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BY A. L. OTIS.

My patrimony was a neat little fortune, and I was just twenty-one when I came into possession of it. After duly shaking my head to assure any widow that might be slumbering there, I said to myself,

'I have enough income to live a life of leisure, and moderate luxury. I will plunge into no business to drown my best years in care. I am just at an age to enjoy the pleasures of life, and, when I get tired of them, as folks say they always do, then I shall turn naturally to the excitement of business or occupation. Time enough to grow rich then. I scout the idea of being a mere money maker now.'

But at the end of the first year, I had not only used my income, but had chipped no small corner off my principal. I continued to nibble at it the next year, and when December came, I said, 'Oh, well, what remains is not worth saving.' My friends told me that my money had been the ruin of me, and that I should have been better off if I had never had a cent. I didn't care; so here I go with the last of it, to further my prospects, by leaving me with nothing but hand and brain to depend upon. Why I haven't had a jollier time spending it, though.

Before the end of another year, I paid away my last five dollar bill, having inscribed thereon the whole amount of regret I felt at the necessity of parting with it, in the half serious words, 'Go, last of thy kind, and find a better master.'

Then I looked about me, and made up my mind how to proceed. To begin, I called up my landlady, and said, nonchalantly,

'My dear madam, I have the misfortune to tell you that I have no more of the convenient commodity called money. If I remain here, you have only the hope that, some day, I shall find employment, and be able to resume payment, and clear off arrearsages. There is much risk in this. Will you risk it?'

My landlady, Quaker and staid as she was, yet gave way to a little change of color, in surprise at this information. Not without pondering—for she doubted my story, for how could a gentleman reduced to his last penny have such a comfortable, careless countenance?—not without pondering and a shade of dubiety, did she reply,

'There's always paid up readily. I don't see what's the matter now; but any way, I'll trust her a few weeks.'

I couldn't stomach that. I never afterward owed that woman a cent, let what might go to pay her; and this first experiment gave me a wholesome horror of even the smallest debt, whether of money or assistance. I had not chosen my friends for qualities which might be valuable to me in adversity, and I preferred not putting any of them to the proof in any way, to having my eyes opened painfully.

I looked about eagerly now for something to do. I had always said that a man must be a fool not to find work; but when the time came to look for it, I found the search a difficult one. So many diverse things must occur—Some one in a business I liked must be in want of me. He must be ready to give me a sufficient salary; and a post I was fitted for. He must have congenial temper, and principles I could approve. He must demand no capital of me, yet must grant me a position in the firm not derogatory to my years, or dignity, or social position, as son and heir of the late Mr. O. He must be willing to suppose that my past course dited me for trust, that being able to dissipate a considerable fortune in a very short time constituted me a business man, whom it was desirable to secure at once, for the advantage of all parties concerned.

Such a person it was not easy to meet with. I met none like him. I tried one or two situations, but owing to the suspicions almost every one entertained of my unsteadiness, I found them intolerable. After a year of change, make-shift, and harassing anxiety, I fully understood what a key to success I had thrown away in my patrimony. I had possessed a power, a lever which would have lifted every obstacle from the path to fortune, and now I had only my personal force to clear the way for me. A moneyless man, with a fortune to make, is like a sculptor with a block of marble and an ideal form in his brain, but no chisel or mallet—and none attainable—unless he turn tool-maker, and fashion them himself.

My friends kept judiciously remarking to me, that if I would only put a little capital into this business, or that one, who was coining gold, I should soon fill my pockets.

'If it rains soup, and you've no spoon, what odds is it to you?' says the old proverb.

Finally I determined to become a real estate agent. I got a license and an office, hung out my shingle and advertised. My friends put some places into my hands for sale, and I waited for purchasers. They were slow in coming, and waiting was dull work.

I was too eager for business to read. I sat impatiently fretting for a week or so, my only amusement gazing curiously at the swift whirl of business men past my window, all with calculating brows, and faces full of work—or, taking constitutional, and coming back to see my lonely office boy, undisturbed by callers, turning forlorn summersets on the wide window-sill.

I should have gone distracted with this solitary confinement, if two fat women exhibitors had not pitched their tabernacles in my neighborhood. Large paintings of the rival beauties stretched along the house fronts, flaunting defiance in each other's faces, and challenging the public to a comparison of their charms. Before one house the band played that popular and suggestive tune, 'Root Hog or Die'; while the rival musicians wailed out, 'Love Not, in superfluous warning to all gazers upon the chameleons. These tunes, alternated with Yankee Doodle by both bands, made day and night ridiculous; so I still could laugh.

My friends dropped in—now and then—but did not stay long. I had no wine, cigars, or sporting intelligence to give them. They found me very slow, poor fellows.

A month passed. My office rent became due—my toy's wages—my landlady's and washerwoman's bills. No help for it, my watch must go—and it went! Another month. My books must go—and they went. Another month. My wardrobe must suffer—and it suffered. Another month, and I was as much like a bag dog, as a man can be, and keep a hat on his head. Mine was just balanced, and that was all, so dejectedly low did I hold my gloomy countenance.

But after all was said that I could possibly part with, and I had got over that chaffering business, I looked up again and cocked my hat as usual. I got my landlady to move me up to the garret, and I doctored off two meals a day. I did well enough with one.

I also let out half of my office to another poor fellow, who could not afford to rent one. He was only able to pay about a quarter of the rent of mine; so, to make all square, he took my office boy's duties, and that valiant hunter was dismissed, not without tears on his part.

I got to extremities at last; slept in my office,

in as much of a bed as could be made out of my coat and a felt hat. Twelve cents a day nourished me.

Inquirers about the properties I had for sale came occasionally. But what ideas they had! Mr. A. held his place at twelve thousand, (worth six possibly) and wouldn't take a cent less. Mr. B. wanted it terribly, would give three thousand for it, not a cent more! I, between them, frantic to make a sale, and realize a commission, exhausted every power of mind and body in persuasion, without effecting a compromise. My two opponents held out, and continue to do so to this day, to the torment of the real-estate agents who now have them in hand.

One glorious day, I effected an exchange of two properties. My palm itched for my commission, which old Mr. Q. was, by agreement, to pay. It was an insignificant one, to be sure, but it was enough to regale me upon breakfast for a month to come, over my usual expenses. So it was a weighty matter to me. I planned out a whole day's meals—yes a whole week's, so as to employ my leisure hours agreeably in a way which my prospects now rendered justifiable. Before this it had been breaking the tenth commandment even to think of breakfasts. I also dreamed of a new coat. The one I wore—my last—was a light summer cloth, and the weather was now ripping cold. I went so far in anticipatory extravagance, as to throw away a blacking-box, which had yet a rim of the precious compound around its bottom edge, that might have given one more 'polish,' as Bridget says, to my shoes. It was long before I bought another box, for Mr. Q. never paid up.

After one week of tedious days with light dinners, and another seven days of lagging hours unbreakfasted, I made inquiries about Mr. Q. and alas! learned that never paying up was a little habit of his, which his friends had vainly tried to break him of. His creditors, therefore, had no hope, unless they had the money to make him pay by the urgency of the law.

Things took a turn at last. I had a beautiful little furnished cottage, a few miles from town, put into my hands. It was a very desirable property, and now at last my office was lively with inquirers.

One morning, a handsome carriage stopped before my door, and from it stepped a pretty widow lady, a Mrs. K. whom I had often met at parties, who had indeed once been an acquaintance of my mother's. She knew me at once, and after some polite references to old times, she asked about the cottage.

After I had told her all I knew of the terms, &c., she said, with a voice sweet, and coaxing in its playful tone,

'I want that cottage exceedingly. I must have it, but I do not want to pay cash for it. Indeed I cannot, unless I first sell my tirecase, brown stone house, on Avenue. If you can only offer an exchange for me—oh! I will be so pleased! I will give you anything to do it, and she named a handsome sum.

My heart gave a leap for my throat. I shall be happy to do my best for you, I said aloud, and thought, 'only too happy to get such a windfall!'

I bowed her to her carriage. There sat, leaning back, a phantom of delight, her daughter.

She was just as much of a phantom to me, and as attainable by me for having and holding, as if she had been formed of ether, and was not the sweetest piece of painted flesh that ever nature dyed. This I grieved into my own comprehension, as I turned away after the bewildering stare I had given her, and shot my office door upon the impertinent street, that might be disposed to look into my face perhaps, and read its chagrin there.

Her mother had been a long time arranging her finances upon entering the carriage; and before I could shut its door, I had stolen many looks into that bewitching face, quite enough to have her image vividly before me all that day long.

Two days afterward, I went with Mrs. K. to look at the cottage. She called for me in her carriage; and her daughter was there too. I showed them the grounds, and rooms with zeal, and answered all their pretty questions with delight. I was so happy that the fates took office at it.

In pulling up a stiff, rusty bolt, which held one of the long windows shut, I was obliged to use some muscular strength, and my treacherous coat, buttoned to hide my seedy vest, burst down one of the shoulder blades, where it was worn uncommonly thin.

I was desperate. I felt my cheeks set hard, and I stalked about with a bunch of shift sticking out at one shoulder; the mirrors, too, showing me the figure I cut at every turn.

Well—what odds was it? They liked the place too well to be very nice in the bargain for it. The owner agreed to exchange it for the city property, and I won my commission.

That night I did my first, and last job at tailoring; and the next day, in my mended coat, I waited upon Mrs. K. to let her know the final result of my negotiations. She was out, but her daughter received me, and had still much to ask about that lovely cottage.

My answers were all long ones. The next day I sat in my office, savage, because the excitement of the affair being over, I had leisure to think what a fool I had been in throwing away a fortune, which would have entitled me to dream as I pleased of a certain lady; when the carriage drove up again, and looking over the half curtain, I saw that Miss K. sat in it alone. I hastened out.

She greeted me with some embarrassment, and I colored up too—only because she did—(far gone, you see).

'Mamma was too ill to come out to-day,' she said, 'so she sent me with this letter and package for you. She did not send it by John, because she wished me to tell you, as well as I can, how very much she thanks you for your obliging zeal in securing us the pretty cottage. We had both set our minds upon. She also begs that you will give us the pleasure of your company to a little tea-party, we give at our new house, warming, two weeks from next Wednesday. She hopes you will come.'

I am seldom flattered, and can generally behave myself before folk, so I answered properly, accepted the invitation upon the strength of the new suit I felt must come out of the packet I held in my hand—and bowed an adieu.

Having the office to myself just then, I tore off the envelope, and therein I found the specified sum in gold and bills. I caressed the strangers. I never knew money to look really pretty before, but this did—it was beautiful.

After I had counted, and stowed away the gold, I took up the paper envelope, and for the sake of the slight sweet perfume left by the gloved hand I had received it from, I kissed it devoutly. I then began to fold up the notes, laughing a little at the woman's way of sending the money itself, instead of a check on a bank—when something caught my eye. It was a five dollar bill with writing on the back, 'Go, last of thy kind, and find a better master.'

'Well, said I, giving it a spiteful twist here you are again! Be so slippery another time, will you?' Then I chuckled at a conceit that occurred to me. 'I have got my old fortune by the tail,' I said, 'and clap-ears and bells upon me if I don't hold fast, and haul it backward till I clutch it again! I did so—no need to tell my ups and downs—but the result of my unrelenting efforts, and my pertinacious resolution, is property to about the same amount my father left me.'

I sit in the library of the K—cottage, inditing this, after a lapse of five years from the date of receiving my first earnings. Close at hand is—the Phantom of Delight. She is rattling off crash towels on a sewing machine. This is written promptly, for her eye, in answer to a question put an hour ago by her.

She asked for some money to buy 'our Charley' a coral and silver tooth-cutter. I gave her an old five dollar bill. She pored over it, and exclaimed, 'Oh! poor fellow! I almost makes me cry! See here, love! I lost it. I wish I could give it back to him! Who did you get it from?'

'I'll tell you by-and-by,' I said, and took this sheet of paper. Yes, dear girl, pitying, sweet heart—you did once give the poor fellow who wrote those words, not only his note again, but with it the heart to win all the boundless treasures he now possesses!

'—She has read it, and boxed my ears like a stout stout breeze, for not kissing the envelope before I counted the gold—woman!'

For this infringement of my dignity, I have fined her five dollars, and recovered my bill. She, in revenge, declares that this scrap shall be fashioned into 'an article,' and given by her own intrepid hand to the public. I record this to her confusion; and here write down my opinion that she is welcome to all the five dollar bills she ever gets for it, and that we shall see if she dares carry out her threat.

Signed, J. Q. O.
(You see, sir! A. G. O.)

The Last of the Martyrs of Harper's Ferry.

Of one of these prisoners, Hazlett, but little has been made known to the public—not even his true name, which was not Hazlett, but Harrison. He was one of the youngest of Capt. Brown's companions, and remarked, while in prison, that on the day of his execution, March 16, his age would be exactly 22 years, 22 weeks, and 22 days. He had a serious and thoughtful mind, yet was fond of adventure, and often exhibited much personal courage.

Of his views and purposes against slavery, he wrote in a letter, on the day before his death, these honorable words:

'I am willing to die in the cause of Liberty. If I had ten thousand lives, I would willingly lay them all down for the same cause. My death will do more good than if I had lived.'

Aaron D. Night Stevens was a more remarkable man. He was regarded by Capt. Brown as his most reliable lieutenant. He seems to have inherited his revolutionary principles from his great grandfather, who once presided at a public meeting in Pomfret, Ct., in furtherance of the American War of Independence, and who sent a personal gift of \$20 sterling to Gen. Washington at Valley Forge. What could be expected of a young man in whose family had been transmitted, through four successive generations, so signal an example of sedition?

Stevens was born and bred a Yankee boy, in Norwich, Ct., lost his mother, and left home at an early age; earned by his industry an honest living and a good name; took up arms in Kansas in defense of her freedom, and took up arms against Virginia to liberate her slaves. On the day before his execution he reached his twenty-ninth year. His personal appearance was in no small degree prepossessing. A recent photograph, taken in his cell, represents a face remarkable for an intelligent, amiable, and benevolent expression. He had large blue eyes, and auburn hair and beard. He was noted among his friends for his animation, and oftentimes brilliancy of his conversational powers. He was a favorite in social companies as a singer. His father, Mr. Aaron Stevens, of Norwich (choir-leader in the Rev. Mr. Arm's Congregational church), says of him: 'My son had one of the finest bass voices I ever heard.' He was of a kind sympathetic nature, which led him always to the side of the innocent and wronged. Any specially kind act from friend or stranger would move him to tears.—Writing from prison to a person who had befriended him during his sufferings, he said: 'I believe I shall be killed with kindness sooner than in any other way.'

His sister, Mrs. Pierce, of Norwich, (a lady who, though considerably younger, bears a striking resemblance both in face and figure to the wife of Capt. Brown), visited the prisoner at Charleston, and held repeated interviews with him during the last eight days preceding the execution. The jailor, Capt. Avis, allowed her every facility of access, without being compelled by military orders (as in the case of Mrs. Brown) to search her person for hidden weapons or poisons. Indeed there seems to have been no foundation even for a suspicion that either of the prisoners desired to make so poor a choice of deaths as to take suicide in preference to the scaffold.

On her arrival at Charleston, before her first entrance into the cell, Capt. Avis considerably removed the chains from the prisoner's feet, that he might not be unnecessarily reminded of the discomfort of his confinement. Stevens, in speaking afterwards to his sister of this act, said of Capt. Avis: 'He is the finest man in Virginia; there is not another like him.' A photograph which we have seen of Capt. Avis, shows a face of unmistakable decision, courage and kindness.

'I asked my brother,' said Mrs. Pierce, 'what was his intention in going to Harper's Ferry?'

'It was for good,' he replied; 'it was to help my fellow men out of bondage. You know nothing of slavery—I know a great deal. It is the crime of crimes. I hate it more and more, the longer I live. Even since I have

been lying in this cell, I have heard the cryings of slave children torn from their parents.'

He then narrated, in detail, that during his imprisonment a woman had been sold in the jail, and separated from her husband and three children. He stated also that in the family of the jailor was a slave girl who had run away from a severe mistress on account of unkind treatment, and who fled for refuge to Mrs. Avis, by whom her time was bought, and by whom she was eventually set free.

During one of Mrs. Pierce's visits, a Virginian called to see the prisoners in order to tell them that the slaves at the South were in a better condition than the poor people at the North.

'I am poor myself,' replied Stevens, 'but I never yet saw the day, in all my life when I would have exchanged liberty for riches.'

On another occasion, his sister asked if he had been roused to a bitter or revengeful spirit under his wounds and during his imprisonment; to which he replied—

'No; for I believe I can truly say that I love every man, woman or child on earth; I can forgive the man who hangs me. When we went to Harper's Ferry, we had no intention to injure a single human being; our design was to free the slaves without bloodshed, just as we had done in Missouri; we carried rifles and pikes only for self-defense, and to inspire, by the fear of military force, a fear of resisting us in our project. I think that no man was killed by any of our party until after I was shot down while bearing a flag of truce. Some of the Virginians were killed by their own party by mistake. As for myself I did not shed a single drop of blood, except from my own wounds.'

Stevens was pierced in different parts of his body, by six bullets, two of which he carried, lodged in his neck, to the grave.

'I am glad,' he said, after a reference by his sister to the great pain which he had suffered. 'I am glad that I did not die of my wounds; for I believe that my execution upon the gallows will be a better testimony for truth and liberty.'

His sister sang with him several hymns, among which his favorites were the following:

'Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
The Saviour calls,
We're travelling home to heaven above.'

He was so greatly comforted and cheered by his sister's companionship that on one occasion he said to her:

'I may ask you to go to the scaffold with me; and if I do, I want you to go.' This he said playfully.

His moral courage under his trial and in view of death is clearly manifest in his numerous letters written in prison, many of which we have seen. The following extracts are equal to the best sayings in the letters of Capt. Brown.

Dec. 17th.—'I wish you a long life and a happy one, and in your last days the thought of having helped the world forward instead of back.'

Feb. 2d.—'I hope your soul is as very beautiful. I have had a glorious time with my sister here; she is such a bundle of nerves, that I am almost ashamed of myself, when compared with her. There is no greater joy on earth to me, than to see a noble woman; for in her I see more of God than in anything else.'

March 13th.—'It makes my soul overflow with sorrow to see men with great talents use them in defending what is both a curse to themselves and to all mankind. I have had a glorious time with my sister here; she is such a bundle of nerves, that I am almost ashamed of myself, when compared with her. There is no greater joy on earth to me, than to see a noble woman; for in her I see more of God than in anything else.'

'I hope you will always, as you love yourself, as you love woman, as you love man, as you love God, with hands, head and heart, for the happiness of all mankind.'

On the afternoon before the fatal day, a new visitor was admitted as a welcome guest into the cell—Miss Jennie Dunbar, an intelligent and amiable young woman from Ashland County, Ohio, who had just been to Richmond on a fruitless errand to the Governor to plead for the prisoner's life. Her coming was not unexpected to Stevens, for frequent letters had passed between them of such a character as had served to strengthen a friendship which, though it was not (as stated in the newspapers) an affianced love, was only made stronger by separation and misfortune.

The prisoner regretted that she should have lost so much of the last remaining precious time, by going a useless journey to fall on her knees before an unfeeling Governor of an unfeeling State. She says that she had buoyed herself up with the hope of obtaining a pardon until the moment of her entering the Governor's office in the Capitol; but, said she, 'the moment I looked into his eye, I saw that there was nothing in him to which I could make an appeal.' It is sufficient to say that she was coldly received and coldly dismissed by the Governor, who had already taken the pains to say that he could not save the prisoner's life, and that he would not if he could.

Of this affecting interview in prison during Thursday afternoon and evening, we have no right to know the secrets or the sorrows, and we will not lift the veil to disclose the scene.

On Friday morning the two prisoners, in company with the two ladies and a brother of Hazlett, newly arrived, took breakfast at a table in the passage-way of the prison, before a final separation. Mrs. Pierce, on entering the cell, was so overcome by the sudden realization of her final visit, that she hastily retired until she could return with more composed feelings. Miss Dunbar burst into tears, but was soon calmed by her friend's greater cheerfulness of spirits. The interview was brief, at Stevens's own request. At an hour which he himself had previously appointed, a carriage was driven to the jail to convey the visitors away from town before the preparations for the execution were begun.

[THEODORE TILTON, in The Independent.]

WITCHAMPTON in this country has been greatly exaggerated, and we are glad to notice that Mr. Hopkins, in a recent lecture before the New York Historical Society, has stated many interesting facts concerning the defusion, which should be placed before the public.—The type of witchcraft in the American colonies was mild in comparison with the horrible cruelties and barbarities which characterized the foreign punishment of those supposed to be possessed by evil spirits. Altogether there were four hundred and sixty accusations of witchcraft in the colonies, thirty-two executions, and three more who were condemned but escaped. In contrast with this statement, it appears that in Geneva there were five hundred witches condemned by the flames within three

months, and that fourteen houses in England, furnished fourteen victims to the flames.

[Boston Transcript.]

The Battle of New Orleans.

Mr. Parton, in his second volume of the *Life of General Jackson*, just published, gives the following account of the famous battle of the cotton bales:

Steadily and fast the column of General Gibbs marched toward batteries numbered six, seven, and eight, which played upon it, at first with but occasional effect, often missing, sometimes throwing a ball right into its midst, and causing it to reel and pause for a moment.

Promptly were the gaps filled up; bravely the column came on. As they neared the lines the well-aimed shot made more dreadful havoc, cutting great lanes in the columns from front to rear, and tossing men and parts of men aloft, or hurling them far on one side. At length, steadily and unbroken, they came within range of the small arms, the rifles of Carroll's Tennesseans, the muskets of Adair's Kentuckians, four lines of sharpshooters, one behind the other. General Carroll, coolly waiting for the right moment, held his fire until the enemy were within two hundred yards, and then gave the word—

'Fire!'

At first, with a certain deliberation, afterwards in hottest haste, always with dreadful effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapon. The summit of the embankment was a line of spurring fire, except where the great guns showed their liquid, belching flash. The noise was peculiar, and altogether indescribable; a rolling, bursting, echoing noise, never to be forgotten by a man that heard it. Along the whole line it blazed and rolled; the British batteries showering rockets over the scene; Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river joining in the hellish concert. Imagine it. Ask no one to describe it. Our words were mostly made before such a scene had become possible.

The column of General Gibbs, mowed by the fire of the riflemen, still advanced, Gibbs at its head. As they caught sight of the ditch, some of the officers cried out:

'Where are the Forty-fourth? If we get to the ditch, we have no means of crossing and scaling the lines!'

'Here come the Forty-fourth! Here come the Forty-fourth!' said the general, adding in an undertone, for his private solace, 'that if he lived till tomorrow he would hang Mullens on the tallest tree in the cypress wood.'

Reassured, these heroic men pressed on in the face of that murderous, galling fire. But this could not last. With half its number fallen, and all its commanding officers disabled, except the general, its pathway strewn with dead and wounded, and the men falling over faster and faster, the column wavered and reeled (so the American riflemen thought) like a red ship on a tempestuous sea. At about a hundred yards from the lines the front ranks halted, and so threw the column into disorder. Gibbs shouted in the madness of vexation for them to re-form and advance. There was no re-forming under such fire. Once checked, the column could not but break and retreat in confusion.

DEATH OF PACKENHAM.—The heroic Packenham had not far to go to meet his doom. He was three hundred yards from the lines when the real nature of his enterprise seemed to flash upon him; and he turned to Sir John Tylden and said:

'Order up the reserve.'

Then, seeing the Highlanders advancing to the support of General Gibbs, he still waving his hat, but waving it with his left hand, his right being wounded, cried out:

'Hurrah! brave Highlanders.'

At that moment a mass of grapeshot, with a terrible crash, struck the group of which he was the central figure. One of the shots tore open the general's thigh, killed his horse, and brought horse and rider to the ground. Captain McDougal caught the general in his arms, removed him from the fallen horse, and was supporting him upon the field, when a second shot struck the wounded man in the groin, depriving him instantly of consciousness. He was borne to the rear, and placed in the shade of an old live oak, which still stands; and there, after gasping a few minutes, yielded up his life without a word, happily ignorant of the sad issue of all his plans and toils.

KNOWING TOO MUCH.—We find in one of the Memphis papers the following anecdote of a man who knew too much:

During the administration of President Jackson, there was a singular young gentleman employed in the public service in Washington. His name was G.—he was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a neighbor of the President, on which account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got him out of his difficulties with some of the higher officials, to whom his singular interferences were distasteful.

Among the other things, it is said of him that while he was employed in the General Post Office, on one occasion he had to copy a letter of Major H., a high officer, in answer to an application made by an old gentleman in Virginia or Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a new post office. The writer of the letter often used classical language; in this letter he said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's 'proximity' to another office. When the letter came into G.'s hands to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered 'proximity' to 'nearness to.' Major H. observed it, and asked G. why he altered his letter? Why, replied G., because I don't think the man would understand what you mean by proximity. Well, said Major H., try him; put in the 'proximity' again.

In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said: 'That his father had fought for liberty in the first, and he himself in the second war of independence, and that he would like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity or anything else wrong against him?'

'There,' said G., 'did I not say so? G. carried his improvements so far, that Mr. Barry, the Postmaster-General said to him, "I do not want you here any longer, you know too much." Poor G. went out, but his old friend, the General, again got him another change. This time, G.'s ideas underwent a change. He was one day very busy when a stranger called in, and asked him where the Patent Office was?

'I don't know,' said G. Can you tell me

where the Treasury Department is?' said the stranger. 'No,' said G. 'Nor the President's House?' 'No.' The stranger finally asked him if he knew where the Capitol was? 'No,' replied G. 'Do you live in Washington, sir?' said the stranger. 'Yes, sir,' said G. 'Good Lord! and don't know where the Patent Office, Treasury, President's House and Capitol are?' 'Stranger,' said G., 'I was turned out of the Post Office for knowing too much. I don't mean to offend in that way again. I am paid for keeping this book. I believe I know that much; but if you find me knowing anything more, you may take my head.' 'Good morning,' said the stranger.

THE TWO LOVEJOYS.—In his speech in Congress, Mr. Owen Lovejoy alluded to the fact that his brother was shot by the slave fanatics. The Toledo Blade gives the following sketch of the intrepid but unfortunate man:

'Elijah P. Lovejoy, the brother of Owen Lovejoy, was a native of Maine, and was graduated at Waterville College in 1828. He practiced law for some time in St. Louis Mo., but subsequently entered the church, became an agent of the Sunday school union, and was finally selected to conduct a religious journal in St. Louis. In his editorial capacity he maintained the right of an American citizen to free discussion, and when a free colored man was burned to death near St. Louis, he rebuked the savage outrage in such terms as it deserved; and for this he was driven out of the State of Missouri.'

He next established himself at Alton, Illinois, and began the publication of a paper called the *Alton Observer*. In this journal he avowed his opposition to the system of slavery, and published a long exposition of his views on the subject. Being on the border of a slave State, his words raised a storm of popular fury, and three times his office was demolished and his press destroyed; but his friends promptly came to his assistance, and replaced the property of which his enemies had robbed him, in violation of law and justice. The publication of the *Observer* was therefore resumed.

In November, 1837, Mr. Lovejoy's press having again been recently destroyed and a new one ordered, a meeting was called, ostensibly for the purpose of allaying excitement, but really to vindicate the bold advocate of free speech. Mr. L. appeared at this meeting, and in a brilliant and manly speech defended the freedom of conscience and the liberty of the press. Soon after, his press arrived, on the 7th of November, 1837, it was lodged in a store warehouse, where Mr. L. and some of his friends took shelter, ready to defend it against the expected attack. The mob assembled the same night and fired upon the building, but failing to dislodge the occupants, they attempted to set fire to the warehouse. Mr. Lovejoy went out to prevent them, when he was shot dead, pierced with three bullets.

Mr. Lovejoy left a wife and three children. Mrs. Lovejoy stood by him nobly in his trials, and particularly during a brutal assault upon him previous to the fatal attack at Alton.—When his mother learned the tidings of his death, she exclaimed, 'It is well. I had rather he should fall a martyr to the cause than prove recreant to his principles.'

PROPHORUS.—We are able to accomplish many things, now-a-days, which have a parallel only in the enchantments of the geni of the 'Arabian Nights'; and, indeed, to the unlearned eye, some laboratory experiments appear something more than marvelous. A very remarkable class of bodies made

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY 3, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 110 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.'

THE NEW PARTY.—It has been so widely announced in the papers of the country that a state convention at Waterville has organized a new political party, that the people of this same Waterville are perhaps alone in their ignorance of any such event. That some such thing was talked of, was known to a narrow circle; but the great need of another party was such a world-wide necessity, that everybody concluded the "mus" would work itself out. It has—and in everything but a declaration of its object and views, and somebody to believe them, the new party stands before the world. The men suspected of its paternity are the very ones who should have conceived just such an abortion. In years past they wasted their vigor in crying down "one idea," and the justice of having to father a party that boasts of being only "nothing to nobody," is apparent enough to convict them of having no good and truthful object in view. Claiming nothing but to differ with both the other parties, and this without giving a reason or taking a position, we look to see them become an appendage to the one that offers the best price; and a party that ignores the subject of slavery in its discussions will soon discover its affinity for another that prohibits all discussions upon this subject.

The State Convention at Waterville numbered from 25 to 30, including reporters and spectators, and found abundant room at Elmwood Hotel. Yet few as they were, they designated two candidates for the presidency—Crittenden and Granger—and elected a full list of delegates to the Baltimore Convention. Delegates at large, Phineas Barnes, of Portland; George C. Getchell, of Anson. District delegates, Geo. E. B. Jackson, of Portland; Samuel Larrabee, Geo. W. Pickering, of Bangor; Increase S. Johnson, of Waterville; Jacob McEllan, of Portland; Samuel Taylor, of Fairfield. State committee, G. R. Hanson, of Waterville; Wm. Deming, of Calais; F. F. French, of Bangor; Nathan Webb, of Portland; Geo. W. Ladd, of Bangor; A. G. Tenney, of Brunswick.

CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL.—The following brief statement of the standing and condition of the Sabbath School connected with the Congregational Society in this village, made from the report of the Superintendent submitted at the close of the last quarter, the first Sunday in April, will no doubt be read with interest:—

A School was held every Sabbath. Whole number in school, 225. No. of Classes and Teachers, 26; largest attendance, 172; small est, (very stormy), 97; average attendance, 146. Fifteen teachers and 31 scholars were present every Sabbath. Five members have been added to the Church for two years.

The interest and prosperity of this School, under God, is very largely due to the punctuality and efficiency of its Teachers, who with rare exceptions are ever at their post. And with heart-felt gratitude to God, we are able to say no death has occurred in this School for the two years covered by these reports.

The School at Crommett's Mills has been continued through the winter, and is now in a flourishing condition—numbering about 30. It is conducted by Mr. E. R. Drummond, J. B. Condel and Mrs. Wm. Redington.

MAY DAY.—How far the woods and fields were taxed for flowers, is more than we had leisure to note; but that there was no lack of music and a good time at Phenix Hall in the evening, we feel sure. The young folks were there, and the celebration of May-day for a whole year to come was on their hands. Some garlands were gathered, we doubt not for present wearing, but many more budded to blossom in the future. Two score and (less than) ten is nearer the season of fruit than flowers, and so we only search our memory for shadows of what was said and done on this last and best of all the May-days. Four-score has the same privilege; and we shall only tell that there was merry laughter, and gentle music, with no lack of loud as well as small talk, a good way into the moonshiny part of the night.

FOR OUT.—A passenger on the A. & K. railroad, on Monday, who had been imbibing riley water, made so bad use of his mother tongue in consequence, that conductor Barrell suggested the propriety of his taking a "low path ticket." He accepted the hint without a murmur, and the train being brought up, he was very politely conducted down the steps of the car. It was not till he found himself beyond the bounds of corporate control that he gave to his tongue a license for which he had no ticket; and the army that swore in Flanders would have taken rank for a second class car in his hearing. He was laboring to free his mind when the train passed out of sight and hearing.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Bushie, a Frenchman, who has lost a leg, was knocked down on Tuesday by a frightened horse, and one of his hands considerably injured.

PART.—Geo. Barnes, of Rockland, having run three miles in 20 minutes, challenges the world to beat him, and offers to risk \$50 on the result.

GRAND DIVISION.—The session of the Grand Division of Maine, at Lewiston, last week, was an unusually interesting one, and the attendance was quite large.

OUR TABLE.

GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS. A Practical Treatise. By Charles P. Flint, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture; Member of the Boston Society of Natural History; Author of a Treatise on "Milk Cows and Dairy Farming," etc., etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

This is the fifth edition, revised and enlarged, of a work which, well received on its first appearance, has been constantly growing in public confidence and favor, until it is now regarded as one of the few books every intelligent farmer must and will have. The author aims to give the most recent practical and scientific information on the history, culture and nutritive value of the grasses and the grains; and the best authorities in the country—scientific and agricultural—agree that in this self assigned task he has succeeded most happily. With scientific accuracy, and yet plainly and simply, so as to be readily understood by the practical man and general reader, he treats of the natural history of the grasses; their comparative nutritive value; methods of cultivating, cutting and curing—including the influence of the climate and seasons, selection, mixture and sowing; and the management of grass lands. It is entirely unnecessary to enlarge upon the importance of the subject to Maine farmers; and as the author has treated it mainly from an economical point of view—presenting the experience of practical men upon points about which opinions differ—the great value of the work will be at once conceded. Nearly two hundred engravings are given in the work, and two convenient indexes—systematic and general.

For sale at Mathews's.

TEXT BOOK IN INFLECTURAL PHILOLOGY. For Schools and Colleges; containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlin, D. D. President of Waterville College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

The experienced teacher is the only person properly qualified to speak understandingly of the merits of a text book, and we have no disposition to invade their peculiar province. So far as we can judge, however, the favorable opinion of this work which they have expressed, is just and well deserved. The author is a great admirer of Sir William Hamilton, and it is his system, substantially, which is here presented. Waiving, at the outset, all claims to originality, his aim has been to present the best views of the ablest thinkers in a manner at once brief and clear; and in this he has succeeded most happily, the result being a model text book. The abstract of the history of philology, in the appendix, is not only a great help to the scholar, but will be perused with interest and profit by the general reader, and enable him to recognize old foes when they present themselves with new faces.

For sale at Mathews's.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.—The fourth part of this magnificent work contains the first sixteen chapters of Exodus, in the course of which many spiritual and elegant illustrations are introduced—some of which are the inspired conceptions of genius, and others are the faithful copies of strange and wonderful actualities, introduced to present more plainly and vividly the meaning of the text. When completed—with its beautiful engravings, its copious and valuable notes and judicious reflections—this work will indeed be a household treasure. Published in numbers at 15 cents apiece, or twenty-four numbers for \$3.75, by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, New York, and for sale by all publishers and book agents in the United States.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIENDS."—The following choice selections will be found in No. 74 of this cheap and popular work:—

Serenade. For the Piano. By Henry Rosellan.
Valley of Chamouni. Ballad. S. Glover.
Songs without Words. F. Mendelssohn.
La Varsiviana. Dance de Salon. F. Alonzo.
Will it be believed that all of the above—filling twelve handsomely printed pages—can be had for 15 cents!—And yet that is the advertised price—15 cents for single numbers or \$3 a year. Address C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau Street, New York.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.—The little book which began to be permitted to see the monkeys more, might have had his wish gratified without being led back to the menagerie, if he had been shown the first three numbers of this elegant work, for they are filled with monkeys and nothing else—all sorts and sizes, colors and descriptions. The engravings, which are numerous, are very well executed, and the text is exceedingly interesting and will have a peculiar charm for those who have a liking for the study of natural history. This work is published in numbers, of which three have been issued, at 15 cents each, and will be completed in four volumes of twelve parts each. It must be seen to be properly appreciated, and being seen will be sure to meet with a ready sale. Published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York, and sold by all book agents and dealers.

A CHANGE.—By referring to our advertising columns, it will be seen that Dr. Harris has retired from the practice of Dentistry in Waterville, and is succeeded by Mr. Edwin Dunbar, who has purchased the tools and good will of the establishment. Mr. Dunbar has lived here all his days, and enjoys the confidence of our citizens, who know him to be a reliable man—honest, upright, conscientious, and prompt and faithful in all his business relations. He is known, too, to possess a more than ordinary share of patient industry and Yankee ingenuity, and with his aptness and the practice he has had in his new profession, we know of but one thing in the way of his success—and that is his great modesty. He has a proper confidence in his own abilities, but shrinks from the attempt to inspire confidence in others. We trust that his townsmen and friends will see to it that modest merit for once shall not go unrewarded.

"THE CRITIC CRITICISED," and Worcester Vindicated"—is the title of a pamphlet recently issued, in which the author of an article in "The Congregationalist"—a Webster partisan, who had assailed Dr. Worcester and his Dictionary—is literally skinned alive. Desperate efforts have been made by interested parties to damage Worcester's Dictionary in the estimation of the public; but it is steadily gaining in popular favor and will soon have the field almost entirely to itself. The new quarto edition, recently circulated in this vicinity, is pronounced by literary men and scholars everywhere to be much superior in all its appointments, to any other work of the kind ever published in this country. See advertisement in another column.

THANKS.—We are under renewed obligations to our young California friend, Wm. H. Moore, of Sacramento, for favors received by the last mail; and also to Mr. E. W. Marston, of Columbia, for similar kindly remembrances. If the size of their "pile" could be governed by our wishes for their prosperity, the most extravagant desire of their hearts in this direction would soon be satisfied.

In addition to other provision for 'developing their muscle' and 'working off their waste steam' in a harmless way, the boys at the College have lately organized a Cricket Club. They played their first game on May-day.

The Boston and Portland Steamship Company have made a contract for seven years with the Grand Trunk Railroad to convey their freight to Boston. Another steamer will be added to the number now plying between Boston and Portland.

Letter from Cambridge.

Spring features—Mr. Wm. Wells, his literary labors—Miss Hosmer—Miss Lander—Fashions. CAMBRIDGE, April 27, 1860.

Most branches of business this way are feeling the lethargy which precedes a Presidential election; but, spite of this undercurrent of depression, we are in a fair way of catching larks if the heavens fall; the trailing arbutus, or May-flower is blushing in the shop windows, the children are blissful over the remarkable run of sap; little Vermont says her maple-sugar crop has reached nearly fifteen hundred tons, and I think the Bay State stands a good chance of taking her annual million and a quarter of that crustacea, which when from black to red they have turned, present such an artistic effect as they lie in wheelbarrows or fish market windows; so on the whole, it were "an injury and sulleness" against nature not to acknowledge that her riches rejoice heaven and earth.

Cambridge has recently lost an old and much valued citizen in the death of Mr. Wm. Wells. Mr. Wells was the son of an English dissenting minister, and begun in England his finished classical education. In the early part of his life he taught a classical school, but later engaged in the book trade, and in the firm of Wells and Libby, he brought out among other works an edition of Cicero, in sixteen volumes, and also one of Tacitus; and, these labors forty or fifty years since, before steam-presses, and their mechanical invention had aided and lightened human labor in the printing department, were large achievements. The firm of Wells and Libby was broken up by the decease of Mr. Libby in 1839, and Mr. Wells soon after removed to Cambridge, and opened a school for young ladies. Mr. Wells graduated from Harvard College in 1796, and consequently was classmate of John Pickering the great linguist, who shaped sonorous sound into language for the Sandwich Islanders. Six more days had given him eighty-seven years. Mr. Wells was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The parting honors to the body were administered on Wednesday the 25th by his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. Newell, of this city.

A Maine friend asks in a letter, why Miss Hattie Hosmer has returned? She has returned on account of the illness of her father, Dr. Hiram Hosmer of Watertown; making great haste she left Rome in time to reach England one hour before the Persia sailed. Dr. Hosmer's attack is of a paralytic nature, he has been slowly mending for some weeks past. Miss Hosmer is engaged in bringing out a Queen of Zenobia.

Miss Lander of Salem, now of Rome, has succeeded in giving great satisfaction in the bust of her townsmen, Hawthorne. 'It is a grand looking head, and not unlike Webster's, as I remember it—I mean the true one, and not the "counterfeit-presentment" by Powers.

Inquiries have also been put to me from your region about the fashions, a delicate matter, but the audacity of a Yankee is unlimited, and so I venture.

Bonnets come over and stand off from the head, the space being filled with a white ruche, flowers or ribbon-trimming; some of the prettiest I have seen, are of dark apple green silk, trimmed on the outside, with silk velvet rosettes of the same shade. English satin hats are worn with ribbon-rosettes on the sides.—Promenade dresses are largely of gray fabrics relieved with blue or purple trimmings. Silk dresses are flounced with small flounces that nearly reach the waist—seven flounces being however, the orthodox number for a medium height.—A very deep flounce is sometimes worn supported on the top by two small ones, the flounces are trimmed or pinked. Waists have two points in front, and one behind, the waist being trimmed, and a graceful loop of the trimming left in the points; belts are worn with waists without a point. Skirts are mostly plaited with large double box-plaits.—Sleeves are various, but smaller at the top, and large at the bottom, the inner side cut deeper, faced and turned back with a button' nestled in lace, or a pretty rosette, or a silk tassel is used. The bell crinoline hoop is coming in vogue—comparatively small at the top, and very large below. EASTERING.

TAXPAYERS ATTENTION!—The voters of Ticonic Village Corporation will do well to attend the meeting on Monday next, a notice of which appears in our advertising columns. A debt of over six thousand dollars is to be provided for, as well as something to meet the current expenses; therefore be on hand to decide as to the 'how' and 'when,' or forever after hold your peace.

FIRE.—The Carlton House, owned by Mr. James Haley, was burned at Winterport, on the morning of the 26th ult., the inmates barely escaping with their lives. Loss about \$1,800; insured for \$725.

The old Sleeper House, in Belfast, owned and occupied by Dr. Calvin Moore, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 25th ult. The inmates had barely time to escape. Loss about \$1600; insured at Rockland.

Two stables, one belonging to Daniel F. Hobart, and the other to Capt. Wm. F. Robinson, were burned at Skowhegan, on Monday night last. Loss about \$600; insured in the Somerset Company.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.—for the nomination of delegates to Chicago, have been held in Maryland and Kentucky. As was to have been expected, the one at Baltimore was disturbed by the irruption of a gang of rowdies; but the business of the convention was finally concluded at an adjourned meeting held in another room.

The universal gauge car passed through Harrisburgh, on Thursday, on its way to Philadelphia. It was loaded in St. Louis, with produce for the latter place. It came by the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad to Indianapolis; thence via the Piqua, Columbus, and Cincinnati road to Pittsburgh; and thence

over the Pennsylvania Railroad to Philadelphia. The new method saves considerable expense in the handling of freight.

Won't this new fangled notion knock the spokes out of the new law of our State—ostensibly enacted to ensure the safety of railroad passengers, but really intended for the protection of Portland against the designs of the Bostonians?

PORTLAND BAND CONCERT.—The Senior Exhibition concert, last evening, was decidedly one of the most pleasant of the musical entertainments which come to us "through College." The Portland Band had exactly the key to the musical taste of the audience; and the applause elicited was of the hearty kind that anybody can interpret. We are glad Portland happens to be a city of our own State, and hope it will remain so till after Commencement. The Class have shown their good taste in selecting a better band at home than they could have imported from another State. Those who hear this excellent and highly popular Band to-night, will agree with us, that no similar occasion has been set to better music.

ACCIDENT.—Capt. B. P. Manley, of this place, was considerably injured last evening, by being thrown from his buggy—his horse having become frightened. No bones were broken, but he was considerably bruised by the fall.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION is yet in session, on the 10th day since it met. The South demanded a slave code platform instead of the Cincinnati, which was refused them by a vote of 167 to 138. A portion of the delegations from several southern States thereupon withdrew: since which upwards of fifty ballottings have been had without effecting a nomination. Douglas gets from 146 to 152 votes—202 being necessary to nominate him by a two-thirds vote. The rest are divided among Guthrie, Hunter, and half a dozen others. We cannot guess at the result, though the prospect of an agreement upon Douglas is small.

P. S. Adjourned to meet at Baltimore on the 18th inst.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT has ended in a draw game, though the American champion contends for the award of the belt. The Englishman was knocked down some twenty-five or thirty times, and probably would have given up if the crowd had not broken up the ring.—Heenan had one of his peepers closed up and the other badly clouded. Neither country gets the glory of a victory, while both share in the shame and confusion of face which this disgraceful affair must produce.

I. O. O. G. T.—Rising Star Lodge, of this village, made choice of the following officers for the present quarter:—

C. S. Newell, W. C. T.
Miss Annie Ellis, W. V. T.
C. Kendall, W. S.
Wm. L. Maxwell, W. T.
Arba P. Davis, W. I. G.
John B. Britt, W. O. G.
Joseph Hill, W. C.
W. T. Page, W. F. S.
W. C. Stevens, W. M.
W. C. Bridge, W. D. M.
Miss E. Britt, W. A. M.
Miss Amy R. Newell, W. A. S.
Mrs. Mary P. Lowe, W. H. S.
Mrs. S. W. Bridge, W. R. H. S.
Geo. A. L. Merrill, W. E.
Mrs. Charlotte Britt, W. A. E.
E. C. Lowe, P. W. C. T.

This order is having a healthy growth in our place—the Lodge numbering over sixty members. They have recently taken up their quarters in Appleton Hall, which has been altered and fitted up expressly for their use, and while a very handsome hall, it has the advantage of being better ventilated than any other room of the size in town.

MASONIC.—At the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Maine, at Portland, the following were elected, on Tuesday, as officers for the ensuing year:—

Josiah H. Drummond, of Waterville, Grand Master; Wm. P. Preble, of Portland, D. G. M.; John J. Bell, of Carmel, S. G. W.; Joseph Covet, of Jay, J. G. W.; Moses Dodge, of Portland, G. Treas.; Ira Berry, of Portland, G. Secretary.

Rev. N. M. Wood, of Lewiston, has commenced a series of Sabbath evening lectures, taking for a subject "The Bible the word of God."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT GARDINER.—A fire broke out in the Saw Mill of W. Sargent & Co., on Wednesday night last, about 10 o'clock, and extended from Clay's Block on Water st. to Bridge st.; through Bridge as far as the piling-place for Putney wood on the easterly side; up southerly side of High st. to and including the house of Amasa Smith; and up Summer st. so far as to include the Scribner brick house, making a clean sweep over this large extent, (some fifty rods long), leaving a scene of devastation such as is seldom seen in a town like this. An immense quantity of lumber, in and about the mills and shops, was also destroyed.

The fire is represented as the most disastrous that ever occurred on the Kennebec.—Five Saw Mills, thirteen Dwellings, a Bridge, Paving Mills, Mechanics' Shops, Stores, &c., were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$56,000.

The light of this fire was plainly seen here by many persons, who had no thought, however, that it was so far away.

THE COOLIE TRADE.—A trial for kidnapping Coolies was lately before the Supreme Court of Hong Kong. A Chinese shop-keeper, resident in Hong Kong, was charged with 'kidnaping and slave-dealing.' He had taken part in abducting one hundred and twenty Coolies to embark in a passage boat for Macao, ostensibly for the Bethel plantations near Singapore, but in fact to be conveyed to the sugar plantations of Cuba. In the course of his remarks the Judge called attention to the marked distinction that exists in China between a system of free emigration and that iniquitous traffic so productive of crimes like that now under consideration. After a short consultation the jury returned a verdict that the prisoner was guilty of everything charged against him in the indictment. The Judge then pro-

nounced his sentence, which was that he should be subjected to four years penal servitude.—The United States might, with good effect, adopt a similar law for the punishment of parties engaged in the Coolie trade, including, of course, the officers and owners of ships thus employed.

BRUTALITIES IN KENTUCKY.—Cassius M. Clay, at the Republican State Convention of Kentucky, stated that on his death-bed, West, one of the Bereas, informed him that while his daughter was watching by him with filial devotion, she saw horsemen leaping the fence into the yard, surrounding the house, and sprang to the front door and closed it. She then closed the back door, when it was knocked down, and herself with it, by one of the ruffians, who walked over the door with her under it, injuring her person. One of them, with a pistol at the dying man's breast, demanded all the information he had about the Bereas, and the daughter was forced against the cupboard with a pistol, the same demand being made of her.

FUGITIVE SLAVE ARRESTED.—On Friday last, in Troy, N. Y., Deputy Marshal Holmes arrested a colored man named Chas. Malle, as a fugitive from B. W. Hamsborough, Culpeper Co. Va., and brought him before Commissioner Brack. He was identified and remanded to his owner.

Judge Gould issued a habeas corpus for bringing the man before him, which was served.—A crowd of a thousand persons soon gathered, and took the man forcibly from the officers, and carried him to the river, and rowed him across. He was re-arrested by a West Troy Constable.—Another crowd rescued the fugitive, who was taken off in a carriage. Pistols were used, but no one seriously hurt. The negroes were most active in the affair.

BE CAREFUL WITH THE GUANO.—It may not be as generally known as it should be, that great danger may be incurred by the reckless handling of guano. We understand that cases have occurred of persons having cuts upon their fingers, who, in handling this manure have received a deadly poison into the system. The guano contains an organic element which is just as certain to operate against life if it once reaches the blood, as the corruption of a body that gets into a wound upon the person of a dissector. Farmers should be aware of this fact and be cautious. We hear of a death from this cause occurring within a few days in a neighboring county.

[Phila. United States Gazette.]

WHY WAS IT REJECTED?—The New York Herald says of the convention at Charleston and its action:

"The Cincinnati platform was rejected on the ground that it had been interpreted in two senses, and this the South deems a highly objectionable feature."

Why, bless your simple soul, does not every man know that the Cincinnati platform was formed expressly for the purpose of having it interpreted in two senses, and if it had not been so interpreted, James Buchanan could never have been elected.—[Boston Atlas.]

INCENDIARY FIRE AT TOPSHAM, ME.—Our correspondent sends us an account of an incendiary fire at Topsham, Me., early on Wednesday morning, by which the house and outbuildings of F. W. Dearborn, were totally destroyed at a loss of thirteen hundred dollars, partially covered by insurance. Incendiary fires in that section are quite common and the authorities are trying to ferret out the guilty parties.—[Traveller.]

SLAVERY NOT LAWFUL IN NEW YORK.—The Court of Appeals of New York, before whom has been the famous Lemon case for some time, have affirmed the opinion of the Supreme Court, thus settling the principle that slaves cannot be taken into New York even temporarily by their masters. The owners of the Lemon slaves were paid for their 'chattel' years ago, by voluntary subscription. But the State of Virginia insisted on continuing the litigation, in order to establish that her citizens may take and hold her slaves where they please. Thus far she has been unsuccessful, three adverse decisions having been given in succession. She now threatens to carry it to the Supreme Court of the United States, whose well known 'Dred Scott' proclivities encourage the hope of a different result.

SCENE IN THE HOUSE.—Punishing Retrogradism. While the Pryor-Potter controversy was going on in Washington, a vote of the House was called upon some minor matters. When Mr. Potter's name was called, an old Dutch member from Pennsylvania, who never takes up time unless he has something to say to the point, rose in his place and excused Mr. Potter thus: "Misther Speaker, I will shust say ash how Misther Pryor hash a Pryor excuserment." Both sides of the House and the galleries united in an uproarious explosion of mirth at the Hon. member's sally of wit, and it was only checked by a redoubled when after the name of Mr. Pryor was called, the same old Hans arose and said: "Vell, Misther Speaker, Misther Pryor hash gone to pe ash clay in to hands to Potter." For some moments the scene in the House was indescribable, and, for once, five pound bowie knives and shotted rifles were at a discount.

THE SWISS SAVOY QUESTION.—Napoleon I. claimed that the natural boundaries of France were the Alps and the Rhine. He conquered all the provinces between. When he fell, the Congress of Vienna met to circumscribe France and keep it circumscribed. Savoy, the Prussian Rhine Provinces and Belgium were interposed as barriers to prevent another irruption of Frenchmen over the rivers and mountains into Germany and Italy.

One of these barriers is broken down. This alarms Europe. It is not the amount of Territory that is cared for. It would be a matter of indifference to the other Powers whether the Savoyards were the subjects of Italy or France. But they fear it is an indication of the old policy revived. Hence the protest of Switzerland, the grumbling of England, the remonstrance of Prussia and the call for another General Congress.

HON. JOHN F. POTTER AT HOME.—This gentleman is now making a brief visit at his home in Wisconsin. The local newspapers state that he is much lionized by the people, receptions, serenades, &c., being abundant; but that Mr. Potter avoids all such demonstrations as much as possible. Mr. Potter is an unassuming, modest man, and no more seeks notoriety than he sought to quarrel with Pryor, or to avoid a prompt settlement with the bully.

The telegraphic accounts state that the excessive spring drought in the north and west, which caused some anxiety for the cotton and grain crops, has been broken, in nearly all the region south of Charleston and west of Cincinnati, to the great improvement of the growing crops.

THE CREEDS OF THE DIFFERENT POLITICAL PARTIES.—The difference in the Creeds of the various Political Parties relates mainly to the question of slavery, and the following, we believe, which we find summed up in *Life Illustrated*, is a concise and fair statement of their positions:

The Democrats.—That portion of the democratic party known as 'Administration Democrats' believe that under the Dred Scott decision of the United States Supreme Court, slavery exists as a national institution in the territories; that the constitution guarantees and protects it, and that neither Congress nor the inhabitants of a territory have the right to prohibit slavery in a territory.

The 'Anti-Lecompton Democrats,' of whom Senator Douglas is the leader, believe that Congress has no right to prohibit slavery in the territories, but that the people of a territory have the right to establish or abolish it as they please.

The Republicans.—The Republicans hold that Congress has supreme authority in the territories, and can and ought to prohibit slavery there; while they recognize the right of every State to establish or abolish slavery as its people shall decide and avow, their determination not to interfere with slavery in the State where it exists. Their doctrine is, that slavery is sectional, not national. That is, that the constitution leaves it to the State to settle each for itself; but that it does not establish or carry it into the territories; and that, under the constitution, it can only exist by positive State legislation.

The Opposition.—By this name is designed, particularly to the Southern States, the opponents of the administration. In the South, it embraces the old Whigs and Americans; in some parts of the North it has embraced Whigs, Americans, Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and Republicans.

The Union Party.—The Union Party sprang out of the excitement attending the John Brown affair. It is, perhaps, identical with the 'Opposition,' only it does not embrace any portion of the Republican strength. Its object, so far as avowed, is the conservation of the Union.

THE SETTLEMENT WITH MR. PEX'S BONDSMEN.—We learn that the basis of the above settlement was as follows. The bondsmen of 1859 have just paid and secured to the State the sum of thirty-seven thousand dollars. Mr. Dow has already paid eight thousand dollars, and the Mechanic's Bank eleven hundred, making \$46,000. The following sums are now considered to be due, viz: from Neal Dow, \$8000; J. Wyman, \$1,675; Walter Brown, \$2,832.39, making \$7,507.39. Mr. Dow has offered and stands ready to pay his \$3000 if the Judges of the Supreme Court determined, without litigation, that he ought to pay it; and it is understood that Messrs. Wyman and Brown are ready to pay upon the same conditions, making in the whole \$54,107.39.—This would leave something less than \$40,000 to be collected from the Bondsmen of 1858. [Portland Advertiser.]

GRAFTING—New French Method.—Cut the grafts at the usual period, save them for future use, and when time and leisure come, take a subject—any tree, any bark, with a little of the wood, with a knife as keen as a razor; then cut the bud as exactly as possible of the same size with a bit of the wood; fit bud and stalk, and tie it lightly over with woolen yarn (on account of its elasticity), apply all over it with a small brush, collodion. This immediately forms an elastic skin over the whole, and perfectly excludes the air—which by all other modes of grafting or budding is not perfectly excluded. This is the whole secret.

The Mormon faction under the leadership of Joe Smith, Jr., have recently been holding meetings in Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio, and have determined to re-establish themselves at Kirtland, Lake County, Ohio, where, not many years since, three thousand of that sect congregated and built a magnificent temple. This temple is to be refitted in gorgeous style.—Kirtland is a village pleasantly located on a branch of the Chagrin River. Smith is already on the ground, and the new 'stake' will be in full blast in a few weeks. The re-establishment of Mormonism there on a large scale is said to have caused much excitement among the rural population. This branch of the Mormons repudiate polygamy.

It still remains a singular fact that some southern negroes will run away from the blessings of slavery—and frequently endure almost death itself in the attempt. A box was forwarded recently from Nashville, Tenn., by Adams' Express, to the care of one Levi Coffin, Cincinnati. On reaching Seymour, Ind., the box happened to be handled rather roughly which started the lid, and out popped the head of an African; his eyes shined with an excess of terror. He was taken from Seymour to Louisville, and there lodged in jail, to await the requisition of his proprietor.

ACCIDENT ON THE Y. & C. R. R.—A boy by the name of Hanson, aged about twelve years, in attempting to get on a freight car, which was being placed on the turnout at Saccarap, Friday evening, caught his foot and was thrown under the car, which passed over his body nearly in the middle, injuring him severely, if not fatally. The Stationagent of this place has used all endeavors to keep boys out of the way of cars, even resorting to a horse whip, and it is to be hoped that this accident may result in keeping them away from the depot.—The boy was alive Saturday morning, but his recovery is doubtful.

FATAL EFFECTS OF LEAVING OFF FLANNELS.—As a warning against prematurely leaving off flannels, we mention the case of the recent death of Richard Libby, Esq., of Matamoras, one of the most respected citizens of that town, and well known in this city. He came out from the woods where he had been engaged in 'lumbering' operations most of the winter, and took off his flannels. He was immediately seized with a violent cold and congestion of the lungs, and died in three days.—[Bangor Times.]

SHARP AS A NEEDLE.—The following *bon mot* was started out West. A busy housewife was sitting in the doorway plying her needle. Her husband, lounging on the rail, his foot slipped, and he bruised his knee on the door-stone. "Oh," said he, groaning, "I have broken the bone, I'm sure." "Well, then," said she, holding up her needle, with its eye broken out. "You and I have done very nearly the same thing." "How so?" "Why, don't you see, said she, "I have broken the eye of the needle, and you have broken the knee of the old man."

FATAL RESULT.—The Rockland Gazette says that Elbridge Cunningham, the man who was stabbed at Ingraham's Corner, last week, died from the effects of the stab on Monday night of this week. Bowley, who gave the fatal blow, has absconded, leaving his bondsmen in the lurch.

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TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
paid within six months, - 2.75
paid within the year, - 5.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
Western Mail leaves daily at 10:15 A.M. Closes at 10:00 A.M.
Augusta " " 10:15 " " 10:00 " "
Eastern " " 10:15 " " 10:00 " "
Northern " " 10:15 " " 10:00 " "
Norfolk & Co. " 10:15 " " 10:00 " "
Belfast Mail leaves
Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 A.M. " 7:47 P.M.
Also leaves Monday 4 A.M. - closes Sunday 6 P.M.
Other Mails from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

Alphabetical Assertions, Briefly Collected; Describing
Elegant Fashions, Generally Improving in Acting,
Kissing, Lacking, Mowing-making, Nutting, (Opportunity
Producing Quot Rumpuses), Small Talk Under Vol's
Windows, 'Xtolling Yachtful Zeal, &c., &c.

Arthur Aked's Affection,
Bess, Bess, Benjamin's Bird,
Cousin Cuthbert's Connection,
Dorothy, Dicky Dimpled,
Eleanor's Eke Effluence,
Frederick's Fanciful Feels,
Giles Gained Georgiana's Good Gracious!
Harry Hates Helen's High Heels,
Isabel is Isabel's Idol,
Jenny Jears Jonathan Jones,
Katherine Knows Knead Kit Arleady,
Loves's Loring Lucy's Long-bones,
Mary Meets Maud's Mellow Mellow,
Nicholas Noddy Neglects,
Oliver's Oke Observations,
Peters Peter Poot Poots!
Quaker Quill's Quare Quibbles,
Red Rachel's Reasons Resist,
Soft Simon's Sympathy Scribbles
Tales To Tell Tattlers Tatt,
Uncle's Uttering Undoing,
Valentine's Vain Vain,
William's Wicked Woeing,
'Xceeds Youtful Zeal's Zest."

They say that smoking ovens, hams, and herring,
And haddock, and many other things, all know in
which I have tried it on my wife's temper for the last
dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing
that.

WONDERFUL METAMORPHOSIS.—A testator who was
seen, a day or two ago, to turn into a public house!

A cotemporary asks us if we can throw any light
upon kissing. "We don't want to—the thing is done just
as well without it."

A student went into a bookstore, and inquired of the
proprietor if he had any pocket Testaments in Greek.
"In Greek?" echoed our good friend, hesitatingly; "I
believe not, sir, but I have a lot of elegant ones in
morocco."

Why Not?—A mother writes us that her little girl,
aged three, has been asked, "Why not?" and she has
answered "I don't know." "That would only be acting like
a great many people who, in their haste to arrive at
concluded results, are perpetually attempting to
anticipate the consequences of their own actions."

NOSE BUT STONE SAINTS THERE.—The writer of a
private letter, just received here from Rome, complains
nervously of the nose, remarking in conclusion—"If the
saints here were not all stone, they would wear."

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The most marvellous tale we have seen lately relates
to a cat. It is to the effect that a small child, while
playing near a well in Albany, slipped, and was
about to be drowned, when a cat, named "Mittens,"
sprang into the water, and, by its claws, it saved the
child, who was brought up, when it was seen, and
the story—The cat was sitting on a log,
and a powerful wind blew the cat's prints on the
wall could easily be distinguished upon it.

When Sir Humphry Davy was in Sicily, he was
studying geology, and the day and clatter of his hammer
among the rocks astonished the Catanian peasants, who
accounted him mad. They told their priest of the
strange man, and his reverence, quite intimidated to
learn that he was a foreign gentleman from a far off
land, was procuring a penance. Davy was then
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master taty, had tempered and penurious.

One of the latest developments of ingenuity consists
of rubber stales, the vulcanized rubber forming a com-
plete coating on sheet iron.

Some author tells us that much is said about the
tongue, but the tongue is not the mouth.

The Chinese picture of a man is a mandarin in
tongue to catch on by putting salt on its tail.

"Good morning, Mr. Gracum," what is the news to-
day? "O, there's no news; my wife was sick yesterday,
and didn't go out, no news—no news."

A farmer out West imported to take shares in some
stock company, said that ploughshares and Devo's stock
were the only ones that farmers should meddle with.

There is a man in Cincinnati in possession of a pow-
erful remedy. He is called the Humane Society to
remember the poor.

The Charleston Mercury publishes the fiery abolition
speech of Owen Lovejoy. Any northern paper con-
taining such matter would be burnt as sacrilegious.

The smooth or grain side of a leather belt, running
upon smooth pulleys, will give more power than when
rough or flake side of the leather runs upon the pulley.
[Railway Review]

A correspondent of the Rochester Democrat, speaking
of his exclusion from St. Peter's, at Rome, on Ash
Wednesday, because he was not in proper dress, says:
"These people, the Cardinals, were having their
heads shaved with the razor, in token of self abasement,
and yet wouldn't let anybody to see them humbly
themselves, unless he had a dress coat on."

LITTLE DUTTON.—The Rochester Express learns that
Dollie Dutton, the miniature Miss, recently fell while
talking on the exhibitor's stand, and broke an arm.

COCKBOOD AND UNCOCKBOOD.—Samborin—
"I'm a cocky," says a man, "and I'm a cocky."
"You're a cocky," says the other, "and I'm a cocky."

Snuff dippers are quite the rage among the an-
tislavery women of New York. "Snuff dipping," as it is
called, is said to be largely on the increase.

An incorrigible old bachelor says he has seen of late
several fair grown men engaged in the childish sport of
chasing flies through the streets.

STABBED.—A correspondent informs the Belfast
Standard that a man named Cunningham was stabbed,
in Rome, on Monday evening, by Ezekiel Bowley and
that it is thought the wound will prove fatal.

There was an old grudge between the parties.
Frederick Douglas having been refused a passport to
enable him to visit Paris, by Mr. Dallas, the American
Minister at London, on the ground that the United
States are not recognizing Paris as a citizen, the
required permission was furnished by the French Consul
at Newcastle.

SHOCKING.—A little boy (son of Lyman Ware) was
pushed down by a companion, while at play on the
railing and Fittato Bridge, on Thursday of last week,
and received such injury to the head as to cause his
death, on Sunday. It was the same unfortunate child
who had his arm torn off a year or two ago, by the
cogs of the crown wheel in a saw factory.

As an instance of the necessity of investigating cases
where large families are concerned, we mention a meet-
ing held in London, recently, said: "Not long ago, a
woman had taken him with a pious story that her
husband had not had a day's work for six months. It
was true, for he was a night watchman."

NOT WANTED.—A correspondent of the Jeff. cronian
at London, speaks of a fellow who ran away last fall,
leaving his large family in distress, circumstances—
they were obliged to call upon the town for aid. He
came back on the 14th of the present month—where-
upon a delegation of ladies waited upon him and in-
vited him to leave town or be riden out on a rail. He
preferred the former course.

WHISTLING.
Supper was over—the boy went out.
He passed through the yard and over the stile;
The dog barked as he went along by,
And followed him nearly a mile.
And he went down on a hickory log,
And whistled a lively tune, this boy,
Which took the ear of this barking dog,
And he wagged his tail for joy.

The beetle stooped from picking the fly,
The dog barked as he went along by,
And the tom-tit heard with a tear in his eye,
And a fishing worm in his bill;
And the grasshopper said, "I know that air,
But I cannot whistle it so."
The tone of the man with no hair on his head,
Where have ever ought to grow?

Oh, MISS KEY!
The ladies, dear creatures, have certainly done it,
By donning the fashionable 'scoop' of a bonnet.
AND MISTERY!
But more foolish are gentle-shams on them for that!
They take after the 'scoop' with a 'scoop' of a hat!
[Woburn Budget.]

RIDDLES. If you were going through the woods and
should meet a lion and a bear, which would you rather,
the lion should eat you or the bear?
John went out and his dog went in. He went not
before nor behind, nor above nor beneath, nor on one
side of him. Where did he go?
On what did Noah strike the first nail?
Where was Gen. Washington when he put the candle
out?

In the ship yards at Bath, there are thirteen ships
on the stocks and nearly all of large size—being as many
as was built there during the whole of last year.

There's a great difference between honor and honesty;
the former, it is said, 'exists among thieves,' the latter
certainly does not.

In a convention of females, we have no doubt but
whatsoever is voted on is always carried by a handsome
majority.

Words are sometimes signs of ideas, and quite as often
of the want of them.

One picture shows two 'respectable citizens' very
much 'cut' after dinner. Both look extremely happy
and rumpled, and hold a test conversation as follows:
"Say, my boy, shall we join ladies in Drawing
Room?"
Guest—"Oh, yes, indeed."
Host—"Can you say, 'The economy's truly rural' 'bout
them?"
Guest—"So-Sceenry looalooaloo!"
Host—"All right, come along!"

Pelham Extinguished!—We know a dandy who is so
extremely fastidious, that he is always measured for his
umbrella.

Too many people live fast by anticipation. They
think that because he was honest enough to tell him
that some speculation of theirs will prove successful, forget-
ting the old negro's motto, "dat uncerntin thing is
werry dooful!"

A young man advertises for a wife—"pretty and
entirely ignorant of the fact." Evidently he wants a fool.
Any girl who would know she's pretty—wouldn't she
be smart if she didn't?

MAN'S ACCOUNT WITH WOMAN.—Look here; you
must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies,
to make this world a paradise, seeing the lot us she
has generated into synchrocal melancholy. "Why only think
about what she owes to woman; you must allow
that we have a swinging balance against her.
There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled
for!"—[Douglas Journal.]

THEORY OF THE HUMAN SPEECHES.—M. Silvermann
has been pursuing certain investigations from which he
arrives at a conclusion that the average height of the
human race has remained unchanged since the Chal-
dean epoch, four thousand years ago.

The first physician in a certain case was discharged
because he was too honest to tell him that he had
had only a sore throat, and the second doctor having
had some hint of the fact, answered the sick man, when
questioned, that his case was highly abnormal, and had
generated into synchrocal melancholy. "Why only think
about what she owes to woman; you must allow
that we have a swinging balance against her.
There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled
for!"—[Douglas Journal.]

YANKEE IMAGINATION.—A Yankee traveller, de-
scribing a doughty of the daily large proportion which
he purchased in Buffalo, says—"It was one of those
stupendous achievements in art which are only
attempted in the vicinity of great works of nature like
Niagara Falls."

What is the difference between an auction and sea-
sawing? One is the sale of effects—the other the effects
of a sail.

American and Foreign Patents.

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[illegible]

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Notice to the Afflicted.
MRS. E. C. MORSE, PHYSICIAN,
respectfully informs the public and especially the
Waterville and vicinity, that she has taken the
merely occupied by the late Mrs. HARRIS, on Main
posite the head of Appleton Street, where she has p
sily located for the practice of her profession. Thoug
fail to secure the high place of her predecessor in the
her patrons, she pledges her best endeavors to desert
fidence and favors. Special attention given to C
mors and Diseases of the Blood. Patients attended

several years successful practice gives her confidence to be of service to the afflicted generally. Waterville, Feb. 16, 1860.

IN REBO vs. At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of April, A. D. 1860.

BBY EVA C. HALL, Administratrix on the Estate of VIN C. HALL, late of Waterville in said County, having presented her first account of Administration of said deceased for allowance:

lished three weeks successively in the Eastern Standard, that they may appear at a Probate Court at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and receive, if any they have, why the same should be so.

H. K. BAKER, Jr.
true copy—Attest: J. Bunton, Register.

WENBEE COUNTY.—In Court of Probate, held at
ta, on the second Monday of April, 1860.

CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the

and testament of JAMES DRUMMOND, late of
in said county, deceased, having been presented to
the court, That notice be given to all persons inter-
est in publishing a copy of this order in the Eastern Mail
at Greenville, in said County, three weeks successive,
may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Al-
l County, on the second Monday of May next, at
o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they
the said instrument, should not be proved, approved
as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Best: J. Buxton, Register.
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