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Maxham & Wing

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THE MYSTIC UNION.

BY W. H. HOLCOMB.

A shout of glory to our feet benighted!
A voice of resurrection to the dead!
E'en as the Father to the Son united,
So shall ye be to Christ, your living head.

What does it mean! In these poor hearts of ours
Can the Omnipotent a sojourner here,
As a babe nestle in the arms of flowers,
Or angels come to sleeping infancy?

Ah, yes! Rejoice, ye contrite, broken-hearted!
His holy presence dissipates your sin;
Remember how the raging storm departed
From the lone ship when Jesus slept therein.

Oh! let his love a sacred fire out-going,
Consume each molten image from our sight;
And be our spirits to his truth in-flowing
Transparent as the diamond is to light!

It is the soul which makes its own external,
All things are outbirths from her inner sphere;
Sunbeams of peace on landscapes ever eternal,
And wastes of winter, come alike from there.

The love of God—the faculty which we owe him,
Grafted upon our hearts and fruitful there;
Will make the outward life a noble poem,
By making that the inner life a prayer.

Is not the holy, beautiful Ideal,
The father of our hope and joy and love,
Which comes incarnate in the grocer's stall,
Remoulding it by pattern from above?

Joy springs from sorrow, virtue from temptation,
And daily death is but a happier birth;
Then comes our Sabbath of regeneration,
Waiting heaven forevermore with earth.

From Once a Week.

AMONG THE HOP-GARDENS.

It was the fog-end of the season; pretty girls were growing scarce day by day in the Row; there was no one to criticise, no one to dance with, very few words talking about and gossip was dying a natural death, when it suddenly received a flip that stirred it into temporary revival.

"Well, old fellow, what do you say to my proposal, made half an hour ago, I verily believe?" said Brandon Murray, pitching the end of his cigar as far out of the window as possible.

"Longer, I should say," answered Jack Lees, rousing himself from the depths of a rocking-chair, "for I've totally forgotten what it was."

"Been asleep, and never heard it," said Brandon, disgusted.

"If I have been asleep, may I always dream such dreams. Brand, I went up to the railway to-day, to see some of my people safely off for Dover, and my filial tenderness was rewarded (virtue is not often rewarded in this wicked world, you know), by the last sight of Lessingham, who was off by the same train to a place somewhere down in Kent—her own, by-the-by—and do you know, somehow, that farewell bow and smile has haunted me queerly ever since? Who knows if among the pleasant orchards and hop-gardens of Kent, a man might—"

"Might what?" said Bertie Richardson, entering.

"Do what none of you have done, with the prettiest girl and nearest fortune of the season," answered Jack, lazily. "Here in London, there are too many to enter for the cup—and I always avoid crowds—but in the country—"

"You'll be rather late of starting," interrupted Bertie, "for I can tell you a piece of news that ought to make a stir, if there was any one to stir: Miss Lessingham's engaged!"

"Who's the lucky man, called out Brandon. You'd never guess, so I won't put your wits to the trial—Charley Carlyn."

"What! so Charley was really hit, then? Well, I never knew what to think about it, but I wish the old fellow joy, with all my heart; and since Miss Lessingham was certain to marry some day, I am glad it's Charley Carlyn."

So spoke Brandon Murray, heartily, and Jack Lees echoed the words, though in a different tone, and with something that drew Bertie Richardson's keen eye upon him.

"But who would have thought it?" Murray went on. "For Charley's the best fellow going, and all that, he's not the style of thing that would have taken a girl like the Lessingham, I should have thought."

"As you ever thought, Brand," said Bertie with a good natured sneer. (Bertie managed somehow to combine the two not unfrequently.) Charley may not be a swell, like Jack here, but he is a gentleman, and if he has not your acres, he has a fine old name. He is not showy, but he is sound; and Miss Lessingham has shown herself a girl of sense, which, in spite of her beauty, and her heiressship, I always thought she was."

"She is a very charming young woman, which she would not be with the drawback you mention, notwithstanding her beauty and her acres," remarked Jack, coolly. "And she has never shown less of the quality, to my thinking, than in her election of Charley to the position of 'favorite.' It is exceedingly charming of her; but not, excuse me, wise. The two are about as fit to run in harness as a Newfoundland dog and a three-year-old."

Bertie made no answer. He loved Charley Carlyn, and admired Maude Lessingham. He had rejoiced very heartily when his friend announced his engagement with the prize of the season; but he knew Jack Lees, for the shrewd observer, he very seldom condescended to betray himself, and he went to sleep that night with a vague uneasiness on the subject of his dear old college friend and his new prospects, to be more than dissipated a few days after by a letter from Charley Carlyn, dated from the pleasant old manor-house at Kent, which Miss Lessingham inherited together with other acres and houses, in more counties than one. Without being at all diffusive on the subject of his happiness, being very much the reverse indeed, Charley contrived to make it quite plain to the man who loved and understood him; so, with a feeling of relief and satisfaction, Bertie folded up the letter and forgot all about Jack Lees; while that sagacious member of swell-dom was quietly awaiting the event he had foreseen, and in the course of a very few weeks triumphing too, in the correctness of his own anticipations.

It was quite true that, Maude Lessingham, the flattered belle of a London season, the spoiled darling of a whole host of relatives and dependants, and the uncontrolled mistress of a large fortune, had fallen in love, with and chosen plain Charley Carlyn from among a crowd of apparently more eligible suitors, thereby showing some of the discrimination Bertie Richardson had gifted her with; it was no less true, that having secured her prize, and being a very woman after all, she was guilty of the charming womanly weakness of wanting to show her power as well as feel it, and very soon, to the first sweet surrender of her thoughts and ways to the liege lord of them all, there succeeded a phase quite new to Charley and as utterly perplexing and inexplicable.

Straightforward, perfect of temper, generous and affectionate, dearly loving his beautiful mistress, though slow of understanding her, tolerant for a while of her caprices, and then justly indignant at them, Charley was the very last man in the world with whom it was safe to play Maude Lessingham's very womanly

gambles. With a lover of a different calibre, there might have been the pleasantly-exciting pastime of a threatened, a bursting, or the clearing up of a storm every day almost; but Charley was slow to anger, still slower to put anger into words, which with him were not trifles to be pool-poohed away and forgotten in the kiss of reconciliation, but the deliberate expression of a man's deliberate feeling, and purposes.

So the end came very speedily: so speedily as even to astonish Jack Lees, and make him smile covertly under the shadow of his fair, pendant moustache; and people had hardly done talking of the Lessingham's engagement, before they had also to exclaim and wonder and be ill-natured on the termination of it.

Charley Carlyn was said to have gone off to Circassia, or Albania, or some equally favorite and out-of-the-way place of resort for gentlemen crossed in love, with his friend Bertie Richardson; while Miss Lessingham left Fairholme on a round of visits; laughed, rode, walked, and boated with Jack Lees for a week, refused him with superb disdain at the end of it, and suddenly left the house where they were both staying, without condescending to afford any one a clue to her future movements.

The low evening sunlight is slanting across the long alleys of a Kentish hop-garden, dressing the near vines in sudden golden splendor, and heightening magically the dim blue beauty of the far away converging aisles. A picturesque cottage, such as one often sees in Kent, showing white wooden walls, painted with transverse bars of black, where it shows anything but a mass of flowering creepers, now in autumn wildness and luxuriance, looks straight upon this hop-garden, and a figure sitting lowly upon the wooden doorstep, with listless white hands thrust among the ripples of her hair, is looking, too, upon the tangled aisles, with a sad wishfulness in her brown eyes, wondering whether the much-praised vineyards of France and Spain are as beautiful as these of the English hop; whether the vineyards in Albania or Circassia; whether the sun is going down to-night in those far-away skies, all beautiful and serene, and solemn as he is here now; whether Charley Carlyn is looking at her, as she is—and thinking—"and then she clasps her hands hard together, and, hush, bitter, remorseful fears, that do not fall, swell painfully into the wistful eyes.

She rises presently, and leaning against the doorway, looks into the room behind her, where an elderly woman with a quiet, motherly face, and comfortable roundness of proportion, her whole aspect breathing of content and cheerfulness, is busy setting forth a tea-table, all her soul in the arrangement of the bread and butter, the flap-cakes and the fresh fruit.

Maude Lessingham watches her with a kind of wonder and envy.

"Are cooks like ladies?" she could have asked with poor Elly Gilmore. "Are women in Nurse Moore's rank of life like women in mine? do they fall in love? are they ever as happy as I was for a few days, as miserable as I am now? do they soon tire of life and long for it all to be over, so that they may be at rest? or is it altogether different in that station of life, and love not so important a thing as the week's wash, or cooking the daily dinner?"

For, in Miss Lessingham's week's experience of a rustic life in the pretty cottage of her old nurse, these last things appear certainly to be of overpowering and paramount importance. She had tried very hard to live down the utter grief and remorse that overtook her as soon as the rupture of her engagement with Charley was a fact accomplished, in every species of excitement and amusement that chance laid ready to her hand; but the wound was too deep to be thus concealed, or scarred over, and in a sudden longing to be as miserable and moping as she liked, without the necessity of disguise or concealment, the spoiled heiress fled to her old nurse, without so much as a maid, or scarce a change of dress, and announced her intention of staying with her, till she was tired of it and turned her out; or till the wind changed and relieved her of the meggers that made her so moping and stupid; or till she got sick of a rustic life, which at present seemed, to her the most charming thing in the world.

"For, oh, nurse dear!" she said, stretching her two hands up above the head she was resting in the old lady's lap, when the tea-cups had been duly washed up and disposed in the corner cupboard after tea, "to think of life where there is nothing to be miserable about, but getting up the wash and cooking the dinner!"

"Quite enough, too, for some people, my dear; but things mostly are as folks take them."

Too listless to pick out the homely truth from this observation, Miss Lessingham went on following out her own thoughts.

"Nurse, were you ever in love?"

Where is the young woman, of whatever age or condition, who would hear this question quite unmoved? A half-bushy, half-sad smile dimpled the comely matron face very prettily.

"Well, Miss Lessingham, I suppose I must own not to have been wiser or worse off than my neighbors. Most all folks will tell you that falling in love's foolishness, and I can't but pity either the woman who hasn't known anything of that kind of foolishness."

"Oh, nurse, nurse! the pain outweighs the pleasure, ten times told!"

"Maybe, my dear; and yet I hold you to my words."

"Tell me how it was with you, nurse?"

"There's not much to tell, Miss Maude, and nothing very uncommon. I'm afraid he—Tom, I mean, that was his name, my dear—I'm afraid he never was very steady from the first, and my poor mother was against him, and I had a great many warnings of him from many people. But I was very fond of him, and I couldn't bring myself to believe bad of him; I thought I knew him so much better than any one else could; and I think to this day that nobody knew how much good there was in Tom but myself. But he did not behave well by me, Miss Maude. Just at the time we should have been married, and I was getting my things together, he wrote me a letter to say that he hardly knew how, but he had been talked into marrying a girl he had been acquainted with before me, but didn't care about half so much, and begging me to forgive and forget him."

"A very easy matter, I should say. Why, he did not deserve a second thought," said Maude hastily, answering to the surface of things, as we do so constantly.

"But for that," said Charley's face losing its astonishment in a glow of eagerness and hope, the poor thing felt as if she must have died of shame and dismay.

"Very likely, my dear; and yet—well, Miss Lessingham, your old nurse may say as much to you—if you know anything about what we are talking of, you will understand that I could not exactly forget Tom, because he told me to do so, and because he deserved that I should."

"Poor dear nurse!" And so, you were very miserable and unhappy?"

"I should have been much worse, my dear, if I had had time to sit down and fret over it. I often think. But my poor mother was falling then with her last illness, and had nobody to look to but me. I had given all my savings to Tom at different times, and so I had to work early and late to keep her; and we had a sad trouble just about that time with my brother Jim; and so between it all I hadn't much time to think over my own trouble: I had to hide it away; but I didn't get over it, all at once. Sometimes I think, if I had been a lady like you, Miss Lessingham, with nothing to do—and yet that's wrong too; ladies have as much to do as our poorer folk; it mayn't be the same kind of work, but it's work; God meant none of his creatures to be idle, and take my word for it, my dear, work's one of the truest blessings of life. Now, Miss Maude, you must let me get up and cook the bit of supper."

"Nurse, I'm come to you for the hop-picking, as I promised," said Maude Lessingham, flying into the pretty white cottage, and overwhelming Nurse Moore by the suddenness of her appearance and the heartiness of her embrace. "I am going to have a whole week of it, and I've brought a complete rig-out of cotton gown, and sun-bonnet, and thick shoes and leather gloves. I've worked so hard in my vocation of a lady, that I'm worn to skin and bones. Don't I look as if I wanted a tonic?"

"You look a hundred times better than when you were here last year, my dear. I was real sorry to see you so sad and moping like."

"Yes, I'm better, I hope," said Maude, gravely. "Nurse, there's nothing like work; I've tried it, and you were right; but now I have come to have my play at hop-picking. I told you I would."

And certainly Miss Lessingham worked very hard at her play, getting up bravely at six in the morning (she was in bed and sleeping at nine at night), and rivaling the most experienced hands in the cleanliness and expedition of her picking. What more delicious than that early morning walk across dewy fields and shady copses where the ferns were turning to gold? than that pleasant picnic of a dinner, with the fragrant vines heaped all around, and the pungent scent of the hops, that never fails to give an appetite for the rudest fare, making aromatic all the air? Then the romp with the little children who surround the maternal groups of pickers, and who, too young to be made of use, fall asleep in the baskets, on the cut vines, anywhere and everywhere, when they are tired of play and have eaten all that is to be had. There are few prettier sights than a Kentish hop-garden during the picking, and so many English men and women are familiar with the spectacle of a French or German vintage, and so few know anything about the equally picturesque one of an English hop-picking.

A visitor to the hop-garden was an occurrence of quite rarely enough to excite some little commotion among the pickers, but it must be owned that custom permits an advantage to be taken of a stranger, that may tend perhaps to make them few. The exactions made upon the purse of the unwary, under the technical expression of "paying your footing," are being, indeed, steadily discouraged by many hop-growers at the present time, but it is impossible to put down at once and entirely a custom immemorially established. The penalty of not acceding to demands is seldom, if ever, carried into force now, indeed; but it used to consist in a sudden and skillful push of the contumacious visitor, whereby he, or even she, was precipitated in a sitting position into one of the high baskets into which the hops are picked, and thus with feet elevated rather above one's head, and usually incompetent to help oneself, the unlucky victim was at the mercy of unfriendly hands, and generally was only set free, after a severe shaking and bumping in the enclosing basket.

"My! Miss Maude" (she was generally only known as Miss Maude, a young lady staying for her health with Mrs. Moore,) said one of the group of pickers one afternoon, "there's Miss Kitty bringing a strange lady and gentleman into the garden. What fun if you was to take a branch of hops, and make him pay his footing!"

"Do, do! Miss Maude, just for fun!" rejoined on all sides.

And just for the fun, Maude caught up a branch of hops, and tripped away to where, among the yet standing vines, heaps of baskets, and litter of many kinds, she saw distinctly the figures of two ladies and a gentleman. The latter turned carelessly towards her when she was within a few yards, and then she saw, brown beard and all, altered, yet the same—ah! ever and always the same—Charley Carlyn himself! If she had not been so very near, undoubtedly she would have turned and run away; if she had been less well trained in concealing and controlling inconvenient emotion she would have burst out crying; as it was, she went steadily on, after an instant's pause, dropped down at Charley's feet, and brushed the hops over his boots. And the ridiculous aspect of the thing smote her so keenly at the instant, that she laughed outright, as she did it.

Charley took out his purse as she stood up; and without waiting, Maude was rushing off; when, lo! a hand caught her back—she was enclosed in Charley's arms, and the next instant his kiss was on her face.

Straightway her disguise, the place, the occupation, everything was forgotten, and only feeling that she was in those dear arms again, Maude clung to him momentarily with a passionate impulse, whispering, "Oh! Charley! Charley! you have forgiven me, then!"

"Eh! God bless my soul! what is this?" was the utterly astounded exclamation of Charley. "Miss Lessingham!—Maude!"

But for that, "Maude," but for Charley's face losing its astonishment in a glow of eagerness and hope, the poor thing felt as if she must have died of shame and dismay.

"I forgot you could not know me—of course," she said, faintly.

"I should have known you if I could have seen you; but how was a man to see what was at the back of this half a yard of calico?" stammered Charley, pointing to the sun-bonnet—and then, besides—

But it would be too bad to chronicle poor Charley's awkward attempts to excuse himself for not having seen what he ought to have seen. Had he been only a little less blind, however, that kiss would certainly never have been given; and thus all the happy consequences which the reader must imagine, could never have resulted from it.

I forbear also to comment on the astonishment of the two ladies who witnessed this little scene, as well as to detail the explanation which was made to them of the identity of Miss Lessingham, and the old "friendship," Charley called it gravely, with a covert squeeze of a little hand in a stained leather glove, that he managed to get hold of at that moment, which had subsisted between himself and her.

"And you were not up to the privilege you conferred on the gentleman whose shoes you wore, then, Miss Lessingham?" asked Kitty Hunter, laughing.

"Certainly not," said Maude, blushing sweetly under Charley's eyes.

"It is falling into disuse, like many other old customs," said Miss Hunter, "but I thought it only kind to inform Mr. Carlyn of his rights as we came along."

"And I shall make it a point of keeping up so pleasant a custom whenever I get the chance," remarked Charley; "and that solely out of gratitude for the hope it has given me to-day," he added to Maude, *sotto voce*.

DISCIPLINE OF WORKING OXEN.—In our report of the doings at the annual fair we promised to refer more at length to the trial of strength and discipline of working oxen.

In the brief and hasty report then made we were not able to speak as fully as time and space will now permit. We consider this one of the most important portions of our fairs if properly managed and conducted according to the rules of the society; but as it is usually managed it fails to gain the end desired in offering the premium. Why so? Let us see.

Half a dozen yokes of oxen are entered as competitors. They are each in turn fastened to the drag load of stone, and the yoke that pulls this weight fairest and furthest is pronounced the victor, and the premium is awarded accordingly. Now, is this operation a fair test of the strength and discipline of a yoke of oxen? It is not. It only fulfills one-half of the requirements, and that of the least importance. In this trial the efficiency and training of a yoke of oxen is shown only at a dead lift and in one direction, and hardly or but little more than mere strength is brought into requisition. Bearing this in mind, the Trustees at their meeting for revising the list of premiums, etc., changed the requirements in regard to this, so that it read to the effect that the discipline, training and strength of the contesting teams should be shown attached to both cart and drag. In this trial the cart was overlooked or dispensed with by the committee, and only the drag employed, as usual; hence, strictly speaking, the contestants are not entitled to the premium, because the regulations are not complied with, but we presume they will not be withheld in this instance.

Again, the training of a yoke of oxen for farm work cannot be shown in such a test. It may show that they are well taught to pull fair and square and to obey the voice of their driver so far as starting and stopping are concerned, and that is all. This would be well enough if farm work consisted wholly or even principally of moving weights, as stones and stumps, plowing, etc.; but it is not. The most that a farmer uses his oxen for is attached to a cart or wagon, and they require to be accustomed to being used on the tongue in pulling, turning, hawing and geeing, holding back and backing. It is of far more importance to have a yoke of cattle that will back a load or even an empty cart properly than to have them haul extra loads. A team that cannot be turned without occupying an eighth of an acre of ground, or cannot back a load without turning the yoke, are not worth much for farm service, even if they can break half a dozen yokes at a dead lift. Hence the necessity of other trials than simply moving or hauling a drag load of stones.

CLOTHE-THE BOYS.—I have often thought of speaking a word for the boys, and as, bleak autumn draws near it reminds me of past observation and experience. Well do I remember of driving cows frosty mornings without shoes, and how my little feet did ache with the cold. I would get my hands full of stones, and run for a large white flint stone, and stand on that till I had stoned the cows along; then I would run for another; and every year of my life I am reminded of it, as I am travelling around in the late fall, and seeing boys barefoot with their worn out summer clothes on, shivering with the cold. I have many times wanted to say to parents and guardians of such children, do you not know they must be cold, and are contracting rheumatism and debility, and that they have not the life blood of a full grown man teeming in their veins to keep them warm?

Had I a boy put out I would rather he would go to his daily toil half fed, rather than half clothed. See to it, you that have children, that they are well clothed in woolen garments as the cold weather begins, for the first cold weather is felt most by us all.

[Cor. of Country Gent.]

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a walking maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement in this age.

Buildings to rent are so scarce in Portland, says the Argus, that a family is living in an old fishmarket on one of the wharves. They take boarders, who room in sugar boxes.

If four cats with sixteen legs can catch fourteen rats with forty-two legs, while a woman with two tongues is saying Jack Robinson, how many legs must eight rats have to get away from the same number of cats in two minutes, due allowance being made for tare and tret?

The Democratic Party by a Democrat.

Gen. John A. Logan is one of the old wheel-horses of the Illinois Democracy. He belongs in that portion of Illinois styled "Egypt," where the Democratic feeling has been so profound that the sun's rays could scarcely penetrate it; at least the rays from the school house found no encouragement in that quarter, and hence the nick-name applied to that portion of the State. It was the region from which were voted up the tremendous Democratic majorities with which the opposition of the more intelligent northern counties was overcome and effectually silenced.

Gen. Logan was the warm political and personal friend of the late Mr. Douglass, and like him, when traitors took up arms against their country, rose above mere party considerations, believed there could be but two parties to the contest—patriots and traitors—and that the shortest way to peace was through the most stupendous preparation for war. Gen. Logan went into the army, resigning a seat in Congress to do so, was at the capture of Fort Donelson, at the siege and capture of Vicksburg, and in most of the hard-fighting at the South-west. But he can fight on the stump as well as in the field; northern copperheads as well as armed rebels; and for this he has received and may receive in as large a share of Democratic hate as any other man, Gen. Butler not excepted.

He made a speech at Jersey city the other day, in which he took up the brush and drew a sketch true to life, the present Democratic party sitting as the original. Here it is:

"Tell me, when the victory was on the side of the Union troops, who laughed and shouted for joy, and who sulkily went away and cursed the day and hour the victory was won? Was it the man who claimed to be a loyal man? Was it the man who was a Democrat who was for sustaining the Government? Was it the Republican—was it the Abolitionist—the man you hate so much—was he the man who came up and sneered when he saw your boys from New Jersey had won a victory? [Cries of "No."] Or was it the proud Democratic party that claim to be the saviors of this country at all times when the country is in trouble?"

Now I do not know how it was here, but I know in my part of the country, where I happened to be home once or twice during the war, and where it is a good deal like Jersey, I would see groups of people on the corner; a telegraphic despatch had come—a great battle fought—ten thousand killed and wounded—some prisoners captured; you would see one of these copperheads come up and commence reading it (that is, if he could read); he would call some old gentleman up who had a son in the army. "Do you see that? Didn't I tell you you couldn't whip these Southerners? See! Gen. McClellan has been licked again!" [Cheers and laughter.] "Just write to your boys to come home; it's all nonsense, this thing; you can never whip these people; you can't do it; and this war is for nothing at all except just to abolish slavery; that's all it's for; I tell you, they don't get any of my boys, and they don't get any of my money, either, in such a way as that." Next day comes another despatch; Vicksburg has fallen; or the battle of Gettysburg. You see this man walk up. What is this? Oh! A great battle fought again—great Union victory; ten thousand rebels killed and wounded, and fifteen thousand made prisoners. He looks at it and shrugs his shoulders, saying: "Look here! that's a cursed Abolition lie!" [Laughter and cries of "That's the way of them!"] Now, I don't know that any one ever did that way down in New Jersey, but over where I lived that was exactly the way they acted, and they tell me Copperheads are a good deal alike everywhere. [Laughter.] [Port. Press.]

SOLD FOR LESS THAN COST.—George Washington Bricks, in a letter to the Mobile Advertiser gets off the following:—

"I was standing quietly on the front steps of the custom house the other day, looking casually at a beautiful creature sitting at one of the parlor windows of the Battle House, trying to discover whether she was not an old acquaintance of mine from the country, when a strange young man, with a limp in his walk, came up and stopped near me.

"I'll swear it's mighty hot walking for a lame man to-day," said he.

Whether the remark was addressed to me or to society at large, I did not think it worth while to inquire, but simply said in reply:—

"I should think so really. May I ask how you came to be lame?"

This was an impertinent question, I know; but as he had provoked it, I did not think there would be much harm in it.

"Certainly, sir," said he, "I got hurt, and very badly too, in a personal difficulty I had with a northern man named Maude."

"Ah, indeed!" said I.

"Yes; the thing created a good deal of excitement at the time, and an account of it was published in all the newspapers, both North and South; you must have read something about it."

"Not a word, I assure you. When and where did it happen?"

"Why a little over two years ago," said he, "at a town in Pennsylvania, called Gettysburg."

"Sold again, and the money received," shouted a small newsboy, who was standing by and heard the conversation, but who now took to his heels.

"My gallant young friend," said I, "I acknowledge the corn. And speaking of corn—do you ever drink anything?" at the same time tossing my head in the direction of the nearest drinking saloon.

"Very rarely," was the reply; "but when I do, it's generally about this time of day."

"Well, said I, "as you are doubtless in a hurry to get to the grocery, I won't detain you any longer."

And I walked off and left him.

I shall never cease to regret that the small newsboy didn't stay to hear the end of it.

The reward of \$100,000 for the arrest of Jeff Davis has been paid. The rewards for the arrest of Booth, offered by the General Government, the State of California and the cities of Baltimore and Washington, amounting in all to \$280,000, will be distributed in a few days.

THE DEMONSTRATIVENESS OF AFFECTION.—How much more we might make of one family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are now speaking merely of personal cherishes. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of course love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of the gardener; and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower-seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

Two causes in our Anglo-Saxon nature prevent this easy faculty and flow of expression which strike one so pleasantly in the Italian or French life; the dread of flattery and a constitutional shyness.

"I perfectly longed to tell Miss So-and-so how I admired her, the other day," says Miss X.

"And why in the world didn't you tell her?" "Oh, it would seem like flattery, you know."

Now what is flattery?

Flattery is insincere praise given from interested motives, but not the sincere utterance to a friend of what we deem good and lovely in him.

And so, for fear of flattery, these dreadfully sincere people go on side by side with those they love and admire giving them all the time the impression of utter indifference. Parents are so afraid of exciting pride and vanity in their children by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learns with surprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times when the open expression of a father's love would be worth more than church or sermon to a boy; and his father cannot utter it, will not show it.

The other thing that represses the utterances of love is the characteristic shyness of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Oddly enough, a race born of two demonstrative, out-spoken nations—the German and the French—has an habitual reserve that is like neither. There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against, and struggle outward toward expression. We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not only to love, but to be loving—not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips—do the gentle and helpful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and, little by little, it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love—the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return—till the hearts in the family circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs, and echoing bird-voices answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.

[H. B. Stowe.]

OLD ORCHARDS.—If there is anything on a farm that calls forth an anathema on its owner, it is an old orchard going to decay, and no young trees to supply the places of those about to be consigned to oblivion. We see scores of such orchards, that were planted fifty years ago, and now show unmistakable signs of soon passing to that pomological bourne, whence no fruit tree ever returns.

The owners of such orchards generally profess to be men of ordinary common sense; and some of them are considered rather "sharp" in their dealings, saving every penny that can be secured on honest principles; yet they are so blind to their own interests, to the interests of their children—to posterity, as to go down into their graves,

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 17, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 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. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 15 So. Broadway, New York, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertises 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 CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE.—Our well-remembered friend Charles W. Sanger, Esq., sends us ample files of California papers, from which to judge of the effects of the earthquake that recently tried its power to terrify the hitherto unblanching dwellers thereabout. There is evidently more anxiety for the effects upon trade and population than for the destruction of life and property. They very boldly defy the earthquake, and the loss of a few lives is a trifle at the present price of gold. Bold men, and enterprising, those Californians; quaking before no earthquakes, but laughing at prospective danger, over anecdotes like these—

A Chinaman accosted George Rose yesterday morning as follows:—"Georgy Loey, what you tink 'bout oss-keek, eh?" It was some time before the famous detective could make out that John wanted his opinion of the earthquake instead of a horse-kick.

A clergyman who had made rather a hurried exit from his church in the middle of his sermon, was accosted by a parishioner, "You being a leader and guide, should have shown more presence of mind." The worthy divine replied, "The leader's place is in the front rank, and as for presence of mind, it is very well in ordinary cases, but when earthquakes are around absence of body is infinitely to be preferred."

A little girl, describing the oscillation of the earthquake, said it was just like the working from side to side of her loose tooth. A little boy who ran with the rest of the family into the street, cried out, as he saw the houses rocking, "O, pa! the world is all blowing over."

If the wit of these anecdotes seems lean, let it be remembered that it had its birth under adverse circumstances. The boy who whistles to keep his courage up is not expected to mark perfect time.

OBITUARY.—The late Mr. Daniel Hayden, of Winslow, whose death we mentioned in our last paper, should not pass from a wide circle of relatives and acquaintances, by whom he was deservedly loved and respected, without more particular notice. He had lived for 75 years in the old homestead where he died, at the age of eighty-two years and nine months. He was born in Bridgewater, Mass., Jan. 30, 1788; his father, Col. Josiah Hayden, removing to Winslow in 1780. He remembered seeing General Washington in Boston, as the family passed on their way to Maine, and often spoke of his appearance, as he rode along the streets, with his hat in his hand, receiving the applause of the people. He went to Edgecomb in the war of 1812. He was always firm and earnest in his patriotism, remembering the lessons to which he had listened in his boyhood; consequently he felt deep anxiety for the result of the late rebellion, and often expressed an earnest desire to live to see the country restored to its original Union. He was a kind neighbor, a good citizen, and an honest man. His sickness was short, and he endured it with marked patience; having apparently no fear of death, but believing that his work was done, and that all was well with him.

The annual catalogue of Waterville College, neatly printed of course, presents a summary of 6 Seniors, 12 Juniors, 24 Sophomores, 22 Freshmen, 7 Partial Course; total 71. The fall term ends Wednesday, Dec. 20, followed by a vacation of eight weeks.

The annual confidently-looked-for and sure-to-come Indian Summer has seldom been more welcome than this year in the very middle of November. Its lazy look is of the chilly kind, and suggests a speedy scene of leave-taking.

IT IS SO!—We were right—the old Gilman store, nearly opposite the post-office, so long empty and idle, cumbering ground wanted for good purposes, is even now in the process of repair, in good hands, and with prospects of redeeming the past by the good uses of the future. It is a fine location for business, and especially for a millinery store.

THE INDIANS.—Nelson Lee, a famous Indian Ranger, Scout and Guide, will give, at Town Hall, on Monday evening, an account of his three years captivity among the Canadian Indians. He will describe the manner of warfare; their way of putting whites to death; their brutal treatment of female white prisoners; his own success in bringing off female prisoners; his success as chief of scouts and spy during the rebellion; the brutality of bushwhackers, and many other curious things. Lee is emphatically a character, and will no doubt interest an audience.

RATHWELL'S TABLEAU OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—This justly celebrated series of paintings will exhibit at Town Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings, Nov. 17th and 18th; also on Saturday afternoon for families and children. The Montreal Gazette, in speaking of these paintings, says: "The imagination loves to dwell on the varied scenes so faithfully depicted by the artist, who has displayed great judgment and superior ability in his work. In the illustration of Christ stilling the tempest, the lashing of angry waves against the side of the vessel, the heaving of the mountainous billows, the torrents of rain, Heaven's artillery, with its vivid flashes and terrific peals, and the commanding attitude and figure of our Lord when sending forth His fiat of 'Peace, be still!'—pictured with startling clearness—combine to make a scene seldom witnessed. The representation of the verdant fields and fertile plains of the Holy Land are deserving of high commendation. These tableaux assist one to understand more clearly the writings of the New Testament, and as such would be of great benefit to those who are in any way connected with Sunday instruction."

WASTEFUL. The Lewiston Journal goes into an argument to show that the expenses of building will be greater next year than this. It forgets that arguments are based on reason, and everybody knows that there is no reason in present prices, and there will be none next year unless they are lower. Can't spare time to argue, friend Journal, but keep the pen there and see.

UNFORTUNATE.—A man named Patten, of Bangor, who was trying hard to make a little money in an easier way than to work for it, had seventeen packages of liquor seized by the authorities of that city, on Tuesday,—says the *Whig*.

VERY TRUE.—Henry Ward Beecher says, "We need faith in Southern men." So we do, and the need is one that will long be felt. So long as Southern men need loyalty, so long we shall need faith in them.

AN ATTRACTION.—Those who read the advertisement of J. M. Crocker, in the line of Jewelry and other goods, should at once look into his beautiful new store, opposite the Post Office. Main Street never saw a more beautiful establishment, or a more attractive stock of goods. In the business department it rivals the moral and social position so long held by its proprietor,—looking well, and as good as it looks.

OAK GROVE SEMINARY.—There was a pleasant exhibition at this popular school on the 9th inst., the prominent features of which were declamation and reading of compositions. In the former, James A. Pierce, of Winslow, took the first prize; Albert P. Doe, of Vassalboro, the second; and Alfred F. Meigs, of S. China, the third. In the latter, Miss Emma W. Peakes, of Hartland, took the first prize; Fanny Bailey, of S. Brooks, the second; and Nellie L. Emerson, of Claisen, the third.

QUERY.—Will the Lewiston Journal tell us how many hours the cotton mills of that city require for a day's work? We want to be able to judge who is right, the employer or the laborer, in the matter of reducing the hours of labor. We think the latter.

A seven-story brewery is to be erected in Richmond, Va., by northern capitalists. Has not ruin done her perfect work in Virginia yet? But she deserves even this scourge.

SOLDIER'S MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the members, it will be noticed, is called for next Thursday evening. The Executive Committee are arranging a list of solicitors, which we shall publish next week; but, in the mean time, persons desirous of becoming members can leave their names with either of the officers. This matter is to be pushed with vigor, and it is hoped that there will be a full attendance next Thursday evening.

NEW BOOK STORE.—Attention is invited to the advertisement of Mr. C. A. Hendrickson, in another column. Christmas and New Year's are close at hand, and those looking for nice presents for friends would do well to give him a call.

KENNETH RAYNER'S OPINION OF JAMES BUCHANAN.—Kenneth Rayner, of North Carolina, is a Union man of ability and candid judgment. He voted for the secession ordinance in 1861, because of the paralyzed condition of the Union men at that time, brought about by the conduct of James Buchanan. Mr. Rayner says:—

"And here I must say that I regard James Buchanan as more responsible for the disasters and horrors of the last four years than any man in the nation. The people of the South had very kindly feelings for him. In fact, he was more popular with the ultra men of the South, on account of his connivance at the Kansas outrage, his dogma about having no power to coerce a State, etc., than he was with Union men. A remonstrance from him, a warning, a declaration that he must maintain the authority of the Government and see that the laws were executed—this, coming from a friend, would have induced the secessionists to pause and consider, at least; it would have aroused and given confidence to the Union element of the South. It would, in my opinion, have averted the conflict. But he stood still and did nothing."

One of the Michigan exchanges informs its readers that "Der Republican Staats commissie von Massachusetts heeft een adres ten gunste kon het neger stemrecht uitgevaardigd;" and a Scandinavian paper in New York seems to think that "President Johnson hadde Leilighet til paa borrommelig Maade at ajore sig udelig;" and "Doblotterstige Abolitionister med deres corrupte Presse have derfor kaldet os illoyde." It may be so—*quite safe!*

M. Laboulaye, the well-known Paris *literateur*, has just completed a "Life of Franklin."

OUR TABLE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for December has a beautiful steel plate, a sweet picture, entitled "Papa's;" a colored fashion plate; a charming title page for the volume; pattern of a watch pocket in colors; "Lout's First Love Letter," a wood engraving; and a great number of minor patterns and designs. The number is full of good stories, one of which we have "spotted" for our next paper. Peterson is determined to outdo himself in the next volume, and all who wish for a good ladies magazine at a low price, will do well to subscribe for this. The fashion plates hereafter, are to be double the old size, and improvements will be made in all the departments, while the price will remain the same.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW. In the November number, which has just come to hand, will be found the following articles:—From Aix to Cologne; Central Pennsylvania, its resources; Contracts by Corporations; American History, continued; General Geology of the Globe, with well-filled departments devoted to Mining, Insurance, Finance, Railways, Patents, Art, and Sciences, &c. Published by Fowler & Moon, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of cattle this week was about the same as last, but of an inferior quality, while the number of sheep was two thousand larger. Trade was brisk, the market rather favoring the seller. The reporter of the *Boston Advertiser* says:—

"The cattle butchers say prices are one-half cent per pound higher. This puts the market where it was two weeks ago; which we believe is about as the thing stands. The stock is generally poor. When corn is the cheapest article in the market, it seems a pity to dress such cattle as are sent to this market; and we do hope and expect that there will be some nice beef about the country next winter and spring."

Beef commonly called extra sold for 13 to 13-1/2; first quality, good oxen, best steers, etc., 12 to 12-1/2; second quality, or good fair beef, 10-1/2 to 11-1/4; young cattle, cows, etc., 9 to 10. J. A. Jenkins sold forty-six young cattle from Maine at 10-1/2, 40 sk; and Gideon Wells sold eighty-three at 10 cts., 40 sk. Gideon Wells sold working cattle, measuring from six feet to six feet six inches, all the way from \$150 to 185; thirty-six fat oxen to H. Baxter at 11 cts., 40 sk; cows, heifers, etc., 10 cts., 40 sk.

Old sheep sold for 5-1/2 to 6-1/2 cts. per lb. Sheep and lambs, in lots, \$3 and \$5 per head. Extra old sheep, etc., \$5 to \$9, or 7 to 8 cts. per lb. The reporter adds:—

The drovers evidently rallied this week to regain some of the lost ground of the past week or two. But the supply both of live sheep and dressed mutton is large. We were told that not less than 1600 carcasses were received yesterday morning from Maine, and that the late snow and cold weather is hastening forward a large number of sheep and lambs. Still, we are inclined to think that many drovers have obtained a small advance from the exceedingly small trade of last week. One drover, however, told us near noon yesterday that he thought he could buy what were then in the yards at full as good a rate as he could have done last week. Another buyer said he had bought his stock as well as last week. Others, however, talked a small advance, while most of the butchers anticipate a dull trade in the city the coming week on account of the large supply on hand. There are some very good flocks, while we noticed no very poor ones.

DEAD HEADS.—Col. J. H. Wood, proprietor of the Chicago Museum, in announcing the suspension of the free list says:—

"Dead heads" are those who obtain something for nothing. Hence, an editor or reporter who visits the museum, and gives his readers a description of what he sees and hears there, thus rendering a *quid pro quo* for his ticket, is as far as possible from being a "dead head." In fact, I always consider "printers' ink" as more valuable than money, and am, therefore, ever anxious to establish a mutual and equitable exchange of courtesies with those who write for the public press.

TOBACCO.—We do not propose to make it a business to anatomize the foolish, absurd and dirty practice of using tobacco in any form, for we have more important matters in hand. But the reply of a drunkard, the other day, to a Son of Temperance, who was pleading with him to abandon the use of strong drink, should set us to thinking. "I don't want," said he, "a man with his mouth full of nasty tobacco to be talking to me about drinking a little whiskey." Our friend thought a moment, and then replied, "That is so. I admit my inconsistency. I will take the beam out of my own eye. I have spent the last cent I ever shall for tobacco." A person with one bad habit can have but little influence over another who may possess one of a different character.

REMINISCENCE.—Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, in a letter to the *New York Independent*, has brought out some reminiscences of the well-known Sims case, which may not be without interest to our readers. She says that after the rendition, from Boston, of Thomas Sims, under the fugitive slave act, she set about to raise funds to purchase his freedom. Contributions were made by various gentlemen. She was surprised one day by the reception of a note from Charles Devens, jr., of Worcester, (who was U. S. marshal at the time of the rendition of Sims,) requesting her to return the money to the donors, and draw on him the full amount required (1800). There was some delay in the negotiation with the owner of Sims; and, in the mean time, the war came on, and Sims, with his family, effected his escape to the North. When Gen. Devens heard of his freedom, he sent \$100 to Mrs. Child as a gift to Sims to enable him to get into business. Gen. Devens went in the military service against the rebels in April, 1861, and served with honor through the war.

SURE ENOUGH, WHY NOT?—The Legislature of Missouri recently passed a resolution for the appointment of a committee to memorialize President Johnson to release all Union soldiers now in confinement for offenses committed during the rebellion, on the ground that the rebel soldiers, whose crimes were infinitely greater, have been pardoned.

The President has recently revealed his love for modern democracy and his regard for the newly developed democratic sympathy for his administration, by appointing Generals Kilpatrick and Logan to important offices—two men who were conspicuous in defeating the democrats in New Jersey and New York.

SCENE IN A FREEDMAN'S COURT.

We find the following narration in the Nashville correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette, showing that it is very difficult for the white men of Tennessee to learn that colored men have rights which they are bound to respect, and that they are receiving lessons from courts established by Gen. Fisk, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, of a very emphatic description. The one quoted occurred but the other day, and is both amusing and instructive:

"An old and highly respected citizen of Giles county, named Abernethy—a good Methodist, by the way—refused to pay his colored laborers the wages he had agreed to pay them, and, as a last resort, two of the most intelligent of his employees came into the Freedmen's Court, made oath to the contract and to the fact of non-payment, and an order was accordingly issued to bring the venerable patriarch into court to answer. When the order reached the old gentleman he was astonished beyond measure, and doubtless would not have deigned to respond to it had not a guard been present to enforce it. His neighbors of course, were greatly excited. The venerable old Abernethy arrested and ordered to report forthwith at Nashville! Dispatches were sent to the city, and when he arrived he was met at the depot and escorted to Gen. Fisk's headquarters by a respectable body of old citizens, whose woe-begone countenances indicated the deep disgust and horror which swelled their chivalrous bosoms. Arrived at headquarters:

Abernethy—Is this Gen. Fisk?
Gen. F.—Yes, sir.

A.—I should like to know what I am brought here for?

Gen.—Very well, give me your name, and I can probably inform you.

A.—My name is Abernethy, sir.

Gen.—Abernethy. Yes, I remember. Two citizens of Giles county, neighbors of yours, Mr. A., have appeared and made oath to a very grave complaint against you.

A.—Citizens of Giles county? neighbors of mine! Good heavens, who can it be!

"I will read the declaration," said the general, as he took the document from a pigeon hole, and began: "Joseph and Paul Abernethy, of the county of Giles, in the State of Tennessee, being duly sworn, do testify, etc., etc. As the reading proceeded the old gentleman's eyes fairly bulged out, and he looked the picture of amazement. At length, unable to restrain himself any longer, he exclaimed, 'Lord bless my soul, general, them ain't my neighbors, them's my niggers.'"

"You are mistaken, Mr. A.," replied the general, "there are no such persons in Tennessee now as 'your niggers.' Joseph and Paul Abernethy are citizens of Tennessee; and one of them claims even a nearer relation to you; and the striking resemblance he bears to you gives countenance to the claim."

This home thrust cut the old man to the heart, and he covered his face with his hands, bowing his head for some time. At length he said, "Well, general, what are you going to do about it?" "I am going to do justice," he replied. "Do you owe these men the amount they claim? If you do, you must pay it." The old gentleman came down at once, acknowledged the debt, and promised to call and settle it the next day. The next day he came, paid the debt in full, and entered into a written contract with his employees for the future."

Despatches from New York bring intelligence which seems to show that Hon. Preston King, Collector of that port, committed suicide by jumping overboard from a ferry-boat, during temporary insanity. He had been depressed in mind for some time, and had shown symptoms of softening of the brain. On Monday morning he left the Astor House, ostensibly to take a walk, and has not since been seen by his friends. A person answering the description given of him was seen on Monday to jump from a ferry-boat, and although the boat was stopped, no trace could be found of him. A hat was found on board which has been recognized by the friends of Mr. King as having belonged to him. The despatches state that the circumstances leave but little doubt of the fate of Mr. King.

SOUTH CAROLINA ANXIOUS TO COME IN.—Advices from Columbia, S. C., of the 7th inst., state that resolutions were reported to the State Legislature from the committee on federal relations to the effect that South Carolina having fully complied with the requirements of the amnesty proclamation of President Johnson, and having emancipated the slaves, she is entitled to the benefit of said amnesty; and acknowledging their position as a conquered people and the acceptance of the terms offered them, they ask the withdrawal of military rule, to which, they say, the faith of the government stands pledged. The report says they have, with honest purpose and entire loyalty of heart, given solemn pledges to henceforth seek their welfare in the Union.

The resolutions were not acted on at the time in consequence of the receipt of a message from Governor Perry in relation to the question of adopting the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, and inclosing despatches from the President and Secretary Seward, the substance of which has already been published.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.—The *Portland Advertiser* learns that a memorial to Congress is soon to be started in that city, and is carried out in a general manner throughout the State, to be signed, first, by all soldiers who have served during 1861 and 1862 in the late war, and secondly, by all our citizens who are in favor of praying Congress to pass a law this session, giving every officer below the rank of brigadier general, and every soldier serving in 1861 and 1862, a portion of the public lands, which shall go towards equalizing the large bounties of 1863 and 1864.

SURPRISING.—It is actually surprising how soon our people have learned to prize that invaluable article known as Cod's Dyspepsia Cure. It certainly acts like magic, for it will cure the very worst cases of dyspepsia and enable the patient, who has lived for years upon Graham bread and the plainest food, to eat anything he chooses without fear of distress. It is considered the most valuable medicine known for all diseases of the stomach and bowels.

A writer in the *Palladium*, whose plums had suffered by the curculio, cut a sheep skin into strips, dipped in petroleum, nailed them about the trees two feet from the ground, and had nice ripe fruit.

Two officers of the Parish of Terrebonne La., have been arrested, indicted and imprisoned, by order of one Judge Belden, for expressing the opinion that negroes may have the right to vote.

On a fence in Berkshire is painted in glaring capitals, "Use Dr. Prior's Cough Balsam," and just below, "Buy your gravestones in Pittsfield."

SORGHUM MOLASSES.—From all the indications there will be an extensive crop of sorghum in Connecticut this year, for the manufacture of molasses or syrup. Mills for this purpose have been in successful operation in this and many other towns the present fall, and the product is generally found to be a clear, rich, delicious syrup, far superior to molasses, and of a honey-like flavor and consistency. It sells readily in this city at \$1.50 a gallon. In some other towns at \$1.75. The several processes of crushing or grinding the cane, boiling the juice, "skimming off," and evaporating the watery particles of the boiling fluid on shallow evaporators, so partitioned into compartments as to cause the hot juice to flow slowly over and change into a rich syrup in the process, are all interesting to the beholder, and suggestive of a Louisiana sugar boiling. Next summer will see a great crop of sorghum in Connecticut, and, as it cheapens in price, it will gradually take the place of molasses. There is a sorghum mill on the Marsh estate, in this town, near the Windsor line, where many farmers have carried their sorghum to be made into syrup. [Hartford Times.]

If sorghum can be raised with success in Connecticut, why not in Maine? We do not see. The matter is worthy the attention of our farmers, who doubtless would like to produce their own sweet while prices are so high. [Argus.]

THINGS SOUTH.—Rev. Leonard Bacon, of Hartford, Ct., has returned from a visit to Virginia. In a discourse since his return he presents some things worthy of notice.

"Gen. Terry told me that 2000 rations are daily issued to the suffering white people of Richmond; and I learned from Col. Brown that 200 rations only are distributed to the blacks. Their number is equal, 25,000 each. Which of these people is it, I ask you, that cannot take care of themselves?—which that 'won't work?' Which is it that is lazy? I heard Gov. Wise begging the military authorities to restore his estate and drive off the negroes of which he is so much afraid. He complains that he is in poverty, but I did not see him work. Negroes were at work among the ruins which Breckenridge made, that the flames might light up his retreat. They were picking the mortar off the bricks, that they might be used again; but I did not see Gov. Wise at work."

"The religious people of the South are more irreconcilable to their condition than any other class. The ministers, especially, are obstinate and sullen. They accept the restored Union only as the result of coercion. They yield only by compulsion only. If the military were withdrawn they would be more free in prayer than they are now. The nearest they come to loyalty is the prayer of some of them, that since they could not have what they wanted, they may have grace to be contented with what they have got. To which I say, Amen!"

We cannot co-operate with any of the so-called Christian people of the South. A minister was here a week ago, raising money to rebuild the church which Breckenridge burned—burned not because he was loyal, for he was one of the rank and file of that region, working in season and out of season for the rebellion. He was a renegade son of Connecticut himself, and for years he has protested to God every Sunday that the Southern States were the innocent objects of invasion, while he knew that the rebellion was organized against freedom and good order, against constitutional authority, against God and worthy to be abhorred of man. I say, it is not with such men that we can safely co-operate. Let us work independently until the poor whites and the blacks are strong enough and wise enough to protect themselves."

THE COURSE TO BE TAKEN BY MR. McPHERSON. The authoritative statement that Col. McPherson, the clerk of the United States House of Representatives, will in calling the roll pass over the names of the members elected from the States lately in rebellion, comes from the Washington Republican. That paper states that Colonel McPherson, in a personal interview with the editors, said that his course appeared to him simple and clear; that he had not the right nor the desire to enroll persons claiming seats from the late insurgent States, but that a law of Congress existed positively prohibiting him from entering such names. While a member of the House he assisted in making the law referred to, and he thinks it is just in its application to him in his present relation to Congress. He will therefore leave all members coming from the late rebellious States to present their credentials to the House through other channels than the clerk of the House.

It was already very well understood what Colonel McPherson's action would be, but perhaps this direct assertion was necessary to put the matter beyond a question. [Boston Adv.]

It is a mean trick of trade to sell as foreign extracts domestic scents made of the worst materials. The prices at which they are vended is less than the duty on the veritable articles. Could fully further go than to throw money away on such rubbish, while Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," redolent of tropical fragrance, is within the reach of all. Sold everywhere.

The population of Nantucket was 9012 in 1840; by the last census it is 5856.

It is reported that the prisoners in a certain State Prison have had a convention, and voted, that, in their opinion, the time has arrived for a "general amnesty." The cogent argument was urged that so long as treason, bushwhacking, and murder go unpunished, it is a ridiculous piece of business to punish men for such petty offences as larceny, forgery, or burglary. Maybe they are about right.

James Duncan and Capt. Richard B. Windsor, now confined in the Old Capitol Prison, charged with cruel treatment towards Union prisoners at Andersonville, will soon be brought to trial. It is understood the court is being organized for that purpose.

In Ward Five, Frederick Johnson, a colored man, was elected an inspector of the election. During the day an old-fashioned, old-fashioned Democrat approached the polls to vote. Seeing the colored man behind the rail, he authoritatively asked—"Is that man an officer of this ward?" "Yes," was the response, "he was elected this morning an inspector." "Then, by—," was the rejoinder, "I don't vote in this ward!" The copperhead vote was one ballot lighter in consequence—that was all! [Boston Commonwealth.]

The Newton Theological Institution, (Baptist), has a larger number of students than ever before.

Fourteen thousand cattle are known to have been attacked by the cattle plague since its first appearance in Great Britain, and of these nearly twelve thousand have died.

HUDSON GURNEY'S DOG.—The following touching tale was told by a friend of the late Hudson Gurney:

One morning I was sitting on business with Mr. Gurney, when I heard the pattering of feet behind, and the door silently opened.—I turned to see who was listening to us, and the Newfoundland dog quietly entered the room, and standing in the centre, looked on me boldly and on his master kindly.

"This," said Mr. Gurney "is one of my most faithful friends; he has come to pay me his usual morning visit."

Turning to the dog, he continued: "I'm a little better to day, but not much. One morning you will miss me; I shall be dead."

The dog, as though endowed with human instinct, gave a low moan, and advancing to his master, placed his huge paw, with a gentleness that would hardly have crushed a fly, on Mr. Gurney's knee; and, that done, he raised himself on his hind legs, and placed the other on Mr. Gurney's shoulder, and, licking his face, seemed to pat him on his back, with an expression which almost said, "Come, come, don't be down-hearted! You are very badly, but you'll get better by and by."

Mr. Gurney perfectly understood him, since he replied:

"It's no use; I tell you I shall die."

The dog moaned again.

"And now," continued the owner of Keswick "you must go; for I am busy with the gentleman."

The dog looked at his master, then at me, and then silently quitted the room.

FAST YOUNG LADIES.—In order to be a fast young lady, it is necessary to lay aside all reserve and refinement—everything that savors of womanly weakness: to have no troublesome scruples, but to be ready to record an approving smile to the broadest joke. There must be no feeling of dependence on the stronger sex but, by adopting, as far as decency permits, masculine modes of expression, accompanied by a thorough knowledge of slang, and a fluency in using it, these ladies show themselves to be above all narrow-minded prejudices. There must be no thinking about other people's feelings; if people will be thickskinned, let them keep out of the way at all events. Should "mamma" raise her voice in a feeble remonstrance, the fast young lady impresses upon her that "she is no judge of these matters. In her old school days, everything and every one was slow, but it is quite changed now." In short, to sum up, to be a fast young lady, modesty, delicacy, refinement, respect for superiors, consideration for the aged, must all be set aside; and boldness, independence, irreverence, brusqueness, and, we fear too often heartlessness, must take their place.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in a recent article on reading and the care of the eyes, says:

"We read as we eat—pell-mell, hotchpotch! no mastication, no digestion. If, as a people, we read less, we might know more. Few indications are more unpromising in a child than a remarkable passion for books. I doubt if a good lady, who called on me the other day with her son, will ever forgive me for what I said to her. Her boy had great head and eyes, with small and narrow chest. She said in a mournful voice, but with evident pride, 'Ah, he has such passion for books. As soon as he is out of bed, he is down at some great book, and scarcely leaves it but for his meals. He never plays like other children.' I told her, among other things, that unless she could break up that habit, her son very soon would turn out a dolt. She left very soon, with the belief that I did not understand her son's case. I should have about as much hope of a man who gave himself up to childish sports, as I should of a child who gave himself up to the habits and life of a man."

Gen. Thomas has sent troops to Tullahoma, Tenn., to enforce compliance with the order issued by him, that the citizens of that place should rebuild the freedmen's school houses destroyed by them.

Charles Dickens will have an original article in the December Atlantic Monthly.

The following appears to us to be a very good story:—

An English philanthropist was taken some years ago to see one of the schools in Dublin devoted to the conversion of children to Protestantism. The master put the rather small class in attendance through a very fair lesson in Biblical knowledge, and then proceeded to display some of the practical instructions received by his pupils. "Now, boys, you know Donnybrook fair?—Yes Sir, we do." (Every hand up.) "Is it right to go to Donnybrook fair?" "No, sir, it is not." "What is it?" "It's a sin, sir." "Very well, boys," replied the master. Turning to his English visitor, "You see we do not neglect to inculcate practical precepts as well as religious opinions!" "Quite true," replied the visitor, "but may I be allowed to put a question to the boys myself?" "Oh, yes, sir, whatever you please." "Well, then, boys, tell me honestly, every boy who has been to Donnybrook this year, hold up his hand!" "Up went every hand in the class. Of course the boys, being Irish, saw the intensity of the joke, and laughed accordingly, and the master being of the same nation, was not more backward, in spite of his defeat, and visitor, teacher and scholars joined in a good hearty roar, which had hardly calmed down when the little gamin of the class stepped forward and put up his hand. "Please sir, I went to Donnybrook to distribute tracts." As the idea of any urchin going to Donnybrook to sell tracts, or coming alive out of it if he did, was utterly incredible, the laugh broke out, again with renewed violence till the visitor took his departure.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Luck and labor both begin with the same letter, but end with very different results. Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; Labor, with keen eye and strong will, bravely turns up something. "Luck lies in bed and wishes that the postman would bring him news of a legacy; Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with a busy pen, or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence." "Luck" whines, "Labor" whistles; "Luck" relies on chance; Labor on character; "Luck" slips downward to indigence; Labor strides upward to independence.

THE GYPSIES CRITICISED.—A lady correspondent of the San Francisco *Albion*, writing from the Geyers, commemorates a criticism made by a suddenly enriched "pot-slower." Here it is: "Oh, how wonderful how sublime!" exclaimed Melville, the romantic young lady. Her mother looked down into the bubbling, seething, angry cauldron, with a sneer of contempt. "And is this all, Hilly? Is this all?" "Travel a hundred miles to see a pot boil." "Why, child, I have made more steam over a hot stove, than the devil makes with the whole burnin' lake in his kitchen." But then, I suppose it's a fashion now-a-days, of

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FOR SALE
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ONE FURNISHED PEW in the Congregational Church,
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FIVE DOLLARS REWARD!

Waterville, Oct. 19th, 1865. 16—tr

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—At a Court of Prob., held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1865.

E. W. McFADDEN, Administrator on the Estate of DANIEL H. BROWN, who was administrator on the Estate of THURTON SIMPSON, late of Win-low, in said County deceased.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Mail, printed at Waterville, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of November next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: J. BURTON, Register. 19

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1895

HANES L. CROSBY, Executor on the Estate of ANDREW G. WARREN, late of Winslow, in said county, deceased having petitioned for license to sell on an advantageous offer,

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested, may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
KENNEBEC SS.—Nov. 6, 1885.
TAKEN on Execution, W. B. Arnold & Nathaniel Mender
vs. Nathaniel Perley, and will be sold at Public Auction,
at the Post Office in Waterville, in said County, on Monday.

that said Perley has, or had at the time of the attachment on the original writ, of redeeming the following described mortgaged real estate, situated in said Waterville, and bounded northerly by Union street; easterly by land of A. H. Dunbar, southerly by land of Sam'l Appleton, and westerly by land of J. P. Hilli—being the premises now occupied by said Perley.

C. R. McFADDEN, Deputy Sheriff.

COUNTRY PORK,	At HILL'S.
THAT "Japan Tea."	At HILL'S.

