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THREE ACTS IN A DRAMA;

A bright spring day had come. Oh, it was so bright, so redolent of youth and hope, and the promise of all good, it made even the heart of the little old man to sing for joy. He walked round the Chateau d'Eu, and surveyed the second-rate flower-market of Paris. All flowers of the season were there, and some which were made to blossom out of their season. He arrived only to a pot of violets; one was there, he demanded the price. Alas! it was a sou, and not a bit better, than the violets on the Quai aux Fleurs!

"Quai aux Fleurs!" cried the little man in some indignation.

"Permit me to present it to you, monsieur," says a sweet, but rather conceited little voice beside him. He turned, and there was Laura! She had just bought a budding rose-tree. He gazed at her; it was her face, but not her dress, not her simple air, the smart little apron, the coquettish cap, the small little apron, were changed for a more ambitious attire.

"Mademoiselle! Laura!" cried the little old man, swinging his hat down to the ground, and raising his eye to the fine ribbons of her bonnet, and casting them down to the delicately clothed foot that peeped forth from her robe a violet.

"Monsieur," replied Laura, inclining affectedly in return to his salutation.

"Mademoiselle, where are you?" cried the little old man.

"Me voice," replied Laura, inclining again.

"But where, where do you lodge?" it is no longer on the sixth story.

"No, it is on the third," said Laura, smiling with her usual archness: "one descends, you know, generally in the world." But will you come and see me where I am, since you cannot see me here?

"Nonsense!" Ah! made-moiselle, made-moiselle, you make me a cruel reproach. But pardon me; how is one to know, to understand, since they have abolished faith in the fairs? You lodge on the third; you wear a bonnet, a handsome robe a volants, and buy a budding rose-tree in the flower-market on the Boulevard, instead of a pot of violets on the Quai aux Fleurs!"

"All that is easily explained, my dear professor of writing: pardon me, my dear Mr. Author, Laura answers: 'I am no longer an illustrator of books—I am an actress. But will you carry my rose-tree and come home with me, as you did after our first flower-market reconnoitre?'"

"Ah! willingly, with the greatest possible happiness," cried the old man, with difficulty raising the flower-pot in his arms.

"It is too heavy—pray, do not mind it," said Laura.

"Mademoiselle, any burden borne in your service must be light," was the reply.

"Laura smiled, and walked on, the little old man hobbling beside her, and murmuring to himself: 'Actress! Actress! But he could not get beyond that first idea implanted in his brain. Laura ushered him into a pretty apartment, consisting of two rooms; one, a small salon, furnished with some taste and a good deal of display.

"Is it possible?" asked Angeline, looking round as if awaking from a dream, before he took the arm chair she offered him. "An actress! why, made-moiselle, it was only the other day you discovered your genius; and now to bring it before the public—don't understand that? I have not published my first work yet, and it is more than thirty years since—"

"Since you discovered your genius," Laura broke in. "Yes, that is probable; but, monsieur, some fruits gain flavor by keeping, and some turn to decay; your genius is of the first, mine of the latter order. I must use mine while it is fresh—green, perhaps they would call it; but yours may be kept till—"

An almost imperceptible lifting of her shoulders finished a speech too saucy for the gravity of the little old man's comprehension.

"But made-moiselle—in fact, where are you—that is to say, where are you engaged; or do you but just?"

"Nothing is more certain, said Laura; and there is an entrance for you to my theater this evening. I have actually made my debut. I have been so fortunate as to meet with a patron—and the girl slightly colored—one who encouraged my talent, who gave me his interest. I met him some time ago, when I was showing the bookseller my illustrations. So, in short, I played at a private theater with which that gentleman was connected; and then he got me an engagement with a manager; it was a very good one. And the fashion now—made-moiselle Desfleurs—the pretty young debutante. You have seen me, without doubt, on the placards and handbills."

"And you are made-moiselle Desfleurs?" cried the old man, stupefied with wonder.

"Laura smiled.

"I was always fond of flowers, you know, so when I had to choose a name for my debut, I chose that. But come and see me act; I must go to the rehearsal now."

The old man descended the stairs.

"Precocious, precocious!" he murmured to himself; "if she had studied thought, felt, before she acted, but she has genius, like a prettiness, and youth. This will give temporary success at least."

The doors of the theater no sooner opened than old Angeline entered them, and secured a good place; it was one of the small theaters of Paris. Made-moiselle Desfleurs appeared as a farmer's daughter; she was dressed with a simplicity, simplicity which highly became her; she was young, unspoiled, and from the eyes of the people. They were more disposed to be pleased than to criticize; she looked so pretty, so fresh, and piquante, with her petite countenance heightened by modesty and pleasure. Her faltering was thought, delightful; her faults were imputed to timidity, and were applauded; some harsher souls sent forth a few groans, but the applause prevailed. Poor Angeline, in spite of his prejudices, felt proud of his pupil; he had certainly given her lessons in writing, and he thought he had taught her elocution. When the curtain fell he hurried out to meet her. He saw her coming along the passage looking the very representation of a complete triumph; her cheeks were deeply flushed; her cherry lips opening with an elated smile. But Laura was not alone; the little old man felt going to his very heart when he saw the face that leaned over his shoulder, and overheard the words of admiration that were whispered in his ear.

"That fine gentleman is her patron," he said to himself. "Poor Laura! poor child! she would be better without none."

Mademoiselle Desfleurs started at the abrupt question of the little old man who was seated next to her. "What is Monsieur Angeline?" she asked.

"This is Monsieur Angeline," the celebrated author.

Now the last words tingled in the ears of the little old man; for how many weary days he had been thinking of Angeline, the celebrated author. He had dreamed that they would be spoken after his death, but not in his life. Laura's conscience gave a twinge; she had wished to make her poor friend dead, but

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acquaintance should make her little in the estimation of the finer man, who attended her to the fact that was to convey her home. So she dropped back, and holding Angeline by his hand, desired him to come and congratulate her the next day at dinner.

He went home well pleased. Laura, he thought, had great natural talent, but it was unutilized; she wanted taste and experience. She would succeed in simple pieces and low characters; but if the flattery of her patron should make her aspire to others, then, said Angeline, she is lost.

The tea-table dinner was delightful. Laura talked, laughed, danced, sung and acted for the sole benefit of the little old man; but more than this did she charm him by sitting patiently while he read more than a dozen pages of his many manuscripts, not one word of which she comprehended. True, she was mentally rehearsing her part for her next appearance; it was one she had long desired to fill, and her patron had got it assigned to her. It was the principal character of the piece—that of a princess; her costume was to be brilliant.

Poor little Laura's head was nearly giddy; her sager friend shook his head. In his opinion the style of the farmer's daughter was better adapted for her than that of royalty. But Made-moiselle Desfleurs assumed her grand airs, gave him a card of entrance, and said: "nous verrons."

"And Monsieur Andre," said Angeline, thinking, perhaps, of her patron. "Is he never to have any part in the drama—not even to act the Beast, though the Beauty plays hers so well?"

"Ah, that poor Andre," cried Laura, affectedly. "Here, you shall take him this, and tell him I shall make too good a princess to make a grocer's wife."

Angeline took the card, which, in fact, he had wished to get, and posted off to the young grocer. "Well, my friend," said he, "have you heard of Made-moiselle Desfleurs?"

"The young actress who does not rouge?" said Andre, rather gloomily; "yes, I have heard of her; but that does not interest me."

"No! Have you heard of Made-moiselle Laura?"

"Laura! Speak—what—is she—married?"

"Well, Laura is Made-moiselle Desfleurs. It is so; and there is a card of entrance to see her next Thursday. She sent it to you."

"What did she say?" asked Andre, leaning against the drawers behind him, as if struck motionless with amazement.

"She said," replied the simple old man, "that I might tell you, you would see she made too good a princess ever to make a grocer's wife."

"Andre held a large paper of coffee in his hands; he sprang forward in an impulse of passion and dashed it on the counter.

"Tell her in return," he cried, "that so I fling from me every thought of an actress wife, tell her I despise her trade far more than she does mine!"

How long his speech or his message continued, the astonished old man knew not; for the singular waste of coffee wholly absorbed him; he busied himself in gathering into a paper the odoriferous grains which were scattered about.

"There, monsieur, there is your entrée; and see, I have gathered up all this coffee."

"Throw them both into the street," growled Andre, "the man is mad!"

"Parbleu, the man is mad!" Ah! true, he is in love. Strange thing, love—intellect disordered. Ah! Thus muttered old Angeline, sweeping the brown berries into his paper. "I have an opinion, Monsieur—it may not be original, there is little originality in the world—but I have an opinion that an author's style is greatly formed by the beverage on which he writes. I think all authors should drink coffee; and the little old man, having swept in all the berries the paper would hold, folded it up, and conveying it into his coat pocket, said: "So you will not go to see Made-moiselle Desfleurs?"

"Made-moiselle de Fiddlesticks!" cried the young grocer. "Yes, I will go; that I may kiss her off the stage. Tell her so, if she asks you!"

The little old man gazed on Andre as if he saw him at once transformed into a demon.

"Monsieur," he said solemnly, "if you utter one hiss for Made-moiselle Laura, the serpent's sting would be left in your breast forever."

"Yes," he continued with the earnestness that made him unconscious of speaking to any one but himself—"yes, to genius, condemnation is exquisite pain; to an aspirant to fame, public reputation is an incurable wound; therefore it is wisdom to refrain from coming before that mighty censor—the Public, until the tomb intervenes between us and his praises or blame. When flattery cannot elate, or condemnation appal, then, yes, then—he went on in a lower tone, until sinking into the habits of his solitude, he mumbled almost invariably the concluding words—'then is the time to publish!'"

And so saying he walked out of the grocer's shop, his thoughts again busy with the thirty manuscripts.

"And what did Monsieur Andre say to you?" asked Laura, with some curiosity.

"Angelina, who had a childlike habit of repeating facts just as they were, answered without hesitation: "He threw a bag of coffee on the counter, and centered it all about; and told me to tell you he would fling an actress wife from him in like manner."

"Ha! Laura ejaculated, and changed countenance. "Why will he go to see me, then, if he is so furious?" she demanded again. "Did he send no other message?"

"He told me to say he would go to kiss you off the stage; but made-moiselle—but that was a bad thought—it was anger—he will not do it!"

"Laura had turned very pale. "Monsieur Angeline," she said, "is it true?"—was he so base, so mean, so spiteful? "Ah! she cried, dropping on a chair, "if he were to kiss me, if he were to carry out his wicked thought?"

"Angelina was sorry she had been so literal; he respected the young actress, that her angry lover had only spoken in the first burst of passion, and had already come to a better mind. He succeeded in calming her; and moving her, she left him with a restored countenance.

At an early hour on Thursday evening, Monsieur Angeline, repaired by appointment to the house of the young grocer, in order to have a group of his favorite beverage before going to the spectacle. While sipping some of the excellent coffee which he believed to be essential to authors, and gravely propounding his opinion as to its effects on the style of their writings, Andre stood before him, with his large eyes fixed on his face, as if intently listening to his dreamy discourse; but sudden-

ly stretching forth his hands, he laid them on the old man's shoulders, causing him to lean backwards, until his whole attention was roused, and his face directed fully to the agitated one of his young host.

"Monsieur Angeline," said Andre, "you know Laura—have you influence with her?"

"Ye—yes—undoubtedly, yes," he answered, gaining conviction of the fact as he spoke.

"But, Monsieur Andre, it is only the influence which mind can possess over mind; only the influence which mature genius can have over immature; that is all, monsieur. You listened to my manuscripts with great delight and benefit; I never read them to any one else now, for it is only after death."

"Monsieur Angeline," cried Andre, in a voice that terrified the old man, who began to fear he had grown jealous, "if you have influence with that girl, save her!" and he released the old man's shoulders with a jerk that nearly upset him.

"You think, then," he said, hesitating—"you perhaps think that she has mistaken her vocation?"

"Vocation! yes, if you will, she has mistaken it. Her vocation is in my house—in my heart; her vocation is to make others happy, to live happy, to die happy; to die on the bosom of love, or to weep happy tears over the cold heart that had loved her; the vocation of a loving heart is to be the center of a fond circle, who will call her wife, mother, friend, or mistress; not to be the poor, mercenary puppet of an exhibition; not to be a creature admired, followed and flattered, for a month or a year, and left to die neglected and forgotten."

Poor Angeline was much struck by this burst of feeling; and his overworking mind rapidly followed out the ideas presented by Andre's speech.

"My friend," he said, "I believe now that Made-moiselle Laura would be happier as a grocer's wife than she ever will be in her career of princess."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Andre, with a kindling countenance. "Now you speak like a man of sense. Keep to that now; use your influence with her; get her off the stage; teach her to see her true vocation; then—no matter—you shall write on coffee all the days of your life at all events."

"Monsieur Andre," answered Angeline, "I have seen the shares that must best a girl of genius in such a career as she has chosen. I recommend to her, in preference, the less noisy and more honorable one which I have myself aimed to pursue as a man of letters. I will do your wish; I will try to save her; not for the sake of the coffee you promise—although I consider it a public duty for authors to drink coffee—but because I love her as my child."

They were in good time at the theater, and got a front seat in what we call the pit. Andre never spoke; the little old man soliloquized till the curtain rose, and discovered the princess sitting in state. Then the young grocer took one long gaze at his former simple love. Under other circumstances, the scene might have afforded him a hearty laugh. The assumption of regal state by Laura reminded him of the mock dignity of other days, when they had played as kings and queens together. But he was close enough to the stage to see plainly the pretty, coquettish, but everyday features, which had so long been mingled with his household dreams, which had presented themselves before him in all the arrangements of his little menage—when he fancied he saw the little reticence nose grow more reticence at some of his bachelor proceedings, and the pretty smiling mouth, smiling more complacently at others. A sigh or groan burst from his very heart as he saw all these household visions, and in the scene before him the princess was forgotten—his lost love filled his thoughts.

Old Angeline was differently employed; the princess alone occupied him.

"Bah! bah!" he murmured to himself, "how badly she walks! Ah! how her arms fall—what a want of dignity in her gestures—how awkwardly she turns—her long train will get under her feet! Chut! she is caught in it— Eh! there she stands with it wrapped round her feet, just like a cat in her tail. Parbleu! she can't move. Bah! they hiss—she can't run to meet her lover. O Laura! O Made-moiselle Desfleurs! Bah! they hiss again. See! I see her lover has to disentangle her! Savages—how they groan!"

Hisses and groans indeed became vociferous. Andre had never looked up at the princess since he recognized Laura—that poised around him. He beheld the unfortunate princess before him, her long train exactly describing the circle of a cat's tail round her feet; but the unexpected storm of hisses deprived her of energy and thought. She stood there, her arms straight down by her sides, her eyes fixed in a trembling and imploring gaze upon the audience, and as Andre thought, more especially upon himself. He started up at what he considered her appeal; he never thought of answering disapprobation with applause; he had clipped the terrified actress—would have seen him and might have taken courage; but he turned to the audience, clenched his hands, and shook them, with a display of glittering teeth at the pit, the boxes, and gallery, as if defying to mortal combat the whole armament of hisses. Whose clamor, in spite of the threatening teeth and hands, continued to increase in volume; until, when the hero of the piece unwound the twining train from the feet of the princess, walking round and round her with it raised in his hand, the uproar became immense; and then, when the royal lady, with a look of anguish, extended her rosy arms, and clasped her hands, the young grocer, boiling with rage, turned and did the same.

"A moi, Laura!" he cried aloud; "a moi!"

But the curtain dropped, as he uttered the words, and bid Made-moiselle Desfleurs from the public forever.

"She is lost!" cried the little old man, in a tone of despair.

"She is saved!" cried Andre, in one of emotion, but yet of joy. "Dieu merci! Dieu merci! they shall see her no more! all those horrid eyes, all those horrid faces. Blessed cur! I shall love you forever."

Poor Laura! poor child! murmured Angeline; she cannot survive. No; genius unrecognized by the world, ranked by the multitude, must hide its head and die; therefore it is better that the tomb should stand between us and our fame—that our works should not be known till—

"We must meet her as she comes out," said Andre. "Now is the time to try your influence; we will go home with her; she will be softened now. She will feel she has mistaken her vocation—we will convince her she will

make a better grocer's wife than a princess. They went round to the door by which the luckless actress must come out. They had hardly taken a place, beside the pillar, when a private calèche, drawn up to the door, and the next instant Made-moiselle Desfleurs appeared, leaning on her patron's arm, her head bowed down, and almost resting on it. He put his arm round her waist as if to support her drooping figure. Andre darted forward and caught her other arm. Laura looked up at him, shuddered, and with a repulsive movement which drew away her hand, cried in a tone of morbid anger, "then seemed compatible with her nearly fainting state." "Serpent! have you not already hissed forth your venom to your satisfaction?"

Stupefied, Andre stood rooted to the spot; the step was thrown up, Laura and her patron had driven off, before either the young grocer or the old man could begin to think what this was all about.

"I know what it is," said Angeline then; "she thought you incited all this uproar against her, because you said you would hiss her off the stage."

"And did you tell her so?" said Andre, turning fiercely to him.

"You told me to do so," the old man answered. "But be easy; we will tell her the truth to-morrow."

"She is not worth the trouble she gives me," said Andre, now seriously offended, and the more angry in Laura because he felt he had been wrong himself, and thought she had cause to be displeased with him. "Any man but myself would have given her up long ago. But was there not some one with her to-night? I saw no one but her; yet I think some one led her out."

"It was her patron," replied Angeline; "he got into the carriage with her."

"Her patron—ah! and Andre mused with a gloomy countenance. "Well, Monsieur Angeline, we will go and see Laura together to-morrow; you know I did not hiss!"

"Oh, I know it!"

And the two stepped together, and parted to meet in the morning. In the morning they met. They went to the house, in the Boulevard St. Martin, and rang the bell; the door was opened, and the third story was reached, and the bell of Laura's apartment rung; there was no answer and no one appeared. At last, there came down the old woman who had the charge of the whole house. Angeline asked for Made-moiselle Desfleurs, for Andre would not use the name, and that of Laura was not known. The old woman had applied a key to the lock before they spoke.

"I thought you wanted the apartment," she said; "Made-moiselle Desfleurs has given it up. As she spoke, the door opened. But the bird had flown."

"Where is she gone?" demanded Andre.

"How can I tell, monsieur?" She sent, and sent her rent this morning, though it is not due for more than a month to come.

"Tell me where she is gone!" Andre repeated more loudly.

"Monsieur seems to think it possible to know where all the actresses in Paris go," replied the old woman, looking at Angeline, as if she thought he must be more reasonable. "Perhaps, she is gone to the provinces; perhaps she is gone to a more modest lodging; she failed last night, they say—perhaps, she got a protector."

Andre almost knocked the old woman down and rushed out of the salon into the chambre a coucher, thinking Laura might be concealed there; it, too, was empty. Angeline poked about on the mantle piece and chiffoniere in search of a card of address, but there was none; nor could any further tidings be learned of Made-moiselle Desfleurs; that she had paid up her rent and given up her lodgings. Their inquiries after Laura were totally fruitless. Neither the one nor the other was to be found or heard of.

**Work if You would be Happy.**

It is the most absurd of all mistakes to suppose that happiness consists in having nothing to do. Yet, we fear, the error prevails almost universally in America. In no other way, indeed, can we account for the eagerness with which men seek those avenues of business, that have the reputation of leading rapidly to fortune. Nearly everybody, in this country, is making haste to get rich. To attain wealth, and attain it speedily, is the undisguised ambition of nearly all. For this they sacrifice health, for this they neglect their own culture, and for this they abandon their children entirely to teachers who are often inefficient. For this, also, the slower, yet more certain methods of amassing riches, pursued by their fathers, are deserted and either visionary speculations substituted in their place, or a legitimate business extended beyond prudent limits. The community is strewn with waste ways, so to speak, the stranded wrecks produced by this eager haste after wealth. The highways of society are white with the bones of those who have perished in the ineffectual race after sudden riches, and who, after straining every nerve, have sunk helplessly at last by the wayside, there to perish neglected and deserted by the hurrying crowd.

Few men, even if they succeed in obtaining fortune by a bold stroke, either retain or enjoy it. The wealth which has been easily acquired is often dissipated as rapidly. Weak human nature is rarely proof against the temptation of sudden riches. It has been well said, by one of the profoundest observers of his race that ever lived, that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity. But prosperity slowly acquired accustoms a person gradually to his change of condition, and the balance of mind is not, therefore, liable to be so readily upset as in rapid elevations. A sudden rise to wealth dazzles the subject, like one emerging into sunlight from a mine. Or it makes him dizzy, like one unexpectedly placed on an eminence. Even Napoleon the Great, though the greatest intellect, perhaps, that has lived for the last thousand years, lost the equipoise of his mind at last, in consequence of his vast successes. Had he been less triumphant in his earlier years, his later years might have been spent in "Parnassus" instead of St. Helena; for he would have escaped that excessive confidence, which, amounting finally towards temerity, precipitated him into ruin.

But it is even more difficult to enjoy riches suddenly acquired than it is to retain them. There seems to be something vicious, *per se*, in the rapid acquisition of wealth, so that it actually unites the possessor for the calm enjoyment of life. For all true happiness is quiet. Excitement is not real felicity, as the revolution

his speed, and lessens the free and quick action so essential to the animal's safety and that of his driver.

Brethren of the press, let us emancipate the horse from the British check rein.—(Buffalo Democrat.)

**AN AMERICAN'S INTERVIEW WITH HER MAJESTY.**—Mr. Nathan Thompson, A.M., formerly engineer of the Collins steamers, recently came to England to exhibit a safety seat. He endeavored to penetrate into Buckingham Palace, to exhibit it to her Majesty, but was referred to Captain Denman, of the royal yacht. Off went the American to Osborne, and found his way on board the yacht, and explained his object to Captain Denman. Shortly after the royal party arrived, and the young princesses encircled upon one of Mr. Thompson's seats, and rocked themselves to and fro with true childish simplicity. Presently one of the crew was ordered overboard to try the merits of this novel life preserver, and the experiment was evidently looked upon by the ladies and gentlemen who accompanied the Queen and Prince with great interest. Mr. Thompson, meanwhile, was standing amid much disappointment that he had not been spoken to, and fearing that after all, he should not accomplish the great object of his journey. At that moment, however, to his delight, Captain Denman, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Mr. Thompson, I have permission to present you to her Majesty. I shall be very happy, sir," and amid the smiles and tittering of the party who surrounded the Queen, he approached, and was introduced by Captain Denman, saying, "I have the honor to present the inventor of the life-buoy to your Majesty. How do you do, ma'am," said Mr. Thompson. The Queen bowed, and the ladies suppressed their merriment as well as they could. "Have brought, ma'am," said Mr. Thompson, "one of my seats as a present for you and your husband, which I hope you'll accept." At this further attempts at repression of laughter were unavailing; but the Queen, with great good nature, smiled, and, consequently, said, "Thank you, Mr. Thompson, it is a very interesting and useful invention." After replying to a few inquiries from Prince Albert, whose rank he was not aware of until he subsequently saw the Queen leaning on his arm, Mr. Thompson withdrew, and waving his hat in exuberant spirits, embarked in one of the Fairy's boats kindly prepared for him by the captain.—(London News, Sept. 23.)

**THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.**—The Pennsylvania Enquirer, in an article upon the numerous and responsible duties which devolve upon physicians and the exhausting nature of their occupation, says the following eloquent and judicious observations have been made of our Southern allies, who through all the perils of an appalling pestilence have remained at their posts of duty as bearers of the sick, and have gone about doing good:

"It is, however, the hour of pestilence, and when the members of a whole community are puny stricken, that the faculties of the mind and man are taxed to the utmost, that his moral courage is tested, and his capacity for the profession is fully put to trial. It is every way honorable to the profession, that at such times it rarely occurs, that a regular, educated physician fails or falters in his duty. Within a week we have been called upon to record many familiar instances of fidelity—fidelity which closed in martyrdom and in death."

In the city of Maryland, some of the noblest spirits of the profession have been swept away. So also at New Orleans, at Charleston, and at Pittsburg. Nay, we have not heard of a single instance of 'dereliction from the path of duty, of moral cowardice, or disgraceful flight."

A profession, therefore, whose members, one and all, remain firm and true under such circumstances, who take their lives in their hands and brave death in its most appalling form, is indeed a 'tower of humanity.' All pecuniary reward is nothing at such a critical moment. The sense of duty is the impelling and controlling motive, a sense that is identified with the profession, and a departure from which would be regarded, not only with contempt, but with surprise and indignation.

It is stated that one of the physicians of Pittsburg made no less than ninety visits during twenty-four hours of last week, while several others were so exhausted by their labors, as to render it necessary to adopt some artificial means to enable them to remain at their posts. And such indeed, is the history of the medical profession throughout the country. All honor, therefore, to an avocation that is distinguished by such true humanity.

**The Police Telegraphs in New York** are highly commended by the press of that city. The Express says: "The police telegraph is a very good thing. They travel with the speed of lightning, detect rogues, put policemen on the watch, and bring the whole system to a focus. The Chief can talk with all the stations in the 22 wards of the city. There are great many stray children in the city. A mother goes to the first police station in her ward and reports her loss. The police telegraph almost immediately does the rest. 'Stick, stick, stick,' goes the bell, and in an instant you are in communication with all the wards of the city, either directly from ward to ward, or indirectly through the office of the Chief of Police. 'Have you lost a child?' asks the telegraph. 'Yes, sir,' and then details are entered upon, and the child, which has strayed away on the highway, is thus often traced to every part of the city, and sometimes after a day's absence or more, restored to its parents in an hour after the signal has been given."

**He Was a Stranger to Her.**—We heard of a young married couple from the country, of course, who recently attended an exhibition of "Disappearing Views." The wife, a pretty, attracted the attention of a stylish looking city gentleman, who happened to occupy the same seat with the twin. During the exhibition, the audience part of the hall being almost obscured by some accident the light was entirely extinguished. Pending its recovery, which occupied some little time, the city gentleman (perhaps accidentally) gently pressed the hand of the bride, who was too much alarmed to offer any resistance. This bold act was followed by a better, certainly no accident. The city gentleman, who was a little bit of a brute, resolved to tell her husband, which she did, when the following whippersnapper took place:

"John! I noticed this gentleman's hand on my wife's hand."

"What?" said John, who was a little bit of a brute, "tell him to quit!"

"No, John, you tell him to quit!"

"No, John, I don't like to see you get all mixed up with the gentleman's hand."

"Our informant did not know whether the city gentleman ultimately received a whipping or not; but he was under the impression that the unwholesome hand was repulsed several times before the lamps were relit.

"That bride must have been exceedingly unphilosophical, don't you think?"

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 19, 1854.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. FARMER, American Newspaper Agent, No. 16 State St., Boston, is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by law. His office is at Scott's Building, Court St., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Market sts., Baltimore.

## A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

## Pine Grove Cemetery.

Except the cluster of humble graves on the extreme southern margin, marking the fatality of cholera, but few burials have been made during the summer. Improvements in the grounds by grading and additional monuments, are making slow but constant progress. The good taste that continues to prevail in the latter department, so essential to the beauty of a cemetery, is creditable to the establishment of Dea. Stevens, from which nearly all of them emanate. Even the smaller and humbler stones present a correctness of lettering, carving and proportion, that harmonizes with the more expensive and elaborate efforts. We hope this point will be kept in view by all who mark the resting places of their friends. The humblest memorials contribute their proportion of ornament to the grounds, if in harmony with those around them.

The addition made to the grounds by the donation of Mr. Appleton is yet unimproved, and may with good economy remain so for some time. It should however be fenced in harmony with the improved grounds. In a few years, with proper care, it will be covered with a pretty growth of saplings, from which a harmonious selection may be made when improvements commence. We know there are objections to this course, but yet believe it expedient—subject of course, to the judgment and taste of the Committee, to whom our citizens are under much obligation for their generous labors.

## The Show Ground.

On Wednesday next, at 1 o'clock P. M. the Agricultural Society meets to settle the matter of permanent grounds for their annual exhibitions. Whether such grounds shall be so located as to embrace a trotting course, is a separate consideration, which depends upon the wishes and efforts of such citizens of Waterville and other members of the Society as feel an interest in the matter, and are willing to make personal efforts to effect it. How many such there are among our professed fanciers of the horse, remains to be seen. Several lots, convenient for the combined purposes aimed at will be offered to the Society.

There is little if any doubt that a State Agricultural Society will be organized in season for an exhibition next Fall. No location is so convenient as Waterville for this purpose. With suitable grounds for the favorable display of horses and other stock, the railroads then in operation will complete a combination of conveniences that cannot be found elsewhere. Let the North Kennebec Society, and the citizens of Waterville especially, appreciate the importance of the object, and devote to it the energy they are always accustomed to bestow upon their tangible and positive interests, and its completion will be a matter of honorable pride, and permanently and eminently profitable to the various departments of agriculture.

Subscription papers are now in circulation for meeting a part of the incidental expenses. If the plan is properly estimated the subscriptions will be liberal—though it must be confessed they are not so thus far. The result, however, will meet the expectations of the Society. It cannot be otherwise, when the object to be accomplished is seen as it should be.

We hope to see a full meeting of the Society on the 25th. Let it be seen that there is something as attractive in the public interests involved, as in the mere display of good crops and animals.

## The Trotting Match.

Below is the report of the Committee on the trotting match at this place on the second day of the Fair. It will be seen that the best time made was 3:02. The rain during the night and forenoon previous, and during the time of trial, rendered the road muddy, and in some places very bad. No doubt most of the horses would have made several seconds better time, but for this circumstance. As this was the first match that has been made in connection with the Society's exhibitions, it was gratifying to notice the good order that prevailed. It would be equally gratifying to say the same of the match of drawing oxen, on the previous day—but it is not true. It is time the latter was discontinued, unless better order can be preserved.

| Half mile against Time, giving each horse two trials. | TIME.   | PRIZE. |
|---|---------|--------|
| Mr. H. Quinn enters Hennes and                        | 1:38    | \$15   |
| H. P. Quinn enters Tom Hys, and                       | 1:40    | \$10   |
| Goldings and Mares, 6 years and older.                |         |        |
| Mr. T. Simpson enters Waterloo                        | 1:38    | \$20   |
| Mr. Green enters                                      | 1:37    | \$10   |
| Mr. J. L. Keary enters                                | 1:44    | \$5    |
| Horses and under.                                     |         |        |
| Messrs. Bartlett & Howard enter cor. colt.            | 1:31    | \$25   |
| Mr. O. P. Brown enters black mare                     | 1:35    | \$20   |
| Mr. J. A. Jenkins enters Aithens colt                 | 1:36    | \$5    |
| Mr. S. C. Johnson enters bay colt                     | 1:40    | \$0    |
| Mr. Foster enters bay colt                            | 1:40    | \$0    |
| Mr. M. A. Brett enters grey colt.                     | (drawn) | \$0    |

D. H. BROWN, for Com.

**CARDS.** We call the particular attention of business men to Pettengill's Boston Directory, embracing, as it does, the Cards of many of the best mercantile and manufacturing houses in this City.

**Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine and Spinal Weakness** rendered efficient and comfortable by the use of the Serpentine Spring Elastic Apparatus.

See the advertisement of Dr. J. A. Wood, in another column.

The Niagara Falls Gazette says, that workmen are busily engaged rebuilding Brook's Monument, on Queenstown Heights. It is placed a short distance from the former site, nearer the brow of the mountain, and in a more

conspicuous position. From the view obtained from the American side it looks as if it would be much larger and more beautiful than the old one.

## ON THE DEATH OF SARAH S. SCAVEY.

Whence come those moans that swell the gale so sad? Why seems each passing countenance with grief oppressed? Oh! why that slow-paced train in sable vestments clad, And whence those groans of agony that rend each breast?

Yet thus without a sigh, as if Heaven's rest? Are not our Father's ways all tender, wise, benign? Both when he summons grief-worn age to rest, Or calls the cherub infant yet unstained with sin?

Believe not heaven; look through your opening sky—And cease for blasted happiness on earth to mourn; There her spirit soars sublimely high, And drinks exhaustless bliss around the eternal throne.

(For The Eastern Mail.)

It was a bright October afternoon, the mellow sunlight fell in rich abundance in Nature's drapery; while the leaf of the forest tree, all crimson and gold, sighed a requiem to the day dreams and hopes of summer, as each thin grew deeper and deeper. The fallen leaf, crisp and curling, spoke of decay—spoke of death. The bright things of spring and summer, had been, are passed away.

While these things we noticed, we found ourselves, with "measured step and slow," on our way to the City of the Dead. We enter the broad avenue and advance; midway we find a new and open grave—we look; a coffin is silently lowered into its narrow resting place. What new victim is this whom Death has rent from the strong arm of affection? What idol has been separated from its stronghold on a parent's love? Why are the heart-strings, nay its very fibres, trembling, bleeding, and shivering? Why in an agony of grief and speechless consternation do we hear the wail of the mourner? Ah! the loved one is gone—our darling Sarah is dead, and we are bearing her to the tomb. Her gentle spirit, tired and weary, has flown to that azure world where purity is perfect, and where love is eternal.

Her breaking away from earth has shrouded our hearts in gloom. 'A bright particular star' from our home circle has been removed, and in vain an eager eye and unbounded love searches for a treasure which is no longer ours.

We lay her sweet head low in the dust—we cover her body and leave her for the last trump to awaken. God give the mourner strength to bear this great trial—and while tears and anguish must "many a time and oft" fill the soul and pain unutterable swell the heart, let us all endeavor by strong and earnest faith and hope to enter, with the spirit of our departed one, into that broad dominion where a sigh, or a tear, or a grief is unknown. Let us invoke her gentle spirit to soothe and mitigate, and as she gently spreads her angel wings, and comes to hover or nestle in the bosoms of the loved on earth, may we catch the soft breeze and find our spirits saying "Not my will, but Thine be done."

## Senior Exhibition.

This literary festival, always affording such a 'good time' to the students, and so agreeable and welcome an entertainment to our citizens, took place last evening at the College Chapel. The audience, as usual, was too large for the house, but listened with much apparent interest and satisfaction till the late hour rendered necessary by the length of the programme. The Class numbers 23, but the number excused reduced the speakers to 14. Together, the pieces are spoken of in terms of unusual commendation. In manner and manner it is pronounced excellent, even beyond its predecessors—all interested in which, it is charitably remembered, have passed to a wider field of approbation than our village audience.

The music of the Portland Band, always so welcome in Waterville, contributed more than its usual cheer to the occasion.

## Dreadful Calamity—Loss of the Arctic.

Just after our paper went to press last week, intelligence was received of the loss of the Arctic, with nearly four hundred passengers. She came in collision with the French iron Steamer Vesta, in a fog, by which she was so badly injured that she sunk in about four hours.

The French steamer was badly disabled, and lost thirteen of her passengers; but succeeded in reaching St. John, N. F., on the 30th.

The collision occurred on the 27th, at noon, near Cape Race. Three large holes were made in the ship, two below water. All effort to stop the leak by applying sails and mattresses was immediately found impracticable.

The second officer, who escaped in a boat, says in his account:

Capt. Luce then ordered the ship's head to be kept for the land, which bore NW by W. By this time we had lost sight of the chief officer's boat, and the other steamer, which we supposed had sunk. We had not been on our course more than four or five minutes, before we ran over a boat and crew belonging to the other vessel, all of whom perished, with the exception of one, who caught hold of a rope hanging over the bow.

In about 30 minutes all the lower fires were out, and at least there were six feet of water in the ship fore and aft. By this time the confusion among the passengers was very great, but they used all efforts to assist the crew in keeping the deck pumps going in, lighting the ship forward for the purpose of endeavoring to get at the leak from inside, which was found to be useless, and numbers of them going into the boats which were still hanging to the davits.

In 45 minutes after the collision, I came up from the fore hold and informed the Capt. that the water was on a level with the lower deck beams, and that it was impossible to get at the leak. I then asked him what he thought would be likely to be the fate of the ship, when he stated to me his belief that there was no hope of saving her. He then told me to get to my boats. On going to them on the port side, I found them completely filled with men and women, and no possibility of getting near them. I immediately went to the starboard side and ordered two of the crew to lower the guard boat, and asked the captain what his intentions were. He replied that the ship's fate should be his. I then asked him if he would allow his son to go with me, as I intended to take a boat, but he returned me the answer that he should share his fate. It was soon discovered that there was little hope of saving the Arctic, and the lady, daughter, and son of Mr. E. K. Collins, with several ladies were put on board a boat, in the act of lowering which, one of the tackles gave way and all except one lady who clung to a sailor holding fast to the boat, were precipitated into the sea and lost. I then jumped into a boat and was ordered by the Captain to cut away the tackle falls and drop under the stern. I did so, at which time about 20 persons as I supposed, jumped overboard, of whom 17 or 18 were picked up, fell in with another boat which had been lowered from the other side, and lightened her part of her complement, leaving 19 in her, and 26 in my own boat.

The last sight we had of the ship her guards were level with the water, and the surface of the sea was strewn with human beings who had jumped or fallen overboard, to whom, however, it was impossible to render any assistance, and we soon lost sight of all as the fog continued to be very dense.

Four life boats, well provisioned, containing the engineers, sailors, a few passengers and all the officers except Captain Luce and the 3d mate left the ship at an early stage. None have been heard from except the one containing the 2d mate, who gives the above account; though it is not improbable that some of the men were picked up by outward bound vessels.

Captain Luce and the remaining passengers made all possible haste in constructing a raft, on which a few persons had taken refuge when the Arctic went down. Captain Luce and his boy, with many others, went down in his ship as he had declared his intention of doing. He says he found himself soon after on the surface with his child in his arms, but was immediately drawn down; by the time he reached the surface a second time was so exhausted that he about gave up all hope, and nearly lost the grasp of his child. Immediately after, a large piece of a paddle-box came up beside him with awful force, grazing his head, and striking with all its force on the breast of his dear child. In a moment after he saw his child a corpse, on the surface of the water. Capt. Luce, with some eleven others, got on top of this piece of paddle-box, but finding it to sink, some of them with Captain Luce got on another piece of the wreck, and was very soon alone, having lost eight of the others, who had succeeded in getting on spars of the wreck.

Known to be saved—Passengers 21; officers, 4; crew, 50; known to be dead, 5; missing of passengers, 211; missing of crew, about 96. Total passengers and crew, 383.

Among the lost were many persons of distinction, returning from their summer tour in Europe; the wife, son and daughter of Mr. E. K. Collins, of New York, owner of the Arctic, having gone down in her when she sunk.

**MOST SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.**—A portion of the people of Ellsworth, where the controversy with the Catholics has engendered so much bitterness during the past year, have finally covered themselves with the climax of disgrace and infamy by tarring and feathering the Catholic clergyman, Rev. John Baptist. Mr. Baptist left Ellsworth some time since, and had been threatened with this outrage if he returned. On Saturday evening last, while stopping at the house of his friend, intending to preach the following day, he was assailed by a mob of about one hundred of the rowdies and rascals who compose so considerable a portion of the population of that village, and taken out doors, stripped of his clothing, tarred and feathered, and carried upon a rail to a ship yard a mile distant, where he was left.

We find no language adequate to express our contempt for an act so outrageous to decency and manhood, and so utterly in violation of the principles of religious liberty for which an American should contend. However just may have been their side of the question at issue, or however strenuously opposed by the leader in opposition, this dastardly act—the last resort of villains—has covered them with disgrace and brought irretrievable shame upon a righteous cause. However absurd Catholicism, or however odious foreign and priestly intrigue, both have their legal rights which should be held sacred by all who would oppose them with success. The actors in this case should be held not only to the utmost measure of legal justice, but to the deepest condemnation of a protestant community, upon whom they have brought eternal disgrace.

**THANKSGIVING.**—The Governor of this State has appointed the 30th of November as a day of Thanksgiving.

**NEWLY MARRIED FOLKS.**—We are frequently asked, "Do you charge anything for inserting marriage notices?" Our invariable answer is, "We do not." It has become a custom among printers to advertise marriage contracts free of charge. It is not a duty but merely a matter of courtesy. As a duty and matter of courtesy, then, newly married folks should subscribe at once for these papers in which notice is given of their co-partnership. No consideration of personal, political, or pecuniary interest should prevent them from doing this. There is nothing like starting right in the world, and if our newly married friends consult their own comfort, convenience and interests, they will commence matrimonial life by taking the paper or papers which insert their marriages. The printer has as much right to expect this as the minister has to expect his fee. Send in your names at once, young married men, and we will put you down on our list and warrant you long, lives, dutiful and affectionate wives, and temporal and everlasting felicity. [Hingham Journal.]

**A PRECIOUS PULLEY.**—The Rockingham Messenger tells a wonderful story of a precious biddy that has cackled more good into the world than all the political conventions in the same length of time. The Messenger says:

We saw a few weeks ago, on the farm of B. D. Lightfoot, Esq., in Sirrahham, a hen with vicious chickens, for which she was solicited natural to the maternal pride and solicitude natural to the parent of such a brood. That hen we were assured was hatched in April of the present year, and laid two "litters" of eggs and hatched the brood of chickens upon a fortnight old. Many hens have acquired newspaper notoriety by laying great eggs, but we doubt whether any like fanciers can produce a pullet of the like age whose performance will equal those of the one we have noticed.

## Four Days Later from Europe.

## Highly Important News from the Seat of War.

New York, Oct. 16.—The Steamship Baltic, Capt. Comstock, from Liverpool 4th inst. arrived at this port about six o'clock. Her news is very important.

On the 21st, the Allies stormed the Russian entrenchments, and after four hours hard fighting, carried them. The English and French lost 2800 killed and wounded; while the Russians lost 6000. Private despatches supply the further particulars; namely, that the Russians, under Menschikoff in person, rallied on the river Katscha, on the 23d, and again gave battle to the Allies. He was again defeated, and driven into his entrenchments behind Sebastopol, when he again rallied and fought a third battle on the 24th, and was a third time utterly defeated. He then fled with the remnant of his troops into Sebastopol, which was beleaguered by sea and stormed by land. The Russian fleet in the harbor of Sebastopol was then burned. Two ships had sunk. The Russians lost 18,000 men, killed and wounded, when the garrison of 22,000 men capitulated and were made prisoners. Menschikoff, with the shattered remains of his army, fell back and barricaded the inner harbor, refusing to surrender. Six hours were allowed him to consider the matter, and it is reported, though not officially, that he surrendered at the expiration of that time.

The Paris correspondent of the Independence Belge says that it is rumored that a joint note has been sent by England and France to the Cabinet at Washington, requiring an explanation of the engagements entered into between the United States and Russia, especially with respect to the nature and conditions of an acquisition of Russian territory said to have been made by the United States.

From Paris, it is stated confidently that Gen. Vion has demonstrated to the Emperor the practicability of taking Constantinople, this season, and the attempt will be immediately made.

**BANK FAILURES.**—During the past week there have been two bank failures in this State. The first was the Ellsworth Bank, and the second the Shipbuilders' Bank, Rockland. We see it is stated by a correspondent of the Boston Journal that the suspension of the Ellsworth Bank was consequent upon the failure of Charles Cooper & Co., shipbuilders of Bangor, whose liabilities are 80,000, and whose failure was occasioned by the failure of a Boston firm, for whom they had endorsed. The Ellsworth Bank is closed, the President awaiting the fate of another house in Bangor. [Maine Farmer.]

**THE RECENT ELECTIONS.—PENNSYLVANIA.**—The probability is that Pollock, Whig, will have 30,000 majority, for Governor. Fifty of the 68 counties are heard from, and they give him 32,000 majority, which it is thought the remaining counties cannot much reduce. The New York Herald says:

The heavy vote obtained by Pollock for Governor, it should be observed, is not owing to any acquisition of strength to the Whig party proper, for the votes for other candidates supported by Whigs alone show that the Whig party is by itself very feeble in Pennsylvania at the present time. But the Whig candidate for Governor owes his triumph to a combination of causes in his favor. Besides his own political friends, Mr. Pollock received the support of the Anti-Nebraska democrats and other opponents of the Administration; also that of the Temperance organization.

**INDIANA.**—From Indiana we learn that the election of all the Anti-Nebraska Congressmen is certain, that there is an Anti-Nebraska majority in the Legislature, and that the Anti-Nebraska State ticket is elected by from 7 to 10,000 majority.

It is supposed there is a majority in the Legislature in favor of a prohibitory liquor law in this State.

**OHIO.**—Nearly all the counties have been heard from and the Anti-Nebraska majority is over 70,000.

The entire delegation to Congress is Anti-Nebraska.

**MAILS FOR AUSTRALIA.**—Hearing that some misunderstanding exists in some of the post offices of the country as to the terms on which the mails are entitled to be carried to Australia, we have to say that some months ago an arrangement was made between the Postmaster General and the proprietors of the Pioneer line between New York and Australia, to convey that mail regularly by sailing ships, monthly in each direction. Under this arrangement, (which went into effect on the 21st of April last) the single rate of postage for letters is five cents; for pamphlets and magazines, one cent an ounce or fraction of an ounce; and for newspapers, two cents each, prepayment required. The rates to Australia by that line, we learn on inquiry at the Department, are, of course, still in force.

It will be well for persons desiring to send by this line, to mark their letters "Vine Pioneer line from New York," and prepay them accordingly. The single rate in the regular mail via England to Australia, if forty five cents, prepayment also required when sent in that way. [Washington Star.]

**EXPLANATION.**—Several weeks since we published the marriage of Miss M. Pratt, daughter of H. P. Pratt, St. Paul, Minnesota. We have since received a line from Miss Pratt, in explanation of the subject, by which we learn that the marriage at the time was intended and supposed by Miss Pratt to be nothing but in sport, or in other words, a "mock marriage." It seems that they got up to West, what they call "Kissing Parties," and to vary the amusement of the evening, indiscriminately entered into the sport of being married in "fun." It seems that at one of these parties, a Mr. Ward, who was partial toward Miss Pratt, but which partially was not returned on her part, procured a legal licence and was in fact, legally married. Afterwards he attempted to enforce his claim upon her as his wife, but she refuses to acknowledge the relationship, and up to the present time no adjustment has been made, he refusing to yield her up, and she refusing to see or live with him. [Skowhegan Clarion.]

A correspondent of the Home Journal gives a fearful account of the plague which he states to be raging in London. The plague which one hundred and fifty years ago, he says, was bro't to London in a chest of clothes from Alexandria, and which carried off one half of the population has reappeared. The bones of bodies which were buried in pits where is now a large street have been turned up in cutting a sewer, and thousands have died from their contact. The physicians state that it is the plague, and not the cholera which is at present ravaging London. Business is suffering terribly. The stores in Regent street and elsewhere are closed, and tradesmen and indeed people of every class are flying in all directions. London is being depopulated.

**PROSPECT OF THE LIBERATION OF ANTHONY BURNS.**—The Boston friends of the fugitive Burns, whose case has become so noted in our annals, have been informed that he is now dangerously sick of typhoid fever in the jail at Richmond, where he has been imprisoned since his return to Virginia. The last let-

ter received from him were dated four weeks since, and he then complained of illness. Last week he was attended by two physicians, and his recovery was considered very doubtful indeed. Had his master been a high-toned man of honor, Burns would long since have been free. The time perhaps has not yet fully come for a full and complete account of this case, but should death release the prisoner, we hope the entire history of the negotiations between the parties will be made public. At the last move in the premises, one of the United States officials, whose conduct during the trial does not redound much to his credit, offered to pay Mr. Suttle one hundred dollars of the amount originally claimed, if the Colonel would keep his word to said official and Mr. Allen of Louisiana. The last named gentleman has proved to be a man of high character. We hope to be able to publish his written opinion of the "jockey Virginia" one of these days. [Boston Transcript.]

**K. & P. RAILROAD.** The prospect of the completion of the railroad through to Waterville during the first part of January, is now quite favorable. Fifteen miles of the track are completed from Kendall's Mills, eastward, and two or three miles on the end. One third of the whole length will be completed this week, and a half mile per day for the remainder, which we are told can be accomplished, the entire line can be laid by the time set. Allowances made, however, for the snow storms of December. There are now some 1800 tons of iron on this end of the line, and 1600 tons on the other and another cargo is expected soon. The dry weather has been very favorable for operations, and the contractors have driven and are driving the work with as much expedition as possible. The filling up at Denmark's Cove is progressing rapidly, and the rails are going down at High Head. The steam excavator, having accomplished its mission of cutting through the hill, is now dismantled and housed up for winter. [Bangor Whig.]

**THE ELECTIONS.**—The result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, seems to indicate the same strength of the anti-Nebraska sentiment which was developed in the result of this State and Iowa. The opposition of the people to the Nebraska bill is unquestionable. In Indiana we already hear of seven anti-Nebraska men elected to Congress with none of the other sort. In Pennsylvania, the general completion of the result is the same, while in Ohio the demonstration against the administration is even more decided. In all these States the administration has been badly beaten, and this result in all these instances has come out of a union of a larger portion of the Whig masses with their Democratic brethren, in opposition to the plunder-holders and the "straights."

**THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.**—It appears that Capt. McClure, of the British ship Investigator, which entered the Arctic Sea through Behring's Straits in 1850, and from which vessel communication was held with the ships in Barrow's straits, has just returned from his long and perilous voyage. The captains, and part of the crews of the two ships, the Assistance and Resolute, engaged in the search of Sir John Franklin, have also returned, and the remainder are to follow. From this we infer that all the vessels from England which have been engaged in the search are to return, and that further attempts to find the unfortunate navigators will not be made.

According to the last accounts received from the Investigator, she had been frozen up two years or more, and from the return of her captain from this side of the continent, the ship and all her contents have been abandoned. It is quite time these efforts for Polar discoveries should cease, and as all hope of rescuing Franklin and his crew has vanished, no reason exists for further exposure in these inhospitable regions. The existence of a Northwest passage is now known, although always believed to exist; and it is furthermore evident, that it can never be used. Dr. Kane, with the two American vessels, ought to be back within a couple of weeks, and we ardently hope he may be enabled to solve the mystery which hangs over the missing vessels and the 140 men who composed the party of Sir John Franklin.

[Providence Journal.]

**BANGOR, Oct. 9, 1854.**—Considerable excitement has pervaded the commercial community here the past two days in consequence of the failure of Charles Cooper & Co., of this city, and the suspension of the Ellsworth Bank in this State. The liabilities of Charles Cooper & Co., are said to be about \$80,000, and that their failure is caused by the caving in of a Boston house, for whom they have endorsed to a large amount. The firm have either assigned or mortgaged all their property, and I learn that one of the brothers is now carrying on the business. They have two ships on the stocks now, one of which, of about 600 tons, will be got off soon. The smaller one is already sold and partially paid for, I learn. They are both said to be very fine vessels, and well put together.

Upon the receipt of the failure of the Ellsworth Bank, one of the Banks of this city having about \$6000 of their bills, immediately despatched an agent to ascertain the true state of things; and the following day (Friday) they sent up and redeemed their bills; since which time the bank (the Ellsworth) has been closed, and is now, as the president, Mr. Tidale, says, awaiting the fate of the firm of Mayo & Co., of your city. These facts I have learned from good authority. [Bangor Post.]

From certain reports that have come to hand within a few days, by telegraph and the newspapers it appears that the recent elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana have not resulted so favorably to the democrats as the elections in the same States in some previous years. There are the whigs, know nothings, fusionists, sectionalists, etc. appears to be quite cheerful and happy. Every dog must have his day. Accidents will happen on the land as well as upon the ocean. [Bangor Democrat.]

**THE BALTIMORE ELECTION** on the 11th, as we learn by the Sun, resulted in the success of Mr. Samuel Hinks, the Know-Nothing candidate for the mayoralty, by a majority of 3,741 votes, over his opponent, Mr. Wm. G. Thomas, which is a gain over the vote cast for Mr. Hollins, for mayor, in 1852, of 6,425 votes—nearly reversing the majorities, under the influence of the recent political organization.

**A NEW CAUSE FOR CHALLENGING A JUROR.**—In the Court of Oyer and Terminer, this morning, a gentleman named William Harrison was called as a juror in the case of Charles Jager, charged with the murder of John Morton. Mr. Spencer, counsel for the prisoner, after finding out that the juror was an undertaker, said he should challenge him peremptorily because of his occupation, which was a too great familiarity with death. The juror was rejected. [N. Y. Eve. Post, 10th.]

**VIRTUE EMBODIED.**—The eloquent Dr. Blair, concluding a public discourse, in which he dwelt on the utility of the amiable qualities of virtue, said, if they were embodied, all men would love thee. His colleague, Rev. Mr. Walker, ascended the same pulpit in the afternoon of the same Sabbath, and, addressing the congregation, said, "My reverend brother observed in the morning, that if virtue were embodied, all men would love her. Virtue has been embodied, but how was she treated? Did all men love her? No; she was despised and rejected of men, who, after defaming, insulting and scourging her, led her to Calvary, where they crucified her between two thieves."

In regard to the character of the immigration which has already reached Kansas, the Kansas Weekly Herald of the 29th ult. says: "A majority of our population up to this time are from Missouri, though their preponderance is fast diminishing by the arrival of people from other States. Pennsylvanians are probably next in numbers. The immigration from Massachusetts, New York, Illinois and Iowa, is very great. Indiana and Ohio are also represented. The population from Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and other Southern States is very limited. A few from Arkansas are settled in the southeastern part of the territory."

The Alton Courier states that the Mormons contemplate forming a settlement in Kansas. A delegation from Alton, to be joined by others at St. Louis, making in all about 200 families, was preparing to start. The spot selected for settlement is in the interior, about one hundred miles from the town of Kansas. The object is to form a stopping place for the poorer class of Mormon emigrants, where they may rest and recruit, before proceeding to Salt Lake City. The informant of the Courier thinks they will not be molested, as they are opposed to slavery, and their influence will be in favor of making Kansas a free State.

**SINGULAR FACT.**—Under this head a paragraph was copied from an English paper into the Traveller, to the effect that, taking the two years preceding the great cholera of 1849 and the year following, and the deaths of the four years are no larger than during four years without cholera, showing that though cholera causes great mortality, yet there is during its ravages a much smaller mortality by other disorders. This theory is in some degree strengthened by a comparison of the mortality in this city of the month of July, August and September, 1853, with the same months of 1854. In 1853 during these, the sickliest months of the year, 1438 persons died; this year during the same period, (though some 250 persons died of cholera) the total mortality was but 1422, or 16 less.

**The Thayer and Loran Affair.**—Dr. Thayer has been indicted by the grand jury for murder in the second degree. This makes it a capital trial. The case will come up next week, probably, and be conducted for the state by Mr. Evans. [Bangor Journal.]

**MOUSAN RIVER BANK.**—We understand the injunction on this Bank was dissolved on the 13th inst., on the representation of the Bank Commissioners, who had examined and found the condition of the Bank good and satisfactory. There are so many counterfeit 5's on the Webster Bank Boston, that the Suffolk Bank recommends Banks to refuse to take any of that denomination.

**LYNCH LAW.**—Bangor, Oct. 16.—The Rev. Mr. Bapst, a Roman Catholic priest from Bangor, was tarred and feathered and rode on a rail, at Ellsworth, on Saturday evening. He had prey longly been threatened.

**THE REACTION COMMENCED.**—The steamship City of Manchester sailed from Philadelphia on Saturday with 30 cabin and 150 steerage passengers; and the pocket ship Tonawanda, for Liverpool, sailed the same day with 204 steerage passengers. We have noticed of late frequent departures of large companies of emigrants from this port, on their return to the old world. These occurrences seem to indicate that a reaction to the excessive emigration of past years has commenced. A vast improvement has taken place in the condition of many of the estates in Ireland, since relieved of her redundant population, and which, added to the operation of wholesome laws, and the favorable yield of the grain and potato crops, impart strong additional attractions to the "old flesh-pots."

[N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

**A Most Wonderful Discovery** has recently been made by Dr. Curtis, for the cure of Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and all Lung Complaints, by Medicating Inhalation. Dr. Curtis's Hygeana, or Inhalant Vapor and Cherry Syrup, has accomplished the most wonderful cures of Asthma and Consumption in the city of New York and vicinity for a few months past, ever known to man. It is producing an impression on Diseases of the Lungs never before witnessed by the medical profession. [See certificates in hands of agents.] The Inhaler is worn on the breast under the linen, without the least inconvenience, the heat of the body being sufficient to evaporate the fluid—supplying the lungs constantly with a healing and agreeable vapor, passing into all the air cells and passages of the lungs that cannot possibly be reached by any other medicine. Sold in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

**YOUTHFUL TRAVELLERS.**—The steamer Penobscot, Capt. Flowers, from Bangor, bro't to this city yesterday, the Rev. John Sawyer, of Garland, Me., aged 99 years, and one of the deacons of the church in Garland, aged 75 years. "Father Sawyer," as every body down east calls him, is the oldest minister in Maine, and has long been distinguished for his useful and assiduous labors in the ministry. Though now well stricken in years, he retains much of his early vigor, being able to preach once or twice on a Sabbath, without inconvenience, and in a voice that would probably fill the largest meeting house in this city. Mr. Sawyer is now on his way to preach by appointment, in the towns where he began his ministry in New Hampshire some seventy-five years ago!

The venerable deacon who accompanies Father Sawyer has lived on the Penobscot fifty years. In 1804, he ascended the river, and took up his abode in that wilderness, and has never been down to the mouth of the river from that time to the present trip.



