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OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E variis sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

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LAW RESPECTING NEWS PAPERS

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APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A brace of legs thrust considerably too far through a pair of mottled pants, and attached to a coupled of the largest sized feet, which were encased in twin cowhide brogans, formed the under pinnings to a long slab sided body of otherwise generous proportion, the whole being surmounted by a head, which was covered with a grey five year old (at least) seal-skin cap. This sum total—legs, pants, feet, shoes, body and chapeau—was the property, by possession, of Mr. Zenas Homespun.

Zenas had been on 'a bat' during the night previous, and squandered full half a dollar on himself, in white-eye and sweetening. But his returning senses made him feel philosophical, and on the morning we speak of, he stood at an early hour in —— street, gazing mechanically at the telegraph wires—soliloquising thuswise:—

'——ic—that's the *telegruff*—W—ic—well, I don't perceive nothing peculiar 'bout them strings, only 'cets bigger than—ic—tother.'

That's the lightning line, big 'un,' said an urchin in the doorway near by.

When does she—ic—start?

You'd better ax in thur.

Wher?

In the Office up thar.

The loafer was shown to the door of the building, and by hook or crook found his way up three flights of stairs into the telegraph office. The attendants inquired 'WHT the gentleman had to forward.

For—ic—who's she?

What will you send?

Send what?

This is the Telegraph office, sir.

Well—ic—who'n thunder said it wasn't?

I supposed you had business, sir.

Nuthin o' the sort—ic—quite the revarse.

What will you have?

I want to make—ic—some enquiries.

The hour being early, and little doing, the clerks very charitably decided upon having some fun with the fellow, with the view of sobering him. The opportunity for anything gratuitous escaped them, however, for as they commenced a consultation upon the best means to benefit the intruder, he stepped to one of the batteries, which happened fortunately to be but lightly charged, and concluded that the nobs were portable, he pulled his capover his forehead and attempted to move one of the balls; the next instant Zenas lay stretched upon the floor!

He rose as best he could, and turning to the clerk with—

Look yere, mister—ic—wot's yure name? I kin lick as many such like skunks as you as could be druv into a forty acre lot! Wot in—ic—did yer knock an innercentum down for—Eh?

Nobody touched you, said the clerk.

The ——ic——they did'nt!'

No sir. You took the—'

Took what? Yere's pure contemptible copper'—and proceeding to push a loose penny towards the attendant, which lay upon the machine—his fingers came in contact with the battery, and away he went, heels over head across the floor.

Look yere, continued the sufferer, who by this time was well nigh sobered—'od blast yer infernal picture, what in thunder are you about?

You musn't handle the tools, observed the clerk nearly bursting with laughter.

Look you, Mr wot's your name—I aint to be fooled this yere knocking people down, without notice of no kind, nar'nt the thing, by—! If you you'll open that yere door, I'll go out of this, and no questions axed.

That's the door, sir.

That brass handle.

Yes.

I'm blest if you do though. This child don't meddle with no more hardware in this trap, no how.

The door was opened by the clerk, and the fellow slided out. A suppressed laugh pervaded the countenance of the attendant as Zenas departed, which, as the door closed vented itself in a broad haw haw.

'You're a smart young gentleman you are,' bawled the loafer through the key hole, as he held the door fast with both hands—'you're a very smart young man! May be you'd like to get out of that and go to your breakfeast pimepy, may be! An' ef yer do git any grub aforenoon, jest let a feller about my size know it will yer. I'll teach you to knock people down simultaneously for nothin, I will. And from the preparations making on the outside, prospect was that the insiders were to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He disconnected the wire, and placing it in contact with the nob of the door upon the inside, his companion let on the battery.

The door flew open instantaneously, and our valient stranger in the seelskin cap was discovered in the act of an anti-angular descent down stairs, the side of his head scraping the paint from the edges of the steps, and his legs meantime performing an involuntary pirouette, which would have done infinite credit to a French dancing master.

It chanced that Zenas had purchased a bunch of lucifer matches the night before.—In his progress down stairs the matches had become ignited, and by the time he had reached the first flight, he had partially recovered from the first effects of the 'shocks,' but the fluid tingled through his veins, his coat tails were on fire, and he was not 'set forward' any in his imagination by this last effort of his tormentors. He discovered the fire and presuming it was part and parcel of the 'cursed invention' he sprang to his feet, and with both hands briskly at work behind him, for the purpose of smothering the flame, which was roasting the seat of his inexpressibles, he put for the street door at full gallop.

Fire! fire! help, yere! oh murder! fire! help! shout the victim as he darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore at a speed which the 'lightning line' itself might have envied. Luckily, a square off, he discovered a servant with a hose attached to one of the hydrants, busily engaged in washing the pavement. He rushed to the spot, and turning short before him *a posteriori*, he begged him, at the top of his voice, for mercy's sake put him out.

Perhaps his sable friend's eye didn't glisten and may be his ivory didn't shine, as he charitably turned 'the current of that stream' upon the unmentionable portion of the poor fellows netherments! The fire was extinguished without serious damage, as the papers say, and the loafer was thoroughly saturated; and having exchanged his 'heavy inside wet' for a skin drenching, he departed perfectly sober amidst the jeers of the crowd who had witnessed the finale, most vociferously cursing all improvements in magnetism and combustibles.

WHITE SLAVERY IN GEORGIA.

The Muscogee Democrat says: On Tuesday last a young white girl, Nancy Fann, who had for two years been an inmate of the house of one James R. Jackson, formerly of Alabama, but latterly of Shell Creek, in this county, was, on petition of her mother, a Mrs. Gilder, from Hawkinsville, brought before Judge Alexander, on a writ of Habeas Corpus, and after an investigation of the case, delivered in charge of her maternal parent, Fann's wife had obtained, several years since, a divorce from him, for cause, and subsequently married one Gilder, who has since deceased. The girl Nancy was taken off by her father Fann, and brought to Girard, Alabama, whence he removed to Wynton, where, about two years ago, she was sold by him for a blind horse and Jersey waggon to James R. Jackson, as a slave. By some means the mother heard of the situation of her daughter, now 17 years of age, and came here three months ago, with a view to release her from bondage to Jackson. Accordingly she visited the house of the latter and stayed three days, when she was ordered off and otherwise abused for seeking subsequent interviews with her daughter, who was treated in all respects as a negro slave by Jackson and his family. This becoming known in the neighborhood, Mr. James McGuire and other gentlemen interested themselves in the matter, and assisted the mother in the recovery of her child, as aforesaid, by a writ of habeas corpus. To the credit of the bar of this city and Girard, not one of the lawyers would undertake to defend the illegal claim of Jackson to the service and person of Nancy. Indeed the public feeling was getting excited both against Fann, the seller of his own white child, and Jackson the purchaser. She was only servant about the house or in the field of Jackson, and was compelled to perform the most laborious and monial drudgery. As to Fann, he is said to be a rowdy of the lowest class.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—A most dreadful accident occurred at Dorchester, on Wednesday last. A son of the Hon. E. B. Chandler, a fine lad of about 7 years of age, was amusing himself, by looking on at a pile of burning brush, about forty rods from the dwelling house, when his clothes took fire, and he was so dreadfully burnt that he died in a few hours afterwards. He suffered the most excruciating agony until within two hours of his death, when the pain suddenly left him and he became quite rational and sensible that his end was approaching—We sincerely deplore the calamity which the father has sustained in the loss of a child under such dreadful circumstances.—*Morning News.*

☞ The Chronicle says:—We learn that that Delegates from the Colonial Association of New Brunswick met the Delegates of the League at Montreal, and have agreed that a Legislative Union of the Provinces is the thing desirable for the future prosperity and economical government of British North America.

Emigration to the United States.—During the last six months 163,000 emigrants have debarked at this port, a large increase over the number which landed five years ago, when the number was in twelve months 100,000. This is but one of the streams which pour into our country, there being two others one through Canada, which last year was 80,000, and another to the west by the way of New Orleans. The sum of these 600,000 is probably near the amount of the annual addition to our population by emigration.—[New York Express.

POETRY.

THE FARMER'S FAIR.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne.

Ye husbandmen, both far and near,
Up, up, stir around, prepare,
With sons, and wives and daughter, too,
To attend the Farmer's Fair.

Bring wheat and corn of various kinds,
Bring all that's new and rare.
And barley, oats, rye, buckwheat, millet,
All to the Farmer's Fair.

Bring pumpkins, squashes, carrots, beets,
Quince, apple, peach, and pear,
Potatoe, turnips, cabbage, peas,
All to the Farmer's Fair.

Bring "sheep and oxen," large and fine,
And cows, and horse and mare,
And pairs of horses, asses, mules—
Bring all to the Farmer's Fair.

Bring heifers, steers, and stately calves,
Let "bulls and goats" be there.
Bring natives, short horns, long horns, no horns,
All to the Farmers Fair.

Bring porkers spotted, porkers white,
Suit every connoisseur—
Let Berkshire, Byfield, China, Leicester,
Meet at the Farmers' Fair.

Ye wives and daughters bring your best,
And best with good compare;
Bring something that your hands have wrought,
And come to the Farmer's Fair.

Bring golden butter, melting cheese,
Bring nick-nacks, rich and rare;
Let woolens, cottons, linens, silks—
Bring praises ON THE FAIR.

Mechanics too and artists come,
Bring samples of your ware:
Display the products of your skill,
And crowd the Farmer's Fair.

Bring cultivators, harrows, ploughs,
All made for wear and tear;
Corn planters, drills, yokes, shovels, hoes,
And rakes to the Farmer's Fair.

Machines for thrashing, fanning mills,
Horse power and smaller ware,
Straw-cutter, Corn-mill, cheese-press, churn—
Bring all to the Farmer's Fair.

One word to him of generous soul,
Who loves thus to prepare—
Oh, let that "Farmer's coat of arms,"
Be here at the Farmer's Fair.

Ye clergy, teachers, students, come,
Come taste the bright blue air;
Pale, sallow, sickly, "feeble folk,"
Turn out to the Farmer's Fair.

Ye Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants too,
Come gather round—for where
Shall non-producers learn their place!
Save at the Farmer's Fair.

Come men and women, old and young—
Let boys and girls be there;
Come rich, come poor, come mute and blind—
Come ALL to the Farmer's Fair.

Bring smiling faces, cheerful hearts—
At home leave gloom and care—
Let a right good hearty shake of the hand,
Go round at the Farmer's Fair.

The Farmer's Fair—that glorious day—
May U and I be there;
And friendship, joy, and peace unite,
To bless the Farmer's Fair.

The Farmer's Fair—oh glorious day,
Loved here and everywhere;
Now all in chorus join and raise
Three cheers for the FARMER'S FAIR.

SOME OF THE PLEASURES OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE.—A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from California, says this gold excitement has caused an immense amount of suffering. A gentleman, who has recently arrived overland, informs me that there is at least eight thousand teams, with four persons to each team, on the road—32,000 persons. His company started with eight waggons, only one of which was brought through. For a distance of one hundred miles they used *hams for fuel.*—They started with $20,000 worth of property, but were obliged to throw away $15,000 worth of it in order to get along themselves and save their lives.—They lost nearly all of their cattle and mules for the want of grass. He thinks that $2,000,000 would be a low estimate for the loss in property, provisions and animals on the overland route alone. Gold *should be* abundant to defray such losses.

CANADA.

The Quebec Morning Chronicle of the 15th inst., in an article on the prospects of the Annexationists in Canada effecting their object, holds the following language on the subject.—The Chronicle is a sensible, well-informed journal, but appears to favour the idea that annexation to the neighbouring Republic would prove advantageous to that Province:—

"All the declared opinions in the world about its being for the good of the country, never will induce England to grant us a separation; and we are persuaded there is no present earnest desire for annexation on the part of many people in this province. Upper Canada is dead against the movement; and we may as well say that Lower Canada is against it. Our grievances have not been such as to make it appear to the religious that annexation is desirable. As Cromwell felt he was an instrument in the hand of the Lord to humble kings, so must Canadians feel that their cause is righteous before they can bring themselves to that fervid state that state of enthusiasm which is necessary for the attainment of any national end. The people of this province are not so depressed. Many would like independence could they obtain it without trouble, or by agitation, or by petitions; but none are inclined to fight for it, and therefore we believe that *Canada is not prepared*, either for INDEPENDENCE or ANNEXATION.

"We have heard it urged that the standing the wealth, the respectability of the parties, who have declared themselves in favor of annexation, will have great weight. This we doubt. The standing of Mr. Smith O'Brien and those connected with him in Irish repeal declarations, was fully equal to the standing of the repealers of Canada. Respectability, nor private worth, nor money, is not all that is required to insure success; nor even much towards it—all present respectability station and wealth, have been obtained as colonists, and argues little, if any thing at all, in favor of a change.

The fact of respectable people seeking change is only proof of their being dissatisfied with things as they are, but is no proof of a change being for the advantage of the country. The document in our opinion would be more valuable without a signature attached to it, if it pointed out much more clearly than it does the benefit which will result from an incorporation with the States. The *bourgeoisie* of Paris were the revolutionists and they effected *with the aid of the masses* a change; but time has not shone that the change obtained has been of service to France. Indeed since that change took place there have been many desperate and awful scenes; much fighting and little trading. Changes should be well weighed and not hastily effected. The United States have, to use a favorite expression, gone ahead since the revolution; but it must be remembered that prosperity has only succeeded to years of shinplastering and war."

THE COUNTER-ANNEXATION ADDRESS.

The Quebec Morning Chronicle of the 16th inst., publishes the subjoined counter declaration, which the Chronicle understands was most numerously signed in Montreal.—A similar document was about being put in circulation for signatures at Quebec:—

WE, the undersigned, inhabitants of the City of Montreal, owing an acknowledging Allegiance to Her Majesty the Queen, having read a certain Address to the people of Canada, in which SEPARATION FROM BRITISH CONNEXION and the Union with the United States of America are recommended, as presenting the ONLY PRACTICABLE REMEDY for the evils which affect this Province—do hereby SOLEMNLY AND DELIBERATELY RECORD OUR DISSENT from the precipitate and ill advised conclusions which the authors of that address have arrived at.

We believe there is nothing in the present depressed condition of Canada, which may not be promptly and effectually remedied by the adoption of a well considered system of Legislation, without having resort to a measure revolting to our feelings, revolutionary in its character, and tending to the dismemberment of the British Empire. These views, we are prepared to maintain by all Constitutional means. Anxiously alive to the importance of promoting the material interests of this our native or adopted country, and of preserving unanimity and good will amongst all classes of our fellow citizens, we cannot but express an earnest hope that means may be advised, without delay, to restore prosperity to this Province, cement the ties which have so long existed with the Mother Country, and allay an agitation which may otherwise prove formidable.

The Montreal Pilot says:—We are happy to inform our readers that the anti-annexation document has already received the signatures of upwards of 500 persons, including gentlemen of various political opinions held in this country, and of the different races inhabiting it.

Another Protest has been issued, signed by Members of the Legislature now resident in Montreal.

FROM THE UNITED STATES

THE MOSQUITO QUESTION.—The Washington Correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, under date of the 17th inst says:—

The mystery is solved, and there is no longer any room for evasive denials, obscure hints, and apologetic explanations, as to the course of this administration on the Nicaragua or rather the Mosquito question. It is distinctly enough answered by Mr. Clayton, through the Intelligencer, to-day, that instructions were given to Mr. Squire, in conformity with his late address, to the Director of Nicaragua, and that he was instructed to represent that this Government would resist the acquisition of any territory on the continent by any foreign power.

It appears from various sources, of adequate authenticity, that the United States Government proposed its intervention to that of Great Britain, in behalf of the claims of Nicaragua, and that Lord Palmerston had replied, in substance, that no intervention would be of avail, the Goverment of Great Britain having come to a definitive resolution on the subject of her petensions—and that Nicaragua would not be allowed to set foot in Grey town. An issue has therefore been made between the two governments, and we shall see which will back out.

There is not in England a more ultra stickler for British rights than Lord Palmerston, and very warlike propensities have been attributed to him. Senator Rives, now minister to France, declared, in a speech in the Senate, that we would have had a war with Great Britain on the North-Eastern boundary question, had not the ministry been changed—for Lord Palmerston was bent upon a war with this country.

As to Mr. Clayton's course of policy on this subject, it is now necessary to inquire how he is to sustain and enforce it? Merely to issue a declaration, is not of much account. It is *brutum fulmen.* Will the Cabinet recommend a declaration of war? Something must be done to oust Great Britain from her proud occupancy of the Mosquito country, or the portions of it claimed by Nicaragua. A mere manifesto will be ridiculous. Mr Squiere intimates that force will be resorted to by this country.

The only way will be, to get up a row in Grey-town, and then send a message to Congress declaring that "American blood had been shed on American soil," and ask Congress for a hundred thousand men and fifty millions of dollars. Congress will not, as we know from past experience, dare to refuse it. The people are always ready to prosecute a war, though they may, as soon as it is over, repudiate and punish its authors.

THE INVESTIGATION.

The investigation in the case of Dr. Peters and the Lunatic Asylum, was brought to a close on Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock. We were present during some portions of the time, which extended to several days, and we must say we never before witnessed more impartially, gentlemenly and honourable deportment, than were exhibited by the presiding Commissioner, *James W. Chandler*, Esq., in taking the examinations. At the conclusion, Mr. Chandler rose and addressed the gentlemen present. He said that he had listened attentively to every thing that had been adduced, pro. and con., and had carefully noted down the evidences.—He had no feelings of his own indulge in the matter. All parties he felt were equal strangers to him; in regard to the carrying out of his commission; and he would faithfully make up his report and submit it to the Government for their consideration. He said he hoped he would be able to satisfy the public that he had done his duty, and the Government that he had honestly discharged the trust reposed in him—but whether he succeeded in satisfying the public or not, of this he was satisfied he would do his duty faithfully and to the best of his abilities.

Whether one commissioner, or three, ought to have been the number appointed, there needs be no further argument; of this we *are* satisfied, Mr. Chandler has raised himself high in our estimation, has done all that one commissioner could do, and we are glad that we have had the opportunity of seeing so much to admire in him in so short a time—and we have every confidence that his report will be strictly just, and in accordance with the facts, whichever way it turns out.—*Morning News.*

"I like to see the dear creatures amuse themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her eldest boy took a visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good lady to her visiter, when she saw the bonnet in the air, "as soon as the kite comes down he will give it back to you."

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