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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1851.

NO. 45.

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E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

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TERMS.
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If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

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POETRY.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY GEO. D. THURTELL.

'Tis holy time. The evening shade
Seals with a soft control
O'er nature, as a thought of Heaven
Steals o'er the human soul;
And every drop of falling dew,
Seems to bring down to human woes
From Heaven a message of repose.

The mist, like incense from the earth,
Rise to a God beloved,
And o'er the waters move as erst
The Holy Spirit moved;
The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn,
Seem the fair notes of seraphim,
And all earth's thousand voices raise
Their songs of worship, love, and praise.

O'er yon tall rock the solemn trees
And shadowy groups incline,
Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed
Around their holy shrine;
And o'er them calm the night winds blow
So still and low, the music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer
Soft echoed in the midnight air.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers
Bend low their lovely eyes,
Or gaze through trembling tears of dew
Up to the lofty skies;
And the pure stars come out above
Like sweet and blessed things of love,
Bright signals in the eternal dome
To guide the parted spirit home.

There is a spell of blessedness
In earth, and air, and heaven,
And nature wears the blessed look
Of a young saint forgiven;
Oh! who, at such an hour of love,
Can gaze on all around, above,
And not kneel down upon the sod
With nature's self to worship God!

POPULAR READING.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A most important event had occurred in the family of Mr. Pillsbury; an event, long looked for with strange and doubtful feelings. Mr. Pillsbury, in his station, hardly knew what to do with himself; and Mrs. Pillsbury was so happy that she did nothing but smile all the time. She would have laughed outright at least a dozen times an hour, so exceedingly joyful did she feel, had it not been for a certain grave-faced, matronly personage, whose business it was to see that she did not get over-excited about anything, and thus endanger her health. But we are getting no nearer to what we are trying to say, than when we began. So we have to come bolt out with the truth, in plain, understandable English, and tell the reader that Mrs. Pillsbury had a baby. Being the first baby that had appeared in the family, of course it was the dearest little darling that ever blessed a mother's delightful eyes.

What a sensation did the little stranger's advent create! What new hopes and feelings were awakened! How the minds of the parents enlarged with higher views of their responsibility in life! They had never been so happy; had never regarded each other with so tender a love as now pervaded their bosoms. An hour, and sometimes, two hours earlier than usual, would the father return from his store in the evening, and for no other reason than to gratify the desire he felt to see the baby. He was far more punctual at dinner time than he had been, and rarely ever went out at night. Before the baby came, Mr. Pillsbury had acquired rather a bad habit of spending his evenings away from home.

The first few weeks that succeeded the baby's appearance, was Paradise in his peace and joy; and there is no telling how long this delightful state would have remained, had not the questions been daily asked by new and old visitors—

'What's its name?' 'Haven't you named the baby yet?' 'How do you call the little dear?' And so on in a hundred varied ways.

'Name it William,' said one. 'Call it Edward,' suggested another. 'Oh! Ferdinand is such a beauty of a name; call him Ferdinand,' urged another. And so it went on, until almost every christian and unchristian name in the whole catalogue had been brought forward.

But, of all the names that had been offered or suggested, to her own mind, only one was considered by the mother as worthy of her baby. As for your common, unmeaning, Johns and Henrys and Peters, she could not tolerate them. Mr. Pillsbury had different views.

'Give the child a good plain name. One that he will never be ashamed of as a boy or a man. William is an excellent name; so is Henry; so is Edward; and so is Alfred. In fact, there are dozens of names, any one of which will sound as musical as a flute in a week's time.'

But Mrs. Pillsbury shook her head in a very positive manner at all these suggestions. No vulgar Dicks, Toms, Bills, or Neds for her. On this subject she was, I am sorry to admit, very rude, at times, to her husband. If she didn't say outright, she thought—'I reckon his my baby; and I'll have some say in naming it. The same' proved, in the end, to be all the 'say.'

'Not by any means,' said the lady, drawing her lips firmly together. 'I speak the words of truth and soberness. I wish him named King Crabtree, after our dear, good pastor.'

'Horrible! Horrible! Crab-tree—King! Why not call him Catamount, or Snapping-turtle at once, and be done with it? Oh no, no, no! I'll never give in to that—never!'

Mrs. Pillsbury had but one answer to make to this—but one weapon with which to fight her battle. A plentiful shower of tears came gushing over her cheeks, and turning her face from her husband, she commenced grieving and sobbing most piteously. Poor Pillsbury felt that the odds were against him. He already saw his beautiful boy with the mill-stone, King Crabtree, hung about his neck, and his heart sunk within him. As for the parson, he had never been one of Mr. Pillsbury's favorites. In fact, he had little faith in him. But, in the eyes of Mrs. Pillsbury, and the major part of the ladies of his congregation, he was little less than a saint. Already some half dozen urchins had been christened King Crabtree, and there was a fair prospect of a dozen more being blessed with the same beautiful name.

Well, the father stood out as long as a mortal could well endure the various influences brought to bear upon him. At last he withdrew his positive refusal to have the baby named after the good parson—he never would give his consent—and the christening took place.

It was a long time before Mr. Pillsbury could say 'Crabtree,' although he heard the word sounded in his ears as often as fifty times a day. The best he could do was to 'King' the little fellow, and that went terribly against the grain; but the child grew hourly more beautiful and interesting to the father, and by the time he was three years old, he almost forgot the un-musical name he bore, and could say 'Crabtree' with the rest, and feel no unpleasant jarring of his nerves.

As for young King Crabtree, he had no fault to find with any one on the subject of his name during the years of babyhood, nor for a certain period of time after the days of jacket-and-trowsers came. To him, Crabtree was as good as any other name, and a little better, for it meant himself, and he entertained for himself, quite naturally, we must admit, a particularly good opinion. But, as his mind began to understand the meaning of words, and, moreover, began to come in contact with boys at school, he was made sensible that there was something wrong. One sharp-witted lad called him, in a deriding way, 'Crab'—another dignified him with the title of 'Parson Crabtree,' and a third cried after him, as he passed homeward from school, 'Hallo there, Mr. Lander!' Grieved are we to record the fact, but it must be told—young King Crabtree Pillsbury had not fully attained the age of seven mature years, when he scandalized the name of the good parson after whom he had been called, by using the carnal weapons of fists and feet in kicking and cuffing a young chap a year older than himself for calling him 'Crabapple.'

'Oh, Crabtree! Crabtree!' exclaimed the grieving mother, when she learned the fact, what will our good parson say, when he hears this of you. You who bear his name! Oh! it is dreadful!'

'Served the young rascal right!' muttered Mr. Pillsbury, aside. 'Glad he's got some spirit in him. Hope the parson will hear it.'

As for Crabtree himself, the reproach of his mother did not make a very deep impression, as was plain from the fact that, while she talked, he kept jerking his head over his left shoulder in a threatening way, and saying—'He called me "Crabapple," so he did! and I won't stand it! The boys are always calling me names, so they are.'

'What do they call you?' asked the mother.

'Why, they call me "lobster," and "crab," and "Parson Crabtree," and everything.'

'Just as I expected. Confound the name!' grumbled Mr. Pillsbury, in a low voice: not so low, but that the words reached the ears of his wife, who cast upon him an offended look. As soon as they were alone, she tried to read him a little lecture, but he broke the ceremony short off by declaring that Crabtree was an awful name, and would curse their child thro' life.

'Beelzebub is nothing to it,' he added by way of making his denunciation emphatic.

There was no way to meet this but by the old denier method of tears. As soon as Mr. Pillsbury saw the approach of these, he made a hasty retreat.

Long before Crabtree attained his twelfth year, he was known as the most fiery young belligerent in the town. It took a boy who could bear to stand a good blow, or one far over the size of this pugnaious lad, to venture upon the experiment of saying 'crab,' 'lobster,' or 'parson' within reach of his ears.

'I'm sorry to hear bad accounts of you, my lad,' said Parson Crabtree to the boy, in the presence of his mother.

Crabtree hung his head and bit his finger nails.

They had little or no provocation. With half as much to provoke them as Crabtree suffered, they would have doubled their fists with the most hearty good will.

Yes, the error was dimly seen. But, by the time King Crabtree reached his fifteenth year, it was seen far more clearly. For some time previously a few 'enemies' of Parson Crabtree, as they were called, had hinted at certain scandalous things, most disgraceful to the minister and the church. Once the parson had boldly demanded of his congregation that said allegation should be investigated; but his friends in the church said, that no one who knew him asked for such a thing; and, moreover, they prudently enough concluded, that the least said about a charge like the one preferred against the parson, the better. And so all remained quiet for a time.

But, the 'enemies' of the parson continued to grow bolder, and to gain daily in numbers. Things of a scandalous and wicked nature were boldly alleged to have been done by the clerical gentleman; and hints of an intention to cite him before the civil courts were at length thrown out. The good people of the congregation could no longer shut their ears to what was passing. Common decency required them to sift the matter to the bottom; and so the lending and official men were called, the parson cited to appear, and witnesses, said to know of his delinquencies, called in and examined. Some pretty hard stories were told by some of the latter; but, as they were generally based upon what Mr. or Mrs. Such-and-such-a-one said, the eloquent parson, by virtue of his peculiar oral abilities, backed by tears at pleasure, succeeded in making it believed that he was a basely persecuted and deeply injured man. He was fully acquitted of the evils laid to his charge.

This was a great triumph to the parson's friends. Still, the tongue of scandal was not hushed. Fretted at this, threats of prosecution for defamation of character were thrown out; but these did not produce the silence expected. Two or three members of the congregation, who took the matter most seriously to heart, were actually about instituting proceedings against one of the basiest of their minister's defamers, when the whole town was electrified by the news that Parson Crabtree had been cited to appear before one of the civil courts to answer for crimes of a most heinous character. What these crimes were, or, at least, a part of them, delicacy forbids us to state. But they were minutely detailed in evidence before the court, and spread in newspaper reports, all over the country. The position of Parson Crabtree, not only as a preacher of the gospel, but as the author of one or two religious books, made him a conspicuous object to all. There was not a newspaper reading man, woman, or child in the whole country, who did not become familiar with his name and the offences charged against him. The trial lasted for weeks, during which time the public mind, everywhere, continued to be greatly excited. At last, the court summed up the evidence, and the case was left with a jury of twelve men, four of whom were members of the parson's own congregation. In ten minutes a unanimous verdict of 'guilty' on all the charges was found; though the wretched criminal, under the influence of a false humanity, was recommended to the mercy of the court. Upon this recommendation, however, the court did not see that it was right to act. The position, standing, and influence of the culprit, rather increased than lessened the guilt of his offences. He was, therefore, sentenced to pay a certain amount of damages, and to be imprisoned at hard labor for the term of three years.

At the age of sixteen, the son of Mr. Pillsbury was sent to college. He entered as K. C. Pillsbury.

'What do these initials represent?' asked president, on receiving the lad, and making a minute of his name. There was a slight hesitation, and then the boy replied—

'King Crabtree.'

'Indeed! Ah! I'm sorry you haven't a better name. I suppose you were called after that rascally parson who flourished in your town so many years?'

King said yes, though he was sorry for it.

'Of course it's no fault of yours, my lad,' returned the president encouragingly. 'And as long as you have to carry the name about you, let it be your business to redeem it from disgrace.'

This was a much harder task than the president supposed, at the moment he made the suggestion. A name once disgraced, and in a public and scandalous manner, cannot be redeemed in a single generation; often not in ages. It was soon known among the students that the new comer's name was King Crabtree. Some said he was the parson's nephew; and others declared that he was actually the parson's son. Certain little persecutions followed, that fretted the boy's temper, and made him so unhappy that, in six months he went home, and stubbornly refused to return to college. His parents, who intended him for one of the learned professions, were greatly troubled at the perverseness of their son's temper. But, neither threats, remonstrances nor persuasions were of any avail. He remained firm to his declaration. Daily he was becoming more and more morbidly sensitive to the disgrace attached to his name; and rather than bear for a month longer what he had suffered at college, he would go before the mast as a common sailor. It made not the slightest impression on him for his mother or father to say—

'Don't be so weak and foolish, King—even they had dropped the Crabtree—Be more manly.'

But young Crabtree knew where the shoe pinched; and felt the slightest pressure thereon as painful.

About this time a good opening occurred in a shipping house in the town. A clerk had been sent out as supercargo, thus leaving a vacancy in the establishment, which the partners were desirous of filling with a smart, intelligent lad. The situation was a most desirable one, and some friends of Mr. Pillsbury suggested to him that it was just the place for his boy, and said they would speak to Mr. Green, the principal member of the house, if he desired it. The father was much pleased at this prospect, and so was his son when he heard of the place. Mr. Green was accordingly spoken to on the subject, and said that he would like to see the lad. So King was sent to the store.

'You're a fine looking lad. And so you would like to be a merchant?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well—let me see. What is your name?'

The color mounted to the boy's face, as he half stammered out,

'King Crabtree Pillsbury.'

'King Crabtree. Hum—m—m. Rather an unfortunate name.'

The boy remained silent. Mr. Green sat and thought for some moments. Then he said—

'Very well, my lad. I will think about you. There are half-a-dozen applicants for the place, and we will not decide about it for a week.'

The boy departed with a weight upon his feelings. He was satisfied that he would not get the place.

'I've seen Mr. Pillsbury's son,' said Mr. Green, on meeting, shortly afterward, one of the individuals who had interested himself in the boy's favor.

'Have you?'

'Yes.'

'How do you like him?'

'Fine, smart looking boy; but he has a dreadful bad name.'

'Bad name! I never heard of it. Who says so?'

'Himself. Do you want a worse name than King Crabtree?'

'Oh!'

'It may be prejudice; and, probably is; but I couldn't have any one about me with that name. Besides, I understand the boy's mother is a distant relative to the old rascally parson after whom she called her child.'

'I never heard of that.'

'I reckon it will be found true. Be this, however, as it may; I can't take the lad. I never could like him nor trust him with that name, and it's no use to try the experiment. His parents had better have drowned him at the christening.'

Mr. Pillsbury never guessed the reason why Mr. Green did not take his son; but King Crabtree understood it fully. For a year the unhappy boy loitered away his time, and then, almost in despair, accepted a place as mail-packer in a printing office, at a dollar a week. But he did not stay long in this situation. Some light remark about his name, caused him to assault a small lad in the office, and this caused his dismissal. Disgusted and disheartened with everything, the poor lad next set his heart upon going to sea. This was opposed until opposition wore itself out. Then he was permitted to go on board a vessel trading to South America. On the first voyage he behaved himself so well, that the captain took him for his clerk, in which capacity he sailed three times to Rio and back. During the last voyage home, one of the men took occasion, several times, to be rude to Crabtree. Repeating this rudeness in a more aggravated form than usual one day, the young man caught up a handspike, and in the heat of the moment, knocked the sailor down. The blow was heavier than Crabtree intended to give, and the result more disastrous than he expected. One of the sailor's arms was broken, and he was severely bruised by his fall over a piece of wood that lay on the deck.

As soon as the vessel arrived in port, the sailor made complaint against Crabtree, who was arrested and placed on trial. The prosecutor made out a very clear case, and the young man was found guilty of the assault charged. The court ordered him to pay five hundred dollars damages, and to suffer an imprisonment of sixty days.

'Were this not your first offence, King Crabtree Pillsbury,' said the judge, in passing sentence, 'your age, and the provocation alleged to have been received, would have inclined the court to visit your conduct with a lighter penalty. But though young in years, you come before this court as an old offender. In the hope that you may be led to change your evil courses, I give you sixty days imprisonment as a time for sober reflection.'

This piece of advice was acted upon by Pillsbury immediately. The Legislature being in session, he sent up a petition, and in less than four weeks he was plain John Pillsbury. From that time he felt like a new man, and when he wrote his name, he did so without the sense of disgrace that had for years haunted him like a blasting spectre. He became more cheerful and companionable, and more confident as he looked into the future. In a year or two, he became mate of the vessel, and, in a few years afterwards, on the captain's retiring, was elevated to his place. About this time he was married. On the birth of his first child, the young mother had a fancy to name the boy after an uncle for whom she had a warm affection, and proposed to call him Lloyd Erskine.

'No, no,' said the father, most positively, 'let it be Tom, Dick, or Harry, just as you please. Any plain, common name is good enough, and will carry him safely through life. But I wouldn't call a child of mine after the angel Gabriel.'

'Why not?' innocently enquired the wife.

'Simply because, if the angel Gabriel were to fall and disgrace his name, my boy would have to bear a part of the stigma. No—no. Never name a child after anybody; for all are human, and therefore liable to fall into evil. Arnold was once thought to be an honorable man; and, during this period of his life, some relative or friend may have called a child after him. If so, how deeply disgraced must second-hand bearer of the name, Benedict Arnold, have felt through his whole life. No—no. Let it be plain John, William or Edward, as you fancy; but nothing more.'

And so the child was called John Pillsbury. We will simply remark, in conclusion, that unlike his father, he was never ashamed of his name.

THE DUEL.

BY DR. WILLIAM ELLER.

From the commencement of our Revolution till the year 1815, a period of forty years, England was engaged in war, without any intermission. These wars were with the thirteen colonies, or United States, France, Spain, Holland, the French Republic, Bonaparte, and again with the United States, sometimes singly, sometimes with several of these nations at once.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815. That year the army of England amounted to three hundred thousand men; and in 1845, although she had enjoyed thirty years of peace, her standing army was still one hundred thousand strong.

In time of peace one would think that such a host of soldiers could not be required for any purpose, and they probably are not, but it is the policy of such governments as that of England to keep as many men in the public service as possible. To say nothing of other purposes, it is easy, in an army of a hundred thousand soldiers, to have four or five thousand commissioned officers, who generally belong to the class of gentlemen—a class that is found to furnish the most useful and the most submissive slaves to those who feed them. The most useful, because, being well-born, well-educated, and well-connected, they are very capable in themselves, and very influential with others; and most submissive, because they are so well paid, and have no other service than public office which it suits them to accept.

The army of England is crowded with officers who enter it merely as a trade or profession, by which they may get a living. A horrid business it is, indeed, to undertake to do any killing of men anywhere that the government may command, without asking any questions, or knowing or caring whether it is right or wrong! But so it is, when rightly understood; and yet we must not be surprised, if we find, once in a while, a man too good for such a trade engaged in it, for it is generally thought honorable, even the most honorable of all professions, and but few stop to inquire if it is also right.

My story will introduce the sort of man that is an exception to the rule.

To be perfectly candid with my readers, I must inform them that I have forgotten the names of the persons that I am to tell about. The precise place where it happened has also escaped me, but I am sure that it was somewhere in Ireland; and the exact date is gone, too—but I know that it was after the 1815, and before the year 1835, for that was the time when I heard it.

The general peace of Europe, which followed the fall of Napoleon, released the army of England from foreign service; after reduction to about one-third of its former number, it was distributed among the military stations within the kingdom and provinces. A large number of the surviving officers of the field of Waterloo were garrisoned in Ireland. They were generally men who had seen hard service, and had earned their honors and offices in the battle field; but a considerable number of new men received appointments through favor of their wealthy and powerful friends, and came among the veterans with commissions in their pocket which gave them high rank in the army. The old soldiers, naturally enough, looked upon these raw recruits as mere upstarts and intruders. They despised them for their inexperience, and hated them for the injustice suffered by their promotion. In a profession where honor is gained by killing the country's enemies, it will scarcely be thought immoral to hate the individual's rivals and supplanters. The Apostle John says that murder and hate one's brother go together. And, taking the military sentiment for the standard of judgment, it is meant to beg or buy promotion, where other people have to fight for it. But this is done elsewhere, as well as in the British army; for the officers who are thought the most honorable are often obtained by means the most dishonorable.

The hero of my story was in this situation; and whether he deserved the judgment we have passed upon his class, or not, he certainly suffered in it full measure. He had obtained, by patronage, the appointment of Ensign, after the establishment of peace, and was quartered, with some dozen or twenty officers of Wellington's army, in one of the cities of Ireland. An Ensign is the lowest commissioned officer, and the salary, or pay, is so small, that it is a saying, 'if an Ensign has wine for dinner, he must go without supper.' Our Ensign was very poor—he was friendless, very young, and constitutionally shy.

On the other hand, the officers of the station were generally well supplied with money, and had nothing to do but spend it; they lived fast

and high, and were, by all their habits and tastes, unpleasant companions for such as he. Besides his retiring manners, there was something else in him which disinclined him to their society, and exposed him to their dislike; this was a certain air of self-respect, showing refinement and culture, and a strict propriety of language and manners, which quietly, but all the more severely, rebuked their general looseness and rudeness of conduct. They hated him for the manner he entered the army, and still worse for his personal character and demeanor among them. All this had its effect upon him also, and so the breach between them widened every day.

A certain amount and kind of courtesy he was entitled to, by the rules of the service; this they gave him, but so sharply measured out, that every salute was an affront, and every look an insult, and he might have had cause of quarrel at any moment that he pleased. It was, in fact, the settled purpose of several of these men to drive him out of the army by their incivilities, or to drive him into a duel, and so dispose of him finally.

This grew worse continually. The contempt of the older officers for the young Ensign, and his repugnance to them, increased with every meeting, until they paid no kind of respect to his feelings, and he avoided them with a caution that looked like an antipathy. The worst of all was the evident conviction in the minds of the whole garrison that he was a coward—a character most shameful in a soldier, and in any man, a weakness that renders every other virtue worthless.

Poor fellow! he was alone, friendless, and without a dollar in the world, but his monthly pay. With these beggarly circumstances he was a scholar and a gentleman, with feelings rendered over-sensitive by high culture and recent misfortune. But his chief impediment was a conscience—a religious sense of right, which left him no liberty to relieve himself or mend his prospects by any means which the highest morality forbade. He suffered much every way, and most of it all he endured for 'righteousness sake.' Of course he had the strength and nobleness which such a sentiment bestows; but it is easier to do great things than to bear little ones. St. Peter was not afraid of the soldiers in the garden, but he was ashamed of his Master in the Judgment Hall. To bear disgrace, and shame, and scorn, to stand quiet under suspicions that drive one out of society, for the sake of a principle which nobody believes or respects—this is cross-bearing.

Our young hero occupied the position of a soldier and a gentleman, with the character of a coward and a slave! It was a bitter cup, and his enemies kept it constantly to his lips.

One day he received an invitation, as a matter of course, to dine with the General in command, who had just arrived at the station. A meeting with his brother officers promised him no pleasure, and he was personally a stranger to the General, who knew nothing of him but by report of those who despised him. He managed to arrive at the latest allowable moment and he contrived to procure a seat at table next to the General, who, both as his host and superior officer, was bound to afford him protection from the insolence of the company.

I need not say how the dinner hour passed with him. Totally silent and neglected, except for the necessary notice of the General, the time, so full of pleasure to the company, wore away heavy and painful to him; but he was contented to escape rudeness, and made indifference comparatively welcome.

After the cloth was removed, the wine circulated, the company drank freely, the mirth grew loud, and the presence of our young friend was nearly forgotten, until a circumstance of a startling character brought him into notice. The General suddenly cried out, 'Gentlemen, I have lost my watch—I had it in my hand ten minutes ago, but it is gone! A painful suspense instantly followed; every man exchanged glances with his neighbor, until at last every eye settled with suspicion upon the young Ensign. Who but he, of all the company, could be guilty of such a crime? Besides, he was, perhaps, the only man near enough to the General to effect the theft. Such thoughts as these were in every mind—they left not a shade of doubt. The miserable wretch was caught at last; and there was as little pity as respect felt for him.

'Shut the door,' shouted the Colonel of the regiment, 'let no man leave the room. The watch is among us, and it concerns every man present to fix the guilt where it belongs. I propose that a search be instantly made, and let it begin with me.'

'By no means,' interposed the General. 'It shall not be so. No gentleman is capable of such an act. A hundred watches are not worth the impeachment of any gentleman's honor. Say no more about it. It has no special value above its price, and I care nothing about that.'

'But, General,' said the Colonel, 'the watch is in the room. One of us must have it, looking sternly at the young Ensign, "and the rascal must be driven from the station. We cannot have a pick-pocket among us, and we cannot consent to leave it a moment in doubt who the wretch really is. There is no fear that the shining will fall on any unexpected place. We must finish the fellow now, and be done with him.'

The Ensign sat steady, motionless, but pale as death. Every eye was fixed upon him, and to every eye the signs of guilt were perfectly clear. The General had no doubt of it, and he was the more anxious to prevent the search on this account; but he was overcome, and submitted. A few minutes sufficed for the examination of every one present, till it came to the Ensign, who was left purposely to the last.

'Now, young man,' said the Colonel, turning and advancing towards him, 'now, sir, it is your turn; his face looking perfectly savage with scorn and hate. "The watch, sir, without a word or a moment's delay!"

But a terrific change had passed upon the long-suffering, patient boy. He sprang from his seat with a scream as wild, so fierce, and so full of agony, that every heart stood still a moment with surprise. In that moment he had planted himself against the wall, drawn his sword, and taken the attitude of defence.

Instantly the Colonel crossed swords with him in furious combat.

'Hold! peace! arrest them!' cried the General, and sprang forward himself to prevent the affray. At the first step, the watch rolled on the floor! He had missed his job, and now the watch fell from his concealment in the violence of his movements. The company was electrified. The conduct of the Ensign was inexplicable! He had braved destruction, risked his reputation, and perilled his life, on a point of honor too nice for his superiors to feel; and he had insulted and defied them all in one breath, and there he stood, justified and victorious before them!

It was too much to bear, for they were too much excited to understand it. Their determination was taken, and the company dispersed with resolutions set and purposes inflexible. The General seized the opportunity to apologize to the Ensign for the unhappy mistake which led to the quarrel, and requested him to call upon him that evening at a late hour.

Our hero was scarcely in his own room till the Colonel's challenge was presented to him. Without a moment's delay, he answered the second who brought it: 'I will not accept this challenge to mortal combat. I am opposed to the duel in principle, and I will not be driven from my sense of duty. You all know what I have already endured rather than revenge or defend myself by taking life. I think you have done your worst, but if not, I am prepared for it. I am my own master, and will not allow any man to dictate my opinions as a matter of right, or compel me to conduct which my heart and head condemn.'

'Sir,' replied the second, 'you have seen fit to include me among the men who despise you, and you are right in that opinion. Let me tell you that cowardice and conceit, covered with preaching and canting, will not protect you. You have grossly insulted every gentleman in the garrison, to whom you were odious enough before, and you must either give them the satisfaction which the code of honor approves, or you must leave the army. Be assured of that.'

When he met the General that night, and informed him of the challenge, and his refusal, that officer shook his head and looked at him sadly and earnestly, if not doubtfully.

'My dear young friend,' said he, 'I am afraid it won't do. These men will not be satisfied with an argument, and it is plain that you are not the man to make an apology while convinced that you are right, nor do I believe that they would accept anything short of your resignation. You have somehow got the ill-will of the whole corps, and to-night you affronted them mortally. I am sure you cannot know how sharply your conduct and language touched them, and your triumph only aggravated the offence. And now, your refusal to accept the Colonel's challenge is, under the most favorable construction, an attack upon the code by which military men govern themselves towards each other. I see no escape. Fight you must, or your challenger will heap upon you such personal indignities as will make your life intolerable, or drive you into violence, which will amount to the same thing as accepting his challenge. I saw that in your eye to-day which convinces me that you are as brave as Julius Caesar. Yes, I saw something there braver than mere physical courage, and I felt its superiority; but, you cannot convert the world and reform the army soon enough to answer your own ends, and you must submit to its rules, or be driven from it in disgrace. I honor your principles for I understand them, but you cannot maintain them.'

Our hero's reflections that night must be left to imagination. The difficulties which surrounded him, the compulsions that were upon him, can be known only to those who have been tempted and tried to the utmost, with the world and their own necessities against them.

In the morning he accepted the challenge. Having the right to choose the weapons, he named the small-sword. When the Colonel heard this, with a touch of feeling, which all his bitterness could not quite extinguish, he said: 'Does the moth know that he is fluttering into the flame?' The second answered, 'I told him that you are reputed the best swordsman in the army, and begged him to choose pistols, which would give him some chance of equality in the fight but he declined. In fact, I don't know what to make of this young fellow—like the sword he has chosen to fight with, he is so limber, and yet so elastic and mettlesome sometimes; he is such a mixture of Methodist, male and madman, that I cannot make him out. And, Colonel, he is not a light bargain, either, for anybody. It seems to me that you were making nothing of him, yesterday, when the General interfered. The fellow actually stood up handsomely, and made very pretty play with his weapon. To tell the truth, I'm beginning to like him a little, and I feel sorry that he must be disposed of in your peculiar way.'

The Colonel muttered, grimly, 'If I must kill the rascal, I'm glad he shows sound pluck and capacity in the business; I don't want to be a boy-butcher.'

The next morning, at early sunrise, they met on the field of honor.

When the ground was prepared, and the champions stood armed and ready, the Ensign suddenly lowered his sword point, and addressing his antagonist, said: 'Sir, I am here under compulsion, merely. I do not consent to this practice. To me it is as absurd as it is wicked. It settles no right, and it redresses no wrong. Let me say, then, that if my patience has given way under my persecutions, and I have, by a hasty word or act, justly offended you, I am willing to retract. What is your complaint?'

'Young man, I came here not to preach, but to fight. I came here not to confer with you about nice points in casuistry, but to punish your impudence; but, if you have no relish for that, I will spare your life, on condition that you leave the army—take your choice.'

The Ensign's answer was prompt and firm. 'You will have it so—I am guiltless,' and the fencing began.

The seconds and witnesses had never seen such a display of skill, and they never dreamed of such a result. In five minutes the Colonel was disarmed, and at the mercy of the insulted and outraged boy!

Heated by the struggle, and excited by the imminent peril and bloody bitterness and fury of his enemy, he turned from him somewhat haughtily, with—I have taught you a lesson in sword-play, and now I will set you another, you need even more—an example of moderation in success.'

The Colonel's mortification and rage seemed to know no bounds.

I accept no favors from such a canting, phrase-making sentimentalist—such a mere fencing master—such a trickster, and conjuring sword-player as you are, the Colonel burst out through his grinding teeth. 'You know well what you were about when you chose these toys to play tricks with. If you have a sentiment of honor left in you, let me have pistols. I tell you this quarrel is not made up. I will not have my life at your gift. You shall take it, or I will take yours. The quarrel is

to the death, and there is a blow to clinch it; striking at the Ensign in a transport of passion, which he avoided with equal coolness and dexterity.

The seconds interfered, and then the spectators cried shame; but it was clear enough that blood must flow before the parties should quit the ground. The Ensign's second, carried away by the excitement, urged him to accept the new challenge on change of conditions, for he despaired of any other adjustment.

'Will nothing satisfy this madman but my life?' said the young officer, deeply agitated. 'You have made him mad,' said the second, 'and there is nothing left for it but a fatal issue. You have the right to refuse, having already spared his life, and I will sustain you, but I do not advise it, for it will be unavailing in the end.'

'I have gone too far,' replied the Ensign, sadly, 'too far from the line of strict principle, to recover it now. I cannot any longer say that I am opposed to fighting; I have broken down that defence by yielding to an expediency which I thought a safe one. Oh, it's horrible! I did not dream this morning that I might die a fool's death to-day.'

'You will accept the offer,' hastily interposed the second; 'you must be a good shot, with such an eye and hand, and such self-possession as you have shown to-day. If your pistol matches your sword, you cannot miss him, and, upon my soul, he deserves it, and I say let him have it. You accept.'

The Ensign stood silent. The ground was measured, the pistols prepared, and the combatants stationed. The word was given. One—two—three. The Colonel's pistol was discharged at the instant, and the Ensign stood untouched. He had reserved his fire, and had the right now to take deliberate aim. Steadily he raised the deadly weapon till it bore point blank upon the Colonel's heart, and then it rested a minute in terrible suspense; not a nerve quivered, not a limb trembled in either, and the spectators held their breath hushed as the death they waited for. But suddenly wheeling, the Ensign marked a post in a different direction, at twice the distance of his antagonist, and, pulling the trigger delivered his ball in it breast-high. It was a centre shot, and instantly fatal if a living man had stood there. The next instant, throwing down the pistol with decision that could not be mistaken, he cried out: 'I will go no farther in this wicked folly. If there is nothing else left for me but murder or submission, I will submit.'

The grandeur of his position was too striking now to be mistaken or denied. The Colonel was the first to acknowledge it. Twice within the hour he owed a life to the magnanimity of a man he had so much abused. That man stood now vindicated, even by the hard laws of war and honor; he was neither trickster nor coward. Possibly the Colonel felt something of the higher nobility of the young man's principles, but I will not be sure of that. He found him brave and generous, and that was enough, without looking deeper for the hidden springs of the nobler life within him.

Advancing to him, he offered his hand, apologized freely for all his misconduct, acknowledged his misconception of the character which he had put to so severe a trial, and added that he was willing to owe his life to 'the bravest man he had ever met, either as friend or foe.'

'Brave!' said the young man, with the color mounting to his cheek and brow. 'Brave! Colonel—pardon me—Heaven pardon me—True bravery consists in refusing to fight altogether. But I have betrayed a principle which I should have valued more than life; I have risked my life—not for that principle, but to satisfy a caprice; I am the miserable hero of a miserable falsehood, instead of the martyr of a great truth. I have lost confidence in myself, and men's praises only mock me.'—[Friend of Youth.]

PHILOSOPHY OF LOAFERISM.—A New Orleans correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says:

Happening in at one of the Recorder's offices the other morning, I heard a short chapter on the philosophy of loafing, which was worth relating. A stout bodied man, about 40 years of age, whose features bore the traces of the cares and adversities of life, stood at the bar to answer a charge of vagrancy. Being asked what he had to say for himself, in answer to the accusation, he replied, 'well, yer honor, I is as no more a vagrant than yerself, or anybody else. I sees fine dressed gentlemen loafin' about the corners, and in all the bar-rooms, without any occupation, and why doesn't the police officers arrest them. Now, yer honor, it isn't proved here that I am not worth thousands. Yer honor knows that the richest men's sons never does nuffin but loaf, and them that's not got a cent lives just as well as them that's got a plenty, only, you see, they don't keep up the same style. The difference is all in the dress; the officers never takes a well dressed man for a loafer, and yer honor shouldn't make any difference between a fashionable loafer and a man what doesn't foller the fashions. But it's all owing to a bit of gentility, yer honor; for there's jist as many rich men's sons what graduate at colleges as am real vagrants and loafers, as them that never sees the inside of one. If I only had on a fashionable suit, there the prisoner looked at his worn and tattered garments, exposing a hole in the elbow of the remains of a coat, I knows yer honor would discharge me at once. The only charge against me is, that I doesn't wear fashionable clothes; and I'm sure yer honor is not goin' to send me down for that, because if ye is, ye can fill the workhouse in an hour, by jist makin', a grab at the dirty, ragged loafers what stands out in the crowd there, lookin' at me now.' The philosophy of the poor loafer only raised a laugh, for he was committed, notwithstanding what might have been the inward conviction of the truth of his remarks on the mind of the Recorder.

A MODEL DUN.—The Stockton (California) Times, recommends to all his friends the following form of a dunning letter. It was sent by a San Francisco lawyer to a Stockton townsman, and is a curiosity in its way:

SAN FRANCISCO, Friday, March 7, '51.
MY DEAR SIR: Send me if you please, without any delay, \$700, the balance of our fee for professional labors in your service, at Stockton, in December last. You were kind enough to mention the first day of February past, as the day on which you would settle. If you can't send \$700, send \$600; if not \$600, then \$500; if not that, \$400, or \$300, or \$200, or \$100, or \$50, or \$25, or \$10, or \$5.

I haven't a dollar to pay my board, to buy a hat, a pair of boots, or to have my ragged coat mended, and scarcely a quarter to take a drink with. Nobody will lend me, or pay me, or trust me; and it is too cold to sleep out o' nights. As to paying my debts! I might as well try to drink all Stockton drunk and keep sober myself!

To speak seriously, I am hard up, and now is your time if you want to do me a service.

COMFORT FOR HOMEY WOMEN.—Beauty, says Lord Kaimes, 'is a dangerous property,

tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.'

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...MAY 29, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

A. B. LONGWELL, 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 Scollay's Building, Court St., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTINGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State 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.

The "Bloomer Dress."

In dress, as in government, the delay of needed and rightful revolution only accelerates its progress when the first step is taken. The tyranny with which fashion enforces the prevailing rules of female dress is more fatal to physical liberty than was the tyranny of England to civil freedom in '76. Where are the pledges of the Magna Charta? Inquired the champions of freedom. Where is the healthy vigor of our grandmothers? Inquire their puny and degenerate offspring. The climate—the food—the luxury—the tobacco—the rum—the medicine—every thing under the sun, and every argument ever thought of is seized and offered as an apology for this vasting generation; while every intelligent man and woman under the broad canopy knows full well that the root of the evil is the tyranny of fashion. Fashion transforms women to wasps, and their offspring to monkeys; and while the world admires, every mouth is stopped. Reason protests, but every ear is deaf. Philosophers in taste may point out the beauties of the natural image of God—if one can be found—but every eye is blind, so long as fashion commands that they see not. Contract the lungs, fetter the heart, displace the ribs, distort the spine, load the hips with an unnatural weight—and fashion protests there is no harm in all this! Ask the doctor what proportion of his business originates in these abuses? His daily bread tells him that an answer is useless—that the rule of fashion is omnipotent.

Once break the spell, and how greedily the drowning grasp at straws! Touch the true spring of reform, and how rapid the revolution! We believe the revolutionary ball is in motion. The new Turkish or 'Bloomer dress,' will in a few years be our national female costume. The wish may have given birth to the belief, but we hazard the opinion. There are reasons why this should be the result. Common sense has been outraged till public opinion demands a remedy. A single individual made her appearance in the improved costume only a few weeks ago, and her example is already adopted in every section of the country. Ladies of position and of high social position have appeared in it on public occasions, and with such manifestations of approbation as must commend their example to all who seek comfort or admiration. Gentlemen of taste everywhere admire its simple beauty, and its convenience and economy render it a decided advantage to the wearer. The long, flowing, expensive, ungraceful, unnatural, inconvenient and unhealthy dresses, that have so long distorted, maimed, distressed, and even killed the American women, must inevitably yield to the improvement. It has already appeared almost everywhere but in Waterville, and we hope to see it here soon. Multitudes will adopt it the moment the ice is broken—and those who aid in breaking it may boast of it to their grandchildren. We are daily looking for the appearance of the tunic and pants in our streets.

RAPID TRAVELLING.—Geo. Wilshire Esq. of Cincinnati, stepped into our office on Thursday noon, with Cincinnati daily papers of the Monday previous—having travelled, with his family, 1175 miles, between 6 o'clock Monday morning and 11 o'clock Thursday morning. He stopped one hour in Buffalo, 12 in Albany, 2 in Boston, and 2.30 in Portland. His conveyance was by boat to Buffalo, thence to Boston by cars, where he took the boat to Portland, and arrived in season for the morning train to Waterville. The average speed for the whole distance was about 20 miles an hour. What a nice business for a Congressman! who would receive about \$500 for three and a half days ride, at an expense of some twenty-five dollars.

'Why is the Prince of Wales like a cloudy day? Because he is going to reign.' Exactly—and why is he like a thunder-cloud? Because he may go to thunder with his reign, for nought we care.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN WATERVILLE.—We are glad to learn that efforts are in progress to secure the erection of a small chapel on the Plain, for the worship of the Catholics. Mr. Gasper Pooler and Mr. James Perry, both of whom are said to be honest and worthy men, are entrusted with the raising of funds.

We heartily commend the enterprise to the benevolent and the liberal minded, of all sects and classes. A large number of families, who are permanently located among us, are deprived by their honest convictions of duty, of the privileges and benefits of public worship. The consequence must necessarily be a loose regard of the Sabbath and a growing neglect of the fundamental duties of our religion. That a church of their own would tend to their moral and mental improvement, is the only point

to be settled, and of this we can hardly suppose there will be a doubt. The undertaking is one that would greatly improve that section of our village, and we heartily commend its movers for their efforts. Let those connected with other sects see that 'the Greeks are at their doors,' and the charity which is the basis of their religion will tell them what to do.

The Railroad.

MR. EDITOR:

In a recent number of your paper an examination was made of the actual business of the road for six months, ending Jan. 1, 1851, the number of tons of freight and number of passengers transported between the several stations on the A. & K. Railroad and the several stations on the A. & St. L. Railroad, and an exhibition of the division of the receipts therefrom between the two companies, under past arrangements between them. From that it appeared that while \$69,272 42 was received from the connecting business for the six months, the A. & K. Railroad, 54 miles long, received \$38,367 48, while the A. & St. L. Railroad, 27 miles long, received \$30,904 34. At the last meeting of the stockholders a committee was appointed, among other things to make such an arrangement with the A. & St. L. Railroad Co. for the division of the receipts from the connecting business as would be just towards this road, and also to settle with them in reference to such division for the past. For it should be remembered that the Directors of that road have always stated that when satisfactory arrangements were made, they should relate back to the time when this Company notified them that they desired a revision of the contract, which was in May, 1850.

In the number of your paper alluded to, the proceedings of our Committee were published. I propose to examine their proposition, based upon the actual business of the roads for the period aforesaid.

The proposition of the Committee provides that each Company shall transact the business originating or terminating on its respective road, such as loading and unloading freight, selling tickets, collecting bills, and keeping the accounts. It provides that the A. & K. Railroad Co. shall furnish and man all the cars, both passenger and freight, for the connecting business, while on the A. & St. L. Railroad, and take all ordinary risk of both freight and passengers while in the same. The freight cars going to and from the A. & K. Railroad to be hauled by the A. & St. L. Railroad Co., in connection or attached to their trains. The passenger cars belonging to the A. & K. Railroad Co. for the connecting business may be hauled in connection with their trains, provided they should run their trains at times that would be convenient for the business of the A. & K. Railroad Co. If this should not be so done, the A. & K. Railroad Co. might request and have their trains run between the Junction and Portland by an engine to be furnished by the A. & St. L. Railroad Co., and under their control as an express train.

This last provision it is believed is plainly called for; for it must be remembered that the proposition was made to extend three years. Within that time the A. & St. L. Railroad will have been opened through, or extended far beyond its present terminus westward; while the A. & K. Railroad, by the completion of the new Portland Railroad, will be subject to much more competition for passengers than at present. Provision should therefore be made for the utmost promptness and dispatch in forwarding the passengers between the Junction and Portland. If the A. & K. Railroad Co. are to be compelled to wait the movements of the A. & St. L. Railroad, which has no competition, in leaving Portland to come East, or to wait at the Junction for the trains to arrive from a point an hundred miles distant on that road from the west, its business, on certain portions of it, might be greatly injured, if not destroyed. This reason doubtless induced the Committee to insist on this provision. Nor is it an unusual one. Most of the trains of branch roads connecting with trunk lines leading into Boston, are and have for a long time been run as express trains over the trunk road by a special engine.

There is one other provision, that the A. & St. L. R. R. Co. shall deliver in the cars at the depot of the P. S. & P. R. R. Co. in Portland, all passengers and freight going west of Portland, and receive in the same way both passengers and freight coming from the west of Portland and going on to the A. & K. R. R. This provision is nothing new, nor does it go far enough to comply on their part with a promise made by the Directors of the A. & St. L. R. Co. to this Company, or to the original stockholders of this road, as long ago as the 16th Dec. 1846. They should have gone further on this point. The A. & St. L. R. Co. are bound morally by virtue of that original undertaking of theirs, not only to connect themselves with a road going west of Portland, but to relieve this Company from any burden or extra charge for loading or unloading freight going west by railroad, by reason of a break of gauge.

But the provision most distasteful to the Directors of the A. & St. L. R. Co. is manifestly that which relates to the division of the receipts. All the rest were minor matters. Having been accustomed from the beginning to have the lion's share, it is undoubtedly hard for them to surrender even what is just. The division proposed by the Committee is as follows—

The gross receipts from all freight and fares from said joint business shall be divided as follows, to wit:—The A. & St. L. Railroad, being 27 55-100 miles in length from Portland to the Junction, shall receive one third of all such gross receipts, deducting therefrom 13 3-4 cents for each ton of freight, and the like amount for each passenger, transported from one road onto the other road, being one half a cent per mile for passenger and one half a cent per ton for freight, for said 27 55-100 miles, for the use of cars furnished, and risk assumed as aforesaid by the A. & K. Railroad Co. And the A. & K. Railroad Co., being 54 68-100 miles in length from the Junction to Waterville, shall receive the other two thirds, together with the amount to be deducted as aforesaid for the use of cars and risk.

In order to determine whether this division of receipts is just, let us examine it in refer-

ence to the actual business of the road for the period above stated, as giving a fair exhibit of its operations for the year, and see what each corporation would receive respectively, and then examine and consider the labor and expense each would be at in transacting its share of the business, in accordance with the provisions of the above proposition.

In six months 31,714 passengers and 13,489 tons of freight were transported from one road onto the other. From the passengers \$41,798 41 were received, and from freight \$27,474 01, or \$69,272 42 in the whole—one third of which, to wit, \$23,090 80, would belong to the A. & St. L. R. Co. after deducting the sum allowed the A. & K. R. Co. for use of cars and risk. That sum would be, 6,215 40; which deducted from 23,090 80, leaves 16,875 40, as the receipts of the A. & St. L. R. Co. from the six months business, and 52,397 02 would be the receipts of the A. & K. R. Co. for the same period; or \$33,750 80 for At. and St. L. R. R. Co. for a year, and \$105,794 04 for the A. & K. R. Co. for a year. From such a division the At. and St. L. R. R. (27 miles) would earn \$625 01 per mile of road for the six months; and the A. & K. R. R. (54 miles) would earn \$970 81 per mile of road for the same period. The At. and St. L. R. R. Co. would receive for every passenger carried on or taken off of their road, a fraction over 30 cts. each; and for every ton of freight a fraction over 54 cents. And the A. & K. R. R. Co. would receive a fraction over one dollar for every passenger; and a fraction less than \$1.50 for every ton of freight.

Such, Mr. Editor, are the results (and this is what the stockholders want to know) of the proposition of the Committee for the division of receipts, based upon the business of the last six months of the last year.

While the A. & K. Railroad have no right to ask, nor have their committee desired, the A. & St. L. Railroad Co. to take such a division of the receipts of the connecting business as will oblige them to do that business for nothing, or at a loss. They have a right to insist, and do insist, that if the profits of the business are small to them, (the A. & K. R. Co.) they shall be proportionally small to the A. & St. L. R. Co.

Let us now see what expenditures the last named Company would incur in transacting their portion of the connecting business in the manner provided in the proposition of the committee, even if required to run the passenger trains between Portland and the Junction as express trains with a special engine. The two trains between the Junction and Portland would require 108 miles daily to be run, which is the labor of one engine. Each engine attached to a passenger train on the A. & K. Railroad runs 108 miles daily, and it is presumed the same labor might be performed between the Junction and Portland. Now, what does it cost per annum to run a locomotive daily 108 miles, or 33704 miles during the year? The items of cost for the year, derived from the reports of various Railroad Companies for the last year, and among others the A. & St. L. Railroad, together with interest on its cost, is as follows:

An Engineer.	720
Fireman.	360
Repairs, 4c 8m per mile,	1619 79
Oil,	313
Waste,	47
Wood,	2327 89
Int. at 12 per cent on cost, 7500	900
For supply of water,	150

Total for one year 6685 59
or 3,317 54 for six months, the period over which our examination extends.

It is not perceived that the A. & St. L. R. Co. would be obliged to employ any additional officers to run the trains between the Junction and Portland, since the same men who run the train of the A. & K. R. Co. would be on the train between the Junction and Portland. The only remaining items of expense to be examined are the loading and unloading of freight, keeping books and collecting bills of the same, and the sale of tickets and keeping account thereof. In the six months alluded to, 13,481 tons of freight were borne from one road onto the other. That quantity, excluding what is loaded and unloaded by the owners, is to be loaded and unloaded by the A. & St. L. R. Co. At the Boston depot of the Worcester Railroad in 1850, the whole freight was there loaded and unloaded, books kept and bills made and collected, for 12 1-2 cts per ton. On some other roads the same service has been done for 9 cts. Considering how much of the freight to and from Portland is loaded and unloaded by the owner, it is believed 10 cts per ton would be ample. Thus we have for the six months—

Expense of locomotive,	3317 54
Loading and unloading fr't,	1348 10
In all,	4665 64

The only direct expenses to be incurred by the A. & St. L. R. Co. for six months, leaving the sum of 12,209 76 of their receipts, or 24,419 52 per annum, to pay for service of selling tickets, &c., hauling freight cars in connection with their own, wear and tear of road, and interest.

Examine, now, the other side of the case. For the six months the A. & K. R. R. Co. would receive 52,397. From this deduct 27,000 at least (which on inquiry is found to be the lowest figure) for expenses of running the road in the time, will leave that company 25,397 or 50,794 for the year for interest on cost of road. Such a division, it is believed, no candid man will consider other than just and equitable. The proposition of the committee was to relate back in the division of receipts to May 1, 1850. From that time to May 1st, 1851, there would be due to the A. & K. R. R. Co., according to the division prepared by the Committee, some 26,000. Since their meeting I am informed the Directors of the A. & K. R. R. Co., notwithstanding the subject was committed to the committee by the almost unanimous vote of the stockholders, have undertaken and have settled

with the A. & St. L. R. R. Co. for this past claim on a basis that will oblige the A. & St. L. R. R. Co. to pay back about 6,000 only, out of the sum (26,000) above indicated as due according to the terms on which the committee proposed, and they have extended their arrangement to the first of July next. This new contract between the two roads provides for the running of the trains of the A. & K. R. R. Co. in connection with the trains of the A. & St. L. R. R. Co. as they are under the old contract, and for the transaction of the business of the two roads in the same manner as heretofore. The A. & St. L. R. R. Co. are to receive for each passenger carried between the Junction and Portland 50 cts. and 2 cts per mile for passengers landed or taken at intermediate stations. On freight a pro-rata division is made according to the distance hauled by each, with 2-3ds of a cent per mile allowance to the A. & K. R. Co. for use of cars.

In the six months, the business of which we have examined above, there would be a little over \$3000 difference in favor of the A. & K. R. Co. in the division of receipts from passengers, and something over 1000 in favor of the same Co. in the division of receipts for freight,—a sum not sufficiently large to be the subject of much dispute among the stockholders, if the terms are just in themselves. How well satisfied the stockholders will be with the arrangement of the Directors, will be seen when they shall be known and understood.

KENNEBEC.

Mr. KELLOGG, the well known Back-eye Orator, will speak upon temperance, at the Baptist Meeting House, to-morrow (Friday) evening.

Augusta and Bangor Railroad.

A meeting, attended by the citizens of the towns between Augusta and Bangor, was held at State Street Chapel in Augusta, Thursday, May 15th, to consider the subject of a railroad from Augusta to Bangor, via Vassalboro', China, Albion, Unity, &c. The meeting was called to order by Gen. Marshall of China, and F. A. Butman, Esq. of Dixmont, was chosen chairman, and B. A. G. Fuller, of Augusta, Secretary.

The report of the Engineer, who has recently made a survey from Augusta to Unity, was read. The advantages of the route are presented in a very favorable light. From a point on the contemplated Somerset road, five miles from Augusta bridge, to Unity, the expense of the Bangor road is estimated at only \$10,385 per mile.

Speeches were made by Ex-Gov. Anderson, of Belfast, Hon. Reuel Williams, of Augusta, and others. It will require only twenty miles of road to connect Belfast with this road at Unity.

The Committee appointed at a meeting of citizens relative to a Railroad to Augusta, via China, &c., to present the facts in relation to the proposed route, make the following statement:

The prominent advantages to be gained, are these:—

By the proposed route the distance between Bangor and Portland is less than by any other route 15 miles.

The route follows the former survey of the Kennebec and Somerset road to the north line of Augusta, 5 miles.

From the north line of Augusta to Unity, the route is more level than any other proposed route—the highest grade to the mile being but 20 feet.

The least radius to any curve is 8,500 feet. The cost of the road per mile only \$10,385. The distance from Augusta to Unity 31 miles.

The length over which the Somerset and Kennebec road might pass on said route without material increase of distance, 12 to 16 miles.

The distance from Bangor to strike said Somerset and Kennebec road, 47 to 51 miles. The distance from Unity to Bangor is 32 miles.

This part of the route is mostly very level, the highest grade, and that in only one place, being 40 feet.

The whole route passes through a populous and active business community, viz: Augusta, Vassalboro', China, Albion, Unity, Troy, Dixmont, Etna, Carmel, Hermon, and Bangor, and best convenes the interests of the public generally.

By the adoption of this route a saving would be made in the construction of a road from the Penobscot to the Kennebec, of from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

A road from Belfast, over an easy route, could intersect this at a distance of 20 miles. All which is respectfully submitted.

JESSE SMART,
BENJ. A. G. FULLER, } Com.
ALFRED MARSHALL.

INQUEST.—

