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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 41): May 2, 1850

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# The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

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## POPULAR READING.

[From the Dreamer and the Worker.]

### STORY OF A WRECK.

'Go below! down in the cabin! not I!' exclaimed a sturdy passenger, grasping the starboard bulwark with both hands, while the vessel, having every prospect of a shipwreck on a lee shore, rolled and tossed amidst the surges. 'Go below! What! among all the screaming children and ghost-faced women, fainting or falling on their knees to pray—not I, indeed! I won't do it; and it's of no use to—Why! well! If you are the captain of the packet, you are not my captain, and I won't stir from this place.'

A violent cross-wave at this moment burst upon the starboard quarter of the steamer, beating in a part of the bulwark, and slanting off in a long dense column, it smashed down and fairly carried away before it, the whole of the paddle-box and wheel, on that side. The passenger who had just spoken, together with the captain and several others, were all driven along the deck, close to the larboard gangway, but amidst the howling of the wind, and the voices of the captain and mates, and the cries of alarm from all sides, this one passenger's ejaculations, every now and then, broke thro' the din.

'Go below all of us, do you say? Below in the crowded cabin, to be drowned in the dark, like so many blind groping things, struggling and mauling one over the other!—Oh, it's of no use swearing—landsmen or not, no matter for that, here I stand! I'm not in your way—Here I stand! Will you though? Let the sea wash me overboard! I'm not in your way—I say I won't go below, and it's all no use!'

Here the vessel struck against some rocks; and the remaining paddle-wheel on the lee side, by the concussion, was broken clean off, and the next instant it was seen tossing away on the boiling surface of the sea, like some child's plaything.

'Force us all below, will you? Not while I have a limb left. Let the sea wash us overboard!—better so, than be drowned groping and struggling about like blind whelps and kittens in a water butt! I choose to stay on deck at all risks—to look my fate in the face, and meet it like a man. I choose to have my chance—my fair chance of escape somehow. Below there is no chance. The sea! Let the sea wash us overboard, and be—'

The voice of the speaker was abruptly buried in the clattering fall of a mass of rigging and a broken topsail yard from aloft, which knocked him flat upon the deck, together with several others who were standing near, all of whom were completely overhauled by the heavy tangled mass; and a huge wave at the same time leaping up, like some great white-headed monster, upon the deck, the entire heave was covered over by a white running sheet of foam, and swept off, like the merest rubbish, into the sea.

This dreadful spectacle so alarmed all the other passengers who had remained upon the deck, instigated by the example and ejaculations of the man who had just been swept from their sight, that they now obeyed the orders of the first mate, and staggering and tumbling wildly across the deck, went huddling down below. It was evening. The lights in the dusky cabin flickered and flared with the fitful roll of the vessel, and often went out. The howling of the wind and the dashing of the sea were by this time terrific.

And below in the cabin—what a scene was there! How can any words describe its frantic dismay—its mute agony—its varied forms of passion, or prostration of mind and body—its dreadful and overwhelming confusion! Men and women hurrying backwards and forwards and across, like frightened animals in a cage, hither and thither, without purpose, asking hurried questions which they themselves do not understand, and not seeming even to hear their own voices; others standing with a fixed stare and open mouths; and some sitting with bloodless cheeks and chattering teeth, and their knees jerking up and down with the same rapidity. Here, several men, very busy in getting together their valuables, which they cannot disentangle, or which they drop about and rush away from; there, a man trying to secrete something under a table—something to save himself with; here, a group of women on their knees, praying aloud, and others fainting, or in fits, or uttering every now and then, shrieks of terror at each blow of a bursting wave against the vessel's side, and at each concussion upon the rocks beneath—with the constant cry of 'Oh, God, save me!—Oh, God, have mercy upon me!' At this horrid moment, the prayer is made by the utterer for himself only. The sole exceptions were a woman and her husband, who cried, 'Oh, God, save us!—and a mother, with her children clinging madly round her, who constantly cried, 'Oh, God, save my poor children!' This scene lasted a full hour.

The vessel now rose upon a huge billow, as if ascending a steep hill, and was then pitched forward upon a rock. Her bows were stove in, and the sea instantly filled the fore-cabin. The vessel, however, had a thick bulk-head of oak between the fore-cabin and the engine-room, so that she did not fill, a midships; but the passengers in the after-cabin, hearing the cry of horror that accompanied the crash, fully believed that the vessel was going down instantly. A general rush was made to the ladder—nobody could ascend—the ladders were securely battened down—they struggled, and cried, and beat about in vain—all lights were extinguished in the disorder, and the scene below was one human chaos of horror and hopeless violence amidst a darkness which left all its aid to their already frantic imaginations. But presently several of the scuttles and cabin windows were broken and burst through, and the sea, like so many serpents from various quarters, came gurgling and hissing in. Some of the passengers, believing the last moment

had arrived, fell down insensible; and others ran in a wild herd over them. At this hideous crisis one man, either stronger than any of the rest, or possessing the superior power of a definite purpose, in addition to his strength, bearing also some iron instrument in his hand, made his way with wedge-like force through the dense crowd, and with redoubled blows, each heavier than the last, smashed all the wood work above, and let the passengers out upon the deck. He stopped to assist several of them up, and to clear the passage for the others, and then hurried away to another part of the deck, evidently with some design in his mind.

The first emotion of the passengers on emerging from their horrible condition below, was that of a gasping sense of recovered freedom and life; and their first impulse was to rush forward somewhere to escape. But the next moment a change, almost as terrible as the scene they had left, took possession of their faculties. Above, in the sky, a discolored smoky heap of driving clouds showed intervals of a clear and lurid light through the scudding rack; and now and then they caught a glimpse of the jagged moon, magnified and deformed by their alarmed imaginations into some high-dancing and devilish meteor: the wind howling and rioting through and through the racking masts, and the sea on the windward side, springing up in great spires of white and glittering foam, the points rising at the starboard quarter, and running rapidly along the vessel's edge, getting higher and higher, till bending a fierce dragon-like neck they precipitated themselves across the fore-cabin, and plunged again into the sea on the other side. The dismayed passengers ran about wildly, sometimes coming in violent collision with the sailors, or with each other, falling upon the deck, and others stumbling over them, till presently some became breathless and still, and others clung, moaning with horror, to whatever was nearest to them. The vessel had been carried over the first ledge of rocks, and was nearing the shore. She had parted all her anchors. All heavy merchandise and packages had been thrown overboard. A cry was now raised of 'The boats! The boats!' It was found that the sailors had been getting out and were lowering the boats. Every body rushed to that side.

The first boat that was lowered reached the water head foremost, through hasty mismanagement—filled, and instantly sunk. The next boat was capsized in the confusion which prevailed—several passengers jumping overboard in a state of blind excitement, while the boat was sinking, in their terror of being left behind. The boat, now lowered, which was a barge, and very broad in the beam, and strong, reached the water in safety, and was rapidly filled by a crowd, so that not another individual could possibly be admitted; but before they had succeeded in pushing her off, and while the overcrowded boat was tossing high up the vessel's side, almost to a level with the deck, and then descending as if to reach her keel, the foremost of the steamer snapped close off, and went crashing over the side. Instantly eight or ten more persons leaped into the boat, upon the heads of the crowd, and as instantly the whole of them went down, before a single one had time to extricate himself from the densely-packed throng. It was the last boat they had.

And now all those on the high-pitching deck of the doomed vessel gave themselves up for lost. Some uttered screams; others groaned and wrung their hands; some prayed aloud to their knees; some rushed to and fro, with loud, incoherent ejaculations, or gabbling to themselves like idiots; but the predominant and most shocking characteristic was a selfishness, which, from its utterly undisguised excess and brutality, was often frightful to behold, and took the form of ferocity rather than mere self-preservation. It was as frightful in itself as the thing it feared. Two men happened to seize the same spar, and began to lash themselves to it, and after a few confusing tangles of their ropes, they seized upon each other, and struggled savagely, though there were plenty of other spars close at hand: others thrust themselves into positions of apparent advantage, forcing somebody else out, perhaps to immediate destruction. Even women were not exempt from this treatment; while reckless and bewildered men went trampling over the bodies of fallen parents with children, totally disregarding them, as though they were heaps of rope-yarn or refuse. Several passengers had two, and even three live-preservers under their great coats and cloaks, (one of these life-belts being enough for any body of ordinary weight), and other passengers were running wildly about, offering all they had in the world for such a thing—but in vain.

But let us be just to human nature. These dreadful circumstances, at the crisis, are unfair trials of humanity. The great masses of mankind, or average human character, are not capable, either by their original nature or intellectual and moral habits, of sustaining themselves in such scenes as these. Nevertheless, there will almost always be found some exceptions. How grandly does a man, who retains his humanity amidst the general loss of it, stand out from all the rest!—how nobly, how divinely, do women, often appear, in their passive, self-possessed resignation and feeling for others! Nor were such examples wanting upon the present occasion. The very passenger who had been in violent altercation with the captain as to going below, just before they were washed overboard was observed, while they were floating away upon the sea, to help the captain up on the broken main-top-sail yard, to which they both clung till out of sight: a sailor, who was most expert in lowering the barge to the water, was the very last man who fairly got into it; and a poor Irish emigrant, returning from Canada, had been continually assisting somebody, though excessively frightened himself, and frequently ejaculating, 'Oh! some good saint come down and help us, for the honor of God! but when any body near him wanted assistance, he instantly forgot his own alarm.

Besides these passing instances, however, there were others of yet more marked character. On the centre deck, in front of the compass-box, stood a man, with a cheek ashy pale, but an erect attitude and a steady eye. He bent his gaze alternately upon the hideous tumult around him on the deck of the vessel—upon the raging sea, and upon the equally turbulent commotion in the sky above. His look, however, was not very observing, nor speculative as to results, nor hopeful, nor resigned to his fate. It was rather the look of one who, not seeing any present means of escape, was waiting with a certain stoical fortitude for what might happen; and, to judge by his frequent gaze over the sea, his fortitude was attended, if not assisted, by a degree of abstraction, apparently the result of an habitual high tone of thought. By his side, with one hand held in his, stood a lady of some two or three and twenty years of age, whose unruffled appearance, both in manner and attire, in comparison with that of all the other women present, betokened a very considerable degree of self-possession. Her chief solicitude seemed to be devoted to a doubled-up figure, who sat on the deck at her feet, with his head enveloped in her shawl, and who remained—whether from age and infirmity of body, or weakness of mind—quite motionless.

'Archer,' said the lady, in an undertone, addressing him who held her hand. He did not hear her. 'Those flaws in the sky,' murmured he to himself, 'do not vouchsafe to us one faint gleam of the hope of escape. Will they give us a brief glance into the regions of the world to come? No, no: we must stare down into the dark abysses of the sea, which show us the maw of death; and all our long account of a short life has to be wound up in a moment, and in the dark! Great God! why should the Here and the Hereafter so confound us! Why were we not given minds too mean to comprehend this dreadful pinnacle of time, or else large enough to take our two lives into our own steady vision!'

'Archer,' repeated the lady. He bent his head close to her face. 'Do you think my father could be got down into a boat, should any come to our rescue?'

'I think not, unless I could carry him down the ship's side—the safety of which to both of us would be very doubtful.'

'I shall not leave him.'

'Of course not.'

'But if you can save yourself, you must not remain with us.'

'I shall remain.'

'Dear Archer, to what purpose? If you can save yourself by any means, pray leave us this instant.'

Archer pressed her hand. 'I shall remain with you,' said he. His eyes were again bent over the sea, with a painful, yet half-absorbed gaze. From this he was presently startled by the violent fall of two men and a child close at his feet, the men being engaged in a deadly conflict. The cause appeared to be, that one had a life-preserver belt, which he had fastened round the body of his little girl, and was in the act of attaching himself to the child by a piece of rope, when another man rushed upon them, and tore the life-preserver from the child. This ruffian being much the stronger of the two, had now got both father and child beneath him upon the deck, the former of whom he had grasped so fiercely by the throat with both hands, that his face was already turning black, and his eyes starting from the sockets.

'Let go your hold!' exclaimed Archer, interposing. 'Wretch! let go your hold!—Saying which he dragged the uppermost man backwards by the collar of his coat; but he had scarcely done this before two men rushed upon the prostrate child and father, and seized the life-preserver as their prize. Archer quit the first assailant, and sprang towards them; the first assailant rose and also sprang upon them: the father rose and sprang upon them; and amidst the howling of the wind, the dashing over of frequent billows, the pitching and thumping of the vessel against the rocks, and the screaming of the child who was trodden under foot, the life-preserver was torn in pieces.

The first assailant, with the largest fragment in his grasp, reeled backward to the gangway, and fell headlong into the sea; and one of the other assailants, together with the father, both in a state of blind fury at the destruction of the thing that was to save their lives, seized upon Archer, and would instantly have torn him to pieces, if they had but possessed claws and fangs, so like wild beasts was their assault upon him. But a blow upon the head of each from some one standing above the struggling group, laid the wild beasts at their full length upon the deck. It was the man who had broken his way out from the cabin and liberated the passengers some time since. He was a strong, finely-formed man, of the middle height, and about eight-and-twenty years of age. His only clothes were a pair of pilot cloth trousers tightly bound round his loins with a black silk handkerchief, and a Guernsey frock fitting close to his body and arms. In his hand he held a stout marlin-spike.

'Thank you!' exclaimed the lady, looking gratefully towards the man, as Archer rose from the deck, apparently little injured by the wild scuffle. Archer nodded his head expressively towards him in recognition of the service. The man looked alternately from the lady to Archer, and from Archer to the lady, and then at the muffled-up figure sitting upon the deck at her feet. 'I think,' said he, 'I can manage to take you all into my party, and get you all ashore somehow.'

'What party?' said Archer hastily, and how ashore? 'The boats are all lost.'

The man paused a second or two, and then said, in rather an undertone, 'I have been making a raft—a good stout one, considering the time and other things. I meant it to carry ten or eleven, and I have picked out the best for it—men who behave like men, and not like sheep, nor wild beasts. And those ten are now sitting on the raft to guard it, while I came off to see if I could find another or two, in which case I shall add another spar or plank—and then launch her—so come this way—shall I carry the old man?'

'So saying he approached the recumbent figure, and stooped over him with extended arms to pick him up. 'Stop!' said Archer, 'we are most grateful to you for this offer of help; but as your raft is made of pieces of timber fastened together, which may burst asunder, so is this vessel made of still more pieces of timber bound together far more strongly, and is therefore the safest thing of the two—at present.'

'That is true,' said the man, 'but with such a sea and wind as this, and the vessel pitching and grinding upon the rocks, as she has been doing this hour, she may go to pieces suddenly, or with too little warning to give us time to launch the raft.'

'Then launch your raft and make it fast to the vessel by ropes, so that we may take it to a minute's notice.'

The man shook his head. 'It would be dashed in pieces against the vessel, or torn asunder by the sea, even if the ropes would hold it. No—when the raft's once launched, away she must go to leeward, with all upon her.'

'But surely,' exclaimed Archer energetically, 'ten or twelve good men, acting upon excitement, could launch half an acre of raft, if previously placed in the most favorable position at a ship's side.'

'Well, perhaps you are right. Come forward with me.' He stooped, and catching up the old man in his arms, hurried along the heaving deck, dryly muttering, 'My raft is certainly not half an acre.'

A few fathoms abaft the stump of the broken foremast, sat a group of drenched figures, looking like a bundle of old clothes, in the dismal, stormy darkness. Silent, immovable, their heads hunched up in jackets and cloaks, each one clung fast to his place on the raft, at once its occupant and its guard, riding up and down, as the deck rose and fell, and receiving every now and then the shock of a bursting wave rushing athwart the vessel. A piece of rope-lashing was wound round the left arm of each of them. Three of these dusky figures appeared to be women, and the rest were not all sailors.

To those who retain their self-possession after a protracted period of personal peril, however great, in which the final blow is continually threatened, yet not struck, there comes a sort of carelessness at last, or callous incredulity of the imagination; and a general hardening of the mind—in fact, a fortitude very much the result of an exhausted and deadened sensibility. All those who had taken up their post on the raft, remained there throughout this most dreadful night without much demonstration of apprehension or emotion. The wind howled, and the vessel pitched and tossed, and every now and then grated or thumped upon the rocks; but it had been doing this for hours, and had not yet gone to pieces: it might not therefore go to pieces for some hours more.

All the fore-cabin was full of water, and the engine-room was full; when it was quite full she would go down, but probably not before. The sea frequently dashed right over the fore-cabin as yet, and of course they must continue to be watchful and hold fast. A great many lives had already been lost: they, on the raft, could not help that. As for the remainder of the passengers, in the after-part of the vessel, fainting or dying, or rushing wildly about the deck, or clambering up the rigging, or uttering cries of horror or despair—they, on the raft, could not help it. They only wished they might be able to help themselves when the moment came. What they felt most, was the wet and cold: almost the sole object of their thoughts was daybreak, and hopes of some abatement in the storm, so that they might launch their raft and get ashore somehow.

Several of them dozed as they sat, and one man fell across a beam and snored in a dead exhausted sleep. The wind had shifted, but only to blow with almost equal strength from another quarter.

While all the party belonging to the raft were thus maintaining their position, the man who had brought Archer and his friends there, was standing at a little distance, earnestly examining the appearance of the scudding clouds. He presently returned. 'You were right,' said he, addressing Archer, 'to advise us to wait before we launched the raft. I think the storm will abate as the morning comes on.'

'I told you it would, Harding,' murmured the hoarse voice of a sailor who sat doubled up on the raft.

'In that case,' said Archer, 'some boats will probably be able to put off from the shore to us.'

Harding shook his head. 'I don't think we can wait for that chance: the sea will not go down with the wind. There will be a tremendous swell for some time after. This vessel will go to pieces before twelve o'clock—perhaps sooner.'

With the close of this brief colloquy all the party on the raft relapsed into their state of dogged endurance and comparative apathy to their situation. Their heads were tucked down under their collars, and they took a fresh hold of the spars on which they sat. Those who had previously dozed, dozed again.

'This is a dreadful scene, Mary,' said Archer, in an undertone, to the lady at his side. 'Do you feel very much exhausted?'

'Yes,' replied she, in a faint, but perfectly steady voice. 'I do; but it is of no use to think of that. We have much more to go through. I wish my father was not with us. He has not spoken this half-hour. His pulse is very low—I am holding his hands in mine.'

Their friend in the Guernsey frock, whose name appeared to be Harding, now drew from underneath two or three folds of tarpaulin, a large cape, and a thick dead-nought coat, with which he closely enveloped both father and daughter, and then silently took his place upon the raft. In this state they all remained till the dismal dawn of morning.

The sun arose, it is true, but it seemed to creep up the heavens like a dingy saffron ball, as if by the mere necessity of a physical law, rather than by those bright internal energies whereby that luminary habitually seems to exalt itself. Dull and oppressed with muddy driving vapors, it was frequently obscured altogether by the careering clouds. The wind gradually sank, and the bursting of the billows ceased: the swell, however, of the sea was prodigious, so that fresh lashings were requisite to keep the raft from sliding heavily from side to side, with the roll of the wrecked vessel. She had been again lifted clear of the rocks, and was now reeling about, like a dying top, within a few hundred fathoms of the shore. The shore, notwithstanding the spray, was quite visible, and people were soon observed running down to the beach. There they stood, watching the wreck, but appeared not to know what to do, or not to be able to render assistance.

The number of the group continued to increase, still they did nothing but look. Signals of distress were repeated from all parts of the rigging on the two remaining masts.

The people on the shore, however, did nothing but stand looking. It was maddening to see them. Fresh lookers-on continually joined them, but there were no signs of putting off a boat. Perhaps they had no boat! Perhaps there was no fishing station for miles distant, and no chance of a boat in time to save those upon the wreck.

The state of suspense soon became quite intolerable, and even the stoics upon the raft were unable to maintain their posts, but rose and shouted wildly, and waved things in the air. At last those on the wreck described a

boat, which was hurried down the shelving beach by a group of men. The appearance was instantly greeted by one loud and screaming shout. The boat was speedily followed by a second, and both of them were safely launched, though not without great difficulty. As they approached the wreck, a general rush was made to the gangway, and to the vessel's side. Every one struggled, and pushed, and fought for the foremost places—every body felt that the first boat which arrived was the boat for him; that, in fact, it was coming on purpose for him; and a few more. The consequence of this was, that while the first boat was riding up and down at the vessel's side, the men who had brought it were quite unable to give any assistance to those who came floundering down; and several fell overboard between the boat and the ship, and were carried away by the roll of the sea. These accidents, however, did not at all quell the tumult, or prevent others from leaping down in the same reckless manner.

The first person who recovered himself amidst this scene of confusion, was Harding. Clapping his hands upon the shoulders of two men, who together with himself were pressing forward to the gangway with an eye to the second boat—'Shame upon all this!' shouted he; 'back, boys, to our raft—the first boat will never do for us, and we could not make our way to the second, without pushing some of those people overboard—back to the raft—collect the rest of the party—such as choose to come, while I go and cut away the lashings of the raft, and make ready to launch her. Away forward ran Harding; but what was his surprise to find Archer already there, and standing very much with the same air of forlorn philosophy which he had displayed at an early period of the night. The lady and her father were both seated at his feet. 'I ran with the rest,' said Archer, 'and made my way into the crowd, but finding everybody mad, I returned as quickly as possible, bringing my friends with me. I hope you will find enough to join us, so that we may launch our raft and take our chance upon it in preference to the boats.'

'Yes, yes,' said Harding, impatiently, while with his knife he was already at work in cutting the lashing that made fast the raft on deck. He had not completed this operation before he was joined by three sailors; and presently afterwards by the poor Irish emigrant, who had volunteered to escort two women, one of whom had a child in her arms. Lastly, there came two more men, passengers, who had previously been of the party, and the whole of them, by dint of great effort, raised and launched the raft upon the heaving and rolling waves. The sailors all got down first; and then, by the aid of Harding, who had lashed himself in the fore-chains, the women and passengers were helped down the side, with all the care and precision that could be given in such circumstances, and were deposited in different positions on the raft, so as to attain something like a balance of weights. The women and the old gentleman were all seated in the middle upon a heap of coats and jackets.

Swooping up and down with the rise and fall of the huge waves, the raft swung upon the sea by a single rope beneath the keward beam of the wreck—now dashing up at the beaten-in bows, now plunging down aslant beneath the beam—very much in the same desperate way as a shark, who has the hook in his jaws, dashes and plunges up and down from side to side when drawn close under a ship, his fury and obduracy being somewhat aggravated by several musket balls being fired into his flat head. The rope was now cut by Harding, and away rode the broad raft upon the high rolling sea. It whirled round several times, and then took its course rapidly towards the shore. Once or twice it struck against the rocks, and again whirled round, and several times the waves dashed over, but every one being lashed to a spar, no harm came of it. They were soon among the breakers, close in shore. And now wave after wave burst over them—and the raft rose and pitched—and swung round—and voices were shouting amidst the spray. Harding and the sailors had leaped off into the sea; and seven or eight men from the shore had rushed among the breakers to their aid; and amidst the confusion of voices, and the foaming of the waves, and the rushing up and down of the surge, and the sheets of spray, the raft was dragged several fathoms closer in shore, and all those upon it were then lifted off, and helped, hurried, and when need, were fairly dragged through the surf till safely landed upon the beach. At that same moment a third boat was being impelled downwards to the sea, to give further aid to those who were still upon the wreck; and amidst the noise and confusion of all this, several of the raft party sank down upon their knees, and remained looking up to heaven with clasped hands, unable to articulate a word; They were then taken up to some fishermen's huts, about a stone's throw from the beach.

## Weddings.

We have "not the papers" to show the fact, but from general information which memory has in her library on the subject, we believe we are authorized in saying, that a greater number of unhappy marriages are contracted in these latter days than formerly; and that in consequence, more applications are made and granted for divorce. The principal reason of this is, that the old fashioned wedding has in a great measure given way to a modern method, destitute of form, solemnity and religion. The Squire's office has been substituted for the church and the altar, the statute for the prayer-book, and the Justice of the district for the pastor. It requires no nerve to "take a solemn vow," for the man who can make an affidavit to an "ear mark" can stand up before his "Honor," and take a woman "for better or worse."

Matrimonial alliances are thus easily made, and quite as easily broken. The limbs of the law have found out that the whole matter is a mere legal contract, like the buying and selling of produce; and it has been decided in the good old Keystone State, so the papers inform us, that a wedding on Sunday is not binding, because contrary to the provision of law in relation to trading on the Sabbath day made and provided.

The life, the spirit, the poetry of the alliance is dying out, and the cold, heartless, insipid, stupid ceremonies, now so generally in vogue, leave no trace of moral beauty or obligation on the mind. The return upon the wife "according to law," and the "twain made one" go forth without a blessing upon their heads. It is to be wondered at, that amid the

little tempests which must certainly arise in the voyage of life, these wretched hands give way? Is it to be wondered at, that where there is so little to impress the mind with the sacredness, the glory, the grandeur, the heaven of the nuptial vow, the sensibilities soon become deadened, and the yoke oppressive?

We are no advocate for the union of Church and State; but the union of men and women by regular ministers of the church we go in for, most decidedly. If ever we need the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man, it is when standing in the presence of heaven and our fellows, we pledge love, fidelity, protection to one who has left all to share with us our cares and our joys, and the language of whose heart and lips is "whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Reader when you marry, get a clergyman, and have the ceremonies performed in the good old imposing way—in a way commensurate with the importance of the occasion. Have a groomsmen and a bridesmaid, a great supper and a house full of witnesses. Pay the Minister his fee—it is by virtue of his sacred office—it will help him too; for his regular salary is not a great deal. His blessing and invocation will be worth it, no matter how large the amount, and the registry of your vows, instead of being written among estray notices, assault and battery cases, and commitment orders, and liable to be lost and forgotten, will be kept fresh and interesting in your mind and heart by Him who "answereth prayer," and who has said, "what God has joined together, let not man put asunder." [Terre Haute Journal.]

## Spelling.

The New Haven Register tells the following incident:—

Some years since, a lawyer in this vicinity employed an English joiner, (a first-rate workman at his trade,) to make a door for his office. The joiner brought in his bill, *verbum in latinum*, as follows, leaving out the names.

"Mr. ——— to ——— dether to makin a dcre for ofis, 3 dulers 50 cents. Rec'd pament in ful."

The lawyer very civilly asked the joiner why a man of his ability and capacity need make the bill in such a bungling manner, and spell so much worse than an *a b c* children in this country? The English Joiner Bull joined took it in high dudgeon, and said to the lawyer:—

"Look here now—if I choose, I can spell with anybody in America, I know! You had better undertake to teach Englishmen, who learnt you all you know. What is it to you, if you get me to make a door, and I make you a good door, whether I spell it d-o-r-e, d-o-e-r, d-o-a-r, d-o-u-r, d-o-a-r-e, d-o-u-r-e, d-o-u-r, d-o-u-e-r, or d-o-u-g-h-e-r?—there, now, take your choice of the nine different ways: I am sure one of them must suit you; for I know you can't spell it in any other than one of these ways."

Poor John Bull was dumb-founded when he found he had spelt door nine different ways, without either of them being right.

The above (says the Plattsburgh Republican) calls to mind an incident in the life of the celebrated Pedestrian and Printer, John Ives, whose accuracy in orthography stands as unquestioned among the "craft" as does Webster's revised edition. Not many winters since, the old Pedestrian taking it into his head to visit his friends in York State, left Burlington late one afternoon, for that well known, "starting point," Port Kent. On his arrival, a gathering at the cheerfully-lighted school-house attracted him thither; and entering, he seated himself immediately at the door. Just at this moment the pedagogue "put out" to the head of the class (for the assemblage was nothing more or less than a spelling-school) the word *condemn*, which was directly spelt *wrong*, by omitting the last letter. "The next," cried the master, and the next, as is often the case, spelt the same as the first, (*condemn*, and so it passed on—the teacher calling on "the next," and the pupil as certainly spelling the same as his predecessor, until the whole school had had their chance at the word, and the veteran typo only remained; when the teacher, not noticing in the dim distance that he was an "outsider," invited him to take his turn by calling "the next." In a measured and audible voice, our hero spelt "c-o-n-d-e-m-n d-e-m you sir!" and making for the door, cleared the threshold, we are happy to state, just in time to avoid the boot of the teacher, whose rage at what he termed a reflection upon the intelligence of the school, knew no bounds. But our eccentric friend went his way, sadly lamenting over the degeneracy of the age; and the last we saw of him was at the Free School Law, in the triumph of which none more gloried.

## Luck.

Rev. H. W. Beecher says the following, in one of his lectures:—I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secrets of *good and bad luck*. There are men, who supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever runs against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he hid his time away fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another, with a good trade, burnt up his luck by hot temper, which provoked his employers to leave him. Another, who steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest, constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculation; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck; for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler!

PUTTING THE BOOT ON THE RIGHT LEG. The new Mayor of Pittsburgh having had a drunken man before him who had been picked up out of the ditch, before a rum tavern, dismissed the prisoner, but found the tavern keepers. It is to be wondered at, that amid the



## MISCELLANY.

## Settling the Question.

In a backwoods Lyceum, a few evenings since, the very original question, "Which is the greatest evil, Slavery or Intemperance?" was discussed. In the course of his speech, the first on the floor spoke of the inhuman treatment of the masters towards the slaves, of the cruel punishments inflicted, alluding particularly to one, well known, termed cat-hauling.

His opponent, whose appearance on the occasion, must be seen to be realized, then and there making of his terrestrial coil a lame apology for perpendicularly, was delivered of a lump of sublimity, of which the following is a true and attested copy.

"Mr. President—Spizin you was a wife to somebody or other, and your husband should come home drunk, and should *stew* you, and should *beat* you; I say, Mr. President, wouldn't that be then scratch-hauling?" We didn't stay to hear the decision, but, of course, the able debater "got his case."

This reminds one of the Scotchman who, a few years ago, called at the house of Lawyer Fletcher, of Vermont, to consult that legal gentleman professionally. "Is the Squeer at home?" he inquired of Lawyer F.'s lady, who opened the door at his summons. He was answered negatively.

Disappointment was now added to the trials of Scotch's son, but after a moment's consideration, a new thought relieved him. "Mebly you'd give me the necessary information as well as the Squeer—seein' as ye're his wife."

The kind lady readily promised to do so, if on learning the nature of his difficulty, she found it in her power, and the other proceeded to state the case as follows:

"Spize ye was an auld white mear, and I shud borry ye to gang to mill, with a grist on yer back, an' we shud get no farther than Stair Hill, when all at once, ye shud back up, and rear up, and pitch up, and keel down backwards, and break yer dearned auld neck, who'd pay for ye? not I, dearn me if I would."

The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had himself passed sentence on the case, advice would be superfluous.

## Poetry.

Prentice thus eloquently answers the question, "What is Poetry?"

"A smile, a tear, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in all created existence, in man, and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influence of love and affection, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of early years, and in the thoughts of that glory that chains our spirits to the gates of paradise. There is poetry, too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning, and the star; its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataract; its softer tones go, sweetly up from the thousand voice-harps of the wind, and rivulet, and forest; and the cloud and sky go floating over us, to the music of its melodies. There's not a moonlight ray that comes down upon the stream or hill, not a breeze, calling from its blue air, thrown to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rains, its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring, not a cloud, bathing itself like an angel vision in the rosy bushes of autumn twilight, nor a rock, glowing in the yellow starlight, as if dreaming of the Eden land, but is full of the beautiful influence of poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and heaven are quickened by its spirit, and the heavings of the great deep, in tempest and calm, are but its accent and mysterious workings."

## On Suckers of Fruit Trees.

The season has arrived for setting off fruit trees. We regret to see a practice still persevered in, that always results in loss and disappointment.

The employment of suckers as stocks for propagating fruit trees, should be considered as a species of malpractice among nurserymen. It is followed by so many evils, that it is discontinued at this very day by every judicious horticulturist, and we are happy to say that we believe it is discontinued by most, or all the practical nurserymen in this vicinity; though it is still a popular and common practice with the public generally.

The cherry, plum, pear, and apple tree, in a diseased condition, will often throw up numerous thorny sprouts, that will offer to an inexperienced cultivator, inviting temptation to multiply his stock at a rapid rate, with little labor. If he is deceived by these appearances, and propagate his valuable kinds on these diseased growths, his efforts will ultimately result in disappointment.

It is not denied that in a few instances trees thus propagated may have been tolerably healthy, fruitful, and long-lived; but we hesitate not to affirm, that in nine cases out of ten the experiment will prove a total failure.

The practice of grafting and budding pears upon this quality of stocks, has extended a diseased action, a kind of canker among our pear orchards, that has in some instances been mistaken for blight, a disease that has its origin in the depositions of a minute cecidaceous insect, which has been satisfactorily described in all its stages of transformation, by Dr. Harris, and other Massachusetts entomologists. Vegetables as well as animals, are subject to morbid or diseased actions, which may be either functional or organic. Such diseased actions may be propagated from the parent tree to its sprouts. Sprouts are, indeed, almost sure to inherit all the defects of the original tree. The very circumstances that a tree is disposed to throw up suckers, is an evidence that its vitality has been impaired in some manner, or the occurrence of a morbid action in its system.

Trees raised from suckers usually manifest some of the following tendencies, viz.:

1st. To send up annually from their roots a profusion of suckers.

This tendency, of itself diverts the sap from its legitimate channels, the body and limbs, and causes them to sicken from inanition, which also predisposes to attacks of other diseases, insects, and premature decay.

2d. To the formation of excessive numbers of fruit buds.

As this is a morbid action, the vigor of the tree is usually exhausted in the effort at forming the blow-buds, and no fruit in the end will be produced, or, if any, it will be of an inferior quality, insipid, knotty, and wormy.

3d. To a stunted or dwarfish growth.

The main stock may grow rapidly for a few years, but sooner or later, some side shoot will spring up, and divert the nutriment to itself, and leave its predecessor to starve and decay, just as in these changing political times, one office-holder will flourish with an ephemeral growth from official patronage, till some more fortunate rival starts up to supplant him.

4th. To decay, or sudden death without any apparent cause.

A rapid and strong growth for a few years may hold out the promise of a successful result, never to be realized. Portions of the

stark and wood will soon decay, or be attacked with insects; the whole of the tree perhaps stops its growth, and assumes a sickly appearance, or dies suddenly in a few days. Some or all of these unfavorable changes will occur at an early age.

In conclusion, we would observe, that no honest nurseryman will impose a sucker on his customers, and no considerate horticulturist will encumber his grounds with such a nuisance.—[O. Family Visitor.]

## Down upon Calomel.

The Scalpel, a New York publication, edited by Mr. Dixon, deals very plainly with many subjects connected with medical practice. The following quotations from a late number will serve to show the views of the editor upon calomel:

"In dyspepsia, or indigestion, when nothing goes right, and nobody knows why, it is a perfect philosophical deduction, that something is wrong. It may be blood, it may be the solids it may be the spleen, it may be the brain. The whole case appears to be a doubtful one—a 'may be.' Does it not strike every medical logician, that the treatment of a disease should be in accordance with its condition? What better mode of treatment could be pursued than the 'may be' one? Give calomel! 'May be, the patient will get better notwithstanding the calomel, and you, 'may be,' will get the credit. The worst which 'may be' is, that the calomel 'may be' fatal to him; but if he, you have only carried out the theory of a medical 'may be,' to its therapeutic conclusion."

"Some of the alternative effects of calomel are very apparent. We have known stout, healthy persons altered to lean, feeble ones. Some, whose stomachs were capable of taking and digesting anything, were rendered incapable of taking or digesting at all; others, who were always regular in their bowels, were so altered, that they found the necessity to regulate them the future business of their life. Some have a moderate-sized liver altered to a large one; others are so altered as to lose a large portion of their liver, already diminished. Some find out that they have kidneys, who never knew it before, and many can define the exact boundary of their stomachs, by the uneasiness which they feel, who formerly did not know they had a stomach."

"There is, however, one valuable property in calomel above all other medicines. It is this: If there is nothing the matter with the person who takes it, there very soon will be; and although, before its administration, it might be impossible to know or say what was the matter, if anything it will be very easy to do both, after it has been given. Decayed teeth, bad breath, foul stomach, irregular bowels, weakness and weariness, are a small portion in the catalogue of ailments, which are distinctly traceable to calomel. Dyspepsia, dropsy, and piles or fistula, may be very easily procured, by one who will undergo a course of calomel."

"If a medical man cannot find enough of disease to employ him, let him give the calomel to that which he does find, and he will most assuredly find more. It may be proper, in some cases, to give sarsaparilla as well; but that depends upon whether the doctor sells it. If he does, let him give it by all means."

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 2, 1850.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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## [For the Eastern Mail.]

MESSRS. MAXHAM & WING.—There has been some diversity of opinion among the Assessors in the several towns on the line of the A. & K. Railroad as well as in other towns, where Stockholders reside, as to the proper mode of assessing taxes on the Company and on the Stockholders. It seems to me, it is desirable there should be uniformity in the mode of taxing in this case. I have taken some pains to examine the laws in relation to this subject, and will proceed to give you, and through you to the Assessors concerned, the results.

On the 5th of April, 1845, a general law was passed, entitled, "An act concerning the assessment of taxes," prescribing the general rules, by which Assessors are to be governed in assessing taxes. By the 10th section of this act "all the real estate belonging to any Corporation shall be assessed to such Corporation in the town, where such real estate is situated." By the 2d section, the land, on which any track of a Railroad is constructed, shall be deemed real estate and regarded as non-resident property for the purpose of taxation. On the 7th of April, 1845, another act was passed, entitled, "An act providing for the taxing of Railroads and Railroad property in this State." By the 1st section it is provided that "the track of any Railroad Company, and the land on which any Railroad track is constructed, shall not be deemed real estate;" and by the 4th section, "all acts and parts of acts heretofore passed, providing for the taxing of the track of any Railroad or the land on which the same is constructed, as real estate, are hereby repealed."

No law touching this subject has since been passed. By the annual Tax Act, the State Treasurer is required to issue his warrant to the Assessors of the several towns accompanied by a copy of the act, requiring them to assess on their several towns the sums charged according to the provisions of the above mentioned law of the 5th of April, and the 14th chapter of the Revised Statutes. But it will be observed, that a certain provision of the law of the 5th of April has been repealed by the law of the 7th of April, 1845, relating to taxing the track and the land on which it is constructed; and though the latter act is not mentioned in the State Treasurer's warrant or in the annual Tax Act, it is still the law of the land, and the Assessors are bound to conform to it as much as if it were specially mentioned in the warrant of the Treasurer or the Tax Act.

From this exposition, it follows, that the Assessors have a right to assess all the real estate belonging to a Railroad Corporation,

such as Depot buildings and other lots of land owned by the Company, directly to the Company at its fair cash value, but not the track of the Road or the land on which it is built, which is considered as a part of the Capital Stock of the Company and makes up a part of the value of the shares of the Stockholders—which, by the 2d section of the above cited law of the 7th of April, are to be taxed to the owners in the several towns where they reside.

It follows also, that the depot grounds and buildings and other lots of land owned by a Railroad Company are to be valued and taxed to the Co., and that the amount of this valuation is to be deducted from the assumed value of the shares—as for instance, if the value of the depot grounds and buildings and other lots of land belonging to the A. & K. Railroad Co. is equal to 10 per cent. of the value of all the shares, and the shares are worth 50 per cent. or \$50 per share, the stock of the owners of the shares would be put in the valuation and taxed at \$40 a share. From the best information I can get, I suppose the depot grounds and buildings and other lots belonging to the A. & K. Railroad Co. may be valued at from \$75,000 to \$100,000. The question then may arise, how are the Assessors to tax the owners of stock in this Road? The answer is, the shares are to be valued and taxed at their fair cash market value in the same manner as other personal property is valued and taxed, and without regard to what the shares may have cost. If they are sold at public or private sale for 50 per cent. of the original cost, in justice and fairness and according to law, they cannot be valued and taxed by the Assessors at any higher value. EQUAL TAXATION.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## More "Candid Words."

Mr. Editor: A piece that appeared in the Mail under the heading of "A Few Candid Words," has one remark that may deserve a little further notice. You say that "the man who is a mere spectator of the controversy, may very naturally discover faults on both sides." I admit this, but would add that while the rum-seller's faults are known and detested, the faults of the temperance folks are not so much noticed and censured as they ought to be. Their faults are a want of promptness and perseverance in legal measures, which is the only course that can now ensure success. Moral suasion has heretofore done much. Many drunkards have been reclaimed, and many rum-sellers have been convinced of their wrong doing and abandoned the traffic. But there is a class of men beyond the reach of moral suasion. Their only object is gain, regardless of the pauperism, crime and misery that attend their business. They have no moral principle, and no sympathy with the wretched wives and children in the drunkard's hovel, and they never will quit their traffic until prosecutions and fines are multiplied and increased, until they find it to be a losing business.

It has been intimated that if the rum-sellers are compelled to stop their trade in Waterville, they will move into the adjoining towns. But I will apprise them that they will not succeed in Waterville, and we consider them as deserving the frowns and execrations of community; and a man having any self-respect, or any wish for the good opinion of the best part of society, would be as much ashamed to be seen crossing the threshold of the rum-seller's shop as if it was a house of ill fame. WINSLOW.

## Liberal Institute.

The friends of this school will be pleased to learn, as they will, by an advertisement in another column of this paper, that the services of the Rev. J. P. Weston, its former efficient and successful Principal, have been again secured, and that he is to enter upon the discharge of his duties, in connection with it, at the commencement of the Summer Term. Under his charge, we have no doubt the Institution will prosper, and afford a favorable opportunity for such as desire it, of both sexes, to obtain a thorough knowledge of such branches of education, as are usually taught in Academies and High Schools. His established reputation, however, as a teacher, in this place, precludes the necessity of any formal notice of his qualifications, or the facilities afforded students in the school for the successful pursuit of their studies. We wish the school much success.

## Webster's Money.

Some of the papers, which are laboring in a sly and cowardly way to create doubts in the public mind in regard to Dr. Webster's guilt, are circulating a paragraph which, if it could be credited, would indeed go to create doubts. It explains the manner in which Webster paid Parkman, by stating that Mrs. W. on ascertaining his embarrassment, gave him \$700 of her own saving; and gives as a reason why this fact was not made known on the trial, that "feelings of pride caused them both to keep back the fact!" A singular case indeed, when a culprit arraigned for murder has too much pride to show his innocence!—and an affectionate wife and daughters troubled with the same difficulty! And yet a portion—small indeed—of the press profess to believe the explanation a true one. Strange, how many positive falsehoods, and how much weak and flimsy argument, the verdict of that jury has generated.

ROOT CROPS. The farmers of Vermont have great success in the cultivation of root crops. The convenience and economy of feeding sheep renders them an almost indispensable crop with the large wool growers for which that State is famous. A few thousand bushels is no great affair with them. The sugar beet is a favorite, especially for milk cows.

The rich loamy intervals that abound all over the State, are peculiarly adapted to this root, and produce enormous crops. A thousand bushels to the acre is about a medium crop. An acquaintance of ours in Cornwall presented two different fields for premium, last Fall, to the Addison Co. Agricultural Society; one gave 1220 and the other 1100 bushels to the

acre. And yet a neighbor of his was a successful competitor for the premium.

Panama papers from the 23d to the 29th ult. have been handed us by Col. Williams, who received them by last steamer from his son at Panama. They contain little news of importance. They mention the departure on the 24th, of the steamship Tennessee, "with the largest number of passengers that ever went to San Francisco in one vessel." The Oregon brought two millions of gold to that place—with 300 passengers.

## Attempt to Break Jail.

We learn from the Bangor Mercury, that there was a daring attempt on the part of the prisoners in the jail of that city, to gain their enlargement on Monday night last week. The persons making the attempt were, John Woodbine, colored, Wm. Ford, do., R. Greenlow, Wm. Hall, W. D. Mains, and Chas. W. Mains, all offenders, and desperately wicked. The Mercury says:

"Yesterday (Monday) Mr. Wellington observed certain indications that led him to suspect that a plot was on foot. He accordingly approached one of the prisoners in whom he had confidence. His interview with this man added force to his suspicions, and he accordingly made arrangements with him to indicate by a sign agreed upon between them, the night when the attempt was to be made. This was arranged yesterday afternoon. So soon as last evening, Mr. Wellington observed beneath the door the little white stick which had been fixed between him and the friendly prisoner, as the signal of an outbreak."

Upon this Mr. Wellington proceeded to assemble the police of the city, in order to have on hand sufficient force to check the outbreak. This was about nine o'clock. On the way to the jail, some citizens joined the police force, and assisted in the melee which soon took place.

On entering the jail, the police, who had approached with the utmost silence, fell back, and Mr. Wellington, the jailor, as if on his usual nightly visit, opened the main door in the lower passage in the lower story of the jail. At once the prisoners named above rushed out, armed with short and easily-wielded iron bars, heavy wooden cudgons and dirk knives. As they had concerted previously they extinguished the lights, and then commenced, in that long, dark passage, one of the most desperate fights that can be conceived of. Blows, hand to hand clinches, pulling of hair, and every demonstration that can come up in an encounter among athletic men, immediately came off. The darkness, however, protected the police from any serious injury. The blows from the irons and cudgons struck no dangerous part, and although all the officers received more or less of the blows of these desperate men, no one was seriously injured.

Mr. Albert G. Hunt, however, received a blow on the head from a bludgeon held by Mains, causing much pain. Mr. J. A. Lakin, and Mr. Steward were both struck by Woodbine, with an iron bar, but neither were badly hurt. Lakin, a heavy, stout man, at last succeeded in pinioning this desperado in his arms, till he could be confined in a cell.

In the darkness, one of the prisoners, Wm. D. Mains, made his escape. It is supposed that in the conflict he fell under a table near the door, which screened him sufficiently to enable him to make his escape.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE. The Lewisburg (Pa.) Chronicle announces the marriage on the 14th inst. of John Johnson and Mrs. Maria Miller, of Chillisque township, and tells the following romantic story respecting the happy pair.

"The groom, who now works at the boat-yard here, was formerly a sea-faring man. The bride is from South Carolina; and her father, and her former husband, both of whom have been dead many years, were wealthy planters. Some five years ago, the young widow made a visit to England, in company with her brother, a Southern gentleman of fortune, and on the return voyage they embarked in a vessel in which the groom was serving as a common sailor. By some accident she was knocked overboard in the harbor of Liverpool, sank to the bottom, and was given up for lost. Our hero, however, did not abandon the search. A slight change in the position of the vessel discovered her, the water being remarkably clear, lying on the ground, twenty feet below the surface, and apparently dead. He instantly plunged to the bottom, seized her by the hair, and brought her to the top; a large lock of hair being pulled out in the attempt, and which is still preserved. After some hours of persevering exertion, she was finally brought to and perfectly restored. She was deeply grateful to the preserver of her life, and on the homeward voyage she formed a strong attachment for him, and a union for life was resolved upon. Their plans were, however, frustrated, and for several years they never met. In the meantime her fortune became impaired. Some three or four months ago she heard of his location here, and immediately came on from Charleston to see him. Her uncle, however, overtook her, and carried her back. She came on again some three weeks ago, but was confined to bed for some time by sickness. Recovering last Sabbath evening the long deferred nuptial knot was tied, and the rescuer and rescued are now united in a life partnership, for better or for worse."

A HIGH TREE AND TALL STORY. A California correspondent of the Salem Gazette—Joseph S. Wallis—says that Col. Temple Tebbets, formerly of Lewiston Falls, Me., cut a tree of redwood species in California which was two hundred and fifty four feet high, and measured at the top two feet in diameter, and at the butt twelve feet in diameter; the tree was worked into lumber one hundred and forty feet from the butt, where it measured five feet in diameter. There was made from this giant of the forest one hundred and ten M. shingles; six M. clapboards; four thousand feet three by four joist, twenty-two feet long; and there was left, at a moderate calculation, from seventy to eighty cords of wood. The clapboards were sold for \$500 per M., the shingles for \$35 per M., the joist for \$375 per M., and the remaining part of the tree would readily sell in San Francisco for fire-wood, at \$40 per cord; thus, at a safe estimation, there was derived from the working of this mammoth dweller of these primeval forests, the neat little sum of eleven thousand, three hundred and fifty dollars.

The editor of the Boston Atlas, now in Washington, writes home, complaining bitterly of Mr. Webster's course in relation to California. Mr. Baldwin of Conn., had moved that all consideration of the admission of California be excluded from the committee of compromise.

The editor says: "I voted with every other Northern whig, with every other New England Senator, it would have stood twenty-seven to twenty-seven, and the result reversed by the casting vote of Mr. Filmore, most gladly and heartily given. Three Southern Senators, Houston, Dawson and Berrier were absent;

Mr. Calhoun's seat was still vacant, and three Southern Senators, Spruance, Wales, and Benton voted with the North, and yet we were beaten; Cooper and Sturgeon, of Pennsylvania, were absent. Dickinson, of N. Y., Cass, of Michigan, nobly stood out against his colleague and voted with the North. Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, glorious little Delaware, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, were unanimous for freedom."

Old Bullion shone like tried gold in the furnace yesterday. He battled nobly and gallantly to the last. He spoke several times, and each time his efforts were worthy his best days.

The Committee on Territories is at length appointed, and were to have a preliminary meeting, for the purpose of organizing, Saturday morning.

It is a very fair committee. Mr. Clay is the chairman. Of the other twelve, six are from slaveholding and six from non-slaveholding States—six are Democrats and six Whigs. As there is an odd number, thirteen, seven members are given to the slaveholding States, and seven to the Whig party, by way of balance.

Mr. Benton is likely to be sustained in Missouri, after all. The whigs have rallied to his support. He will probably be re-elected, through their union with the Benton Democrats.

In St. Louis, the Benton party, it seems, is four to one of the anti-Benton.—[Washington Corr. Jour. Commerce.]

THE POPULAR TASTE FOR SCANDAL AND FALSEHOOD.—There has been a vast deal of worse than idle talk, in newspapers at a distance, respecting the late capital trial in this city. The following remarks from the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer are to the point:

"Not the least deplorable result of a dreadful murder is the habit of lying into which it is very apt to lead the public. The case of Prof. Webster has done infinite mischief in this way. Scarcely a day has elapsed since the murder, that has not witnessed the issue of one or more falsehoods connected with it. The newspapers from day to day are even now filled with them. Some of them are invented by the hangers-on of these prints, whose only consequence and income come from such devices, while others are the product of that gossip and scandal in which old women of both sexes are supposed especially to indulge, but from which no age, and neither sex, is wholly exempt. It is curious with what avidity these falsehoods are read. In fact, the appetite for them is the cause of their existence. Like most of the productions of nature, they never come until they are wanted. If the public ceased to read, and to talk about, and wonder over them, newspapers would cease to print them. Of this consummation, however, there is little hope. When it happens 'doomsday will be near.'"

THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.—The engrossing nature of business, and its tendency to absorb every thought and feeling, to the exclusion of all that ennobles a man's soul or exalts his moral nature, requiring contracting influences which are to be found in social intercourse, good books, a taste for the fine arts, the conversation of men of liberal and enlarged minds, the cultivation of the social affections, and the exercise of benevolence both in feeling and action. Under these helpful and ennobling influences the generous impulses of the soul—honor, truth, charity, and esteem for the good opinions of men—all that makes a man's character respectable in society, would be preserved. Without these, the individual is in danger of acquiring the unamiable and repulsive qualities of the avaricious man, a character which has been condemned in all ages, ever since the foundation of the world. There is something forcible in the anecdote told of a distinguished preacher, who not being able to make any impression upon a man's understanding, wrote the word God on a piece of paper. "Do you see that?" said he to the individual. "Yes." He then covered the word with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" The effect was startling. The man saw at once what had shut his eyes to all that was true and beautiful in the world, and most worthy of his devotion.

NOT QUITE A FIRE. A countryman passing by the smoke-house of Mr. Howell, on Exchange street, on Sunday afternoon, and seeing the smoke issuing from every crack and crevice, supposed the building to be on fire, and springing at the door, with a few vigorous kicks, beat it in. His surprise and chagrin may be imagined, when the long rows of hams which lined the interior burst upon his vision!

"Well," said he, to the group that soon collected near—"there is no law, I suppose, that will reach a man for being mistaken, and I wasn't the only one neither, for two youngsters told me they'd bet it was a fire!"—and he looked round to recognize them, but the rogues had made themselves scarce.—[Portland Advertiser, 23d.]

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—Of all other means of killing colds, fasting is the most effectual. Let whoever has a cold eat nothing whatever for two days, and his cold will be gone, provided he is not confined in bed, because, by taking no carbon into the system by food, but consuming that surplus which caused his disease by breath, he soon carries off his disease by removing its cause. And this plan of fasting will be found more effectual if he adds copious waterdrinking to protracted fasting. By the time a person is able to be about, but suffering, however severely from a cold, has fasted one entire day and night, he will begin to experience a relief, a lightness, a freedom from pain, and a clearness of mind, in delightful contrast with that mental stupor and physical pain caused by colds. And how infinitely better is this method of breaking up colds and freeing the system of disease, than medicines, especially than violent poisons. Oh! how many strong men and healthy women have these medicines debilitated for life! If fasting and water drinking will do the work medicines are taken to accomplish, how infinitely better; for they leave the system uncrippled, whereas these violent medicines often completely wreck it. We would have colds broken up, and that as soon as possible, but fasting and water will do it quicker as well as better than medicines. It will take generations to recover from that destruction of human health and mentality affected by poisonous medicines, especially by calomel. Ye victims of this man-slayer—and I am one—proclaim everywhere against it, by exhibiting the wounds it has inflicted upon you, with warning to others, and proofs of its destructive effects. And all, just to cure a cold! which fasting would have obviated in from two to four days; whereas it probably took medicine weeks or months to effect the same end.

NEWSPAPER CREDIT SYSTEM. The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, speaking of the National Intelligencer, says that the outstanding debts due to that establishment are estimated at \$400,000. On this, the Boston Herald remarks:

"We doubt not there are other subscription papers, the proprietors of which can tell as sad a story as the one above. The loss of every paper of this kind is no less, on an average, than twenty per cent. per annum. We know an instance which occurred in this city, a few years since, when an old establishment was compelled to fail, at the same time its outstanding debts were not less than \$16,000, not one quarter of which was ever collected by the assignees. The late Major Russell once attempted to draw up his subscribers to a paying point—some of them were indebted to him for 20 years subscription. One of these ordered him to stop his paper. 'I'll be hanged,' said he, 'if I'll take a paper from any man who duns me to pay for it!' The fellow had read the paper for twenty years without paying a cent to its proprietor."

IMPORTANT TO SHIPPERS OF LUMBER TO CALIFORNIA.—The following is an extract of a letter dated San Francisco, Feb. 27th, 1850.—[N. Y. Com. Advr.]

"I have been talking with a gentleman this morning who owns a steam saw mill just below El Pueblo, about thirty-five miles from here. He is occupied in saving up the red wood, a species of mahogany in color and beauty of grain, yet soft as pine, and splitting true and easy. He has just taken a contract to furnish 2,000,000 feet of his mill at \$30 per M. This, he says, gives him a profit. Now if he can do this, how many mills, think you, will start up? He has one circular saw running; his engine is twenty-five horse power, and he can run two circular and two upright saws. He can saw 5000 feet in fifteen hours. It only takes three and a half cords of wood per week to run the engine. The wood is all around him, and the slabs are worth \$40 per cord for fire wood.—Here is a heavy competition for Oregon and the States. He has also water power seven months in the year, sufficient to equal ten horse power, and to run the mill. He has also a single machine, which splits shingles thirty-four inches long, and six to eight inches wide, at the rate of two thousand per day. I only tell facts, which I think will show that we shall not be entirely indebted to the States for lumber. The mountains are covered with this red wood, and the trees must be enormous, for I have seen boards three feet wide often, they use them for counter tops. Two feet is a very common width. It is a beautiful cabinet and furniture wood also."

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—Mr. Phillips the inventor of this new apparatus, recently gave an exhibition of its powers to a large company assembled at the London Gas Works, Vauxhall. After some preliminary remarks on the vast losses from fire, amounting annually, in the three kingdoms, to £2,000,000, and the inefficiency of water in quenching a furious conflagration, he set fire to a compartment of a large open building filled with partitions and temporary joisting of light wood, daubed with pitch and turpentine and hung with rags, soaked with the same combustibles. The flames ascended roaring, with such vehemence as to repel the spectators to a distance of forty feet, reaching, apparently, beyond all remedy by water—when Mr. F. with one of his hand machines, somewhat larger than a good sized coffee pot, from which a volume of gas and vapor was discharged, extinguished the flames in half a minute; and then to prove that there was no noxious quality in the resulting air, immediately walked through the building with a lighted candle in his hand.

A company has been formed to manufacture these new style of fire engine: which if they answer as well in practice as they seem to do in experiment, will soon make their way to this country, and find their field of operation in subduing flames, and perhaps, fire-riots.

CASE OF REFORM.—The New York Day Book has the following wonderful case of reform:—

A well known and dashing Cyprian of the better (that is, the richer and shrewder) sort, for several years an inmate of one of those establishments which we have elsewhere characterized as the "Golden Gate of Hell," suddenly manifested the keenest sense of remorse and self-degradation, and determined to reform. In spite of the ridicule, the jeers, and finally the remonstrances and entreaties of her companions, she persisted steadily in her purpose. Restoring her splendid and costly wardrobe to the mistress of the house, even to her sumptuous supply of fine linen, she reserved to herself but a single change and a poor old gown. Then, dividing her money and jewels among her companions, and bidding them an affectionate farewell, she left the house alone, and took her way to a Magdalen asylum in a neighboring city, where she remains in the most rigorous seclusion. The scene between her and her mates, when she bid them adieu, and briefly but impressively urged them to follow her example, is represented to us by a gentleman connected with the police department, from whom we gather these facts, to have been pathetic and touching in no ordinary degree.

It is positively certain that this reform was entirely voluntary, and not the effect of extraneous influence of any kind. We are almost certain that this is the first instance on record of a thoroughly abandoned woman voluntarily reforming. May her noble example make it not the last.

## COMMITAL OF DR. SMITH FOR TRIAL.

The examination of Dr. J. H. Smith, at Saco, on the charge of causing the death of Mary Bean, alias Berengera Caswell, has resulted in his committal for trial without bail. He is said to have been perfectly unconcerned throughout the examination, and at times was quite jocose in his remarks. William A. N. Long, the seducer of the deceased and the chief witness for the Government, was ordered to give bail in \$2000 for his appearance; and Mary Covey and James W. Tuttle in \$200 each. The trial will probably take place in September next.

A CAPITAL RAT STORY.—Rev. Walter Colton, in his agreeable diary of a voyage to California in a man-of-war, entitled "Deck and Port," relates the following capital rat story:

"I have always felt some regard for a rat since my cruise in the Constellation. We were fitting for sea at Norfolk, and taking in water and provisions; a plank was resting on the sill of one of the ports which communicated with the wharf. On a bright moonlight evening, we discovered two rats on the plank coming into the ship. The foremost was leading the other by a straw, one end of which each held in his mouth. We managed to capture them both, and found, to our surprise, the one led by the other was stone-blind. His faithful friend was trying to get him on board, where he would have comfortable quarters during a three year's cruise. We felt no disposition to kill either, and landed them on the wharf. How many there are in the world to whom the fidelity of that rat teacheth a lesson!"







