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## LIFE UPON A RAILROAD.

There is an old saying that the friendship of a dog is better than his ill-will, and for many years, in my capacity as a railroad conductor, I have found the above to be true to the letter; but mind, I am not saying that I have no enemies. I undoubtedly have a few, and I don't think there is a man that lives but has more or less. A little kindness now and then to the many needy ones a conductor will find almost every trip over his road, will not be lost, and he will, in many cases, find his bread cast upon the waters a return for itself. Yet he must use a great deal of judgment in bestowing his charity upon even those he thinks entirely worthy of such bestowal. I will, in connection, relate a little incident by which a little kindness saved my life, and the lives of all the passengers on board my train.

The western division of our road runs through a very mountainous part of Virginia, and the stations are few and far between. About three miles from one of these stations, the road runs through a deep gorge of the Blue Ridge, and near the centre is a small valley, and there, hemmed in by the everlasting hills, stood a small, one and a half story cabin. The few acres that surrounded it were well cultivated as a garden, and upon the hillside there lived a widow and her three children, by the name of Graft. They were, indeed, united in the old charities of the world. I doubt much if they ever saw the outside of their own native hills. In the summer time the children brought berries to the nearest station to sell, and with the money they bought a few of the necessities of the outside world.

The oldest of these children I should judge to be about twelve and the youngest about seven. They were all girls, and looked nice and clean, and their healthy appearance and natural delicacy gave them a ready welcome. They appeared as if they had been brought up to fear God, and love their humble home up to the top of the mountain. I had often stopped my train and met them at their home, having and left them get off at their home, having found them at the station some three miles from home, after disposing of their berries.

Had children at home, and I knew their little feet would feel that it would be a home with these fatherless little ones. They seemed so pleased to ride, and thanked me with such hearty thanks, after letting them off near home. They frequently offered me nice, tempting baskets of fruit for my kindness, yet I never accepted any without paying their full value.

Now if you remember, the winter of '54 was very cold in that part of the State, and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountains.

On the night of the 26th of December of that year, it turned around warm and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible storm swept the mountain tops, and almost filled the valley with water. Upon that night my train was winding its way, at its usual speed, around the hills and through the valleys, and as the road bed was all solid rock, I had no fear of the banks giving out. The night was very dark, and the wind moaned pitifully through the deep gorges of the mountains. Some of my passengers were talking in a low voice, to relieve the monotony of the scene. Mothers had their children upon their knees, as if to shield them from some unknown danger without.

It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger by that whistle, and sprang to the brake at once, but the brakesman was not at his post, and soon brought the train to a stop. I seized my lantern and found my way forward as soon as possible, when what a sight met my gaze! A bright fire of pine logs illuminated the track for some distance, and not over forty rods ahead of our train a horrible gulf had opened its maw to receive us!

The snow, together with the rain, had torn the whole side of the mountain out, and eternity itself seemed spread out before us. The widow Graft and her children had found it out, and had braved brush from their home below, and built large fires to warn us of our danger. They had been there for more than two hours, watching beside that beacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and children stood, drenched through by the rain and sleet, she grasped me by the arm and cried:

"Thank heaven! Mr. Sherborn, we stopped you in time! I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I prayed to Heaven that you might stop the train, and cry God, I thank thee!"

The children were crying for joy. I couldn't don't very often pray, but I did then and there. I knelt down by the side of that good old woman, and offered up thanks to an All-Wise Being for our safe deliverance from a most terrible death, and called down blessings with some number upon that good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, firemen and brakemen, the tears streaming down their bronzed cheeks.

Immediately prevailed upon Mr. Graft and the children to go back into the cars out of the storm and cold. After reaching the cars I related our hair-breadth escape, and to the passengers to go forward and see themselves. They needed no further urging, and a great many ladies went along, their pale faces gave full evidence of the frightful death we had escaped. The ladies and gentlemen stood with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude toward Mr. Graft and her children, and assured her that they would never forget her, and before the widow left the train she was presented with a purse of four hundred and sixty dollars, the voluntary offering of a whole train of grateful passengers. She refused the proffered gift for some time, and said she had only done her duty, and the knowledge of having done so was all the reward she asked. However, she finally accepted the money, and said it should go to educate her children.

The railroad company built her a new house, gave her and her children a life pass over the road, and ordered all trains to stop and let her off at home when she wished. But the employees need no such orders, they can appreciate all such kindness—more so than the directors themselves.

The old lady frequently visits my home at H—, and she is at all times a welcome visitor at my bedside. Two of the children are attending school at the same place. So you may see that a little kindness cost me nothing and saved my life.

**ANALYSIS OF FOOD.**—A Quebec chemist has recently published the result of a chemical analysis of some of the articles of consumption sent to that city by "New York." In Crosse & Blackwell's pickles, which bear the label "no sulphate of copper," he did not find this salt, but sulphate of iron instead. In a cherry wine, he discovered an immense quantity of salt. In green tea, he found copious quantities of lead, and in the best quality of stout he found prussiate of iron and other chemicals to the extent of one-fifth of its bulk.

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1860.

NO. 37.

## The Peck Defalcation.

The report varies the amount but little from that given on the 27th of January. Instead of \$94,073.24, it is accurately stated as \$94,028.90. Mr. Peck himself says:

I have been accustomed from my first connection with the Treasury, to loan the State's money in large and small sums to some of my bondsmen and to others, who from time to time solicited aid from this quarter.

I had not got warm in my seat as Treasurer of the State, before I was urgently importuned by some of my bondsmen and others to loan the money of the State, and for this reason,—that I could in this way add to my income from the office; other treasurers had done it, and it was generally known that all treasurers would do it. This, at least, all public men of all parties knew full well.

The report is classified under appropriate heads.

**The Canada Speculation.**—The witnesses who testified concerning this transaction were Dudley T. Leavitt, George M. Weston, Theophilus Cushing, Abner E. Halliwell, and George R. Smith. After reconciling and collating, as far as possible, the somewhat discrepant statements of these gentlemen, it appears that in 1857, Leonard Jones and Abner E. Halliwell, of Bangor, corresponded with Edwin Scallan of Industry Village, Canada East, to purchase of him timber limits on the Assumption river. Leavitt became interested in the project, and in 1858 he sent an explorer to ascertain with Weston about the speculation as early as June, 1857, and Weston became interested in the enterprise. Soon after Halliwell procured from Scallan a refusal for the interest of Halliwell, Leavitt and Jones, Weston became a partner, and thus there was a partnership of four in the "refusal" of this great purchase. There was almost no capital in the whole deal. Leavitt testified to the Committee: "As to capital, I had none; we did not rely on Weston to furnish any, Jones could not command much means; Halliwell could have made the first cash payment, if he had been so disposed. It was not understood, however, among us, that Halliwell would for that rest of us could, furnish the capital. Here the enterprise hung, these hopeful gentlemen on the lookout for somebody with money, who would help them out of their scrape. The lucky discoverer of the pigeon to pick was Mr. George M. Weston."

In July, 1858, he was informed, as he testified to the committee that "Mr. Peck had three, four or five thousand dollars which he would like to invest in lands." Just then, by a remarkable coincidence, Weston had letters from Leavitt and Halliwell, extolling the Canada lands, and with his accustomed modesty, he says he "broke the matter to Peck," painted the advantages of the scheme, interest.

Peck, who soon had an interview with Halliwell, and was willing to go in and be squeezed. Scallan demanded \$5000, immediately, and Peck gave Halliwell two official checks for that amount. Halliwell got one check cashed, and \$15,000 of Leavitt's notes, payable in 1860, 1, 2, 3 and 4, for \$3000 each, and went to Canada and bought the property for \$20,000. The verbal agreement was, that as Peck was all the moneyed man in the concern, the title should rest in him alone, and the other parties were to be secured by papers from him. He made the fifth partner, and Mr. Theophilus Cushing of Frankfort, an experienced lumberman, was made the sixth partner who was to participate equally in the profits, and to have \$1800 a year for managing the property. The agreement was, that after Peck was reimbursed, each partner should receive one-sixth of the net profits. An obligation to this effect was given by Peck to each of the partners. Thus they owned permits to cut timber on 266 square miles of land on the Assumption river, 60 miles from its confluence to Canada, and a mill-site and an old mill 15 miles from the St. Lawrence, and three from Industry Village. The risk and cost of running a lumber mill over the Assumption rapids, and the high cost of land transportation, induced the company to erect a mill on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and in August, 1858, Peck, Leavitt, Cushing, and Halliwell went to Canada and made arrangements to erect a new steam mill with capacity to manufacture five millions of lumber in a year, and altogether cost the aggregate of \$82,673.60.

Up to this time not a dollar had been furnished by anybody but Peck. Not one of the lot pretends to the contrary. Halliwell, in his testimony says: "I don't know of a cent furnished by Smith; I don't know, and have not supposed that either Weston, Leavitt or Cushing furnished any money; my understanding was that Peck furnished all the money." Weston declares that he sent his notes to Peck "in whole batches, being perfectly willing to risk the notes if the banks that discounted them were." These notes were endorsed by Peck, and either renewed when due or paid from the State funds, by drafts directly on the Treasury funds.

The Paulk Lands and Smyrna Lands were made the basis of another operation. Leavitt and Weston bought of G. S. Boynton certain lands, for which they paid \$15,000—\$2,000 of which was in cash, and \$13,000 on mortgage; the \$2,000 nominally furnished by Weston, but as he himself acknowledges, really advanced by Peck. With \$2,000 thus paid, and \$16,000 still due, Leavitt and Weston gave their notes for \$20,000, secured by a second mortgage. Peck thought he could raise \$12,000 or \$15,000 on these notes. Leavitt and Weston testify that the lands were sufficiently valuable to redeem every dollar for which they were sold by Boynton to Leavitt, and that the low price for which they were sold was no index to their value, inasmuch as Boynton considered himself under obligations to Leavitt for past favors, and treated him accordingly with liberality.

These shifts were resorted to, hoping that by July, 1859, lumber would be manufactured and sold. As has been seen, this was not to be. And as according to agreement if each did not pay his proportion of money within three months, all claim to the ownership was forfeited, of course the five besides Peck were in a bad position. If Peck knew his power, had the pluck to execute it, he could have received their proportion of the purchase money, and thus have secured himself, or would have been, by the terms of the agreement, sole owner of the Canada property.

To avoid the danger of a foreclosure by Peck, Leavitt and Weston got Peck to convey the whole to Smith and Halliwell, in trust,

and he took Smith and Halliwell's notes for \$15,000. From this time, Aug. 23, Weston, Leavitt and associates had placed the Canada property beyond Peck's control, and were no longer in danger of forfeiture of their interests there, according to their agreement. From the date of this transaction the financing of these hopefuls became more reckless. Some \$30,000 or \$40,000 of the Treasurer's official checks were negotiated by Leavitt within three months, from September to December, 1859. A very remarkable feature in the case is that all five of Peck's associates declare they had no idea they were using the money of the State, and yet they all acknowledge that they supposed Peck possessed of small means, and also, they knew that the first payments were made with official checks on official funds.

Thus Dudley T. Leavitt, A. R. Halliwell, George M. Weston, Theophilus Cushing and George R. Smith now own the Repealing land permit, after paying some attachments on it, and it does not appear that any one has paid for it but Peck. He has allowed himself to defraud the State for the benefit of these speculators.

This seems to be the sum and substance of the Canada Speculation, which was the first and chief cause of the Treasurer's defalcation. Peck loaned to his bondsmen, all of whom except D. E. Somes, M. C. from York, and Mr. Dow, have paid him. Mr. Dow, has nearly paid, and will fully. Somes is hopelessly insolvent, and cannot pay, \$10,700.

**Peck's dealings with the Banks.** The Committee blame those bank officers, who discounted money to Peck, on his credit as State Treasurer, knowing him to be not responsible for any considerable amount on his own account.

The Norumbega Bank is said to have had transactions with the Treasurer of the most disreputable character. The cashier, George R. Smith, and D. F. Leavitt are said to have been the managers.

At one time he had \$16,308 of them. And in one instance, at least, Peck's balance on his treasury books was made good by a certificate of deposit, which he obtained for one day only, at the Bank, the President remarking that it was probably obtained for that purpose. The books show all along a series of discrepancies, "inconsistent with the honesty of either Peck or Smith."

The Mechanics' Bank, Portland, State Bank Augusta, Augusta Bank, Augusta and Market Bank Bangor, are all blamed more or less severely for their dealings with the Treasurer, and for inflating his credit, and thus stimulating him to greater misdeeds.

**Treasurer's Paper Discounted by Private Parties.** Geo. H. Shirley, Wm. R. Porter, Walter Brown, and J. Wyman are said to have had sharp dealings with Peck as brokers, and the committee recommend that Brown should be held to restore \$1832.39, and Wyman \$2675, obtained when they must have known that Peck was a defaulter.

**Was Money Used for Political Purposes?** The Committee asked this question of every witness, and received but one answer from those of all parties. Peck denies that he ever gave a dollar, in any manner, to assist the election of Somes, Foster or French. On this point Col. G. W. Stanley, J. S. Pike, F. A. Pike, L. C. Cowan, M. F. Emery and others were interrogated, and the Committee say they have been unable to find that a single dollar has been used by Mr. Peck, directly or indirectly, for election purposes.

**What has become of the Money?** The entire deficiency of Peck is \$130,026.24. He owes the State \$94,028.90; Mr. Palmer of Portland \$5000; Norumbega Bank, \$8000; Traders' Bank \$7000; Suffolk, \$1575.24; in Canada \$9000; Mechanics' Bank \$900; Biddleford City Bank, \$500; Files and Emery \$1000. Peck explains this deficiency by the following disbursements: Canada operation, \$2,673.60; loaned to D. E. Somes, \$10,700; loaned to Neal Dow, \$11,500; "expenses" in 1857, \$1260; do, in 1858, \$6885; do, in 1859, \$16,680. He says that 2000 of the "expenses" in 1858 went for interest and exchange; and that the "expenses" of 1859 were as follows: Contributions to benevolent, political and other objects, \$20; paid on my house, \$2000; expenses of living above salary, \$1500; repairs on house and furniture, \$600; interest, exchange and traveling expenses, \$600; horses and carriages, \$400; making \$16,680. Pretty well for a salary of \$1600? The reason why Peck charges the Dow loan against the disbursements is because, he says, Dow has property of his equal to the amount of the loan, and the rest of the "expenses" must cover some interesting items if they could all be known.

**Who is Responsible for his Defalcation?** The Committee very justly report that the bondsmen of 1858 should be held responsible for the deficiencies of that year, namely, for \$14,152.39, for rightfully and morally he was a defaulter to that amount at the close of that year, though technically he escaped by dishonestly raising the wind.

The Committee are assured by Peck that he has not \$300 in the world, and they have no evidence that he has any means whatever, notwithstanding he finds it impossible to account for \$11,527.24. It is a remarkable obliviousness that cannot explain the whereabouts of this large sum, or be more particular in defining what is the nature of his expenses. The deficiency of Peck to the State for 1859 was \$94,028.90. But from this latter sum should be subtracted, as belonging to the bondsmen for 1858, \$14,152.39, and the sum (\$80,000) paid by Mr. Dow, and the \$707.89 due from J. Wyman, Neal Dow, Walter Brown, Mechanics' Bank, leaving to the bondsmen of 1858, \$14,152.39, and leaving to the bondsmen of 1859, \$62,068.71.

The bondsmen responsible for the above sums are for 1858, Neal Dow, E. Carter, Jr., J. Dyer, Allen Haines, Thomas Abbott, J. B. Cummings, S. C. Chase, S. F. Hersey, W. Brown, C. O. Fanning, H. Hill, Michael Schwartz, C. D. Gilmore.

The Committee recommend that the State should proceed by law if necessary to collect as above specified.

The Committee are sure that the honorable gentlemen whose names are on Peck's bonds will pay every dollar for which they are holders.

It is declared that Mr. Dow must suffer pecuniarily, in all, \$25,000.

An exchange says a wretch, in the form of a man, was a few weeks since, introduced to a lovely and confiding girl of sixteen. He pressed her hand, and said, in a thrilling tone,

that he thought the "recent cold weather" had rendered the ladies more lovely than ever. She blushed and said, "very." Her parents considered the matter as settled, but he basely deserted the young lady, after addressing this pointed language to her, and has never called at her house since. We are glad to learn that her friends have taken the affair in hand, and caused the monster to be arrested in a suit for breach of promise—damages laid at six thousand dollars. The scandal will be caustic in future how he trifles with the affections of young ladies, and breaks in fragments their lovely hearts.

## Scenes in a Slave Prison.

Dr. Day, in his account of his escape from confinement in a Missouri prison, where he had been for months confined under a false charge of inducing slaves to run away, tells a plain unvarnished tale of the brutalizing effects of slavery upon a large number of our white population as well as the negro race. We give a few extracts illustrative of the interstate slave trade.

A day or two after, another slave trader, of the firm of White, Williams & Co., of Weston, quite extensive dealers in human flesh, but, I believe, as kind and humane as men can possibly be in that trade, brought in a fine specimen of a man, twenty-five years old, strong, muscular and intelligent, a blacksmith by trade, for whom eighteen hundred dollars had been paid. His name was George, and he was from New Market, where he had been working two years for a man who had never given him a dime for his services, he having paid for his clothing during that time by working on Sundays and holidays.

This trader took the handcuffs from George when he got him into the jail, and reproved him for a remark he had made to his former master, which he said displayed a very improper and unchristian feeling. It was, "I hope to meet you at the bar of a just God, before you are sent to hell."

Very early one morning a yellow man was brought in, who said he had been kidnapped from Kansas in the night. As he stood weeping, the picture of despair, with his wrists hand-cuffed across each other, he said to the man who brought him, and who it seemed had bought him of the kidnappers, "I told you I was free; and I am, or ought to be, as free as you are. I've got my free papers in my pocket."

Without a word, the trader put his hand into the poor man's pocket, and pulled out a tin case five or six inches long, opened it by removing the lid, took out the papers which proved that he was entitled to his freedom, read them, tore them up, and threw into the stove. And that man was driven south that very night with a large gang of slaves.

Some of the slaves brought in from the neighboring plantations told me that the slaves in Platte county were whiter than anywhere else, and consequently more sensitive and wretched; that both men and women were worked harder in the hemp-fields—were whipped often and for less cause;—that less regard was paid to the separation of families, and that they had the fear of being sold South more constantly put before their eyes than in any other State. And this was told me by old slaves, who had been in more States than one.

In the afternoon, before one of these gangs was sent off, a very dark woman was brought with quite a light colored baby. One of the traders asked the owner, likewise a trader, what he was going to do with the babe. "D—d if I know," was the reply. "I'm bothered to know what to do with it."

"We can't take it in the wagons and have it squalling all the way."

Here, said the owner to an inhabitant of Platte City, who just then came in with a boy for sale, "don't you want this thing? You may have it for twenty-five dollars. D—n it," he continued, snatching the babe from its mother's arms by the shoulder and hefting it, "it weighs twenty-five pounds! Will you take it?"

Yes, said the man, and he carried the babe off with him.

And the child was carried off amid the heart-rending shrieks and pleadings of the agonized mother.

When the slaves were brought to the jail and learned what was to be their fate, often entirely unsuspecting by them, the men would beg the traders to allow them to see their wives and children before leaving. The traders invariably promised to gratify them; their wives and children should come to the jail tomorrow or the next day; but as invariably that morning never came to the poor despairing fathers and husbands. They were generally driven off in the night, and no opportunity was allowed them to bid farewell to those whom they held dear, and whom they might never hope to see again on earth. Oh! my God preserve me from ever again witnessing such a scene of suffering and anguish as always attends the departure of a slave cohort for the South!

The chapter of King Philip of Mount Hope still lives in the hearts of the Indian braves of the Western plains. Capt. Kewell, who is stationed in New Mexico, recently attempted to surprise and capture a band of Apaches with his command, but they foiled all his efforts, and their chieftain made him a defiant speech, in the course of which he said:

"We sat by your fires in friendship, and ate of your bread; and now you come to kill us, our wives and our children. But you never can do it. Our mountain fastnesses are impenetrable. You must no longer expect us to be friendly. We have visited you in your homes, and have counted your cattle and your people. We are too smart to be caught. We do not want to be friends. You say our people; but forget that we are brave, and will have our revenge. You go out in pairs, or by threes and fours, and we will mow you down. The Indian will drive the pale faces from the land of his fathers, and more erect his cabin in the fertile valley, and the ruins of your habitations. We will not bury the hatchet again."—[Boston Journal.]

**COULD NOT HAVE THE GOSPEL FOR THE FOXES.**—That was a barrel but not so bad, an argument which the mountain member urged in the Kentucky Legislature.

A few years ago a bill proposing a premium on fox-skins was under discussion. It had been somewhat roughly handled in debate by members from the more populous regions where foxes were scarce, and Mr. L. from one of the mountain counties, rose to reply. "I

give only his peroration: 'And are we, Mr. Speaker, we of the mountain regions, not only to witness the annual destruction of our crops, but actually to be deprived by these varmints of the consolation of religion?' This woke the House up, and set it agape for an explanation. He continued: 'You know, Mr. Speaker, that we live in a rough country; that your fancy churches, your Presbyterians and Episcopalians, never send preachers among us. We depend for the Gospel upon the circuit riders of the Methodist church; and, sir, everybody knows that they cannot be induced to travel where there are no chickens, and that chickens cannot be raised where foxes abound!' The argument was unanswerable, and the bill became a law.

## Two Rules and how they Worked.

Here are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up from a paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove, playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? Let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is, Never get vexed with anything you can help."

"Are not those rules as applicable to you as to me?" inquired Fred, archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles good humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of good advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that don't require any self-denial." Fred laughed.

"But what say you to these rules?" continued Giles; "how would it work if we adopted them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They don't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better or happier, for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is foolish to vex ourselves about anything that can be helped, and it is useless to vex ourselves about anything that can't be helped. Let us assist each other to remember and obey these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to agree to anything his brother proposed, if it was only proposed good humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning, while making his preparations for school.

"What is the matter?" inquired Giles.

"I have broken my shoe-string, and it is vexatious; I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexatious, no doubt," replied Giles; "but you must not get vexed; for this is one of the things that can be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer in mother's bureau."

"But shall we not be late to school?" asked Fred.

"No, we shan't," said Giles. "We shall only have to walk a little faster. Besides, if you keep cool, you will find the string, and put it in much sooner than you can if you become vexed and worried."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor.

Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting in practice the newly adopted rules. The best was this:

The evening Giles broke the blade of his knife, while whittling a hard piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred, "so you must not get vexed about it."

"I might have been helped," said Giles, "but can do better than to fret about it. I can learn a lesson of care for the future, which may some day save a knife more valuable than this. The rules work well. Let's try them to-morrow."

The next morning, Fred devoted an hour before school to writing a composition. After he had written half a dozen lines his mother called him off to do something for her. During his absence, his sister Lucy made use of his pen and ink to write her name in a school-book.

In doing this she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on the page he was writing. Fred returned, while she was busily employed in doing what she could to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my composition," he hastily exclaimed, "looking over her shoulder."

"I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it," said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have answered his sister very roughly, if Giles had not interposed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done, and can't be helped."

Fred tried hard to suppress his vexation.

"I know it was an accident," he said pleasantly, after a brief struggle with himself.

Lucy left the room, and Fred sat down again to his composition. After a moment he looked up. "No great harm is done after all," he said. "Two or three alterations are much needed, and when I write it over again, I can make them."

"So much for a cool head and not getting vexed," said Giles, laughing. "Our rules work well."

At night Fred rode his pants while climbing over a fence. "That's too bad," he said.

"It can be helped," said Giles; "they can be mended."

"The way to help it is what troubles me," said Fred. "I don't like to ask mother, she has so much to do."

Giles proposed that he should get over his difficulty by asking Lucy to do the job for him, as her mother had taught her to mend very neatly. Fred was not at first disposed to adopt this measure. He knew that Lucy disliked mending very much, and was afraid she would be cross, if asked to do it; but at last decided to run the risk of that. They found Lucy busily employed with a piece of embroidery and quite absorbed with her work. Fred looked significantly at Giles, when he saw how his sister was employed; but he concluded he had gone most to far to retreat, and must make a bold push.

"I wish to ask a great favor of you, Lucy, but I fear I have come in the wrong time," said Fred.

"What do you want?" said Lucy.

"I am almost afraid to tell you. It is too bad to ask you to do a thing I know you so much dislike."

"You are a good while in getting at what is wanted," said Lucy. "Come, out with it."

Fred, thus encouraged, held up his foot and displayed the rent.

"Well, take them off, I will do my best," said Lucy, cheerfully.

"You are a dear, good sister," said Fred. "When I saw what you was about, I thought you would not be willing to do it."

"My uncommon suitability quite puzzles you, does it?" said Lucy, laughing. "I shall have to let you into the secret. To tell the truth, I have been thinking all day what I could do for you in return for your not getting vexed with me for blotting your composition. So now you have it."

"So much for our rules," exclaimed Giles triumphantly. "They work to a charm."

"What rules?" inquired Lucy.

"We must tell Lucy all about it," said Giles. "They did tell her all about it, and the result was, that she agreed to join them in trying the new rules."—[Merry's Museum.]

**WATCH YOUR FATHER.**—The Quakers are in the main, as every one knows, a thrifty, kind-hearted, and undoubtedly honest people; but in some of them, even as among the "world's people," love of filthy lucre will predominate. In one of their farming communities lived Friend Benjamin and his son. It was their custom to buy up cattle to fatten for sale. One day, Benjamin junior had selected a choice portion of stock from a passing drover, and was about to buy, when Benjamin senior came along.

"Father, I am about to buy these cattle; what dost thou think of them?"

"What does he ask? So much? I guess thee'll get them for less; offer him \$—, and wait till morning if he don't trade."

Friend Ben assented, made an offer in vain, went home with the old gentleman, slept, and next morning, after caring for the stock, mounted his horse to try again to buy the cattle. But on his way he met Benjamin senior returning homeward with the whole herd in question. Benjamin senior was wealthy as well as smart, he had taken an early start, and bought the lot.

"Thee will let me have my 'portion,' will thee not?" asked Friend Ben.

"No, sonny, of course not; I've bought the whole, want 'em all."

"What! Isn't that a hard trick to play thy own son? and I trusted to thee!"

"Ah, Benny, said pater familias, reprovingly, 'thee must be sharp and wide-awake; trust nobody, Benjamin; watch everybody; watch thy father, Benjamin, watch thy father!'"

Quite likely for young Benjamin the admonition was needless thenceforward.

**THE CHILDREN.**—We saw in the New York paper last week two anecdotes of childhood, which pleased us. "One was the case of a little fellow four years old, whose mother had been teaching him his letters. He had learned the names of nearly all; nine o'clock in the morning of each day being the hour of recitation. It so happened that on a certain Tuesday his mother had two female callers just as Willie was getting out his primer. The mother, of course, had to put off her boy's school exercise; but feeling a necessity laid on him, said, 'bring very conscientious, Willie lifted his stool in one hand and his book in the other, and going to a corner of the room, said to himself, 'Willie must say his lesson to himself this day.' So covering up the letters with both hands, and shutting his eyes, he repeated over all the letters he knew in a voice distinctly audible through the room. In a few minutes the book was closed, and the little fellow went to playing, satisfied that he had conscientiously gone through with duty as well as pleasure.

The other was of a different type.



## The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 22, 1860.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

## Waterville Farmers' Club.

On Thursday evening last, the members of the Club met at the house of Mr. Josiah Morrell. The President being absent, Col. I. Marston was called to the chair, and Wm. Dyer was chosen Sec. pro. tem.

Mr. G. W. Pressey gave an account of his method of raising oats on pasture land, with out manure. He does not raise oats upon his mowing fields; does not seed to grass with oats; prefers barley for this purpose. Mr. Abram Morrell gets a good "catch" with oats, by sowing about half as much grain in the acre, with grass seed, as he would for a crop of oats only. Mr. Josiah Morrell has raised 67 bushels of oats upon an acre, from 1-2 bushels of seed sown—land rich. Thinks he can get as good a "catch" with that quantity of seed per acre, as with any other grain.—Col. Marston is of the opinion that the oat crop is a profitable crop, and thinks they do not exhaust the soil so much as some suppose. He has broken up grass land, both pasture and mowing, and sowed oats two years in succession, seeding to grass the second year, and thought the land grew better, rather than worse. Mr. Berry sows a great many oats; averaged, last year, 35 bushels per acre; does not think they exhaust the soil.

The following resolution was adopted, and we hope that its suggestions will not be forgotten amid the multiplied activities of the summer campaign, but that next winter every member be prepared to add something of value to the common stock of information. This they may do, whatever the result, for while success is valuable for encouragement, a failure may be equally so as a warning.

**Resolved**, That each member of the Club be requested, and that every member shall feel himself bound to make some experiment, during the coming season, or to make careful observations in regard to some one or more subjects connected with the object of the organization, as shall best suit his situation, and be prepared to report in detail to the Club at the meeting of the next winter.

The following resolves, presented by a member, were then unanimously adopted.

**Resolved**, That during the organization of this Club, we have received, from its meetings, both profit and pleasure; and in the information we have obtained from each other, and pleasure from the harmonious and social character of our meetings; in the good we have thus obtained, we consider ourselves amply rewarded for the efforts we have made, to establish and maintain our organization.

**Resolved**, That we owe our thanks to the Ladies who have contributed largely to the interest and pleasure of our meetings.

**Resolved**, That we now part, with the determination to meet again at the commencement of another season, for a renewal of the benefits and pleasures of the past.

Voicing to meet at the call of a committee consisting of Josiah Morrell, Eph. Maxham, and Geo. W. Pressey, the club adjourned for the season—thus ending, very pleasantly, the third winter campaign of the Waterville Farmers' Club.

The Secretary requests all those holding books belonging to the Club to hand them in to Mr. Wm. Dyer, Librarian, of the N. K. Agricultural Society, that they may be registered and marked, after which they are to be loaned on call to any who apply for them.

**Brie Ox.**—Mr. Robert Tobey, of Kendall's Mills—well known at all the dinner tables of that village, and appreciated by the best economists of this place, for the excellence of the meats he sells—laughed an ox last week that weighed "on the foot" 2226 lbs.; net weight, dressed, 1556; weight of tallow, 150; hide 130. High Sheriff Bunker, of the Fairfield House, secured one of the hind quarters for his guests, weighing 322 lbs.; leaving the other for Mr. Seavey, of our Elmwood, at only one pound less in weight. This ox was eight years old, and was raised by Wm. Connor, Esq., who had worked him till about seven years old, when the male was lost, and the odd ox turned to the stall. Mr. Tobey bought him for \$125. Such oxen are rarely found, except in Fairfield; seldom slaughtered, except by such men as Mr. Tobey; and never eaten, except at such tables as those of the Fairfield House and Elmwood Hotel. Good economists buy meat of Tobey, and good livers board at the houses above mentioned.

**CADETS' FESTIVAL.**—Mr. Nye's section of Cadets of Temperance held their annual festival at Town Hall on Monday evening. The audience was necessarily limited to the parents and a few friends of the members; but, even at this time, the hall was completely filled. The Glee Club of Ticonic Division, aided by a few choice instrumental pieces, furnished excellent music; and as the young soldiers of temperance marched into the hall, each accompanied by the little Miss of his selection, and wound into thickening circles in the centre of the audience, they were received with cheers as hearty and earnest as parental love could dictate. Several persons made speeches, after which refreshments were liberally passed to all present. The children were then left to choose their own amusements, the hall of Ticonic Division, in the same building—which is also the hall of the Cadets—being thrown open for their accommodation. They gave ample ground for the parents to hope that their children would be qualified to make a noise in the world.

**EASTERN QUEEN BURNED.**—The steamer Eastern Queen, which had been recently repaired and was all ready to resume her trips between Hallowell and Boston, was burnt to the water edge, at Wiscasset, on Monday night. She was valued at \$80,000, and it is reported that there was no insurance.

## OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April has the following table of contents:—The Laws of Beauty, Found and Lost, An Experience, About Thieves, The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, The Portrait, American Magazine Literature of the Last Century, Come all Citizens! Bards Symbols, Hunting a Pass, Kepler's Pleasure Pain, The Professor's Story, Last Beliefs, The Mexicans and their Country, Reviews and Literary Notices, Recent American Publications.

The number contains some very good things, prominent among which is the Professor's account of the "event of the season"—a party at Col. Sprague's. The Atlantic is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

**OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.**—No. 68 of this cheap publication is a very attractive one, as will be seen by the following table of contents:—

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls, Irish. The Bonnie Dundee Quadrille, including 'Bonnie Dundee,' 'Katy in the Grove,' 'Over the Sea,' 'Jessie the Flower of Dumbland,' 'Jack o' Hazeldean,' 'Of a the Airs the Win can blow,' 'We're a Noddin,' and 'What's a the Steer Kinner.' Charles D'Albert.

Stolen Kisses are the Sweetest. H. Walker. Fokke Nationale. Schubert.

For so she has Wallace died. Arranged by J. T. Surroun.

By subscribing for this work, one may have twelve pages of music—large sized and handsomely printed—every week, for a whole year. It is truly a godsend for lovers of music, and especially for those of small means. Published by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau street, New York.

PETERBORO'S MAGAZINE for April contains thirty-nine articles and fifty-two embellishments, and is in all respects an excellent number. Many articles—novels—useful and pretty—will be found in its pages, and good stories abound, as usual. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

## Letter from Cambridge

Watertown Arsenal, Mass.—Capt. Rodman's Monster Harbor Cannon. His experiments upon Metals—A pleasant meeting—Dr. Huntington—A dramatic party—gymnasium—dancing school—Booth, public amusement—Mr. Sumner—Dr. Peabody.

CAMBRIDGE, March 17, 1860.

East-ling, out of winter quarters, like the hare, returns to his starting point. In recent ramblings I have walked over a bit of government ground, Watertown Arsenal; it contains about eighty acres, and lies two and a half miles from Cambridge. The present commanding officer, Capt. T. J. Rodman, of the Ordnance Department, is a very hard working, scientific man, but has evidently lived up to Dr. Arnold's advice to his pupils, and allowed his intellect various readings. It is, however, from his successful experiments in metals, that his name is destined to be a household word. Guns, constructed by his suggestions, and after his designs, are cast hollow, gradually cooled from within, so that the inside solidifies first, and a short time is allowed for the metal to cool and contract before the next layer is introduced; this method of casting guns has removed the evil of unequal strain, is a great saving of material, and by experimental proof stands repeated firings, while those cast solid, are always liable to bring about disasters like those of the bursting on board the Princeton. The monster cannon recently cast at the Fort Pitt works, Pittsburgh, and which is now being bored, was designed by Capt. Rodman. It weighs something like forty-eight thousand pounds, with a bore of fifteen inches diameter, and thirteen feet nine inches in length. The extreme length of the cannon is fourteen and a half feet. It is capable of throwing a ball of four hundred and twenty-one pounds a distance of five or six miles, and with a tolerably accurate range of four miles. It is the largest and heaviest gun ever cast, though brass pieces of greater length have been cast, but the bore of this gun exceeds by three inches any ever cast. The large guns of the mother country are manufactured of iron staves banded together. Thinking of such institutions as these, one feels, anew, the sublimity of Othello's apostrophe.

"And O! you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamor counterfeit!"

I met at this military depot, Capt. Luther Leonard, who was formerly stationed at Gasline Fort, somewhere near forty years since. Many of your readers will probably remember him. He is military Store-keeper at the Arsenal. Did you notice the hand-ome manner in which Chancellor Walworth, of New York, spoke of the military bearing of Capt. Leonard at the battle of Plattsburgh? He introduced it in a speech at the anniversary of this battle. Benton showed that Court Martials are not infallible institutions, and Calhoun after a thorough examination of the affair declared Capt. Leonard's a very bad case.

Heroic exposure does not insure an officer against the chance that an inadvertence may not become a whip in the hands of jealous brother officers.

Dr. Huntington's secession from the Unitarian ranks has given an impetus to the everlasting discussion, which like the poor is always with us—God in three or one—and we can hear or read arguments that are "as high as metaphysics will can fly" or low as literalism can crawl. All parties agree that Dr. Huntington has the gift of righteousness, and his withdrawal will certainly be a loss to the college, for granting that as much learning and more logical brains can be found, will it be as easy to find a man with such quick, untiring sympathy, with such genius for the observation of character in detail, and with such large-hearted, graceful hospitality?

There is a party coming off in Cambridge which will be *sans doute*, a pageant. Mrs. C. L., has invited all her guests to appear in some one of Dickens's characters. A young lady of piquant character, is to personate the little Marchioness with old shoes and stockings half down, another of fine stature and presence is to appear as Mrs. Dombey, etc.

The gymnasiasts, for either sex, continue to develop muscle. By the bye, when the small-pox was at its height, a full-blooded disciple of muscular character requested Dr. W., of Cambridge, in this wise—Please Sir, don't vaccinate me on the muscle.

Papanti, the dancing master, has a large class here, and his softer art may mollify any amazonian tendencies to abruptness and coarseness, that some good people believe gymnastics tend to foster.

The Boston girls are ecstatic over the expected arrival of Booth, he is a great favorite with them, and they delight to fasten their rich vocabulary of superlatives upon him. In the meantime the Circus, called by *le garcon* 'The Horse Opera,' is feeding the public with amusement.

I see, Mr. Sumner, our brilliant Northern Knight, has challenged that nondescript, The Harper's Ferry Committee, for assuming judicial functions, with power to inquire into the guilt of absent persons, and to denounce fellow-citizens as felons and traitors. Mr. Sumner embodies the healthy jealousy of a people governed by constitutional law, when he says, "such a tribunal, sitting with closed doors, with the secrecy of the Inquisition or Star Chamber, or of a Grand Jury, might in any case of crime, rush to the assistance of the grand juries of the District, or it might be of Virginia, and become in itself a Grand Inquest, with far-reaching, all-pervading process which might be employed against citizens in the most distant places of the country. Such a power would be a sword whose handle would be in the Senate Chamber, to be clutched by a mere party majority, and whose point would be in every part of the Republic."

Dr. Andrew P. Peabody whose name has been laid by the corporation before the Board of Overseers, as Plummer, Professor and Preacher to the University is Editor of the North American Review. He graduated from Harvard in the class of 1826. He is a classmate of Dr. Cazeau Palfrey, of Belfast, Me., and when he had finished his collegiate course was but fifteen. He is a scholarly man, and a very earnest and agreeable sermonizer.

The early harbingers of spring, robins and the flowers, hepaticas, and anemones, are springing up in neighboring woods.

**EASTLING.**—The poem of this title, by S. B. Beckett, of Portland, published by Bailey & Noyes, has been some time on our table, but we have not yet found leisure for its perusal. It meets high commendation from the press, and is said to be meeting an extensive sale. That accomplished writer and sharp critic, John Neal, says of the work—

"Although a remarkable poem, and well worthy of the reception it is likely to meet with, notwithstanding its great length, and occasional outlandish, or at least antiquated phraseology; clear, sprightly, unlabored, and picturesque, without extravagance or exaggeration. While passages are to be met with, here and there, of uncommon strength and beauty, which appear to have sprung up of themselves, without premeditation, like the natural growth of Casco Bay, where the wild flowers of the rocky battlements of the shore as with patches of a shattered sunset, or trailing rainbows, the narrative flows on steadily, and without interruption, with all the serene truthfulness of a well considered story. The pictures are well woven, warp and woof; and the tapestry is unrolled, now to the song of the sea breeze, and the roaring surge; now to martial music, and now to the murmuring of tree-tops over untroubled waters. The rhythm is rather old fashioned, but easy, flowing and beautiful, with here and there a trivial exception; and since the day of Walter Scott, where he broke forth in Marston, and the Lady of the Lake, with a Song of Life, while his great compeers, Wordsworth, Byron, Crabbe, and others, were content with hymning or walling their Songs of Death, overburdened with ponderous, unmanageable thought, which the people had no relief for, and were never able to understand without help, though few had courage to say so, we have had nothing, either abroad or at home, so unlike the conventional poetry of the day, as we find in 'Eastling,' with the exception of two or three, by our Longfellow, which have found their way through all the channels of life, like rippling sunshine, into the hearts of the people."

For sale at Carleton's.

**A SAD DEVELOPMENT.**—Young men seem to hurry to ruin very rapidly in the neighboring city of Augusta, and judging by the recent action of the Legislature, we should suppose that older ones felt themselves unsafe amid temptations and were anxious to move to a purer locality. A sad case has recently been developed there, the particulars of which are given by the correspondent of the Boston Herald, as follows:—

The "merchant prince" who has disappeared is a gay young man, who about eight months since, acquired simultaneously his majority, a wife and a fortune of \$27,000. He immediately ran into all sorts of extravagances. It was supposed, however, that he would not be able to run his property through, in the little town of Augusta, short of two years, and people anxious to get his trade gave him credit up to the time of his departure. The result is, some of them got stuck.

The first of last week, finding his affairs in a very deplorable condition, he immediately turned everything he could into cash, selling his stock of goods, spans of horses and splendid carriages at a very low figure; got "ticked" for all the jewelry and clothing he could without exciting suspicion, and on Wednesday hired a horse and carriage to be gone a day, and hasn't yet returned. Meantime it turns out that he has taken to himself a new wife (not his own, but that of a gentleman of Boston, and the daughter of quite a noted citizen thereof), and eloped. It is said that officers are in pursuit of them. His wife here, who is shortly to become a mother, is said to be in a state of great mental suffering.

Half the individual implicated above, has been heard from at Island Pond, where he and his guilty partner stopped at night—passing themselves as husband and wife. They left for Canada on Thursday morning.

**DO TELL!**—Mr. Wm. R. Prince, a nurseryman of Long Island, advertises cuttings from a grape vine, which the spirit of his father assures him, came from the planet Juno. One fact only leads us to doubt this story, which is, that Mr. P. only charges \$5 apiece for these cuttings. Any one must see that, for grapes from heaven, the price is ridiculously low.—Mark 'em up, William; mark 'em up, and then the story will go down.

At last we have a list of the persons on board of the ill-fated Hungarian, which foots up as follows:—drew 80; cabin passengers, 45; steerage passengers 80; total 205.

**A BIG CALF.**—A cow belonging to Mr. Geo. E. Shores, of our town, dropped a calf one day last week, that weighed 121 lbs.

We publish the following without an attempt to trim or polish it, as its farmer like garb is in better harmony than any mingling of ruffles and slogans. Those who object to its poetry may seize upon its common sense, and re-verse it more to their liking. Nobody will say it has more rhyme than reason. It came to us, some weeks ago, from the West village.

What wretched land is this, ruled by Pro-slavery power? That holds in cruel bondage three million souls or more? Is this the land for which our forefathers fought and bled—

Or the land of Liberty, of which so much is said? How absurd it is to say this is where freedom reigns, Where our fathers bled for the rights of a few men, Where Court Houses are guarded with cannon, chains, and swords, And where free State Rights are invaded by ruffian bands.

Great God! dost Thou not hear the prayers for the oppressed, These wrongs be forever endured and not redressed? How long, mighty God, shall slavery triumph and reign? How long shall those who are bound be remembered in vain?

The aggressions of slavery incite men to rebel, The result of the late insurrection who can tell? It may yet involve the States in a disastrous war, More murderous than the former Revolution by far.

The outbreak at Harper's Ferry made a great tumult, The Chief Magistrate of the State deemed it an insult, And sent troops to quell the uprising of a few men, Whose force consisted of eight less than one score and ten.

The insurrectionists were conquered, and some were slain, Brown and others Governor Wise deemed it right to arrest. Before a Southern Court for an investigation, The result of which was their fatal condemnation.

The first who was tried was Brown, a man of courage bold, Who imperilled his life in storming the State's strongest hold; His small force was insufficient the fortress to maintain, From his attempt to free the slaves was forced to refrain.

'The Union is in danger,' was once more the Southern cry, Brown was condemned a felon and for his crime must die. On December the second his execution was set, With the firmness of a saint his sentence did await.

At length the set time for his execution did come, The Sinecure of the South triumphed in his doom. Short sighted mortals; he only on the gallows dies, Friends of the slave still live and agitation survives.

Behold him with unflinching step the gallows ascend, Within a square of a double guard of soldiers pent, No sympathizing friend was allowed to enter there, His faith in God was firm, but refused proslavery prayer.

He has died a martyr to Freedom's righteous cause, For his heroism in violation of State laws, To rescue the bondmen of this enlightened nation, Where Churches meet and pray and offer their oblation.

Slavery in Kansas aroused his indignant ire, Which turned within him like a pent up volcanic fire, Ever ready to burst the darts of indignation's flame, On such as opposed his friends of Anti-slavery name.

On Kansas soil, eighteen fifty-five, he did appear, And his Anti-slavery principles did there declare, His own will and undimmed zeal for his cause, Led him to renounce all but the Gospel's sacred laws.

To break every yoke and let the oppressed go free, In the command which the Holy Statute doth decree, In his heart no premeditated murder was found, He sought to free the slaves by the railroad under ground.

Why should a man be deemed an offender, because he strives to free slaves and guard the Territories now free? Is Brown's crime more heinous than the Nation's wrong? He fought to free the slaves: the Nation—to keep them bound.

The sad tale of Kansas' troubles will again be told, The Nation's great inquiry time will yet unfold, How better ruffians prowled her plains un molested, And some freed men they murdered and some arrested.

The Nation's rulers on the outrages did not frown, But sat an arm'd guard to fight the free State men down, Who on those murderous gangs were on the gallows hang'd.

Or arraigned for violating the laws of the land? The sad tale of Kansas' troubles will again be told, The Nation's great inquiry time will yet unfold, How better ruffians prowled her plains un molested, And some freed men they murdered and some arrested.

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The Nation's rulers on the outrages did not frown, But sat an arm'd guard to fight the free State men down, Who on those murderous gangs were on the gallows hang'd.

Or arraigned for violating the laws of the land? The sad tale of Kansas' troubles will again be told, The Nation's great inquiry time will yet unfold, How better ruffians prowled her plains un molested, And some freed men they murdered and some arrested.

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MISCELLANY.

BUCKLE'S BELIEF.

The following poetic *jeu d'esprit* appears in the (English) *Dial*.  
Of the great, let no man chide—  
Of the great, let no man chide—  
Of the great, let no man chide—

I believe in fate and water,  
And in fate, Dame Nature's daughter.  
Conscience, that's the soul's ally,  
The dissecting knife's my guide.  
I believe in steam and rice,  
Not in virtue, nor in vice;  
In what strikes the outward sense,  
Not in mind, nor Providence;  
In a stated course of crimes,  
Would I were known to the Times.  
As for Truth, the ancient lost her;  
Pig was a great impostor;  
Morals are a vain illusion,  
Leading only to confusion;  
Not in Latin, nor in Greek,  
Let us for instruction seek;  
Let us watch the kangaroo,  
And on fossils fix our eyes.  
Would we learn what we should do,  
Let us watch the kangaroo.  
Would we know the mental march,  
It depends on dates and starch.  
I believe in all the gases,  
As a means to raise the masses.  
Carbon animates ambition,  
Oxygen controls volition;  
Much that's good and great in men  
May be traced to hydrogen;  
And the body, that the soul  
Governs the stupendous whole.

THE GHOST OF A PRIEST INTERRUPTS THE MASS, AND ADDRESSES THE CONGREGATION.—A remarkable story is current in Pittsburg, and other parts of Western Pennsylvania. It possesses the elements of the wildest romance, but is religiously believed by very many persons. We give it as it was told to us, without, of course, indorsing the occurrences as actual facts.

About two weeks ago, in the village of Lafayette, in Western Pennsylvania, a solemn mass was performed in the Roman Catholic Church, for the repose of a deceased priest. A number of worshippers were in church at the time. Just as the officiating priest was about to perform the most solemn part of the rites, his purpose was checked by an astonishing appearance. The form of the deceased priest himself appeared in front of the altar, with hand uplifted in a warning manner. The officiating clergyman stepped back, when the ghostly priest, or priestly ghost, addressed his brother in the flesh and the congregation. He said they were taking unnecessary trouble to get him out of Purgatory. The priest might save his prayers and the penitents their pennies. They would not get him out of Purgatory, because he never was in it. Furthermore, there was a chance for him to get there, as there never was such a place as Purgatory. It was all a mistake. He should feel very much obliged if they could get him out of the spot where he was, but that was impossible. There were but two places of future existence—one of perpetual bliss and the other of perpetual punishment. Only two priests ever went to Heaven—and he was not one of them. He therefore warned them that their masses for the repose of his or any other defunct person's soul, were useless.

With that monition this remarkable ghost disappeared, and the sacred congregation dispersed.—[Cleveland Herald.]

SECTARIAN CATTLE.—A clergyman—says the *True Witness*,—travelling in Texas, met a teamster who was driving his four oxen. He heard him shout, "Get up, Presbyterian!" "Gee, Campbell!" "Haw, Baptist!" "What are you doing, Methodist?"

The minister, struck with the singularity of such names being given to oxen, remarked, "Stranger, you know strange names for your oxen, and I wish to know why they had such names given them."

The driver replied, "I call that ox in front, Presbyterian, because he is true blue, and never fails—he believes in pulling through every difficult place, persevering to the end, and then he knows more than all the rest."

The one by his side I call Campbell; he does very well when you let him go his own way, unless he sees water, and then all the world could not keep him out of it, and there he stands as if his journey was ended. This off ox, behind, is a real Baptist, for he is all the time after water and will not eat with others, but is constantly looking, first on one side, and then on the other, and hoots every thing that comes near him. The other, which I call Methodist, makes a great noise and a great do, and you would think that he was pulling all creation, but he don't pull a pound.

A great historian has remarked that the hog approaches nearest to our species in the privilege man enjoys of living and multiplying in every country from the equator to the poles. Unfortunately this is not the only particular in which men and hogs have a very striking likeness.

200 TONS Plaster for sale.

ALLEN AND CO., Waterville, Me., who respectfully inform citizens of Waterville and vicinity that they have the stand near the A. & K. R. R. Depot, and keep constantly on hand the best assortment of Groceries and Provisions.

Choice Apples on hand for sale. Flour, whole and retail—Canada Extra and Dow Extra, Flour and Ohio Brands. Delivered at houses in the village.

Flour by the Ton, sack, or bushel. Limes and cement, for sale at the lowest prices. Country Produce taken in exchange for the above articles.

100 Bushels of Corn, and Clover seed, for sale.

For further particulars apply to J. P. CAFFEY, No. 16 Lewis wharf, Boston, or address the same at Chelsea, Mass. Feb. 20, 1860.

Waterbury Mutual Fire Insurance Company, WATERBURY, ME.

This Company has been in successful operation one year and a half, and has insured over \$600,000 on the water, and has sustained but one loss of any considerable amount. Its operations are confined mainly to the FINEST INSURERS, and its claims are settled promptly and liberally. The rates of its policies are fixed by the vote of the members at their annual meeting. It is a company of the highest character, and its success is due to the skillful management of its business, and the liberal treatment of its policyholders.

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THE VERY CHOICE ARTICLES, which will be sold for moderate profits, and delivered at houses in the village.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, for sale on hand and for delivery.

At the Redington Store, one door North of J. Peavy & Brothers, respectively inform the citizens of Waterville, and vicinity that they have been marked down the prices on all the goods on hand, and will sell from this date at prices that can't fall to give satisfaction to all in want of articles from his large and well selected stock consisting in part of:

Flour, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Rice, Beans, Potatoes, Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Grapes, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Elderberries, Huckleberries, and all the fruits of the season. Also, a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, for sale at the lowest prices.

NEW ENGLAND AILMENTS.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

THE Eastern States, included in that portion of the Union which is most widely known as New England, contain a thrifty, industrious, intelligent people, who have achieved an uncommon degree of prosperity, with a climate extremely trying to certain constitutions, and a soil of small fertility, they have contrived to support more favored communities in almost every thing that conduces to social comfort and happiness. Unfortunately, they are occasionally so also bedeviled by certain ailments, which they neglect the precautions which are essential to their health. Dyspepsia, and physical debility are prevalent among all classes. The first disease is produced by intemperance to the digestive organs, which are so susceptible of derangement. Thousands are now paying the penalty of this neglect, and suffering daily the most agonizing pains, without a hope of relief. They have come to believe that their ailment is chronic, and they must bear with it to the end of their lives. They are accordingly to these afflicted individuals that they may now obtain a remedy of unquestionable potency, and virtue, which has never been known to fail in all cases of digestive weakness, or derangement. Hundreds of tongues are raised in praise of this wonderful conqueror of dyspepsia, which is known as

DR. J. H. HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

But that numerous classes who devote themselves to literary and other sedentary pursuits, and in consequence of a want of physical exercise, become the victims of indigestion, and dyspepsia, or appetite, have hitherto sought in vain for relief. The giving medicine, whose effects upon the system are so slow, and so uncertain, and who are so often rendered more and more debilitated by the use of the same. The only remedy of unquestionable potency, and virtue, which has never been known to fail in all cases of digestive weakness, or derangement. Hundreds of tongues are raised in praise of this wonderful conqueror of dyspepsia, which is known as

DR. J. H. HOSTETTER'S

SURGEON DENTIST.

WEST WATERVILLE.

On Summer Street, Room at the Benson Tavern. Whole or parts of Teeth inserted, with or without Gold, Silver, or Ivory, may require—upon the principle of Atmospheric pressure—and a fit watertight seal, or extracted without pain. If desired, Perfect satisfaction given in all cases, or no compensation will be received. Charge reasonable.

Singer's Sewing Machine.

E. N. FLETCHER, Agent.

This Sewing Machine is peculiarly adapted to all kinds of sewing, and is especially adapted to the sewing of fine muslin, and other delicate fabrics. It is of simple construction, and is easily managed by all classes of persons. It is a most valuable addition to the household, and is a most desirable gift.

For further particulars apply to E. N. FLETCHER, Agent.

For sale in Chelsea, Mass.

A recently erected, well arranged

THREE STORY MANSION,

with 1700 feet of land set with Pear, Apple, Peach, and Cherry Trees, some of which are very fine. It is situated on the farm known as Belmont, and is among the most lovely in the vicinity of Boston. The view from the mansion is beautiful, and the air is pure and healthy. It is a most desirable residence, and is a most desirable gift.

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Kendalls Mills Adv'ts.

King Philip Air-Tight, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.



THE KING PHILIP, for convenience in cooking, economy of wood, and durability, will be warranted to give entire satisfaction. All who use them recommend them to their friends.

FOR SALE BY J. H. GILBERT, KENDALL'S MILLS.

HARD-WARE, BARIRON, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, STOVES, FURNACES, Fire Bricks, Farmers' Boilers, BUILDING MATERIALS, FARMERS' & MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c. &c.

Timber furnished at the best rates. Tin Roofing and Jobbing promptly attended to.

DR. A. PINKHAM, SURGEON DENTIST.

Continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services. Office—First door South of Railroad Bridge, Main Street, KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

N.B.—Teeth extracted without pain by a new process, and can be inserted in all cases with perfect safety.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE VEGETABLE OINTMENT.

Use as directed and sold in bottles for the last thirty years, and its virtues have been proved in all cases.

RUSSIA SALVE CURES RHEUMATISM, RUSSIA SALVE CURES GOUT, RUSSIA SALVE CURES BRUISES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SCALDS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES BURNS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES FROSTBITE, RUSSIA SALVE CURES CHILBLAINS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE THROAT, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE EYES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE EARS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE NOSE, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE MOUTH, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE LIPS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE FINGERS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE TOES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE HEELS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE ANKLES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE WRISTS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE ELBOWS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE KNEES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE THIGHS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE LEGS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE FEET, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE HANDS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE FACES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE NECKS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE SHOULDERS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE ARMS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE WAISTS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE BACKS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE BUTTOCKS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE REPPERS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES 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