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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 07): August 28, 1856

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THE FATAL FASCINATION.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

It is more than twenty years ago since I was at school with Laurence Mountjoy, but I remember him well. He was, indeed, a glorious boy, with spirit inexhaustible as long as his pocket money lasted, and both ever ready to be employed in the entertainment of his friends; "too clever by half" for the majority of his companions, and snubbed and bullied in consequence, but having a little knot of ardent admirers all his own—the fate of most wits at school, where practical jokes and drinking songs are chiefly acceptable, and higher kinds of humor are condemned and stigmatized by the all-degrading term "fascination."

"What may your name be?" drawled a senior boy to Mountjoy, upon his first arrival. "It may be Beelzebub, but it isn't," replied the youth; and he was thrashed upon the spot for the repartee. Nevertheless, he soon got to be liked for his other qualities—his generosity, activity and beauty—a gift which prepossessed boys in favor of its owner, as it does the lowest classes and savages, in an uncommon degree. I seem to see him beside the "grub-cart," where every enemy of the digestive organs, from cocoa-nuts to toffy, had abode, standing treat to all comers with a smile of welcome, or bounding over the play-fields with his golden hair streaming in the wind, and his eyes lit up with the light which glows from a happy heart.

Laurence Mountjoy was good at most things in the sporting way, but he was best of all at raffles. He would have raffled his teeth if he could have got anybody to put in for them, and actually did take a ticket cheerfully on one occasion for the chance of a reversion of another boy's boots. Upon the eve of the Derby Day—which was his great festival—he would employ himself for hours in cutting long strips of paper, and inscribing them with the names of the running horses for "sweep" purposes, and despite the strict discipline to which we were all subject, he never failed to see that great race run. Over the high wall with the broken glass, and along the dusty road for miles and miles—now whipped off from behind some aristocratic "drag"—now hanging by his hands to the back of a costermonger's cart—elbowed by pickpockets, pushed about by policemen, and catching only glimpses of the course through legs and arms—returning in the like unpleasant fashion to certain flogging and imprisonment, he went and came, content and even boastful. Whenever a pack of cards was confiscated, whenever dice of home manufacture, and cut (for silence's sake) of india-rubber—were forfeited, Laurence was sure to be their owner. He bet upon the number of stripes that would be given him, and on what crop of blisters the cane would raise upon his hands, and he invented a hundred games with slate and pencil, paper and pen, for school times. He came to school one winter evening, at the commencement of the half-year, in a cab from London with another boy. They had bought a great Roman Catholic taper, and held it by turns between their knees, (although it struck them somehow as an impiety) and played cribbage all the way. A terrible voice cried down upon them, on a sudden, "two for his heels," for Laurence's adversary had omitted to mark the knave, and the cabman had become so interested a spectator through the little hole at the top, that he couldn't help rectifying the error. It terrified them immensely at the time, but Mountjoy never took it (as the other did) as a warning.

But "we all have our weak points," we said, and his is the pleasure he takes in losing his own money, or in winning other people's to spend it on them again; and for my part, when I left school for college, there was none whose hand I clasped so tenderly, none whose companionship I was so loth to part with, as that of Laurence Mountjoy.

I was his senior by a year or two, and when he came up to Cambridge, was within a few terms of my degree; so we were not much to gether. He was grown very graceful and handsome, and the qualities which had been ignored at school were at the university gladly recognized. It would have been impossible, amongst the Freshmen, to have picked out one more popular, and deservedly so, than he. He did not read very much, indeed, but he talked of reading as though he would be Senior Wrangler. He was a fluent speaker at the "Union," a tolerable musician, a good billiard player, a passable poet, and, in short, promised to become one of those Admirable (university) Cricketers who from time to time glance meteor-like athwart the academic course, and then disappear wholly, and are lost in the darkness of the outward world.

We had pulled in the same boat one afternoon, in the "Scratch Races" of our club—which, rendered into modern English, means in races wherein the boat's crew are drawn by lot—and we had been successful. As Laurence jumped out at the winning post, breathless, and with heightened color, his broad bare chest rising and falling like a wave, I thought I had never seen a more splendid assurance of a youth; his sparkling eyes and honest, hearty laugh, as he drew forth his little betting-book—novel accompaniments to such a proceeding as they were—gave hope of one who would not slip nor fall from honor, even on the "turf" itself.

I left soon after for the Inner Temple, in London; and while I ate my terms, made flying visits, now and then, to Cambridge. During one of these, when I had been two years a graduate, I gave a supper party at the "Bull." Mountjoy was late, and we sat down without him—for nobody waits supper at college, even for a lord—and we talked over the absent man, as the mode is. I thought there could be no harm in a playful kick at such a favorite, and offered to wager that he was detained by cards. "I would not like to be his adversary," said one.

"Nor I his partner," said another, "lest old Hornie fly away with the two of us with pardonable freedom, for he has the devil's own luck."

"Yes, and the devil's own play, too," said a third, sulkily.

"It doesn't keep him from the dens, at all events," added the next to me. "I dare say there is some pernicious fanatic waiting for him upon his staircase now, who makes him so late, after all."

Much distressed by this news, and especially by the tone of the other remarks, I requested in a low voice to be informed further. I learned that Mountjoy was not so popular as he used to be; affected a bad fast set, to whom it was supposed he had lost considerable sums; was certainly in temporary difficulties, and very much changed in manners and appearance. Further information was cut short by the entrance of Mountjoy himself. If I had not been expecting him and no other, I doubt if I should have known him; his face was pale and haggard in the extreme, his eyes—brighter than ever—were set in deep black circles, and his clothes hung loose upon his limbs. He welcomed me, however, with all his old cordiality, and threw about the arrows of his wit as usual.

"I have left a few men at my rooms to-night," said Mountjoy, late in the evening, "and if you will join them in a game at vingt-et-un, (twenty-one) come at once, before the gates are shut."

I was anxious to see the sort of company he kept, and adjourned accordingly to his college rooms. Six or seven men were sitting round his table as he entered, whom he had left (with some unselfishness, I am sure) to sup with me; they had been eating nothing, although food was piled in plenty on a piano in the corner, but a number of empty bottles proved their thirst. They did not interrupt their game for a moment, but one of them moved his chair to give us room.

Vingt-et-un, like other matters which depend mostly on luck, is a considerable trial for the temper, and the present company did not seem to have much patience to spare: they were more or less in wine, too, and exhibited a great contrast in their manner to the quiet and friendly fashion in which cards are (and should be) usually played at college. The chief cause of this was, that they were playing for higher stakes than they could afford—that is to say, gambling.

The eternal "make your game," and "I double you," were the only words that Mountjoy spoke as dealer, but he spoke them like a curse. Despite the heat of the room and his intense excitement, his face shone, beneath the bright light of two or three lamps, as white as alabaster, and his thin hand shook over the pack like a lily on the dancing Cam; he kept the deal for a short time only, and lost heavily even then, and when he was player he clutched at the cards before they reached him, like a drowning man.

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. X.

WATERTVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1856.

NO. 7.

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I shaded my face with my hands, for I was deeply pained, and watched him intently; he had usually stood upon his two first cards without drawing another, but he seemed suddenly to change his plan, and drew again, and again.

"Nine—sixteen! Surely you must be over," said the dealer.

"No," said Mountjoy, "thank you, I stand."

Now, on that occasion I happened to know that Laurence was "over" (being twenty-two) and that he received the stakes instead of paying them. My blood rushed to my head, and I heard my heart beat for a moment, at the sight, but I drove the idea of its being intended for me, and watched, in hope that it would not be so again. No, thank heaven, he was "over" this time, and throws his cards up with a sigh; and now he wins, and now—as I live, he is "content" at twenty-five, and again receives instead of pays. Not twice nor thrice this happens, but twenty times—he is cheating whenever there is occasion to cheat.

The night—or rather the day—wears on, and still the players sit unweariedly. Their lips are parched, their eyes are heated, and they scarce can take up their cards; but not till dawn breaks in through the thick curtains and athwart the dying lamps, does any one leave his sight. Then two of them depart for morning chapel—for this is an opportunity of attending early prayers that rarely occurs to them—and the rest drop off their perches presently, like moulting birds, and I am alone with him who was my friend, who cheats his guests and his companions.

"Devilish dissipated, ain't it!" said he, yawning.

"Devilish!" I said.

"And what cursed luck I've had; twenty pounds worth of autographs gone besides. But Lord love you, I've had worse luck than that, and shall again; and if I don't mind it, why should you, old chap? Don't look so comfoundedly virtuous," he added, angrily (for I was looking all I felt; "you've done the same thing before now").

"Never the same, Mr. Mountjoy," I replied.

"What do you mean?" said he, hastily, but without remarking on the way I had addressed him; "you've never gambled—do you mean to say that? I like your impudence."

"Gambled, perhaps," I answered, "but never cheated, sir."

At that word his wan cheek burnt like two living coals, and he dropt into an arm-chair beside me without a word, while a sort of convulsion seemed to pass over his whole frame, and his breath came and went with difficulty.

"Mountjoy," I said with pity and some terror, "be a man. You were drunk, and did not know what you did. You lost command over yourself, or you could never have done such a foolish thing, I know."

I saw with joy the tears gathering in his eyes, and with my face averted from him, appealed to his old nature as well as I was able. I told him what a hold he had once on all our hearts, and how men's backs were turning upon him now; I bade him judge how his whole self was changed by his own altered features, and the strange companions he had chosen.—He only answered by a silent passion of tears.

I was obliged to put to him some bitter questions for the sake of what I had in view.

"Does any one know of this besides yourself, Laurence?"

He shook his head.

"Is this the first time in all your life that you ever did this thing?"

"The first—the first," he moaned.

I thought, and I think still, that this was true; that he had cheated through a sort of despair of fortune, and in a frenzy, rather than according to a preconceived and customary plan.

"Have you a bible in the room, Laurence? Good; I have it here. Now swear to me that you will not touch dice or card again while you are at the university. Swear, I say! for I saw he was about to refuse, or for your sake, as well as that of others, I will proclaim what I have seen this night of the whole college."

Laurence Mountjoy took the oath, and kept it—for he left Cambridge that very day, and never returned to it, and went I know not whither; but on a way apart from mine for years, and only across the memory of my brightest college days, and especially over their scenes of pleasure and excitement, his shadow fell dark and cold.

When I had been at the bar but ten or eleven years, my opinion (however strange it may seem) was demanded upon a question of marriage settlements. The circumstance, however, was due to my acquaintance with one of the contracting parties, and not to my professional reputation; for I had known Lucy Weynall from childhood, and her father had been my father's friend. Lucy was not quite pretty, but had a thousand charming graces of vivacity and expression worth all the prettiness in the world; she sang, she drew, she talked three or four tongues—and, not to be omitted by a lawyer in estimating even a young lady's assets—she had eight thousand pounds in the funds. I had thought more than once, but in an ex parte sort of way, of an alliance with this desirable young person myself; but she

had caught me, when I was first "called," practising before a looking glass in my wig and gown at her father's country house, and she never forgot it; whenever, afterwards, I strove to be tender, she would give her imitations of my looks and gestures on that particular occasion, and I, knowing how little laughter is akin to love, soon stifled my flame with "Coke upon Littleton," and began to take a life interest in Pump Court. Still, however, I was very anxious for her happiness, and it was with some terror, and the utmost astonishment, that I discovered the fortunate sutor to be one Captain Laurence Mountjoy.

Mr. Weynall, it seemed, was not altogether satisfied with him or his prospects, but Lucy had set her heart upon him, and it was at her own disposal. To my half-joking questions about her lover, she gave me such replies as convinced me, in manners and attractions at least, he was the same who had charmed us all in youth: "but he looks so pale and thin at times," she said, "that I can scarcely bear to look at him." An early day was appointed for me to meet the Captain at Thorney Grove—her father's house—and I was impatient until it came. If he blushes or looks confused at seeing me, thought I, it will be a good sign; that sad business at college will still haunt his memory, and prove him to be not inured to shame. It was his first and last and worst error, perhaps; and who am I, that I should bring the sin of his youth against another man.

How many of us in early life have committed faults, and even crimes, and yet have reached harbor and smooth water—and what right have we to send another who is about to join us, back again upon the stormy deep? Full of these magnanimous reflections, I arrived at Mr. Weynall's, and found within doors only that gentleman himself, who bade me seek the young couple in the garden. They were walking together under the trellis-work of roses at the far end, and they never heeded my footsteps as I came along the high stone terrace towards them. He had his arm around her waist, and was combating, it seemed, some opinion or scruple of hers, for his musical tones, though I could not hear their sense, caught up and overpowered hers. I may be excused, under the circumstances, for likening him then and there to the Serpent at the ear of Eve. On a sudden, Lucy gave a little scream, and pointed to me, and then I knew that it was I who had been the subject of their debate. As they came forward she endeavored to disentangle herself from him, but he held her firmly as before. Mountjoy was altered much, both by years and climate; his complexion was almost olive, and a heavy moustache covered his lip.

"What a time it is since we met," said he; "why, when was it that I saw you last?"

"At Cambridge," I replied; "you must remember that Mountjoy" (for I was not pleased with his coolness and effrontery).

"Yes," he said, "at Cambridge; to be sure it was; and we had some ridiculous quarrel about vingt-et-un."

"Well, don't do it again, for that is just my age, and I don't want to be quarrelled about," said Lucy; and the dinner bell—tocsin of peace—began to sound.

"Across the wall and the wine," I heard as much of the soldier's history as he chose to tell. He spoke of his Indian wars, and showed us quite a ladder of medals. He poured out rivers of anecdote, all of which he finished off by some prudent or moral reflection; lamented this man's passion for play, another's thirst for excitement, and a third's absurd extravagance; in fact, acted the part of a pattern son-in-law-to-be to perfection. But later in the evening, over the cigars (which he made an apology for indulging in) and when the old gentleman had retired to rest, he was more natural in his communications. He spoke of Indian intrigues, and marriages "on spec," of the colonel's fondness for "brag," of the ease with which Cherokee Races may be won by the crafty, of the "smashes" there had been in the regiment—and in fact, exhibited all the repertoire of a fast military man. His humor was quite gone, but a bitter wit overflowed his talk, and an utter disbelief in goodness and good men pervaded all. "As one man of the world talking to another," such and such were the real truths—viz: just the sort of horrible hopeless gospel, always heralded by that particular expression. And yet, when he drew himself up to his full height, and wished me good-night with his old bewitching smile, I pressed warmly his outstretched hand; and long after the echoes of his springy footsteps had died away up the oaken stairs, I sat over the fading embers, with my mind fuller of sorrow than anger because of him. I had the darkest foreboding about this marriage. I had little doubt but that he was a fallen star, who would fall lower yet, and drag down with him another, pure and bright, and dear to me, from its firmament; and yet I liked him still; what wonder, then, at her affection, who knew his strength and not his weakness? How often do we see men like these, I thought—men without a prayer who have twenty pious lies to pray for them; without love—to call such—and yet so widely adored; without one great, or wise, or beautiful thought, and yet diffusing quite a glory by their presence. With one look of love they wipe away a hundred wrongs, and when they die their image is enshrined in many a heart, and not the less secure even although those may have been broken. I had no right, without more evidence, to compare Laurence Mountjoy with such men as these, but I did so. It is not hard to find out in London what a man's life has been in India, but I did not consider myself justified in prying into the captain's past career, for I knew that I had been a rival, and feared lest jealousy might prompt me in the matter, quite as much as a regard for Lucy's happiness. Their marriage took place at no distant period, and they went for a tour upon the continent.

The childless old man, who had no relatives and but few friends, came then to visit me more often. It was pleasant to be with one who had known and loved his daughter, (for he knew of my old affection for her better than she did, and would gladly have prospered it), and we talked of the absent one continually. Month after month passed by without any sign of their return, and Lucy's letters grew more vague, and Laurence's quite silent as to their movements. He wrote that he found living abroad very expensive than he had thought; and generally requested to have more money; once he even wrote to me a private epistle, "as one man of the world to another," about the possibility of getting at the eight thousand pounds, which, according to my own advice, had been, however, put safely out of the gal-

lant captain's reach. Then the correspondence of both of them altogether ceased. Their last letter (dated from Wiesbaden, Germany,) had been written in January, and it was now July. Post after post had Mr. Weynall begged of them to let him hear, and I myself had not been backward either in appealing to Mrs. Mountjoy's filial feelings, or in pointing out to her husband the hazard of offending his father-in-law. I then became convinced that he was preventing her by force; cutting off, for some purpose of his own, her intercourse with her parent; and here all my delirious about Mountjoy vanished, and I made every inquiry about him I could think of. At the Horse Guards—for we knew his leave had expired—I found out that Captain Laurence Mountjoy had sold out of the army some months ago; I learnt from the military secretary, with whom I had an acquaintance, that his selling out had been compulsory: some gambling transactions had come to light in the regiment since his return to England, "and indeed," said the official, "they were some of the worst cases that ever came under my notice."

My suspicions being thus realized, I offered to the almost frantic father to go in search of the lost sheep, or rather the wolf and lamb so unfortunately paired. I would not take him with me, because he was the last man in the world fitted to cope with Mountjoy; but he gave me the fullest powers to act for him, and, if it could be any way possible, to bring about a separation.

I went upon my sad errand, among the throng of pleasure-seekers, up the noble river Rhine, which is the most famous in song. A knot of young collegians, on that most charming of misnomers, "a reading party," contrasted in their superabundance of high spirits, most painfully with my foreboding thoughts. Wil-mot, the youngest of them and their favorite, in particular, reminded me of what Laurence Mountjoy once had been; we climbed together up the steep of Ehrenbreitstein, beneath the quiet moon; and while we rested, he sang to us "Excelsior."

Wiesbaden, where I naturally intended to first seek the Mountjoys, was also the first halt of these young men, for Wil-mot had a sister residing there, and a brother who was attached to the English embassy. The first afternoon of our arrival, spelt by me in fruitless inquiries, was passed by them at the Kursaal, and the singer gave me an account that very night of his winning nine five-franc pieces at the gaming table. I could not help giving him in return the outlines of this very story, but of course without mentioning the names of those I was in search of, but he interrupted me in the relation with, "Why, they are here, sir. They were both playing to-night at the Kursaal. I am sure of it—the man quite white on a dark ground, with thick moustachios and sunken eyes; the woman, not good-looking at all, but lady-like. She put up her veil once when her husband spoke to her."

"Good heavens! and did you ask their name?"

"Oh, yes, my brother told me. Everybody knows them here—Molyneux, Captain and Mrs. Molyneux."

"Thank God," I said; and yet the next moment I doubted whether it would not be better that they should be these than not find them at all, or to find them doing worse. Not certain in my mind, however, I attended the Kursaal as soon as the tables were open on the following day. I sat myself down and held my head low, as though intent upon the game, and watched the company as they dropped in. The table was soon full, except a couple of seats exactly opposite to me, which appeared to be reserved by tacit consent for some habits. Presently, the man I was in search of entered, with a lady, thickly veiled, upon his arm, and they took their seats. Yes, it was she, but deadly pale and still, looking less like the light-hearted and self-willed Lucy I had known, than some wax automaton. She had been fond of jewelry, and wore it rather in profusion; but there was not an ornament about her now, unless her marriage ring could be so called, which I saw as soon as she stretched out her hand (with the gambling ring in it, alas, alas!) to receive or pay. She seemed to be utterly careless about that matter herself, but when more fortunate than usual, she looked up from the board in her husband's face, as if to glean from it a joy. They played, it was evident, in accordance with some systematic plan, but they did not prosper. I saw Mountjoy's face darkening and his teeth setting tighter together with every revolution of the ball; at last, with a terrible oath, he rose up, and walked rapidly from the room, motioning to his wife to follow him.

"The captain's scheme doesn't answer," said one.

"He said he should break the bank as surely as Baron Grimold had last summer."

"Ah!" said the croupier, imperturbably, "the baron did not go away with the money though; as for the captain's new system, it's as old as the hills."

It was strange to hear the banker thus proclaiming his own invincibility, but he knew well how fast the devotees of the table were bound to him, and, indeed, was answered by a laugh. I had already risen, and was following the couple into the garden. The summer sun was shining upon the pleasant little lake, and a light breeze crisped its surface; some children were feeding the insatiable carp, but beside them and ourselves, there were no others at that early hour on the lawn or in the walks. I overtook the Mountjoys in one of these, and it reminded me of the time when I first met them; together in the rosy at Thorney Grove. The way in which he laid his hand upon her arm at my approach recalled the manner in which he refused to be shaken off on that occasion. I saw in that grip he was recalling to her some previous directions, and that he had calculated upon a meeting of this sort.

"Captain Mountjoy or Molyneux," I said, "I have matters of a very serious nature to speak to you upon, (at that beginning his pale cheek grew whiter, and I felt sore, at once, that he had done something to be afraid of, besides the things I knew)."

"Mrs. Mountjoy," I continued, "to you, too, I have some weighty messages from a father whom you possibly may never see again."

"Address yourself to me, if you please, sir," burst forth her husband, violently; but she broke out with—"Tell me, for God's sake, is he ill—is he here sir? Oh! Laurence, Laurence, let me see your father."

"He is not ill, madam," said I, "unless to be broken-hearted can be called so, but if I return to him without you, I do not doubt that he will die, and at your door, Captain Mount-

joy, who have not suffered his daughter to write to him, his death will lie. Shall I return to him to say that his son-in-law dare not pass under his own name, and that his daughter is compelled to become a professional gambler in the public rooms of Wiesbaden?"

"You will return to him," replied Mountjoy, savagely, "with a bullet through your heart, if— But here poor Lucy, in an agony of tears, and half swooning, entreated to be led home; and we bore her between us, for she could not support herself, to their apartments on the third floor of a neighboring street.—They were almost entirely without furniture, and not altogether clean, but with a glass of flowers here and there, and a few other traces of the grace past neatness—which rarely forsakes a woman. Heaps of papers, quite covered with figures, proclaimed, not the mathematician, but the systematic gambler: they were calculations for discovering his philosopher's stone—the way to win at *Rouge et Noir*. He carried his wife, still sobbing piteously, into an inner room, and returning instantly motioned me to a chair, and demanded my business.

"May I ask sir, on the part of Mr. Weynall, why you have not corresponded with him these six months—not even to inform him of the sale of your commission?"

"You know as well and better, sir, than I, (for I believe you put your meddling hand to it,) he replied, "that he refused me a pecuniary request, made on the part of his own daughter, and I did not choose that she should have anything more to do with such a hard-hearted old miser."

"Now supposing," said I, "as one man of the world talking to another, it was rather in hopes to bring the old miser into your terms; and supposing that your plan has taken effect, and that I am instructed to pay you half your demand—that is to say, £4,000—upon condition that Mrs. Mountjoy returns to her friends?"

I had expected an outburst of rage at this proposal, but he only turned himself to the cabalistic documents upon the table; and after a little consideration answered calmly—"No, I must have £6,000."

Mr. Weynall would have given double that sum; but I was so enraged by this coolness and want of feeling, that I expressed myself with an eloquence that would have carried everything before it at the Old Bailey.

"Swindler! cheat! felon!" I cried, (and at the world, felon I saw him shake like a guilty thing, and pure my lawyer's advantage); "yes, felon, whom to-morrow may consign to a life-long imprisonment, how dare you make conditions with me?"

But he recovered himself almost immediately, and bade me leave the room.

"To-morrow, sir, will see me far from Wiesbaden, with her whom your unselfishness is so anxious to divorce from her husband. Do you think," he added, with all his ancient bitterness, as I crossed the threshold, "that I have not heard of the family lawyer, the Platonic friend, the rejected suitor, before now?"

My indiscretion had thus broken off a treaty which had shown signs of being more favorable than I had hoped for. If Lucy could have been got to leave him the business might have been by this time quietly, or at least legally, settled; but what was to be done now? I went straight to my young acquaintance at the steambath, in whose quickness I had great confidence, and laid before him all the circumstances.

"Can your brother, the *attache*, do anything for me?" said I.

"Certainly," he replied. A bright thought seemed to strike him. "Come along to the embassy."

After a short conversation with the young official, who took a great interest in the whole case, I procured the assistance of a couple of soldiers, (a considerable portion of the standing army of the country,) with full instructions as to how they were to proceed, and returned at once with them to the Mountjoys' lodging. I left my myrmidons outside, and entering, found the captain alone, as before, but with a crowd of boxes about him, and everything ready for immediate departure. I said, "I am come once more to repeat my offer of this morning."

He laughed scornfully, and replied, "Since you are so hot about it, sir, you must now give £8,000 for the lady. I will take no less; in a couple of hours it will be too late. Go to your hotel in the meantime, and debate the question of 'love or money.'"

"You do not move from this place unless I wish," I answered. At a sign from me the soldiers entered, and I continued—"You are now arrested for living under an assumed name, and possessing a forged passport; and you will be confined in prison until other and graver charges which may be brought against you shall have been substantiated."

The last sentence was a happy addition of my own, and it had a great success.

"Well," he said, with an appearance of his old frankness, "you have out-maneuvred me, I confess. Withdraw your forces, and pay me the £4,000, and I will perform my part of the business."

The men retired.

"Shall I take an oath before you, or will my word suffice?" said he.

"Sir," I replied, "the results of the last oath you took in my presence have not been such as to induce me to ask you for another."

He said nothing, but a flush came which forcibly recalled the same in his rooms at college. I drew up a document for him to sign, which bound him by the strongest tie—viz., his own interest—never to claim Lucy as his wife again, and he signed it; while I, on my part, gave him a cheque for the money. At that moment, in came his poor wife, with her traveling dress and bonnet on.

"You may take those things off again," said her husband, calmly; "we are not going away."

She looked from one to the other with a sort of hope just awakening in her tear-worn face.

"You are going home to your father, Lucy," he added.

"Thank God, thank God!" she said; "and thank you, Laurence. How happy you have made me. We will go together to him, and to the dear old place, and never leave him; and we will forget all the rest, won't we, dear husband—won't we?"

"Mrs. Mountjoy," I said, "your husband cannot accompany you; it would not be possible for your father to see him, even if he chose to go, which he does not. I was vexed that she should cling to this rotten tree. I had been too much accustomed to divorce bills, and breach of promise actions, not to understand the love that cleaves to its chosen object thro' disgrace, neglect, and crime."

"I do not leave my husband," she said quietly, "until death doth us part." She stood erect, and laid her hand upon his shoulder, but with a mournful look; it was the dignity of love, but also of despair. He quietly and coldly put her arm away.

"It is better for us both, Lucy," he said; "I wish it to be so. I would rather he added, that you never saw my face again."

She gave a short, sharp cry, and fell heavily upon the floor.

For many days she lay fever-stricken and delirious. Miss Wil-mot herself nursed her, and scarcely ever left her side. That poor girl, banished from her husband, without a friend of her own sex, and in a foreign land, was indeed a case to excite sympathy in any heart. When she returned to consciousness, the face hanging over her eyes was that of her own father—it was his tremulous voice that answered when she said "Laurence! Laurence!" Nevertheless, when the mist over her eyes quite cleared away, she did not refuse to be comforted, even at first. Whatever others might have said against her husband, whatever proofs of unworthiness might have been shown to her, she would have disbelieved or she would have forgiven, but his own renunciation of her cut, like a sharp sword, her heart-strings from him. She never asked to go to him again. She was taken back to the old house, and grew resigned, and in time almost cheerful. She must have suffered many and terrible things, and her nature recovered itself slowly at the touch of kindness, as the drooping flower opens to the sun. The old man became almost young again, and scarcely ever left her; he is fuller of kindness toward me than ever, but not so is Lucy, and I am not wanted at Thorney Grove, I can see. I had a difficult mission to perform when I went to Wiesbaden, and I did not do it as well, perhaps, as the *attache* would have done it; from first to last, I did my best, however, and with nothing but her good before my eyes.

Some few years after these circumstances, I spent a vacation in Paris alone. I went about for sights, until I had no interest left for any such things, and then (as happens in those cases) became nipped and morbid. I had climbed one day up the tower of Notre Dame, and found my head running more than was prudent upon the "Archdeacon" and "Quasimodo." I began to wonder how long it would take a man to fall to the ground, from the point where I was standing, for instance, and to make other unhealthy calculations. I passed that judgment on my own thoughts, and it made them, I suppose, revert with a flash to Mountjoy and his *rouge-et-noir* plans.

"And whether," I asked, "in this great out-stretched city, does that hapless man abide? Friendless, and doubtless beggared by this time, does he still walk the earth, and remembers his forsaken wife, and does he look back upon his earlier days?"



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 28, 1856.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, Agent for the Eastern Mail, is Agent for the paper and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by law. His office is at 250 Broadway, New York, N. Y., corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

R. M. PATTERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

## A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

**THE TWO LOVE STORIES.**—The present political contest, on both sides, seems destined to run in the channel of romance. No sooner was it charged upon Col. Fremont that in his days of wooing he stole away "Old Bullion's" daughter, than the mistake in the effect became so evident that the same party who made the charge set to work to tag a romance to the skirts of their own candidate, a frosty old bachelor of three score years. The first attempt was a botch—making the poor old "lone star" a lover at some time in his life, and the heroine foolish enough to "swallow cold pizza" because she saw her Abeldar walking the street with another lady. This looked a little as tho' the whole story was not told, and left room for a surmise that James might be somewhat given to variety; otherwise his ladylove was hardly worthy the regard of a great man like the hero of Ostend. Compared with a snapping turtle like this, who would under the cords of two engagements at once for a little matter that only went to make up the gallantry of a great man, Jessie Benton was indeed a darling worth running away with. One had faith and the other had none—and what is a woman without faith in man. Or else—O, James! is it possible there were some other little peccadilloes to go with this? If ad walked with the rival lady twice instead of once, as the romance hath it?—and did you sometimes think her a little the prettier of the two, and feel inclined to sing:

"How happy could I be with either,  
Were I either fair charmer away?"

But the first romance proved a failure. Nobody would justify a woman of sense in swallowing a whole tale of pure humbug just for a little like that. Indeed, we can't help disclosing that we heard the valiant but somewhat romantic Gen. M.—, the convey of the Buchanan delegation from Maine to the Cincinnati platform, relate this story to a company of ladies; and when he looked to see them sob, and call for harkness, they absolutely "snickered," one at a time, till they all burst into a laugh at the tragedy and its hero. The General never told that story again, but is now trying the new one concocted by Harper's Magazine. This is better worthy a "yellow cover." It has various chapters—time set to be married—crabbed old mother—letters intercepted hastens to visit his Dulcinea—is thrown from his horse and breaks his arm—slings it up and hurries on—finds blinds shut—Dulcinea dead of poison—crabbed mother owns up—lover in destruction marries "Uncle Sam." This story goes better, and will no doubt in the end be adopted into the platform.

But the story of Charles and Jessie is the one Young America likes. He says it reminds him of the time when he ran away with the young goddess of Liberty—got published on Tea Wharf, Boston, and soon after married her at Bunker Hill—and all in spite of her fidgety old step-mother over the water. It is no sickly romance of the imagination, but one of real life—and life as it ought to be. The lovers had faith in each other, and said so. Old Bullion was an old tiger, and when he said he wouldn't consent that Jessie should marry Charles, Jessie was a true chip, and when she said she would she would—and she did. She ran away with Charles—or permitted him to run away with her—and they were married.

Old Bullion never liked a madman. He said Charles would have been anything above a penny-post, and that the Bullion family were disgraced forever.

"But I'll catch the rascal," said old Bullion—"I'll give chase at once—I'll give him a lesson! I'll give him ten years in the State prison! I'll give him such a thrashing! I'll give him—"

"Give him Jessie," whispered Mrs. Bullion, mildly.

Old Bullion did give him Jessie, when he found he couldn't help himself; and he has since forgiven the beautiful Jessie, and taken Charles very much into favor. But he tells Charles privately not to offer him a place in his cabinet—he did once hope to be present himself, and he can't consent to be corporal to the boy that out-generated him by running away with his daughter.

**OUR THANKS.**—Those friends who have manifested, during the past week, by word and deed, their approbation of the course and principles of the Mail, are assured that their generosity is warmly appreciated. While the practical turn they have given it would at any time render it a subject of gratitude, the kind sympathy have indicated by its manner and circumstances, calls for a still warmer return. It has always been our effort to secure the good will of our patrons by an honest and frank advocacy of principles that will stand the test of honest and intelligent scrutiny. To this test the public mind is now turned, and while we get the censure of one side, it is cheering to meet the approbation of the other.

**RAILS AT KENDALL'S MILLS.**—The people are to be addressed at Kendall's Mills on Saturday P. M. at 1 o'clock. Ex-governor Kent and Lot M. Morrill are to be there.

**N. YASSALBORO.**—Hon. Lot M. Morrill is to address the people at N. Yassalboro on Friday evening.

Gen. Moor is laboring in the democratic and whig ranks over East. On Tuesday evening he addressed a meeting at Eastport.

## OUR TABLE.

ENGLISH TRUTHS. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

It has been with considerable impatience that the public have awaited the appearance of this work, some time ago announced as being in course of preparation, and it will now be eagerly sought for by the author's admirers. Having time ourselves only to glance hurriedly through the book, we copy the following from a notice of it in the Portland Transcript—though a book by such an author, in the hands of the present publishers, needs neither commendation nor voucher from any one.

"It breathes throughout evidence of close observation and profound reflection. Mr. Emerson has twice visited England, but he gives us no narrative of what he saw or experienced. He has, instead, his philosophical deductions, reaching down to the very foundation of England's greatness. As the result of his first visit in 1833, we have sketches of Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Carlyle, the only persons described. His second visit was up to a most marvellous analysis of Land, Race, Ability, Manners, Truth, Character, Cookery, Wealth, Aristocracy, etc. The style is condensed and applicable to the last degree. The book is solid with sense, and has not a superfluous word in it. It is the expressed essence of Englishness. It has the force of an oracle, and the authority of a prophet. It is a philosophical treatise, weighing him and his Englishman in a philosophical manner, not an Englishman in a philosophical manner. Our cousin Bull gets a thorough overhauling, and has all his strong points and his weak spots shown up. Had he not suffered in Mr. Emerson's hands, his strong, heretofore, coarse nature sticks out through all. His practical directions, thoroughness, perseverance, boundless resources, and his sense of will and frame are all brought distinctly out. The result is favorable to the English character, many points of which evidently command the respect of common sense. Our cousin Bull gets a philosophical account of Americans and their institutions." At another time, by sample, we may better show our readers the style and quality of the work. For sale in Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

RETRIBUTION; a Tale of Passion. By Mrs. Emma D. E. Southworth, author of "The Lost Hours," "Deserted Wife," etc. etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This book, which we announced recently as being in press, is now published. It is pronounced one of the best of Mrs. Southworth's works—the story being well told and of thrilling interest. The publisher will send a copy of it, for one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, on the receipt of \$1.25; or in two volumes, paper cover, for \$1.

**HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.**—This admirable series of juvenile works, prepared by Jacob Abbott, "is not intended," says the preface to one of the numbers, "to consist of works of amusement only to those who may receive them, but also substantial instruction. The successive volumes comprise a great variety, both in respect to the subjects which they treat, and to the form and manner in which these subjects are presented; but the aim of all is to impart useful knowledge, to develop the thinking and reasoning powers, to teach a correct and discriminating use of language, to present models of good conduct for imitation and bad examples to be shunned, to explain and enforce the highest principles of moral duty, and, above all, to awaken and cherish the spirit of humble and unobtrusive, but heartfelt piety."

Of these volumes we have just received from A. Williams & Co., (successors to Feltz & Co., Boston), No. 21, entitled *The Three Gold Dollars*, or *An Account of the Adventures of Robin Green*, and No. 22, entitled *The Gibraltar Gallery*, being an account of *Various Things both Curious and Useful*. They are handsomely printed, like all the numbers of the series, and filled with neat wood cuts. For sale in Waterville by Johnston & Carlton.

**PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.**—Contents of the September number:—Hymnology, conclusion of Kate Coventry, Mistakes about Snakes, Lucy's Adventure, Epidemics, part 7 of *Fortunes of Glencore*, The Maori Race, The Prison of Woltredren, Impressions of England, Tale of a Pocket Archipelago, The House by the Sea, The Four Sisters, Stanley on the Holy Land, The Art of Story Telling, Billeted in Boulogne, Life in Brazil, Psyche Willan, The Apostle Paul in Common Life, The Rongelap Soldiers of Turkey, Tom Elliott's Prize, Journey in the Southern Slave States, History of American Privateers, with notes and four pages of reading. One hundred and forty-four pages of reading, the cream of foreign periodicals, are here furnished for twenty-five cents; and who could reasonably expect this amount of good reading at a less price? Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year, and sent free of postage.

**THE SCHOOLFELLOW.**—This magazine for youth is so excellent that to miss half the numbers is really vexatious. (We speak, now in the name of the little folks!)—and we really wish we could receive it regularly. The August number has something about Gerard, the Lion-Killer, with a portrait; a continuation of the Story of the Great War, with a picture of the Battle of the Alma; another chapter of *Brothers and Sisters*, or the Lessons of a Summer; more about the great city of New York, with illustrations; The Irish Peasant's Revenge; The Lynx; chapter first of *The Gnome and the Sylph*; a chapter on Swimming, with numerous illustrations; with riddles, enigmas, instructions in fancy work, poetry, &c. &c. We know of no prettier and better periodical for children than the Schoolfellow. Published by Dix & Edwards, No. 4, New York, at \$1 a year. Our copy comes to us from A. Williams & Co., successors to Feltz & Co., Boston, through Johnston & Carlton, Waterville, who have it for sale.

**THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.**—Great pains are taken with the engravings of this work, and the portraits are particularly spirited. A fine one of Felix O. C. Darley, the well-known American Artist, appears in the September number, accompanied by a biographical sketch. Many other embellishments of great beauty are also given, of which we would instance the *Scene from Governor's Task*, and those which accompany the following articles:—From Stockholm to Delacorte, Goldsmith—his fortunes and his Friends; The City of Saladin. The literary contents of the number are excellent and will do much to instruct and delight the reader. This work is now edited by James Ploy, and is published by Carlton & Phillips, New York, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, is the New England agent. As a family magazine it has no superiors, and it is a miracle of cheapness.

**THE FREMONT.**—A nice little manual for the present political campaign has been published by O. R. Patch, Bangor. It contains short biographies of Fremont and Dayton, the Republican Platform. Fremont's Letter of Acceptance, the Slave Code of Kansas, the Democratic Platform, with a well chosen collection of Songs. We presume it will be found at the bookstores. Price 15 cents, single; \$1.50 per dozen.

**PURMAN'S MONTHLY.**—From A. Williams & Co., Boston, we have received the September number of this, the best American magazine published. It is full of excellent reading, and will add its fair proportion to the high reputation of this work. For sale at Johnston & Carlton's Bookstore.

**LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.**—The articles in No. 577 are few in number, but longer, of course, than usual; and they furnish a treat for the reader, cheaply purchased by the expenditure of a York shilling. Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, in weekly numbers of 64 pages each, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** for September, which comes to us from A. Williams & Co., Boston, is a good number. The illustrated articles are—Application of Photography to Printing, The Dismal Swamp, Story of James P. Backworth, Passages of Eastern Travel, and Little Dorrit. Other articles in great variety, are given, with Editor's Table, Comedians, &c. &c. For sale in Waterville by Johnston & Carlton.

**THE GRAB.**—There are good reasons for believing that notwithstanding the quiet way in which Congress have slid their fingers into the national treasury by increasing their own wages, they have chosen the wrong time for the measure. Had the people of the country been doing under the magnetic fingers of the wire-pullers, as in times past, a measure like this, enacted with all possible stillness, and just at the close of the session, might have failed to secure much attention beyond the pockets of the members. Now they are looking for abuses, and just in this direction; abuses that originate in selfishness and cupidity. Has not the song of "Eight Dollars a Day" been sung enough

to convince the people that the compensation of members of Congress was high enough before? Three thousand dollars for four months' service, and poor service at that!—with the privilege reserved to themselves of shortening the session without reducing the pay! Has it truly come to this, that there is no direction in which the public interest is safe from the sifting fingers of its legal guardians? Are the very men to whose care it is entrusted only lulling the public ear with patriotic songs, while they the more securely pick the pockets of the people? The bare fact that the constitution generously (though foolishly, as this act proves,) gives them power to fix the price of their own services, should constitute protection from abuse like this. It remains to be seen whether public sentiment does not enforce a return to the old price, with an admonition to beware for the future, lest those who complain of the wages are permitted to stay at home.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

## Second Letter to Hon. Rufus Choate.

SIR:—From one of your long sentences—usually long enough for long paragraphs—and which your admirers may pronounce eloquent, because rhetorical—and your followers wise, because like shallow wells they are 'wondrous deep because wondrous dark' I extract, with some labor, the following germs of an idea.—'In my judgment, the question is not, whether this candidate or that candidate would be our first choice, but just this, by what vote can I do most to prevent the madness of the times from working its maddest act.' Afterward you say, 'Practically too, the contest in my judgment is between Mr. Buchanan and Colonel Fremont. In these circumstances I vote for Mr. Buchanan.' With your premises I agree. From your conclusion I differ. 'The question indeed is not about men—it is about principles. The question is not, who carries the flag, but what principles are written thereon. I take it the inscription on Mr. Buchanan's flag is Slavery and Union. I take it the inscription of Mr. Fremont's flag is Freedom and Union.—The evidence of the correctness of these inscriptions is found on examining the platforms of Cincinnati and of Philadelphia. Remember, we agree to principia non homines as an axiom. We are both Freemen—and both I trust patriots. How then do we arrive at conclusions so different that you vote for Buchanan principles and I for the principles of Fremont. Let us summarily examine the platforms.

Who prepared the so called Democratic platform adopted at Cincinnati, and presented for digestion to the stomachs of American freemen? I answer, four members from four slave States, viz: Louisiana, Missouri, Georgia and South Carolina. These four States presented their principles or platform to the Southern convention for adoption, who passed it unanimously with this resolve appended: That if this platform or these principles are not recognized by the convention at Cincinnati, the southern members are to withdraw from the convention. I give the essence, not the words, of the Resolve and will merely add that President Pierce's minister to Spain—the fighting gladiator, (whom the same president was compelled to recall) wrote the filibustering part of the platform about foreign conquests and the acquisition of Cuba.

Now, sir, you know that these southern principles embody the idea that Slavery has a right to enter and plant its foot north of 36 30. You know sir, their sophistry is founded on a broken compact called the Missouri compromise—a deed as sacred as any article of the constitution and whose infraction, in my opinion, as effectually threw Missouri out of the Union, as it admitted Slavery into the Northwest Territory. Freedom north of 36 30 was the quid pro quo in the political balance which weighed out and granted slavery to Missouri. It was the consideration of slavery's promissory note to Freedom, and in fact ran thus:—The Slave Power gives to the Free Power by the compromise of 1820 Freedom forever to the territory north of 36 30, in consideration of Freedom giving Slavery the State of Missouri.—Now, you know sir, this bargain was broken by the Black Douglas and the Slave Power. They have retained Missouri and are this moment marching troops from Missouri and South Carolina to secure the conquest of Kansas for Slavery—a territory granted to freedom, being north of 36 30.

This right of Slavery to the soil of Freedom is the prominent principle of the Democratic or Cincinnati Platform. The South, for whose principles the President had shown so much affection and whose treatment Kansas had won their hearts, intended to place Mr. Pierce on this platform, but, although Mr. Pierce might have said,

"I am in blood stepped in so far,  
That to go back, were tedious as to go over,"

yet, the convention durst not outrage public sentiment so far as to elevate to that dangerous height a man whose garments were dabbled, at least, with the blood lately spilled in the Senate Chamber, and his hands quite freshly crimsoned with the blood of his fellow citizens in Kansas. The sensibilities of Slavery (use is second nature) might not have been at all shocked at the paricide, but the West, Middle States and North thought it a "sorry sight."—So, sir, they dropped Mr. Pierce and hoisted Mr. Buchanan, to the platform designed for the President. Thus you see, sir, without alteration of a single line or word, much less of a single principle, Mr. Buchanan proposes to carry out the principles of Mr. Pierce, which are the principles prepared for him by the Black Aristocracy of the South. For these principles are adored and re-endorsed by Mr. Buchanan, and 'under these circumstances, you say 'I vote for Mr. Buchanan.' I say therefore to you, that you rally under the banner, whereon is inscribed, Slavery in the Free Territories, and Union.

I may in my next, briefly sketch the principles of Col. Fremont, contenting myself for the present with unfurling and presenting you his

Banner, whereon is written in letters of light, Constitutional Slavery, Free Soil for Freemen, Union, now and forever.

I have the honor to be, with regard, your fellow sovereign, HENRY B. PEARSON.  
Bangor, Aug. 21st, 1856.

**THE CRISIS.** It has been so common, in our political contests, for demagogues to proclaim a crisis involving the permanency of our government, that there is danger that such an alarm might pass unheeded when the occasion justifies it. We say not that such a crisis is now pending, because we have faith in the patriotism of our countrymen, and believe that at the last moment they would stand together on the platform of freedom. But they need first to be thoroughly aroused and alarmed. So strongly do party bonds appeal to self interest that men will not sunder them without great and all-controlling motives. That these bonds may hold till there is not moral strength left to break them, is the danger that now seems to threaten. The combined efforts of two parties naturally hostile to each other, acting together only because separate efforts were hopeless, and exhibiting only the dying contortions of one and the maddening convulsions of the other, constitute a political element not readily controlled or estimated, and from which the most conservative minds are justly fearful of results fatal to our republic. The South are maddened by the combined guilt and danger which attach to slavery, and are driven to a frantic embrace with any political element that promises temporary help. The democracy of the North, disgusted with the folly of its leaders, and daily weakening from the loss of moral stamina and self reliance, is frightened to any resort that gives hope of retaining the power and glory that mark the history of the party. Two such political elements naturally rush together, and as certainly draw to their embrace and protection the fragments of a broken and scattered party like the whigs, as the vortex produced by a sinking ship sucks down the surrounding foam.

What page of the world's history tells us what to fear or hope in a national dilemma like this? Is it strange then, with civil war in our territories, and disorder and contempt of law in the national council, and more than all, with disunion threatened everywhere at the South and echoed by their colleagues at the North, while the wheels of government are clogged by the refusal of the conservative branch to vote supplies,—is it strange, we ask, that men who love their country should tremble for her safety?

**HOW REASONABLE.** In the pro-slavery papers to make such an onslaught upon Waterville College! They are out like a pack of hounds in the chase, with all the variety of notes that would come from

"Fray, Blanche and Sweetheart,  
Little dogs and all."

Now we ask in Yankee phrase, "who begun it?" Commencement was going off well enough for all parties, till the State Committee attempted to play off its most abusive trick upon the students. If it had not been so well known everywhere that without taking advantage of an audience that fairly belonged to others no respectable gathering could be secured at Waterville, the injustice of setting this trap would have been less glaring. The committee should have foreseen that some attempt would be made at retaliation. Young America is not so easily trampled in the dirt,—especially when the whole community is ready, like the boy's whistle that "whistled itself," to come to their aid. The labor of tracing the whole history of Waterville College to find a cause for this sudden calamity to the "two great mass meetings," might have been saved by consulting the boy that dissected his cat to find "how she caught mice." The whole political power of that institution if it could be concentrated, would not be security for the office of justice of the peace; while those political dividing rods would make it greater than that of the pope and all his cardinals. By the wink of an eye—or the motion of a finger, that no mortal saw but the whole State felt, Waterville College brought down upon that conglomeration of whig-democracy this withering and overwhelming rebuke! What a shrewd effort to conceal the true cause!—to account for the spontaneous gathering of those thousands of farmers, mechanics and working men of all classes, by imputing it to the nod of the president of a college!

We do not wonder that the best efforts of the whig and democratic papers of the State are called into requisition to explain away the true nature of their sad defeat at Waterville. That shock was felt from the heart to the finger ends of every lender and manager of the coalition. It sent its chilling wave to the borders of the State, as an admonition of what is to follow; and those of them who most plainly discover in it a new pulsation for freedom and self reliance, coming from the heart of the people, will of course labor the hardest to turn public attention from the truth. The results of that day, more than of any other, have convinced us that the principles now contended for by the great mass of the people of the North are destined to prevail,—that they are based in truth and righteousness, and have taken hold of the hearts and consciences of the true freemen of the country with a strength that guarantees their success. The enthusiasm that called out that large procession, with no secret management and but little previous notice, is referable to no college faculty, and traceable to no institution but that of Bunker Hill!

The Boston Advertiser, one of the most conservative journals in New England, thus approves of the action of the House of Representatives on the Army Bill:

"Elegant and convenient as the theory of the Senate is, it is a theory which can be fully carried out only under such constitutions as permit a Louis XV. to send down Napoleon III. to draw up appropriation bills for his Senate to sign. And now that this House of Rep-

resentatives has made an issue on its right to regulate the details of army expenses, we shall regard it as one step more to an Executive without control, if it shall recede from its position."

It would be a public misfortune that in appearance even so great a constitutional principle should be abandoned.

**CRUELTY.**—On Sunday, just at sunset, three men, in a wagon drawn by a mere skeleton of an old horse, drove up Temple into Main street, and up that to College street. There was nothing peculiar in their appearance except indications that they were all beastly drunk, and the horse, which was at a smart run according to his scarcity of flesh and blood, was beaten by the driver at convenient distances, with a cudgel big enough for a hoe-handle. How we wished policeman Brown had that villain by the collar!

**REAL ESTATE SALE.**—The beautiful locality, corner of Main and Center streets, near the Elmwood Hotel, late a part of the Hasty estate, has been sold to Dr. Sam'l Plaisted, Esq. This has long been regarded as one of the choicest lots in the place, though the present buildings are of small account.

**HEAD QUARTERS.**—The Republican headquarters are at Appleton Hall: democratic, at their reading room in Merchant's Row, over F. H. Getchell's store. Clerk of the democratic club, F. H. Getchell; of the Republican, Everett Drummond.

See Dr. Pollard's advertisement.

**THE WEATHER.**—It should be borne in mind that our article under this head last week was written on a sunny morning; a day or two before our paper went to press; that it commenced raining the moment it was finished, and continued to do so through that week and a day or two of this. Now we have quite another story to tell. Grain has rotted in the field and potatoes are rotting in the hill. Everything is drenched through and through, and the amount of damage to crops is very large.

A correspondent who signs "Republican," to the details of an outrage in Belgrade, must give us a more definite endorsement for his assertions. There are so many Republicans this year that a suit for libel might arrest the wrong man.

If the Age would hold us to the standard of truth, it should keep in sight of itself. The last number of that paper asserts that the Mail "makes pretensions to be a neutral paper," and is "sailing under a neutral flag." Our "pretensions" to neutrality must consist of our repeated assertions to the contrary; for the Age will confess it don't find much neutrality in our columns.

**SENSITIVE.**—The Belfast Journal has become so spleen towards the word *free*, and all its derivatives, that a supply of the letter *e* has been procured with the French accent, to be used in the name of Fremont, so that it may be pronounced Framont. In all cases where the name is abused in that paper, it is marked to be read Framont! We hope the editor will make *fraa* use of the new type.

**WALKER AND HIS MEN.**—Seven of Walker's men who were taken at the battle of Santa Rosa, and since held in Costa Rica as prisoners, have issued an address to the citizens of the U. S., in which they denounce him and warn all men to beware of enlisting in his service, unless they wish to be ruined. They say he expected to conquer Central America with fifty-five coppers for monte banks and pimps for cyprians, and that his whole career there has been that of a madman; no intelligence has been permitted to leave Nicaragua save through his hands; and no man allowed to come to the United States who would be likely to tell the truth about him. In concluding they say:

"The undersigned prisoners further say, that they are now prisoners through William Walker's criminal stupidity and ignorance.—That they were deceived from their comfortable homes in the States, by splendid promises of gain and glory, not one of which has been or ever can be complied with, and they earnestly beg and implore the young and thoughtless of the United States not to suffer themselves (as 800 men have been) to be deluded by promises, more unsubstantial than air, more unreal than dreams."

**MORE PROSCRIPTION.**—Mr. Geo. Rye of Woodstock, Va., who was one of the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention which nominated Fremont, has been warned by some of his neighbors to quit the State. Mr. Rye attended the 'indignation meeting,' took the matter very coolly, and in a letter to James S. Davis, of Cabin Creek, Lewis county, Kentucky, which is published in the Tribune, gave the prominent actors in the affair a most thorough dressing down. He concludes his letter with the remark that 'everything has been quiet here since, and we enjoy the force admirably.' Mr. Davis in communicating his letter to the Tribune says:

"If the mob attempt to carry out their lawless resolutions, they will find a much larger number of friends of free discussion than they expect. They will not make the attempt. Western Virginia feels the tyrannous rule of that portion east of the Blue Ridge, and inwardly rejoices when one is found bold enough to cry out against it."

**THE SWELL-HEAD DISEASE.**—This dreadful disease sometimes attacks horses, and, probably, other animals, as monkeys and jackasses, and some birds, as the parrot and mocking-bird. But men are more subject to it, and with them it is more fatal.

**CAUSES.**—Vacuity in the cranium. It is often augmented by flattery, especially when the cerebrum is small and ill-shaped. Men of large information, however, are sometimes afflicted with it, in which case there is found an inordinate swelling in the upper region of the head, just back of the apex cranii. The protuberance is called self-esteem.

**SYMPTOMS.**—The poor creature usually fancies himself the biggest, smartest, best, and handsomest man in the crowd—loves the 'uppermost seats in the synagogues'—is given to impudence, impertinence, and usually bad manners in company—is censorious and fond of finding and exposing the foibles of his associates—has few friends and no lovers, and has generally a bad odor to polite and well-bred people—given to swelling and strutting, as if in one moment he fancied himself a toad, and the next a turkey-cock. He is egotistic, and passionately fond of high-sounding titles, as 'Squire, Captain, Colonel, General, &c.' The miserable patient is sometimes so inflated as to attempt to stride the ocean, or jump over very

high mountains. These are only a few symptoms of this malady, but enough to identify it. **TREATMENT.**—When it is caused by emptiness of the cranium, it is only necessary to fill up the vacuum with good ideas, a solid education, or common sense. When induced by diminutiveness, or malformation of the brain, the cure is slow and difficult. We have known some cases which defied every remedy and destroyed the patients. A cure must be attempted by exercising and cultivating those faculties which are deficient, such as judgment, the understanding, and depleting self-esteem, &c. The skulls of these patients are usually very thick and hard, so that it is hard pounding anything into them; but they are excessively fond of soap—give them a pound or two every day, and it will soften the skull so that you can get a little gumption into it, or a modicum of education, and they will soon be well. When this will not cure, soft soap will palliate.

In the case of those gentlemen, from ten to twenty years old, who get to putting on the boots and pantaloons of their fathers, and to teaching their teachers, reproving, counselling, and sometimes insulting old age, chewing tobacco, smoking cigars, and drinking whiskey—swearing, and cutting the dandy swell—generally—appetite for late hours, bad company, and bar-rooms voracious—a little oil of birch, applied by the paternal hand, is the best remedy. Then keep them out of the night air and bad weather. If this does not effect a cure by the divine blessing—the head grows and grows, till the poor sufferer topples over a few times, and knocks out half his self-esteem. [Louisiana Baptist.]

**THE WAR IN KANSAS.**—The Free States men of Kansas feel that they have endured the robberies and murders of the Border Ruffians as long as they can. They have been particularly annoyed by an encampment at Franklin, under the control of Crane, the postmaster. It had possession of a log-house, strongly built and fortified. From this Mr. Hoyt, formerly of Massachusetts, was shot in cold blood, while riding by on business. Hearing that this marauding garrison had been reinforced, and apprehending still greater persecutions, the Free State men, seeing no hope in the action of U. S. authorities, determined to destroy this nest of ruffians.

They marched to the place, and lost one man in attempting to attack the house. They called upon the occupants to surrender but were told that the defenders neither asked nor gave quarter. The assailants then moved a kindred load of hay towards the house, when the ruffians surrendered at once. They were disarmed, but not a man was hurt. Even Crane was released, at the importunity of his wife, and given over to those who had no sympathy for the wives of murdered Barber and Brown. Sixty stand of arms were taken, most of which were identified as those stolen from Lawrence in May last.

In consequence of this, the Border Ruffians threatened to exterminate every Free State settler. They have begun their preparations—and ere long a civil war, with all its attendant horrors, may be anticipated. Meanwhile, our Senate at Washington sit in their seats, and declare that our national troops shall virtually be disbanded, unless they can be employed in aid of the Border Ruffians! Was ever such madness heard of! Rather than to offend a dying administration, these men are willing to see the Border Ruffians pursue their villainous work of drenching the soil of Kansas with the blood of free men contending only for their guaranteed rights! The nation may slumber for awhile, but not long.—[Portland Adv.]

**THE CHARTER OAK.**—The famous old Charter Oak, so noted in song and history, fell with a tremendous crash during the great storm at quarter before 1 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 21, 1856. This famous monarch of the forest, whose history is so intimately entwined in that of Conn., was supposed to be upwards of a thousand years of age.

Before Governor Wyllys came to America, he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful Wyllys place, a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old hollow Oak. They declared that it had been the guide of their ancestors for centuries. On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andros, attended by members of his Council, and a body guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take by force the Charter, granted to the Colony by Charles the 2d, in 1662. By stratagem, however, the Charter was removed from the assembly room and concealed by Capt. Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those times, in the hollow of Wyllys' Oak; afterwards known as The Charter Oak.

In 1689, King James abdicated, and on the 9th of May of that year, Gov. Treat and his associate officers, resumed the government of Connecticut under the Charter, which had been preserved in the Old Hollow Oak.

During the closing scenes of the house of Representatives, Mr. Giddings spoke of the assaults that had been made upon the freedom of debate; whereupon Mr. Brooks started up and charged Mr. Giddings with an allusion to him. It is not enough that the custodian of the honor of South Carolina, assaults a Senator and half-murders him in his chair. Nobody must expect, in general terms, of violation of the freedom of speech! Mr. Giddings coolly observed that the gentleman from South Carolina had once said he would take no notice of such members as himself. He only hoped, that he would keep his word. Mr. Brooks continued to interrupt Mr. Giddings, although the speaker directed him to take his seat. It was not until the Speaker had called upon the Sergeant at Arms, that Mr. Brooks was quieted. Mr. Banks' conduct as speaker has, we general praise. He has been firm, impartial, dignified, and has shown a thorough knowledge of parliamentary law, and of the duties of his place. We say this with the greater pleasure, because we did not favor his election, and we are happy to do justice to him.

[Providence Journal.]

A prominent citizen of Kentucky, and formerly a leading man in the Democratic party, writes from Louisville to a citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, as follows:

"I sometimes think (and seriously too) that after all I shall have to peck up and go to a Free State. Twenty years of the experience of Slavery (and under its most favorable aspect) only confirms me in the opinion that it is evil, only evil, and that continually. I have recently had occasion to travel considerably in the interior of this State, and its blighting influence meets one at every step. The curse of God is upon it. We have a Fremont Elector at ticket in this State. I am for Fremont, heart and hand, and am doing what I can for the cause. There are very many of our most respectable citizens, who are favorably inclined to the Republican cause; but are afraid to come out. However, the cause is gaining every day and if the Free States will do their duty, and elect Fremont, Kentucky will get right in due time. I received a letter from C. M. Clay to-day. He is in fine spirits, and says the cause is gaining in the interior of the State fast."







ite Turpentine,  
 ills Varnish,  
 ills Paint,  
 are do.  
 and Verdigris,  
 Green,  
 come do.  
 and Verdigris,  
 Green,  
 new Scarlet,  
 new Vermilion,  
 and Red,  
 and Red,  
 and Pink.

Also, a good assortment of  
**Brushes and Graining Tools**  
 CHEAP FOR CASH.

**ATTENTION, THE WHOLE!**  
**WATERVILLE BOOT AND SHOE STORE!**  
 THE subscriber would respectfully  
 inform the inhabitants of Water-  
 ville and vicinity that he has per-  
 manently located himself in the store  
 recently occupied by G. C. Nason,  
 where will be found every article  
 usually kept in a first class Boot  
 and Shoe Store. Being desirous of secur-  
 ing a fair share of the patronage

he places himself that no effort shall be spared to accommodate those who may give him the call. There shall be condoned in the extent, variety, quality or cheapness of the goods offered, by any store in Waterbury, in order to give better satisfaction and to have work that is worth the while. I have no doubt that the principal part is stock and to that end would say to the

**Ladies**

I have secured the services of one of the very best workmen in the Kennebec, who will make his whole time in the business, as that has been his business for the last several years, in order to give first shops on the river, I can give you a better letter and better articles than they have ally had. To the

**Gentlemen**

could say also, I have just employed a workman on Cutts' work and repairs whose work for neatness, finish and durability I can not say is with any other here or elsewhere. In conclusion, I would say, that I have been a member of the French and American Golf and Kid and New York and London clubs, and my experience in the game has enabled me to offer superior inducements to those who wish to work.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

WATERBURY BLOCK, March 26, 1866.      **W. E. WEBB.**

**Appleton Mutual Fire Insurance Company.**  
BOSTON, - MASS.

Statement of the condition and affairs of the Appleton Mutual Fire Insurance Company, from the commencement of their business, May 20, 1865, to the first day of Aug., 1866.

Insured since commencement,	\$1,839,360.00
Uninsured since commencement,	7,681,563.00
New at Risk,	12,520,923.00
Cash Premiums on the Above,	1,000,000.00
Interest on Notes,	\$26,702.37
Liability of the Insured to Assure,	74,495.48
Assets of Company,	59,112.21
Losses & Expenses Paid,	148,406.95
at Paid, 3,809,200.25	22,219.35
On hand and due from other companies,	6,805.01

Balance in favor of Company after paying all losses and interest and expenses paid, and amounts considered the assets of the company are liable, up to the present date, \$7,493.12.

The foregoing is a full statement of the condition and affairs of the Company prepared by the Directors and is now submitted to the stockholders for their consideration and approval, used September 15, 1865.

The undersigned being unable to appear in person so have caused a report of the business and success which has attended the efforts that have been made to extend the operations of the Company to be presented to the stockholders for their consideration during the time it has been in operation, and the members are requested to encourage the Agents personally, for the Company's benefit, to use their influence in favor of the Company, and there being no objection they will be permitted to sign the same as they have hitherto attended it will be perpetuated and properly diminished in securing protection by insurance.

**BOARD OF OFFICERS:**

**William Pulsifer, President and Treasurer.**

William Pulsifer,      Gilbert D. Cooper,      Enchab Macomber  
Pulsifer,                  Stephen Miller,       James Conner,

**KEN PULSIFER**, Secretary,  
Office, No. 8, Schollery's Building, Fremont Row  
Boston, August, 1865.  
**F. AUGUSTUS T. BOWMAN**, Agent servitor.

**United States Lands.**  
Looking and Locating Lands in the Menasha and Stephen's  
Point Regions.

**NORTHERN WISCONSIN.**

A BUTTERFIELD will attend to locating and entering  
lands in Northern Wisconsin, and giving description of  
logging and farming, and all else. Will act as agent for  
titles, attend to the payment of taxes, and to the preservation  
of timber. Maps made by hand or machine. The service  
desired, by address, post paid. Maps received from the  
Government, showing extent and vacant land, by which  
it can be seen how large tracts are available for locat-  
ing to all lands. Over 100,000 acres of the choicest tim-  
ber and good wood land now open for location.

Land Warrants are as good as the gold; now is the  
time to locate them.

We have several acres of choice Pine and Farming Lands for  
second hand. Land Warrants Bought and Sold.

For every acre of land located, we will invest our capital on real  
estate for three and five years; 7 per cent for one year; they  
to be taken for the full amount due on them.

And of the balance of the money, \$100,000 will be selected for  
the quarter where warrants are sold; that includes for selecting  
land, and for the purchase of the same.

T. A. BUTTERFIELD, Weld County, Wagon Creek, Colo.

**FREE OF CHARGE!**  
Two Splendid Parlor Engravings

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

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SUPERIOR lot of Vulcanized Rubber Goods, consisting of  
Long Riding Coats, Riding Jackets, Pants, Overalls, Leg-  
gins, House covers, Ladies' Gardening Gloves, caps, Riding  
coats, caps, &c. &c., just received and selling at less than  
manufacturers' prices, at  
**THAYER & MARSTON'S.**