PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY REED & HOSMER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three Dollars per annum, to be paid within six months from the time of subscribing, and $3 50, if payment is delayed until after six months.

To subscribers who have their papers left at their doors, $3 50.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar per square for the first three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.	*Yearly advertising.*	
	1 square per ann.	$10
	½ column, " "	18
	¼ " "	30
	1 " "	50

Advertisements not accompanied with written directions, will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly. Casual Advertisements will not be inserted until paid for.

Notices by associations, half price.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, executed with neatness and despatch at this office.

AGENTS FOR THE EXPRESS.

Wm. Ewings, Providence.
Elias *W.* Hedges *W*eston,
Gilman C. *M*udget, Brunnersburg.
Frederick Lord, Esq. Napoleon.
Doct. Welcome Pray, Esq., Waterville.
Charles V. Jenison, Oragon.
John Crum, Tiffin, Seneca co. O.
O. P. Johnson, Manhattan.
Gilbert Beach, Perrysburg.
Sherman, Wilson & Co., Fort Wayne.
D. Strayer, Esq. *M*onclova.
John Crom, Middletown.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MAUMEE CITY.

MAY & YOUNG,
Attornies & Counsellors at Law.

REED & HOSMER,
Attornies and Counsellors at Law.

NATHAN RATHBUN,
Justice of the Peace.

HORATIO CONANT,
Justice of the Peace.

JUSTUS DWIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,

WM. KINGSBURY,
Portage county Mutual Insurance Office.

HUNT & CONVERSE,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Water street.

S. A. & J. H. SARGENT,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Water street.

WHITE & KIRTLAND,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Water street.

FORSYTH & HAZARD,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Water street.

BINGHAM & FUREY,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Water street

D. STEELE.
Forwarding and commission Merchant, Water street.

ELISHA MACK,
Dealer in Dry Goods Groceries and Crockery, Front street.

S. A. & J. H. SARGENT,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. &c. Water street.

O. WILLIAMS,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. Erie street.

B. D. COFFIN,
Clothing &c. &c. Erie street.

ACKER & KANADY,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing &c. &c. Canal street.

IRA WHITE,
Dry Goods, Books &c. Canal street.

SMITH & CROWELL,
Dry Goods, Hardware and Groceries, Detroit street.

J. H. FORSYTH,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware &c.

G. C. NOBLE,
Groceries & Provisions, Detroit street.

A. G. WILLIAMS,
Groceries and Provisions.

R. HASTINGS,
Groceries and Provisions.

A. CAREY,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints, Oils &c. Front st.

BOYNTON & GANNETT,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware &c. Front street.

CASE & MEACHAM,
Tailors, corner of Erie and Conant streets.

ALLEN & GIBBONS,
Groceries and Provisions, Front street.

GRIFFITH, McELVAIN & CO.
Dealers in Groceries, Liquors and Provisions, Front street.

T. T. WOODRUFF,
Carriage and Wagon Maker.

J. WOODRUFF,
Painter, Glazier and Chair Factory, Detroit street.

JEFFERSON HOUSE,
H. Steele, Erie street.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
J. W. Converse, Canal street.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
Allen & Gibbons, Erie street.

PERRYSBURG.

W. V. WAY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

I. STETSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

GEORGE POWERS,
Dealer in Hardware and Domestic Goods, Louisiana Avenue.

C. D. WOODRUFF,
Tin and Sheet Iron Worker.

MAUMEE EXPRESS.

Volume I. MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1837. Number 18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New Yorker.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF TIMOTHY JENKINS ESQ.

A Tale of the Shin-Plaster Currency.

BY OUR BACHELOR ASSOCIATE.

PART THIRD—CHAPTER I.

Showing how Timothy Jenkins learned that in the watch-house which he afterwards turned to much account.

"The lane must be a long one that has no end," soliloquized our hero, as he left the lock-up-house on the morning after his frustrated attempt at suicide. "I have played my game with honesty for the trump, and what have I gained? The contempt of my political associates, the anger of the lovely Angelina, the ridicule of Bank clerks, loafers, and Charleys; in addition to all which I have been robbed of my money, my word doubted by my friend, and passed a night in the watch-house. So much for honesty; and now—" He left the sentence unfinished, for he had reached his dwelling, and the strange events of the night had sharpened his appetite and somewhat confused his ideas.

Timothy Jenkins felt that he was a persecuted man. With every intention to act well his part, he had encountered difficulties insurmountable; and like many wiser men, he resolved to alter his position—modify Loco-Focoism, and see whether some pecuniary benefit could not be gleaned from the disarranged state of the currency.

Great men, like the blossoms of the aloe, are scarce—very scarce; but there are times when, from the womb of revolution, anarchy, or politics, minds of distinguished calibre will assert their supremacy over the common herd, and ride upon the tempestuous billows of popular tumult to wealth and honor. Our national struggle caused the developement of those high powers which the whole world confesses to have been centered in George Washington. Anarchy made Cromwell Protector of a nation, which, grown and strengthened in the aristocracy of a dozen centuries, nevertheless swallowed the semi-republican pill he offered it, with tolerable grace; and politics, or what is the same thing, humbug, gave an opportunity to Timothy Jenkins of building a new currency upon the ruins of the old, and substituting in lieu of a specie medium a most convenient and valuable shin-plaster currency!

It was even so, and loth as we are to record such a heinous dereliction from principle on the part of our hero, yet, truth-constrained, we announce the fact, that Timothy Jenkins, who the day before was the warm advocate of a specie currency, came from confinement determined to make a rag medium, in the government of which he was to be President and Cashier.

"I am in debt," cogitated he, when he had again entered his chamber; "this money must be paid and I can never raise it by ordinary means. These are shin-plaster times, and I will profit by them. I must select a new cue. Ha! I have it!—'the democracy never was in favor of an *exclusive* metallic currency!' No: down with the monopoly Banks, and give us free banking—a 'judicious' admixture of coin and paper, capital and credit, mint-drops and shin-plasters, will furnish the true golden mean—the most desirable 'circulating medium.'"

He had pondered over his wretched situation while confined the night previous, and resolved to commence business in a small way, issue his own notes, and, upon the lately created principles of free banking, engraft a paper issue, which, although seemingly irresponsible, he was satisfied would be liquidated so soon as he received the proceeds of his poem.

Behold, then, Timothy Jenkins, no longer a specie advocate, but a warm friend of Scotch banking and a shin-plaster currency.

CHAPTER II.

Timothy commences business—His early success—He pays up John Jones.

To resolve, with Timothy Jenkins, was to do; and in an hour after breakfast, he was closeted with his friend Simpkins, the grocer, who vends mustard and molasses in the Second Ward. Simpkins, like Jenkins, is an extraordinary man, and can follow an idea, when furnished, with sleuth-hound precision; but like Peter Spuyk, he was never convicted of giving breath to an opinion of his own.

Long and animated was the conference of the two worthies, and the sun had clambered up the eastern skies almost to its meridian, before Timothy Jenkins might be seen wending his way again homeward, with a flashing eye, indicative of high satisfaction. Triumph sat enthroned upon his classic brow, and he spoke certain words to himself, which led many of the by-standers to suppose that he was a member of the Legislature, just returned from Albany, without having had an opportunity to deliver his maiden speech. But his expressions were of shin-plaster, not of Safety Fund notes.

"It will do," chuckled Timothy Jenkins, "it must do. I will see how 'my experiment' will work. The free banking system will enable me to pay my debt, extend the business of my friend Simpkins, and be the father of a currency, like Nick Biddle and General Jackson. This new circulating medium is a happy relief to the dangerous issues of our unwieldy State corporations, and the 'shy' mint-drops of the Benton currency. What a fool I have been to serve as a drummer in the tents of Loco-Focoism, when I might have amassed a little fortune before this by extending the system of free banking, and making a shin-plaster Bank—myself both Cashier and drawer!"

Timothy laughed, fixed his beaver *a la d'Orsay*, and smiled upon the pretty chambermaid who opened the door to him on his return.

"I will give her some of my currency," said Timothy Jenkins, as he gained his apartment, and threw down upon his secretaire some packages of blank shin-plasters.

While our worthy banker is filling up his blanks, it may be as well to state to the reader, that he had entered into a contract with Simpkins to receive his paper in exchange for groceries—he, Jenkins, arguing that it would have the effect of increasing the sales of Simpkins. "I will pay you, with interest, when my poem is published," said the poet; and the man of mustard assented. The plan succeeded admirably. The grocer was known to be a man of integrity, and the promptitude with which he honored the bills gave confidence to the holders; and Timothy Jenkins disposed of them readily, at a discount of only thirty per cent.

Flushed with success, he, on the third day of his induction into the privileges of a banker, entered the store of John Jones, who scowled upon his late friend. Timothy quailed not beneath the glance of the indignant Jones, but drawing from his pocket a well-lined wallet, he counted out bills to the amount of one hundred and thirty dollars, which he handed over to the astonished Jones.

"Why, how is this, Mr. Jenkins?" said Jones. "May I ask how you came into possession of this money? Have you recovered your stolen book?"

"Mr. Jones," gravely replied Mr. Jenkins, "there was a time when I esteemed you my friend. That time is past, and now we are strangers."

"Humph!" muttered Jones, "how we apples—"

"Mr. Jones," continued Timothy, "I am now a banker upon the Scotch plan. I have made an arrangement to have all my notes taken in payment for groceries by my friend Simpkins."

"And so," sneered Jones, "the Loco Foco Jenkins has turned shin-plaster agent! But how do you expect to redeem them?"

Timothy Jenkins scorned to reply.

"When you sell your property at the mouth of the Oregon, I suppose, eh? queried John Jones.

"Mr. Jones," said our hero—

"Mr. Jenkins," broke in the other, "are you aware that your new currency is a swindling operation?—and you are irresponsible, and cannot redeem them."

"*I* take the responsibility, sir," replied Timothy.

"You are a knave, Mr. Jenkins," said John Jones, as he handed a receipt for the money.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Angelina Tompkins again—A reconciliation and declaration of love.

*M*iss Angelina Tompkins was a singular compound of good feelings and carelessness. It is not to be doubted that Timothy Jenkins had won her susceptible heart; he had written verses to her eye-brows, eulogized her hair, and published some stanzas in a magazine addressed to her. These delicate attentions have a great effect, and notwithstanding she had treated him harshly, she still had a place for him in her heart, more especially after his success in his banking speculation.

She therefore penned him a short note written on rose colored paper, and sealed with a motto "Pensez a mio." In it she asked forgiveness for the past, and Timothy no sooner perused it than he cast aside his pen, and flew to the residence of his beloved. An effecting scene ensued—vows of eternal constancy were exchanged, and a trip to Staten Island arranged for the afternoon.

"I will go and get some of my new bank bills," said Timothy "they are excellent small change, and will prevent any sad accident. You remember Hoboken, Miss Tompkins?"

"Oh Mr. Jenkins," simpered the lady, "you promised to forget all that."

"Dear Angelina, I have forgotten it."

"She is a sweet girl," said the enamored Jenkins, "and now that I have opened my eyes to the folly of loco focoism, and the convenience of a shin-plaster currency there can be no possible reason why I should not marry and thrive."

He was enraptured with the prospect, and when he again returned to Angelina, his looks were so tender, his words so eloquent, that the loving Angelina willingly, though blushingly, murmured her assent to his declaration of love.

Happy Jenkins—but let me close this chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The lovers go to Staten Island—the star of Timothy declines—reverse and collision.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," said one who had studied the philosophy of the tender passion; yet Timothy Jenkins with his fair Angelina upon his arm, seemed to afford one exception to the general rule of the poet.

A sail upon the waters of our magnificent bay yields delight to the sear heart of stoical age, as well as joy to the bosom of sweet sixteen. There is true poetry in such an excursion. The long line of hills on the right, as you approach the quarantine ground—the gently swelling slopes of Long Island, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, clothed in their raiment of green—the blue waters and the cooling breeze—here are the elements of joy, and the heart of the city's wearied son throbs with pleasure as the steamer glides over the yielding waves.

Timothy was occupied in pointing out these beauties of nature to his betrothed, when the boat arrived at New Brighton.

They strolled along the beech, or wandered among the hills until the shades of evening gathered around them, and they returned to the Bay House, where Timothy ordered supper. The bar-keeper hearing Miss Tompkins address Timothy by his full name, inquired of him whether he was the gentleman generally known by the appellation of "Shin-plaster Jenkins?" Mr. Jenkins answered that he was a banker on the shin-plaster currency.

"You of course have specie to pay for your supper?" said the sub-Boniface.

"I have not," replied Timothy, "but I have plenty of my shin-plasters."

"They won't do."

"Why?" said Timothy.

"You ought to know, for Mr. Simpkins the grocer has refused to accept any more of them. He says you are a swindler."

"What do you mean sir?" indignantly answered Timothy; "do you know who you are speaking to?"

"Ay I know you; you are the man who used to stir up the loco-focos, and cried down the banks; and now you have coaxed Simon Simpkins to take your shin-plasters, but he was over here this morning with Mr. John Jones—and so your bank must stop payment." Boniface turned on his heel, leaving our persecuted banker to digest the strange information he had heard.

It was even so! John Jones had cautioned the grocer, and the consequence was that the latter refused to meet the issues of Mr. Jenkins.

Timothy turned to Angelina for consolation, but he was appalled by the look she cast on him.

"Dearest Angelina," he said, tenderly pressing her hand, "this is all a mistake, which will be rectified the moment I see Simpkins. It is all owing to that scoundrel Jones."

Mr. Jones is not a scoundrel, and would scorn to do a mean action," said the lady—it was evident she feared a new edition of the Hoboken excursion. "I wish to return to the city, Mr. Jenkins," she continued.

"But I have no money but shin-plasters, and they won't take them," mournfully answered the gentleman.

"Very well, sir," was the cruel reply of the ficle fair: "I have a shilling of your old specie currency, Mr, Jenkins, and I leave you to the pleasure of a moon-light ramble of the hills, and the consolation of knowing that the shin-plaster currency is about as available as your specie humbug. Good night, shin-plaster Knight," and she accepted the arm of the bar-keeper, who very politely escorted her to the landing.

Timothy Jenkins cursed himself, Miss Tompkins and the currency. He saw that he was an object of suspicion, and the landlady carefully removed the the silver spoons. With a sigh he rose and left the hotel.

The kiss of morning aroused the victimized banker from his slumbers, and he started from his couch on the cold earth with a shudder of disgust.

"How am I to get home?" he groaned; "the whole story must be known, and I shall be gazed at as though I was an escaped convict. I am almost famished."

He searched his pockets, and with a shout of joy drew out a sixpence. With the coin he went to the ferry and told his piteous story.

Charon generously allowed him to go on board, and Timothy flew on the wings of appetite to Bleecker street. A crowd was gathered before his dwelling, and no sooner did Timothy turn the corner, than a wild shout broke from their midst, and in an instant he was surrounded.

Cries of "Villain!" "Cheat!" "Swindler!" fell upon his ear, and every hand was extended towards him, filled with his unfortunate shin-plasters.

Timothy in vain attempted to speak, the mob grew fiercer, and trembling with fear, he betook himself to flight, with his victims upon his heels. Fear lent him wings, and he distanced his pursuers who sent after him yells of baffled rage.

Seating himself upon a step, he burst into tears, and an officer passing him, judged him to be intoxicated, and dragged him to the police office, the victim no more of the banks, but of a free banking shin-plaster currency.

THE SAILOR AND THE DANDY.—The New York Emigrant tells us a capital anecdote which we give below. We confess that nothing pleases us better than to see that mawkish class of beings *dandies* "used up." We have had occasion heretofore, to handle them without mittens—we shall do it again.

We are opposed to dandyism—*alias* puppyism—principally because it destroys the energies of the mind. It prostrates at the shrine of self that noble and godlike gift. The *intellect* is the boon of the Infinite One. He breathed it into man, and this made him, in a lesser degree, like himself, Yet he who centers all his thoughts upon ruffles, and canes, whiskers, and cologne sacrilegiously tramples it, virtually, beneath his feet. Such a merit brings the most intense scorn.

It depends upon the ladies to produce a revolution upon this point. So long as they encourage fops, so long will they exist. Let them measure a man by the size of his mind.

A Captain of one of our Nantucket whalers an eccentric fellow, and rather of an uncouth figure, visited one of our cities after a cruse of three years, and one evening attended the Theatre. As a matter of course, such a rough dark complexion old character, in a box with several fashionable ladies and gentlemen, attracted some considerable attention, and created much merriment among the exquisites. Several times every opera glass in the boxes were thrust at him until he, finally aware that he was the attraction of the evening, left the house, determined that he would repay such impudence, with their own coin, on the following night. Accordingly, on the succeeding evening, enveloping beneath his great coat the *ship's spy glass*, about two and a half feet in length started for the Theatre. As soon almost as he entered the box, the opera glasses were in commotion. He waited until the play commenced, when, upon observing a young gentleman, with a cane under his arm, and a glass at his eye pointed directly at him, he drew forth from his outer garment the spy-glass, and drawing it from the case the entire length, aimed it directly at the dandy, and continued to look until the house was in a continual uproar, and the fop with mortification left the box for the lobbies.

A QUAINT SERMON.—Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses, being their monitor,) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gownsmen, who as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up they accosted him with "Your servant, sir!" He replied, "Your servant gentlemen." They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there* from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree by the road side,) from the word M.A.L.T. He then began, "Beloved, let me crave your attention, I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must therefore of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M. A. L. T.

M—is Moral.
A—is Allegorical.
L—is Literal.
T—is Theological.

"The moral, is to teach you rustics good manners: therefore M—my Masters, A—all of you, L—Leave off, T—Tipling.

The allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing meant is the spirit of Malt, which you rustics make, M—your meat, A—your apparel, L—your liberty, and T—your trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects it works—in some M: Murder; in others, A: Adultery; in all, L: Looseness of Life; and in many T: Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, first, by exhortation. M: my Masters, A: All of you, L: Look for, T: the Truth. which is this: 'A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the ale-house's benefactor; his wive's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!'"

A HIGHLAND ECHO.—In the course of last summer, some strangers of distinction were induced to visit a wild retreat in a distant part of the highlands, chiefly from the report they had heard of an echo, remarkable for the clear and distinct nature of its reverberation. On reaching the spot from whence the trial of its powers is usually made, their guide put his hand to the side of his mouth, and bawled out with the lungs of a Stentor, a salutation in Gaelic, which was repeated with a precision that was beyond the expectation of the party. One of the gentlemen by the way of trying the strength of his voice, put his hand to the side of his mouth, in the same manner as the guide, and called out, "How far are we from home?" These words much to the surprise their conductor, were also repeated, when poor Donald, with a simplicity that brought a smile over the features of all present, observed, "You may think it strange, gentlemen, but this is the first time I ever heard our echo speak English." "I have no doubt," said the gentleman, "but it can repeat other languages if put to the test," and instantly bawled out some French, Spanish, and Italian. Donald looked more bewildered than ever. "Weel, I must say, that's very queer; my own father and my own self have known that echo for more than seventy years, and we never knew it to use no language but the Gaelic language before." "Your echo is more learned, then, than you supposed." said the gentleman laughing, though at a loss whether to impute Donald's remarks to archness or simplicity. "You may say that but can you tell me, sir, said the poor fellow with an expression of earnestness that appeared highly amusing to those present, "as the echo has never been out of the country, where can she have *got all her education?*"—*Laire of Logan.*

NOVEL COURTSHIP.—I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus, I saw her; I loved her; I proposed; she refused me. 'you love another?' 'Spare my blushes.' 'I know him,' 'Do you.' 'Very good, if he remain here, I'll skin him.' 'Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick involuntarily. 'Did you skin the gentleman sir?' inquired Mr. Winkie with a very pale face. 'I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing.—And so it was.' 'Certainly,' interposed Mr. Winkle. I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his majesty's service, I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to the conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her.—*Picwick.*

A QUEER NOTION.—An Irishman having a looking glass in his hand, shut his eyes' and placed it before his face; another asked him why he did so? "Upon my soul," exclaimed he with an air of seriousness, "it is to see how I look when I'm asleep, jist."

The Eastern Argus says that a man can't begin to get into the best society in Middletown Ct. unless he has failed three times, and the last time for over $40,000.

A WITTY AUCTIONEER.—An auctioneer said of a gentleman who had bought a table, but never came to take it away, that he was one of the most *un-come-for-table* persons he ever knew in the course of his life!

SCRAPS FROM THE EGLANTINE.—Bass once met a man pretty well over-done by the too frequent use of stimulating beverage. As he came limping up street, our joker asked him the cause.—"The rheumatiz," responded the other. "Yes I see" said Bass "The *rum it is.*"

A professorship of Irish is about to be established in Trinity College, Dublin.