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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 35): March 8, 1860

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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BY W. F. G. SHANKS.

When Mr. Charles Furnace entered a beautiful but somewhat retired house, in an unfrequented avenue in New York, on a pleasant May evening, it was evidently with the intention of making love to the fair mistress, for no sooner was the servant gone, than he hastily approached a young lady who sat on an ottoman in the room, and knelt at her feet pronouncing the words, "Dear Kate."

"Rise sir, you forget," was the answer of the young lady, who, as she spoke, also arose.

"In your presence, all things,"

"This was quite a charming answer, and very charmingly said, for the lady smiled and gave the young lover her hand, which he as a matter of course and very naturally kissed. It was evident the lady thought so, though she withdrew her hand."

Of Mr. Charles Furnace, Miss Kate Plausible knew, reader, no more than you do, except that he was a very handsome, a very elegant and charming personage, addicted, perhaps, too much to dress—but a lady soon forgives that in a man. Did not Mother Eve lose paradise through a desire to dress? And does not the author of *London Assurance* and his own (*vide Spirit of the Times*) assert that to dress well is a duty every man owes to the world? But of his past career, and what Mr. Furnace was, from whom and where he came, were facts unknown to this pretty damsel. She had met him on two or three occasions, he had made love to her, had not been repulsed, nor accepted, but encouraged to such a degree, that he paid her an evening visit at her residence, and as we have seen, was very kindly received. Of Miss Plausible, Furnace knew this. She was an orphan, rich—very rich—and lived alone with her servants in the secluded residence we have seen him enter. She was moreover charming and single. There were some facts Mr. F. did not know, but which Kate informed him of, and we shall feel ourselves justified in hearing.

Her unexpected coldness drew from Mr. Furnace, who did not like it, the question—

"Why so formal, Kate?"

"Am I so? I trust Mr. Furnace has—"

"Mr. Furnace!" exclaimed that gentleman.

"Pardon me, I had flattered myself you would have said Charles."

She did say it—she did call him Charles.

"Ah, you re-assure me," said he with ardor, kissing her hand again.

"I wish you to look upon the scene we here enacted yesterday in another light than that we both viewed it in at the moment. Yesterday you told me that—"

"I adored you."

"It was a confession not unexpected to me," replied the young lady, "and," she added, "I will confess one not unhopful for. In that moment of passion, I forgot myself and my relation to another, and acted in a manner I now perceive to have been unbecomingly me, not as a woman, but as the affianced wife of another."

"Another!" cried Furnace, in the unfeigned astonishment. This was one of the things he did not know.

"Yes," continued Kate, "the affianced wife of one whom I do not love, but to whom I gave the promise of my hand at my mother's desire. Since yesterday I have thought, wept, pondered over this matter, and I feel I was wrong to listen to you, to permit you to address me as you did while I was the promised wife of another. If he will not release me from my promise, I will not break it. I will wed him, for a promise made with quivering lip to a dying mother, is too sacred to be lightly broken. But if he will consent, how happy I shall be to trust my life, my happiness, my love, in your keeping." By an effort she regained her composure, adding in a lighter tone, "Till then, remember, we are only friends!"

As she concluded this speech she crossed the room and sat at the piano playing a few bars, while the disconcerted Furnace revolved some idea in his mind.

"But Kate," he said, "you will not banish me your presence?"

"No, no; but we must meet only as friends."

"And am I to be silent? can you expect me to be silent? Do you imagine I can smother this passion in my heart, and I not to say 'I love you'?" Am I not to have the pleasure, oh! how infinite! of kissing this hand, of kneeling at your feet, looking into your eyes, and saying 'I adore you'?"

"Ahem!"

The cough or them was not Mr. Furnace's, nor did it proceed from Kate's lips. She looked toward the door. In it stood a handsome gentleman, who was evidently very modest, for he had turned his back toward the parties engaged as related above. Kate exclaimed, as she recognized the new-comer,

"Mr. Plastic!"

Furnace arose from his knees. The stranger advanced, apologizing, "I did not mean to intrude."

"No intrusion, sir," returned Miss P., "Permit me to introduce you: Mr. Furnace, Mr. Plastic."

They bowed, Mr. Plastic regarding Furnace very closely.

"Your name, sir, is what?" he asked.

"Furnace," answered that gentleman hesitating a moment.

"My dear," said Mr. Plastic, turning to Kate, "is Mr. Furnace an old acquaintance of yours?"

"No."

"No, eh? Do you know I imagined you were on very intimate terms, particularly for new acquaintances. Mr. Plastic spoke in a quick dry tone. His manner was easy and careless. He immediately added, before Kate had time to speak, "Seriously, my dear, you know any explanation you may give will satisfy me, but the world—you should remember that one of the hundred eyes of the modern Argus, the world, is devoted expressly to you, and in your actions do nothing to cause that eye in its own malicious manner to wink."

"Mr. Plastic," interrupted Kate.

"Yes, I know," continued the careless, easy gentleman. "Allow me to finish. I want you to explain, and I am foolish enough to imagine I have the right to know why Mr. Furnace is on his knees to you, and why he says, 'I adore you.'"

"Because he loves me."

"Does he? well there's nothing strange in that, who doesn't love you? Go on."

"Because I love him."

"Well, there is something strange in that. After enjoying my acquaintance for so many years, I imagined you would have some taste."

"I ask you, Mr. Plastic, to release me from the promise I made you a year ago. I do not love you. I cannot be happy as your wife. Take back this ring and release me from my promise."

Much to her surprise the quiet gentleman did take back the ring, simply remarking as he did so, "Certainly." Kate did not expect it. In my own mind have always doubted that she would have taken it, for I do not believe Kate had as yet fully resolved to give up the old lover for this new acquaintance. I am not a confirmed bachelor, neither bent

on immolating myself at and on the altar of matrimony; I am not old, nor heartless; but upon the subject of 'first love' and love at 'first sight,' and all the like folly of modern men and writers, I am skeptical, decidedly skeptical; and though Miss Plausible on this occasion may have remarked that she was rejoiced at getting rid of Mr. P., who was too quiet and too undemonstrative, I do not, and cannot bring myself to believe her. She was undoubtedly deceiving herself. Women upbraid themselves when they find themselves without a lover, but never murmur at the decree of fate which sends them a hundred.

To his acceptance of the ring which destroyed by the wholesale his fond hopes, many expectations, and all that sort of folly, Mr. P. added one condition. Upon remarking this, Miss Plausible hastily said—

"Oh, name it, any, any."

For a moment the quiet gentleman was disconcerted, but regaining his usual composure and quiet manner he continued—

"I ask you to come to me again, and that, after thinking over this matter, and sleeping on it, you will come to me and say 'Frederick, I do not love you, I love Mr. Furnace. I wish you to release me from my promise to become your wife.' Now no more words, he quickly added, 'Go to your room. Mr. Furnace, I wish to talk this matter over in a friendly manner, and I wish you to do me a favor, my dear; I want you to pass an hour in reading, not the first novel you lay hands on, but get your portfolio, take out all—*all* of your mother's letters to you when at school, and read them over carefully. Put them under your pillow, and when you wake in the morning, read them again. Come, now, no tears, tears will ruin your eyes."

Kate looked at him indignantly through her tears.

"Will destroy your complexion," he continued, "and wrinkle your cheeks and play havoc with your appearance generally."

Kate indignantly left the room, casting on Mr. Plastic a look of inexpressible scorn, at least in our mind inexpressible, and even if we could, your imagination can better conceive it.

"She's a good girl," he soliloquized, looking after her, "and I am a brute to treat her so. But tutors must be harsh. Petruchio was a rough fellow, and I must be. I must teach her this one lesson, and if she only reads aright, if my Kate only comprehends, and trusts in me, I shall be the happiest Petruchio alive."

From these words you can easily see Mr. Plastic, despite his cool, and at times harsh manner, loved Miss Plausible, and why should he not? Playmates, schoolmates, they passed the youthful age together, and it was the wish of the mother of Kate and the belief and hope of Plastic that they would follow the example of the two individuals in the old Scotch song, who 'gang a'down the hill together.' Was this adventure to destroy all those hopes?—was he to grow jealous over the matter and furiously break off all connections with Miss Plausible? He took a more sensible mode; he determined to win her. His quiet style came now to his aid, and he proceeded in the manner above, to remove her dislikes. He believed Kate loved him. She was young, had not passed her giddy age—indeed, few women ever do. She was weary of his old age, his silent, unobtrusive style. He did not make desperate love to her every day. He did not kiss her twenty times an hour, he only said, "Good day, my dear," and quietly pressed her brow, he did not lie at her feet and gaze into her eyes, and similar folly. Indeed, my hero was quite an original fellow, never getting himself into those 'situations' which most heroes strive after, and for which dramatists pay premiums.

"Your name is Furnace, I think you said?" asked Plastic.

"Yes," said Furnace, after a moment's hesitation.

"Then, Mr. Furnace, I have a story to relate bearing upon this case, and which you will oblige me by listening to. It is quite long."

That is sufficient for me, the writer of these pages, and no doubt evidence enough to you, the reader of ditto, that this long story can hardly be an interesting one. Besides, as for myself, I was always an unobtrusive sort of fellow, and have no desire to relate this long story, and if you please we will skip it. To be sure Mr. Plastic has remarked it bears upon the case, but if only the long interludes of every story were skipped and not paid for by the editors, how much more interesting they would be both to reader and treasurer of the said publishing establishment. At the end of that story, Mr. Plastic was heard to say to Furnace—

"As the lover of Miss Plausible I do not request you to absent yourself from this house on all future occasions, but as her guardian, sir, I demand that you never address her again. Good evening, sir."

And Mr. Furnace was seen to gaze at him a moment steadily, and with a somewhat defiant air, and then to slowly and ceremoniously retire. As he left the door a servant gave him a letter. It was from Kate.

How many girls are just as foolish and unguarded as Miss Plausible; and yet never dream of the consequences; allow me to remark it is to just such ladies I dedicate this sketch.

The note was given to Furnace by the servant Plastic had seen, he had not anticipated its contents. He left the house and proceeded homewards, but with a vague suspicion that Furnace would return, and he arrived at the house of Miss Plausible in time to hear the signal of Kate and behold the entry of Mr. Furnace. He then left, exclaiming petulantly, "Foolish girl! He did not intrude on them. That would be neither beneficial to his scheme, nor flattering to Kate. So he went home."

The interview between Kate and Furnace is of the old unoriginal style, so often described and so often indulged in by competent persons of a romantic turn of mind.

On the evening following the one on which the foregoing meeting had occurred, Mr. Plastic was in the same room awaiting the appearance of Miss Plausible, who being in a pet made no haste. Mr. Plastic was not in his usual happy and quiet mood. He looked more serious than before, and when Miss Plausible entered, he did not rise from the couch on which he half reclined, but simply said, "Good evening, my dear." Though his actions were careless his tone was very kind and soft. Frederick Plastic had an odd voice; it was so clear, and he spoke such natural words, in

such a natural tone, and with such natural gestures and in such an easy manner, that you could not but like him; and therefore it is no wonder that Kate forgot her determination to be harsh, when they met, and as she answered him actually crossed to him and gave him her hand.

"Did you read those letters I spoke of, dear?" he asked, looking up into her face and still holding her hand.

She withdrew it. "No, sir." This answer was too short, Miss Kate, your evil genius was getting the better of you. She sat down at the piano.

"I am sorry you did not," said Plastic. "I would, I think, have saved me the trouble of saying what I certainly do not wish to."

"Then do not, sir. If it is one of your long homilies, you can spare yourself the trouble, and myself the infliction—as I shall not listen."

And she played a few bars on the piano. You should not have done so, Miss P., it was very cruel; particularly as you played, 'Meet me by moonlight, alone.'

"Don't play, my dear," said Plastic.

"And why not, sir?"

"In pressing the pedal you reveal your foot."

"And what then, sir?" she asked, stopping.

"You know your foot is not gotten up on the economical Chinese plan; you know it is quite large, No. 6." She began to play. Besides your hand—

"I won't have any such impertinent remarks," and the young lady sprang to her feet and began pacing the room.

"Sit here like a reasonable girl, and grant me a few moments' conversation; and as he spoke Plastic placed chairs.

"I will not."

"But, my dear, you must!"

"Must?"

"Must," said he spelling the word. "Short word that, but very significant."

"Then I will not."

"Then you shall. Will you have me spell that too?"

"You are using strong language, sir. You cannot compel me."

"I command you to sit."

"Command?"

"Yes, I command you by the respect you owe your mother's memory, to obey the man to whom, in her dying hour, she confided you, to whom she said, 'I leave with my only child, watch over her as you would over your sister, as you would over your wife.' Sit."

Kate looked up at him, caught the chair as if about to sit down, but still hesitated.

"Sit down," he repeated more petulantly. She did so.

"I wish to point you out an error, to show you a false step, how you have gone astray from the true path of life. It is a serious thing, Kate, this facing of worldly eyes, and running in contact with worldly opinions. We are at best an uncharitable set of beings; and when a young girl, deprived of her natural protector, undertakes to live alone, and yet receives as acquaintances a certain class of visitors, and acts in such and such a manner towards them, the world gives expression to thoughts of the young girl which cannot be considered at all complimentary. As sure as two meanings can be construed on any action, the world will choose the least flattering of the two. Beware, my dear, how you create such an opinion. It is dangerous."

"I do not see how this refers to me," said Kate, though she felt the truth of every word he said.

Mr. Plastic looked at the young girl so fixedly, and with such a reproachful gaze, that she hung down her head. After a moment's hesitation, in which he seemed to collect his thoughts, he continued:

"In the far South is a beautiful city. In the winter it is peopled by gay, beautiful, and happy inhabitants, but in the summer it is desolate and deserted. The once busy streets are still. The gayety is gone, all is gloom! The music which lately swelled in the air from so many brilliantly lighted homes is hushed—those lights are gone. All is hushed as death, save when some rough vehicle passes by, with moderate haste, conveying its freight of gold and lifeless clay, which bears the impress of God's image, which only yesterday was breathing, now is stiff and cold! There is a sickening sensation in the air! You draw your breath it awe! You look around, you in fear and wonder! You haste through the beautiful streets! You fear to look behind you, a fiend infects the city and destroys it! His touch is death! You fear it is upon you! You flee the city! You flee from the fiend! The desolating demon! He is called the cholera!"

Plastic looked at Kate, who, wonder-stricken by his impassioned manner, looked into his face, scarcely breathing in her fear and suspense. But as he concluded she drew a long breath, ending a suspense which was evidently painful, fascinatingly painful to her. Plastic hesitated a moment only. He enchaind her attention by hastily continuing:

"A young and beautiful girl, a good, true, warm-hearted girl, mistaking a feeling of her heart for love, encouraged the addresses of a man she hardly knew. He visited her, and she received him alone in her boudoir; where only he had been, who was her affianced husband. Her betrothed advised the new lover that he must not return, said he knew his character, gave him good reasons; but he did return, by the lady's appointment, and he entered by stealth. He was seen by a neighbor, her name was coupled with his, hers with disgrace—Friends shunned her; mothers kept their daughters from association with her; the good avoided her; the malicious scandalized her; yet she was innocent. But she was disgraced! Through life she bore the heavy burden of a dishonored name, and sank to her grave friendless, unloved."

Involuntarily Kate fell on her knees overcome by his manner, yet clinging to and looking up at him, fascinated by his words.

"Beware of this pestilence! It is more terrible than the other." As if inspired with this thought, Plastic, in a vehement and to Kate, surprising manner, hastily lifted her to his breast, and continued in the same wild strain:

"Look at yonder old man! You have seen him walking the streets? Kate involuntarily looked in the direction in which Plastic pointed; she saw no one, but his words were to her ears as oracular proof. Plastic went on:

"Boys in his pathway hoot at and revile him! men pass him quickly and unnoticed by! He hangs his head in sorrow! his brow is care-worn! His hair is whitening, and his steps grow feeble; a few more years of earthly misery, and he will die alone! The city will

bury him; he will be carried unattended to the grave; no stone will mark his resting place; no tear will bedew it; no heart will mourn for him! He is a dishonored man! He has sold his good name for wealth, and remains unpaid! The pestilence has touched him and he has withered!"

Utterless powerless and overcome, Kate sank to her knees, crying as she did so:

"Teach me the true path, I would walk in it!"

The loud laugh which Plastic gave vent to as he sank to his chair was not in mockery of the girl, though it sounded so. But his tears and his words reassured the astonished and tearful Kate.

"And you shall walk in it," he cried; "we will walk in it together—*ay!* together! shall we not?"

She only murmured, "Dear Frederick."

"Kate, Kate," he said, "dry your eyes, dear, I would see you smiling. Weep no more, but give me a kiss; and besides, I want you to play for me."

"Gladly, gladly," she cried, half crying.

"What shall I play for you?"

Plastic looked at her steadily. "Le Reve," he said.

"Le Reve?" she exclaimed.

"No, no! not 'Le Reve,' she exclaimed, passionately.

"Yes, 'Le Reve,'" he said, with determination.

"Oh! I am I not sufficiently humiliated? am I not low enough in your esteem! For heaven's sake! I kneel to you and I implore pity! pity! ask me not to play 'Le Reve.' Why will you thus humiliate me?"

"That I may exalt you hereafter," he said.

"Play," she hesitated. He led her to the piano. "Play," he said.

Kate, sobbing, turned over her music. (Why did her hand tremble so? Perhaps the fingering of Wallace's beautiful romance, 'Le Reve,' is very difficult. But why should she sob? Is 'Le Reve' so affecting? Pray have patience.) Plastic lay down upon the sofa. Kate found the music and began to play, all the while sobbing as if her heart would break.

"My dear," said Mr. Plastic, half rising from his reclining position, "my dear, please take your foot off the soft pedal. You are much too piano."

"Frederick, I implore you."

In despair she played furiously. Plastic lay down upon the sofa again.

Through the folding doors of this apartment was visible a second door, which, however, was of glass, and through this a balcony. After Kate had played a few bars of 'Le Reve' a head appeared above the balcony, which was followed by the shoulders, in short the entire body and person of Mr. Charles Furnace. In a cautious manner he opened the glass door, and silently advancing, he knelt at the side of Kate, placed his arm about her waist and said, "Dear Kate."

Kate ceased playing, and sobbing violently, laid her head on the piano. Mr. Plastic arose to his feet, crossed the room to where Furnace still knelt, and said, in his good-humored, quiet way:

"How d'ye do?"

"Sdeath! Plastic!" cried the other.

"Take a seat, won't you?" asked Plastic.

"Thank you—Miss Plausible?"

"Miss Plausible isn't very well this evening."

"What am I to understand from all this?"

"All very odd, isn't it? Particularly your appearance over the balcony. I suppose music has peculiar charms for you."

"Yes, I am very fond of music," said Furnace, hastily.

"I have heard it has power to soothe the savage beast."

"Nothing personal, sir, if you please."

"You take my quotation about savage beasts to be a personality, eh? You are entirely welcome to the construction."

Plastic took Kate by the hand, and led her, weeping and abashed, to the sofa.

"Mr. Furnace, sit."

"Another time, not now," said Furnace.

"Excuse me—now," said Plastic, firmly.

"I have not the time."

"Then you shall take time."

"Shall, sir?"

"Mark me," said Plastic, his full dark eyes looking fixedly into the lighter blue ones of Furnace. "I am not to be intimidated by actions, much less by words and looks. You have compromised this lady's character, spoken of her at your clubs—you see I know every thing—I am not chief of police, but I ought to be. Having thus vilified the character of this young lady, you are here to make the only reparation in your power. You doubtless remember the story I told you yesterday evening, and the analysis I gave you of a certain friend of yours. Now it is necessary Miss Plausible should hear that story, and so we will give it another edition."

"I am quite sure Miss Plausible, as well as myself, will gladly dispense with a new edition."

"On the contrary, I think she will be very much interested. I had told Mr. Furnace of a young man named Steele, who had been placed in business here by a Mr. Smooth, who, old and gouty, left the care of the business to Steele, in whom he had unbounded confidence. The endorsers of Steele were Messrs. Green, Drane & Co., of which firm I was the silent and the moneyed partner. In this connection I learned all the facts which are thus given to the public. Mr. Smooth found himself deceived in Steele, who, at the end of the first year, defrauded with about fifteen thousand dollars. He went to Europe, lived a short time on the proceeds of his villany, returned to New York, and is now in this city. He lives in grand style. Some say that he is a rich Southern planter; others, that he is a rich merchant from California. Now Furnace and I knew what he was; simply and purely a gambler. Steele and I met often. He did not know me, and I took little or no notice of him until I met him at the house of a dear friend, to whose daughter, a charming young woman he was making most desperate love. I determined to stop his career at once. I told him what I knew of his history, and advised him never to visit the lady again, or I should expose him. Calling the next evening on the same young lady, I incidentally asked her to play me 'Le Reve.'"

Kate looked up. "Le Reve?" she asked.

"After hesitating," continued Plastic, "the young lady at last favored me, when Steele, entering the room by means of a balcony, met

me. At my request he sat down where you are now, Furnace, and listened with evident interest to a little story which I volunteered to relate. While surprise was depicted on the countenance of the young lady, and an unusual paleness pervaded the features of Steele, I put my hand into my breast pocket, and drawing forth a wallet, took therefrom several drafts, on which were the names of 'Smooth & Steele, and the endorsers, Green, Drane & Co., which several documents I handed to Steele, the forger and gambler, remarking, at the same time, in imitation of the street vendors of useful and ornamental articles, 'Examine for yourself.'"

"He? Charles?" exclaimed Kate.

"No, my dear, not Charles Furnace, but John Steele. Have you examined those documents to your entire satisfaction?"

"Yes," replied Furnace, as he tore them into pieces, and dropped them on the floor. "Since you have triumphed, sir, it is useless for me to remain any longer. I wish you a very good evening."

"But remember, silence purchases safety. I should send you to Sing Sing. It is my duty."

"A duty you will not perform, however."

"If you are silent; if not, as sure as there is a heaven."

Furnace put his finger on his lip, bowed, and left the room.

"Well, my romantic Kate, how's your heart now? Gone with him?"

"How foolish! how criminal I have been!"

"No; only careless and romantic. I knew you did not love that man. I knew you loved me. You had grown a little weary of me, and imagined you would like a change. Ah! I know your heart better than you do yourself. Yesterday evening you very indignantly gave me back the ring I gave you on an occasion I trust you remember. Shall I not give it to you again?"

The concluding paragraph of a story is never read. You know how the stories all end.—This is not an exception. Of course, in the old style. You guess as much when the first chapter is finished; but though the after-life of the two important personages of this sketch is interesting to you, it was not to them, and ever after did they remember, with thankfulness, the incidents which led to the revelation of each other's characters, and compelled Mr. P. to assume the character, for this occasion only, of 'THE NEW PETRUCHIO.'

MEDDLESOME CHILDREN—TO MOTHERS.

—Mothers, do not allow your children to meddle. It is not difficult to teach them they are not to handle certain things you must have about for use and convenience. If you cultivate in yourselves habits of order and neatness, uniformly, you will not find it hard to keep them within bounds, and in nearly every instance where you find them unreasonable and disagreeable, suspect the fault is in your want of watchfulness and thorough government. If you are too careless and indulgent with your first child, you will have extra trouble with the next, and so on, until you are harassed out of all patience by an increasing, and unrelenting household. A child is very impressionable, and easily biased, being full of imitation, which is the reason why you should be the more careful to enforce precepts by example, and not by fits and starts,—to-day insisting upon obedience, and to-morrow passing the same faults unnoticed. Consistency above all things is necessary in the successful government of your family. It is lamentable to see the confusion and mismanagement of most households, and consequent sorrow and unhappiness.—Who has not seen a whole house in an uproar, just for the timely want of some trivial convenience—perhaps a needle, or a pin, or shears?

Some mothers raise families, and never have a work-basket, or any definite place for thread, needles, pins, &c. How can you think of fitting without a decent, well-supplied needle-book, pin-cushion, and work-box or basket, for such various articles, as every housekeeper must have, and know just where to find them, always? You need not say you cannot afford to get them, for every woman who attempts to live without them, loses more needles, buttons, etc., than would pay for a whole set of materials. Your children have no business touching them until they are old enough to learn their use, and then, under your immediate supervision, they have been taught to place a value on even a needle, as being a dangerous instrument to lose, and something that should be put safely up when done with. You might as rationally suffer a child to play with razors,



so bright, perhaps they mistook him for a fire, and that he ought to thank his stars that they did not utterly extinguish him! Whereupon the young gentleman laughingly declared, that he was more 'put out' by her witty remarks than by the ducking he received.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.  
WATERVILLE, MAR. 8, 1860.

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**TOWN MEETING.**—The Warrant is out for Monday next, at which time the voters will also be out, or we mistake their stuff. The thorough distribution of printed copies of the warrant, financial report and school report, previous to the day of meeting, as now provided for by the vote of the Town, prepares the freemen to act promptly and understandingly upon such matters as come before them; and while there is a great saving of time, there is better satisfaction to all.

Among the measures suggested by the warrant, are the purchase of a fire engine for the West Village—the assumption of the debt of the Ticonic Village Corporation—the erection of a hearse house in the West Village—voiding any or all contracts for repair of roads—abatement of taxes on property since burned—change of school districts—the erection of a town house at the West Village—application for a city charter or a division of the Town—the enactment of bylaws in relation to disorderly scholars—payment for land 'dug out by the railroad company' on Guy T. Hubbard's land—prosecution of violations of liquor law—acceptance of road from the Hussey road to the Blake road, and from Pleasant street to Range-way—and the ordinary number of other matters common to the occasion.

The financial report presents some interesting features, prominent among which are an increased expenditure for the poor of the Town, a net profit (?) of 200 dollars from the liquor agency, and a balance against the Town, all told, of \$1371.31.

The day will be none too long for the work assigned to it; but with good order, good nature and good luck, the usual clean sweep will doubtless be made. So mote it be!

**LEGISLATIVE VISIT.**—One of the most interesting of the 'local acts' of the present session, thus far, was the visit of the legislature to Portland, on Friday last. It was made in response to an invitation from the city government of Portland, and the entertainment furnished the distinguished guests was worthy of the reputation of our State emporium for the qualities reckoned generous, hospitable and mainly among whole souled men. In this respect it seemed almost perplexing to a few of the unacclimated, whose travels had never extended much beyond the political droppings of the State sanctuary; and it was more than hinted that the 'smell of garlic' was a little nauseating to such as had not before snuffed that odor in Augusta porringers. Of course nobody's nose was turned up, or suffered to indicate any dislike for such dishes as seemed to be relished by the mass of the company. Portland knew what was good, and that was enough; and as the guests of Portland, they must not snuff out foreign smells to spoil a good dinner. So everybody ate heartily, and left the work of digestion to time.

The visitors were received at the depot and conducted in procession to the new city buildings, where they were greeted by the Mayor and Council, and by large numbers of the citizens. The banquet was served in the new city hall, where speeches and toasts filled the time till it was necessary to prepare the hall for the ball that was to follow. Speaker Pike alluded frankly to Portland as the future seat of government, and Senator Drummond, of Waterville, gave as a sentiment, 'Coming events catch their shadows before'—two items which constitute the only key we find to the object of this visit beyond the bill of fare. Everybody pronounced it a good time, and there is every reason to think the visit will be repeated on some future occasion, should Portland give pressing invitation.

**'HARD TIMES AT THE WEST.'**—An old friend and schoolmate of ours, who after coming to manhood's years and experience, was unwise enough to leave his birthplace, and one of the prettiest homes in Waterville—and no prettier are found in the world—to try his fortunes in the West, in making a remittance for his paper, administers the following crumbs of comfort to uneasy down-easters:—

'Spring is opening here, the frost being nearly out of the ground, and the river mostly free from ice at this point. Pike's Peak wagons are passing here daily, and quite soon there will be a perfect train of them. Those that go are the ones who have the means, and most of those who do not go, are those who can't get there. Times are hard here—so hard—and you down easters stand and look on as in different and cool as icebergs. Well, you are lucky dogs and can afford to laugh. But remember the fable of the boys and the frogs—'It may be sport to you, but it is death to us.'

**RELIGIOUS NOTICE.**—We are requested to state that Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Bath, will preach at the Universalist Church in this village the next two Sabbaths—March 11th and 18th. Seats free, and everybody invited to attend.

**UNIVERSALIST LEVEE.**—This is arranged for Wednesday evening of next week. Ample preparations are in progress for a pleasant entertainment.

### OUR TABLE.

**THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW**, for January—the first number of a new volume—has the following table of contents:—The Three Colonies of Australia, Cattle, Spinning machines and their Inventors, China and the War, The Roman Wall, Religious Revivals, Life and Works of Cowper, Before Science.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 64 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$5; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

**OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.**—No. 66 of this unique publication contains the following novelties:—Fantasia or Waltz, Aria by Balfe, B. Bosch. The Meeting of the Waters—Irish Song. Zig Zag Polka. Thos. W. Morris. The Herdsman's Mountain Song. (Der Schweizerbue.) F. Aul.

Twelve large quarto pages of music, neatly printed, are to be had every week, for a whole year, at a cost of \$5 only—single numbers, 15 cents each. Address C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York.

**CASSIDY'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.**—We have received the first part of an American reprint of this celebrated work, embracing the first eighteen chapters of Genesis. The distinguishing feature of this edition of the Scriptures will be found in its numerous beautiful illustrations, of which there are no less than thirty-two in the number before us. These are all original, and represent incidents, places, oriental costumes, objects of natural history, domestic utensils, &c. A commentary accompanies the text, which will also be a valuable feature of the work. It will be completed in forty-eight parts, at 10 cents each, or the whole work will be furnished for \$6. Address the publishers, Cassell, Peter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, New York; but the work can be had of all booksellers and agents. We shall speak further of the work, as we receive the succeeding numbers.

**NEW MUSIC.**—Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known musical publishers of Boston, send us the following new pieces, all of which will be found at the bookstore of C. K. Matthews:—

Meet me, love, when twilight closes. A Ballad. By Oliver Ditson.

Glean of Hope. Nocturne. By Wm. H. Clarke.

The Song of the Octopus. Words and music by G. C. Howard.

"This Flower, dear maid" A Ballad, from the opera of Victoria, by Alfred Mellon.

It is thus that I have loved. Cavatina, from an Italian Opera, Music by Verdi; translated and adapted by Theodore G. Barker.

British Grenadier's March. One of Ditson's series of 'English, Scotch and Irish Melodies.' Transcribed for the piano by Brimley Richards.

### Legislature of Maine.

A charter has been granted for a railroad from West Waterville to Caratunk Falls.

The Lewiston Branch Railroad bill was further debated in the Senate on Wednesday, and then passed to be engrossed, 23 to 6.

On Thursday, the members all went to Portland, and so many of them were detained over night that a quorum could not be had in the Senate on Friday. In the House, a petition was received from Rev. Wm. A. Drew, touching his sympathies and activities in the war of 1812, and asking for a lot of land in Aroostook county, for the purpose of illustrating a rural home, which was referred to a special committee.

On Saturday, a debate on the Lewiston Branch Railroad bill occurred in the House.

An order for the printing 10,000 copies of the report of Peck defalcation committee, when made, has passed through both branches.

The bill authorizing the city of Augusta to loan its credit in aid of the Augusta Free Bridge Co., has passed both houses.

Bill loaning the credit of the city of Bath in aid of the extension of the Androscoggin Railroad, was refused a passage in the Senate, on Tuesday, by a tie vote. A reconsideration was immediately moved, which lies on the table until Thursday.

The Lewiston Branch Railroad bill was referred to the next legislature, in the House, on the same day, 48 to 37.

**A NEW BOOK.**—T. B. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, have in press and will issue on the 10th inst., a new work by that popular American authoress, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. This lady's numerous stories have been extensively read—meeting with great favor at home and abroad—and as this is said to be her best work by those who have read the advance sheets, and has the additional attraction of an autobiography of the author, it will be eagerly sought for. We shall speak of it further hereafter.

It will be published in one large duodecimo volume, neatly bound in cloth, for \$1.25; or in two vols., paper cover, for \$1. Copies of either edition sent, free of postage, to any address, on receipt of the money by T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chesnut st., Philadelphia.

**DELEGATES TO CHICAGO.**—Four delegates and the same number of substitutes to the republican national convention, to be held at Chicago, were appointed by the Republican Legislative caucus at Augusta, on Wednesday of last week, as follows:

**Delegates.**—George F. Talbot, of Machias; William H. McCallis, Bangor; John L. Stevens, Augusta; Reuben Cram, Portland.

**Substitutes.**—True Harmon, Thorndike; Thomas Moulton, Porter; Thomas W. Herrick, Waterville; Arthur F. Drinkwater, Ellsworth.

The Clarion calls us (the senior) an Egyptian mummy, and hails us as 'brother.' If our name was Joseph we should suspect he meant to sell us to a soap boiler.

Reuben Trewoggy has petitioned the legislature to change his name. Why not be patient and grow out of it himself, as the Pollywoggy family did? He would become Mr. Trewoggy in half the time it would take the legislature to clip him.

Apprehensions are felt that Mr. R. D. Bartlett, machinist, of Bangor, recently engaged in raising sunken ships on the St. Lawrence, is in the Hungarian. He was to leave Liverpool about the time that steamer sailed.

Mr. Frank Vose, a young man formerly of Augusta, was shot in New Orleans recently. He was alive at last accounts, but would not probably long survive.

Our young friend, S. W. Morrill, of Auburn, Cal. has our thanks for a paper by the last post.

### AN IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Boston Transcript makes the following announcement which will be hailed with delight by all literary men:

Messrs. Brown & Taggard of this city have in press a new and complete edition of Carlyle's Essays, revised, enlarged and annotated by the author. The work will be in four volumes, printed at the Riverside press, on fine tinted paper, in the style of the Boston edition of the 'Curiosities of Literature.' It will have a copious index and new portrait, and will be altogether the finest edition of Carlyle ever issued on this side of the Atlantic.

**FARM CLUB.**—Remember the meeting, to-night, at Mr. D. Holway's. We shall probably have but a few more meetings this season; let us see that they are full ones.

**FARMERS!**—Read the advertisement in another column, headed—'To Farmers and Gardeners.' Poudreite has been used to some extent in this vicinity, but with what results we have not been informed.

**MR. MARSH'S CONCERT**, last evening, was a most charming entertainment. The hall was full, and the announcement of a repetition this evening was no doubt gratifying to all. We most earnestly commend it to patronage, as one of the most pleasing exhibitions of the kind we ever witnessed.

**CAUCUS.**—The Republicans of Waterville will meet in caucus, at the Town Hall, next Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, to nominate candidates for Town officers, and to select Delegates to attend the District Convention which will be held here on the 21st inst.

Hon. F. H. Morse, will please accept our thanks for favors received.

**EARLY VEGETABLES.**—Many farmers are deterred from attempting to produce very early vegetables, by an erroneous idea that the making of a hot-bed is a complicated and difficult operation, while it is as simple as making a hill of corn. Every man who has a garden of whatever size, if he will once try the experiment of making a hot-bed, will, we venture to predict, find the task so easy and the result so satisfactory, that he will never forego the luxury afterwards. All that is necessary is to make a pile of horse manure 2 or 3 feet deep, with the top level or sloping a little to the South, then set a rough frame made of four boards nailed together at the corners upon the bed of manure, fill the frame with 6 inches of garden soil and cover with a window of glass. Any old window will answer the purpose, but it is better to have the bars of the sash run only one way, and to have the glass laid in the manner of shingles.

The best plants to force are tomatoes and cabbages which may be transplanted from the hot-bed to the open ground without any trouble. We have removed tomatoes when they were in blossom, and had them all live. If melons or cucumbers are forced, they should be planted in flower-pots, and in transplanting them you turn the pot over upon your open hand and give it a gentle thump, when the earth comes out in a solid lump and the roots are not disturbed in the least. While the plants are growing, they should be watered frequently, and in warm days the sash should be raised a few inches to give the plants air. We have found the growing of plants under glass, from a small hot-bed, 4 feet by 6, up to a large graper for raising the black Hamburg and Frontignac grapes, the most satisfactory of all horticultural operations. Having the control of the climate both in heat and moisture, the plants can be made to grow with a vigor which they rarely if ever exhibit in the open air. A hot-bed should be made from four to six weeks before the time for planting corn.

[Scientific American.]

The French public is bestowing a great deal of interest and capital upon the isthmus of Nicaragua. A company has been formed at Marseilles, consisting of several large ship owners, who have purchased a grant of considerable land and mines, and valuable timber land, consisting chiefly of ebony, in Nicaragua. They have sent out two ships already with emigrants, consisting mostly of machinists, engineers and a few chemists, to form the nucleus of a colony. Another company is about being formed in the same city for constructing railways on the isthmus of Rivas, a tongue of land which separates the lake of Nicaragua from the Pacific. The French are going to make a desperate effort to obtain a foothold in Central America.

The indictments against Geo. P. Burnham, the former liquor agent of Massachusetts, are quashed, save one, and it is said there will be no trial on that. It is stated that there was an entire absence of proof that Burnham had anything to do with 'extending' the liquors, or that he knew of the operations of his subordinates in this line.

The editor of the Maine Rural, in a letter from Massachusetts, says that Mr. Paine of Worcester, has invented a calorific or moist air engine which is sure to sweep steam engines out of use just as fast as new engines can be manufactured to take their places. He says it has six or seven times the power of Ericsson's calorific, and will not explode. He proposes to have one for printing the Rural within three months.

**LATER FROM THE HUNGARIAN.**—It is well ascertained that there are no survivors. The ship's articles have been found, showing that the officers and crew consisted of seventy-four persons. No passenger list has been found and the rumored finding of the clearance is incorrect. Only three bodies have been found. Three trunks have been found belonging to Margaret Robinson, of Montreal, Robert Martin, of Toronto, and W. R. Crocker, of Norwich, Ct. A considerable quantity of goods has drifted ashore. Advice by the Anglo-Saxon gave the number of passengers by the Hungarian as thirty-six. This number, with the officers and crew, would make the loss of life 110.

**MALE LOGIC AND FEMALE INSTINCT.**—The Italians would seem to suppose that though destitute of the logical faculty, women are gifted with intuitional insight. Probably many an Englishman, too, confirms the proverb from his own experience—'Women in promptu, man on reflection.' As if the Creator had wisely made up for the absence of one endowment by the bestowal of another, and as in the case of the brutes, had granted instinct where ratiocination was wanting.

Hon. K. R. R. publishes a letter in the North Carolina Standard, correcting some errors in a report of his speech, and taking occasion to say that he is in favor of resisting the continued domination of the Democratic party without compromise or concession, and that he would soon 'trust his slave property to the Republican party as to the Democratic party as a political organization.'

### A FRENCH CATHOLIC'S OPINION OF PROTESTANTS.

**PROTESTANTS.**—M. Edmond About, the popular French author, has a feuilleton in the Opinion Nationale, devoted in the present number to the Protestants of Alsace. He says:—'I had every reason to suppose that the Protestants of Alsace, being rebels, trampled under foot the laws of the Empire, refused to pay taxes, evaded military service, set at naught morality, and pilfered other men's goods. For, in point of fact, a sect which is destined to certain damnation, would be very silly if it were to deny itself any possible enjoyment in this present world. But the things I have heard here completely astonish me. I have been assured by a Catholic policeman, that the Emperor has no more devoted, more peaceable, or more irreproachable subjects than these cursed heretics. A Catholic officer swears to me that his best soldiers are Protestants. I learn from a Catholic tax gatherer that the Protestants not only pay their taxes regularly, but that many of them make it a point of paying all their contributions for the year on New Year's day. A Catholic Superintendent of Woods and Forests declares to me that in a canton of which three-fourths of the inhabitants are Protestants, 93 per cent. of the offences against the forest laws are committed by Catholics. I could not believe my ears. 'But, gentlemen,' I exclaimed with all the authority of the true faith, 'it is most certain that Catholics are more enlightened than Protestants, since their light comes from on high.'—Moreover, they must necessarily be more rich, because, as we know—'

'Dieu prodigue ses biens à ceux qui l'ont digne d'être sages.'

'They civilly answered me that I was altogether in error. That the heretic youth of the district was better educated than our own, and for this reason, that the Protestant ministers were able and zealous men, who threw their whole souls into their work; while, on the other hand, the good Catholic priests of Alsace knew nothing more than how to say mass and curse Protestants. They further told me that the Protestants are the best farmers, that their dwellings are the neatest and cleanest, that they are the best men of business, and make fortunes more frequently than Catholics. They showed me Protestant villages in a state of the highest prosperity, lands yielding rich harvests, and flourishing manufactures—such, for example, as those of M. Goldenberg and M. Schatenman. They showed me Catholic hamlets, and even towns, in which idleness, drunkenness, and misery enjoyed a fraternal reign, notwithstanding that all the women attended mass every day, and that the men kept more than a hundred saints' days in a year. 'You see,' said a heretic to me, 'that the influence of Rome is felt afar off. It may be compared to the sirocco which blows across the deserts of Africa and throws us upon our backs at Strasburg; it is a happy thing, for us that we have found a shelter against the blast from Rome. And remember this, that if our kings of the 16th century had allowed France to become altogether Protestant it would at this time of day have become infinitely more rich and more moral than it is.' This hypothesis so shocked my Catholic pride that I exclaimed to the Protestant, 'Sir, what you have just said appears to me a monument of hypocrisy, and an ignoble issue of contradictions.' In this way I shut him up. For between ourselves, his arguments were not easy to refute, and when you do not feel able to answer a man, the shortest way out of the difficulty is to insult him.'

'What a sorry compliment it is to the nationality of that party, to say that out of fifteen of the sovereign States where slavery is allowed, only three can be expected to attend a convention to nominate a candidate for the Presidency of these United States.'

If a general convention of the Christian nations of the earth was convoked, would it be a 'sorry compliment' to Christianity if out of some score or more of the Heathen countries, only three, or even none, should send delegates?

But it is a 'sorry compliment,' that in the fifteen sovereign States' above alluded to, no honest Northern man is allowed to express his opinion upon a great national and moral question. Should any of those Southern States send delegates to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, they would be treated like gentlemen; but should a member of this Convention go to the City where the Democratic National Convention is to be held, and declare himself a Republican, he would be tarred, feathered, rode on a rail, and most probably murdered outright—and the Herald's own partisans from Chicago, there present, would participate in the heinous act, in order to convince the slave holders of their loyalty to 'Southern rights' and their pro slavery orthodoxy.

This is indeed a 'sorry compliment.' Let the Herald and its friends glory over it.

[Chicago Herald.]

**THE MOST POWERFUL PENS.**—It was a foolish wish of the poet's: 'Oh! for a pen plucked from a seraph's wing!' What good could that do him? Had he asked for the loan of a seraph's living hand, there would have been wisdom in the request. If the seraphic power be in the poet, the smallest humming bird's quill will serve to give it expression; and if that power be wanting, he will write as a weakling even with a seraph's pen-feather. A man's hand is his pen, and as necessity demands, he supplements its short-comings now by one weapon or tool, now by another. A sword is sometimes the best pen; sometimes an axe; sometimes a chisel; sometimes a needle; a bit of copper; an iron wire; a piece of lardstone; a lump of chalk; a metal pencil; a burnt stick; a split reed feather; a bundle of bristles; a drop of chemical liquid; a ray of darkness. In so far then as these and all other pens but supplement the hand, which is the true pen, I place it side by side with the eye, the true paper.

On each of those and all the other supplementary pens, I would willingly linger. Volumes might be written on them. The Burnt Stick, the pen of common humanity, of which the pencil and the writing pen are simple modifications! The Brush, the fine-art pen, equivalent to the burnt stick, changed from the rigid immobility, which was all that prosaic reality needed, into the pliant hair-tassel, obedient to every motion of the idealist's hands! The Chisel, the architect's and sculptor's lithograph pen, with which cathedrals and Sebastopol are written in granite, and gods and men in marble! The Printer's Type, the pen of civilization, with which nation speaks to nation, and, in these latter days, God speaks to all men! The Electric Telegraph, the world's shorthand pen, which straggles together the cities of the globe like beads upon its wire, and makes it the same time of day with them all! The Acoustic Ray, nature's photographic pen, with which the stars write to each other; the newest, and in some respects, most wonderful of pens which man has acquired!

[Macmillan's Magazine.]

**TRIAL FOR INQUEST.**—Mr. Vincent Litchfield and daughter, of Newport, were arrested by Deputy Sheriff Barker on complaint for incest, and examined at Waterville, on Monday last, before Justice John Whitney and David Barker.

Mr. Litchfield was ordered to recognize in the sum of \$800, and the daughter in \$200, for their appearance at the August term of the Supreme Judicial Court. The daughter procured bail, but the father was committed to jail. Mr. L. was a United States soldier at Houlton, and is a man of intelligence and some means. [Bangor Times.]

### Read Aloud.

This is an accomplishment possessed by so few that a good reader is almost as rare as a man of common sense. It is greatly to be regretted that so little attention is paid to a branch of education so agreeable, so important and so useful. Months of time and multitudes of dollars are expended on studies which could be profitably dispensed with altogether, while the cultivation of the ability to read aloud gracefully is very sadly neglected—in fact, is not considered by any means an important acquisition. A beautiful singer delights a whole assembly, a beautiful reader not only delights but instructs. A fool may sing divinely; but a good reader must possess mind. Let the parents then, whose daughters have no taste for music, no ear for song, but who have hearts and intellect worthy of any man, give them a chance of showing what they are made of, a chance of making their way in the world, of cultivating the habit of reading aloud with care, with grace, with understanding, and thus put it in their power of bearing their part in the entertainment of any company into which they may be thrown.

But it is the physical benefits to be derived from reading aloud, to which the attention is more particularly called. It is one of those exercises which combines mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. It is an accomplishment which may be cultivated alone, perhaps better alone than under a teacher, for then, a naturalness of intonation will be acquired from instinct rather than from art; the most that is required being that the person practising should make an effort to command the mind of the author, the sense of the subject.

To read aloud well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should hear his own voice and feel within him, that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding which modulates the voice to the number or distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to tell whether he is distinctly heard by the farthest auditor in the room; if he is not, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

Reading aloud helps to develop the lungs just as singing does if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of long breaths every once in a while, oftenener and deeper than if reading without enunciating. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice.

Common consumption begins uniformly with imperfect, insufficient breathing; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts that short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspirations, is curative to that extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment by reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will show itself. This reading aloud develops a weak voice, and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency also in making the tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness, which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and hem and clear away, to the confusion of himself, as much as that of the subject.

This loud reading, when properly done, has a great agency in edifying vocal power, on the same principle that all muscles are strengthened by exercise, those of the voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence, in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power just as the protracted use of the arm of the Hindoo devotee, at length paralyzes it forever. The general plan, in appropriate cases, is to read aloud in a conversational tone three or four times a day, for a minute or two, or three at a time, increasing a minute every other day, until half an hour is thus spent at a time, three or four times a day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus, there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result.

As a means then of health, of averting consumption, of being useful and entertaining in any company; as a means of showing the quality of the mind, let reading aloud be considered an accomplishment more indispensable than that of smattering French, lisping Italian, or growling Dutch, or dancing cotillions, galloping polkas and quadrilles.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

**WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED.**—The Buffalo Express says that Young America not long ago undertook to have a surprise party at the house of Dean Richmond. In full feather, with eatables, and drinkables, and music, the self invited guests, to the number of two hundred, drove up to Dean's door, rang the bell, and prepared for a rush in. But they reckoned wrong. Dean answered the bell in person, and of course blocked up the entrance. He politely asked the business of the party. He was informed that it was a 'surprise party.' He answered them that he was not surprised at all; was not surprised at anything, now-a-days; did not intend to have a party that night; when he wanted one, he would make proper preparations, and bid the guests himself. He wished them a pleasant 'good night,' and closed the door.

**RELIC FOUND.**—Some workmen while repairing the old gable roofed building on Main street, Charlestown, occupied by Chas. H. Wing, stove dealer, which was injured by the high wind of two weeks ago, found among a lot of rubbish under the eaves, a powder horn rudely but carefully worked. Set into the wood at the large end, is a piece of glass covering a piece of paper bearing the following lines:

When trampets sound,  
The death surround,  
I'll stand my ground,  
For Liberty.  
1776.

It bears every evidence of antiquity. We hope that it will find its way into the Statue Room at the Monument, where all relics like these should be preserved.

[Boston Traveller.]

The Herald's Panama correspondent states that Mr. Wyke, the British Minister in Central America, has negotiated a treaty with Nicaragua by which the Mosquito Protectorate is finally abandoned to Nicaragua, stipulating for its nominal sovereignty an annual subsidy of \$5000 for ten years, at the expiration of which time the entire Mosquito territory returns to the unquestioned sovereignty of Nicaragua.

**SKOWHEGAN TOWN OFFICERS.**—At the annual meeting on Monday last, the following gentlemen were chosen: Moderator—M. Litchfield. Town Clerk—William Snow. Selectmen, &c.—Ruel Weston, Hiram Getchell, and Oliver Walker. Treasurer—Samuel Wy-

man. Town Agent—Stephen Coburn. The town voted to raise \$1,650 for town expenses and to pay note for town farm, and \$2,000 for repair of highways and Bridges. [Clarion.]

**THE TENNESSEAN IN ST. LOUIS.**—A gentleman whose appearance indicated that he was recently from the rural districts, last week stopped at Barnum's Hotel, and registered as—, from Tennessee, and bound for Kansas.

He was placed in a room by himself, which contained all the luxuries in the way of furniture incident to a first class hotel. The gentleman connected with the hotel were polite and attentive, and at the hour in the country when the 'chickens go to roost,' he desired to turn in, and was conducted to his room, expressing at the same time his opinion that it was a darning 'splendid' tavern.

What his thoughts during the night were, of course we are unable to divine, but the next morning, long before the Shanghai, who are said to crow half an hour earlier, because their necks are so long they see the sun much earlier than the other chickens, our hero was at the counter of the office.

The watchman of the hotel was on duty at the time, and the following colloquy ensued:—

Watchman. Are you sick, sir, or do you want anything?

Stranger. Wal, no, not sick, but a little dirty. I rode in the cars all day and slept all night; still, if you've got any spring or puddle convenient, I'd like to take a splash.

Watchman. It's a bath then, sir, you desire?

Stranger. Yes, sorter. I don't know how you folks do here, but in my country we wash every morning. The fact is, that I've swallowed so much dust that a sand bar has accumulated in my throat, which will make my breakfast get aground, and require three straight whiskies to spar it off. But what's your wash-house?

Watchman. You will find conveniences of that kind in your room—water, wash-bowl, towels, &c.

Stranger. No, that's nothing of the sort; and if you'll just give me your skiller, I'd like to splutter my face and hands. In East Tennessee, we wash in a skiller, and them 'ere fancy fixins war a little too nice, with the mahogany stool and stone plate, that I rather sorter thought it would be a pity to spoil or dirty 'em.

We were credibly informed by a 'break of day' young man who had just come in that the watchman took him back again to his room and instructed him in the mysteries of the toilet, which though wanting in a skiller, yet served the purpose of ablution.

**SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.**—It is Tuesday evening—the evening of the President's levee or reception. We go up. We find the carriage way in front blocked, three deep, with hackney coaches, with here and there the more pretentious turnout of a foreign minister, but nothing to compare with the gorgeous and pretentious establishment drawn by six horses, three abreast, known on Broadway as the advertising carriage of a popular sewing machine. We find a long procession of people on foot, which at the gate is constantly receiving accessions from the passing omnibuses. We fall into line—we enter the house—we find the vestibule converted into a convenient hat and cloak room for gentlemen, the ladies being more particularly provided for. Delivering hat and dreadnought to the man in charge, and receiving a ticket therefor, we cross the central hall and enter the door of the elliptical saloon. Just inside the threshold we encounter the President with a sub-official or two to his side for the introduction of strangers. We are introduced. 'Happy to meet you, Mr. President; you are looking remarkably well.' 'Thank you, sir,' replied old Buck; 'my health is pretty good. Are you long in town?' But the crowd is pressing upon our rear, and we must pass on. We do pass on some six feet, environed by hooped skirts, when suddenly we find ourselves in the presence of the bright and happy face of the







