



10-11-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 12): October 11, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 12): October 11, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 115.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/115

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1849.

NO. 12.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING,
At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

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

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POPULAR READING.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY: FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

A few weeks after the lucky termination of the Sanford affair, I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of Mr. Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Kendal in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy were chiefly these:—

Mr. Bagshawe, who had been some time absent at Leamington, Warwickshire, with his entire establishment, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his own speedy return, and at the same time directing her to have a particular bedroom aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr. Robert Bristow, who, having just arrived from abroad, would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks House. The positive arrival of this nephew had been declared to several tradesmen of Kendal by King early in the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions butcher-meat, poultry, fish, and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks for his table. The lad who carried the fish home stated that he had seen a strange young gentleman in one of the sitting-rooms on the ground floor thro' the half-open door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks House had been, not indeed broken into, but broken out of. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servant-woman barbarously murdered. The neighbors found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal stair-case, clothed only in her nightgown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some noise below, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr. Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three and four thousand pounds in gold and notes—the produce of government stock sold out about two months previously—had been carried off. The only person, except his niece, who lived with him, that knew there was this sum in the house, was his nephew Robert Bristow, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long-contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he wished to consult him upon his bargain before finally concluding it. This Mr. Robert Bristow was now nowhere to be seen or heard of, and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr. Bagshawe and his niece—torturing, horrifying suspicion that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical letter written to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices! As he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighborhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the fishmonger's boy, was sent to London by the authorities. They also forwarded for our use and assistance one Josiah Barnes, a sly, sharp, vagabond-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unfortunate Sarah King, who had discarded him; it seemed, on account of his incorrigible idle, and in other respects disreputable habits. The *alibi* he set up was, however, so clear and decisive, that he was but a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He fiddled at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese; sang, tumbled, ventriloquised at their tavern orgies; and had he not been so very highly gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half-bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr. Robert Bristow; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr. Robert Bristow had left the hotel a week previously without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him. This was odd, though the period stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

What dress did he wear when he left?—That which he usually wore: a foraging-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers, and Wellington boots. The precise dress described by the fishmonger's errand-boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers furnished by Mr. Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging cap. Lieutenant James was the name indorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was of course a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland Yard to report no progress, and it was then determined to issue bills, descriptive of Bristow's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, of such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who

should we see walking deliberately down the yard towards the police office but Mr. Robert Bristow himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled, and left astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good-morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night coach. He then walked into the inn, and seating himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period, at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows—one of whom I thought I recognized in spite of his fine dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night coach to Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what is the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-nob be wanting in that country of furze and frieze coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three insides to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling: 'Is the gentleman who entered the office just now—him with a foraging-cap? I mean—to be my fellow-passenger?'

'Yes, he has booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house.'

'Thank you; good morning.'

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, passed me and swaggered out of the yard. Vague, undefined suspicions at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the 'foraging cap' and the 'doings at Kendal.' There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try; and to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and finding there were still two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the 'north country.'

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr. Bristow was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation, and wrote a note, with which I despatched the inn porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty years of age, of slight but well-knit frame, with the decided air, travel-stained and jaded as he appeared, of a gentleman. His look was troubled and careworn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the starting, nervous tremor always in my experience exhibited even by old practitioners when suddenly accosted. Several persons had entered the room hastily, without causing him even to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was quite satisfied no man who had recently committed a murder, and but the day before changed part of the produce of that crime into gold at the Bank of England, could endure without wincing. My object was, not to procure evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction that, spite of appearances, the young man was guiltless of the deed imputed to him, and might be the victim, I could not help thinking, either of some strange combination of circumstances, or more likely, of a diabolical plot for his destruction, essential, possibly, to the safety of the real perpetrators of the crime; very probable—so ran my suspicions—friends and acquaintances of the three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travellers. My duty, I knew, was quite as much the vindication of innocence as the detection of guilt; and if I could satisfy myself that he was not the guilty party, no effort of mine should be wanting, I determined, to extricate him from the perilous position in which he stood. I went out of the room, and remained absent for some time; then suddenly entered with a sort of bounce, walked swiftly, and with a determined air, straight up to the box where he was seated, grasped him tightly by the arm, and exclaimed roughly, 'So I have found you at last! There was no start, no indication of fear whatever—not the slightest; the expression of his countenance, as he peevishly replied, 'What the devil do you mean?' was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

'I beg your pardon, I replied; 'the waiter told me a friend of mine, one Bagshawe, who has given me the slip, was here, and I mistook you for him.'

He courteously accepted my apology, quietly remarking at the same time that though his own name was Bristow, he had, oddly enough, an uncle in the country of the same name as the person I had mistaken him for. Surely, thought I, this man is guiltless of the crime imputed to him; and yet—At this moment the porter entered to announce the arrival of the gentleman I had sent for. I went out; and after giving the new comer instructions not to lose sight of Mr. Bristow, hastened home to make arrangements for the journey.

Transformed, by the aid of a flaxen wig, broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and a multiplicity of waistcoats and shawls, into a heavy and elderly, well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had thoroughly drilled as to speech and behavior towards our companions—to the Saracen's Head a few minutes previous to the time for starting. We found Mr. Bristow already seated; but the 'three friends,' I observed, were curiously looking on, desirous no doubt of ascertaining

who were to be their fellow-travellers before venturing to coo themselves up in a space so narrow, and under certain circumstances, so difficult of egress. My appearance and that of Barnes—who, sooth to say, looked much more of a simpleton than he really was—quite reassured them, and in they jumped with confident alacrity. A few minutes afterwards the 'all right' of the attending ostlers gave the signal for departure, and away we started.

A more silent, less social party I never assisted at. Whatever amount of 'feast of reason' each or either of us might have silently enjoyed, not a drop of 'flow of soul' welled up from one of the six insides. Every passenger seemed to have his own peculiar reasons for declining to display himself in either mental or physical prominence. Only one or two incidents—apparently unimportant, but which I carefully noted down in the tablet of my memory—occurred during the long, wearisome journey, till we stopped to dine at about thirty miles from Kendal; when I ascertained, from an overheard conversation of one of the three with the coachman, that they intended to get down at a roadside tavern more than six miles on this side of that place.

'Do you know the house they intend to stop at?' I inquired of my assistant as soon as I got him out of sight and hearing at the back of the premises.

'Quite well; it is within about two miles of Five Oaks House.'

'Indeed! Then you must stop there too.—It is necessary that I should go on to Kendal with Mr. Bristow; but you can remain and watch their proceedings.'

'With all my heart.'

'But what excuse can you make for remaining there, when they know you are booked for Kendal? Fellows of that stamp are keenly suspicious; and in order to be useful, you must be entirely unsuspected.'

'Oh, leave that to me. I'll throw dust enough in their eyes to blind a hundred such as they, I warrant ye.'

'Well, we shall see. And now to dinner.'

Soon after the coach had once more started, Mr. Josiah Barnes began drinking from a stone bottle which he drew from his pocket; and so potent must have been the spirit it contained, that he became rapidly intoxicated. Not only speech, but eyes, body, arms, legs, the entire animal, by the time we had reached the inn where we had agreed he should stop, was thoroughly, hopelessly drunk; and so savagely quarrelsome, too, did he become, that I expected every instant to hear my real vocation pointed out to me for the edification of the company.—

Strange to say, utterly stupid and savage as he seemed, all dangerous topics were carefully avoided. When the coach stopped, he got out—how, I know not—and reeled and tumbled into the tap-room, from which he declared he would not budge an inch till next day. Vainly did the coachman remonstrate with him upon his foolish obstinacy; he might as well have argued with a bear; and he at length determined to leave him to his drunken humor. I was out of patience with the fellow; and snatching an opportunity when the room was clear, began to upbraid him for his vexatious folly.—He looked sharply round, and then, his body as evenly balanced, his eye as clear, his speech as free as my own, crowded in a low exulting voice, 'Didn't I tell you I'd manage it nicely? The door opened, and, in a twinkling, extremity of drunkenness, both of brain and limb, was again assumed with a perfection of acting I have never seen equalled. He had studied from nature, that was perfectly clear. I was quite satisfied, and with renewed confidence obeyed the coachman's call to take my seat.—Mr. Bristow and I were now the only inside passengers; and as farther disguise was useless, I began stripping myself of my superabundant clothing, wig, spectacles, &c., and in a few minutes, with the help of the bundle I had with me, presented to the astonished gaze of my fellow-traveller the identical person that had so rudely accosted him in the coffee-room of the Saracen's Head inn.

'Why, what in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of this?' demanded Mr. Bristow, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

'I do not wish to obtrude upon your confidence, Mr. Bristow,' I remarked after a long pause; 'but you must perceive that unless the circumstances I have related to you are in some way explained you stand in a perilous predicament.'

'You are right,' he replied, after some hesitation. 'It is a tangled web; still, I doubt not that some mode of vindicating my perfect innocence will present itself.'

He then relapsed into silence; and neither of us spoke again till the coach stopped, in accordance with a previous intimation I had given the coachman, opposite the gate of the Kendal prison. Mr. Bristow started, and changed color, but instantly mastering his emotion, he calmly said, 'You of course but perform your duty; mine is not to distrust a just an all-seeing Providence.'

We entered the jail and the necessary search of his clothes and baggage was effected as forbearingly as possible. To my great dismay we found amongst the money in his purse a Spanish gold piece of a peculiar coinage, and in the lining of his portmanteau, very dexterously hidden, a cross set with brilliant, both of which I knew, by a list forwarded to the London police, formed a part of the plunder carried off from the Five Oaks House. The prisoner's vehement protestations that he could not conceive how such articles came into his possession, excited a derisive smile on the face of the veteran turnkey; whilst I was thoroughly dumb-founded by the seeming demolition of the theory of innocence I had woven out of his candid, open manner, and unshaken hardihood of nerve.

'I dare say the articles came to you in your sleep,' sneered the turnkey as we turned to leave the cell.

'Oh! I mechanically exclaimed, 'in his sleep I had not thought of that! The man stared; but I passed out of the prison before he could express his surprise or contempt in words.'

The next morning the justice-room was densely crowded, to hear the examination of the prisoner. There was also a very numerous attendance of magistrates; the case, from

the position in life of the prisoner, and the strange and mysterious circumstances of the affair together, having excited an extraordinary and extremely painful interest amongst all classes in the town and neighborhood. The demeanor of the accused gentleman was anxious certainly, but withal calm and collected; and there was I thought, a light of fortitude and conscious probity in his clear, bold eyes, which guilt never yet successfully simulated.

After the hearing of some minor evidence, the fish-monger's boy was called, and asked if he could point out the person he had seen at Five Oaks on the day preceding the burglary? The lad looked fixedly at the prisoner for something more than a minute without speaking, and then said, 'The gentleman was standing before the fire when I saw him, with his cap on; I should like to see the gentleman with his cap on before I say anything.' Mr. Bristow dashed on his foraging-cap, and the boy immediately exclaimed, 'That is the man!' Mr. Cowan, a solicitor, retained by Mr. Bagshawe for his nephew, objected that this was, after all, only swearing to a cap, or at best to the ensemble of a dress, and ought not to be received. The chairman, however, decided that it must be taken *quantum valet*, and in corroboration of other evidence. It was next deposed by several persons that the deceased Sarah King had told them that her master's nephew had positively arrived at Five Oaks. An objection to the reception of this evidence, as parading the nature of 'hear say,' was also made, and similarly overruled. Mr. Bristow begged to observe 'that Sarah King was not one of his uncle's old servants, and was entirely unknown to him; it was quite possible, therefore, that he was personally unknown to her.' The bench observed that all these observations might be fitly urged before a jury, but, in the present stage of proceedings, were uselessly addressed to them, whose sole duty it was to ascertain if a sufficiently strong case of suspicion had been made out against the prisoner to justify his commitment for trial. A constable next proved finding a portion of a letter, which he produced in one of the offices of the Five Oaks; and then Mr. Bagshawe was directed to be called in. The prisoner, upon hearing this order given, exhibited great emotion, and earnestly intreated that his uncle and himself might be spared the necessity of meeting each other for the first time after a separation of several years under such circumstances.

We can receive no evidence against you, Mr. Bristow, in your absence,' replied the chairman in a compassionate tone of voice; but your uncle's deposition will occupy but a few minutes. It is, however, indispensable?

'At least, then, Mr. Cowan,' said the agitated young man, 'prevent my sister from accompanying her uncle: I could not bear that.'

He was assured she would not be present; in fact she had become seriously ill through anxiety and terror; and the crowded assemblage awaited in painful silence the approach of the reluctant prosecutor. He presently appeared—a venerable white-haired man; seventy years old at least he seemed, his form bowed by age and grief, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his whole manner indicative of sorrow and dejection. 'Uncle!' cried the prisoner, springing towards him. The aged man looked up, seemed to read in the clear countenance of his nephew a full refutation of the suspicions entertained against him, tottered forward with outspread arms, and, in the words of the Sacred text, 'fell upon his neck, and wept,' exclaiming in choking accents, 'Forgive me—forgive me, Robert, that I ever for a moment doubted you. Mary never did—never, Robert not for an instant.'

A profound silence prevailed during this outburst of feeling, and a considerable pause ensued before the usher of the court, at a gesture from the chairman, touched Mr. Bagshawe's arm, and begged his attention to the bench. 'Certainly, certainly,' said he, hastily wiping his eyes, and turning towards the court. 'My sister's child, gentlemen, he added appealingly, 'you who have lived with me from childhood; you will excuse me, I am sure.'

'There needs no excuse, Mr. Bagshawe,' said the chairman kindly; 'but it is necessary this unhappy business should be proceeded with. Hand the witness the portion of the letter found at Five Oaks. Now, is that your handwriting; and is it a portion of the letter you sent to your nephew, informing him of the large sum of money kept for a particular purpose at Five Oaks?'

'It is.'

'Now,' said the clerk to the magistrate, addressing me, 'please to produce the articles in your possession.'

I laid the Spanish coin and the cross upon the table.

'Please to look at those two articles, Mr. Bagshawe,' said the chairman. 'Now, sir, on your oath, are they a portion of the property of which you have been robbed?'

The aged gentleman stooped forward and examined them earnestly; then turned and looked with quivering eyes, if I may be allowed the expression, in his nephew's face; but returned no answer to the question.

'It is necessary you should reply, Yes or No, Mr. Bagshawe,' said the clerk.

'Answer, uncle,' said the prisoner soothingly; 'fear not for me. God and my innocence will. I shall yet break through the web of villainy in which I at present seem hopelessly involved.'

'Bless you, Robert—bless you! I am sure you will. Yes, gentlemen, the cross and coin on the table are a part of the property carried off.'

A smothered groan, indicative of the sorrowing sympathy felt for the venerable gentleman, arose from the crowded court on hearing this declaration. I then deposed to finding them as previously stated. As soon as I concluded, the magistrates consulted together for a few minutes; and then the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said, 'I have to inform you that the bench are agreed that sufficient evidence has been adduced against you to warrant them in fully committing you for trial. We are of course bound to hear every thing you have to say; but such being our intention, your professional adviser will perhaps recommend you to waive whatever defence you have to make for another tribunal: here it could not avail you.'

Mr. Cowan expressed his concurrence in the intimation of the magistrate; but the prisoner vehemently protested against sanctioning his silence the accusation preferred against him. 'I have nothing to reserve,' he exclaimed

with passionate energy; 'nothing to conceal.—I will not owe my acquittal of this foul charge to any trick of lawyer-craft. If I may not come out of this investigation with an untainted name, I desire not to escape at all. The defence, or rather the suggestive facts I have to offer for the consideration of the bench are these:—On the evening of the day I received my uncle's letter I went to Drury Lane theatre, remaining out very late. On my return to the hotel, I found I had been robbed of my pocket-book, which contained not only that letter, and a considerable sum in bank notes, but papers of great professional importance to me. It was too late to adopt any measures for its recovery then; and the next morning as I was dressing myself to go out, in order to apprise the police authorities of my loss, I was informed that a gentleman desired to see me instantly on important business. He was shown up, and announced himself to be a detective police officer; the robbery I had sustained had been revealed by an accomplice, and it was necessary I should immediately accompany him.—We left the hotel together; and after consuming the entire day in perambulating all sorts of by-streets, my officious friend all at once discovered that the thieves had left town for the west of England, hoping doubtless to reach a large town, and get gold for the notes before the news of their having been stopped should have reached it. He insisted upon immediate pursuit. I wished to return to the hotel for a change of clothes, as I was but lightly clad, and night-travelling required warmer apparel. This he would not hear of, as the night coach was on the point of starting. He, however, contrived to supply me from his own resources with a greatcoat—a sort of policeman's cape—and a rough travelling-cap, which tied under the chin. In due time we arrived at Bristol, where I was kept for several days loitering about; till, finally, my guide decamped, and I returned to London. An hour after arriving there, I gave information at Scotland Yard of what happened, and afterwards booked myself by the night coach for Kendal. This is all I have to say.

This strange story did not produce the slightest effect upon the bench, and very little upon the auditory, and yet I felt satisfied it was strictly true. It was not half ingenious enough for a made-up story. Mr. Bagshawe, I should have stated, had been led out of the justice-hall immediately after he had finished his deposition.

'Then, Mr. Bristow,' said the magistrate's clerk, 'assuming this curious narrative to be correct, you will be easily able to prove an *alibi*.'

'I have thought over that, Mr. Clerk,' returned the prisoner mildly, 'and must confess that, remembering how I was dressed and wrapped up—that I saw but few persons, and those casually and briefly, I have strong misgivings of my power to do so.'

'That is perhaps the less to be lamented,' replied the county clerk in a sneering tone, 'inasmuch as the possession of those articles, pointing to the cross and coin on the table, would necessitate another equally probable though quite different story.'

'That is a circumstance,' replied the prisoner in the same calm tone as before, 'which I cannot in the slightest manner account for.'

No more was said, and the order for his commitment to the county jail at Appley on charge of wilful murder, was given to the clerk. At this moment a hastily-scrawled note from Barnes was placed in my hands. I had no sooner glanced over it than I applied to the magistrates for an adjournment till the morrow, on the ground that I could then produce an important witness, whose evidence at the trial it was necessary to assure. The application was as a matter of course, complied with; the prisoner was remanded till the next day; and the court adjourned.

As I accompanied Mr. Bristow to the vehicle in waiting to convey him to jail, I could not forbear whispering, 'Be of good heart, sir, we shall unravel this mystery yet, depend upon it. He looked keenly at me; and then, without other reply than a warm pressure of the hand, jumped into the carriage.

'Well, Barnes,' I exclaimed as soon as we were in a room by ourselves, and the door closed, 'what is it you have discovered?'

'That the murderers of Sarah King are younger at the Talbot where you left me.'

'Yes; so I gather from your note. But what evidence have you to support your assertion?'

'This! Trusting to my apparent drunken imbecility, they occasionally dropped words in my presence, which convinced me not only that they were the guilty parties but that they had come down here to carry off the plate, some where concealed in the neighborhood. This they mean to do to-night.'

'Anything more?'

'Yes. You know I am a ventriloquist in a small way, as well as a mimic; I took occasion when that youngest of the rascals—the one that sat beside Mr. Bristow, and got out on the top of the coach the second evening, because, freezing cold as it was, he said the inside was too hot and close—'

'Oh, I remember. Dolt that I was, not to recall it before. But go on.'

'Well, he and I were alone together in the parlor about three hours ago—I dead tired as ever—when he suddenly heard the voice of Sarah King at his elbow exclaiming, 'Who is that in the plate closet?' If you had seen the start of horror which he gave, the terror which shook his falling limbs as he glanced round the apartment, you would no longer have entertained a doubt on the matter.'

'This is scarcely judicial proof, Barnes; but I dare say you shall be able to make something of it. You return immediately; about night-fall I will rejoin you in my former disguise.'

It was early in the evening when I entered the Talbot, and seated myself in the parlor.—Our three friends were present, and so was Barnes.

'Is not that fellow sober yet?' I demanded of one of them.

'No; he has been lying about drinking and snoring ever since. He went to bed; I hear this afternoon; but he appears to be little the better for it.'

I had an opportunity soon afterwards of speaking to Barnes privately, and found that one of the fellows had brought a chair-cart and horse from Kendal and that all three were to depart in about an hour, under pretence of reaching a town about fourteen miles distant, where they intended to sleep. My plan was immediately taken: I returned to the parlor, and watching my opportunity, whispered into

the ear of the young gentleman whose nerves had been so shaken by Barnes' ventriloquism, and who, by the way, was my old acquaintance—'Dick Staples, I want a word with you in the next room.' I spoke in my natural voice, and lifted, for his especial study and edification the wig from my forehead. He was thunder-struck; and his teeth chattered with terror.—His two companions were absorbed over a low game at cards, and did not observe us. 'Come,' I continued in the same whisper, 'there is not a moment to lose; if you would save yourself, follow me!' He did so, and I led him into an adjoining apartment, closed the door, and drawing a pistol from my coat-pocket, said—'You perceive Staples that the game is up: you personated Mr. Bristow at his uncle's house at Five Oaks, dressed in a precisely similar suit of clothes to that which he wears. You murdered the servant—'

'No—no—no, not I,' gasped the wretch; 'not I: I did not strike her!'

'At all events you were present, and that, as far as the gallows is concerned, is the same thing. You also picked that gentleman's pocket during our journey from London, and placed one of the Spanish pieces in his purse; you then went on the roof of the coach, and by some ingenious means or other contrived to secrete a cross set with brilliant in his portmanteau.'

'What shall I do—what shall I do?' screamed the fellow, half dead with fear, and slipping down on a chair; 'what shall I do to save my life—my life?'

'First get up and listen. If you are not the actual murderer—'

'I am not—upon my soul I am not!'

'If you are not, you will probably be admitted king's evidence; though mind I make no promises. Now, what is the plan of operation for carrying off the booty?'

'They are going in the chair-cart almost immediately to take it up; it is hidden in the corpse under. I am to remain here, in order to give an alarm should any suspicion be excited, by showing two candles at our bedroom window; and if all keeps right, I am to join them at the cross-roads, about a quarter of a mile from hence.'

'All right. Now return to the parlor: I will follow you; and remember that on the slightest hint of treachery I will shoot you as I would a dog.'

About a quarter of an hour afterwards his two confederates set off in the chair-cart; I, Barnes, and Staples, cautiously followed, the latter handcuffed, and superintended by the ostler of the inn, whom I for the nonce pressed into the king's service. The night was pitch dark, fortunately, and the noise of the cart wheels effectually drowned the sound of our footsteps. At length the cart stopped; the men got out, and were soon busily engaged in transferring the buried plate to the cart. We cautiously approached, and were soon within a yard or two of them, still unperceived.

'Get into the cart,' said one of them to the other, 'and I will hand the things to you.' His companion obeyed.

'Hollo!' cried the fellow, 'I thought I told you—'

'That you are nabbed at last!' I exclaimed, tripping him suddenly up. 'Barnes, hold the horse's head. Now, sir, attempt to budge an inch out of that cart, and I'll send a bullet through your brains.' The surprise was complete; and so terror-stricken were they, that neither resistance nor escape was attempted. They were soon handcuffed and otherwise secured; the remainder of the plate was placed in the cart, and we made the best of our way to Kendal jail, where I had the honor of lodging them at nine o'clock in the evening. The news spread like wild-fire, and numerous were the congratulations that reached me, even that night. But that which recompensed me a thousand fold, was the fervid embrace of the white-haired uncle, as he called down blessings on my head! There are blessed moments, even in the life of a policeman.

Mr. Bristow was of course liberated next morning. Staples was admitted king's evidence, and one of his accomplices—the actual murderer—was hanged, the other transported. The gentleman who induced Mr. Bristow to accompany him to Bristol, was soon after transported for another offence.

We find the following in a foreign newspaper:—A hindoo having been summoned to give evidence before the court of judicature in Calcutta, deposed that such a circumstance happened in her presence. The judge asked where it happened; she replied in the verandah of such a house.

'Pray, my good woman,' said the judge, 'how many pillars are there in that verandah?'

The woman, not perceiving the trap that was laid before her, without much consideration, said that the verandah was supported by four pillars.

The counsel for the opposition party immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that consequently, no credit could be given to her evidence.

The woman perceiving her error, addressed the judge:

'My lord,' said she, 'your lordship has for many years presided in this court, and every day that you come here ascend a flight of stairs; may I beg to know how many steps the stairs consist of?'

The judge confessed that he did not know.

'Then,' replied she, 'if your lordship cannot tell the number of steps you ascend daily to the seat of justice, it cannot be astonishing that I should forget the number of pillars in a balcony which I never entered half a dozen times in my life.'

The judge was much pleased with the woman's wit and decided in the favor of her party.

TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS.—Let every description of tools and implements be examined, have those requiring it repaired, and those not in use carefully put away under cover.—Such attention saves both time and money.

Coleridge, treating of the inseparable connection of truth with error says, felicitously, as well as truly, that there are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truths as yet below the horizon.

One day as Mr. C. was limping down High street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a young lady saying to her companion, rather loudly, 'That's Mr. C.—the lame lawyer.' Upon which he turned round, and with his usual force of expression, said, 'No, madam; I am a lame man but not a lame lawyer.'

MISCELLANY.

STEAMPATHY.

Get a pile of rocks,
Or bricks, if nothing better,
Heat them hissing hot,
And yourself with pepper.

Put them in a basin,
Underneath a chair,
Wrap a blanket round you,
To exclude the air.

Pour some water on them,
And "Composition" down
Your throat, to start the canker,
And do dispense with brown.

Of "lobelia" take a potion,
Wind up with "No. 6,"
A crisis follows motion,
And you're shortly in "a fix."

TEMPERANCE IN THE WEST.

Fifty years ago, before the Temperance movement as it is styled, had been dreamt of, it was customary in the back woods, for all to tinkle a little on "good old Monongahela." The article was indigenous and was then considered a most indispensable beverage. Its social properties were so highly esteemed that its presence was deemed necessary at every gathering, to promote good feeling and fellowship. The venerable clergy, too, of those days, thought a social glass no harm, and joined in it without a twinge of compunction. Most of these pioneers of Christianity, however, have passed to their final account wholly unconscious of the sins they committed, so much are our moral perceptions under the dominion of custom.

What a change! Fifty years ago the men of the West were in arms to fight for 'Old Monongahela'—now their sons are warring against it—such is popularity in a republic. The barrel of 'ten years old' is no longer a household divinity. We have grown wiser—perhaps better—but to our story.

Fifty years ago there lived in one of our western counties, a clergyman of the old school. He was a sincere, blunt, Christian; possessed of considerable learning; who preached a strong orthodox sermon; and cracked a joke over a glass of Monongahela without imagining it was wrong. He was a man, too, who never let the occasion slip of rebuking the 'over righteous,' who forgetting there is a time for all things, would obtrude the sacred subject of religion in an unseasonable way.

Travelling one cold and wintry day with one of his flock, they halted at a tavern to take 'something' to keep them warm, for it was not then found out that old Monongahela contained no latent calorific. The gill was ordered and placed on the table, whilst they sat chattering by the bar-room fire. At length it was proposed they should drink and proceed. The divine was about to help himself, when his companion gravely requested him to ask a blessing. Hesitating for an instant, he replied, "Do you." Closing his eyes, the layman commenced a benediction which the clergyman knew would be none the shorter, so alighting without the gill of ten years old, he quaffed it lifting a gurgling, and noiselessly replaced the glass. Then shutting his eyes he waited the end of the prayer. When over, he opened them and found his friend staring in mute amazement at the miracle of the empty glass. Interpreting his wonder, the clergyman exclaimed, in his Scotch-Irish dialect—"Hut-tut! mon! ye drann watch as weel as pray. The devil is aye on the look out for auld Monongahela." The benediction was dispensed with at the next treat.

MODE OF CAPTURING A SHARK.

Our three Bluefish made just five sharkbait each; and as we had only three hooks set off for the sport. A hooked the first one but he cleared again. The skipper hooked the next one, and having a little more experience on the subject, he hauled him up to the gunwale and administered a quietus with a small oak club about three feet long. It usually takes three to catch a large shark, and the one who hooks him has the post of honor, that is, the hold next the fish.

The *modus operandi* is this:—Suppose all hands are fishing, and one has a bite, he immediately sings out "East!" and the rest all haul in their hook, to prevent them being entangled by the shark, who cuts any quantity of capers and performs all the evolutions of a dancing master, while he is being hauled in. If he pulls pretty heavy all hands take hold behind the one who hooks him, and haul in hand over hand; but you must not take a turn around your wrist, for ten chances to one, the rascal will take the hook between his teeth, and run off with it five or six fathoms before you can stop him. As soon as he sticks his nose out of water, you hold on to the chain with your left hand, as near his head as you can get without encountering his teeth, and with a club in your right hand, watch your chance. He is splashing about in a most terrific manner, lashing his water with his tail, and hitting the boat with his head—wetting you with spray, and driving you half crazy with excitement at the idea of fighting a shark that most voracious of all the finny tribe, which every school boy has read about, and every school girl has shuddered at, and there he is before you. Look out! hit him on the end of his nose! pummel his nasal organs to a perfect jelly; brace your foot hard against the gunwale of the boat and pay on with all your might; about twenty clips silence him, and then you hear the death-rattle—a sort of gurgling sound, like the running down of a pump when the boxes haven't had even water enough to make them tight. When he is dead enough give him two or three more clips to make sure, and then hoist him into the boat with gaffs, lay him cross ways and then—catch some more.

We had two hooks bitten short off leaving us only one; but notwithstanding that, we caught sixteen in each boat, and then made wake for the shore, towing one old fellow behind, our boat not being large enough to take him on board with safety. [Am. Cabinet.]

TAKING TOLL.

The St. Louis Reveille is publishing a tale, purporting to give some adventures in the life of a young physician, from which we take the following extract:

A snow having fallen, the young folks of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with myself.

"Oh, oh—don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the gauze, in the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked; I'm not doing anything.

Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"Toll?" I rejoined. "What's that?"

"Now, do tell!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing above the music of the bells. "Dr. Mellows pretends he don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't, then," I said, laughing in turn.

"Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go sleighing, claim a kiss, as toll, when they cross a bridge? Well, I never!"

But shall I tell all? The struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow, when the veil was removed her face face was turned directly towards my own, and the snow glittering in the moonlight, and the horse trotting on himself, the toll was taken for the first time in the life of Dr. Mellows.

"Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was 'no use to resist,' and she paid up as we reached it.

"But you won't take toll for every span, will you, doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical negative to the question.

SEA SKETCHES.

JOURNAL.

VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN.

IN THE BRIG "CHARLOTTE,"
Which sailed from Newburyport for California, Jan. 23, 1849.

By GARDNER WATERS, JR.

Thursday, Feb. 15.—Lat. 1, 45 N.; Lon. 23, 31 W. Light air—sultry weather—calm.

Friday.—Sailed by log about a dozen miles—large shoals of porpoises lazily tumbling at the bow of the vessel.

Saturday.—Almost dead calm—sea smooth as a lake—breeze.

"Weak as an infant's parting breath,
Too faint to stir the feather held before it."

Sunday.—Light air, frequent showers of rain—a ship, bark, and schooner in sight.—Some might once perpetrated the following:

"Two things change the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas, you ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship!"

Monday.—Calm again. Sun obscured, consequently could get no observation by chronometer. Just as well, however, no danger of being blown on a 'lee shore.'

Tuesday.—Showers of rain, calm—as usual—occasionally blest with a 'gently-breathing' air, that no mutation had of its own—no heavier than of a pleasant breeze?

Wednesday.—Sultry, bark and ship in sight, wind.

"So light as not to wake the snowiest down
Upon a dove's breast."

In the afternoon, a very gentle breeze, "kissing" not ruffling the blue waves serene. "Twas but momentary, however—and there are, at present, no indications that the wind will ever blow again; 'twould be hardly fair, however, to suppose such a thing, but it would seem that after having had a fine run down to the line in 23 days—a distance of 3715 miles, averaging about 161 miles per day, here we are bound to remain becalmed,

"till heart shall tire,
Where the earth's axle shows its least incline,
Where glows the tropic sun with equal fire,
Along the burning line."

Passengers begin to be sick again, not so much sea-sick as sick of the sea. Anything but a calm, they say; had rather the waves would run mountain high, and the big seas tumble upon our deck, than thus to remain in this actionless state, for in a gale, there would be some excitement, and we should be getting along, somewhere, if not in our course; whereas, in a calm, all is such dull monotony. Give us a wind, they say, let it blow high or low! This reminds us of what is narrated of a certain Scotch divine, who left his home for the United States. In the services which he conducted on board the vessel, he always used, during and after a gale, to pray after this wise: "O Lord, give us no more gales." At length, during one of these same tedious calms, so frequently met with on the line, and such as we are now enjoying, he prayed as earnestly as before, "O Lord, deliver us from any more calms!" Almost the only excitement we can get up during these dull, calm days is for many of the passengers to take frequent bathtings together in the open sea, and standing upon the gunnel of the vessel, the top of the cabin, part way up the shrouds, or upon the main yard arm; just according to the intrepidity of the person, and to plunge headlong into the water together.—This we do every calm day. This is a rare sport, and a real luxury. Associated with the practice of bathing in the ocean, my imagination carries me back to the year 184—.

In the month of July of that year, I visited Newport, R. I. Every body knows something about Newport. During the warm and sultry summer months of June, July and August, instead of spending their time in the crowded city, there are thousands of persons from all parts of the country, who visit this place for the purpose of bathing and enjoying the cool sea breeze, for health or pleasure. The situation is said to be one of the very finest in the world. On the south side of the town is a large, flat, sandy beach, a mile or two in length, and smooth as a parlor floor. You can wade out ten or fifteen rods in the water, and then, if you know how, you may swim as far as you please; clear across the Atlantic, one way, and any reasonable distance north and south. At the time I was there, I should think not less than three hundred persons, of all ages and sexes, were in swimming together. They formed a most interesting scene, which, whenever I take a sea-bath, my imagination will conjure up. One half the company at least were ladies of the highest order of beauty—handsome faces and fair forms, with black, light, and Auburn tresses floating down their snowy necks like graceful ringlets upon a dove's bosom. Young maidens they were, most of them, with plump and heaving breasts, like the waves in which they came to lave their beauteous limbs. To this delightful summer resort,

"Robert in loose array, they come to bathe
Their fervent limbs—
And taste the liquid coolness of the flood."

To see them to the rushing flood plunge in, and bid each other follow, the 'parting ways' its lovely guest receiving, and then so lightly wanton upon their curling crests, their long locks loosely floating upon the surface—is truly bewitching and fairy-like. They looked like little 'Venuses of the Sea.' See

"With what graceful motion, too, she swims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave;
The crowning waves transported clasp her limbs;
When, when, O! when, shall I such freedom have?
In vain, ye envious waves, so high ye flow,
To hide her from our eagle gaze;
From every touch, you more transparent grow,
And all revealed the beauteous wanton plays."

I hope it will not be thought immodest to introduce here, in addition to the above beautiful and chaste lines, the following from Camoens, by Michle. They both ingeniously describe those feelings and desires which are aroused in the breast of every one, whose pericardium is not made of cast iron, and totally insensible to the red-hot arrows shot from Cupid's quivering bow; for I do protest that as through clear water or transparent glass the sunbeam darts, yet leaves the pure chrysal sound, so will the daring, roving fancy through the thin texture of their fleshy robes unruined pass, and dwell upon forbidden ground. I will only say by way of preface, that the flesh-colored dresses which the females use for bathing, are of the thinnest texture. 'Tis said that the Mexican ladies do not have even so much as this slight covering, but go in perfectly nude.

Probably this would put Newport to the blush! But here are the lines:—

"Adorn their necks, more white than virgin snow,
In softest hue the golden tresses flow;
Then heaving breasts, of purer, softer white
Than snow-hills glittering in the moon's pale light,
Except when covered by a saff, were bare,
And Love, unseen, smiled soft and panted there.
Nor less the zone the God's fond zeal employs;
The zone awakes the flame of secret joys.
As ivy tendrils, round their limbs divine
Their spreading arms the young desires entwine.
Below their waists, and quivering in the gale,
Of thinnest texture flows the silken veil;
(O! when the lucid curtain dimly shows!)
With double fires the roving fancy glows!
The hand of modesty the foldings throw,
Nor all concealed, nor all exposed to view."

The practice of bathing cannot be too highly recommended. Every individual, male and female, should bathe, in some form or other, every day. For persons of strong and hardy constitutions, probably the cold sea-bath is good as any; but all do not have an opportunity of bathing in the waters of the 'briny-deep.' Such can take the fresh-water cold, warm, or shower bath. Then there is the delicious vapour bath, which is only equalled by the open sea-bath. I have indulged in these vapor baths ashore, often. How refreshing they are! how delightful the balmy breathings of these aromatic ablutions! the fragrant vapor ascends with grateful incense,

"Like the sweet south breathing upon a bank of violets."

You feel, the while, as if you were being lulled by the sweet tones of music, breathing her rich strains over all, and the 'sounds of cornet, flute, sacbut, dulcimer and harp, had floated upon every wind.' The vapour distillations fall, like the pearly dew from heaven, shining, and making glad the soul, lulling in Lethe's stream the useless cares and troubles of life. What a 'Universal regeneration' does the vapour bath produce! what a 'lively sentiment of existence' is diffused throughout every extremity of the body! how free and clear the mind—how soars the wandering imagination and the enlivened fancy! If life be measured, not by the revolving years that so swiftly and unconsciously roll over our heads, but by the sensations, and the number of our ideas, and

"Think't thou existence doth depend on time?
Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figure on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. The man lives most
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

If we have proper regard for health, it is necessary we should make a constant practice of bathing often. Health consists in equilibrium, and cleanliness in every respect is requisite to that end. I will state an interesting case in point. A lady with whom I boarded a few winters ago, and who was fifty years old, did not look to be more than thirty. Her skin was fair and fresh, and as lively as a virgin's rosy cheeks; and her limbs had all the pliancy of youth—the complexion its young lustre, and her eyes the brightness and fire of 'sweet sixteen.' Her teeth were of pearly whiteness, and in fact her whole constitution full of vigor and health, and her mind as pure and strong and active as her body. This woman from her youth, she told me, had made a constant practice of washing her whole head and neck every morning in pure cold water, and her whole body twice or thrice a week. This, with due observance of the other laws of health, which she seemed to understand remarkably well, was the grand secret of her youthful appearance. I have often thought that could our young fashionables really appreciate this, they would need no vermilion to produce an artificial glow of countenance—for the natural glow of the blood is all that is necessary to display upon their cheeks the most delicate flush; to crimson them with indescribable loveliness and give them much more fascinating countenances—and in short, produce that 'beauty of the blood' which nature can bestow.

"Healthy, pure and ruddy glow,
Which nature's hand bestows."

I am considerably interested in this subject of bathing, which receives proper attention but from few. It was appreciated, it would seem, and to some considerable extent, practiced by the ancients. Do not imagine now that I am about to give you a lecture upon it, and carry you back to the flood as a starting place.—Hardly half so far back as that. During the time of the Emperors this practice was carried to such an extent that it led to the erection of some of the most elegant and costly structures that have ever been reared. On the authority of writers, the number of public baths in Rome was not less than 80; the most distinguished and magnificent of which were those of Nero, Titus, Agrippa, Caracalla and Diocletian. Connected with these public baths were extensive walks, gardens, and pleasure grounds, which contained spacious halls for swimming and bathing; others for athletic sports and exercises, and every variety of polite amusement; and others still where poets

recited their verses and philosophers delivered lectures. To these were sometimes added theatres and temples of the gods. Still further back, the frequent practice of bathing was deemed of such importance as a means for the preservation of health, that we find in the writings of Moses—(I am getting back towards the flood, after all)—that God enjoined on the Israelites, as a matter of religious duty, the practice of bathing, and various purifications by means of water. 'Let thy garments be always white, and thy head lack no ointment.'—Several injunctions of this kind are recorded. Doubtless the chief reason to be assigned for this ceremony was to typify the inward purity and cleanliness of heart by these outward washings; but who doubts the utility of cleanliness of person in connection with health and purity.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, OCT. 11, 1849.

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

THE FAIR.

On examining the reports of the several committees, as submitted at the late Fair, we find so few suggestions that would be interesting, that we hardly think it best to publish them entire. We have, however, looked them over carefully, and gleaned a few facts and hints.

The com. on horses express the opinion that there was an exhibition a larger number of good colts than at any previous Fair. Many valuable ones were not entered for premium. They particularly commend two-year-old colts entered by Sanford Pullen and Dr. Plaisted, which did not take premiums.

The com. on draft oxen found five entries—two pairs by Col. Scribner, and one each by Henry Lawrence and John Otis, Fairfield, and Amos Rollins, Belgrade. They express the opinion that some of the oxen were not well trained, and that most of them were badly teamed; and they recommend to those who intend to enter draft oxen in future, to see that they are well teamed. One pair of Col. Scribner's oxen weighed about 4400, and well deserved the honor of being entered by the President of the Society.

The other committee on oxen express their "satisfaction and pride at the great improvement in this class of stock for the last few years."

The beautiful bull of Mr. Otis, which took Society's first premium, was sold on the ground for \$125, to a gentleman from Massachusetts.

The committee on cows state that 44 cows were entered for premiums, and spoke of the difficulty of deciding which were the best when all were so good. They could better decide if the premiums were tenfold, as many, but are confident the animals themselves will reward their owners.

The committee on Heifers and Heifer-calves found 80 entered upon their list, which they say give most gratifying promise of improvement in this department of husbandry.

The committee on swine found a respectable number upon which to exercise their judgment—though they report themselves not satisfied in this respect. They strongly urge that farmers who find themselves in possession of choice animals should preserve them as breeders, instead of fitting them for slaughter. This is a good suggestion, and one very much needed.

The committee on Butter and Cheese very properly remark, that the great diversity of taste must render the award of a committee a very uncertain test of the real merits of these articles; and therefore express their diffidence in awarding a premium to one article, when others are doubtless of equal quality. For this reason they divided the first premium on butter, as stated last week. There were nine entries of cheese, all of excellent quality, and giving evidence that cheese equal to any in the world may be produced in the valley of the Kennebec.

The committee on Poultry simply state the awards in their report. We regret that they did not find time to instruct the society in a branch of their business that is by no means of small importance.

The committee on Manufactured Articles state that several of the articles entered were not in season to be examined.

The committee on Household Manufactures awarded as follows:

Best Rag Carpet—1st, Mrs. Bruce, Winslow.

2d, Mrs. Joseph Mitchell.

Chenille Rug—1st, Mrs. G. W. Bruce.

2d, Mrs. Otis Gatchell.

Bed Spread—Mrs. J. Williams, Waterville.

2d, Mrs. C. A. Dow, do.

Men's Half-hose—Mrs. Watson Burgess.

Cotton and Wool Flannel—Mrs. A. Crosby of Albion.

Alk-wool Flannel—Mrs. Wm. C. Bassett, of Winslow.

Filled Cloth—1st, Mrs. C. Oustman, Winslow.

2d, Mrs. Benj. Furbur.

Wool Carpet—Mrs. M. Doe, Sebastook.

Lamp Mat—Mrs. J. Percival.

Wool Yam—Mrs. W. C. Bassett.

Wool Bag—Mrs. Dr. Davis, Waterville.

Knit Hood—Mrs. P. Folanabee, Waterville.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Table Linen—1st, Mrs. Seth Mayo, Fairfield.

2d, Mrs. Ch. Hallett, Waterville.

Tidy—Mrs. Dr. Davis, Waterville.

Paintings—Mrs. E. H. Scribner, Waterville.

Tobacco—Miss Ann Percival.

Hand-Loomotive—Micah B. Ellis, Waterville.

Fire. A large barn, belonging to Mr. Wm. C. Page, of West Waterville, was consumed by fire on Monday night last. It contained between 50 and 60 tons of hay, a considerable quantity of oats, barley, corn-fodder, &c., a sleigh, farming utensils, and three or four

swine—all of which were consumed. It was insured for \$300. There are strong grounds for supposing the fire was the work of an incendiary.

We find the following in the Boston Journal, and copy it because we copied the article to which it refers.

CORRECTION.—Sir: It is with much hesitation that I have thought it proper, on the whole, and with the advice of my colleagues, to notice the offensive communication of your correspondent respecting myself, and which I saw, for the first time, yesterday, in the Eastern Mail newspaper published in this town. Of the part which I deem most injurious I can, of course, say nothing, as it is a mere matter of opinion; but in regard to his alleged facts, it is not true that I am a member of the French Academy, or of the Royal Society of London, a statement the more unaccountable, as that distinction does not, I believe belong to any citizen of the U. States. He speaks also of 'decided marks of esteem and regard' bestowed on me by the latter Society, all which, so far as I know, are comprised in the simple circumstance that the Society voted to print, at large, in their Transactions, a paper of mine containing observations (and the necessary discussions) made by me in 1847, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, at the suggestion of Colonel Sabine, the Foreign Secretary of the Society, with instruments constructed, to my order, in London, under the kind superintendence of that gentleman.

Passing over other statements of less consequence, I close, Mr. Editor, with the hope that it may be long before any laborer in the field of science is again subjected to the disagreeable alternative, of either indorsing, by his silence, false statements, or of presenting himself and his affairs, in this awkward manner before a community, who are probably equally indifferent to both.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
G. W. KEELY.
Waterville College, 29th Sept. 1849.

SINGULAR. A Mr. Spencer has recently been executing wonders in the science of mesmerism, at Augusta and other places on the river. He is said to cure some of the most noxious and fatal diseases known, such as tobacco-chewing, smoking, snuff-taking and drunkenness. Nothing is said of the rum-seller, and the presumption is that the operator takes it for granted that he is a 'goner,' body, soul and all—beyond the reach of mesmerism, witchcraft, astrology, or anything but the Old Scratch himself. We think so too.

One of his cures is well attested in the Hallowell Gazette—that of a young lady who had lost her voice, and been unable to utter a word for 17 months. She was enabled to talk while under mesmeric influence, and has continued to retain the free use of her voice since.

BARTHOLOMEW'S PANORAMA.—The following resolution was adopted by the audience on the last evening of the exhibition of this interesting painting in Waterville:

Resolved, That we have attended, with much pleasure and profit, the exhibition of Bartholomew's Panorama, and very cheerfully commend it to the admirers of superior works of art, as well worthy their attention.

"The Eastern Mail, in view of the opening of the railroad to that place, exultingly exclaims, 'Then shall two bottles of hartshorn be sold for a shilling.' Not very encouraging prospect that: had you been 'lower routers' you would have fared better, for since the opening of our road large quantities of that article have been sold for a cent."—Bath Mir.

Glad it is—for you are pretty sure to want all the cents you can get to complete your road; and if you don't get them 'in a horn' of some kind, it is our opinion you won't have them.

WATERVILLE. We understand that since the destruction of the mills at Ticonic Falls, in Waterville last summer, measures are being taken to sell the whole privilege to some rich person or company, who will proceed to establish manufacturing business in Waterville on a large scale. We hope this plan may be successful. There is one of the most splendid water privileges at Ticonic Falls in New England, and when the railroad is completed, as it will be very soon, the business there can take advantage of two communications with the commercial world, either by land or water.—[Banner.]

Three, neighbor Drew—the P. & K. Railroad is not forgotten, we hope. That project used to be talked about considerably by the editor of the Banner, a year or two ago, before the A. & K. Railroad was built. The water power mentioned above has been bonded for \$50,000, and if we may anticipate the same energy that has marked the "back route," enterprise, we may look for results that will greatly benefit our place.

A VERY DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT. We were shown this morning, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, a counterfeit half eagle, so skillfully made as to render it necessary for all to be on their guard. It was taken at one of our banks where it escaped detection, and was paid out.

The Gardiner Fountain says a vessel of war has been sent to release Capt. Bourne from the savages of Patagonia. Capt. Bourne is brother of Fred. Bourne who has resided in Hallowell for a year or two past and went to California by the Isthmus route. They have a sister and other relatives in Gardiner.

We are under obligation to Mr. Matthews, of the Yankee Blade—may his subscribers number a million—for many liberal remittances of valuable foreign and domestic journals.

WHAT HEROES COST.—The Albany Knickerbocker says, three of the most expensive luxuries that nations can indulge in, are wars, bass drums, and heroes; and in proof, states that in England the Duke of Wellington, since 1811, has received in military pay, bounties, grants, &c., about \$14,000,000! or some \$400,000 per year—more than we pay Congress, Senate, President, and thirty-one State Governors! Why, that great sum would educate some 25,000 of the poor children of the English peasantry, and yet it is all spent on one man.

The Charleston Mercury says that the only way to a Northern man's sensibilities is through the pocket. We well remember that, after the great Pittsburg fire, three times as much money was contributed for the sufferers by the city of

Boston alone, as by the whole State of South Carolina. Such facts go to show that, if there is a way to the sensibilities of Northern men through their pockets, there is also a way to their pockets through their sensibilities.

[Louisville Journal.]

NEWSPAPER PATRONAGE. The Hampden Freeman says: There is much good sense in the following extract, which we would commend to the notice of some of our citizens who are in the habit of borrowing the city papers, and paying for two or three journals from a distance! For our own part, we have come to the conclusion not to patronize any of those merchants who will not patronize the printers at their own door, but who are in the habit of going to New York, Boston, and elsewhere, for all they want in the line of printing.

"Let no man relinquish the newspaper published in his own neighborhood, for the sake of taking some larger, cheaper, or more popular newspaper published abroad."

"The newspaper published in one's own vicinity is always, as a general rule, more valuable than any other—if it be for nothing else than the advertisements—aye, the much abused and somewhat neglected advertisements are the thermometer of the place, and often the key which opens the door to excellent bargains. It is of no little importance for the farmer to know what is going on in his own market-town—the competition in selling goods and buying produce—the settlement of estates, the sale of farms, stock, &c."

"We venture the opinion, that there is not one man who may not every year much more than save the price of subscription to his neighboring newspaper, from its advertising columns alone, and on this ground exhort all to patronize their own newspapers."

A London correspondent of the New York Tribune, states that Prince Albert has originated the scheme (for next year) of a grand Exhibition of the Arts and Manufactures of the World in London. Already some of the principal firms in this country have been consulted, and have expressed their desire to cooperate. Prizes—some £5,000—are to be distributed to the skillful of all nations, by the hand of Our Lady, the Queen of England. The show is to be on an unparalleled scale, and a temporary building in Hyde Park is spoken of as its theater. The Indies are to be there, and America also, if it pleases; in fact, the workmen of the whole Planet are to be invited to decorate the Goddess of Industry in London. It looks as though the race was becoming less lymphatic; as though its sprawling and discontented atoms were picking themselves up into a form a little more compact and human, than of yore.

A CALIFORNIAN TAKEN IN HAND. An incident of an interesting character took place on Long Wharf Boston, two or three days since, on the departure of a young man for California. This young man lived in a town to the south of us, where he was paying his addresses, apparently with seriousness, to a young lady. The California fever was taken by him, and without consulting his lady-love in the matter, he resolved to seek his fortune in the gold diggings. At his last visit to her, on Sunday evening, not a word was breathed of his intentions; but it could not be kept secret. A friend of the parties, who was going in the same ship, informed her of the fact, when she determined to give him a lesson he would not soon forget. She came to the city and made her way to the wharf where she saw the truant lover on board his ship. He was called ashore, when she took him by the collar before a large number of spectators, and after giving him a severe shaking, and a specimen of her skill in scolding, she left him to go his way, to hunt gold and find another lady-love.

(We think he had a lucky escape from such a virago.)

"LIBERTY IN EUROPE." The Belknap Gazette of last Saturday, under the head of "Liberty

DISASTERS BY THE STORM.

The gale of Sunday appears to have been severe in Boston and New York, and along the sea coast. The most melancholy catastrophe of which we yet have accounts is the

Loss of the emigrant brig St. John, from Galway, Ireland, which went upon Cohasset rocks, at the entrance of Boston Harbor, on Saturday night, and was totally lost, with 99 out of about 130 passengers. 25 of the passengers, with the second mate and two boys, perished by the swamping of the jolly boat.

The Boston Traveller says the vessel struck about 7 A. M. on Sunday. The scene was witnessed from the Glade House, and is represented to have been terrible. The sea ran mountains high; as soon as she touched, the waves swept the unfortunate beings upon her crowded decks by dozens into the sea.

Quite a number of passengers, especially women and children, were below when she struck, and were probably drowned there, as a hole was almost instantly thumped in her bottom. Great difficulty was experienced in saving those who came ashore on the pieces of the wreck, on account of the surf, which would throw them upon the rocks and then carry them to sea again. The poor creatures would cling with a death-grasp to the clothes of those who came to rescue them, and were with difficulty made to release their hold, after having reached a place of safety.

NEW EXCITEMENT AT THE SOUTH.—We had quite a stir in our village on Friday last when the Southern mail was delivered. As is usual on that day a large number of gentlemen from the country were in attendance waiting for their letters and papers. Col. William Sloan was among the first to receive his, and upon examination he found a printed document, post-marked Boston, mailed as a letter, charged with ten cents postage, signed Junius, and addressed to the Hon. John C. Calhoun, of a most malicious, offensive, and insulting character to the Southern people. This document was read by Col. Sloan aloud, and it produced much excitement among the persons assembled.

A call was made upon the Postmaster to know if there were any others in the office to which he replied that there were thirty-eight in all. The Executive Committee of the Committee of Vigilance and Safety, immediately assembled to take action in the matter, as the excitement was very great, they concluded that it would be better to hold the course to be pursued under consideration until the next morning. It was proposed by a gentleman present, that they would take charge of the person of the Postmaster until the Committee obtained possession of the papers, but this was declined, as the Committee wished to avoid violence.

The next morning the Committee assembled at the office, and made a demand for the letters; the Postmaster refused to give them up, unless to those to whom they were addressed, and the payment of the postage, and urged his duties as an officer of the General Government.

The Committee told him they were determined to have the papers, peacefully if they could, forcibly if they must, and that resistance would be in vain.

They entered the office, shoved the Postmaster aside, and took possession of them, and now have them under lock and key, where they will remain until the meeting of the Committee of Vigilance and Safety, on the 29th inst. What course the Committee will recommend to be adopted to meet this new mode of assaulting the people of the South, we cannot say, but of one thing we are certain, and that is, that the most energetic means will be resorted to.—[Pendleton (S. C.) Messenger, Sept. 2.]

Refusal of the Sultan to deliver up the Hungarian Refugees to Austria.—Honorable to Abdel Meshid! Honor to the Turkish Ministry! They have nobly done their duty and have refused to become panders to the vindictive blood thirstiness of Francis Joseph and Nicholas.

The Russian ambassador at the Porte, demanded the extradition of the Hungarian officers, Kossuth, Dembinski, Perczel, Mesmerases, and their companions.

A Russian general arrived at Constantinople on the 15th, on a special mission—that special mission being to bully the Sultan into a compliance with the demands of Austria.

A council was held and the Turkish government resolved not to surrender the Hungarian refugees to either the Austrian or Russian government. On this decision being communicated to the Sultan, he declared in the most impressive and determined manner, that the refugees should not be given up, let the consequences be what they might.

We trust that Lord Palmerston will do his duty as nobly as the Sultan has done his, and that Russia and Austria will be given to understand that war with Turkey for such a cause means war with England. We are rejoiced to find that Kossuth and his companions are furnished with passports from the English ambassador, and we trust that every assistance and support will be rendered by England to aid the independence of his country against the attacks of Russia and Austria.

Fire.—We learn that a large barn, belonging to a man named Walker, in Embury, was destroyed by fire about 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning of last week, with all its contents, consisting of hay, grain, etc., together with a span of horses and a threshing machine, belonging to Mr. Lee Merrill. The loss is estimated at from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. It is not known how the fire originated.

Good Wages.—A merchant of Boston has authorized an agent here to offer \$100 per month to 25 men, who are to proceed immediately to San Francisco via Panama, and bring home a ship that has been deserted by the crew. Their wages to commence when they start, and each man to find bondsmen for \$1000, which sum is to be forfeited in case the articles of agreement are not kept.—[Globe and Traveller.]

Important.—The British Army Despatch of Aug. 24th, says there is every reason to believe that Austria has consented to give up to Russia the port of Cattaro, in the Adriatic. It is said that the British minister in Constantinople, Sir Stratford Canning has protested against the surrender, and has distinctly intimated that it will be considered by England as a "casus belli."

Deaths.—In Fairfield, Charles S. Wyman, aged 31. In Augusta, Sophronia, wife of Thos. Spring, aged 20. Cynthia, wife of Joshua Bowman, aged 22. In Waterville, John W. Merrill, aged 11 yrs. and 11 mos. In Bangor, Henry J. Pratt, of Salem, Mass., aged 3 yrs. 1 month. Tim Crony, aged about 40. Dexter Williams, aged 20. Mrs. Charles, wife of Joseph Nickless, died, aged 14. Charles Albert, son of Horace Bowditch, aged 14. In Belgrade, Eliza, wife of Emory Thibault, aged 46. In Dresden, widow Editha Reed, aged 96 yrs. 8 mos. In Hallowell, Sally Ann, wife of Samuel W. Huntington, and daughter of Capt. E. May, aged 32. Benjamin D. Emerson, aged 33. Margaret Green, aged 63. In Bangor, John W. Clark of Hallowell, aged 34. In Gardiner, George Oscar, son of George D. Wakefield, aged 4 yrs. 10 months. In Pittston, Anna H. Yeaton. Caroline A. Yeaton, aged 3 months. In Winthrop, Mrs. Eliza, widow of Harvey Pettengill, aged 52. In Whitefield, Paulina S., daughter of Briggs Turner, aged 17. In Brooks, Jesse Wentworth, aged 67. In Freedom, Miss Amy D. Burnap, of Paxton, Mass., aged 22. In Swanville, John Greeley, aged 67. In Portland, Edwin Francis, son of J. M. Coolbroth, aged 19 years. James Daniels, aged 29. In Buckfield, David Low, a Revolutionary soldier, in the 83d year of his age. In Orono, Jeremiah Adams, aged 92 yrs. In Calais, Mary, wife of Capt. Isaac A. Lee, Esq., aged 72. In Norridgewood, Jane, wife of John Taylor, aged 59. Theodore Bowen, aged 72. In Madison, Widow Sarah Withers, eldest of the late William Withers, aged 35. In Fairfield, George Atwood, aged 35. In Dover, Andrew Record, aged 62. In Guilford, John, son of John Morgan, aged 14 yrs. In Salsbury, George, son of Samuel Lynde, aged 12. In Brewer, Miss Lydia, daughter of Samuel Gilpatrick, aged 19.

Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Thomas H. Benton, and John Tyler were straddle of it at that time.

GEORGE H. HILL, the comedian, known as Yankee Hill, died at Saratoga, 27th ult. He arrived there on the 20th, quite out of health, gave an entertainment at the United States Hotel, but immediately afterwards took to his bed, from which he never rose.

Miss Frederika Bremer, the eminent and well known authoress, whose arrival in New York, we have already announced, the New York Express says, "has become the Honors of the town, from her gentleness and great good sense, and is in all respects worthy of the attention she is receiving at the hands of our countrymen. She will, we understand pass the winter in Boston."

Charcoal ground to powder is one of the best things to clean knives. This is a late and valuable discovery.

The French Courier decides and denounces the rumors of a hostile feeling on the part of France towards the United States, and laments that the Courier & Enquirer should so assiduously give life to them.

IS IT POSSIBLE?—Abby Hutchinson—that was—is still at Dr. Kittridge's establishment in this city, she is recovering very rapidly, having gained in weight three pounds during the past week. She has lived twenty-one days without taking a particle of food—swallowed nothing during that time, with the exception of cold water!—Bee.

SUICIDE.—The body of a man named Hamden Davis was found in the woods in Litchfield, in an advanced state of decay. It appears that some ten days before, Davis, in a fit of delirium tremens, had committed suicide by hanging himself with his comforter; this having broken, the body was found lying on the ground where it fell, in a most loathsome condition.

TROUBLE AFLOAT.—Yesterday, Mr. Cushing, one of the Custom House Inspectors, in attempting to board a British schooner, was prevented by her skipper, who swore that he would shoot him if he persisted. The Inspector reported to the Collector, the Collector spoke a word or two to Capt. Sturges, and with the utmost despatch the gallant Captain placed the bellicose British under the command of the Cutter Hamilton's guns, there to await further orders. "No one was hurt." Atlas.

DROWNED. Mr. William A. Kittridge of this town, and Mr. Richardson, who resided at the Rocks of the Kennebec, were drowned in Wood Pond, on Monday, Oct. 1. They were crossing the pond in a birch canoe, heavily laden with moccasins, which they had killed on the opposite shore. The canoe was struck by a squall, which filled it with water, and caused it to sink. There was another boat in company, but too far off to render any assistance as the men sunk almost immediately after the accident.—[Farmer.]

PANORAMA OF THE KENNEBEC. The Bath Mirror has the following:

"We were permitted a few days since a glimpse at the Panorama of the Kennebec River, now under the painter's brush at Washington Saloon, from sketches taken by Maj. C. W. King and J. C. Tallman, of this city, during the past summer. The painting will cover ten thousand yards of canvas, and embraces every place, place and thing of interest, from Seguin Island to Moosehead Lake. The work is now executing by Mr. Bartholomew, a painter of talent in this style of work, and will be ready for exhibition in about three months."

Governor of Oregon.—Major J. P. Gaines, of Kentucky, has been appointed Governor of Oregon in the place of Mr. Lincoln, who declined the appointment.

HOW TO BE ATTRACTIVE IN COMPANY.—It is a delicate secret, that of being attractive and charming in company. Some people think it requires beauty or knowledge, or eloquence in the speaker; it requires no such thing. It is true that beauty brings the hearers near, but it does not keep them. Some people think that it requires the speaker to be clever in herself, or agreeable, or interesting; instead of which it only requires that she should, with nice and delicate tact, address herself to others, as to make them feel themselves clever, agreeable and interesting; and that will please and gratify them infinitely more, than displaying the most brilliant or extraordinary powers of her own.—[Hearst and Home.]

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

BOSTON MARKET.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

NOTICES.

WILLIAM C. DOW.

NEW FALL GOODS!

3,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES OF DRY GOODS!

CARPETS! CARPETS!

PAINTED FLOOR CLOTHS.

STEEL ORNAMENTS.

BUTTER! BUTTER!

ANDROSOGGIN & KENNEDY R. R.

TIME ALTERED.

KENNEBEC STEAM NAVIGATION.

READ, THINK, REFLECT AND ACT.

FOR SALE.

LIST OF LETTERS.

EVERYBODY CAN FIND RELIEF.

DR. MARSHALL'S.

PROPOSALS.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

FEATHERS.

FEATHERS.

JEWETT & FRESCOTT'S NEW STOCK FOR FALL TRADE!!

IT IS ENOUGH TO SAY.

BOOK & FANCY JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

NEW CARPETING.

THE LATEST AND BEST IMPROVED PATENT BEDSTEAD BOTTOM.

FARM FOR SALE.

LIST OF LETTERS.

EVERYBODY CAN FIND RELIEF.

DR. MARSHALL'S.

PROPOSALS.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

FEATHERS.

FEATHERS.

FEATHERS.

FEATHERS.

FEATHERS.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

VEGETABLE BALMAM BIKER.

DR. POLLARD'S MEDICINES.

NEW RAILROAD ROUTE.

FROM KENNEBEC RIVER TO BOSTON.

DAILY LINE.

KENNEBEC STEAM NAVIGATION.

Regular Excursions to Boothbay.

DAILY LINE.

FROM KENNEBEC RIVER TO BOSTON.

DAILY LINE.

FROM KENNEBEC RIVER TO BOSTON.

DAILY LINE.

FROM KENNEBEC RIVER TO BOSTON.

DAILY LINE.

FROM KENNEBEC RIVER TO BOSTON.

DAILY LINE.

FROM KENNEBEC RIVER TO BOSTON.

DAILY LINE.

