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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, EDITOR.

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

MAXHAM & DRUMMOND, PRINTERS.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1847.

NO. 7.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Country Produce received in payment.

Poetry.

A BEAUTIFUL BALLAD.

JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

Ere the twilight had been falling,
In the sunset at her bidding,
Sang a lovely maiden, sitting,
Underneath her threshold tree;
And, ere daylight did before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fifteen rose her tender chorus,
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Warmly shone the sunset glowing,
Sweetly breathed the young flowers blowing;
Earth, with beauty overflowing,
Seemed the home of love to be.
As those angel tones ascending,
With the scene and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending—
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Curfew bells remotely ringing,
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
And the last red ray seemed clinging,
Lingeringly to tower and tree—
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Finer rose the notes, and clearer,
Oh! 'twas heaven itself to hear her—
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Blow, ye west winds! blandly hover
O'er the bark that bears my lover;
Gently blow and bear him over
To his own dear home and me;
For, when night winds bend the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the foaming billow,
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

How could I but list, but linger,
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea;
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprung, my heart serene me—
"Grieve no more, sweet I, Jamie—
Home returned to love and thee."

Historical Sketches.

[The Earl of Leicester was a prominent character in an important period of English history—the reign of Elizabeth. His amours with "the little Queen Bess" have been a profitable warning to many an ambitious lover. The following sketch is abridged from a long and interesting article in Fraser's Magazine, which appeared in the Daguerreotype.—Ed.]

A CHRONICLE OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

ABRIDGED FROM THE "DAGUERRETYPE."

Little has transpired of Robert Dudley's boyish days, nothing even of the date of his birth; and the first signal event of his life was his marriage to Amy Robsart, no ideal personage, but the actual daughter of a sturdy knight, Sir John Robsart; and, moreover, that union was contracted at the express wish of the Duke of Northumberland, and was celebrated at Shene, the king Edward VI. honoring the nuptials by his grave but youthful presence. Amy, so bewitchingly pictured by Sir Walter Scott, was a considerable heiress, descended from a Norfolk family; and, as it was one of the duke's plans to marry his sons early, by way of forming a strong family compact in those factious days, we may presume that Amy's family were not to be despised. Noble blood ran in her veins, and two of her ancestors had been knights of the Garter. And gallant doings were there at his wedding; certain gentlemen, among other sports, striving which should carry away a goose's head that was hanged, the animal being alive, on two cross posts. And we may reasonably presume that, until deep designs had arisen in the mind of the accomplished young Dudley, the youthful pair may have known felicity, perhaps the only real taste of it that Dudley's finished career of crime permitted. He was, even in that dawn of his influence, a perfect and most elegant courtier, prone to gallantry, and of an imagination easily kindled to love; his temper was complaisant, and he was deadly insidious to those whom he designed to ruin. For the rest, he was lavish to every one who served him—a quality which enhanced his power; and he knew well how to choose his time, how to carry his point, and well did he succeed in some respects, for this world was everything to him, and he stopped at no scruples of honor or humanity.

One word more about Amy Robsart. At the time of his first marriage, Dudley was still only a knight, though, after his restoration in blood, he went by the name of Lord Robert Dudley, a title which he bore when the first gleam of light—the possibility of his obtaining the hand of his sovereign in marriage—broke upon him. He was not at that time the owner of Kenilworth, which Elizabeth did not bestow upon him until 1562. Alas, poor Amy!—or, as some vexatious historians will have it, poor Anne!—she died two years previously; and the world was filled, to use an expression of the day, with "the lamentable tragedy of her death."

The story to which Camden, in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, refers, stating that the lady fell from a high place, has been but little embellished in its tragic particulars by the author of *Kenilworth*; but when he makes his heroine repair to that castle and witness there the festivities which she was forbidden to share, he commits an anachronism, for which we are, nevertheless, greatly obliged to him.

Dudley, it seems, first endeavored to dispose of Amy by poison. He applied to Dr. Bayley, a Professor of Physic at Oxford, and a Fellow of New College. That gentleman refused to do his behest, and Dudley endeavored to displace him. He employed in this affair Sir Richard Varney, who is said, indeed, to have prompted the foul deed, to which the report that Dudley was either a bachelor or a widower gave facility. The lady was enticed to Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, there to rest under the care of Anthony Forster, who lived in the old manor-house of the place, and whilst

she was here their scheme was brought to bear.

Seeing their victim deeply melancholy, "as one," says Aubrey, "who knew by her other handling that her death was not far off," they tried to persuade her to take a potion they had prepared for her. This she refused; and they then sent to Dr. Bayley, at Oxford, and entreated him to persuade her into compliance with their advice; but he, misanthropic them, and dreading lest "he should be hanged afterwards, should the murder be found out," "as a color to their sin," refused. Then it was necessary to adopt some other plan. Poor doomed one! One day, when still detained in that gloomy old manor-house, all her servants were sent off by Varney and Forster to Abingdon, three miles from Cumnor, Varney remaining alone with her, with one man only. Then the deed of horror was accomplished! The unhappy Amy was first stifled, or strangled, it is not known which; and afterwards the two miscreants flung her down stairs, and "broke her neck, using much violence upon her." A report was set on foot in the neighborhood, that she had met with this accident by chance, and "still without hurting of her hood that was on her head." But, says Aubrey, "the inhabitants of the place will tell you that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay to another, where the bed's head of her chamber was close upon a secret postern-door, where they, in the night-time, came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, and broke her neck, throwing her down stairs."

How the blood freezes in such a recital! Innocence, youth, rank, pleaded not for the wretched Amy in that dark hour, with those murderous tools; and the blow came from the hand that should have protected and saved her. The miscreants hoped that murder would not out, but that just avenging Providence defeated their schemes. One of the two persons concerned was afterwards convicted of felony. During his imprisonment he related the tale of Amy's death; he was instantly, by the Earl of Leicester's vengeance, made away with, and was found dead in his cell. Varney died miserably in London, and, stung by remorse, was heard, shortly before his death, to say that all the devils in hell were tearing him to pieces! Forster, a person before this event given to mirth and hospitality, pined and drooped away in silent anguish. An inquest sat upon the mangled remains of Amy, and her brother came to Cumnor to investigate her death; but Leicester found means to stop his mouth and to suppress all inquiries. And a splendid funeral in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, attested his conjugal sorrow. Only one evil accident occurred. The earl's chaplain, one Dr. Babington, in preaching the funeral sermon, referred to the lady as being pitifully "murdered," instead of saying, "pitifully slain." Such is the account of Aubrey. It is said by grave, dispassionate reasoners, not to be very consistent, and that the silence of the lady's family tends to prove that the inquisition after her death referred to the disposal of her property; but tradition is ever a safer guide than argument.

The death of Amy removed the obstacle, but did not insinuate the earl's nuptials with the queen. Honors were, indeed, showered down upon him in abundance, and whatever he desired for himself or his friends was bestowed upon him as soon as asked. When at Cumnor bridge with the queen, the earl received honors little short of those due to royalty; but still the one boon was withheld—her regal hand. Elizabeth knew no equal, even in her affections. In despair, and prone, notwithstanding all his barbarous conduct to poor Amy, to the tender affections, a marriage took place at a time between Douglas, baroness-dowager of Sheffield, and the fascinating Leicester. The union was, however, kept a secret, and its actual proof has even been doubted. The unfortunate Lady Douglas Howard, Leicester's second wife, was the daughter of Howard, first baron Effingham. Her first husband, Lord Sheffield, died suddenly of that mysterious complaint, to which the slanderous of those times gave the name of "Leicester's rheum," a term which speaks volumes of his imputed character. This lady was solemnly wedded to Dudley at Esher, in Surrey, as she herself and other witnesses deposed, according to the rites of the Church of England. The ring then placed upon her finger was set with five pointed diamonds, having a table diamond in the centre; and it had been a gift to the Earl of Leicester from one of the Earls of Pembroke, on condition that he should use it for a wedding ring, and for no other purpose. The lady and the witnesses were vowed to secrecy, from fear of the queen's displeasure. Soon afterwards the birth of a son appeared likely to cement the union; and Leicester even committed himself so far as to write a letter, in which he thanked God for that event, and subscribed himself "Your loving husband, Robert Leicester." A daughter was also the offspring of this marriage. Moreover, Lady Douglas was served in her chamber as a countess, until her lord gave orders that such honors should be omitted, for fear of a disclosure (a circumstance which Scott, with others, has borrowed in relation to Amy Robsart). Notwithstanding these manifest bonds, five years afterwards Leicester married Lettice, Countess of Essex; the death of whose husband, Walter, Earl of Essex, threw down many suspicions on the Earl.

Henceforth began a system of persecution towards the ill-fated Lady Douglas Sheffield. That high-spirited woman refused an offer of 700*l.* as a yearly provision. She was then threatened, upon her non-compliance, with never seeing her husband more, nor receiving a single farthing from him unless she gave up her claims. The unhappy Lady Sheffield soon found that a slow poison was consuming her strength: she too well knew from what source it emanated. Her hair and nails fell off, and to preserve her life, she gave her hand, notwithstanding her previous union with Dudley, to Sir Edward Stafford, the queen's ambassador in France; although she felt and acknowledged that, in so doing, she prejudiced the claims of her children.

It was in the height of the summer of 1575, that Queen Elizabeth was entertained by Lord Leicester at Rotherham, seven miles from Kenilworth, where the banquet was held under a tent of extraordinary size; and thence, hunting by the way, they came to the castle. It was eight o'clock in the evening when her "highness" reached the park, where she was received by one of the ten Sibyls, who, "comely clad in pall (a long upper mantle) of white silk, pronounced a proper 'poesy' in English rhyme and metre," the burden of which we spare our readers. Her majesty passed then into the tilt-yard, the remains of which, shrouded by the wild hazel and grazed by the stray lambs, may still be traced near the castle. Here she was addressed by a tall porter, who pretended to be a "great pang of impatience" at seeing his territory invaded; yet confessing anon that he found himself pierced at the presence of a personage "so evidently expressing an heroic sovereignty over the whole estate," yielded up his club, his keys of office, and all, and caused his trumpeters to sound from the wall a tune of welcome; and then rang the courts and echoed the baritones with the tones of those trumpets; "a noble voice," breathed from trumpets formed of silver. The evening star was now glimmering about the castle, and the "moon, resplendent still, but of an ampler round," must have begun to rise when the gallant procession rode along the tilt-yard into the inner gate next the base-court of the castle; and here a beautiful apparition delighted the queen. Floating upon a movable island, blazing with torches on the bosom of the lake, came there to greet her majesty the "Lady of the Lake," a personage distinguished in the famous romance called *La Morte d'Arthur*. She, too, attended by two nymphs, met the queen with a "fair-penned metre," setting forth the antiquity of the castle, and saying how she had guarded this lake since the days of King Arthur. "We thought," answered Elizabeth, keeping up the characteristics of this splendid charade, "the lake had, indeed, been ours. But do you call it yours, now? Well, we shall continue on it with you hereafter."

One day, thirteen years were tied up in the outer court, to be baited with bear-dogs, a variety of the mastiff, having somewhat of the hound's scent—his bite was dangerous, if not mortal; and deep and hollow their bark was heard in the minor court, where, longing for blood, they lay expecting their murderous joys. A natural antipathy existed between this now extinct race of dogs and the bear; and many a torn coat," observes Laneham, "and many a maimed member (God wot) and bloody face hath the quarrel cost between them." It was thought, however, very pleasant sport to see these beasts, to behold the bear peering after his enemy's approach, to witness the nimbleness of the dog, and his expertness in seizing his advantage, to wonder at the strength and experience of the bear in avoiding his assaults. "If he was bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free; if he were taken once, then what shift, what bying, with claving, with roaring, tossing, and tumbling, he would wind himself from them. It was," says the chronicler, adding some particulars as to the bear shaking the blood from his ears, a matter of "goodly relief!"

For nineteen days a repetition of these costly and elaborate pleasures went on. The career of Leicester, prosperous as it seemed, was not devoid of many pungent mortifications and anxieties. His wife, Lady Lettice, whose beauty had captivated his heart, retained, indeed, her empire over his affections until the last moment of his existence; but she was cousin to the queen, whose jealousy might be excited by these new bonds. Long and sedulously were they, therefore, concealed; nor was it until her son, the Earl of Essex, had attained his well-known place in the queen's affections, that she was permitted to return to court. Nor would the queen meet her, even at the houses of any of her courtiers. "On Shrove Tuesday," writes Rowland Whyte, "the queen was persuaded to go to Mr. Comptroller's, and there was my Lady Leicester, with a fair jewel of 300*l.* A great dinner was prepared by my Lady Shandos, and the queen's coach ready, when, on a sudden, she resolved not to go, and so sent word." Then in the decline of his favor, and when the young rival in his affections, Sir Walter Raleigh, was supplanting him, when Leicester was banished in an honorable and civil way to Flanders, where he had the command of a military force, he had by this time, in 1584, openly acknowledged his Countess Lettice; and he sent for her there that he might hold a court with regal splendor. The countess was, however, forbidden to leave England, and Elizabeth's anger knew no bounds. "I will let the upstart know," such were her words, "how easily the hand which has exalted him can beat him down to the dust." After a time, however, her "choler" to use an expression of the times, abated. "The queen is on very good terms with you," writes Sir Walter Raleigh to the Earl; "and, thanks be God, well pacified, and you are again 'her sweet Robin.'" But no prosperity could soften the malignity of Leicester's disposition, where his interests or his ambition were at stake; and not the slightest stain upon his memory is his enemy to Mary, queen of Scots, prompted by a desire that the posterity of the Earl of Huntingdon, who had married his sister, should, from their descent from George, duke of Clarence, be included in the succession to the Crown.

His name was a word of fear, a term implying remorseless revenge—the arrow that flyeth by night, the bowl, or the dagger, as might best suit his lordly convenience. At length, disgust at his vices, dread of his crimes, and that desire of exposing wickedness which is natural to man, broke out in a production entitled, *Leicester's Commonwealth*. It was written beyond seas, or at least published abroad; and its design was to represent the earl as one who wished to subvert the government, and to substitute a Leicesterian commonwealth. In this composition, which was imported in great numbers, Leicester was represented to be an atheist, and a monster of ambition and cruelty. It was soon dispersed over the country, and obtained the popular title of "Father Parsons's Green Coat,"—the leaves being edged with green, and Father Parsons conjectured to be the author. So great was the sensation which it excited, that the queen issued letters from the privy council, declaring that all its allegations were false; and Sir Philip Sidney, the amiable and accomplished nephew of Lord Leicester, composed an answer, which was never published. To this day the author of the work has never been discovered, but it is supposed to have been one of the Popish writers, who was irritated by the earl's now imputed patronage of the Puritans. The reputation of Leicester stood even this shock, and survived also his campaign, and his manifest inefficiency in the Low Countries. The first in the tournament, Leicester was not blessed with the high capacity essential for a general. Yet he was made lieutenant-general—his sov-

ereign alone his superior—when the Spanish Armada threatened the British shores.

But the career of Leicester was now at a close, and the threads of his destiny were cut short suddenly. Whether by disease, or by that retributive justice which doomed the secret assassin to fall by his own poisons, by the poison which he had prepared for others, history has not decided. His death, however, took place at his own house, Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, whither he retreated in disgust with the court, and tired of the world, which he had loved not wisely but too well, with the intention of proceeding to Kenilworth. Suddenly, if not fearfully, did he expire. On the 27th of August, 1588, he was well, and wrote to Lord Burleigh that he should soon return to court, adding his apologies for leaving London without seeing him. On the 4th of September he breathed his last. This fact discounts the statement of Camden, that he died of a fever, since his illness would have been, in all probability, more lingering. The public impression was that he died in consequence of taking a poison prepared for others, he being, in the preparation of such deadly doses, a rare artist. Such is the impression of Nantou; and the privy council taking up the matter, examined at some length a man named Crofts, who was suspected of the deed, but no conclusion was arrived at. He died, however, consistently as he lived, for his existence was one great piece of acting. His will, written whilst he was in Flanders, is framed with consummate art: that whilst he appears to consider mainly his wife's interests, he leaves the bulk of his fortune to his son, Robert Dudley, the offspring of Lady Sheffield; and, happily for Sir Robert Dudley, Ambrose, the good Earl of Warwick, was still alive; so that through his interest the will was carried into effect.

In the chapel of Our Lady, at Warwick, repose the mouldering bones of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, with his earl's coronet on his head, and his countess's effigies lying beside him. A more detested, yet a more powerful subject, has rarely served a British monarch.

ANECDOTES OF THE POET CAMPBELL.

FROM COLBURN'S NEW LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Walking up Holborn Hill, he perceived that he had burst his boot, and as it happened that the streets were rather wet, he turned into the first shop where he could provide himself with a new pair, which was soon accomplished, when he wrote down his name and residence in an address-book kept for that purpose, directing the old boots to be sent home to him. No sooner had the shopkeeper read the words, "Thomas Campbell, Essex Chambers, Duke Street, St. James's," than his countenance underwent a change, and bowing with an air of profound reverence, he said, or rather whispered, as if his natural voice would not sufficiently express his homage,

"I beg your pardon, sir; I hope, I am not taking too great a liberty; I would not for the world be guilty of the smallest disrespect, but may I venture to inquire whether I have the honor of seeing in my shop the celebrated Mr. Thomas Campbell?"

"My dear friend," said the bard, in relating this anecdote to me, "I heard so little lately of my literary reputation, for people have almost forgotten the 'Pleasures of Hope,' that having, as I fondly imagined, caught a new and ardent admirer, I resolved to play with the hook a little; so I replied looking as modest and unconscious as I could,

"I don't exactly know what you mean by the celebrated Mr. Thomas Campbell."

"Oh, sir," cried the fellow, "I mean Mr. Thomas Campbell, the African Missionary—I never heard of any other?"

"An ignorant Muggletonian rascal!" ejaculated the bard, in narrating this misadventure, "I'll never buy another pair of boots of him as long as I live."

The poet's residence among the grave Algerines did not destroy his taste for jocular quips and quiddities, for he addressed from that quarter a poetical epistle to the writer of these notices, full of puns and verbal conceits, to one of which I remember his alluding after his return to England. A reference having been made upon some question of chronology, he exclaimed,

"That is a point upon which you should never apply to a Scotch Cam'el, (thus did he always pronounce his own name,) the whole can have short memories, and I shall never forget my amazement when I first saw an African camel carrying a load of dates, with the least apparent inconvenience."

I have heard him state, that when a child, knowing nothing of his animal namesake, he felt offended at the association, on reading in the Old Testament, that Jacob had much cattle, asses and camels; but he probably did not expect this anecdote to be taken *au pied de la lettre*.

Though he did not affect the character of a professed wit, he would sometimes indulge a vein of quiet, caustic drollery, that might well have entitled him to his diploma as a successful jester, one instance of which I cannot refrain from recording.

It may be in the recollection of my elderly readers that, early in the career of Napoleon, he gave orders for seizing a German bookseller named Palm, who had published a libel against his person and government, for which offence he was brought to a court-martial and shot. Some time subsequent to this occurrence, the eminent firm of Longman & Co., after one of their annual book sales, gave a dinner, to which were invited the principal publishers of London, as well as a few of the most eminent authors, including the subject of this notice. After dinner, the conversation turned upon the daily aggressions and enormities of Bonaparte, who was anathematized as a tyrant and a monster, to whom it was impossible to ascribe a single good action.

"Not one—not one—not one," was assentingly echoed by three times as many loyal bibliopoles.

"Egad, gentlemen," says the poet, with an arch smile, "I cannot quite agree with ye. Ye seem, all of ye, to forget that he once shot a bookseller!"

In ridicule of the imputed rareness and difficulty of his literary production, more especially when the offspring of his throes was poetical, one of his waggish friends used gravely to assert, that on passing his residence, at the time he was writing "Theodoric," he observed the knocker to be tied up, and the street in

front of the house to be covered with straw. Alarmed at these appearances, he gently rang the bell, and enquired anxiously after the poet's health.

"Thank you, sir," was the servant's reply, "master is doing as well as can be expected." "Good heavens! as well as can be expected! what has happened to him?"

"Why, sir, he was this morning delivered of a couplet!"

THE ASSASSINATION OF MARAT.

Marat was one of the principal instruments of anarchy and blood; in the most bloody period of the French revolution. His assassination by Charlotte Corday, took place about the same time that his associate Robespierre met a still more horrible death. We find the following graphic sketch of the event in the "Daguerreotype," for which it was translated from the French.

Marat occupied the first floor of a house in the Rue des Cordeliers. His lodgings consisted of an ante-chamber, a study, a small bathroom, a sleeping room, and a saloon. This lodging was almost bare. Marat's numerous works lying loose on the floor, newspapers, still wet with ink, scattered on the chairs and tables, correctors of the press still running in and out, women folding and directing pamphlets and journals, the worn-out stairs, the unwept passages, all together bore witness to the bustle and disorder in which the busy journalist passed his life. Marat's household was that of a humble artisan. The woman who directed it, formerly called Catherine Evrard, was then named Albertine Marat, since the Friend of the People had given her his name in taking her for his wife "one fine day with the sun for witness," in manner of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. One servant assisted this woman in domestic affairs, whilst a man named Laurent Basse used to do errands and the odd-door work.

Marat's feverish activity had not been lessened by the slow Malady which was consuming him. The inflammation of his blood seemed to kindle his soul. He never ceased writing, in his bed and even in his bath, accusing his enemies, and exciting the Convention and the Cordeliers. Full of the presentiment of death, he seemed to fear only least the short time he had to live would not allow him to destroy enough of the guilty. More eager to kill than to live, he hastened to despatch before him as many victims as possible, as so many hostages given by the sword to the revolution. Terror, which issued from that house, returned under another form, the perpetual fear of assassination. His companion and friends thought they beheld as many daggers raised against him as he himself suspended over the heads of three hundred thousand citizens. Nobody was allowed to approach his person but sure friends, or informers previously recommended and examined.

Charlotte was ignorant of the obstacles, but she suspected them. She alighted from the coach on the opposite side of the street facing Marat's house. The portress refused at first to allow the young stranger to enter the yard. The latter insisted, and ascended a few stairs, though called back in vain by the portress. At the noise, Marat's mistress came and opened the door, but refused to let her enter the apartment. The distant altercation between these women, one begging to be permitted to speak to the Friend of the People, and the other obstinately stopping her at the door, reached the ears of Marat. He understood from their broken sentences that his visitor was the stranger from whom he had received two letters that day. In a loud imperious voice he ordered the stranger to be admitted. Either through jealousy or distrust, Albertine obeyed reluctantly and with ill-humor. She introduced the maiden into the room where Marat then was, and withdrew, leaving the passage-door half open, that she might hear the least word or motion.

The room was dimly lit. Marat was in his bath. Although forced to give repose to his body, he gave none to his soul. A rough plank, with either end resting on the edge of the bath, was covered with papers, open letters, and leaves on which he had begun to write. In his right hand he held a pen, which the arrival of the stranger had suspended on the page. The paper was a letter to the Convention demanding the judgment and proscription of the remaining Bourbons tolerated in France. On the right of the bath was an enormous block of oak, containing a common leaden inkstand. Marat, covered up in his bath, with a dirty cloth stained with ink, had only his head and shoulders, the upper part of his breast, and his right arm out of water. There was nothing in the appearance of that man to affect the eye of a woman or to arrest her arm. Greasy hair bound in a dirty handkerchief, a shuffling forehead, impudent staring eyes, prominent cheek bones, an immensely wide sneering mouth, a hairy breast, lank limbs, and a livid skin—such was Marat.

Charlotte avoided looking at him for fear of betraying the horror of her soul at the sight of him. Standing with cast-down eyes and her hand by her side, near the bath, she awaited Marat to question her about the state of things in Normandy. She replied in a few words, giving her answers likely to please him. He afterwards asked her to tell him the deputies who had taken refuge at Caen. She dictated and he noted them down. Then, when he had done writing the names,

"'Tis well!" said he, in the tone of a man sure of his revenge; "before a week is past they shall all go to the guillotine!" At these words, as if the soul of Charlotte had waited for his last crime before it could resolve to give the blow, she drew her knife from her bosom, and plunged it with superhuman strength up to the hilt in the heart of Marat. With the same motion she drew her knife from the body of the victim and dropped it at her feet.

"Help! dear friend, help!" cried Marat, and he expired under the blow. At the cry of agony, Albertine, the servant-maid, and Laurent Basse rushed into the room, and caught Marat's lifeless head in their arms. Charlotte was standing behind the window-curtains, motionless, and as if petrified with the crime she had committed. The transparency of the curtain, in the last gleam of departing day revealed the shadow of her body.

Laurent seized a chair, and flung an uncertain blow at her head, which stretched her on the floor. Marat's mistress stamped upon her

and trampled her under foot in fury. At the uproar and shrieks of the women the lodgers ran in. The neighbors and passengers stopped in the street, ran up the stairs, and crowded into the apartment. The people in the yard, and soon the whole neighborhood, demanded, with furious vociferations, that the assassin should be thrown to them, in order to avenge the death of the idol of the people on his still warm body. The soldiers of the neighboring posts and the national guards also assembled. The surgeons arrived and endeavored to dress the wound. The bloody water gave the sanguinary man the appearance of expiring in a bath of blood. When lifted on his bed he was a corpse.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

Some years ago a young lady who was going into a northern county of England, took a seat in the stage coach. She had been engaged as governess for the grand-children of an earl, and was now traveling to his seat. At midday the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, "Here is an outside passenger; I cannot dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam; I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places.

At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, "As soon as we have attended to his Lordship we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued, and to her dismay she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for not appearing that night was more than pretence.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the scriptures often speak of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to pass this," said he to the countess; "your must send for her, and we must talk to her before bed-time." He reasoned with the foolish girl, respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his children to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.

FEED MY LAMBS.

Such was Christ's direction to Peter, as the last and strongest test of love to his Master. The exhortation, we deem it, was not intended as the test of love in Peter only. "Little children" were peculiarly the objects of Jesus's love, while he tabernacled in the flesh. When his disciples were about to thrust them away, as unworthy of his special blessing and regard, he rebuked them, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and he took them in his arms and blessed them. He tells the self-willed pharisee, as well as the wayward transgressor and the aged sinner, "Except ye be converted, (changed), and become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." The docile simplicity of childhood, is primarily indispensable, in every one who would learn of Jesus. Children still are objects of his special care. He has promised to "carry the lambs in his bosom." Reader, bear in mind the test. When Jesus puts the home question, "Lovest thou me?" If thou hast neglected to feed the lambs, thou, like Peter, mayest well be grieved—but wilt his response come from the heart—"Thou knowest that I love thee?"

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

A curious anecdote is related of Pope, in reference to his medical advisers, which is worth recording. During his last illness a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians—Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson. Dr. Burton charged Dr. Thompson with having hastened Pope's death, by the violent cathartic medicines he had administered to the poet. Dr. Thompson retorted the charge with considerable vehemence. The patient at length silenced them by saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore, all I now ask is, that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the 'Dunciad,' by way of a postscript:

"Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past;
The greatest dunce has killed your foe at last."

SINGULAR MARRIAGE CEREMONY AMONG THE SWEDES.—When a young girl is to be married, she dresses herself in all her bridal garments, and places herself in the middle of the parlour. A circle of bright lights are placed about her, and the groomsmen also come into the room, bearing each a brilliantly lighted chandelier. The doors and windows are then thrown open, and every one who chooses can come and see and criticise the bride as they please. Impudent fellows will walk about her, and besides criticising her appearance, which they do often hearing, they will use some such expressions as—"Well, so and so is to be married at last—she has been long enough about it. I pity the man who marries her." &c.—Females, too, will appear about her in masks, and make still more cutting and insult remarks. After standing thus for an hour and a half, the ordeal is ended, the throng is dispersed, and the wedding takes place in the presence of the immediate friends of the parties. After a dinner party, the guests approach the hostess, who stands in the middle of the room, and each returns thanks. This beautiful custom prevails even among the simple peasant families. After the meal is over the children approach their mother, and taking her by the hand, say, "Thank you, ma-ma." The guest, if any there be, merely says, "thanks."

Sargent, the Terrorist, secretary to Robespierre, and a member of the French National Convention, died at Nice on the 25th of July, aged 38 years.

This and That.

For the Eastern Mail.

THANKS

FOR THE PROVISIONAL DELIVERANCE OF A FRIEND FROM IMMINENT DANGER.

When on the headed top they slide,
Of heaving billows high,
Their puny arms the waves divide—
Nigh sinking in the fearful tide—
Then mounting to the sky;
And, looking to a watery grave,
They stretch out every nerve to save—
To God above be all the praise!
Our loudest, sweetest thanks we'll raise!

When earth cannot its help supply,
No voice of kindred can be heard;
Above them is a watchful eye,
Still looking from his throne on high—
And sees the deep fountains—in them stirred;
And bears them to the wished-for shore—
An angel's arm could do no more—
Then loudest, sweetest thanks we'll raise!
To Him, to Him be all the praise!

He brings them to the wished-for land!
The waves their carriage-high, are seen—
Panting, they lay along the strand,
Unable to extend the hand—
So near the gates of death they've been;
But oh, how safely ferried o'er!
They breast the sounding waves no more.
Surely above our thanks we'll raise,
And every note shall sound his praise.

Saved from the briny, chafing foam,
Say, did thy wonted health return?
Didst look out to thy northern home,
So soon as fancy's wings could roam,
And brighter fires within thee burn?
Thy wife and children pressing near,
For none on earth to thee so dear—
Then let us sound our songs of praise!
Upwards our eyes and hearts we'll raise.

Ah, many times for thee we've wept—
Shall call the danger's chosen child!
A sister's love hath seldom slept
When winds have sighed; her vigils kept
When thou wert on the waters wild.
We reach our hand to thee to come
Back to our northern happy home—
In union, then, our thanks we'll raise,
And give to Heaven our humble praise.
Waterville, August 14th, 1867.

CAPTAIN JENKINS AND THE BIG CHURN.

In the year 1808, when the embargo law was in full force, many a goodly craft lay idle and dismantled at the wharves of our seaports, and their crews, for lack of employment, were strolling about the streets in a state of destitution, cursing the government as the cause of their suffering—giving but little consideration to the orders, decrees and belligerent attitude of European powers, that rendered such measures indispensably necessary to the protection of our vessels and property. Yet such is the habit and innate propensity of the thorough bred yankee, that he becomes restive and impatient under restraint, and would prefer being engaged in some enterprise, even a hazardous one, to remaining idle.

Capt. Jenkins being one of this class, was determined, not only to hazard being captured by the English or French, but to undertake to evade the sleepless vigilance of the numerous gun-boats, that were stationed at every seaport, acting as coast guard to enforce the embargo, and to elude which would put yankee shrewdness to a severe test. But Jenkins, like Sam Patch, resolved in his mind, "that some things could be done as well as others," and having shipped his crew and took in his freight, (rather quietly he is sure,) he made sail with his brig, and stood down the bay. As he approached the lighthouse at Sandy Hook, and was congratulating himself on his escape, he was hailed by a little apology for a vessel of war—a gun-boat, commanded by a midshipman whose vanity and self-esteem had far outtravelled his practical knowledge of men and things in general. Capt. Jenkins was peremptorily ordered to heave to, and come on board the gun-boat, with which order he promptly complied. His awkward and unseamlike appearance afforded a rich fund of amusement to the midshipman and his crew. His dress and address were more like any thing else than that of a sailor and in tones of the nasal twang, implored permission to go to Barnegat and load with cedar rails and shingles. But all to no purpose.—She must turn back.—He could not show satisfactory evidence that he had filed at the custom-house the requisite bond to entitle him to pursue the coasting trade.

Jenkins, while on board the gunboat, was by no means idle. He looked and scrutinized every part and portion of the redoubtable craft, expressing wonder and surprise; but what seemed most to astonish him was the "Long Tom"—a thirty-two pounder amidships. He would feel in the muzzle—examine the breech—the trunnions and every part, and measure its circumference by clapping his arms around it, and finally exclaimed, "What upon earth is this thing for, Capt.?" "That, sir, is a gun, what we call a thirty-two pounder, and if you had disobeyed my order to heave to and come on board, I should have blown you out of the water. One shot from that piece would sink your old shallop, and send you and your crew to Davy Jones's locker."

"Du tell, I swan, I never in my born days seed such a gun—it looks for all the world like Mother's Big Churn."

"Ay," sung out the midship, "if, at any time, you should attempt to violate the laws of your country, you'll feel the effect of Mother's Big Churn."

Having amused themselves sufficiently with the awkward yankee, he was permitted to return to his vessel under positive orders to return immediately to port.

While Jenkins was examining and measuring the circumference of the gun, he had forced in a few inches of a rattail file of the proper size, and she was as effectually spiked as the most scientific officer in the Navy could have done it; and as soon as he set foot on his own deck he spread all sail. Every inch of canvas was spread to the breeze—the brig felt it and bore away in most gallant style. The commandant of the gunboat thought this rather a strange procedure, and hailed Capt. Jenkins in authoritative language, threatening that if he continued his course he would fire and sink his vessel. Captain Jenkins very coolly replied, "Fire away and be damned, I guess Mother's Big Churn won't do no hurt."

Flash went the priming, away went Capt. Jenkins and the brig.—*Buffalo Daily Pilot.*

SET OUT STRAWBERRIES.

This month is the best time to set out strawberries, preparatory for a good crop next year. It is true our fields and meadows are full of them, but what then? It would be well for those who can do it as well as not—and there are few who cannot—to have a small bed of good kinds, such as Hovey's Seedling, or the Boston Pine, or Early Scarlet.

If properly managed, nothing is more easily raised, and as they are the earliest fruit of the

summer, coming at a time when most of the last year's fruits that have been preserved during the winter are *eat up* and gone, they are always acceptable. If you do not understand the mode of culture, begin with a dozen plants, set them out on a plot of ground as large as your leather apron, and learn, by actual practice, the whole craft and mystery of the process. If you are not able to buy a dozen plants, go out into the fields and get a dozen of the new rootings of the runners, and set them out. A friend of ours, who used to raise the finest kinds, and had better strawberries and cream than any body else in his neighborhood, followed this plan of culture. In August he sets out a row of young roots, about six inches apart, cultivating them well until fall. During the next summer, and after the fruit had been gathered, he would direct the runners so that they would take root in a space about a foot from the parents. In August, again, he would clip off all but what he wanted to save in the new row, and dig the rest up, carefully cultivating what he had left standing. These would bear abundantly the ensuing year, after which he would train their runners back to the space from which they originally started, for a new crop. In this way, in a plot of land, two feet wide and about a rod long, he used to obtain, year after year, a good crop of this excellent and wholesome fruit—and you can do the same. A moist soil is best for this plant, and if your soil is dry, perhaps you can contrive some way to irrigate it occasionally. In a rich, deep, somewhat moist soil, they strike their roots down strong much farther than many people are aware.

TO DRAIN PONDS THAT HAVE NO NATURAL OUTLET.

Ponds are often drained by digging pits in their margin, deep enough to go through the stratum of clay that the water cannot penetrate. The Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Connecticut, who wrote a century ago on the subject, and gave many useful directions on farming in general, gave instances in which ponds were completely drained into the sandy stratum below the stratum of clay—no other outlet being necessary to convey off the surplus water.

The American Agriculturist for July has the following remarks on the same subject:—

"In many parts of the country there exists deep depressions or hollows in the surface of the earth, commonly known under the names of sink-holes, frog-ponds, &c., which are filled a great part of the year with stagnant water, rife with pestilence and disease, and contaminating the air during the summer months. For miles around. These pools, when drained, afford an abundance of muck of the most valuable kind for making compost or mixing with barn-yard manure; or they may readily be converted into rich tillable land. In many places where these holes abound, at some distance below the surface there is a stratum of loose sand which will freely admit the passage of water; and it is generally found that their bottom consists of a thin stratum of clay or impervious mud, overlying the sand. In order to drain them, all that is necessary is, to dig or bore one or more holes in the bottom, till you reach the stratum of sand, when the water will be immediately absorbed and the pond become dry. Several ponds of this description, on Long Island, have lately been drained in this way with perfect success."

THE LATE CONSPIRACY AT ROME.

Amid the startling and conflicting rumors which have reached us from Italy within the last few days, we have paused and suspended our judgment till some certain and authentic intelligence should disclose the real nature of the extraordinary events which occurred in Rome on and after the 15th of July. We have now the good fortune to publish a communication from an English eye-witness of the highest character and authority, which will be read with the deepest interest. It establishes beyond all doubt the existence of one of the most atrocious conspiracies recorded in modern history, which was to have converted the rejoicings of regenerated Rome into a frightful scene of tumult and massacre, and to have let loose a horde of assassins on an unarmed people, met to celebrate the anniversary of the dawn of their recovered liberty, and to testify their enthusiastic veneration for their enlightened Pontiff.

It seems that the discovery of the plot was due to Cicerio Vacchio, a Roman citizen of great popular influence, who was apprized of it by some of the persons to whom overtures had been made by the enemies of the Pope and of the Liberal cause. He immediately communicated the facts to the leading Roman nobles, who have shown of late great spirit and moderation in defence of the principles of the present papal government. But not a moment was to be lost. The Governor of Rome was lethargic; the Executive authorities were unprepared for resistance; it was known that the enemy were already within the gates, and the assassins were mingling with the crowd which flocked to the Piazza del Popolo. In a moment Cicerio Vacchio and his friends posted a placard on the walls of the city, which announced to the people the existence of the plot and the names of its principal tools. A civic guard was formed with inconceivable rapidity by the upper and middle classes of society. The persons implicated in the conspiracy fled with precipitation; but the papers of several of them fell into the hands of the officers of justice, and on the persons of the more common wretches were found bags of Austrian coin, stilettoes, and caricatures of the Pope.

The ferment caused among the people was frightfully violent, but happily no disturbance occurred, and not a life was lost. The conduct of the upper classes and of the Government seems to have been manful and prudent; that of the populace to have been patriotic, without any extravagant license. But, taking into consideration the weakness of the Pontifical Government, the excitability of the population, and the intense hatred of the foreign power to which these machinations are attributed, it is evident that the Roman States are in a condition not far removed from actual revolution, and that the fire which burns so fiercely in the Eternal City threatens to kindle a conflagration throughout Italy. There is, happily, no indication of any want of confidence on the part of the people toward the National Governments of Italy. Pius IX. has unlimited power over the minds and hearts of all his people; and the Court of Turin, which was said to have relapsed a week or two ago, under the influence of Austria, has, on the contrary, held its ground, maintained its Minister, Villa Marina, in power, and rejected the disgraceful terms proffered by Prince Metternich. The real danger of Italy is not in anarchy, but in intervention; and the confusion which may occur in these exciting scenes, alarms us only inasmuch as it may lead to an abuse of foreign force.

There is already indirect evidence, amounting to a strong presumption, that the conspiracy which had been thus providentially defeated in Rome, by the energy of the people, was perfectly well known to the Austrian police, and

assisted, if not contrived, by Austrian machinations and money. Wherever these disturbances have occurred in Italy it has been found that the ringleaders were in possession of considerable sums in Austrian coin, and most of them were known to have had connections with the secret police under the former regime. Up to the very day (the 17th of July) when the conspiracy in Rome was to have broken out, a considerable detachment of Austrian troops arrived by a forced march of forty-two hours in Ferrara, with all the precautions of a column advancing in time of war. Nor can it be alleged that these troops were required as a reinforcement to the citadel, which Austria has a right to garrison with her troops; for they marched into the city with their guns loaded, and committed a direct violation of the territory of the Papal States, of which we trust some explanation has already been demanded in Vienna. But, above all, Austria alone has any interest in fomenting dissension in Italy. She knows that the pacific progress of reform and the development of the national character of Italy are fatal to her ascendancy; and at Vienna it may not be thought more criminal to arm the basest adherents of the reactionary party in Rome against the noblest leaders of the popular cause, than it was to instigate the peasantry of Galicia to murder their landlords. The wonder is, by what abominable arts men could be found in the States of the Pope, to lend themselves to such an enterprise.

We observe that the organs of the French Government treat all these matters very lightly: they laugh at the popular leaders, disparage the Pope, and deny the conspiracy. The motives of this conduct on their part are perfectly transparent. M. Guizot is in no condition to repeat the bold stroke of Ancona; and whatever the Austrian Cabinet may have prepared will be executed without let or hindrance on the part of France. But we most sincerely trust that Lord Palmerston, who sometimes displays an excess of enterprise and resolution on far less momentous occasions, will vigorously assert and maintain the independence of the minor Italian States, and more especially of the Papal dominions. Nothing can be more favorable than the present crisis, for a declaration on the part of this country, that, while we oppose the policy of intervention in Switzerland, where we have no direct means of action, we shall resist it in Italy, where our ships have an easy access to every part of the coast.

Threatened by Austria and abandoned by France, we are not surprised to learn that it is to England that the leaders of the moderate Liberal party in Italy have turned their eyes. All they require is, that other states and more oppressive governments should not be allowed to interfere in their domestic concerns, or to arrest their progress in reforms which are promoted with equal zeal by some of the Princes and by all of the people of the country. Let Austria govern Lombardy, since treaties have assigned her that magnificent province. But south of the Po every Austrian is an alien and an enemy; and we cannot doubt that the advance of an Austrian army would throw the whole country into insurrection, while it is impossible that the national forces of Sardinia and Piedmont might, in the present state of public excitement, make common cause with the cities of central Italy.

The firm interposition of an English Minister, supported by the Mediterranean squadron, might in all probability avert the greatest calamities, and secure to the Papal Government sufficient time to restore tranquility and justify the confidence of the people. Such a service would not have been rendered to an ungrateful people, and nothing would conduce more to improve our position in the Mediterranean, than by which future occurrences may render of the utmost utility.—*London Times*, Aug. 10.

THE PLANETS are in an interesting position at present. Venus is at about her greatest brilliancy, and in figure like the moon of three or four days old. This phase may be seen with a moderately good spyglass, and the more easily if observed half an hour before sunset, when her brightness will be so modified by the remaining daylight as not to interfere with distinctness of vision. She will be found in the southwest.

Saturn is in the southeast at 9 o'clock, the most conspicuous of the stars there visible. His ring is gradually closing, and so much diminished in breadth this year that he looks, to a moderately telescopic power, like a ball with a short thick ruler stuck through the middle of it. During the next year the ring will become invisible for awhile, except to gigantic telescopic power.

Mars is greatly increasing in apparent size. He rises about ten o'clock, and is too red and brilliant to be mistaken. His brightness already exceeds that of Jupiter; at least, he could be retained longer than Jupiter (almost until after sunrise) in view of the naked eye yesterday morning. As he rises earlier every evening, and will increase in size for some weeks, he will be an interesting object during the whole autumn.

Jupiter does not yet rise early enough in the night to be seen of many. But the possessors of good spyglasses may find Uranus near zeta Piscium, and Neptune (Leverrier) near zeta Aquarii. As to the last new planet, unless the telescope can see the companion of the Pole Star very distinctly, it cannot see it at all. But Venus is worth looking at, and will not be so easily seen after the next eight or ten days.—*New York Gazette*, Aug. 27.

SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE. Throughout the history of Europe there never existed similar examples of so many sovereigns threatening to resign their thrones as at the present moment. The autocrat of Russia stands highest in political importance. He is said to be suffering great mental anxiety from some unexplained cause; and, having provided the means of supporting himself liberally during life, by considerable investments in the English and French funds, under color of a great financial operation, he intends, it is said, to retire to Italy, and there pass the remainder of his days. The King of the Belgians seems to be equally afflicted. He has returned to the Palace Laeken at Brussels, from Paris, in such a mentally debilitated state, that he is unequal to the cares of government, and all parties seem at a loss to conceive what will be the upshot.—Turning to Spain, the last accounts from Madrid state, that the Queen has expressed to her Ministers her resolute intention to abdicate the throne, and it was reported that a special council was summoned to deliberate upon the subject. The unhappy marriage of the Queen of Spain, brought about by French intrigue, is doubtless the cause of her Majesty's disgust of the present position; but her youth, and still more her political importance in the preservation of the balance of European politics, preclude the thought of any such serious change of dynasty in Spain.

The rumored abdication of the King of Holland is contradicted.

The anacondas in a caravan at Providence, bit its keeper, badly in the wrist a few days since.

READY RULE FOR FARMERS.

A "quarter of wheat" is an English measure of eight standard bushels; so if you see wheat quoted at 56 shillings, it is 7 shillings a bushel. A shilling is 22 1-2 cents; multiply by 7 and you have \$1.57 1-2 per bushel.

In Kentucky, corn is measured by the barrel, which is five bushels of shelled corn. At New Orleans a barrel of corn is a flour barrel full of ears. At Chicago, lime is sold by the barrel, and measured in the smallest sized cask of that name that will pass muster. A barrel of flour is seven quarters of a gross hundred (112 pounds) which is the reason of its being of the old weight of 196 pounds. A barrel of tar is 20 gallons, while a barrel of gunpowder is only a small keg, holding 25 pounds; and this reminds me of cotton, a bale of which is 400 pounds, no matter in what sized bundles it may be sent to market.

The Eastern Mail.



WATERVILLE, SEPT. 9.

NOTICE.

The office of the Mail is removed to Wingate's new building, Main street.

TO THE POLLS.

The election is at hand, and the several parties are passing the "rally." We are alarmed at this, seeing that our own mouth is shut, and must whisper a word of caution—albeit some of our friends have corns on their toes—to such as are in danger of being unduly operated upon by the "opposite party." Our opponents never sleep or slumber, and their vigilance from year to year has made sad inroads upon our patience, if not upon our interests.—They have slandered and abused us, and we have taken no revenge. When we have held the offices they have not thanked us for our services, and when they have held them they have always opposed the wholesome principle of rotation in office. Nothing but the peculiar "crisis" which has stood at the ballot box for the last half century, has given us any share in the administration of government; and though in the hands of our party every interest has prospered, while in theirs everything has been at the brink of ruin, still they have never ceased to impugn our motives and misrepresent our measures. Their strength has always lain in the arms of a few corrupt leaders, whose object has been self-aggrandizement through the ruin of the country for which our forefathers sacrificed so much; and while our party has been composed of the honest yeomanry and the particular friends of the people, theirs has been made up of the vile, the corrupt, the ignorant and the reckless, almost without exception. These facts have been faithfully kept before the people, and yet they have only occasionally been heeded. When we have succeeded in securing the election of our candidates, it has been because their superior talents have commended them to the suffrages of the honest and well meaning; and our opponents have only held the offices when the ignorant and designing have combined for their advancement. That these are simple but alarming facts, is shown by the files of our most respectable journals, and the speeches of our most learned and philanthropic statesmen, from the Arrostook to the Rio Grande.

In such an emergency, fellow freemen, there is but a single resort for the safety of our institutions—but one way to effect a permanent triumph over our opponents. We must vote them down. We have often failed on this single point; and for two reasons. First, we have not been sufficiently zealous in laboring to convince our opponents that our principles and measures are founded in truth and justice: and secondly, we have not been properly careful to convince ourselves of the same thing. Is it not so? We repeat, this has been our fault. Had it not been, we confidently assert that ours would have been the dominant party from '76 to '47. Yes, our party must plead guilty to woful blindness somewhere. On what particular point we dare not attempt to designate. Those who would be found voting right must look to the matter for themselves; remembering always, neither numerous triumphs or long service under the wrong banner can make our position the right one. It is never too late to examine the ground of our political faith.

We admonish and exhort every voter of the party to be at the polls. When there, mind who has you by the sleeve. If you don't know who or what you came to vote for, go home—you are not fit to be there; and the man who attempts to lead you where your own intelligent convictions of duty do not point, may as well go with you. The State can profitably excuse your services for one year, during which time you may secure an idea of your own in regard to the direction of right and wrong, without waiting for purring demagogues to pinch it into the end of your nose. Go up to the box as though you had a right and an interest there. Some of you stand waiting with a kind of inquiring look, that at once tells the wire-pullers you are gudgeons for the first angler that throws a hook to you. See how soon they send some mousing fellow to tickle your ear or scratch your back, while he slips a vote into your hand and makes you his tool. What a thrill of dignity must quicken your pulse at such a moment! Count it an insult, and shake him off, for shame!—unless conscious you need such a guide, in which case resolve to be a voter yourself before you come to the ballot box again.

Our academies now offer a rare opportunity for improvement on the piano-forte, under the instruction of Miss Pierce. Their encouragement for the Fall term is very good. We are glad to learn that their merits are appreciated.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on President SHELDON, of Waterville College, by Brown University, at her recent Commencement.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

Panic and Failures in England.
The arrival of the Caledonia on the 2d inst. gives a somewhat alarming report of monetary and business affairs. Great and numerous failures have occurred among the speculators in bread-stuffs, extending more or less, incidentally, to other branches of trade. It is not easy for us to understand the nature or cause of these difficulties. We see nothing in reports of the potato and other crops that could tend towards them. The Times attributes them to a contest between trade and railways, and predicts the ultimate ruin of one or the other.—"Merchants may bid seven per cent.," it says, "for money, but with the temptation of permanent security, as good as Exchequer Bills, it will soon be snatched from them by the railway companies at five per cent."

The London correspondent of the Boston Traveller says:

"The real cause of the present state of affairs is plainly stated to be the want of food in Europe. Prices of all kinds of breadstuffs immediately went up. Flour advanced to over ten dollars in America, but England paid a higher rate. Cargo after cargo arrived here, but the harvest began to be gathered, stocks accumulated, and flour dropped suddenly to about half price, after being invoiced and drawn against at the highest price. Bills at New York and other places, drawn by the best houses, were negotiated for double the amount the consignments would realize here.—The consignee becomes a bankrupt. The American bills are returned protested. These protested bills amount to something like five millions of dollars! The American merchants will be ruined by their return, and both England and America will feel the effects of the corn speculations of the past season for years to come. Not the corn merchants alone, but every member of society will be injured, more or less, by this panic in the corn markets. Among the heaviest failures are the corn merchants of England and Ireland. Last week, Messrs. Giles, Son & Co., a London house, stopped payment; their liabilities are stated to be from a half to three quarters of a million sterling! They are largely indebted in the United States, and bills drawn upon them by American houses will be returned protested for non-payment by this steamer. Another equally large house which stopped last week, is that of Messrs. Lesley, Alexander & Co. for half a million. This failure will also seriously injure American firms. Messrs. Charles Douglas & Son, Messrs. Coventry & Sheppard, and King, Melville & Co., corn merchants, have also stopped for about three hundred thousand pounds each! They are all connected with American houses."

The contest between protection and free trade has commenced in France. The Paris Constitutional goes for protection.

The flour and grain market exhibits about the same prices as at the previous dates. The dealers were deterred, however, by the prevailing failures, from purchasing beyond immediate demands.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Paris Constitutional states that the cholera is raging with intense severity amongst the Russian army of the Caucasus.

Farmers in various parts of Germany, particularly in some districts of Saxony, successfully employ acorns for the winter fattening of sheep.

The Leicester (Eng.) Chronicle states that, after some of the voters at the late borough election had taken their coffee, before proceeding to the poll a remarkable sediment was found at the bottom of their cups; it was no other than a golden sovereign, which had probably been considered as an excellent substitute for sugar by those who provided the coffee.

The number of votes for two rival candidates for municipal honors at Bradford being equal, the parties decided the election by tossing up. Mr. Ramsden won the toss, and was declared by the returning officer "duly elected" a town councillor of the borough.

A poor man, of Ashton, who for seven years has not had a shoe to his foot, learned, last Friday week, that he had, by the death of a relative, become the proprietor of an estate in Wales—value £5,000.

Sarah Rogers, the orphan girl who saved the life of a baby by descending into a well sixty-three feet deep at Rochester, has received from her Majesty a present of £10, and from the Queen Dowager £25. The money raised for the poor girl will either be invested in the funds or purchase a life annuity.

The use of horseflesh as human food has lately become common in Denmark, and the prisoners confined in the Christianshavn house of correction, at Copenhagen, regularly receive a ration of this meat as a portion of their diet. Within the last two months, sixty horses have been killed at the Christianshavn slaughter houses, and have yielded 26,000 pounds of meat, of which a fifth has been consumed in the prison, and the remainder has been sold at prices varying from 1 1-4d. to 1 3-4d. a pound.

TOMATO OMELET.

This delicious fruit is now at the service of the lovers of good things. Those who know how to cook and preserve it, will find it both delicious and wholesome. The following is recommended as the best mode of converting it into an omelet. Try it, and if you don't find it delicious, send it to us, and we will see what we can do with it.

Take one or two dozen tomatoes, according to the size of the family, scald so that they can be peeled easily; place them in a stew pan over a gentle fire; season with pepper, sugar, salt, and a small quantity of butter. Let them remain about an hour and a half, when they will be well done. Take three or four ears of well boiled corn, scrape or grate them into the pan, then beat and pour in a few eggs, stirring at the same time. In a minute or two the eggs will be done, and the dish ready to be served up.

The national convention of the Liberty Party is to be held at Buffalo on the 20th of October.

After the present week our subscribers who receive their papers by the Bangor mail will have them forwarded on Thursday morning. Our circumstances heretofore have prevented this.

Mr. Lyford has our thanks for that fine water-melon. He says he has 'more of the same sort'; and we advise our friends to go and buy them, or any of the other thousand-and-one good things he has for sale.

Summary of News.

COLLEGE HONORS.—At the Commencement at Bowdoin College, the present week, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Hon. George Evans and Frederick Allen, Esq., both of Gardiner.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. Asa Cummings, of this city, and Rev. Swan L. Pomroy.—*Portland Adv.*

AN INTREPID FEMALE. A few days since, when Wombwell's menagerie was proceeding into Folkestone, an accident occurred which was well nigh attended with serious consequences. It appears that, from some cause unexplained, one of the wagons, containing several fine leopards, &c. overturned in passing down the steep declivity leading into the town. The shock occasioned by it was so great in itself as to displace a considerable portion of the iron work of the dens, leaving a sufficient vacancy (as the carriage was raised) for the ferocious animals to escape from their lair. In this precarious position of affairs, Miss Chapman (the lady who has created so much excitement as the Lion Queen) arrived, and notwithstanding the extremely infuriated state of the animals, occasioned by their rough upsetting, she immediately entered the wagon, and being provided with proper materials, secured them in such a manner as to effectually baffle any attempt to escape.

Two of the leopards are remarkably large and fierce, having but very recently been imported from Africa, and had just commenced a course of training, under the tuition of Miss Chapman, previously to being placed in her extraordinary performing group.—*English pa.*

LANDING OF PAREDES. The Washington Union intimates that our Government is cognizant of facts in reference to the return of Paredes to Mexico, which it is not prudent at present to divulge. The Union excuses Col. Wilson, who was in command at Vera Cruz, for suffering Paredes to steal the march on him. Col. W. in his letter to the Secretary of War, says that in consequence of the negligence of the boarding officer, Paredes landed early in the morning, *incog*, under the name of M. Martinez; that an inspector recognized him as he passed through the gate of the mole; but that he was on his way to the interior before any steps could be taken to arrest him. Letters from the U. S. Consul at Havana were forwarded by the same steamer in which Paredes went to Mexico, advising Col. Wilson of the fact of his being on board; but the letters were sent by a *lady* passenger, and therefore not delivered with despatch. A queer series of mishaps, truly—more so than those which Santa Anna slipped into Mexico.—*Traveller.*

IMPORTANT ABOLITION MOVEMENT. Letters received here by the Caledonia from unquestionable sources, announce that on the 28th of July last the King of Denmark issued a decree declaring that all persons who should thereafter be born in his dominions should be *born free*, and that all persons in servitude in his dominions on the 28th of July last, and remaining so on the 28th of July, 1859, shall then be absolutely free, without compensation to the owners.

In the negotiation with the colonists, which preceded the issuing of this decree, he offered them the alternative of three years with a compensation of \$60 per head for each slave, or twelve years without any compensation, and they chose the latter.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

DEATH OF MR. WRIGHT.—Further Particulars. About half past eight o'clock A. M., on Friday, Mr. Wright called at the post office, apparently in his usual health. While seated in a chair at the post office, reading a letter, the young man, clerk in the office, who was alone, perceived that he had dropped the letter, and appeared as if seized with sudden pain. He was alarmed, and enquired what was the matter? Mr. Wright, putting his hand to his heart, replied that he was suffering extreme pain in the chest, that he had twice before within the week felt similar pain, and that upon sitting down it passed away. But this was more severe, he felt it passing into his left arm and to his neck. He rose and went to the door to go home, but returned to his seat and desired the young man to go or send for Dr. Clark. The young man did so, and he soon came, and gave Mr. W. some medicine, which seemed to relieve him. He then, accompanied by the doctor, walked home, a few rods from the office.

The Doctor remained with him at his house some time, and left him lying upon his bed in gentle perspiration, supposing him to be better. Very soon after he had left him, a message reached the Dr. that Mr. W. was dying, and before the Dr. reached the house, he was dead.

The New York Post, in the course of an article deploring the loss of Mr. Wright, says:

A subscription paper was circulated some weeks since among the merchants of this city, of which the following is a copy:

"The Merchants of the city of New York, desiring to present, through Gen. John A. Dix, a Service of Plate to Silas Wright, as a testimonial of their esteem and respect for his public and personal character, respectfully subscribe for that purpose the following sums."

A considerable sum was immediately collected, and the service of plate was ordered, bearing the inscription:

PRESENTED

SILAS WRIGHT,

His Mercantile friends of the city of N. York, in testimony of their high respect and regard for his

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

CHARACTER,

4th July, 1847.

The service of plate is nearly ready for the presentation, which was to have taken place in a very few days. It will of course now pass into the possession of his family.

A salute of artillery was fired at Providence on Thursday, on the occasion of the opening of the Providence and Worcester Railroad to Woonsocket. The first train of cars was run over the road that day.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE. The late Senior Class consisted of thirty-one members. Twenty-eight received the Bachelor's degree. The services of the commencement were held of course in the new church.

The interest of the occasion was agreeably heightened by the presence, among other strangers, of the Rev. Dr. Leland of South Carolina, Dr. Woods, the late Professor at Andover, Dr. Cogswell, formerly of Saco, now Professor in the East Windsor Theological School. Major Whiting of the U. S. Army, was honored among the guests of the day. He is at present with his family in Brunswick—after much faithful service in Mexico—and witnessed the graduation of his son, with the present class.—*Portland Adv.*

A letter from Rome of the 3d, in the Nuremberg Correspondent, mentions the arrest and imprisonment of a priest, at whose residence were found a considerable sum of money and a large quantity of pistols and daggers. It is also stated that several persons have been arrested as the chiefs of a new plot discovered by the police, and which was to have been carried into execution on the occasion of the recent procession.

A WORD TO THE INDUSTRIOUS. Those men that are honest, frugal and industrious, and who may have a desire to emigrate to the far west, I would advise (before going) to take a look into the Aroostook, where such as have settled here, have been amply rewarded.

I ground barley in my mill the fifth day of August, raised this season by Mr. Thomas Casey of Benadict plantation, who says that he could have had it at the mill the last week in July.

I have about ten acres of corn, some of which is hard, and a large proportion of it is glazed; and I ground a grist this day which was taken from the stalk about one week since.

I have also one acre of white beans (3 kinds) now ripe and ready to harvest which was planted between the 3d and 10th of June after planting corn, which I finished the third.

MORGAN L. GERRY.
No. 3, August 28th, 1847.

TELEGRAPH TO CLEVELAND. The magnetic telegraph line is completed to Cleveland from Philadelphia. Thus is Cincinnati and the lake Queen of Ohio, in instantaneous communication with Philadelphia, New York, Albany and Boston.

Communications can now be sent from Buffalo to Cleveland, via Albany, N. York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.—*Albany Journal.*

A DREADFUL COLLISION occurred on Lake Erie on Monday week, between the large and powerful steamboats Nill and Wisconsin. The latter was totally disabled, and the Nill had a hole as large as a hoghead stove in her bows.

BAGGAGE CAR DESTROYED BY FIRE. The baggage car attached to the passenger train, which left Syracuse yesterday morning, was discovered to be on fire when about six miles east of that place. Before the train could be stopped, the flames had made such progress, that it was impossible to save the car, or any portion of its contents, which numbered about twenty packages and trunks, belonging to the passengers. The fire is supposed to have originated from a spark thrown from the smoke pipe of the locomotive.—*Albany Eve. Jour., Tuesday.*

RECEIPT OF FLOUR.—For the week ending yesterday 11,877 bbls. and 282 half bbls. of flour have been received by the Western Railroad, and 7,994 bbls. and 486 half bbls. by water. Total 19,371 bbls. and 486 half bbls.—*Trans. of 4th.*

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

John Kirkman's soap and candle factory, 34 Catherine street, New York, was burnt last week. The upper part of the building was occupied by him as a dwelling. So sudden and quick was the spread of the flames that Mr. K. and his family came very near being destroyed by them. One of his daughters, a young lady about 19 years of age, only escaped, after being severely burnt, by jumping from the fourth story front window of the room in which she slept. The fourth story, though even with the rest of the edifice, has very small attic windows. At one of these Miss K. appeared, shrieking in alarm, the fire evidently behind her and the smoke pouring out over her head—no ladders had yet arrived, and her destruction seemed inevitable—she tried at first to escape the flames, by which she had been already severely burnt, got out on the sill of the window, but it was evident she must soon perish there, and the cry was raised for her to jump—other voices, among which, by this time, was that of her father, exclaiming "not yet, wait a moment till we get ready for you." A feather bed was instantly procured, held about three feet from the ground by six gallant hearts, who were in great jeopardy, as she might fall upon and injure one or more of them, but they heeded not and cared not for that.

By this time Miss K., to escape from the smoke and flames, was then compelled to let herself down, and was seen hanging by her extended arms from the window. "Jump now," was the cry. Vast numbers of persons had now assembled, and were looking on the agonizing scene. The young lady soon let go her hold from that dizzy height of upwards of fifty feet, and in an instant was whirled toward the sidewalk. In a few moments the cry was raised, "she is safe," and three hearty cheers went up, which made the very welkin ring.

The Selectmen have called a meeting of the citizens, at 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon, to see if they will take measures to purchase the South Hill for a public PROMENADE.—*Bath Tribune.*

The celebrated Naturalist, Haller, says that a single house-fly will, in one season produce 20,080,310 flies.

They say that Boston turns out about fifty parties every week!—worth from \$200 to \$700 each!

A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who is of the bustling order, "Has been accused of possessing talents;"—another seeing the accusation, wrote under the charge, "Has been tried and acquitted."

OUR FORCES IN MEXICO. The Matamoros flag says that the following may be relied upon as nearly the correct number and disposition

sion of the troops under our two generals in Mexico:	
Under Gen. Taylor, Buena Vista,	2,900
Monterey,	750
Cerralvo,	260
Upper Rio Grande,	3,500
Lower Rio Grande,	1,600
Total,	9,010
Under Gen. Scott, at Puebla,	8,500
With Cadwalader,	1,500
With Pillow,	2,500
With Pierce,	4,000
Total,	16,500
Grand Total,	25,510

NEW FASHION. On the morning of Commencement day, cries of "murder," "help," &c. were heard issuing from a house in Chapel street, New Haven, (Conn.) greatly to the alarm of the neighbors—several of whom immediately rushed in to ascertain the cause; when lo, and behold! the lady of the house was discovered with her husband across her lap, on whom she was inflicting a regular *spankado*, for some breach of family discipline, and who was making the welkin ring at the top of his voice, for assistance. Really—the order of nature seems perverted in this town! One man runs away with a nursing child, and a woman spans her husband within an inch of his life! What are we coming to?—*Register.*

A POOR MAN'S PATRIMONY. Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," says "the patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a violation of this sacred property."

A Commander in the Navy once had an unruly sailor brought before him, and after an investigation had taken place, the sailor was ordered to be put in irons until the morning. When he was brought up in the morning, the boatswain was ordered to do his duty, when the prisoner, recollecting that the captain had a great aversion to cats, offered the following petition, which saved him from undergoing the punishment:—

By your honor's command,
A culprit I stand,
An example to all the ship's crew:
I'm pinioned and strip,
For to be whipt,
And if I am flogged 'tis my due:
A cat I am told, in abhorrence you hold,
Your honor's aversion is mine:—
If a cat with one tail makes your stout heart to fail,
Pray save me from one that has nine.

Railroad Affairs.

TROY AND SCHENECTADY RAILROAD.—The business of this Road is at least one-third larger than it has been at any former season.—*Troy Budget.*

TROY AND SARATOGA RAILROAD.—A dividend of 7 per cent. has been declared from the earnings of this season. Another similar dividend will be declared in October. When this road is laid with the heavy rail, it will be one of the best and most profitable in the country.—*Troy Budget.*

It is said that the Syracuse Railroad Co. promptly paid over \$7000 to the passengers whose baggage was burnt on the cars the other night. One passenger is said to claim several thousand dollars for bills burned in his trunk.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

GREAT INCREASE OF PASSENGERS.—The Newton special train upon the Boston & Worcester Railroad, which runs from this city to the village of Newton Lower Falls—twelve miles—carried during the last week of August, 2200 passengers, being an increase of 900 passengers over the same week last year. This does not include those who have season tickets. Since last year a branch from West Newton to the Lower Falls has been opened, which accounts in part for the increase, and the remainder is probably owing to the facilities afforded in getting to and from the city.

ERIE RAILROAD.—Receipts for the month of August, 24,022 dollars—an increase over 1846 of (43 1-2 per cent.) 7,293. Receipts for last eight months, 166,111—increased over 1846, 44,687 dollars.

THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD appears to be looking up. The receipts for August, were 21,542 dollars—an increase of 4,096 over August last year.

Markets.

BOSTON, Sept. 4.
Flour and Corn. There is a fair demand, but prices not firm. Sales of Ohio flat hoop, Michigan and Genesee, common brands, moderate, at \$5 75 to \$6, at which rates holders are now firm and stock moderate. In corn there have been sales of mixed at 75 to 78c; and Oats at 52 to 53c per bush, cash.
Provisions. Pork is steady in demand, at \$13 50 to 14 for prime, \$16 50 to 17 for mess; \$19 to 20 per bbl, 4 months, for clear and extra clear.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.
Flour. The receipts are moderate at previous prices. Genesee at 5 75 to 6 00; Oswego \$5 50 to 5 68 3-4 per bbl.
Corn is in demand. Sales of mixed at 76 to 78c, and prime yellow, at 80c per bushel.
Oats are scarce. Sales at 38 to 60c per bu. But little doing in pork.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.
August 30, 1847.
At market 2200 beef cattle, 1200 stores, 30 yokes working oxen, 65 cows and calves, 4300 sheep and lambs, and 1420 swine.

Beef cattle—Extra, \$9 00, 1st quality \$6 to \$6 50, 2d \$5 to \$6 00, 3d \$4 50 to \$5 50.
Stores—2 years old heifers \$15 to \$18.
Working oxen—Sales at \$7 to \$10.
Cows and calves—Sales at \$16 to \$24; extra \$20.
Sheep and lambs—Old sheep \$1 02 to \$2 33, lambs \$1 07 to \$2 75.
Swine—Sows 5 1-2c, small pigs 6 to 1 1-2c.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.
August 23, 1847.
At market—1800 beef cattle, 70 cows and calves, and 4408 sheep and lambs.

Beef cattle—Some transactions are reported at as low a figure as \$5 50 per cwt. The ruling quotations now are 5 50 to 7. The sales have been large, and about 3000 remain unsold.
Cows and calves are somewhat scarce. The new realized from \$14, \$30 to \$40 00.
Sheep and lambs—Sheep sold at from \$1 25 to 3 50. Lambs 75c to \$2 75.

WATERVILLE, Sept. 9.
Retail Prices. Flour, bbl. \$4 50 to 7 00 for extra; butter, 18c per lb.; Cheese, 6c; Eggs, 10c; Wheat, bush. \$1 25 to 1 35; Corn, 92c; Rye, 91c; Oats 35 to 37c.

The members of the 'Young Men's Debating Society' are notified that their next regular meeting will be held on Friday the 10th, at 7 1-2 P. M. at the Academy, according to adjournment.

A punctual attendance is requested. Question for debate—Does the Constitution of the U. S. Support Slavery? Per order. Waterville, Sept. 8th, 1847.

Yes—let there be a good beginning for the winter campaign. The young men of Waterville will find decided profit in this society, if they take hold of it with spirit, and give it a life that is worth preserving. Its members must feel, individually, that its life and usefulness is in their hands, and this will give it a character that will commend it to the good wishes of our citizens. Make it useful to yourselves, and it must of necessity be esteemed of value by all.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.—The Utopian Dream of the Alchemist Realized.

There was a tradition among the ancients of a river, Lethe, of the infernal regions, by imbibing the waters of which the manes of the condemned were enveloped in oblivion. After the lapse of 3000 years the fabled properties of those waters have been realized in a fluid, the vapor of which, by being inhaled, induces a state of total insensibility, so that a tooth can be extracted, a limb amputated, or any other surgical operation performed, the patient being unconscious of the operation. The superiority of this preparation to that of Dr. Morton's compound, (which has been used for the same purposes,) has been completely demonstrated by a daily administration of the same, with impunity, to individuals of all ages, and every idiosyncrasy of constitution, for some months past, and consists, principally, in its blandness, which facilitates the inhalation of it, especially by those having defective lungs; also, from the certainty of its efficacy being exempt from those failures incidental to Dr. M.'s; and, having, in no instance, been attended with those injurious results which have often been attributed to the same.

The patient subsides, by an almost imperceptible transition, into a quiet, soothing and refreshing slumber, accompanied by vague and delightful sensations, being unresponsive to external impressions, while under its subtle influence.

Persons in delicate health need have no hesitation in breathing this gas, for individuals having chronic diseases, bronchitis, &c. have received benefit from its inhalation.

Teeth extracted, on the above principle, by Dr. E. H. KILBOURN, at No. 2 Marston's Block, Waterville.

MARRIAGES.

At Great Falls, N. H., Colonel Ebenezer Hall Scribner, of Waterville, to Miss Sarah L. McGillis.
On the morning of the 29th August, at St. Stephens Church, Boston, Mr. Wm. CHADWICK, printer, to Miss ELIZABETH M., daughter of Mr. Wm. H. WHITLEY, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In Fairfield, August 1, Sarah Anne, daughter of Stephen and Sarah Tobey, aged 21 years. The same true pity which had ever been evinced in her life, shone more brightly when upon her death bed. She spoke of dying, and of her delightful prospects beyond death with pleasure, yet, with a murmur or a fear she yielded herself into the arms of her Saviour, in whom she had long confided. In the death of this beloved friend the bereaved family have sustained the loss of a daughter and sister greatly endeared to them, on account of her consistent and uniform piety, and amiable social qualities, which were so conspicuously manifested in all her life and conversation.—*Conn.*

Advertisements.

NOTICE. WHEREAS my son, Geo. Gordon, has left me without permission, and gone to parts unknown, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on any account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date, and shall claim his wages of whoever may employ him. His work shall be at his own risk, and he is to be held responsible for all his doings. WASHINGTON GORDON.
Fairfield, Sept. 9, 1847.

WANTED. 50,000 DOZEN EGGS, for which Cash will be paid. A. LYFORD.
Waterville, Sept. 6, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES, CARRIAGE BAGS, &c. C. R. PHILLIPS.

JUST RECEIVED, a prime lot of RUBBERS, and for sale, cheap, by C. A. CHICK & CO.

NOTICE. The firm of SCAMMON & NASON is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All the notes and accounts due to the Company are left with SAMUEL SCAMMON, who is authorized to settle the same. Those against whom we have demands are requested to call and settle them forthwith. SAML. SCAMMON. RUFUS NASON.
Waterville, Sept. 4, 1847.

FALL STYLE HATS!!
OF AN ENTIRELY NEW PATTERN
AT C. R. PHILLIPS'S STORE,
No. 1 PRAT'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET,
WATERVILLE,
MAINE.

ANDROSCOGGIN AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD. The Office of the Treasurer of the A. & K. R. Co. is now established at No. 1 MARSTON'S BLOCK, (Up Sixty) and all payments of assessments on Stock may be hereafter made.
E. NOYES, Treas. of A. & K. R. Co.
Sept. 1, 1847.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. ANDROSCOGGIN AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.
PROPOSALS will be received at the Treasurer's Office, in Waterville, until the 25th of Sept. next, inclusive, for the Grading and Masonry of the 3d Division of this Road, extending from East Headfield to Waterville, about 20 miles.
Also, for such sections of the 2nd Division as shall not be previously disposed of.
Profiles will be ready for examination on the 20th of September, and any information respecting the line can be obtained on application to the resident engineers.
On the 24th of September the Engineer will be at Waterville, and will be prepared to accompany contractors over the line of road.
HOBART CLARK, Agent A. & K. Railroad.
EDWARD APPLETON, Engineer.
Railroad Office, Lewiston,
August 25th, 1847.

ANDROSCOGGIN AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the second and third assessments of five per cent. each, on the amount of stock subscribed for by each stockholder in the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company, (being \$2 50 on each original share subscribed for) has been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and that the said assessments will be due and payable to the Treasurer of the Company, at his office in Waterville, as follows, to wit: The second assessment on or before the twentieth day of August next, and the third assessment on or before the first day of October next.
EDWIN NOYES, Treas. A. & K. R. Co.
N. B.—For the convenience of Stockholders, the July bill will be selected in their respective localities, where assessments may be paid, notice of which will be given in a few days.

BAIGAINS.

The following remarkably cheap goods may be found at

G. S. C. DOW'S CHEAP CASH STORE.
20 dozen White Cotton Hose, at 6 1-4 c.
20 " Heavy " " " 12 1-2 c.
10 " Linen Hdkfs., 8 1-3 c.
50 " Corded Robes, 30 c.
Best col'd Prints, a good article, 6 1-4 c.
Another lot of those cheap Satins, 1 1-2 c.
1200 papers more " Pins, 2 c.
Waterville, May 6, 1847. S-6-1

School.

MISS SCRIBNER will resume her School for Young Ladies on Monday, August 30. Instruction will be given in the various English branches usually taught in High Schools and Academies; also in the French Language. Arrangements have likewise been made to secure instruction in Latin, by a competent Teacher.—Terms of Tuition liberal.
—Waterville, August 10. 3w.

CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

THE Subscribers have formed a Copartnership, under the firm of GOS & HILL, for the purpose of carrying on CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING. Also, GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING.
GOS & HILL will be found at the old stand of J. HILL, next building north of Marston's Block. They intend to employ Journeymen, so as to be able to execute with dispatch all Work and Jobs they may be called upon to do. Likewise, PAINTS prepared for use on reasonable terms.
C. S. GOS, J. HILL.
Waterville, July 19, 1847. 1w.

JUDSON WILLIAMS

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends that he has removed to the store formerly occupied by D. PAGE, where he will keep a good assortment of

Domestic Dry Goods,

With the best qualities of GROCERIES, CROCKERY, & GLASS-WARE,
Feathers, Nails, Iron, Steel, &c., &c.

Purchasers are requested to call and examine for themselves. No. 2 BOUTELLE'S BLOCK.
Waterville, Sept. 1847. 1w.

APPRENTICE WANTED.

In a Carriage-Smith Shop.—A good opportunity is offered for a lad from 15 to 18 years old. Inquire at the "Mail" Office. 4w.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.
OREA DOOLITTLE & CO.

Would inform their friends of Waterville and vicinity that they have taken the store formerly occupied by Eddy & Smith, where they have just received an assortment of Goods, such as are usually kept in a country store, together with a supply of Pork, Lard, Codfish, Mackerel, and Halibut, also Genesee, Baltimore and Buckwheat Flour.

MILL SAWS, NAILS, &c., and other articles too numerous to mention; all of which they offer at reduced prices, for cash or produce, as they intend to sell for small profits and ready pay. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
Waterville, May 16, 1847.

N. B. They have a new article of CHEMICAL OLIVE SOAP, superior for common household purposes, and for removing Oil, Grease, Paints, Varnish, Ink, or stains, from woolen, silk or cotton goods. 10-3-1

E. L. SMITH,

dealer in WEST INDIA GOODS, GROCERIES, Provisions, Stone & Wooden Ware, &c. &c.,
No. 1, Ticonic Row. 1, 3w

A LOT OF FRESH FLOUR, just rec'd by E. L. SMITH.

NAPES AND FINS. MACKEREL, Halibut, Codfish, &c. &c., for sale at a small advance, by E. L. SMITH.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF TOBACCO AND SEGARS to be found in Waterville, for Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by E. L. SMITH. 1, 3w

30 DOZ. PAINTED PAISLS, for sale at the manufacturers' prices, by E. L. SMITH.

BASKETS. A LARGE lot of BASKETS, of various sizes, for sale by E. L. SMITH.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT. I. S. McFARLAND & HARNES-MAKER.

Has removed his place of business to the building next North of the Post Office, where he will be happy to serve his friends and the public. He does not flatter them that he will work cheaper than others, but assures them his work shall be of the very best quality.
Waterville, June, 1847.

FARMERS, ATTENTION! 200 TONS OF PLASTER.

Of the best quality, just received and for sale by W. & D. Moor, at their mill near the steamboat landing, where a good supply of fresh ground will be kept constantly on hand. Please call at the store (at the landing) of W. & D. MOOR. 10-3-1
Waterville, May 20, 1847.

CARDING & CLOTH DRESSING. The Subscriber employs an experienced workman, at the establishment formerly occupied by J. S. Craig, for Carding and Cloth Dressing.

The place is fitted up with new machinery, and is every way calculated to turn out work as well as any similar establishment in the State.
Country produce, lumber, &c., taken in payment.
Waterville, June 3, 1847. T. E. CROMMETT.

J. D. CHANDLER, LIVERY STABLE

Silver St., opposite the "Parker House." WATERVILLE.
Passengers taken to and from the Boats, and other places

BOY WANTED. As an apprentice to the Tailoring business. A lad from the country, about 15 years of age, would be preferred—to commence any time between this and Fall. Inquire at this office. Waterville, July, 1847. 1w.

AT THIS OFFICE, AN APPRENTICE TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS. One who has formerly been in the business would be preferred.

N. R. BOUTELLE, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, WATERVILLE, ME.
Office, Main Street, over J. Williams & Son's Store.

TIN WARE MANUFACTORY, (NEARLY OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.)

EDWIN DUNBAR MANUFACTURES and has for sale a general assortment of TIN WARE, Air-Tight STOVES, &c. Also a variety of articles usually found in such an establishment, including Putty and Glass, at the lowest prices for cash, or in exchange for old Iron, Rags, &c.
REPAIRING of Tin Ware, Umbrellas, Sunshades, Accordions, Sissors, Glass Lamps, &c., done to order.
Waterville, July, 1847. 1w

FREEDOM NOTICE. NOTICE.—To all whom it may concern. I TAYLOR SMITH, of Fairfield, in the county of Somerset, have sold to my son, ANDREW J. SMITH, the remainder of his time, and that I will not claim any of his earnings, neither pay any debts of his contracting:—TAYLOR SMITH.
Attest JONATHAN TAYLOR.
Fairfield, Aug. 3, 1847.

THE NEW CHEAP CASH STORE.

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF RICH AND DESIRABLE DRY GOODS, BONNETS, CARPETINGS, &c., OF THE LATEST STYLES AND PATTERNS, AND AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

GEO. S. C. DOW,
(No. 4, MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.)

Has just opened, and now offers to purchasers at wholesale or retail, the most extensive stock of USEFUL and FASHIONABLE GOODS ever shown in this vicinity: consisting in part of German, English, and American

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, Satinets, Trimmings, &c. New Styles Cashmeres, M. de Laines, Gingham, Gingham Muslins, Balzorines, Lawns Lyons Muslins,—checked, striped, plaid and plain white Muslins and Cambrics.

SHAWLS of all kinds, at TEN PER CENT. LESS than ever before.

PRINTS in any quantity, from 4 to 25 cts. White and brown Linens, Linen Table Covers of all sizes; col'd do. do. Bleached and brown Sheetings, Drillings, Diapers, Crash, col'd Cambrics,—blue and mix'd Drills; and other summer stuffs.

HOSIERY, Gloves, Hdkfs., Cravats—Laces, Edgings, &c. &c.
Manilla, China pearl, Coburg, Adelaide, Bird's-eye, Florence, Federal, Bedford, and Lawn BONNETS, of all sizes, bought direct from the manufacturers. Warranted fresh, and of the most fashionable shapes. Those in want will find in our BONNET ROOMS the LARGEST STOCK ON THE KENNEBEC, and at least 25 per cent. under the usual prices. Purchasers at wholesale supplied at a still advance from manufacturers' prices.

Also a great variety of **RIBBONS, FLOWERS, WRATHS** and TARS.
Superfine, fine and common woolen, cotton, hemp and straw **CARPETINGS,** Brussels and other RUGS and MATS. UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and CARPET BAGS.

PAPER HANGINGS and CURTAINS of the latest designs, at very low prices.

CROCKERY WARE, FEATHERS, SHOES,

And a general assortment of WEST INDIA GOODS.

All of which were bought with great care, at the lowest rates, and will be sold at a small advance, for Cash. Purchasers will bear in mind the place—GEO. S. C. DOW'S new cheap Cash Store, No. 4, MAIN STREET, a few doors below Williams's Hotel, WATERVILLE. S-8-1

WATERVILLE

LIBERAL INSTITUTE. The Fall term of the institution will commence on Monday, the 30th of Aug., under the charge of HENRY B. MCGILL, A. M., Principal, JOHN C. PORTER, Teacher, and Mrs. SUSAN L. PHILLIPS, Teacher of Music.
While instruction will be given in the Ancient and Modern Languages, and in the several departments of Literature and Science, it will be the prominent feature of the plan of the Liberal Institute to afford the best facilities to pupils of both sexes for qualifying themselves for the business of Teaching.
The course of study for the Teachers' Class, will be essentially that pursued in the best Teachers' Seminars in New York and Massachusetts. In addition to the useful recitations there will be held, for the class, extra day and evening sessions, such as will during former terms have given so much satisfaction, for the purpose of special drill and reviews, and for a practical application of the principles of School Keeping.
In pursuance of the plan of the Institute, a reading room, will find at this school a course of study marked out with direct reference to their wants.
To render the instruction the more profitable, the various branches will be illustrated at the time of recitation by an extensive variety of Geographical, Astronomical, Chemical, and Philosophical Apparatus.
Tuition, per Term of Eleven weeks, English \$3 to \$4, Latin, Greek, French, and German, \$4 to \$5, Drawing, Painting, or Music, \$1 to \$2, 50c.
It is believed that the Liberal Institute with its present beautiful fixtures and costly apparatus, united with thorough instruction, affords the best facilities for acquiring a REALLY SOUND and USEFUL EDUCATION.
C. A. TAYLOR, President of the Board of Trustees.
Waterville

