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Maxham & Wing

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BY MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tasting the wild grapes with her dewy fingers,
Still the cool rapture turns to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the hazy shining,
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hazy plumes the elements entwining,
When o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning,
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the sunbeams through their fingers raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist wind breathes of crisped leaves and flowers;
In the damp hollows of the woodlands sown,
Mingling the fragrance of Autumnal showers,
With spicy airs you could almost blow down.

Beside the brook on the unnumbered meadow,
Where yellow ferns and flicks the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their misty shadow,
The gentian buds, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids, the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover, loth to say farewell—
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart, his troway tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely,
Fit noisily along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scented flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe the fulness of delight,
And through the fragrant woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dewfall on the Summer night.

So in my heart, a sweet unvoiced feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all the secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no word in mystic charm to tell.

(From Peterson's Magazine.)

ONE WAY OF WINOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L'S DIARY."

"Be careful and not get into the snow," said Miss H., as her niece Dora and I started out to go to the morning service in town. "Don't let the wind take your veil off your trimmings, Molly; don't get cold."

But we were already wading; for, although the walks had been cleared that morning, it had done little good, since the snow was falling so densely that we could scarcely see the corner of the square where the City Point car, the car we wanted, was waiting. The chivalries, also, were out in the storm; the sight of their lively enjoyment animated us, and would have done so in far more difficult straits.

The car filled gradually with church-goers like ourselves. Several were obliged to stand in the middle of the car; and among these I at length became conscious of a tall, brown-coated gentleman, standing, not supporting his equipage by a strap, as the rest did, but with interlocked fingers standing evenly before me. I don't know why I regained my consciousness of his being there as something agreeable to me; or why I look, by-and-by, up into his face, unless it was seeing with what easy firmness he stood, let whatever bustle, and flutter, and crinoline there would go by him. Having once noted his mild eyes fixed unwaveringly, but as if without active consciousness, upon mine, I don't know why I raised mine the second time (when some silk flounces came in, discommoding everybody but him and me, whom his poised frame protected), unless his quiet demeanor so attracted me that I could not naturally do otherwise.

That time, I remember, he seemed conscious of me, although in the mild way I thought belonged to whatever he felt, or was; and after that I looked at him no more, either by chance or choice, although I confess I would have been glad enough of one more sight of him, when I was coming out by him, thinking that, ah, me! that was the last of him; thinking also, with a shade of pain, that I wished there were more such strong, serene-looking men in the world, so that quivering, sensitive persons, like myself, might see one such wherever they ventured, and thereby have within them everywhere the sense of protection I felt that day.

The next morning just after Dora started through the still falling snow for the town, Miss H.—came up stairs, saying, "You must come down, Molly."

My name is Malvina. A romantic young Miss, friend of my mother, who also at my christening was young, gave me the name; for although my mother was not romantic, and would sooner, I presume, of her own accord, have had me named Melitable, or even Priscilla, she could not refuse the entreaties of her friend, who at that time, as I have heard my mother say, was in a sea of troubles on account of her disastrous love-affairs. This was twenty-eight years ago, and before all the copies of the extant edition of "The Children of the Abbey" were quite worn out with the reading they got; and, of course, my mother's friend had been solacing herself with the kindred trials of Amanda Malvina Fitzalan. We all despised the name. The nearest I ever came to signing it was after I had begun to study Latin, when in all my mischievous moods I wrote it Malum. My friends all called me Vina, except a few of the most intimate, including my mother and Miss H., who called me Molly.

"A gentleman down stairs wants to see you," pursued Miss H.—"It's somebody I never saw before—not that I remember; but I've heard about him from friends who have always known him, and I really suppose he is one of the best men we have. His name is James Stillingwood. He's a merchant; an wholesale and-retail merchant; does a very large, and what is more, a very honorable business on Summer-street. I've been there a great many times, and must have seen him, I suppose, but I haven't the least recollection of him. He says he has come on a fool's errand, and I should think he had. He's after the lady in the purple bonnet and plush cloak that went from here in to church yesterday. (It seems that he, too, went to hear Mr. Manning; and that he saw an acquaintance of his speak to Dora in coming out. This, it seems, is the way our gentleman found you out.) I bothered him a little. I told that two went in from here yesterday, my niece and another lady, visiting me, and that both had on plush cloaks. He said he wanted the one that wore the purple bonnet, and that's you, you know," smiling; "so there is nothing else for you to do but to go down. I don't know what he wants, you must go down and see."

I went down, trembling and loth, knowing perfectly well whom I would see.

Here is the lady, sir, said Miss H.—at the open parlor door; and then she passed on toward the dining-room, saying something about "seeing what Ellinor was up to."

He was standing at a table; and when he saw me the color rose even to his abundant grey and dark-brown hair; and yet, as he approached, he bowed with the easy air of a gentleman with an honest purpose at his heart, and smiled slightly.

He must repeat to me, what he had already said to my friend; that he had come on a fool's errand, or, rather, he had come in a fool's manner to do a wise man's errand; that if I thought so, and decided him, he wouldn't complain of me, for it was no more than he was doing, by himself; said that he was ashamed to begin,

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1865.

NO. 13.

but would I allow him to without further parley?

I bowed, my eyes fixed on his half-drawn, half-assured features.

Would I earnestly engage not to take him for a blockhead, and run away leaving his story half-untold, his motive and feeling in this matter half-unexplained, hejingeniously urged? I loved again.

Would I sit, and allow him to be seated? We were seated therefore, he on one end of the long, old-fashioned sofa, I on the other. He seemed to find not a little difficulty at first, in beginning, but at length he said, "I might, perhaps, have done this business better than I shall, (or, better, I don't exactly mean, for truth without doubt is best,) if I had gone a round-about way, telling your friend and you that I am after a teacher for some school in which I have an interest, or a president, or visitor, or something else, for some benevolent society in which I have found an interest;—or I might have found some common friend of mine and Miss H.—to come out with me on some plausible pretext or other. But that would not have suited me at this time of my life; I would have despised the poor deception, and hated myself for using it—especially toward one with a face like yours. So here I am at your mercy. The lady with you yesterday," he resumed, in graver tones, after a slight pause, "introduced you to my friend as Miss Herner. I know from this that you are unmarried—but this is all I know. All I deserve to know, coming here in such a manner, on such an errand," he added, his face kindling.

"But please tell me whether you are free? I see it isn't easy for you to recognize the legitimacy of a proceeding unauthorized by any precedent, or by one single law of conventionalism. I see the difficulty; I don't know as I shall ever forgive myself for placing you under it; but be generous, I beseech you, and tell me whether there is anybody who has any claims on you as his—his betrothed?"

I answered No, without looking up from my fingers.

Then there was a pause, broken at length by his resuming, in a voice not perfectly steady, "I thought, I am well known to friends of Miss H.—, and there is a other thing I ought to say; I should not have come here on this errand, urgent as I felt other inducements to be, if I hadn't known Miss H.—, and what my friend of hers, visiting at her house is likely to be. This is in my favor, I think, if anything can be in such a proceeding. I am a merchant. My business is prosperous, and has been for a long course of years. I have a house, with a good many large rooms in it, ready for—for some generous body on Tremont street. It's a pleasant house; that is, it is large enough, handsome enough; the locality is all right, and I have the idea that it would be a pleasant home, if I had the person I want there, to move about in the rooms, to look at me when I come, and show a little gladness at seeing me. My mother is my housekeeper—has been for twenty years. She's an admirable woman, as several of Miss H.—'s friends know; but she's getting along in years, as you will easily believe, seeing her son's grey hairs. She needs retirement, and I—

I need somebody nearer my own age and feelings—although it was not until yesterday that I have known my need with clearness. I have been knowing it better and better every hour since yesterday. I know it now a great deal better than I did when I came to this house an hour ago—if you will allow me to say it under such circumstances—forced upon you? I don't forget this! I am ashamed to have approached you with such a subject, in such a manner. And yet, in one moment, I am not ashamed. It is, as under the circumstances, I wanted to do it. I choose this direct path, in part because I am accustomed to straight paths in all my affairs, and think best of them; in part, as I confess, because I was afraid of losing you if I took the time to go round. And now let me ask you if you feel that you can get over my method, and—respect me and my—the propositions I am desirous of making. You can't tell yet; I see. But I guess you will get over it; his tones brightening. "You will always think it a queer proceeding—I, myself always shall. I would give a great deal to believe that, years to come, we—you and I—will laugh over it together. May I ask how long you will remain here?"

"The rest of the week."

"And to-day is Monday. This gives me a chance to—at least to satisfy you that my action is a little less eccentric. That is," his tones again sinking. "If I may have the satisfaction of hearing from you that I am allowed to send my friend, Mr. Harvey, who is also Miss H.—'s friend, out to speak with her. Will you allow me to do so?"

"I—I don't know; I can't tell. I don't know what I ought to do. But I think you had better not send him. I think I can't give my consent to his coming." Raising my eyes to his face, as I spoke, I saw that he looked mortified and pained. "Now his face, his entire demeanor pleased me. I liked the sound of his voice. It would have been a hard thing, I own, for me to see him going, and to know that by my own act I was forever debarred from seeing him, hearing him speak again. I suppose he saw a little of what was passing in my mind; for, rising to stand before me, he renewed his entreaty, urging me to let him (Mr. Harvey, that is,) come, if it were only to convince me that he was not, in all respects, unworthy to entertain the presumption that had brought him out there that morning. However, beyond this, things might terminate between us, would I not have the generosity to allow his friend a chance to—to praise him a little?"

I would send Miss H.— down, I replied, now blushing a little, a little ashamed now in my turn. I think the man enjoyed seeing my turn. At any rate, his voice, when he spoke again, had undergone a change; I distinguished gentleness; I might say tenderness; in it. I could not, after my concession, look up; moving toward the door, I said I would ask her to come. I heard him thank me, standing in his place, and then gladly disappeared.

I was in a tumult. The first thing I did after Miss H.— had left the chamber, with her little thin curls quivering beside her composed face, was to begin walking the floor, thinking of my old father and mother in the far-off, lonely home; and then the tears ran. No, I said, my life belonged to them. Whatever plenty, protection, love, were offered to me, I would

turn myself away from all, and go home to be with my parents in their declining years. It was what I would choose, before any other lot; I said; but somehow I went thinking of it, and thinking of the gentleman below—I could hear his voice—it sounded pleasant to me. I felt that it was a sound I would be glad to hear daily all my life, if it were for me to have that enjoyment. But it was not. I belonged to the two old people, who at that hour, quite likely, sat looking out often on the snowy expanse across which our country road lay, to see if I were not, by some especial good luck, coming. As I sat thinking of that, and thinking how dear they and home were to me; how I would never, never for riches, or any object leave them, I found my tears were silently running. But I wiped them, and while I was yet bathing my eyes, heard the parlor door open into hall; heard the two voices settling something about "this evening;" and then they were cordially bidding "Good-morning," at the door. The door was shut; and steps were crushing the ice on the walk; and then Miss H.— came into the room, and commenced a quiet search of my features. We neither of us spoke for some minutes. She busied herself at her upper drawer, putting away things; I stood beside a window, looking across the mist-covered bay.

"Well, what do you think of our gentleman?" asked Miss H.—, at length, seating herself, and beckoning me to the cushion at her side.

"Oh, I don't know!" answered I. "I am considerably bewildered."

"You are? I hardly see why you can be. The whole man has such a clearness about him, I feel as if you, and I, and everybody who has anything to do with him, might easily see what it is best to do. As you left it to me, (I am glad you did so, you aren't in the least compromised now, you see, by the consent I have given to his sending my friend, Mr. Harvey, out here this evening.) He is to come, but you aren't to see him. That is, our gentleman isn't to expect you to see him. He isn't to expect anything of you. I have told him some few things about your circumstances—"her looks searching mine for approval. "I have made things look more discouraging to him than they are. I told him that your parents are infirm and in moderate circumstances; I spoke quite discouragingly, and meant to; I did it on purpose to try him. I told him I did not think you'd consent to leave your parents; and it was the truth—I don't. But I think I should feel it something of a temptation if I were you. I told him I doubted if he ever sees you again; but he wouldn't give it up; at least not without sending Mr. Harvey out. But he has promised me on his honor that he would consider me pledged to his cause, on account of my consenting to see Mr. Harvey; and I am quite sure he won't; he is too much a gentleman to do any such thing. He isn't to expect anything at all from you—not one thing; I told him not to."

I thanked her sincerely for saying that to him; I rejoiced in it; it seemed to plant me securely on my feet again, and no temptation near.

I did not see Mr. Harvey; but the following is Miss H.—'s account of what he said.

"Why, our gentleman is the best prize in Boston!" began she, as soon as she had got her breath after coming up stairs. "He's old Dr. Stillingwood's son, of M.—; all the son, all the child he ever had. He, this gentleman of ours, began to prepare for medicine, went through college, and read awhile with his father; but didn't like it, it seems; for we hear of him next as the partner of his mother's brother, Abel Cushman, a man my father knew and valued. He had a fine place out in D.—, where he went summers with a sister of his that died, I remember. He used to come often to hear my father preach. My father was well acquainted with him, I remember that; but I don't remember the nephew, though he says he used to be out there occasionally Sundays, and go to our church. Well, when the uncle died, he left his business and all his property to this nephew. (The sister, all the sister he ever had, was dead, as I told you; and he was never married.) He was wealthy—our gentleman's father wasn't, not very; he did too much for the poor, I remember hearing people say. Well, our gentleman has prospered. He's done a great deal for the poor, Mr. Harvey says, but has done a great deal for himself too, as was right, I suppose. Now, what have you to say, anything?"

I told her I would have been terrified with such an array of perfections, if it had happened that he or they were to be anything to me. But as it was, I had nothing to say to them.

"No, I see you haven't. I haven't got through yet, however. He charged Mr. Harvey to tell us this one true thing, as he called it; that he is completely beset with faults. He says he is in danger of being done with doing anything for the poor, or with doing good anyway, unless he had somebody (unless he had you, he don't want anybody else, it seems,) to brighten him up. He says he is often frightened about himself, when he sees what danger there is of his growing dull, and even morose. Mr. Harvey says that, at any rate, he always has been, and is now, one of the pleasantest fellows in the world; and he says he really hopes he will get him a wife now, for the first time in his life he has started for one. Mr. Harvey says our gentleman thinks a wife like yourself will be a great help to him, not only in happiness, but in goodness; and he trusts he can do his little part, (he shall try to at any rate), to make you happy. So you see he has not given you up by any means. Mr. Harvey says he is afraid of seeming to persecute you; still he wants permission to come out and spend this evening with us. With us, you see—you and me. He wants me to give him the permission, and I believe I shall. I'm inclined to have him come. I'll put on my new gown"—and now her pleasant eyes began to shine, and the thin curls with here and there a thread of grey in them, to quiver. "I'll look as well as ever I can"—there isn't a dearest face, a face pleasanter to see in all the world than hers—and perhaps he'll conclude to take me if you want him. I believe I shall have him come. I am to send word to Mr. Harvey by my market man at once, if I conclude to have him come; and I believe I shall."

She waited for me to speak if I would. But I could not. I would not say Yes, nor could I bear to say No. Some irresistible thing urged

me to give both him and myself this one little solace. For "solace" was my word. I knew within myself that solace was what I would a long time need, in putting the so manfully offered, brimming cup away from my thirsty lips. So I bowed my head in silence on my hand, thinking of him, thinking, also, of my parents; thanking the Father for my parents, and for that blessed provision of His, through which my love for them, and my comfort in them, was growing constantly, as their weakness of age and consequent dependence on me grew. While I sat thus, Miss H.— said softly, "I'm going down now; come down yourself pretty soon," and went.

I heard nothing subsequently of any note sent. The subject wasn't again mentioned between us. Meantime the snow, which since noon had been falling, toward night increased, so that we could see neither water, nor cloud, nor even the end of the garden.

We were sitting in that comfortable state of attenuating chit-chat and silence which naturally comes before tea, when we heard Ellinor going through the hall to let somebody in, heard somebody stamping, brushing, to get rid of the snow in the vestibule. I knew who it was. It seemed to me I would have known if I had had no reason to expect him; the movements seemed to belong there in my life, and were as familiar as my own.

I may as well own it—the room was filled full of comfort as soon as he set his feet inside the door. But I took pains that he should see, in my looks, no signs of any such weakness. I just spoke to him slightly in my place, and then resumed my diligent stitching. But it was not necessary that I should speak; he and Miss H.— were so cordial; they had so much talking and laughing to do about the storm, and the wading he had to do to get there from the car. I thought he felt himself greatly at home there "considering;" and felt like taking him down a little, until, glancing into his face as he stood by the open fire warming himself, I saw looks of such pure goodness as to disarm me of my malice, leaving nothing but good-will and contentment in its place. We had tea together; but I could not eat much, I remember; I don't think he could; for I remember how Miss H.— kept urging us both.

I hardly know how the evening wore away; hardly knew then, in such a confused state as I, of joy in life, of pain, of familiar ease with him and shame-facedness. But Miss H.— was a veritable angel of help, as she ever is. She and Mr. Stillingwood found that they had many friends in common, both among the living and among the dead. I enjoyed sitting to hear the sound of their voices. He addressed me only a few times, and then in few words; but I remember how I prized the words. They seemed more to me, I remember, than any number of words addressed to me by another.

Next day a messenger brought us a magnificent bouquet of roses, japonicas, heliotropes, lemon verbenas—especially roses and lemon verbenas. These were disposed of in water, save a white japonica, and some glossy, dark-green leaves, which Miss H.— put into my hair, choosing the white japonica because she said it made the best appearance on my dark locks. Miss H.— had also a note from him, in which he offered her his fresh morning salutations, his flowers, his renewed acknowledgments of the refreshment the evening at her hospitable fire-side had been to one whose life was in so great degree solitary; sent messages to Tib, (Miss H.— tortoise-shell kitten, who purred contentedly on his knee a whole hour the evening before;) asked her to tell Tib he was coming out to see her again that evening; said a few pretty things about the charms her home had to him; but not one mention of her visitor—only Miss H.— said he meant me in the "etc." he wrote, after certain specifications of the charms of the place, which specifications included Tib. She called me his etc., the rest of the day, does sometimes even to this day.

Miss H.— brought Tib in before he came; and when he entered, she was sitting like a mouse for stillness on the rug, looking with sleepy eyes into the grate.

Having shaken hands with me, rather carelessly, I thought, he went directly to stand over Tib, and began talking with her about her fine, staid appearance. She looked up when he talked to her, and he had not been a minute seated before she came and took her place on his knee, where she sat and purred herself to sleep.

He seemed pleased to hear us say what delight his flowers gave us that wintry weather. Miss H.— told him she put the japonica in my hair; but he appeared to be sufficiently satisfied to see it there if it did not myself place it. He shone in intelligence and fine humor; told us incidentally about losses of valuable necklaces, stolen, he supposed, by some of the new servants; his mother is often trying. He needed somebody to take care of them, Miss H.— told him. "Yes," he assented.

"May I come out to-morrow evening?" he laughingly asked, as he was drawing on his gloves to go. He looked from one to the other; after Miss H.— had said, "I, for one, shall like to have you come," looked steadily at me, until I blushing, began to say, "I, for another, shall like to have you come;" but I amended it and said, "I, for another, think Tib will like to have you come."

How he laughed and half-danced. What a good round laugh it was, and what graceful motion. He should come, he said.

"Might he," again placing himself before us, after he had once nearly reached the door, "might he come out a little earlier with his sleigh, and take us out awhile before tea?"

Miss H.— told him he might, if I was willing; and when he looked to me, I said he might, if Miss H.— was willing. Again he laughed like a boy, and disappeared thanking us.

He brought us more flowers the next evening, and a basket of fruit. The evening was mild; the new snow made good sleighing; the moon shone, casting weird shadows until we were done with the town and the open country received us, and our hearts ran over with delight. At least mine did; Miss H.— said hers did, and I doubt if either of us enjoyed ourselves any better than he did. We drove to Malden; but the horse went as if he had Mercury's wings on his feet, and we were back at the house just as tea was ready to be brought in. We were hungry; we beamed with animation—at least Miss H.— and he did; I guess I did.

He went away soon after tea; not asking

us if he might come next day, but saying that he was coming; saying that he was losing his heart entirely—gravity overspreading his features; then he gave us his hand, and was gone.

"He don't say which of us he is losing his heart to," said Miss H.—, as she was getting her sewing. "I guess it's me. Or, I should think it is me, if I hadn't seen how hard it was for him to give up your hand when he went away just now. He didn't seem to care any great thing about mine, I noticed."

His face was grave when he came next day. He came in the morning, when Miss H.— was seeing to her pound-cake, and couldn't leave it. "Not if every gentleman in Boston came," she said, when I went after her; so I was obliged to return to the room without her. She came in pretty soon with cakes and hot coffee, but was obliged to hurry back after settling us at the table. We weren't hungry, we said; but somehow he got my hand and held it, and told me an eloquent story, concluding it with an eloquent petition.

But I was obliged to say No. I told him about my home, my parents, feeble with years, and dependent upon me.

He knew, he said. Miss H.— and Mr. Harvey had both told him these things; and he wanted me all the more. If I had ten fathers and mothers dependent upon me, why, he had half a dozen rooms with nothing in them but white beds that never changed their aspects, but year after year, met one with their stony smoothness. Did I know what it would be worth to him to see every one of those rooms enlivened by human beings, bound to him by close ties of affection, interest, mutual helps? It warmed him as nothing, nothing in his life of thirty years had ever warmed him before, thinking of his house so enlivened.

And he was truly in a glow pleasant enough to see. I could have kissed his hand; I wanted to, but fearing the demonstration would be taken for something else beside over-brimming gratitude, I bade the emotion be still, sat quiet as a nun, and said, "You are as kind as mortal can be. I wish I could let you see how much I value such goodness—but I think it must not be. I have heard it said that it breaks old people down at once removing them far from the old places, the old familiar friends. My parents must stay where they are while they live."

I said it with sincerity; for I had in my mind more than one old person who never held up his head after such removal, and in a little while went sorrowfully down to the grave.

"I don't know what I can do to remove this objection," he replied; "but with your leave, I shall go and see them. And if I am so lucky as to show them that you and I together, and all we can do for them, can avert the results you describe—will you then consent to be mine?"

I said that I thought I would.

"And with you, whole heart?" he said, getting more and more of my hand, of both hands, into his. "With your whole heart?"

From the eyes, the whole beseeching face, the covetous hands, I knew we would, "have a time of it" married to him. I foresaw that I must let him do most of the loving there was to be done toward the old people, in our house—toward bird, kitten, dog and flower; that I must love him. It did not appal me; but, on the contrary, made him dearer to me; made me know with what composedness I would see him storing his good heart with my possessions. I, for my part, would stand with profoundest sincerity at his side, or sit at his feet, glad in all the pleasure I gave a man so whole-hearted, so true, and attached to me.

Well, since he came over to A.— (more than a year ago it is now,) my parents care less, I think, for everything else than for him. He pets them, he leads them down with benefits—the crowning one being the depth of affection with which he regards them. They have, as it were, grown younger. Enriched before (like any mossy, ivy-covered tower) by the wisdom their multiplied experiences in life had brought them; elevated now by the refinements, the reverent care with which he surrounds them, they are as king and queen. Mother Stillingwood is queen, too; my husband is king, too—bless him! I don't know what kit and I are. I see that Mary gives his linen a snowy whiteness—a perfect polish. Nobody's linens are fairer. I say nothing about it—he says nothing about it; but he looks at me gratefully when he sees their perfection. He keeps our parlor register closed, keeps an open fire burning for the sake of wholesome air and of brightness. I see that this is glowing with light and heat, when the hour for his arrival from business and for dinner approaches. We say nothing of this either; but, standing on the rug, his face beaming, as neither chandelier nor open fire can make the face that hasn't a happy beam beneath it beam, he looks at me, tells me one little thing and another, shows me what book, or *bijou*, or useful, elegant household thing he has brought home; and my heart is filled to overflowing with the comforts of my lot. Then he strokes the kit's head, asks about the old people. Soon the dinner-bell rings, when we all meet to go down together, and he and our father, and our two mothers, talk about the war news.

We go out sometimes to hear a lecture, or some good music, or to some private entertainment given by our friends. We go out every week or two to see our dear friend, Miss H.—. We now and then drive, some mild, moonlight night, out the Malden road; and I know we both love the very walls, and trees and shrubs along the way. We have an interest in every one of those houses along the Malden road; we want everybody who lives in them to prosper. If any one of them doesn't, I think he had better come to my husband; I think such would be received by him almost as a brother.

Every Monday evening he sits, after eight o'clock, and counts his weekly gains, preparatory to his Tuesday's bank deposits; that is the time I take to finish my letters—and my stories. He is all done now for this evening. I hear him move his papers—hear his key turn.

"James!"

"What, Molly?"

"I have been writing here in my story that our father is king; that both our mothers are queens; that you are king, too; but I don't know what kit and I are."

"You're two contented pussies—the very best thing that wife and kitten can be."

He laughed in the good, boyish way; but he came and gave me one of his loyal kisses on my forehead, took me up to his loyal arms, and we had our walk back and forth across the parlor, and our talk. I don't believe anybody else's puss ever had walks and talks quite so pleasant.

A DEMOCRATIC PROTEST.—Petroleum V. Nasby protests as a consistent Democrat, against the nomination of soldiers by his party. He writes:

Object to nominatin em for the follerin reasons:

1. Taint honest. In 1862, I called the soldier "Linkin pup," and I meant it. They was wagin a crool and unholy war agin Democracy they wuz redousin our majorities in the suthern states at the rate av sum hundreds per day, and now to nominate em is a flop I'll never make.

2. Taint pay. These fellers sold us out when they flopt back to us, and what guaranty hey we that they wout sell us out next turn of the wheel. Ef we cood git sum decent wans, it mite do, but good Lord! the soldier who woud do this woud be lower down than we is, which woud bother a man. All the votes that sich men cood contrôle, we hev alluz owned in sech men.

3. Taint justis 2 us original copperheads. We encoored the heat and burden uv the day; we resisted drafts, we damned taxes, we wuz Fort Lafayette and Fort Warrined, twas us who died in our door-yards. Whence these officers then? All the damage they done the government wuz in drawin pay and rashens.

4. The reconstructed democracy uv the South wout like it, and to them, after all we must look for success.

5. They acknowledged nigger equality by allowin niggers to fight with em.

6. We have gone too far to try the soldier d-dge. We opposed the war, we opposed their votin, we opposed the Ablishin in votin pay and supplies, we opposed Aid societies, and last at Sanitary Commishuns, we opposed drafts at a time when they needed help, and to go back on such a record is rather rechin, and I wout do it.

7. Ef we undertake the soldier, we commit ourselves to payin his pension, et settry. How woud the suthern Democracy like that.

8. Ef we nominate men who served, we disgust the deserters and them ez went to Kanady for the sake of the coz.

Mr. Nasby appends the following advice to his party:

We have cappytle effout in the nigger.

Let us plant ourselves boldly on shore ground.—Let us Resolve that Goddamlie wuz right in makin the Nigger our slave, the he made a mistake in plantin in his heeven buzzum a chronic desire to run away from his normal condishun. Let us hang out our banner and inscribe on its folds, "No marryin niggers!" "No payin a debt inkind in a nigger war!" "Protect us from nigger equality!" and sich other precepts ez cum within range uv the Dimecratic intellect, and go in and win.

May the Lord hasten the day.

Petroleum V. Nasby.

Lait Pastor uv the Chu-ch uv the Noo Dispensashun.

SEED CORN.—Not only should care be taken to have all corn designed for planting next spring thoroughly ripened and dried, but the best ears should be selected. Those ripening first are quite likely to produce the earliest ripening crop when planted again.

The largest ears should be taken, and those from the most prolific stalks. Those which are perfect, having the

Waterville Mail.

R. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 29, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETTINGILL & 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 Scollay Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad 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."

THE SHOW AND FAIR of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society will be held here on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, and there is abundant reason for expecting one of the best exhibitions, in most departments, that we have ever had. Let every man do his duty, and every woman, too, and not only come themselves but bring something for others to see, admire and imitate. Let no one hold back, thinking others will outdo them; for we trust that most are actuated by a higher motive than simply to obtain a premium. Bring the products of the farm, and a specimen of your handiwork, and tell people how you have produced the one and made the other. In this way you may impart valuable information while getting great good yourselves.

The debt of the Society, about one hundred and fifty dollars—may be easily extinguished, and the best way to help forward this desirable event for which we have been laboring for many years, is to enroll yourself a member and pay your dollar into the treasury. We trust that the published list of members this year will be larger than it was last year, when it numbered nearly four hundred names. When the debt is all paid, the premiums can be arranged upon a much more liberal scale; the library can be enlarged; and we can have Scientific lectures, &c. Don't wait for the Treasurer to call upon you, but hand him a dollar, unsolicited, and take your ticket.

CRANBERRIES.—The Lewiston Journal says that a Mr. White, of Leeds, has raised one hundred bushels of very fine cranberries this season, on a small piece of bog land that was planted with this fruit a few years ago. The work was commenced by a Massachusetts man who understood how it should be done; and the experiment has proved that the right kind of bog land, worth nothing for other purposes, may be rendered highly profitable in this way. The Journal makes just comments upon this fact, and advises those who have suitable land to visit Mr. White, see how the thing is done, and try the experiment for themselves. Any measures that will result in adding to the quantity of this very wholesome and desirable fruit will be a public benefit, as there is not enough now to meet the market demand.

A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE.—A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal who dates at Canton, Missouri, says that good pork and beef sell there at five to ten cents the pound; the best of winter apples at seventy-five cents to \$1.00; corn forty to sixty cents; flour about \$2.00 less than in Maine. He suggests that apples may be brought from there, this year, and sold to profit in Maine. He adds, "If we at the East kept better informed as to prices and freights from the West, we should not have to pay so dearly for some commodities." He might also say, that if we at the East knew more, at the present time, of the price current of our own markets, we should make a very commendable saving on many of the so-called necessities of life. A nice firkin of butter can be ordered from Vermont at more profit than apples from Missouri.

THAT LIQUOR, seized at Augusta, mysteriously disappeared during the great fire, and the Farmer says it is a puzzle to know what became of it. It was probably saved from the flames, while other and more valuable property was suffered to burn, and where it will eventually go to is not doubtful in that thirsty latitude.

Late advices from Fort Laramie state that Colonel Cole's column of General Connor's command lost six hundred horses and two hundred mules, frozen to death on the night of September 1st. The column was afterwards attacked by Indians, the fight continuing part of two days. On the 8th they were again attacked. The Indians were repulsed on each occasion with heavy loss. The loss of our troops was comparatively insignificant.

BRIGADIER GENERAL ALONZO G. DRAPER was accidentally killed at Brazos Island, Texas, by one of his own men, recently, while engaged in target shooting. He was the son of Mr. Alonzo Draper, a well known musician, formerly a resident of Waterville, and was a young man of fine promise.

The trial of the steamers Algonquin and Winoski, at New York, was interrupted by an accident to the former.

HEALTH OF T. S. LANG.—The report that this gentleman had a shock of paralysis at Skowhegan last week was not true. He has for some time been suffering from slight paralysis of some portion of his face. Last week a council of physicians enjoined upon him complete retirement from business and care, and he started on a tour of leisure to the lakes and into Canada. The ride to Skowhegan in his private carriage, so exhausted his strength that he was compelled to remain there. He was taken to lodgings at a retired private house, just out of the noise of the village, where Mrs. Lang left him, apparently improving, a few days ago. We are informed that he has determined, as the only condition of hope of recovery, to surrender business entirely, embracing the care of the cotton mills, his farming, and his horse and neat stock breeding, and give himself as completely as possible to ease and recreation. The public, as well as his personal friends, who are deeply interested in his valuable enterprises, are proportionally interested in his restoration to health, and tokens of his convalescence will be gladly heard of.

THE FENIANS are giving the British a big scare just now. Many arrests have been made, and several districts in Ireland have been "proclaimed," which is equivalent to being placed under martial law. Some of the English papers are growing ferocious over the matter, and demanding extreme measures for the suppression of the Fenians. With them, our secessionists, who conspired against the best government on the globe, were saints of light, and most cruelly treated in being forcibly resisted in their mad attempts upon the national life; but these wicked Fenians are devils incarnate, forsooth, because they are restive under foreign rule. It makes a great difference when their ox is gored.

QUERY?—How long will oats be held at seventy-five cents in Waterville, while they are quoted at fifty-eight to sixty in Boston?—buy at the same time going for ten dollars. Somebody said "there is reason in all things;" but how does this look like it?

BUTTER.—It is a mistake in those farmers who are holding their butter for higher prices, to carry the point so far as to compel our grocers to send to Vermont or Massachusetts for butter. They are doing this at a profit. Without any visible reason, butter has been higher at Waterville than elsewhere during most of the season. Some good lots of butter were sold for twenty-five cents last year, after fifty cents had been offered and declined. Is there any danger that the same thing may be done again?

SPRINGFIELD AHEAD.—The Springfield Fire Insurance Co. of Springfield, Mass., advertised in our paper, of which Mr. L. T. Boothby, of our village, is agent, was the first company to pay its losses by the recent fire at Augusta. The fire occurred on Sunday morning and on Tuesday the insured parties received their money. "A word to the wise," etc.

GEN. McCLELLAN.—O. M. Shaw's horse, of Bangor, took the first purse of \$250, at Riverside Trotting Park, Cambridge, on the 20th. Time, 2:33 1-4; 2:32 1-2; 2:32 3-4. On Saturday, McClellan was beaten by Frank Vernon, in a trot for a purse of \$1000—Vernon's time, 2:35.—McClellan coming in second at the three heats. On Monday, at the Franklin Park, Chelsea, Gen. McClellan won a purse of \$3000 in a race with Fearnaught, in three straight heats. Time, 2:37; 2:40 1-4; 2:38 1-2.

WE hear that "Gen. Knox" is training fluently, at Skowhegan, for the contest at Waterville. It seems quite probable that this will be the last public contest of this famous horse, as his owner is said to have determined to devote him to the more legitimate purposes of breeding for the future.

The Lewiston Journal says that the lumber business in that city is lively, and that the large piles of lumber are fast disappearing. We hear that a large number of buildings are in progress of completion there, and probably much lumber goes to home uses.

CORONER Wm. A. Libby of Augusta, on Wednesday, 20th inst., was called to hold an inquest on the body of George Scates, who was found dead in his barn in Manchester on Monday, about three o'clock, P.M., with his throat cut from ear to ear, his windpipe and jugular vein being completely severed. Mr. Scates had recently been a member of the 2d Me. Cavalry. He leaves a large family in dependent circumstances. Family troubles are said to be the cause of the sad affair.

A WORD TO COMMITTEE MEN and especially to chairmen.—We are to have no address this year before the Agricultural Society, and it would therefore be very desirable to make the reports of the committees so interesting that the reading of them will furnish a very good substitute. Some general thoughts germane to the subject may be jotted down beforehand, and then the awards and such new ideas as come up can be added afterward. We make this suggestion particularly for the benefit of the Hall committees, who have less time after their examinations for the preparation of a report, than these at the Grounds. With a little care in the preparation these reports would have more interest for the audience that will listen to them than a long and labored address.

THE SKOWHEGAN HOTEL, in Skowhegan, was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour on Monday morning, with the greatest part of the furniture and the effects of its inmates. Loss from \$12,000 to \$15,000—partially insured. This fire is charged to an incendiary, with what grounds we have not learned.

OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC for October is embellished with a portrait of A. A. Low, Esq., the President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The leading article, "The Church and Mosque of St. Sophia," will be read with interest. "The Royal Academy," London, is also full of interest. "Cannopa" is a vivid sketch of terror and suffering connected with the Indian mutiny. "To Hamburg and Back," is a graphic description of a celebrated gambling city. There are also several other articles of value and interest.

Published by W. H. Bidwell, New York, at \$5 a year.

"LYRICS OF LIFE," by Robert Browning. This is the fourth number of Ticknor & Fields' series of "Companion Poets for the People," and it is enough to say that it is presented in the same charming style that characterized its predecessors, and like them, is very handsomely illustrated. Browning is already a great favorite on this side of the water, and this popular edition of his shorter poems will introduce him to a new class of readers. Ticknor & Fields are public benefactors, and we hope this liberal and praiseworthy enterprise of theirs will be well rewarded.

Sold by all booksellers, and sent through the mail by the publishers, on receipt of the price, fifty cents.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October has the following table of contents:—

Saints who have had Boilies; No Time Like the Old Time; Coupon Bonds; The Author of Saul; Needle and Garden; John Jordan; Noel; Wilhem Meister's Apprenticeship; Doctor Johns; Down the River; Abraham Lincoln; Reviews and Book Notices.

The Atlantic maintains its high reputation. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October, has the usual variety of entertaining and not too heavy reading. The illustrated papers for this month are "Down in the Cinnabar Mines," "A visit to the Isle of the Puritans," and "Sherman's Great March,"—the latter condensed from Major Nichols's book. The (late) rebel General Thomas Jordan's caustic review of the policy of Jefferson Davis during the rebellion will find interested readers, very naturally, and the additional chapters of the continued stories of Dickens and Wilkie Collins will not be neglected. The wit and gossip of the month will amuse all readers.

Published by Harper & Brothers New York, at \$4.00 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The leading steel engraving in the October number of this old favorite is a charming novelty,—"Selections from the Cartoons of Raphael," five of which are given. Without enumerating the other pictorial attractions we may say that they are numerous and each very good in its department. Of the reading matter it is enough to say that it is as good as usual.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3.00 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, for October, contains a number of excellent articles, among which are "Grandfather's Chestnut Tree," by Mrs. Childs; "Half-hours with Father Brighteyes," by Trowbridge; "Winning his Way," by Carleton; "Aunt Esther's Stories," by Mrs. Stone, and several others.

This magazine has a wonderful popularity with the young folks, and is anxiously looked for by parents as well as children.

Published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston, at \$2.00 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for October contains one steel embellishment, "The Disdainful Maiden;" "The Royal Baby," a wood engraving; patterns and designs for the ladies; a piece of music; and the usual amount of good reading matter, including a continuation of Miss Townsend's new story, "Whether it Paid."

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

HOURS AT HOME.—The October number of this popular Monthly devoted to religious and useful literature has, for an embellishment, "The Broken Window," a street scene of considerable interest. Among the many good articles found in its pages we may enumerate England and America; Halle and its History; a Letter to Boys; Irving at Sunnyside in 1838; German Painters of the Modern School; The Rainbow as a Symbol of Christ; Elizabeth Fry; with biographical sketches of Lydia H. Sigourney and Major General Howard, and continuations of two stories—"Goodbye the Lollard," and "Nobody's Mercies." It is a good magazine that should have a large number of thoughtful readers.

Published by Charles Scribner, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—The October number of this splendid monthly contains a beautiful fashion plate of two pages; a four-page plate crowded with figures, illustrating various new fashions; and scores of other smaller engravings of patterns and designs, with a full sized pattern for cutting, of the Albertine Jacket. The literary portion of the number contains the usual attractive variety.

Published by Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl St., New York City, at \$3.50 a year, and sold everywhere.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The steel engraving in the October number—"The Little Street Sweeper"—is a very fine one, and it illustrates a good story with the same title. There is also a colored fashion plate, with numerous patterns and designs of all the new things in this department, and a piece of music. The number is full of good stories, one of which we have translated to our first page.

Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.00 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—"The Wanderer's Return," is the title of a very fine steel engraving in the October number of this favorite magazine, which also contains a handsomely colored two-page fashion plate, and numerous minor embellishments, and a choice piece of music. Stories and other good reading as usual.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

GEORGE M. CARTER'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY is open to the public regularly on the afternoon and evening of every Wednesday and Saturday, and may be regarded as one of the fixed and desirable institutions of the village. Call in and look at his neatly fitted and furnished room over Allen's Jewelry Store. At present he has about one hundred and fifty well selected volumes; but if properly encouraged he will make large additions and then print a catalogue.

THE SOCIAL LEVEE of the N. K. Agricultural Society, at Town Hall, next Tuesday evening, must not be forgotten or neglected. Let everybody come and bring all the well behaved children. We hope to have a pleasant time.

THE INTERNATIONAL BANK, of Portland, is all right, says the Press, notwithstanding malicious reports to the contrary; and holders of its bills will find them as good as those of any bank in the State.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN CONNECTICUT.—On Monday next the citizens of Connecticut are to decide whether negroes shall have the right of suffrage in that State. The Democratic State Central Committee (what an abuse of the word democratic!) has issued an address, asking the people of the State to defeat the proposed amendment to the constitution, and to deny the right of suffrage to the colored people.

CORRECTION.—A correspondent, whose vivid imagination must have taken captive his judgment, has hounded the Boston Post into the notion that an alarming condition of things exists in Waterville consequent upon the efforts of the friends of temperance to enforce the liquor law. The proprietor of the Continental House, feeling aggrieved by the indictment against him, (wrongfully procured, as he indignantly protests,) has closed his house to the public, and quite superfluously, we think, erected a rough board fence around his premises. But the deep indignation of the good people of the town, and the "bottled thunder" hinted at by the correspondent, is all in his eye. The people of Waterville, let us say seriously, have seen enough of the evil effects of rum selling, and are seriously and soberly determined to enforce our liquor law against all offenders, and whenever evidence can be had, these offenders, high and low, will be prosecuted to conviction. Our officials, chosen with especial reference to this very duty, are earnest and determined; and the people who elected them by a vote nearly unanimous, will sustain them. No one sins ignorantly at this late day, and no promises of good behavior will stay proceedings for past offences. It is an ill wind, however, that blows no one good; and while the people smile, landlord Miller, of the Williams House, is quietly "pecking the rocks."

Let us hope that better counsels will soon prevail, and that the Continental House— which under its recent management has earned a good reputation as a quiet, orderly, well kept house—may be once more open for the public accommodation; and in this wish we think we but echo the voice of the better portion of this community.

L. R. Doolittle's horse "Ticonic" won the sweepstakes of \$200 at the Maine State Horse Fair, at Skowhegan. Frank Haskell's horse took two purses at the same Fair.

A CHANCE for those in want of a dwelling house may be found by referring to the advertisement of the well known Dr. Chase House.

Let all do what they can to fill up and ornament the Hall next Tuesday. Pretty and curious things abound in all your houses and stores, and shops, which, if brought together and tastefully arranged, would make a fine show, to delight the beholder and stimulate to effort in a good direction. Premiums are of no great account, but here is an opportunity to benefit the Society, which is ours, and to do good to others, and this is worth the effort. Let us have the best Hall exhibition ever known in Waterville.

MIXED METAPHOR.—"When,"—exclaims the editor of the Anson Advocate, in closing an article complaining of the recent raid upon the rum-sellers in Somerset County—"When will the people open their eyes and shake off the vipers now rolling rough shod over the rights of the people! O When!" And echo answers, let 'em roll, till the right to sell rum in defiance of law and to the damage of the community is abandoned.

THEFT.—The Baptist Meeting House in this village was entered some time last week and the contribution boxes of the Sabbath School classes robbed of their contents—eight or ten dollars. A reward of ten dollars is offered for the detection of the thieves, who are probably boys.

SEE TO THE POULTRY.—The committee on Poultry, for the coming fair, are desirous of improving this department of the exhibition. Now, if those who have good or beautiful "birds," either hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, doves, or other feathered favorites, will bring them in, so as to make an interesting show, such as the ladies will find it pleasant to admire, we promise to persuade the trustees to offer larger premiums to this class next year. We can't help thinking they have in some measure underrated its importance, compared with other interests. We will also venture to promise to all who bring in a good case of any kind of poultry, that they shall at least fare as well by way of some slight present, as those who secure the second.

REUBEN B. FOSTER, father of Reuben Foster Esq., of our village, was chosen representative from the district composed of Bethel, Hanover, etc., at the recent election, so that father and son will be members of the same legislature.

The Portland Press pitches into John A. Poor and the European and North American Railroad, insisting that there are cats claws under that meal.

COMPETITORS FOR PREMIUMS will confer a favor by entering their articles, so far as they can, before the day of the Show. The books will be found at the Mail office.

BOLD ROBBERY.—The Concord National Bank of Concord, Mass., was robbed of \$300,000, while the Cashier was gone to dinner, a few days ago.

THE CHOLERA, at last accounts was increasing rapidly at Marseilles.

Wm. Rose, of Fairfield, was convicted of stealing Mr. Nye's wool, and sentenced to two years confinement in the State Prison, at the recent session of the Court at Norridgewock. One of his accomplices broke jail, a little time ago.

Our West Waterville letter comes too late for insertion this week, but will appear in our next issue.

A Lowell gentleman writing The Brunswick Telegraph, says that if the water powers of that town were put into the market, and capital invested in its improvements, Brunswick would soon become a city of 30,000 inhabitants. Why don't the owners of that water power try to realize the prophecy?

ANDREW JOHNSON.—A Washington correspondent thus describes President Johnson:—"We have recently seen him as President. No man has filled the position more thoroughly since Jackson's time, and none with better grace since the exit of Martin Van Buren, who was the embodiment of social accomplishment. He who imagines that Andrew Johnson is an awkward person, or that the Executive robes hang loosely on him, is greatly deceived. His bearing impresses all who come in contact with him. It is full of point, dignity and good breeding. He disposes of the thousands of vexed questions, and the hundreds of visitors of every class, that come before him each day, with surprising promptitude, elegance and tact. Although evidently suffering acutely, his temper does not desert him for a moment, and that is saying a great deal, for like most men of nervous energy, he has his full share of temper. He is calm, quiet, patient and thorough, not so nimble as Mr. Pierce, nor so priggish as Mr. Buchanan—a man every inch of him, and to use another popular cant, in the right place.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU IN MISSISSIPPI.—Col. Samuel Thomas, Assistant Commissioner for Freedmen's Affairs, in an official communication dated Vicksburg, Sept. 14, giving his return for August, says:—"One hundred and fifteen plantations are leased in Louisiana, fifty-seven of them by whites and fifty-eight by blacks; also 136 in Mississippi, one hundred and thirteen of them by whites and twenty-three by blacks. There are 13,500 acres in eighty-one plantations in Louisiana and Mississippi leased to blacks, and 52,800 acres in the same States in 170 plantations leased to whites. About one half of the land leased to whites was abandoned, owing to the overflow of the Mississippi. No property has been labelled for confiscation, and he made no attempt to distribute lands in small lots to negroes, as he knew it would meet with stout opposition from all parties. If, he adds, the militia is organized as foreshadowed by Gen. Sharkey's proclamation and endorsed by the President, I have no idea that the freedmen will remain quiet laborers in the cotton fields. They are excited and partially armed. The hope of organizing the labor of the State in such a way that the freedmen will return to the fields and augment the agricultural wealth of the State as free laborers seems to vanish with the promulgation of this military order." In conclusion, he says, he hears but little trouble between the freedmen and their employers. Nearly all the colored people of the State are working on plantations that have been contracted with, and the employers are anxious to make contracts for the year 1866, for fear labor will be hard to get at the beginning of the season.

The Commonwealth tells a good story to the effect that some six or more years ago, as Mr. W., a friend and admirer of Rev. Theodore Parker, was walking in Winter street, one Sunday morning, reading a paper, a gentleman stepped up and asked him if he would direct him to Trinity Church. Mr. W. did so, adding at the same time, "I perceive you are a stranger, and if you will step into Music Hall, my honor for it you will hear more truth in half an hour than has been dealt out in Trinity Church for twenty-five years." The stranger thanked Mr. W. with a bland smile, saying, "Excuse me, sir, but I am going to officiate in that church, in an humble way, myself, this morning!" Mr. W. passed on, with a low whistle.

Dr. Francis Lieber, in a letter, to Mr. Seward, proposes that the claims of American citizens against the British government for damage during the late war, done by such vessels as the Alabama, be referred for decision to the law professors of some of the best German universities, who would be able to decide upon them as experts in international law, and thus settle a question of some importance.

A confederate soldier who had fought fairly and squarely throughout the late war, when he was startled with the intelligence of the surrender of the three armies of Lee, Johnston and Taylor, woke up to the "realizing sense" of the stupendousness of the failure. His surprise broke forth in the remarks, "It didn't even flicker, but went right out."

THE COLOR TEST.—The September term of the Brooklyn city court opened Monday morning with a negro in the jury box. His name—Robert Johnson—was called; and he was impeached with the rest. The reporter emphasizes the fact that "he served on one case and appeared to act quite intelligently!" In the case of Skinner vs. Hughes, the opposing counsel appealed in turn to his intelligent judgment, and his eleven associates asked for his opinion with as much equanimity as if it was not an attempt to reverse the order of nature. The sun continued to rise and set in Brooklyn as usual.—[Worcester Spy.]

ROBERT.—A young man named Thomas Hunter, belonging in Houlton, Aroostook county, arrived in this city yesterday morning from Eastport in the steamer New York and shortly after landing, found that during the passage he had been robbed of \$500. One hundred dollars of the money was in gold and the remainder in greenbacks. It was in a wallet in an inside vest pocket and was cut out by some professional scamp—probably while Hunter was sleeping. The money was all young Hunter's worldly possessions—the savings of some three years, with which he was coming here to go into business.

The Commissioner of Agriculture reports the condition of the crops to the 1st of September as follows: Wheat, quality not good, especially at the west, for it was affected with blight and rust and wet weather, during harvest. There is not so much of the old crop in the hands of farmers as has been supposed. Oats one of the largest crops ever raised in the country. Hay was greatly injured at the west, but very little at the east; the quality is good except in Ohio, Illinois and Missouri. Corn escaped material injury at the west. It is the greatest crop ever raised in the loyal States. Buckwheat, if not injured by premature frost, will be good. Potatoes, indications of rot in many localities and in some places much injured. The yield however, will be good, as the amount planted is greater than last year. Hops ripened well in all the States except New York, where it is injured from lice; the crop is therefore seriously injured, as New York in 1861, produced nine and three-fourths millions of the eleven millions in the country. Fattened hogs show a decrease of about one tenth from last year, and the hogs are smaller and younger than usual.

The daughter of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, aged seventy, is receiving rations at a Charleston. There are fifteen thousand persons in the city who, like her, are drawing their daily supplies of rice from the Federal authorities.

NON-TAXATION OF NATIONAL BONDS.—The Gardiner Home Journal has a sensible article on this subject, from which we extract the following:—

Our democratic friends make a great deal of stir about the injustice of exempting the 7-30 bonds, or any others, from taxation, and we confess that we sometimes feel so ourselves. Now there is our neighbor Croesus, worth more dollars than we are mills, who has got all of his money in 7-30s, and pays no tax of them, while out of every hundred dollars that we get we have to give three or four to the government. Now, at first sight, that looks rather hard on the poor printer, and rather easy for his rich neighbor.

But in our view, there is another side to this matter. Said Croesus, when the war broke out, I had perhaps a million dollars in property. In less than two years that property was worth only about one-third of what it was then, and Government was loudly calling for money; and, by our consent and advice, offered Croesus 7-30 interest without taxation, if the Government succeeded, with the prospect of total loss if it did not succeed. He advanced his money. The soldier's pay rose in value two hundred per cent.; the poor printer's dollars, though few, doubled in value; Government's credit was established; one dollar of the public debt went as far as two did previously; and, if Croesus's money was doubled, so was others.

Looking at it in this light, we feel not so much aggrieved. Those who had the money risked it and won, and we poor folks are much better off than though they had not done so; and, even if we were not, it was a fair bargain and is just as sacred as though Government had paid them ten per cent. interest instead, or had paid its bonds to said Croesus at a big discount.

There is another view of this matter also. These bonds are by no means in the hands of the capitalists altogether, but are hoarded up in the trunks of the workmen in our mills; the girls in our factories; the Irishmen at work on our roads; in the tills of our farmers; and, perhaps, even some printer may have a stray one somewhere.

In any case, this question is not one to enter into party politics. All are equally interested in it, and all should be willing to see the pledged faith of the United States carried out in good faith. Whether the contract is a just one or not, it is a legal one and all should be willing to see it fulfilled.

NAMES AND THINGS.—If the word Democracy means anything, does it not mean just this:—

"Resolved"—That the spirit of our institutions, requires that the measure of a man's political rights should be neither his religion, his birthplace, his race, his color, nor any merely physical characteristic; and that it would be subversive both of the form and spirit of our institutions to permit any portion of our population to be degraded into a subject caste, taxed to support and compelled to obey a Government in which they have no voice, and whose whole machinery may be directed to their destruction.

That is a resolution of the Minnesota Union Convention. Yet that is the very thing which the Democratic party most lustily opposes and vigorously denies. Upon the whole a Tory is a little meaner when he calls himself a Whig; and Aristocracy is rather more contemptible when it calls itself Democracy.

WHEN TO SELECT SEED POTATOES.—The best time to select seed potatoes is, when they are dug. As soon as they are brought to the surface and lie spread on the ground, the best can be selected with less difficulty than at any other time. Those that are perfectly matured, and of good shape, having the marked characteristics of the variety, and good average size, should be selected for seed, in preference to those of any other qualities. They should then be placed in boxes or barrels, and kept where they will not be injured by freezing or by warmth. If seed potatoes are saved in this manner for a few years in succession, we have no doubt a decided improvement will be observed in the yield per acre, as well as in the quality of the crops. And we think this practice will also be found an effectual security against small ones, and a good defence against the rot. When potatoes first come, which they soon lose.—[American Agriculturist.]

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The Southern Women who have petitioned Mr. Johnson to pardon Jefferson Davis, speaks of Mr. Davis as "called from the retirement of his home to a position which he did not solicit, but which his manhood forbade his decline." This says an exchange is not quite accurate. They should have spoken of him as "leaving his place in the United States Senate in violation of his solemn oath of fidelity to the United States, to assume the position of chief of a traitorous conspiracy against the Union which had educated him in a national school, and had received his oath of fidelity and allegiance, not merely as Senator, but as a student and a soldier."

IN A STEW.—The Charlottesville, Va., Chronicle is in a terrible stew about the negroes lest they should become somebody. Just hear what the editor gets off.

"The negroes are free; they are learning to read and learning to think; as time rolls on, they will aspire more and more; to-day freedmen, to-morrow they will contend for the right to testify in court; then for the right to be tried by their peers, that is to sit on juries, and on the magistrates bench; then to vote; then to practice in our law courts; then to hold office; then to be received in our parlors; then to marry our children. These things do not go backward, nor stand still. That is the alternative of these two races: pushing forward, side by side on the same soil. If the negro is to stay, our advice to a white man is to move out."

HORSE KILLED.—As the train from Bangor last Saturday was coming into Newport, it struck a horse and cut off one of his hind legs. The animal was a valuable one, belonging to a clergyman who had been offered \$500 for him. After the steed was struck he ran some distance at great speed, with only three legs.

It is curious how some people reason and apparently satisfy themselves for their actions. The Boston Post has taken a loyal stand during the war, but has supported invariably those copperheads who have denounced the war. It now declares itself in favor of equal suffrage to both black and white, and acts in perfect concert with those who oppose it. We should say such a course was like that of a class in olden time—"having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." The last part of the quotation is applicable:—"From such turn away."—[Paris Democrat.]

