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Maxham & Wing

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THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LEAVES are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad like reefs of coral,
Rising aloft
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Atræa in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight;
And there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch fires
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And the Atræa in the cloven pine tree
For his freedom
Groans and sings the imprisoned air in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can never restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Who did and who
And above them the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone,
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
As he hears the
When he was with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the marching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

[From Harper's Magazine.]

THE THANK-OFFERING.

CONCLUDED.

"It is not a long story," said Helen. "In the first place, I am, as you have just been told, in no way related to the family I live with; indeed, I am not related to any body, I think," she said, sadly. "These people keep me out of charity, I suppose; at least they say they do." Her lip quivered; she paused a moment, recovered herself and went on: "They are very good to keep me at all, I suppose; for I am a great burden to them—I must be—and I can make them no returns.

"My own father was a physician and a gentleman," she said, making an emphasis on the word "gentleman" by a slight pressure of her fingers upon the hand which still held hers. "My mother died when I was very young; I am not quite sure if I really remember, or only imagine her. And soon after her death I had some childish illness, and it settled in my eyes, (it might have been for want of a mother's tender care—I don't know about that), but I lost my sight. My father always said he was confident the sight was not destroyed, and he had hopes it might be restored; but I was then a delicate, feeble child, very timid, and very much indulged; and I so dreaded any talk, even, of an operation on my eyes that he put off from day to day consulting other advice, in pity to my weakness, and hoping, I suppose, that as I grew older and stronger, I should see and yield to the necessity. Alas! mistaken and self-willed child, and too indulgent father! the opportunity I then lost can never come within my reach again.

"When I was about eight years old my father married again; a young woman, I think, wholly unsuited to him; but he did not live to find it out. He died suddenly within a year after this second marriage; and of course I was left in her care. After his death my step-mother very soon married the son of the woman I call Grandmother; he is a lawyer, and lives poor. Thus, while I have those whom I call Father and Mother, I have in reality neither; I am nothing to them; they have children of their own, and I have no real claim upon them; I am a dependent upon them for the clothes I wear and the bread I eat. I am a burden to them; and oh! my dependence, which I am daily made to feel, is a still heavier burden to me. I have dreamed repeatedly of late that a Boston doctor came here, examined my eyes, and said they could be cured. That is nothing, I know; but still—but still—" She hesitated.

"Not I," said her companion, smiling. "I don't think much of dreams myself, and you mustn't."

"No, no! of course you do not," said poor Helen, blushing painfully. "And I know myself that it is all folly. I ought not to have taken up your time with such nonsense; but you will forgive me, won't you? Oh! I know you would if you could know how wholly lonely, dark, and sad I am. I have no one to care for me, or talk to me, and of course my thoughts dwell too much upon my own affliction. I try to be patient, and submissive to the will of God—submissive I must be; but I try to be patiently and cheerfully submissive. I know it is God's will it must be better for me; but it is hard to do nothing—to be nothing!"

In her strong excitement of feeling she had unconsciously risen, and now stood before the Doctor in her graceful earnestness—her sweet face uplifted, and eloquent with her deep emotion; her small white hands crossed lightly upon her bosom, and her slight figure swaying and bending as if a breath might waft her upward to the celestial city, from which she seemed an innocent exile. The Doctor gazed silently at the fair young creature before him, pity and admiration mingling in the gaze; and at last, half-musingly, he quoted the beautiful words of Milton:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

"Yes," said the girl, her quick apprehension catching the force of the sentiment at once. "Yes; that is beautiful! and it may be so—I trust it is; but if I could see—think I only think for one moment what sight would be to me—poor, dependent, helpless. Oh! she clasped her hands fervently. "Oh, if you could help me, if you could restore my sight!—Yet, understand me fully—I have not a dollar in the wide world, nor a friend but the Almighty God, to be my security; but if you can cure me, if you can enable me to see, so that I can work for my own living, I will solemnly promise to give you my services in any capacity, however humble, until I have fully paid you—I mean as far as money can do it, for I should still be your debtor for life."

"That all sounds very well, my child!" said the Doctor; "and I have not the least doubt you mean it; and I am entirely satisfied with the security you offer. But, my dear little girl, you have forgotten one thing entirely: if you are a physician's daughter, do you not know that we never charge for our attendance upon the family of a professional brother? I would gladly aid you if you were not a physician's daughter; but, as it is, you have an hereditary right to my services. So you see that part of

the business is settled beforehand. But now, let me ask," he said kindly, "how comes it that you have the courage now which you were wanting in before? Can you tell me how that is?"

"Alas! yes," said the blind girl, mockingly; "it is easily explained—the case is very different: then I was a little, happy child—blind, to be sure, but all the more petted, indulged and cared for—so constantly amused and caressed that my affliction was light to me, and I sunk from the pain; now I am a lonely, helpless, dependant woman, and I have learned to bear suffering. I think," she said, speaking sadly and slowly, "I cannot suffer more under the operation than I experience every day of my life. I think the knife cannot wound deeper or more keenly than words have done. But it is wrong in me to say this," she said, checking herself; "for they have at least kept me from the almshouse, as they say, and clothed me, and that is much. And then, too, I shall have hope to sustain me, you know. Oh! I will try to be firm, and give you as little trouble as I can."

"You say they have kept you from the almshouse and clothed you," said the Doctor, dryly, as he noticed her shabby dress. "Did then your father leave no property at all?"

"I do not know. I was but about eight when he died—when my step-mother married again she came here to live, and I know nothing of his affairs. I have never dared to ask any questions, and my blindness has rendered me helpless to communicate with any of his friends. But they are so continually telling me how much they have done for me that I suppose he did not leave any property."

"Humph!" said the Doctor, "that does not prove it, to my mind; the matter must be looked into one of these days; but no matter now—we have other things to attend to. And now, my dear, if you please, let me see these troublesome eyes of yours?"

A careful examination of the injured organs, and a close questioning of their owner, served to convince the Doctor that there was, as the girl's father had believed, great hopes of a cure. He was, however, too old a practitioner, and too guarded a man to hold out a certainty of hope to the trembling and sensitive being before him. He contented himself with telling her that the needed operation would be a very trifling affair, and that he had hopes of its ultimate success.

"And now," he said, rising, "I see they are leading you on my horse, so I conclude my carriage is repaired and I must go; I shall make arrangements to take you into town and have you under my own care; but remember, if I do my part you must do yours."

"And that is?" faltered Helen.

"To keep yourself very quiet, or I cannot do you the good I wish and hope to do. Some time in the course of a week I will come out and see you again and complete our arrangements; but remember now," he said, pressing her hand, "no excitement, no dreaming, you understand; tears and nervous excitement will put us all back, remember that." And hushing her earnest gratitude, he was leading her back to the house when a tall, showily-dressed girl, with a mass of red hair inclosed in an elaborate net of blue and steel beads, large hoops, and trailing but soiled skirts, came daintily mincing down the little garden path.

"Well, Helen," she said, "and so here you are. What in the world have you been about? I should like to know? Mother says she sent you into grandmother's most an hour ago to get some eggs, and she's beat out waiting for you! You are a good hand to go of an errand when a body's in a hurry, certain!"

"Oh, Mandany!" said poor Helen, "I am so sorry! but I forgot all about the eggs. I hope mother has not waited for them, has she?"

"You had better go home and ask her," said Mandany, spitefully. "You can tell her, you know, that you was talking to a gentleman and forgot all about it."

"Of course you will, my dear," said the Doctor, gravely. "And Miss Mandany, I'll thank you to give my compliments to your mother, and tell her I shall do myself the pleasure to call and see her next week." And bowing courteously to the bewildered Mandany, he left the blind girl at the door from which he had led her, regained his gig, and turned his horse's steps homeward.

As he had no one to converse with during his ride, it is not to be wondered at that he made no remarks upon his new acquaintance; but that he did a considerable amount of thinking might possibly be guessed from the significant fact, that he whistled the first part of "Yankee Doodle" all the way back to town, and never remembered to turn the tune, which, if his horse was as fastidious in regard to vocal as to instrumental music, must have been, to say the least, rather wearisome. The result of all this thought he never revealed, unless it could be inferred from a remark he made to himself as he drove up to his own door. "By George! I shouldn't wonder if she did! Most women would n't be sure; but then Kitty, she's a nenesuch. Well, we shall see."

As he entered his own comfortable and even luxurious home his wife, a pleasant looking little woman, richly and becomingly dressed, who, seated beneath the light of the gas, was trifling with some gray-looking embroidery, rose affectionately to receive him.

"You are late to-night, Austin," she said, giving him her hand; "has anything happened?"

"Of course there has, my dear! something or other is always happening; is there not, Kitty?" he said, laughingly. "If nothing had happened, I suppose I should never have got home at all, should I?"

"I should think something had happened to your glasses, Austin," said the observant wife, "why I what in the world has bent them so?"

"Bent them?" said the Doctor. "Bent them? I did not know they were bent," he said, taking them off and regarding them ruefully. "Why, so they are, I declare; they are all out of shape—I did not know it; it must have been when they struck against the stones."

"A stone?" said the bewildered little woman. "What do you mean? how came a stone to strike against your glasses? I don't understand."

"I did not say it did, my dear," calmly replied her husband; "in fact it did not. The mountain did not come to Mohammed, but, as usual, Mohammed went to the mountain. My

glasses were the aggressors in this case clearly; the stones did not rise up against us."

"Austin, what are you talking of? what do you mean? how did your glasses strike the stones—did they drop off? I never knew them to."

"Drop off! no my dear; the fact is I was getting out of my gig—well, we'll say in a hurry."

"There, now!" said Mrs. Raimond. "And what did you do that for? You will always be in such a hurry! I wish you'd remember you are fifty years old, every day of it."

"Oh don't, Kitty, my dear. How dreadful! somebody might hear you."

"I don't care if they do; you are old enough to know better. What made you get out so quick? what were you in such a hurry for?"

"Couldn't help it, my dear; case was imperative—gig was going over; had to hurry."

"Going over! What made it go over, I'd like to know?"

"Wheel came off."

"Your wheel? And what took it off?"

"Struck against the stone-wall, my dear."

"And how did that happen?" said the wife with forced calmness. "How came your wheel to strike the stone-wall? Can't you drive better than that?"

"No, my dear; not when my horse bolts and runs away with me."

"Austin!" said the really terrified wife, bursting into tears, "do you mean to tell me that new horse ran away with you, upset, and threw you out?"

"No, I did not mean to tell you; but it was exactly so, my dear Kitty. Pshaw! I don't cry about it now—it's too late. Threw me out and bent up my glasses—wasn't it dreadful?"

"Austin, how can you? Do be serious—do tell me the whole story, from the beginning."

"I will, my dear, with all my heart; but remember that it was not my fault that you chose to begin at the wrong end, and work your way backward from effect to causes. I only answered your questions, as an obedient husband should do."

"Well, then, tell me now."

"Oh, yes, bless you; yes, indeed, every thing. Well, let me see. Small boy beat a drum—horse did not like music—shied, and wheeled round—wheel took the stone wall—stone wall gave tit-for-tat, and took off wheel—gig upset, and your husband, the excellent and well known Austin P. Raimond, M. D., came flying out through the air, like a venerable and slightly gray cherub, or a bald eagle, made a somersault upon the ground, and bent his gold spectacles—and that was the worst of it. I did not break my neck or my back, my arms or my legs, my nose or my teeth; but I bent my glasses! And now, my dear, will you order tea, or do you intend to appoint a fast, in view of this our great personal calamity?"

"I should appoint a thank-offering," said the lady, rising to ring the bell, "only I am afraid nobody but me would value such a harum-scarum sort of person."

As they sat at their liberally-spread board the Doctor, refreshed by his cup of fragrant tea, entered upon the subject of his new patient, giving his wife a full account of all relating to Helen, except the girl's marvellous beauty. This he did not enlarge upon, thinking it better to leave that to speak for itself.

Mrs. Kitty listened, and inquired with due interest, and then sank into meditative silence. After the meal was over, and they had returned to the fire, she came behind her husband's chair, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Austin, I have something to say to you, I said just now I should like to make a thank-offering for your escape. I think I see the way to do it. You must have this poor girl under your care, while her eyes are attended to. You could send her into the hospital, I know; but from your account she is not a fit person to send there, and she is evidently as much out of place where she is. You know I have long wanted to have a young lady companion. I cannot have either of your nieces, or my own; they are too well off at home, and cannot be had. Let us adopt this poor, deserted child, bring her here at once, and let me be a mother to her."

"But Kitty, my darling, consider—this poor girl is blind and helpless."

"The more in need of our good offices. Besides, you hope to cure her; but whether you do or not, let us give her the home and protection she so much needs. Will you consent to this, and then she as well as I will give thanks for the life God was pleased to spare this day?"

"My dear Kitty," said the Doctor, "you are one of a thousand! Pshaw!" he said, pulling off his glasses and polishing them. "I do believe the glasses got scratched as well as bent. Kitty, my dear, I believe you was made of the best of materials without regard to expense! I have only one little suggestion, or amendment to make; you must not bind yourself to what may make you uncomfortable. The girl may have faults or peculiarities of temper which may make her an uncomfortable inmate, and I will not have you subjected to any such annoyance. You shall go out with me and see her, and if you are as favorably impressed as I was, we will bring her here for the time required for her eyes. This will give you an opportunity to judge of her; for if there is any valgarly or ill-temper in a person, sickness is sure to bring it out. If she stands this test, and you like her, we will then arrange to keep her. Say, does this suit you?"

This did suit; and a few days afterward the Doctor and Mrs. Raimond drove out into the country town. They were joyfully welcomed by Helen, and very cordially met by the rest of the family, who manifested a singular and suspicious unwillingness to have her leave them; but the Doctor was firm, and Helen was hurried up stairs to collect her small change of garments.

"Why, Austin, she is an angel!" whispered the enthusiastic Mrs. Kitty; "you did not say half enough about her—not half!"

"Wait, my dear," said the Doctor; "I wait until you have proved her, and see if she is."

A slight and very successful operation gave back to the deeply grateful Helen the inestimable blessing of sight; but even before the cure was completed the mind of Mrs. Raimond was made up.

"I can not part with her," she said in confidence to her husband. "She is an angel in mind and temper as well as in person. Her

temper is perfect—she is really a godsend to me; no daughter could be to me more than she is already, and no mother could love her better than I do. There is only one trouble; you know I took her as a thank-offering for your safety—but it won't do; I must look out two thank-offerings now—one, that the life of my precious husband was spared; the other, that this sweet daughter has been given to me."

OUR OTHER WEAPONS.

Another "invasion" of the South is necessary; we must overwhelm it with Northern ideas. It is not our purpose alone to make a union of States, a league of force, half the States sullen and backward in all progress. We have secured the Union by arms. We have no fear of another armed rebellion in this generation. But now begins the second part of the struggle, the renewal of the war of ideas. The North will find it has need of all its manhood and all its energy.

Mr. Wendell Phillips, with his passion for startling announcements, declares the "South victorious." When we consider the immense progress in freedom in this country since 1860, freedom of speech and the press, the abolition of slavery, and the real advance in democracy—progress the most sanguine would not have dared to hope for in 1860—we feel that Mr. Phillips is not talking common sense. And yet we could wish that the administration had given such a direction to reconstruction, that even the grumbling orators could not have made such assertions.

A writer in the *Nation*, who has just travelled through the South, thinks that the rebels are playing a game of deep duplicity; that their ready acceptance of the situation is only a smart political game, and they expect to get speedy control of the government, and rule it as autocrats, in the interest of the wealthy class, and with a sort of serfdom for the blacks; that even the purpose of disunion is not abandoned; but the youth are trained to hate the Yankees, and to regard us as a foreign nation, the South being held in unjust conquest, as Hungary is held by Austria. (The parallel, by the way, has some resemblance, since the revolt of Hungary was not a democratic movement, but a rebellion of nobles in the interest of aristocracy.) The writer in the *Nation*, it seems to us, is not warranted in assuming any such deep and secret purpose of continued rebellion among the Southern leaders. Yet it is doubtless true that they intend to grasp the government and rule the country in the interest of their class, if possible.

If reconstruction goes on to its consummation, as rapidly as it is now proceeding, there will be no time for probation. There will be no time for the development and organization of a liberal party in the South, composed of such men as John H. Reagan seems to be, judging him by his letter to the Texans. With the Southern States in the hands of Wade Hampton, Humphreys, etc., and the freedmen handed over to them with no right of testimony in the courts, or of suffrage, the condition of Southern society will not be promising.

Yet this is what we have to look in the face. And the North has to grapple with its loins for a new conflict, a great civilizing mission to the late rebel States. We pass by now any consideration of what Congress may do in the way of improving the appearance of the reconstruction problem. Whatever it does, there will remain the great task of educating and civilizing the masses of the South, white and black.

The field is ready; never was ground better prepared. The South has been subjected to a fearful agriculture. The whole of society has been upheaved, and ideas will find much easier entrance than they would have had through the old lethargy and stupidity. The war has really been of immense benefit to the poor whites, who will return to their homes with a thousand new ideas. They will not hereafter be impervious to education. Indeed, one of the most cheering signs at the South is the disposition exhibited in many places among the poorer classes, to learn to read and write. And then there are the blacks who have the spelling-book fever from Virginia to Texas. In short, the South is ready to be enlightened.

The North has, therefore, to pour its ideas into the South, establish schools, print newspapers, inaugurate business on the liberal plan. There is opportunity for the most active business ambition, and for benevolence. If we educate the South we can defy its politicians. An illustration of the policy that may be pursued occurs to us. A wealthy gentleman from New York is about establishing a free school for the whites in Richmond; only a nominal tuition being required, to make the pupil feel an interest in his advantages. It will, in effect, be open to the poorest. It will be sustained for some years, if necessary, by the gentleman who has conceived the idea, until the day when Richmond will itself sustain free public schools. These and similar enterprises the North will have to carry on. It has to show itself as able in the propagation of its educational ideas as it has been in arms.

[Hartford Press.]

Chang-woe-gow, a native Chinese giant, said to be the largest man of modern times, is making a tour in England. He is nineteen years of age. Chang's actual height, out of his shoes, is seven feet six inches; and the length of his limbs is such just proportion to his measurement that his outstretched hands and arms repeat exactly the length of his body, which is the length of eight heads.

TROUBLE.—You are going to have your troubles as well as your pleasures. A man is not worth a snap that has not had trouble. You cannot subdue selfishness without a struggle. You cannot restrain pride without a conflict. You cannot expect to go through life without bearing burdens. But you are going to have help under circumstances that will redeem you from these things. You are going to experience more victories than defeats. Your sufferings will be only here and there little spots in a wide field of peace and joy.

The New York Observer publishes a letter, written more than thirty years ago by Rev. Dr. Judson, on the heathen women, in which he cites as one proof of their heathenish customs that the Karen women were fanatically constructed back, enclosing her hair and suspended from the back part of the head. The origin of "waterfalls" is now explained.

LEGAL FICTION.

Nothing has been more remarkable during the war than the rapidity with which "legal fictions" sprang up as the strife progressed. Generally the sword tears all the lawyer's fine spun web to pieces, and lays the naked facts of the case before the world, but our war has furnished an exception to the rule. When it broke out there was a vague desire at the North to strike the enemy somehow or other through slavery; but everybody was afraid for a long time to say so. In 1861, he who talked either of taking away the slaves of the rebels, or even of not returning them if they ran away, incurred imminent risk of being considered a fool or a "rascal." In the midst of the general perplexity came Gen. Butler, and covered himself with glory, and diffused general comfort through the community, by pronouncing the negro "contraband of war." To have retained a runaway as a man would have shocked everybody; but to retain him as a "material" satisfied all consciences. Everybody knew it was a fiction, the humbug of the thing was transparent; but if the General discovered the art of shooting round a corner, he could not have filled the public with greater wonder and admiration than that excited by the invention of this potent phrase.

When the Emancipation proclamation was issued, it gave a prodigious impetus to fiction-mongering. To have said openly and frankly that it was desirable to abolish slavery because slavery was a sin and a curse to the community—a constant source of danger and corruption—would have thrown thousands into convulsions. So long and elaborate pamphlets were written to show that the Southern negroes stood in the position of mules and oxen, and that when Mr. Lincoln sought to take them away from their masters, far from being guilty of using his power to give freedom to slaves, he was simply depriving the enemy of so many head of cattle, which, as a general, he had a right to do.

A little later it became necessary to try a number of great soundbells for frauds and other offences calculated to diminish the efficiency of the army. For some reason or other it was disagreeable to say that the country was under martial law, so it was pretended that all contractors, and even all persons who sold anything to the government, newspaper, correspondents and such like, were in the naval or military service of the United States, and therefore subject to trial by court martial, no matter where they exercised their vocation. We remember last winter hearing "a rising young lawyer" produce before a large audience a little fiction, which for rare and curious workmanship could hardly be matched out of China. In order to make the would-be assassin of Mr. Seward liable to trial by court martial, he laid it down that anybody who attacked a military officer of the United States in time of war, became *ipso facto*, amenable to military jurisdiction. Mr. Seward was a military officer of the United States, inasmuch as he countersigned "orders" of the President, who was commander-in-chief, *ergo*, etc.

Mr. Seward himself, with the lawyer's habit of mind still strong upon him, occasionally turns out a fiction himself which may compare favorably with the best efforts of the profession; as when, the other day, he denied that the Confederate Government had ever been a *de facto* government, because the United States had always refused to "recognize" it as such. Now, a fact is a fact, whether it be recognized or not; and if the rebels were able to raise armies, and fight battles, and collect taxes, they were a *de facto* government, though the whole of the rest of Christendom were to swear they were not. This may be unpleasant, but it was still a fact. If a man meets a drunken vagabond of a relative in the street, he may "ignore" him, but the rascal still remains in the flesh, and preserves his consciousness.

The latest, and perhaps the best of all fictions is the doctrine that the President is, in all his doings at the South, acting strictly in accordance with the law as laid down by the Constitution. This was invented by the conservatives for the purpose of bringing the radicals to confusion, by holding them up to the world as law-breakers or counsellors of law-breaking. The proposition that the Southern States should for any purpose be treated as conquered territory has accordingly been denounced as monstrous, the fact being that President Johnson's whole plan of reconstruction is based on the assumption that they are conquered territory. The real difference between him and his opponents is not as to the nature of his power, but as to the use he makes of it. There is no such officer as the "provisional governor" known to the Constitution of the United States. There is no machinery provided by the Constitution for imposing upon States "that have never been out of the Union" conditions of their readmission to it. The notion that Mr. Johnson cannot interfere with the suffrage in the revolted States is pure double-edged fiction. "Fines and recoveries" were nothing to it. He is interfering with it for every purpose he pleases.

[Nation.]

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—According to the official figures, the national indebtedness was reduced nearly three millions of dollars in September, or at the rate of one hundred and fifty-six millions a year. Such an energetic process of liquidation would according to the figures of the New York Times, result in the discharge of all the national pecuniary obligations in about twenty years. As the public debt is diminished, the interest charge will, of course, fall off, and it may be safely assumed that before the six per cents (now having sixteen years to run) shall have matured, government will have paid off all other claims upon it, and made adequate provision for the prompt cash redemption of the 1881 bonds, "on presentation by the holders."

Col. Forney, who is a Conservative Republican, takes the ground that no rebel state should be recognized till it agrees to the Constitutional Amendment and repudiates the rebel debt. This fact derives significance from the additional fact that Col. F. is supposed to take his complexion, like a tree toad, from the object to which he adheres. At present he adheres to President Johnson. [Portland Press.]

According to the proportion of the wealth to the national debt of the two countries, the debt of Canada is twenty-five per cent. greater than that of the United States.

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.—When I used to be out of temper or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here he would call to me, "Mary, Mary, take care!—there's a mouse in the pantry!"

I often used to cease crying at this, and stand, wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, too, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but I never found one.

One day I said,—

"Grandfather, I don't know what you mean; I haven't a pantry; and there are none in mother's, because I've looked ever so often." He smiled and said—

"Come, little woman, and sit down here in the porch by me, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry. The little sins are the mice, that get in and nibble away all the good, and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful, unwilling to do as your mother wishes; and, if you do not strive against them, the mice will keep nibbling until the good is all eaten away. Now, my little girl, I want to show you how to prevent this. To keep the mice out you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness; and have for bait, good resolutions and firmness."

"But, mother," said Nancy, now quite interested in the story, "wouldn't they nibble the resolutions away after awhile?"

"No, Mary, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandfather first told me, for I was such a very little girl; but I knew it was told for me in some way, and after a while I began to find out what he meant. He told me too, that I might store my pantry with good things, if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nancy?"

"To be full of good always," said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.

"Yes; to store it with good principles, good thoughts and kind feelings." [Early Days.]

"GOOD-BY, OLD ARM."—In the hospital at Nashville, a short time ago, a wounded hero was lying on the amputation table, under the influence of chloroform. They cut off his strong right arm and cast it, all bleeding, upon the pile of human limbs. Then they laid him gently upon his couch. He woke from his stupor and missed his arm. With his left arm he lifted the cloth, and there was nothing but the gory stump! "Where's my arm?" he cried; "get my arm; I want to see it once more—my strong right arm." They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and, looking at the poor dead member, thus addressed it with tearful earnestness:—"Good-by, old arm. We have been a long time together. We must part now. Good-by old arm. You'll never fire another carbine nor swing another sabre for the Government," and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He then said to those standing by:—"Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body that not one State should be torn from this glorious Union." He might have added:—"Some things are worthless, others so good."

That nation that has them pay only in blood. For Freedom and Union each man owes his part. And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart."

That is what that game was. What is your share and mine? [CHARLES McCABE.]

Last Spring a citizen of Winstead, Conn., forged several notes, and then left town before it was found out. His friends bought up the forged paper for twenty-five cents on the dollar and now the man has returned, and has been taken back to the bosom of the church. It is this way of treating criminals, hushing up their rascalities or compounding with those whom they have wronged, that induces criminalities. Persons who forge notes or officers who rob corporations, or steal from the public funds, would not commit such acts if they were sure of punishment. So long as many persons attach a sort of glory and high strategy to stealing or forging when done on a large scale, so long will these crimes be committed. But let it be clearly understood that stealing is stealing whether by a government official or a Five Point resident, and will be punished without regard to the social position of the criminal, and there will be less of such violations of the law and breaches of trust.

A young man, seated at dinner the other day, said to his wife—

"Helen, you are good at guessing, here is a conundrum for you. 'If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?'"

After some guessing she gave it up.

"Well," said he, "where they retail spirits." Eager to get it off she hastens to a friend.

"Oh, Marian, I have such a nice conundrum, Joe just told me of it. I know you can't guess it:—'If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?'"

Her friend Marian having given it up, she said:—

"Where they sell liquor by the glass!"

At Harper's Ferry, the other day, Sir Morton Peto and his fellow capitalists from England excavated an old fellow from one of the cellars in the town, who had held his ground during the war, refusing to be frightened away by either cannonading or explosion. "I dun know," the old fellow said, "as the war's done me much harm. Five years ago I was the poorest man in Harper's Ferry; two years ago I was the richest, everybody else having run away. I wasn't worth nothing then; I ain't worth nothing now; so I'm square. Judge, (to Sir Morton) have you any terbrecker about ye?"

Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D., the distinguished Lexicographer, died recently at his residence in Cambridge, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. Dr. Worcester was born in Bedford, New Hampshire, Aug. 27, 1784.

The Secretary of State, in a note to the Provisional Governor of Florida on the progress towards reorganization made in that State, says that he is directed by the President to state that he regards the ratification of the congressional amendment to the Constitution of the United States as indispensable to the restoration of true loyal relations between Florida and other States, and equally indispensable to the return of peace and harmony throughout the republic.

BOGUS BONDS AND BUBBLES.—We hope our citizens will not be enticed, by political candidates of any kind, into investing their money in either the Mexican or Penian bonds, which are announced as soon to be put upon the market. Neither is likely to be worth the paper it is printed on. Even if the Republicans should eventually re-establish themselves in Mexico, they will have no means of redeeming their debt, and it is not likely in any event to be assumed by our own government or any other. The Penian financial scheme is still more desperate and mischievous, for thousands of impulsive and thoughtless Irish men and women may invest in it money which they have earned by hard labor, and of which they and their families stand in need. There is something very attractive to an Irishman in the prospect of redeeming his native land from oppression, and it is very likely to run away with

his judgment and good sense. But the whole Fenian movement is a bubble, if not a swindle. The leaders in it will probably collect a good deal of money from their credulous countrymen, but a very small portion of it will ever find its way across the Atlantic. There is no more chance to-day for a successful revolution in Ireland, than there is in New-York. Irishmen will do a great deal better to use what money they can save, in getting comforts for their families, in educating their children, and in building up their own prosperity, than in giving it to a set of irresponsible adventurers, who will only laugh at their credulity. (Times.)

Waterville Mail.

W. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . NOV. 10, 1865



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.
S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
* Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

THE REASON WHY.

For several weeks past sickness has so reduced our office help that the Mail has been issued at a late day. Our hopes are brightening for a better state of things, and we beg the indulgence of our subscribers till we are able to do better.

THE CHOLERA SCARE. The Lewiston Journal says it "considers it quite certain that cholera will be along in the Spring," and thinks the way to prepare for it there is to "put the whole matter into the hands of a committee of physicians and then do what they advise." Why not add the undertakers to the committee?—they are as much interested as the doctors. But how the press is interested in inviting cholera, by this continued scare, is more than we can see. Cholera! cholera! it begins to shout, for a whole year before the time set for its appearance; and continues to keep up the cry most likely, of all known means, to bring on the trouble it so professes to fear. Like the Second-advancers, when one time fails it sets another; and now that cold weather obstructs the prospect, it is quite certain that cholera will be along in the Spring." This continued cry may have but trifling effect in little villages like Lewiston, but in large cities it is almost sure to bring on the threatened calamity. It is time enough to call a council of doctors when somebody is sick. They don't claim to know any more about the causes of cholera than a council of monks; and there is some reason to doubt whether the world is any safer for all the cholera remedies ever prescribed. We advise the Journal, and all other papers interested in the great cholera scheme, to suspend operations till next Fall, and to proclaim that the mysterious atmospheric condition necessary for the enterprise is postponed till that time.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—At Lewiston, Bangor, Waterville, Farmington, and we know not how many other places in Maine, there is talk about a scarcity of tenements. Is the population of these places increasing at the rate thus indicated? The Journal advises all who can do so to commence building at once, and expresses confidence that it cannot be done as cheap next year. This lack of tenements, it says, is not peculiar to Lewiston, but "exists everywhere." We don't believe it, unless "everywhere" means Belfast and Augusta; nor do we believe that labor, lumber, and other building materials will be higher next year than they are this. Stick a pin there, brother Journal.

The Boston Courier has recently passed into new hands, both proprietary and editorial, and its political position hereafter promises to be honorable and ably sustained. It is now edited by J. B. Moss, Esq., formerly editor of the Newburyport Herald, assisted by Dr. Hoskins, a gentleman of distinguished scientific attainments, and Mr. Bosson, a well known reporter, of Boston. [See prospectus next week.]

Colds are making sad work in many families by bringing on fevers and doctors. A remedy that ought to be better known is, to keep the mouth shut till the stomach can relieve itself of the burden it is trying to cast off. A small sticking plaster over the mouth would have saved the life of many a child.

The committee in charge of the new Unitarian church are making good progress. The frame is boarded and shingled, and the timbers of the steeple point heavenward some thirty to forty feet above the roof, without indicating a focus nearer than fifty or sixty feet onward. With ten thousand dollars already raised for the work, we may look for a house that will be a prominent ornament to our village.

Snow. The ground is now covered with some three inches of snow, which looks in the face of a bright sunshine as coolly as though it considered itself at home, and welcome at that.

[For the Mail.]

OUR INNER WORLD.

What a wild story the wind is telling us tonight. How it moans and sobs in its recital, and hangs about our windows asking to be let in. It would even enter the chambers of our heart, and destroy our peace, were they not securely closed to its wild complainings.

The world's great heart is fickle and fitful in her moods. Sometimes she is all smiles and sunshine, and sends us pleasant thoughts on every evening zephyr; and we watch for the heralds of her fair queen, and give our best thoughts in return as she gazes down upon us with a look that wins our confidence and love.

But sometimes she will be sad and frown, and put on wry faces, and pour out her savage grief in such fierce gusts of wind, rending the garments of the graceful elm that has become our friend, and driving the poor torn leaves about so piteously, that we too are sad from very sympathy. And lest we bear too much the spirit of her mad sorrow, we turn away and seek the quiet of our inner world. For our lives have a world of their own creation, and each day of their varied events is writing its secret history, and peopling its silent realms with living shapes—companions of the heart. Yes, "Our inner world is peopled." Forms shadowy and real tread its beaten paths, thoughts stern and visionary hold converse with our minds, feelings deep and earnest come throbbing to our souls, and from its depths they find a welcome.

Here the watch-fires of memory burn brightly, and the beacon of Hope throws its bright rays far up our dark pathway to the future. This inner world is a sacred place. It is our own world, where weary, so weary of meeting the cruel winds of chance; when the demands of stern reality crowd around to swallow up our every joy; when the heart has almost learned to receive the bitter lesson an unrelenting fate would give, and cursing the Giver takes its fill of hollow pleasures—of mocking joys; then, cheered by voices from the mystic land, it seeks its quiet shades.

And now a bright vision meets us like a flood of sunshine from the opening eyes of morn. A precious form is beside us, and tones all full of sympathy and love thrill through our saddened souls—"Be strong for my sake." Here in this glorious world the creatures of the heart all dwell. Here are treasured up the rarest gems from life's sands—the brightest corals from life's ocean. Here are the precious moments that have had a place in time—those on which an angel laid his hand all dripping with the choicest blessing, too sacred for the outer world, we have them here, bound to the heart by golden links. Now they are ours—ours forever, and again we dwell among them, listen to their whispers of the past, and let them fill our hearts as then. Here are the forms we have cherished—that have so often blessed us in days departed. Now their silent influence comes to our lives, like the dew of Hermon to a thirsty land.

When the spirit of change commanded separation and would remove them to some distant spot, the goddess of these cloudless climes, by the magic of her wand, conducts them to her whispering groves—to the circle of her living forms and casts behind them the veil of her power to shield them from the blight of Time.

Here are hearts also, those that have loved us, and that we have loved; those that have held sweet converse with our own till their being was a part of ours. Now they are all ours in this land of glorious relics. Here they are safe from the wintry breath that has so often chilled their purest joys, and ours.

Here also are hopes and sweet idol dreams, too bright to stay on earth, too fragile for its beating storms, too lovely to face the unyielding features of a grim, a pitiless reality. They could not long live in the outer world; they were born of the heart, and to the home of the heart have they returned. Here they are safely sheltered, and all our own. Here we may revel amidst their pleasures and feed our hungry souls with the nectar of their love.

This world of ours—this creation of fancy, how fair it is. How like a fairy island in a turbid life sea it sparkles in the sunlight, and raises its glittering spires to heaven. The airs of every clime bring hither the music of their birds. Crystal fountains sport amidst the fields of flowers, and from every neighboring shade bright forms are reaching forth fond arms and calling for our presence.

Then let the wild winds murmur through the elms, and the ugly form of Chance stalk forth through the land, scattering its stern commands.

"And let Fate do her worst,
There are regions of joy,
A home of the heart,
Which they cannot destroy."

V. C.

GRAND LODGE OF I. O. O. G. T. of this State met at Skowhegan on the 17th inst. The "Journal of Proceedings," a copy of which has been sent us, says that it was one of the largest, and the most important and harmonious sessions of this body ever held. The reports of the officers show the organization to be in a flourishing condition, steadily increasing in numbers. The next semi-annual meeting will be held in West Buxton, in April, notice of the day to be given hereafter.

We understand that Mr. M. V. Horsom, of West Waterville, has sold the famous trotting colt known as "Young Cloudman," to Mr. Wellington, of Dorchester, Mass., for the nice sum of nineteen hundred dollars. Mr. H. has no hesitation in saying that he is the fastest 4-year-old colt in New England.

CAPT. WIRZ was hung on Friday, the 10th. He protested his innocence to the last, and left a written appeal to the South to care for his family.

COME ALL!!

The men, women and children of this village are requested to meet at Town Hall on Monday evening Nov. 20, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of forming an organization in which all can unite, in giving battle to the Demon of Intemperance. **WILL YOU be there?**
Waterville, Nov. 8.

The above notice is backed by "many" of our leading citizens, and the proposed meeting promises to organize at the same time a society and an effort that shall direct public action and mould public sentiment. Let there be a general turn-out in accordance with the call, and the result will be profitable.

[For the Mail.]

A MORNING WALK.

A short time since, while spending a few days in a neighboring city I employed the early mornings, as my custom always was, in viewing such places as were of interest to me. In this way I have acquired much valuable knowledge, while a large portion of the inhabitants were asleep. Where there was ship-building I have noticed the timber, copper and iron, also the work in every part with no other spectator. On the keel I have looked up through the hatches thirty feet to the main deck before the sun had warmed the side where the caulkers enlivened that locality with noise as unharmonious as a gong. Splendid architectural finish has been examined, and walks taken through streets where the stillness was unbroken save by the stir of servants about lordly mansions; also through streets and lanes where loathsome objects were just crawling from their dens of dirt and filth. But I will not fill my space before writing what I intended, though I will first say that much is gained by rising early, either at home or abroad.

One of the mornings that I refer to was spent in a stroll through the "city of the dead." It was a sad pleasure; for there I saw the graves of many I had known in life and health. It is truly the home of the rich and poor—the attorney rests with his client, the minister with his people, the doctor with his patient. There is now no difference, except that one has a more costly tombstone than another, or a more lengthy epitaph. Perhaps, a description of some of the monuments with the inscriptions will not be uninteresting to your readers; at best it will not be so wearisome as my prosy thoughts.

First I noticed a plain stone with the name of a soldier who fell at the battle of Cedar Mountain, aged 19 years. Another unpretending monument tells the reader that a young man, beloved, died at the Isle of Otaheite, in the Pacific ocean. A monument with broken shaft reminds us of the departure to the world of spirits of a man 35 years old, saying to a dear friend—

"Wait for me,
I am at rest;
I dwell with those
Who love the best."

Sarah Day, aged 82 years, has a pine plank painted white, with her name and age in black letters. Poverty, no doubt, caused the living to erect a pine plank, without paint, and on it the name of an aged lady written with a pencil. A single pine board without any inscription marks the resting place of another. The curious know not who lie in such graves; but God will know them at the resurrection. A respectable monument of granite bears the name of Drew on one side, on another an anchor, another a cross and on the other a harp. Beautiful to think of! The anchor holds; the cross reminds us of Christ; the harp calls up thoughts of music in the upper world and reminds us of the golden harp, and the song of the redeemed, numbering "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." A modest lamb, carved out of marble, resting on the top of the headstone on which is inscribed the name "Hattie, 4 years and eight months old." Beneath the name and age are these words, "Tenth God I have been a good little girl and said my prayers every night. I love God." These were her last words. A plain white pitcher with flowers was placed on this little grave, and from the signs I think it was often visited, and the flowers replenished. Impressive to the stranger is a little marble cross with "Charley" inscribed on the horizontal part. The word "Mother" only is found on another stone. A touching reminder!

"Kelper K. Keith opened his eyes in life in 1837, and shut them forever in 1856." An oval stone has on it the name "Hannah M. Stone," with the pleasing message, "Mourn not, dear mother, our little sister sleeps calmly in Jesus." The stone is white marble placed on a block of red sand stone. An old slab marks the resting place of two, on which is the following inscription, "Amiable in life; in death undivided." A mother and daughter are the occupants.

"Gone to God,"—Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer ask for her darling like the bliss of Heaven?—"I am watching for my father."—We shall go to him, but he will not return to us." A carved dove sits on a little head stone under which is "Carrie; aged 7 years and 4 months." A lily carved from the solid stone has underneath nothing but "7 months and 8 days."

These are the few epitaphs I gathered worthy of record; though there are many other things worthy of notice. First, the permanent fence enclosing the cemetery, and the goodly number of trees within the ample enclosure convince the stranger that the living respect the departed. Numerous enclosures of iron are scattered over the yard, contradicting that truthful motto, "The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." After taking these notes, and noticing much else that is not written I returned with a much better appetite for breakfast than if I had dozed in bed till half-past six.

REV. H. A. SAWTELLE, as his many friends in this State will be glad to learn, has arrived safely at his home in San Francisco. From the Evangelist we learn that a very pleasant incident occurred on his arrival, as is shown from the following paragraph from that journal:—

"To many of our readers it is no news that Rev. H. A. Sawtelle has returned by the steamer of Sept. 28 to his people. His health appears to be much improved, and he 'blows the Gospel trumpet' as of old. When he arrived at the wharf he found one of his brethren with a carriage awaiting him and his family, and taking him up into the city, he set him down before a door with his own name upon it. The secret soon came out; a house had been procured by the brethren of his church—give the sisters due honor—and made ready for his reception. The surprise was a grateful one—would have been so at any time, but much more so to those wearied with a long voyage by sea."

OUR TABLE.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for November is a splendid number, and every department is rich in attractions. Among the embellishments is a pretty line engraving entitled "The Country School," a beautiful colored fashion plate of fall fashions, with robe dresses from the establishment of A. T. Stewart & Co.; a popular Sack; the Cordelia Clock; and numerous engravings of bonnets and collars. The literary portion of the number will satisfy the old friends and patrons of this gem favorite—Marion Harland, Miss Virginia F. Townsend, Mrs. Meta T. Victor, and Miss S. Annie Frost being among the contributors.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The contents of the November number of this work are—Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence, by Heros Von Borcke, Chief of Staff to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, part II.; Miss Marjoribanks, part XI.; Giacomo Leopardi; Switzerland in Summer and Autumn, part II.; The Obsolete Titan; The Laying of the Atlantic Cable, by Henry O'Neil, A. R. A. The Confederate memoir is amusing in its self-glorification.

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 1865 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.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for November, like all issues of this work, contains much valuable and interesting reading. The titles of a few of the prominent articles are—Sketch of Gen. Logan, Moral Philosophy, Philosophy of Development, Signs of Character. Free Trade, Protection Explained, Immortality of the Soul. It is a live work, doing its full share in the work of enlightening and elevating humanity. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York, at \$2 a year.

SOCIABLE.—The congregation worshipping at the Baptist church, old and young, are to meet in social communion at the Vestry, on Wednesday evening, and if the attendance is what it should be, similar meetings will be held regularly through the winter. Capital institutions these for softening the frigidity of a society and strengthening the bonds of union and brotherly love.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT FUND ASSOCIATION.—At the meeting on Thursday evening, in connection with the concert, the following officers were chosen:—

G. A. Phillips, President.
W. A. Caffrey, Vice President.
D. R. Wing, Secretary.
G. L. Robinson, Treasurer.
E. L. Getchell,
E. G. Meader, Trustees,
C. M. Morse.

The report of the Treasurer showed that the funds of the Association amounted to a little over four hundred dollars. All agreed that the better way to raise the remaining portion of the sum needed to build a suitable monument for our fallen soldiers, would be to rely upon individual subscriptions, with the understanding that for every inhabitant of our town we should raise a dollar, which would provide an ample fund. After remarks by several gentlemen, showing a commendable earnestness and a determination to carry forward the work to a speedy completion, it was determined to canvass the town thoroughly, inviting everybody, male and female, old and young, to enroll themselves as members and contribute their share of the needed fund; and the executive committee were directed to appoint solicitors for this purpose in every school district. We are requested to give notice that a meeting of the officers of the society, to attend to this duty, will be held at the Post Office on Thursday evening next, at half-past seven o'clock. A list of the solicitors appointed will appear in the Mail next week.

This has been a musical week in our music loving village. The concert of the fine old Harmonic Glee Club, aided by some of the choice friends who remembered its palmy days, defied the weather on Monday evening, and warmed the hearts of as happy an audience as ever listened to sweet sounds. The return of Mr. H. N. Moore, a former musical favorite, from a residence of several years in the South, has been the inspiration that waked the soul of music to so good a pitch; and the few veteran musicians who have so long and so well deserved the esteem and gratitude of our citizens, have made him available for a festival to the public and themselves. With rehearsals, post-nouncements, "chambers," by courtesy, and concerts, the lucky few and the habitually generous many have had a feast.

At the Monument Fund Concert, Thursday evening, an effort was made to assure the choir, by a formal vote of thanks, that their kindness is appreciated; but unanimous and hearty as was the vote, it was but a faint expression of the high esteem and respect they have earned from this community, as well for their social and moral worth as for their musical accomplishments. It was found they had sung into the treasury between three and four hundred dollars, besides taking the lead in other measures for raising funds. Their labors will soon be recorded in marble.

The building long occupied as a saloon, recently vacated by Mr. Chs. E. Williams, is to be immediately turned to a book-store, by Mr. C. A. Hendrickson. He proposes to open a fine stock of books and stationery in all next week.

It is confidently hoped that the cholera in New York will not go beyond the passengers of the Atlanta. But few cases have occurred since the removal from the vessel, and those are of a mild character.

PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—See advertisement for change of time and new regulations.

GYMNASTIC. Everybody has by this time heard of Dr. Dio Lewis's system of gymnastic exercises. It promises in time to occupy a department in all our best schools, and to constitute an essential part of common education. Those who are in any degree familiar with it see why this prediction is a reasonable one. The exercises commend themselves not only to reason and philosophy, but they take hold of the natural relishes of the young, and fill the place of amusements more or less useless if not hurtful. They contribute to personal beauty as well as to health, and thus win favor where better counsels do not prevail. They promote mental activity and strength, rendering study more easy, pleasant and profitable. We notice that Dr. Lewis's pupils are introducing his system very extensively, by way of classes in the cities and villages of the country. These efforts meet very marked success, and the subject seems bound to attain great popularity with all classes.

NOTICE.—Some of the Directors and Members of the Bath Gymnasium will visit Waterville and assist Miss Ford, a graduate of Dr. Lewis's Training School, in showing some of the exercises of the Light Gymnastics, at Town Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 14, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Remarks on the benefits of the New System may be expected.

Opportunity will be given for joining a class, for which the terms are \$2.50 for ladies and \$3.50 for gentlemen, for a course of twelve lessons. A juvenile class will be formed on Wednesday afternoon, at Appleton Hall.

We commend the above notice to the attention of all, and especially of parents; and as the exhibition is free, and highly pleasing to old and young, there will doubtless be a full house.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTER.—There has been some talk in New York about a letter from General Sherman to General Kilpatrick on political matters, read by the latter at a public meeting lately. The New York Times gives the letter as follows:—

"General Judson Kilpatrick:—
"Dear Sir, I have observed with interest your political conflict in New Jersey. It is really provoking, hardly worthy of a serious thought, but rather of satire and ridicule, the squirming of the politicians called copperheads, who opposed the war from every conceivable motive. Some from sheer cowardice; others to oppose a political party. Some because they thought we could not whip the South, who, now that it is reduced to demonstration, have hard work to explain their conduct even to themselves. I have no patience with that class of men, and believe the people of the South have more respect for us, who belabored them soundly, than for the copperheads, who, nominally their friends, led them deeper and deeper into trouble."
"W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General."

A SLY FELLOW is Nash, of the Hallowell Gazette. The following quiet announcement appears in the hymeneal record of his last issue:—
In this city, 9th inst., Chas. E. Nash to Sarah L. Livermore.

Now, properly amplified, it should read as follows:—

In Hallowell, 9th inst., by Rev. A. Fuller, Capt. Charles E. Nash, late of the Union Army, editor of the Gazette, (makes a mighty good paper, we may say parenthetically,) and Miss Sarah L. Livermore, the amiable and accomplished daughter of Col. D. B. Livermore, (we guess.)

"THE LITTLE CORPORAL," says Forney's Philadelphia Press, "is to be the great child's paper of America." It delights all ages—Published by Alfred L. Sewall, Chicago, at \$1 a year.

Ground was broken on the European and North American Railway opposite St. Johns, N. B., on the 9th inst.

Hon. Jacob Collamer, United States Senator from Vermont, died at his residence in Woodstock on Thursday evening.

War has been declared between Spain and Chili.

THE AGRICULTURAL REPORT.—The Commissioner of Agriculture, in his report for October, says the threshing of the wheat has shown that the injuries from wet weather were over-estimated in the report for August. The returns for wheat crops represented a deficit of 26,241,698 bushels; but the estimates now made, which are final, exhibit the decrease under last year's crop to be 12,172,996 bushels. The increase in the oat crop in 1865 is nearly 50,000,000 bushels, and of the hay crop 5,000,000. The tables exhibit the full crops as most abundant; that of corn is all that could be desired; it will be the largest ever grown in the United States.

A HURRICANE IN CUBA.—Havana dates of the 28th ult. state that the severe hurricane of the 22d and 23d raged with great force all over the island. In Havana harbor many vessels drifted foul of wharves and sank. The Admiral's flag ship ran into the wharf, damaging several schooners and boats. Several launches, with cargoes, were sunk, and a total of fifty vessels were more or less damaged. The streets of the city were filled with water to the depth of a foot. Houses and walls were blown down, roofs blown away, and trees of the plazas prostrated. Two thirds of the roof of the Tacon Theatre was torn off. The country seat of the Captain-General and others suffered considerably.

IMPORTANT RAILROAD SUIT.—We learn from the Hallowell Gazette, that a bill in equity has been commenced in the S. J. Court, in behalf of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company against the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Company, for the purpose of restoring the former company to the ownership and management of the Road. The company, now claiming to own it, derive their title from a foreclosure of a mortgage, given to secure issue of bonds, which have been purchased in by persons composing the company, at a liberal discount. The plaintiffs expect to impeach that foreclosure and set it aside upon the ground that it was not properly and fairly consummated.

Advices from Havana say the barbarities practised in St. Thomas, Jamaica, are confirmed. The authorities hanged about 40 culprits. Surrey is in a state of siege, and St. Thomas is under martial law. Two British steamers have left to take troops from Barbadoes to Jamaica.

To the subscribers to the funds of Waterville College.

By making up the sum of \$100,000 in subscriptions before the last Commencement, you enabled the college to secure at that time the first \$25,000 of Mr. Colby's subscription. Since that time very considerable progress has been made in collecting the other subscriptions—nearly \$30,000 having been gathered in from different sources, a large part of it from out of the State. Indeed, nearly all of the subscriptions out of the State have now been paid. And why should not those in the State be paid also? It is true that by the terms of the subscription they are generally payable along through several years. But most of them being on interest, their pre-payment, of course, will stop the interest, and as money is plenty now, there probably will never be a time when they could be paid more easily. A feeling of State pride should prompt the subscribers in the State to be as forward in their payment as those out of it.

Besides we lose the interest on the remaining \$25,000 of Mr. Colby's subscription till the \$100,000 is collected. This is a consideration of great importance. The college has long enough suffered for the want of means. As the sum is already subscribed, why should it not be paid in at once, when there is ability to do so, and thus, at the earliest possible day, give the college the benefit not only of your own subscriptions, but of Mr. Colby's additional \$25,000? Let this matter be looked at in a generous light. The college cannot make money, its business is to make scholars, it must look to the public for the means. As we may have time and opportunity during the year, we shall call on the different subscribers, some of them within a few weeks—and I trust that as many as possible of them will save us the trouble and expense of calling again, by paying the whole sum. Indeed, should any one, at any time, have the money in readiness, let him forward it at once, without waiting to be called upon.
J. T. CHAMPLIN.

According to the Lewiston Journal, Bowdoin College is highly prosperous in secret societies, having no less than five, namely, the Phi Chi, the Psi Upsilon, the Delta Kappa Epsilon, the Alpha Delta Phi, and the Chi Psi. If John Chinaman had a membership in all of them he might twist his neck off in introducing himself. Brunswick was a charming place to sleep o' nights—or sell tin horns.

THE ELECTIONS. Massachusetts has given 42,483 republican majority. Even N. Jersey, so bitterly democratic, has given 2,500 majority for the republican governor, and elected a majority of republicans in both branches of the legislature. New York has gone republican to the tune of some 25,000. Marshall, republican, is probably elected governor of Minnesota. Maryland has probably elected a Union majority to her state senate.

Look—well—to—the-cellar-windows—before—the-ground—freezes.

Morrill of the Gardiner Journal has had a present of two hens and a rooster; but his loud crowing over his good luck indicates that the last named bird was not wanted.

Is it so?—Somebody says the old Gilman store, on Main-st., is to be cleaned up and prepared for some kind of business. This indicates a strong demand for more room.

La. Col. Littler, Provost Marshal General of Maine, has, after a thorough investigation into the charges preferred against him, received from the Government an honorable acquittal.

The P. & K. Railroad has introduced a system or series of baggage checks, for way baggage, so as to get rid of using the chalk. The idea originated with Mr. Noyes, the late Superintendent of the road, who had them in preparation before he left to take the Superintendence of the Maine Central.

Says the Journal, there never was so much building at one time in Lewiston as now. Our lumber dealers have all they can possibly do. Since June every kind of lumber has advanced two dollars per thousand, and some varieties yet more. Notwithstanding the large amount of building going on, yet there is not half enough to meet the demand for new dwellings, etc.

"Perley" telegraphs from Washington, "The election news has had an excellent effect here. The reconstructed rebels and their friends evidently abandon all hope of aid from the now powerless Northern Democrats, while the Union men feel confident that the President can but see who are his supporters."

To lead people by the nose, place under that sensitive organ a handkerchief perfumed with Phylon's "Night blooming Cereus." They will hereby be led to the just conclusion that its fragrance cannot be matched among the sweets of the earth. Sold everywhere.

It can now be stated positively that it is the settled purpose of the government to give Jefferson Davis a fair and impartial trial before a jury of his peers, in the highest tribunal of the land having jurisdiction over such criminal cases. It is just to state, says the Boston Advertiser, that the delay of the trial cannot be attributed to any act on the part of the President of the United States.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.—There is probably no one medicine that has cured more people of hard colds, coughs, influenza, and throat difficulties than Coe's Cough Balsam, whilst in cases of croup and whooping cough, it is remarkable for its speedy cure.

The Gospel Banner states that the Trustees of Westbrook Seminary have appointed a committee consisting of Hon. L. Washburn, Rev. W. K. French, C. S. Forbes, and Rev. J. C. Snow, to consider the expediency of establishing two or more Professorships in the Seminary, to report at the next annual meeting.

So long ago as 1850, J. Herson Davis asked Henry Clay in the Senate, if he did not hold himself primarily bound to obey his State; and was promptly answered, "No, sir; I owe a paramount allegiance to the Union; I owe a subordinate allegiance to the State of Kentucky."

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois River packets—a light draught one, as there were only two feet of water in the channel the passengers were startled by the cry of "man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations made to save him, when the sound of his voice was heard, exclaiming—"Go ahead with your old steamboat! I'll walk along behind you!"

