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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 38): April 10, 1851

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1851.

NO. 38.

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## POETRY.

### SPRING.

The bursting buds look up  
To greet the sunlight, while it lingers yet  
On the warm hillsides, and the violet  
Opens its azure cup.  
Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling  
Their earliest incense on the gales of Spring.

Continual songs arise  
From universal Nature: birds and streams  
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems  
A second Paradise!  
Thrice blessed Spring! thou hastest gifts divine!  
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance, all are thine.

Nor unto earth alone  
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,  
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart,  
Telling of Winter down,  
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,  
Type of Eternal Life! thrice blessed Spring!

## POPULAR READING.

(Translated from the French for Arthur's Home Gazette.)

### THE SHEPHERD.

BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

Do not be afraid. We are not going to inflict upon you one of Honore d'Urf's pastorals; neither shall we lead you upon the banks of the Lignon, nor evoke the pastoral shades of Estelle or Nemorin. Florian, although newer, is almost as much out of fashion as the author of Astree.

In these prosaic times, one may, without leaving Paris, by looking on the paintings of Brascassat and Berge, form a pretty good idea of sheep and shepherds. Sheep are not all white as snow, and do not often wear red ribbons on their necks. Shepherds are careless, ragged-looking fellows, walking with an indifferent air, a piece of brown bread in their hands, and a thin, wolfish-looking dog at their heels. Shepherdesses are almost invariably ugly, divested of the fanciful garments painters have loved to bestow upon them. It has taken mankind six thousand years to perceive all this, but they have become convinced of it at last.

Having now reassured our readers against any attempt at an idol on our part, we will commence our recital; it is very simple—it will be short: two good qualities at least.

About the middle of the year 18—, a little shepherd of fifteen or sixteen years, but who looked much younger, drove before him, with that meditative, melancholy air, peculiar to persons who pass a portion of their lives in solitude, a small flock of sheep, which would soon have been dispersed had it not been for the active vigilance of a large, black dog, who brought back to the flock the slow and capricious, never letting them stray far from their companions.

Romances had not turned the head of little Peter, (for that was his name, and not Lycidas or Tircis)—he knew not how to read. Nevertheless, he was a dreamer; he remained whole days with his back leaning against a tree, his eyes wandering to the horizon in a species of ecstatic contemplation. Of what was he thinking?—he was ignorant himself. Unlike other peasants, he watched the rising and the setting of the sun, the play of the light amongst the foliage, the different shades of the distant landscape, without knowing why he did so.—He even thought the empire exercised over him by the waters, the trees, and the heavens, betrayed in him a weakness of mind, and he said to himself—

“There is nothing very curious in all that; the trees are not uncommon, nor the earth either. Why should I then stop for an hour before an oak tree, or a hill, forgetting to eat or drink—forgetting every thing!—Had it not been for Fidele, I should have lost more than one sheep, and my master would have discharged me. Why am I not like other shepherds—large, strong, full of song and laughter, instead of watching the grass grow which feeds my sheep?”

Little Peter complained that he was not stupid—was he in the wrong?

“Doubtless you have already thought your shepherd was in love; he will be, perhaps; but he is not yet.”  
Having passed the edge of a declivity, covered with rich green turf, and studded with picturesque clumps of trees, fastened to the earth by singular, knotty roots, he stopped, seated himself upon a portion of rock, and with his chin leaning upon his staff (a crook like those used by the shepherds of Arcadia), he abandoned himself to his usual meditations.—The asymptotic dog, judging that the sheep would not stray far from a place where the grass was so thick and tender, laid down at the feet of his master, his head stretched on his paws, and his eyes had that earnest, attentive look, which makes the dog sometimes appear almost like a human being.

“The sheep were grouped here and there in happy disorder. A ray of light stole through the leaves, and caused the dew-drops on the grass to glitter like diamonds fallen from the jeweller-box of Aurora, not yet picked up by the sun. It was a picture ready-made—finished by the hand of God.”

So thought a young woman who was entering the other extremity of the valley.

“What a lovely spot! I must make a sketch of it,” said she, taking an album from the hands of the maid who accompanied her. She seated herself on a mossy stone, at the risk of soiling her white dress, and placing her sketch-book upon her knees, began drawing with a light, though practised hand. Over her fine features fell a light shadow from her large straw hat, as in that delicate sketch of a young woman, by Rubens, her hair, of a rich brown, fell in curls on her beautiful neck. She was altogether lovely.

Little Peter, absorbed in his admiration of a beautiful chestnut tree, did not at once perceive the arrival of a new actor on the tranquil scene. Fidele had raised his head, but not feeling any cause for uneasiness, had resumed his attitude of stumpy-like melancholy. At length Peter was aroused, and the sight

of that graceful and beautiful young woman had a singular effect upon him; he felt a strange oppression at his heart, and to get rid of this feeling, he whistled to his dog and began to walk away.

But this did not suit the young woman, as the shepherd and his flock were indispensable to the success of her landscape. She threw down her album and pencils, and running after little Peter, soon brought him back to the corner of the rock on which he had been seated. “You will remain here until I give you leave to depart,” said she. “Bring this arm a little more forward—your head more to the left.”

As she spoke, she touched the tanned cheek of Peter with her white hand, to place it in a proper position.

“What beautiful eyes he has for a peasant!” she remarked to her maid.

Having arranged the model to her mind, the young lady soon finished the sketch; and then she said to Peter:

“You may go now, if you will; but it is right that I should first pay you for sitting there like a wooden saint. Come hither.”

The young shepherd walked slowly and bashfully towards her. She slipped a piece of gold into his hand, saying—

“This will buy you a new vest for the Sunday-dress.”

The shepherd, who had cast a stealthy look at the Album, remained as if stupefied, and thought not of the glittering piece of twenty francs which lay in his hand; scales seemed to fall from his eyes—a sudden revelation was made to him. He repeated, in a broken voice: “The trees, the stone, the dog, myself, are all there, and the sheep also, in a sheet of paper!”

The young lady, amused at his admiration and artless astonishment, showed him many drawings of lakes, chateaux, and rocks; then, as it was growing late, returned with her maid to the country-house from which she had come.

Little Peter followed her with his eyes, long after the last fold of her robe had disappeared behind the hill—even Fidele with all his arts could not draw him from his meditation. The humble shepherd began to comprehend confusedly the use of looking at the trees, hills and clouds. The admiration he had felt in the presence of a beautiful landscape, was not so senseless as he had supposed. He was neither silly nor a fool. He had seen, hanging over the fire-places in farm houses, some rude wood engraved portraits colored yellow, red, and blue, worthy of the savages of New Zealand; but these had awakened no idea of art in his mind. The sketches in the album of the young woman, so neatly executed, and with forms and things so well delineated were altogether new to him. The picture in the parish church was so black and smoked, that one could tell no longer what it was, and besides he had hardly dared to cast his eyes upon it from the porch where he knelt.

Evening came. Little Peter shut up his sheep in their fold, and seated himself on the threshold of the wheeled cabin which served him as a house in the summer. The sky was of a deep blue. The seven stars of the chariot shone like nails of gold in the ceiling of heaven. Caspionia Bootes twinkled brightly. The solitary shepherd looked with emotion on this magnificent spectacle—on this splendid fête, which heaven in its careless magnificence gives to a sleeping art.

He also thought of the young woman, and almost fancied he felt again her soft hand upon his cheek: it was a long time before sleep visited his eyelids, and when he did sleep he dreamed.

He thought himself seated upon a portion of rock, with a beautiful landscape before him.—The sun had just risen, the hawthorn shivered under its weight of snowy blossoms, the grass was covered with dewy pearls, the hill appeared clothed with a robe of azure, mingled with silver. After sitting there a few moments, he thought he saw the beautiful lady of the valley before him. She approached with a smile, and said—

“You must not only look, but act.”

Having spoken thus, she placed upon the knees of the astonished shepherd a box on which was a sheet of drawing paper and a pencil; she then stood near him watching his efforts, but his hand trembled like a leaf, and the lines were consequently uneven. His strong desire to do well, and his emotion and shame when he found himself succeeding so badly, caused the perspiration to stand on his temples. He would have given ten years of his life rather than have shown such awkwardness in her presence, but in his confusion he drew worse and worse, until the lady, taking pity upon him, put into his hand a gold pencil case, whose point sparkled like a flame.

His difficulties vanished, he drew as if by magic the forms of animals, trees, plants, every thing he wished, was soon upon the paper. The lady bent over his shoulder and watched the progress of his work with a satisfied air, saying from time to time—  
“That is right, continue to do so.”  
Whilst bending over him one of her long curls was swept against his cheek by the breeze, and from the shock appeared to come a thousand sparks, like those from an electrical machine; one of these atoms of fire seemed to fall upon his heart, and he felt it burning within him. The lady perceived it, and said to him: “You have the spark, farewell!”

The dream produced a strange effect on Peter. His heart was, indeed, on fire, and so was his head. From that day there was a change in him; he was destined to do something before he died.

In the morning he took a piece of charcoal and began drawing at once on the planks of his cabin.

With what should he commence. With the portrait of his best, or to speak more properly, his only friend, Fidele, for Peter was an orphan. The dog was all his family. The first drawing, we must confess, resembled a hippopotamus almost as much as a dog; but by rubbing out and doing it over again (for Fidele was the most patient model in the world), he succeeded in passing from the hippopotamus to the crocodile—from the crocodile to a young pig, and at length to a figure in which one would have been ill-natured not to recognize an individual belonging to the canine species.

To describe the satisfaction felt by Peter when he had finished his drawing, would be impossible. Michael Angelo, when he had given the last touch of his pencil to the Sistine Chapel, and drew back, his arms crossed on his breast, to contemplate his immortal work, felt no deeper or more profound joy.

“If the beautiful lady could only see the portrait of Fidele,” thought he.

We must do him the justice to say, however, that this intoxication lasted but a short time. He soon saw that his sketch was poor, and tried to make a sheep. He effaced it and tried to make a sheep. This time he succeeded a little better. He already had some experience.—But the charcoal crumbled under his fingers, and the badly placed board was against him.

“If I had paper and a pencil I should succeed better, but how shall I procure them?”

Little Peter had forgotten his money; he soon remembered it, however, and one day, confiding his flock to a companion, he went resolutely to the city, and entering a store, inquired for drawing materials. The astonished merchant gave him paper and pencils of different kinds. He then returned to his sheep, and without neglecting them, consecrated to drawing all the time usually spent by shepherds in playing on the pipe, whittling sticks, and setting traps for birds and small animals.

Peter often led his flock to the place where he had sat for the young lady, but many days passed without his seeing her. Was he in love with her? No, not in the sense we attach to the word; such a love was too impossible.—The most humble and simple heart requires a ray of hope, and simple and rustic as Peter was, he felt there was an abyss between him, a poor shepherd, ragged, ignorant, and uncultivated, and a young woman beautiful and rich. Does any one in his senses fall seriously in love with a queen? Is any but a poet wretched, because he cannot embrace the stars?

Little Peter thought not of love. The lady appeared to him white and radiant with her gold pencil in her hand, and he adored her with that tender and fervent devotion the Catholics of the middle ages felt for the Holy Virgin.

One day he heard upon the stony road the quick gallop of a horse. Fidele uttered a long bark, and Peter soon saw a lady upon a fiery courser, which was evidently frightened and running away. He rushed down the hill to her assistance, but before he reached her she had been thrown by the unruly animal, and lay senseless on the ground. Peter ran for some water which he threw upon her face.—To his great terror he saw some drops of blood mingling with the water on her temples. She was hurt. Drawing from his pocket a poor plaid handkerchief he endeavored to staunch the blood which trickled from the wound. Once she opened her eyes and threw upon Peter a vague look of gratitude, which penetrated to his soul.

The party with whom she was riding now came up; they raised her from the ground, and placing her in a calèche soon drove off. The shepherd wrapped up his handkerchief stained with her precious blood, and placed it in his bosom. In the evening he went to the chateau to inquire after her. She was not dangerously hurt. This good news calmed Peter a little, who had believed all lost when he saw her carried away pale and inanimate as a corpse.

The season was advanced; the inhabitants of the chateau returned to Paris, and although little Peter had only occasionally, and by stealth as it were, seen the straw hat and white robe, he felt more solitary than ever before.—When too sad he drew out the handkerchief with which he had staunch the lady's blood, and kissed it. This was some consolation to him. He also continued to draw, and had almost exhausted his provision of paper; his progress was rapid, for he had no master; no system interposed between him and nature; he copied what he saw. His designs were still rough, though artless and natural; he labored in solitude, under the eye of God, without counsel, without guide, except his own heart.

Sometimes in the night he saw again the beautiful lady, and with the gold pencil in his hand, traced marvellous designs, but when morning came, all had vanished, his pencil was rebellious as usual, and the forms as difficult to fix.

One day, however, he had drawn an old mossy cottage, from whose chimney rose a spiral of blue smoke, through the tops of trees almost entirely despoiled of their leaves; a wood-cutter, his task accomplished, stood upon the open door, and caught a glimpse of a woman, who was rocking a cradle and spinning at the same time. It was Peter's chief-d'œuvre; he was almost content with it. Suddenly he perceived a shadow on the paper—a shadow of a three-cornered hat, which could only belong to the pastor. It was indeed his. He had been silently watching the little artist, who blushed to the ears when thus surprised.

The venerable ecclesiastic, although not one of those sprightly priests, extolled by Berenger, was a good, honest and learned man.—When young he had lived in cities, and had a taste and liking for the fine arts. Little Peter's drawing appeared to him very remarkable under the circumstances, and promised well for the future. The good priest was touched by this solitary vocation, this unknown genius, reproducing, as it were, some fragments of the wonderful work of the great Creator.

“My little friend,” said he, “though modesty is praiseworthy, you need not blush so deeply. If you have done this in the sincerity of your heart, and have taken all the pains you could, why be afraid to show it? There is no harm in drawing, unless you neglect your duties.—It is much better to spend your time thus than to waste it in idleness. There is considerable merit in this sketch; the trees are well executed, and the grass looks natural. I feel that you have contemplated the works of the great Master, and your admiration of them ought to be great, for it is so difficult for you to make a rude and imperfect copy, what must have been to create all out of nothing!”

Thus did the good pastor encourage little Peter; he was the first confidant of this talent, afterwards so widely known.

“Work away, my child,” said he to him, “you will, perhaps, be another Giotto. Giotto was originally a shepherd, and he became so great a painter that one of his paintings, representing the holy mother of our Saviour, was carried in a procession through the streets of Florence by the enthusiastic people.”  
The pastor, during the long winter evenings when Peter was at leisure, taught him to read and write, thus giving him the two keys of knowledge. His progress was rapid, for his heart as well as his mind was interested in acquiring information, and it was a great pleasure to the pastor to witness his improvement.

great change in his personal appearance—he was larger and stronger. The development of his brain had caused his temples to enlarge. His eye was clear and firm, his face had a happy, intelligent expression. He was not devoured by a precocious ambition; but the wine of science, though poured out by the good priest with a prudent hand, caused in this new soul a species of intoxication which might have turned to pride under other circumstances. Fortunately Peter was alone. Neither the rocks nor trees are flatterers. The immensity of nature, with which he was always surrounded, admonished him of his own insignificance.

Abundantly supplied by the pastor with paper and pencils, he made a great number of drawings, and sometimes when wide awake, he almost fancied he held the gold pencil with the sparkling point in his hand, and that the lady bending over his shoulder said to him, “It is well done, my friend, you have not suffered the spark I kindled in your heart to be stifled. Persevere and you will have your reward.”

Little Peter having acquired a knowledge of form, comprehended now to what extent the lady was beautiful, and his breast swelled at the thought. He looked on the handkerchief stained with her precious blood, with increased devotion and fondness.

With the same sincerity with which we maintained a short time since, that Peter was not in love, we must now confess that he is so, that he loves with all his heart. Her cherished image never leaves him. He sees it in the trees, in the clouds, in the form of the cascades. And he has improved wonderfully. This feeling has helped to give force and power to his drawings.

An event very simple in appearance, and not in the least degree dramatic, occurred at this time, and by changing the vocation of Peter, changed altogether the course of his life.

The deputy of the department had obtained from the minister of the interior a religious painting for the church of —. The painter, who was a talented man and careful of his works, came down with it himself; he wished to choose the place where it should hang. He went to the pastor's house, who spoke of the shepherd's talent for drawing, and of the progress he had already made. Peter's box was emptied before him; and Peter himself stood by, pale as death, and with a swelling heart. He waited in silence the condemnation of his dream, for he could not imagine that so great a man as the artist appeared to him, and the painter of a picture surrounded by a golden frame, could find the least merit in his pencil sketches.

The painter looked over some drawings without saying any thing, then his face lighted up, and he began to utter short exclamations—

“How good that is, how natural, not the least fault. Cerot could not have done better; here is a thistle that Delaberge might envy. This sheep lying down, is altogether in the taste of Paul Potter.”

When he had finished, he rose, walked straight to Peter and shook hands with him cordially, saying—

“Though it is not very creditable to some of our professors, my dear boy, you know more than all my pupils. Come with me to Paris. In six months I can give you the instruction you require; after that you will walk alone, and if you do not stop, I dare venture to predict you will go far.”

Little Peter, after being thoroughly lectured and forewarned of the dangers of the modern Babylon, set out with the painter, accompanied by Fidele, with whom he was unwilling to part, and the artist with that kind feeling which ever accompanies talent would not insist on his doing so. The dog would not suffer himself to be hoisted on the coach roof, but followed the vehicle in great astonishment, reassured, however, by the good natured face of his master, who smiled on him through the coach window.

We cannot follow day by day the progress of little Peter; that would take us too far.—The works of the great masters which he visited assiduously in the galleries, and of which he made frequent copies, taught him a thousand means of expressing his thought which it would have been difficult to arrive at alone. He passed through the severities of Gaspard Pousin to the luminous softness of Claude Lorraine; from the wild impetuosity of Salvator Rosa to the truthful style of Ruysdael; but he did not become imbued with the style of any one in particular, his originality was too great for that. He had not like too many of our artists, begun in the studio, and then visited nature in excursions of six weeks, intending to paint afterwards by the fireside, rocks from an arm chair, and cascades from seeing water poured out of a flagon from some height by a complaisant valet; no, it was when familiar with woods—his eyes filled with rural prospects—after a long and discreet familiarity with nature, that he had taken up, first the pencil, afterwards the brush. The assistance of art came early enough to prevent his taking a wrong course, yet so late as not to interfere with his truthfulness.

After two years of uninterrupted labor, Peter had a picture admitted and remarked upon at the exhibition of Louvre. He had greatly desired to see again the lady with the golden pencil, but though he had looked attentively at the promenade, in the theatre, and in churches, at every woman who bore any resemblance to her, he could not recover her trace. He knew not her name, all he knew of her was her exceeding beauty. A vague hope nevertheless sustained him.—Something in his heart whispered they were destined to meet again. The modest, he was now fully aware of his powers, and he felt that the distance between himself and the star of his brethren diminished every day. From time to time our young painter sought the neighborhood of his picture, and leaning on the balustrade affected to look attentively on some microscopic frame whilst listening to the remarks of the spectators; and then he thought, not without reason, that the lady, who drew herself, and who appeared fond of landscape scenery, would certainly come to the exhibition if he were in Paris.—And, indeed, one morning early, before the crowd assembled, Peter saw advancing towards his picture, a young woman clothed in black; he did not see her face at first, but a small portion of her white neck was visible, and he was certain at the first glance it was hers.

It was indeed her. The mourning she wore caused her to look farther than ever, and in the black framing of her hat her fine pure profile appeared like Parian marble. This mourning dress troubled Peter.

“Who has the lot? her father?—her mother?”

er? or perhaps she may be free,” said he to himself in the most secret corner of his soul. The landscape exhibited by the young artist was the same drawn by the lady when himself, Fidele, and his sheep had sat for her. He had naturally chosen for his first picture the place where the revelation of the art had been made to him. The grassy declivity, the clumps of trees, the grey rocks piercing here and there the earth's green mantle. The scraggy and curious trunk of an old oak tree stricken by lightning—all were there. Little Peter was painted leaning on his crook with a thoughtful air, and Fidele at his feet, and in the position indicated by the lady herself.

The young woman remained for a long time before the picture, which she examined thoroughly, changing her position in order the better to judge of the effect. Then a thought struck her, she opened the catalogue and sought the name of the painter and the subject of his work. The name was unknown to her, and it was simply called a landscape.

After having looked at some other pictures, but with a fatigued, indifferent air, she went out with her companion.

Peter could not help following her at a distance, and when he saw her enter a carriage, he sprang into a cabriolet, and told the driver not to lose sight of the carriage he pointed out. By this means he found out where she resided. It was in a handsome house.—St. To know the street and number of one's ideal is something gained. Peter thought so, but he had still to learn her name, to make her acquaintance, and to win her affections, and how to bring all this about strangely puzzled our ex-shepherd.

Happily chance came to his assistance. One morning shortly after his adventure in the gallery, a charming little note was brought to him. It ran thus:

“Sir—I have just seen in the exhibition a charming picture of yours, which I should be happy to possess in my little gallery, but I fear being too late. It is too late to you still, will you have the goodness not to sell it to any other person, but when the exhibition closes send it to my house, St. H—, No. —, I will pay you whatever you ask.”  
The street and number were the same Peter had marked. There could be no mistake.—Madam d'Escars was indeed the lady of his dreams, the giver of the money with which he bought his first sheets of paper—the lady whose precious blood he still preserved on his handkerchief.

Our artist went to Madam d'Escars's house, and they soon became intimately acquainted. The upright artless mind, enthusiastic and sensible at the same time, of little Peter, (for so we shall call him to the end of our history that we may not divulge a celebrated name) pleased the lady infinitely; she did not recognize in the young artist the little shepherd who had served her as a model, but she thought from the first visit he paid her, that she must have seen his face somewhere.

Madam d'Escars had not told Peter that she drew, for she was in no hurry to display the talents she possessed; but one evening the conversation leading to it, she confessed that she had some sketches, which she would have already shown him if she had thought them worthy that honor.

She placed her album on the table, and turned the leaves more or less rapidly, as she thought the drawings worthy or unworthy of examination. When she came to the one where little Peter and his flock were represented, she said to him—

“This is the same scene you have represented in your painting, which I bought, that I might see realized what I wished to execute. The coincidence is curious. You have been to St. —, then?”

“Yes, I passed some time there.”  
“A charming part of the country, unappreciated, and containing beauties one generally seeks at a greater distance from home. But since I have drawn out my album it shall not be for nothing. There is a blank page, you must draw something upon it.”

Little Peter drew the valley in which she had been thrown from her horse. He represented her on the ground, sustained by a little shepherd, who bathed her temples with a wet handkerchief.

“How singular,” said she; “I fell from my horse in a place like this, but no one witnessed the accident, except a little shepherd whom I remember to have seen indistinctly when recovering from my swoon, but whom I never saw afterwards. Who can have related this to you?”

“That little shepherd, and myself are one and the same person,” said the artist, “and here is the handkerchief with which I wiped the blood as it flowed from your temple, where I now perceive a light scar.”

Madam d'Escars gave her hand to the young painter, who kissed it respectfully; then in a voice tremulous with emotion he gave her an account of his life, the vague aspirations which troubled him; his dreams, his efforts, and lastly his love; for he now saw clearly into his soul, and felt that though he had once adored her as a superior being, he now loved her as a woman.

What more need we say? It is not difficult to guess the end of this history, and we promised in the commencement thereof should be neither catastrophe nor surprise. Madam d'Escars after a few months became Madam D., so that little Peter had the rare happiness of espousing his ideal, and felt that by his industry and perseverance he had rendered himself worthy of her. He loved beautiful scenery—he became a great landscape painter. He loved a beautiful woman—he married her.—Happy man! But what may not one accomplish with a pure love and a strong will.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—A friend who has been spending the winter in Halifax, N. S., tells us the following anecdote of a dog, which is about the best story of canine sagacity that we have ever heard.

Tige is a splendid Newfoundland, and possesses good sense as well as good looks. He is in the habit of going every morning, with a penny in his mouth, to the same butcher's shop, and purchasing his own breakfast, like a gentlemanly dog as he is. But it so happened upon one cold morning, during the past winter the shop was closed, and the necessity seemed to be imposed upon Tige, either to wait for the butcher's return, or look for his breakfast elsewhere. Hunger probably constrained him to take the latter alternative, and off he started for another butcher's shop, nearest to his favorite place of resort. Arriving there, he deposited his money upon the block, and snatched his shops for breakfast, as usual; but the butcher, instead of meeting the demand of the cus-

tomers as a gentleman ought, brushed the coin into his till, and drove the dog out of the shop.

Such a disgraceful proceeding on the part of a man, very naturally ruffled the temper of the brute; but as there was no alternative, he was obliged to submit. The next morning, however, when his master furnished him with the coin for the purchase of breakfast, as usual, the dog instead of going to the shop where he had been accustomed to trade, went immediately to the shop from whence he was so unceremoniously ejected the day before—laid his penny upon the block, and with a growl, as much as to say, “You don't play any more tricks upon travellers,” placed his paw upon the penny. The butcher, not liking to risk, under such a demonstration, the perpetration of another fraud, immediately rendered him the *quid pro quo*, in the shape of a slice of meat, and was about to appropriate the penny as he had done the day previous, to his own coffers; but the dog, quicker than he was, made way with the meat at one swallow, and seizing the penny again in his mouth, made off to the shop of his more honest acquaintance, and by the purchase of a double breakfast made up for his previous fast.

[Worcester Spy.]

## Capital Ghost Story.

That apparitions do not always wander without sufficient cause, is proved by the well-attested fact which we give with the endorsement of the Montreal Transcript. Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs. — (a lady of literary taste and rather studious habits) sat reading in her drawing room, the clock on the mantel-piece struck twelve; as the last stroke reverberated through the apartments, the door was suddenly flung open. In the act of raising her head to reproach the intrusion (unruffled for of her servant, her eye rested on the form of her late husband; she screamed and fell senseless on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not yet retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. — had regained possession of her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole disaster had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing and her late loss, operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable her maid-servant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she had determined to consider a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger and in better spirits than she had been for several months past, Mrs. — dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve she was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table (on which stood her night lamp) till it stood opposite to, and drew aside the curtains of the bed. A sense of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud. She described her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benevolent aspect, the eyes, once beaming with affection, were now fixed in stern regard on the trembling, half-dissolved being, who with the courage of desperation, thus adjured him, “Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?”

“Jessie,” slowly and solemnly aspirated, the shadowy form, waving in its hand a small roll of writing paper, “Jessie, give up Newspaper accounts, and let me rest in peace!” [Quebec Gazette.]

GOOD ADVICE TO LOVERS.—It is getting to be quite common now-a-days, for young gentlemen to die of love. Some pine away with incurable “hypo,” but for the largest number make short work of it, and stick a stabbing iron through their soft hearts, or blow the thimble full of brains out of their softer heads. Now, boys, this is decidedly unprofitable business, in addition to being uncomfortable and unnecessary. When in the course of human events it is your lot to get “smashed,” love as hard as you please, put every string to win your chamber; but in case you are a “snow-image,” compared with your furnace-sighings, don't throw away a red cent, or a moment's time in tagging after, or coaxing round, her don't let your ideas be all discommodated about not depriving yourself of a single buckwheat cake, or a single hour's snooze, and especially don't say your jugular apart with a dull razor, or jump into the “drink” in cold weather. Straighten back, keep a stiff upper lip, call the grapes sour, and soon your fortitude, albeit rewarded by the smiles of some “sweet, pretty creature,” who will be attracted by your spirit, and you will afterwards confess it, the Miss “Jeicle of your former fancy will no more bear comparison than a tin snoupeuse with a gold dollar.

PATRIOTISM.—A Yankee gentleman, conveying a British friend around to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, “This is the place where Warren fell.” “Ah,” replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters: “Did it hurt him much?” The native looked at him, with the expression of fourteen Fourth of Julys in his countenance, “Hurt him?” said he, “he was killed, sir.” “Ah! he was, eh?” said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height, in his own mind, layer by layer: “well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far.” The native tore his hair, but it gave him a good opportunity to enrage upon the glorious events connected with the hill, and the benefits flowing from our somewhat extensive country, and soon talked him into good humor. [Carpet-Bag.]

THE JERRY LIND LIFT.—A large proportion of the ladies of New York have adopted the Nightingale's fashion of lifting their hair above the temples, thereby giving the phrenologists a peep as it were behind the curtain of some very interesting faculties. To a certain class of faces the style is quite becoming, but to the majority of ladies it is decidedly otherwise, giving them a bold, barefaced look, reminding one of obstinate “cowlicks” upon the sides of their foreheads. Hair was given to woman for ornament, and a beautiful ornament it is, when properly worn; but there are very few who know how to wear it with grace; and it requires a very sweet face to render this new fashion even tolerable. There is a great deal of expression in the arrangement of the hair.



## BOYS' CORNER.

## UNCLE JACOB'S TALK FOR THE BOYS.

Well my boys, Spring has come—and we have now an opportunity to bid good-bye to old winter, and to skating, and sliding down hill; yes, bid a hearty good-bye to all these, and let the skates and sleds be packed away for use another winter, for those who shall live to see it. But now we must attend to the spring. The clear sweet voices of the lovely birds bid us rise betimes, and hear them pour forth their beautiful songs to the Creator of all, that spring has again returned. And I hope none of my little readers will suffer themselves to lie in bed in the morning, when "red-breast" has mounted the topmost branch in the tree, and is calling you forth by her lovely song to take the sweet morning air and enjoy the loveliest season of all the year—a bright clear, spring morning. No, boys! Be up! be up! and out in the morning. Snuff the first breeze, and let the first rays of the morning sun as he rises in all his splendid, paint your cheek. It will make it look rosy and lovely, and the breakfast will taste much better if you play awhile in the morning air before you eat—and then, if you have nought else to do, away and play again. No lovelier sight can there be than to see boys at play, in harmony and peace and joy. I love to see them enjoy themselves. It makes me think of the time when I was a boy; it carries me back to my youthful days, and makes me almost live them over again.

But spring, as well as other seasons of the year, brings its peculiar plays with it. Spring is the time for playing at ball and marbles; and I see that many of my little friends, the boys, have already begun their marble playing in the streets and their ball playing on the Common. But there are some few things for the boys to think about in this matter. For while I like to see the boys play and enjoy themselves, yet there are some things which it always makes me feel bad to see. First I do not like to see the large boys trouble the small ones. Large boys should let the small ones alone—let them enjoy themselves. Another thing which I dislike very much to see, and which I want to tell the boys to avoid, as it will surely lead them to bad habits, is this.—As I was stopping to see some boys play at marbles the other day, I heard one of them use two words which I suppose they know the meaning of. As two boys were playing, Dick came along and said, "Are you playing for keeps, or playing for fun?" Now boys, let me say to you, when you play marbles, play for fun, and not for keeps. For let me tell you, that to play marbles for keeps, as you call it, is gambling; and if you begin gambling in this way, it will lead you by and by to gamble on a larger scale; and of all persons that I would warn you to shun, the gambler stands first. In fact a gambler's life is almost always attended with every thing else that is vile and wicked, and a gambler's death is almost always miserable and wretched. Then let me say to all the boys who play at marbles, play for fun; play for sport; then you will be innocent, and always enjoy yourselves; and then there will be no cause of contention among you, but all will be happy. This is my wish for you all.

UNCLE JACOB.

## THE IDLE ARE ALWAYS UNHAPPY.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed little Robert Blake, as he leaned his head against the open window, and looked out. "I don't think vacation is very good fun, after all; I am tired of playing, and tired of reading, and I can't think of any thing else to do."

"What if you should try working a little?" said his sister Mary, who sat at the other window, busily sewing. "I dare say the men would like to have you help them rake up the hay, and—"

"Oh, I ain't going to work in vacation, I'm sore. Father told me that if I didn't want to, I needn't do a single thing except amuse myself; and I don't mean to."

"Yes; but at the same time he told you that you would find yourself very much mistaken, if you thought you could be happy to be entirely idle; and he said he should be very much surprised if you did not come and ask for something to do, before the vacation was over."

"Well, I don't care; I know that it is pleasant to play than to work; whatever you may say to the contrary."

"So it is for a little while; but you see, yourself, how soon you are tired of it," said Mary.

"Well, I shall get rested pretty soon," said little Robert.

"Yes, a little day-making would rest you nicely," said Mary.

"I tell you I won't work in vacation, so you needn't say any more about it," and seizing his straw ball, Robert ran out of the house. First he took his ball and threw it against the wall a few times, but pretty soon the ball went over the shed, and Robert was "too tired," as he said to himself, to go and get it. So he sat down in the swing, but he had no one to swing him, and it was too much work to swing himself, so he took his kite, and, as there was a fine wind, it soon rose to the full length of the string. But Robert found it made his arms ache to hold on to the stick, so he wound it up and sat down on the step to consider what he should do next.

It was a beautiful summer day, and as Robert looked around, he saw the little brook before his father's house glittering in the sun, and looking so merry and pleasant, that he jumped up and ran down towards it, to see if he could not find something there with which to amuse himself. He sat down for a little while under the great willow on the bank of the stream, and watched the little waves so busily, dancing along, and he wondered where they all went to, and why they were always in such a hurry. But the waves could not speak to tell him, and so, after looking at the swift current a little longer, Robert picked up some little twigs, and, standing on the little bridge, amused himself by throwing them into the brook, and seeing how quickly they would come through on the other side. But he was soon tired of this sport, and resting, with both arms upon the rail and crossing his feet, he leaned listlessly over, and gazed at the shining brook.

He was aroused from his dream by the sound of merry voices coming toward him, and, looking up, he saw Susan Brown, the daughter of a neighbor, coming towards the brook, with a great pitcher upon her head, while her little

sister Lizzy ran after, chattering and laughing as if she felt very happy.

"Why, what a great pitcher, Susy!" said Robert; "is it not very heavy?"

"Oh, no, I don't mind it when the weather is pleasant." So saying, she dipped the pitcher into the brook, and when it was filled she again raised it towards her head; but Robert said:

"You had much better let me carry it."

"Well, if you like," said Susy, laughing.

"And I will bring another one up for you afterward, if you wish," said Robert.

"Thank you; I should like it very much, for I have got to fill the barrel for mother, and I will give you a pail, and you can help me, if you like."

"Yes, I should admire it," said Robert, with sudden animation; and for half an hour he worked steadily, carrying the pails and emptying them into the barrel. At the end of that time he felt quite warm and tired, but the barrel was full, and both Susy and her mother thanked him very much, and Mrs. Brown gave him an apple turn-over, which she had just baked, and which tasted nicer to Robert than anything he had eaten since vacation commenced.

After eating this, he went home, and the same afternoon he told his father that he meant to help him part of every day until school commenced again; for, said he,

"I find there is no work so hard as trying to amuse myself."—[Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine.]

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APRIL 10, 1851.

## 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. LORENZLOW, 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. PATTENGILL, 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.

## A few Words to Village Girls.

We have no ability to give advice to young ladies, though abundantly competent to see their need of it. But Mrs. Ellis has the power to hit the mark precisely to our mind, so nicely, indeed, that we step aside and give her room. The following paragraph is hers, and if our young lady readers will, look at it carefully to the last word, and there imagine they hear every sensible man of their acquaintance, old and young, shout a hearty "Amen," it will do them good. Just try the experiment:

You are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more making puddings, and less piano, more frankness and less modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed rosy-cheeked, full-breasted bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady withal in the drawing room. But as for your pinning, moping, screwed up, wasp-waisted, putty faced, music murdering, novel-devouring, daughters of fashion and idleness, with your consumptive-soled shoes, silk stockings and calico shifts, you won't do for the future wives and mothers.

## Gamblers, beware!

The recent arrests in Boston, and the determined position taken by Marshal Tukey, have alarmed the gamblers in all directions. Not that the efforts of a single man are going to offer an insuperable barrier to gambling, or that the city of Boston is able to dictate beyond her own limits, the strict execution of the statute against this growing vice. Something else, aye, something more, is seen by the great fraternity of gamblers. Public sentiment has been verging to the present outbreak; and it is, as the first audible utterance of a deep and strong and well founded public sentiment, that the gamblers regard the example of Boston as something ominous. Statute law has too long stood a dead letter, and the gambler has been tolerated till it seems almost forgotten that he is a violator of law. In social life, he walks where the thief and robber of another class is not permitted to enter; even boasting of the manner of gathering the dollars that secure his passport. At the very threshold of the legislature that makes laws against him, he has ventured to labor at his tricks, till even legislators become his abettors and his dupes. But there is a soul in public morals that cannot remain indifferent to his polluting influence, and a vigilance in law that will not always wink at his abuses.

## Railroad Meeting at Skowhegan.

The meeting at Skowhegan on Thursday last week, to consult upon the proposed railroad between that place and Augusta—known as the "Somerset and Kennebec Railroad"—was well attended, and exhibited a good degree of interest in the enterprise. A large number of delegates were present from Augusta, Gardiner, and other towns down the river, several of whom, with others from other sections, addressed the meeting. A series of resolutions was adopted, of which the following are a part.

Resolved, That the time has come when the interests of Somerset county demand a communication, by railroad, with the waters of the Kennebec, and that effective measures should be taken for that purpose.

Resolved, That we believe a line of railroad following the Kennebec river to Augusta, connecting with the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, would best serve the local interests of this county, enlarge our facilities for doing business, and tend to promote and advance the prosperity of our merchants, manufacturers and farmers.

Resolved, That we believe that the inhabitants of the towns and cities on the river below have a common interest with us in the success of the enterprise, and that while we pledge ourselves to use every exertion of which we are capable, we shall expect a liberal and generous support from them.

The following was among several resolutions read to the meeting, which had been passed at a late railroad meeting in Augusta:

Resolved, That it is the deliberate judgment of this meeting, that it is for the interest of all parties interested in the Ken and P. Railroad that such substantial aid be rendered by that corporation to the Somerset road, as will insure its completion at the earliest practicable period; and we, as citizens of Augusta, pledge ourselves that in the prosecution of this enterprise we will do our full share.

By a previous call there was a meeting of the incorporators of the proposed road on the same day, at which it was voted to accept the charter of the road. An Executive Committee was chosen, and instructed to proceed forthwith to open the books at Bath, Gardiner, Augusta, and such other places as they may deem proper.

For the Eastern Mail.

## Steam Boiler Explosions.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent "Sentinel," in his article of Feb. 27th, on the explosion of steam boilers, speaks of various patents for safeguards against such explosions. He refers to the committee of the Franklin Institute, who, after examining all those patented preventives, so called, exclaim, "What a pity this country did not adopt the laws of France twenty-five years ago!"—which law required simply a fusible plug, or plate, placed in the boiler, and so alloyed as to fuse at a certain safe temperature. But he does not tell his readers what those alloys are, or what that "certain safe temperature" is.

According to the experiments of this committee of the Franklin Institute, lead fuses at 612 deg. Fah., tin at 442, and one part lead to two of tin at 360—and this will fuse before the steam attains a pressure of 150 pounds.—But I think the best safeguard is a competent and safe man for an engineer.

He also speaks of a new element called stame, found in the boiler, which he says "is the product of steam surcharged with heat, and is produced only when the water is low in the boiler;"—that "steam absorbs heat with amazing rapidity, so that when the exposed places or tubes are red hot, the stame attains the same temperature." What is that temperature?

Steam is water in a high state of rarefaction, or so impregnated with caloric as to assume the state of an aeriform or elastic fluid, and when this fluid is so impregnated with caloric as to attain a force of one hundred pounds on the square inch, it is at a temperature of three hundred and thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and 159 pounds pressure is 363 degrees. Iron at a red heat in daylight is 1207 degrees, and if the water in the boiler gets below the top of the crown, or fire sheet, and the upper flues, and from any cause, whether from suddenly opening the throttle or the motion of the boat or engine, the water is suddenly thrown upon the surface of this red hot fire sheet and the flues, which may vary from twelve to twenty square feet surface, an instantaneous power is created that would tear assunder the strongest boiler that was ever made. It matters not whether we call it "stame," "explosive gas," or anything else, these explosions will continue to take place until we pay a little more attention to selecting our proper safeguards.

NOTES.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## Are Grafted Apples or Seedlings most profitable to plant?

The enquiry is often made, which is the most economical, to plant an orchard with seedlings and then graft, or with grafted fruit. It is contended by some, that as seedlings are more hardy than many kinds of grafted fruit, that to graft the top as much extended from the trunk as may be, will ensure more hardiness. This theory, however, has not been confirmed by my experience; but on the contrary, the smaller the tree when grafted the better. No matter if but one year old, it is then so small that the union is almost perfect; whereas, if the tree obtains considerable size before grafting, it seldom heals over entirely without enclosing a space of dead wood; and this must decompose, causing a blackish streak to extend from the junction downward, which may be traced in the heart from inches to feet, ultimately causing "rotten heart," and shortening the life of the tree.

It is also known that grafted trees come much earlier into bearing than seedlings, and will pay for themselves more than twice by the time the seedling comes into bearing; so say nothing about the risk of grafting, which often amounts to quite a percentage. Taking the whole in connection, my views are decidedly in favor of early grafting.

D. TABER.

Vassalboro, 4th mo. 1851.

The above suggestions may save much labor and vexation in experimenting, as the writer is known to be a careful observer, who has had much practical experience.

HATS! Mr. Tozier is gradually putting his mark upon the heads of some of the genteel young men of Waterville, in the shape of beautiful spring hats, of the true Jenny Lind pattern. They are beauties! It takes nine tailors to make a man, but Tozier will make a gentleman with but one to help—provided that one has the speller. The shabbiest fellow that has entered his door this spring, came out so much improved that nobody has recognized him since, and he has been compelled to take a suite of rooms at the Elmwood.

SHARPERS. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, whose monthly numbers of the Plays of Shakespeare have elicited so much commendation, have appended to the original plan a new feature, which adds greatly to the interest of the enterprise. They will have ready for distribution, immediately after the close of the monthly numbers, the complete Poetical works of the great bard, in one volume, of 500 pages. It will be printed in the same style as the Plays, and delivered in con-

dition to be bound to match. This is a most essential accompaniment to the monthly numbers, and cannot fail to be acceptable to all who have taken them. Romeo and Juliet and King Lear have just been issued, and only two numbers remain to complete the work. Chas. K. Mathews is the agent.

"Harper's Magazine" for April has been received from Feltledge & Co., Boston. It is in the usual style of interest and beauty, for which the work is so generally praised. Sold by Geo. H. Griffin, at his bookstore in Hanson's Building.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for May, is a superior number even for Graham, and that is saying a great deal. It is filled with racy and readable articles, and the embellishments are beautiful—the "May Queen" pre-eminently so.—Graham anticipates, and will no doubt receive, great additions to his list of mail subscribers, under the new postage law, by which, as all are aware, the postage on magazines is much reduced.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE for May is brimful of literary and artistic attractions. The publication of the Prize Stories will be commenced in the July number, which commences a new volume.

THE UNION. The Virginia Legislature have recently passed, with but one or two dissenting voices, a series of resolutions, in one of which they declare that "the people of Virginia are unwilling to take any action calculated to destroy the integrity of the Union." The following are the 2d and 3d resolutions:

Resolved, That, regarding the said acts [the compromise measures] of the Congress of the United States, taken together, as an adjustment of the exciting questions to which they relate, and cherishing the hope that, if fairly executed, they will restore to the country that harmony and confidence, which of late have been so unhappily disturbed, the State of Virginia deems it unwise (in the present condition of the country) to send delegates to the proposed Southern Congress.

Resolved, That Virginia earnestly and affectionately appeals to her sister State of South Carolina to desist from any meditative secession on her part, which cannot but tend to the destruction of the Union, and the loss to all the States of the benefits that spring from it.

GRAMMAR. There is nothing that children are more taught or less understand than Grammar. Whole pages of syntax they'll get by heart, and yet the most of them know but little more about its practical uses, than they do about the problems of Euclid. The first boy you run against will tell you that "am" is a morsel of English Grammar, first person singular, present tense indicative, verb neuter to be," and yet ask that same boy in what respect all that differs from the man that struck Billy Patterson, and he could not tell you. In our opinion, the more Grammar a boy studies before he is fifteen, the more will his head be crammed with rubbish and confusion.

An honest, industrious peasant of Picardy, being observed to purchase weekly five loaves, was asked what occasion he could possibly have for so much bread. "One," replied the honest fellow, "I take myself, one I throw away, one return, and the other two I lend." "How do you make that out?" Why, returned the peasant, "the one which I take for myself is for my own use; the second, which I throw away, is for my mother-in-law; the loaf I return is for my father; and the other two, which I lend, are those with which I keep my two children, in hopes that they will one day return them to me."

CAUTION TO COUNTRY PEOPLE.—Don't send your money to New York to buy lottery tickets. If you do you will surely be cheated. Every lottery ticket sold in this city is beyond question a cheat. All the tickets sold are of so mysterious a character that no considerable prizes are ever drawn. In a word, these tickets are made to sell, and not to draw prizes. We have repeatedly cautioned our readers against these disgraceful swindles, and yet we hear every day of new victims. The pick-pockets and mock-auctioneers of our city are saints by the side of these lottery fellows. The former may take a good swad of your money; but the latter will leave you utterly bare, without the remotest chance to retrieve your fortune. For the twenty-first time we say, beware of all lottery ticket sellers in New York.

In explanation of the above, we would remark that tickets are frequently sold here purporting to be some particular Virginia or Delaware lottery, when in fact no such lottery as the one announced has an existence—all being a pure invention of the maker and seller of the tickets. [Weekly Dispatch.]

A SHARP REPLY.—Some years ago, as the late Rev. Dr. Pringle of Perth, was taking a walk one summer afternoon upon the Inch, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him, and making their bow politely, they asked if he could tell them the color of the devil's wig? The worthy clergyman surveying them attentively a few seconds, made the following reply: "Truly, here is a most surprising case! Two men have served a master all the days of their life, and don't know the color of his wig!"

A REMARKABLE DEATH.—On Wednesday evening, a Mrs. Doran, who had been during the day, complaining of a severe toothache, undertook to cure it by a mode which had been recommended to her as highly efficacious, and which, in several instances, had been successfully put in practice. The prescription was to make a compound of sulphur, beeswax and onion seed, and burn it in a dish, while the face of the afflicted person was to be held over it until the pain in the tooth was gone. Mrs. Doran tried the remedy, but unfortunately inhaled the gas from the burning compound, fell over, and expired in an instant!—[N. O. Delta.]

A Mr. Callender, of York, died suddenly in the cars last week, on his way home from Harrisburg. He had just effected an insurance on his life for \$5000. We understand that the Insurance Company insisted on a post mortem examination and had the contents of the stomach forwarded to this city for analysis. A large quantity of arsenic was discovered among them. [Philadelphia Bulletin.]

CURE FOR POTATO ROT.—John T. Snyder of Franklin, Bergh Co., N. Jersey, made application on the 21st inst., to the Secretary of State, for the premium offered by the Legislature for the discovery of a remedy for Potato Rot. His remedy is described as follows:—"At the period when the rot usually commences, scatter a handful of ashes around the vines on each hill, and it will effectually prevent the

disease. The application should be made as late as possible." The reward, it should be noticed by all applicants is offered "to any person within this Commonwealth."

Secretary's Office, Mass., March 19, 1851.

## Marrying a Man who advertised for a Wife.

The Watchman of the 25th of March, published at Greenport, on the East end of Long Island, gives the following history of a hasty marriage, occasioned by advertising for a wife in the newspapers:

"An affair, somewhat novel and exciting, took place in the village of Cutchogue, a few days since. It appears that Joseph Baker, of that place, and late of Greenport, went to New York a few weeks ago for the purpose of obtaining a wife. His first move was to publish a notice, in the New York Sun, stating that a young widower, about 25 years of age, having one child and a farm at a short distance in the country, wished to enter a second time into the matrimonial state, with some respectable lady, of about his own age.

This notice attracted the attention of a young girl in the city, aged some 18 or 19 years, by the name of Elsie Craig, who soon responded to Joseph's notice. This was followed by an interview between the parties.

According to the account which the girl gave at Cutchogue, Mr. Baker represented himself to her to be a gentleman of character and respectability, in the community where he lived; that he had a valuable farm down on Long Island, with a good house, pleasantly situated, and all the necessary improvements and appurtenances; that he kept cows and other stock, together with a horse, carriage, &c.

After a negotiation of a number of days a matrimonial engagement was entered into which was finally consummated in due form, by a clergyman of the city, on Saturday morning last. After the marriage ceremony was solemnized the parties accompanied by the mother of the bride, immediately left the city and took the accommodation train to visit the splendid establishment of Mr. Joseph Baker, at Cutchogue, on Long Island, with high hopes and pleasing anticipations, no doubt.

On arriving at Mr. Baker's handsome country residence, behold it was not there! Nothing but a little shanty, situated in a lonesome, out of the way place, with every indication of indolence and poverty, instead of a neat, comfortable dwelling, presented itself to the astonished strangers. The poor girl and her mother, after taking a fair view of the premises, and discovering the imposition, and the manner in which the daughter had been duped, overwhelmed with disappointment, mortification and disgust, at once decided to return to the city.

They found a friendly shelter at the house of Mr. Hallock, at no great distance, and after making proper inquiries respecting the character, habits and circumstances of the said Joseph Baker, as they were understood in that community, they declared that the marriage was brought about by false pretences, misrepresentations and hypocrisy. A lawyer and a justice were soon called in, to untie the matrimonial knot which had so recently, and so imprudently and foolishly on the part of the girl, been formed by the parties. Writings were duly executed by which the young lady relinquished all claim and right of dower to any property which the said Joseph Baker might have, with a consent on his part that the marriage contract, to all intents and purposes, might be dissolved. The mother and daughter took the cars on Monday, and returned to the city.

We understand that Miss Craig, now Mrs. Baker, is an industrious respectable girl—a tailoress, in New York, and of respectable connections; and that the matrimonial alliance between herself and Baker was with the advice and consent of her mother, who it seems gave too much credit to fair protestations without proper proof. The girl was apprehensive, however, that answering an advertisement of that description is a silly and somewhat dangerous practice.

BATAVIA, N. Y., April 1. A man named Robert McCann, a workman on the Attica and Hornellsville Railroad, was killed in Alexander yesterday. Two others were also reported to have been killed in Warsaw on the same day. The cause of these murders is said to be a strike for higher wages by the workmen on the road. A party of six hundred Irishmen are reported on the way from Warsaw to Attica, determined to drive all from the road who will not stand out for higher wages; consequently the citizens are arming. Several depredations have been committed, and others are feared. The murderers have been arrested.

P. S. An express has just arrived here for 200 stand of arms from the State Arsenal at this place. Report states that three other men are dangerously wounded, and two of them are not expected to live.

FIRE.—The dwelling house, barn and hog-house of Mr. Joseph Nutting of Madison, was consumed by fire about 4 o'clock on Tuesday the 1st inst. The fire is supposed to have caught from a lighted pipe carried into the barn by a town pauper, whom Mr. Nutting had contracted to keep, and had taken into his family that morning. Loss about \$200. No insurance. [Skowhegan Clarion.]

GREAT ROBBERY.—We learn that the dwelling house of George Farrington on Boyd st., was entered on Wednesday, during the absence of his family, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 10 P. M., by some daring person forcing the shed door and cutting, apparently with a sharp knife, a hole through the kitchen door sufficiently large to admit the arm of a man. The iron bar across the door was then removed, and the thief "is supposed to have passed through the house directly to a bureau in the chamber, and two small drawers in the top of the bureau broken into by cutting with a chisel a hole large enough to push back the bolts of the locks, and eleven hundred dollars in gold silver and paper money taken therefrom—\$500 in gold, \$100 in silver, and \$500 in paper.

Mr. Farrington offers a reward of \$200 for the recovery of the money. [Bangor Courier.]

Robert G. Shaw and others, of Massachusetts, have petitioned the legislature of Massachusetts in aid of the petition of John A. Poor and others for grants of public lands in aid of the North American and European Railroad.

THE OLD EXETER HERMIT. The hermit who for nearly 40 years occupied a cave in Exeter, Me., and who suddenly disappeared last July, occasioning considerably search and inquiry, came into this city on Monday evening, and was recognized by an acquaintance. His name is Stephen Y. French, and his age about 60. He was advertised in the papers of that vicinity last season. [Worcester (N. H.) Democrat.]

RUSSIA AND THE WORLD'S FAIR. The Emperor has commissioned his agents to purchase every model at the Great Exhibition, which may be useful to Russian manufactures. A letter from St. Petersburg announces that the Emperor intends to spend 10,000,000 silver roubles in such purchases.

## How Jim tasted the Oyster Stew.

You remember Mr. S., better known as Jim S., who kept a celebrated oyster saloon a few years since nearly opposite the (other) Chatham old National Theatre. It was quite a while ago, before "shanty" turned the boys up side down with his inimitable Mose. Jim was a first-rate fellow, and made the best stew that could be found in York; in fact, they were incomparable and not to be beat. Consequently he had a great rush, especially between the pieces and after the performance at the theatre.

Jim was one of the best natured fellows in the world, and the only possible way to "get him off" was to run down his commodities; tell him that his stews were bad, or his raws spawny, when he knew they were otherwise, and he would be "riled" some; and no one could blame him for it. But I must tell you how he was "taken down."

"Waiter!" cried out a customer, one night, just after having been served with a smoking hot stew. "Waiter!" and then he rapped vociferously on the table with his spoon. "Waiter!" and again he rapped, not mysteriously like the Rochester rappers, but determinedly, as though he meant to be heard.

"Please, sir, what would you be pleased to have?" asked the waiter, who hurried to our customer as quick as possible.

"Tell the landlord to come here," responded the rapper.

"Is it the boss you would see?"

"Yes, I would see the proprietor."

"He's engaged, sir, serving the customers behind the bar forment ye."

"Tell him I must see him."

The waiter disappeared, and in half a minute our friend Jim made his appearance.

"Are you the landlord, sir?" inquired the stranger.

"I am, sir," replied Jim.

"Well, sir, do you call that (pointing to his plate with his spoon) a good stew?"

"A good stew?—certainly, sir."

"Taste it, sir," Jim tasted it. "Well," said the customer, "how does it taste?"

"Very well, indeed, sir; I never tasted a better stew in all my life, sir, nor you neither," replied Jim.

"Will you," asked the customer, putting on an air of suavity, "will you, my dear sir, just oblige me by tasting it once more and then I will be satisfied?"

Again Jim tasted the stew, and to convince himself that there could be no mistake, retasted it.

"The stew is a good one, sir, a first-rate one, and if you say it is not, why, you are no judge of the article," replied Jim, waxing somewhat wrathly.

"Do you mean to say," replied the grumbler, "that there was nothing peculiar in its flavor?"

"Nothing peculiar at all, sir, and if you think it does not taste well, your mouth must be out of order, and you should have taken a dose of medicine, rather than an oyster stew."

"My dear sir, don't get into a passion; I said nothing about the taste of your stew; indeed I did not taste it."

"Not taste it?" said Jim.

"No, I saw those animals in (turning up two giant cockroaches with life spoon), and I thought I would get some one to taste it who was a better judge of the article than I."

Oh, lord, it would have done you good to see how quick that stew was "hauled off" the table, and the way Jim poured some fresh oysters into a clean bowl, and (at the request of the stranger) soured the stew-pan out previous to cooking them, was a caution to all oyster-eaters.

Before leaving the premises, our rapping hero drank and smoked at Jim's expense, promising faithfully never to divulge any thing about *tasting that stew*.—[N. Y. Sun. Mercury.]

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statements under the provisions of this act. The expenses of publishing the semi-annual returns, and of printing the forms of said statements and instructions, shall be paid by the treasurer out of the interest of the securities deposited with him by the said associations

of its receipts and disbursements, on account of deposits; also a daily account of its loans and receipts. And where any violation of the thirty-sixth section of this act shall apply to the accounts aforesaid, it shall be deemed conclusive evidence of the fact, against the bank, and information and

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