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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV. WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1850. NO. 11.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.
At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street
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If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
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MISCELLANY.

SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR WERTHY MAGAZINE.
PART FIRST.
To speak plainly, dear Max, I take you to be about the most insupportable man in the world.
And you, sweet Irma, are certainly the most nervous, irritable, and annoying woman alive.
The two parties engaged in the interchange of such sweet and friendly words, were a young husband and wife of just a twelve-month's standing.
Max Lirvins, the husband, was a young lawyer, and the son of a wealthy old Parisian banker, who had discovered one evening, in the world of fashion, the acknowledged belle of the season, a perfect waltzing sylph. By some unaccountable means, their hearts had become entangled in the intricacies of a ladies' chain, at the conclusion of which, Max was, of course, presented to the parents of the bewitching fair one; after which ceremony, the notary clipped his pen, and the worthy Mayor, having donned his tri-colored scarf, the pair were judiciously launched into matrimonial life, under the firm conviction that "love in a cottage" was about the extent of their future requirements. The ceremony ended, they at once started off to a delightful villa, in the vicinity of Paris, the pretty cottage of the old banker. But here, unfortunately, and perhaps for want of other occupation and relief, *ennui* soon characterized the hitherto delightful *debut*. Max and Irma had very naively reckoned upon finding each other perfect. Judge, then, of the fair Irma's astonishment upon discovering one evening, that poor Max was endowed, in a high degree, with the spirit of contradiction; and as each new defect made its appearance, she would testify exclaim: "What stranger have we here, then?" And so, on the other hand, was it with Max, when Irma complained of head-ache, or showed the vapors—What interloper is this?" thought Max. And now, having laid hands on the conjugal microscope which discovers, as by magic, every almost imperceptible defect, they soon learned to find each other less amiable, agreeable, and seductive; in that respect, however, were they neither better nor more sinful than their neighbors, for so it is, in fact, with all the world, a mixture of good and evil, both moral and physical. Added to the complexion of a brunette, Irma had a beautiful pair of eyes; and Max, with some little expression, had very regular features; but both had their faults as well as their virtues. Perfection is not in the nature of mankind, and light and darkness succeed each other.
The beautiful sun of their love was now rapidly paling, and soon ended, alas! in a total eclipse. The *irresistible de-à-tête* had failed in its desired effects, and a tour through Switzerland was at once decided upon, *en dernier resort*. Yet here was there no love to render their excursion agreeable. Upon its lakes, they had quarrels as numerous as the billows over which they floated, and the Swiss mountains became the scenes of dissensions as angry as the torrents which foamed over their rugged sides.
How beautiful would these hills appear, were I alone, said Max.
Miserably insipid, when traveled in your company, retorted Irma, sharply. And how wretchedly cold it is, too, without a single affectionate word from you to warm me. I'm sure I shall never accustom myself to this chamois and mountain temperature. Indeed, I prefer the opera; for there one can enjoy a country scene with considerable comfort. Do help me to put on my cloak, Max!
Put it on yourself, said Max; I don't care about getting off my horse. Your guide can assist you.
How very kind, obliging, and gallant you are. I know I shall take cold, for I am coughing horribly already. I'm sure I shall have a cold in my head.
If you only had an extinction of voice, now, I should not be annoyed with your reproaches.
How heartless! sighed poor Irma.
Oh, I am not so gallant as our young fellow-travelers, just now, who paid you so much attention, and threw sheep's eyes at you.
Jealous! Well, that's one defect I was not aware of, and the only one, too, waiting in my collection. You'll not allow any one to look at me, presently, I suppose. What cruelty!
I jealous! quite the reverse, indeed. If those young gentlemen were kind enough to carry your umbrella across the plain, and your cloak over the hill, they only saved me the trouble of being your servant.
And you are not more jealous than that, eh? You didn't get into a great passion, I suppose, when you saw them looking so tenderly at me, when they saw how handsome I was?
Stop a moment! stop a moment! We will soon settle that matter. Now, madame, does it please you to consider me jealous, or not?
Hold, sir! you make me nervous; indeed, I am already in pain.
Ah, nervous indeed! that would be rather troublesome among these mountains. Let me recommend you, then, my friend, since you are not acquainted with any proper mode of treatment of that disease, to postpone the attack until you have consulted some of your fair friends on the subject. Nervousness, however, seldom afflicts ladies whilst traveling.
Sir! cried Irma, in a fury.
Madame! replied Max.
With you, sir, continued Irma, life is a perfect Hades, and this mountain a Calvary. As long as we continue together I foresee nothing but misery.
Ah, now sweet friend, we are perfectly agreed; and since, in this instance, we display such an admirable sympathy of feeling, perhaps, after all, we shall have no difficulty in arriving at a mutual understanding. Let us see, now, if it wouldn't be possible to procure a separation.
Separation! exclaimed Irma.

Ah, yes; that amuses you, doesn't it?—Well, the wisdom of our legislators has, happily, afforded us a few pretexts: in the first place, then, we have the chapter on infidelity; on that score, however, I am happy to say, I have no complaint to make. As for myself, as I have always been fond of peace and tranquility, I have never, of course, had much love for the society of the ladies.
Except one, and that was when you paid your addresses to me, sir.
Again, said Max, without appearing to listen to her, there is another capital method: I can give you a blow before witnesses, and as I trust you understand the motive, you will be sufficiently evangelical to receive it with good grace, and at once tender the other cheek.—Now, if you are ready, madame, I will call the guides, for we must have witnesses. Although they are Germans, I dare say they'll understand us, for French and German blows have pretty much the same sound, I believe. Come, then, are you ready? I'm sure I'd do anything to please you.
A thousand thanks, my dear sir, replied Irma. But were it possible for me to accept the means of safety you offer, I would do so with pleasure, and be happy to return the compliment; but when man and wife separate, public opinion always condemns our sex. Now, therefore, as public opinion, in this respect, is the acknowledged sovereign of us ladies, and I her most humble liege, it would be imprudent for me to render myself, in the slightest degree, obnoxious. In short, my dear sir, we are inseparable, I shall remain with you—a penance of itself sufficient to render me meritorious in the eyes of Heaven, and afford me a tolerable reception in Paradise.
Well, I didn't think you could carry the spirit of contradiction so far, said Max. So you won't be divorced?
Not I, my dear friend; such marriages as ours are, undoubtedly, sources of perpetual misery; and yet, the world is very severe upon those who happen to escape them.
You will drive me mad by and by. Do you suppose then, I will live in the midst of such incessant quarrelling, or that I can't quit you without your consent, and return to Paris at once?
Just as you please, my dear.
Ah, now you are reasonable.
But I follow you, of course; for that is only my duty as a faithful spouse.
That would be madness, said Max.
Nothing separates us but death, sir.
Death! exclaimed Max, as if struck with a sudden idea. Do you know, madame, that you have inspired me with the desire to throw myself into the river that flows at the foot of this precipice?
It is very rapid, said Irma, laughing. If you desire a bath, I think you would find a shower bath much more healthy and invigorating.
So saying, Irma rode briskly on, thinking no further of poor Max, whom she left behind, standing opposite the bridge which was thrown across the torrent. As she continued her route, she shuddered frequently at the perilous road which wound its way over the mountain. Max, guided, no doubt, by conjugal affection, had ordered the guides to protect the ascent of the trembling little traveler. She had not proceeded far, however, before a new subject of quarrel occurred to her, and turning quickly round—
Max, said she, come here, I want to speak to you. But she looked in vain; Max was nowhere to be seen.
What can he be waiting for?" said she, and calling one of her guides, she gave him to understand that her fellow-traveler had disappeared. A loud call was at once made, but there was no answer, save that of a solitary echo, which, from a neighboring grotto or glacier, mocked at those who called upon him.—Seriously disturbed, Irma hastily retraced her steps, and having presently arrived opposite the little bridge, she stopped a moment, and uttered a piercing cry, which arrested the frightened guides.
But why did Irma and her guides stand as if petrified? Simply because, at the bottom of the precipice, which overhung the little bridge, they fancied they perceived Max's cloak attached to a projecting rock. There was a question now, but that Max had departed this life, as did the prophet Elijah, leaving his cloak behind him.
Oh, the unfortunate man! cried Irma, he has destroyed himself, and I am the cause of his death. I refused to leave him, and thus added cruelty to inhumanity. But perhaps this is not his cloak, said she, with a gleam of hope.
Oh, who will assure me of it?
One of the guides, who understood some words of French, immediately sprang down the precipice, and by the aid of some projecting rocks, which served as steps, descended to a great depth. Presently he reappeared, with wonderful agility, and laid the cloak at Irma's feet.
The young woman sobbed bitterly when she recognized her husband's cloak; that terrible catastrophe had effaced all her trifling resentment, and overcome by grief and fatigue, her guides carefully assisted her down the mountain.
The guides testified, before the local authorities, respecting the sudden disappearance of the traveler, adding that they had discovered his cloak at the foot of the precipice, hanging upon a projecting rock. It was, therefore, decided that Irma Lirvins was a widow.
Irma returned to Paris, and wept for the loss of her husband as much from the natural kindness of her heart, as because it was the fashion to do so. But whilst deploring so terrible a catastrophe, she could not refrain from occasionally remarking that although she had not desired poor Max's death, yet since it had been the will of Heaven to make her a widow, she would now endeavor to recover that peace of mind which she had so long been a stranger to. "I shall have no more of those daily quarrels," said she, "for to do poor Max justice, he was dreadfully contrary and quarrelsome; and I do certainly believe that had Heaven decreed him a place in paradise, his spirit of contradiction would have urged upon him the propriety of a trip to the lower regions." Such was the funeral oration which the young widow delivered respecting her deceased husband. In the meantime some months passed away, and many consoling visits, at once to advise and comfort her. But although many were called, only one was chosen; and that was the handsome Cyprian, a perfect lion of

fashion, and as indispensable a piece of furniture to a lady's drawing-room, as its rose-wood couch, or damask tapestry. With such a man now, observed Irma, it would be quite impossible to quarrel, for he is as mild and sugary as neighbor Berthelotom's confectionary. So saying, she would smile graciously upon him, permitting him to sigh like a faithful lover, during the remaining period of the mourning season, and inducing him to imagine that she might, possibly, at some future time, make him her second lord and master. Alas! poor Cyprian!
The year slipped away; but how many important affairs occur, in the course of a single year—how many changes in the ministerial cabinet, as well as in the heart. And Irma, who had at first received Cyprian with charming grace, now began to assume the most perfect indifference. The amorous swain, mournful as a mute at a funeral procession, was desperately afflicted, and began to fancy that he had a rival to contend with. But he sought him in vain amid the immense array of drawing-room dancers, from the "old guard" of the waltz, *a deux temps* down to the voltiours of the polka, and the conscript of the Scotch. Irma, who had now reappeared in the world, paid but little attention to any of her numerous admirers, but continued to display a considerable amount of sadness and preoccupation.
At length, Cyprian boldly determined one day to learn his fate, and set out for the residence of the pretty widow in order to make her a solemn proposal. Having reached the house, and while waiting for the servant to open the door, he heard Irma's voice in the adjacent room:
Dear friend, said Irma, tenderly, whilst I gaze upon you, I can never love but you.
I was sure of it, said Cyprian; I knew I had a rival; but I'll soon discover the rascal, and pushing aside the terrified servant, he threw open the door and entered; but although he looked around him most inquisitively, he could perceive no fortunate rival in the room.
What, Madam!—quite alone?" said he.
As you see, replied Irma.
But, said Cyprian, with a little hesitation, I thought, that is to say, I fancied I heard you making use of some very tender language just now.
Ah, did you really hear me?" said Irma blushing. Alas, yes—I was speaking to my dear friend.
Then is my misery certain—you love another, madam, and yet permitted me to hope. But how could he have left the room without my perceiving it?
He is always here, sir, said Irma, sighing.
What! said Cyprian, looking stupidly around. I don't see any one here; surely he cannot be invisible, and yet Irma, there is magic in your eyes. But where is this rival, who has done me so much injury?
In this closet, said Irma.
Why that is only a miniature; and you told me it was your husband's, too.
Certainly, sir; and it was to him I spoke, just now. Oh! how I adore his sweet likeness!
So, said Cyprian, my rival is, after all, but in a miniature, and that the miniature of a husband; but I thought the deceased was much less beloved by the survivor; indeed, it has been hinted, madam, that your honeymoon was more like a March moon—a sure precursor of storms and disagreeable weather.
It is true, sir, said Irma, that we did not agree very well; for my poor friend was very quarrelsome. And yet you see what a tender expression this miniature has. Well to be sure, how sweet and amiable a husband appears in a neat lock!
Very true, said Cyprian, we always find the best characters in portraits.
And then, resumed Irma, I never knew how to appreciate him. I found him contrary and sarcastic; yet never could perceive that it was merely the overflow of his wit, and humor. I also accused him of incessantly reproaching and tormenting me; which only proved that he was continually thinking of me, and was nothing, after all, but a mere display of affection. Now that he is gone, I can only see his good qualities; and he had many, sir, I can assure you. Ah! I shall never be consoled for his loss; I was happy, indeed; but that happiness I have allowed unwillingly to escape me. Then was I blind; but now, alas! I see clearly enough. Oh, if he were yet alive how sweetly would my life be spent in his company.
Dear Madam, allow me to hope, said Cyprian, that I may yet induce you to banish his memory and his name together. Your mourning season, madam, is now long past; and I assure you that by consulting the almanac you will find that it is now high time to dry your tears. You know how well I love you. For pity's sake, then, dear Irma, name the happy day of our wedding.
I marry again!—never, sir! I shall remain faithful to the memory of my dear husband.
What do you say, madam?—Well, how few widows there are in Paris who resemble those of Malabar!
There is one, at least, said Irma; although it is my heart, and not my body which is consuming upon its tomb.
And yet, madam, I do not despair of eventually inducing you to change your intentions.
You are a coxcomb, sir!
It is not coxcombry, madam, but love.
Will you permit me, at all events, to visit you sometimes, and occasionally meet you in the world?
Certainly, sir; I shall be happy to receive you, occasionally, not only as a distinguished man, but as a capital waltzer. For, added the Parisian Artemisia, in spite of my grief, I cannot entirely abandon the world; for excessive grief requires occasional recreation.
Cyprian withdrew, but not in despair; for he thought that worldly pleasure might eventually overcome the grief of the living for the dead.
On the following evening, Cyprian accompanied Irma and one of her friends to the Theatre-Francaise, to witness a representation of the great English tragedy of Macbeth. The two first acts having been concluded, the third act, so full of terror and poetry presented itself, in which Macbeth having donned the royal ermine, as predicted by the witches, appears in all his pomp, but with remorse at his heart. A splendid banquet is served, and Macbeth surrounded by his courtiers, when—oh! horror!—the shade of Banquo, issuing from the ground, takes his seat amid the guests. The specter's pale and frightful, just as specters generally are supposed to appear, its fixed and

glassy eyes emitting a phosphoric light; and Irma, in order to escape the horrid sight turned away her head, and began to scrutinize the gay throng in the opposite boxes. All at once, to poor Cyprian's dismay, she uttered a piercing cry, and almost fell from her seat.
Heavens! said Cyprian, what is the matter?
Oh!—another apparition!—there!—in the lobby!
What! Banquo's ghost among the spectators?
No, no; but the spirit of my husband.
What! fancy you see your husband's spirit in the lobby! Why, the memory of the deceased is turning your brain!
Look there!—look there!—near the stage boxes! gasped Irma, quite pale with emotion.
Well, I see nothing there, said he, but a gentleman clothed in black, and very correctly attired, too, I should say, for a man just arrived from the other world. Ah! he is now gazing at you just as an astronomer would gaze at a new planet. Here he comes; I shouldn't wonder if he was about to pay his respects to you.
What a likeness! exclaimed Irma; if I were not sure that he was dead, now! Alas! why is such an apparition not a reality!
But Irma was too much excited to see the conclusion of the piece; therefore leaving her friend, Cyprian handed her to her carriage, when, just as she was getting in, the spectre suddenly made its appearance, and rudely thrusting him aside, jumped in, exclaiming in certainly not a very funeral tone of voice: Irma—dear Irma!
Cyprian only heard in answer a mingled cry of joy and satisfaction, when the door banged to, and the horses set off at full speed.
Were I writing a romance now, I might be induced to inform you that this spectre had but just arrived from paradise; but this is not an age of legends and spectres. Formerly, perhaps, it might have been the case, but in our days it doesn't appear very probable. In the present instance, however, the spectre was neither more nor less than a man of flesh and blood. In short, it was no one but Max Lirvins himself, who had never, of course, thrown himself over the precipice at all, but had simply allowed his cloak to fall over, in order to induce his friend to suppose that he had committed suicide. His object in so doing was to seek in obscurity that peace which he fancied was denied him in the holy estate of matrimony; and as, fortunately enough, the village in which he retired was free from old women and newspapers, Max's secret was tolerably well kept. He now therefore, assumed that quiet life he had so much longed for; but alas! he soon discovered that tranquility and irksomeness were pretty nearly akin. Without doubt he was still united to Irma by a tender conformity of ill-temper, a sweet habit of dissension and dispute; but now he had her no longer to quarrel with, and idleness did not agree with him. He soon found, too, that he still loved her, and he began to regard her through the vista of memory, which never fails to present the absent in so favorable an aspect.
But how shall I appear to her, said he; for the dear creature hates me; and I should not like to cause her any grief, by tyrannically forcing myself into her presence. He could not, however, content himself; so he shortly set out for Paris, where he sought every occasion to meet Irma. Fortune, however, at length favored him; and the first words of their interview satisfied him how much he was beloved and regretted. Never, indeed, did apparition utter such an exclamation of happiness—never was spectre so tenderly received!

THEATRE, on the evening of his fortunate encounter with her. Perceiving the danger in which she stood, his dormant passions became aroused, and thoughts of the desperate Othello took possession of his soul.
Alas! my friend, replied Cyprian, my marriage turned out a mere melo-drama after all; for the dear widow had a husband in the other world.
That's always the case with widows, judiciously observed his friend.
True enough; but fidelity to the departed shade is not always a custom of theirs, nevertheless.
Max breathed more freely.
And still less is it a custom of the inhabitants of the other world to pay stated visits to this one. Indeed, I was under the impression that we had no communication whatever with the other world, inasmuch as our railroads do not extend quite so far. I was deceived, however, for one day the deceased suddenly returned to Paris.
What a fable! said his incredulous friend.
By my faith, you can take it as you please; but I can assure you that he actually did "put in his appearance!" Perhaps he didn't like the smell of the sulphur with which Pluto delights in filling his cassolets and flagons; and as he was encumbered with no chains, save the gold chain of his quizzing-glass, I have come to the conclusion that his ghost-ship must have been enjoying a fine degree of health, and that his supposed death was, after all, only a species of eccentricity—a fact, however, which, unfortunately for me, only served to increase the fidelity of his wife.
Max was quite reassured.
Well, said Cyprian's friend, you have only lost a widow; there are plenty of spinsters to be found.
Indeed, I shan't be so easily consoled, said Cyprian; for I loved her very much, she was so very beautiful.
My wife is really beautiful, then, said Max to himself; I never perceived it; but it must be true, since this gentleman says so. But here poor Max only proved himself one of that class of husbands who require the aid of an artist for the admiration of that beauty which he could never have perceived without their aid.
Ah! said Cyprian, were I fortunate enough to be her husband, I should never quit her for an instant. In fact, I should be jealous—she has so many admirers: there is M. de Morlin, M. Liracas, M. Dornier, M.—
Max was terribly frightened, and made a sudden start; at that moment the door opened, and Cyprian at once took his seat in the cars, hoping, I suppose, that travel would have the effect of effacing the memory of his love.
Well, sir! said the conductor to Max, are you ready—there's no time to be lost.—But our hero had already determined upon his course; so, turning his back upon the depot, he set off at once for his own house.
What!—it's you, then, said Irma, seeing her husband returned. Have you forgotten any thing?
Yes, my angel, I forgot how much I loved you.
What nonsense! Ain't you going to be off now?
Not at all, my dear. Apropos—are you acquainted with M. de Morlin, M. Liracas, and M. Dornier?
Ah, yes; one is a dark-complexioned novelist; another a pale-faced little *sub-préfet*; and the third, a broker of very tight complexion. Don't be annoyed about them, though; for I assure you you shall always be present at our conventions. Come, now, good-bye!
But I'll stay where I am, I tell you. One hour's absence has made me love you more than ever.
That's unfortunate, then; for it will take me six months, I'm sure, to recover what you have in one hour. I don't love you yet; come back, now, in November.
But how is it you find me so detestable when I am present, and so charming when absent? I thought that the absent were generally less beloved.
Ah, but that's not my opinion, said Irma. The absent are always beloved. For when you are away from me, memory recalls to my mind your sound judgment, which so often corrects my foolish opinions; and then I remember those brilliant sallies of wit, which have caused you to be cited as one of the most accomplished of men. Then, too, my imagination supplies you with qualities which you never did possess; and I fancy how compliant and full of attention you are, in yielding to my slightest wishes. But, alas! when fiction disappears—when you are present—I find you grumbling, sulky, conceited and contrary, and soon begin to find that your accomplishments are as false as the diamonds which I sometimes wear.
And don't you suppose, now, that I can say as much of you. When you are absent, am I not charmed with the remembrance of your kind-heartedness, and with the vivacity which gives so much expression to your pretty features, and such a charm to your wit? But, alas! on my return, I find that vivacity degenerated into nervousness or passion. In fact, one would almost fancy that you had just dropped from the planet Mercury, from the too great proximity of which the sun, one's head might be excused for being a little out of order.
Well, then, in order to continue perfect in each other's estimation, let us separate at once.
Not so fast, my dear; perhaps we may find some other means equally conducive to our desires. Our imagination, which supplies us, in our absence, with so many perfections, has more sense, perhaps, than you imagine. It has only, so far, represented us, one to the other, as we ought to be. Let us, then, remain together five days longer, and during that time watch each other well, and endeavor to be, absolutely, what we fancy we are, when absent from each other. Should our love then become as lively as during our absence, we may have no further necessity for a separation.
Well, to be sure, what an idea! to yield to each other without quarrelling, and to display equal and perfect good temper. Well, I agree to it, for I do love novelty.
The treaty of peace was concluded, and two days, two whole days, passed by without a single cloud. Max occupied himself by assuming the disguise of a good-natured husband, and Irma played the game of amiable spouse, like a perfect toy. Every thing went on smoothly for a day or two. One day, however, just as he was going out, Irma approached her husband radiating with smiles, grace, and coquetry.
As you are a man of exquisite taste, Max,

I should like to know whether or not you prefer diamonds to pearls?
I prefer pinchbeck, paste, or colored glass to either. They are cheaper.
Which is just as much as to say, you do not like to see me envious or admired.
I didn't say that; my dear friend, I had rather see frank beauty in your countenance, than diamonds in a casket—a two-fold benefit for a husband.
You are always joking. But surely you ought to have been as much vexed as I was, at the *soirée*, last evening. One would have fancied that a shower of diamonds had fallen on the ladies there; whilst I had been only sprinkled with dew. I certainly do feel the necessity of adding something to my jewelry.
Most willingly, my dear, when I return from California.
Don't joke so wretchedly, now. I know you received six millions of francs yesterday, but to-morrow I pay away ten millions. You can have the balance.
Do you refuse me?
I must, indeed, be cruel enough.
How frightful, said Irma, stamping her little foot upon the floor. You are a despot, sir, always receiving and never giving account. I knew we should never perfectly understand each other.
Now here's a dispute again, at the end of three days. A truce to conventions, say I.—Supposing, now, that during your absence, I had fancied that you had asked me for a set of diamonds, and that I had refused them, do you know what I should have taken your answer to be?
I am curious to learn, sir.
Well, then, you would have said to me, with angelic sweetness—"Dear Max; since you occupy the position of minister of finance, you ought to know the condition of the exchequer, and are perfectly right in not exceeding its limits. That fortune which a husband gets by hard labor and watchfulness, should never be foolishly expended by his wife. Misers are odious, but prodigals are mad. To be happy in one's household, love is necessary to the heart, good sense to the head, and a little money to the pocket."
Really, now, and should I have said so? said Irma, smiling thoughtfully. And you do me the honor to suppose me so reasonable. Well, dear Max, I feel obliged to you, and willingly give up the diamonds.
Now you are charming! said Max. I knew, with a little kindness, what a sweet woman you would be.
On the following evening Irma was busily occupied in preparing for a very brilliant ball. Seeing his wife thus engaged, Max enveloped himself in his dressing-gown, and throwing himself on the sofa, began to yawn, declaring that balls were his eternal aversion; that he always hated such pantomimes, and preferred remaining at home, that evening, with his wife.
What, said Irma, give up such a delightful ball—and the last of the season, too? Ah, when you were absent, now, if I had only said to myself—My friend, take me to the ball, this evening—
Well, what would I have answered?
You would have said with eagerness, "Let us be off at once, my dear friend. I haven't the heart to deprive you of these balls you admire so much. Women have hot, like us, distinctions, titles, dignities, to aim at; their only ambition is that of being beautiful, and it would be cruel to deprive them of so innocent an amusement. It is only in a ball room that a young and pretty woman can become a *présidente* minister, or commander-in-chief of the redowa or the polka. Come, then, my angel, put on your lace, your flowers, and all your arms, display your jewels as a cross of honor, and appear among the charming dancing as the first dignitary of the waltz and serenade!"
Let us be off at once, dear Irma, said Max, putting on his coat in a hurry. Seek pleasure abroad, but never forget that happiness should dwell at home. Let us go at once, then; and should you desire it, I'll wait for you till day-break, as an indulgent husband ought to do.
That's a kind husband, sighed Irma.
Henceforward the two lovers idolized each other, and cancelled the terrible treaty which separated them half the year. History does not inform us whether they were ever forced to revive it; but it is probable that by mutual concessions and trifling sacrifices, they continued to find each other charming and beloved—perfect as epitaphs and absent friends.
Encourage your own mechanics.
Do not send abroad for help if you have work to do when it can be done in your own neighborhood—perhaps at your next door.—Encourage your own honest, industrious, faithful mechanics. They need all the work they can get. By such a course, you keep money at home, assist the worthy, and have just as good work performed. It is the only way to make a town prosperous—to support your schools and churches. Where there is a disposition to send a hundred miles for articles that to any the least, could be manufactured as well at your own door, there will always be little or no business done in the place—the churches will be thinly attended, and all kinds of labor extremely dull. Wherever mechanics are the best employed; prosperity is seen—the social virtues predominate, traveling mountebanks and pedlars retire in disgust, and a kindly, brotherly feeling is experienced, which is the source of unpeakable happiness.
Whatever you have to be done, look round and see if your neighbors cannot do it. If you have a house to build or a shoe to tap, a harness to be made or a pump to be bored, a pack of business cards to be printed or a well to be dug, just look among your neighbors, before you undertake to send abroad; and if you have any around you capable of the task, it will be time enough to look elsewhere. It is a wrong idea, to suppose nothing serviceable that is made at home. We know of many instances where men have refused to purchase work made by their neighbors, and sent to a distant city for the articles they needed, and paid a third more for them, when behold! they had been manufactured and sent away to sell by the very neighbors of whom they refused to purchase.
Let it be the motto of all—I will encourage my own neighbors. In turn you will be encouraged also. A mutual feeling of good will and kindness will spring up in your midst, and prosperity will be observable in every street and in every dwelling.

MISCELLANY.

How Jenks joined the Odd Fellows.

'Very well, Mr. Jenks, you know my opinion of secret societies.'

'Perfectly, my dear, perfectly,' said our friend thrusting his hands into his pockets with all the energy he could sustain.

'And you will join?'

'Don't you think it best?'

'No sir, once for all, I do not.'

'Consider, my dear, if you should be left a widow, with nothing to support—'

'Now, what a ridiculous argument. Do you suppose, Mr. Jenks—'

'My dear?'

'Will you listen for a moment?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, then, much as I respect your wishes, and you know I love you dearly, it will be impossible for me to oblige you in this instance. I have sent in my document, and to-night am to be initiated.'

Mrs. Jenks opened her handsome eyes in amazement, and for a moment was lost in wonder.

'And so you are actually going to be initiated?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'Well, will you tell me all about it when you come home?'

'Perhaps so.'

Comforted with this assurance, the lady offered no further opposition, and our hero took his departure. About the hour of eleven he returned a wiser if not a better man.

'Well, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, 'what did they do to you—what is it like—were you much frightened, come, tell me all about it?'

'Don't ask me,' gravely replied our friend, 'I beg you won't ask me.'

'Why not, I'm your wife, you know, and wife and husband are one. Why not?'

'Hark!' said Jenks, 'did you hear anything?'

'No, nothing.'

'Silence, my dear, remember what Shakespeare says about sermons in stones, books in running brooks. If I should divulge he might hear it.'

'Who, my dear?'

'The patriarch of the lost tribes. Even now he may be at our window.'

'Mercy on us,' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, 'how you terrify a body. I—I—I—shiver—shiver all over.'

'If you don't want to be killed outright ask me no more questions.'

'Sure you could tell me something about it, an idea or two—that wouldn't be divulging, you know.'

'What if you should in an unguarded moment let the secret out?'

'Oh, trust me, it will be safe in my keeping.'

'You never will tell?'

'Never.'

'Not even to your mother? You know how gossiping some old ladies are.'

'I'll never open my lips to her on the subject.'

'Hark!' exclaimed Jenks, with a theatrical start, 'hear you nothing?'

'Nothing,' repeated his wife, with unfeigned alarm.

'Tis only the wind,' mused our friend, 'I thought it might be the patriarch or his grand bashaw, armed with his circumventor, covered with the curious devices of the order. Now listen if you love me—for the sacrifice I am about to make is great—and you must seal your lips forever on the subject.'

'Well, my dear,' said the lady with a long drawn sigh.

'You have often heard about the cat being let out of the bag?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I saw that cat to-night.'

'A real, live cat?'

'Yes, and an immense cat at that. A monstrous cat. But you shall hear. You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning.'

'That's right,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, breathless with interest.

'On my arrival at the Hall, I was immediately seized by four dozen smart fellows, and taken upon the roof of the building. Here I was tongue-tied and compelled to answer about 100 questions, all having a direct bearing on the science of astronomy.'

'What a queer proceeding,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.

'How I answered the questions, must ever remain, I suppose, a mystery to myself—certain it is, however, I did answer every one—although I did not know it till to-night, there was a dipper, and a chair, and a four horse team and I don't know what else in the sky. Is it not a pity that this beautiful science is so sadly neglected?'

'Well, what then?'

'Why the next question is too absurd to be repeated.'

'What was it?'

'They wanted to know whether I took a newspaper, and if so, how much I owed the printer. Fortunately, I had just then paid my subscription, otherwise I must have been rejected, as no man can become an Odd Fellow who owes a cent to the printer.'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, 'what an influence those newspapers do exert, to be sure.'

'Exactly. But scarcely had I answered these queries satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up, and we as quickly shot down.'

'What—through the roof?'

'Oh no! I suppose we took the stairs; but I was so securely bound and tongue-tied, I hardly know how we got down. The apartment into which I was ushered was pitch dark, and a strong odor of brimstone pervaded the room.'

'Brimstone, my dear?'

'Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have produced such a stifling sensation.'

'Well, of all things!'

'Then began the roar of artillery, with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult, I heard a low, sweet voice, chanting a hymn of peace. "Man shall love his fellow," sang this angel—"Cruel war shall be waged no more—peace shall reign—slavery shall perish—industry meet its reward—charity fill the hearts of men." When this happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap postage rent the air.'

'How very odd.'

'Yes, but just like those Odd Fellows, they are real reformers,' replied our friend.

'Well, my dear?'

'Why then, lights were procured, and I signed the constitution.'

'Well, what of that cat of which you were speaking?'

'Oh, nothing, my dear, only they let her out, and for a minute or two she appeared quite bewildered. It was the first time I had ever seen the cat let out of the bag. But what struck me with the greatest awe was the appearance of the lost tribes and his double joined bashaw, who, in a loud voice, continually said—"Life is

short—prepare for that which is to come.—Let all men have charity, and love their neighbors as themselves," whereupon the grand patriarch, armed with the tail-end of his great father's authority, arose and impressively adjourned the meeting.'

'Well I declare,' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, 'and this is joining the Odd Fellows?'

'Yes, but remember to keep all I have told you a profound secret,' said Jenks, with a half smothered chuckle, as he buried his head in the bed-clothes to keep from laughing outright.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....OCT. 3, 1850.

The Cattle Show and Fair.

We regret that we are compelled to allude to this subject briefly, just as our paper goes to press—deferring a full report to our next. It has been decidedly the most interesting exhibition the Society has yet held. Of stock especially, the display indicated a most striking improvement; while the exhibition at the Hall gave evidence that the ladies have taken hold in earnest. Not less than 400 persons dined at the Elmwood, the greater part of whom were members of the Society—indicating not only increased interest in the success of the Society, but a large addition to the number of its members. We promise a full report in our next.

Maine State Musical Association.

This Association held its seventh annual meeting last week, in this village, commencing on Tuesday and continuing four days. The attendance was unusually large, and the receipts from the sale of tickets amounted to a much larger sum than had been received from that source on former occasions, although the price had been reduced to one half of the old rates.

Professors I. B. WOODBURY and W. B. BRADBURY, of New-York, conducted the exercises before the Teachers' Class in a manner highly satisfactory to the Class and creditable to themselves.

The number of members was largely increased at the session just closed, which with the amount of funds received from various sources, places the association on a more permanent basis than heretofore.

WM. REED, the former President, was unanimously re-elected, but declined serving.

The officers for the present year are:

C. STEWARD, of Anson, President,

F. S. ROBINSON, " Bath, Vice Pres'ts.

S. E. MORRILL, " Athens,

J. H. HANSON, " Wat.,

J. C. WILLIAMS, " Anson,

S. W. CHASE, " Fayette,

MOSES B. SEARS, Winthrop, Trustees.

REUBEN SEAVY, Hallowell,

E. L. SMITH, Waterville,

E. H. PIPER, Waterville, Secretary.

JOSEPH MARSTON, Waterville, Treas'r.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, in the intercourse we have formerly had with Prof. Mason, he has ever proved himself an accomplished gentleman, a thorough musician, and an efficient and acceptable teacher, therefore,

Resolved, That we repudiate the ideas set forth in an editorial of the Hallowell Gazette, under the date of August 17th, 1850, regarding the uncalculated severity of terms used as the offspring of mistaken views and ill-directed zeal, and as such, we disclaim all participation in, or fellowship with, the sentiments therein contained.

Resolved, That our confidence in the ability and integrity of Prof. Mason is undiminished, and that we look back with emotions of pleasure to our association with him in former years, in the pleasing relation of teacher and pupil; and that we extend to him the hearty friendship of the musical fraternity of Maine, pledging ourselves its purity and quantity of tone shall increase, but never, with our consent, diminish.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions, certified by the president and secretary, be printed in the Eastern Mail, published at Waterville, and a copy of the same forthwith transmitted to Prof. Mason.

Also, resolutions tending the thanks of the association to the late president, W. M. Reed, Esq.,—expressing full confidence in his successor, C. Steward, Esq.,—tendering thanks to Messrs. Woodbury and Bradbury for their satisfactory services—and to the proprietors of the Congregational and Baptist Churches for their liberality.

The subject of fixing the time and place for holding the next session next year remains with the trustees.

C. STEWARD, President.

E. H. PIPER, Secretary.

'It is stated by the Courier that a citizen of Boston has presented a religious work to Jenny Lind, as a token of his admiration of her character and talents.'

'It is to be hoped that the Boston Courier will keep close watch and let the public know when Jenny has another present of a book.—The public are vastly interested in so important an item of news. We have contemplated doing ourselves the honor of sending her a copy of the Mail, but hardly dare to assume so much. When "the fools are all dead" we think we shall gain courage.'

It is both amusing and disgusting to see how some of the leading papers in New York and Boston have been bamboozled into the support of the Jenny Lind humbug. Every thing she says or does, however silly or unimportant, is heralded with as much exultation as though the fate of worlds hung upon her words. Barnum has indeed accomplished the grand climax of all his humbugs.

BENTON. Not the famous Senator, but the town of Benton, late Sebastopol. We forgot to tell our readers of this change of name.—What was the matter with that beautiful and long tried name? We pray our neighbors not to swap the name of their charming little river for that of Sam Houston.

But—we were going to say, that the two Bridges in Benton, over the Sebastopol, have been completed, and are now in use. The toll bridge is at the old location, and the free bridge a short distance above. Both are con-

structed of short X work, at a cost of some 12 to \$1500 each. They are said to be very good bridges, giving the public the privilege of choice between a free and a toll bridge—a favor not always granted.

Rail Road Meeting at Winthrop.

The meeting was a full one, and unusually interesting. The result was the rejection of the Directors' plan of issuing bonds at \$50.—As a substitute, it was voted to issue bonds to the amount of \$1,000,000, secured by mortgage of the entire road, payable in ten years, at six per cent. interest, payable semi-annually—subscriptions payable in one, three, six, and twelve months. A committee consisting of John Ware, Samuel Taylor, Jr., W. C. Taber, W. B. S. Moor, and Lot M. Morrill, was constituted, with instructions to sell bonds to the amount of \$325,000, to pay the present floating debt, at rates not below \$85—and to pledge them at their discretion for temporary loans. Beyond this, the bonds are to be held at par, at which rate the committees were instructed to exchange them for the former bonds of the Company. Many of the old bond-holders and creditors pledged themselves to take them at this rate. A considerable number of the larger stockholders also pledged themselves to take their share of the bonds—Mr. Crane agreeing to take \$10,000, and another stockholder an equal amount.

The Musical Convention.

This festival, of which the official proceedings will be found to-day, was one of the most agreeable with which our village has for a long time been favored. The number present was large, and the social harmony and kindness that prevailed, was most creditable to the hearts of all.

The weather was unfavorable for the evening Concerts, and the attendance, beyond the members of the association, was very small.—Indeed, we feel compelled to say, it was too small for the credit of our village. It was positively in bad taste, if not in bad policy, for those who plead their strong passion for music as an apology for their presence at performances of the "Jim Crow" class, to be absent from a musical exhibition of the very highest order.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for Sept. and Oct., two choice numbers, have been received. Peterson is determined not to be surpassed, and gives three dollars' worth for two dollars.

The Cattle Show and Fair of the Somerset Central Agricultural Society will be held at Skowhegan, on Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE.—We have received No. 6 of this popular issue from Hotchkiss & Co., State St., Boston who are general agents for the work. It can be had of Mathews.

The cattle show and fair of the Ken. Co. Ag. Society will take place at Readfield Corner, on Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Congress adjourned on Monday last.

Mail Arrangements at Waterville Post Office.

HOURS OF CLOSING.

Western Mail, daily, Sundays excepted, 8 1-2 A.M. & 2 1-2 P.M.

Eastern, direct, " 5 1-2 P.M.

" via Unity, " 11 A.M.

Northern, via Skowhegan, " 12 M.

Augusta, via Sydney, " 11 1-2 A.M.

" via A. & K. R. R., " 2 1-2 P.M.

Monson, Sun., Tues., and Thurs., 9 P.M.

Dexter, Tues., Thurs., and Sat., 7 A.M.

Belfast, Mon., Wed., and Friday, 11 A.M.

Hartland, via Canaan, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 12 M.

WHEN DUE.

Western Mail, daily, Sundays excepted, 11 1-2 A.M. & 6 P.M.

Eastern, direct, " 5 A.M.

" via Unity, " 12 M.

Northern, " 12 M.

Augusta, " 12 M.

Monson, Tues., Thurs., and Sat., 10 P.M.

Dexter, Mon., Wed., and Friday, 2 P.M.

Belfast, Tues., Thurs., and Sat., 6 P.M.

Hartland, Mon., Wed., and Fri., 11 1-2 A.M.

SAMUEL APPLETON, P. M.

October 1st, 1850.

Destructive Fire at Mt. Vernon.

We learn that the beautiful village of Mt. Vernon was visited Wednesday morning by a destructive conflagration. The fire broke out at 1 o'clock in the stable of the Mt. Vernon House (Blossom's well known hotel) the wind blowing fresh from the west, and there being no engines in the place, the tavern establishment was soon destroyed, and the fire crossed the street, taking in course the houses of Messrs. Thing and some others.

Fifteen buildings were burned, including every store in the place, the Post Office, E. Kempton, Jr.'s Law Office, Dr. Thing's Office, Blossom's Tavern, with stable and out buildings, and several dwelling houses, including Dr. Thing's. Six valuable horses and one cow were burned in the stable. Tavern insured at Lincoln Co. Bath, for \$1200; furniture \$400 at Monmouth Co. The Monmouth Co. had other losses, and the Monmouth Co. of this city had risks on some of the buildings destroyed. All the records of the post office were burned, nothing being saved but the letters for delivery.

The amount of goods and furniture saved is very small.

The fire was probably the work of an incendiary. It broke out about the time that the wind changed to northwest, blowing violently, and at a point most favorable for burning the whole village.

One of the stores which was burned, the 'Carson store,' was insured here on Tuesday, for \$500.

Most sincerely do we sympathize with our Mt. Vernon friends in their great calamity.

[Kennebec Journal.]

WORTH TELLING AGAIN.—When Nicholas Biddle—famously called Nick Biddle—was connected with the U. S. Bank, there was an old negro named Harry who used to be loafing round the premises. One day, in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey—

'Well, what is your name my old friend?'

'Harry, sir; old Harry, sir,' said the other, touching his sleepy hat.

'Old Harry!' said Biddle, 'why that is the name they give to the Devil, is it not?'

'Yes, sir,' said the colored gentleman, 'some time old Harry and sometimes old Nick.'

"Vote Yourself a Farm."

A LIBERAL OFFER.—The State of Maine offers a farm to any citizen of the United States, on the most liberal conditions. A law has passed the Legislature giving any man a farm of from one to two hundred acres as he may desire, at the nominal price of fifty cents an acre, payable in one, two and three years, in work on the highway, a kind of remuneration of as great advantage to the purchaser as to the State. The farmer must, however, clear up a certain number of acres within a given time and erect a house for his residence, or in other words he must go to work, improve his farm and make it his home.

In the eastern part of Maine are thousands of acres of the best and most productive land in New England, owned by the State, and offered to settlers on the above advantageous conditions. In Arrostook County, where much of this land is, great crops have been raised, and the operations of the lumbermen afford a good market. The climate is healthy, the soil easy of cultivation, and the means of education and social advancement constantly increasing.—Who will say that Maine does not pursue a liberal policy with her public lands, or that there is any necessity for her sons to emigrate to the West when such facilities are offered them at home?—[Hallowell Gazette.]

P. T. BARNUM.—Jenny Lind's contract with this gentleman has given him such a notoriety that people are anxious to know something about his history. The Trumpet says he was formerly a Universalist Clergyman in Connecticut, where he suffered a long imprisonment for an alleged libel on a bigoted judge of the Calvinistic faith. But Barnum could not be crushed. He served out the term of his confinement and was set free. He went a penniless young man to New York, and now we have the following account of him in a letter from that city to the Boston Post:—

Barnum has become almost as great a curiosity as Jenny Lind herself, and the anxiety among strangers seems almost as great to see him. Some persons, who do not understand him, would suppose that he would now be out of his element, having a new kind of commodity to deal in; but such is not the case. He keeps spacious and elegant apartments at the Irving House, and his quarters are besieged every hour of the day by thousands of persons who have axes, hatchets, and small pen-knives of their own to grind. He is kind, attentive, and agreeable to all comers, but he finds it somewhat difficult, I fancy, to resist the pressure from so many quarters for so many tickets. He, however, has treated the press with the utmost liberality, and reserved for his members in the beginning some of the choicest seats in the house. Barnum is a great man. He came up out of American soil, with the luxuriance and strength which belong to our native productions. He began on a small scale as a showman, a few years ago, and carried on his humbug just as far as he found the people liked it. That I believe has been his rule. He started on the principle that in this turbulent steam-age merit had nothing to do with fortune, and that people loved to be humbugged; and he has carried out this principle and done it successfully. Having amassed an enormous fortune, he has recently undertaken larger experiments, and from the humble sphere of showman has risen to be the prince of the dramatic and musical world! He has no idea of doing things on a small scale. To satisfy his present ambition, which has become Napoleonic, in extent, he conceived the idea of risking his fortune on the Jenny Lind expedition. He managed the affair with the greatest boldness and good sense; and, having risked much, and done what probably no other American would have done, the public here seem to be as anxious for his success as he can be himself. The common opinion is, that nobody but Barnum would have thought of such an affair, and nobody but Barnum would have undertaken such a risk, and he deserves his good fortune.

THE FIRST CASE UNDER THE NEW FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.—At New York yesterday the first case under the New Fugitive Slave Bill came up. James Hamlet was carried before U. S. Commissioner Gardner, charged with having run away from his master in Maryland, in 1848. The facts having been proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioner, Hamlet was given up, and the U. S. Marshal ordered to detail a sufficient number of officers to protect the owner of the slave in carrying him back to slavery, which was done and the slave conveyed back.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND SWEDEN.—The N. Y. Tribune, in chronicling the latest movements of Jenny Lind, says:—

On Saturday morning, she received the Hutchinson family, who were desirous of calling upon her before their departure for the West. She received them with great cordiality, and expressed a wish to hear some of their songs. Whereupon, the brothers and sister drew together in the group so familiar to all, and sang "The Cot where we were born." After this they sang an original "Welcome to Jenny Lind" the words of which were written by Jessie Hutchinson, Jr. It was a simple and genial expression of feeling, and sung with touching and appropriate expression. Middle Lind, who sat with downcast eyes during the song, at the close expressed her acknowledgments of the graceful compliment; and they withdrew, evidently highly gratified with her frank, cordial bearing, as simple and unaffected as their own.

WHITE CROW.—A gentleman of this city recently captured a crow, which he had the pleasure of seeing yesterday. He was shot in ward six, and is, of course, a 'city crow.' He has dissipated the proverb 'black as a crow,' for he is perfectly white in every feather. In shape and voice and habit, he is as much like a common crow as an Albino is like an African, and we think that disciple of Barnum who has charge of the white boys recently on exhibition here, ought to have the bird as an appropriate accompaniment to his entertainment.—[Age.]

The first choice of seats for Jenny Lind's first concert in Boston, was struck off for \$625, to Oasian E. Dodge, the vocalist. Two thousand five hundred seats were disposed of, a very large number of them at an average of \$10. The result of this sale will not fall much short of \$25,000. The small village of New York, the Bostonians say, is 'nowhere' now.

SKIFFLE.—The most adroit robbery yet, was committed in Bangor, (says the Mercury) on Wednesday night last at the Kenduskeag House. The rogue took a pane of glass out of the cellar kitchen door, and passed up two flights of stairs, went to a bed-room door which was fastened on the inside with a wedge over the latch, cut through the door so as to remove the wedge, took from beside the bed a trunk which contained \$300, without awaking the occupant of the room, retired by the same door he entered, restored the pane of glass to its place, and fastened it with locks. The trunk was found the next morning, but the money

was gone. Thomas J. Jones was arrested the next day for the robbery, and committed to jail.

JENNY LIND.—Among the nonsense said and done about this charming singer, the musical criticisms which appear in the newspapers are the most highfaluting. The following is from the Tribune about the musical character of her voice:

"Hers is a genuine soprano, reaching the extra high notes with that ease and certainty which makes each highest note a triumph of expression purely, and not a physical marvel. The gradual growth and sostenuto of her tones; the light and shade, the rhythmic undulation and balance of her passages; the bird-like ecstasy of her trill; the faultless precision and fluency of her chromatic scales; above all, the sure reservation of such volume of voice as to crown each protracted climax with glory, not needing a new effort to raise force for the final blow; and indeed all the points one looks for in a mistress of the vocal art, were eminently hers in *Casta Diva*."

A LADY'S JEST.—While we were sitting at dinner the other day, with a dozen pleasant people of both sexes, the conversation turned upon Saratoga and its fashions and frivolities. A matron present remarked that a letter-writer in the N. Y. H.—had lately thrown a bomb-shell into the parlors of the ultra fashionables, by giving minute descriptions of several darling belles, whose style of dressing approached rather too near the society costume of mother Eve.

'Ah!' said the speaker, exultingly, 'didn't he take off the low-necked dresses?'

'Tut-tut,' said a witty lady who sat near us—'that would be but a poor way to mend the matter!' At least one half of the company didn't see the force of the comment, but it was a very just one for all that.—[Post.]

The following irreverent remark was made, according to the Journal of Commerce, at Jenny Lind's third concert:

From the subdued but eager conversation around us, there seemed as great a desire to see Mr. Barnum as the "nightingale" herself.

'Is that Barnum?' said a young lady, as a man of large proportions advanced to the front of the stage. "What does he play on?" inquired her still younger companion. "He plays upon the people," growled out the gruff voice of an old gentleman a few seats off.

'ESPECIALLY GEORGE.'—The following, cut from an exchange, may perhaps please some young lady who will not find it difficult to call to mind some one especially:—

A young beauty beheld one evening two horses running off at locomotive speed with a light wagon. As they approached, she was horrified at recognising, in the occupants of the vehicle, two gentlemen of her acquaintance.

'Boys, boys!' she screamed in terror, 'jump out—quick—jump out—especially George!'

It is needless to say that her sentiments as to 'George,' were from that time forth no secret.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.—Farewell, farewell, I cried. 'When I return thou'll be my bride—till then be faithful, sweet, adieu—in silence off I'll think of you.'

The glistering tears stained her bright eyes—her thickening breast is choked with sighs—her tongue denies her bosom's sway—Farewell!—I tore myself away.

'One moment stay,' she stammered out; as quick as thought I wheeled about.

'My angel! speak! I can't be done to comfort thee when I am gone? I'll send thee specimens of art from every European mart—I'll sketch for thee each Alpine scene, to let thee see where I have been. A stone from Simpson's dreadful height, shall gratify thy curious sight. I'll climb the fiery Etna's side to bring home treasures for my bride; and oh my life each ship shall bear a double letter to my fair.'

'Ah, George,' the weeping angel said, and on my shoulder fell her head—for constancy, my tears are hostage—but when you write, please pay the postage.'

THE CUNNING GROOM.—In connection with the Anglo-Saxon customs which have descended to the present day, having their origin at a period anterior to the Norman conquest, in England, was one of purely Danish origin—taking the heriot. That is—on the death of an individual of a certain rank, the lord of the land was entitled, personally or by his agent, to take any single thing owned by the deceased, even of the most valuable description, but the first thing that they touched. About twelve years ago, a gentleman who owned a splendid stud of horses died; among these horses was a beautiful racer, the value of which was estimated at about 2000 guineas. On hearing of the death of the gentleman, the lord in possession instantly sent his steward, post-haste, to claim the heriot, ordering him to take the racer. When the steward reached the stables, the head groom of the deceased gentleman opposed him, and told him he should not take the horse. The steward set forth the law, and proceeded toward the stall; the groom continued for awhile to oppose him, but at last, with crafty cunning, gave way, and pointing carelessly to a halter lying near, told the steward to put it round the animal's head, and take him; and so the law, and he could not help it. The steward unthinkingly took the halter, whereupon the groom cried out—'You have your heriot! you have your heriot! The first thing you lay your hand upon is all you can take by law—so take the halter and clear out.' The halter is your heriot.' It was even so. The lord obtained nought but the halter, and through the cunning of the groom and his exact knowledge of that law, the family of the deceased retained possession of the beautiful racer.—[G. P. R. James's Lectures on Civilization.]

Curious History.

In the August number of the Plow, the Loom, and the Anvil, we find the following interesting history of the trade in Pegged Boots and Shoes, and its connexion with Agriculture:

