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Maxham & Wing

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BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

Mistily rises the harvest moon
Over acres of yellow corn;
Sweet—how sweet!—is the reaper's tune
Through the silencing woodlands borne;
Magical shy light of luminous twilight
Glisters on streamlet—tinges the thorn.
West wind!—west wind! fluttering up
Where amber skies meet amber seas—
Cool as the wine in a poet's cup,
Bustle the leaves of the dense pine trees—
Jolly shiver on waves of the river—
Play with the shadows on lawns and leas!

Mabel!—Mabel! lying asleep
Mid pleasant fancies and pillows of down—
Out to sea let the wet breeze sweep!
Thou wilt not open those eyes of brown,
Wilt not hearken, while gray skies darken,
And dews of midnight the wet sheaves drown.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

THE THANK-OFFERING.

It was but a very trifle—the mere beat of a drum upon the highway—but it came near being of very serious consequence. Dr. Austin Raimond, a physician in middle life, and of high standing alike in his profession and in his social position, was returning from a medical consultation in the country, to which he had been called, and driving quietly homeward to the city, his thoughts engrossed by the peculiarities of the case which had just been submitted to his medical acumen, he had become so involved in the consideration of the subject as to entirely forget that the horse he was driving was a young and spirited animal, which he had recently purchased in place of the old, steady, and well-trained servant that had been his trusted companion through many years of professional visiting, and upon whose discretion he had confidently relied.

A loud, sudden, and most unexpected tattoo upon a toy-drum, given gratis by a juvenile drummer, startled both the horse and his driver. The former reared for a moment upon his hind feet, then springing forward, shied suddenly across the road, and, turning, struck the wheel of the carriage against the stone-wall with such violence as to tear off the wheel and upset the vehicle, sending the astonished M. D. flying through the air with a velocity as undesirable as it was unusual to him; and his first distinct consciousness was a confused finding of himself all in a heap upon a pile of loose stones upon the edge of the wayside.

Never for a moment indulging in the hope that he was not "kilt entirely," as the Irish patois expresses it, and gathering himself up with exceeding care and caution, as if he fully expected to find some of the pieces missing, the worthy man was fairly amazed to find himself really unhurt, though somewhat unsettled by his hasty flight; and, adjusting his glasses and replacing his fugitive hat, he took a good self-congratulatory shake, and finding that all his limbs worked as well as before, he next proceeded to look after his horse and buggy.

To his further satisfaction he found the horse to be unharmed. Some men who chanced to be passing at the moment had secured him; and, the first error over, he certainly behaved uncommonly well, looking around at his master with a trembling and deprecating intelligence which seemed to say that he was sorry he was so foolishly nervous, and would not do so again—but he really couldn't stand that boy with the drum, any way!

The carriage and harness had, however, sustained considerable injury; but as there was a blacksmith's shop close at hand, Dr. Raimond proceeded thither, and had the pleasure to learn that one hour and a half would repair the damages. As this time, though not long for the needed work, would inevitably prove tedious to the detained gentleman if spent pacing up and down the heated air of the smithy, the master of the shop asked him to walk into the house and rest, where it would be cooler, and where, in fact, he would be less in his way.

This offer the doctor gladly accepted, and was shown immediately into a neat little sitting-room, and introduced to the mother of his conductor, a tall, thin, gaunt, raw-boned looking woman, who, dressed in a shabby black alpaca, and close, but soiled white muslin cap, was sitting by the window in a tall rocking chair, rocking and knitting with a slow but persistent industry.

As the blacksmith, having performed his duty as master of ceremonies, immediately withdrew to give his personal attention to the needed repairs, the old woman seemed to feel it was incumbent upon her to entertain the gentleman thus thrown upon her good offices; and stopping her rocking for a moment, and holding the immeasurably long stocking she was engaged upon suspended in mid air with one hand, while with the other she pulled out yard after yard of coarse blue yarn from the ball hidden in the depths of her pocket, she coolly surveyed him over the top of her glasses, and then commenced her labors of love with the somewhat hackneyed inquiry of,

"Good deal of sickness about now, Doctor?"

"No," the Doctor replied; he thought not more, if indeed so much, as usual at that time of year. There was usually a greater amount of illness in that month than in the two or three preceding ones, especially among children. To which she replied, "Do tell; I want to know!" and recommenced her rocking and knitting.

After a few moments' silence she again stopped, and scratching up her hair with her knitting-needle, as if trying to stir up the dormant ideas, renewed the attack—

"Don't you think there has been a sight of sudden deaths this year, Doctor—say now?"

"I do not think I was aware of it," said the Doctor. "There have been none in the circle in which I visit, and I do not remember to have heard of many."

"You don't?" she answered. "Well! that's good now; but I suppose you've been doctoring a good while now; and it's likely you've got to be pretty considerable knowledgeable by this time, ain't yer? Do you live any where round?"

"No," the Doctor told her; he was only passing through the town.

"And where did you come from then?"

The Doctor named the country town he had just left.

"Law! did you? Why, do you live up there? Why! I want to know!"

"Oh, no, said the unwilling catechumen, "I said I came from there; I live in Boston."

"Boston, do you? Well, now, that's sort of curious; why, that was where I orig-gi-nated."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes, Well, that was where I was born. Yes, and it was my place of residence when I was a gal; indeed, I lived there till I was married, but I haven't been there since—no, not for these forty years and more, far's I know."

"Really!" said the Doctor. "And how does that happen? I should think, if it was your native place, you would like to visit it now and then."

"Well! like it? Yes, so I should; and I do keep a meaning to go; but for, there! I tell our folks 'ain't no use in life; there never comes a time for me to go nowhere; there's allers something to keep me at home; if it,

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ain't this it's that, and if it ain't that it's t'other. But there! I mean to go, I do really mean to go, if I break right off, and I suppose I'll have to go if I go at all. I want to—why! I suppose there's been a sight of repairs there since I come away, ain't there?"

The Doctor said yes; in the last forty years there had been a great many alterations, and he thought probably some improvements in the place.

"Like as not—shouldn't wonder. Why, do you know I heerd tell how they had tore down the old bake-house just at the corner of our street? Only think of that now!"

"I dare say; a great number of old buildings have been removed in that time. In what part of the city did you live?"

"Twant no city, I guess, when I lived there, laws, no! nor for years afterward; but, you see, I lived in Ruggles Lane; I s'pose you know where that is well enough."

"No, I do not think I do; I do not remember the name."

"Well, like as not they've been and changed the name on't by this time; I shouldn't wonder if they had. But I lived with old Mr. Smith, of Ruggles Lane; you know him, Doctor, didn't you? Lows, no; I don't suppose you did nuther; you couldn't have, come to think on't, for the Smiths they were all dead and gone afore you ever cum to yer senses. But I guess you've heerd tell of him often enough, hain't you?—old Mr. Smith, of Ruggles Lane—why, he was a man much know'd."

"No, I think not; I do not remember ever hearing of him. Who was he?"

"Why, he was Mr. Smith, of Ruggles Lane; I told you so."

"Yes, I know; but what was he?"

"Well, he was Miss Smith's husband, and a great, rich man. Why, he owned the house they lived in (and it was a real nice one, too), and the one round the corner, (that warn't quite so good) and he kept a horse and shay, and he was one of the s'lectmen! Why, Doctor, you must have heard of him often and often, time and agin, only maybe you disremember it."

"But what was his profession? Can you tell me that?"

"Oh laws! he wa'n't a professor—at least not that I ever heerd tell of. He was a Baptist, I guess, but I can't say punctually; and a good enough sort of a man he was; but he wa'n't a professor, nor nothing like that—oh, my goodness gracious, no!"

"Well, then, what did he do?"

"Do? Why, he didn't do much of any thing amiss as I know of; he did use to smoke a good deal, and he did use to take something spiritual like when he went to bed o'nights in cold weather, but not very often, and not very strong; and I declare I don't know as it hurt him any, Doctor. Do you suppose it did, now?"

"Oh no; all right, I dare say; but what was his calling? Can you tell me that?"

"His calling? Oh yes; that was John E. Smith—John E.—and his wife, Miss Smith, she used allers to laugh and call him Johnny Smith, don't you see?—John E.—Johnny Smith, don't you know; and it used to make him as mad as a hop. Warn't it good?"

"Very, indeed—a capital jest. But I meant what business did he do?"

"Oh Laws! Well, why did you not say so before? I didn't sense your meaning. Well, he kept a provision store, and we allers had the very best of everything in the house; he would have it. Miss Smith she used to tell him he was a terrible epicure, and I don't no but that he was. That was how I cum to stay there so long—nobody else couldn't make the coffee to suit him, and he was awful particular about his vual cutlets. Miss Smith she used to laugh and say to me, 'Salome, if you should ever get married, and go away and leave me, I guess I should have to be divorced, for nobody else in the world couldn't suit him; and I'm sure I do not know how you do, he is so tedious and pernickerty about his vittles;—and so he was, sure enough. But still, for all that, he was a real good man, too, and I liked him, and I could suit him; and so I used to laugh and tell her I guessed there warn't no danger of me getting married."

"And what became of him after you left them?"

"Oh, I didn't—I didn't leave him; I staid by till he died, poor man! He died sudden. Well, there, I don't justly know how it is, Doctor, but I've allers minded this one thing—there's some folks dies kind of sudden, and there's other folks kind of hangs on longer than you'd expect 'um to. Now there was my husband, Mr. Blaney, he hung on nigh upon two years; but Mr. Smith, as I was saying, he died real sudden—he died of the cholera, they said."

"Indeed! and how long was he ill?"

"Well, after his death Miss Smith said he had had the monitorial symptoms for two days; but I'm sure I never knew it if he had. I'm sure I thought he ate his dinner with the greatest voracity that day. But just as I was cleaning my knives Miss Smith she run out, all wild and flabbergasted like, and said he had got the cholera, and that he had collapsed; and so I went right away after the doctors. The last words he ever said in this world—he looked up at me as I was wringing out the hot flannels for him, and he says to me, 'Salome, he says, 'too much onion in that stuffing' (you see, we had potted pigeons for dinner that day; laws! I remember it just as well as can be.) The Doctors they all thought he was out, but I knew better; he knowed what he was doing well enough, poor man! And then he died."

"And what became of the widow?"

"You mean Miss Smith, don't you? Oh, well, I think she would have held up in a most uncommon Christian manner if she had been left well-to-do in the world; but you see, she was left poor, and of course that sort of dis-quieted her, and aggravated her feelings."

"But I thought you said he was a man of property, did you not?"

"Well, so I did, and she thought, and so everybody used to think; but didn't you ever mind, Doctor, that some folks die, and leave more than folks expected 'um to, and other folks die and they don't leave so much? Well, then, sometimes I think—and then agin I declare I don't know!"

"Had Mr. and Mrs. Smith any children?"

"No, not when he died; I guess they never had but one, and she died young. Miss Smith had her picture, and she set a sight by it; she said it was her dear little Sairy-Mary who had

gone to glory. And I'm sure I can't say, but what she had, but she did not look like it at all, not in her picture, for she had a terrible humor and was cross-eyed. But then, you see, the picture was taken before she got there, and that might make a difference 'ar's I know."

"And have you never heard from Mrs. Smith since you left her?"

"Yes, indeed! Oh laws, yes! ever so many times. I know first she went into a community, and then she went into a consumption, and then she went into a hospital. I went over to see her there once, but it wasn't no sort of satisfaction to me; for you see she had become a mediator by that time."

"A what? She had become a what?"

"Well, a mediator; you know, Doctor, a spiritual mediator they call 'um. One of them spirit folks who rap up dead people, and turn tables, and all that. She seemed to be happy enough, poor creature; she said she often heard from Mr. Smith, and had letters and messages from him. I said I hoped he was well, and she said, 'Yes, he was quite well, she thanked me. And then I asked her how he looked, and she said she hadn't never seen him yet; she supposed she was not enveloped far enough for that yet. And then I asked if she ever see her little Sairy-Mary? But she said No, she hadn't actually seen her yet, for she was not enveloped far enough for that nuther; but she had often heard her round, sort of flapping her wings like, and she did hope soon to get a sight of her. Do you believe in them spiritual folks, Doctor? Some folks does, and more don't. My son's wife and Mandany go in for it, and they do tell some mighty queer things to be sure. John, he don't believe in it, not a mite. Well, there, sometimes I think, and then agin I don't know."

As the old woman reached for the second time this very logical, and to her evidently satisfactory "conclusion of the whole matter," and while the weary Doctor was mentally wondering if such human dullness and tediousness could reach a height nearer the sublime, a sweet, timid female voice just outside of the open door behind them, said softly, "Grandmother, are you here?"

"Well Helen, child," said the person thus addressed, and without turning round, "and what do you want this time of day, hey?"

Instantly the Doctor turned his eyes in the direction of the new comer, and having done so as instinctively kept them there; for the object on which they rested was not one to turn away from with indifference.

The speaker, who stood outside of the low door, leaning lightly in, supporting herself by one hand upon the side of the vine-hung doorway, which framed her like a picture, was a young girl of sixteen or possibly eighteen years of age.

In figure she was tall and slightly made; slight even to fragility, yet it was evidently not the fragility of weakness or disease, but seemed rather an ethereal lightness, as if the spiritual element in her nature had outstripped the growth of the physical or material nature. But it was the face of the girl which fixed the attention of the good Doctor, for he felt he had never before beheld a human face so winning and lovely. Her features were all regular and good, her complexion of marble fairness, yet with a freshness about its coloring which seemed to give assurance that though perhaps habitually pale when at rest, an aroused feeling, a passing thought, a quickened movement, a mere heart throb of accelerated motion even, would flush the sweet young face and make it like the face of the young Aurora. And this sweet face, attractive as it was in color and outline, was fully framed in soft, loose, gleaming curls, which fell in rich abundance over her ivory neck and shoulders, in the unstudied but graceful order which we always observe in pictures or casts of the gentle Evangelist, the beloved John. But yet beautiful as it was, the observer felt that the fair face upon which his gaze was riveted owed its great charm to its expression, which seemed to denote a strangely mysterious blending of the child and the woman. It had all the trusting love, the appealing tenderness, the innocent sweetness of childhood; but blending with it, and overshadowing it, and giving to it a loftier character, was the intelligent purity of maturer thought. And over all was the look of holy earnestness and calm contemplation which rests upon the faces of the pictured cherubim.

But even in the hasty survey he took the good Doctor noticed, with his habitual and perhaps professional observation, one marked peculiarity; he could not catch the glance of her eyes, for she never raised them—even when she turned her face toward the old woman whom she addressed she never raised the deeply fringed and snowy lids, but kept her downcast eyes on the ground.

"Well, Helen," said the old woman, impatiently, "why under the sun don't yer come in and tell what you've come for? What in the world are yer 'fraid of? Nobody ain't a going to eat you, I guess. Come in, can't yer, and not stand smirping there?"

In quiet answer to this comforting assurance and very courteous invitation the young girl glided into the room, and was slowly crossing the room in the direction of the old woman's chair; but before she reached it she stopped abruptly in the middle of the floor, suddenly raised her hand, and lifted her head as if intently listening; and then while the rich blood rushed tumultuously in a vivid blush over her brow, cheek, bosom, and even hands, she said, trembling violently,

"Grandmother, you are not alone!"

"Well, who said I was?" said the old woman, brusquely and derisively. "I didn't, did I? But do come along, child, and don't be such a fool! The gentleman won't want to run away with you, I'll be bound. Come along, can't yer? The poor creature's as blind as a bat!"

she added, in explanation to her guest, while poor Helen, hurt and abashed at having herself and her sad infirmity thus coarsely thrust upon the notice of an entire stranger, shrank timidly into shelter behind the chair of the old woman.

"Blind! and at her age! Is it possible?" said the pitying observer. "Oh, my poor girl, that is hard indeed!"

There was very little in the words thus uttered, but their tone of genuine, earnest, heart-felt sympathy, went straight home to the heart of the poor girl to whom sympathy was rarely offered.

"Who is it, grandmother?" she said, whispering, from behind the chair where she had

vainly endeavored to hide herself from observation. "Who is it, grandmother? Oh, please tell me—do?"

"Come out of that, can't yer?" said the grandmother, angrily; and reaching out her hand behind her she clutched vaguely at the skirts of the girl's dress, endeavoring to draw her forward. "What in the world are ye skeered of? Ar'n't yer ashamed of yourself, you great goose, you! I declare you're too old and too big to act so like a nat'ral fool. I only wish Har'ot or Mandany was here; they'd know how to behave; they wouldn't act so like fools, I guess."

"Grandmother! who is it? please tell me who it is?" pleaded the sweet voice.

"I am a gentleman from Boston, my dear," said the doctor, kindly. "I have met with a little accident upon the road, and am waiting until my carriage is repaired; and as it was very warm in the smithy I came in here to sit; but if my being here annoys you in any way I will go out at once."

"Oh, no, po, Sir!" said the girl eagerly; "it does not—I do not wish it; please do not go, I beg of you."

"There, now, Helen, you great goose, I told you so. What's the use of you being so scarey always? I told you the Doctor wouldn't eat you, didn't I?"

"The Doctor?" said Helen, eagerly. "Is the gentleman a doctor, and from Boston? Oh! please tell me that."

"Is this young girl your grand-child?" asked the Doctor, turning to the elder woman, for he was struck with the wide disparity between the two—the one being a very old, "of the earth, earthy"—the other looking as if she had just walked out of the gates of Paradise.

"Law, sakes! no, indeed!" said Mrs. Blaney. "She isn't not the least akin to me in the world; she is my son John's wife's first husband's child. I never knew her parents from Adam. I never see either of 'um—not to my knowledge—father or mother. Laws no; she's no relation in life to me or any of my folks."

The Doctor nodded, secretly pleased to find it was so.

"Grandmother," again pleaded the young girl, with trembling earnestness, "won't you tell me? Is the gentleman a Boston doctor?"

"Yes, my child," said the Doctor, answering the question the old woman had teasingly evaded; "I am a doctor, and I am from Boston; can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, sir, oh yes, you can indeed!" said the young girl, whose whole manner seemed suddenly under some strong and overmastering influence of feeling, to change from childish timidity to womanly self-possession; and leaving her retreat behind the chair of the old woman, who gazed upon her thus transformed in stupid wonder, she glided forward, guided by a quick sense of hearing, and the unerring instinct which a fatherly Providence so often bestows upon persons thus afflicted, and stood in quiet dignity before the Doctor.

"May I take your hand?" she said.

The Doctor put his broad firm hand into her little outstretched pink palm; she held it for a moment with quivering lip and flushing cheek; then she said, half timidly, half assured, "May I read your face?—my fingers are my eyes, you know."

The Doctor quietly raised her right hand and laid it on his own brow. With light, rapid manipulations the slender finger-tips perused the kind, honest face before her; and then a bright, beautiful smile flashed like sunlight over her own.

"I am satisfied," she said. "I liked the voice; I liked the hand; I like the face. I am sure you are true. I may trust you. I want your aid; will you give it to me?"

"Yes, my child," said the good Doctor, fairly taken captive by her confiding innocence. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to examine my eyes, and give me your opinion of them. But first I should like to tell you my little history; may I?"

"Certainly, my child, you shall, but not here," said the Doctor, glancing round at the watchful old woman, and naturally inferring the girl would speak more freely out of her presence.

"Come with me, my dear. I see a nice bench out there under the apple trees yonder. Suppose we go there, and I can examine your eyes better than in the house; and drawing her hand within his arm he was leading her from the room, when the old woman exclaimed,

"Well, Helen! I declare if you don't beat all! Ten minutes ago yer was scared to death, and now yer just as bold as the dickens. What yer up to now, I should like to know?"

"No mischief at all," said Doctor Raimond, quietly. "I am going to take her out into the light and examine her eyes, and ask her all about them; and carefully guiding her, he led her to the seat he had indicated. "And now," he said, when he had seated her and himself, "tell me all there is in your mind to say to me my poor child."

TO BE CONCLUDED

The Reformed Presbyterians of Chicago have issued a formal protest against the prevalence of Sabbath breaking in that city. The following is an extract: "By your criminal love of gain, and teaching of your employees to disregard God's law for the sake of money, you have broken down the consciences of your clerks, salesmen, warehousemen, drivers, collectors, cashiers, conductors, and all others on whom your example has operated effectively, and exposed them to the temptation to rob you of your time and money, as you have robbed God. The records of criminal courts of our great cities for the past month show how awfully successful has been your mode of educating your employees for the Penitentiary."

SUCCESS IN NEW YORK CITY.—Mr. Horace Greely who, in spite of political vagaries, is one of the best friends of the human race, has seen enough of the metropolis to enable him to say sharply and decisively, at the dedication of Eastman's business College, in Chicago, the other day—

"The object of education, as I regard it, is to train the youth for his work—to make him adequate to any probable emergency. I live in the great city on which break the waves of bankruptcy from two hemispheres. The disappointed, and defeated, and bankrupt from almost everywhere run to New York. That is the city of refuge, and they crowd every avenue that looks to employment, with petitions for work. 'What can you do?' is the question,

"I am willing to do anything," is the answer. 'Willing?' No doubt; but the ability and proficiency is lacking. Every man who lands on a New York pier with a hod-carrier's education, or with a pick on his shoulder, may confidently expect to get work and make a living; but let a man have a diploma from an institution of learning, no matter how celebrated the college may be, and it is likely he will earn no living at all. Two thousand dollars expended on his education will give no sure probability that he can earn his bread; whereas, if he knows how to chop wood, or to work on railroads, or to plough, he is sure of an independent and honorable livelihood."

ENNOBLE YOUR EMPLOYMENT.

What is your employment? Are you a little shoe-black, gathering dimes at the street corners, and think yourself just nobody at all? Do not think so. Give that boot an extra rub; make it shine brighter than any man's on the street; be an honest, faithful, zealous little shoe-black as long as you are a shoe-black, the first in your profession. Be sure you will not lose your reward. Your principles will ennoble you and make you one of Heaven's noblemen. Faithfulness in any position fits you for whatever other one may await you. And, does it not seem quite a pleasure to think that elegant dandy owes so much of his good looks to your spry little fingers, and not a little of his pride as he steps over the pavement in his exulting consciousness of his bright boots? Improve your one talent, and be sure you will be entrusted with another.

And what are you? You are a poor girl, a household scrub, dabbling in dirty water all day—dirty, weary, unloved, uncared for, half-grudged your hard-earned dole, so little are your labors appreciated? But then, you are somebody for all that. Just as much so as the dainty little miss who lifts her silk flounces in passing you, for fear of soiling her rich drapery. In a few years she will lay aside her silks, and your rag; both will lie down side by side, and moulder to one common dust. Then will He who has made your earthly life to differ call upon each for her account of her earthly stewardship. The question will be not what was assigned you as your earthly duty, but how you performed it. Were you faithful, truthful, conscientious, doing all your duty? If so, be you rich or poor, Heaven's pearly gates will fly open before you, and you will walk into the glorious mansion prepared for you. A little while you may tread the thorns, but guard the inward jewel from being sullied, let the soul be pure, and God will receive you among His dear children. But for faithfulness in your duties you will find, moreover, that you will meet your recompense this side of Heaven; so do your best, exert in your snow-white floors, glory in your skill, and, verily, you will not lose your reward.

Ennoble your employment by your untiring ambition in it all that can be accomplished, and, if possible, improve on the experience of your predecessors. Teachers should not call their profession thankless, dull, ungratefully acknowledged by parents, and reluctantly received by pupils, and sink down to plodding in their routine and to caring for nothing but their salary. Rouse yourself to thoughts of the importance of your position, appreciate it yourself and act accordingly. If you do not succeed in arousing reciprocal estimation of it in others, still your reward shall be no less in the fruits, and though no man knows your hand planted the seed, He will know who seeing in secret rewardeth openly.

Do not wait until you are something else than what you are now. If you will not be faithful, truthful, honest, persevering, and in every way to make the most of your employment, you may well credit your apathy to an inward cause which will not fail to follow you and reshape itself in every occupation in which you may engage.

Ennoble your employment, and your employment shall give you dignity, respect, esteem, and greatly tend to open to your feet those pathways in which you so earnestly desire to tread.

EARL RUSSELL says, in his letter to Mr. Adams, that the efforts by which the United States Government and Congress have shaken off slavery have the warmest sympathy of the people of these kingdoms. The hypocrisy of this is exposed by the following passage in Mr. Adams' reply: "In the midst of the gravest of our difficulties, I cannot forget that even your lordship was pleased, in an official published despatch, to visit with the severity of your but too weighty censure the greatest political measure of the late lamented President, that which, in fact, opened the only practicable way to the final attainment of the glorious end."

A lady, writing to the Pennsylvaniaian, says: "Speaking of beauty, I wish people would dress pleasantly, benevolently. I saw a lovely girl to-day looking unlovely and unlovable because her muslin dress was stiffly starched, to keep clean longer. My husband tries to persuade me into the barbarous custom. To my mind, woman should always look as soft to the touch as a flower, and as pure. All her garments should be made of the finest and softest material possible that will easily dispose itself into folds, falling gracefully around her, and not by being liable to be ruffled every moment, compel her to stiff attitudes and starched demeanor, denying her the luxury of lounge and loll; why, my very words would grow grim and precise, were I to wear a dress which depended on flour or potato for its propriety."

TIT FOR TAT.—The Richmond Whig says: "We think the negro should be content with what the war has done for him, without asking the right of suffrage or other political privileges and if he makes such demands we are opposed to granting them."

The Brooklyn, N. Y. Union thus rejoins: "We think the rebels should be content with what the Government has given them—life, liberty, and the restoration of forfeited rights of citizenship; and that decency, if nothing else, should prevent them from presuming to dictate to what extent the well-earned rights of loyal men should be recognized."

Constant companionship is not enjoyable any more than constant eating is a possibility. We sit too long at the table of friendship when we sit out our appetites for each other's thoughts.

HOME BEAUTIFIED.—A family of small means, with good taste and culture, can make a house interesting and beautiful with their own hands, and with the expenditure of very little money. It is only necessary for them to throw "fashion" out of the window; to consult comfort first, and elegance next; and to let the elegance be simple and natural. All the people who went to see Max and his wife, were sure, in the course of the evening, to express a sort of envious admiration of the elegance with which the parlor of these good people was furnished. The first impression was that of delightful cosiness; but by degrees, the chairs and tables, the carpets and book-cases, were found to have a charm beyond mere cosiness. What was it? Could such a result be bought? What did this cost, and this? "But the cost finally appeared to be merely the money paid to the carpenter for executing what Max had designed. It seemed that he never bought anything in the way of furniture at the shops. These candlesticks were of maple-wood, turned to a good pattern of his own designing, and decorated in this pretty fashion, with colors, by his own hands, of an evening, as he chatted with his wife and child. Meanwhile, she by his side painted this vase, made of yellowish clay at the pottery over the river, with borders and figures made up of flowers and leaves they had gathered in their afternoon walk. It is done as simply and naturally as a bit of thirteenth century work. Their book-case, too, how pretty it is! Marcotte made it in the village; no more skill than he is master of went to it. It is nothing, in fact, but a pile of long, narrow boxes laid one on the top of another, the whole standing on a low base, four or five inches high, to keep the lowest books from being touched by the foot. There is not a moulding or chamfer on the whole book-case. The end of each box is pierced by a crescent-shaped trefoil, so that it can be lifted by two people and carried off, if necessary, and the whole outside is painted in dark, deep green, and the inside and the edges a good vermilion. Plain as it is, it would have been pretty enough as it stands, for the books made it gay with their bright, cheerful and varied bindings; but Max was laid up for a week last winter, had a hurt foot, and so amused himself at painting in circles, one at each end of every box, the portraits of the half dozen great poets, and great men he loves. Max is no painter, but he copied such portraits as he found suitable, and though roughly done, they are a great addition. He and Laura shared the work; for while he painted a head in the circle at one end, she painted a flower in the circle at the other. Thus he worked at Dan Chaucer on one side, and she painted in daisies and their leaves and buds at the other. She did not copy English daisies out of a book, but went out and got our American ones from the field. Then Dante's face was matched with lilies, and Keat's with roses, and so no wonder unfashionable people like the book

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 3, 1865



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PATTENBELL & 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.

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

SAMPLES.—Some beautiful samples of carrots and beets, raised by Obed Emery, Esq., on his well managed farm in Fairfield, from seed obtained from the Patent Office, may be seen very near our table. They may be no better than those generally raised here, though we rarely see any as good. The carrot, in particular, looks like a choice kind. Of this Mr. Emery is a good judge, and if it prove so, he is not likely to hide the fact under a bushel. It seems the plain duty of those who receive seeds from the Patent Office to test them carefully and make known the result, whether favorable or not. A great variety of seeds, good and poor, from all parts of the world, are sent from that office to every town and district in our country, to be tested in their various merits, and especially in their adaptation to different climates. Many of them are sent to agricultural societies, to be distributed among the members—because the best class of farmers are found there. With them the tests are more likely to be carefully made and results reported. We have found that many who receive these favors need to be reminded of the object the government has in conferring them. The object is a noble one, but its success depends on its appreciation by those whose profit it has in view.

SNOW. Maine men in Florida or California will shiver in their shoes to hear of a nice little Kennebec winter in October. Such we had last week, just as the month was taking its leave. On Saturday there fell some four inches of snow; and such a "sharp bite of weather" succeeded that the ground was dotted with white for three or four days. The ground remained frozen through the day, and some of the more enterprising boys looked into the condition of their skates. But November has set matters right, and is making amends by her genial smiles, for the parting frowns of her predecessor.

PEDESTRIAN FRAT.—Mr. George W. Clark, hostler at the Turner House, undertook on a wager, to haul a buggy wagon weighing two hundred and twenty-five lbs., from Skowhegan to North Anson, a distance of twelve miles, in three hours. The trial came off on Tuesday last, and George accomplished the feat in two hours and fifty minutes.

Clarion. Bravo, George!—nothing but long training in a stable could make you so good an imitation of a horse. Now double the "wager" that you can neigh and eat oats, and your name will go down to posterity with that of Nebuchadnezzar. Betting is a great stimulant to enterprise; and if anybody offers to "go you" a pail of will that you can't root as well as a hog, "plant your dust," and whether you win or lose, the newspapers will cover you with bristles and call you a lion. So it has been ever since the great Major Ben Perley Poore tried his wind at the wheelbarrow; and so it will be so long as human brains are taken to grease the muscles of beasts of burden. Persevere, George, till by patient labor you become the rival of the horses you curry.

MILKY.—There is considerable excitement in Portland on account of a threatened rise in the price of milk. The milkmen are inquired of why they should have double the old price for milk when hay is cheaper than before the war? As no reasonable answer can be given, the consumers threaten to abstain from milk and take to water. Strange, that the wise people of Portland have not learned better than to expect to govern prices by the standard of reason! There may have been "reason in all things" before the war, but that "most unreasonable contest" has knocked the reason out of many other things. Here in Waterville we give what is asked for what we buy, and ask no questions—for conscience' sake!

The Lewiston Journal says there is considerable excitement in Leeds over the supposed discovery of gold on the farm of Mr. Abiath Keene. The story goes that ore, supposed to be gold, was found in the crop of a duck, and that on digging in a gulch which the duck had frequented, specimens of similar ore were found. It originated with a duck, and now every goose in that section is going crazy with excitement.

CHOLERA.—The city of New York is very much excited over the arrival of the steamer Atlanta, from London, with nineteen cases of cholera on board, twenty deaths having occurred during the passage. She was ordered into quarantine.

(For the Mail.)

Elementary Principles in Finance.

Messrs. Editors:—As financial questions are now much agitated in the community, and an unusual interest is felt in everything which relates to money, prices, etc., perhaps I may be justified in attempting to set forth, very briefly, a few elementary principles pertaining to these questions.

A day's work of a man of average strength, activity and skill, may be taken as the most fundamental unit of value. Such a day's labor will avail to produce for him a certain amount of sustenance, or means of living—say, a bushel of corn, or its equivalent in other articles of comfort. The labor of a year, of course, if bestowed upon the production of any one article, or a limited number, as it most naturally would be, will produce more than the individual wants for his own use, and those immediately dependent upon him.

This being the case, he will wish to exchange some of his surplus products with others who may have a surplus. But in attempting to do this he experiences a good deal of difficulty in finding another man who, at the same time, has what he wants, and wants what he has; so that, to exchange to his liking a bushel of corn, for instance, will cost as much labor as to raise it. If now, he can find anything which every one wants and will take in exchange for any article, and hence will enable him to make the exchange without the loss of time or labor, the possession of enough of this article to effect the exchange with will save a day's labor, and hence be worth a day's labor to him. Such an article, I need not say, is gold, which is of universal demand, and of which a dollar, on the average, costs as much labor in procuring and preparing it for use, as a bushel of corn, and hence they are of the same average value.

But the demand for gold, as a medium of exchange, may be overestimated, and hence gold dollars may be produced in excess, like any other article of merchandise. When this is the case: its price, as money, must fall, and a dollar of it will be worth less than a bushel of corn or a day's work. In such a case, the excess will be withdrawn, and exported to countries where there is a deficiency, or else will be manufactured into jewelry, etc. Since, therefore, gold is an article of real value, and subject to the same laws of supply and demand as other articles of merchandise, etc., it follows that where this is the medium of exchange, it can never be permanently in excess, and a gold dollar will always, on the average, be worth as much as a day's work, or a bushel of corn.

If, however, paper be substituted for gold as the circulating medium, as a day's work may produce millions of dollars of this kind of money, the moment it becomes so plenty that a dollar of it ceases to save a day's work in exchange, the excess becomes worthless, and not being capable of being applied to any other use, and hence remaining in circulation, the whole volume of the circulation will necessarily be depreciated in the precise proportion of the excess; which excess will always be shown by the rise in gold and other articles of merchandise.

Precisely how large the circulation should be, so that a dollar will save a day's work in exchange, it may be difficult to determine. The total volume of the circulation required in every case will depend upon the extent of the country, and the number and amount of the payments, exchanges, etc., to be made in a given time. Where many and large payments are to be made in diverse places remote from each other, a larger circulation is required, of course, than where few and small payments are to be made, and these nearly in the same place. It has been estimated that in this country, in ordinary times, three hundred millions of dollars is about the sum required to keep the circulation at the standard supposed. Under present circumstances, however, a considerably larger circulation is required—perhaps four or five hundred millions. But whatever the amount required, any excess will to the same extent diminish the value of the dollar, since it may now be obtained for less than a day's labor. This is inevitable; for if dollars are so plenty, and hence so easily obtained, that they no longer save a day's work in exchange, men will not give a day's work for a dollar, and consequently will not give so much of any article which costs labor for a dollar. This, as I conceive, is the foundation of our high prices at the present time. At the same time, money being so plenty and so cheap, almost every person has more or less of it, and hence is able to hold articles for a higher price. When money is easily obtained, there will always be speculation.

Since, then, a dollar in gold will always, on the average, save a day's work in making exchanges, and a dollar of our present inflated currency evidently represents much less, it follows that if the circulating medium should be contracted, so as to make the number of dollars about less, and hence more difficult to obtain, a dollar of it will approach nearer and nearer, according to the degree of the contraction, to the value of a dollar in gold, and will be precisely equal to it when it becomes so rare that the difficulty of obtaining it is equal to a day's work. Paper money, therefore, will answer the purpose, and be just as valuable as gold, when the number of dollars in circulation is no greater than would be required in gold to effect the exchanges, at the rate of a dollar for a day's work. But, as already stated, beyond this proportion it becomes valueless, and tends to depreciate the whole volume of the circulation of which it forms a part, while gold, being an article of real value in all quantities, the moment it becomes in excess, is withdrawn from the circulation and devoted to other purposes. A gold medium, therefore, will regulate itself while a paper currency will not.

Such a reduction of currency, however, would not necessarily place the U. S. Bonds at par. These are not money, nor articles necessary for subsistence. Their value, therefore, must depend upon the supply of them in the market compared with the confidence which men have in them as a good investment. If enough men in this and other countries consider them so good an investment as to induce them to compete with each other in their purchase, they will be at once above par; if not, they will fall below par. Indeed, the reduction of the volume of the currency would have a tendency to bring down the price of Government Bonds, just as it would the price of other purchasable articles. But such a reduction of the currency, accompanied as it should be by a resumption of specie payment, would increase the confidence in the Government and hence tend to enhance the price of its bonds; though, on the whole, it seems probable that they would bear lower prices, for a time at least, than before the resumption.

But how can specie payments be resumed upon our present inflated currency? The united issues of the Government and the banks—old and new—which serve the purposes of money, probably amount to a billion of dollars, at least. It would be madness to propose to redeem all this at once. It must, in short, be reduced before the attempt is made. This plainly is practicable to a certain extent. The bills of the old State Banks can be withdrawn, and should be compelled to take themselves out of the way, if not disposed to retire of their own accord. They are, indeed, a nuisance. The Government, too, can call in more or less of its issues. But how? These are now coming in gradually in payment of taxes—faster, considerably, than they have to be paid out for expenses. And as these expenses are gradually diminishing, the excess drawn in, over that paid out, is daily increasing. But the drawing in process should be accelerated, either by laying heavier taxes, or by putting new loans on the market. For Government Bonds do not require to be redeemed at once. They form a funded debt, which were it optional with the Government to redeem in greenbacks at once, I should hope it would not have the folly to attempt to do it present, and thus put their paper afloat again as fast as drawn in.

Undoubtedly, the most important financial question before the American Government and people at the present time is, the speedy resumption of specie payment. People are tired of these high prices, and earnestly wish to see them brought down to something like the old standard. It is to be hoped, therefore, that by some means or other, the circulation will be so reduced that specie payment can be resumed at an early period—say, by the first of March, or by the first of July, 1866, at farthest. If the Congress, which is soon to assemble, should pass a law requiring a general resumption of specie payments at some definite day within six or nine months, it would immediately affect prices, and gradually prepare all interests for the change. But the resumption should be general, on the part of the Government, as well as on the part of the Banks. Otherwise the burden would bear unequally, and besides, would not free us from a depreciated currency; since that which was redeemable would immediately be turned into gold, and leave that which was not redeemable in circulation as before.

If either party is to take the lead in the resumption, it should, of course, be the Government. Our whole financial system—banks and all—rests on the Government. The Government is the great borrower, and it is all-important that its credit should be completely restored, which can be done only by redeeming, or declaring itself ready to redeem, its promises to pay in real, not in fictitious dollars. As there are no more victories to be won, and as the work of reconstruction is going on as well as could reasonably be expected, there seems to be no other means left of gaining confidence. The danger of repudiation remains the same in every case, but the fact of resumption would show the confidence of the Government in its resources, and this, in turn, would inspire confidence. Indeed, it matters not how great one's resources are, if he does not pay his bills promptly, or in money of the standard value, his credit is not good. His promises to pay can never be regarded as more valuable, at most, than the medium in which he proposes to pay them. If he wants his promises to pay to pass for cash, he must stand ready to redeem them in cash. And it is just so with the Government.

Such, in brief, I regard as some of the elementary principles which underlie the great financial questions which are now agitating the country.

J. T. CHAMPLIN.

Waterville Coll., Oct. 26, 1865.

On Tuesday last, at the Riverside Park, Cambridge, the thoroughbred gelding McGowan trotted twenty miles in fifty-eight minutes and twenty-five seconds—which is regarded as the greatest feat on record. For the first ten miles he was held in by his driver. At the end of the ten miles he was to all appearances as fresh as when he began his work. Not a word was said to the gelding, nor was he in the slightest manner urged during the trotting of the first fifteen of the twenty miles. On the last half of the seventh mile the gelding broke for the first time; it was said that he was then purposely brought up by his driver. His best mile was the sixth, which he trotted in 2:45 1-4.

THANKSGIVING DAY in Maine, by appointment of Governor Cony, is the seventh of December, the day designated by President Johnson for national Thanksgiving. The announcement of an earlier day, last week, was an error of one of the daily papers.

OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—A fine portrait of General Todleben, the renowned Russian military engineer, garners the November number of this repository of foreign literature. Among the articles, all of which will find interested readers, are—Reminiscences of the Emperor Paul I. of Russia; Letters from Egypt; Henry Taylor's Poems; Heart and State; Too much Money; Oak Leaves and Mould; Authors and Books; Memoirs of the Authors of the Age—Ebenzer Elliott; Mollere—his Life and Times; The Shadow on the Blind; The Crowned Sacrifice; Sensation Novels—Miss Braddon. It is an excellent number of a valuable work.

Published by W. H. Bidwell, No. 5 Beekman street, New York, at \$5 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—As usual, the embellishments in the fashion department of the November number of this elegant monthly are splendid, and there is a host of them, embracing all the novelties of dress and ornament now in vogue in the cities. There is also a full size pattern of the Autumn Toilet, for cutting. The fashion plates, patterns, designs, &c. are accompanied by full directions and explanations, and in this department Frank Leslie is without a rival. The literary department is rich and varied, and story readers will find ample provision for their entertainment.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—Out in the World, or Paul Clifford on a Cruise," continued in the November number, will be finished in the next issue. Its author, Oliver Optic, a great favorite with youthful readers, will furnish a story for the next volume, entitled, "The Club Boat, or the Fairy Archers of Islington," to which all the boys and girls will look forward with anticipations of delight. The present number is full of nice things for readers of all ages, including, as usual, several interesting stories, a school dialogue, a piece for declamation, spirited embellishments, &c.

Published by Joseph Allen, 119 Washington street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for September has finally reached us, our first copy having been appropriated by some one of Uncle Sam's postmasters, more to be commended for his correct literary taste than for his honesty. It contains an article on "Mr. Mill's Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy; an essay on 'Barbarous Poetry,' and another on 'Sensation Novels,' of which Miss Braddon furnishes the text; reviews of Carlyle's 'History of Frederick the Great,' and of the 'Works of Sir Benjamin Collins Bradie, Bart.' The remaining articles are 'Mr. Russell on the Salmon,' and 'The Frost and Fire.'

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 Walker st., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$16—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

For 1863 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—"The Family Cat," almost as large as life, looks out from the first page of the November number of this old favorite, and salutes the youthful reader with some pleasant verses; "Left on the Field," a story of the war, is concluded; "Elva Seeking her Fortune," by Sophie May, is continued; and there are other good stories, with nice little poems, interesting miscellany, &c., and a spicy dish of Chat. There are numerous illustrations in the number, which will give it additional favor with its young patrons.

Published by J. N. Sears, 111 Fulton street, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

"STAND BY YOUR ORDER."—We are pleased to see that they have a proper idea of the respectability and dignity of the editorial profession out West. Hear brother Kingsbury of the *Union Dakota*, published at Yankton, the capital of Dakota Territory:—

"Mr. Charles B. Wing, an energetic young gentleman from the old Pine Tree State, whose coming among us we neglected to announce at the proper time, is among the attractions at Burleigh's new store, where his urbane manners and cheerful sociality are winning for him many friends. When we tell our readers that Mr. Wing's father is one of the worthy editors of a respectable journal in Maine, further comment is unnecessary. Neither an editor nor an editor's son needs a further endorsement to be received among all right minded men as honorable, the soul of integrity, strictly moral, and perpetually trustworthy."

REMEMBER! that the Concert of the Harmonic Glee Club was adjourned to Saturday evening, on account of weather. This will be one of the best concerts with which our citizens have been favored; and though it offers no attractions but home talent, we trust that a good home audience will appreciate it. Misses Carroll, Piper, and Marston, of this place, Miss Louise Hudson, of Kendall's Mills, with Mrs. Blanchard at the piano.—Mr. H. N. Moore, an old and marked favorite.—Messrs. Caffrey, Marston, Pitman, Phillips,—here is commendation enough.

CADETS. Probably one of the best Sections of the Cadets of Temperance in N. England is that in charge of Joshua Nye, Esq., in this village. For nearly a dozen years this band of choice little boys and girls have been "drilling" in the practical virtues of life under their veteran friend and "patron." Coming in their pliable childhood to take the impress of lessons needful to all, and going forward into life with these lessons marked in their character, they are constantly carrying forward into society qualities that must forever tend to its benefit. We cannot too often urge the claims of this society upon parents, or too earnestly advise all boys and girls to join it.

Their officers for the present quarter are Leslie A. Getchell, W. A. F. H. Caffrey, V. A. Hattie Low, S. Robert B. Keith, A. T. Tinnie Merrifield, P. W. A. Belle Merrifield, Chaplain. Mary S. Irish, 1st Visitor. Nettie Wheeler, 2d Visitor. Fred. Getchell, Guide. A. C. Gover, Usher. C. M. Follansbee, W. W. H. Wentworth, S.

Mince pies the coming winter will be scarce; for cider is ten dollars a barrel and brandy one dollar a drop.

[N. B. Mercury.] Don't get excited; very good mince pies can be made without a spoonful of either.

The Jury in the Sanders abduction case have been discharged, being unable to agree, but the Judge refuses to liberate the prisoners on bail.

CATTLE MARKETS.

There were reported at market this week 4556 cattle and 12,025 sheep, and with this large supply trade was hard for the drovers, and prices declined. Of the condition of things on the first day the reporter of the Boston *Advertiser* says:

The drovers complained of prices, and the butchers of the quality of the stock. Evidently the market favors the buyer this week. Last week it went strong for the seller. There is less difference on the best than on the poorest grades. On ordinary qualities we think there is fifty cents per one hundred pounds difference in price from last week's rates, and a "sticky" dull market at that.

And as the conclusion of the whole matter, he sums up, on the second day, as follows:—

Though prices are lower than last week, that is not all the difference between this week and last. Last week the buyers pulled and hauled the drovers for a chance to buy; while this week they are obliged to hunt and solicit buyers to look at their cattle. Indeed, in one case we saw a couple of drovers at loggerheads over one buyer they had picked up. We remarked yesterday that the extra good cattle are sold as high as they were last week, but the quality is decidedly better; and in our remarks upon store cattle we intimate that this class sells better than beef. How, then, are we to make out such a dull market, and such a decline in prices? As to the extra beef from the West, we know that nothing comes in competition with it, and buyers must give what it costs in Albany. Farmers have waited so long that they begin to give up all hopes of buying store cattle cheap, and are now picking them up quite freely. But for such beef as was sold last week for 10, 11 and 12 cts. per lb., there is a decline of 1-2 to 3-4 cts. per lb. The drovers held on for their prices as long as they dared to; and some are still holding on, and will hold on till next week. But the amount of cattle of medium quality is so large that prices could not be sustained, and many drovers have been obliged to sell at a loss.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—We invite special attention to the advertisement of this popular magazine, which will be found in an extra sheet of our paper this week. The publisher has made a good magazine, and we have full faith in his promise to do still better in the future.

THE FENIANS have done we know not how much for the freedom of Ireland, but they have procured the liberation of that bad subject, John Mitchell, from Fortress Monroe. If John can be made useful in founding an Irish republic, no one will object to his liberation; but we hope he will not hereafter meddle with our politics, for he has never made a very valuable American citizen. We fear however, that the leopard has not changed his spots; for it is told of him, that when, on his liberation, the officer asked for his autograph, John took up his pen and wrote with hurried dash, "The foolish men have confined the wise," and appended his name to it with evident pride of chirographical display and the remark, "That's from Jack Falstaff; how do you like it?" "I like it well enough when I take into account Jack Falstaff's character for veracity," replied Capt. Sanderson. Mr. Mitchell made no response.

A CHANGE OF TIME on the Maine Central Railroad will be made next Monday, for particulars of which see advertisement. In remarking upon this, the *Bangor Whig* very properly says:—

Instead of being later, that train might and should be nearly an hour earlier. It might leave Boston a half hour earlier, and stop in Portland a half hour less. The detention of the mail, however, is not the fault of the Maine Central management. It has been able to keep up to the present time only by running its trains at hazardous speed—because under recent management of the Grand Trunk road its trains from Portland have not generally been delivered at the junction until 3:20 or 3:30 P. M., leaving the Maine Central but three hours and a quarter to run 110 miles to Bangor, more than half of it after dark in the winter time. The trains from Boston to Portland take five hours and a half to run the same distance. We cannot blame Superintendent Noyes for regarding the safety of his passengers before our convenience, although he has always shown himself ready to consult that also whenever possible. We wish, however, that a little quicksilver might be put into the Grand Trunk management on the Portland section. We understand the track is in good order, and perfectly safe for a twenty mile gait.

COLLEGE HAZING.—A most disgraceful row occurred at Dartmouth college, on the 19th ult., growing out of an attempt of the Sophs to "haze" the Froshmen. Several heads were broken, but they were of no great account, and about a hundred dollars' worth of furniture destroyed. Ten of the Sophomore class, the original aggressors, were very properly expelled. It is time that this foolish and senseless relic of barbarous feudalism was expunged from every institution in the land, and college officers should visit every offence with condign punishment.

The Alabama Baptists have just closed their annual meeting at Montgomery. In the speeches made the assertion was often repeated that the negroes were worse off now than when slaves, and that the Northern missionaries must be forewarned and not allowed to get a foothold in the South. The idea that the North should regard the South as a missionary field was held to be insulting. One minister said that the negroes are already better Christians than the people of the North.

Gen. Grant publishes a statement showing that the reorganization in Arkansas has progressed quietly and is a success. The Constitutional anti-slavery amendment has been ratified, and the rebellion debt has been repudiated. It might be added that Arkansas has been favored with very few pardons.

TAKING NATIONAL BANK SHARES.—The Boston *Advertiser* says that the Court of Appeals has reversed the judgment of the Supreme Court, and decided that shares in National Banks are taxable by State authority, although the capital is invested in Government bonds. The cases will be removed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and it is expected that a final decision of this vexed question will be obtained at the next December term.

The State Prison at Thomaston—so long a drag on the state treasury—is now a paying institution. It hardly pays a man to get into it however.

Soprial Gabriel has been chosen by the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians to represent them at Augusta next winter.

President Johnson having originally learned the trade of a tailor may reasonably be thought "sound on the goose."

A lady informs an exchange that, in this season of scarcity of fruit, it may oblige some readers to know that finely chopped pumpkin is an excellent substitute for apples in mince pies.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—Lord Palmerston died on the forenoon of the 18th ult. Various conjectures were hazarded as to his successor, but at the latest dates nothing official had been announced. The *Paris Temps* contained a statement that the deaths from Cholera in that city averaged two hundred daily.

Senator Henderson of Missouri, who had an interview with the President a few days ago, says Mr. Johnson expressed himself in favor of allowing every negro who can read and write and has \$200 worth of property, to vote at once in every Southern State.

LOYAL PAPERS IN NEW ORLEANS.—We read in the New Orleans Tribune:—

When Gen. Carl Schurz arrived in this city he became the guest of Gen. Canby. It was in the evening. Next morning, after breakfast, Gen. Schurz said he would "be pleased to look over some loyal city paper."—"This is none," replied Gen. Canby, "except the Tribune which is a negro paper."—"This is a complete and true survey of the New Orleans press; it is the whole of it in a nutshell."—The colored population alone has loyalty enough to support a Union paper.

THE REBEL WAR DEBT.—Several of our Democratic exchanges go for recognizing the rebel war debt, and its payment by the people of the whole country. As for instance, the Chicago Times says:

"There is no ground of justice upon which we can expect the Southern people to submit willingly to the situation, unless we recognize the same value in their funded obligations as in our own."

The Buffalo Courier, another Democratic organ says:

"We vote for the Union and the payment of the War debt of both the South and the North."

ROBBERIES.—The Rockland Democrat says that on the night of Oct. 14th, the store of J. B. Donnell, at Cooper's Mills, Whitefield, was robbed of goods to the value of \$400 or \$500, and on Thursday night, Oct. 14th, Samuel J. Bond's store at what is called the North Village, near the head of Damariscotta Pond, in Jefferson, was entered and robbed of about \$300 worth of goods.

We learn that Thomas Greene, of North Waterford, committed suicide, by hanging, on Tuesday of this week. He was found in a pasture, suspended to a tree by his handkerchief. He was an uncle to the Miss Groves of Bethel, who committed suicide recently.

The Independent has become an antagonist of Henry Ward Beecher. It says of his recent speech in support of the President: "Mr. Beecher's language at this stage sounds more like the democratic resolutions of New Jersey than the good old ring of Plymouth Church bell."

The New York News says that President Johnson's speech to the negro soldiers is "extremely objectionable, as indicating that he does not differ essentially from the radical as to what ought to be the future status of the negro in the United States." Just so.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—Mr. Adams our Minister to the Court of St. James, in his correspondence with the British Minister of foreign affairs, lays it down "that the nation that recognized a power as a belligerent before it had built a vessel, and became itself the source of all the belligerent character it has ever possessed on the ocean, must be regarded as responsible for all the damage that has ensued from that cause to the commerce of a Power with which it was under the most sacred obligations to preserve amity and peace."

The December Atlantic Monthly will have a version by William Cullen Bryant of the famous test passage for translators of the *Iliad*, of the parting of Hector and Andromache.

On Sunday morning the steamboat St. John, of the "People's Line," running between New York and Albany, exploded her port boiler when near New York, killing seven persons, and scalding seventeen others. The passengers, who were still in their berths when the explosion took place, numbered about one hundred persons, and to this circumstance and situation of the part of the boiler that gave way, may be ascribed the comparatively small number of deaths. The cause of the explosion does not appear to be known.

The steamer Republic, which sailed from New York for New Orleans on the 18th inst., was wrecked off the coast of Georgia on the 25th inst. A boat containing the captain, some of the crew and a few passengers arrived at Charleston, S. C., on Saturday. They reported that four boats and a raft in all put off from the steamer. The remaining boats and the raft have not yet been heard from.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of VINELAND Farm and Fruit lands. This settlement, situated on the Cape May Railroad, an hour's ride south of Philadelphia, was commenced in 1862, and now numbers more than 5,000 inhabitants. They go on account of the advantages of its climate, the fertility of the soil, its great capacity for fruit culture, and the ready market. The peculiar feature of this settlement is, that the originator, Chas. K. Landis, Esq., laid it out upon a general principle of beauty, and adopted a system of public adornments, the effect of which has already been to make it one of the most beautiful places in the country.

Our Consul at Manchester, England, states that the cattle plague has not abated, and suggests that, as it is supposed by many that the disease was introduced into England by the importation of hides from Russia, the importation of foreign stock into this country be for the present prohibited.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.—Elections take place on Tuesday next, Nov. 7, in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Delaware, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Wisconsin and Nevada.

The State Prison at Thomaston—so long a drag on the state treasury—is now a paying institution. It hardly pays a man to get into it however.

Soprial Gabriel has been chosen by the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians to represent them at Augusta next winter.

President Johnson having originally learned the trade of a tailor may reasonably be thought "sound on the goose."

A lady informs an exchange that, in this season of scarcity of fruit, it may oblige some readers to know that finely chopped pumpkin is an excellent substitute for apples in mince pies.

