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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 30): February 8, 1855

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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THE WRECKERS.

On the roar of the surges
See the Band like a maniac now !
Full on the broken life-boats,
Cleaves like a date through the waves !

See the rough-hewed ramses, wrecks,

Stripping to lay 'em bare !

Tangled at gunwale, wrecks,

Glued at bowsprit, gloomy wrecks,

Scattered like a maniac now !

Shame ! Humanity's treason !

Shame ! the temples of reason

Are turned to Robbers' lair !

And worse than the shattering tem-

pest, the rough-hewed ramses, wrecks,

Stripping to lay 'em bare !

Buckling at gunwale, wrecks,

Glued at bowsprit, gloomy wrecks,

Scattered like a maniac now !

Gold ! Aye, a god in your greed !

Gold ! In their sunny-brown beauty,

They're rags ! And you, the world, you die,

Died on the merciless stones,

Scattered like a maniac now !

The Pyramids and Slavery.

At the Southern convention recently held in New Orleans, Mr. Marshall distinguished himself by a brilliant defense of slavery.

He is a Southern young man educated at New Haven, comes home and asks his astonished father, " Set free his slaves." A young lady returns to her parents from Troy, and cannot bear to see a black woman flogged.

These evils must be remedied by sending southern youth to northern schools, where the text books have all been carefully prepared under a censorship of the government, so they are in any despotic country.

But the great feat of Mr. Marshall was in cutting the pyramids to testify in behalf of slavery.

Said the reverend gentleman:

" All biblical history was greatly 'tred' by the institution of slavery. The grand Egyptian monuments, that we still ask, if reared by men of gods, were reared 'solely through the institution of slavery.'

So they were, and they have stood through ages the most stupendous monuments of tyranny and oppression that were ever raised by despots.

Thousands perished in the unrequired toil of erecting them, and incensed were

the oppressed people, that Diodorus relates that Cheops was not interred in his pyramid, but in some secret place, that his body might

not be exposed to their insults. The period

when the pyramids were built was regarded

by the Egyptians as a period of national op-

pression and suffering. The people were worn

out by forced labor in the quarries, and at

the pyramids, and the temples were closed

that the celebration of the sacred rites, which

occupied so large a portion of the Egyptian

year, might not draw off the people from their

work. So strong was the hatred with which

their memory was regarded, that the common

Egyptian was unwilling even to name them,

and would gladly have thrown the odium of

their creation on a foreign race. These use-

less monuments of human pride and oppression,

after standing idle for so many centuries, now,

in their doings, are used as props to support

the iniquitous system of slavery—a purpose

well worthy of their origin!—[Portland Tra-

ct.

Cod Fishing on Newfoundland Banks.

A correspondent of the Bavaria (New York) Spirit of the Times, who is enjoying himself cod-fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland, gives the following sketch of the method:

" Fish there are all caught with hooks; and

are taken from the bottom. Each fisherman

has a strong line, of from sixty to seventy

fathoms in length, to which is attached a lead,

weighing about five pounds. This of course,

is the 'stinker.' From this proceeds the 'pen-

ny,' or 'line,' or 'lead.' Gold, though a million hairs burst on the breakers,

smothers the crime and the cities!

Miscellany.

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PROPER EXTRUDE.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Columbian tells the following story:

At Lafayette a well-dressed man accompanied by an interesting looking lady, evidently his wife, and two sweet little children, entered the car. He was short of stature, with a short, turned up nose, a short, thick lip, small eyes, and imperceptible eye-brows. The lady had a pleasing expression in her pale countenance, that bore the impress of suffering patience. Her younger child, appeared sick, and tossed fretfully upon her, wearing knees. The other soon grew tired of the irksomeness of the car, and became fretful and impatient. The man, for cannot call him gentleman, lay lazily reading a paper, lounging on a whole seat he monopolized to himself, though other passengers were standing. At length the lady, perfectly unable to attend to the two little ones, in a tone of gentleness that had something of fear in it, besought him to attend to the wants of the elder. She was answered in a loud and abrupt tone that attracted everybody's attention: "Don't bother me!" Her eyes dropped a look of mingled sorrow and shame came over her face, and she said not a word. A few moments afterwards the conductor, Mr. Paul, came along, and the man enquired of him the distance to Michigan City. With a tone modeled to the life after that previously used by his interrogator, Paul said, "Don't bother me!"—The man's eyes glared fury, as he demanded the reason of such an insult, and threatened to resent it unless a proper apology was offered.

" I shall offer no apology for my language,"

said the noble-hearted conductor, neither will

you resent it; for a man who deems himself

an infidel, by having applied to him the same

language he has disgraced himself by applying to a lady, too little of a gentleman to be apolo-

gized to, and too much of a coward to dare to

resent it!"

A LOVER'S SIGH!—No longer a lover! exclaimed an aged patriarch, " ah ! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hairs fall o'er a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blue, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and above all, the silver laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadows, where the buttercup grows, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with my ringlets flying loose in the wind, and my cap in hand, years ago, I chased the paint-splashed butterfly. I love you, aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care-worn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I abraded her bitter cup of sorrow with her—and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life; but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity.

Together we have placed buds in the pale,

folded hands of the dead; together wept over little graves. Through storm and sunshine we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly tilted, the old-style kerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eye that shrinking fronts the glad day; the sunlight throwing her a paring farewell, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its faint traces of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, shines through those withered features, and the growing love of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come.

Say not again I can no longer be a lover.

Though this form be bowed; God has implanted

eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf,

the eye blind; the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put but its quenchless flame.

STRETCHING.—Rev. Dr. Newton, in a speech re-

cently delivered—in New York—tells

an exciting thing of a backwoods preacher

of gravity, what would become of the motion

to prohibit the sale of slaves in the

United States.

CONSCRIPTION.—Gen. Webb, who is the

prominent American ally of the Allied armies,

has published a long article on the Russian

military system, calculated to inspire horor

of that war, pure and simple, it always unpopu-

lar with the masses of Europe, and armies

can only be recruited by force, and the Rus-

sian conscription, therefore is hideous. It dif-

fers only, however, from the French in the

length of service required of the miserable

conscript; the Russian soldier has to serve ten

years, and then enjoys a furlough, which ena-

bles him to undertake any personal occupation,

but the idea of subverting the force of grav-

ity is manifestly absurd. It is the same in all

matter at all times; it is that which keeps the

body in motion, when the impulse ceas-

es, it has no weight to carry it forward.

He would not succeed in traveling round

the globe in twenty-four hours, for if his mo-

tion could cease, he would find it difficult to

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The Eastern Mail and Waterville, Feb. 18, 1855.

THE EASTERN MAIL,
An INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
is published every Thursday by
M. A. CHANDLER AND WING,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
AND 30 PINE STREET, MASS. STATE,
and 100 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
MR. MAXHAM. D. L. R. WING.

NOTICE.—
The Best REBATE CUT!—Mr. Gillette, the U. S. Senator from Connecticut, sits next Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, and many good humored jokes passed between them. Lastly, just before the Senate was called to order, while several Senators were standing near, Gillette let fly to Toombs most emphatically the best repartee on record. Toombs said to Gillette: "They say, Gillette, that you Abolitionists are mad with the Almighty for making Niggers black!"

Your informants are slightly mistaken, retorted Gillette: "We are only mad with you Slaveholders for making your Niggers white!"

Chloroform, says a writer in the Boston Traveller, that has been exposed for a length of time to the action of light and heat, will develop a principle termed *fuel oil*.

A few clingers that he looks under the marriage head for the news of the week.

Widowed Boston bachelors, in his friend's shop, are given a choice of a dozen girls to see the Bank Superintendent in mind, and would make no secret in the vault to make a show.

Q.—What Bar, is that which often opens, but never shuts? A.—A crooked.

The principal of an academy, in his advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears"; but the printer, carelessly left out, the Bank Superintendent's name, and it would have been a secret in the vault to make a show.

Too Ovarious.—Why is the next portion of Macaulay's History of England the Premier? Because everybody wished it was out.

Fancy Colors.—A man employs impudence to give a color to her face. A man employs impudence to give a color to his shirt.

A Walk Before Walker.

Most people that we meet with call

The seat of war Sebastian;

But that's not right, say some people;

You should pronounce Sebastian.

Married men are less troubled with rheumatism than any other. Mrs. Frances explains the reason—sheep warm.

A letter passed through the Detroit post-office, a few days ago, addressed as follows: "Sir, Postoch, Michigan. The first name of Mr. Postoch is not known, but he is a son of a man who used to own or rent his uncle's." If that description doesn't find the man the writer may as well give it up as a bad job.

Mr.—is one of the merchant princes of the Empire City, and though living in one of the most spacious mansions on the Fifth avenue, his entire family consists of himself and wife. Meeting a friend from the country one day he invited him up to view his house. The friend looked at the gorgeous rooms with tessellated floors and magnificent frescoed ceilings, and finally was taken into the lower rooms, in one of which he found a small regiment of colored servants seated at a sumptuous dinner. On his return home he was asked if he had seen Mr. So-and-So. "Oh, yes," "What is he doing now?" "Well, when I saw him he was keeping a nigger boarding house on the Fifth Avenue.

The Governor has nominated Silvester J. Roberts of Beloit, to be Sheriff of Waldo, in place of Putnam, removed.

A Poor Relation.—One of the most remarkable tales we remember ever to have heard, is attributed to Mr. Galtier, the barrister. Some one in his hearing used the horrid epithet, "that between the Church of England and Rome there is but a paper wall." True, said he, but the whole Bible is printed on it.

Why are apothecaries' shops and grocery stores always situated at the corner of the street? "Cause they sit at it."

The following toast was offered at the late typographical celebration in Lowell:

The Printer, the Master of all Trades—He beats the farmer with his fast Hoe; the carpenter with his rules, and the mason in setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his case, and the parson in management of the herd.

Saints & Sinners.—Those who print over do not print under; those who print under do not print over.

Many numbers of small editions may be worked off with much profit and satisfaction.

Smiling, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head—till you stumps or you'll make no progress in life."

"Why father, I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to scratch-a-head."

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript recommends that the foreign children sent to our schools should be washed occasionally. It wouldn't be a bad plan, though doubtless quite a novelty to the children.

They raise great cattle in Piscataqua County: John H. Atkinson, of Atkinson, has lately sold a calf eight months old, for \$30—at the rate of \$10 a month.

To you General—Mrs. Swallow says: "The secret you dare not tell your mother, is a dangerous secret, one that will be likely to bring you sorrow."

Sebastopol is pronounced as if written *Sebastopol*, with the accent on next to the last syllable. Yarns like *Scatari* like *Scatari* in Turkish, etc. The river which enters at Sebastopol is the Terek—say, the Black Sea only goes by that name in English, in Turkish *Kara Deniz*; most other nations call it the *Euzen*, (Greek meaning, hospitable). Canrobert is *Can-ro-ber*, as nearly as can be written in English, and Menschen-kof is pronounced just as written.

A coachman, driving up some mountains in Vermont, was asked if they were as steep on the other side also? "Step! the lightning couldn't go down 'em without the wind."

Dixie.—Sidney Smith's definition of the Polish ritual—Papists and impudent, lewd, and godless, are generally to be met with in the church, to the left, and an immense amount of man-mitigation.

Edgar Poe used to drink strong tea to excite him to poetical inspiration. Tommy says it is no wonder that he should make *Poe* a poet.

The Lehigh Valley Times gives a list of politicians who were present at the ball given by the Bank. Secretary of State Webster was Secretary of State, and according to discharge him, but had the singular ill-fortune to shoot the President of the same Council for his successor.

Indra.—The workmen reached a sale of over 35,000 copies.

Tan Newson—Mrs. E. Gates Smith, in a letter to the editor of the New York Tribune, acknowledges herself the author of this work.

The application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is a speedy and efficacious remedy for headache arising from a neuralgic affection.

GREAT SNOW STORM IN THE WEST.—There had been a heavy snow storm, of which Chicago appears to have been the center, which commenced on Thursday night last.

All the railroads are blocked up, and traffic completely suspended, the snow lying upon one of the lines in a dense mass, for about eighteen miles, and from three to eight feet deep. It is considered the greatest snow storm ever experienced in the northwest, and the incidents arising from the stoppage of trains, as related by the newspapers, are quite interesting and some of them amusing. On the Galena road an engine impeded in its progress by the snow freez'd up. The passengers remained in the car all night, and in the morning the conductor procured a sleigh in the neighborhood and brought them to the city. Three different engines seem to bring this home, froze up in like manner, and half a mile apart.

The Chicago and Mississippi train for Springfield left the former place on Thursday morning, when about ten miles from Pontiac, it was caught in a snow drift, and remained during Thursday night, at one o'clock at night the snow was exhausted, and the passengers commenced cutting up coal cars for fuel. On Friday morning several hundred cars of oysters were found in the express cars, and the passengers breakfasted on oysters—raw, fried, and steamed. The nearest house is about three miles from the drift. Several gentlemen started for a settlement not far off, and procured teams, with provisions and wood.

The members of the legislature have been already a week on their journey, and it is to be hoped for want of a quorum that the proceedings of the House will have to be adjourned till after their arrival, which may be about a week hence.

The Chicago Tribune tells us that a party of four gentlemen, who left St. Louis on the

morning of Sunday, the 21st inst., on the Chicago and Mississippi Railroad, reached this city on yesterday morning, having been nine days en route. They were very various objects when they arrived here, having been exposed for the greater part of this time to the fury of the snow storms which had been raging during the last ten days, and were immediately carried to the daguerrean gallery, where portraits of them were taken in all their glory of snow and frost. [Traveller.]

The Best REBATE CUT!—Mr. Gillette, the U. S. Senator from Connecticut, sits next Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, and many good humored jokes passed between them. Lastly, just before the Senate was called to order, while several Senators were standing near, Gillette let fly to Toombs most emphatically the best repartee on record. Toombs said to Gillette:

"They say, Gillette, that you Abolitionists are mad with the Almighty for making Niggers black!"

It's queer, said Mrs. Partington, carefully folding the paper she had been reading, and raising her spectacles off her nose. "It's strange," said she referring to a statement that a locomotive had been driven off the track by one of the switches. "Who thought," she mused, "that one of them big locomotives would have minded such a little thing as a switch?"

"But, aunt," interposed Ike, who was trimming a limb of his Christmas tree, with the bright jackknife that he had suspended thereto, "you know the locomotive has a tender heart."

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