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MISCELLANY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY J. AUSTIN.

The sweet month of October is here, and the time is at hand when little children as well as little squirrels will be picking the nuts that fall from the brown trees.

The white frost will come, and with his glistening key unlock the prickly burr of the chestnut and beechnut; and even the walnut will throw off the fading cloak of green, and show its white and shining face.

Soon a strong wind will come, and the bare old trees will shake as if they had a fit of the ague, and patter, patter on the dry leaves, the nuts will fall like drops of rain.

Here and there hurries the squirrel, up and down, round and round, so quick you can scarcely catch a glimpse of him, looking as if his little jaws were half cracked open with the huge nut he is carrying in his mouth.

Here he comes for another, and what a chattering he makes. Do you hear him?

He seems to say, 'Never give up and say I cannot learn this lesson, it is so hard, little boys and girls; why, I do not believe it is half so hard as these hickory nuts I am gathering; and yet I must carry them off to my cellar, for winter is coming, and my children will be hungry.'

You cannot guess what piles and piles of sheets, and blankets, and quilts made of dry leaves and soft moss, I have stored away in my wardrobe, and the muffs and tippets—it would surprise you. We will see when cold winter comes growing along how nicely we live in our snug home, and what fine times my family will have.

One afternoon, a large party of us went to the woods, where the nuts lay strewn over the ground. O, the laughing, and talking, and picking! till at length our baskets were full, and it was not near sundown; then we began to pick the bright red partridge berry, and wish that we had more baskets that we might pick more nuts.

'I'll tell you what we can do,' said little Carrie Lee. 'We are almost to Widow Parker's, and Ellen is sick, and cannot gather nuts—let us carry her some, and come back and pick more.'

'O yes, let us carry our nuts to Ellen Parker,' said the rest.

'Yes, and some one else,' said Willie May. 'There is poor little Edgar Sanford, whose foot was crushed in a mill the other day. He cannot walk any more, it is feared,—so let us carry him some, too.'

'We will divide them between Ellen and Edgar, and come again and pick for ourselves,' said the others.

So away we went, and gave Ellen a part, and she thanked us so sweetly, and her mother told us she should always remember our kindness to her child.

But little Edgar! We could not help weeping to see him. The doctors had been obliged to take his foot off the day before, but he looked very patient, and seemed glad to see us; and when Willie May told him what we came for, he grasped his hand, and the tears rolled down his face, but he could not speak a word.

We went home that night without any nuts, but felt happier than all the nuts in the world could have made us, for we had done a simple but kind deed, that had made others happy.—[The Student.]

a tremendous crash, as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank Heaven, we awoke, and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

Best Rooms.

Among all the follies prevalent in the middle classes that of sacrificing family comfort and convenience to the absurd desire of having a best room is one of the most ridiculous. Let it not be inferred that we consider good furniture, elegant curtains, and handsome carpets, as superfluous luxuries for people in plebeian state—far from it. Consistent taste and prudent display are to be as much admired in the house of a commoner, as in the saloons of a nobleman; but when a room is set apart in a small domicile as the mere receptacle of company, and all in that room held sacred to frigid ceremony and ostentatious pretensions, when chairs are cased in Holland jackets, and the carpet puts on its pinnacles for months together, when the apartment is literally shut up,—indicating that family comfort lies dead within it, then may the best room be condemned as worse than useless.

For our own part, we think there is something perfectly terrifying in being asked into a stately and fine drawing-room—the polished brass shining with unnatural brightness—the fire-irons arranged in stiff angles, evidently never appropriated to their purpose—the table most geometrically studded with glossy unread volumes of rubbish, and the beset and betasolled sofas looking as if they were intended for anything but sitting on. We give an involuntary shudder as we are left to gaze on costly chimney ornaments and japanned screens, while the lady of the house is, most probably, making a rush to execute the metamorphosis of dress and cap. We would much rather have been introduced to the common parlor, where we should have beheld some signs of vitality, and thawed ourselves into good-humored cheerfulness; but then and there we might have beheld a basket of stockings and socks undergoing the process of repair, the young ones might have been lugging the chairs about, and left a tailless horse and a wheelless cart in the foreground; we might have formed suspicions that bladders had been among the main condiments; and oh, most dire of all! we might have found the mistress in a somewhat rumpled morning wrapper, and a 'fright of a cap.' Still we should greatly prefer the risks of breaking our neck over Noah's ark, sitting down on a heap of undressed horse, and encountering a fifth-rate head gear, to the petrifying, spirit-damping fifteen minutes we are sentenced to sit in a 'best room.'

The children, if there happen to be such humanizing things in the establishment, look on the walls with a sort of religious awe. They never 'play' in the 'best room'; they never dream of clutched at the splendid bell-rope; they never have the most remote idea of making Lord Mayor's coaches of the embroidered foot-stools, and never think of playing at 'Bo-peep' behind the richly fringed damask drapery; they never dare to speculate as to whether, with a stout pin, they could pick out the eyes of the queer little man on the Indian card box; mirth and mischief are thoroughly mesmerized, and the little darlings sit or stand as though their life had been suddenly manufactured into the 'best starch.'

And let us confess, that we experience no inconsiderable sense of misery ourselves in such a situation. It may be that a trace of gipsy blood is in our veins, or that some natural disqualification for 'gentility' equally ignoble, marks us, but we are certainly never quite comfortable in a room that is only occupied on 'grand occasions.'—[Eliza Cook.]

Treatment of Scarlet Fever.

Dr. Lindly of Washington, strongly recommends the mode of treatment of scarlet fever, resorted to by the King of Hanover. It is as follows, and exceedingly simple:

'From the first day of the illness, and as soon as we are certain of its nature, the patient must be rubbed morning and evening over the whole body with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is every where applied. In order to make this rubbing-in somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, choosing a part still armed with the rind, that we may have a firm grasp. On the soft side of the piece of bacon is to be made in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thoroughly performed, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of the application are soon obvious; with a rapidity bordering on magic, all, even the most painful symptoms of the disease are allayed; quiet, sleep, good humor, appetite return, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room.'

HORSE SHOES.—The shoes of the horses should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface, as those with high heels, which assume evils make in imitation of their own, are dangerously absurd. The toe, which ought to be raised, is thus lowered, and Nature's plan, which elevates the point in order to avoid obstructions, reversed. The web should be wide, and of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in, because Vulcan operator, 'likes to see the shoe well set off at the heels.' This is both unphilosophical and detrimental; it deceives the eye of man, and injures the foot of the horse. The outer edge of the foot rests on the inner edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof; so that the master who thinks his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad, open shoe, which both conceals deformities underneath, and 'invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst.' The heels are made bare just where the navigable joint is most exposed; and if that be inflamed, what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint? The horse 'falls suddenly lame,' or 'drops as if he had been shot,' phrases in much too common use to require explanation; and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man; who, having destroyed the use of his victim's feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes 'grogginess' to him as a crime, as if he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony.—[Miles, Veterinary Surgeon.]

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN SOMETHING TO DO.—The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them; they love to be busy about something, however trifling, still more to be usefully employed; with some it is a strong developed physical necessity, and if not turned to good account will be productive of much evil, thus verifying the old adage, idleness is the mother of mischief. Children should be encouraged, or if indolently disinclined to it should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to their dress, which they are capable of performing; they should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible; there is no risk,

however exalted in which such a system would not prove beneficial, and it is especially important to those whose time is their property.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...DEC. 12, 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. LONGFELLOW, 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. PETTENGILL, 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.

Burning of the Insane Hospital.

Among the multitude of reports in circulation, it is difficult to tell what is true. According to the statements of the Augusta papers some 27 persons perished in the flames. The whole number of patients, male and female, was 126—79 males and 47 females. Of the latter none perished.

As to the cause of the fire, and the blame attributable, all is indefinite—though it is plain to all that in dispensing with a permanent and efficient watch, the authorities were greatly in fault. The city of Augusta, for being caught without a single fire engine, ought to rebuild the hospital. What security have the State and county for their public buildings, in a city of eight thousand inhabitants, and no means of extinguishing fires! This fault, it is believed, is not altogether an accidental one, the city having been, for many years, dependent in a great measure upon her neighbors for putting out her fires. But for the prompt aid rendered by Hallowell and the U. S. Arsenal, there is much reason to believe that a great portion of the city would ere this have been in ashes. It is high time that the Capital of the State should learn the degree of her public spirit, as estimated abroad. If she expects much longer to monopolize the patronage of the State, she must show a capacity to measure herself with the improvements of the times. That the coffers of the State should continue to be emptied into her lap, only to fall a prey to the most culpable neglect, is a greater boon than she has reason to expect.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This is the oldest, and if a subscription list is any test, one might safely add the best, of the illustrated monthlies. It is certainly better adapted to please the ladies than any other one, and is universally a favorite with them. The January number is a *nonpareil*; it would be difficult to imagine how it could have been made more beautiful, and no better gift book can be found for the holidays than this single number—unless you should add to it the remainder of the volume, which, by the way, you could not fail to do. The volume which commences with this number is to be got up in a magnificent style, and the best talent in the land, both artistic and literary, will contribute to embellish and enrich its pages. Mr. Godey confidently announces that in the morality and superiority of its literature, and the purity and beauty of its engravings, the Lady's Book shall exceed every other magazine.

TERMS.—1 copy, \$3; 2 do. \$5; 5 do. \$10. Address L. A. Godey, 113 Chestnut st., Philadelphia. Subscriptions taken and single nos. sold by C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

CHOICE FRUIT. Mr. Josiah Morrill has favored us with specimens of choice apples raised at his farm, which we should think worthy of the particular notice of those who are setting or improving orchards. One kind he calls the Soft Greening, a large and mild sour apple, which attains its best state for eating earlier than other winter apples; giving it a preference as a market apple at that period.—The other is the Beef Steak apple, not entirely unknown in this section, though a rare kind.—It is a very mild and pleasant apple, not large, but fair and handsome, and well adapted, in appearance and taste, to become a popular market fruit.

ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE.—No. 10 of this beautiful serial has been forwarded to us by Hotchkiss & Co., Boston, who are general agents for the work. This is probably the most valuable edition of the Bible, for the use of families and private students, which has ever issued from the American press. It is to be completed in 30 numbers at 25 cents each. It can be had of Mathews.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—A new volume of this excellent magazine commences next month. We have expressed our opinion of it so often that it is hardly necessary for us to do more at this time than to tell our readers that this magazine is afforded at the astonishingly low price of \$1 a year, and that all things considered, it is the cheapest magazine in the country. Published by Fowler & Dietz, 109 Nassau st., N. Y. Hotchkiss & Co., 18 Court st., Boston, are the New England agents. It can be had of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

PALEY'S 'EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.'—Mr. G. H. Griffin, bookseller, Hatescom's Block, Main St., has recently published a correct edition of this valuable work, in large type, and conveniently arranged for a text book.—The introduction of brief and definite captions to the chapters, will be found by the student a decided improvement.

'AMERICAN COTTAGE LIFE.' A beautiful edition of Prof. Upham's poems, with this title has been published by Mr. G. H. Griffin. It is embellished with plates, and would make a beautiful present for Christmas or New Year's. For sale at his Bookstore, Hatescom's Building.

Philadelphus is unavoidably crowded out this week, but will appear in our next.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The January number of this magazine is most beautifully illustrated; some of the full page pictures are rarely excelled. Although most people would be puzzled to select wherein this is inferior to most of the three-dollar magazines, the difference in price is plainly perceptible. The volume which has just commenced will be superior to any of the preceding ones in the beauty of its embellishments and the attraction of its pages. Several new features will be introduced, and no pains will be spared to make it one of the most popular and readable magazines in the country, as it is certainly one of the cheapest.

TERMS.—1 copy, \$2; 3 do. \$5; 8 do. \$10; 16 do. \$30—always in advance. Premiums are offered for clubs of three and upwards. Address Charles J. Peterson, 98 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

RUFUS R. HAINES, editor of the 'Weekly Mirror,' has been appointed Postmaster at Bath, vice Thos. Eaton, removed. Some are crying out, 'a lucky editor'; but from what we know of him, we are inclined to think that the luck is on the side of the people of Bath. Brother Haines must be careful not to kick the editor in the postmaster; for though we cannot help regarding him as a political heretic, yet we should sadly miss his weekly recitations in the Mirror.

'THE CULTIVATOR.' This excellent agricultural paper commences a new volume with the new year, at which time a package is to be formed for this place, at the post-office. The farmer cannot better appropriate a dollar for a new year's present. Address Luther Tucker, proprietor, Albany, N. Y.

DODGE'S CONCERT. Ya—ha—ha—haw—w—w—oh! But this laugh isn't ours,—only the last echo from the audience, as we found it on our return; having had the misfortune to be from home! But Dodge is a breakdown, not only to opposition, but to buttons, suspenders, ribs and cowbells! Such a laugh—such a universal roar, from the foundation upwards, was never before heard on the Kennebec.—Success to Dodge!—the great walking remedy for consumption and other internal diseases.

Our 'Walk' has been abroad, instead of at home, this week. Next week we shall give our readers a long yarn.

POPULATION OF MAINE.—The total population of Cumberland County is 81,691, against 58,860 in 1840. The increase in ten years is therefore only 12,831, of which 5,601 is in Portland, which has a population of 20,819, against 15,218 in 1840. In four towns there is a decrease from 1840, as follows: Baldwin, 34; New Gloucester, 98; Pownall, 136; and Scarborough, 336. Brunswick, the largest town in the county, has increased from 4,259 to 4,976. In Kennebec County, the present population is 62,465, against 55,823 in 1840—an increase in ten years of only 6,642. Of this increase, Augusta has 2,913, the present population being 8,227; Gardiner has 4,486, a gain of 1,444; Hallowell gains 110; Waterville nearly 1,000. In six towns there is a decrease in population since 1840. The Maine Farmer says:

'The increase in the manufacturing and commercial places, while the agricultural towns have decreased. There are various causes for this. These towns have sent off their young and enterprising citizens, or rather they have gone off, some of them to the new settlements and new States, to take up land and make farms for themselves—some of them to the larger manufacturing towns in other States.

Could manufacturing business be so arranged that better encouragement could be given to our home manufactures, the census would have shown a far greater increase than it now does.'

WELL TURNED.—A discussion lately arose at a dinner upon the basis of right of suffrage, when the following colloquy took place: 'I do not think,' said one of the party, 'that all men should be indiscriminately permitted to vote. There must be some restriction and if you tear away all barriers, you may as well extend the privilege still further, and admit women to the polls.'

'Women!' quickly responded a spirited lady on the opposite side of the table, 'and why should not women vote? Do you mean to say that we are inferior to the other sex?'

'By no means, madam. The ladies, I admit, have their intellectual powers as vivid, and as well cultivated as those who have assumed the title of lords of creation, but then I like to see them in their proper sphere.'

'Their proper sphere! And pray, sir, permit me to ask, what do you deem their proper sphere?'

'Why, madam, the sphere of woman is—a celestial sphere.'

A GANG OF YOUNG THIEVES.—For some months past, articles of various kinds have been missed from different dwelling houses, stores, and offices in this city, and until within the past week, no clue to the thief or thieves has been discovered, but last week several kegs of gunpowder of the best quality (belonging to A. T. Perkins) having been missed from the powder house, efforts were made to detect the thief, which led to the discovery of an association of boys, leagued together for the purpose of stealing, who have been carrying on their petty depredations for a long time past. By the shrewdness and energy of constable Foster, fourteen of these young offenders, several of whom belong to highly respectable families, have been found out, but there are reasons to believe that many others are connected with the gang. Property to the value of nearly \$100 has been found secreted away in different places, the largest part of it, we believe, at their rendezvous in the woods on Cobbossee stream, above the New Mills. They stole a boat from the Kennebec river, carried it above the dams and launched it into the stream, where they used it for transporting their plunder from the New Mills to their camp. Among the property stolen, was about \$50 worth of tools from the railroad. There were articles of all kinds, many of which have probably never been missed by the owners. We shall furnish further particulars next week.—[Kennebec Transcript.]

NOVEL EXPERIMENT.—This morning the operators on the O'Reilly Western Telegraph Line were unable to send messages, or communicate further west than Westfield. Beyond there, the wires would not distinctly operate. At length a person, residing four miles west of Westfield, came into the village, and informed the operator there, that he had been disturbed by his rest all night by the howling of dogs.

On getting up this morning he ascertained the cause. He found near his house two dogs tied to the Telegraph wires, and they were performing sundry and divers capers, such as the canine race exhibit after having taken a good dose of *suave somnia*. Some wag had cut the wires and taken them out of several posts, and tied a dog to each end by the tail, the electricity, at every manipulation of the operator, causing the dogs to howl out messages of war instead of love and business.—[Buff. Rep.]

The Partial Cat.

The story of 'The Religious Dog' in the Congregationalist of September 27th, brought to my remembrance a scarcely less remarkable cat that recently belonged to an aunt of mine, from whose lips I had the following, and many other interesting details. Now my aunt was one of the best of women, the widow of a clergyman, not a hundred miles from Boston, who would not for the world state what was not strictly true, and her cat, if not 'religious,' was a great favorite in the family, and endowed with some qualities not usually credited to her humble species.

Puss, at one time, had a very interesting family of kittens. They were all bright and active, but one of them was observed to have a greater resemblance to its mother than the rest, and was indeed the prettiest kitten of the whole, and the mother showed a peculiar attachment to it. A neighbor begged one of them of my aunt—and being allowed to take her choice, selected this favorite and carried it home. All this occurred in the absence of the feline mother, who on her return, evidently observed with concern the absence of her pet. She immediately commenced searching the house and out-buildings, insisting on having all the doors opened for her admission in the house; and when satisfied that it was not on the premises, she instituted a similar search through the neighborhood. Occasionally she would return to her remaining little ones for the purpose of meeting their demands on her for nourishment, and then she would renew the search for her lost favorite.

Having explored the premises of all the near neighbors, she at length entered the last house in the village, when she found the object of her long and persevering pursuit. She caressed it with every manifestation of maternal fondness and delight, fed it, and then much to the surprise of the lady of the house, took her departure, leaving the kitten behind. She was not, however, long absent. In a few hours she returned, bringing one of her other kittens in her mouth, which she placed on the floor beside the newly found. Ah! thought the lady—so I am to have the mother and all her progeny quartered upon me. This, however, was not the intention of the cat, for after caressing the kitten she had just brought, for a few moments, she took the other in her mouth and carried it to its former home, and never afterwards visited the one she had given in exchange for it.

[Congregationalist.]

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—In his annual Report the Postmaster General recommends that the inland letter postage be reduced to three cents on single letters, when pre-paid, and five cents when not pre-paid. He also recommends, that when the revenues of the Department, under these reduced rates, shall have exceeded its expenditures five per cent. for two consecutive fiscal years, the Postmaster General shall be required to reduce this pre-paid rate to two cents the single letter.

The Postmaster General also recommends that the postage on letters, &c., to California, be greatly reduced, and the postage on the sea-going letters be made more simple and uniform. Twenty cents is suggested as the rate for a single letter to and from the Pacific coast—South America—the Eastern Continent, and its islands and points beyond either—and ten cents the single letter is recommended as the charge on all other sea-going letters, without any super addition of inland postage, except in certain specified cases. With regard to newspaper postage, the report recommends a uniform rate of one cent each on all papers sent to subscribers from the office of publication. The Postmaster General asks to be authorized to increase the commissions of the Postmasters at the smaller offices, in case of a reduction of postage, as their labor will be largely increased.

DIMENSIONS OF ATLANTIC WAVES.—Then there was a monster in British form, actually on deck—not braving, it was said, but tempting the storm to sweep him into eternity. He astonished even the ship's officers. The cook did not hesitate to venture a strong opinion against the sanity of a man who might, if he chose, be snugly ensconced in the cabin out of harm's way, but who would remain upon deck, in momentary danger of being blown overboard.

The cook's theory was not ill supported by the subject of it; for he was continually placing himself in all manner of odd places, and grotesque postures. Sometimes he scrambled up on the coddy roof; then he rolled down again on the saloon deck; now he got himself blown up on the paddle-box; that was not high enough for him, for when the vessel sunk into a trough of the sea, he stood on tip-toe, trying to look over the nearest wave. A consultation was unanimously passed, that the amateur of wind and water (which burst over him every minute) was either an escaped lunatic or—a college professor.

It was resolved, nem. con., that he was the latter; and from that moment no one was surprised at anything he might choose to do; even while the 'Hibernia' was laboring in what the mate was pleased to call the most 'lively' manner. The professor, however, to the disgust of the sufferers below, who thought it was enough to feel the height of the waves without going to the trouble of measuring them, pursued his observations in the face of the contempt of the official concourse above mentioned.

That his investigations may be the more readily impressed on the reader's mind, we conclude with a summary of them. It would seem from Dr. Scoresby's intrepid investigations, that the highest waves of the Atlantic average, in altitude, forty-three feet; mean distance between each wave, five hundred and fifty-nine feet; width, from crest to crest, six hundred feet; interval of time between each wave, sixteen seconds; velocity of each wave per hour, thirty-two and a half miles. [Dickens' Household Words.]

A DRAFT FOR THE VALUE OF A FEMALE FUGITIVE.—On Wednesday last, says the Post, Gen. Devens, U. S. Marshal, received a very curious communication from Aaron Milhardo, of Norfolk, Va., the first part thereof being a draft on Cornelius Sparrow for \$650, as the value of Martha Ann Whitehead, fugitive slave of said Milhardo. The second part was a letter to Gen. Devens, informing him that Sparrow was a free man of color, and that Martha Ann was his wife, and living with him in Boston.

It further stated that soon after Martha Ann absconded, he, Milhardo, offered a reward of \$200 for her apprehension; and it authorized Gen. Devens to discount the amount of \$200, if Sparrow should accept the draft, and pay the balance of \$450. The Marshal took no action on the communication, but Mr. Riley,

Deputy Marshal, thinking that Sparrow ought to be informed of the proposition made by his wife's owner, sent a message to him by a colored man named Jones in relation to it. Sparrow called at the Marshal's office on Saturday, and Mr. Riley suggested to him to consult with Mr. Morris, the colored lawyer. Sparrow did so, and decided to take no notice of the draft. Gen. Devens then remailed the communication of Mr. Milhardo, together with a letter informing him that, being U. S. Marshal, he could not act as agent or attorney in relation to any demand or claim which might come before the U. S. Courts holden in this district for adjudication. No demand was made upon Sparrow. He was only informed of the opportunity presented of securing his wife's freedom for \$450.

A 'CAT-AW' IN THE HEAD.—We heard a rich story awhile since, which, though we will not vouch for the truth of it, is decidedly a good one. A wheezing, mustachioed exquisite entered the bar-room of a hotel in a certain city, one cold winter's morning, and stepping up to the bar exclaimed—

'Ah, bwah-keepaw, will yah hawwe thaw pleastuah to mix me aw whislaw punch, hot; I hawwe such a hawid cat-aw in maw head.' 'Darn my beards, if I didn't think so!' cried a genuine Yankee, standing close by, 'when I seed the critter's tail stickin' out on your mouth—and a reglar old tom cat, tew!' The exquisite mizzled, without waiting for his 'whiskaw.'—[Vox. Pop.]

A most rascally outrage was perpetrated upon the house and furniture of Mr. Otis Whitney, on Friday night of last week. Bottles, filled with a most offensive mixture, were thrown upon the walls of his house and through the windows into the rooms, besmearing and ruining carpets, furniture, paper-hangings, &c. The perpetrators of this malicious mischief are unknown to the authorities. It is supposed to have originated in a spirit of revenge against Mr. W. in consequence of his having been engaged in prosecutions under the liquor law. Similar offences were last year perpetrated against the dwellings of other of our citizens. The city magistrates ought to offer high rewards for the discovery of offenders in such cases, who should be severely punished.—[Ken Journal.]

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.—What is the ordinary history of the heart? We yield to some strong and sudden impulse. One sweet face sheds its own loveliness over earth. A subtle pleasure, unknown before, enters into the commonest thing. We gaze on the stars, and dream of an existence spiritual and lovely as their own, far removed from all lower cares, from all the meaner and baser portion of our ordinary path. The face of nature has grown fairer than of old; a thousand graceful phantasies are linked with every leaf and flower. The odor that comes from the violet with the last sob of a spring shower, is more fragrant from recalling the faint breathing of one beloved mouth. We turn the poet's page, now, to find a thousand hidden meanings, only to be detected by a passionate sympathy; for poetry is the language set apart for love.—[Miss Landon.]

A CAT-EGORICAL NARRATIVE.—A good many dog stories have been going the rounds of late, but we do not remember having met with a good cat story, until the following, which appears in the Adams Transcript, and which, in justice to a numerous, and sometimes much neglected class, merits a general circulation:—

'Last Sabbath, a motherly old cat, belonging to one of our citizens, left her little family, in quiet repose, while she went forth in pursuit of something to eat. On returning, she found them quarrelling. She then very deliberately took the one most eagerly engaged in the combat, by the nape of the neck, and not seeing any convenient place near by to administer what she considered salutary reproof, went to a neighbor's wood-house, where she raised a tub of water, upon the edge of which she raised her feet and dropped the kitten into the water. She resisted all its attempts at escape, and after repeatedly sousing her in the water till sufficiently punished, she took it again by the neck as before, and carried it back again, doubtless a thorough repentant for the wrong it had done. There has been no contention in the family since.'

A MODERN TELL.—The Meredith Bridge (N. H.) Gazette is responsible for the following story:

Mr. Nathaniel Whittier, of Lake Village, the celebrated 'sharp shooter,' made two capital shots a few days since, with his Kentucky rifle, near the Province road meeting house in Gilmanton. The first mark was the bowl of a clay pipe held by the stem of the same in a gentleman's mouth, which was hit by the ball and quickly dispatched at a distance of eighty yards. The second shot, the same distance, was at an apple, laid upon the head of a gentleman, which was as readily dispatched. This is no fiction. Several witnesses were in attendance, who are ready to vouch for the above assertion.

NEGRO WIT.—There is a tradition that one of the old Esquires in Malden, Mass., had a slave who had been in his family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving that there was not much more work left in the old man, the Esquire took him one day and made him a somewhat pompous address, to the following effect: 'You have been a faithful servant to me and my father before me. I have long been thinking what I should do to reward you for your services. I give you your freedom; you are your own master; you are your own man.' Upon this, the old negro shook his grizzled head, and with a sly glance, showing that he saw through the master's intentions, quietly replied: 'No, no, Massa; you eat de meat; and now you must pick de bone.'

SHOOTING MATCH EXTRAORDINARY.—The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury has the following account of a shooting match in that vicinity:—'An extraordinary match of bottle-smashing took place at Mount Pleasant on the 23d inst. Mr. King backing himself to break 95 wine bottles (the hard Sherry or Madeira bottle) out of 100 thrown up, and to be fairly broken in the air. Considerable speculation took place, and many heavy bets were pending on the affair; the odds were against his doing it, and 50 to 10 against his hitting all, and 75 to 10 against breaking 98, which was taken by himself. After smashing one as a trial, the match commenced; the first five double shots were loaded and fired by Mr. King in ten minutes, and ten bottles scattered into hundreds of pieces. He broke all up to the 60th bottle, which was hit but not broken; from the 60th to the 100th, all were broken. Mr. King loaded himself, washed out his gun three times, and hit, including the by-shot, 101 bottles, broke 100 in 101 shots. Time—two hours and eight minutes.'

We are informed by Mr. Green, engineer of the K. & P. R. R., that the work of laying the track between Brunswick and Richmond is progressing as rapidly as circumstances will admit of, and he feels confident the cars will be enabled to run to Richmond by the first of January.—[Bath Mirror.]

