



11-14-1850

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 17): November 14, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 17): November 14, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 172.  
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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, NOV. 14, 1850.

NO. 17.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
**E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.**  
At No. 3 1-2 *Boutelle Block*, Main Street  
**TERMS.**  
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.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

## POETRY.

### THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Rainy and rough sets the day;  
There's a heart beating for somebody;  
I must be up and away—  
Somebody's anxious for somebody.  
Thrice has she been to the gate—  
Thrice has she listened for somebody;  
'Midst the night, stormy and late,  
Somebody's waiting for somebody!

There'll be a comforting fire—  
There'll be a welcome for somebody;  
One, in her nestlet attire,  
Will look to the table for somebody.  
Though the stars' fled from the west,  
There is a star yet for somebody;  
Lighting the home he loves best,  
Warming the bosom of somebody!

There'll be a coat o'er the chair,  
There'll be a slipper for somebody;  
There'll be a wife's tender care—  
Love's fond embrace for somebody.  
There'll be the little one's charms—  
Soon they'll be wanted for somebody;  
When I have both in my arms,  
Oh, but how blest will be somebody!

[London Literary Gazette.]

## MISCELLANY.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]

### THE PUNCTUAL MAN.

BY JOHN JONES, JR.

MR. JENKINS was a punctual man—a very punctual man. He was not only up to time in everything; but usually a little in advance of time. Of such a thing as being too late for an engagement, no one ever knew him to be guilty. On the other hand, Mrs. Jenkins had very little regard to the passage of time. Ask Mr. Jenkins what o'clock it was at any period of the day, and his answer, promptly given, without consulting his gold lever, would rarely vary ten minutes from the real time. Ask Mrs. Jenkins the same question, and if she came within two hours of it, the fact would be remarkable.

'Now, my dear, do hurry! We shall be too late.'

Never did Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins go upon a journey, or attend church or party, without a dozen repetitions of this admonition, mildly urgent in the beginning, but in a nervous, impatient tone of voice, ere the lingering spouse deemed her person all in trim for the contemplated movement. In most cases, even with all the punctual husband's efforts to bring his wife up to time, but little advance was ever gained. Service had usually commenced, ere they entered the church on Sunday, notwithstanding Mr. Jenkins's nervous horror of disturbing, by untimely entrance, a worshipping assembly, and notwithstanding his weekly repetition of—

'Now do, my dear, try and be ready in time to-day.'

They were usually among the last at a tea-party; and upon them rested the guilt of disturbing the temper, wearing out the patience, and spoiling the oysters of the fair hostess.—More than once had the prophecy—

'We'll be too late for the steamboat,' met a literal fulfillment.

One would naturally think that frequent experiences of this kind must work a change.—Far from it. It was just as natural for Mrs. Jenkins to take no note of time, as for her husband to be noting it all the while.

Last summer they decided on a trip to Boston, and after all needful preparation, the day arrived that was to witness their departure.

'Come dear!' said Mr. Jenkins, just as day began to dawn. 'It's time to get up. We shall be late.'

'Late! It's only a little past four o'clock, and the boat doesn't leave till nine.'

And Mrs. Jenkins, who had been roused from a pleasant slumber, composed herself for another nap.

'Come! come! We shall be late.'

Mr. Jenkins spoke now in a more earnest voice, for the first rays of the uprisen sun were streaming in the chamber window.

'Plenty of time,' returned Mrs. Jenkins, showing no very strong inclination to rise.

Mr. Jenkins, who was up and partly dressed, now bethought himself of consulting his watch. To his surprise he found it was full an hour and a half later than he thought it to be.

'Come! come!' said he impatiently, 'it is nearly half past six o'clock.'

'O no,' returned his wife.

'It is then, and no mistake. See for yourself,' and he held the gold lever before her eyes.

'I declare! I had no idea it was so late.'

Mrs. Jenkins sprang from the bed and commenced dressing herself hurriedly. Twice the bell rang for breakfast before she was ready to obey the summons. But at length she took her way to the dining room, and much to her husband's relief, she left the table in full time to finish all needful preparations for the journey.

The breakfast scene, which finally ended so much to Mr. Jenkins's satisfaction, is worthy of a passing note.

Mr. Jenkins received his cup of coffee from the hand of his wife with a nervous jerk, and in bringing it down to the table beside him, managed to spill a third of it over the white cloth. Then, in putting the cup too eagerly to his lips, he scalded his mouth.

'Here! give me some cream. This coffee is hot as fire!' he exclaimed, as he handed back his cup.

More cream was supplied, and then the cup of coffee was emptied at a single draught.

The work of breaking an egg, and pouring out its contents, came next in order. Usually, Mr. Jenkins could perform this delicate operation with considerable skill. On the present occasion, he spilled a portion over the side of his egg cup, soiled his fingers, and made such a time of it, that he pushed the egg and cup from him with an impatient—

'What a mess I'm making of it!'

Mr. Jenkins next attacked the toast, and bolted a couple of slices in a twinkling. Having

ing done which, he drew forth his watch, to consult it, and see how time was passing.

'We must hurry,' said he, involuntarily.—

'Time goes quickly.'

'Well, I declare,' returned Mrs. Jenkins, 'you are the most nervous, impatient man I ever saw!—Now do eat your breakfast. There is plenty of time.'

But Mr. Jenkins arose and walked the floor of the dining room until his wife had concluded her morning meal.

At half past eight o'clock the carriage was to be at the door. The trunks were strapped, and Mr. Jenkins ready for the removal, some time before that period; and to Mrs. Jenkins's credit be it spoken, she was ready to the minute.

'That man ought to be here,' said Mr. Jenkins, as the hand of his gold lever approached the figure four. 'I don't like this putting off things until the last moment.'

And he went to the door and stood, for some time, looking down the street. But no carriage appeared in sight. Then he returned into the house, and walked the parlor floor for a minute and a half, at the end of which time he drew forth his watch for another consultation. Five minutes more, and it would be half past eight o'clock.

'If he should disappoint me,' said Mr. Jenkins, nervously.

'Oh, he'll be here,' returned Mrs. Jenkins, with much composure. 'Don't be uneasy.'

'But I am uneasy. I'm almost certain the man will disappoint us. I wish I'd taken his number.'

'But what good would that have done?' asked Mrs. Jenkins, calmly.

'I'd have him before the Mayor.'

Mr. Jenkins went to the door again, and gazed anxiously down the street. No carriage was in sight.

'Half past eight!' he ejaculated, coming into the parlor where Mrs. Jenkins sat all ready for departure. 'What is to be done?'

'Don't be uneasy. I am certain he will be here,' said Mrs. Jenkins. 'He can drive down easily in a quarter of an hour. So there is a plenty of time to spare.'

'No there is not a plenty of time to spare. Besides, I told him to be here by half past eight, and not a minute later.'

Five, ten, fifteen minutes went stealing by, and yet no carriage appeared. The reader may imagine the state of mind into which Mr. Jenkins was thrown.

But a quarter of an hour remained ere the steamboat would leave the wharf. Fortunately for Mr. Jenkins, a porter came by just at this juncture, with his empty wheelbarrow.

'Here my good fellow!' cried Jenkins, 'are you engaged?'

'No, sir,' was answered.

'Then come in quickly and get my trunks. The carriage has disappointed me, and I must be at the New York boat by nine o'clock.'

The porter obeyed with alacrity. In a few minutes he was on his way, with the trunks, towards Walnut street wharf, and Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, the former carpet bag in hand, hurrying after him. But the steps of Mrs. Jenkins were far too deliberate for those of her excited husband.

'Indeed, you must move quicker, or we will be too late,' he said, at every half square.

Great was the speed at which they swept along the street.

'Just four minutes left,' said Mr. Jenkins, as they passed the Exchange.

At length they reached the foot of Walnut street.

'Has the boat gone yet?' breathlessly inquired Jenkins of a colored porter.

'O no,' was replied, with a broad smile on Ethiop's face.

At this moment the eyes of Mr. Jenkins rested on the upper works of the steamboat, which were in motion.

'She's off!' he ejaculated. 'Quick! quick! And he sprung several paces in advance of his wife, running down the avenue to the dock from which the boat had moved.

'Stop! Stop a moment!' he cried to the Captain, who was on the upper deck. 'Stop! Hold up! Just a moment!'

But the boat was loosened from her fastenings, and quietly moved down the stream. On her way she kept, as steadily as if no Mr. Jenkins stood calling out and gesticulating on the shore.

'Too bad! too bad! I'll have that fellow fined for disappointing me.'

'It is too bad,' said Mrs. Jenkins, panting from over exertion, 'to be disappointed after all this.'

'The boat's coming back again,' said a man who stood near.

'Coming back again!'

'O yes. She's merely heading round. It isn't time for her to start by an hour.'

'But it's nine o'clock,' said Mr. Jenkins, drawing out his watch.

'O no, sir; only eight.'

'Eight!'

Mr. Jenkins stood with a bewildered air for a moment. Then light broke in upon his mind.

'Only eight!' he repeated. 'Right! Sure enough! Well, that is a good one!'

'Only eight!' said Mrs. Jenkins. 'That is strange! Does your watch say nine?'

'Yes. But now I remember, it is just an hour too fast.'

'Why, Mr. Jenkins! How comes this?'

But Mr. Jenkins, who was caught in his own trap, did not venture to explain that he had, on the night before, set his watch an hour ahead, in order to cheat his wife into being ready in time for the boat! Yes, this was really so. Mrs. Jenkins, however, who was a pretty shrewd woman, guessed at the real truth, as they sat, a few minutes afterwards, in the cabin of the John Stevens, the only passengers for New York who had yet made their appearance, and she charged the fact upon him so directly, that equivocation was of no avail. He has not heard the last of the affair yet.

For all this and other little experiences on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, no particular change has taken place on the part of either. Mr. Jenkins remains the same nervous-punctual man, and Mrs. Jenkins the same even-tempered, immovably-unpunctual woman. And so it is likely to be with them to the end. So little do men and women profit by the experiences of life, when they react upon constitutional weaknesses, defects, and peculiarities of character, confirmed by long habit.

ACCOMMODATING.—The Worcester hackmen are not to be outdone in politeness and Yankee shrewdness. It is well known that the

Worcester and Boston, and the Worcester and Norwich Railroad depots are both in one and the same building. It often happens that strangers coming from Boston, not aware of this fact, request immediately to be carried to the Norwich depot. With becoming gravity our accommodating hackmen take them on board, and after driving them through two or three streets, land them at the place they started from for the trifling consideration of twenty-five cents.—[Worcester Tribune.]

Why Mr. Brown sold Town Lots.

Mrs. Brown has been a very fine looking woman. Mrs. Brown is quite a good looking woman now—but Mrs. Brown has been married some years.

Brown is a gentleman farmer, and lives a few miles from town, near the termination of an omnibus route; as the real estate agents say in their advertisements, 'salubriously situated, and convenient to the city.'

On retiring from the dry goods business he had purchased a few acres of land as above described, when a man of moderate means could buy a few acres at a proportionate reduction below town lots. Here Brown raised vegetables (and young Browns) on the strictest principles of scientific agriculture and natural philosophy, and with the success usually attending the experiments of gentlemen amateurs in these branches; that is, his potatoes cost him four bits a peck, and his apples about a dime apiece, while the young Browns went to seed and reared horses. We could tell some droll stories about Brown's gardening if we had time, and they were to the purpose. Brown was as innocent as a lamb, (or his own peach trees of fruit,) but he was by no means so pacific; on the contrary, his temper was as inflammable as gun cotton; the slightest spark would set it in a blaze.

But to return to Mrs. Brown, whom we have ungallantly left in the lurch since the first paragraph. She had been in town one day, shopping, and returned home in the omnibus. She sat between two young men; knights of the yardstick and scissors, on an afternoon's excursion. The one on her right was modest and well behaved, while the other was entirely the reverse. He might have been drinking—indulging too freely in anti-cholera antidotes—he might have been partially insane—these are charitable suppositions—at all events he had the impertinence to address Mrs. Brown in a low tone, audible only to herself. He muttered some compliments to her personal appearance—talked a little nonsense, inoffensive in itself, but intolerable as coming from a stranger. Mrs. Brown was discreet, and said nothing; but as a modest woman, and the mother of several junior Browns, was glad to escape from the annoyance when it reached the House. To her great joy, she soon espied her faithful Brown, attired in a blouse, and wheeling a barrowful of gravel down the lane, with all the dignity of a gentleman farmer, conscious of being a useful if not an ornamental member of society.

'Brown, my love, I've got something to tell you,' exclaimed Mrs. B., in a very agitated manner. Brown relinquished the handles of the barrow and sat down in the gravel.

'Mister Brown!' screamed the lady with a fresh impetus, 'you have got your best pants loose!'

'Never mind, my dear, out with your story, for I am busy.'

'Mr. Brown, I have been insulted.'

Mr. Brown's head instantly became as red as the freshly painted bricks of his own house.

'Who is the miscreant?' he yelled, jumping up and oversetting the barrowful of gravel in his haste.

'A young man who sat next to me in the omnibus.'

'Describe him.'

'Dark hair and eyes, white waistcoat, dark colored coat, and light pantaloons.'

'Which way did he go?' interrupted Mr. Brown.

'Into the bar-room of the House.'

'Tis well, Mrs. Brown, I'll have his heart's blood!'

'Now, Mr. Brown, be calm!' interposed the lady.

'Mrs. Brown, I will be calm,' was the dignified reply. 'Calm as the surface of Maker's wash, when the river ain't high. Farewell, love, for a moment. Have an eye to the wheelbarrow while I have a settlement with the scoundrel!'

Mr. Brown had said it—Mr. Brown meant it—Mr. Brown walked firmly up the road.—He entered the bar-room of the House, and looked around him. His first glance rested on a young man who answered the description given by Mrs. Brown; but he wished to make assurance double sure, and so he accosted him politely—

'Fine growing weather, sir?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the stranger.

'Corn is coming on finely, sir?' said Mr. Brown.

'Indeed!'

'Considerable cholera in town?'

'Yes, but abating, I believe.'

'Pray, sir, continued Brown, 'did you come out in the last stage?'

'I did, sir.'

'Was there a lady in the omnibus?'

'There was, sir. I recollect a lady sat next to me.'

'You scoundrel! What do you mean by insulting my wife?'

This question was followed by a blow which sent the young gentleman sprawling on the floor. Brown stood him up and knocked him down again—Brown stood him up the second time and knocked him down, like a man practicing on a single pin in a tennis alley. The sufferer showed some fight, but Brown's blood was up, and he pummeled down all opposition. At last he dragged the offender out of the house, and finished him off by the road side.—He was engaged in this laudable occupation, when Mrs. Brown, tired of mounting guard over the wheelbarrow, appeared upon the field.

'Mr. Brown!' screamed the lady.

'Wait a minute, my dear, I've only done one side of his head!'

'But, Mr. Brown, that wasn't the man!'

Brown suspended operations, and stood transfixed in horror. The remains of the injured individual were taken into the house.—Then came remorse and apologies, unaccepted and unacceptable—a lawyer's letter; threats of an action for assault and battery, and a heavy payment by way of compromise, far more expensive than any of Brown's previous scientific experiments. The real offender had escaped and was never heard of; the victim

was the well behaved young gentleman who sat on Mrs. Brown's right. Her description, which had answered for both, occasioned the dilemma, which, we hope, has had a salutary effect upon Mr. Brown's temper, though it caused him to divide some of his best acres into town lots, to raise the compromise money.

Brown was decidedly 'done Brown!'

Mechanics and Lawyers.

The New York Mirror has the following, which shows that enlightened constructiveness is rising to its true place in public esteem:—

'The Bar is no longer the resort of the ambitious youths of our country. The mechanical departments are being preferred: there are now thirty young gentlemen in this city, that have received liberal educations, who are serving their 'times' as shipwrights, architects, carpenters, &c. In a few years the United States will have the most accomplished mechanics in the world. A new class is springing up who will put the present race of mechanics in the shade. The union of a substantial education with mechanical skill will effect this. Indeed, already we could name some mechanics who are excellent mathematicians, and acquainted with French and German, and able to study the books in those languages connected with their vocations. Heretofore fond fathers were wont to educate their sons for doctors or lawyers, to insure their respectability and success. That day is past. Mechanics now take the lead, and in a few years will supply the larger portion of the State and Federal legislatures.'

We hope that parents and guardians will put aside this almost obsolete idea, that none but professional men, such as physicians, lawyers, and divines, can ever arrive in this country to a great distinction. Look, any day, and witness the self-taught, the once illiterate boy, now a superior mechanic, filled with the ardent thirst of becoming a valuable member of society. Look at our community—how many are there now filling offices of honor and profit, who but a few years ago were apprentices to very respectable trades; and take the portion of the mechanics, to your very learned and much distinguished men, and compare the ratio to their future eminence. Look at our debating societies, lyceums, &c.: from whence comes the ebullition of marked natural talent from those who never had any other stimulant but their own ambition to become useful, as well as ornamental—whose days are devoted to hard work, and every vacant hour passed in proper study to render them respectable and well informed.

An Explanation.

Farmer N., of Newbury, was a miserable old coddler. Sometimes, in his eagerness to grasp the dimes, he would run rather close to the boundary line which separates honesty from dishonesty; and he has been known to go so far as even to step upon the line itself. I will not say he ever got fairly over, but he came so near doing it 'twas hardly worth a dispute.—He was deaf as a haddock—as a very post—and when occasion required, he was more deaf than both of these similes put together.

He once sold a load of hay to his neighbor, who, contrary to N.'s expectations, after seeing it weighed, stopped to see it unloaded. But a few forks were pitched off, when a bouncing big rock rolled from off the load—then another, and then a third came 'bang!' upon the floor.

'What's this?' queried the buyer in a loud voice. 'Most all herd's grass this year,' replied the deaf man. 'But see here!' continued the other, pointing to the boulders which lay arrayed in judgment against the dishonest hayman, 'what does all this mean?' 'Shan't cut nigh so much hay this year as I did last,' replied the dealer in herdsgrass. Just as he had finished this last sentence down thundered a rousing junk of granite, making a deep indentation in the barn floor with one of its sharp angles. 'I say, neighbor N.,' screamed forth the purchaser of fodder, 'I want to know what in — are these?' pointing to the boulders and the big lump of granite. Old N. took up a mighty forkful of herdsgrass, gave it a toss into the hay-loft, then, leaning upon his fork, ejected his huge quid of tobacco and replaced it with a fresh one, took a view of the fragments of the stone wall that lay before him, and with one of his blindest smiles replied, 'Them ere's rocks!'

VERY EXPLICIT.—A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman, exclaimed:—

'Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might be your name?'

'Vy my name ish Hauns Hollenbeffenheff-fengraffensteinerpurg.'

'Cape Cod! It's as long as a pumpkin vine! Well, I haint no time to lose—I'm on a speculation. Tell me the way to Harrisburg.'

'To Harrisburg! Vell, you see dat roat 'pun to hill?' pointing the direction.

'Oh yes, I see it.'

'Vell you must not take dat roat. You see dat roat py se coal pank?'

'Yes.'

'Vell dat ish not de roat too, put you must go right py de parn, and ven you see one road crooks jist so (bending his elbow and describing it at the same time) and ven you git dere keep along jill you gits fudder. Vell, den you vil turn de potato patch round te pridge over de river up the stream and te bill up, and it recitly you see my prodder Fritz' parn, shinkled mit straw, tat's te house mine proder lives. He'll tell you so petter as I can. And you go on a little pit fudder, and you see two roats—you mustn't take boat of um.'

IMPOSITION.—There is no end to the cunning devices by which unsuspecting countrymen are daily fleeced of their money. A short time ago, a sturdy, honest looking farmer, wearing a very sorry face, was seen perambulating the foot of Courtland street, apparently deeply wrapt in reverie. He had been victimized, most thoroughly. Stepping up to the ticket office, just inside of the ferry house, he offered to pay his fare to some place on the railroad in the direction of Philadelphia. One of the light-fingered gentry, however, had already put his eyes upon the man, and was prepared to pounce like a hawk on its prey. 'Here's your ticket, sir, take you clear through—six dollars.' No sooner said than done. The farmer pocketed the paste board, the scamp, the dollars. On attempting to pass the ferry master, the victim, to his great chagrin, was told that his ticket was worthless, and on applying at the ticket office, was unable to procure other satisfaction than that of knowing that the grievance he complained of was a common occurrence. When countrymen come to New York, they must keep both eyes open, as the rogues know them to be strangers, by their gait, dress, &c., and deem them the most convenient subjects.—[N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

How to Gain a Vote.

In a neighboring State there is a county which has always been divided between family parties, and elections are nowhere more hotly contested. In former years the two parties were severally headed by Major D. and old 'Squire A., and every returning election for members of the Legislature witnessed a contest between them, in which each found the other 'worthy of his steel.' Year after year the contest was kept up, and neither gained any material advantage. The majority for neither exceeded ten votes.

About the year 182— the excitement was at the highest, and it was expected that the race would be even closer than usual. But as the canvass progressed, the Major exhibited an elation of spirits, and old John a corresponding depression, which, equally, though differently, affected the friends of both. One day, about a week before the election, the 'Squire and one of his warmest friends, whom we will call Jones, were at the house of the former, examining the calculations he had made—according to which the Major would be elected by one vote. There was, however, one man counted among the Major's friends, who was considered a little doubtful. To secure this vote would be to change the election, and while they were endeavoring to devise some scheme by which this could be effected, old John happened to look out and saw the man himself, whom we will call Long, not far off, approaching the house. A bright thought seemed suddenly to strike him.

'I've got it, Jones, but haven't time to explain: pick a quarrel with Long, and don't take offence at anything I do.'

Jones believed implicitly in old John, and nodded, wondering what was to be done.

By this time Long came up, and was cordially welcomed. Pretty soon old John had occasion to leave for some purpose, and returning in about ten minutes, found his visitors engaged in a hot dispute about the election.—Long made some attempt to change the subject, but Jones would not permit it, and began to use rough language. Here old John interferred, and expressed surprise at the conduct of Jones. A temporary cessation followed, and the dispute was renewed with greater violence on the part of Jones. Jones had taken his cue—Again old John interposed, and threatened to drive Jones out of the house if he persisted.—The calm was this time of still shorter duration, and the dispute was again renewed. Old John rose from his seat, and marching up to Jones, seized him by the collar. Jones made a sham of resistance, but suffered himself to be led to the door and summarily ejected. Halting when he reached the gate, he turned his wrath upon old John, swearing that he had always supported him, but that he had now been imposed on for a man that had always been against him, and 'he'd never get his vote again!'

As soon as Jones left, Old John turned to Long, and seemed much affected.

'I have lost one of my best friends, Mr. Long, but—'

Long eagerly interrupted him:—

'No, Squire, if you've lost one you've gained another. I'm going to vote for you!'

A glass of good old Nash soon followed, and that year old John was elected by one vote!

Jones and old John kept dark till the election was over, but after that they had many a hearty laugh over the scene we have described above.—[New York Spirit of the Times.]

PRACTICAL JOKES.—We remember of hearing a story of a fellow who roused a venerable doctor about 12 o'clock one winter's night, and on coming to the door coolly inquired, 'Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?'

'No, never mind,' said the wag, 'I thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday.' We thought that rather cool, but the following story of Neil McKinnon, a New York wag, surpasses in impudence anything within recollection. Read and speak for yourself, gentle reader.

When the celebrated Copenhagen Jackson was British Minister in this country, he resided in New York and occupied a house in Broadway. Neil, one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of rough riders, while passing the house, noticed that it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door. 'Hallo!' said our wag, 'what's going on at Jackson's?'

One of the company remarked that Jackson had a party that evening. 'What!' exclaimed Neil, 'Jackson has a party, and I not invited? I must see to that.' Stepping up to the door he gave a ring which soon brought the servant to the door. 'I want to see the British Minister,' said Neil. 'You must call some other time,' said the servant, 'for he is now engaged at a game of whist, and must not be disturbed.'

'Don't talk to me that way,' said McKinnon, 'but go directly and tell the British Minister that I must see him immediately on special business.' The servant obeyed and delivered the message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door, forthwith. 'Well,' said Mr. Jackson, 'what can be your business with me this time of night which is so very urgent?'

'Are you Mr. Jackson, the British Minister?'

'Yes, sir.' 'You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson.'

'Yes, sir. A large party, I presume?'

'Yes, sir, a large party.' 'Playing cards, I understand?'

'Yes, sir, playing cards.' 'O, well,' said Neil, 'as I was passing, I merely called to inquire what's trumps!'

'Stop your noise in there,' roared Mr. Pepper, as he heard the sounds of Juvenile warfare in the kitchen. 'If I come out there to find you giving something that you'll remember for a fortnight I'll knock your heads off! I never saw such children in my life; always yelling and fighting.'

'I declare, that's queer,' said Mr. Partington, who was there to tea; 'that's queer, when they have such a very mild man for a father; I should think they would be as gentle as doves. Some fathers are like the frightful porcupine, and of course their children will be fractious—as the old hog squeals the young ones learn, you know.'

She stirred her tea gently and smiled, as she spoke, and Mr. Pepper, after a vain effort to detect malice in her looks, changed the subject to the best mode of raising cucumbers, which called him down in a short time.—[Boston Pathfinder.]

Boys in the Street after Nightfall.

I have long been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover, of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerful, gleesome. I am not willing that they be cheated out of the rightful heritage of youth—indeed, I can hardly understand how a high-toned, useful man, can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has enjoyed a fair share of the glad privileges due a youth. But while I watch, with a very jealous eye, all rights and customs which encroach upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive, lest parents, who are not forthrightful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observation on this subject, permit their sons in indulgences which are almost certain to result to their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed as tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the streets after nightfall. It is ruinous to their morals in almost all instances; they acquire, under cover of night, an unhealthful and excited state of mind—bad, and vulgar, immoral and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing; indeed it is in the street after nightfall, that boys principally acquire the education of the bad capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. But few boys in any ill-advised or town, or village, or who have this ill-advised and totally unnecessary indulgence, ever attain to the desired eminence of useful citizens. Parents should in this particular have a most rigid and inflexible rule, that it will never permit a son, under any circumstances whatever, to go into the streets after nightfall, with a view of engaging in out-of-door sports, or of meeting other boys for social or chance occupation. A rigid rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices. Boys should be taught to have pleasures around the family center-table, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys, gentlemen's sons, are seen in the streets after nightfall behaving in a manner entirely destructive of good morals. Fathers and mothers, keep your boys at home, and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, profitable to them; and, above all, with a view to their security from future destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of a Christian community, that they can, without a sense of shame, openly violate the Sabbath day, by indulging in street pastimes during its day or evening hours.—[Anonymous.]

HOTEL KEEPING.—There are but few who have any idea of the numerous vexations, that are attendant on keeping such a large establishment, or understand the cares of a landlord. For instance, a negro approached the other day, and commenced with—'Massa, You know dem new big glass shades what am arrived last night?'

'Well,' said his master.

'Well, dey was put in de store-room,' continued the boy.

'Well,' continued the master, looking inquiringly.

'Well, I was peelin' de apples, when Mr. Johnson tells me to bring one of dem out and—'

'Well,' said his master, impatiently.

'Well, jus' as I was gwine to do it—'

'You let it fall and broke it, you careless scoundrel,' anticipated his master.

'No, I didn't, either,' said the negro, sulkingly.

'Well, what then, sir?' said the landlord, recovering.

'Why, I struck him agin the corner of the shelf and he brake all to pieces.' This was too much, and notwithstanding some tall 'cussin,' and the anger of the host, he had to laugh in spite of himself.

ADVANTAGE OF EARLY TRAINING.—The following dialogue is reported to have taken place at the Queen's County Assize, between a medical witness and a barrister:—

Mr. Hayes (the barrister): 'If a person, lying on wet straw, were deprived of all the comforts or necessities of life, would it not hasten death?'

Dr. Edge: 'That would greatly depend upon whether he had been accustomed to them.'

Mr. Hayes: 'Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horse-pen it would not be injurious to him?'

Dr. Edge: 'I think not if he had lived sixty or seventy years in it.'

'MORAL CHARACTER.'—[Scene, Broadway House—Time, 6 o'clock Friday evening.]

Kingsland Man. 'I'll bet five hundred to three that Kingsland will get the nomination. Kelly man. 'I'll take that bet.'

Kings Man. 'You'll lose—sure—I know what's going on. The moral portion of the community go for Kingsland.'

Kelly man. 'Ain't Kelly's moral character as good as Kingsland's?'

Kings man. 'Not by a long shot.'

Kelly man. 'What's the reason?'

Kings man. 'How much is he worth?'

Kelly man. 'Well, perhaps thirty thousand—but what has that to do with it?'

Kings man. 'That? Why, a heap. Kingsland is worth seven hundred thousand dollars, and I'd like to see a better moral character than that!'

The ice bill of the late session of congress to cool the water drank by the members, was fifteen hundred dollars. A contemporary pertinently asks—

'What was the bill for spirits and wine to heat the same water?'



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....NOV. 14, 1850.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols, residence at Brown's Corner.

A. B. LORFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts. Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTINGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

## Where's Sally?

What havoc, and what folly, in the household of our grandmothers! No wonder the list of old bachelors is full and running over. From the good old times when the red checked Sally made brown bread and mended stockings, to the days of Florida Adelaide and her moss vases and wax flowers, how brief the transition! And all because poor men get rich!—yes, because some humble printer, or tailor, or tallow chandler, whom nature designed for a plebeian, crossed the track of fate, gathered gold, and must needs counterfeit aristocracy. And this is the fault of our free country: for if the road from low to high life were as short as that from poverty to wealth, both might be passed over at the same time; and thus Sally remain Sally till the last family christening introduced the delicate Florida Adelaide. And then, mothers are so short-sighted! not to foresee that the poor man's Sally, with Webster's Spelling Book and the New Testament, would of course long to be a rich man's Florida Adelaide, under the tuition of yellow covered literature and the last French novel. O, that social culture and potato culture should so badly keep pace together!

There was a poor girl at the South, who bore the plain name of Sally Ward; but whose father became rich, and under the combined tuition of rouge, French teachers and novel reading, she is introduced to the vulgar world with "Whereas, my wife Sallie!" Were two such terminations ever seen together! When Sally gave her christian name a French termination, she was compelled to take French leave of matrimony! But she became immortal in the idea she bequeathed to a generation of silly girls. The invention that would fit a plain name to grace a romance, was destined to overturn all modern patents for churns and washing machines. And so the terrible hereditary trial of all the Sallies in Yankeeedom is at an end—and the vulgar mother who appended such a living nightmare to her ambitious daughter, has only to consent to the *lie*, and the simple Sally has all the refinement necessary for a heroine. But in modern reforms principle is every thing—and Polly and Dolly claim all the benefit of the discovery.—No reader of James or Sue or Lever but may claim the patent if she can make room for it—so that Sallie finds herself in the company of Betsie, Mollie, Dorothea, Lucie, and a host of others who have read under yellow covers till they know more of French terminations than of English prefixes. Indeed, there is danger that all the silly girls will conspire to shame their mothers for giving them plain English names. Elizabeth cautions her lover to address his billetdoux to Lizzie, and Ann writes her name Annie for the boarding school catalogue. Abigail says she was christened Abbie, and would faint if she was called Nabby. Nancy thinks herself doubly beautiful when called Nannie, and Sophia feels five years younger when she reads her name Sophie.

O, that men and women could foresee the improvements of the age and the mutability of fortune! Then would plain Tom and Jo christen their firstborn Antonio and Orlando, and the daughters of Sally and Polly should be Rosie and Lilia. And thus would the multitude of girls now apparently training for the popular farce entitled "Whereas, my wife," stand recorded in all the witchery of romance, instead of quietly representing life as a sober reality.

MR. EDITOR:—You will oblige many subscribers by inserting the annexed communication, which originally appeared in the Portland Advertiser of the 8th inst., and was in reply to an article over the signature of "A Portland Stockholder," written, it is said, by the Hon. Ashur Ware, President of the A. & K. R. R. Co., and contained in the same paper of the 28th ultimo. The article alluded to, signed "A Portland Stockholder," contained such gross misstatements, and was written in a spirit so manifestly malicious, that simple justice to Mr. A. would seem to require that the annexed communication, correcting the misstatements of "A Portland Stockholder," be published here. It is really pitiful to see the highest officer in the Corporation, because he is defeated in the attempt to annihilate the entire stock of the Corporation by a financial operation, which ought to consign to no enviable memory its projectors, then descend to a newspaper war, the whole tendency, if not design, of which is to cripple the efforts of those men whom the stockholders have placed over the head of the board of Directors to perform a duty which the board were confessedly unable to accomplish. But I forbear further to pursue this subject, and desire it to rest for the interest of all, until a further opportunity shall occur of discussing these matters face to face.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your correspondent—"A Portland Stockholder," has such an inveterate habit of misrepresentation, that it seems hardly worth one's while to reply to him; but from kindness to him, I will once more endeavor to set him right. Although he has been corrected in his assertion that the plan adopted by the stockholders of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad was got up by two gentlemen from Massachusetts, he still persists in talking about it "as it came from them."

He also states in his communication of Oct. 28th, that "the resolutions offered by Mr. Crane, were not adopted but in part, and as materially modified by the stockholders;" I was present at the meeting, and did not so understand it. The change of the word "required," in the second resolution, into "requested," after the directors had promised to obey, was certainly not a material alteration; nor do I consider the insertion of 50 per cent. as the rate at which the bonds might be pledged by the finance committee, material. No other alteration was made by the stockholders, as I understood the proceedings. At the next meeting of the stockholders, they may perhaps inquire how the records were ordered to be made up, and what obstacles have been thrown in the way of the committee of their selection.

Your correspondent then asserts that "Mr. Appleton made the original survey, and estimate of the cost of the road, relying upon which the original stockholders subscribed to the enterprise;" and he then proceeds to attack Mr. A.'s personal integrity and professional skill, because that estimate was exceeded. It would be a sufficient answer to this malignant tirade to say, that his premises are entirely false; that Mr. A. never made any such estimate; and that the survey and estimate referred to, were made by James Hall, Esq., of Portland, eighteen months before Mr. A. ever saw the road. I do not wish, however, to leave Mr. Hall exposed to the calumnies of your correspondent, and will suggest a few reasons why his estimate was, naturally enough, insufficient. In the first place, his survey was not an instrumental one, but merely a reconnaissance, and therefore did not furnish sufficient data for an estimate. Secondly, his reconnaissance extended only from Lewiston to Waterville, a distance, as he states, of 49 3/4 miles; and the other 51 1/4 miles west of Lewiston, were more costly than any other equal consecutive distance on the whole road.

Again, Mr. Hall made no allowance for land damages and fencing; and, furthermore, the equipment calculated by him has been doubled.

And, lastly, engineers are not expected to include in their estimates, interest, discount, expense of procuring loans, &c. &c., all of which, properly enough, are included in the aggregate cost of the road. When allowances are made for all these items, and the insufficient data Mr. Hall had to proceed upon, are remembered, the wonder will be, not that his estimate was exceeded, but that the excess was not much greater.

Your correspondent has such a *caecotheca scribendi*, that he cannot remain quiet. I cannot again, however, spare time to brush away his cobwebs; and will merely suggest to him that, as it is evident from his past attempts he is not accustomed to deal with facts, he had better confine himself to romancing, for which he has such marvellous abilities. He can better employ his pen, by entering the lists with "the celebrated author of The Mistakes of a Lifetime," and competing with him for the favor of that prince of publishers, Mr. Gleason.

## Convention of Superintending School Committees FOR KENNEBEC COUNTY.

The Convention of Superintending School Committees from the different towns in Kennebec County assembled in the Methodist church in Winthrop on Thursday, Nov. 7, at 11 o'clock A. M., and was organized by electing Rev. Arthur Drinkwater, of Fayette, as Chairman, and Rev. M. Hill, of Winthrop, Secretary.

On motion, Noah Wood, Esq., of Gardiner, Rev. David Thurston, of Winthrop, and Rev. Alexander Burgess, of Augusta, were appointed a committee to receive the credentials of the members present. This committee, having attended to their duty, reported that a majority of the towns in the county were represented in the convention, by the following members:

Augusta—by Rev. Alexander Burgess and Rev. Charles F. Allen.  
Albion—Mark Rollins, Jr.  
Belgrade—Geo. Smith and Joseph Taylor.  
China—Jabez Lewis.  
E. Livermore—Francis F. Haynes.  
Fayette—Rev. Arthur Drinkwater.  
Gardiner—Noah Wood, Rev. W. L. Hyde, and Rev. Geo. Burgess.  
Greene—Cyrus Sprague.

Hallowell—H. K. Baker.  
Litchfield—Rev. W. O. Grant.  
Monmouth—Orin W. Blaisdell.  
Mt. Vernon—James R. Marston.  
Waterville—Rev. R. B. Thurston.  
Winthrop—Rev. David Thurston and Rev. M. Hill.

Winslow—Hanson O. Bullen and J. W. Hutchinson.

Winsor—Horace Colburn.  
W. Gardiner—Rev. H. Pierce and George W. Blanchard.  
Vassalboro—J. H. Cole.

This report was accepted, and the organization of the Convention fully completed.

On motion, it was then voted that we proceed to elect a member of the Board of Education for this county.

A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Wood, Allen and Taylor, were appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for a member of the Board; which committee having attended to that duty, reported the whole number of votes 24; 22 of which were for H. K. Baker, of Hallowell, who was declared elected.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Grant, a committee on resolutions was appointed, consisting of Messrs. George Burgess, Grant, Hyde and Drinkwater, and the Convention then adjourned to 2 1/2 o'clock P. M.

The Convention met pursuant to adjournment, and the committee on resolutions, by their chairman, Rev. George Burgess, reported the following, which were taken up in order, and after a full discussion by various members of the Convention, were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the services of the member of the Board of Education for this county, in visiting, so far as may be practicable, the several towns, collecting information respecting their schools, consulting with teachers and committees, and delivering lectures, would, in the judgment of this Convention, be generally acceptable and highly useful.

Resolved, That we are satisfied that extensive benefit has been produced by the Teachers' Institutes, as now established.

Resolved, That while our limited time forbids entering into the details of the plans suggested by the Secretary of the Board of Edu-

cation, in his able report, we regard as exceedingly desirable the further extension of the means provided for the preparation of teachers, whether in connection with incorporated academies or normal schools or otherwise.

Resolved, That we deprecate frequent change of school books, and disapprove all change except such as may originate in the unbiased judgment of school committees, after the most impartial consideration; and that we will discountenance in every way the interference of parties having a pecuniary interest in the introduction of books, in opposition to those approved and adopted by school committees.

After voting that the proceedings of this convention be signed by the chairman and secretary, and published in the several papers of this county, the convention adjourned.

ARTHUR DRINKWATER, Chairman.  
MOSES HILL, Secretary.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE.—Though this popular monthly has been in a blaze of beauty through the whole year, yet but rarely have we seen anything more beautiful than the embellishments in the December number. Arrangements are completed for issuing the next volume in a style even more magnificent, with many new attractions, which will give it a superiority over its competitors. This will be strikingly manifest in its embellishments, for which some of the choicest artistic talent in Europe and America has been secured. In addition to rich and carefully engraved Mezzotint steel plates, the magazine will be enriched by a number of illuminated prints, produced by the beautiful art of chromo-printing, which will add greatly to the splendor of the work. An entirely new feature will also be introduced, which will be a series of illustrated articles, to be called "Scenes in the Life and Teachings of the Saviour;" the engravings for which will be prepared with great historical fidelity, and six or seven of them given each month. The editorial department will continue under the control of Prof. John S. Hart, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, of New York, who will call to their aid a brilliant corps of contributors. The publishers appeal, and justly too, to the friends of American literature, for encouragement,—hear them:

"There is one point on which we feel it to be but just that we should have a hearing. A great and well-organized effort is now making to circulate foreign reprints to the exclusion of American literature. Will Americans for one moment consider the consequence of this enterprise? Can anything be plainer than that it saps directly one of the principal means of fostering native authorship? Unless the friends of American literature in this emergency give a staunch and hearty support to the periodical literature of the country, the liberal and increasing rates for authorship now paid by the leading magazines must be abandoned."

Single subscribers, \$3; 2 copies, \$5; 5 copies, \$10. Address John Sartain & Co., Philadelphia. C. K. Mathews is agent in Waterville.

FIRE.—The dwelling house of Capt. Thos. Marston, of this town, was entirely consumed by fire on Friday morning last, together with a portion of the furniture and some adjoining buildings. The fire took in the hog-house, connected with the sheds, where a fire was used in boiling swill. The loss is probably about \$1,200, on which there was an insurance of \$600.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—The coalition between the democrats and free soilers has completely thrown old Massachusetts "upon her beam ends."

According to the Traveller, Gov. Briggs has a majority against him of 9,334. Last year in the same towns the majority against him was 901. His loss, therefore is, comparatively, 8,433.

The coalition have elected 24 Senators, and the Whigs 10—and the Whigs 158 to 153 coalition members of the House. In 86 towns heard from there was no chance. Unless the elections next to take place shall materially vary the result, the majority will be against the Whigs in the legislature.

## The New Cemetery.

The lot purchased by the town for the new cemetery, is on the south side of the new road recently worked from the foot of the plains, to the Emerson bridge. It consists of 8 acres, lying nearly square. Under the direction of the committee appointed by the town in March, it has been neatly fenced with posts and boards: and a survey and plan by Mr. Willes, has been prepared for exhibition at the Selectmen's office. The design is marked with excellent taste, at the same time commending itself for its economy. It is divided into 268 lots, varying from 20 by 20 to 50 by 40 feet square, with carriage and foot paths arranged with good regard to taste and convenience. A section 180 feet square is left for public burials. The plan contemplates a hedge-row 3 feet wide around the entire lot. The design does credit to the good taste of Mr. Willes, and we commend it to the inspection of all who feel interested in the enterprise.

NEW YORK ELECTION. The contest has been so close that nothing short of the official returns will tell who is Governor. The congressional delegation stands 17 whigs to 17 democrats—a democratic gain of 15 members. The whigs have a majority in the legislature.

The number of fugitive slaves already in the villages of Malden, Sandwich, and Windsor, Canada, is estimated at 2000. The British garrison at the two latter places, have given up the barracks for them to lodge in.

"FASHIONABLE" CHURCH. The "prize" pew at Calvary Church, New York, brought \$1160 at the auction. The remainder sold ranged from \$1050 down to \$50. Few brought under \$400, and the average was considerably over \$600.

PENOBSCOT AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—It will be seen by the notice in our columns calling the first meeting of the stockholders in this Company for the purpose of organizing the Corporation, that sufficient stock has actually been subscribed for and taken, to authorize the calling of such a meeting. We are glad of this, and sincerely wish our enterprising brethren of Bangor the fullest success. The meeting is to be held at Bangor on 27th of the present month.

SAGACITY AND FIDELITY OF A DOG.—A friend from Ipswich related to us the following incident. One day last week, the wife of Mr. Dickinson, a worthy farmer of that town—all the members of the family being absent but herself—had occasion to step out of the house on an errand, and on her return she found a man on the floor, and a large Newfoundland dog, a favorite in the family, was upon him, holding him down. Mrs. Dickinson told the man that he had been stealing. He promptly denied it. She tried to call the dog off, but could not; she then told him if he had stolen any thing, the dog would not let him go till he gave it up. After some further parley, the dog holding on with a firm grip, the man took a silver spoon from his pocket, which he had taken from the house. At the sight of the spoon, "Tiger" made some positive demonstrations of displeasure, and was with difficulty kept from injuring the thief. However, as soon as the spoon was thrown upon the floor, the dog let go, and the fellow was allowed to leave the premises. Such a dog is worth having.—Lynn Bay State.

RAILROADS VS. MATRIMONY.—Jerry Nobs, according to the Cincinnati Despatch, met with an adventure on the railroad a few frosty mornings ago. His slumbers were disturbed by the hilarity of a wedding party. The lady, he says, was rather pretty, with a dimple on the end of her nose. The bridegroom was encased in rather an uncomfortable new suit. The incident was this:—

At Willows Springs the cars made a short stop, of two minutes. The gentleman just married, thought he would step out, take a look at the country and exercise his limbs. While he was engaged in this pleasant occupation the cars started. Jerry was on the platform of the last car when this casualty occurred. He saw the gentleman start as the cars did. He heard a scream, the lady rushed out, and Jerry just had time to catch her, and so prevent a fearful leap. The cars were speeding on; the lover was panting behind. The cars gained on the husband, but the husband still ran. The scene at this moment, says Jerry, was intensely exciting but by no means promising. The young husband stumbled his toe and fell, but he gathered up and ran. Jerry pulled the rope that runs along the top of the cars, but fatal mistake, the locomotive increased its speed. "Edward oh! Edward!" screamed the bride.

"Anna Maria" came faintly borne upon the breeze and the husband disappeared in the distance. The lady fainted.

Railroads go ahead of canals and rivers, and in this instance ahead of matrimony itself.

NOVEL PROCEDURE. The Common Council of the City of Norfolk, Va. suspended the salary of the Mayor, on account of his approval of a slave festival held in that city. The Mayor now comes out with a long indignant protest against the action of that body, maintaining that every slave present had the written permission of his owner,—that the law was therefore strictly carried out,—and that the Council unjustly arraigned, tried and found him guilty, and sentenced him to "work for nothing and find himself"—or to resign his office. In this emergency, he appeals to the people. There was much excitement.

A PROBLEM FOR GEOLOGISTS.—Last week, JOHN MUSSEY, Esq. had occasion to blast a large solid boulder of granite on his farm in Cape Elizabeth, for the purpose of removing it. The boulder was without seam, or crack, or any appearance of one. On prying open one of the rifts, made by the blast, there was found the body of a half grown frog, with his tongue thrust out of his mouth, as if forced out by the pressure. There was a cavity in the solid stone, just of the size, form, and capacity, to receive the frog's body, and from which it was taken.

MARRY not a man who thinks woman's only duty is to make his shirts and cook his dinners. Such a man would make his wife a slave. Marry not a man who is too proud to acknowledge woman's equality; for that man is a tyrant and would make a scold or a nobody of his wife.

Marry not a man who thinks himself one of the superiors of creation, for the man's brain lies too much in the back of his head. Marry not a man who thinks it woman's privilege to learn of her husband at home, for that is not the man to teach you, and your life would be one of hopeless ignorance. Marry not a man who is fortune hunting; for the money once obtained, you would be a secondary consideration, taken because the money would not come without you. Marry not a man who in his intercourse with men speaks sneeringly and vulgarly of women, for that man's love would be of a kind to be despised and loathed by the virtuous.

Marry not a man who seeks for amusements and pastime where his sisters are excluded, for that man's associations are low, his ideas of purity limited, and himself not worthy the companionship of a high-minded woman.

PLANING MACHINE.—The fair of the American Institute has just closed. Mr. Norcross's planing machine took the first premium. He was originally from away down east, but now carries on lumbering operations in Lowell, on a magnificent scale. His machine is really a business affair, not smoothed and painted up for the occasion, but exhibited just as it was made and in its every day working dress. But it does make the shavings fly, but not into your face and eyes, for the board is planed upon the under side, and the shavings are carried off in a current of air under the machine. It is a glorious invention, and does its work well and quickly. The most knotty boards come out smooth—as a school marm's face. The board being curved a little downwards, the fibres are compressed, the knots kept in their places, and no splinters fly. [Daily Mail.

POPULATION OF THE LARGEST CITIES AND TOWNS IN MAINE.—The following is a list of such places in our State the census of which exceeds four thousand:—Portland, 20,819; Bangor, 14,441; Augusta, 8,231; Bath, 8,020; Gardiner, 6,448; Biddeford, 6,094; Saco, 5,797; Belfast, 5,568; Rockland, 5,221; Hallowell, 4,728; Frankfort, 4,223; Eastport, 4,127; Ellsworth, 4,004.

\*Including portions which have been set off since 1840.

PROSPECT LEAD MINES.—We were shown on Tuesday, a fine specimen of lead ore, from a mine recently discovered in Prospect, near the Bucksport Ferry, about 17 miles from Belfast. We understand average specimens have been shown to Dr. Jackson of Boston, and proved to contain 75 per cent. of pure lead. The vein has been opened, and five or six men are actively employed at the present time in obtaining the ore. The operators have already reached the depth of fifteen feet, and find the vein constantly increasing in width as they descend, being five feet in width at the present point of operation. We are informed by one of the workmen, that some five or six tons of ore, equal to the specimens exhibited by Dr. Jackson, have already been obtained, and there

is every evidence that the most valuable point has not yet been reached. It is contemplated to erect a furnace immediately, for converting the ore into pigs for shipment. There is every facility for transportation, the point at which the operations were commenced being but a few feet from high water mark on the Penobscot, and we can see no reason why this discovery may not prove exceedingly profitable. [Belfast Signal.

COLLISION.—Yesterday morning, (says the Chronotype), two Irishmen took to the road near Walpole, N. H. That is, they placed a hand car upon it, and commenced a voyage of discovery. One was *pro tempore* conductor of the train, the other, baggage-man, brakeman, and passengers. They thought to distance the morning "down train," which was momentarily expected; but, when turning a short curve, they heard the sharp whistle of the locomotive close at hand. They saved themselves by jumping down the bank, and were not much hurt; but the hand-car was mortally wounded, being shivered into nearly nine-hundred fragments.

A VALUABLE HINT.—The Free Democrat, (Wisconsin) relates the following remark of Miss Bremer, during her sojourn in Milwaukee:—

On entering a private dwelling, she was asked to sit near the fire, where some other ladies were seated, but replied, "No, no; you American ladies are very handsome, but you are too white. You sit down by a fire of your own making, and neglect the great fire that God has placed in the heavens, which would give you health and a better color."

WORTH KNOWING.—It is said that a small piece of resin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin. It is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

HOW TO MAKE A RAISE.—An entertaining correspondent mentions a good retort which he once made upon an acquaintance, whose wont it was to go around the city, "sherry-cobbling" of a summer morning, and who, in winter, was often for a week at a time, in a state of "whiskey-punchiness."

"He was once very angry with me. I said to him, one morning—

"I'm going to 'make a raise' soon, and as you are to be the means, for civility's sake, I'll tell you about it, though it is not essential."

"Well, growled my friend, 'how is it?'

"Why, I intend getting your life insured for ten thousand dollars, and then making you a present of fifty dollars worth of whiskey."

"You'll drink yourself to death in six weeks."

"You never saw a 'madder' man."

THE REFORM SCHOOL OF MAINE.—We learn by the Advertiser, that the commissioners who were appointed by the executive to select a site for a Reform School, as it is called, (it should be called a School of Industry), have selected a farm in Cape Elizabeth, formerly known as the "Lobdell Farm." It is represented as being a very pleasant spot, in a healthy, airy situation, and combining as many advantages as could be found in one place.—Let it be put into operation forthwith. [Maine Farmer.

ENLARGEMENT OF KENNEBEC COURT HOUSE.—The County of Kennebec has purchased the whole square on which the Court House is located in Augusta, with the design of adding a projection from the centre of the south side of the present Court House. The small building on the corner where are the offices of the Clerk of Courts and Register of Deeds, is old and rickety and will be taken down. The offices of the Clerk of Courts and Register will be removed to the new building when completed. In the second story will be a Grand Jury room and two Traverse Jury rooms. The improvement is called for. It will afford greater security to the archives of the county, and will be of great public convenience. [Hallowell Gazette.

Earl Gray at the head of the British colonial office, writes to the government of Nova Scotia, in relation to the proposed European railroad through this state. "While I am most anxious for the success of this enterprise, I regret that the same reasons which have hitherto prevented Her Majesty's Government from recommending to parliament any measure for affording pecuniary assistance towards the construction of the Quebec Railway, will probably stand equally in the way of their advising the guarantee of a loan for the scheme now under contemplation." [Belfast Journal.

The Kennebec Journal states that members of the House will be gratified to learn that the seats in our Representative Hall are to be rearranged in such a manner as to avoid the necessity of putting more than two members into the same seat or row of seats. The desks are hereafter to be in rows parallel with the north and south walls, and having aisles running down to the front at every second seat. Thus no member will be placed in the inconvenient position of an *insider*, unable to get in or out of his seat without disturbing one or more of his neighbors. They will all be outsiders hereafter. The requisite additional space for this arrangement is obtained by occupying the area behind the seats as formerly arranged.

DONE BROWN. A Dutchman, looking for a person by the name of Dunn, who owed him a "small amount," asked a wag near Sweeney's eating-house, where No. 90 Chatham street was, as "wished to find Mr. Dunn." The wag told him to go to Sweeney's and the first person he met at the table was the gentleman he was inquiring for. The Dutchman went in, about as quick as a mule toward a peck of oats, and the first gentleman happened to be an Irishman.

"Are you Dunn?" said the Dutchman.

"Dunn!" said Pat; "by my sowl, I am only just commenced."

The Delaware election, which took place yesterday, has resulted, as is reported, in the choice of the Democratic candidate for Governor, (G. Ross,) and also the Democratic candidate for Congress, (G. B. Biddle,) each by a small majority. This is a Democratic gain for Congress—the present member (Houston) being a whig. The result in regard to the Legislature is not ascertained. The choice of a U. S. Senator will devolve on the Legislature.

SAD AFFAIR.—Last night, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, a woman, partially insane, jumped overboard from the steamer Ocean and was drowned. She was on her way to the home of her parents who reside in Sidney, and was under the care of her sister, who unfortunately, while sitting beside her, fell into a slumber, and on awaking found that her sister was missing.

Search was immediately made throughout the boat, but the woman was nowhere to be found. She leaves a husband and child in Massachusetts. We further learn, that in the early part of the evening she was anxious to know if the passengers would remain up during the night, which indicates that the act was premeditated. [Gardiner Transcript.

A certain acquaintance of ours, not unknown in Washington, nor altogether unacquainted in Gotham, said to a friend of his who was imbibing a "leven-o'clock potato" the other morning: "Cornelius, my friend, you drink too much; you will eventually ruin your health; your wife and children will inevitably be brought to want, and you yourself may become a poor dissipated vagabond. Let me entreat you to pause before it is everlasting too late!" "Why, you impudent old inebriate!—you lecture me on my drinking!" replied the other; "you, you old swipes! who haven't been to bed sober in six months!" "Yes I have," responded the somewhat astonished lecturer. "Well, I would like to know when. I don't believe it." "It's a fact though. About four weeks ago I came home about 10 o'clock and went to bed. Pretty soon after I got into bed my wife said, 'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act very strangely!' 'There's nothing the matter with me,' said I, 'nothing at all.' 'I'm sure there is,' said she, 'you don't act natural, at all, Shan't I get up and get something for you?' And up she got, lighted a candle, and came to the bed-side to look at me, shading the light with her hand. 'I knew there was something strange about you!' she said: 'why, you are sober!' Now this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it; so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months; 'cause I have!" [Knickerbocker.

GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.—The Merchandise Depot of the Boston and Maine Railroad, situated between Canal street and the main track of the road, was discovered to be on fire about half past two o'clock on Tuesday morning, and was wholly destroyed, together with much other valuable property. The building was built of brick, 500 feet long, and 50 feet wide, two stories in height, and cost \$33,000. The particulars, so far as yet ascertained, are as follows:—

The depot contained a very large quantity of goods besides those which were loaded in fourteen long cars and twenty-eight short ones, the whole of which was entirely destroyed.

The loss to the Corporation is variously estimated at from \$100,000 to \$150,000, on which it is stated that there is but \$20,000 insurance.

The entire loss by this conflagration is estimated by competent judges at not less than \$250,000.—*Adel.*

A few nights since, a sheep was stolen from a field in Coolacorney, county Mayo. Suspicion fell upon the wife of a man who had been transported for a similar offence, and on searching the house the officer found the sheep in bed with the children, with a chemise and night cap on.

TRIAL OF CHAPLAIN FOR ABDUCTING SLAVES.—A despatch from Baltimore, 11th says: The trial of General Chaplain for slave stealing, was preliminarily commenced to-day at Rockville, Montgomery County, Maryland. The jury will be sworn to-morrow morning. George R. Richardson, Attorney General of Maryland, and Mr. Bowe were present for the prosecution, and Messrs. Pitts, Radcliffe and Brewer, for Chaplain. The Court House was crowded, and considerable excitement prevailed.

THE RAILROAD INJUNCTION.—The application of Henry Clay, of Boston, proprietor of real estate in the city of Gardiner, for an injunction upon the loan, voted by that city in aid of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, on the ground of its unconstitutionality, came before the U. S. Circuit Court in Portland, for decision, on Monday last, Judges Woodbury and Ware presiding. Fessenden and Emmons appeared as counsel for the petitioner, Evans and G. F. Shepley for the railroad. *Injunction denied.*—[Hallowell Gazette.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—A Mr. Howes, of Boston, has discovered a process by which a daguerreotype of miniature size, may be magnified to the size of life or larger, and reflected upon canvass or any other flat, prepared substance, so that an artist may see himself before it, and paint it as it appears.

NEW CUSTOM HOUSE AT BATH.—Congress has appropriated \$25,000 for a new Custom House at Bath. Mr. Rockland was in that city on Thursday, for the purpose of selecting a site. The Tribune says, the one which suits the Commissioner best is the corner of Centre and Front streets, taking in the present Custom House, the Universalist meeting-house, and the house immediately south; also, to purchase the Lambard property, to secure a good view in front.—[Farmer.

A NEW OBJECTION.—A writer in a journal down South, objects to the new Fugitive Slave law, because under the old law there was a faint hope of recovering slaves, whereas, under the new one, the fugitive negroes are scared into Canada, where they can never be recovered.

ACCIDENT.—As the morning train of cars, on the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, were proceeding to Waterville, when crossing the stage road, near Barker's Mills, in Lewiston, the Locomotive came in contact with a horse and chaise, containing a Mr. Cartland and daughter, of Waterville—and singular to relate that, although the chaise was broken to pieces, the occupants escaped without serious injury.—[Adv.

FLIGHT OF FUGITIVES. William and Ellen Craft, the two fugitives for whom Hughes and Knight were in pursuit, have left the city of Boston, but have not yet gone to Halifax, as has been stated.

ADVANTAGE OF EARLY TRAINING.—The following dialogue is reported to have taken place at the Queen's County Assize, between a medical witness and a barrister:—

Mr. Hayes (the barrister): "If a person, lying on wet straw, were deprived of all the comforts or necessities of life, would it not hasten death?"

Dr. Edge: "That would greatly depend upon whether he had been accustomed to them."

Mr. Hayes: "Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horse-pond it would not be injurious to him?"

Dr. Edge







