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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 45): May 26, 1853

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1853.

NO. 45.

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MAXHAM & WING,

At No. 3 1-2 Bouteille Block, Main Street.

EPH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO LAURA.

BY INEZ.

Long, o'er my heart, thy strong and trusting spirit,
Handed with a light which no more will pass
away,
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In the passion and the darkness of coming years,
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which they used to ride to church is not drawn from beneath the shed. Mrs. D. thinks people that can't have a carriage may as well stay at home and read a sermon; besides she noticed when she went last, that her bonnet didn't look like some ladies' bonnets. And the rich neighbor goes by in his carriage, and the farmer wanders about the fields, looks at the colts and cows, diminishing in numbers and excellence, and at last goes home dissatisfied with himself and the world. Because they can't do all their rich neighbors can do, they will do nothing, when, if they had kept evenly and steadily forward, they might have enjoyed many things for which they are now vainly sighing.

True their door-yard might not have been enclosed with a stone wall, but a white-washed picket fence they could have made, and that, with the hollyhocks and the roses gleaming through, would have been pretty if not grand. They might not have driven a fine coach, but a neat and comfortable carriage might have been theirs, and their children might have been educated at the free school as well as at the Academy.

As it is, the parents are unamiable, envious, jealous, while their family are growing up in idleness and ignorance, and with proud and ambitious notions, too, that they will never be likely to have the means of indulging.

Again, I say, I wish we were not so much afraid of being poor, or that we were less discontented at the opulence of others. Suppose our neighbor looks down upon us, or that our roof is low, well, and what of it? does the storm beat through because of his proud looks? if not, I see not that we are the worse. If my dress be of one cloth, and the gown of my friend be of another and costlier one, shall we cease to be friends because of it? Not if she be one whom I care to be my friend.

If I have not much gold and silver, I can narrow my wants if I will, and after all the best things are the free gifts of God. The fresh air, and the sunshine are mine as well as the rich man's, and though he may have a luxurious house, he may be blind to the splendor of the sunset, and the glory of the stars. Under my low cottage roof, at midnight, I have had visions that wealth could not buy; from the simple wood-flowers, and the hum of the bees, and the songs of birds I have gathered pleasures that the walls of a palace would have shut out. And now, as I feel the sunset-light slant against me, and see the black March boughs giving out their fresh buds in the softening air, I am content, even though my lot be humble and my portion small.

I remember of talking with a neighbor lady of ours, years ago, who is now, about the good fortune that had come to her, for she and her husband had suddenly become rich.

They had lived in an unpromising little house, in the midst of thick woods, when I first visited them, and were poor. Naturally enough I alluded to our first acquaintance and to one of its many seasons of enjoyment.

"O, it was a dear old place, that house in the woods," she said, with a sigh. "Such sweet flowers we had there, such a nice garden, and when we had little Freddy a baby, it was the happiest year of my life. We were not long married and my husband was always at home."

She stepped beneath the gorgeous drapery of the window as she spoke, and, wiping her eyes, gazed long and sadly towards the woods that hid the old house away. She had Freddy still, and she had more flowers than then, together with many stylish things undreamed of there, but alas! she was less happy.

Wealth had brought with it a train of disquisitions, and before their false glitter the young love had faded, and the charm of life was lost.

No more the sunset brought her husband from the field, and she looked at the old house and wept.

Success in Life.

There are some persons who, proverbially, "never get ahead in the world." If they are born rich they manage to become poor, and if they begin poor they have a knack of always remaining so. In the race for fortune or fame, they are continually being passed by others, less favored by circumstance originally, or less endowed by nature. Yet they never admit that their want of success is the fault of themselves. They attribute it to their hard luck, to the roguery of men they have confided in, or to the improper organization of society; but never to their own indolence, folly, or deficiency of brains. To believe them, no human beings were ever so unfortunate. A constant subject of irritation to them is the success of their neighbors. In their judgment, nobody prospers through merit. If an old school-fellow becomes a man of mark, they express their wonder that one who was such a stupid boy, has humbugged the world so completely. If an acquaintance moves into a fine house, or sets up a carriage, they whisper everywhere that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

In short, they can no more forgive others for rising, than they can raise themselves. Yet such persons invariably owe their want of success to some radical defect in their own characters. In one man it is indolence, in another lack of shrewdness, in a third it is some other vice of education or inheritance. Frequently, failure in life is to be traced to a mistaken calling. A man who might have been a good farmer, happens to be born of ambitious parents, who think, erroneously, that it is more honorable to have their son a doctor; accordingly he is sent to college, learns Latin, attends lectures, gets a diploma, and then settles down to kill people till his incapacity is found out, and he starves. Or a lad is forced, by equally ill-judging parents, to become a merchant. When he should have been left to a lawyer. Or an engineer instead of an artist. Or a farmer, instead of a mechanic. In short, there is no end to the mistakes which are made by ignorant and foolish parents, in starting their children in life; and the worst of this sort of errors is, that they are the least easy of remedy, because a business once adopted is not easily laid aside. To spend years at college, in a store, or at the piano, and find at twenty-one that the vocation is a wrong one, is disheartening to all but men of the hardest stamp. The discovery plunges even minds of ordinary strength often into despair. It shipwrecks the feeble, invariably, and, as it were, in sight of the port they are leaving.

But the greatest bulk of those who fail in life are ruined by their own demerits. Not that industry, energy and capacity, always command an immediate return; for frequent and fierce are the buffets which the best men have to encounter. But, in the long run, enterprise, economy, knowledge of business, assiduity, and an honest pluck, will carry the day. A man with these sterling qualities is like cork; he may be submerged for awhile, but he cannot be kept down. Just in proportion to the perfection in which he enjoys these attributes, will also be the completeness of his success. If he joins to them unusual fitness for his pursuit, his triumph will be both earlier and prouder; for in every business there are opportunities which a sagacious mind of this sort will see; and to detect these turns in the tide, which lead on to fortune, requires talent peculiar to the particular profession, rather than that which is universal. So true is this, that, while all know "geniuses" who never succeed, no one knows a man with a special faculty, and in position to exercise it, who fails in life; while all can point to those who have risen without general ability, no one can point to those who have thus risen, unless they were adepts at their trade. It would seem to require no talent to make candles, yet a rich tallow-chandler, if he has earned his wealth, is never a dunce. An ordinary tailor stitches all his life; a great tailor "cuts his way" to opulence. And vice versa a fool, if bred to a profession, sinks into a pauper.

A brave man will never give up, however much fortune, for a while, goes against him. A hopeful man will never even be disheartened. A generous man will never envy his more successful neighbor. Finally, a wise man will wait patiently for his turn, sure that it will come some time, and determined, when it happens, to be wide awake, so that he may avail himself of it. "Life is too short to waste its moments in deploring bad luck," said a shrewd thinker; "we must go after success, since it will not come to us, and we have no time to spare."—[Phila. Ledger.]

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A SAD ENDING.

On Saturday morning our citizens were startled by the intelligence, that a woman, (Escher Elizabeth Andrews) who the evening before was well enough to be in the streets, had been found dead—in a house not enjoying very good repute—in the neighborhood of the Hollis road. Coroner Tufts, of Saco, at an early hour, caused a jury to be summoned and to the politeness we are indebted for the opportunity of being present at the Inquest and learning the facts. Men may differ in their opinion as to the agency of her medical, and other treatment, or lack of treatment, on the fatal night, in procuring the death—but all will agree that years of servitude to two kindred vices, brot her to the sad condition in which that Friday night found her, subjecting her to that night's treatment, and leaving her a corpse with the breaking of its morning light. As we look upon that fair, young face, placid in the death that comes upon her sleep—as we listen to the recital of the scenes at that house on that night of death—as we hear of the mother, "one of the best of women," as one said who knew her, still living in her humble home in a distant part of the State—as it was told how that the deceased, with a twin-sister, left her humble, but virtuous and happy home only three or four short years since, to struggle with life in a distant and strange city,—as we saw and heard these things, and marked the ruin that had been wrought,—though preaching falls not in our line, we resolved that we would write and print a short sermon.

A fair young girl—a twin-daughter and sister—what light, and joy, and love must those twin girls have brought to that little home circle. And how that mother's heart must have trembled with anxiety, as cruel poverty tore those tender plants from their native soil, and drove them out from her loved sight and watchfulness, to seek their livelihood amid the strifes and temptations of an unknown world. In her loneliness, with what anxiety and affection has that mother's heart borne the remembrance of those twin-daughters—and how she has watched for tidings of their estate. With the innocence and trusting confidence of maidenhood, this young woman left her home: she has fallen, as thousands had fallen before her, and as thousands will hereafter go down. A ruin of lovelessness, and hope, and affections, such as an angel might weep over. And yet how little regarded by the mass of mankind.

Hundreds crowd the same down-hill road, victims of the twin vices that destroyed this young woman,—hundreds of the beautiful and the promising, the admired and beloved, beautiful and generous with youth and spirit, and glorious in intellect and equal—all crowding to ruin. Only here and there a voice and hand put forth to stay the dreadful destruction. The great mass indifferent,—or only interested to censure and oppose the few who are attempting to stay the moral desolation. If a man of wealth and taste should lay out beautiful gardens and parks in the neighborhood of our town—with the choicest of trees and plants, he should open fountains, and erect statuary, hewn from the dead marble into living beauty—and it should be told some Saturday morning, that men, so lost to manhood and decency that all love and respect for the beautiful had died out of their hearts, had, under cover of night, entered those grounds, and cast these marble counterfeits of humanity from their pedestals, marring and destroying their beauty—what a thrill of horror and detestation would run round and round through this community. Not a man but who would be anxious to unite in the universal detestation of the Vandals. Friends, men of Biddeford, and Saco,—fathers and mothers of Maine, have sent three thousand of their daughters into your midst. More beautiful than any statuary ever chiseled from Italian marble, and beating with emotions breathed into life by God himself. These statues, not the pride of an artist, the admiration merely of those who love to look upon the beautiful, but the beloved daughters and sisters of family circles—the very centers of the highest hopes and dearest affections of little companies of friends—they are the prey, for whose destruction, scores of men in our community lie in wait. Under the darkness of night they go forth to their work of desolation. And every little while community rolls up its eyes for the moment, as one of these fair living statues pick head-long into ruin. And then all is forgotten, until the silence is broken by the groans that come up from another fall.

Vicious habits, like some of the wild animals, hunt their prey in packs. It is very rare that you find one of them alone. Intemperance is always of the troop, and generally is the red-eyed monster who leads the pack. It was so in the sad tragedy which has startled this community. How drunkenness perfected its natural work, in that wretched home, on Friday

night. What a cry was that to go up from a Christian town in the stillness of midnight: "For God's sake, get up! my child is freezing to death! my husband is trying to kill me!" as that mother sought protection at a neighbor's house, driven from her own, (over which the angel of death was even then hovering) by a drunken and crazed husband. Talk to men of these things, and ask for their assistance in turning back these scathing, blighting waters of death, and they will talk incoherently about "liberalism," and whistling, go their way. Some men, who no more think of drinking alcoholic liquors than of breakfasting on arsenic, seem panic-struck, when an attempt is made to push the temperance reform, and are full of fears that dram-shops are not to curse every street corner with their pestiferous exhalations.

And young men sip their decoctions of log-wood, graciously called wines, and curse the temperance cause. A young man, in the hands of this vice, is beauty turning into deformity, his strength into weakness, his clear, sharp intellect going out in the drivelling idiocy of the fool—can a sadder sight be found on earth? But on they go, from occasional drinkers to moderate drinkers, and so on to downright drunkenness and the drunkard's grave. What a masterpiece of destruction, is the habit of Intemperance! exclaimed an eloquent advocate of reform. What rich fountains have gone down its yawning gulf. The first launch of the young man is into the outer circle. The day smiles sweetly, the waters play harmlessly around his little bark. It is easy to float. It requires no oar, no helm. There is motion, without effort or care. The circle sweeps with so large a diameter, that it seems like a straight line. But ah! the delusion. It is the curve of death. Each successive sweep is swifter, and in a diminished circle. But at first it lulls to a sweet feeling of security. This generally continues until it is too late to put back the frail bark; and, as it drives over the first inward declivities on the edge of the awful tunnel, then begins to break upon the ear a terrific roar of the mighty waters rushing through their subterranean outlet. What images of terror, then rack the soul of the doomed! Remember that it is the angelic nature of man rushing to ruin!—These are terrors that baffle description. As he looks down the yawning abyss, and hears without the roaring of a thousand thunders, within he is goaded with the last appeals of a guilt-oppressed conscience. Thousands every year are swallowed in this vortex. How thickly and crazily barks dance upon the dark waters. With what freight, these barks are laden. See the sons of promise there. Mark how they are now starting from their dreams. Listen to their cries of despair.

"For God's sake, get up! my child is freezing to death! my husband is trying to kill me!" We repeat that cry for help—coming from woman in her extremity. We trust it may ring in the ears of this community until little children and women may dwell here, secure from assaults of drunken husbands and fathers. We commend it to the especial thought of those who find it their highest ambition to carp and find fault with this beneficent and Christian reform.—[Biddeford Journal.]

Honor the Aged.

Treat the old people with kindness and respect. Hardly a day passes that we do not notice much which is deeply painful. A true-hearted man and gentleman will honor old age and its gray hairs. The ill-bred treat the old rudely, and laugh at their tottering steps, or old-fashioned manner or speech. The Arabs honor the aged. It is a beautiful feature in human character, a veneration for the aged. We love the man or woman who looks reverently upon those whose steps are fast going down to the grave.

Young people, too often shun the aged, as though their infirmities were contagious. Old hearts are grieved at such treatment. They cling fondly to the young, and feel quickly the kindly tone and helping hand. His mind has garnered a wealth of observation and experience, and he is ever happy to converse. His heart beats quickly to the voice of youth, and the dim old eyes kindle with light as he talks of the past.

We love the old man or woman. They are but a little way advanced on the pathway of life. A few brief years at most, and we, if life is spared, shall stand in the dim twilight of two worlds. Do the young ever think of this? Do they ever dream that years will steal upon them until their black locks are gray and their strong limbs shrunken and tremulous? Does the springtime of years last to the journey's end—no autumn or cheerless winter? No, no, young man or maiden. You too are growing old. You would not like to be shunned because time had carried you into the "sere and yellow leaf" of earthly existence. Shun not others, then, for it is painful to witness such neglect of that veneration and respect which is due to those who, like ripened shocks, are awaiting the harvest of death.

"Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart."

Speaking of old age, while in the cars we noticed an incident which filled our hearts with pleasant thoughts. An aged couple were seated together, their heads both gray, and their eyes dim and sunken. Both through fatigue had fallen asleep, the wife leaning upon the still broad shouldered husband. It was a beautiful sight. Thus through half a century they had journeyed together—the rugged oak and the clinging vine. There were hallowing thoughts as we watched them. It would have excited no attention to have witnessed the young wife thus leaning upon the choice of her young dreams, and a future all bright with hope. But after all the ardor of youthful love and affection had passed through the ordeal of life's realities, then to see the old wife still leaning upon the arm with so much childish confidence and trust was a scene of most touching and hallowing beauty.—[Cayuga Chief.]

The professional man who dares wear a threadbare coat until he is out of debt, was in town yesterday. A very good-looking, but melancholy sort of a man he was, and no wonder. At the book-store, the salesman suggested the advantage of cash payment, and taking the package home one's self, instead of trusting it to bungling porters who don't know how to make change properly on delivery. The sexton of the church he attended gave him a black seat, and spoke of the poor ventilation of the upper part of the room. His landlady was very much crowded with boarders, and could scarcely find a seat for him at the table. His

lady acquaintances found him so thin and reduced that with difficulty they recognized him, and after his introduction could not feel so familiar as of old. It was surprising how many of his old companions, who formerly had leisure enough, had become men of business, and suddenly remembered pressing engagements as he met with them. A clerical friend, who knows him thoroughly, says he fancies singularity, loves to be noticed, and is evidently proud of his shining raiment. He left town this morning by the early boat.—[New York Times.]

Mending a Bridge in Constantinople.
From Yusuf or The Journey of the Frangi—A Crusade in the East. By J. Ross Brown.

The tearing down of a portion of the bridge extending from Galata to the opposite side of the Golden Horn, and certain repairs thereto, which have been in progress for some days past, have given me some idea of the manner in which work is done in this country. I expected to see laziness in its perfection, and am not disappointed. Several hundred workmen are engaged upon this extraordinary job. The bridge is constructed of wood, and a very creditable piece of work it is—quite as good as most bridges of the kind—built, I believe, under the auspices of the present Sultan, Abdul Mejid, by native workmen; but I have forgotten my information on that point. It is a remarkable sight, this tearing down and putting up of the bridge by men in turbans and loose breeches—worth sitting down on the pile of lumber, near the toll-house, to enjoy for an hour or so. There is a gang not far off engaged in pulling some large beams out of the water. A small windlass would pull the whole raft up in ten minutes; but they work by hand in preference, or because their ancestors did so. Twenty able-bodied men are doing the labor which could be done in half the time by two, with proper machinery. See them tug at the beam. Not one putting a fourth of his weight on the rope. It moves two inches, after a tremendous amount of yelling and tugging, and an incessant confusion of tongues. There seems to be no master, unless the sleepy fellow sitting on the bridge, with a chibouk in his mouth, be the master, of which there is no evidence. Another fit of tugging and yelling ensues, all hands now give up work, and betake themselves to their respective pipes—the chattering of voices never flagging for a single instant, except when momentarily arrested by the chibouk. The smoking lasts a good deal longer than the other part of the work; but it is over at length, and they go at the beam again with renewed energy. Each man tugs on his own responsibility, without reference to the exertions of the others, and only at such long intervals as suits his peculiar views of the subject. By accident, a general pull takes place in the course of time, and the beam comes up two inches further. All hands are again exhausted, and find by reference to the sun, that it is the hour of prayer; so to prayer they go, first, however, carefully making their ablutions. It is a picturesque and impressive sight, after all, to see these rude barbarians, in the midst of the busy turmoil of life, cast off all thought of worldly affairs and bow down their heads towards Mecca, the sacred city of their prophet. Absorbed in devotion, they seem unconscious of all the petty cares of humanity, and for the time at least, are elevated above the mere animal. Even Christians might profit by their earnest sincerity. Unmoved by the prejudices of other races, regardless of the busy world around them, forgetting that there is ought upon earth to claim a moment's time, save the salvation of their souls, they give up their whole being to the worship of God and the Prophets.

At last the prayers are ended, and now the toils of the world commence again.—But first a general smoke is necessary to refresh the system for another tug. The chibouks being emptied in due time, a few skirmishing attempts are made at the log again—mere individual trials of strength. The whole gang finally prepares to begin work in earnest; but just as you imagine they are going to run the log out of the water with a general rush, a casual remark dropped in conversation arouses the attention of the whole party. This has to be discussed in all its bearings, controverted, illustrated by anecdotes, sustained and repeated, till the subject is sufficiently exhausted for the present; and then the ropes are stretched, the shouting commences, and the beam after many back slides is fairly landed on terra firma. When this victory of human force over inert matter has been achieved; and, leaving the turbulent gang to smoke the pipe of triumph, and talk over the struggle past, and prepare for the struggle to come, walk on in search of further novelties. All the workmen, those who wield the adze, the hatchet, and the saw, the master mechanics, as well as the common laborers, are so much like our friends of the beam, in their various branches of industry, that it is unnecessary to call your attention to them; and we leave them now, chatting, smoking, and praying, in the hope that, by the threats and promises of his Highness Abdul Mejid, and the spiritual aid of the Prophet, the bridge will be completed some time during the present month—or century.

Attending Church.

Leaving the moral and religious aspect of the matter entirely out of the question, we know of nothing more fitted to elevate the taste, sharpen the intellect, and harmonize the feelings, than, after the distracting cares and arduous labors of the week, the gathering together of well-dressed, and self-respectful congregations, the enjoyment of the music of the choir, and the listening to the discussion of religious subjects and the consideration of secular subjects in their religious bearings and aspects. An attendance on these exercises, and a participation in these gatherings, tend to keep alive and strengthen the entire social sympathies of a community, and to keep the tone of social intercourse and intellectual exercises from degenerating to the level of the petty interests and strifes that engage the mind in its unalleviated devotion to secular pursuits. We believe that every man's observation and experience will testify to this.

But there is another, and a higher aspect of the matter. Whatever may be the peculiar doctrines of a church, they all teach a pure morality. Based on the immaculate tables of stone, and on that incarnate decalogue—the cornerstone of Christianity, the teachings of the pulpit, reared by whatever Christian sect, lay down the broad and true rules of life, in its relations to its author, and in its relations

to mankind. A recognition of these relations, and a life based on their personal realizations, are essential to the purity and happiness of individual, social, and civil life, and the peace, prosperity, and permanence of the State. Impressions, though traced on steel, will, by the constant attrition of secular toil and care, wear away, and is only by quickening and renewing them, week by week, and by graving deeper and deeper the lines of conscience in a hardened nature, that they are to be kept in sight. Otherwise, nothing but an occasional exposure in the furnace of affliction, as the worn-out coin exposed to the fire, will bring the faded lines to light.

For these two reasons, if for no other, the highest individual and social good is consulted in a habitual attendance on the Sabbath ministrations of the pulpit. Let men think as they will of the various Christian creeds, here all men can meet on a common ground. Hence, it matters not to us, whether our preacher's doctrinal opinions run in the same channel with ours; if he preach self abnegation, obedience to God and good will to men, we are repaid for hearing him, in a quickened conscience, an extended liberality of sympathy, and a higher and more abiding recognition of our relations to the All-Father.—[Springfield Republican.]

Praying and Doing.

"Bless the poor children who haven't any beds to-night," prayed a little boy just before he lay down in his nice warm cot, on a cold, windy night. As he rose from his knees his mother said, "You have asked God to bless the poor children—what will you do to bless them?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOOK UPWARD—FAINT NOT.

When flesh is a burden,
And life is no guerdon
Unto thy soul,
When thy spirit repine
Under the strife,
And long to resign—
The combat of life,
Look upward, faint not,
For Jesus will lend
His presence and comfort,
If thou art his friend.

When heart-aches are given
By the piteous one,
And black o'er thy heaven
Clouds shut out the sun;
When thy head whirrs in anguish
For the loved ones gone,
And faith and hope languish
Alone! all alone!
Look upward, faint not,
For Jesus still lives,
Still offers compassion
To the spirit that grieves.

When friends prove untrue
To the faith they have pledged,
And heartily desire
Thy path with hopes blighted;
When poverty gaunt
Thy steps hath overtaken,
And 'mid sorrow and want
Thou fellest forsaken,
Look upward, faint not,
For Jesus extends
His aid to the needy,
His friendship to friends.

Look upward, faint not,
Whatever betides,
Thou art never forgot
For Omnipotent resides.
If by honor and wealth
Thou art wafted along,
If friendship and health
Crown thy life with a song,
Remember, the talent
Is thine to be wrought;
Be faithful, be earnest,
Look upward, faint not.

SCHNAPS.

MISCELLANY.

QUACK MEDICINES!

Out, you impostors!
Quack-salving, quack-moon-shanks—your skill
Is to make sound men sick—and sick men ill!

Quacks are
Made of all terms and shades, no less bellers
Of great men's favors, than their own vile medicines,
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for cures which are no part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before!

What can be more facetious than the various
advertisements of perfumers and quacks?—
Here you are informed that L'Eau de Ninon
is a perfectly innocent, speedy and efficacious
purifier of the skin. Mr. Jones tells you that
his rheumatic tincture owes its peculiar merit
to a vegetable production; and Mr. Smith en-
dorses his balsam of honey as though he were
the queen bee herself. Then you are those
who would not live when the real restorer of
life is to be had for only 10s. 6d. per bottle;
and would not dislocate a limb for the privilege
of embrocating it with the vegetable oil of frax-
tine? Who would not injure his child's spine
just to see the magic effects of the Mustang
Liniment in its restoration? How charmingly
Dr. Brown theorizes upon the disease scurvy,
when he tells you it would be more accurate to
call it 'Atony, debility, want of force, induced by
the accidents of promiscuous love, by the quack-
ery of domestic medicines, and by the dreadful
custom of surgeons and apothecaries applying
mercury, antimony, arsenic, &c.'! Another
box of Anti-Scorbutic Powder sold and got the
tin! Hollaway's Pills have been thrown
where the missionary sunlight scarce has en-
tered, and the omnipresent R. R. R. is staring
in your face from every column! Storrs's
Hair Investigator causes a 'sunny wealth of
hair in radiant ripples to battle the graceful
throat' from pates that before have been bald
and white as 'arctic snow twice bolted by the
northern blast'!

See those small youngsters, whose expansive ears
Maternal kindness grazed with frequent shears;
Each bristling crop a dangling mass becomes,
And all the spoolies turn to Absaloms!

West's Eye Water causes the dull, passionless
eye to coruscate until 'Ten thousand angels
seem to spread their wings within the little
azure rings!' 'The rills of silly eloquence
that lubricate the course they take'—the logic
and the oracles which pierce men's bosoms, un-
til each one gazes on his neighbor's face that
with the like dumb wonder answers him—may
owe more of their existence to Ayer's Perry
Chetorol, than a jealous world would be will-
ing to allow! What a display of classical
learning is made by Crosby, when he informs
the wondering student that the herb coltsfoot,
was called Tusillage by the ancients! The
Cardiac tincture is sovereign for the attenu-
ation of the fluids, and who would scruple to
make the frequent journey to Caledonia, or
sleep every night between two Scotch fiddlers,
if he can only carry Jackson's original oint-
ment in his pocket, which cures thirty thousand
persons annually, and was never known to fail.

Void of all honor, aristocratic, rash,
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash;
Tincture of Syrup, Lotion, Drop or Pill,
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill;
There are among them those who cannot read,
And yet they'll buy a patent and succeed;
Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,
For, when dead, can threaten or upbraid?
With cruel avarice still they recommend
More draughts, more syrups to the journey's end.
'I feel it not.' 'Then take it every hour.'
'It makes me worse.' 'Why then it shows its power.'
'I fear to die.' 'Let not thy spirit sink.'
You're always safe while you believe and drink!

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILWAY.
—We are officially informed that an order has
been issued by Mr. Whistler, Superintendent
of the New York and New Haven Railroad, to
have all trains, each way, between this city
and New York, come to a full stop at every
draw-bridge. This order has been given to
secure the further safety of passengers, and
though it may cause a slight detention to the
trains, it will doubtless receive the hearty
approbation of the travelling public.—[New
Haven Journal and Courier.]

Sam Slick on Lawyers.
Few things resemble each other more in nature
than the old cunning lawyer and a spider. He
weaves his web into a corner, with no light be-
hind to show the thread of his net, but in a
shade like, there he waits in his dark office to
receive his visitor. A buzzin', burrin', thought-
less fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful
wings, and well-made legs, and rather near-
sighted wital, comes stumblin' head over heels
into the net.

'I beg your pardon,' says the fly, 'I really
didn't see this net of yours; the weather is
foggy, and the streets so confounded dark, I
am afraid I've done mischief.'

'Not at all,' says the spider, bowin'. 'I
guess it is all my fault. I reckon I had ought
to have hung a lamp out; but pray don't move
or you may do damage. Allow me to assist
you.' And then he ties up one leg and then
the other, and furls up both his wings, and has
him fast as Gibraltar. 'Now,' says the spider,
'my good friend, (a phrase a feller allers uses
when he is a-goin' to be tricky), I'm afraid
you've hurt yourself a considerable sum; I
must bleed you.'

'Bleed me!' says the fly, 'excuse me; I'm
obliged to you! I don't require it.'

'Oh yes, you do, my dear friend,' and he
gets ready for the operation.

'If you dare to do that,' says the fly, 'I'll
knock you down; and I'm a man that what I
lay down I stand on.'

'You had better get up first,' says the spi-
der, a laughin'; 'you must be bleed; you must
pay all damages.' And he bleeds him, and he
bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels
faintin' comin' on.

'Let me go my good feller,' says poor fly,
'and I'll pay you liberally.'

'Pay!' say the spider. 'You miserable,
uncircumcised wretch; you have nothin' left
to pay with; take that!' and he gives him the
last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... MAY 26, 1853.

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R. AYER, Winslow.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

REV. HOBART RICHARDSON. A. T. BOWMAN.

The Prospect Ahead.

It is doubtless a loss of sympathy, but we
cannot help pitying our friends away in Cali-
fornia. Many of them fled there to escape a
hard winter and a backward spring; and as
they toil and sweat in the mines, or shiver in
the mud and water of a six weeks storm, it can
give them little satisfaction to be reminded of
the bright sunshine and green fields of their
far off New England homes. A more deli-
cious winter than that just past was never known
here, and the rich verdure of June is hurried
even into the middle of May. Many of the
fields were plowed in April; and a large por-
tion of the labor usually deferred to May was
done before she presented her pleasant holiday.
The robin, the swallow and the laughing bob-
link were ahead of their time by some weeks.
With so favorable weather for field labor, an
unusual quantity of oats and other spring grain
has already passed under the harrow. The
prediction that hay and grass would be a short
crop is already losing popularity. Faith in
this prophecy has done much to make it a fal-
lacy. It has added one third to the oat fields;
and even the month of June will see them still
increasing. Fruit trees are blossoming very
full, notwithstanding the great crop last year.
On the whole, everything promises well for
the farmer—and, of course, to all who live by eat-
ing. It is a promising spring—a beautiful and
hopeful spring—and the world as a whole prob-
ably never had a better reputation in Maine
than at this moment. May it long continue to
enjoy a good name, at home and abroad!

Western Enterprise.

We hear much of the boldness of Western
enterprise; and yet those who go there are
astonished. The "Railroad Record," pub-
lished at Cincinnati, is a new organ for holding up
to the public eye the great plans and schemes
agitated there; and as we look over its col-
umns and mark its apparently visionary pre-
dictions, we are compelled to sustain our credu-
lity with a recollection of the times—even
since our boyhood—when the roads from New
England "way to the 'Ho" were worn with
long trains of emigrant wagons on their way
to the forests of the West. Who could then have
predicted what we now see as facts? Who
now dares doubt what seems even less improb-
able?

Why does the West prosper?—why are her
enterprises bold and successful? The boldest
and best men of the East are among her popu-
lation—the boldest and most hopeful of our
young men, the best and most wealthy of our
old. Thus the West has the elements of great
and bold enterprises; and the boldness of her
enterprises is constantly attracting the elements
that secure their success. Where is the vil-
lage that has not contributed some of her most
valued citizens. How much has Kennebec
done for the West, by her contributions of men
and money? The Wilshires—Drs. Potter and
Noyes—Henry Nourse—Jones R. Elden—
such men she sends to the aid of Western en-
terprise, and such men she will continue to
spare so long as the field continues attractive.
And what field, with such laborers, will not in-
crease its attractions? Even the glitter of the
gold mines does her little harm. Such men
are not made to move stones and mud; they
move men and business. When the great mass
of her business men is of this stamp what may
she not accomplish?—what may not her fu-
ture enterprise reveal and establish?

New Furniture.

Now that the windows are washed, the walls
and doors scrubbed and the dust shaken from
the carpets, a few pretty articles added to the
household furniture will do a great deal to-
wards securing the mild light of domestic sun-
shine in the house. All who are able should
try it. Such are not must-trust their own
smiles for the same result. A hundred dollars
at interest will produce six dollars in a year;
but less than half that sum invested in one of
those beautiful chamber sets at Caffrey's, would
insure a hundred dollars worth of happiness in
the house of a good husband. A woman can't
look upon them without smiling—and who don't
know that a smiling wife cannot scold? Many
a man that now goes to his house as reluctantly
as to a shower bath, might render that home
pleasant with a few little "fixings" that a small
potato patch would pay for. The affections of
a household are sadly dimmed by old dusty
furniture. A pretty work table or a few new

chairs have the effect of welcome visitors, that
put all in good humor. Let those who doubt
try the experiment. Sure enough, they can be
dispensed with; and go can a pleasant wife or
a smiling daughter. But—take our advice,
and tell your wife, (provided always that she
is a good and prudent one,) to call in and ex-
amine Caffrey's assortment, and order what she
likes.

Musical Attraction.

The "Macomber Troupe," with the addition
to their number of Miss Wilder, a distinguish-
ed vocalist, promise a concert at Appleton Hall
on Monday evening. Among the elite in mu-
sic Miss Wilder is said to be a "star" of rare
brilliance; and, under the direction of the in-
defatigable Covert, the entertainment promises to
be one of unusual attraction. The programme
is not yet arranged, but we venture to pre-
dict that Mr. Covert's amusing "Trip to Cal-
is" will be among the items. After a long
dearth of amusements, vacant seats will prob-
ably be few.

DARING ROBBERY AND OUTRAGE.—The
Worcester Transcript states that on Tuesday
night, the house of Wm. Duncan, Engineer,
No. 15 Mechanic street, of that city, was en-
tered and robbed under the following circum-
stances:

Among the boarders in the house is Mr. L.
H. Carey, wife and child. The Careys had
retired, and Mrs. Carey was lying awake by
the side of her sleeping husband, when she
heard a slight creaking on the front stairs, and
a moment after the door of her room opened
and a man with his face concealed, and bearing
in his hand a small lantern, entered. In an
instant the hand of the villain was upon the
mouth of Mrs. Carey, into which he forced a
piece of wood, and then tied her arms, her
husband meanwhile comfortably snoring by her
side, wholly unconscious of what was going on.
After making some threatening demonstrations
the robber proceeded to rifle Mr. Carey's pan-
taloons, and an adjoining bureau. At this mo-
ment Mrs. Carey, in attempting to awake her
husband, made a slight rustling noise, when
the villain was again by her side, and held a
knife over her as if he would take her life if
she attempted to give the alarm. Having ob-
tained all of value in the room, he entered an
adjoining one occupied by their daughter.—
Soon after Mrs. Carey succeeded in awaken-
ing her sleeping husband, when the house was
searched, but the robber had made good his es-
cape.

Thomas Casey has been convicted of the
murder of Mrs. Taylor, at Naatic, last fall.—
The testimony was most conclusive, and shew
him to be a brute in human form. The case
was submitted to the jury without argument
on either side, and after a clear and able charge
by Chief Justice Shaw, the jury retired. Af-
ter a short absence, they returned a verdict of
guilty. Several physicians testified to the na-
ture of the wounds inflicted upon Mrs. Taylor
and said they caused her death. They also
testified in relation to the signs expressed by
Mrs. Taylor, which were relied upon by the
Government as tending to fasten the crime of
the murder upon Casey. Mrs. Taylor, when
too near death to enter into conversation, but
while retaining sufficient consciousness to un-
derstand interrogatories addressed to her, in
reply to the question repeatedly put to her,
whether Casey was the man who inflicted the
wounds upon her, replied affirmatively by a
pressure of her hand upon that of the person
making the inquiry. Once, when asked the
direct question, she whispered faintly, but dis-
tinctly, yes.

The counsel for the defence objected to the
admission of the evidence of a dying person
by signs, but the court ruled that it might go
to the jury, as Mrs. Taylor, at the time of mak-
ing these signs and declarations, was conscious
of being near her end, which gave to them the
solemnity of an oath.

The murderer was sentenced yesterday fore-
noon to imprisonment at hard labor for one
year, in accordance with the statute, and then,
on the issue of the Governor's warrant, to be
hung by the neck until he is dead.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—Down with it?—A
Roman Catholic paper, called the Rambler,
says:

"Religious liberty, in the sense of a liberty
possessed by every man to choose his religion,
is one of the most wicked delusions ever foisted
upon this age by the father of all deceit.—
The very name of liberty—except in the sense
of a permission to do certain definite acts—
ought to be banished from the domain of reli-
gion."

It is neither more nor less
than falsehood. No man has a right to choose
his religion. None but an atheist can
uphold the principles of religious liberty.
Shall I therefore fall in with this
abominable delusion! Shall I foster that dam-
nable doctrine that Socinianism, and Calvinism,
and Anglicanism, and Judaism, are not every
one of them mortal sins, like murder and adu-
ltery! Shall I hold out hopes to my erring
Protestant brother, that I will not meddle with
his creed if he will not meddle with mine?—
Shall I tempt him to forget that he has no more
right to his religious views than he has to my
purse, to my house, or to my life blood! No!
Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds.—
We might as rationally maintain that two and
two do not make four, as this theory of reli-
gious liberty. Its impiety is only equalled by
its absurdity."

Too GOOD TO KEEP.—A whig postmaster
in New York, being extremely anxious to re-
tain his office, addressed a letter to the De-
partment asking what strings he should pull to
keep it. The postmaster to whom it was ad-
dressed thought it too good to keep.

Post Office Department,
Appointment Office, Feb. 12, 1853.

To a New York Postmaster:
In reply to your inquiry, dated February 12,
asking what string you can "pull most success-
fully" in order to retain your office, the De-
partment does not know what better advice to
give; than to recommend that you faithfully dis-
charge your duties and maintain a stiff upper
lip.

A faithful discharge of duty, and a stiff up-
per lip did not save Jacobs himself. He was
one of the last victims.

A CASUALTY PREVENTED BY PROPER PRE-
CAUTION.—The Hudson River train due here
at half past 10 this morning, was nearly an
hour behind time. We learn from a passen-
ger that, when a mile or two below Cold Spring
going full speed, one of the journals of the
locomotive broke, throwing it from the track.
The axle, however, was provided with a "safety
beam," which prevented its dropping, and the
overturn and smash that would otherwise
have been inevitable. After dragging a short

distance over ties, the speed of the train was
checked. Had the engine been of the ordinary
construction, the train would probably have
been thrown into the river, with results per-
haps as terrible as those at Norwalk.

[Albany Journal.]

This safety beam has been introduced upon
trial on some of the passenger cars of the Bos-
ton, Concord and Montreal Railroad, and per-
haps on other roads in the vicinity, and bids
fair to obviate the danger which results from
the breaking of an axle. The adoption of
these precautions by the managers of our rail-
roads is highly commendable.—[Boston Jour-
nal.]

SINGULAR DEATH.—The French papers
relate a remarkable case of absence of mind,
or carelessness, which occurred recently in
Paris, and which resulted in death. A gentle-
man had gathered his family around his fire-
side, for an anniversary feast, and while in the
full enjoyment of the occasion, he was annoy-
ed by a very troublesome buzzing and itching
in one of his ears. He at first endeavored to
allay it by inserting his little finger in the cav-
ity of the ear and agitating it rapidly. The
itching continuing, however, he arose at a mo-
ment when his mind was wholly engrossed and
captivated by the conversation to which he
was listening, and almost instinctively going to
the mantel piece, took up a chemical match,
and without looking to see which was the
harmless end, inserted it in his ear, and rubbed
it briskly against the irritated part. He had,
unfortunately, in his abstraction of mind, used
the wrong end of the match, and the result was
the production of an ardent flame in the cav-
ity of the ear, of which the effect may be easi-
ly imagined. The intense pain he suffered al-
most drove him to madness, and notwithstanding
the remedial efforts of eminent surgeons,
he expired, after two days of the most acute
suffering, in the midst of horrible convulsions.

A LARGE LIQUOR SEIZURE. We under-
stand that the City Marshal made a seizure on
Saturday last of a quantity of liquors—some
1300 gallons—in the store-house of Blanding
& Dyer in this city. It was shipped from Bos-
ton without any marks indicating to whom it
was consigned, and lay in the storehouse await-
ing a claimant. Marshal Jones, in behalf of
the State, has taken possession of it, and un-
less a better title to it is established by some-
body else, we presume it will undergo the pen-
alty prescribed by the Maine Law for condem-
ned spirits.

A quantity of liquor was also seized by the
Marshal on the same day on the premises of
Dr. Brown of this city, which although they
were undoubtedly used in the Doctor's practice,
were ordered to be destroyed and he fined twenty
dollars and costs. The Doctor appealed.

[Gospel Banner.]

THE CELESTIALS.—The throne which the
Mantchou, or Tartar dynasty obtained by
usurpation is likely to lose by rebellion. If
the accounts from China by the last overland
mail are to be relied on, the end of Tartar rule
in the celestial empire approaches. An imper-
ial army had been defeated, and its General
killed, and the revolutionists were in pos-
session of Nankin, the second or third city of
China. We see that the "Friend of China,"
the English organ, published at Macao, hints
at the policy of English, American or French
interference in the Emperor's behalf, and with
his weather eye open to pecuniary profit, sug-
gests that important commercial concessions
might be obtained from the government in re-
turn for present help. If the "outside barba-
rians" will consent to open their ports on the
rebel, the Emperor will probably open the
ports of the Empire to them.

FROM MEXICO.—It is quite apparent from
the tenor of the last accounts from Mexico, that
the new order of things there is to be one of
hated and opposition to the United States.
This spirit is very manifest in the banishment
of ex-president Arista, one of the most intelli-
gent and reliable statesmen and officers of Mex-
ico, for being the avowed friend of the liberal
institutions of the United States. Another in-
dication of this feeling is seen in the order dis-
missing from the service all officers and sol-
diers who voluntarily surrendered themselves
to our troops during the war of 1847, on the
ground that only such men can be relied on in
the present emergency, as have had no oppor-
tunity to modify their hostility towards the
United States by means of intimate associa-
tion with our people and the experience of per-
sonal kindness from them. The recent pro-
clamation of Col. Cruz, Commander-in-chief
of the line of Bravo to the inhabitants of the
frontier, is also quite expressive of the same
tone of bitter hatred towards the United States
with which Santa Anna thinks proper to leaven
his new administration. Take a single sen-
tence as a sample. The proclamation relates
to the recent intrusion of Governor Lane on
the territory of Chihuahua.

PROCLAMATION.
Valentine Cruz, colonel, commanding in-
chief of the line of the Bravo, to the inhabi-
tants of the frontier:

Citizens of the frontier! The impure foot
of traitors and pirates has threatened to plant
itself on the Mexican soil. Our territory has
been invaded by gangs of foreign adventurers,
whose honor is in their purse, and who seek
no glory without plunder; and who belong to
the vilest scum of their nation. Shall we suf-
fer such vandalism without resistance?"

At the same time this spirit of hatred and
defiance towards the United States is encour-
aged, the new government are understood to
be disposed to play the agreeable towards the
Spanish government. Their hatred of the U. S.
will probably do us about as much harm as
their love of the Spaniards will do the Mexi-
cans good. "Whom the Gods mean to destroy
they first make mad." If the Mexicans are
not a doomed nation there is no reliance to be
placed in signs.

BOLD ATTEMPT.—A bold but unsuccessful
attempt was made on Tuesday night to rob
the Bedford Commercial Bank at New Bedford.
The sleeping apartment of the cashier was en-
tered, his pantaloons, the pocket of which con-
tained the keys of the Bank, stolen, and in the
morning the outer door of the vault was found
open. Upon missing his pantaloons with the
keys the cashier proceeded at once to the Bank
and, while there, not knowing but that the in-
ner door had also been opened and the money
taken, a member of his family brought him the
keys of the Bank, which had been found with
the pantaloons thrown into the garden of the
cashier's house. The inner door was now un-
locked and all found safe. The lock of that
door had effectually resisted the burglar's ef-
forts.

SETTLED.—The difficulty between Miss Sa-
rah P. Remond of Salem, and officer Phil-
brick and Mr. Palmer, Madame Sontag's agent,
has been amicably settled, the fine and costs im-
posed by the Police Court, and a sum sufficient
to pay Miss Remond's expenses, having been
paid by Mr. Palmer. The Herald says it is
understood that she is to have the privilege of
occupying any seat at the Howard that she

may choose, and that at the opera on Wednes-
day evening, Miss Remond and several other
colored persons were present.

[Boston Advertiser.]

The End of a "Very Strange Story."

We have already mentioned the mysterious
disappearance of a Miss Emily Teal, from her
father's residence at Bergen, New Jersey.—
We learn that Miss Teal returned home on
Saturday morning, at 3 o'clock, stating that
she had been forcibly taken away in a carriage
by two men, in a direction she thinks towards
Newark. She crawled to the door from the
street, and has been insensible, so that she has
not been able to relate the circumstances of her
treatment, but it is evident she has been brut-
ally injured, and her person violated. After
searching the adjoining fields and ponds on
Friday, her friends traced her to the New
York Battery, where they concluded she had
wandered away while temporarily insane, and
had perhaps destroyed herself. It was conjectured
that she had been abducted, as a carriage
was seen in the vicinity, but how it was accom-
plished could not be inferred, as there was a
large Newfoundland dog in the garden.

Another account we see, represents the fact
in a materially different light, and gives to the
whole, a coloring of the romantic, that would
figure well in a "Yellow Kiver." We quote
from the Tribune—

Miss Teal at intervals since she reached
home made some statements, which we under-
stand from a reliable source are as follows:—
As she was going into her residence on the
evening of her disappearance, and while pass-
ing through the arbor which is built over the
walk, she was seized, and so quickly gagged
and blinded, that she was unable to give the
alarm, and she was conveyed to the street,
terrified almost to fainting. She was taken a
short distance to a carriage, and the carriage
was driven, as it seemed to her, like a long
distance.

She was then made to walk in the same
blinded and almost stifled condition for some
distance over rough ground, and then taken in-
to a house. There she was unblinded, and
found herself in a small, poorly furnished room
where a lamp was burning dimly. She was
confident that she did not cross any ferry; and
it is believed that she was not taken out of
Hudson county. She was kept in that small,
darkened room, in which the light was burning,
during Friday. One ordinary looking female,
and a well dressed man, were the only persons
she saw about the house, and such were her
fears that it is doubtful whether she could iden-
tify him. Food and drink were offered to her
while she was kept there, but she would not
touch them, and from the time she was taken
away until she returned, she partook of nei-
ther.

She believed that those in whose keeping
she was, designed to drug her. She was left
alone nearly all of the time in the room. On
the night of her return, she was walked, gag-
ged and blindfolded, towards her home. Her
path appeared to be through woods and fields,
and she was left in the road running from Ho-
boken to Bergen Corners, at about half a mile
from her father's residence. Her conductors
removed the bandage from her eyes, and the
gag from her mouth, when they left her, and
then fled. She found her way with difficulty
to her father's residence, which she reached
too much exhausted to give the alarm. She
was found lying on the steps, almost insensib-
le, two hours afterwards, by the family, when the
door was opened in the morning.

Such are the facts, so far as ascertained.—
The motives of the parties in abducting her are
yet a matter of conjecture. It is thought by
some that it was intended to carry off some
other person. She suffered no violence at their
hands, except being forcibly carried away; and
the occurrence is regarded as very mysterious.
It has created no little excitement in the nei-
ghborhood.

The rumor that she had crossed the Hobo-
ken Ferry, and had been traced through Wash-
ington Market, and to the Battery, proved in-
correct. The opinion of some that she wander-
ed away, mentally deranged, is entirely im-
probable. It was an outrage, and one which
it is hoped will be fully known, that its per-
petrators may be brought to punishment.

Destructive Fire at Rockland.—Fifty-three Buildings Destroyed.

We learn from Capt. Lumbert of Hodgman
& Co's Express, and Mr. Mitchell of Libbey's
Express, who came up yesterday in the Pen-
osobet, that a fire broke out in Rockland on
Sunday morning, at 2 1/2 o'clock, in the store
of Samuel Pillsbury, which proved very de-
structive and must be severely felt, as it burnt
out almost the entire portion of the business
part of the town, destroying fifty-three build-
ings, and a large amount of goods and other
property.

Among the buildings, were the Commercial
Hotel, kept by N. C. Woodard; Spofford's
Block; Holmes's brick Block; Eagle Block;
J. T. & W. Berry's Stage and Livery Stable;
Dennis & Thorndike's Livery Stable.

The fire extended from Spring to Lime
Rock-st, burning all the buildings on both
sides of Main-st, together with Kimball's wharf
and 1,000,000 feet of lumber belonging to H.
G. Berry.

The hydrants were entirely useless as the
water had been shut off at the pond to repair
the pipes. The Thomaston engines were on
hand, and rendered valuable services.

The following is a list of those burnt out,
all of which lost most of their goods or furni-
ture:

Larkin Snow & Son, Variety Store.
W. A. Farnsworth.
J. C. Moody, Apothecary.
Paul DeFray, Confectioner.
N. S. Leeman.
G. W. Palmer, Fancy Goods.
Jacob Harrington, Hat & Cap Store.
B. W. Lathrop & Co, Dry Goods.
Starr & Blood, Jewelry Store.
J. G. Lovejoy, Groceries.
G. Kimball,
C. Holmes,
C. G. Moffatt, Clothing Store.
G. Hatch, Harness
O. Ludwig, Meat
M. E. Thurlow, Clothing
E. Hall, Groceries and Dry Goods.
Dr. J. W. Russell, Dentist.
A. G. Merrill, Music Store.
J. Georley, Barber.
James Begg,
B. W. Sawyer, & Co, Boots and Shoes.
E. Barrett, Dry Goods and Groceries.
H. G. Berry, Lumber Dealer.
Wilson & White, Store.
J. P. Wise, Shoe Store.
D. H. Cochran, Harnesses.
D. M. Mitchell, Office and Store.
Nath'l Meservey, Dwelling house.
Capt. Yarell,
Widow Spofford,
C. Holmes,
Widow Ulmer,
B. C. Matthews,
Dr. D. T. Frye,
Miss F. J. Kirkpatrick, Millinery Store.
Murphy, Daguerian Rooms.

Sargent, Law Office.
Hodgman & Co, Express.
All the horses were saved from the Livery
stables.

JESSE HUTCHINSON.—The telegraph an-

