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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 51): June 22, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

O, not alone in the tented field,  
Are armies pitched and battles fought;  
The use of sword and well-worn shield  
Is not to every hero taught;  
In all of life are soldiers found;  
In warfare deep, and no discharge,  
The din of battle, plumed and armed,  
As leading on, they vigorous charge.

The fight for daily bread may be  
As noble in the sight of God  
As any march of victory  
By Christian or by Pagan trod.  
Noble or sordid, great or small,  
Is not the one or crushing test;  
The motive is the rule of life;  
Honor to God the grand behest.

The battle-field is everywhere,  
The foe at all times in our way;  
Temptation, pleasure, want or care  
The conflict wages from day to day;  
And he who in the gallant fight  
Maintains his purpose firm and strong,  
Who keeps his armor pure and bright,  
Shall win the laurel wreath ere long.

Courage, faint heart, whose narrow life,  
Fettered and dwarfed by things of sense,  
Whose soul would soar to the daily strife,  
And pine for wings to bear it hence;  
Full well I know the weary way,  
The earth-stained garments, spirit spent,  
The pious prayer that day by day  
Goes up to the Omnipotent.

I too have suffered and have fought,  
I too have dragged the cup of life;  
I know how dear the victory bought,  
How heavy and deadly is the strife;  
Yet pray and trust, his grace is nigh;  
And when this fevered life is past,  
The One who scrupled not to die,  
Will claim and own us at the last.

Each struggle that has cost thee dear,  
Though all unseen to mortal eye,  
Each sacrifice that claimed a tear—  
God notes down all; he marks on high.  
Then cheerful let us battle on,  
Though storms shall rise and rage assail;  
How sweet the rest, the victory won,  
While rings through heaven the great "All hail!"  
—American Messenger.

[From The Ladies' Repository]

## JOHNNY'S TEMPTATION.

If there was anything in the world that Johnny Parker really coveted it was a knife. Almost all the boys in his class had pocket-knives except Johnny. To be sure they were not the most stylish kind, for Billy Stone had the black broken; and Tommy Ward had the handle broken; but Eddy Foster had a regular brand-new, two-bladed knife, a genuine Barlowe knife, and it only cost half a dollar. Johnny watched it with admiring eyes every time Eddy drew it out, which happened whenever there was anything to cut, and he had vainly tried to buy it with his whole stock of playthings. Johnny knew better than even to ask his dear mother to buy him such a knife, for he knew well enough that she had all she could do to pay the rent of the little cottage where they lived and keep him and Robby in comfortable clothes. So Johnny only thought, and wished, and contrived all to himself, but he couldn't hit upon any plan for getting such a knife as Eddy Foster's. But one day he was going home from school he saw little Bertie Grant sailing a tiny ship on a little pond of water near his father's house. The little fellow had emptied his pockets of their contents to try to find something that would do for ballast, and just as Johnny came up he had loaded his ship with a handful of coins.

"I wouldn't put those in, Bertie," said Johnny, "they'll slip into the water and you'll lose 'em."

"Well, I can't find any stones little enough," said Bertie.

"Wait and I'll get you some," said Johnny, going across the street and filling his hands with some clean, white pebbles.

Bertie was delighted with the pebbles and threw his money carelessly on the ground.

"May I count it?" said Johnny, gathering it up. "O my! how much you've got—two dimes, and a silver quarter, and no end of pennies. What are you going to do with it, Bertie?"

"I don't know," said Bertie, carelessly, starting his ship on a new voyage, "what would you do?"

"I'd buy a knife quicker'n a wink if I was you," said Johnny.

"Mamma says I can't have any knife, not till I'm seven years old," said Bertie, "and I guess I shant ever get to be that old."

"I'm older than that," said Johnny, "but I never had so much money as this, and I don't s'pose I ever shall."

"You may have it all if you want it," said Bertie. "I don't care about it a speck."

"Will your mamma let you give it away?" said Johnny, his heart beating hard and his cheeks burning with excitement.

"Oh, she don't care," said Bertie, "I had more'n that, but I lost some down the cistern."

So Johnny thanked Bertie, slipped the money into his pocket, and ran home. He did not stop to speak to little Bertie, but went straight up into his room and poured the money out on the bed and counted it over. There was a good deal more than enough to buy a knife, and he gathered it up to return it to his pocket. What a pleasant sound it made as it went jingling into his pocket, where nothing had jingled an hour before but a slate-pencil, two brass-headed nails, and some bits of orange colored glass.

"Johnny," called his mother, "I want you to run to the store and bring me some thread."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, running down stairs two steps at a time.

"There'll be a penny change," said his mother, "and you may have that for a new pencil; you said your pencil scratched so."

Johnny was at the very point of telling his mother about his fortune, but somehow he couldn't help feeling afraid she would not approve of his spending the money, so he started on his errand without saying a word about it.

"He gave it to me without asking," said Johnny to himself, "and so of course it's mine."

"He's too little to know anything about the value of money," said something to Johnny, "and you ought not to have taken it."

"His papa is rich, he can give Bertie anything he wants," said Johnny to himself, "and my papa is dead and mamma is poor."

"Your papa was an honest man, and your mamma would sooner see you begging bread than stealing," said something to Johnny.

"Stealing!" said Johnny indignantly, "I ain't going to steal, not even for a knife; but I believe it's too bad to take the money from such a baby. I'll just lay it on the steps as I go by and in 'till I find it."

He never told Johnny Parker long to make up his mind to anything, so he just pulled the money out of his pocket and laid it in a little shining pile on the broad stone step by the front door. Then he walked bravely away, but he couldn't help looking back and thinking how pretty it looked.

"Somebody should come along and get it," thought he, and then he went back and gathered it up in his hand and rang the door-bell.

"I wonder who'll come to the door," he thought, with his heart beating pretty fast. "I wish it would be Mr. Grant himself; I like him first-rate."

But it wasn't Mr. Grant at all, or even Mrs. Grant who answered the bell, but a red-armed

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Irish girl, whose first words were, "Why couldn't ye come to the alley door? The front way isn't for the likes of ye."

"Here is Bertie's money," said Johnny, "he gave it to me, all of it."

"Bless his little heart," said the girl, "he's always a givin' to every spalpeen he meets," and she shut the door without even saying thank you.

Johnny went away with a sort of indignant feeling at being called a spalpeen and treated like a beggar, but after all he felt glad to have the matter over with.

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if she never gave Bertie the money at all," thought Johnny. "She's a mean old thing any how, and crosser'n a bear; I'm glad she don't live to our house."

Johnny went to the store and bought the thread for his mother, walked resolutely past the glass show-case where he had lingered so often to admire the tempting of pocket-knives, and whistled merrily all the way home.

Matters went on in pretty much the old way with Johnny Parker for the next two weeks, only whenever Eddy Foster made an unusually provoking flourish over his new knife he could not help saying to himself, "I might have bought a nicer one than that," but always adding, "I'm mighty glad I didn't, though."

About two weeks afterward, as Johnny was going after his mother's cow, he met Mr. Grant coming slowly up the street.

"Ah, Johnny Parker," said Mr. Grant, "you are growing so tall I hardly knew you; full of business as ever?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny with a pleased look. Mr. Grant always remembered boys' names, and boys have a special dislike to being called Sam or Bob, as if they were of no importance at all. Then every boy likes to think he is growing tall, so Mr. Grant walked straight into Johnny's affections.

"See here, Johnny," said Mr. Grant, "how was it about that money? Bertie says he gave it to you to buy a knife; why didn't you keep it?"

"I did at first," said Johnny; "I didn't think much about it, 'cause I wanted the knife so bad; but afterward I thought it was kind of sneaking to take it from such a baby, so I brought it back."

"You did well," said Mr. Grant. "I like you, Johnny Parker, and I think you'll grow up to be a brave, honest man."

Then Mr. Grant tore a leaf from his memorandum, wrote a few words on it, and folded it up.

"I wish you would give this note to Mr. Somers as you go by the store," said he, "unless you are in a hurry."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "I can't take it as well as no," and he went on his way as happy as a king, because Mr. Grant had said a few kind words to him. He gave the note to Mr. Somers, and hurried out of the store, but just as he got to the door Mr. Somers called out,

"Here, Johnny Parker!"

Johnny turned back.

"Do you know what's in this note?" asked Mr. Somers.

"Course not," said Johnny, indignantly; "you s'pose I'd read it?"

"Well, I'll read it to you," said he; "Give Johnny the best double-bladed knife in the store, and tell him not to cut his fingers 'off before he gets home."

Johnny could hardly credit his senses when the knife was put in his possession. He forgot all about the cow, and walked home again without her, and if Robbie had not hailed him from his gate he might have gone on and on clear to the old saw-mill.

And that is how Johnny Parker got his knife, and I can only say with Mr. Grant, "I like Johnny Parker."

"Mr. Sherman."—A Georgia correspondent writes—

One can't help but be amused at the half humorous way in which, though the havoc of war is visible on every side, people refer their individual losses and the disjointed state of things generally to "Mr. Sherman," as they call him. One man has a piece of town property to sell, and asks such questions as,

"What improvements?"

"None but the improvements made by Mr. Sherman."

Or it is a plantation he wants to sell:

"Gin house, did you say?"

"No—there was, but Mr. Sherman, you know—"

"Dwelling?"

"No, Mr. Sherman—"

"Is there a bridge over the creek?"

"There was, but Mr. Sherman—"

"A grist mill near you?"

"No, Mr. Sherman—"

"Or you walk the street with some new acquaintance, and remark the huge shot holes in so many houses—"

"Yes, Mr. Sherman—"

The popular idea of Sherman is of a being in whom are combined the fantastic and the terrible—a man with the courage of a Hector, the activity of a harlequin, the sleeplessness of a weazle, the persistence and power of a steam engine, and the fury of the "dread climer."

They believe that he lives on brandy, rages and swears, and gives orders night and day. "Sleep!" said a man at whose house the General made his headquarters. "I tell you I don't believe that man ever sleeps." To them Gen. Sherman is like "Folker the Fiddler," told of in the "Nibelungen Lied," the drawing of whose mighty fiddle-stick set everything about him to dancing in fire and blood. Grant they say is a regular old powder, and a gentleman; Sherman—well, Sherman is just—he is just Sherman.

The names, ages, birth-places and religious tenets of the Fenians captured at Fort Erie, Canada, are published in the Canada papers. The total number is fifty-eight; fourteen are Protestants and forty-four Catholics; one is a native of Germany, seven of Canada, twenty-five of Ireland, and the remainder of the United States; nineteen are under twenty-one years of age.

Ex-Gov. Allen of Louisiana, at his own request, was buried in full Confederate uniform. That was running the rebellion into the ground.

## Two Pictures of Honolulu.

We are again indebted to our California friend, W. H. Moore, for a liberal supply of the Sacramento Union—a model paper in all its appointments. A correspondent of this paper, who signs himself "Mark Twain," is prospecting in the Sandwich Islands, and charmed with his novel experience sits in company with his friend Brown and contrasts Honolulu with San Francisco, thusly:—

The further I travelled through the town the better I liked it. Every step revealed a new contrast—disclosed something I was unaccustomed to. In place of the grand mud-colored brown stone fronts of San Francisco, I saw neat white cottages, with green window-shutters;

in place of front yards with billiard-tables with iron fences around them, I saw those cottages surrounded by ample yards, about like Portsmouth Square (as to size), thickly clad with green grass, and shaded by tall trees, through whose dense foliage the sun could scarcely penetrate; in place of the customary infernal grating languishing in dust and general debility on tin-roofed rear additions or in bed-room windows, I saw luxuriant banks and thickets of flowers, fresh as a meadow after a rain, and glowing with the richest dyes; in place of the dingy horrors of the "Willows," and the painful sharp pointed shrubbery of that funny caricature of nature which they call "South Park," I saw huge-bellied, wide-spreading forest trees, with strange names and stranger appearance—

trees that cast a shadow like a thunder-cloud, and were able to stand alone without being tied to green poles; in place of those vile, tiresome, stupid, everlasting gold-fish, wiggling around in glass globes and assuming all shades and degrees of distortion through the magnifying and diminishing qualities of their transparent prison houses, I saw cats—Tom-cats, Mary Ann cats, long-tailed cats, bob-tail cats, blind cats, one-eyed cats, wall-eyed cats, cross-eyed cats, gray cats, black cats, white cats, yellow cats, striped cats, spotted cats, tame cats, wild cats, singed cats, individual cats, groups of cats, platoons of cats, companies of cats, regiments of cats, armies of cats, multitudes of cats, millions of cats, and all of them sleek, fat, lazy and sound asleep; in place of roughs and rowdies staring and blackguarding on the corners, I saw long-haired, saddle-colored Sandwich Island maidens sitting on the ground in the shade of corner houses, gazing indolently at whatever or whoever happened along; instead of that wretched cobble-stone pavement nuisance, I walked on a firm foundation of coral, I built up from the bottom of the sea by the absurd but persevering insect of that name, with a light layer of lava and cinders overlying the coral, belched up out of fathomless hell long ago through the seared and blackened crater that stands dead and cold and harmless yonder in the distance now; instead of cramped and crowded street-cars, I met dusky native women sweeping by, free as the wind, on fleet horses and astraddle, with gaudy riding-shoes streaming like banners behind them; instead of the combined stenches of Sacramento street, Chinatown and Brandon street slaughter-houses, I breathed the balmy fragrance of jessamine, oleander, and the Pride of India; in place of the hurry and bustle and noisy confusion of San Francisco, I moved in the midst of a summer calm as tranquil as dawn in the Garden of Eden; in place of our familiar skirting sand hills and the placid bay, I saw on the one side a frame-work of tall, precipitous mountains close at hand, clad in refreshing green, and delft by deep, cool, chasm-like valleys—and in front the grand sweep of the ocean; a brilliant, transparent green near the shore, bound and bordered by a long white line of foamy spray dashing against the reef, and further out the dead, blue water of the deep sea, flecked with "white caps," and in the far horizon a single, lonely sail.

At this moment, this man Brown, who has no better manners than to read over one's shoulder, observes:—

"Yes, and hot. Oh, I reckon not (only 82 in the shade!) Go on, now, and put it all down, now that you've begun; just say, 'And more 'santipedes,' and cockroaches, and fleas, and lizards, and red ants, and scorpions, and spiders, and mosquitoes and missionaries!—oh, blame my cats if I'd live here two months, not if I was High-Yow-Muck-a-Muck and King of Wawhoo, and had a harem full of hyenas!"

[Wahine (most generally pronounced Wyehene) seems to answer for wife, woman and female of questionable character, indifferently. I never can get this man Brown to understand that "hyenas" is not the proper pronunciation. He says, "It aint any odds; it describes some of 'em, any way."]

I remarked: "But, Mr. Brown, these are trifles."

"Trifles be—blowed! You get nipped by one of them scorpions once, and see how you like it! There was Mrs. Jones, swabbing her face with a sponge; she felt something grab her cheek; she dropped the sponge and out popped a scorpion an inch and a half long! Well, she just got up and danced the Highland fling for two hours and a half—and yell!—why, you could have heard her from Lu-wow to Hoo-lahoo, with the wind fair! and for three days she soaked her cheek in brandy and salt, and it swelled up as big as your two fists. And you want to know what made me light out of her so sudden last night? Only a 'santipede,'—nothing, only a 'santipede,' with forty-two legs on a side, and every foot hot enough to burn a hole through a raw-hide. Don't you know one of them things grabbed Miss Boone's foot when she was riding one day? He was hid in the stirrup, and just clamped himself around her foot and sunk his fangs plum through her shoe; and she just threw her whole soul into one war-whoop and then fainted. And she didn't get out of bed nor set that foot on the floor again for three weeks. And how did Captain Godfrey always get off so easy? Why, because he always carried a bottle full of scorpions and santipedes soaked in alcohol, and whenever he got bit he bathed the place with that devilish mixture or took a drink out of it, I don't recollect which. And how did he have to do, when he hadn't his bottle along? He had to cut out the bite with his knife and fill up the hole with arnica, and then pop his mouth open with the boot-jack to keep from getting the lockjaw. Oh, fill me up about this lovely country! You can go on writing that slop about balmy breezes and fragrant flowers, and all that sort of truck, but you're not going

to leave out them santipedes and things for want of being reminded of it, you know?"

I said, mildly: "But, Mr. Brown, these are the mere—"

"Mere—your grandmother! they aint the mere anything! What's the use of you telling me they're the mere—mere—whatever it was you were going to call it? You look at them raw spotches all over my face—all over my arms—all over my body! Mosquito bites! Don't tell me about mere—mere things! You can't get around them mosquito bites. I took and brushed out my bar good night before last, and tucked it in all around, and before morning I was eternally clawed up, anyhow. And the night before I fastened her up all right, and got in bed and smoked that old strong pipe until I got strangled and smothered and couldn't get out, and then they swarmed in there and jammed their bills through my shirt and sucked me as dry as a life preserver before I got my breath again. And how did that dead-fall work? I was two days making it, and sweated two buckets full of brine, and blame the mosquito ever went under it; and sloshing around in my sleep I ketcht my foot in it and got it flattened out so that it wouldn't go into a green turtle shell forty-four inches across the back. Jim Ayres grinding out seven double verses of poetry about Waw-hoo! and crying about leaving the blasted place in the two last verses; and you slobbering here about—there you are! Now—now, what do you say? That yellow spider could straddle over a saucer just like nothing—and if I hadn't been here to set that spittoon on him, he would have been between your sheets in a minute—he was travelling straight for your bed—he had his eye on it. Just pull at that web that he has been stringing after him—pretty near as hard to break as sewing silk; and look at his feet sticking out all around the spittoon. Oh, confound Waw-hoo!"

I am glad Brown has got disgusted at that murdered spider and gone; I don't like to be interrupted when I am writing—especially by Brown, who is one of those men who always looks at the unpleasant side of everything, and I seldom do.

THEIR CRIME.—Some who favor the immediate admission of the late rebel States, and talk of the injustice of their continued exclusion, forget the atrocious crimes of the rebels and the danger of hasty legislation in their favor. In a late speech on Reconstruction the Hon. S. Shellabarger, of Ohio, drew the following picture of the slaveholder's rebellion. It is the exact truth most forcible told:

"Does the gentleman from New York (Mr. Raymond) yet ask for the 'specific act' that deprived these States of all the rights of States, and made them 'enemies'? I once more answer him in the words of the Supreme Court, that the specific acts were;

"They causelessly waged against their own government a war which all the world acknowledged to have been the greatest civil war known in the history of the human race! That war was waged by these people 'as States,' and it went through long dreary years. In it they threw off and defied the authority of your constitution, laws and government; they obliterated from their State constitutions and laws every vestige of recognition of your government; they discarded all official oaths, and took in their places oaths to support your enemy's government. They seized, in their States, all the nation's property; their Senators and Representatives in your Congress insulted, baited, defied, and then left you; they expelled from their land or assassinated inhabitants of known loyalty; they betrayed and surrendered your armies; they passed sequestration and other acts in flagrant violation of the law of nations, making every citizen of the United States an enemy, and placing in the treasury of the rebellion all money and property due such citizens. They framed iniquity and universal murder into law. They besieged, for years your capital, and sent your bleeding armies in rout, back here upon the very sanctuaries of your national power. Their pirates burned your unarmed commerce upon every sea. They carved the bones of your unbred heroes into ornaments, and drank from goblets made out of their skulls. They poisoned your fountains; put mines under your soldiers' prisons; organized bands whose leaders were concealed in your homes and whose commissions ordered the torch and yellow fever to be carried to your cities, and to your women and children. They planned one universal bonfire of the North from Lake Ontario to the Missouri. They murdered by systems of starvation and exposure sixty thousand of your sons, as brave and heroic as ever martyrs were. They destroyed in the five years of horrid war another army so large that it would almost reach around the globe in marching columns; and then to give to the infernal drama a fitting close, and to concentrate into one crime, all that is detestable in barbarism, they assassinated the President of the United States."

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.—The Boston Post says, in reference to the irregular and irresponsible military movements which have engrossed public attention for a week past, that so far as they are intended to represent the feeling of Irish nationality, with which all genuine lovers of liberty have a profound sympathy, they were entitled to respect; but in their entire disregard of the neutral obligations of the United States, and of the right of every nation to decide so momentous a question as that of peace or war for itself, it has been condemned by the public press and public men of the whole country. We cannot preserve peace for ourselves if any organization that chooses is to be allowed to make an irruption at its own pleasure into the territory of a peaceful neighbor. The established laws of the land must be respected by all alike. The people themselves have lodged the war making power with Congress, and no other body, let the pretext or pretence be as plausible or urgent as it may, has a right to usurp that authority. So long as we profess peace with other nations, we mean only to profess peace. Our conduct should answer in full to our words, and our words are supposed to be none but those of truth and honor.

In Sicily it is the custom to crush strawberries with white powdered sugar, and squeeze the juice of an orange or two over them. This makes a compound which is very much nicer than ambrosial nectar.

## NARROW ESCAPE OF GEN. SCOTT.

A correspondent writes to the Army and Navy Journal, that, at an interview with Gen. Scott, in April, 1865, the General related the following incident:

Lieut. George Watts, my aid, saved my life the morning before the battle of Chippewa, 15th July, 1814. The circumstances are as follows: At the mouth of Street's Creek, which empties into the Niagara River, immediately adjacent to the battle-field of July 5th, stood a house, occupied by a Mrs. Street. As there were no houses belonging to the family, she had applied to me for protection, and I had given her a safeguard, which was perfectly respected, and she made money by selling milk and different articles to the American troops. She invited me to breakfast with her, and I accepted the invitation. I had just prepared, my first cup of coffee, and was about to raise it to my mouth, when I experienced the truth of the proverb that "there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip." My aid, George Watts, perspiring very freely, had risen from the table and stepped across the room to another table, near the window, to get his pocket-handkerchief out of his dragon helmet or casque which he had previously placed there. My cocked hat lay upon the same table, and I lost it in consequence. Looking out of the window he turned to me and said, quietly but significantly, "In three minutes the house will be surrounded by Indians!" I set down my untasted coffee, rushed from the room, cleared the piazza and steps at one bound, and ran "like a man" for the bridge which communicated with our own side of the stream. Thus George Watts, by his promptness, saved my life, for the whole thing had been arranged by Mrs. Street with the intention of murdering and scalping me. She had given the signal by waving something from the house as soon as we had sat down to breakfast.

The same night, after my victory at Chippewa, I made Mrs. Street's house our hospital, and its rooms and the courtyard, in which I had caused tents to be pitched, were filled with our wounded. When I visited the house I found the treacherous woman and her daughter a very pretty person, engaged in attending to the wants of the wounded British officers in the second story. I saw the latter carrying refreshments to a wounded British officer to whom she was engaged to be married. As she had been moving through the rooms filled with blood from injuries and amputations, her dress was completely drenched to the knee. Both mother and daughter avoided catching my eye and I avoided any attempt to make them catch mine; for they were women, and as such I could not feel vengeance, although they had attempted to compass my death. As I said before, upon this occasion I owed my life to Lieut. Watts.

Mons. Blot's suggestions, in view of the approach of warm weather, have a practical value, and the people will do well to heed them. The Boston Transcript reports him as saying—

When one is exhausted by severe exertion of any kind at any season, it is not well to eat heartily until the body has somewhat recuperated its strength. Broth, either cold or warm, may be taken in a limited quantity; or a cup of chocolate, or even a little milk or sugar; lumps of sugar may be dipped in water and eaten with a little bread. The body should rest for an hour after partaking of this slight nourishment; the system will then be able to bear a full meal. Coffee or tea should never be drunk when there has been excessive fatigue. So one should abstain from drinking long draughts of cold water when much heated; ice-cold water is quite tantalizing to a parched tongue, but a little strength of mind and exercise of reason will restrain the indulgence. It is better to moisten the wrists with cold water, and then apply a wet towel to the forehead; water may then be sipped by the teaspoonful.

MARRIED WOMEN'S PETITION.—The married women of New Haven, Conn., who sympathize with Mrs. Packard in the reform she has been laboring to establish, have petitioned the Connecticut Legislature as follows:—

"We, the undersigned, married women of Connecticut, feeling confident that our sex do need legal protection, as married women, do most respectfully petition your Hon. Senate and House of Representatives in Assembly convened, that the two bills now in the hands of your Judiciary Committee, be passed into a law—namely,

Be it enacted, etc.: Sec. 1. Any woman entering the marriage relation shall retain the same legal existence which she did before marriage, and shall receive the same legal protection of her rights as a woman, which her husband does as a man.

Sec. 2. Should the husband's power over the wife become an oppressive power, by any unjust usurpation of her natural rights, she shall have the same power to appeal to the government for redress and protection that the husband does."

How to Woe.—Col. U., the editor of the Raine (Wis.) Journal, who was recently married, thus describes the enchantments he used in ensnaring his fair victim:

It is thought by some that drugs of enchantment have been used. To all such potent, grave and reverend signors we have to say that once in every week we carried her a Raine Journal. In this way we did beguile her. This, and nothing more, was the witchcraft we did use. In conclusion we have to say to our numerous lonely friends, from which we have just parted, the experiment proved successful with us. Select your victim, and try a few copies.

A MODEST PRINCE.—It is stated that Prince Humbert, eldest son of the King of Italy, was recently offered the command of a corps of the Italian army and declined it. "If I command a corps," he is reported to have said, "and am defeated, people will say this comes of giving important commands to inexperienced princes. If I am victorious, my chief of the staff will get all the credit. I prefer commanding a division, and doing what I am ordered."

Mr. A. J. Davis, the writer on Spiritualism, says that "the spiritual world is made from life-points, sent out from the chemical coalition of the planets." Just so.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, finding himself published as authority for certain religious opinions, defines his position as follows: \*

AMESBURY, 7th mo., 1856.

To the Editor of the Friend: In a late number of thy paper there is a notice of a lecture by Henry Blanchard of Brooklyn, which doubtless unintentionally gives a somewhat erroneous view of my religious opinions. Painfully sensible of my own moral infirmities and liabilities to error, I instinctively shrink from assuming the office of teacher and guide of others. I simply wish to say that my ground of hope for myself and humanity is in that Divine fulness of love which was manifested in the life, teachings and self sacrifice of Christ—the Way, the Truth and the Life. In the infinite mercy of God so revealed, and not in any work or merit of our nature, I reverently, humbly, yet very hopefully trust.

I regard Christianity as a life rather than a creed: and in judging of my fellow men I can use no other standard than that which our Lord and Master has given us: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The only orthodoxy that I am specially interested in is that of life and practice. On the awful and sublime theme of human destiny, I dare not dogmatize; but wait the unfolding of the great mystery in the firm faith that, whatever may be our particular allotment, God will do the best that is possible for all. Thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It is stated that of the classes in the Wesleyan University from 1860 to 1866, 80 per cent. joined the army. Talking of students, it is notable that while professional bullies and roughs generally—the men of muscle and bluster, made but a sorry figure in the war, college students and merchants' clerks—commonly of light physique and peaceful habits, proved excellent fighting men. So much for the superiority of mental and moral over muscular force.

Generals Steadman and Fullerton have reported on the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau in South Carolina and Florida. They commend Assistant Commissioner Scott in South Carolina, recommend the discontinuance of employment of citizens in the Bureau, and instance several cases of the evil of agents working plantations. They finally recommend the return of the Sea Islands to their former owners, provided they will pay the freedmen for the improvements made by the latter while in possession.

RHUBARB FOR VINEGAR.—It may not generally be known that an excellent article of vinegar may be made by taking the late stocks of rhubarb, and chopping them as one would for pies or sauce; then pour scalding water over the whole and let it stand on the stove until well cooked; then strain off into a suitable vessel, add one gill of molasses to each quart of the juice; set it in a sunny place; stir occasionally, and in a few weeks one may have a stout article of vinegar.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE CHOLERA.—To sum up in a few words what we consider the surest way of escaping the cholera, we would say: I. Eat just such food as you ordinarily would in warm weather.

II. Partake of vegetables and fruits without hesitation, only take care that they be ripe and fresh.

III. By no means allow your system to run down,



## Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . JUNE 22, 1866.



**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
S. M. PATTENBURY & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Southley Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the agents named above.

**ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.**  
relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

**FOR GOVERNOR,**

Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain.

**CHANGES.**—The homestead of the late Dr. Hall Chase, which was last season thoroughly repaired, has been purchased by Mr. Willard Arnold, (of the firm of Arnold & Meader) by whom it is now occupied.

The Dorr house, on Elm St., next below the Sanger house, has been purchased of Capt. Bickford, by Mr. J. P. Caffrey, who is sitting it up as a residence for himself.

The residence of the late James R. Elden, on the north side of Appleton St., has been purchased by Samuel Appleton, Esq., who with a "right about face," has transported it to the other side of the same street, directly opposite, where as is understood, it is to be fitted up for the occupancy of A. A. Plaisted, Esq., Cashier of Ticonic Bank. The front of this house, or all but a few feet of its length, was originally built on Silver St., in 1797, and for several years was occupied as a store near where the old Parker House now stands. In 1816 it was brought up and placed on the east side of Main St., nearly in front of the residence of Mr. Appleton, where, with suitable additions and improvements, it was for many years the residence of the late Dr. Moses Appleton. On the opening of Appleton St., it was wheeled to the north of that avenue, and has had various occupants. On the lot thus made vacant, we learn that a handsome house will be erected next season by Mrs. Elden.

We tender to our neighbors at Kendall's Mills our co-operation in any measures they may suggest, to stop the circulation, between their village and ours, of certain poor old worn-out horses, whose owners have long enough outraged the name of mercy. If the statutes against "cruelty to animals" do not meet the case, the promptings of common humanity should find out some other way. We can hardly believe that the humane mill-men there are aware that their waste lumber is removed at a cost of so much suffering, or that those who buy it here ever see the poor abused animals that haul it. If we see any more of this brutality, we will give the authors such notoriety as they deserve—wherever they may be. It is a disgrace to both villages.

O, the abominable pest, the striped bug among the vines! Can anybody tell us whether anything short of fire tintured with brimstone will either kill or frighten them? Has anybody tried new rum?—on the bugs, we mean.

Somebody in Skowhegan said to be a woman—lately started the report that a great sin had been committed there, but forgot to name the sinner! Of course everybody went to guessing who he was. One guessed one, and another guessed another; and by-and-by some hardened wretch hinted that it might be the editor of the Clarion! Now look out! for the next Clarion gave the whole thing a broadside of thunderbolts! Hum-m-m-m-m! how in the world came they to think of him!

Grass seems to be the favored crop in this section; and barns that are not empty of last year's abundance seem destined to be overwhelmed with the coming crop. Whether gold goes up or down, there is hope that the poor may be able to eat butter next winter.

**THE ORGAN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF MAINE** is the title of a monthly paper issued by the Grand Division of the State, under the editorial charge of the Trustees of the Lecture and Tract Fund. The first number is well filled and makes a good appearance, but we hope Brother Morrill, at whose office it is printed, will substitute an improved heading. The price is twenty-five cents a year, or ten copies to one address for \$2. Address H. K. Morrill, Gardiner.

A few cases of cholera occur in the city of New York daily, but no alarm is felt. Two deaths from this disease have occurred at Hudson, N. Y.

**ENTREPRISE.** The valuable invention known to painters as Adams's Patent Graining Machine, has been purchased for this State by Messrs. W. A. Caffrey and J. P. Hill, of Waterville, who are now offering rights to individuals and towns, on terms that will bring it speedily into general use. The enterprise is one of some magnitude, and we wish them the success they have good reason to expect.

**GEN. CHAMBERLAIN** was nominated as the gubernatorial candidate of the Union party, at Bangor, on Thursday, on the first ballot—the vote standing, 549 for Chamberlain, 438 for Spring, and 3 scattering. Resolutions were passed heartily endorsing Congress and approving of the recent constitutional amendment.

**ACCIDENT.**—In attempting to get on the cars, while moving, at the upper depot, on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Wm. H. Pearson, a delegate to the State Convention from Vassalboro', was thrown violently upon the track, breaking his shoulder. Another warning to people not to attempt to get on the cars while they are moving. Mr. P. was taken to the residence of his brother in this village, and we learn is doing well.

**HOT WEATHER.**—The mercury was up into the nineties on Thursday. It was hot enough here, with the circus, but how they must have suffered at Bangor, around the boiling political cauldron.

A PREMIUM will be paid for the name of any respectable man or woman who has used "Gilmore's Bitters" without decided benefit. Apply at the Mail office.

**THE LADD BUCK BEATEN.**—At the Shearing Festival of the North Ken. Wool Growers' Association, at Waterville, on the 6th inst., the Marino buck "Green Mountain Boy," one year old, owned by E. Maxham, of Waterville, sheared seventeen pounds and five ounces, on a live weight of ninety-eight pounds. Has any buck ever equalled this in Maine, considering age and size? [Gardiner Jour.]

The Journal makes a strong trump, but for the sake of finding out what has been done, the owner of "Green Mountain Boy" will answer his question. No. Very heavy fleeces are sheared in "sheep stories," but the case stated is verified by a committee. The report of Mr. Ladd's fleece lacks verification but even with that it is beaten, considering age and weight.

[Private P. S.] If the press will pass our modest challenge, we promise a fine flannel shirt to the one who first reports us beaten.—If "Green Mountain Boy" is the banner buck we want to know it!

The Journal says about eight millions of brick will be manufactured this season in Lewiston and Auburn. At present prices they are worth nearly a million dollars. Does this beat our neighbor Wentworth, who has made all the brick needed in Waterville for thirty-three years—good honest brick too?

There is a rumour among the students at Bowdoin. The two lower classes took it into their heads, one day last week, that it would be an important part of their education to go to Lewiston and play ball with some of the cotton city boys. The faculty said nay—and, of course the boys went. When threatened with the penalty for disobedience, they join hands and in return threaten secession! Gen. Chamberlain to the contrary notwithstanding.

Of course the result whatever it may be, will be highly honorable to the belligerent ball players; for everybody will admit that school boys ought to be their own judges of the proper time to play ball. It is probable the result will be the total extinction of Old Bowdoin.

**GOLD,** under the excitement of the warlike advices from Europe, accompanied by large returns of our securities, rushed up to \$1.64, but soon receded a little and now stands at about \$1.50.

A NEW REMEDY FOR THE BLACK KNOT. One of our subscribers, Mr. David Wilcox, of Knox, recommends a remedy for this disease of the cherry and plum, which is certainly a novel one, and, if successful, can be easily applied. It is to inoculate the tree with ungutted. Cut small slits in the bark of the limbs and trunk of the tree, and drop in a little of the ointment, which, being absorbed in the sap, apparently kills the germs of the disease. This proposed remedy is certainly worthy of a trial. It should be applied as soon as possible.

One of our subscribers is very confident that the ungutted may be left out and the remedy will be just as effectual.

The Concert of Misses Gould and Lincoln, at N. Vassalboro', Wednesday evening, had marked success, and the several parts are complimented in high terms by good judges.

In commenting upon Mr. Stevens' proposed guaranty to a Mexican loan, a contemporary utters the following truth, which should provoke reflection and action in these times of extravagance and lavish appropriation of money by Congress.

The war has accustomed our people to large expenditures. Millions go unquestioned now when thousands would have caused resistance six years ago. But there must be an end of lavish Congressional appropriations. While the Government itself furnishes the money taxes are easily paid. This condition of things cannot last. The Government must return to its economical habits. "Retrenchment and Reform," now obsolete terms, must resume their former significance.

**THE NEGROES AND THE FENIAN CAUSE.**—A New York paper, in alluding to the tender of their services to the Fenians by certain colored men, who had been soldiers in the army, says:—

"We hope that this incident of the Fenian movement will not be forgotten by Irishmen. Let them remember that the true friend is he who offers assistance in the trying hour. Let them remember that in that hour the politicians—who profess so much friendship for Irishmen when votes are wanted—were nowhere to be found; while the colored people, who they had learned to hate, were ready and eager to aid them even to the sacrifice of life."

Another Maine sculptor is winning golden opinions by his skill in his chosen art. Mr. John A. Jackson, a native of Bath, now in Florence, is highly praised by a writer in an English Magazine, who predicts for him a successful and brilliant career.

## OUR TABLE.

**HOSPITAL LIFE** in the army of the Potomac. By William Howell Reed. Boston: William V. Spencer. This record embraces the period from the battle of the Wilderness to the close of the war, and is a modestly told but very interesting narrative, the reading of which will warm one's heart and make him think better of his kind. As much of heroism and nobility of soul was drawn out in the hospital, during our late gigantic conduct, as was exhibited upon the battle field.

For sale at Henrickson's.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—The contents of the July number, just issued, are thus described:—"The Case of George Dedlow," is a sketch full of whimsical, psychological speculation, in which the author's humor deals with the phenomena of the debatable ground between nature and the supernatural, and presents, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of spiritual manifestation on record. Mr. Longfellow contributes a second sonnet on "Translating Dante," and the "Passage from Hawthorne's Note-Book" are continued, as is Charles Reade's story of "Griffith Gurney." The paper on "Indian Medicine" has a peculiar interest, as coming from one whose life among the Indians has fitted him to speak with peculiar intelligence of their superstitions and psychological powers; it is a most valuable contribution to the history of demology. Goldwin Smith's "Englishman in Normandy" presents novel phases of a much better-travelled, much better-written region, and offers some clear and just views of French Imperialism. Bayard Taylor's sketch of Ruckert, the great German orientalist and poet, is timely and attractive. Major Henry S. Burgrave, in the "Siege of Knoxville," recounts the history of that event and does justice to General Burnside's leadership and gallantry in the affair. "The Great Doctor" is the first part of one of those stories of Western life which Alice Cary writes so well. Scientific readers will be charmed with the article of Prof. Agassiz on the geology of the Amazon Valley. Bryant gives a fine poem under the title of "The Death of American Slavery." The remaining articles in the number are: "Belated," a poem, by Mrs. Whitney; "To a B.," a poem, by J. R. Lowell; "A Bundle of Bones," by C. J. Sprague; "Aunt Judy," a graphic sketch of negro character, by Dr. J. W. Palmer; Mrs. Bowe's "Chimney Corner" paper, and critical notices of "Ecco Homo," "Sixty's Poems," "Fifteen Days, Life of Gillman," etc.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**—The illustrated articles in the July number of this sterling monthly are—"Personal Recollections of the War," a very interesting narrative by that well known author, "Porte Crayon," and "Some Curious Homes." "Armadale" is concluded, and the number is crowded with excellent reading, including several good stories and a well filled "Easy Chair."

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 per annum.

**BEADLE'S MONTHLY,** a Magazine of Today.—Two articles in the July number are illustrated: "Utah," and the continuation of "The Dead Letter." The other articles are—Mrs. Browne le Brown, a poem; Bertha, a poem; An Adventure in Portugal; Stupidity, a poem; John Christopher's Story; To a Woman, a poem; The Age of Animals; The White Jack of the Upper Saragosa; A Pai U. Grip; The Five Senses—Touch; The Happy Land, a poem; The Wonderful Secret; Art Lines—The French School; My Every-Day Paths, No. 4; Current Notes on Books, Men, and Things.

This work grows better and better with each succeeding number.

Published by Beadle & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE** for July has a pretty steel engraving, entitled, "Ask for It," and the usual supply of fashion engravings for the ladies, a choice piece of music, etc. "Petroleum," Miss Townsend's story, is continued; and there are several other good stories in the number, with much other excellent reading. It may not be amiss to mention that a new volume, complete with the present number.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS** for July is filled with nice stories and other good reading for youth, with numerous charming illustrations. This work has an immense and growing popularity with the juveniles. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND** for July opens with a handsome and suggestive steel engraving called "The Distressed Bachelor," followed by a selected fashion plate, tasteful and attractive as usual; with numerous smaller illustrations of the fashion department. Story readers will get their fill in the reading department, and there will also be found the usual variety of poetry, toilet necessities, seasonable recipes, etc. etc.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**LOOK HERE, Friend**—and answer at once, what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life—before he gets insured? Can't say?—then call forth with at the Mail office and take a policy in the "Union Mutual Life Insurance Company,"—a well established and well known Maine company.

We acknowledge the favor of a friend who invites our attention to an article in the Boston Pilot; but as it contains no argument on the particular portion of Gov. Boutwell's speech which we copied, we cannot use it. How bad or how good a man Gov. B. is, has nothing to do with the question whether the Irishman will deprive the Negro of those civil rights which he claims for himself.

**"AGENTS WANTED."**—See advertisement with this heading in this week's paper.

The following is given in the English papers as the story of Lord Cowley's interview with Napoleon, in the course of which the Emperor used the significant language which has already been quoted:—

"We hear from Paris that Lord Cowley had an audience of the Emperor, and was received by the latter in the presence of M. Drouyn de Lhuys. His lordship presented to his Majesty a despatch from Lord Clarendon, in which the British Cabinet urgently begs the Emperor to use his utmost influence to prevent the outbreak of war and to procure a peaceful solution of pending continental difficulties, adding that England on her side will not cease her efforts in this direction at the court of Berlin, which have not been entirely without effect, that she is prepared energetically to support all the steps that may be taken by France with that object."

The Emperor replied, in a grave and somewhat emphatic tone, that in 1850 England had refused to assist him in achieving the liberation of Italy, and, by her rapprochement with Germany, had compelled him to stop short, leaving half of the work undone; that when in 1854 he proposed a Congress for the purpose of removing the endless complications that he foresaw would result from the Danish war, "c'est encore l'Angleterre" that opposed his project, and did her utmost to make it abortive; and she now wants peace even at the price of the Congress she then rejected. He would, however, assure the government of her Majesty that he was ready to do all he could to prevent war; but, as the most favorable opportunity for doing this was now past, he could no longer take upon himself the responsibility for any events that may occur.

A Roman chariot race took place Tuesday in Philadelphia, between a New York and a Philadelphia lady, both of whom were draped in a style to correspond with the occasion.—The New Yorker was the fastest.

## TRUE ENOUGH.—The New York Evening

Post, commenting upon the not very creditable demonstration elicited in the House of Representatives by Mr. Ancona's and Gen. Schenck's Fenian resolutions, says:—

"There are many 'votes' which politicians are tempted to court; the 'Irish vote,' the 'liquor-drinking vote,' the 'Southern vote'; but it will be found, in the long run, that the heaviest vote in this country is that of the people who desire their country to deal fairly and honestly with all nations, and who love liberty and equal rights, and support law and order at home."

**Cholera, Dysentery, Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism** are quickly cured by "American Life Drops."

The Hair Restorer that gives the best satisfaction is Pectachine. Used and sold everywhere.

**THE CROPS.**—The New York Commercial Advertiser publishes nearly four columns of newspaper reports in regard to the growing crops in various sections of the country. No very close estimate of the coming harvest can be made from a perusal of these accounts, which appear to be colored somewhat by the medium through which they are presented, some of the reports from particular sections contradicting each other in material points. But enough can be gathered to indicate that we are to have a very good fruit crop in New England; that apples, especially, will "set" and "hold on" to an encouraging extent; that there will be a full average yield of wheat and corn in the northern tier of the Middle and Western States, and that those staples are not prospering so well as could be desired in the southern tier; that the yield of cotton is likely to be seriously affected by the poor quality of seed sown; that the planters of Louisiana and Texas will not be so successful in raising cane (no pun intended) as in years past; that the first crop of grass will be heavy in all sections; and that the tobacco worms close to leave a large supply of their favorite food to the use of man. In short, we feel warranted in predicting that unless a universal deluge or a universal drought shall occur, there will be, taking the country through, a fair average return for the labors of the husbandman; that a scarcity in one section will be compensated for by plenty in another; and that the return of the annual harvest festival will bring the usual ca. ses for thanksgiving.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

**IMMIGRATION TO THE SOUTH.**—The Richmond Whig, with a curious blindness to the interests of the South, opposes, in a long editorial article, emigration from the Northern States and the introduction of Northern capital: It says:—

"Alabama, within one year of peace, begins with five thousand Northern cotton planters. It is frightful to think where she will end.—There is not a single Southern State in which this process, this fatal process of New England colonization, is not going on. We must stop it, and, from this hour, we must resolve to stop it, before it envelops and crushes us in its ananoda folds. We do not mean that it must be stopped by a resort to violence or any unwarrantable means, but by refusing, as we have the right to do, to sell our lands or any part of them, or lease or tenant them out to radical enemies of the South."

Mrs. Partington against the Atlantic Ocean again. We fancy that the price of Southern lands will in the future depend upon the value of the gold dollar rather than on the politics or the religion of the purchaser. [Bost. Adv.]

The return of American securities from Europe will doubtless be speedily checked, although many speculative orders have lately been sent from New York for purchases on American account. Those in want of money upon the full of Continental stocks would be likely to sell their American securities, as being depressed less than European securities, but the tide must soon turn, as those having funds for investment, with the prospect of war before them, will prefer American to European stocks.

HON. LEWIS CASS, one of the last of the old statesmen, died at his residence in Detroit, last Sabbath, at the advanced age of 83 years, and 8 months. Mr. Cass' fame is national. He has been in the public service sixty years, and has filled with ability every station to which he has been called.

A Boston paper has a report that a clerk in one of the wholesale stores of that city has lately been afflicted with a painful breaking out on the neck, which he first attributed to boils, but a physician being called, the patient was informed that he was suffering from the poisonous properties of articles used in the preparation of his enamelled-paper collars, which had been absorbed into his system.

**WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN THE CARS.**—A railroad conductor was recently before the judicial authorities at Buffalo to answer a charge of ejecting a man from a car because he refused to give his seat to a woman. The court held that ladies, or those who wish to be considered such, are legally entitled to no more privileges in public conveyances than men, and that when the latter pay for seats, they have a perfect right to occupy them so long as they conduct themselves in a proper manner. The conductor was fined \$500 for acting on the supposition that a man was under an obligation to surrender his seat to a woman.

Rev. Ward Beecher crawled through a thirty-four foot pipe of his new church organ, the other day, on a challenge of one of his flock. He came out puffing and covered with dust and sweat, and exclaimed as he touched the floor: "I want no man to tell me anything about this organ. I know all about it. I have been through it."

An "ardent" gentleman at Indianapolis, on a festive snatching a drink from a jug at the house of a friend, swallowed a mouthful of deodorized coal oil. His friends have since been boring him, but not for oil.

Promoted. Capt. Charles A. Clark, formerly Adjutant 6th Maine, and afterwards Captain and Adjutant General on Gen. Burnham's staff, has been breveted Major on recommendation of Major General Hancock, for gallant service in the field. Capt. Clark has recently removed to the West.

Glory enough for one day, said the preacher's wife, after having done her first washing with a piece of the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap. It is labor-saving as well as temper-saving, and such nice white clothes I never had before, for such soap never was produced, and I hope all the parish will use it, for I am sure it will do a great deal in preparing their minds and temper for the Sabbath day. Go one and all and try it.

## TEMPERANCE LECTURES.

The Board of Trustees of the Lecture and Tract Fund of the Grand Division of Maine have made an arrangement with Mr. M. L. Stevens, of Portland, and Rev. Wm. H. Strout, of Wilton, to devote a portion of their time to the work of the temperance cause, as Lecturers and accredited Agents of the Board. No specific charge will be made to those desiring their services, as they are compensated by the Board; but the Board will be glad to receive from the friends of the cause, in the localities where meetings are held by their agents, such contributions to the Lecture Fund as they may be disposed to make, in order that the necessary means may be obtained to sustain the work.

P. M. W. P., S. L. Carleton, Esq., of Portland, will also be able to address meetings, under the auspices of the Board, in places not too inconvenient of access, where his services may be desired.

Rev. N. Gunnison, of Norway, will respond to such calls for his services, in Oxford County, as his duties to his parish will allow him opportunity to answer.

Friends of the cause desiring to arrange for lectures by the agents of the Board, are requested to address the Secretary two or three weeks before the date at which the service is required, and appointments will be made.

Clergymen and others, who may be willing to give occasional temperance addresses, at places not too distant from their homes, without charge, except for their travelling expenses, are invited to communicate their names to the Board.

The friends of Temperance should be awake to the demands made upon them. Temperance meetings should be held. The people should be awakened to action, and incited to take hold of the noble work. The principles and claims of the great cause of Temperance should be presented. Drunkards should be reformed and the ruin traffic should be suppressed.—There is plain, earnest talking enough to be done, as an incentive to the active work which should follow, and it is hoped that the demand for the services of the agents of the Board will employ all the time they can devote to the work.

Z. Pope Voss, Rockland, Sec. of Trustees of L. & T. Fund.

Governor Hamilton of Texas is at Washington. He reports that the people of that State are less loyal than they were a year ago.

The Maine Democratic State Convention, originally appointed Tuesday, June 26, has been postponed to Tuesday, August 6th.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that one of the strangest facts in the history of mankind is the pending European quarrel, in which men by thousands are to be sacrificed, and the fortunes of all civilized nations shaken for the nominal reason, that two Prussian and Austrian families are disputing about a little duchy with a port on the Baltic Sea, which they united to steal from Denmark.

**CURRENTS.**—As the current season is approaching we give the following recipe:—

Select very large red currants. Wash well and let them dry. Beat the white of an egg in a tumbler of water. Dip the cluster of currants in this mixture and roll in loaf sugar, pounded to very fine. Let them dry again, and the currants will make a beautiful dessert.

Neal Dow has arrived in England, and is received with distinguished honors by the United Kingdom Alliance of temperance men.

A New Orleans letter of the 14th inst. says that two men were arrested there that morning, charged with complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. One admits some association with Booth, while the other denies all knowledge of the affair. Both are strangers in that city, and it was understood were to be sent to Washington.

The colored men of New Jersey are moving to contest legally their right to the ballot.—Claiming that, as tax-payers, representation is due them in the emment and administration of the laws, they will offer their votes at the next election, and, if refused, they will bring the matter to the courts, and there lay open the whole question of suffrage. The most intelligent and wealthy colored men of the State lead the enterprise, which retains for its chief lawyer Gen. B. F. Butler.

The following are Skowhegan items taken from the Clarion:

On Thursday last Mr. Wm. H. Fuller had his arm broken, and was otherwise injured by a smash-up at the trotting park.

Mr. A. W. Wakefield fell from a staging on the new store of Pollard & Ward, severely lacerating his thigh, and laying the cords bare.

Mr. Alonzo Herrin had his foot badly injured at the excelsior factory.

The poles for the telegraph to North Anson via Norridgewock are now being set.

**SCALE OR BARK LICE.** A correspondent in the Northern Farmer, says:—"For some years my orchard was infested with scale or bark lice; I had tried various experiments to be rid of them, still they increased in numbers, and my trees looked as though they must yield to these pests, when, in an agricultural paper I found a remedy that 'laid them out.' In the month of June the eggs are hatched and the louse crawls over the tree until about the middle of August, when they form a scale over themselves. During the time of their travels wash the tree in strong ley, (tie a cloth to a stick, and save your hands) as strong as you can make it, it will do no serious injury. The ley will remove the scale and the tree will resume a bright healthy appearance."

Consumers will find no calcined flint, no chalk, no pulverized bones, no fuller's earth, no borax, no glue, no starch, no bran, and no adulteration whatever, in the STEAM REFINED SOAPS OF MESSRS LEATH & GORE.

One night last week while a train on the Grand Trunk line was passing through St. Hyacinthe, (C. W.) a young gentleman, Mr. Branchard, noticed that a house was on fire, while the people seemed not to have been awakened up. He urged the conductor to stop the train, or at least slacken it, but met with a refusal. The courageous young man leaped from the cars, broke his leg, and yet crept to the burning house, which was that of Mr. Desmarais, merchant. The family were all asleep as Mr. Branchard had supposed, and he roused them just in time to save their lives, with one exception, that of a young lady 25 years old, a niece of Mr. Desmarais. She perished in the flames.

Elias Howe, the inventor and patentee of the sewing machine needle, has declared his purpose not to apply for an extension of his patent, which runs out this year, on the ground that he has made a million and a half dollars on it already, which he regards as fortune enough for one man.

## CATTLE MARKETS.

The number of cattle reported this week was smaller by 200 than last week, while the number of sheep was increased 2000,—42 of the former coming from Maine and 80 of the latter. Of the cattle market the Boston Advertiser says:—"The stock was hardly as good as last week, while prices were just about the same."

The sheep trade was rather in favor of the buyers, in explanation of which the Advertiser says:—

"Some drovers think it was the result of a mere whim, or combination of the butchers.—Others see in the large number at market—over two thousand more than last week or the week before, and a large part of these heavy Western sheep—one reason for the course taken by the butchers. But the butchers themselves ascribe the trouble to the inferior quality of the Northern stock. After handling the Western sheep, which are fed in corn-growing sections, the butchers complain of most of the Northern as 'half-fatted, good for nothing stuff.' Some of the best lots were taken at good prices, early in the morning, which may perhaps give our quotations a better look than the average sales of the whole would warrant."

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Prices on total weight of hides, tallow and beef: A few premium bullocks, 14 to 16 cts. per lb.; That commonly called extra, 14 to 14 1/2 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c., 12 to 14 cts.; Second quality, &c., 10 to 12 cts.; 12 to 13 1/2 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, &c., 12 to 13 1/2 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 11 to 12 cts.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Sheep, shorn, Northern, 4 to 7 cts. Western 7 cts.

**STOCK CATTLE.**—Prices for working oxen, \$200 to \$300 per pair; steers \$100 to \$150; milch cows, \$45 to \$70; calves, \$30 to \$100; fat calves, \$30 to \$40.

**MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.**—Short, shorn, head, 12 to 16 cts. per lb.; retail, 15 to 16 cts.; fat hogs, 10 to 12 cts. per lb.; live weight; Hides, best Brighton, 8 to 9 1/2 cts. per lb.; country skins 6 1/2 to 8 cts.; tallow, 7 to 8 cts.; calf skins, 25 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$2.00 to \$2.50 each.

The cartoon of the last "Kladderdash," or "German Punch," represents a big spider adorned with the Emperor Napoleon's head, waiting quietly in its large web, while all kinds of insects, representing the other European States, are flying and caught in it to be devoured in time by the Imperial glutton. Beneath are Roeder's words in the Corps Legislatif: "Honest neutrality and liberty of action."

The Philadelphia Bulletin says:—The speculative fever in Petroleum stocks has, in a great measure subsided, and some persons have hence concluded that the business was declining or becoming less profitable. The truth, however, appears to be that it is settling down to a permanent basis, and is steadily increasing. On Tuesday last the receipts of oil at Pittsburg by the Allegheny river, reached the enormous amount of 50,032 barrels. If anything like such an average could be maintained, and there is no reason why it should not, the oil crop of Pennsylvania will soon rival the crop of coal in value.

How often do we hear men and women complain, "I cannot get anything to stay on my stomach; I am compelled to eat Graham bread and the plainest food, and then must suffer from it." Reader, this is dyspepsia—we bid you eat as heartily as you please, and anything you choose, even the richest food, and if you will follow it with a single spoonful of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, you need not fear any distressing effects from it. It is the greatest remedy in the world for dyspepsia, indigestion and all diseases proceeding from the stomach and bowels.

With half an eye the difference may be seen between a coarse fabric and a fine one, and any one with the moiety of the sense of smell will find no difficulty in selecting Phlox's "Night-Blooming Cereus" from all the perfumes in the market, as the most delicious and refreshing. Sold everywhere.

The editor who said that his mouth never uttered a lie, probably spoke through his nose. But the woman who said that Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus is the best in the world, and makes better Bread, Biscuit, Cakes or Puddings, out of the same sack of flour, than can be made with any other saleratus or soda, spoke it with her eyes and mouth open, and does not fear contradiction. Dyspeptic persons can use it with impunity, and be all the better for so doing. Most all grocers sell it. Depot 112 Liberty Street







