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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

TERMS, \$2.00: \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1848.

NO. 11.

The Mail is published every Thursday Morning, at 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.

Miscellany.

COUNT AND COUSIN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?" said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the City Hotel.

"That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles," said Horace, "really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognize your nearest of kin."

"You forget, Horace, that when I last saw Adelaide she was a lively little hoyden scarce ten years old: the lapse of seven years makes a wondrous difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman."

"Nay, if you begin to discuss Time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of the finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-checked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship some seven years ago. But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?"

"Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return incognito, and I thought I would humor the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognize me." "Arrived late last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Horace, did not at first know me."

"Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brushwood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?"

"Certainly not longer than suits my present purposes, Horace. When I was in Germany, I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—because everybody else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them the fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagged a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me bearded like the pard."

"Nay, if you like them," said Horace, laughing, "you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers."

"I have no desire to win ladies' favor by wearing an unshaven face," answered Charles. "But pray, Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin."

"She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person, but she has one great fault: like most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American."

"What is it that your fair countrywomen so much admire in their foreign lovers?" asked Charles.

"Oh, they say there is a polish and elegance of manner belonging to foreigners which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide's intimate friends have recently married sons of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."

"If she were to marry a western farmer, said Charles, with a smile, 'she would regard over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles.'"

"Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl," replied Horace, "and I wish she could be cured of her folly."

"If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured."

"Horace shook his head. 'Come and dine with me, Horace,' he called to tell me of my arrival, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Madeira, if you are not too fashionable to drink it!'"

The windows of Mr. Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street, while the music heard at intervals told that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the young mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crepe, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy.

"Cousin Horace," she exclaimed, as she saw her favorite cousin enter the room, you have not been here these three days. And then, in a lower tone she added, "who was that magnificent Don Whistler with whom I saw you walking yesterday?"

"Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room—Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer."

The blood mounted into Adelaide's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel a little uncomfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to show her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee, and a diamond hand-looping up the elegant chequered waistcoat which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well

shaped; his eyes were very bright; but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ball-room. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly: not with the stilt, awkward manner of an American, who always seems half-ashamed of the ungraceful part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step and grace of motion perfectly unrivaled. Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is very true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a burning cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too much excited for sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast-table, (a duty she never neglected,) it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed.

"These late hours will kill you, my child," said he, as he kissed her forehead; "I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I shall send for Dr. —"

So saying, he stepped into his carriage and drove to his counting-room, where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Adelaide's cheek, until the dinner hour summoned him from his dingy little office to his stately mansion. As he entered the door, he recollected Adelaide's exhausted look.

"Poor child," murmured he, "I wonder how she is?"

A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room, and the sight of her radiant countenance, looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between Cousin Horace and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

Mr. Walsingham, in common with most Americans of the old time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. "If they are real lords," he used to say, "they don't want my daughter; and if they are not real lords, my daughter don't want them." His notions of the Teutonic character were founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters were associated in his mind with everything German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew.

"Glad to see you, Horace—couldn't speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded by pretty girls. By the way, boy," drawing him aside—"who is that hairy-faced fellow?"

"That is Count Pfeiffenhammer, uncle."

"Count Pfeiffenhammer! Well, the Germans have certainly an odd fancy in names. Pray, what is his business?"

"Business!" said Horace, laughing, "why, his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality."

"Principality!—fudge!—a few barren acres with half a dozen mud-hovels on it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace—it won't do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility if it were not for your sake."

"Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give you my word you shall not repent your kindness."

Every day saw the Count paying his devotions to the lovely Adelaide; and always framing some winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman, who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustache and imperial were the envy of all aspirants after ladies' smiles. Adelaide soon began to discover that, when the Count was present, time flew on eagle's wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing-room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of seeing her companion abroad as well as at home; and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was ever her attendant.

A feeling of gratified vanity probably aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure with exemplary equanimity the ralleries of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide; said he; 'now you must indulge one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry—my name was transmitted to me unsullied by father—who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the Declaration of Independence, and no empty-titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruit of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father.'"

The earnestness of these admonitions from a parent who had not before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her own heart. She was almost terrified at her own resolutions, when she found that she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.

"I wish he were an American," sighed she; "and yet, if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are—how much feeling there is in all he says and does!"

"Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird, she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact that the manners of the count, too, were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant he had gradually become the impassioned lover. He treated her every look and word, and she keenly

felt that in exposing her own peace of mind she had also risked the loss of his.

This state of things could not long exist without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over her melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear, but Adelaide was in no mood for gaiety. The Count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself—of his various adventures—of his personal feelings, and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The count gazed earnestly upon her, then seizing her hand and clasping it closely between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach, she attempted to answer him. Flatteringly but frankly, she stated her father's strange objections to a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could end but in suffering for both.

"Only tell me, Adelaide, that your father's prejudices are the sole obstacle," said the Count, passionately; "say but that you could have loved me, and I shall be content."

Adelaide blushed and trembled.

"For the love of Heaven, answer me but by a look!"

Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he was answered.

"Adelaide," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble Count?"

A slight pressure of the little hand which lay in his, and a fitting smile on the tremulous lip, was sufficient reply.

"Then hear me, Adelaide," said her lover; "I will return to my country—I will restore my honors to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit—"

"My utter contempt!" cried Adelaide, vehemently. "What, resign your country—forget the name of your father—desert your inheritance of duties! No, Count Pfeiffenhammer. If a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham; but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory passion."

"A transitory passion, Adelaide!"

"Could I expect stability of feeling in him who can so easily abandon his native land, and forget the claims of his country? You have taught me a bitter lesson, Count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him whom I fondly believed to be all that his lips professed—Would we had never met, added she, bursting into tears."

"Adelaide," said the Count, "you love me—those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine, sweet one—your father will not be inexorable—he adores you."

"And therefore," said she, "you would have me make him wretched for life. Because he looks upon me with idolatry, you would have me desertate the image he has worshipped!—Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature—I have been deceived in you!"

"You have! you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin!" cried the Count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses.

He had rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer—will you also refuse the hand of your madcap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago?"

Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise. "What means all this?"—Charles Winstanley! the Count! The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting in Charles Winstanley's arms.

Now the anger of the lady when she recovered and learned the trick that had been practised upon her—the meriment of cousin Horace—the satisfaction of the father, and the final reconciliation of all differences—may they not be far better imagined than described?

A few weeks after a splendid party was again assembled in Walsingham's drawing-rooms; but Adelaide was no longer the life of the party. Attired in a bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false Count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaven off his moustache and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was a true American.

But why, Charles, did you woo me in such outlandish guise? whispered she smiling.

"Because, sweet, you vowed to marry none but an outlandish wooer. Plain Charles Winstanley would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer so closely besieged."

"Ay, ay, Charles," said the happy father, "if American women would only value a man for the weight of his brains rather than the lightness of his heels, and the strength of his principles rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less of foreign folly and more of home virtue in our country."

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.—If a pan of water be placed within six inches on either side of a stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus or scarlet runner, it will find it although the prop be shifted daily. If after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stakes around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of its spiral, and they will twine round each other. Duhamel placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth; after a short time they began to germinate, of course sending the plume upwards to the light and the root down into the soil. After a few

days the cylinder was turned one fourth round, and again and again this was repeated, until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its effort to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the roots is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it. [Farmers' Magazine.]

CURIOUS SCENE AT CAPE MAY.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, writing from this fashionable resort describes the following lively scene as having occurred in the waters which lash the shores:—

Look out yonder at that surf. Is it not glorious? See those swimmers. Will you believe that the lady whom you saw but an hour ago, shaking gayly her luxuriant curls from her face and listening to mawkish sentimentalities in the drawing-room,—Joe said then that he saw a sneer of contempt in her joyous eye,—is the same bold swimmer that is dashing away the foam caps of the waves outside the surf? Come and go down with me, and I'll introduce you to her. 'What! out there!' did you exclaim? Certainly, out there. I introduced Joe to her this morning in the same place. He was remarking on the fine picking for sharks, out of fifteen hundred bathers then in the surf, and seeing one lady and gentleman outside of all the others, I proposed to him to swim out and be ready to aid her in case of accident. No sooner said than done. I had no fear of sharks, for I never heard of one attacking anybody on our shores: nor do I believe the blue shark will touch a man, so long as he can get fish to eat. But I always fear for a lady who is far from shore, lest her strength should fail her. It requires a very great degree of coolness to swim in a heavy sea. Imagine my surprise on swimming past the lady and gentleman I have mentioned, at finding that it was none other than my friend Mr. —, and his daughter, Miss —, with whom I have swam many an hour in rougher water than that:—A lady perhaps unequalled as a swimmer in this country—and while I am about it, I may as well add, that you are the greatest horsewoman, too, my dear.

"Hurrah! Who would have thought of meeting you here? I've met you, I believe, at every place imaginable, from Niagara to the American Museum; but the idea of meeting outside the surf at Cape May, is unexampled! Father, father, here's W. 'Where?' said Mr. —, puffing, and for the first time aware of my presence. 'I am glad to see you, W. I'd give you a hand if I had one to spare.'"

"Here's one for both of us, then," said the lady, a much more expert swimmer than her father; at the same time reclining gracefully on one side, and offering me her left hand, as she swam with her right. I took this opportunity to introduce Joe, and it was done in the most approved style of drawing-room introductions. 'My dear Miss —, allow me to present to your kind notice'—(here a foam cap broke in my face, and I paused an instant)—'my friend and ally, Mr. Willis, of whom you have heard me speak.' 'It gives me great pleasure to meet Mr. Willis, whom I have long known by most excellent reputation.' 'Miss — will please suppose me to make a graceful bow, said Joe, most comically, with his mouth just above the edge of the water; 'the nearest approximation to one which I can devise under the circumstances is a dive—but I fear that would be rather ludicrous than otherwise.'"

We laughed heartily at Joe's apology, and swam shoreward.

TRENTON AMUSEMENTS.—The practice of 'loading' countrymen is carried to considerable extent among a certain class of waggish idlers in this city; the following is the mode of procedure in the cases:—

The moment an unsophisticated young man from the country enters any public place, where these idlers chance to be, a conversation is commenced in a matter-of-fact kind of a way, in reference to some horrible murder, or of some terrible railroad accident of a very recent occurrence. The countryman hears a familiar name mentioned as one of the victims, and soon is led to make inquiries in a deferential manner of the well-dressed gentlemen in conversation, whether the person killed was any relation to the Browns up in Hopwell?

The gentlemen thus addressed immediately turn their united attention to the enlightenment of the countryman, and ere long the latter learns to his utter horror and amazement, that one of his neighbors was but a few hours before crushed to death by a locomotive. The fore started home, and on his way informs every body he meets of the fatal accident, and his mind is only disabused of the impression by the appearance of the dead man at his house the next morning in search of an explanation. One of these 'loading' cases of a less reprehensible nature than usual, was passed off upon a very respectable looking countryman one day last week. He was made to believe that a criminal was to be hanged in the prison yard, that afternoon, and he was kindly furnished with a ticket of admission by his gentlemanly informant. Having trudged the distance about one mile, on foot, he retired highly indignant at the imposition; but his obliging informant took good care to keep behind the reach of the threatened 'licking.' [Trenton Gazette.]

YANKEE THOUGHTFULNESS.—An acquaintance of ours was up in Connecticut one day last winter, to visit a friend, who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the manufacturer's water-wheel had been broken that afternoon, under a great accumulation of ice, and he was in great trouble for he had searched long to find a suitable stick, and knew not where to find another. If he could find one, it would be green, and unfit for immediate use. Very early in the morning, while the day had scarcely dawned, the manufacturer and his guest were at the mill, to see what should be done. A farmer, who lived two or three miles off, was already looking on. As the manufacturer looked painfully at his catastrophe—'Bad break, that, Mr. —,' said the farmer. 'Yes, very bad,' said the manufacturer, 'and the worst of it is, I don't know where to get another.' 'Well,' said the farmer, 'I thought that shaft would break, likely as not, some time or other, and I had a tree in my woods I thought would make a stick to suit you; and so I cut it down and brought it here.' [American Courier.]

WIVES AND CARPETS.—The Chicago Journal thus learnedly philosophizes on these themes. There is a large streak of sense in the reflections:—

"In the selection of a carpet, you should always prefer one with small figures, for the two webs of which the fabric consists are always more closely interwoven than in carpeting where large figures are wrought."

There is a good deal of true philosophy in this that will apply to matters widely different from the selection of carpets.

A man commits a mistake when he selects a wife that cuts too large a figure on the great green carpet of life—in other words, makes much display. The attractions fade out—the web of life becomes worn and weak, and all the gay figures that seemed so charming at first disappear like summer flowers in autumn."

Many a man has made flimsy liney-wooley of himself by striving to weave too large a figure, and himself worn out, used up, and like old carpet 'hanging on the fence,' before he has lived out half his allotted days of usefulness.

Many a man wears out like a carpet that is never swept, by the dust of indolence; like that carpet he needs shaking or whipping; he needs activity, something to think of, something to do.

Look out, then, for the large figures; and there are those now stowed away in the garret of the world, awaiting their final consignment to the cellar, who had they practised this bit of carpet philosophy, would to-day be firm and bright as Brussels fresh from the loom, and everybody exclaiming, 'It is wonderful how they do wear!'"

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.—A lady invited Dean Swift to dinner, and as she heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken care to provide in profusion every delicacy which could be procured. The Dean was scarcely seated before the lady began a ceremonious harangue, expressing much grief that she had not a more tolerable dinner, fearing exceedingly there was not anything fit for him to eat. "Plague take you," said the Dean, "why did you not provide a better? certainly you have had time enough; but since you say it is so bad, I'll eat home and eat a herring;" and he accordingly departed in violent haste.

PRE-EMINENTLY FILIAL.—A story was told us, the other day, by one of the class of 1800, of a student of old Harvard, who was wont annually to get leave of absence from college, during the fall term, by pleading to President Willard that his grandmother had just died, and it was necessary, for him to go home and attend the funeral. A second and a third time the graceless rogue repeated this fiction, without exciting any suspicion of a hoax, or awakening the old man's memory. The fourth experiment, however, strained the joke a little too hard; for, suddenly recollecting and clapping his hands against the sides of his cranium, the President cried out sharply in his usual nasal tone, "Child, child, I should like to know how many grandmothers you have got?"

HOW TO MAKE A HORSE DRINK.—'It is a great pity,' said Judge Edmonds, recently, while expostulating with a casual acquaintance in one of the River counties of New York, 'for so shrewd and intelligent a man as you seem to be, to have acquired such a habit of drinking. What has done it?'"

"Oh! you see, Judge, I was constable five or six years, and then deputy-sheriff three years, and then constable again; and so I've been about a good deal among the boys, and got to drinking, and now I can't stop. Judge, I'll tell you what, he continued, with an apparent change of the subject that no one can account for, 'I'm the universal horse-doctor down in the Highlands, where I live, and if any body's horse gets sick, they come to me. The other day a fellow came to me and said his horse was sick. I asked him what was the matter with his horse? He said he wouldn't drink, and he asked me what he should do to make him drink. I told him to elect him constable, by thunder!—he'd drink then fast enough! I'd tried it, you see, and knew!'"

A GOOD JOKE.—A lady in Spruce street, Philadelphia, wishing to get clear of the oil, fat, grease, &c., that had accumulated in the kitchen, remarked to an English girl who had recently come into her employ, that the first fat man she saw in the street to call him in, as she wanted to see him. The good creature, thinking the term 'fat' applied to the man's size, and not to his business, a little while after, on going to the door, saw a man whose corpulence justified her in informing him that Missus wished to see him. If he would be so kind as to step in. He did so, and was seated in the parlor. The girl called her mistress down stairs to attend to the fat man—When she had descended she was informed he was in the parlor. 'In the parlor!' exclaimed Mrs. —, 'and what is he doing in the parlor?' She hurried in, and there discovered a gentlemanly-looking personage, with hat off, waiting to hear the cause of his detention. The lady, whose presence of mind did not forsake her, immediately saw the whole mistake, and apologized for the ridiculous error. The fat man left, evidently much amused at the joke. [American Courier.]

There happened, when Swift was at Lacombe, in Ireland, the sale of a farm and stock, the farmer being dead. Swift chanced to walk past during the auction, just as a pen of poultry had been put up. Roger (Swift's clerk) bid for them: he was overbid by a farmer by the name of Hatch. 'What, Roger, won't you buy the poultry?' exclaimed Swift. 'No, sir,' said Roger, 'I see they are just going to Hatch.'

The proportion of sediment to water in the Mississippi is that of 1 to 528.

ASTONISHING DEVELOPMENT.—Most of our readers, who have paid any attention to the criminal calendar of this country for the last two years, will recollect the circumstance of the Kempton robbery, when the house of Mr. Kempton, on School-house lane, was entered by three masked burglars, on the 23d of March, 1847, the servants bound and confined in different rooms, and a large amount of property stolen. Three persons were placed on trial for this offence at the September term of the same year, and convicted, James Russell, alias Le Baron, the principal, appearing as State's evidence, and by his testimony convicting Joseph Phelps and James Williams. The two latter produced seven distinct witnesses to prove an alibi, and but for the positive evidence of Russell, together with the fact that some of the property was found in the possession of Williams, would have succeeded. It now turns out that Phelps and Williams were entirely innocent of all participation in the robbery, and that the witnesses brought forward in their defence swore to nothing beyond the truth. Russell, who was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the county prison, has lately been very ill, and believing himself to be near death, he a few days since sent for Mr. Kempton, and stating his desire to make some reparation for the many crimes he had committed, he acknowledged that he had perjured himself in swearing against Phelps and Williams as having participated in the robbery. He said that two other men were guilty, but they had nothing to do with it. When asked how Williams came in possession of the stolen property found upon him, he stated that he had given it to him to sell.

It will be remembered that Russell mentioned the names of Holley and McKennan in his evidence, as having had something to do with the robbery. These persons have never been arrested, and are probably the real guilty ones. Phelps and Williams were sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, where they now are. This confession of the convict has impressed those in authority with a belief in its correctness, and measures are to be at once taken to obtain the release of these innocent men without delay. The facts of this case will show how dangerous it is to depend upon the testimony of such men, who, in order to lessen the term of their own imprisonment, will perjure themselves to implicate innocent men in their punishment.—Fall Ledger.

Gather cabbages before they become frozen.

THE LIONESS AND HER PREY.

BY HENRY R. ADDISON.

Lieutenant Carlyle was one of the noblest, best, and most generous youths that ever graced the shores of India. He was exactly sixteen when he left the shores of England, leaving behind him many true and sterling friends, that his many virtues and amiable disposition had won for him. He was of a most sanguinary temper, and one of the handsomest lads I ever beheld. From infancy we had been brought up together.

Some ten years had elapsed, when an apparent stranger rushed into my room, and grasping me by the hand, began to pour out a thousand kind speeches of recognition. For a few moments I thought the gentleman had made a mistake, and was about to tell him so, when a peculiar smile for a single instant lighted up his countenance, and I immediately recognized it as my old friend Percival Carlyle. Yes; the emaciated, care-worn and haggard being who now shook me cordially by the hand, was no less than the dear companion of my boyhood. Occasionally, indeed, I could trace the speaking eye, the fine countenance, of my early friend. But, alas! all signs of health and youth had fled. Ten short years had robbed Carlyle of his bloom, and much of his wonted high spirits. The fire of his eye, and the joyous tone of his voice, were gone. His good heart, his generous soul, alone remained.

Alone were saved from the general wreck of his once buoyant mind and athletic body. At first I thought ill-health, the warmth of eastern climes, or probably dissipation had caused the havoc I beheld. Percival, however, soon undeceived me. He saw my distress. He marked my horror, as I tried to recall his once handsome features; and reading my thoughts, he at once exclaimed,

"I see you are startled by my altered looks. I expected no less; but I thought, as I had sent you an account of my accident, you would have been better prepared to anticipate the change in my personal appearance."

"Accident! I never heard of any. I have received no letter from you these three years." Then my epistles have gone astray, that's all. But as they have done so, I will tell you how the affair took place: that is to say, if you wish to hear it."

I expressed my desire to do so, and he repeated to me the following circumstances, which I give as nearly in his own language as possible.

"I was quartered high up the country, commanding a detachment, at least fifty miles from any other European. My recreation was lion hunting, which I occasionally indulged in, and I succeeded in destroying several of these superb animals, which are so numerous and bold as often to approach our tents and carry off our provisions. I was thus amusing myself one morning, well mounted on a fleet Arab, followed by a dozen men on foot, and armed with an unerring rifle, when one of my people suddenly discovered the prints of a lion's paw in the sandy plain over which we were passing, apparently inclining towards a deep jungle some 200 yards in advance of us. I instantly dismounted to examine the footmarks, and was carefully tracing them when a sudden cry of terror made me look up. I did so, and beheld immediately in front of me a magnificent lioness, which had suddenly bounded out of the covert. Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang towards my horse; my eye, however, alarmed by the appearance of the queen of beasts, had quitted the rein, and before I could reach him the frightened animal was half way across the open space. My servants had all fled. I was alone. The lioness was lashing her sides with her tail; she was evidently meditating an attack. I had but one resource left. After vainly calling on my servants to return and support me, I leveled my rifle, and just as she rushed forward fired. For a single instant I was not quite sure whether I had hit her or not. She suddenly halted, threw up her head, and gave a terrible roar. I was now convinced she was wounded; but alas! seemingly in no mortal part. She glared on me. Human nature could no more. I threw down my gun, and foolishly overcame with fear, fled. In another instant I was conscious of my error. I heard her come panting along close by me. It was all over with me; I knew my fate was sealed. I threw myself down; the lioness actually, in her haste to overtake me, sprang over me. I heard a shot, and a piercing cry from the animal told me she was again hit; but I did not once dare to look up to see how seriously.

"After about half a minute, I could not resist the temptation, the desire I felt to read my doom. I slightly turned my head, only the least in life, and beheld the lioness licking her paw, through which a ball had evidently passed; the blood was also flowing copiously from her jaw, where my discharge had in the first instance taken effect. She was sitting on her haunches in evident agony. No sooner, however, did she perceive the very slight movement which I had made, than she sprang up, and in the next moment I felt her paw penetrate my backbone, while one of her claws tore my left shoulder bare of flesh; in the next, she lifted me from the ground and carried me forward. This, however, was evidently an effort to her. Her wounded jaw refused to meet; but she held me, screaming, struggling, praying for death, tightly in her teeth, as she bore me on with the same ease with which I bore have raised a kitten. I shouted to my servants to fire; it seemed they feared to do so, lest by accident they might destroy me, instead of the animal. Alas! little did they know my feelings at that moment! Instant death, a release from the excruciating tortures I was then suffering, would have been the greatest favor they could have conferred on me.

"Thus I was carried for about a hundred yards, when, overcome by pain, the lioness dropped me, and laying down, began to lick the blood which streamed from my wounds. I could feel her rough tongue as it passed along the bitten parts, and tore open the tooth-marks. I could feel her warm breath as she placed her mouth to my lacerated shoulder. One gripe more, one single wound in my throat, to which she was close, and I knew all was over. I even attempted to turn over to her to offer it to her jaws. She placed her paw on the bare bone of my shoulder, and rolled me back, adding another and if possible a more acute pang to my sufferings. Again she began to suck my blood as I lay groaning beneath her.

"My servants, I supposed, rallied and alarmed her; for she suddenly once more started up, and making her teeth meet in my left arm, began to drag me away. Great heavens! I felt at this moment the same agony I then endured. In recalling the torture of that instant, I always fancy I again experience the pain she caused me, as she dragged me along, evidently bearing me towards her lair to feed her whelps. Suffering as I was, I knew all this. I read my doom, and shuddered at it. Twice did the flesh break away from my arm, and twice did she renew her savage hold on me, and that so powerfully, that she succeeded in getting me inside the jungle. Here she paused, unable from pain to proceed further. Two or three shots were fired at her without success.

"At length, finding her situation perilous, and her prey likely to escape, she retired a few paces, and determined on one effort, raised herself, and opening her huge jaws, she suddenly bounded on me. I felt her teeth, but they closed not: I felt her whole weight on me, but she stirred not. In the next moment I heard a human voice. I was released from the ponderous load and lifted up, the lioness lay dead at my feet. She had expired in the very act of destroying me. She had died. I fainted. I was taken in a palanquin, in a state of insensibility, nearly three hundred miles, and was treated for two years as an invalid. At last I was recommended to try the air of my native country. I returned to Europe, and here I am."

Poor fellow! he is now no more. Escaped from the perils of the east, he has found a grave in his native land.



WATERVILLE, OCT. 5.

V. B. PALMER, 8 Congress-st. Boston, and at his offices in N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, is our advertising agent.

"Delays are dangerous" to everybody—but they are intolerably vexatious to us. The delay of a quantity of paper ordered from Boston near two weeks ago, has subjected us to a delay of a day in issuing our paper.

THE CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

The N. K. A. & H. Society held its annual Fair on the 3d and 4th inst. in this place, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, was very fully attended by the citizens of the neighboring towns.

The exhibition of cattle, horses and swine embraced many very fine specimens; the cattle, especially, but the fact beyond question that Kennebec county cannot be excelled in this respect by any other county in New England. The stock of John Otis, of Fairfield, was numerously represented, and several sales effected on the ground will probably put others in a way to compete with him hereafter. Messrs. Burgess, Rollins, Greene, Hunnewell, Percival, Gifford, Payne, Jaquith, Burleigh, Hathaway, Pray, Ellis, Pearson, Scribner, Clifford, Holway, Richardson, Emery, Holbrook, Seavy, Cummings, Dyer, Shorey, and numerous others contributed to the interest of this part of the exhibition by the entry of stock of which they may be justly proud.

A very interesting part of the exhibition was several families of juvenile gruntings, with their matronly mammas, which to our mind conjured up an association of eggs, cabbage and potatoes, that could only be appreciated as we prove the quality of pudding. One family of a good dozen, attracted much attention.

In the exhibition of sheep, it seems to us that the society can only boast that its members have done the best they could. It is painful to notice, that while this branch receives any attention, so little effort should be made to obtain choice breeds. The farmer can derive no adequate profit from an inferior flock. It is only by aiming at the finest and heaviest fleeces, that he can hope for remuneration. With due attention to these points, wool-growing may become a source of profit here as well as in other sections of New England. We respectfully suggest to our farmers the inquiry whether a vigorous effort to improve their flocks would not be well repaid, and that, too, within a very short period.

The show of horses was decidedly good, numbering between 30 and 40. We shall give the Committee's report next week. In the mean time, we may remark that there is as little propriety in disputing about horses as about taste. Very few men are good judges, and the best judges differ in their estimation of different points. Perhaps two Committees could not have been constituted who would have reported the same awards. We should think it reasonable to conclude that another committee would not have given better satisfaction to all interested.

We shall hereafter publish the reports of the several committees in full. In the mean time, we give the following summary of premiums.

HORSES.
Stallions, first premium to S. Pishon's horse Messenger; 2d to J. Whitmore's horse Captain; 3d to J. W. Freeman's Witherell Horse.
For best breeding mare, to J. R. Dow; 2d best to D. Pullen.

For best 3 yr. old colt, to David Webb; 2d best, to O. Emery.
For best 2 yr. old colt, to John Tozer; 2d best, to Abraham Morrill.

For best 1 yr. old colt, to Dexter Pullen; 2d best, to Dr. Plaisted.

CATTLE.
Best No. Devon Bull, to G. Wentworth & others.

Best 3 yr. old Bull, to J. L. Cummings; 2d best, to John Otis; 3d, to J. Hunnewell.
Best yearling bull, 1st to Watson Burgess, 2d to J. B. Clifford.

Best bull calf, 1st to A. Rollins, 2d to J. Jenkins, 3d to Wm. Dyer.
Oxen, 1st to John Otis, 2d to Amos Rollins, 3d to Seth Holway, 4th to Obed Emery.

Stock Cows, 1st to J. F. Hunnewell, 2d to Watson Burgess, 4th to Ellis Gifford.
Dairy Cows, 1st to F. Paine, 2d to J. Percival, 3d to Amos Rollins, 4th to Wm. Dyer.

Heifers and Heifer Calves, 1st premium on heifers to W. H. Pearson, 2d to H. Jaquith, 3d to Nathl. Ellis. Yearlings, 1st to F. Paine, 2d to M. Green. Calves, 1st to J. Otis, 2d to Dr. Burleigh.

Steers and Steer Calves, On 4 yr. olds, 1st to G. F. Shores, 2d to J. Otis, 3d to A. C. Holbrook. On 3 yr. olds, 1st to H. Lawrence, 2d to J. L. Seavey, 3d to John Otis. On 2 yr. olds, 1st to J. Otis, 2d to W. Burgess. On

yearlings, 1st to J. F. Hunnewell, 2d to W. Burgess. Calves, 1st to J. L. Cummings, 2d to J. Richardson.

Sheep, best Merino Buck, to Dr. W. A. Burleigh, 2d to D. Pullen. Best Cotswold buck, to J. Garland.

Swine, best boar, 1st to J. Percival, 2d to J. Garland. Best Sow, 1st to A. Crosby, 2d to J. Percival.

Fowls. Turkeys, 1st John Tozer, 2d S. Holt. Hens, 1st F. Paine, 2d Wm. Dyer.
Fruit. Apples, 1st to S. Pullen, 2d to C. Taylor.

The reports of the various committees on domestic and manufactured articles exhibited at the Hall will be published in our next. There was a good display in this department; but it is not our business to commend until the committees have been heard.

CAPT. DONNAN'S PANORAMA—of which notice will be found in another column, receives the highest commendation from the Boston press; from which we conclude it must be worthy of a visit from all who find leisure, in their trips to Boston, to examine the various wonders for which that city is famous. Such a medium of acquiring useful information relative to Mexico, at this peculiar crisis, must afford high gratification to Yankee inquisitiveness; and we venture the opinion that the same amount of valuable information cannot be obtained in any other way, with equal labor and expense. Those who have seen Banvard's famous panorama of the Mississippi, can judge of the truthfulness of information thus acquired, at the hands of a good artist. This mode of securing the chief object of travel, without the labor or expense, will be as profitable to the public as it has thus far been to the artist. Every commendable effort of the kind deserves patronage.

BOSTON, Oct. 2, 1848.

Friend Maxham—Boston presents, at this time, many attractions to the pleasure seeking as well as the business portion of the community, who may sojourn here for a time. There are now five different Theatres in active operation—including the Boston Museum, where dramatic representations are given nightly—and the sixth Theatre is now about completed, it being a new edifice built expressly for a Theatre. There are, likewise, three Panoramas nightly exhibited; one being a "Voyage to Europe and up and down the River Rhine in Germany;" another "The Classic Shores of the Mediterranean;" and the other "Scenery, Cities, and Battle Fields in Mexico." Within a week, four different clubs or companies have been giving concerts. Thus, you see, there is no lack of amusement. We will say nothing of the political gatherings, which are out almost nightly, with bands of music and banners flying, and the merry shouts of their followers—all affording amusement to the lookers-on. With all this, think of the different secret organizations which are here established, where the "initiated" can be welcomed into halls, many of which are sumptuously furnished. Think of the number of them: some six or eight Masonic Lodges, ten or twelve Odd Fellows' Lodges, eighteen different secret Temperance Organizations, four Chapters of United Americans, one United Mechanics' Society, a Lodge of Ancient Druids, and a Court of Ancient Foresters. And the Ladies, too, have their secrets. There are five Unions of the Daughters of Temperance, two or three Lodges of Odd Ladies, and three Tents of the Sisters of Rechab. Do you think there can possibly be any lack of amusement? Does it seem possible that men should seek for pleasure in intemperance? But such is the fact—Drunken men—and women, too—are, by the dozen, nightly picked up by the Watch, and kept until morning in the "Lock-ups." It is only the very worst of them that are not let go, upon their promise of future good behavior. The world scarce begins to realize the drunkenness that is constantly reeling to and fro in this city. It makes one's heart ache to see it, and no one sees but a tithe of it. It is an undeniable fact that intemperance is frightfully increasing here in Boston. What are the causes, and what shall be done to stay its ravages? These are momentous questions, which it behooves every one to ask of themselves. At some future time, I will answer it for myself.

The city authorities have determined to have their long talked of celebration upon letting in the waters of Long Pond, or as its new name reads, Cocohatchee Pond, upon the 25th of this month. And it should be a celebration indeed, if the people are up to its importance to themselves and the future. It is contemplated to have a splendid procession, one that will be worthy of the occasion and the city. If so, it will be worth a trip from your sanctum to see it.

A Mr. Hammond, Cashier of the Dorchester and Milton Bank, left his family last Wednesday, in Dorchester, about four miles from here, to come to the city. He was to return at 2 o'clock, but at that time his family received a note from him, stating that he had to go to Hingham before he could return home. Since that time he has not been seen or heard from. He has borne an unblemished character, and it is said that his accounts and books at the Bank are all correct. This occurrence has produced an unusual excitement, as no one can form any idea why he should disappear so mysteriously. Rumor, with her busy tongue, has been circulating different stories, but as yet nothing is known of his whereabouts.

The City is now becoming healthy again, as the cold weather returns. The summer complaint has made and havoc among children, here. I learned a fact, the other day, illustrative of the mortality of this summer complaint, which has been raging all over the country, the past summer. In the town of Lynn there is a district called the "Woodland," containing about fourteen hundred inhabitants. Out of this number, the Sexton of the parish stated he had buried over one hundred, and the most

of them were heads of families, and all of them died of this disease.

Have you seen what is chronicled as the last "Boston Notion?" A gentleman was bathing alongside one of the wharves, in a retired situation, and while in the water some villain stole his clothes. He was compelled to sit behind a lumber pile until near midnight, when he ventured to scud home as a "model artist."

This puts us in mind of the convention of colored people, which was lately held at Cleveland, Ohio, to take into consideration their present social condition, and to endeavor to improve it. The following, among other resolutions, was passed: "That we recommend to our colored brethren, not to black boots, clean horses, or carry burdens, and to leave all such low occupations to our white brethren."

ZIGZAG.

In a late speech in the British House of Commons, Sir William Molesworth said:—

"For what purpose do we keep 9,000 troops in North America? [Hear, hear.] Is it to protect the colonists against the United States? But if they are loyal at heart they are strong enough to protect themselves; if they are disloyal, three 9,000 men will not keep them down. [Hear, hear.] But suppose they were to separate from us, and to form independent States, or even to join the United States, would they not become more profitable as colonists than they are at present? [Hear.] The United States of America are, in the strictest signification of the word, still colonies of Great Britain, [Hear.] as Carthage was a colony of Tyre, and the city of Ionia was a colony of Greece; for the word colony does not necessarily imply dependency, but merely a community of persons who have removed from one country and settled in another, for the purpose of cultivating it. [Hear, hear.] Now our colonies, as I will term them, of the United States are in every point of view more useful to us than all our colonies put together. [Hear, hear.] In 1844 we exported to the United States produce and manufactures to the value of \$3,000,000—an amount equal to the whole of our colonial dominions, which we govern at a cost of £4,000,000 a year. [Hear, hear.] And not one ship-of-war is required to protect our trade with the United States."

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.—The following remarks of the New York Tribune on the coming October elections, will be read with interest at the present time. The Tribune is a Whig paper, but we have generally found the political calculations of its editor (Mr. Greeley) tolerably correct:—

On Monday next, (Oct. 2d) the States of Georgia and Florida hold their Annual Elections; the former for Members of Congress only, the latter for Congress, Governor and Legislature. On Wednesday (Oct. 4th) Maryland and South Carolina hold Elections; the former for local officers only, the latter for Members of Congress and Legislature, which Legislature is to choose a Governor, Lieut. Governor, and nine Electors of President. On Tuesday following (Oct. 10th) Pennsylvania and Ohio close the list of States voting prior to the Presidential Election, each electing a Governor, Members of Congress and Legislature, which Legislature is to choose a United States Senator for six years ensuing. A deep interest is naturally felt by politicians in the results of these Elections, especially in the two last named States, which are generally held to indicate if they do not in some degree influence the grand issue. The choice of so many important officers at once naturally heightens the general interest, and we shall be disappointed if a large vote is not polled in either State. The more prevalent expectation appears to be that the Whigs will succeed in Ohio and their opponents in Pennsylvania, but that a majority of less than 10,000 will not suffice to settle the Presidential vote.

South Carolina we have not endeavored to keep track of, as the State is morally certain for Cass and no party organization has been effected. Georgia and Florida will be sharply contested; each party seems confident of triumph. We think the Cassmen have some advantage in the candidates for Governor in Florida. Georgia is fairly and thoroughly canvassed, and the result now, if the majority be considerable, will go far to settle the vote in November.

A. & K. R. R.—Our neighbor of the Lewiston Falls Journal makes the following report of the state of things at that end of our railroad. As soon as we can find time we will tell him how things stand at this end.

We are happy to inform our readers that the work goes bravely on upon this end of the A. & K. Railroad. The work of grading between this and the junction is so nearly completed that no obstacle now exists from this source. The Company's ledge on section 3d is entirely excavated, and that near the junction will be finished in the course of five or six days more. Large quantities of rails are now landing upon the Railroad wharf, at Portland, and will be delivered by the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway at Woodman's in the course of next week. Teams are already engaged to transport it to the junction, where the work of laying the track will be forthwith commenced. An engine for the use of the company is already constructed, and will be delivered here as soon as the engine-house can be completed, which will be in a very short time, it being now in a state of great forwardness. Our citizens may expect to hear the snorting of the iron horse, as he catches the first view of our mighty cataraet, in the course of thirty days.

The masonry for the bridge across the Great Androscoggin river is in a state of great forwardness. The abutments and all the piers, with the exception of the eastern one, are completed. Mr. Briggs, the enterprising contractor, has had considerable difficulty with the coffer-dam for this river, owing to the frequent rains and the unevenness of the ledge upon the bottom. Still, the difficulty is now overcome, and the masonry so far completed that there will be no farther delay.

The work of grading between this and Wintthrop is in a state of great forwardness, and the track will be completed to that point at no distant period.

I. O. O. F.—The Grand Lodge of the Order of Odd Fellows in this State has unanimously instructed its representatives to the Grand Lodge of the U. S., to use their efforts to amend the constitution of the subordinate Lodges that a respectable colored man may be admitted a member of the Order. The constitution now requires that a candidate for admission be a "free white male of moral character." [Nashua (N. H.) Oasis.]

FARE REDUCED.—The Directors on the Boston and Portland Railroad have reduced the fare in the regular trains over their road, to \$2 to Boston.

SWALLOWING A CENT.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, writing from New Sharon, says that—

"On Saturday afternoon, week before last, a son of Mr. Gould, of this town, while engaged at play with other children, swallowed a cent which he had deposited in his mouth. Alarming symptoms immediately arose, which convinced the parents that the cent had lodged somewhere in the passage from the mouth to the stomach. Medical aid was immediately called, and several attempts made to remove the cent, all of which proved unsuccessful. Upon the following day it was evident that the coin still occupied its original place. After having remained there until Tuesday morning, a period of four days, Dr. P. Dyer, of this town, being called upon, removed the cent with safety to the child, and to the gratification of the parents and friends. The child is now doing well."

KENTUCKY TO BE FREE.—The result of the Kentucky election is of very great worth to the cause of freedom. The triumph of this or that candidate sinks into insignificance compared with the large majority in favor of a Constitutional Convention. It now only remains for the Legislature next winter to designate the time and place of holding the Convention, and old things will soon pass away, and the reign of better things commence. When Kentucky forms a new constitution, provision will unquestionably be made for at least the gradual abolition of slavery, so that in effect another will be added to the list of free States: Kentucky a free State! Only think of that, and help rejoicing if you can. [True Dem.]

MAKING A TARGET OF WATCHMEN.—Last night, in Endicott street, Watchmen Ewer and Walker accosted a man who was standing in the street, with apparently no particular business. The man made no distinct reply, and the Watchmen went on. After they had got about two rods, the man drew a six-barrelled pistol and discharged two of the barrels at Messrs. Ewer and Walker, without, however, hitting either of them. He was instantly secured and the pistol taken from him. The four undischarged barrels were found to be heavily loaded with powder and buckshot. His name he gave as Wm. Fogarty, and he appeared to have swallowed just enough liquor to make him ugly. He made a desperate resistance on the way to jail. [Boston Trav., 28th.]

BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.—An Irish woman, named Catharine Graham, was arrested, charged with having committed forgery, by entering in her bank book, with the savings bank in Chambers street, a credit to herself of \$200, which she had not deposited. On being brought to the police office, she admitted that she procured a boy to make the entry complained of, and gave as a reason for doing so, that a 'boy' had promised to marry her, as soon as she was worth \$200, and that she got the entry made in her bank book only for the purpose of inducing him to marry her, which he promised to have done yesterday evening, had not this awkward discovery occurred. She was committed to prison. [N. Y. Jour. Com.]

CHESTER COUNTY BANK ROBBERY.—The Philadelphia Ledger of Wednesday says that George Williams, alias 'Slappy,' who was committed some days since upon the charge of participating in the robbery of Dr. Darlington, President of the Chester County Bank, yesterday made restitution of about \$12,000 of the stolen money. Developments are being made, says that paper, that will astonish the community, and will result in bringing to the bar of public justice those who have too long revelled in crime with profit and impunity.

Those supposed to have been concerned in the robbery of Dr. Darlington, the President of the Chester County Bank, are now believed to be in custody, except one, known as little Ben Pratt, who is believed to be in Ohio. The names of those in custody are, Robt. or Richard H. Lackey, alias Harper; Robert Pinkerton, alias Long Bob; John Whitehouse, alias Old Duke; George Williams, alias Slappy; Benjamin Pratt, alias Old Ben Pratt, or Big Ben; John Hoffman and Abraham Pence. In addition to these, charges are pending against Edward McGowan, implicating him in the transaction. Whitehouse, Williams, and Thompson, are believed to have been the principals in the robbery; while the others are charged being accessories either before or after the fact. The disclosures which have been made in this case, were in the first place the result of the arrest of Lackey, whose statements were subsequently confirmed by Pinkerton.

The New York Police Gazette gives the name of a leading police officer of Philadelphia as being implicated in the affair.

RUM AND ROWDYISM. A letter dated Albany Sept. 25th, says:—

"We had some excitement, yesterday morning, in consequence of a young man being killed, last night by a gun shot. The person in question was about 18 years of age, a well known rowdy. He had been at the gaming table and is believed to have been drunk. After he had left the gaming house he bent his course for a certain house some distance from this city. He tried to gain admittance and was refused; he broke in the windows, when he was told by the old man who resided there with his daughters, that if he attempted to enter he would shoot him. The young man finally broke in the door, and while entering, the old man fired and killed the unfortunate youth instantly."

AN INCIDENT OF THE LOSS OF THE OCEAN MONARCH.—The London Morning Chronicle narrates the following:—

An excitement of a very extraordinary and painful nature has been occasioned in the parish of St. Luke's, Old Street, by the elopement of Mrs. Bacon, the master of the workhouse, and Mrs. Walter, the workhouse schoolmistress, both married persons with families of young children, and not known to have been among the passengers on board the ill-fated emigrant ship Ocean Monarch. Beacon had obtained leave of absence for a fortnight, upon a plea of urgent private business to settle in the country; and a few days after his departure, Mrs. Walter the schoolmistress, also obtained leave for a short absence, alleging that she had been sent for by her mother who was dangerously ill in Devonshire.

It happened rather singularly, however, that soon afterward her mother arrived, in good health, in London, for the purpose of visiting her, and was astonished to hear of her absence under such circumstances. This led to inquiry, which resulted in the discovery that the missing pair were together, intending to take flight to America. Walter, the husband, who was the workhouse schoolmaster, had no opportunity of observing any of these movements being a prisoner in the House of Correction, for a misdemeanor. While he was under examination before the magistrate, he received an excellent character for general good conduct, from the master of the workhouse, Mr.

Bacon, who thus, during the husband's incarceration, made off with his wife.

The latter, a genteel and remarkably good looking woman, took with her her youngest child, leaving the rest to her husband and to the parish. The respective relatives have ascertained beyond doubt that the fugitive pair, instead of proceeding to Devonshire, as they had pretended, embarked on board the Ocean Monarch, and, together with the woman's child, perished when that ship was destroyed by fire. Mr. Bacon is known to have had some previous knowledge of America. He was formerly a police officer, and a few years back was sent to America in pursuit of a vestry clerk who had absconded.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Saturday evening, Col. Lee, of the 4th Regiment U. S. army, and his lady, were coming up from Jefferson Barracks to this city, in a buggy; as they descended the hill by the barracks hospital, the harness having been improperly put on, the buggy ran upon the horse—the animal became frightened, and broke off at a desperate run up the road. Opposite the encampment of the 8th Infantry, he turned off and rushed into the encampment. As the vehicle bounded over the hollow, Col. Lee was thrown upon the ground with much violence, his head striking, and stunning him for some time. On the noble yet maddened animal rushed, dragging the vehicle and Mrs. Lee over every obstacle that presented itself.

A young man named Dousberger, 1st sergeant of Company H, 8th Regiment Infantry, sprang forward and seized the reins near the horse's mouth; as the horse rushed on, the end of the shaft penetrated Mr. D.'s body several inches just below the breast, and he fell instantly dead. The animal still rushed through the woods and over the uneven ground, until two of the wheels on one side were broken entirely off, when he stopped. During all this time, Mrs. Lee, with a presence of mind that secured her safety, and probably her life, remained in the carriage, and escaped unhurt.

Sergeant Dousberger was a young man about 22 years of age, of noble and enthusiastic character,—has served with honor to himself throughout the Mexican war,—was in most of the principal battles, fought bravely, and escaped,—and now has fallen a victim to a generous impulse. [St. Louis Repub. Sept. 19th.]

A London paper says: "The system of electric telegraph used in the United States, which is much more simple and intelligible than that in use here, is about to be adopted by the Electric Telegraph Company."

NEW TELESCOPE.—Mr. Bruna Hascart, of this city, and probably one of the finest opticians in America, has just completed a telescope of large size, ranging in magnifying power from 100 to 1000. It is a refractor, and is said by those capable of judging, and drawing comparisons from observations, that it operates nearly, if not quite, as well as the great refractor on Mount Adams. The workmanship is as perfect as mechanical skill can make it; and, as a whole, the instrument is a strong and incontrovertible argument against the expensive folly of sending abroad for the like. [Cincinnati Com.]

AMONOSUCK RAILROAD.—Meetings have been held recently at Lisbon and Littleton, N. H., to consider the practicability and expediency of procuring a charter for a railroad to run from Wells River, Vt., through Coos county by way of the Amonosuck valley, to intersect with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. A committee was appointed to raise funds, cause a preliminary survey of the route to be made, and procure a charter; also, to call the attention of the Legislature to the wide gauge adopted by the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, and its injurious effects upon the interests of New Hampshire, with a view of providing a remedy by legislation. [Bost. Traveller.]

ERIE RAILROAD.—In a recent discussion before the New York City Board of Assistants, having reference to the leasing of a lot at the foot of Duane and Reade streets, for a depot for the Erie Railroad, the following facts were stated in illustration of the importance of that road to New York city:—

"When the Railroad commenced, it received, the first season, for freight of milk, from \$2 to \$4 a day. It now receives for freight of the same article, and at the same rate, (that is half a cent a quart) on an average \$160 a day, showing the immense quantity of the article which, of the best kind, it brings to market. Four years ago, on the Railroad starting, it brought 6000 calves to market before the river was opened to Newburgh, none of which could otherwise have been brought, as they cannot be driven to market. Immense quantities of produce are now brought continually on the road, and the business will be increased fourfold on the 1st January, when the road will be opened 130 miles further, to Binghamton."

MONEY MATTERS.—There has been no decided improvement in the money market during the past week, and though the demand is not very great, it still exceeds the supply, and the rates of interest are still 12 per cent. and upward. It is matter of surprise to many that this money pressure, which has now continued for over ten months, should still be so severe, as in former times a much shorter period has brought about a change. Consequently the causes of such a state of things are anxiously inquired for. It is fashionable now to consider the operations of the Sub-Treasury as the producing cause, as by the large accumulation of specie in its vaults, the Banks are crippled and unable to discount as freely as they otherwise would. There is no doubt this system works badly for the Banks in New York, by preventing their expansion, and keeping them in check; but here, there is very little complaint, probably because the amount kept on hand is not large enough to produce this result. But that this is only one cause is evident from the fact, that Bank loans both here and in N. York are large, and the probability is that other causes have more influence than even the Sub-Treasury. Among these are the expenditures of our Government, since the Mexican war commenced, which has drawn off the precious metals and made the Government a borrower on a large scale. Then the vast expansion of the Railroad and Manufacturing projects the past two years, has used up a large amount of money, which does not get back in circulation, or if it does, is immediately taken again for similar purposes. An increased amount of capital, too, is required to transact the actual business of the country, which is rapidly increasing, and owing to vast great crops and the industry of our population, cannot be suddenly checked. These various causes keep the demand for money greater than the supply, and consequently high rates of interest prevail, and prices of property are reduced. [Traveller.]

CHANGE OF HOMES.—The time of starting from Boston by the Northern and Vermont Central Railroad, has been changed from 7:30 to 7 o'clock A. M. on last week only.

