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Maxham & Wing

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CONSOLATION.

They are not dead who lie
With folded hands and pallid lips apart;
They who are dead, we weeping by,
With chilled and pulseless hearts.

Death is another life,
After removed from toll and care and sin,
Which, when the soul with grief is rife,
It can may enter in.

Had we but faith to see,
Our eyes would glisten with a keen delight
To find our loved one company
With angels pure and bright.

O ye of little faith!
Lift up your weeping eyes to God's own throne,
And pray, if this be death, Death
May claim you for his own.

Nor walk with downcast eyes,
Nor ask, looking beyond this vale of woe:
When in the dust this body lies,
Where shall the spirit go?

Then let us stay the tears
That course down our faded cheeks the while,
And gather strength for future years,
So God may use us still.

Ere long, our Father's voice
Will call us to Himself in Heaven above;
And we shall then in Him rejoice,
With those who so much love.

And each, with golden lyre,
Shall praise the Lamb that sits upon the throne,
While Faith and Hope shall then expire,
And Love endure alone.

And, bowing at his feet
Who opened for us the new and living way,
The harmony divinely sweet
Shall be prolonged for aye!

(From Harper's Magazine for October.)

OOLIE.

A QUIET summer in the country! How charming it will be for an idle bachelor like myself, with no care to engross him, no taste for the usual round of watering-place and mountain and sea-shore, thoroughly tired of flirtation and fashion, yet sadly in need of rest! I can imagine nothing more delightful than to spend the hot months at Greyrock with my tenants. My agent writes me that the fences are out of repair, and a new bridge is sadly needed over Cress-kill, and that will give me quite amusement enough to superintend in an idle, dreamy way.

Thinking thus, I packed my trunk, arranged with my landlady, visited my lawyer, and bid good-by to the city for the summer, and by boat, car, and stage found myself one June afternoon on the little porch of the modest but rambling house that was mine by inheritance. The honey-suckle grew thickly over the porch, shading its sweet-scented panes close by my cheek, the locust blossoms were swinging their censers high up under the trees; the grasshoppers and crickets were noisy in the grass. Away off towards the west a gleam of Cress-kill shone clear, white to the north rose the great rock that gave the farm its name. I had time to notice all this before the door was opened by my new tenant, John Austin.

He was a spare, elderly man, with clear blue eyes and a scanty crop of brown hair, curling and thickly sprinkled with gray. His clothes were poor but very clean, and his linen was as white as snow. He had a look of settled sadness about the firm mouth, and the lines in his forehead were deep and many.

All this I saw as I sat talking with him in the little parlor, after we had groped our way in and he had succeeded in opening one of the wooden shutters in spite of a rebellious rosette that stoutly maintained its right to reign undisturbed, revenging itself by flinging in a shower of petals on the clean striped carpet.

"You have no family, I believe, Mr. Austin?" I said, by way of conversation.

"Yes, sir, I have one little girl—and I had a son."

He stopped, and going to the high and narrow mantle-piece, took down a faded daguerreotype of a little boy, with very smooth hair and a conscious face. "That was his look, sir; but he was grown up when we lost him." He took the little battered case in his hand, and, fumbling with the fastening, he replaced it on the shelf, and turned his head away.

I found I had touched a painful subject, so hastened to make inquiry in regard to accommodations for the time of my sojourn.

"We are very plain folks, sir, and don't know much about cooking for city people, and maybe you wouldn't be suited. My wife isn't always able to be about." Here he stopped, and the troubled look came down on his face; but I'll ask Oolie, sir. Stepping to the door he called, "Oolie! Oolie!"

There was no answer, so he stepped through the hall, and at the back-door repeated the call, leaving me to marvel greatly whether the owner of the strange name were a fossil or some unknown form of humanity. Apparently he, she, or it, answered, and a colloquy ensued, of which I only heard Mr. Austin's steady tones.

Presently he returned, and, standing with one hand on his side and the other resting on the chair, he said, "Oolie thinks we can manage it, sir, if the large north room would do for you. It has a pretty look-out, you know, toward the Rock and the Kill. Oolie and I will try our best to make you comfortable."

So it was settled that I should be a tier lodger for a season. Asking me to remain there a few moments he shut me up in the old parlor, and I heard footsteps flying about overhead. I looked at the quaint chairs set regularly about the room, the square-angled sofa, the high mantle-piece, and its array of solemn trifles—silver candlesticks and china vases—glanced at the books on the table, and was puzzled to find a volume of Mrs. Browning's and Motley's Dutch Republic in company with the Lady's Wreath for 1833, the Documentary History of New York, at least three volumes of that tridling work, and that cheerful poem Young's Night Thoughts. There was a bit of ruffie in a little work-basket, and a tiny thimble, which I supposed might belong to "the little girl." I hoped to find this same child a very agreeable companion. So I did.

Now that I am fairly installed in my new home I intend to write a journal. I tried that once, and at the end of the month I found that, instead of writing my thoughts, I had only kept an account of the weather. Then I went to the other extreme and wrote myself into the belief that I had some deep trouble—I didn't know exactly what—and that I was dying of heart-disease. Now I am just going to write whatever I see or hear or do or feel.

I have a charming old chair in the corner of the window, where I can look straight into a robin's nest and catch glimpses now and then of the distant hills. By the window at the back of the room is my writing and study table, for I intend to study German in earnest. This "study" looks out on the stretch of meadow back of the house, the lane, the granary, and the two back-doors where shining pans and tin kettles are ranged for drying. I haven't found out who Oolie is yet. Some Dutch maid, I suppose.

June 10.—I was wondering what I should put in my journal, and I thought in a long reverie by the open window, and concluded to write

about the interesting bird family I had adopted, and sat down by the window for that purpose. And then I saw her, and I didn't care to write about the birds. Two days had passed very nicely. Mrs. Austin was a pale, wan-faced woman, with great eyes and a quantity of black hair, hardly tinged with gray, coiled at the back of a well-shaped head. A strange-looking woman, wild yet touchingly sad. She spoke very little, and then in a hurried, nervous way, while her hand shook the cup which she handed me until it rattled. She had a glancing, fearful look, and seemed ill at ease. Nervous, I suppose, as that is the solution of all puzzling matters in regard to women.

"I haven't seen your little girl yet," I remarked, at breakfast-time.

"No, sir; she was quite busy this morning."

"Ah, does she go to school?"

"Oh no, sir. She went last year to the boarding-school, but she is to stay home this summer. Education is very expensive."

And he sighed as he ran from the table. I came to my room and indulged in that long two-hours' reverie I mentioned, ere I adjourned to the window overlooking the yard at the back of the house. Under the cherry-trees was an ironing-table, a basket with clothes, and a charcoal-furnace for heating the irons. Leaning back against the tree stood a young girl with sixteen fanning her heated face with her sun-bonnet. She was slender, and wore a clean but faded calico that yet looked comely fitted to such a rounded shape. Her hair was thrown back from her face and held by a net over its rebellious waves. Her lips and cheeks were crimson, and the low brow was just wrinkled by a contraction of pain or annoyance that deepened as Mrs. Austin's voice called shrilly and in excited tones,

"Oolie, Oolie!"

"Yes, mother."

And the little hand dashed off a tear as she answered the summons. Then I heard querulous complaining and entreaty until the girl came out again and resumed her work.

Thus, then, was "Oolie"—this beautiful girl so poorly clad, so overtasked, was the little daughter John Austin had spoken of. It was clear now; they had no servant, and this poor child was struggling with hard work, with poverty, and, worse than all, with pride. She beat over her task, and as she took up a hot iron in her slender hand and held it near her cheek to test its warmth, a great tear rolled hithering off it.

Presently John Austin came toiling up the lane, and it was beautiful to see the look of tenderness steal over her face as she looked at his weary gait and bowed head. I did not hear what she said to him, but he looked proud and happy, and was just turning away when Oolie called, softly,

"Father!"

I judged she asked for something to buy a new dress as she pointed to the miserable one she wore, saying, "Only a plain calico, father," and pushed her hair back with a timid gesture. The old, tattered pocket-book that John Austin took out I shall never forget, nor the small store from which he took a bill, putting it in the girl's hand, saying all the while,

"Yes, yes, little girl, you must have a new frock—you have waited a long while for it, a good girl, my little Oolie. I wish father could help and dress you like a lady. Poor Oolie!"

And he laid his hand a moment on her head. Neither noticed that there fell a slip of printed paper from the pocket-book just where they had been standing.

Unwilling that they should know that I had heard their conversation, yet fearful that the paper might be of consequence, I was yet undecided whether to call their attention to it or not, when Mrs. Austin came out with a pan in her hand, and turning toward the row of currant bushes at the top of the garden, passed the spot where the paper lay. She stooped to pick it up, and then rose such a wild scream as I had never heard before. Oolie rushed to her side and tried to soothe her with gentle words and caresses, but she walked swiftly past her into the house, clenching the paper in her hand. And now while I write I hear the faint sounds of her voice muttering and incoherent, can even hear a word or two of entreaty and of denial in Oolie's clear sweet tones.

"You are cruel, Oolie, when you can give me peace and rest. You don't know what sorrow is."

"Oh, mother dear, I can not, I must not, for your dear sake I must not!" and then the tones are too low to distinguish anything further until I hear Oolie say, "This once, mother, I'll go to-morrow." And after that the house is still; I hear John Austin's heavy step go to and fro on the gravel walk for two long hours, and then the girl's light step is falling there too.

What is the sorrow of this household? What shadow is in the depth of Oolie's great solemn, beautiful eyes? What trouble bows this strong man so? Will I ever know?

June 11.

I have been to the village to-day to make arrangements with the lumber merchant for timber and hands to lay the bridge. Farmer Austin has a sober old horse and a box-wagon which are at my service. Breakfast passed without any allusion to the scene of the last evening, but Mrs. Austin was absent. Oolie was very pale, and John Austin ate but sparingly of the breakfast before him. After breakfast he asked me if I would object to allowing Oolie to ride to town with me, as it was rather warm to walk to and fro.

Of course I was glad to have the girl's company, and we jogged on as though we had been friends all our life. She was very shy and very much afraid of me, and sat with her head half turned away, so I could not help seeing the pretty outline from the low fair forehead and sweeping lashes to the dimpled chin, nor fail to note how the brown gold of her hair shone through the meshes of her net. I don't think she looked at me three times in all the three-mile journey, but she told me of her school and her studies; what books she liked; where the great ferns grew wildest on Greyrock, and the fringed gentian in the meadow lot. And then she said she could drive, and I left the rein in the little hands for a long mile.

It was a pleasant journey, but I don't quite know why she should be talking so earnestly to that tall, druggist clerk when I stopped for

her in the village. Her face was flushed, and she was speaking low but rapidly as I came up. She only said good-by to him as we came away; but I glanced over my shoulder to see him leaning his head on his hand looking after her with a strangely plying gaze.

She looked up at me and said, "I am ready, sir," and so we passed out. I had expected to find her with the new dress purchased which she had asked for, but saw no bundle, nor did she seem to think of any. Mrs. Austin stood in the doorway at our return, with a large shawl wrapped about her as though she had been waiting a long time. I heard her whisper eagerly, "Did you see him?" and I heard Oolie answer, with an accent of utter weariness, "Yes, mother," and then pass in the house.

And so the tea hour passed and the stars came out and all the house was still, leaving me seated at the window full of pity for this young girl so shy and yet so frank, with this strange burden of sorrow and care that makes her old and grave. I almost wonder if she can be gay, or sing little songs, or laugh merrily as other girls do. She is very beautiful too; a genuine wild flower in this spot.

I who have seen so much of the world, am so much older and wiser in its ways, must try to help and cheer this little girl, and perhaps can do her good. I hope I should do the same if she were ugly and passe; I don't know.

Phew; she is only a child, and I intend to treat her in a kind, fatherly way, and so win her confidence. Her fine mind should not be allowed to run riot or to rust out. I'll—

June 30.

I feel somewhat happier than I did two weeks ago, for I have carried out my plan; and, unlike me in general, I do dearly love to have my own way. I made a lame pretense of being very anxious to aid the daughter of an old colored servant once in our family—a widow with one child. Then I made another pretense of being very anxious to have my washing done in the house, and by this woman. So after some difficulty I was allowed to engage black Nancy ostensibly as my servant, to receive wages from me, but in reality to do the work of the household. How happy I felt when I saw those strong tawny arms lifting the heavy burdens that Oolie shall bear no more if I can help it! Not that I fancy special later at her, except for her youth so clouded by circumstances. . . .

I am going to give her German lessons—indeed have made a commencement. Light labor with such a pupil. I called her Miss Oolie at first, but she gravely told me her name was Oolie—that an aunt of her father's from England gave her the title. She pronounced her words strangely, and seeing my big eyes, "When I was a baby," she said, "I looked like a little owl, and brother Launt thought it very funny to call me 'owl,' and so it came to 'Oolie,' and now every one knows my name, Launt always called me so."

My scholar was sitting on the porch when she told me this, flushing up crimson all the while.

"And your brother, Miss Oolie—have you lost him?"

A shadow came over her face, and she did not answer at first, then spoke a little huskily.

"Yes, we lost him," and hurried to ask a question in the lesson then in progress.

I am trying to make this girl's life a little brighter, to chase away whatever of gloom there is in her lot. Sometimes I think I have succeeded, but again I find myself quite baffled. She makes no complaint and gives no confidence, but now and then a grateful word lets me know that she sees my wish and object.

I fancy her mother must be a source of great sorrow in some way to me unknown. I have never learned anything of the incident of the paper which seemed to hold such sorrowful tidings for Mrs. Austin; but I fancy that it might have been a notice of her son's death, and this acting of a morbid nature probably produced the result I had seen.

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A new element has entered into our household in the person of little Jake—Nancy's child, about four years old, with hair that is almost wool yet fails in respect of kinkiness and color. Sadly neglected he has been, and wofully ignorant of even the simple lore of four-year-old childhood.

"Jake," said I, as we walked under the apple-trees last Sunday—"Jake, do you know what you are made for?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt answer [as he switched off a clover-head with a stick, "made for to work."

It took me some time to recover my gravity, and then I thought I would try and recall some Sunday-school rhymes for his benefit.

"Jake, now I want to teach a verse called 'Happy Land.'"

"Oh, massa, I know dat."

"You do? Well, let's hear it, then."

So he struck an attitude and commenced in a very high key, "Hail Columby, happy land," and looked at me for approval. I bent my head to hide a smile, and Jake added, triumphantly, "I know nuther one, shall I say it?" and without waiting for my answer, went on, "My kingdom fur a boss—my kingdom fur a boss."

Jake had finished his list of acquisitions, and trotted off, saying, "Dat's all I know," leaving me sadly puzzled to dispose of this new responsibility that had come to me unsought. Of course I must try and teach him something of all he ought to know, so he and I are great friends: I have promised him to raise a great kite to-morrow. Oolie has been helping me build one to-day, and promises to see the raising just after we finish our German lesson. The child has very pretty hands. So here I am as busy as I was in town. A bridge to build, fences to be laid, a little contraband to civilize, and a fair young girl as pupil in German. I shall have no lack of employment.

Oolie has a fine voice and sings in the village church every Sunday. The druggist's clerk whom I saw in town is the basis of the choir, and seems to feel it incumbent upon him to accompany the girl home. He is rather good-looking; but I think I had better go to the choir meetings myself to bring her home, as she might take a fancy to this Mr. Lee, and she is quite too young to be thinking of these things—quite too young. Not that I am so very old either, twenty-six—that would not sound odd in speaking of any one else. I suppose that it seems very old to Oolie. I cannot

but feel the novelty of the sensation of having a grateful heart express itself in spite of pride.

When I sent a strong man to take John Austin's place that hot day in the field, making him believe that I wanted him to look over some plans and drawings with me, it was very beautiful to see the great eyes flash their gratitude. But then, when I spoke a single word in reference to Mr. Lee, she drew herself up proudly, and grew solemn and distant till I thought of the little owl resemblance myself.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

Intelligent reader, the swing of the pendulum is the type of the greater amount of human opinion and human feeling. In individuals, in communities, in parishes, in little country towns, in great nations, from hour to hour, from week to week, from century to century, the pendulum swings to and fro. From Yes on one side to No on the other of almost all conceivable questions, the pendulum swings. Sometimes it swings from Yes to No in a few hours or days; sometimes it takes centuries to pass from the one extremity to the other. In feeling, in judgment, in the grandest matters and the least, the pendulum swings. From Popery to Puritanism; from Puritanism back towards Popery; from Imperialism to Republicanism, and back towards Imperialism again; from Gothic architecture to Palladian, and from Palladian back to Gothic; from hooped petticoats to drapery of the scantiest, and from that back to the multitudinous crinolines; from crying up the science of arms to crying it down, and back; from the school-boy telling you that his companion Brown is the jolliest fellow, to the school-boy telling you that his companion Brown is a beast, and back again; from very high carriages to very low ones, and back again—the pendulum swings.

In matters of serious judgment it is comparatively easy to discern the *rationalis* of this oscillation from side to side. It is that the evils of what is present are strongly felt, while the evils of what is absent are forgotten; and so, when the pendulum has swung over to B, while the evils of A send it flying over to B, while it reaches B the evils of B repel it again to A. In matters of feeling it is less easy to discover the how and why of the process; we can do no more than take refuge in the general belief that nature loves the swing of the pendulum. There are people who at one time have an excessive affection for some friend, and at another time take a violent disgust at him; and who (though sometimes permanently remaining at the latter point) oscillate between these positive and negative poles. You, being a sensible man, would not feel very happy if some men were crying you up; for you would be sure that in a very little while they would be loudly crying you down. If you should ever happen to feel for one day an extraordinary lightness and exhilaration of spirits, you will know that you must pay for all this the price of corresponding depression—the hot fit must be counterbalanced by the cold. Let us thank God that there are beliefs and sentiments as to which the pendulum does not swing, though even in these I have known it to do so.

I have known the young girl who appeared thoroughly good and pious, who devoted herself to works of charity, and (with even an over-scrupulous spirit) eschewed vain company; and who by-and-by learned to laugh at all serious things, and run into the utmost extremes of giddiness and extravagant gaiety. And not merely should all of us be thankful if we feel that in regard to the gravest sentiments and beliefs our mind and heart remain year after year at the same fixed point; I think we should be thankful if we find that as regards our favorite books and authors our taste remains unchanged; that the calm judgment of our middle age approves the preferences of our ten years since, and that these gather strength as time gives them the witchery of old remembrance; and associations. You enthusiastically admired Byron once, you heartily despise him now. You once thought Festus finer than Paradise lost, but you have swung away from that. But for a good many years you have held Shakespeare and Tennyson; and this taste you are not likely to outgrow. It is very curious to look over a volume which we once thought magnificent, enthralling, incomparable, and to wonder how on earth we ever cared for that stilted rubbish. No doubt the pendulum swings quite as decidedly to your estimate of yourself as to your estimate of any one else. It would be nothing at all to have other people attacking and depreciating your writings, sermons, and the like, if you yourself had entire confidence in them. The mortifying thing is when your own taste and judgment say worse of your former productions than could be said by the most unfriendly critic; and the dreadful thought occurs that if you to-day think so badly of what you wrote ten years since, it is probable enough that on this day ten years hence (if you live to see it) you may think as badly of what you are writing to-day. Let us hope not. Let us trust that at length a standard of taste and judgment is reached from which we shall never materially swing away. Yet the pendulum will never be quite arrested as to your estimate of yourself. Now and then you will think yourself a blockhead; by-and-by you will think yourself very clever; and your judgment will oscillate between these opposite poles of relief. Sometimes you think that your house is remarkably comfortable, sometimes that it is unendurably uncomfortable; sometimes you think that your place in life is a very dignified and important one, sometimes that is a very poor and insignificant one; sometimes you will think that some misfortune, or disappointment which has befallen you is a very crushing one; sometimes you will think it is better as it is. Ah, my brother, it is a poor, weak, wayward thing, the human heart!

You know, of course, how the pendulum of public opinion springs backwards and forwards. The truth lies somewhere about the middle of the arc it describes, in most cases. You know how the popularity of political men oscillate, from A, the point of greatest popularity, to B, the point of no popularity at all. Think of Lord Brougham. Once the pendulum swung far to the right; he was the most popular man in Britain. Then, for many years, the pendulum swung far to the left; into the cold regions of unpopularity, loss of influence, and opposition benches. And now, in his last

days, the pendulum has come over to the right again. So with lesser men. When the clergyman comes to the country parish, how high his estimation! Never was there a preacher so impressive, a pastor so diligent, a man so frank and agreeable. By-and-by his sermons are middling, his diligence middling; his manners rather stiff or too easy. In a year or two the pendulum rests at its proper point; and from that time onward the parson gets, in most cases, very nearly the credit he deserves. The like oscillations of public opinion exist in the case of unfavorable as of favorable judgment. A man commits a great crime. His guilt is thought awful. There is a general outcry for his condign punishment. He is sentenced to turn. His crime was not so great. He had met great provocation. His education had been neglected. He deserves pity rather than reprobation. Petitions are brought up that he should be let off, and largely signed by the same folks who were loudest in their outcry against him. And instead of this fact, that those folks were the keenest against the criminal being received (as it ought) as proof, that their opinion is worth nothing at all, many will receive it as proof that their opinion is entitled special consideration. The principle of the pendulum in the matter of criminals is well understood by the old Bailey practitioners of New York and their clients. When a New Yorker is sentenced to be hanged he remains as cool as a cucumber; for the New York law is that a year must pass between the sentence and the execution. And long before the year passes public sympathy has turned in the criminal's favor. Endless petitions go up for his pardon. Of course he gets off. And indeed it is not improbable that he may receive a public testimonial. It cannot be denied that the natural transition in the popular feeling is from applauding a man to hanging him, and from hanging a man to applauding him.

Even so does the pendulum swing, and the world run away.—[The Country Parson.

"SOUTHERN RIGHTS."—We are glad that a numerous delegation of gentlemen from the unorganized States lately called upon the President, and we hope that many more will call. It is right and wise that they should acquaint themselves personally with his views, and by actual conversation and observation learn the spirit of loyal citizens. They will nowhere discover an unreasonable or an unforgiving temper. They will find that all good citizens understand the difficulties of the situation. They will encounter nothing but satisfaction at the result of the war, and a very decided determination—in which we trust those gentlemen share—to avoid, as far as possible, all unpleasant possibilities of future trouble.

But it is very desirable that certain misapprehensions and false traditions should be set aside at once. The late delegation from nine States was introduced to the President by Mr. McFarland, of Virginia. The gentlemen composing it were, as we understand, lately in arms, and upon principles, against the Union and Constitution. Yet Mr. McFarland gravely remarked that they were as earnest and faithful to the Union and Government as in the past. Now if they were honest rebels they believed in State sovereignty, and consequently could never be faithful to the Union and Constitution, in the sense of fidelity which the war has established. If they mean to be fully loyal now, we are delighted to hear it. But we certainly do not wish to hear that they propose to be only as loyal as they were before.

The same gentleman concluded his speech by saying that they were sure the President intended "to maintain Southern rights in the Union." This is one of those perilous follies which, if the war has not annihilated, the war will have to be fought over again. We wish the President had said to them, "Gentlemen, there are no Southern rights, nor Western rights, nor Eastern rights, nor Northern rights in the Union. There are no sectional rights whatever. As President, I know no other rights than those of the people of the United States who formed the Union. I shall maintain no Southern or Northern rights; but I promise you to defend to the last the rights of every citizen in the land."

Suppose that the delegations from Indiana and Illinois which waited upon the President after his elevation in April had told him that they depended upon him to maintain Western rights; and the delegation from New England had spoken a good word for Eastern rights, we trust the President would have made a reply similar to the one we have indicated.

The phrase "Southern Rights" is too suggestive of the cry that preceded the rebellion to be very becoming in the mouths of gentlemen who took part in it. The main interest of the country at present is the rights of the United States. If delegations from the unorganized States come to express their loyalty to those rights and their sincere desire to secure them, they will be more welcome to the country than if they come to repeat the falsehoods which plunged us into war. Mr. McFarland should remember that their country is not the 'South,' nor Virginia, nor Georgia. It is the United States. Remembering that, let them talk accordingly, and they will find only kind and willing listeners.

[Harper's Weekly.

GOOD TALK.—Gen. Kilpatrick made a speech at a recent Union meeting at Newark, New Jersey, in which that gallant cavalry officer assaulted the opposition as fearlessly as he was wont to charge upon their allies on the Southern battle fields. He said:

Let the people of the South receive that encouragement they now look for from their friends in the North, and trouble is surely stilled ahead. We have subdued the rebellion in arms upon its own fields, its own chosen ground; but it now rests with you to conquer the same spirit at the ballot box. The opposition will "stoop to conquer," and they must be met at every point with determination. Remember that you have a hard-working and unprincipled enemy to overcome. It is the same party which, when I was wounded at the battle of Big Bethel, told me that it "served me right;" which, said that we could never subdue the rebellion; which, declared that this war was a failure; which on the 30th of last month, said, in effect, in their States, right plank at Tren-

ton, that the South had a right to secede, and which at the same place declared that the late rebellious States had a right to come back with all their old privileges.

RAIL-ROAD MANAGEMENT.—The Evening Post, in an article on the frightful frequency of rail-road slaughters, and the culpable carelessness of railroad officials, in this country, says:

Let the American people far and wide reflect upon the fact which we now cite them on the authority of an official report of one of the British consular agents. It is a fact so important that we put it in conspicuous type. In Germany since the beginning of the rail-road system, twenty or thirty years ago, not a life has been lost in consequence of carelessness or mismanagement on the part of rail-road agents. A few persons have killed themselves by incautiously approaching or jumping off a train, but none have been killed by what are called accidents or casualties.

This is the fact; and now let us look at the reason of it. In the first place, the German trains are limited to a maximum rate of speed—say twenty-five or thirty miles an hour—which is regarded as the highest rate compatible with the regular wear and tear of material, and the consequent safety of human life. In the second place, the iron machinery, the rails, the wheels, the axles, &c., are by law renewed at the end of every certain number of years, whether they show signs of weakness or not; for, experiment having proved that iron, after a time, gets disintegrated or disorganized by the incessant beatings of the wheels upon the rails, the prudent Germans think it better to relay their tracks before than after a fracture has killed or maimed a hundred persons. In the third place, on all the German railroads guards are stationed at such intervals that the engineers of the locomotive are never out of sight of some one to warn them of the condition of the tracks.

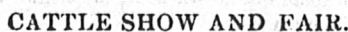
These it will be seen are simple provisions requiring no elaborate changes, and yet assuring an almost certain exemption from danger. Journeying by rail, which is the speediest and most agreeable form of locomotion, is rendered also the safest. A traveller enters his car with as much confidence as he would enter his parlor or his bedroom. He knows that he will reach his point of destination just as surely and as comfortably as most men know that they will eat their dinner. It is true that it will cost something to carry these provisions into effect, it will diminish dividends to lay down new rails, to put on new wheels, to hire a larger force of men; but is not the end worthy of the cost? Are not life, and ease, and happiness worthy of being paid for? We expend prodigious sums to assure them in other respects, and we do not see why we should not incur the outlay to assure them on the rail.

We hope to see the legislature of every State during the coming winter, do two things; pass, in the first place, a stringent railroad law, founded upon the experience of the several nations, from which an intelligent committee would soon learn; and then to appoint a commissioner or commissioner to see its enactments thoroughly executed, on pain of the seizure of the road, by which they should be neglected. Cases of culpable carelessness, like those of Charles and Rich, or the master mechanic on the Houstonian road, ought to be made criminal offences, and the Commissioner empowered to prosecute them in the nearest and most expeditious courts. In this way the people would keep the important franchises they have granted under their own control, and teach the most powerful companies that there was still a power greater than themselves.

A BABY IS "OUR HOME."—Not a borrowed baby either—nor a sick baby come to be cured, and then to go away again. Neither is it a make believe baby made of rags stuffed with bran, or wax, or India rubber. But it is a true baby,—just as much alive as a little young kitten, or a little calf is alive. It can double up its little fists and scratch its chin as well as anybody in this world; and it can wink and cry and kick. It has some little brown hair, and some little blue eyes, and a little white frock, and a darling little worsted sack—and every way it is a nice little creature. And it is ours, to keep. We can watch it as it grows, and be glad when it learns to laugh, and to sit on the floor, and to tumble over on its back and put its big toe in its mouth, and to stand alone, and to walk, and to climb up on the table, and to cut holes with the scissors in its mother's dresses.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S CONGRESS.—The Congress of German workingmen assembled at Stuttgart joins with the American workingmen's movement in favor of shorter hours of labor.

The Germans also demand, as necessary to the protection of workingmen, universal suffrage. The Congress asserts: "1. That universal suffrage, equal and direct, is the foundation of every constitutional State, and the only mode of securing the real representation of the people; and that the workingmen ought especially to look to it as the main instrument of their moral and material advancement. 2. That it is the duty of all workingmen to demand universal suffrage. The laws which in Germany restrict the rights of association amongst workmen were declared injurious; and on this subject and the terms and relations of labor generally, the Congress resolved, 1st. That combination is a natural right, and, therefore, ought in no case to be restricted. 2. That a shortening of the hours of labor would be advantageous to employers and employed, but it is indispensable to the latter, for the acquisition of that political and moral education which is the aim of workingmen's societies. The introduction of piece work, where this is possible, would be the practical mode of obtaining this result. 3. That what is even more indispensable than the right of combination is the establishment of association of production. 4. That in none of the three preceding cases will there be any satisfactory results without perfect freedom of action, and especially without a liberal law on associations. All workingmen are, therefore, particularly requested to use every exertion to effect an alteration in the existing law on this subject. 5. Considering that many workshops have rules which affect the honor and interest of workingmen, that the permanent committee of the congress be authorized to collect information on the subject, and to make a report to the Congress. 6. That the general proceedings of this Congress; European newspapers still think a meeting of two or three kings of more importance than such a meeting of working men; but before many years the kings will take the background, and the 'hand-worker' (handworker, to translate it literally) will assume their proper importance and station in the State. For it begins to be discovered, even in dull and prince-ridden Germany, that hand workers may also be head workers, and that a carpenter may have more brains than a grand duke or a royal highness. [Evening Post.



FIRE AT W. WATERTVILLE.—A fire at West Waterville, on Tuesday night, consumed the shed of the Central Railroad, with about four hundred cords of wood, and the building formerly occupied as a store by W. H. Hatch. Loss on the store, including some shingles and other articles, about \$800, uninsured. Ticonic engine company, with their new engine, responded very cheerfully to a call for help, and a car took them to the fire in season to give assistance in wetting down and preventing its spread. We are authorized to tender them the thanks of the citizens of that place for their prompt and cheerful action. We are also requested by the chief engineer of our fire de-

"THAT COMICAL BROWN.—All of our readers have doubtless heard of "That Comical Brown," and most of them have perhaps listened to his irresistible drolleries and side-splitting comicalities. They will be well pleased to learn that Mr. Brown will give one of his capital musical entertainments at the Town hall, next Tuesday evening, Oct. 10th, when he will be assisted by Miss E. A. Marsh, the favorite Contralto, whose songs constitute so attractive a feature of the exhibition. The "trained dogs," "Scottie" and "Charley" will also go through their wonderful evolutions, under the direction of Prof. Eastia. The entertainments given by Mr. Brown have ever been immensely popular with the public, and a crowded house is sure to greet him wherever he goes, and as he sings the first night of the horse fair, those who want seats must go early and prepare to enjoy themselves.

ducing our mechanics to build homes for themselves. John C. Higgins and Cyrus E. Joy are building on Water street, H. W. Folson on Church street and Louis Belanger on School street; Seth Kelly is building on Morrison avenue and Joseph Mitchell on Water street, to rent. Miss Sturtevant has built on Oak street.

The scarcity of good, roomy tenements is inducing our mechanics to build homes for themselves. John C. Higgins and Cyrus E. Joy are building on Water street, H. W. Felson on Church street and Louis Belanger on School street; Seth Kelly is building on Morrison avenue and Joseph Mitchei on Water street, to rent. Miss Sturtevant has built on Oak street.

Yours,
W. Waterville, Sept. 28, 1865. B.

"PUBLIC SAFETY ASSOCIATION," is the name of an organization recently formed in Massachusetts; and the reader will no doubt

surprised to learn that it is composed of liquor dealers—large and small—who band together to thwart the efforts of those friends of temperance who are striving to enforce the law against the sale of "liquid damnation" in that State. "Public Safety!" What a misnomer! Brown their efforts with success, and much is done to ensure public misery, degradation, poverty and crime, that a few wicked men may fill their pockets with blood money. We hope the good people of Massachusetts will take a different view of what is best for the safety of the public and expose and defeat the designs of these bogus friends of the people.

THOSE BIG PUMPKINS, the ownership of which was a puzzle to the committee at the fair, were presented by Mr. George Kenaey. Putting them home as a present we felt a weight of obligation, and were fully prepared to endorse the favorable opinion of the chairman. Oh! Moses! they would make your mouth water, well as your porringer is supplied.

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

OUR FIRST SHARP FROST came on Monday night, but everything was out of its reach and cold fingered Jack took nothing of value by his motion.

ults from falling into the ruins of a brick building, and being covered for twenty-four, thirty-six, or forty-eight hours, (sometimes three days) with a red hot mass of bricks mingled with burning wood. We recommend to every one, under any circumstances, to remove valuables from a safe when possible."

erty of the people are really on the side of
e empire, an ambassador from thence will be
ceived as readily as from France or any other
untry with which we are at peace. The
question is one for the Mexicans to settle
holly among themselves, and they will be al-
owed to settle it without any interference wha-
ter from the Government which rules at
ashington.

"A COUPLE of returned soldiers" appeal to us to know what is meant by a "waterfall."

us to know what is meant, by a "water-tail," he might refer them to Niagara or Minnehaha. Montmorenci for an answer, but as they evidently refer to the artificial and not the natural cascade, we would inform them that a "water-tail" is that beaver-tail appendage to a lady's dress and gear, that looks like a head of flax in a bread bag, or sometimes like a dirty woodcock trying to effect an entrance into the back part of a lady's bonnet.—[Press.]

offer for sale. In this, as in every case you have been called upon to investigate during the present term, you find one and the same ever-present cause of crime. Not a solitary instance has come before us in which the offence is not

The late advices from Europe show that the Fenian movement has already caused a great deal of excitement in Ireland. The local magistrates of Dublin have held a council of war. The police and military forces have been increased, numerous arrests have been made in all parts of the country, and the Channel fleet

Christian precepts which troubled you so much in the American conflict continued. "They apply more to your case than to ours," here are physical and moral reasons why the interests of these States should be preserved, but the union of Ireland with England only contributes to your aggrandizement, and costs more than it comes to for that purpose. Listen to me, O'Connell, Johnny, and save humanity from a bloody scene!"

The American song of "Old John Brown" has been devoted to a new purpose. A Fenian song now popular in Ireland asserts that "John Brown's Knapsack was No. '98," thus reviving the memory of the movement of '98 and the American war in the mind of the hearer.

B. Gratz Brown, United States Senator from Missouri, has made a long and able speech at St. Louis, in favor of equal suffrage. He contends that Congress has the right to require negro suffrage in the reorganized States as indispensable to "a republican form of government."

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shotes, heavy 12 to 12 1-2c per lb.; spring pigs, 13 to 14 cts. per lb., retail, 13 to 16 cts.; fat hogs 13 1-2 to 14 cts. per lb., live weight; Hides, best Brighton, 8 to 9 cts. per lb.; country lots 7 1-2 to 8 cts.; tallow, 8 to 9c; calf skins, 16 to 18 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$1 to 1 50 each.

Resolved, That while it seems to rest with peculiar grace in its old seat, it becomes not its place more than this generous gift graces the reputation of the noble Firemen of the Franklin.

WM H WATSON, Clerk.

Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, who was for more than twenty-eight years President of Brown University, was prostrated by a paralytic stroke on Tuesday last, and died in Providence, R. I., Saturday afternoon. He was sixty-nine years of age.

The case of Ketchum was to come before the General Sessions in New York yesterday, but was postponed until next Monday. On motion of the District Attorney a panel of one thousand jurors was ordered, and notice given that further postponement would be opposed by him.

DON'T SELL THEM.—Gov. Morton, of Indiana, has warned the veteran soldiers of that

Tax Anti-Teapot Review, an English periodical, contains the following "statement of brief and plain formula, by which all known operations against drinking tea and wine are

ations, especially those of a theologian, may be rendered as transparent as the generality of stone walls. By quickly differentiating the several intercolloquies resulting from the latent combustion of an infinitesimal and supererogatory fissitude. Chrononotologists can be symptomatically inoculated with that dependent quintessence which is directly responsible into the sameness of a limited quantity of Abroadbre.

