



6-20-1850

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 48): June 20, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 48): June 20, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 151.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/151

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1850.

NO. 48.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

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

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO W—AND O—

Though ye have wandered far away,
And left your childhood's home
To breathe the breath of other skies,
Mid other scenes to roam—
Yet do the friends who still remain
Beneath their native sky,
Remember with regret the eve
On which you breathed Good bye.

The chain which gladly bound us once,
In friendship sweet and true,
May not be lightly severed now,
As so, no slight friend, new;
It binds us, just as closely e'en,
When distance intervenes,
As when together we've stood
Among familiar scenes.

When evening casts her shades on earth,
And robes the heavens in light,
And we in silence watch the stars
Come forth to bless the night—
'Tis then, as thoughts of purer kind
O'er every heart hold sway,
We dream with many a fancy bright,
Of those who are away.

Will ye, too, cherish memories fond,
Of bygone times and friends,
And never yield to feelings cold,
To which long absence tends?
Oh! may the hearts so kind and true
Still beat with noble aim,
And ever with our Father guard
These there as here, the same.

LILY LAKEWOOD.

POPULAR READING.

[From Graham's Magazine.]

LUCY LEYTON.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

The proprietor of the great Leyton farm which covers more than a hundred acres of the richest land in New England, is a true specimen of a stalwart son, her independent, industrious farmer—a noble race, uniting integrity, sound sense, and a high standard of moral worth, under manners the most plain and unpretending—keenly sensitive for the public weal, hospitable, kind, and thrifty—not over generous, not over prodigal of their means, yet far removed from that selfish avarice which would refuse to lend a helping hand to those who would rise in the world if they had the means, (and how many such there are), or close their doors upon the weary wayfarer, vagrant though he might be. Of this class is Andrew Leyton.

A few words upon the domestic economy of Leyton farm. Mr. Leyton was a widower, and his little heroine, Lucy, his only child. People wondered, as people always will, why such a young-looking, hale, hearty man as Andrew Leyton, did not take a second wife, but when asked about it, he always had two answers ready—first, he was too much hurried about his farm-work to spend time in courting and marrying; second, old Dinah, who had lived with his father before him, though she was old, was an excellent manager; and Heaven forbid that he should unloose her tongue by talking of bringing a second Mrs. Leyton into the house. And so year after year old Dinah stood her ground, holding undisputed sway in kitchen and hall, doing pretty much as she pleased with her master, looking, in fact, upon the strong, athletic, six-foot Andrew Leyton as a mere child, 'the boy,' as she termed him, when speaking to her cronies; and as for Lucy, she would have held her in leading strings to this day probably, if Mr. Leyton had not sent her from home to acquire more advantages of education than the village school could offer.

Lucy was a bright, darling little child, saying and doing a thousand witty things; and Mr. Leyton made up his mind that she was a perfect prodigy even at four years old—parents are pretty apt to imagine just such things—so he determined, from the time she could first flip her letters, that she should have the very best education his means would afford; and when in process of time she came to know more than the schoolmaster, (the farmer Leyton's opinion), he resolved to part with his darling for a little while, that she might have the benefit of a fashionable boarding-school. In selecting the establishment of Mrs. Tracy, situated some thirty miles from Leyton farm, he proved himself more fortunate than many who send forth their children to 'gather apples of wisdom,' but who return with thistles.

At the end of two years Lucy was pronounced 'finished,' and returned home. If Mr. Leyton had thought her a prodigy at four years old, what must he have considered her at seventeen, for she had contrived to store away a goodly amount of knowledge in her little head, even if she was at times a little flighty. Yes, and notwithstanding she must have been so hurried at Mrs. Tracy's with her algebra, and her French, and her philosophy, and her history, she had somehow managed to commence a little heart-history of her own; but then she did not let any one read it, not she. Farmer Leyton himself never knew a word about this unbargained-for accomplishment.

One day when Lucy had been at home about a week, Mr. Leyton had occasion to go down into the village with a load of his renowned potatoes for Judge Porter.

'Dear father, will you please to see if there is not a letter in the postoffice for me?' cried Lucy, running out to the gate.

'Ha! ha!—a letter for you! that's a new idea! Yes, but come and kiss me.' And kissing one little foot upon the hub of the cart-wheel, Lucy sprang lightly to the side of her father, gave him a hearty smack upon each sunburned cheek, and alighted again like a bird upon the soft green turf.

Now the farmer was no great scribe. Unlucky to announce a marriage or death, it was a rare thing for him to indite or receive a letter. The postoffice revenue of Uncle Sam was but

little benefited by Andrew Leyton. He was somewhat pleased, therefore, that his Lu should expect a letter; so, after unloading, he brought his team to a standstill in front of the tavern, which, besides offering entertainment for man and beast, served also for the postoffice. Sure enough, there was a letter—a very thick one too—for 'Miss Lucy Leyton,' directed in an elegant flowing hand—a gentleman's hand.

'Hum!—what does this mean,' thought farmer Leyton, turning the letter over and over, and looking at the seal, 'L'Amour, Fidelity.' Lucy was watching for his return; and as soon as she saw the well-known team rise the hill, she flew along the road to meet it. Her father held up the letter. Ah! what a bright, happy face was hers, as she caught it from his hand; and seating herself under a shady tree by the roadside, she eagerly tore off the envelope, and pressed the insensible chirography to her lips.

'Hum!—what does this mean! I again tho't the farmer, eyeing Lucy keenly. 'Gee-haw, Dabby—Gee-up, Dick!' he cried, sweeping his cart whip above the sleek hides of his oxen, yet all the time noting unceasingly the bright blush, the happy smile of Lucy, all absorbed as she was in the contents of her letter.

In less than a week there came another. 'Hum!' said Mr. Leyton, putting it in his pocket. 'I must see what this means.'

He went home, foddered the cattle, and then walked into the house.

'Come here Lu, sit down by me.'

Lucy laid down her work, and drawing a low footstool to the side of her father, folded her dimpled hands upon his knees, and looked up smiling into his face.

'Well, Lu, you had a nice time, didn't you, at Mrs. Tracy's?' said Mr. Leyton, smoothing back the long, golden curls from her white upturned brow.

'Indeed I did, dear father. I am sure, although I was so anxious to see you, I was sorry to come away.'

'Hum! Mrs. Tracy used to keep you pretty strict, I suppose—never let you go out, did she?'

'O yes, we walked every day—an hour in the morning, and an hour after school at night; it was very pleasant, sometimes Mrs. Tracy would go with us, and sometimes—'

'O, it was so pleasant,' and Lucy heaved a sigh as she concluded.

'I take it for granted you never saw any boys there, Lu, did you?'

Lucy blushed, and wondered what in the world possessed her father to talk so; at last she answered, very demurely:

'Why, father, it was a school for girls you know; it would have been very strange, I am sure, to have seen a set of rude boys in our pleasant school room.'

'That is not what I mean, you little puss you—did any young men ever visit at Mrs. Tracy's?'

'Mercy, no, Mrs. Tracy would not even let Edward visit.'

'Edward—who is Edward?'

'Mrs. Tracy's nephew, father,' replied Lucy, stooping to tie her little slipper, which just at that particular moment it seemed necessary for her to attend to.

'Hum, and I suppose Edward walked with you, didn't he?' asked Mr. Leyton.

'Yes, father, when Mrs. Tracy could not go.'

'I thought so. Who is he? What is he? What is his name—this Edward?'

Poor Lucy, how she tried not to blush, and yet what a glow suffused the tall-tale countenance she averted from the scrutinizing glance of her father.

'His name is Bartine—Edward Bartine—he is a very fine young man, father; every body loves him.'

'Hum!'

'All the girls loved him, just like a brother.'

'And you loved him just like a brother, I suppose.'

'Sir.'

'Hum, well go on. What was this very fine young man doing at a young ladies' boarding-school?'

'He only came up from New Haven to pass a few months with Mrs. Tracy, and to pursue his studies with Dr. Heber; he is going back to college very soon, I suppose.'

'Going back to college! Ah, I understand, I understand; some wild scapegoat, I'll be bound, suspended for misdemeanor; never will be worth a straw, never will be good for any thing, not he, wasting the money which his father has toiled hard to earn, I'll warrant you.'

'No, indeed, father, Edward Bartine is no such person, indeed he is not!' eagerly interposed Lucy.

'How do you know it? I tell you he is—See here Lu—who is this from?' and putting his hand into his ample coat pocket Mr. Leyton drew forth the letter, holding it up, however, at arm's length.

'O, dear, dear father, please give it to me, please do, that's a dear father!' cried Lucy, springing up, her face radiant with joy, and extending her hand for the precious missive.

'Not so fast, little Miss Lucy Leyton; sit down again, there is your letter, now open it and read it to me,' said Mr. Leyton, passing his arm around her waist to prevent her flight.

'O, father, please let me go, indeed I cannot read it to you,' urged Lucy, the tears trembling like dew-drops on her long fringed eyelids.

'Well, then, I'll read it myself; it must be very fine; I should like to read a letter from such a nice young man,' said Mr. Leyton, attempting to take it.

'Father, please don't, it's only about—'

'Never mind, I'll see what it is about. Lucy, you must either give me the letter or read me the contents—I must know them!' and this time Mr. Leyton spoke sternly.

The poor girl dared not disobey. With a trembling hand she broke the seal, and, in a voice scarcely audible, read:

'My dearest, sweet Lucy—'

'Hum, puppy! go on.'

'My dearest, sweetest Lucy—To-morrow—'

'To-morrow I leave for—'

Lucy could not proceed farther, but covered with blushes hid her face in her father's bosom.

'Well, well, Lu, don't cry; I don't want to hear any more such silly stuff. There give me the letter, it will serve nicely to light my pipe,' said Mr. Leyton, twisting it in his fingers.

'Father, won't you let me have the letter, won't you?' pleaded Lucy.

'No, Lucy. Now go and get pen, ink and paper; this must be answered.'

Quite pale and frightened Lucy brought,

her little writing desk and placed it on the table.

'Are you ready?' said Mr. Leyton, 'well, then, begin, Mr. Edward—what's his name—Bartine?'

'Yes.'

'You are a base designing young man—'

'Must I say so, father? indeed he is no such thing!' interrupted Lucy, looking up, all in tears.

'I say he is—go on—'

'You are a base designing young man, so, although I am but a farmer's daughter, never presume to address another letter to me.' Have you wrote that? very well, now add, 'My father desires his compliments, and would like to try the strength of his new raw-hide upon your shoulders.'

Lucy sobbed aloud.

'Now say, "Respectfully, very, Lucy Leyton."'

Mr. Leyton took up the blotted page, read it, sealed and directed it, and put it into his pocket. Then taking Lucy in his arms, and kissing her, he said:

'My darling, I would not grieve you for the world; what I am doing is for your good, my child, though I know you think me very cruel, but you will thank me one of these days. There, now go to your chamber and lie down awhile, kiss me, dear Lu.'

Lucy pressed her lips to his with a loud sob, and then hastening to her little chamber, she bolted the door, and throwing herself upon her bed, gave way to her affliction; for the first time a tear had blotted her heart-history.

'What the mischief ails the girl I wonder? she don't eat, she don't sleep, and half the time there are tears in her pretty eyes; her rosy cheeks are all gone, and now and then she sighs enough to break one's heart! Hang me if I can stand it; she thinks I don't see it; when I am by she tries to smile and sing as she used to; she thinks I haven't any eyes, but I have. Confound that fellow! I wish I had kept her at home; well, well, poor Lu, something must be done, or else she'll die.'

Thus soliloquized Andrew Leyton, a few weeks after the scene just related. Now, Mr. Leyton was neither a severe nor an obstinate man; there was never a more tender father, nor a kinder master. He was little conversant of the great world, it is true, but enough so to render him keenly apprehensive for his daughter. He knew there were unprincipled young men enough, who solely from vanity, and for self-gratulation would not scruple to win the affections of a young, artless girl like Lucy, and his jealous fears imputed the same unworthy motives to the professions of young Edward Bartine. Thus it was his love for his only child, amounting to almost idolatry, which had caused him to take the perhaps somewhat hasty step he had done—he was a father, and who can blame him? Yet it cut him to the heart when he saw how deeply poor Lucy suffered for his well meant kindness.

'Something must be done!' again exclaimed Mr. Leyton, slowly pacing to and fro the little porch, and watching with a sad, perplexed countenance, the slight figure of Lucy strolling pensively through the garden, and at length the 'something' took upon itself a shape which mightily pleased his fancy.

Mr. Leyton had one sister who, in his boyhood, had emigrated with almost every member of the Leyton family, to the far west. She had married there, but had been early left a widow, with one son. Andrew had several times offered her a home in his house; but the distance was great, new friends and associations had been formed to supplant earlier ties, and the widow, though grateful for her brother's kindness, preferred the banks of the Ohio to the fertile vale of the Connecticut. Now, Mr. Leyton had no son, and a vague idea had now and then seized him to unite Lucy to his sister's child. Thus the great Leyton farm would be continued in the family, when he was dead and gone. True, he had never seen him, but what of that, he was certain he must be a fine fellow, a good natured lad, for all the Leytons were so from the beginning.

'Yes, I will write this very night,' said Mr. Leyton, stopping suddenly in his walk, as this bright thought suggested itself. 'I'll just invite Reuben to come and see the old homestead, where his grandfather lived, and where his great grandfather lived and died, and then if he only takes a fancy to Lu, which of course he cannot help doing, I shall be happy as a lord—he will soon drive this college scapegoat from her mind!'

'Lu, how do you like your Cousin Reuben?' said Mr. Leyton, knocking the ashes from his third evening pipe.

Lucy looked up from her work and smiled faintly, as she replied:

'My dear father, you know I have never seen him.'

'True, true, neither have I, but I tell you what, Lu, I am going to write out to Reuben to come on and make us a visit, and bring his mother too, if she will; how should you like it?'

'Very much, indeed, I shall be delighted to see Aunt Richards, whom you have so often talked to me about.'

'And Cousin Reuben too?'

'Yes, of course I should.'

'Well, Lu, I hope you will like Reuben, for do you know I have quite set my heart upon having him for a son-in-law—what say you?' said Mr. Leyton, abruptly.

Lucy at once burst into tears, and went on to protest, in the most earnest manner, that she should never marry—she would not marry for the world, she could never love anybody—she wished her father would not talk so—she was very happy as she was—O, very happy, indeed!

However, Mr. Leyton wrote the letter, and it took him three good hours to do so. Then in the morning, as he was very busy, for it was haying time, he told Lucy he wished she would walk down into the village, and put it in the post-office.

What could have put it into Lucy's little head to do as she did, I am sure I don't know. I will not attempt to explicate such a piece of mischief, not I, I will only state facts.

'Dear Mr. Edward Bartine, I have tho't of you a great many times since I wrote those few lines to you, which you must have considered very strange. My father made me write them, for he does not know you, or I am sure he would never have done so. You will forgive him, won't you? If you would like to come here during the vacation, as you said you should, I shall be very happy to see you, and I dare say my dear father will like you very much; I don't see how he can help it. If you have a wish to come, please take a hint from

the enclosed letter to my Cousin Reuben Richards. Lucy Leyton.

'P. S. If you have no use for the enclosed, please forward it to the address.'

Just think, now, of Lucy Leyton writing such a letter—but she did! And then she neatly folded it, and enclosing the one designed for Mr. Reuben Richards, with a glowing cheek, and palpitating bosom, she directed it to Mr. Edward Bartine, Yale College, New Haven, and putting on her bonnet and shawl, tripped fleetly to the post-office and deposited it.

'Ah, she'll come round—all right yet!' said Mr. Leyton, a few days after, as he overheard Lucy caroling one of her lively songs.

In due time, allowing for the speed of steam boats, rail-cars, and stages all the way from Ohio, a young man, with a pensive leather trunk, alighted at Mr. Leyton's gate. It was after dinner, and the farmer was enjoying his afternoon pipe, while Lucy, sitting quietly by his side, was reading the village news. But all of a sudden, as she saw the young man approaching, she sprang up in the strangest confusion and ran into the house. Mr. Leyton rose up, put down his pipe, and hastily advanced to meet the youth.

'This must be my dear nephew, Reuben!' he said, extending his hand; 'I know the true Leyton look. I am glad to see you my lad!'

'Thank you, uncle Leyton, how are you—how is Lucy?' replied the stranger, warmly shaking hands.

'She is well, Reuben, and will be very glad to see you; come into the house—you must be weary after such a long journey. Lucy! Lucy! why where has she flown to? Lucy! O, here she comes. Well Lu, we have got him at last—this is your cousin Reuben—give her a kiss—that's right.'

Lucy turned very pale when she first cast her eyes upon her cousin, who, with very red hair and a somewhat limping gait, advanced to salute her, then a rosy blush, and an arch smile, but half suppressed, stole over her pretty face. But she blushed still deeper, and drew back timidly from the tender embrace her young relative would fain have bestowed upon her.

'My own, dear Lucy,' was softly whispered in her ear.

'So your mother wouldn't venture with you?' said Mr. Leyton, 'well, I am sorry for it, many a long year since we met; I hope she is strong and healthy, Reuben.'

'Not very, she is greatly troubled with the rheumatism.'

'That's bad. And how are all the rest of the folks—how is Uncle Bill, and Deacon Gracie?'

'Dead.'

'Bless me, dead! you don't say your poor Uncle Bill is dead!' said Mr. Leyton, aghast at such news of an only brother.

'Not exactly dead—half killed with the rheumatism, I mean, and the deacon, O, the deacon has gone to California.'

'What! Deacon Gracie gone to California—well that beats all! I'll warrant old Mr. Stubbs is living!'

'Dead, a year ago.'

'Dead, is he? what killed him, I should like to know, for I thought him good for a hundred years.'

'Rheumatism, uncle.'

'Rheumatism again! what in the world do you live in such a climate for? Well, Reuben, how do you like your Cousin Lucy's looks? I think she is some like your mother, who resembles the Darlings more than the Leytons.'

'I think Lucy is a decided darling!' replied Cousin Reuben, with a mischievous glance at the fair object in question.

'But you look more like the Leytons all but your hair; none of the Leytons ever had red hair!' continued the farmer, 'and, excuse me, but I must say I could never abide it; however, I guess you will reconcile me to it. What makes you limp so, nephew, nothing serious I hope.'

'O, no, nothing but rheumatism, Uncle Andrew.'

'Good gracious, rheumatism again! Now make yourself at home, will you, for I must go and look after my men. Lucy take good care of your cousin, I will soon be back.'

'Don't hurry, uncle, I am quite at home!'

And as Mr. Leyton closed the door, Cousin Reuben sprang to the side of Lucy, and stealing his arm around her waist, imprinted a kiss upon her blushing cheek.

'I say, nephew, we must bathe your rheumatism in beef-brine,' said Mr. Leyton re-opening the door. Then hastily closing it again, he snapped his fingers, exclaiming, 'Ah, it will do! it will do! he is a fine young fellow, I see, only that confounded red hair—he got that from the Richards.'

A week and more passed on. Lucy and her cousin agreed wonderfully, and Mr. Leyton was in perfect ecstasy at the recovered bloom and spirits of his daughter.

Ah, Lu, said he one day, slyly pinching her cheek, 'what do you think of Cousin Reuben now? a't he worth a dozen of your college fellows?' and Lucy protested she really liked Cousin Reuben just as well as she had ever done Mrs. Tracy's nephew.

Cousin Reuben, who was now perfectly domesticated, made himself not only very agreeable, but useful to his Uncle Leyton in various ways, and the farmer regretted more and more every day that he had not known him before. Reuben was a geologist, and he explained to Mr. Leyton how some portions of his farm, which he had thought the most unproductive, might be made to yield good crops; he was an architect, and he drew a plan of the new house which Mr. Leyton designed to erect in the spring. He was a botanist, a geometer, an astronomer,

'And Latin was no more deficient, Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.'

'Why, how in the world did you pick up so much learning out West? I should think you had been to college by the way you talk!' said Mr. Leyton, one evening addressing his nephew, who had just been expounding some knotty point.

'Yes, uncle, and I have just taken my degree,' replied Reuben, looking at Lucy.

'Thank you, Uncle Andrew.'

'And what are you going to do now?'

'My dear uncle, I shall soon receive my diploma for the practice of medicine; then, if you will give me dear Lucy for a wife, I will buy that pretty cottage at the foot of the hill, and commence business.'

'You buy it! No, no, I am able to buy it myself, and give it to Lucy on her wedding-day. I am sorry you don't like the farm better, for I had set my heart upon seeing you settled upon the old family estate, but no matter. Come here Lu, will you marry your cousin Reuben? Ah, I see you will; here take her nephew, she is yours—God bless you!'

Lucy burst into tears, and for a moment her lover also appeared much agitated. He then took Mr. Leyton's hand:

'Then you really like me, uncle?'

'First rate, lad.'

'And you don't know of any one whom you would prefer for a son-in-law?'

'Always had my eye upon you, Reuben.'

'But suppose you have been imposed upon; suppose that I am not your nephew after all!'

'Ho, ho! imposed upon—not my nephew! I don't talk to me—imposed upon, pooh, don't! I know the Leyton look—all but the red hair—I wonder where you got that from!'

'I bought it of Frizier and Frizette, French barbers, Broadway, New York, it is a capital wig, don't you think so?' replied the young man, coolly taking it off, and handing it for the inspection of Mr. Leyton.

'Hey! why what's all this—who are you—what does this mean?' exclaimed Mr. Leyton, starting up in astonishment, wig in hand, and staring at the fine looking youth with dark-brown locks, who was now bending so tenderly over Lucy.

'Mr. Leyton, why should I hesitate to confess who I am, was the answer, 'since you have already assured me of your affection, and of your willingness to bestow upon me this dear hand. My name is Edward Bartine.'

'Bartine—Bartine—why, that is the same fellow—'

'That you was going to try your new raw-hide upon, my dear sir!'

'Hum, and if I had it here I would try it now!'

'O, no, you wouldn't, father!' interposed Lucy.

'Grant me your patience a moment, Mr. Leyton, resumed Edward, 'with your prejudice against me, I was very certain you would never allow me to visit Lucy. You must believe me, when I assure you that the imposition I have practiced upon you has been most regretful to me, and nothing but the hope of gaining your favor, under the guise of your nephew, could have tempted me to act the part I have.'

'My nephew! but how did you know any thing about my nephew? Lucy, did you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Say, Mr. Leyton, will you forgive me, will you still confer upon me your dear Lucy, may I, as Edward Bartine, again receive the priceless gift you but now bestowed upon "Cousin Reuben"?'

'You have deceived me, young man,' replied Mr. Leyton, 'although I acknowledge I was wrong to harbor such prejudice against a stranger. Would there was not so much depravity in the world as to warrant my suspicions—but so it is, and upright, noble-minded young men must sometimes suffer for the unprincipled libertinisms of those who best serve the devil by beguiling the purest and fairest of God's creatures! But I forgive the deception. You were no less a stranger to me as Edward Bartine than as Reuben Richards, and I have learned to love you. Yes, you shall have Lucy, and the pretty white cottage to boot. Once more I give her to you, and again I say, God bless you and make you both happy, my dear children!'

In a few moments Lucy raised her head from her father's shoulder, and looking archly in his face, said:

'Dear father, here is that letter for Cousin Reuben, shall we send it?'

'Ah, you little jado, now I understand! send it, yes, and we will have them all here to the wedding; if—the rheumatism will permit! ha, ha, what a lame concern you made of them, eh?'

'Yes, my dear sir, but my plot has not proved a lame one!' replied Edward laughing.

Dr. Bartine and the charming Lucy, reside in the beautiful villa noticed in the beginning of this sketch, which, however, Edward insisted upon purchasing himself.

Mrs. Richards, and her son Reuben, accepted the invitation of Andrew Leyton, and now reside altogether at the farm. Reuben is a great favorite with his uncle, who, however, acknowledges that Edward pleases him best for a son-in-law. It is said Reuben will soon be married to a pretty girl in the neighborhood, and will, without doubt, succeed to the Leyton farm.

Men Hunted by Bloodhounds.

We extract the following striking account from *Reid's Rifle Rangers*. Captain Reid had been taken prisoner by the Mexicans with some privates in the bold band he commanded. All had escaped, and a pack of Mexican bloodhounds were laid upon their trail. The fugitives had gained a high small platform in a precipice, and writes this adventurous author, 'we stood for some moments gathering breath, and nerving ourselves for the desperate struggle. I could not help looking over the precipice. It was a fearful sight. Below in a vertical line, two hundred feet, the stream

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 20, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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

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

Too Good to Keep!

The great fault of that class of stories marked "too good to keep" is that they are too bad to tell. Such stories we never tell, unless they are a great way off. Those who go by the way of "Hornby" will find the locale of the following more than a thousand miles beyond.

A veritable woman in New Hampshire recently advertised in the papers for a husband. It was not in the Mail, and of course every body did not see it—especially such married women as had "husband enough already." There was at least one "twin" that never knew that a solitary soul in the Granite State had an appetite for matrimony. There was a third person, however, who knew all about it. He was a wag and a bachelor, not over-suspicious about decency, and fond of such jokes as spoil dinners or market buttons—and he lived just as far beyond Hornby as the twin above mentioned—he was their neighbor.

This wag had fasted twenty years for a wife, but was not hungry enough to throw himself into the scale against a woman who would advertise herself like second hand furniture, without attempting first to squint behind the curtain. He had read how the monkey got the chestnuts, and was willing this once to accept that monkey as his teacher. So he writes a letter to the advertising lady, telling her what sort of a man he was—or ought to have been—and proposes to go "away over to 'Hampshire'" to make her a visit.

Matrimony is just like murder, and courtship is just like matrimony, for they will "out," all three of them. But our wag was determined his courtship should not get out, unless matrimony came close behind it. Here was a pinch, though not one that such a man would "take a snuff at," for we are not going to call him a knave, and the reader must not call him "nothin' else." Well, true love will always find the way out, and so it did now. Who would know the difference, and "what's in a name?" How could the fair damsel in New Hampshire tell by the signature, whether he was black or white, handsome or ugly, fat or lean, tall as a *Stackpole* or huge as a *Barn*—eh? But what name should he use? Reader, would you believe it?—the first name he thought of was that of the honest, quiet, inoffensive, chaste old gentleman who knew so little of the wicked woman who was raising such a storm! A single dash of the pen and the work was done. Was ever such a name associated with such a wicked plot! But O!—

Day after day the wicked wag sought the post-office for the benevolent purpose of taking therefrom any thing addressed to his venerable neighbor; and night after night retired to console disappointment with dreams of candy cups and willow cradles. What if the sanctimonious old puritan—puritan in such matters—should be first at the post-office, and the faded gilt-edge should fall into his hands! Was there ever such a blasting thought! or did cruel fate ever treat a doating lover with such treachery?

The old gentleman was duly watched; and if he went to the post-office twice before breakfast, he was sure to find the heretical wag there before him. Yes—thanks to the bright eye of young and budding love—the old gentleman was properly watched. But—could save the mark!—he forgot the lady!—O, the lady!—we never think of the women! Strange! but they are above suspicion! We never suspect them any more than—than they do us!

The scene changes. A quiet hearth is swept with a tornado less pleasant than a new broom. Jealousy has kindled a fire such as no honest match ever lighted. Wo to the poor wag, who now finds that love has led him blindfold till he can't see clear enough to back out!—And we to the honest and faithful husband too, who finds himself the butt of the storm, while all but himself know well enough "which way the wind blows!" And such a storm!

"Was the joke explained?" inquires the kind-hearted reader. Dear friend, let us whisper in your ear—Hornby is not so far off, nor Pekin either, that you wouldn't have heard of this joke if it had not been hushed up with an explanation, and that speedily. Why?—did you ask? Because there was a man on one side and a woman on the other!—that's why.

And now, Mr. Chief Justice S—, give us the oath, that this is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" [Dated at Hornby.]

Mr. Webster's speech was almost the only one that has been made in Congress, but has disgraced our national legislature.

[Bath Mirror.]

But it takes a great many endorsers to make it pass current with the people. More than a thousand men, however, besides the editor of the Mirror, have expressed their faith in it, over their written signatures. The rest of the community are fairly presumed to stand uncommitted and open to conviction.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE. A man was recently seen in Main street selling veal and rhubarb.

HALLS. Three new halls seem in a fair way to be completed in this village this summer; though on a different plan from that we mentioned some time since. The Free Masons are to have a hall in the third story of a brick

building now in progress on Main street, opposite the Common. The Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance will occupy a hall together, in the third story of a block to be completed, opposite Boutelle Block. Dr. Plaisted proposes to devote the third story of a block of stores now going up near the Exchange, to a large hall for the use of the public. This last, especially, is much needed.

Sarcastic Sentence.

Old Elias Keyes, formerly first judge of Windsor County, Vt., was a strange composition of folly, and good-sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow convicted of stealing a pair of boots from General Curtis, a man of considerable wealth, in the town of Windsor:—

"Well," said the Judge, very gravely, before pronouncing sentence of court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arranged before a court for stealing." They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you, and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done you: all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried.—Now, you, being so worthless as a fool to steal, because you might know you would be condemned. And you must know that it was a great aggravation that you have stole them in the large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible.—And not only go into Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man, Gen. Curtis. This caps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had, or could get, and then you would have been left alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great Gen. Curtis, the court sentences you to three months imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat!"

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The July number is a good one in all departments. Although this magazine is afforded for \$2, it falls not far behind the three-dollar works; and if the succeeding numbers are equal to this first one of a new volume, the higher priced monthlies must "look to their laurels." Subscriptions received at Mathews's.

Hang out your Banner!

How do you stand, brother Bath Mirror, on the Temperance question? We rather leaned in your favor when we saw your determination to give both sides fair play; but when you lean so far beyond the natural balance as to be in danger of pitching headlong into the ranks of the opposition, we begin to feel alarmed for you. None but a true-hearted and whole-souled temperance man should venture on that side of the argument. Did you ever see the open advocate of the rum traffic attempt a candid argument? He knows better:—and when you consent to do it for him, you should first see yourself firmly entrenched on the right side, or you may be found fighting under false colors. When you once take arms on the side of rum—though it be only from impulse—there is a greater work of repentance between you and your old friends than you seem to be aware of. Temperance men sometimes need a blow or two, and should have it roundly laid on when they deserve it; but when their champions lead nothing but "back-handed" blows, they need to be put on their guard. If you have a true temperance heart, brother Mirror, we look to see you do something besides parry blows from the heads of your enemies. How is it with you?—give us your hand, and let's see whether it is warm or cold.

NON INTERCOURSE. We perceive several articles in the South Carolina papers urging the people of that State to stay at home during the summer, and not, by coming to the Northern watering places, help to build up the wealth and importance of the "fanatics."

This is admirable! Total abstinence from northern luxuries, and the substitution of slimy water, gallinippers, fog, musketoes and negroes. If they stay at home and regale themselves on such comforts as these, they must be "fat and sleek" for the next campaign.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance, at their 7th annual session have voted, by 75 yeas to 6 nays, that the future admission of colored men to the Order should be declared "improper and illegal!"—[Portland Argus.]

Shame on the National Division! and may they live to repent the wrong done human nature, and to our beautiful Order, by such a truckling vote: and may the same slave-spirit that dictated this vote, ask them next year to swap their birthright for a mess of pottage.

* * Sweating, roasting, puffing! Oh, for a little of the cold water wasted in the late freshest! How dreadful to be as fat as Falstaff! and how much worse to be as lean as Hal!—for we know something about the latter. What a luxury to take a bath with the former, bating the agency of the two women and the dirty clothes! Why didn't we appreciate snow and ice last winter, when we had enough of them? Now they have all relapsed into sweat, just as we shall if the weather holds on at this rate. There is but one remedy, and that we can't afford. Miss Welch's Ice Creams transport one to Greenland in a jiffy, and that's a beautiful summer residence. Those who have a flip go and eat them; but such as have not may as well

"Resolve themselves into a lingering sweat, as die a living death of poverty."

THE NEW YORK RECORDER OF THE 12th inst. contains the "salutatory" of Prof. Anderson, late of Waterville College, who has assumed the editorship of that paper. The Recorder, under the control of Rev. Mr. Cutting, has been a leading organ of the Baptist Denomination; but we look to see its influence as well as its circulation, extended in the hands of its present editor. We congratulate the friends and patrons of that paper, as well as the denomination generally, on having secured

to its agency so strong and vigorous a mind; a man whose learning, talent and energy, and sound common sense withal, promise to make him as well known in the broad field to which he has devoted himself, as he has been in the narrow one from which he has been called.—The Recorder is the property of Messrs. Anderson & Dickerson; by recent purchase, and will doubtless prove a profitable as well as useful enterprise. Such, at least, we hope for it.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Steam Boiler Explosions.

Mr. Editor: I noticed in a late number of the Scientific American, that 600 souls have been hurried into eternity by the explosion and burning of steamboats in this country within the last five months. I would ask our wise and humane members of the Legislature, why they do not pass laws putting a stop to this loss of human life, more especially when the preventive is so cheap, simple and effectual.—The laws of France require a fusible plug in the boiler: these laws have been in force in that country for the last 25 years and no explosions have occurred there for that period. (See Burke's report on Steam Boiler Explosions.) Massachusetts, one year since, adopted similar laws; and I cannot learn that any steam boiler explosions have occurred under the enforcement of that act. The same law will be presented to the Legislature of Maine for adoption, and I see no reason why it should not pass by acclamation. This simple, cheap and effectual preventive against steam boiler explosions, is no longer viewed as a humbug by common sense and practical engineers. The much lauded safety guard, as invented by Mr. Evans, against steam boiler explosions, being placed under the control of the engineer, has failed to achieve the object of preventing explosions. The fusible plug as adopted by France has stood the scrutinizing test for 25 years; a true sentinel, guarding the lives of whole nations. It is found not only a preventive against exploding the boiler, but a safety-guard against setting the boat on fire, which usually occurs from an over heated or red hot boiler. The boiler is often placed in contact with the wood work of the boat, which is safe from firing the boat, unless the water is low in the boiler; when this occurs, the plug fuses before the boiler attains a degree of heat to ignite the wood work. In the absence of the fusible plug with the water exhausted in the boiler, it often becomes red hot, and the boat escapes an explosion frequently, to share, if possible, a more horrid fate; the passengers all burned to death, excepting a small number who jump over board and are drowned. These horrifying scenes are becoming of almost daily occurrence; our hearts have become so callous to them that it is feared that accidents and loss of life from steam boiler explosions will soon escape newspaper notice, being so common an occurrence as not to be worthy of publication.

A TRAVELER.

The Committee are progressing with their work, with the sympathy and approbation, apparently, of those who go for enforcing the law against the sale of liquors. This progress has been slow, but decided and tangible. They seem to have acted, so far as practicable, with reference to the interest of all concerned.—There are decided indications that their negotiations with the dealers will result in promoting decency and good order in our village; though we must wait for results before we can speak confidently in this respect. What has been done has been effected in a more quiet and peaceable manner than is generally witnessed in similar cases. We cannot doubt that the appearance and character, as well as the best interest of our village, will be advanced by what has been done. And if we are right in these predictions, we see not why both parties, and all concerned, may not ultimately regard the negotiations which have been effected as tending to mutual and general interest. So far as we can learn, the course of the Prosecuting Committee meets the decided approval of the candid and prudent among the friends of "legal suasion."

Wm. Mathews Esq., editor of the Yankee Blade, passed over the A. & K. Railroad on Tuesday, on his way to Boston, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Isabella I. Mathews, late Miss Marshall, daughter of Gen. A. Marshall, of China.

The great Railroad Jubilee comes off at Burlington, Vermont, on the 25th inst. Arrangements are made for admitting ten thousand persons to the dinner and ball, which are to be enjoyed beneath the famous portable pavilion of Mr. Wright of Boston. Tickets for the whole entertainment \$5. It is intended that this shall be the jubilee of jubilees, so far as railroads are concerned. Those who attend will see one of the most beautiful and enterprising villages in New England.

The Maine Free Soil State Convention, let it be remembered, is to be held at Waterville on Thursday next, the 27th inst. We learn from the Portland Inquirer that special efforts are making to render the occasion one of interest. Good speakers will no doubt be present, as no political party has more or shrewder "talking men" in its ranks. [This notice is ours, though we doubt not that there is a local committee who will see to other matters.]

PANAMA. An extra of the Panama Star, received by Col. Williams, contains full details of the late riotous outbreak there. Two Americans were killed, and a much larger number of natives. Order was restored; but our countrymen thought themselves in pressing need of a national vessel of war for their protection.

A MAN OF NERVE. We were "eye-witness" to a feat in horsemanship on Monday, which for coolness, daring, and presence of mind, equals the stone-throw achievement of the renowned General Putnam. A horse, attached to one of Mr. John Mullett's job-wagons,

took fright in Chatham street and ran like mad. The driver, Wm. Hartwell, who was standing in the wagon at the time, in the act of putting some money in his pocket, was thrown head foremost over the seat, but in his fall fortunately caught one of the shafts, to which he clung like a barnacle. The horse headed towards Commercial street, and rushed at a rapid pace, causing destruction to the handcarriage on both sides of the street; but the intrepid Hartwell, nothing daunted, held on, and finally mounted the horse's back. In this position he rode some moments, but after a survey of surrounding dangers, crawled along the animal's back, seized him by the nostrils with one hand, and then jumped, and as he jumped struck the horse in the ear and felled him with the other. Having thus secured the furious animal and brought him to a sense of his duty, the victorious driver again ascended his seat and conducted his captive to the point from whence he started, amid the congratulations of "the people" in the street assembled. [Courier.]

JOHN N. MAFFIT. The notorious and somewhat celebrated Rev. John N. Maffit is dead. He died in Mobile. He was one of those men whom talents, more than character, have sustained. As a popular orator few were more graceful and winning. He was an Irishman and came to America as a stage player. His conduct in Boston with his female converts, was such as to call forth the castigation of Buckingham of the Galaxy who was prosecuted for a libel. But, for the first time in this country he was allowed to plead the truth in evidence, and Maffit recovered nothing. Trouble followed him wherever he went—a punishment, no doubt, for his besetting sins; still he was such a pretty preacher that the ladies in high life, and gentlemen of the cloth, all fawned about and flattered him. It was, as we have said, his talents that sustained him. He could preach well in the pulpit, or play well on the stage, and those who go to church as they go to a theatre, for the sake of being pleased by the actor, would sustain him, however truthful men might withhold their support on account of suspicions against his character. He was several times chaplain in Congress—just the man for such a religious body of men. But he has gone to his rest—the meteor has passed its circuit in the darkened heavens, and disappeared. Let him rest in peace.—[Gospel Banner.]

"What a strange thing it is," remarked a Frenchman, after travelling through our country from Boston to New Orleans, "that you should have two hundred different religions and but one gravity."—[Observer of Ledger.]

We suppose the Americans are a little behind the 'frogs' in the culinary art, but Monsieur should remember that one of our national axioms proclaims that 'What is sauce for geese is sauce for gander.'—[Boston Post.]

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—A little before nine o'clock yesterday morning, as the train was going out for Newark, when rounding Bergen Cut, a gentleman and lady were observed walking on the track, just ahead. The locomotive squealed, and they jumped across on the other track—but horror! on this track, and in close proximity, was another train from Ramapo, coming in an opposite direction, and the next moment would hurl them into eternity.—They had no room on the outside of either track, from the embankment, and not knowing which train would pass first, were almost paralyzed! But instantly the gentleman seized the lady, who had nearly swooned, placed her on the narrow walk between the two tracks, clasped her dress in his circling arms to keep the cow-catcher from hooking it, and thus awaited their fate. The two trains passed them at the same moment—roaring and thundering on—but neither the lady or gentleman were injured—more than an awful fright.—[Jersey City Sentinel.]

CHANGE OF INSTINCT.—The most curious instance of change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried over to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up any honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave, prudent, and mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, refused to work no longer, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar houses, and stinging the negroes.

WHEN TO LEAVE OFF.—As we have been in the social prayer meeting and have listened to the exhortations or prayers of some—not preachers—and have been cheered and warmed and comforted for several pleasant moments by their fervor and zeal, and then have seen them extend the thread of their verbosity beyond the staple of their argument, we love to hear you, brother—it does our soul good to listen to you, but you would be all the more acceptable if you only knew when to leave off. [Lewiston Journal.]

PUFFING FOR A PREMIUM.—Kohl, in his 'Russia,' mentions the following curious anecdote:—The Emperor wished to illuminate the Alexander column in a grand style; the size of the round lamps was indicated, and the glasses bespoken at the manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain, and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired magnitude. The commission must be executed, that was self-evident, but how? A great premium was offered to whoever should solve this problem.—Again the human bellows toiled and puffed, their object seemed unattainable; when at last a long-bearded Russian stepped forward and declared that he would do it; he had strong and sound lungs, he would only rinse his mouth first with a little cold water, to refresh them. He applied his mouth to the pipe and puffed to such a purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and swelled nearly to the required dimensions, up to it, beyond it. 'Hold, hold,' cried the lookers-on, 'you are doing too much; and how did you do it at all?' 'The matter is simple enough,' answered the long-beard; but first, where is my premium?' And when he had clutched the promised bounty, he explained. He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball, and there becoming steam, had rendered him this good service.

RHUBARB PIES. A family somewhere in New York having been poisoned in eating greens composed of the pie plant, the Montpelier Watchman says:—Only the stock or stem (petiole) of the rhubarb leaf should be used, and the whole of the leaf proper, and of the skin of the stock, should be carefully removed. When this is done, the pies, sauce or jelly, made of the rhubarb plant, are not only perfectly harmless, but healthful. The leaf and skin of the stock abound in oxalic acid—a virulent poison. Chalk and water taken immediately, is the best remedy for the poison.

A lead mine has been recently discovered in Prospect. The Belfast Signal says that the vein of ore makes its appearance in a ledge beneath low water mark, on the shore of Penobscot river, and from thence runs under ground,

following the direction of the ledge.—An analysis of several samples, differing from each other in value, has been made by Dr. Jackson of Boston, which gives as a mean, seventy-five per cent of lead, and thirteen of silver. If the mine is as extensive as a preliminary survey indicates, it will prove highly lucrative to the owners, and advantageous to the company which has been formed for smelting the ore.

A GOOD REASON FOR CROWING. A gentleman from Kennebec, who is familiar with the business of that river, a few days since stated, that it had been ascertained beyond a doubt, that the eggs shipped from that river to Boston, were sufficient to pay for all the flour imported into that vicinity. On some trips the steamer takes up a sufficient quantity to furnish an egg for every inhabitant of Boston. The hen fever that is raging at this time, therefore, is not to be pecked at.—[Portland paper.]

JAIL BREAKING—ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.—On this morning, as the jailer, Mr. Wellington, entered the jail, a rush was made by the prisoners, hustling him aside and making their way out of the jail.

The following prisoners escaped: Woodbine, Ford, the two colored prisoners, Hall, Mains, and Feeney the Irishman.

The alarm was instantly raised by Mr. Wellington, citizens and the city police and officers were on the alert, and the prisoners closely pursued, but one of them, Martin Feeney, an Irishman was the only one not taken and secured at the time of this paper going to press.

Woodbine, Ford, Hall and Mains were taken and secured and were in no very calm state of mind. Woodbine was taken by the jailer. [Whig of Thursday morning.]

A SENTENCE TO THE EXTENT OF 'AD DAMNUM.' We have heard a good story of the Judge of an inferior Court in a neighboring State, who was sometimes extremely absent minded while in the discharge of his official duties, frequently making queer mistakes, much to the amusement of his hearers. Having occasion once to pass sentence upon a sorry looking customer convicted of stealing a lady's night cap from a clothes line, he pronounced it in a manner something like the following: 'John Smith! hearken to your sentence as the Court has recorded it. That you pay a fine of one dollar with costs, and that you be confined for thirty days in the County Jail, and may God Almighty have mercy upon your soul!'

Charles E. Stuart was arraigned before R. G. Lincoln, Esq., of this town, on Monday last, for assault and battery on J. C. Cluer of Gardiner, and fined \$10 and cost, amounting in all to about \$18. Mr. Stuart was also arraigned before M. Springer, Esq., a few days since, for an assault on J. W. Piper of Gardiner, and fined \$10 and cost, amounting to \$16.69. Both of the above fines were paid. [Hallowell Gazette.]

An Ex-Minister of the Methodist denomination, was arrested in this city by our police authorities Wednesday morning, as a fugitive from justice. He had been found guilty by the grand jury of Oxford County on a charge of adultery, and was confined in the Paris jail to await trial. He obtained a wooden wedge and a short iron bar by some means unknown to the jailor, and with them forced the door of his cell open. He then had the 'liberty of the jail,' so far as the passage way that led between the cells was concerned. There he found some tools with which to force the outside door. The noise he made in getting out of his cell, awoke two prisoners confined in adjoining cells, who, as soon as they discovered the parson was out, threatened to alarm the jailor unless he would assist them to get out also. He consented to do so, and with an iron bar soon wrenched the padlocks from the cells of his fellow prisoners, and the three then commenced work on the outer door, which they soon forced open, and put off. Fuller, the parson, got away from his keepers, while the jury were examining his case, but was retaken. He is a venerable looking man, about sixty years of age, but is represented to be one of the b'hoys.—[Argus.]

NEW DISCOVERY. Mr. Paine, of Worcester has discovered a chemical agent, which, when dissolved in sea-water, re-unites the particles of sawdust into solid wood. It has been successfully tested at a cabinet manufactory near Worcester, when the sawdust, after remaining some hours in the 'Uniwater,' (as the liquid is called), has been poured into moulds, and has there hardened into solid wood.

This discovery will enable the furniture manufacturers to re-produce the beautiful carved work which renders European furniture so magnificent, at a comparatively low price, and is another proof of the scientific attainments of our talented fellow citizen.—[American Sentinel.]

FOURTH OF JULY. The Somerset Teachers' Association will celebrate the Fourth of July at North Anson. An Oration will be delivered by G. A. Hobbs Esq., of Canaan, and a Poem by Rev. J. B. Weston, of Skowhegan.

THE CHOLERA is again making sad havoc in Havana.

PROF. WEBSTER AND PEARSON. The arguments on the application for a writ of error in the case of Webster and Pearson will be made before the Supreme Bench this day, as assigned.

Prof. Webster is said to be in good spirits. He has his meals from Parker's as heretofore and enjoys and excellent appetite. He is firmly of the opinion that he never will be hung. He reads a good part of his time in the Bible and takes particular pains to mark, as he goes along, all passages referring to false witnesses and persecutors of innocent men. His family visits him twice a week.

Pearson entertains a strong belief that he will not be hung. He retains the gloomy appearance in prison that he always has.—[Bee.]

ANOTHER GREAT BANK ROBBERY. On Tuesday night, the Connecticut River Bank, Charlestown, N. H., was entered by false keys, the lock of the safe blown off by gunpowder, and \$12,000 deposited therein stolen. The money consisted of \$5,500 in bills of C. R. Bank, \$1,550 in bills of other banks, \$2,800 in gold coin, chiefly American, and \$1,000 in silver.

Mr. Gee, of Marlow, N. H., on Wednesday morning, at five o'clock, about twenty miles from Charlestown, found a stray horse attached to a buggy; he led the horse to the side of the road and made him fast. Soon after the brother of Mr. Gee went to the wagon and examined the contents; he found there all the money which had been stolen from the Bank above named, together with a set of burglar's tools, female wearing apparel, and a buffalo robe, the latter marked "S. Barton, Jr." Deputy Sheriff Jas. C. Stubbs, Gov. Hubbard, the President of the Bank, and George Alcott were soon at the place, and took possession of all the property, with the exception of the mare (which is a bay one) and buggy; these remain with Mr. Gee, at Marlow.

THE NEW LIGHT.—The following, from the N. Y. Tribune, is probably a correct statement of the arrangement which has been entered into between Mr. H. M. Paine and certain parties who propose to purchase the right of applying the alleged invention of Mr. P. to practical use. The 'half a million down' here looks like a hundred thousand deposited, to be paid over in case of success:

'Arrangements are in progress for lighting the Astor House by this process, and it is expected that the trial will be made within a month, as soon indeed as the machine can be prepared for the purpose. That establishment is now lighted by gas made by its proprietors on the premises, and has no connection with any gas company whatever. The pipes and burners now used are perfectly adapted to burn Mr. Paine's carbonized hydrogen; all that will be necessary, will be to detach them from the present apparatus and join them to the new one. The experiment will be tried under the eye of the proprietors and other gentlemen, and collusion or trick will be impossible. Every means will be taken to insure a fair trial, all the parties being as desirous of success as Mr. Paine or his friends can be. If it succeeds, the thing will be established. If it fails, that will be the end of the affair.'

The experiment is to be made to satisfy a number of highly respectable and responsible parties who propose to buy the patent right in case of success. The conditions are that Mr. Paine shall bring a machine of his construction to New York, and produce at a nominal expense, say five cents per thousand cubic feet, gas enough to light the Astor House for six successive nights. Before he commences, the parties in question are to deposit one hundred thousand dollars with some person acceptable to the proprietor—John C. Pedrick, Esq., of Boston, who has aided Mr. Paine in carrying his experiments for the past two years—to be paid over to Mr. Paine as soon as the trial is declared successful. This is by the way of bonus or guarantee, in case there should be a failure to pay over to him the sum of one million which is to render those parties part proprietors of the invention.

The value of the patent for the United States (the city of Worcester accepted, which is reserved for Mrs. Paine) is fixed at ten millions of dollars, and a joint stock company is to be formed to manage it. In this company Mr. Pedrick is to hold from one third to one half the stock on the remaining part which he sells the million handed over immediately on the success of the experiment is to be considered an instalment, and the remainder is to be made up by sales of rights. Thus the parties buying in will receive no dividends until Mr. Pedrick shall have been fully paid.

Such is the arrangement agreed upon between Mr. Pedrick and these gentlemen. If the trial here should prove successful, it will no doubt be carried into effect; if not, the New York speculators will lose nothing, and the invention will be heard of no more at present. We devoutly hope for a successful result; although we shall not be very keenly disappointed by a failure.

THE PARKER MURDER EXAMINATION.—At the examination at Manchester, on Thursday, a witness named Peter Powers, testified to the uncontrollable agitation of Horace Wentworth, when he heard of the first arrest of his brothers on the charge of the murder. The witness said when Horace heard of the arrest he was sitting by the stove reading, and that he was convulsed with agitation, and crushed the book in his hand, he also declared going to Saco during the examination. The government here rested the case for prosecution. B. F. Butler, counsel for Horace Wentworth, moved for his discharge on the ground that by no credible witness had he been connected with the crime. This motion not being granted, Mr. Butler stated that the defence with regard to Horace would be an alibi, that on the afternoon of the 26th day of March, he was in Lowell, attending to his business, the shoe business; that late in the afternoon he went into a tailor's shop in that city where he was measured for a pair of pantaloons; that a gentleman called upon him that same evening and visited at a house with him; that a lady bought a pair of shoes of him in Lowell on the day of the murder; and that a number of other witnesses saw him on the day indicated.

The correspondent of the N. York Courier & Enquirer writes as follows: The President has directed the District Attorney at New Orleans to proceed rigorously against all persons who incited the Cuba expedition, particularly the leaders.

Capt. Tatnall, of the Saranac, reports officially that every thing was quiet at Havana.—The Contoy and Woman's Island prisoners had been visited by our Consul, and proceedings were conducted in open Court.

After a preliminary examination, Capt. Tatnall took Collector Douglas and Judge Marvin from Key West to Havana, to attend the trial of the prisoners and to establish their innocence.

Our officers were received courteously, and the Captain of Marine invited Capt. Tatnall to partake of hospitality, which was declined.

All danger of rupture considered over. The Albany and Germantown had gone to Pensacola.

Signor Alcoy admits the distinction in favor of prisoners not taken in the act, and will abide Signor Calderon's decision.

MAD DOG! A mad dog was killed in this village this week. Two or three persons were chased by him, and he ran through the streets foaming at the mouth and causing a general scattering. He was finally killed with a pick-fork. Warm weather is approaching, and all persons who have worthless, snappish dogs about the streets had better keep them in.

[Hallowell Gazette.]

COOKING FISH. A simple way of cooking a whiting, or good salmon trout, by the river: Kindle a fire of dry wood. Take your fish when just out of the water—fill his mouth with salt—roll him up in two or three folds of old newspaper, twisting the ends together. Immerse all in water until the paper has become thoroughly saturated. Then lay the fish among the embers of the fire. When the paper presents a well charred appearance, the trout is properly done, and will prove a savory and acceptable morsel. The fish, I may observe, must not be cut open or cleaned. During the firing process, the intestines and other impurities will draw together, and not in the slightest degree injure the flavor of the trout.

BLUSHING HONORS. Titles never wear out in this country. A militia-captain for a year, is a captain even in his epitaph; and so with all the Reverends. Degrading and unbecoming are powerless to destroy the title.—How ridiculous this sometimes appears may be illustrated by the following from the Providence Journal:

A Calumny Refuted. It was reported in some of the papers that the Rev. Mr. Hardy was keeping a gambling-house in San Francisco. The Lowell American contradicts this slander, and says that the reverend gentleman is now in jail at Lockport, on a charge of bigamy!

