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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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[From the Home Magazine, for August.]

THE BARGAIN.

Miss Kate Bartlett, (pretty and seventeen years of age,) sat at the window of her own little cottage, sewing and looking out upon the summer's gay bloom of her garden. She was a picture of contentment.

Her friend, Anne Wilbank, opened the gate, and, as received at the door with open arms, by the delighted Kate.

"They gossiped pleasantly awhile, and then Anne said, 'Kate, if I were you, I would set my cap for Mr. Blandon!'"

"What! For my dear old grandpa?"

"Why not? He is not over forty, and quite handsome. He is besides, well-to-do in the world, and right sensible. What would become of you poor girl, with no kith and kin of your own, if your poor, palsied Aunt Bess should die? you couldn't live here all alone."

"No—but yet Grandpa Blandon is more like an uncle. I never thought of him as a husband."

"Set about it then, Kate. 'Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave,' is a saying of time-hallowed wisdom; you know folks say I am a common sense sort of person, prudent and practical. Now, I think he will make you happy."

"Aunt Bess came quietly laid on the shelf—I do suppose he would be what folks would call 'eligible,' but somehow I revolt at setting my cap."

"Well, then, let matters alone, for I know Mr. Blandon is very fond of you, and I fancy he won't be long before he tells you so. And if he does, ask you, don't be so foolish as to say 'no,' to such a fine fellow."

"But you don't know that he cares a pin for me."

"I am not given to flights of fancy, and I really think so."

She then expatiated upon the delight of having some one always at her feet who would pet her, and adore her, and find his whole world in her own little conscious self. Then she took her departure.

Kate sat in a pleasant reverie, thinking on Mr. Blandon's long-tried kindness to her, and that, perhaps, it meant more than friendship. The twilight brightened with the young moon, and as she pondered, Kate's faith in Mr. Blandon's love grew vivid.

The object of her dreams interrupted them, by his actual presence. He walked up the garden path, and was soon seated by her side. He was a gay, fashionable old bachelor, much at home in this little room; so much so that he was quite unceremonious, and talked or was silent as it pleased him. Generally there was a flow of lively nonsense. To-night, however, Kate could not keep it up, and they sat in silence.

Aunt Bess came in, and was comfortably established in her easy chair. Mr. Blandon then turned to Kate. "Come, Kate, talk to me; you know I come here from the busy, hateful, weary world, to my haven of rest, and peace, and pleasant company."

This might be the exaggeration of playful flattery, or it might be the yearning sigh of a lover's soul. It was too dark to read the expression of Mr. Blandon's face, and to Kate's possessed mind it was the latter. "Anne was right," she thought, and kept silent. He thought this came from some childish pique, and quite sorry to have any feeling but one of peace and pleasure just then, he threw much warmth into his tone as he said:

"Kate, child, why are you so silent to-night? I have not displeased you in any way, have I? I should be sorry to have done so, very sorry. For I love you dearly, you know it very well! Come now, say that you too love the old fellow, a little bit. I know you do, but just make me happy to-night, by saying so. It was only meant for affectionate nonsense as from an uncle to a niece. Kate mistook, and her fearful, agitated reply, let Mr. Blandon know it. Aunt Bess, unconscious of what was going on, here called for aid in rising. Kate hastened to her, and Mr. Blandon stepped into the garden, to collect his wits.

"When I do softly whistled, 'what have I been, and gone, and done?' Popped the question by mistake, eh? What shall I do? I can't stand married life. No more pleasant evenings at my club; no more boundless ease, without any one to bother me. My room, too, littered up with woman's odds and ends—cuddlers—slippers—bath! But she is a tidy little thing; quiet, too, and sensible, or no sensible than women generally are; kind-hearted, and not-headed—very fond of me, too. That new laundress of mine never sets my buttons on. When I had the cholera, the drunken old nurse almost poisoned me. I have attacks of rheumatism now and then, often after I used to, and whenever I am sick, everything is at sixes and sevens. I shouldn't wonder if a devoted little wife was a good thing, after all. She has betrayed herself, too, and 'it is an ugly scrape to get out of. I should not like to see her in a way. So—well, I'm for it."

He returned to Kate, proposed formally, asked the consent of Aunt Bess, was accepted, and in three months married.

They went to the White Mountains on a wedding trip. Kate enjoyed travelling exceedingly. Mr. Blandon limited at returning home, at the end of two weeks. Kate by no means wished to settle down yet, and proposed visiting Lake George first. They spent a week there, and then Mr. Blandon again mentioned his willingness to end their tour.

"Stop at Niagara? No, indeed! So another week was spent there."

"Come now, love, our honeymoon is over. Let us go home, I'm tired of hotels. Let us repose in your snug little cottage, until we decide upon a town-house. You are ready now!"

"Ah, William, I have not yet seen a prairie!"

"I'll take you next year."

"No—I don't want to wait till then, and why should we? You have nothing to do at home."

"But, I long for real!"

"And I long to see a prairie. You will gratify me much by going at least to Illinois."

"Indeed, my dear, think I must refuse you this time."

"Refuse me! Not grant such a reasonable request, when no business takes you home! She looked incredulously at him."

"But, I have yielded twice already to your wishes."

"Yes! as if she said 'that is nothing! why not always?'"

"Well, how many times am I to sacrifice myself to yours before you are satisfied?"

"Why, I thought my wishes would always be yours. I thought you would gratify every whim. She spoke like one just waking from a dream, and not quite sure she was not in a dream."

"Go expected when you married me that your wishes should be my law?"

"That I should be 'an old man's darling,' as she said mechanically, as if in deep thought."

Mr. Blandon flushed angrily. "No, no," he muttered to himself. "She is not thinking of what she is saying! Impossible!"

"What did you marry me for?" she asked, looking up in a frank, decided way. "Let me know what you expected."

"I expected," he began vehemently, walking up and down the room, gesticulating, "to marry a loving, gentle, obedient wife, who would make me comfortable and happy, till death did us part; and during these four weeks your own wishes and whims have been your great care."

"Don't reproach me, William! It seems to me we both only thought of ourselves in this matter, and not each other, at all. I must think it over."

Mr. Blandon went out and banged the door after him. Kate's strong good sense was her predominant trait. She was not going to begin to feel in this matter, until she knew what to think about it. She was very young and inexperienced, but not silly.

"So," she said, "he only wanted a good housekeeper. Well, I wanted a good protector. I can be all that he wished. But to be all I hoped for, he must be an idolator, or at least a devoted lover. Ah, I thought he married me to worship me, and he thought I married him to worship him! It was a long time before, with careful justice, she subdued her pique enough to allow that she was fully as much to blame as he was. But she did it religiously. When Mr. Blandon returned, an hour afterwards, his wife met him, half way, and looking straight at him with honest eyes, said:

"William, we did not understand one another when we married. But I see clearly what you expected now, and I am not one to creep out of a fair bargain. We must make the best of it. I will be just what you wish, and as I had also high expectations of you, I hope you will be as indulgent to me as you can."

"You are almost too matter-of-fact for my comprehension, with your fair bargains. What do you mean, Kate?"

"I mean that I will be your housekeeper, and shall expect you to be my protector and steward. As to money matters, our incomes are about equal. What do you say? Is not this plain?"

"And there is to be no love lost between us?"

"Why I have loved you ever since I was a child, and cannot of course help doing so now."

"And I am to continue my fatherly interest in you. Will that satisfy you?"

Kate hesitated, but she felt that the scornful vehemence of tone was satisfactory. Love must prompt it. Yes, she could feel satisfied.

"Entirely, dear guardian."

"Mr. Blandon burst into a bitter laugh. Kate smiled, and went to dress for dinner. Mr. Blandon paced the room in agitation."

"Heavens!" he cried, "who would have thought to find in that pretty, cheerful little girl, an old negotiator! She has a regular market-woman's head, with her bargains! I deceived myself. I thought she loved me, would devote herself to me, cheer my life to its very close!"

But as he recurred to their late conversation, and thought of her hope of being "an old man's darling," he could but remember that she was equally disappointed. "A couple of fools," was his conclusion.

His wife went home without another word, and strove to please him in all things. Every one said she was a pattern wife, and Mr. Blandon said so, too, in his inmost heart, except that he thought her goodness proceeded from no love for him, only from sweet disposition, neat habits, and conscientious cheerfulness, which made every duty pleasant.

But he grew morose, for he felt that he was no pattern husband. He seemed tormented with the desire to see how far he could tax her patience. He was exacting of every wifely attention, and reluctant in performing his own part of the bargain. He was angry if she asked nothing of him, yet he resisted every demand, and appeared like a boy compelled to a task. He also displayed the most unreasonable jealousy.

He grew more wretched every day, and more intolerable. It was evident, even to strangers, that Mrs. Blandon was not her husband's darling. She often sighed to think she had ever dreamed such a thing possible. Winter passed thus, and in the spring they went again to the cottage. The day after their arrival Anne Wilbank and her handsome brother called. Kate walked with them in the garden, and Mr. Blandon watched the party from the window. He was surprised out of his brown study, by the entrance, in unceremonious country fashion, of his own brother Robert, whom he had not seen for years. The greeting was very cordial, and they sat down to talk over their personal affairs.

"So," said Robert Blandon, "you are married. Bill. And are you happier?"

"No—hang it! I'm miserable."

"Is it your wife's fault?"

"No, (sighing.) The brother looked troubled, but forbore questions, which Mr. Blandon no sooner perceived, than he told him the state of the case, ending with, "She is a cheerful, young thing, and I am a sulky old tyrant. But I can't get over it. Every time I feel she does not love me, I could almost strike her. Her goodness for duty's sake only exasperates me. Why cannot she love me a little?"

"You say," answered Robert, "that she is cheerful. I see myself that she is, and that she is very sweet looking and pretty. He was observing her from the window. At this moment Mr. Wilbank gave each of the ladies a bunch of sweet violets, which he had gathered, and Kate looked extremely pleased with his courtesy air."

"And you say," continued Robert, "that you are miserable. Now it must be either that your conscience reproaches you with want of kindness to her, or else that loving her, you think her unworthy."

William remained silent.

"Now, Will, that face is too serene ever to have been troubled with a real heart-ache, and if she does not love you, I'm sure she doesn't love anybody else. So she certainly has a heart to bestow. If I were you, I wouldn't extend much hospitality to that gay Lothario over there, or to any other handsome fellow, so long as I wore such dark looks myself. Do you see that she is pleased with his petite looks?"

"He don't dare," cried William, his eyes flashing fire.

"Stop, stop, Will. He is only showing every day politeness, and the little air of pleased surprise I see on your wife's face, proves, I am afraid, that she is not accustomed to much chivalric devotion on your part. Do you ever pick up her fan for her, or give her a flower?"

"No. Such little attentions are due from her to me, in consideration of what I have always been to her as guardian, and to my age. I agreed to an such trifling."

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, AUG 6, 1857.

NO. 4.

LINES.

Suggested at sight of a beautiful quadroon girl of New Orleans, a few hours before she was to be sold as a slave, in whom there was seen no trace of African blood. Nourished in the lap of luxury, it was not until the death of her father, when his fortune fell into the hands of relatives, that herself, whose grandmother was once a slave of the family, was claimed and sold as property of the estate.

More touching address never sent
Enthroned on lovely maiden's brow;
A tear stood in those dewy eyes,
Ne'er ceased to weep, or droop till now.

It's true, methought, such modest mien,
Such faultless form and native grace,
Is doomed to anguish and despair,
Now clutched in slavery's fond embrace?

Can't trace the stain of Africa's blood,
In silken hair and hazel eyes,
In purest skin and sweetest face,
That e'er caused mortal man to sigh?

No stain was there a virgin bloom:
The maiden yet was doomed to woe;
As soon might find a pitying look,
In Venus armed with Cupid's bow.

Ah, doomed she was, from rank and wealth,
Where nought but peace and joy were known;
To answer hellish lust and will;
To pine 'neath hellish chains and groans.

Yet gaze they calmly on her tears!
Their tiny souls untouched by woe;
No more could find a pitying look,
Than raging fiend in Arctic snows.

Call'th'th' freedom's happy land,
The friendless exile wanderer's home,
Where peace and plenty gladdened the heart,
And where oppressions never come?

O, native land! I weep for thee;
Accursed canker gnaws thy heart;
Even now dost freedom shriek in vain,
While tortured by the lashes smart.

AMUSING ANECDOTE OF MR. SUMNER.—
Bayard Taylor, writing from London, by the
Asia, relates the following incident in his last
issue the Tribune:

Mr. Sumner is here, at Maurigy's hotel, in
Regent street. I have not yet seen him, but
some friends tell me he is looking very well.
No American has ever been more popular in
England than Mr. Sumner, and he is at present
floating on the top wave of London society.

I heard the other day a good story of his
arrival here. He entered his name upon the
book as simply 'Mr. Sumner, Boston,' and
was accordingly set down by the host and his
funkies as an ordinary traveller. The next
morning one of the latter came to Mr. Sumner's
room in some excitement, and said: 'Lord
Brougham is down stairs, sir, asking for you.'

To the waiter's amazement, Mr. S. quietly
said, without exhibiting the least surprise:
'Very well, show him up! Not long after-
ward the former came, still more excited: 'Sir,
the Lord Chief Justice has called, and he asks
for you!'

'Show him up,' was again the cool
reply. After his Lordship had departed the
waiter came once more, bewildered, and a
little aggravated. 'Sir, Sir, the Lord Chan-
cellor of England has called to see you!'

'Show him up,' repeated Mr. S. These as-
tonishing facts were no doubt at once com-
municated to the landlord, for the next day's
Morning Post announced the arrival of 'His
Excellency the Honorable Mr. Sumner, at
Maurigy's Hotel.'

A BROTHER AT SCHOOL.—One of the juve-
niles, though considerably advanced, not long
since, got admission to a public school up town.
He was shown to a seat, and in the course of
the morning the master resolved to enter into
a little examination of the youth's capacities
and knowledge, prior to assigning him to a
class. Calling the boy to stand up he asked:

'Do you know anything of grammar?'

'I don't know anything else.'

'Very well. Now attend—in the beginning
God made the world, I parse world.'

'All the boy knew of grammar was what
he had heard that very morning from the dif-
ferent classes reciting around him—but he had
been taught that when he was fighting in the
dark, he must strike straight out from the
shoulder right and left, and it would be right.'

'Parse world?' he drawled out inquiringly
so as to gain time.

'Yes. In the beginning God made the
world—parse world.'

'Well, world is the biggest kind of a noun,
masculine gender, all sorts of tense, past pre-
sent and future, and—' and slapping his hands
down on the desk with a force that shook the
building—'it's governed by God! Now follow
along your Sunday school scholars, old fops,
and see if they can beat that.'

IMPORTANT DECISION TOUCHING THE PAY-
MENT OF RAILROAD FARES.—A passenger
on the Illinois Central Railroad took passage
without purchasing a ticket. He had ridden
about two miles when the conductor demanded
the fare, whereupon he offered a \$100 bill, the
fare being \$1.55. The conductor refused to
take the large bill and ordered the man to
leave the train. He did so, and afterwards
sued the company for damages. The Court
decided in favor of the company, holding—
That the conductor was not bound to change
the plaintiff's bill, although it may have been
genuine.

That the offer of the bill, demanding a re-
turn of \$98.45, was not a tender of the fare,
nor offer to pay it.

That upon the demand for the fare and the
refusal of the plaintiff to pay it, the conductor
had the right to expel the plaintiff from the
cars, using no more force than was necessary
for that purpose.

That when a person goes aboard a passen-
ger car without having paid his fare in advance,
and the same is demanded by the conductor of
the train, and a refusal to pay it when so de-
manded, the conductor is not bound to take
him to the next station, but may expel him at
once, unless by such expulsion the life and
health of such person would be thereby endan-
gered.

A FACT TO PONDER.—The Richmond (Va.)
Central Herald publishes the following signifi-
cant statement under the above head: 'In
looking over the annual statement of the Board
of Foreign Missions, there is a fact that strikes
us painfully. By summing up the entire con-
tributions of the Synod of Virginia, we find
them to be \$3475. Those of the Synod of
North Carolina amount to \$1525. Both to-
gether amount to \$5000. By referring to the
report of contributions from New York, we
find that the First Church (Dr. Phillips)
has given \$6386, and the Fifth Avenue and
19th street, (Dr. Alexander's) \$7648; each
of them more than all the churches in both of
the Synods. Brethren, why is this? Is one
church in New York richer than both these
large and prosperous Synods? Why then this
fact?

It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling
rill and the heart that hears it feels bathed in
the exhilarating spring. Have you ever, per-
sued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on
by her airy laugh—now here, now lost, now
found? Sometimes it comes to us in the
midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business,
and then we turn away and listen; and hear it
ringing through the room like a silver bell,
with power to scare away the ill spirits of the
mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh.

It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it
flings showers of sunshine over the darkness
in which we are travelling; it touches
with light even our sleep, which is no more
the image of death, but is consumed with
dreams that are the shadows of mortality.

THE PATCH ON MR. MARCY'S BEKKONES.
When he was Governor of New York, Mr.
Marcy was visiting Newburgh on some public
occasion, and with a party of gentlemen, Whigs
and Democrats, was at the Orange Hotel.
Good humor was prevailing, and one story
suggested another. The Governor always en-
joyed a story, and could tell one with excel-
lent effect. A Whig lawyer was present, and
the Governor recognising him, said:

'Ah, yes; I'll tell you a good story of
Spooner. The other day he came up to Al-
bany, on his way to the Whig convention at
Utica, and so he took it in his way to call on
me to get a pardon for a convict at Sing Sing.

I heard the case, examined the documents, and
being satisfied that all was right, agreed to
grant the request. Spooner handed me the
paper to endorse, and I wrote: 'Let the par-
don be granted, W. L. Marcy'; when Spooner
cried out: 'Hold, hold, Governor! that's the
wrong paper!'

'And sure enough, it was a
Whig speech that he was going to make at
Utica, abusing me the worst possible way. But
I had granted pardon in advance, and I
suppose he committed the offence afterwards.'

The story was received with great applause,
and Spooner, being looked to for a response,
instantly went on with the following, which,
for an extempore story, certainly is capital.—
'Yes, gentlemen—yes I did. And when the
Convention was over we went to Niagara
Falls, and as we were dragging on by stage
over miserable corduroy roads, banging our
heads against the top of the coach, and then
coming down as if we were to go through the
bottom, the stage came to a dead halt; the
driver dismounted, opened the door, and re-
quested us all to descend. We did so, suppos-
ing that some accident had occurred. When
we were all out, standing on the ends of the
logs of which the road was made, the driver
took off his hat and said:—'Gentlemen we
always stop here out of respect for the Gov-
ernor; this is the identical spot where Marcy
tore his pantaloons.'

The story was heard with great jollification,
which no one joined more heartily than the
Governor himself.

That pantalon incident deserves to be re-
corded in every history of this great man. He
was sent out to hold special sessions of court
to try the anti-Masonic parties charged with
murder. He was to receive a salary and his
expenses. With that nice regard for details
that belonged to his sterling character, he kept
a minute account of all his expenditures, and
handed in the list on his return, without think-
ing it necessary or proper to revise and erase
those items of a nature, which other men, less
scrupulous in great matters, might have care-
fully suppressed. There stood the tailor's
charge for mending. The political foes of the
Judge, when he came to be candidate for Gov-
ernor, found it, and paraded it before the world
in the newspapers; and making an effigy of
Mr. Marcy, suspended it in the streets of Al-
bany, with a great patch on the pantaloons,
and the tailor's charge on top of that.

But an observant people saw through the
patch and the charge into the heart of an hon-
est man, and in that very deed of his recog-
nized a frankness and transparency of character
that commended him to their warm approba-
tion. It is probable that the pantalon charge
lost for him not a single vote, while it is doubt-
less true that it made him multitudes of friends.
He was never ashamed of it and never had
reason to be.

SLANDER.—It was an acute as well as a
magnanimous sentiment of Lord Nelson, when
urged to prosecute a person who had libelled
him: 'There is no need of ruining a poor
devil, who is sufficiently his own enemy to
ruin himself.' Generally speaking, the best
way to avenge yourself, when a man back-
bites or slanders you, is to let him alone most
severely. Don't go to law, or wage a war of
words with him, on account of the abuse, but
let it down. The sharpest denunciation is
not so cutting as silence; and it is a poor,
silly character that needs to be propped up
by the verdict of twelve men. When Julius
Cesar was libelled in a stinging epigram by
Catalulus—what course did he pursue? Fly
into a towering passion, and order the poet to
prison? No—like a veritable Emperor, and
the foremost man of all the world, he simply
invited Catalulus to supper!

The Watchman & Reflector what constitutes
home? 'This is my home,' cried a little one,
a treasured boy of four summers, as fresh and
rosy, he came in from school at the close of a
short winter afternoon.

'Indeed little Willie,' said his mother's vis-
itor, 'how is it? Suppose, now, you go out on
the sidewalk and try the next door. Suppose
you step into the entry, throw off your little
sack as you have here and proceed to the par-
lor. Wouldn't that be your home?'

'No, indeed,' said Willie; 'that wouldn't be
it.'

'But, tell me, why not?'

Willie had never thought of this. He
passed for a moment, then directing his eye to
where his mother sat quietly sewing, he replied
with an earnest gesture. 'She lives here.'

COUNTERFEIT BANK NOTES. How to
DETECT THEM.—Frost's Reporter, in its
last issue, gives the following directions for
the detection of counterfeit and altered bank
notes:

There are one or more human figures on
every bank note. Examine one of these care-
fully—take notice of the hair, the face, the
nose, the hands, the clothing; then, by com-
paring these different features in the genuine
note with the same in the counterfeit, and not-
ing the difference, you will perceive that in the
genuine the head will resemble that of a well-
dressed man—in the counterfeit, it will look

as though it couldn't help it; 'the eyes'
will be eyes 'that speak,' in the one case, and
'two clumsy dots' in the other. After one
full comparison of this kind is made, you can
distinguish the difference between a genuine
and a counterfeit note almost as easily as you
can tell a black man from a white one.

In regard to alterations, the Reporter says,
notes are altered in various ways. 1s, 2s and
3s are altered to 5s, 10s and 20s, of the same
bank, by simply altering the denomination of
the note. This is sometimes done by pasting
'Five' (or a larger denomination) over the
word 'One' and pasting a figure '6' over the
figure '1.' Sometimes by extracting the origi-
nal denominations from the small bill, with
acids, and then printing or stamping on the
larger denominations. Another mode is to
take a genuine bill of some broken or worth-
less bank, and alter the location of the bank.
'Merchants' Bank,' of Washington, D. C., (a
worthless concern) by extracting 'Washing-
ton, D. C.' could be changed to 'Troy N. Y.,'
'Boston, Mass.,' or to 'Merchants' Bank' of
any other town or State.

Another method is to alter the name and lo-
cation of worthless bills so as to represent sol-
vent banks.

To detect 'an altered note,' examine care-
fully 'the name of the State,' name of the bank,
and the name of the town where the bank is
located; also examine the name or denomina-
tion of the note, and hold it to the light, with
the back of the note towards you. Whenever
you can get a counterfeit and genuine note of
the same bank and same plate, take time and
pains to compare them together. You can
then see the difference very plainly between a
genuine and counterfeit note. Finally, if you
have the 'ideal' of a perfect note in your mind,
whenever it is rendered imperfect by counter-
feiting, altering, erasing, pasting, adding, or in
any other manner, you at once discern—by
the expression of the note—that something is
wrong in it; therefore you don't know it. In
deciding upon a note, the first impression is
usually the best.

STABBING AFFRAY AT ROCKLAND.—On
Sunday last, as we learn from the Rockland
Democrat, an altercation about a money mat-
ter took place between George Pillsbury and
Capt. George Barter. One called the other a
liar and a thief, and the other threatened to
kick him if he repeated the words. The words
were repeated and the kick followed with a
whisk. Pillsbury stabbed Barter with a dirt
knife inflicting a serious wound, nearly cutting
off one rib and penetrating the lungs. Mr.
Pillsbury was immediately arrested by sheriff
Anderson, and on Monday afternoon an exami-
nation was had before N. C. Woodard, Justice
of the Peace, and Mr. Pillsbury was bound
over in the sum of \$3000 for his appearance
at the October term of the Supreme Judicial
Court. Mr. Barter is a sea-faring man, about
45 years old, and bears the character of being
a quiet, industrious and respectable person.
Pillsbury is a young man 21 years old, who
belongs to a good family, and has borne a fair
reputation. He obtained bail.

HOMOEOPATHY. The large city hospital of
Chicago has been placed, by the Board of
Health, under the charge of two medical boards,
one of the allopathic school of medicine, and
the other of the homoeopathic. To the latter
only about one-fourth of the building has been
allotted, but more room will be given if needed.
Each patient, on entering, is to choose which
school of physicians shall take him in charge.
If he is indifferent, or unable to choose, he will
be assigned to one or the other schools, accord-
ing as the week in which he enters may be
odd or even, as numbered in the year. Thus
the two systems are fairly matched against
each other, and a sharp and careful rivalry
will be inaugurated in the good work of saving
life. The respective boards are to keep re-
cords of the symptoms, treatment and results
of their cases, a published comparison of which,
at the end of the year, would no doubt form
an exceedingly interesting study for the profes-
sion generally.

BEAR STORY.—Mr. James Thompson of
Athens, a few days since, went to his pasture
in pursuit of his cows. Not finding them in
the open land and hearing a noise in the bushes
which he supposed made by the cows, he
went in pursuit of them. When in the thick
bushes, he received a heavy blow upon his
shoulder, and his claws were inserted into his
coat, and his coat was torn somewhat. In a
few moments the blow was repeated with
greater violence, when he found that he was un-

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE. . . AUG. 6, 1857.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York. N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

A CHALLENGE.—Victor Engine Co. No. 1, of Kendall's Mills, have sent their compliments to Waterville No. 3, asking a trial of their respective Fire Engines, at such time and place as the latter may fix. To add interest to the occasion, they propose that each company shall deposit one hundred dollars, the whole to be drawn by the successful competitor.

At their meeting Monday evening, Waterville No. 3 accepted the proposition; the trial to come off on some day in the month of September, and appointed a Committee to submit an early day, to the victors, their propositions as to time, place, terms, &c. of the trial.

We could wish that instead of the proposed hundred dollars, the stake had been a social supper for both companies. This would do a lot of good in the end, but it could not fail to operate as wine and oil to any wound that might otherwise be left to fester and generate bad blood. After defeat on one side and victory on the other, they are in poor condition either to pay or receive the forfeit; but let them eat, drink and be merry together, and tomorrow the memory of all bitterness is dead. A full stomach is a wonderful peace-maker.

CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL.—We advise not only ladies, but gentlemen, to examine a box of their jewelry and flowers, at the store of E. T. Elden & Co. Godey, of the famous "Lady's Book," is distributing thousands of dollars worth of their ornaments and jewelry, in all parts of the country; and they have become so fashionable that it becomes an object to procure them with economy. As tokens of friendship and affection, or memorials of deceased friends, they embrace an idea that gives additional propriety to this class of decorations. Bracelets, watch chains, ear and finger rings, breast pins, flowers and wreaths, are wrought with a value beyond mere diamonds and pearls. The samples exhibited are the work of Mrs. Dr. Stevens, of Skowhegan, and Miss Laura Cool, of this place; to whose ingenuity and nice taste, as well as commendable industry, they afford a high compliment. We wish them success in making their beautiful art profitable, as they certainly deserve it should be.

CRACK IT, DOCTOR!—Mr. I. B. Clifford, of this town, has a hen that still cackles her protest against Dr. Holmes' egg verdict. She doubts the weight, the measure, and the whole story, and is determined to try the matter over again. She is a royal Dorking, and hence her excessive ambition. The Shanghai has less perseverance and bigger eggs—as she has more legs and less good chicken meat. Well, the Waterville Dorking makes her mark with an egg that measures 8 1/4 inches longest circumference and seven inches shortest, and in its weight lacking but one fourth of an ounce of one quarter of a pound! There is a challenge for all the royal blooded cacklers in Winthrop.

THE BRIDGE.—At the meeting of the Proprietors of Ticonic Bridge, on Monday, all the stock ready to be transferred was taken by new subscribers. On account of the absence of a gentleman who has charge of the residue, it could not be transferred.

JOSEPH H. DRUMMOND was chosen a Director to fill a vacancy.

The Proprietors voted to rebuild the bridge immediately, and chose Samuel Redington, Edwin Noyes, and Walter Gutchell, a Committee to contract for that purpose, and superintend the work.

They authorized the Directors to make and collect assessments on the stock, for the purpose of rebuilding.

Their meeting stands adjourned to Friday, P. M. at 2 o'clock.

The "Bangor Democrat," of the intensified stripes, and the "Journal," straight-whig, have been united; and though as they were of the same blood and as like as two peas, it came within the list of marriages interdicted to all good Christians and wise physiologists, yet no one forbade the banns. The new paper will appear weekly under the title of "The Democrat," and daily as "The Bangor Daily Union." It will be under the editorial charge of Marcellus Emery, Esq., who promises one great change from the old order of things.—In the discussion of all subjects, whether political or otherwise, it is my purpose to indulge in no personalities, but to be dignified, courteous and independent. We shall see.

THE CONCERT, at Commencement, has become a prominent attraction in the exercises of this festival. This year it promises to be unusually rich, the band having nearly twice the ordinary number of performers, and embracing several stars of rare brilliancy. Of the latter, it is enough to mention Kahrhahn, the celebrated organ player, and Blodgett, the distinguished violinist. It will be a rare entertainment.

PORTLAND DAILY ADVERTISER.—This spirited and able paper, for the regular receipt of which we are indebted to the kindness of the publishers, has lately had a new suit of type throughout, and is now one of the neatest as well as one of the best dailies that come to our notice.

By the help of the telegraph, it gives us the news about six hours sooner than the Boston papers, and we should suppose would be eagerly sought for by our anxious quinquage, eager to learn something new.

OUR TABLE.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—Nos. 688 and 689 contain a great variety of excellent reading—the articles being, as the newspapers say, too numerous to mention. Sixty-four well filled and closely-packed pages for 12 1/2 cents would seem to be cheap enough, even in these days of low priced reading. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for July has the following table of contents: New Sea-Side Studies, No. 2—The Scilly Isles. What Will be Done with It? By Plaisistrate Caxton—Part 2. Charles the Fifth. Scenes of Clerical Life, No. 3—Janet's Repentance, part 1. Currier Bell. Life of Sir Charles J. Napier. Representation of the Colonies.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription.—For one of the four Reviews \$3.00 per annum; any two Reviews \$5.00; any three Reviews 7.00; all four Reviews \$10.00—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the United States will be twenty-four cents a year for "Blackwood," and but fourteen cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—The August number contains another chapter of "A Trip to Cuba and the Southern States," illustrated, which is full of interest; some valuable prints on strawberry culture; Random Notes collected for the Horticulturist, with notes; Influence of the Stock upon the Grass—add a score of other articles on various subjects connected with horticulture. Foreign Notices as usual, and a well filled Editor's Table. The frontispiece in this number is an engraving of The Coral Tree, and many other elegant illustrations are given. In the body of the work, any one desirous of cultivating a rural taste, or wishing to beautify and adorn his house, will do well to avail himself of the efficient aid of this work—the best of its kind.

The Horticulturist is published by Robert Pearson Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition, \$3.00.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—Two fine engravings grace the August number of this literary and religious magazine.—The Church at Stratford-upon-Avon and Burial Place of Shakespeare, and 'The Mother's Blessing,' both of exquisite beauty and the most wonderfully touching in sentiment—a widowed mother by the bedside of her sleeping boy, her only one—and illustrating the legend below.

"The wild bird has her nestlings all,
High in the sheltering tree,
Her faithful mate to hear her call;
But I have only thee."
The literary contents of the number are of the usual variety and excellence.

Published by Westminster & Post, Cincinnati at \$2 a year; Carlton & Porter, New York, and J. P. Magee, Boston, agents.

Public Spirit.

We have noticed before, in an article on Our Society, its peculiarities with respect to disposition, manners and energy. Again we would speak with reference to our society, but with a view to its Public Spirit.

Energy must go hand in hand with Public Spirit. We have shown however, in a previous article, that our society is deficient with respect to its energy; so we cannot avoid the conclusion that it is deficient with respect to Public Spirit also. If it were not so, Waterville would not fail to improve her water power, so extensive and susceptible that she need not yield to any in the State. If it were not so, factories would be built; thousands would come to labor and grow rich; our village would become a city and its prosperity and industry triply increased. Waterville should be the first town on the Kennebec; she should be as active, as beautiful, as extensive in manufactures as in wealth.

But there must be men to make her such. There is money enough, there are men enough such as they are; but we want men who will use their money—build up mills and give life to the place they live in.

Men of Waterville, you are remiss, richer than enterprising, more given to ease than active industry! For what our village is, you are responsible; for what it might be, it is not, you are equally so. But "what are you going to do about it," some one asks. Well, I am going to tell you of it, at least. You may know that others that think Waterville might be made better. Her manufactures and trade should keep pace with her intelligence. The Kennebec is longing for mills, for men, for active men. We do not wonder that her splendid shores are deserted of our citizens; for in their seclusion they escape the murmuring sound of its waters—more men, more men, more men.

Waterville is a central place—might be the market of many adjoining towns—might be a city as prosperous as beautiful. But it is you inhabitants, that must make it so. It is you that must do it. Why then ask so high for the water power that none afford to buy it? Why if you will not work yourselves, will you keep others from working among us? Consider rather what you might do and then what you have (not done), and let us make our village not only the seat of a college, but a busy mart and rival of the enterprising Lewiston.

A BIOGRAPHY OF DR. KANE BY DR. ELDER.—Messrs. Childs & Peterson announce that they will soon publish a memoir of the late Dr. Kane, by Dr. Wm. Elder. This, to very many persons, on both sides of the Atlantic must be gratifying news, and the forthcoming work will doubtless be looked for with lively interest. Certainly no nobler subject for biography has been furnished within the present century, and we are glad to think it has been committed to entirely competent hands. The gentleman who has been engaged to prepare the book for the press, is not only able to perform the task with all desirable literary ability, but his rare earnestness of character, and fitness to appreciate fully the importance of the undertaking, afford a guarantee that he will execute it conscientiously, and, therefore, thoroughly. He has, we learn, been furnished with the necessary materials for his purpose by the family of Dr. Kane, and by Mr. Grinnell, Lady Franklin, and all those who had any available knowledge to contribute. In view, then, of the completeness of the data supplied, and the eminent qualifications of Dr. Elder to make the best possible use of it, we may confidently promise that the biography he is employed upon, will not only possess the absorbing interest which belongs to the events of a very remarkable life, but be invested with that additional charm which the most vigorous and vivacious style of narrative can impart to the heroic incidents of personal history.

As regards the need for such a memorial, there can, we think, be no doubt. Apart from any gratification it may afford the immediate friends and relatives of the deceased, or the curiosity of the age in which he lived and acted out the marvelous career of self-sacrificing adventure, peril and endurance which has won for him a wide and glorious renown among his contemporaries, there is a moral significance in so illustrious a life, which requires that it should be preserved and transmitted for the benefit of posterity. Highly as we estimate the services that Dr. Kane rendered to science in his explorations, and the probable results to which they may yet lead, and much as we prize the modest, though fascinating and intelligent record he has left of his last expedition, we hold that the chief worth of all he has been and all he has done, consists in the shining example of human character, which he has bequeathed to his race everywhere, and the salutary influence which that example may continue to exert on succeeding generations of men. That is the true, the paramount value of all biography that deserves to be written, and we venture to say, that an instance of individual history, comprised within a period of thirty odd years, more deserving of permanent record and better fitted to stir strongly all the springs of virtuous emulation, than that of the young Arctic hero is not embraced in "human annals." The world knows already the prominent events of his later years. It has read in his own simple narrative the scenes of thrilling danger, of severe suffering, and of miraculous fortitude through which he passed in his devoted search for the lost English navigators amid the frozen regions of the pole. But these are but manifestations of character which make it the more important that we should penetrate into and discern the processes and agencies of education which ultimately expanded into and bore such noble fruit. The man, therefore, who, in writing his biography from the beginning, admits us to a clear, familiar view of the inner life of Dr. Kane—a view of the working of his soul in its growth towards that heroic breadth and depth of development, that greatness of proportion and generous vigor of tone which were revealed in action and achievement, will perform a work which alone can enable us to understand the admirable character and career which are the subject of it, and make them a luminous guide to others who may aspire to like virtues and like distinction. Dr. Elder, we believe, will endeavor, to do this, and our knowledge of his talents and his zeal assures us that he will satisfactorily accomplish his task. Until the volume is issued from the press, the impatience to peruse it will doubtless increase and we dare to predict, that when received, it will be found one of the most originally written, most interesting, and practically useful memoirs ever given to the public.

(Philadelphia Evening Journal.)

ATTEMPTED VILLAINY.—As Rev. Wm. P. Merrill, of our city was returning home, from Wells, where he had been delivering a lecture on Sunday evening about eleven, when within about three miles from the village on the Kennebec road, two men jumped from the woods and endeavored to seize his horse by the bridle, and falling to do this, one of them fired a pistol at Mr. Merrill. On examining his hat after arriving home, Mr. Merrill found that a ball had passed through its upper part near the top of the crown, and near where the top of his head must have been. Mr. Merrill was in a buggy wagon, and he probably owes his escape to the fleetness of his horse. The man who fired the pistol is described by Mr. Merrill, as having been a tall man, dressed in a frock coat. Nothing was said by the men and Mr. Merrill does not know whether it was their object to kill him, or to murder him out of personal malignity. [Biddeford Journal.]

TRAIL BROS.—Clark B. Cophaine, Esq., delivered a Fourth of July oration at Troy, N. Y., in the course of which he made this sharp, pertinent and just remark:—

"It is the distinguished glory of the Fourth of July, 1776, that the cardinal truth in the whole logic of human rights, without circumlocution or useless ornament, first found national expression and embodiment in the Declaration of Independence. He who at that day had ventured publicly to denounce that instrument as mere sounding and glittering generalities, would have found but one place of safety—retreat behind the British lines."

IMPROVED SHAKESPEARIAN READING.—A teacher in one of the schools to be in the habit of giving his pupils in composition extracts from poems, the Bible, &c., which the scholars are required to transcribe into their own language; making all the blind or doubtful passages plain.

One day he gave out the following, from Shakespeare's play of Othello:—

Trifles, light as air, are to the jealous confirmation of strong.

As proof of holy wit.

One little fellow, who stood at the head of his class in philosophy and chemistry, immediately wrote out handed in the following translation:—

Trifles, weighing fifteen and a half pounds to the square inch, are as good proof to jealous folks as a vetee of the Bible.

PRO-SLAVERY MOB IN KENTUCKY.—Ministers dragged from the pulpit and driven out of the County.—Last Sunday week at Rev. John G. Peck, the well known anti-slavery minister of Kentucky, was preaching at Cummins, Redefate county, Ky., an armed mob forced their way into the church, seized him and two other ministers who were with him, Rev. J. H. Richardson, and Rev. J. M. McLean, and after abusing and insulting them, finally decided that they should be taken out of the country. Mr. Peck was struck on the head and considerably injured. On the way out—a distance of about ten miles—every opportunity was improved by the mob to insult and abuse their victims, and they herded through the neighborhood they passed, that they had three horse thieves, and a great number of thieves, and they were going to lynch them. The mob was composed of the lowest class of Kentuckians, and all of them drunk, yet such is the state of public opinion that it would be useless to prosecute. Commis. has long been an anti-slavery place, but the immediate cause of the outrage, was the attempt to establish a school there. Schools are regarded as most dangerous and incendiary institutions in that part of Kentucky.

From Washington.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.
(N. Y. Tribune correspondence.) Lord Napier has had several prolonged interviews with Gen. Cass relative to subjects of correspondence between the two governments, during the present week. Today the conference was unusually protracted. There is now almost perfect agreement between the United States and Great Britain. Their policy in respect to China, Central America, and Mexico is identical.

Lord Napier has signified to Gen. Herran that New Granada could not expect British sympathy or support, in refusing the reparation demanded by the United States for the massacre of April 1856.

Gen. Cass has reciprocated by assuring Lord Napier that, although we have no cause of war against China, we desire to see that Empire opened to the commerce of the world. The general outbreak of the Sepoys will, no doubt, cause a suspension of the war against the Chinese, as it will produce a diversion of the army and navy employed. In this case, the duty of protecting foreign interests in Chinese ports will devolve upon the American and French fleets.

A very remarkable fact has been communicated to me by a gentleman who sympathizes with the South in all questions connected with slavery. He says that the vessel lately seized and examined at Savannah, Ga., upon suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade, had really been prepared for a voyage to Africa, and that her owners intend to bring into Savannah a cargo of slaves from Dahomey.

If the several laws for the suppression of the traffic be brought to bear against the legality of the enterprise, they will take position against the right of the general government to prohibit the importation of merchandise essential to the interests of the South.

THE APPLE AND THE CURULIO.—Mr. Brown of the New England Farmer reports a small crop of fruit in New Hampshire this year of apples, even less than last year, and thus explains a principal cause of the calamity.—

I have recently spent some fifteen days in the tops of apple trees in picking and shaping, and have carefully examined the young fruit, and in going over some four or five hundred trees I did not find one dozen apples left untouched by the curculio! There was the unmistakable evidence of his visit in the crescent-shaped puncture, and the egg nicely sealed over with gum, while the ground beneath the trees was strewn with unnumbered scores of the fallen and slain. It is impossible to gather all the fruit that falls, as thousands of trees are in grass ground, and in other places where collecting would be impracticable.

WALKER'S MILITARY POSITION.—Years ago, when Detroit was much smaller than it is now, there was a druggist and apothecary's shop kept at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph st., on what is now the north west corner of the Biddle House. It chanced one sultry afternoon that a man slightly intoxicated, called at the shop for an article. The attending clerk was not quite prompt enough to suit the convenience of the customer; who at last, once got mad, and dared the clerk to fight. The clerk replied, "I am just as anxious to fight as you are, but you are at leisure, and I am busy—you go out and begin—when I am released, I will be with you."

This position of Walker, at the head of eight hundred troops, before Lawrence, is precisely analogous to that of the indignant customer—"he has gone out and begun,"—Lawrence has no idea of fighting. There is probably not a more painstaking, frugal, money-making place in the whole country, peopled by men who desire to mend their fortunes and add to their stores—fighting is a subject wholly foreign to their notions, and it is not clear that Gov. Walker's dragoons might not rub against every man in Lawrence, without provoking a fight.

A GOOD JOKE.—William Wells, the colored actor, who is not so black as some white men, told a very good story at the Abington celebration on Saturday. On a steamboat on Cayage Lake the other day he went to the breakfast table with the other passengers. Just as he took his seat, a dark colored white man called a waiter and asked if colored persons were admitted to the table with white folks. The waiter did not know exactly what to say, so he called the Captain, who on entering the cabin enquired who had called for him. "I, sir said Mr. Wells, pointing to the dark stranger. "I desire to know if it is your custom to allow colored people at the regular table?" The captain replied that no objection had ever been made before, and seeing the dark white man evidently annoyed in spirit, appealed to the generosity of the colored orator, to allow him to remain. Mr. Brown finally consented, and at this turn of affairs the white man, who was as black as to be passed for a negro, left the table in utter disgust and unable to speak his thoughts.

BRUNETT'S COCOAINE.—For preserving and beautifying the hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. The Cocoaïne holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized Cocoa-nut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly meet the various conditions of the human hair. It softens the hair when hard and dry—it soothes the irritated scalp skin—it affords the richest luster—it remains longest in effect—and it is the best and cheapest hair dressing in the world.

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston. For sale by all druggists, at fifty cents for half-pint bottle.

Europe is in peace—all is quiet—order reigns from the White Sea to Gibraltar; so come the reports by the steamers. But Europe is in war as much today, though without much bloodshed, as in the time of Napoleon. Spain is full of drum head courts that are sentenced to exile and death, while the prisons are so crowded that pestilence breeds in them. Italy is one boiling cauldron of revolution; every day sleeps in fear of flames, and every morning trembles through the night, rises to meet morning sacrifices for protection from the assassin's steel. France never bleeds nor smokes, but her destiny trembles upon the life of one man, whose blood would, upon a pillow, hold as freely as though he were a slave and

his dynasty—his crowns and unannointed power—his life held by a life lease, and must cease when he ceases. His enemies plot for his destruction, and his friends watch in anxiety for the result of every hour. Look where he will—there is a war of classes, a war of claimants for crowns, a war for ideas, which must finally be a war of blows. This is the peace and quiet they boast of—and this is all. [Newburyport Herald.]

SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS.—We learn that on Monday last Mr. E. Inman came from Old town in the evening train of cars, having for baggage a common trunk marked "E. Inman Franklin, Maine, care of John West." He took his trunk and asked of the depot master if he might leave it over night in a particular place in the depot, and if it would be safe; saying that he would return in the morning and take it away. He was told that he might leave it there, and did so. He had a small black dog with him. The man did not return Tuesday, and on Tuesday evening his dog came back alone, and set down to watch the trunk. The man has neither returned, nor been heard from, but the faithful dog has kept his post until the present time. After the dog had been there for two days without leaving the trunk for a moment, one of the railroad officials began to think there was something mysterious in the matter, and fed the dog, who was almost ravenous. What has become of the man, nobody, as we can learn, knows. Mr. Inman is a large sized man, about forty-five years old. His family now live in Franklin, Bangor News.

Mr. E. Inman, for whose safety some fear was felt last week, returned to the depot of the Bangor, Oldtown and Milford railroad, and took his trunk. The explanation he gave for his absence was that he obtained a chance to labor at haying, and availed himself of it. [News.]

There are hundreds of remedies sold at every Drug Store, purporting to cure all diseases, nameable, each advertised as the very best ever known, till we had lost all faith in them all, but there is one exception.

We speak of Dr. Sanford's Invigorator, which came to us recommended as a cure for Liver Complaints, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver. The testimonials of so many of our Physicians in its favor, induced us to try it, and now we can say with confidence that it is one of the greatest blessings ever given to Dyspepsia, for it makes a complete cure before the first bottle is taken, and now we can eat anything eatable without trouble while before nothing but the lightest food would digest, and often that gave pain. Now what we want to say to all our readers, if Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia trouble you, do not fail to try this the greatest remedy in the world.

CAMP MEETING.—The following are the appointments for camp meetings amongst the Methodists in New England. We copy from the Boston Journal:—

Eastham, Mass., August 11; Monticello, Me., August 12; Martha's Vineyard, Mass., August 20; Wilbraham, Mass., August 24; Glensbury, Conn., August 24; Kennebunk, Me., August 24; Sterling Junction, Mass., August 31; Kendall's Mills, Me., August 31; East Poland, Me., September 1; Northport, Me., September 7; West Killingly, Conn., September 7; Newmarket Junction, N. H., September 7; East Livermore, Me., September 7; Bethel, Me., September 22.

SUICIDE OF SENATOR RUSK.—Advices from Texas says that Senator Rusk, committed suicide at his residence on the 29th ult., by shooting himself through the head with a rifle. No cause assigned.

Andrieu's Panorama is the best painting ever exhibited in Waterville. It may be seen again at Town Hall on commencement day.

CRIMINALS OF THE SUPREME COURT.—The Kennebec Journal understands that the opinion of the Supreme Judge on the question propounded to them last winter by the Senate, touching negro suffrage in this State, have been deposited with the Secretary of State, and will be made public as soon as practicable.

PAULINE POISSON.—On Sabbath afternoon, the 19th inst., a child of Captain L. F. Grey, of West Sweden, aged about one year and nine months, was poisoned by eating blue berries, growing in the woods. The child died on Monday morning, and the cause of death was ascertained by the physician.

DEAD BATTLE.—A battle between a white and a black man, which took place on the 19th inst., at a public house in the city of Philadelphia. The white man was a man of color, and the black man was a man of color. The white man was a man of color, and the black man was a man of color. The white man was a man of color, and the black man was a man of color.

A DOUBLE VILLAIN.—For reading with interest the case of Dr. Howard, who was recently detected at Skowhegan in purloining money from the meek drawers of his neighbors. He had stolen the money from the pockets of the poor, and was caught in the act. The money was found in his pocket, and he was taken to the police.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE was posted up by a man in the town of York, who recently changed his residence from the town of York to the town of Waterville. The notice was as follows:—

I have moved my residence to the town of Waterville, and I am now in the town of Waterville. I am now in the town of Waterville, and I am now in the town of Waterville. I am now in the town of Waterville, and I am now in the town of Waterville.

Brotherhood and Disunion.—Brotherhood, speaking of the salary attached to the command appointments to the regular army, says that the money is "a good deal of money," and that it is "a good deal of money."

DR. JONSON'S SANCHESS.—A young clergyman, very devoted to his duties, and very kind to his people, was one day called to the bedside of a sick man, and he was called to the bedside of a sick man, and he was called to the bedside of a sick man.

A gentleman in Illinois, who had a quantity of Quinine, came to the town of Waterville, and he came to the town of Waterville, and he came to the town of Waterville. He came to the town of Waterville, and he came to the town of Waterville. He came to the town of Waterville, and he came to the town of Waterville.

There is a deep, telling moral in the following account from a Liverpool Journal, of the manner in which Miss Smith, the murderer, had been educated by her friends:—

"The eldest member of a family, which she has driven from home and happiness, was nurtured amid all the refinements of life like a house plant. Her father resolved she should be kept apart from the world as much as possible, vainly imagining that a severe system of seclusion from its evil would preserve his flower, Madeline, from worldly contamination. She was permitted to know of evil only as it was spoken of in the catechism. While she was a girl, he thought he could mold her into a spotless being by denying her even so much acquaintance with the outside world as is revealed in the columns of a newspaper. The London Times might be his daily monitor, but Madeline was too delicate to make acquaintance with its details of life. The result was even worse than might have been expected from a system so false and so thoroughly opposed to the healthy development of humanity, in a world where moral beauty is reached through knowledge of the bad that has to be resisted and overcome. When she came into society, Madeline Smith, though heading into a vortex, of the existence of which she had been previously unaware. The houseplant was not fitted for the rough atmosphere of the world, and it perished. The catechism was exchanged for 'Lucretia,' and other novels of that class, which were devoured with avidity. The fast literature of the day took the place of those 'good' books which she had been set to read by good old Dr. Beattie, the venerable pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of which her parents were members. She became faster in her pace than those of her female acquaintances who had been accustomed to what Isaac Taylor's old lady friend called a 'little wholesome people.' She had been so well taken care of that she now took no care of herself. And so it came about, in the course of a few short years, that the met in the poor Jersey youth with her face. She led two lives; this was the terrible necessity of the position into which she had been precipitated; and later in the night in which she had been down to the ministers house, perhaps to a letter to Dr. Angellier, at whose contents the mortally abandoned of your Waterville's unfortunate would blush with shame."

EXTENSIVE SPUNK.—An independent American, travelling on the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, refused to take the conductor's checks for his tickets for himself and wife, and they being left with him, he threw them on the floor, and would not pick them up and give them to the conductor when the latter came around for them. The President of the road being up, the train, told the passenger he could have his choice, be put off the cars, pick up and return the checks or pay his passage over again. The man paid, his spunk costing him \$4.20.

A GREAT PROJECT.—During the last three years a canal has been in process of excavation on the American side at Niagara Falls, from 'Old French Landing,' a short distance above the head of the rapids, back of the town to a point on the river a mile below. It will be eighty feet and ten feet deep with a fall at the outlet of one hundred and fifty feet—thus affording one of the most magnificent "water privileges" in the world. The canal company have seventy acres of land. Where they intend to erect mills and their appendages. The head of the canal can be reached by steamboats from Lake Erie. The experiment was tried on the Fourth, and three boats went down and back without difficulty. This place will, when the canal is finished, soon become the site of a manufacturing city with great facilities for ingress as well as unrivalled hydraulic power.

SAD ACCIDENT.—The wife of Mr. G. H. Keen, of Auburn, was severely and probably fatally burned, on Thursday, by the bursting of a fluid lamp. During the night, one of her children was unwell, and the nurse and lighted a lamp. It did not burn freely, and she gave it a sudden shake, when it exploded, throwing the burning fluid over her dress and body, and burning her so severely in the region of the lungs and stomach, that her life is despaired of. Dr. Wiggin was called, and dressed the burns, but he has no hopes of her recovery. Her husband was in Lowell at the time of the accident, but immediately hastened home on learning of the dreadful calamity.

A GOOD PAINT.—Stim, with an aromatic fresh scented lime, eight ounces; linseed oil, six ounces; white Burgundy pitch, two ounces; Spanish white, three pounds; the lime to be shaken in water, exposed to the air, mixed in about one-fourth of the milk; the oil, in which the pitch is previously dissolved, to be added a little at a time; then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white; this quantity is sufficient for twenty square yards, two coats.

If a particle of lime oil be added to the preceding composition, or if this be combined with a slight portion of black, either of Venetian or of Prussian blue, the color will be obtained.

Capt. Yates, of the brig Flora, charged with carrying off the Krooman named Robert Davis, from the coast of Africa, in violation of the laws against the slave trade, was discharged by commissioner Abbot on Thursday. It having been shown that the complainant's name was regularly entered in the shipping articles and came on board of his own accord. The Krooman, however, still clings to the opinion that his throat is about to be cut.

ACCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.—A piece of rock, weighing one hundred tons, fell from the Precipice of Goat Island, Niagara, on Sunday last, about three hundred feet below the British falls. Three persons underneath were badly hurt; G. W. Parsons of Cleveland, it is feared fatally; F. G. Williams of New Haven had an arm broken and a boy had a leg broken.

MISSOURI ELECTION.—St. Louis, August 3.—In the State election to-day, as far as heard from, Rollins, independent, has a majority over Stewart, democrat, for governor.

HEADACHE.—Under this caption in another column may be found the best remedy for the Headache and Neuralgia in Dr. Hutchins Headache Pills, the efficacy of which we are happy to give our testimony, and would gladly recommend them to all those who are thus afflicted. Sold by the Druggists.

We do our friends a real service in calling attention to a medicine of such acknowledged merit as Wistar's Balsam. We are all liable to coughs and colds, which cease to be dangerous when "Balsam" is had to the "WILL CHERRY."

