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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. 10, 1850.

NO. 12.

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POETRY.

AN ODE.

BY E. P. S. S. S.

Sung at the Tricentennial celebration of the Mass. Mechanic Association.

The camp has had its day of song;
The sword, the bayonet, the plume
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plow, the anvil, and the loom!
O, not upon our tented fields
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone!
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes true than War has known.
Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May, with a heart as valiant, smite,
As he, who sees a foe in front;
In blood before his blow of might!
The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, that lightens toil,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that, which makes a realm its spoil.
Let labor, then, look up and see,
His craft no pith of honor lacks;
The soldier's rifle yet shall be
Less honored than the workman's axe!
Let Art his own appointment prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward height
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.

MISCELLANY.

[From Sharpe's Magazine.]

COUSINS IN THE COUNTRY.

A Sketch of English Manners.

'Go and see our cousins in the country, Mary! Why, what put that into your head?' asked John Wood of his sister, as they were sitting together one evening, talking over plans for a short summer holiday.

'Why, I don't know what first put the idea into my head, John; but I found it there just now.'

'But who knows whether they would be glad to see us? I dare say they care nothing about us. They never saw us.'

'Nay, but, John, you remember what father always used to say; 'blood is thicker than water.' He always thought of going back to 'the old place,' as he called it, if he had 'lived and done well.'

The brother and sister were silent for a time—for they thought of that dear father and mother who no longer lived, and who while they lived had not done well, in the worldly meaning of the phrase. No! old Mr. and Mrs. Wood, excellent, honest people as they were, had not prospered in the world. They had fallen a little behind the times. When they married, they opened a respectable haberdashery's shop in the borough, which they conducted in a quiet, respectable way, as shops used to be conducted thirty years ago. They managed it themselves, and brought up their two children, John and Mary, to take a part in the business. They had no new-fangled notions, as they called all innovations, good and bad; they were steady, unambitious, plodding people, who spent little money, and made little also. Their children were much like themselves; and, although born and bred in London, had not only a shrewd, North-country look, but a slight North-country accent in pronouncing some words. These peculiarities they gained from their parents, together with other things more valuable, viz., sincere piety, a strong affection for each other, habits of industry, and a sturdy spirit of independence. They had both been to the best day-schools in the neighborhood, and though Mary could not play on the piano, she could write a sensible letter, and understand some of the best English classics; and though John could not dance, or make Latin verses, which his father did not think necessary for a haberdasher, he was no mean geometer, and was extremely fond of philosophy and history. With these accomplishments, good health, good temper, and good principles, they were not badly armed for the battle of life, into which they were suddenly thrown, when their father, after several fruitless years of trade, sold his business to pay his creditors, and after obtaining good situations for his son and daughter, turned shopman himself, in the very establishment where he had been master for twenty-five years. This reverse in their circumstances wrought a gradual, but rapid change in the honest, simple, old couple. They did not complain, but within five years they both died. John and Mary were then left alone in the world, and clung the closer together on that account. They had risen by degrees to be the head man and head woman in the large and fashionable west-end shop, where their father had first placed them. They received very good salaries, and were esteemed and respected by their employer, who allowed them a fortnight's holiday every year, during the dead season, when, as 'there is nobody in London, there is very little to do in the way of selling ribbons and laces.'

Mr. and Miss Wood were very unpretending people, and preferred saving some of their money, to spending it all; but they spent it judiciously, nevertheless, and thought it a good outlay of money, to enjoy their yearly holiday, and lay in a stock of health and pleasant recollections. They lived plainly, not in the house of their employer, but in their lodgings at Chelsea. They had two comfortable bed-rooms, and a pretty sitting-room facing the river. These were furnished with some of the dear old furniture which had made their old house in the borough so comfortable, and which their parents had been able to rescue from the wreck of their little capital. The house in which they lodged, belonged to a funny little old maid, who was very much attached to them, and took a great interest in all they said and did. On the evening of their introduction to the reader, John and Mary had received an intimation from Mr. Broad, their employer, that they were at liberty to begin their holiday on

the following Friday. This was Monday, and they had not yet settled where they would go. They always made a point of going into the country to spend their holiday, although Miss Carol, their landlady, thought it a great shame they did not stay and see some of the fine London sights, of which they were deplorably ignorant, and go to the theatre or a concert every night. She thought that would be making more of a holiday of it, than going into the country, where there was not a living creature to be seen—nothing but cows and haystacks. Miss Carol was a staunch Londoner.

After the pause which we mentioned above, and which we have made use of to impart to the reader this necessary information concerning them, the brother and sister looked up at each other.

'Well, Mary, what are you thinking about now?'

'I was thinking, John,' replied his sister, while a tear glistened in her eye, 'I was thinking how much mother longed to see her relations, during the last year of her life. If she were only alive now, John! We are able to afford journeys, now. Things always come too late.'

'Nay, Mary; we must not say or think that. Things may seem to us to come too late, but God knows best; and we may therefore be sure they always come at the right time. If we look long enough and sharp enough, we shall see this very often, if not always. Even in this case of poor, dear mother's going down into the North after so long an absence, remember how she used to talk of the persons and places that were so dear to her in her childhood. Why, no persons, and no places could be so perfectly good and beautiful as her memory and imagination painted them. What a golden land, what a happy valley was Lonsdale, as it was in her recollection! How good, how brave and handsome, were all her brothers and sisters, and cousins! Now, Mary, I verily believe that father and mother enjoyed the memory of old times, old friends, and old places, with a letter from the dear North once in a year or two, more than they would have enjoyed an actual visit. In reality, all would be changed; they would not have recognized their nearest friends. In memory, everything and everybody was unchanged; the brightness of youth dwelt with them to the last. It was better for them that they did not have their wish.'

'Well, John, you have a way of making out of all this evil is in disguise.'

'So it is, Mary; only we are not clever enough to see through the disguise, always.'

'You are right, dearest, I dare say, but I cannot help wishing that father and mother were alive again, now; and that we could take them down to Hillbeck.'

'They are better off where they are, Mary; but I think your notion of our going down to Hillbeck and looking up our relations, is not a bad one. We are pretty well versed in their names and localities, thanks to our poor father and mother's affectionate reminiscences. We shall find some of them out, I dare say. I dare say, too, they will be glad to see us; for all the letters father and mother had from that part, especially from uncle Ralph Wood, have been hearty and friendly. We want nothing of them; if they are better off than we, we go among them independent, as far as the pocket is concerned; and so we shall give them no trouble, if they are not disposed to fraternize with their long-lost London relations.'

'Oh, John, I am sure they will be glad to see us. All the North-country people are kind and hospitable, mother used to say; and I am sure father was right when he said, 'Blood is thicker than water.' I feel that myself. I quite long to see what sort of cousins we have got. I wonder what has become of little Leonard, that was such a pretty baby when mother came away from Hillbeck to be married. He was her eldest brother's first child, you know; and uncle Henry Thornton must have had at least a dozen children since. There must be a great cargo of our cousins in Lonsdale, Woods, Thorntons, and Grays.'

'Yes, they must have spread very much in the course of thirty years; for it is just thirty years since father and mother left that part. We cannot expect to find many of their contemporaries alive, and the younger folks may not take much interest in us. So you must not let your warm heart be chilled, Mary, if they do not receive us with open arms.'

'Then it is settled, that we go down to the North?'

'Yes, dear, I should like it as well as you. The country is very beautiful thereabouts. I will find out to-morrow, the way we must go.'

'The town nearest to Hillbeck is Kirby Lonsdale, I know.'

'Yes, we heard that often enough in our childhood days. Do you remember our playing at going to Kirby Lonsdale, when you were "so high," I overset you in a pail of water?'

They went on laughing and chatting; and presently, Mary invited Miss Carol to supper with them, and told them of their holiday scheme. Miss Carol had no relations herself and so thought them valuable possessions which should be looked after and never lost.—But she did not like the idea of her young friends going two hundred miles from London. It seemed like going beyond the confines of civilization. It was not quite clear to her that the inhabitants of those remote parts did not dye their bodies with wood, clothe themselves in the skins of beasts, and conduct themselves, in all respects, like genuine ancient Britons. She did not think it quite safe to go unarmed among them.

The important Friday came at last. It was a beautiful day at the end of August. I shall not give any particulars of the journey from Euston Square to the Burton and Holme Station, or the Lancaster and Carlisle line. I may just state, as an indication of character, that Miss Carol accompanied her young friends to the large bustling terminus, in order to see them off, and to put into their hands a basket of provisions, which she had prepared for their refreshment on the way; that she was sorely divided between her terror of the engine and her attachment to the travelers. She firmly believed that nothing short of a miracle would bring them safely to the end of their journey. John did what he could to relieve her mind by promising to send her a line by the day's post from some station near the end of their journey.

And now we must beg our readers to imagine this long journey accomplished. They have been just put out of the train, with their small quantity of baggage, at the Burton and Holme Station. Mary is sitting on her box on the little platform; while John has gone to make inquiries about the ways and means of

going on to Kirby Lonsdale. Mary is a little tired with sitting all day; and has got a slight headache with the incessant noise. She looks round, and sees green trees and fields on each side of the line, and some dark blue hills in the distance; the noisy train has gone on out of sight, the fresh evening breeze is springing up after the hot day. The bright sun is shining, and is still high above the horizon—everything is so still and happy-looking that Mary smiles to herself, and begins to feel quite recovered. The headache has actually gone in a few moments, and she is gazing eagerly towards those dark blue hills, and wondering whether she shall ever be on the top of one of them.

A quiet, observant young man, who had been pacing up and down the platform, and waiting for the up train, observed Mary, among other beauties, and thought there was a pleasant, soft brightness in the face of that intelligent-looking London girl. While he was observing her, John returned hastily. 'Now, Mary, I've got something to take us to Kirby. Here! there is no porter, give me the box, and you take the carpet bag.'

As Mary was about to do so, the stranger stepped forward and said, 'Allow me to carry that.'

Mary yielded it willingly, for she was very tired. The stranger helped John to seat her comfortably on the front seat of the car, and explained to John how he was to ride on the back seat, so as not to be thrown off. He then called their driver by name, and charged him to point out Morecombe bay when they came in sight of it, and to tell the travelers the names of all the remarkable places in the drive. He told John, he was 'very sorry, but he was obliged to run up to Lancaster that evening, or he would have had great pleasure in driving them himself, as he was going back to Kirby; he had plenty of room in his white-cab, which would have been rather more comfortable than the car for the lady.' Just then the up train was heard approaching, and he ran off, wishing them a pleasant drive to Kirby.

John liked the looks and manners of this young fellow, and thought that, if all the people of the north were as kindly and honest-looking, they should not repent their adventure. John thought this, and said it too. Mary thought it, but did not say it.

Descriptions of scenery are generally anything but descriptive, therefore I shall not attempt to give an account of the eight miles' drive between the Burton Station and Kirby Lonsdale. I can only say that it is very beautiful. The three greatest points of interest to strangers are the blue distant hills before alluded to—the out-works of the lake district; Morecombe bay, which is two or three miles off, and the view of Lonsdale or the valley of the Lune, which is one of the richest and most lovely valleys in England; the town of Kirby-Lonsdale, or Kirby Lonsdale, is picturesquely situated in one of the finest parts of the valley.

They were driven to the Royal Hotel, the best inn in the town. Here they alighted, and ordered tea immediately. John would have ordered beds also, thinking Mary would be too tired to go further that night; but she forbade him to do so, saying, 'No, I am a better traveler than that. I shall be quite strong again after some tea; and then let us have the car again and go on to Hillbeck this evening. I dare say we can get some sort of accommodation for the night there. I long to see that beautiful dell that mother loved so. I wish we could sleep in her native place to-night. Let us go, if we can, John.'

John was quite ready to go on, that night, to the world's end, if she pleased. He was not at all tired, and was just getting into the spirit of the journey; only he was tremendously hungry, and begged leave to add a beef-steak to the tea-table. Mary laughed at his passion for beef-steak, and she laughed still more when he declared solemnly, after eating it, that there never had been such a capital beef-steak eaten in England before, and that this country hotel ought to be immortalized for it.

On inquiry, it appeared that Hillbeck was only five miles from Kirby, so that though it was 'a terrible hilly road,' they would get there before it was dark; and that, though there was no inn at Hillbeck, and, indeed, scarcely a village, yet that there was a small comfortable inn, half a mile further on, among the fells, where they would meet with every attention. These main points ascertained, John requested the landlord to let him have a driver who knew something about Hillbeck and the people who lived there.

'Why, sir,' replied the landlord, 'you can have Roger Garner; he was born and bred at Hillbeck. Here, Roger, man, get ready and drive a car to Hillbeck. If you want to know about the Hillbeck folks, sir, Roger's your man; there's not a man or woman born in Hillbeck for the last fifty years but he knows all about them. He's a good hand at a talk, is Roger.'

John laughed, and said Roger was just the man he wanted. In ten minutes more, John and Mary, with their baggage, were once more on a car, and driven by Roger Garner, departed out of Kirby, going slowly across the beautiful bridge over the Lune, so as to get a good view of the river both above and below. The brother and sister recognized the lovely scene which had been so often described to them by their parents.

'That, at least, is not changed, Mary!' exclaimed her brother. 'It's just as they described it.'

Roger Garner, who had eyed them attentively before, looked round at this, and said respectfully—'Yes, sir; there has been little change here ever since I can remember, and I have been sixty years, man and boy.—Do you come from this part, sir? I think I know something of your face, and of this young lady's too. I must be mistaken, for I'm thinking of things that run too long ago for you to belong to them; he added, half musingly.

'Will it help you to remember if I say our name is Wood?'

'That will do, sir,' replied Roger, with an intelligent smile; 'I was on the right track.—You are a Wood, sure enough; and this young lady is another, or my name is not Garner.—She is the very model of John Wood, who went up to London two-and-thirty years ago, and never came back again. I heard tell he died there-away.'

'He did,' replied John; 'he died in London three years ago. We are his children.'

'Are you indeed?'

And the old man pulled up his horse for a moment and scanned both their faces with interest. 'I should have known her for a Wood

any where; you are more of a Thornton. Ah! your poor mother's dead, I know; she was the finest lass in all Hillbeck, was Jane Thornton! and the old man paused a moment, and then giving the reins a jerk, drove on in silence.

'Is my mother's brother, Henry, alive?'

'Yes, Harry Thornton's alive, and like to live many a good year. Are you going to the Hall? He'll be right glad to see you. He used to talk often of his sister Jane; she was his favorite; and the old man sighed a little, and then coughed down the sigh.

'Do you think my uncle would be glad to see us if we go without warning or invitation?'

'I don't know, but much pleased with his new acquaintance, and inclined to be guided by his opinion.

'Why, what warning should he have or want to give? Aren't you his own sister's children? It's not the way in the country to stand upon ceremony with our relations and friends. That may be the fashion up in London, but it don't suit us here. The poorest cottager at Hillbeck (and that's my cousin Tom) would be glad to have the children of a Wood or a Thornton under his roof, and to give them the best he had, as long as they liked to stay; let alone the richest farmer in Hillbeck, and that's your uncle, Henry Thornton, at the Hall. So, if you thought of going on to the Lowther arms to sleep, you had better put that thought out of your head at once, unless you wish to offend all your relations; and Hillbeck's full of them. You just let me drive you up to the Hall; and if you show your faces to your uncle, I don't think you need tell your names, or wait for a formal invitation.'

'Shall we get at once to uncle Henry's house, Mary, think you? Mary, in whom there was a spirit of adventure, which had been roused by the novelties of the day, nodded her head eagerly, and said—

'Oh, yes, John, let us go, just as we are.—Should we not like to have them do the same by us, if they came, strangers to London, as we come here? You know we can't come away again, if they do not receive us heartily. After all, why should not their hearts warm to us; mine, and I am sure, yours, does to them,—blood is thicker than water.'

'Well said, Missy. There's a touch of your father, there!' observed Roger.

That question, settled, the two Londoners had their minds free to admire the white beauties of the country through which they were going. The bold heath-clad hills, or fells, as they are called in Westmoreland, rose before and around them. In the midst was a broad, cultivated valley, through which their road lay for some time.

(Remainder next week.)

Out-Door Ladies.

Women, and young ladies in particular, do not dress becomingly for the street. The other day, I saw a lady coming towards me, whose habiliments swept nearly the whole breadth of the sidewalk. Drawing ourselves into the smallest possible space, that this puff of silk might pass, we could not forbear taking a hurried inventory of her outward wardrobe. In the first place, her dress was a rich satin, flounced broadly, each flounce trimmed with costly lace. A heavy silk shawl depended carelessly from her shoulders, and as her gloved hands, on the fingers of which shone three or four sparkling rings, daintily grasped the glossy folds, I perceived two massive bracelets on her wrist. A bosom pin, that seemed a small sized looking glass, and certainly was not far from four inches square, glistened below her neck. Two chains of gold encircled her bust, from one of which hung a watch in full view, and from the other a miniature case, probably, which was fastened on the opposite side; and to crown all, a massive gold pencil case was paraded in the belt, like a jaunty sword on a military fop. Her face was hedged in by two rows of variously tinted flowers, and her bonnet, as if disdaining closer companionship, sat loftily on her head.

Now this is not exaggerated. Every day, women may be seen, just as ridiculously overdressed. The absence of true taste and real refinement or delicacy, cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue, the lettered page. A modest woman will dress modestly; a really refined and intellectual woman will show the marks of careful selection and of faultless taste.

It is not a beautiful sight to meet amidst a throng of fashionable women, in ball street costume, a pretty rosbud of a young girl, with the dawn of womanhood stealing over her fair, open brow, modestly moving along the pavement? Her dress is simple, unassuming, rich, perhaps, but not marred by folds, ruffles, or buttons. No jewelry offends the sight in the glare of day. Her eyes, now drooping, now glancing timidly but innocently upon the passers-by, seem to reflect the beams of a pure and happy heart. Her demeanor is lady-like, her movements are full of grace, because so natural and unstudied. Such an one will be observed; but not with the impudent stare of rudeness, nor the unflinching gaze of libertinism.—Not the men tigers who prowl at corners, dare offer her their meaningless smiles; but every gentleman of refinement can but pay the passing tribute of an admiring glance to one so fully representing what all women should be on public streets, unassuming, modest, and neatly but elegantly attired.

The women of England understand better what is due to propriety in this respect. They may, and do dress gorgeously in their assemblies, in their private parties of fashionable resort; but in the street they are marked by great plainness of dress. Sober and delicate colors, absence of chains and diamonds, the closely fitting hat, the neat mantle, and thick shoe, all attest their good sense in the matter. We wish American ladies would copy in this the wisdom, instead of aping the follies of the frivolous Parisians.

Will the time ever come, when a cultivated intellect shall preponderate over dry goods, or a correct and delicate perception of real comfort and beauty, over the absurd and constantly varying fashions of the day?

'Dear me!' exclaimed Mrs. Partington, and her hands were raised above a potato basket in a provision store, as if asking a blessing upon it. It was in response to the shop-keeper, as he said in sepulchral tones, at the same time holding a long red in his hand—

'Potatoes, marm, is all rotting.' 'Oh, dear me!' cried she, 'if the potatoes is rotting, what upon airth will poor people do for bread? What will the poor Paddygoons do, that don't eat anything else? And flour is so high! They tell us every now and then of an improvement in the market, but flour is always just as dear arter it; you have to give just as much for a half dollar's worth. And how hard it is for poor people to get along, to be sure! Why it takes almost a remissness of Californy gold to get along anyhow, now-a-days. Heaven help the poor!'

What a heartiness there was in that simple prayer. The butcher was affected; he dropped the long red pensively into the basket, and wiped his eyes on the sleeves of his white frock. That stern man, who had unrelentingly cut up myriads of beef, nor shed one tear over the struggles of expiring lambskins, showing no quarter while he was quartering them, that stern man wiped his eyes upon his frock sleeve, and murmured—

'Yes'm.' It was touching. Everything was sixteen ounces to the pound with him for that day.

[Pathfinder.]

The Unfinished Railways of Maine.

The soil, the harbors, the natural products, and the geographical position of the State of Maine, are unequalled by almost any other State in the Union, or at least in the eastern portion of it. These vast capabilities of production, however, need means of development.

The total valuation of the State by the late census, amounts to a fraction over a hundred millions of dollars. The State lacks the necessary capital to work her great natural resources. First and foremost of her wants, is substantial and well located lines of railway. These have been projected, and some of them are built and in successful operation; while others have lately procured means, and some are still languishing for want of capital. No one doubts what would be the effect upon the property and business of the State, were all these roads now in full and successful operation. The history of the railways of Massachusetts and their influence upon the prosperity of the State, is full of evidence upon this point. Immediately previous to the time our railways were projected, the property and business of the State had about reached its maximum of prosperity, and without the help of some new agency seemed quite as likely to retrograde as advance. The railways were projected, and some of the lines built, and the consequence was an immense development in business and wealth. Real estate, especially, felt the genial influence. In 1834, the real valuation of the City of Boston amounted to \$21,590,300, while in 1849 it amounted to \$102,827,500. In 1840, the valuation of the State of Massachusetts amounted, in round numbers, to three hundred millions. This year, so far as the researches of the State Valuation Committee, now in session, have extended, the gain over 1840 is about 80 per cent., making the total valuation of the State between five and six hundred millions. The valuation of Boston and the adjacent towns within a circuit of nine miles, was, in 1840, one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The valuation of 1850, for the same cities and towns, amounts to two hundred and sixty-six millions, or a gain in ten years of one hundred and forty-six millions of dollars.

Now these are facts, extraordinary and wonderful as they may seem; and it is likewise a fact that this extraordinary increase is in consequence of the stimulative effects of the railway upon the industry and business of the country. The increased value of real estate in the City of Boston since 1840, will pay for all our Massachusetts railways, say in round numbers, fifty millions of dollars. Is not this a lesson of rare interest for the attention of the real estate holders of the State of Maine? We commend it to the attention of the business men, farmers, mechanics, and the capitalists of that State. They have soil, fisheries, water-power, a hardy and working population, and every element of commercial greatness and prosperity. What they need is the railway to develop and fructify these different resources of power and happiness. Of this fact no one can doubt, who scans the railway history and progress of the State of Massachusetts. Let the people of Maine, then, foster their railway enterprise. If they desire to keep up in the race of prosperity, if they would prevent the emigration of her younger and more enterprising sons to Western States, and if they would double the prosperity and trade of the State within the next decade, let them foster their railway enterprises. Some of these enterprises have for a long time languished for want of means; some of them have issued stock and bond securities at ruinous discounts, and in consequence, the public, the great and small capitalists, have lost faith in the value of these securities. So far as these mistakes have proceeded, the ground cannot be retraced, but the companies can act fairly and wisely for the future. The moment there is a movement towards issuing securities of a railway company under the par price, that moment the enterprise deserves to lose public confidence. Railway companies cannot now afford to be dishonest, for we hold that the issue of new stock at any discount from the original par, is dishonesty to the original share holders. Railway credit is like a business-man's credit, and if a business-man pays a hundred dollars for fifty borrowed, or promises to pay in that ratio, his credit will not last long. This lax morality on the part of railroad directors has gone too far, and the effect has been too disastrous longer to be countenanced. And furthermore, the legitimate business of no railway enterprise will pay for such ruinous discounts. Stop the dangerous leak at once—sum up the amount of present liabilities—add a sum sufficient to finish the road, and then present the true facts to the stockholders and the public. The determination of the Directors of the Ogdensburg railway, not to countenance these ruinous discounts, was amply repaid. They obtained the necessary amount to finish their work without discount, and the confidence of the public in railway securities was much advanced by their manly and conservative action. This lesson is not to be forgotten by the directors of other struggling railway enterprises.

The unfinished railways of Maine need money, and wanting credit, they cannot easily procure funds without outside help. The real estate interest on the different lines can afford, and ought to advance the necessary sums. But if they will not, let the cities and towns on the route subscribe, as they have done on the Kennebec and Portland route, let sinking funds be

formed to meet these liabilities, ten, fifteen, or twenty years hence, upon the plan of those of our Western road. The State of Massachusetts has loaned her credit to several roads, and not a dollar has been, or ever will be, lost to the State treasury by the act, and millions have been added to the taxed value of the Commonwealth. In Maine, if the same facilities could be procured, her inland towns, like those of Massachusetts, would become cities. Waterville might become another Springfield, the different sites of water-power might become places of as much wealth and importance as Lowell and Lawrence. The trade and production of the whole State would be stimulated, and her wealth increased to an immense amount. As a general principle, every railway enterprise should be constructed from the means which its own merits can command;—but the lack of capital in Maine, does not allow of this, and therefore the State credit and credit of the cities and towns, can with great propriety be solicited, where the results must be so favorable to all concerned. With the help of careful economy in expenditure, and skill in management, the railways of Maine can yet be made profitable to the shareholders, and a mine of wealth to the State. The financial pressure of the country is fast passing away, and the friends of the different languishing railway enterprises, may now take courage and work with the certainty of success.—[American Railway Times.]

THE AFRICAN RACE.

Some great musical composer once said that by the loss of education among the Africans, one third of the musical genius in the world has become extinguished. We believe it, and also that the same cause has robbed the world of a vast accession to the graces of its refinement; and we see this in the natural tendencies of the African race. Wherever they have a chance, they exhibit an ambition for politeness, in manners and in language, which indicates what might be expected from such a germ were it developed. The Africans are naturally the most polite race in the world, and we doubt not they are capable of being the most refined. Place them beside the undisciplined of any race, and see if they are not far more distinguished than the others for amiability, and in admiration and emulation of refined people. Your ignorant Yankee, Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, German, Frenchman, Spaniard, or what not, is diametrically opposite to any thing like suavity or polite bearing; he is uncouth, rude and disagreeable,—rather scornful, than otherwise, of the refined, and evidently satisfied with his own boorishness and vulgar phrases; it is not so with the negro. He, of all other men, seems desirous of cultivating good manners, sensible of the advantages of refinement, and ambitious to imitate his superiors in education. There is remarkably little surliness or self-conceit in the African's blood, and an innate sagacity equal to that of any nation in the world. These characteristics encourage the conviction that civilization would render them potent benefactors of the world.

Contrast them, as servants, with any other, and see how much better they conduct themselves. Yankee, English, or Irish waiters are generally 'too big for their breeches,' as the saying is; and seem actuated by the democratic sentiment, 'one man is as good as another, and a d—d sight better; and it is with evident mortification and displeasure that they find them obliged to obey the calls of guests, especially if those guests happen to evince signs of poverty; and we have often laughed in our sleeve to hear a modest man ask for a dish in a deferential tone, and see a dandified white waiter, with his head just from the barber, his cravat tied faultlessly, and his dickey propping his long ears, reluctantly condescend to grant the prayer, and shuffling across an eating-house floor, with a knit brow,

'Big with the fate of Caesar and of Rome,' vociferate 'roast beef,' 'boiled dish,' or (full of thoughts of self) 'calf's head!'

A colored waiter is the model of good nature, willingness, promptness and grace. He answers a call with a smile and celerity that shows that he knows his duty, and is ambitious to do it well; and though there is a little self-complacency about the air, it is owing to the consciousness that he is accomplished in his peculiar sphere; and he has more modesty, and at the same time, infinitely more intelligence, than the majority of his white brethren. We hope the day will come when education will be extended to all of the dark-hued race, that they may shame, by their intelligence and good qualities, the blockheads and blackguards of our own.—[Boston Sunday News.]

HOW TO ARREST CHOLERA.—The Louisville Journal has a long and able article on the mode successfully employed in that city to arrest the cholera. Twice the cholera broke out there with virulence this year, and twice it was banished. To Dr. Theodore L. Bell the citizens of Louisville are indebted for deliverance from the fearful pestilence. The measures adopted for this purpose should be known to all. The spots where the malaria generated was thickly strewn over with sand and then covered with lime, and all the inhabitants removed from ground floors. This process never failed to stop the cholera in Louisville, in a few days. This shows that cholera is in a great measure under the control of laws well known.

NEW AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON.—The Pittsburg Post has a letter giving an account of a discovery made by a young man by the name of Adams, the assistant manager of the Brady's Bend Iron Works, in Clarion County, in the manufacture of railroad and merchant bars from coke metal. By the old method the rails were made with charcoal pig, and would crack very much and break with one or two blows. By Adams's process iron can be made from eight to ten dollars per ton lower! and of a superior quality. The process is not mentioned, but the quality of the iron produced is spoken of. The writer of the letter was shown a rail that had been put to the severest test, by putting it while hot into cold water, after which they tried to break it with a sledge-hammer weighing 80 pounds.—Forty blows were given by six men alternately, and they could not even crack it. The charcoal iron of the company costs from \$18 to \$22 per ton—their 'coke metal' costs only from \$9 to \$11 per ton. The discovery had caused quite an excitement among the workmen, for they were under the impression that the works would have to suspend on the account of the low price of iron.

