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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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THE GRAND CATHOLICON:

OR, HART'S BOKKOWS, AND THEIR GURD.

BY MISS. S. A. MARTIN.

"Eureka! I have found it!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he trimmed the midnight lamp which lighted his solitary vigils. "I have discovered a panacea for all the evils that afflict mankind. It is not written in letters of blood, that ignorance is the fruitful source of misery and crime? Let the soul, the immortal part of man, be supplied with aliment suited to its capacities; let its thirst be slaked at the pure fountains of knowledge, and happiness must be the result. What are physical sufferings to those who sit at the feet of divine Philosophy, and listen to her teachings?"

Not harsh and embred, as dull fools suppose, But human as Apollo's dulcet flute.

to the ear and heart prepared for their reception. The masses must be elevated, to think, to reason, and this intellectual light will redeem them from the dominion of the outward and the sensual, by revealing to them the beauty of the inward, spiritual life, to which nature ever calls her children. There must exist somewhere an antidote for the miseries of man, and where, but in intellectual improvement, shall it be found? I will hold up this beacon light—doubtless those who are perishing in darkness and degradation, will look upon it and be healed."

The philosopher went forth on his errand of mercy, with a glad countenance, and a firm step, for though the wrecks of human happiness were all about him, he was strong in the new born hope of checking the tide of sin and woe, and of restoring the blighted earth to more than its primeval harmony and beauty.

He came to the cell of the convict, and found its suffocating atmosphere laden with the ribald jest and profane merriment of the outcasts there herded together, all unconscious of their guilt and degradation.

"Listen to me, unfortunate ones," said the sage, "ye have gone astray in the darkness of ignorance, and are suffering the evil consequences. Would ye not be restored once more to yourselves, and to society? Seek then, first of all, intellectual elevation—let the dying spark of self respect be fanned into a flame—dare to assert the dignity of your own immortal nature, and ye will rise, phoenix like, from the ashes of shame and infamy, to a new and more glorious life."

"Man," was the scornful reply, "who made thee a judge or tutor over us? What knowest thou of shame and sorrow, only by the hearing of the ear? Little good have thy books done thee if they have not taught thee that human passions, in the fierceness of their strength, spurn the control of reason, and mock at the restraints of philosophy. We have seen, in that society from which we are outcasts, the knowledge of which thou boastest; and it only enabled man to prey with more skill and certainty on the rights of his fellows—we want nothing of it, or of thee. When thou canst open the doors of our prison, and say, be free—then come to us, and we will welcome thy coming."

Sorrowful, but not discouraged, the philosopher went to the chamber of sickness, and sought to beguile the weary hours of suffering and languor, by exhibiting the charms of philosophy, and the admirable uses of patience and fortitude under the frowns of adverse fortune.

"Ah," sighed the sufferer, "it is easy to talk of fortitude in the midst of prosperity; or of patience, when the frame is strong and active, and the bounding pulse of health fills every vein, with joy and gladness. Wait until the days shall come in which thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in me,' then tell me of hope and comfort, and I will listen to thy words."

In a darkened room, covered in the sad habiliments of woe, sat a widowed mother by the remains of her only child, still beautiful even in death, but about to be carried away forever from her sight. "Why weepest thou so bitterly," said the philosopher, "thy loss is a common lot to all who live. Death is the inevitable doom, whether sooner or later, man must pay to nature, and thy grief will not arrest the stern decrees of fate, or give back to thee embraces those who have gone to the spirit land. Be comforted, remembering that thy own life is a shadow, and should not be wasted in unavailing repining."

"Away, vain man!" she answered indignantly, "nor mock my misery with these futile words of consolation. It is because my tears are unavailing, that I weep; could they bring back the departed, then might hope once more revisit this desolate heart. Can thy voice penetrate the silent caverns of the tomb, or reach the dull, cold ear of death?" "Canst thou give me back my husband or my child? If not, talk no more to me of hope or comfort, for both are buried with them in the dark and gloomy grave."

"Alas!" exclaimed the wise man, as he turned away from the house of mourning, "will no one listen to my words? Can I do nothing to lessen the sum of human wretchedness?"

"Thou hast erred, my brother," said a philanthropist at his side, "in supposing that mental darkness is man's greatest evil. He is the unhappy victim of a false position; the plaything of circumstances over which he has no control, and which mould with resistless energy his character and destiny. Poverty, with its train of fearful ills, presses upon him—pride tramples him under foot, and avarice wrings out the life drops from his crushed heart. How can he calmly listen to thy teachings, while this load of evils is weighing him down to the dust? Let me first endeavor to amend his condition—let us surround him with circumstances favorable to happiness—to restore his faith in his fellow man—then thou mayest hope for the development of that intellectual nature, which is to exult in him with angels and with God."

So, Philanthropy gathered together the down-trodden and the poor—the children of want and sorrow, and the victims of care and discontent, into one great brotherhood, where social equality and community of interests formed the common bond of union, and in which the grand problem of political economy—the means of securing the greatest amount both of productive labor, and individual happiness, was to be satisfactorily solved. The very framework of society was destroyed, and a new order of things established, affording to all who sought it, a fair opportunity of obtaining a share of worldly good, proportioned to their industry and skill. "At last," said Philanthropy, as she gazed with glowing eyes on the work of her hands; "at last, the remedy is found, and man, redeemed from oppression and want, will no more become the victim of passion and crime. He will stand erect in the original dignity of his nature, and possess the knowledge and happiness, which the wisest dream of Philosophy is more than equalled."

But selfishness has taken up her abode in the community of brethren, an unbidden and uninvited guest; and was speedily at work, reviving the movements that were at first so regular—lodging a rival here, and breaking a link there, until the whole complicated machinery was in disorder, and could no longer be made to observe its original purpose. It was evident that Philanthropy, in her plans

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. VII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 3, 1853.

NO. 16.

of benevolence, had not duly considered this disturbing force, and she wept over the failure of her cherished hopes, less from the sense of present disappointment, than from the sad conviction that the same cause would produce a similar result in all future time.

Then, was the earth given up to the dominion of evil, and stern Fanaticism, gazing with inflamed eyes and lowering brow upon the scene exclaimed: "A world so sunken and festering corruption, can never be cleansed and purified but by fire. Let the flames of divine vengeance be quickly kindled, and let them consume the rebels whom no kindness or compassion could hold in allegiance to their rightful sovereign."

"Wait, yet a little longer," said the Angel of Mercy, who had hovered, a sad and pitying specter, over the world from which human depravity had exiled her—"let me make one more trial, and if that avails not, my mission is ended, and justice must avenge the wrongs of infinite Love."

While she yet spoke, a venerable man went forth, bearing a white banner, on which a cross was displayed, with the inscription: "By this thou shalt conquer." Unarmed and with no other attendants save Faith, Hope and Charity, he bent his steps towards a horde of savages who had hitherto resisted every attempt to instruct or civilize them. Entering a lowly hut he spoke to them of Jesus, the friend of sinners—of his life of sorrow, and self-denial, and his death of shame—of the love which brought him from Heaven, sustained him, as he went about doing good, and finally poured out its unmeasured fullness in that last affecting prayer for his murderers: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." The dark and scowling faces around him, relaxed as they listened to the wondrous story—tears gathered and fell silently from eyes that never wept before, until at length they exclaimed: "This is just what we want—come and tell us of Jesus, and teach us to love and serve him, for we are blind, ignorant, and know not the way to his feet, but we will put our hand in thy hand, and thou shalt guide us if the path to Heaven."

And it was even as they said; for before the banner of the cross, idolatry fell prostrate, and soon the moral wilderness was converted into a fruitful field—blooming and fragrant as the garden of the Lord.

The messenger of Mercy approached the branded felon, and while he spoke of the violated law of God and his dread penalty, he told him too of one who pardoned the dying thief, and said to her whom all beside had condemned, "go and sin no more." The heart that had been so long hardening into stone, melted like wax under the influence of a Saviour's love; and he who hitherto spurned alms and charity, and authority, was found clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

"Mother," said a youthful voice, soft and tremulous as the tones of the wind harp, when brushed by the wing of the zephyr, "I am going to die, but it is not dark now, and I am not afraid, for Jesus has come to meet me, and you know he said once, 'suffer little children to come unto me.' I am going to him, and you must not forbid me, dear mamma. I shall see my father, and that darling baby brother who left us so soon, and I shall wait for you, and be the first to welcome you when you come to Heaven. Do not weep, mamma; remember that beautiful hymn I learned at Sabbath School:

"Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
While faith points upward to the sky."

I should have been glad to be a help and comfort to you, but the dear Saviour calls me, and you have often told me, we should obey him cheerfully as well as readily."

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," exclaimed the weeping mother, as she kissed for the last time the cold lips that had never before met hers without an answering pressure.

"For a little while, farewell, my precious child; thou hast gone to thy Father and my Father, to thy God and my God, and in a few short days, I shall join thee there, to be separated no more forever. Thou wert the sole bud of promise left on the scathed and riven parent stem, and henceforth neither fragrance nor beauty remain for me on earth, but I shall find thee again, when I go to my Saviour, for blessed be His name,

"He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee. Not as now, a broken and faded flower, but blooming in immortal beauty, in the Paradise of God."

What was it that had robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its boasted victory? What enabled that timid child to greet the king of terrors with a smile, and sustained the bereaved mother as she accompanied him to the entrance of the dark valley, and then returning to earth, shuddered to find herself childless and alone? They had heard of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and his love had filled their hearts, drawing them upward with an attraction so strong, that the affections of this present time seemed unworthy of a moment's thought, when compared with the blessedness reserved for them in Heaven. Glorious Gospel! In bringing life and immortality to light, thou hast indeed provided a balm for every wound, an antidote for every form of human suffering and woe.

The bringer of good tidings opened his way to earth's remotest bounds, and wherever he went the wilderness and solitary places rejoiced for him, and the desert was seen to bud and bloom as the rose. He entered a family circle from which love and harmony had long been banished, while selfishness and discord had taken their place. One by one, as they listened to his words, those seared hearts yielded, until, like kindred drops, they melted into one, and the dove of peace again came back, and folded her bright wings in the happy home to which she had been so long a stranger.

On, on, wherever the ruins of the law were found, and the messenger of Love, and a light more glorious than that of the sun, heralded his coming, and marked the traces of his life-giving footsteps. Families, neighborhoods, and nations, forgot their ancient causes of discord and hate, and learned at the feet of the cross, the delightful lesson of forgiveness and Christian charity. Swords were beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks; violence was no more heard in the land, nor waiting nor destruction in its borders; for the time had come, long foretold by the spirit of prophecy, when the knowledge of the Lord should fill the earth, as the waters fill the channels of the mighty sea. Out of evil, He had brought good; out of darkness, light; out of death,

life eternal; out of corruption and decay, immortal beauty and never-withering strength. A lost and ruined world had been converted by infinite wisdom and love, into a sun of glory for the universe; shedding new light on the character and perfections of its Creator and Redeemer.

"Rejoice with me," exclaimed the Angel of Mercy, as she took her place amid her sister spirits near the throne of God. "My work is done, my mission accomplished, and henceforth not one vestige of evil shall mar the fair heritage of our ascended Lord. The blighted earth, redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled from the bondage of sin, blooms like the garden of Eden, while now, behold the fabric of the world of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and He will be their God."

Then a voice, as of many waters, the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, answered the angel, saying: "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." And every creature in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and those that were in the sea, repeated the long and loud Amen.—*Ladies' Week.*

An Example for Boys.

Boys should never allow themselves to be persuaded to taste a drop of spirituous liquors. They do no good, but create a vast deal of mischief. If you taste of but one drop, you will want two drops next time, and in a little while you will want a regular dram; and when you get in the habit of taking drams, you are on the road to ruin.

When we were a boy, it was the fashion to drink strong liquors, and we have often been sent to the store for a gallon of old Santa Cruz rum for the men in harvest time; and we got tipsy on a certain occasion, but not on rum. It was cider. We were raking hay, and we drank a couple of glasses of strong cider, which was as free as water, and shortly our head began to reel, and the ground began to rise before us, the haycocks turned somersets, and every little while we found our face in contact with the new made hay, with arms and legs at right angles with our body. We felt 'first rate' while it lasted, and when the influence of the cider was gone, we had decision enough to leave such things alone. It was little or no disgrace to get 'fuddled' in those times, consequently, if boys were not found running into the vortex of ruin, it was because they had moral courage enough to resist the temptation; but now the boy who may be seen at the bar of a public house, or liquor shop, throwing down his three cents for a glass of liquor, most certainly is but one step from ruin. No one employs a boy, where any trust or confidence is to be placed in him, who drinks liquor or smokes cigars freely.

Some few years ago, a lad was left without father or mother, of smart natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store, as errand boy or otherwise, until he could command a higher position; but this boy had been, in bad company, and had got in the habit of calling for his 'bitters' occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant on Pearl street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there and made his business known.

"Walk into the office, my lad," said the merchant; "I'll attend to you soon."

When he had waited on his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a cigar in his hat.

"My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad, but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, your breath is evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John (this was his name,) held down his head, and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who upon her death-bed called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said:

"Johnny, my dear boy, I'm soon going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your poor father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me, before I die that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this and to be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scolding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never drink any spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebate from the merchant, he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and people gazed at him as he passed along, and boys rallied at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon his bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house. But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour passed he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor nor to smoke another cigar as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he:

"Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of, but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to, and have not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor to smoke another cigar; and if, you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years, this lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth ten thousand dollars. He has faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance, as you enter upon the duties of life, and remember upon what points of character your destiny for good or for evil depends.—*Northern Farmer.*

Herculeanum. A gentleman who owns the few simple of a broken-backed bureau is in luck. While the owner of a foot-stool or before Braddock's defeat, may sell out his interest for funds enough to retire on.

To show the rage of this passion, we would mention that we were yesterday offered \$120 for a pair of buck-skin breeches that our great-grand uncle threw aside during the old French war. The lady who is negotiating for the reversion, intends to stuff them, and use them as a mantle ornament. Should we dispose of the buck-skins, we shall then offer to the competition of the fashionable world, a knot-hole through which Washington looked when his school-master was in pursuit of him for playing hooky.

P. S. As this is the only well-authenticated Washington knot-hole in the country, we shall expect a very liberal offer.

[Albany Dutchman.]

AN OMNIBUSMAN SONG.

[After Barry Cornwall.]

Ride! Who rides?
A bus that takes twelve hundred?
Ah! who is this lady fine
That falls into this lap of mine?
A lady is she,
As big as three,
I prefer her room to her company.

Smoke! Who smokes?
To the great advantage of other folks?
Ah! who is this snob so fine?
A gent! I sirs, a gent!
He comes with the notions scent
Of tobacco, beer and wine;
Far better that he,
On the roof should be,
I prefer his room to his company.—[Punch.]

Pompeii.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, these relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archaeology, and find appropriate resting places in historical museums. But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator turns, an uninvited guest, upon the banquet table; in one place, he finds a miser cowering on his haunches—another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains—among the splendid evidences of material wealth—he sometimes stumbles upon a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination, and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster—as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle. Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavations in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings—one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had bags of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the floor was on their track; and vain their wealth, their flight, the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled over them and beyond; and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of its mistress—dying at her side.

Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the senses! Does not imagination picture that little group, in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chatting over the day's events and of the unusual heat?—Does it not hear, with them, the troubled swell of the waters in the Bay—see, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens over head and flames break out, while scoriae, sand and molten rocks come pouring down? What movement, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant—the hollow monotone of the Bay is lifted into yell and shriek—the air grows thick with dust and hot with flame—and at the mountain's foot is heard the deadly roar of the liquid lava. Jewels, household goods, gold and silver coins, are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front, and fire behind, they rush into the streets—streets choked with falling bones and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets?—confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness and despair unchained; here, Penury clutching gold it cannot keep—there, Gluttony feeding on its final, and Phrency, striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all fancy leads the young girl's screams—the fire is on her jeweled head. No time for thought—no pause; the floods roll on, and wisdom, beauty, age and youth, with the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth, greatness—all the once alluring life—has gone for ever.

When unchained after many ages, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may serve to point a moral or adorn a tale.—[London Athenaeum.]

SPORTING—WOUNDING AND KILLING LAST BIRDS. The public journals record deaths of more persons by gun shots, while engaged in sporting, killing little birds, than all the shootings. We have, for a long time, kept a record of the deaths of sportsmen by gun shots, at their own hands or at the hands of their sporting companions, while hunting little birds to wound and kill them. It presents an appalling catalogue, and is a miserable path in which to meet death. Birds of the richest plumage, and the sweetest song, are sought after by sportsmen, for the purpose of preparation for parlor decorations. Those who encourage this work of death by purchasing such decorations, seem little impressed with what they are doing in this. Our markets are now supplied by sportsmen with rabbits that feed on dog-wood berries, and with other birds which feed on the seed of the Stramonium or foetid weed. It is but a few days since, that a child died, having been poisoned by eating the seeds of the Stramonium. Very many persons suffer in health from eating birds that feed on poisonous weeds. A few months ago, an estimable citizen of New York was brought to the very gates of death, by eating a bird for dinner, that had fed on poisonous seeds. The sparrow was not beneath the notice of the Prince of Life, and he declared that not one fell to the ground, without the knowledge of the Creator of the Universe. I often miss some of the little birds I feed at Green woods, and during the present week, I saw a sportsman at the very gates of the City of the Dead, with as many of the poor robin-red-

breasts as he could well carry—a number sufficient to cloud the entrance of his spirit into the bright realms of the Celestial world!

[N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

A Struggle for Liberty.

We find in the opinion of Judge Grier, discharging the U. S. officers who were arrested for assault, &c., the following relation of the Wilkesbarre slave case. Such bold determination and resistless efforts for freedom, would make a hero of any other than the despised fugitive slave, and win for the patriot an undying reputation in the history of heroic men.

"The three Deputies of the Marshal, accompanied by two gentlemen from Virginia, who were well acquainted with the fugitive to be arrested, entered the dining room of the Phoenix Hotel, in the morning, about 7 o'clock, and found the negro Bill, or William Thomas in the room. The agent of the owner took hold of the fugitive and handed him over to the officers, saying, 'this is the boy I require you to take under the warrant'—as the officers proceeded to arrest him, telling him they were United States officers, a violent struggle ensued; the landlord of the hotel, who was sitting at his breakfast, got up and went around the table and said, 'Bill, give up, there is no use to resist.' Bill called for his pistols. The landlord tried to get hold of him. Bill made a pass at him, to hit him in the face, but missed it, and struck him on the shoulder. The officers attempted to secure him; one of them seized him round the waist, he was thrown on the floor, but rising with them, he obtained possession of a carving knife and attempted to stab Mr. Settle, who had come to the assistance of the officers. The blow was partially warded off by another person so that Settle was struck with the handle instead of the point of the knife, on his elbow, and disabled from rendering further assistance. The knife being taken from him, the officers endeavored to secure the prisoner's hands with shackles or handcuffs, but succeeded only in getting them on his right wrist, when Bill struck Cresson, one of the deputies, over the head with handcuffs, inflicting a cut on his temple, and stunning and disabling him for a time. Bill was again thrown down, the officers in vain attempting to secure his hands with the handcuffs; Bill rose up with them, and seized a table knife, and wounded slightly the hands of Jenkins, who held him around the waist. The knife was wrested from him, and likewise a fork which he had seized. While Bill had possession of the carving knife, and was endeavoring to stab the officers, some one cried out to them, 'Why don't you shoot him?' one of them answered, 'We don't want a dead negro.' 'Do not hurt him,'—one of the witnesses said, 'he fought desperately, and endeavored to kill them.' He made his way to the door at length, with two of the officers endeavoring to hold him, and finally released himself from them, and escaped and ran towards the river. The officers then said they would try to frighten him, and fired off pistols, but did not point the pistols towards him. Bill waded into the river; some one furnished him with a large knife. The officers then dispatched a messenger for the Sheriff, who refused to render them any assistance. Bill's clothes were much torn, and considerable blood had been shed over his face and clothes in the struggle; a large crowd collected; some exhorted Bill not to be taken alive, and he declared his intention to die or be drowned rather than be taken. The officers, after dallying some time, being afraid to make further attempts to arrest him, as no one would assist them, gave up the attempt and went away, saying, 'as the negro would not be taken alive, they did not want him dead, they would pursue him no further.' He was afterwards taken away by some person on a wagon, and made his final escape.

LADIES' ANKLES.—All ladies like to have nice ankles, because they know that the gentlemen like to see them. A bungling ankle looks clumsy and awkward, and indeed ladies with large ankles are apt to be any thing else but spry. They have not that elastic, airy tread which has so often touched the heart of the poet, and which he has so often sung. But singularly enough, a great many ladies have ankles that are ashamed of them. Their ankles were small when girls, but they have grown stiff and large ever since, and now, like Miss Kilmansegg with her precious legs, they begin to stump.

Like the spectre in Don Giovanni!

They don't know why it is they are so heavy and clumsy, and they try to fancy they are still agile and graceful. But they can't believe it, and the beau won't believe it with all their gallantry and desire to please the fair sex. Now, what causes this sad unpoetical change? Is it natural, too much walking or standing, or what is it? Well, if we were to tell you how to prevent it, we should advise you not to cord your ankles and stop the free circulation of the blood by lacing your gaiters too tight, nor wear gaiters so close that they squeeze the foot up like the Chinese shoes, leaving no more blood in it than there is in a turnip, and preventing any possibility of its getting there. And if you would not have your legs—beg pardon—your limbs swell up, don't wear (in a whisper) tight gaiters!—*N. Y. Day Book.*

Dr. Johnson. The great Dr. Johnson's ear, in respect to the power of appreciating musical sounds, was remarkably defective; nevertheless, he possessed a sense of propriety in harmonic composition that gave him an unconquerable distaste to all unmeaning flourish and rapidity of execution. Being one night at a concert where an elaborate and florid concerto on the violin was performed, after it was over, he asked a gentleman who sat near him what it meant. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say that it was very difficult. Dr. Johnson answered the learned auditor, 'I wish to God it had been impossible.'—*Illustrations of Great Men.*

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?—Harriet Hunt, one of the strongest-minded women of the day, says that taxation without representation is tyranny, and complains—Here we are, an independent American woman, educated for and living by the practice of medicine, I own property, and pay taxes on that property. I demand of the government that taxes on that it should allow me an equal voice with the other tax payers in the disposal of the public money—and, certainly, not less intelligent than thousands who, though, conceivably able to read their ballots, are entitled to vote. I am allowed to vote in any Bank or Insurance com-

pany wherein I choose to be a stockholder. Why ought I not to vote in the disposition of public money raised by tax, as well as those men who do not pay taxes, or those who do either?

WELL TURNED.—A young lady over the signature of 'Kate,' sends the following spirited article to the New Orleans True Delta. We think she gives fashionable young men a well merited rebuke. Her remark 'it will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side,' is worthy consideration. She entitles her piece—How to Educate Young America."

I read in a paper, she says, the other day, that some new ornamental branches in young ladies' education were coming out soon—Cook-ology, Spin-ology and Weave-ology. All honor to the projector of so happy an improvement; but, allow me to ask, when our young Misses become such pattern housewives, in what circles they will look for suitable companions? Not in upper-tens-dom could they be found. Just fancy one of the bewhiskered, bescented, mustachioed exquisites, in companionship with one of Solomon's maidens, who layeth her hand to the spindle, or plyeth the spinning shuttle, or compoundeth rare cookery. What affinity would there be between them? The same that exists between a butterfly and a honey bee—one all glare and glitter, and frisking movements, the other all patient industry and sobriety.

I cannot think of a more useless article, or one more out of place in a room where work is progressing, than a fashionable young man. He knows so little about matters and things I feel in pain, until he is safely lodged in the parlor, among other things "more for ornament than use," animals and bijouterie.

It will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side. I propose three branches more to be added to the list of studies for finishing young gentlemen, fashionably: Saw-ology, Chop-ology, and Split-ology, and that, in addition to the requisite number of sheets, towels, spoons, and maktin rings, each promising pupil be furnished with a new wood saw, and axe, well sharpened, and daily exercised with them be practiced. It will supersede the necessity of gymnastics.

In our onward march to perfection, and in taking up the accomplishments of our grandmothers, we earnestly beg that some provision be made against being cut off from 'best society'; and such would be the result, unless the lads of creation are willing to keep pace with us. Their lily hands would, sorely, with present views, be willingly united with those which bear marks of labor; and what a dreadful state of affairs would occur in upper echelon, if one of the first families were to marry beneath their dignity.

Hasten then, the glorious era, when walking sticks shall be converted into hoe handles, crochets into knitting needles, and quizzing glasses and flirtations be known no more.

KISSING.—An eccentric editor talks of kissing, as coolly as if it was an every day luxury with him. The following is an extract from an editorial article on the 'luscious subject.' 'The style is peculiar, but possesses the merit of originality;—

"Kissing is a very happy and luscious invention (holloholys)—very happy indeed.—The editor don't know anything that surpasses a royal, earnest, honest, up-from-the-heart kiss (aqual)—no, he don't. He occasionally gets a small portion of such (pancakes). About that time he feels very fine (sauces-pans)—a great deal finer than the point of a cannie needle (lap-jacks). He feels very much as though he was a five-hundred-dollar cashmere shawl giving a dozen yards of cream-colored silk (peppermint)—with a shower of curls (pickles)—a bowl of cream and white sugar (cicklers)—seven volumes of poetry (doughnuts)—and a new almanac (baked beans)—yes, indeed (warming-pans)!"

MAINE LUMBERMEN.—There is not in the Union so distinct and original a class as the Maine lumbermen. They show what grit and manhood there is yet in the backwoods of America. Their life is more like a sailor's than any of our land occupations—vigorous hard work, exposure, danger, a part of the year, and for the rest, perhaps, scarce anything to do. They must be out in winter cutting the timber, drawing it near the streams, never in a house, making their own camps, and supplied by the teams from the settlements, and by their own guns. The weather must be never too cold or stormy for their work. They will wield an axe as we would a knife, and will split a bullet at sixteen rods with a rifle, like any Kentucky hunter. Then, when the first freshet comes, they must float their logs down the rivers—a dangerous business. The logs accumulate, and are wedged in together in immense masses; and the driver must float or leap among the loose logs and pieces of ice below them, until he can get them started.—Frequently they break loose with a crash, and he must save himself as best he can—not seldom by swimming through the ice cold water. A friend engaged in the business, has told me that he has known of some dozens of his heroic courage among these men, as, one overboard in the exploits of war, and yet a life is seldom lost.

We were in one 'camp' of lumbermen, lately, on the Machias river, and slept on the hemlock boughs with them, fourteen in a row, our feet to the fire. Such a hard-working, jolly, care-free, free-hearted set of men, I never saw. Everything in the camp was shared with us, and any other party that passed by seemed to come right in, and take and eat what they wanted. All titles or distinctions were dropped, or rather were never thought of. The employer, in wealthy circumstances, with them, and passed under the name of 'Bill.' We were called by our first names as soon as they could be found out. It would be a good treatment for some of our nice city gentlemen, first to put them in a while under a hemlock bark, and then these bluff, generous men. It brings one back to one's real relations. A main piece pretty nearly for what he is, in the woods. *Illustrations of Great Men.*

A MODEL DUN!—A Pennsylvania Yankee publishes the following advertisement in the Doylestown Intelligencer. We copy it without charge.

To Money Lenders and Speculators. I want to pay my debts, and as the only means I have devised to get money without using a Court, House, or Tuesday, the 24th week of Court, (when there will be a good many politicians about,) a large number of Unsettled Book Accounts, and a like number of Notes, of various dates and amounts. Many of them against fine young men who wear good clothes, drive fast horses, and pay particular attention to the Ladies—and of course use A No. 1 set some against men who think they do you a favor if they buy your goods, and never pay for them—they are No. 2. Some against men who promise to pay to-morrow. They are not quite so good. But a full and complete printed catalogue of the names, dates, and amounts, will be distributed on the day of sale. Conditions: Cash. R. T. HARRISON.

N. B.—The above account will be open for settlement until the day of sale.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 3, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. FARMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court-st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut-sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette-sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

Local Agents.

Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the Mail, can do so by calling on the following persons:

C. C. WHEELER, Canada. I. B. TOZER, W. Waterville.

JAMES DOW, Benton. E. S. PAGE, Kendall's Mills.

D. H. BILLINGS, Clinton. E. FOSTER, N. Vassalboro.

R. AYER, Winslow.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveler.

Letter from the Senior.

U. S. Hotel, Portland,
Oct. 29, 1853.

Though a traveller may see, from the car windows, as he passes through Commercial-st., striking evidence of the prosperity of Portland; yet a stroll through the city presents, in all directions, marks of improvement and enterprise that place the matter beyond question, even to a careless observer. Nowhere in N. England can finer blocks of stores be found than have been erected here during the past year; and in these, especially, the rapid advance in rents indicates a proportionate progress in business. Fox's Block, on Middle-st., will rival the most princely stores of Boston; while the massive granite buildings on Commercial-st. are models of substantial architecture. On the site of the old American Hotel a beautiful building has been erected, the first-floor of which is designed for stores, and the upper part for a theater and concert room.

Some time in the present month the first arrival is expected of a line of Steamers between Liverpool and Portland. This is an important enterprise, and in connection with that of the A. & St. L. Railroad, seems to make the commercial prosperity of this city a fixed fact. Mr. Moore stated, at the festival of the Mercantile Association on Tuesday evening, that a dozen steamers were already in progress of construction, to be directly connected with the trade and business of Portland. The enthusiasm with which the announcement was received, revealed the origin of the great enterprises through which the city is striving on to her high destiny—namely, the boldness, energy and spirit of her business men. Through these she looks forward to the control of the great East; and, as intimately connected, in the reciprocity of commerce, to broad interests in the West. To this end the policy of the State should point—legislative and commercial. The locality of such policy is broad as our State lines; and every man within these lines should prospectively count his dollars and cents in promoting it.

In her hotels, especially, Portland exhibits the preponderance of substance over show. No gorgeous "Metropolitan" or "Revere" is found, to satiate appetite with astonishment, or leave honest hospitality to be social with its own shadow in gilded mirrors. More attention is given to the quality of food than to the value of the spoon or fork with which it is eaten. The privilege of eating with a gold fork is a small matter to a blind man. The would-be cream of the travelling public, are easily cajoled into the folly of feeding their eyes at the expense of their palates. An empty gold spoon satisfies them better than a full pewter one. This is not the taste of Down-East. The U. S. Hotel disappoints everybody on the favorable side—it proves better than it looks. A year ago there was a project for a "Metropolitan," but some of the projectors having taken quarters at the "States," the object was forgotten. The wants of the city in this respect could not be realized from this position. That Mr. Myrick deserves a better house is evident to all who enjoy his excellent tables, attentive waiters and neat apartments; but the fault is an "outsider" when full trial is made. So far as the real comforts of a good hotel go, there is not a better house in New England. The best evidence of this is that it is constantly crowded with visitors.

(We the "Junior," dislike long letters, and therefore defer the other half of this to next week.)

Honors to Maine.

The Mass. Charitable Mechanics' Association, at their 7th Exhibition, in September, awarded the following premiums in Maine:

To the Vassalboro' Manuf. Co. for Black Cassimere.

To C. A. & B. F. Wing, Winthrop, for boots.

To Bates Manuf. Co., Lewiston, for pantaloons stuffed—also for checks.

To Mrs. T. H. Marshall, Belfast, for framed tapestry work.

To Mrs. W. French, Prospect, for embroidered skirt.

Those "LITTLE & CO." PENS, so delicately adapted to the tastes and fingers of the ladies are sold by Moody & Fellows.

The body of Mr. Thomas J. Parker, of N. York, son of Mr. Thomas Parker, of Fairfield, was brought to this place by the cars on Saturday. We understand that Mr. Parker was found dead in an unoccupied building, under circumstances that gave rise to suspicion that he might have been murdered.

Among the names of the sufferers by the late destructive fire at Cincinnati, we notice those of Messrs. Wilshire—well known in Waterville—whose loss is set down at fifteen thousand dollars, on which nine thousand dollars were insured.

TELEGRAPHIC.—The posts are now set from the Depot to the Express Office, opposite the Post Office. We are told it will soon be in working order. The posts, in their present condition are by no means an ornament to the

streets through which they pass; but as we are assured they will soon be painted and improved, we forbear finding fault with them.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

Kendall's Mills.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Since the fire at this place of Oct. 8th, by which our village lost so much property, the owners immediately began to erect a dam to stop the water out from the old foundation, preparatory to rebuilding on the old spot; and before it was completed an unexpected rise in the river came on, carrying away the entire structure, and also the unburnt portion of the old bulk head under the saw mills Nos. 1, 2, 3, & 4, at the head of the block of mills, making a complete break thro' the mill pond. But as the owners are men of energy, perseverance and enterprise, the work of stopping out the water will again be commenced at once, preparatory to the erection of new and improved mills. The spot where the mill factory stood has been cleared of its burnt rubbish, and a new building framed which will be raised this week. The block of mills cannot be rebuilt so soon as the owners would wish, as it requires too large an amount of timber (some 500 M.) it would be impossible to get it at once.

They will be commenced in early spring, and some portion of them will be ready to run in June. In consequence of the destruction of these mills the bridge for the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad must necessarily be retarded, as they were depending on these mills for the timber, which will require some 1,000,000 feet to build it. They intend to have the bridge ready for the cars to pass over, in one year from this time, notwithstanding this interruption. The stone work for this bridge, under the direction of Messrs. McDaniels, is progressing rapidly; and the work is being done in a very superior manner. This is quite a large piece of work, as there are three piers which are about thirty feet high, and six abutments which are nearly the same height and all of them lay upon a ledge. The cars will run about thirty feet above these piers, making the distance from the water at the lowest stage of the Kennebec about sixty feet. Nature so ordered things—that this is the best point to be found for this bridge, as it crosses three Islands, all of which are above the highest freshet.

The A. & K. R. R. have leased the piece between this place and Waterville, which is already finished (excepting the Depot which will be done this week), and they are to commence running the cars here regularly on Monday, Nov. 7th, at which time doubtless the stages will stop here instead of Waterville. We feel proud of our Depot, and hope you will take the cars and come up, and examine for yourselves. It is the neatest structure of the kind in Maine. The roof is covered with zinc; the walls clapboarded, and painted white, together with the neatness of the finish, give to it a beautiful appearance. The freight house is nearly done, which is also a neat building. We hope this road will build thro' the line such Depots as they have at this place, instead of such ill contrived and ugly looking ones as they have on the A. & K. R. R.

We hope soon to see the burnt district rebuilt again and business going on as prosperously as it was before the fire; the lumbermen have still some boards on sticks all ready for the market when wanted.

The Somerset & Kennebec Railroad is being graded both below and above this place, which together with the Bangor road makes business bright and labor in good demand. This too is the best point for the manufacture of any and all kinds of lumber on the river; as the logs can be caught and secured and also manufactured cheaper than at any other place. When the Road shall be finished to Augusta, together with our present Portland markets, this must be the place above all others for this very extensive and profitable branch of business.

November 24, 1853.

A number of the leading friends of Education in Maine have called a convention at Augusta, on Wednesday the 9th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., to form a State Educational Association, and adopt such other measures as may be judged best for promoting the interests of public instruction.

We call particular attention to "Pettingill's Boston Card List," in our paper this week.

KENDALL'S MILLS.—Arrangements have been made to run two daily trains of cars, over the Railroad between this place and Kendall's Mills, after this week. See advertisement in another column.

DEATH FROM WRONG MEDICINE.—In the case of the death of the child of John Crozier in Boston, on Monday, the coroner's jury returned a verdict: "That the death was in consequence of wrong medicine having been administered to the deceased during the eighteen or twenty hours previous to her death, the jury find that the medicine so administered was put up by Mr. Wm. R. Wright, an apothecary, from a prescription made out by Dr. Patrick E. Smith, said prescription being quite too unobtainable for an intelligent physician to give, and too carelessly attended to for an experienced apothecary."

THE RELEASE OF KOSTA.—The Austrian government publishes in the Ost. Cor. the understanding with the United States' minister on which it has consented to release the refugee, Kosta. The ship in which Kosta embarked is bound to take him direct to the United States, touching at no intermediate port. Kosta's American passport forbids him to leave the ship before it reaches America. With the knowledge and consent of the U. S. Minister, it has been notified to the refugee that the Austrian government will proceed against him should he again show himself in the Ottoman territories. Having thus disposed of the personal question, the Imperial Government will look with confidence to that of the United States for the acknowledgment of those principles of international law which have been raised in consequence of his imprisonment. A letter dated Smyrna, September 20, says: "Today the Hungarian, Kosta, was delivered to the

United States Consul. It is asserted that Kosta arrived at Malta in the Potomac on the 24th ult.

Later from Europe.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—The United States Mail Steamship Arctic, from Liverpool, 19th inst., arrived at this port about four o'clock this afternoon.

Constantinople was tranquil on the 5th inst. The Turkish Declaration of War had been published in full. It is temperate and high-spirited. It does not lay an embargo on Russian ships, and fully protects the rights of commerce.

The London Times says that the Turkish manifesto is one of the strongest and most unanswerable state papers issued during the present century.

The London Post says that, morally, Russia is already defeated, and that she will be so materially.

The Turkish Declaration of War was received at Odessa on the 6th.

When the Czar of Russia heard that Turkey had declared war, he fell into a fury and swore that he would wage a war of extermination against the Turks.

The combined fleets of France and England were observed preparing to advance to Constantinople on the 4th inst.

Hostilities on the Danube and on the shores of the Caspian Sea are inevitable.

The Turks will allow neutral flags to sail on the Danube till the 20th inst., but no longer.

Prussia and Austria both give indications, though not formally, that they will maintain a neutral position in case of a Turkish war.

The French and English diplomats therefore consider that war being confined to the Turkish frontier will not spread in Europe.

Russian subjects in Turkey have been placed under Austrian protection.

Austria and Prussia had recalled their subjects from Turkish service.

A despatch from Vienna of the 17th says that Gottschalkoff has replied to the Turkish summons that he has no authority either to commence hostilities, to make peace, or to evacuate the Principalities; he therefore refused to do one thing or the other.

The greatest confidence was prevailing in commercial circles.

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.—A battle was fought on the 27th ult. between the Circassians, under General Schanly, and the Russians, in which the Russians had been compelled to retire to the mountains. There was a heavy loss on both sides.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION had returned from Jeddo, August 17th. Commodore Perry had an interview with two imperial princes, and delivered the President's letter. The Americans and Japanese parted with mutual expressions of goodwill and interchange of civilities, presents, &c.

PERSIA AGAINST TURKEY.—The last accounts from Constantinople state that letters have been received there from the American missionaries at Oromiah on the Persian frontier, stating that great military preparations were being made for the purpose of attacking Turkey in the event of war being declared between that Power and Russia. The Fashas of Van, Boyezed and Suleymania are arming the Kurds and other warlike tribes to oppose the threatened invasion. The Persian dream is to capture Bagdad and revive the glories of the Caliphate, a delusion which Russian agents strive to mould to their own ends.

MISS CUNNINGHAM.—The latest news from Tuscany, received in London by telegraph, reports the release of Miss Cunningham, from prison. No particulars are given. This Scotch lady, it will be remembered, was arrested and imprisoned by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, for the crime of distributing among his devout subjects, the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. Papists may distribute their books and their libels against Protestantism, but a Protestant country, ad libitum, without let or hindrance; but let a Protestant attempt to do the same, in a Popish country, and he will find himself in trouble at once.

THIEVES ARRESTED.—On the night of October 5th, the store of Messrs. Lord & Wentworth, of this town, was entered by means of false keys, and goods stolen therefrom to the amount of \$450, as estimated by the owners. No clue to the discovery of the thieves was obtained till last Tuesday. On the morning of that day, Joseph Kittridge of Biddeford, and William Stevens of Saco, entered the store of Mr. Gibbs in Waterville, and offered to sell him some pieces of broadcloth. Mr. Gibbs asked Kittridge and Stevens where they resided when at home, and they replied, in Boston. But while in the store Kittridge was recognized by a young man named Edwin R. Hamlin, who happened to be there at the time, and who had formerly lived in Biddeford. Hamlin suspected that all was not right, and the next morning took the railroad train for Biddeford, thinking the goods offered for sale might be a portion of those stolen from the store of Fisher & Siegmund last year.

He saw Kittridge and Stevens get into the same train. They got out at Winthrop, and took out two trunks as their baggage. When Hamlin arrived at Biddeford he first heard of the breaking of Lord & Wentworth's store, and communicated to them the information above.

Mr. Lord obtained the services of Captain M. K. Lane, who is well known for his expertise in catching rogues, and the two started in pursuit. After visiting several places and tracing the thieves, they arrived at Lewiston, on Wednesday night. No trace of them could be found at the hotels, and the Captain proceeded immediately to the Irish quarters of the town. Here they were found, and in their trunks goods which Mr. Lord recognized as his. They returned on Thursday, bringing Kittridge and Stevens with them.

On Thursday night and Friday morning the houses of K. and S. were searched and other goods found, which were identified by Mr. L. as his.

On Friday Kittridge and Stevens were examined before Justice Rufus P. Tapley, and evidence was presented against them substantially as above. They made no defence, and were ordered to give bail in the sum of eight hundred dollars each, for appearance at the next term of the Supreme Court. They were unable to procure bail, and were committed to jail on Saturday.

Goods to the amount of about two hundred dollars were found in possession of Kittridge and Stevens. Both of these men have resided here for several years, and practice as physicians. Stevens is a man quite advanced in years—probably sixty, and much afflicted with phthisis. A residence in jail must be anything but agreeable to him. Kittridge is a man passed middle age.

On the afternoon previous to the night on which Mr. Lord's store was entered, the watch and jewelry shop of Mr. E. Moulton was entered during his absence, by false keys, and articles stolen to the amount of about one hun-

dred dollars. We have also heard of other attempts to use false keys to enter stores.

It is evident that we have among us a gang of thieves ready to take advantage of every opportunity to plunder honest citizens. Every proper caution should be taken to prevent their depredations and no pains spared to arrest and bring to justice the perpetrators.

[Saco Democrat.]

THE PUBLIC LAWS.—The sages who constituted the last Legislature of Maine have solemnly decided, in their great wisdom, that the readers only of some twenty out of the three-score newspapers in the State, have any interest in knowing what was done by them at the late extra session.

We would respectfully inquire, for our own private satisfaction, supposing the promulgation of the legislative doings is deemed necessary at all, why the usual course should be departed from in regard to their publication in this instance? Or, at any rate, if the amount of matter to be published did not warrant the usual allowance, why some equitable mode could not have been adopted, thus avoiding an odious discrimination? Was it thought that only a select few were entitled to a knowledge of the fact—somehow important to tax-payers, perhaps—that nearly half a million of the people's money had been voted, to say the least, with very questionable prudence, out of the State Treasury? Perhaps, on the other hand, the presumption may not be an unfair one, that the Legislature, naturally ashamed of the results of their labors, and therefore having no particular desire for their publicity, made the selection they did, mainly from those journals having the least circulation, and fixed a compensation for the service, so mean, that very few even of those designated would take the trouble, or indeed could afford, to publish them. Verily, this is a day of small things.

[Gospel Banner.]

HORSE-SHOW AND MAN-SHOW.—At the close of that superb horse-show which has just come off at Springfield, Mass., attended by from fifteen to twenty thousand people, and extending through two or three days, they had some fine speech-making. Mr. Bots, of Virginia, being one of the orators. In the course of his speech, he turned from the horses to the people, and declared "that in no other Commonwealth could such an assemblage of orderly men be gathered. He had been amazed and delighted. The people, without a soldier, had been about him by thousands, and in all the days he had not seen one disorderly person." The solution is that there was no rum there. That is the demon of mischief.

[N. Y. Recorder.]

SINGULAR.—Gen. Cunningham, of the Custom House, who has brought home a fine saddle of venison from Ellsworth, tells a singular, but true story. Recently, in that vicinity, two dead ducks were found, and the tip of one thrust directly through that of the other, and into the neck of the animal, so as to sever the jugular. The explanation is that the animals got into a fight; one was killed as indicated, on the spot, while the other died afterwards, being unable to clear itself from the dead body of its opponent. The heads are saved for the convincing of the unbelieving.

[Belfast Journal.]

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—About four weeks since an old man by the name of Nolan, who lived on Main-st., disappeared under singular circumstances, and has not been heard from since. Nolan, it is said, had some four hundred dollars, all his property, on deposit in the Belfast Bank. Some one told him that if he withdrew the money, and placed it in the Veazie Bank, Bangor, it would draw interest. With this impression it is said he took out the money, and started for Bangor, since which time he has not been seen. [Belfast Journal.]

During the storm on Monday night last, a barn belonging to Capt. Wm. Farther, on the west side of the river, was blown down. It contained at the time, a yoke of oxen, a cow, and several sheep. One of the oxen had both horns broken off, and it became necessary to kill him. The others were uninjured, but the sleighs generally became a wreck of matter. Two chimneys on Garcelon's Building, east side, were also blown down, doing little damage to the store beneath. One of the chimneys of the Hill Machine Shop was also blown down. [Lewiston Advocate.]

THE SLAVE vs. THE MASTER.—A case of great interest was decided in the Covington Circuit Court yesterday. We have been at some difficulty in obtaining the facts, which are as follows: Sam Norris, a colored man, has been living in Covington about five years, has married a free colored woman, and has had by her several children. He belongs to a Mr. J. N. Patton, of Virginia, who permitted him to come to Covington, and engage in whatever service he saw proper, on condition that Sam would pay him, out of his earnings, a stipulated sum per annum—we believe \$100. The surplus, whatever it might be, was to belong to the slave. Sam was punctual for several years. He was sober and industrious, and in his humble way, very prosperous. About two years ago, Mr. Patton came West on a visit, and agreed with Sam that if he would pay him the sum of \$1000 within four years he would give him his freedom. Sam gratefully accepted the proposal, and at once paid down out of his hard earnings 135 dollars, and has since given him his master some 40 or 50 dollars more.

Patton now comes forward to rescind the contract and claim his slave. The case was yesterday decided, by the Hon. Judge Pryor, in favor of Patton. In delivering his decision his Honor stated the following facts:

1st. That the laws of Kentucky recognize but two modes of liberating slaves, by will and by deeds of emancipation.

2d. That a slave cannot make a contract.

3d. That the contract was executory, and the time fixed for the negro's freedom future and contingent.

4th. That so long as Sam was a slave, the master was entitled to his services, and the money he (Patton) had received was in law his own.

The opinion was able and elaborate, and the authorities numerous and decided. His Honor characterized the case as one of great hardship and cruelty, and every one in the Court room seemed to sympathize deeply with the poor negro. The case, we understand, has been appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. [Cincinnati Commercial.]

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.—A deliberate body goes into committee of the whole, when it suspends the rules of order for the purpose of allowing unlimited debate on some subject which it is deemed requisite to discuss without restraint. The motion to "go into committee of the whole upon the state of the Union," was frequently acted upon during the debates on the Constitution of the United States, when it became necessary to debate all sorts of questions touching the welfare of the country. In committee of the whole, the House is changed in character; it is transformed into a committee subordinate to the House proper. The

House becomes a committee that comprises every member of the House, and as such, reports back its proceedings to the House for final action. The debates assume great latitude, as everything seems to be in order. When the members of Congress wish to indulge in long Buncome speeches or anything else save the particular business, which their constituents sent them to perform, they move that "we go into committee of the whole on the state of the Union." [Troy Post.]

TO CLEANSE THE TEETH.—Cleanliness, and fortifying the teeth and gums, are the first means of preserving them; tooth-picks, tooth-brushes, dentifrices, and scaling them, are so indiscriminately used, now-a-days, that no little attention is requisite in right ordering these necessary processes. It is well known that the savages have uniformly white teeth, and they have no absurd artifices for keeping them in that condition. Metal tooth-picks, let them be even of gold or silver, injure the enamel more or less; and the hard, bristly tooth-brushes and dentifrices act upon this nicely polished surface with equal injury, if not judiciously selected and applied; and if once the smallest portion of the enamel of a tooth is destroyed, it never is restored, consequently the tooth decays and ultimately breaks down upon the gums. The best tooth-pick is a quill bluntly pointed, and even this requires judicious management; rinsing the mouth with warm water, is the best cleanser of the enamel, where the incrustations are not formed. Attention to the cleanliness of the mouth is the first step towards preserving the teeth in a sound state, and preventing that dreadful scourge, the toothache. For this purpose, it is only necessary to wash the teeth daily with lukewarm water, or with salt and water. Hot water ought never to be used with this ingredient. White teeth being a particular object of ambition with females, a number of useful recipes have been invented for this purpose. Many, indeed, of these recipes are extremely pernicious, inasmuch as they will gradually destroy the enamel, which more especially contributes to the solidity of the teeth. Among these dangerous nostrums may be reckoned, in the first place, those dentifrices, electuaries, and opiates which contain corrosive powders, such as emery, pumice-stone and others. Such articles wear the enamel by friction. In the next class may be ranged those tinctures, spirits and elixirs, which contain a mineral acid, and which chemically effect the destruction of the enamel.

DEATH OF THE SLEEPING MAN.—Cornelius Vrooman died at his brother's residence, in Clarkson, on Monday, the 17th inst., while on exhibition in New York, he was taken sick, which seemed to induce a wakeful state for a short period, and then a stupid condition, with intervals of wakefulness, until he was brought home on the 14th. He talked but very little, inquiring after his mother, who had been dead two years, his father and brothers whom he seemed partially to recognize. He complained of great internal heat, and soreness of his throat and stomach. On the morning of the day of his death he called for food, ate a hearty meal, and from that time seemed to be in pain until about 2 o'clock P. M., when he died without a struggle. His age was some thirty-four years. [Rochester Democrat.]

CONSCIENTIOUS SOLDIERS. There has been a general gathering of the United States troops destined for California, at the Castle on Governor's Island, in New York harbor. A few weeks since, one fine Sunday morning, the soldiers, numbering about four hundred, were mustered in their best regimentals, and put under marching orders for the church on the Island. Before entering the officer in command courteously halted the regiment, and gave permission for any who had conscientious scruples to leave the ranks. When the regiment again formed and proceeded on the march, it was found to number fifteen, there being three hundred and eighty-five men who had scruples of conscience against entering the sanctuary! How many fish these absentees caught that forenoon we do not know; there were not probably fifteen among them who had conscientious scruples against baiting a fish-hook. [Portsmouth Journal.]

RICHIEU. Who that has ever seen this fine place, and has got anything of a memory, but recollects the beautiful sentiment the author makes Richieu utter, when addressing the young man whom he had selected as the bearer of an important message:

Richieu. "Young man, be blithe! for me, from the hour you grasp that packet, think your guardian star rains fortune on you!"

Richieu. "Fail! fail! In the bright lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a glorious manhood, there is no such word as FAIL!"

LOTTERY GAMBLING.—The lotteries in the States south of Pennsylvania drive a large business in the States north, through their own impudence and perseverance. They send letters to all the towns in the State, with brilliant programmes, showing how fortunes can be made in a minute, if persons only have faith enough in the honesty of the system, and the fair dealing of its managers. Individuals in the interior of the State frequently complain of this species of annoyance, and there ought to be some remedy for their protection. If Delaware chooses to swindle her citizens by legalizing such fraud, in order that the taxes of her property holders may be light, our Legislature, which has had the wisdom to denounce this as well as other gambling devices, should apply additional legislation to cure the evil inflicted upon the community by the gambling little State which lies next door to us in geographical location. The Mining Register of Pottsville says it has had these letters, containing lottery schemes, sent to it unsolicited for the last ten years; but the editor says he is not disposed to engage in any species of gambling, but if he should turn his attention that way, gambling through lotteries would be the last kind of black-legging that he would think of; for a man might as well poke bank bills in the stove, as to invest them in tickets, for in either case the loss is certain, or so near certain, that the prospect of a different result would not be worth charging the mind with. To prove the truth of this opinion he goes into the following exposition of the principles upon which these lotteries are conducted.

First, there are upwards of seventy numbers used in making out the tickets, and there are three numbers on each ticket; now the first question, how many different tickets can be made? If but ten figures were used instead of seventy, there could be issued 2,328,800 tickets, so a man in the first instance, where there are ten numbers, would stand one chance out of 2,328,800 chances, and in the last instance, where there are twelve numbers to change by, he would stand but one chance out of 479,000,600; and if the whole seventy figures are taken, and if as many different tickets were issued as could be formed by the permutation of these numbers, it is probable there would be enough to

more than carpet the United States. Of course they print but very few compared to what might be printed, yet there is just as good a chance for the prize to fall to an unprinted ticket as to a printed one. If it does so, as no one can claim the money, it remains with those making the lottery. That such will be the case there are thousands of chances in favor of the lottery makers. Again he says if lotteries were fairly conducted, there should be hundreds or thousands each month receiving fortunes by the high prizes alone; and each year, there could be named from 1,000 to 10,000 persons who had been thus favored by fortune. In this we have only been speaking of one single prize in each lottery, and as there are many important ones in each, the fortunate persons ought to greatly exceed 10,000 annually. Yet how seldom do you hear that even a \$100 prize is drawn. Still all the prizes of every lottery should fall on some one at each drawing. Who gets them? Where do the favored ones live; and how does it happen that their names are not paraded before the public each week, and thus used, to induce others to buy? It is simply because no one holds a ticket entitled to the prize, and of course the money remains with the maker of the lottery. The whole system would be a perfect scheme of gambling, even if honestly conducted, but managed as it is, it loses the character of even honorable gambling, and should rank with the lowest species of fraud.

INCENDIARY FIRES.—On Sunday night last fires were set in Richmond village on the premises of Mr. Dinmore, Mr. Hagar and Mr. Blair, and in a wood-shed on Front Street and in the rear of T. J. Southard's store. The stables of Messrs. Hagar, Dinmore and Blair were mostly consumed.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Sunday morning last a young man about seventeen years old, Amariah, a son of Eliphalet Reed of Dixmont accidentally shot himself. The ball entering near the groin, passed upward through the vital parts. He survived about half an hour.

JOHN NEAL has been writing hard in The State of Maine and The Expositor against the Maine Law. He now appears in the Portland Municipal Court, as one of the complainants against Mr. E. Jose, landlord of the Elm House, for keeping intoxicating liquors. A few weeks since, it will be remembered, the son of Mr. Neal fired a pistol at Mr. Jose in that hotel, and was bound over to await his trial for the offense.

FIRE IN VIENNA.—We learn that on Sunday night the 23d ult., two barns belonging to Joseph R. Daw, of Vienna, were entirely consumed by fire, together with their contents, consisting of twenty tons of hay, all the farming tools, &c. The loss is about five hundred dollars.

A VILLAIN BALKED.—We learn from the Portland State of Maine, that a man named Johnson, who married a lady in Portland three years ago, and has since resided there and at Bath, left his wife and two children last fall, stating that he was going into the Western States for the winter, for the purpose of cutting ship timber. It seems he did not go to the woods, but to Baltimore, where he succeeded in winning the affections of a young lady of respectable parentage. Her parents would not consent to her union with a stranger, and receiving a hint that Johnson was already a married man, despatched a letter to Mrs. Johnson, in Portland, and received an answer just in time to break up the affair before an elopement took place. Johnson is now awaiting his trial in jail. Mrs. Johnson will appear as a witness in the case.

ARREST.—On the night of October 8th, the store of Messrs. Lord & Wentworth, in Saco, was entered, and broadcloth, cassimere, &c., stolen therefrom to the amount of \$400. On Thursday, the 20th, Capt. T. K. Lane, of Biddeford, found Drs. Kittredge, of Biddeford, and Stevens, of Saco, engaged in peddling these clothes among the Irish shanties at Lewiston. The Doctors, with about \$150 worth of the property, are now in custody at Biddeford, and it remains to be ascertained how the goods came into their possession. [Eastern Journal.]

THE HAPPY MAN.—The Commonwealth makes the following extract from a photographic report of a recent sermon by Rev. Theodore Parker. The original of the picture is understood to be a highly esteemed resident of Newton:

"The happiest man I have ever known is one far enough from being rich, in money, and who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise, every morning—then rides sundry miles by the rail—does his ten hours' work in the town whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smiles he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden and goes to his work with the little power in his hand and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs over with charity as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows, is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—conjugal, parental, filial, friendly, too, and philanthropic besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam,' and it always 'springs' and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life, and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God."

LAW ANECDOTE.—Some years ago, before the temperance cause had made much progress, there was a trial in a State court at East Greenwich, in which, as a witness, whose testimony bore hard against the plaintiff, mentioned that he had partaken a little something permanent several times during the afternoon of the transaction. This seemed to open a way to overthrow his testimony, which the counsel was not slow to improve. The witness was treated up and down from store to tavern, and from tavern to store. A third witness, who had been called to the stand, was asked: "Did you stop at the store, you say? Did you drink anything there?" "No, sir, I did not." "Yes, perhaps I did take a little something on a cold morning; the best of folks might do that, you know, s

