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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 39): April 18, 1850

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Mr. King's Report on California.

Mr. T. Butler King has made his report on California. He rates the present population at 120,000, estimating its increase during the year commencing May 1st, the beginning of the next dry season, to 200,000. He represents the agricultural resources of the state as immense. There is a vast extent of pasture land, unsurpassed for verdure and richness. Wild oats grow spontaneously on the plains, yielding an average annual crop of forty bushels to an acre. Any number of cattle and sheep can be raised there. Cattle raising is a great element of wealth. Formerly the cattle were killed only for their hides, which were worth \$4 for export. Now, cattle are worth from \$20 to \$30 a head. California is finely adapted to wool-growing, which will be the basis for large manufacturing on her noble water courses. The wine grape grows freely throughout the state, and the future value of California vineyards will be immense.

The imports needed for California for the next year are estimated at \$4,000,000 flour, \$6,000,000 lumber, and \$2,000,000 in other articles, making a total of 12,000,000. Lumber is now \$75 per thousand feet, which is less than the expense of cutting it in California. The gold region is set down as extending about 600 miles north and south, and about 60 miles east and west, giving an area of 36,000 square miles, or 23,040,000 acres. It rises in an inclined plane from the Sacramento valley to the Foot Hills, an elevation of 4000 feet. Between these hills and the Nevada mountains, a number of streams have their source, running westward. Twelve of these rivers were examined by Mr. King, and found to be all rich in gold. The territory in the north is rich in gold, and Mr. King believes the whole quartz plain, equal to 2,000 square miles, is full of gold, bedded in the quartz, and that therein lies the greatest mineral wealth of California.

The whole number of gold hunters now in the region is set down at 22,000, of which 15,000 are foreigners, and 7000 Americans. The Chilians and Sonorians have carried off \$25,000,000, and the Americans about \$15,000,000. The Chilians are expert diggers. During the next dry season, Mr. King estimates that \$40,000,000 more will be dug out. In the quartz regions the mining can be done in the wet season, while it cannot in what are called the sand, or dry diggings. The amount of gold that will be procured from May 1st, 1851, to November 1st, 1852, is estimated at \$100,000,000. Mr. King recommends that the gold lands be retained as public property forever, as a source of national revenue. To workers and diggers of gold, he proposes to grant permits at the rate of one ounce for each pound. For the encouragement of regular mining, he proposes leases of a limited number of acres to persons or companies, at a small per centage on the gold procured.—[N. Y. Sun.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APR. 18, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at 8 Congress st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTINGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

Steam Explosions.

Public attention seems to be turning to this subject with increased zeal, especially since the catastrophe in N. York. In all the philosophical principles developed, thus far, by scientific committees of investigation, we see nothing that should destroy a reasonable confidence in the "fusible plug." Indeed the singularity of the objections brought against it, can only tend, in any enlightened mind, to confirm this confidence. Like all other discoveries, its simplicity is fatal to its success. To "wash in Jordan" was proved a wise remedy thousands of years ago, and yet its virtues are but just beginning to be appreciated. This simplicity, has even led the editor of the Scientific American into what appears to us a very singular decision:

We have received the Eastern Mail, of Waterville, Me., in which there is an article about using a fusible plug in steam boilers, to prevent explosions. We suppose that it is not generally known that this fusible plug is old and well known and was used long ago, and that many boilers, with such plugs, have exploded. The Reports of Mr. Burke, Ex-Commissioner of Patents, will give any person all the information desired on the subject.

Mr. Burke's Report is on our table; and to our mind, embraces a most decided, though somewhat equivocal, commendation of the principle of the fusible plug. Here is the only paragraph we find that seems to be to the point:

The government of France, over twenty-five years ago, passed a law prohibiting the use of cast-iron boiler heads, after some destructive explosions from this cause. It also passed a law compelling all high pressure boilers to have their strength tested by hydrostatic pressure every three months, to ascertain if they were in any way defective, and also passed a law compelling all high pressure steamboats to use plates of fusible alloy on the top of their boilers, which would fuse at a certain temperature and prevent an explosion, which had frequently happened previous to these acts, and many lives lost; but since these laws were enforced we have scarcely heard of an explosion in that country. Now the fusible alloy, used by Mr. Evans in his guard, is precisely the same as that used by the French government, but the arrangement in his invention is far superior and more simple than that of the French, and our government might have been using the fusible plate previous to Mr. Evans' improvement. What a misfortune our government did not follow the example of France twenty years ago, &c.

"Since those laws were enforced we have scarcely heard of an explosion in that country." What "laws" does the writer intend to credit with this astonishing security of life and property? Certainly not the one prohibiting the use of cast iron boiler heads, for explosions in this country are common with those of wrought iron—and if the testing of the boiler operates as a security in France, the test and inspection required by law would give the same security here. What, then, but the identical "fusible plug" has done all this?—And if it has accomplished so much in France, what stands in the way of the same result in this country? Where does the Scientific American find authority for the assertion that "many boilers with such plugs have exploded?" Certainly not in Mr. Burke's Reports, either by fact or inference; that we can comprehend; and to this authority he refers us for "all" information upon the subject. We believe the difficulty rests in his having mistaken Evans' safety guard for the fusible plug.—Burke's Report says, "the fusible alloy used

by Evans in his guard is precisely the same as that used by the French government;" and yet asserts that only two or three explosions have occurred in nine years, out of one hundred and twenty-five boats that have used the guard. Upon this authority the editor asserts that "many" explosions have taken place where the plug was used. The secret rests in the fact that though the principle adopted in the safety guard is the same as that of the fusible plug, the former is supplied with a stop-cock, accessible to both the engineer and fireman; and the Report asserts that it is known to be a fact that "some" engineers have been in the habit of resorting to this to prevent the operation of the guard, "when they carried the steam very high." Here is the mischief; and no wonder an occasional explosion takes place. But the fusible plug is placed beyond the reach of both the engineer and fireman, and will inevitably discharge its duty the instant the boiler reaches a certain degree of heat; however willing the engineer might be, in an emergency, to trust to a greater power of steam.

We believe, with our correspondent who has written on this subject, that the fusible plug, untrammelled by machinery and other obstacles, must inevitably prevent such explosions as result from an exhaustion of the water and the consequent overheating of the boiler. We believe it has long been producing these results in France. It is to this point that we want argument from the editor of the American or his correspondents. Any thing practical—theory, science, common sense—any thing that has reason in it, will be received with the utmost humility.

Home Industry.

Massachusetts was a shrewd old mother, and will never forget how to make her daughters pay tribute. She has taxed Maine, in the item of female industry, more than the amount of her annual allowance of pin-money. We work her factories, braid her straw, bind her shoes, and all this and that, till we almost forget that there is any thing for our industrious girls to do at home. Now and then an ingenious device is resorted to, to induce them to remain and earn something on the homestead.

One of the best enterprises of this kind is the Straw Work Manufactory of Messrs. Davis & Blake, in Portland. They propose to give employment, in proportion as their enterprise is patronised, to that portion of our young ladies who have been accustomed to go to Massachusetts to engage in this department of industry. The project is one that naturally commends itself to the good wishes of all, and country dealers in these articles should feel that duty to our State, if nothing else, demands that they should encourage it. The industrial policy of Massachusetts has always been too shrewd for Maine in this respect. She has seen the value of the millions of dollars annually saved by affording employment to female laborers. Why need our girls go to another State to labor upon the very articles that come back to their own homes for a market? So long as this poor economy prevails, our State will pay tribute; and Messrs. Davis & Blake occupy a noble stand as pioneers in the work of reform.

As you would save the strength and wind of a horse, drive slow up hill; and as you value your own and the life of the horse, drive slow down hill. Not on level ground—if you must drive fast—draw a fast rain and let him slide.—[Bath Mirror.]

Hold up! brother Mirror—your "let him slide" policy will spoil your horse when you little think of it. If the driver have half as much soul as a horse, we will risk him on the "up hill and down;" but it is the long dead level that uses up horses. It is a fact well known to "old stagers" among the Green Mountains, that horses used for a long time on the lines crossing the mountains, uniformly wear longer and look better than those on more level routes. The walk, the trot, the gallop, and occasionally the brisk run—these give the animals variety, and the driver learns to economise their strength. Who thinks of letting a horse walk on a good level road?—and he gets leg-weary—worn-out with the same effort of the same muscles. There is no relief of holding back, but a constant drag, drag, that drags the life out of the poor horse sooner than you think of it. No—more horses are spoiled on good roads than on bad ones; and all owing to the mistaken idea you have advanced with so good intention. Take a second thought; and be cautious how you let a favorite pony to an ignorant "whip" for a long ride on a good road. Send him over the hills and he is much safer, if the fellow have not the heart of a devil in him.

AMERICAN TEA.—The New York Journal of Commerce publishes a letter from Dr. Junius Smith, dated Golden Grove, Greenville, S. C. January 14, 1850, in which that gentleman thus describes the progress he has made in his experiment of tea culture:—

"You will be pleased to hear that the tea-plant, in strength and vigor, is in bud and blossom still, and promises to continue until greeted by the vernal breezes, and cheered by solar heat. I have one remarkable plant, a branch of which is so loaded with seed, now about the size of a pea, that it bends under its own weight, and almost touches the ground. The tea-plant is a curious shrub, and to watch its developments is an amusement deeply interesting. In answer to your inquiries respecting the probable time of my being able to dispose of tea-plants and seed, I beg to inform you that it is my intention to accommodate the public, so far as I can, with both plants and tea-nuts, the ensuing spring, most likely in March, and thus open the way to an extensive cultivation in the United States.

"Why is a trader who uses false weights like a soldier in ambush? Because he lies in sight."

Pretty good, and makes us think of an incident. We inquired of a farmer, who took three fine boys into our office, how much each weighed. He replied that they all weighed precisely the same, but how much that was he could not tell—he had weighed them in three different stores, in the first of which they

weighed 45 pounds, in the second 47, and in the third 51! He didn't tell us what stores, or we should have been moom.

A Few Candid Words.

When men find themselves in a close corner, they want plain facts and few words. No man likes to be troubled with the preface of a book after he finds himself approaching the nub of the story. The culprit at the foot of the gallows finds more interest in the peculiar form of a knot in a rope, than he ever felt in the construction of an arch bridge or a steam engine. The temperance question in Waterville has reached a point where neither party want sophistry or nonsense. They have come to that strange phenomenon called a crisis, and they feel more interest in the crisis than in the circumstances that led to it. A hasty glance at principles, or at most, at prominent points in the chain of argument already passed, is all that either party can afford—and more, perhaps, than either desires. The offending rum-seller has barely time to feel himself an injured man, and to wonder at the mercenary spirit that seems to inspire his pursuers. He thinks it strange that in this busy world, where there is so much to do, and where each is so absorbed in self, men find so much time and money to devote to what seems to him to be a subject in which they have no right to meddle.—He wonders if men are not free in a free country, and protests that one man has nothing to do with another man's appetite. He cannot see that men are morally bound to regard a law, however wholesome, when a decided majority are opposed to its provisions; and contends that when government permits liquors to be brought within its limits it has no right to prohibit their sale. It is much better, in his opinion, for respectable men to drink a social glass in a quiet way at his counter, than in a sly and cowardly manner at home. These brief points satisfy him for the time; and he feels justified in defending himself in a pursuit which, in his more quiet moments, he perhaps feels and admits to be wrong. He has stronger pecuniary interests at stake than his opponents; and perhaps has good reason to fear that a change of business will leave him in circumstances of real destitution.

His opponent sees nothing in these arguments. He looks at the subject from another point of view. The retailer's pecuniary interests, which constitute the corner stone of all reasoning on the other side, are not seen from the position he has taken. He regards even the pursuit of the rum-seller as resting on a different principle from that which constitutes the basis of trade generally. While these are supposed to return an equivalent for what they receive, he sees the rum-seller only returning evil for good: not merely a valueless commodity for a valuable—not merely a stone for bread; but poison for food—a scorpion for an egg. He looks upon the profits of the rum-seller as so much two-fold filching—filched not only from the rum-drinkers, but re-filched from the community who are responsible for his support. He looks upon the rum-seller as the actual author of most of the vice and crime, to which law and religion are leagued in opposition. Standing thus arrayed against the great social interests which constitute the bond of society, he can only with difficulty see that he has a claim to the kindness and forbearance universally conceded to other offenders. He argues that the man who contributes nothing but crime and degradation to the social compact, has but little claim to the advantages afforded by that compact; and when he meets this opposition in every good and benevolent enterprise in which he engages, and reflects upon the moral wastes that would become fruitful fields but for that blighting hand that plucks up every good root that germinates, it is more than singular if the milk of human kindness that flows in his heart does not assume a tinge of gall and wormwood. Instead of the threatened destitution which the rum-seller applies as an opiate to his conscience, his opponent sees only the real suffering already scattered on every side. Instead of the pecuniary loss, the apprehension of which frightens the former, a real and serious and permanent loss, to himself and to every class of community, is constantly nerving the latter to what he believes to be his privilege and duty.

The man who is a mere spectator of the controversy—if it is possible for a man to occupy such a position—may very naturally discover faults on both sides. If so, does he therefore conclude that neither is to be preferred?—When he sees a community driven to the emergency of self-defence, and finds that his title to an ordinary share of independence demands a manly decision, is he troubled to find out where to place himself?

The expediency of capital punishment may well be doubted, but while it is the law it should be executed. It is the certainty and impartiality of punishment which prevents crime, more than its severity.

So says the Kennebec Journal, and so say we. If the law could have mercy, it should be on such men as Goode and Pearson. If on such as Webster and Coolidge, law is no longer law.

THREE-WEEKLY AGE.—The proprietor of the Age proposes to publish, through the session of the Legislature, a three-weekly paper, which will be a faithful chronicle of legislative proceedings and debates. It will be the only legislative paper published at the Capital during the session, and from its well known character as a correct and honest reporter, it will no doubt be subscribed for by all those who wish to keep posted up in these matters. Price, one dollar, invariably in advance.

THE CAMEL CONVEYANCE TO CALIFORNIA.—Considerable interest has been excited by the arrival at New York, a week or so ago, of eleven Syrian camels to go west. The New York Herald, noticing the fact, says:

We learn from reliable source, that Messrs Sands & Howes, the well known enterprising circus proprietors, are about to establish an overland line to California with them, which is

to leave Independence, Missouri, direct for San Francisco, early in June. These gentlemen have already thirty-one camels in this country, and the brig Catharine, Capt. Gordon, now on her passage from Algiers to New Orleans, has on board twenty-one more, making in all fifty-three, most of which have been selected with care as brood stock. We are told that a caravan of twenty-five or more, will leave each point once a month, and continue through the year. Success to this new enterprise and its projectors, say we.

The Prospect.

The opening season promises to be one that shall tell well for the improvement of our village. The erection of new buildings and the repair and enlargement of old ones are already contracted for, and commenced, to considerable extent. A new, and we doubt not elegant hotel, is to be among the improvements. Mr. Seavy, of Unity, long known as a popular and successful landlord there, has bought the large building on the corner of College and Main streets, which is now undergoing the repairs and additions necessary to fit it for a commodious and genteel hotel. The location is a favorable one, and the enterprise, in such hands, must prove successful.

Messrs. Webber & Haviland, at their iron works a little out of the village, have in process of completion a large three-story building, designed for shops and machinery, which when fully occupied must employ a large number of laborers. We should like to see it filled with machinery for a woolen factory;—but the owners will see it filled with something, our word for it. They belong to the bone-and-muscle department, and will see to it that the building is made a place for the investment of labor as well as money. This is what we want—the means of giving employment to the hands of working men and women; and prosperity follows fast enough. One thousand dollars invested in this end, is worth more to our village than fifty thousand invested in goods to be sold at a profit.

Another project, of which all must approve, is the erection, by an association of mechanics, of a three-story building, to be appropriated to three large Halls,—one for the Free Masons, one for the Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance, and the other for the use of the public.—Each of these halls is very much needed, and none more than the last, as our citizens are a very well known. The two former must be had, in some shape; and though the latter, like a clean shirt, can be dispensed with, it is, like that article, positively necessary to our respectability. The vote of the freemen, at the late town-meeting, in regard to repairing the Town-hall, shows plainly enough what our village may expect in regard to this class of improvements, if they are left to the care of those who forget that they have any interest in them.—We must look to the mechanics in the present emergency at least. The project does them credit, whether they are successful or not; and if unable to accomplish it among themselves, we hope they will still feel responsible for its execution by others. Croakers have always been in the world, from the time they tried to discourage Noah. Our railroad roused up a nest of them, and so does every good project. If every thing waited for their approbation, what a peck-measure world we should have!

The commencement of improvements on the new burying ground is allotted to the present Spring, and a committee appointed by the town for this purpose has already entered upon its duties. These duties are important, and the dead as well as the living have an interest in them. So, the committee have a twofold inducement to faithfulness. They have an opportunity to erect a lasting monument of their good taste. An appropriation was also made for improving the old burying ground in the village. We hope interments will soon be discontinued there.

The number of buildings to be erected, notwithstanding the scarcity of money and the high price of lumber, is said to be such as will mark a fruitful season in the progress of our village. Stores, shops and dwelling-houses are coming rapidly into requisition, and the demand will by no means be met in one season. Building lots are abundant, at reasonable prices, and no place is better supplied with competent and enterprising mechanics than Waterville.

AMERICAN ART UNION.—This Institution is in a very flourishing condition. By the April number of its Bulletin, which has been enlarged and improved, we learn that the collection of pictures, to be distributed by lot among its members in December next, already numbers more than one hundred, and that the catalogue is constantly increasing.

Every member, on payment of five dollars, receives a full illustrated Annual Report of the proceedings, etc., of the Institution, an Illustrated Monthly Bulletin, a large and costly Original Engraving from an American painting, together with a set of outlines, or some other similar work of art, and a chance in the annual distribution of Paintings and Sculpture, Statuettes in bronze, and Medals. Each member is thus certain of receiving in return at least the value of the five dollars paid, and may also receive a painting or other work of art of great value.

The Engraving for the members of 1850 will be upon steel, in the highest style of the art: the subject is *Anne Page, Slender and Shallow*. Each member will also be presented with a set of five prints from line engravings on steel, of the average size of seven and a half inches by ten inches.

This Institution is rapidly advancing in public favor, and well deserves the confidence and support of all lovers of art.

P. P. Quimby of Belfast, has secured a patent for a new steering wheel.

Glad of it; and hope he'll get a model into the patent office as soon as possible, for some folks in that neighborhood need a machine of that kind.

Trees.

"Still harping," says somebody—but we don't care. If the owners of land in our village neglect their own and the public interest in this respect, it shall not be for the want of being reminded of the matter. They are pretty well "up the times," as a few short years will show; but a few vacant, barren looking lots remain to shame their owners. No very sensible man will buy them, except at low prices. Singular, how a few trees will help the sale of a lot: but more singular that men who know almost every thing else should be so ignorant of this fact. Look at the beautiful trees on the vacant lots of some of the "old uns" in our village. If they neglect all other improvements, they are mindful of this. They know how to put money at 25 per cent. interest. "A word to the wise is sufficient,"—and the ignorant may look out for themselves.

Our friend Taber, at the Vassalboro' Nursery, is always prepared to supply orders, either in the ornamental or fruit department—and no man can be relied upon, in respect to character and variety, with more entire confidence. This is an important point in selecting trees.

"Col Fremont is said to be the richest man in the world. His gold mine in California will be worth six million dollars an acre in a few years!"

And we are the next richest, for we talk of getting the real goose that laid the golden egg, "in a few years,"—but we may miss it!

GEOGRAPHY. We invite particular attention to the notice of Mr. GILSON, in another column. Mr. Gilson's system, which is one of very recent adoption, has met the unqualified approval of the most eminent teachers in New England. They uniformly concur in the opinion that a single course of lessons from Mr. G. is worth more to the pupil than years of instruction on the plan generally pursued in schools. Mr. Gilson brings letters of the most satisfactory character. His success in Hallowell, Augusta, Thomaston, and other places, is represented by gentlemen entitled to the highest confidence, as having given the most perfect satisfaction.

A correspondent of the Age says of Mr. G.'s system:

His system is a new and original one, and demands at least the careful consideration of the friends of education. He claims for it the merit of being founded upon natural principles; and what is natural is philosophical. He thinks that Geography, like everything else, should be taught and learned methodically, and not be crowded and crammed haphazardly into the brains of the pupils. If the memory is to retain anything that is learned, it must be done principally by association; but how can association avail us when our knowledge is acquired without any system—without any connection by which one thing can be suggested by another? Proceeding upon this plan, he has classified with great care and skill all the various divisions of the world, both natural and civil, and requires his pupils to learn one thing at a time, until they have methodically arranged in their minds and have perfectly at their command, all that is worth knowing in Geography.

"Before any thing is effected we think it impossible, but when it is done, we stare and wonder it was not done before."

The very idea that occurred to us the other day, when a friend paid for his last year's papers.

ARRIVAL OF THE SELECTMEN.—We saw from our window yesterday a six horse team "tight-and-tight" with a two-horse tandem, both running at the top of their speed through Main Street. We concluded one or the other must have brought into town the new board of selectmen, as we have frequently witnessed similar exhibitions when there was reason to suppose they were absent.

"With regard to public men, or ministers, it is with their opinion as it is with their watches,—none of them are good, and all the world relies upon its own. This old, but 'tis very true."

New or old, we don't see the truth of it. It ought to be amended by making the last line read, "and all the world, having none of its own, is kept in a continual stew about the time of day."

"HUMAN NATURE." Those who would learn the very last degree of human nature should attend the lectures of the inimitable Prof. GRIMES, which commenced at the Town Hall last evening. This is the Prof. Grimes, whose astonishing success in Boston recently electrified the good people of the city of No-tions. Those who hear him will thank us for this hint.

"There are persons foolish enough to believe that poverty is possessed of sanctifying powers, and that, like love, it can thrive joyously on a crust in a cottage."

Well—on the principle that "the end sanctifies the means," poverty must be able to sanctify any thing we know of.

ANOTHER HORRIBLE MURDER.—A letter in the Hartford Times, dated at Colebrook River, and signed Henry A. Bills, says:—

"Our quiet village was thrown into a state of feverish excitement on Sunday morning by the announcement that Barniel White, a gentleman seventy years of age, had been murdered in his bed the night previous. Mr. White lived one mile from the village on the turnpike road to Hartford, and tended the toll-gate. He attended a school meeting with neighbors on Sunday evening, and returned from it about eleven o'clock. This was the last that is known of him, until he was discovered about eight o'clock Sunday morning murdered in his bed.—The murderer entered at the usual place of entering the house, and killed the old man by giving him several terrible blows on the head with a club; the club was left on the floor by the bed-side. There can be no cause assigned for this cold-blooded affair, except money, of which the old man was known to have a considerable amount."

Wm. K. Calloun and Lorenzo Cobb have been arrested in New York and brought back to Connecticut as the supposed murderers.—Money was found upon them such as Mr. White possessed.

EDITOR INDICTED FOR ABOLITION PUBLICATIONS.—A searching inquiry was made by the Grand Jury of Cecil county Court at Elkton, (Md.) last week, touching certain illegal abolition papers circulated in that town, and an indictment was found against William T. Jeandell, one of the editors of the Blue Hen's Chicken, published at Wilmington, Del. The Whig supposes he will be demanded of the Governor of the State of Delaware for trial at Elkton. The particular paper presented, bore date the 8th day of February last, and the objectionable matter was a resolution purporting to have been passed at a Convention held at Syracuse, N. Y., stating that the slaves of the South would be justifiable in rising in arms to assert their freedom, and that they—the par-

ties who adopted the resolution—"would not assist to suppress the insurrection." It was proved that from ten to fifteen copies of the paper came to Elkton post office, sent gratuitously in most cases.—[Baltimore Sun.]

COMMUNICATION WITH CALIFORNIA IN TWELVE DAYS.—We learn by private and reliable information from Washington, that a proposition will be laid, in a few days, before the Senate, emanating from a company of the highest respectability, for running a line of post coaches from Independence, Mo., to California, in 24 days, to be expressed in 12 days. The Company only ask of Congress a strip of land, one hundred feet in width, for the whole distance, with the privilege of purchasing from Government a quarter section of land, for the purpose of stations, one in every ten miles.—The Company asks of Government the use of this route fifteen years, and agree to make the franchise and grants of land contingent upon their having the road in operation in six months, and undertake to place three thousand men upon the line at once.—[Detroit Adv., 6th.]

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—The Boston Herald, Extra, states, that the train which left Boston yesterday at five P. M. for New York, via Worcester and Norwich, was passing at full speed over the bridge at Oxford, about 12 miles beyond Worcester, when it was perceived that the bridge was giving way, and that an awful death menaced all on board the train.

The engine, tender, and baggage car had just crossed the bridge, when the crash came, and the entire passenger train, crowded so that many had to stand up in the cars, was precipitated into the water beneath.

The scene at this moment was appalling.—The water was nine feet deep, and some of the cars were entirely immersed. The night was extremely cold; and the danger of immediate death by drowning was imminent.

The first report was, that 39 passengers had been killed; but our latest despatch contradicts this statement, and brings the gratifying intelligence that but one life has been sacrificed, that of a brakeman. The conductor was seriously hurt.—[Portland Umpire.]

VILLAINY.—We mentioned a few days since that we had the clue to a villainous transaction, of which a young girl was the victim. The facts were not so bad as at first represented to us—but they were bad enough, in all conscience.

Some two weeks ago the girl referred to, who is about fifteen years old, came to this city in the steamer from Bangor. She handed a letter to a cabman, and requested to be taken to that address. He looked at it, and asked her if she knew what sort of a house she was going to. She said she did not, but that she was told she would find employment there. He informed her that it was a house of ill fame. She burst into tears, and implored him to take her to some honest place. He accordingly drove her to the American House, where some benevolent ladies immediately interested themselves in her case. She told them her story, which was immediately communicated to Mr. Thompson, the City Marshal. That gentleman at once undertook to investigate the matter, which he did thoroughly. We cannot enter into particulars. It is sufficient to state that the girl's parents were poor and profligate—that she was seduced, not forced, into a vile den in Bangor, where she was inhumanly treated—and that she was sent away with the apparent purpose of preventing disagreeable disclosures.

The girl is now out of the city, in good hands, and appears to have a sincere wish to live a virtuous life. The cabman deserves much credit for the desire he manifested to save her from a profligate career. The hint we gave relative to this affair in our columns, when it first reached us, stirred considerable curiosity and some fear. We can assure a certain young man, who was apprehensive that it alluded to him, that we are on his track, and that, if he does not covet the popularity of a "first rate notice" he must alter his course.—[Portland Argus.]

An Encyclical Letter of the Pope has been addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of Italy, from which it appears that his Holiness is much annoyed by the agents of Bible Societies and other "pestiferous" organizations, which, as he says, in the maturity of their wicked counsels, seek to enslave the faithful by the depraved use of the new art of propagandism by books. Circulating the holy scriptures translated into the vulgar tongue, excites his special abhorrence. A leading dignitary of the Church prophetically remarked, when the art of printing was first discovered, "if we do not destroy this art it will one day destroy us." It has, as yet, however, accomplished but a small part of its mission, an immense deal of humbug remains to be exploded.

VENICE DESERTED.—Recent accounts give a gloomy picture of the appearance of Venice. The city is said to be almost a desert. The Place of St. Mark, which we well remember to have thronged with gay Venetians, but little more than two years since, is depopulated. Not a vessel lies in the Lagoon. It is stated that no less than fifty thousand persons have demanded and obtained passports to leave the city forever. This is doubtless an extravagant statement, but unquestionably many thousands have left. Such is the effect of the late struggle.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

A man who had lived much in the world, said that his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that a pulpit would hold his friends.

Labryere says: "Men begin with love and end with ambition." Women begin with love and end—with love.

California is described by Senator Seward, as "the youthful queen of the Pacific, in the robes of Freedom gorgeously imbed with gold."

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face: a beautiful figure is better than a beautiful form. It gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures: it is the finest of the fine arts.

"Thomas, I have always placed the greatest confidence in you. Now tell me, Thomas, how is it that my butchers' bills are so large, and that I always have such bad dinners?" "Really, sir, I don't know, for I am sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen that we don't send some of it up into the parlor."

The town of Hallowell has instructed her Selectmen to apply to the Legislature of 1850, for a City Charter.

Rev. William A. P. Dillingham, the late pastor of the Universalist Society in Augusta, has accepted an invitation to settle with the brethren in Dover.

A lady in Chester was asked to join the Daughters of Temperance. She replied, "It is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the Sons soon."

Hon. Abbot Lawrence, minister of the United States at the Court of London, has taken the house of Lord Cadogan, at \$10,000 per annum, just \$1000 more than his salary.

The poor single man is a creature who has to hold his nose to the grindstone; the poor married man has his nose there.

By the breaking off of the head of the letter A, or the substitution of the letter S, a very tempting advertisement to invest in certain railroad stock, was entitled "Purchase of Railroad Shares!"

The following is a good phrase, descriptive of an energetic character: "Cromwell did not wait to strike until the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking."

Editors are looking up. The editor of the Lynn News writes: "We are happy to announce that we received two votes for School Committee last Friday. There were about fourteen hundred scattering votes, however, which unfortunately defeated us."

