsibilities of life. Care moderates levity, and tends to check the tendency to recklessness. The man who has business which requires constant attention, and is faithful in giving it the regard to which it is entitled, is kept in a state of mind which is favorable to moral and religious culture. The responsibilities which rest on him are designed to make him thoughtful and serious, and to restrain him from wayward and evil tendencies. The slightest observation will show that the industrious class of society, both among the rich and the poor, are the most virtuous, and are society's pillars and ornaments.

There may be such a thing, no doubt, as too

much care. Iron constitutions have been broken, and premature old age, or early death, have been induced by tasking body and mind beyond the limits of mortal endurance. But a proper measure of life's cares is a blessing. The burden which they impose may bend the frame, but the exertion which it makes in bearing it will promote its health and vigor. They may write wrinkles on the brow; but they also inscribe peace and benevolence of heart.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 31, 1850.

## Annual Meeting of the N. K. A. &amp; H. Society.

The Annual Meeting of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society was held at the Town Hall in this Village, on Tuesday last. The number of farmers present, especially from neighboring towns, was much greater than last year; and the meeting, as a whole, indicated, most emphatically a growing interest not only in the subject of agriculture, but in the general operations of the Society.

The following officers were elected for the year ensuing:

President—E. H. Scribner, Waterville.  
1st V. Pres.—Harrison Jaquith,  
2d "—Amasa Dingley,  
Sec. & Librarian—Wm. Dyer,  
Treas. and Col.—Jos. Percival,  
Agent—E. Maxham,  
Trustees—Isa. Marston,  
Seth Holway,  
R. R. Drummond,  
Frederick Paine.

The next Fair, and the next annual meeting were appointed to be held at Waterville. Among the prominent measures adopted, was an appropriation of \$50 for the purchase of books. This expenditure, in connection with the amount heretofore expended, will put the Society in possession of a very good library; the use of which is certainly worth one dollar a year to the farmer—and this is all it costs to be a member of the Society.

It was also voted to invite, through a committee, the towns of Vassalboro and Sidney to participate in the measures and benefits of the Society, if no legal objection should be found.

In consideration of a valuable donation of bound volumes of the *Maine Farmer*, from Russell Eaton Esq., the publisher, Mr. Eaton was tendered the thanks of the Society, with a life membership. The same return was made to Alpheus Lyon Esq. of this village, for some twenty bound volumes of the *New England Farmer*.

In the evening the annual address before the Society was given by the Editor of the Mail; on which occasion the Society, and the great pursuit of agriculture, received the well deserved compliment of a good audience.

## The Railroad Meeting at Canaan.

This meeting, however long the fact may have been in reaching us—was evidently a very spirited affair. It was promptly decided to proceed to survey the Northern Route, so called, from Waterville to Bangor. Assessments upon the several towns interested were reported by a committee for that purpose; and a committee appointed to make the contract for the survey. The merits of the several routes will of course be well weighed; and we are glad to see the investigation commence with so much spirit.

## The Robbers Taken.

Some disclosures are said to have been made within a few days, through the vigilance of the Norridgewock sheriff, which promise to lead to the detection of the villains concerned in the numerous robberies of stores in this village and vicinity this winter. We forbear to mention names, at present; though one or more arrests have been made, and numerous articles recognized as among those taken from the stores robbed in this place.

Some three or four men seem to have been concerned in the business, making a deposit of stolen goods with a female accomplice in the west part of Fairfield. A young man was examined in Fairfield yesterday, as one of the robbers; but with what result we have not yet learned.

We are glad to be informed that the Universalist Church and Society in this place have secured a continuation of the pastoral services of Rev. Mr. Gardner. As a man and a citizen, the friends of Mr. G. in Waterville know but little of denominational bounds.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is one of the very few magazines that elicit as much praise in No. 2 as in No. 1. Godey does this; and this accounts, as we understand it, for the "most vigorous fatness" that marks his portrait, accompanying the February number. We should as soon look for round and ruddy cheeks in a picture of Cassius, as of an editor;—and yet Godey is both fat and good looking. All this comes of honesty and fair dealing—albeit we are not excessively fat.

The January number of "The Scalpel," is more than usually sharp. We have marked some of its good things for our readers.

We hear considerable inquiry for the committee to whom was committed, a year or two since, certain matters connected with the purchase of a new and the removal of the old burying-ground, in this place. Some mysterious thing or other blocks the wheels of that project, notwithstanding everybody says confidently that it should be immediately entered upon. Can it be the committee alluded to is retarding the matter by its unfaithfulness? Where is the committee?—and what is in the way of putting this project in motion?

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE for February—brilliant of good things, as usual—up on our table. The articles are all excellent, and among the embellishments is a fine portrait of the poet Wordsworth. The gem of the number, however, in our opinion, is a con-

tinuation of "Susy L.—'s Diary," of which we took occasion to express our liking at its commencement in the December number. Its delightful piquancy and charming simplicity, its sound philosophy and sterling common sense, its truth to nature and life-like picturing, its broad philanthropy, and rich, mellow humor—must commend it to all readers of good taste—to all lovers of the good, the beautiful, and the true. No one who admires Fredrika Bremer, can fail to be pleased with this Diary—the production of the Bremer of America.

There is one drawback to the pleasure with which we peruse the "Dollar Magazine," and that is, a fear that, while so good a thing is sold at a price so low, somebody engaged in its production must be laboring for no pay, or at best, for very small pay. The enterprising proprietor, however, is sanguine in the expectation, that with the large number which he hopes to sell—and which he will sell, if his success is at all commensurate with the merits of his magazine—he shall yet make the publication profitable. Call and examine it at CHAS. K. MATHEWS'S.

## The Great Snow Storm.

The train that left Portland at half past 7 on Tuesday morning for Waterville, reached Lewiston with no difficulty. A damp heavy snow then falling very fast, a snow plough with one engine was put on, in advance of the train. The train thus proceeded with little delay to the Leeds station, some twelve or fifteen miles beyond Lewiston. Here it was discovered that the down freight train from Waterville had stuck fast in the Pine Hill cut, about two miles beyond the Leeds station. This train had left Waterville without any plough, and the conductor, in his effort to reach a turn-out, so as to allow the passenger train to pass, had encountered a foot or more of snow in the most difficult place on the road. Both engines were dispatched from the passenger train, to endeavor to move the freight train forward or back. Before they could get at work, it had been snowing some six or eight hours. The snow plough being thus brought into the middle of the line, was of no service, and all the efforts of the three engines were unavailing to move the freight train, clogged and buried, as it was, in the midst of the cut. The two engines with the plough then undertook to return to the Leeds station. A snow plough, when it has to be hauled backwards, is a mere encumbrance, and so rapidly had the snow accumulated on the track, that both engines, after long efforts to get back, were exhausted. A wood and water, and came to a stand about half a mile from the station. By the middle of the afternoon it was judged that eighteen inches of snow had fallen, and so fast did it continue to come down, that all efforts at shovelling, &c., were useless. It was necessary to suspend all operations, until the storm should cease. The passengers, who had remained with the cars at the station, disposed themselves for the night at the neighboring houses, and found good quarters. Early next morning, help was procured, and the engines were at length supplied with wood and water. To effect this and to make a chance for the snow plough to be moved backwards a short distance, an immense body of snow had to be removed by shovelling—in one place the drift was so high, that the men at work on the two sides could not see each others' heads over the top of it.

It was not until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, that the freight train was removed from its bad position and placed on a turn-out, so that the passenger train could pass. The three engines were then put upon the passenger train, with the snow plough ahead. All difficulties then vanished. The train being in right shape to meet the exigency, went forward in most dashingly style—the snow plough throwing off from one to three feet of snow, at the rate of 15 miles an hour. It was perfectly evident, that if there had been no obstacle in the way the day before except the snow, the train would have gone through in good time. Many years may pass before another such a fall of snow will occur, and this experiment shows, that the snow plough, rightly applied, will give us a sure triumph over our winter enemies.

The passenger train that left Waterville on Tuesday morning, also started without a plough. They were obliged to stop at the Readfield station for the up train to pass, and some idea may be formed of the extent to which the whole country was buried in snow, that although the down train waited some 30 hours, only 16 miles off from Leeds, no intelligence whatever was received by them from the up-train, until the latter itself arrived at Readfield.

Intelligent gentlemen—strangers to all our roads—who saw the manner in which the snow plough cut its way through such a mass of impenetrable and unbroken snow, said they had no longer any doubt of the facility with which the Montreal Road could be worked in the heaviest weather.

The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Road—47 miles—had its track fully cleared on Wednesday morning. The Waterville Road—55 miles—was cleared throughout by Thursday morning. [Portland Advertiser.]

## Mass Railroad Meeting at Bangor.

The meeting on Wednesday, was truly a *Mass Meeting*, and worthy of the occasion, notwithstanding the severe storm of the day previous, which so blocked up the roads as to prevent the attendance of a very large proportion of strangers from abroad, who would otherwise have been present. The Old City Hall was nevertheless crowded to overflowing, and the best possible feeling prevailed.

The meeting was organized by the choice of Gen. Samuel P. Strickland, of this city, as President, Joseph Kely, Esq., of Guilford, Henry Butman, Esq., of Dixmont, Samuel Stetson, Esq., of Stetson, George W. Chamberlain, Esq., of Carmel, as Vice Presidents, and Albert Emerson, and George A. Thatcher, as Secretaries.

Moses L. Appleton, Gorham L. Boynton, John S. Sayward, Levi Johnson, and Thomas A. Hill were appointed a committee to draft and report resolutions.

After some introductory remarks by the President, the committee reported the following resolutions, which were read by its Chairman, Moses L. Appleton, Esq., and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the true interest of the Eastern portion of our State demands that a Railway communication should be extended from the Kennebec to the Penobscot river.

Resolved, That the city of Bangor is especially interested in the immediate construction of a road which will promote her welfare, increase her business, and add to her growth and population.

Resolved, That in the accomplishment of this great enterprise, we must look at the efforts of the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant, the lumbering man, and we invoke each and all of our citizens who regard the onward prosperity of Bangor, to use every exertion to secure the

immediate organization of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad Company.

Resolved, That a responsible duty devolves on our citizens to work unceasingly, to promote the desired object, and by a liberal subscription, manifest to persons residing elsewhere, the confidence they have in this great enterprise.

Resolved, That the sentiment of our people, as expressed in a resolution passed at a public meeting on the 11th day of February, 1847, remains unchanged, and in the opinion of this meeting as well as that, the construction of a Rail Road having been secured to Waterville, the interest of Bangor and the East require its immediate extension to this city.

Resolved, That true policy dictates the location of the road in such a manner as will connect us with the interior towns, and open our markets and markets to their rich and varied products.

Letters were also read by the Chairman of the Committee appointed by the Corporators, from David Pingree, Esq., of Salem, John Howe, Esq., of Bangor, President of the Boston and Maine R. R. Co., George Downs, Esq., of Calais, Hon. Timothy Boutelle, President of the Androscoggin and Kennebec R. R. Co., Hon. F. H. Allen, of Bangor, and several other distinguished gentlemen, all breathing the most kind and encouraging interest in the success of this most important enterprise.

The afternoon was occupied in a free interchange of opinion and views.

The afternoon had nearly passed, when from the interior manifested the arrival of Friend Taylor, of Fairfield, one of the most efficient Directors of the Androscoggin and Kennebec R. R. Co., and the Hon. Samuel P. Benson, Treasurer of the same company. It was deemed advisable to adjourn the meeting to 7 o'clock in the evening, which was accordingly done.

EVENING SESSION. The same enthusiastic feeling brought our people together, who listened with great pleasure to the stirring remarks of Hon. S. P. Benson of Waterville, and the highly interesting and candid views presented by Friend Taylor, both of whom have had an extensive intimate acquaintance with the construction of their own Railroad, and who expressed, as they say, the general sentiment and feeling of the stockholders of the Androscoggin and Kennebec road that they feel deeply interested in the progress of our undertaking, and that we may rely upon something more substantial than their sympathy.

These gentlemen have our most heartfelt thanks for their "courage and indomitable perseverance" in breasting the most violent storm of the season for the purpose of encouraging us in this great object of general interest.

The evening was otherwise occupied until about 10 o'clock by speeches from Edward Appleton, Esq., Engineer of the Androscoggin and Kennebec road, Elijah Wood, Jr. of St. Albans, Hon. P. M. Foster, of North Anson, Hon. A. G. Jewett and Col. William H. Mills, Mayor of this city, John Hodgson, Esq., of Exeter, Geo. W. Chamberlain, Esq., of Carmel, Charles Stetson, Esq., of Stetson, Doctor A. Garcelon, President of the Androscoggin road, and other gentlemen.

The occasion on the whole was one of deep and enthusiastic interest, and was so strong an evidence of the determination on the part of the people to have immediate measures adopted for the organization of the Penobscot and Kennebec Rail Road Company, that we feel impelled to say that a new era has already dawned upon Bangor, and that instead of being shut out from a free and easy intercourse with the rest of the world, and devoting all her energies to but one of our many resources of wealth and business, we shall soon find ourselves developing other and more important interests than merely stripping our pine forests. After voting that all the papers in this city be requested to publish these doings, the meeting was adjourned to meet in this place on Wednesday the 6th day of February next at 2 P. M.

SAM'L P. STRICKLAND, Pres.

Albert Emerson, Geo. A. Thatcher, Secretaries.

## The Hungarians.

The North American Review says that the Magyar race have fallen, and left to languish their fate, excepting the Red Republicans of France and Germany, and the Polish refugees; that they have fallen in attempting to preserve their feudal institutions, their supremacy as a race, and their national independence against the reformation demanded by the spirit of the age, against the equality of political rights demanded by their ancient subjects, and against that union with Austria which is a necessity of their geographical position. Is this a correct statement of their case? We believe not. Nearly a year before the war began, the Hungarian diet had abolished the distinction of races and the inequality of rights which marked their ancient system, while the Landholders granted to their tenants, in full ownership, a fourth part of all their estates, so say accounts. We must also remember that Kossuth, the great chief of the insurrection, had previously been imprisoned for three years by the Austrian government for attempting to establish a free press.

We must also remember that he was not a great landholder, but a poor lawyer, whose whole efforts before the war, were directed against the exclusive privileges and irresponsible government. We must also remember that the constitution granted to Austria by its government, was extorted at the point of the bayonet by the German democrats, and that, ever since the government recovered from its fright it has been violating this constitution by reducing the privileges which it granted. We leave the North American Review to explain how the Austrian government has conformed to the spirit of the age, by calling on the Csaks to subdue its own subjects, by employing Windischgratz and Haynau to butcher them after surrender, and by scourging, hanging and shooting women and children. To our apprehension, such things seem more consistent with the spirit which characterized the ages of Jenghis Khan and Timur.

About the union of Hungary with Austria as a geographical necessity, we are not quite so well convinced as the North American Review. But we see an ethnological and political necessity; for the union of Austria proper with Germany, and of all the Slavonic races in one nation, as a barrier against the Csaks. We admit that the Red Republicans and the refugee Poles were the only allies of the Hungarians. This merely proves that the Democrats of France, Germany and Poland sympathize with the Republicans of Hungary, while the Houses of Lords and of Commons, the petty princes of Germany, the aristocracy of England, the pretender at an empire in France, and his Gauls who broke into Rome to crush its newly born liberty, sympathized with the Csaks.

The North American Review has the democratic right to choose its political associates, and has chosen the representatives of the dark ages. We, having the same right, prefer associates a little more progressive. [Philadelphia Ledger.]

## ENCOUNTER WITH A ROBBER IN FRANCE.

During the night of the 19th Dec, while M. Bernard Cassigne, the assistant priest of the commune of Ilem, in the Landes, was in bed, he heard the stealthy steps of a man approaching his room. As several attempts at robbery had recently been made on his house he was on his guard, and jumping out of bed rushed towards the man with a pistol in his hand, and snapped it, but missed fire. He then returned into his room and barricaded the door, calling for help from his two female servants. One of them was too much alarmed to move, but the other seized a knife and ran towards her master's room, which she reached just as the man had forced the door, and was struggling with the priest. In the darkness she could not distinguish one from the other, but feeling a hand she asked her master if it was his, and on being replied to in the affirmative, she placed the knife in his hand, and told him to use it effectually. The priest dealt several severe wounds on his assailant, who called aloud for mercy. The servant, however, protested against any being shown, telling her master that if he did not despatch him others would come and assassinate them all. The priest then dealt some further blows, and the robber fell in a dying state, and received the last consolation of religion from the man he had so brutally attacked.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR. A daughter of Mr. Cyrus Cooley, who has recently been employed in one of the boarding houses connected with the Academy at Wilbraham, left about Christmas, with the expressed intention of making a visit of a week at her father's residence in Longmeadow. Nothing was heard of her till last week, when Mr. Cooley received a letter from a physician connected with a hospital at Boston, announcing her death in that institution. The letter was the first intimation received by the father of his daughter's absence from Wilbraham. Miss Cooley was about 20 years of age, prepossessing in her appearance, and considered very correct in her manners and conduct. Her remains were sent for interment to Longmeadow, when a post mortem examination was made, with what result has not transpired. [Springfield Post.]

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF A HOG. The Easton (Md.) Whig relates that a hog belonging to G. Howe, of Allen township, was accidentally buried under a stack of straw in his yard on the 13th of October last. Additional straw was thrown on the stack from time to time, until the 24th of Dec, when the animal was found. Incredible as it may appear, the hog lived in that situation, without air, water, or any thing to eat, except straw, for seventy-four days! When the hog was lost, it weighed 250; when taken out of its confinement it was a mere skeleton, not weighing more than 60 or 70 pounds. At first it could not walk, but moved by short jumps like a rabbit. When offered food it would only take a little warm milk, but gradually its appetite returned, and it promises in a short time to regain its former weight.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION. During a few months, bills have passed as follows: Maine exempts a Homestead to the value of \$500, and, in the absence of a Homestead, personal property to that amount. Vermont exempts a Homestead to the value of \$500; Iowa and Minnesota 40 acres of land, or a lot; California, 320 acres of land, or a lot worth \$2000; Decret. it is said, secures a home to every family. Georgia, Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Connecticut had previously enacted similar laws. Other States are moving. [Chronotype.]

THE NONSENSE OF LEGAL TECHNICALITIES. The indictment of Professor Webster, for the (alleged) murder of Dr. Parkman, is published in the Boston Traveller; and presents a curious illustration of the rank nonsense supposed to be all important to and inseparable from legal documents. It contains four counts, the first of which alleges that the killing was effected by a stab with a knife, which the murderer held in his right hand, and with which he inflicted a stab on the left breast, one inch in length and three inches in depth. The second says that the mortal wound was inflicted on the head, with a hammer, which he held in both hands. The third makes out that the manner of the murder was an immense number of blows and kicks, inflicted on the head, breast, back, belly, sides and other parts of the body, which struck the slain man to the floor, where he received many other blows, kicks, strokes, wounds, and bruises, so that he instantly died. And the fourth has it in general terms—with means, weapons and instruments, unknown, &c.

Now the precise averments in the first three counts are either essential and must be proved, precisely, or they are mere nonsense; else why are they inserted, under the first supposition, or why are they superseded by the general declaration, under the last? Clearly there can be no expectation of proving them, precisely: no human being, except the actual murderer, can say whether the knife was held in the left hand or the right—whether the hammer was held in one hand or in two. Why then make these specific allegations? If they must be made and proved, an acquittal is almost a matter of course. If they need not be proved, why are they brought forward? Why not rely professionally on the general averment—of death inflicted in some manner and by some means unknown. [N. Y. Com. Adv.]

SECRET OCCUPATIONS OF PARIS. There died in Paris, not long since, a man ruined by the Republic and who had always followed a very productive business. One day he was reflecting on the numberless efforts he had made in vain to obtain a livelihood. The idea crossed his mind. "There are annually lost in Paris at least one hundred bank notes; one-tenth of this money belongs to persons who have no faith in human probity, and are never reclaimed. Now of the persons who find these notes, three out of ten are honest. Of their honesty, now perfectly sterile, I will make use." This was the origin of a new industry. He caused to be printed, on credit, a number of handbills to the following purport: "Bank Note lost—Honesty its own Reward." A poor man, father of a family, has lost a bank note, sent to him for the reward of his toil, somewhere between Montrogue and Bercy. The finder will please bring it to No. — street, and will be amply rewarded by the conscientiousness of having done his duty.

This notice, placed every month at the corners of Paris, procured for the inventor an income of twenty-five hundred and three thousand francs, on which he contrived to live very comfortably. The establishment of the Republic, which rendered the loss of bank notes most improbable and almost impossible, put an end to this strange occupation.

The slaveholders threaten to dissolve the union, says the Brooklyn Eagle, not because we interfere between master and slave in the states, because we do not; but because we refuse to aid them—to interfere in their behalf—to sustain and extend slavery.

THE WILMOT PROVISIO. Mr. Clingman of North Carolina, has just made a speech of a strong Southern character. He fears that California, New Mexico, Minnesota, Oregon and Deseret will come into the Union as free States, and the North have control of the Senate. In a specification of grievances against the South we find the following, which, if true, would show that some good has been accomplished, or evil prevented, by the agitation of the Wilmot Proviso question. He says: "But for the passage of the Wilmot Proviso, from time to time, in the House, slaveholders would have gone to California, to work the mines, and make that a slave State."

THE MAYOR OF PITTSBURGH. Joseph Barker, hitherto known as 'the street preacher,' elected mayor of Pittsburgh, whilst a prisoner in jail, under sentence of six months' imprisonment, for delivering harangues to crowds of people assembled in the street—was taken from the jail, on Friday by the sheriff, who conducted him to the Council Chamber, amid the cheers of the multitude, where he was sworn into office,—delivered his address, in which he expressed his sentiments against groceries and market hucksters, and was then conducted back to jail to await a pardon, expected from the Governor. [Boston Courier.]

LACONIC BUT NOBLE.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble recently read one of her favorite Shakespearean plays for the benefit of the St. George's Society of New York, and when the Committee waited upon her to return the thanks of the Society, they were met with the eloquent and generous sentiment; 'I am an English woman—why should you thank me?'

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—The work of constructing the Astor Library in Lafayette Place, has at length commenced. The necessary excavation has been in progress some days, and it is in expectation to lay the foundation walls in March next. Messrs. Bogert & Herriet are the contractors. The building, which is calculated to contain 100,000 volumes in the main hall, or 120,000 by adapting the adjacent apartments to their use, will be completed at the end of two years and a half, at an estimated cost of \$75,000, exclusive of the furniture, shelving, &c. About \$14,000 worth of iron will enter into its composition. It will be, in every respect, a noble structure. From the level of the sidewalk to the upper line of the parapet, its height will be about 70 feet. To the apex of the lantern, above the hall the height will be 84 feet. Its breadth is 120 feet, width, 65. The lower portion will be formed of brown-stone. Mr. Alexander Selz, of Berlin, is the architect. [N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

NOT BAD FOR A CHILD.—I have, writes a correspondent, "a pretty, bright, juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Rosa. Some days ago she was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family, who finally wound up by saying, 'Rosa, I don't love you.' Ah, you've got to love me," said the child. "Why so?" asked her tormentor. "Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says you must 'love them that hate you,' and I am sure I hate you!" Was that bad "for a child?"

RUM AND LITERATURE.—Looking from our office window the other day, we saw an ox team passing by loaded with a number of casks of rum. One was labelled with the name of a certain firm in "Buckton," which we suppose should have been Buxton, but as rum and literature are entirely incompatible with each other, we were not surprised that the word was misspelled. The rum seller and the schoolmaster can never be friends, for where the former reigns the schoolhouse is deserted, and where the latter bears sway the rumrunner finds but little sale for his death dealing wares. [Portland Transcript.]

PASSING ALONG Fore street the other day, the door of a rum shop near us opened violently, and a man was thrust headlong upon the sidewalk, while the door immediately closed and a being glared through the glass, muttering curses. The man, who was an old man, with gray hair, and had been at the rum bottle. Gathering himself up as well as he might, he vented curses not loud but deep, and commenced a drunken attack upon the now barred door. Finding discussion useless in diverting him from his object, we passed on. Perhaps he fell into the hands of a policeman and was lodged in jail, while the drunkard maker inside pursued his course in peace! [Portland Transcript.]

Volumes have been written on marriage, but whole folios could not convey more of the philosophy of the subject than is crammed into the following answer by a woman to an old maid, who reproached her for her choice of a husband: "To be sure, he is not so good a husband as he should be, but he's a powerful sight better than none."

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.—A Cincinnati correspondent of the Chicago Tribune gives the following unique port



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