



11-24-1865

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 21): November 24, 1865

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail)

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 21): November 24, 1865" (1865). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 117.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/117](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/117)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



## LEAD ME ARIGHT.

BY ADLAIDE PROCTOR

Do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
Do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load.

Do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
Do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Of things too sweet.

One thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright—  
High strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—  
Through peace to light.

Do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

Do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Enough in darkness still to feel thy hand  
And follow thee.

Do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Enough in darkness still to feel thy hand  
And follow thee.

Do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Enough in darkness still to feel thy hand  
And follow thee.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

## A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

PERHAPS you can tell as well as I why Bachelor Rogers sighed, as he pushed away his half-empty glass of best Madeira, and his solitary dinner done, took his station beside the fire.

Bachelor Rogers, as he did so, cast a glance outside, where the snow was slipping whitely down the December twilight, tapping with a crisp, clear tinkle against the window-pane—prophetic of sleigh-rides beyond a doubt.

A poorer man might have shrunk from the outlook, but the man of whom I write had no need. The fire underneath the sculptured flues of the marble mantel showed the clear red of the costliest architect, and silken curtains interposed a purple shimmer between the fire-light and the falling snow.

Yet Bachelor Rogers, thus looking without, sighed again; not a casual, passing sigh that comes and goes unheeded, but one showing a secret pain and uneasiness that, perhaps, would never have confessed itself in words.

For this Bachelor Rogers of ours was a manly fellow; had wrestled with hard fortunes in his day; had conquered against heavy odds; and now, youth past, had a right to sit down and take "mine ease in mine inn."

I call him Bachelor Rogers because that was the name he was apt to go by, especially in the neighborhood. I do not know why he should thus have been distinguished above the rest of his paternity, ticketed and labeled, as it were, with his misfortune, unless, indeed, that, being such a manly fellow, people had come to the conclusion bachelorhood was his misfortune, rather than his fault, and gave him the title to show that in his case they pitied and forgave.

"To-night is Christmas Eve," soliloquized our friend, looking hard at the fire. "Well, well, the year goes and goes, and somehow every year gets duller. The gold rubbed off of life a long time ago, the silver is going fast, and now, I suppose, I must look for the iron age!"

The prospect seemed doleful enough certainly, and to cheer himself our friend looked into the fire gazed at it very hard, indeed, as if those cheerful, leaping, crackling flames were guilty in the matter, and could help if they only would.

You all know of the magical influence attributed by the modern mind to brilliant substances gazed at steadfastly? Some who wish to be learned call the magnetic power "odyle," and insist that that costly crystal, the diamond, is its favorite abode. But I affirm—and call the genius of the heartstone to ratify the declaration—that there is no such odyle in nature, is that which rays out from the clear sparkle of a glowing fire, just as the twilight closes in with its drapery of mystical gray, bedded, all over with the white-fall of snowflakes.

You may call that other genius, Shakespeare, to your aid against me, quote, "From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive, 'They sparkle still the true Promethean fire,' etc., and declare that in them resides the true odyle force.

But I am not crushed yet, for the light that streams from them is dearest and best when it blends with the sweet firelight of home, to which it is ever and always akin.

Bachelor Rogers, however, having no woman's eyes beside him, was fain to look hard into the fire—very hard, indeed.

The pastime proved a dangerous one. This was a Christmas-Eve fire, mind you! Shifting pictures began to come and go. Like these: First, a little child in bare feet and a nightgown, reached out a dimpled hand to hang up a dangling stocking—borrowed from mamma for the occasion—in an old-fashioned chimney-corner.

Then the little child, grown older, danced around tall Christmas-trees, resplendent from top to bottom with glancing lights, and the sparkle of bonbons, and the glitter of trinkets and toys—danced round the festive Christmas-trees that bear such charmed fruitage from the fairy-land of Santa Claus—with other children as joyous as himself. And the boy-child made love to the girl-children. Oh! such beautiful girl-children! with floating curls, and dancing eyes, and rose-bud mouths. And the boy-child played pillows-and-keys with the girl-children. But there was one he kissed shyly in the corners, when no one was looking, and she was the bluest of all. Her curls were longer and more shining; her eyes clearer; and her rosy-bud mouth had a tempting little pout born with it, that said, "Kiss me! kiss me evermore!" And the boy-child was fain to comply with the request—only, as I have said, he did it shyly in corners; and if detected in the act, blushed exceedingly, much more so than the girl, indeed; but then she was used to be kissed, you see, on account of that tempting little pout that had such a knack of asking the question without saying a word!

Was it Bachelor Rogers sitting now beside the fire, bronzed with the weather—he had been a sailor before now—worn by hard fights with hard fortunes? Could it be Bachelor Rogers that had blushed so once?

More pictures! The boy-child, grown older now, dragging the girl-child—a demure, little maiden now, but the same mouth still—over the crisp snow in a famous crimson sled barred with gilt, and on it written for a name—Alice. That was the name of the demure little maid, you see, who sat upon it. And the boy was very tender of the girl, and wrapped her closely in her cloak and furs, when he started for a run for above the stars shone clear with the cold, and the winter winds blew keenly.

Then came a sad picture with tears in it. The boy and girl, both very young, were parting. He was going to sea—coming back rich, you know. "Will you marry me then, Alice, dear?" Oh! no one else—none but him! How fast the tears flowed. She, too, was going away for the first time from home—to school.

## Waterville Mail.

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, NOV. 24, 1865.

NO. 21.

"I will learn to sing and play so sweetly, just for you," promised Alice.

"Will you, dear—just for me? Remember!"

Then Alice gave the boy one of her longest curls, and he hid it in his breast, and went away. And the girl cried sorely at parting; but the boy was too manly; only, when out of sight, he covered the curl with tears and kisses, then laid it away in his breast.

Afterward there was a storm at sea, and a shipwreck. But the boy floated ashore with the curl clenched fast in his hand. A foreign shore it was; strange sights and sounds, but he would stay there, and come home rich to Alice.

Then there was a wedding. Alice was the bride, fairer and sweeter than ever. But the boy she had parted from did not stand beside her. He was lying fathoms deep, she thought. And her lips trembled when she spoke the solemn words. He was lying fathoms deep—"all on board perished." She did not know with her curl on his heart, he worked and waited in a foreign land, guarded by pure thoughts of love and her.

Two great, round tears fell down the bronzed cheeks upon the bronzed hands that had handled ropes in their day, and showed for it yet.

Bachelor Rogers started to his feet, muttered under a bronzed hand plucked in his bosom, "It's there yet," and began to walk up and down.

"How thick the snow falls. And to-night is Christmas Eve. To think that I used to be a little fellow, and hang up stockings in a chimney-corner. And oh! sweet face that shone out upon me from the fire to-night, where are you now? Alice! Alice! Alice!"

Bachelor Rogers sat down and buried his bronzed face in his bronzed hands for a moment; then raising his head, shook it like a man who refuses to be submerged by recollections of the past.

"Every Christmas I get the dolfuls!" exclaimed he. "But it won't do. I'll write to my friends up the street, and to-morrow we'll have a regular old bachelor's Christmas party. Yes, yes, a jolly—old-bachelor's old-fashioned Christmas-party."

Our friend dwelt on these words, protracting each one as if trying to believe the prospect a delightful one. Then he sat down and scribbled off this invitation:

"MY FRIENDS—I shall, of course, expect you to take dinner with me to-morrow, Christmas day. Six o'clock, sharp. ROGERS."

Our friend's heart not being in the invitation, he made it as succinct as possible; then touched the bell.

"Ring, sir!" said a stalwart servant man, opening the door, and letting a stream of yellow light into the red radiance of the room, chasing the shadows into the corners. Blessed geni of the firelight! ye are dearer than ever on Christmas Eve!

"John, take this note and leave it—block above, third house from the corner. Shut the door."

John only lifted an eyebrow at the quick, yet broken tone, quite unlike the mellow cadence in which his master gave orders; for all the rubs and hard thumps Bachelor Rogers had got in his contest with life couldn't knock the sweetness out of his temper, nor the mellow ring out of his voice. John was new to his place; had never, in fact, "taken orders"; been his "own boss," as he phrased it, till now; but said low stairs that a man might be bachelor Rogers' servant "all the days of his life and never feel it."

John took the note and went, closing the door behind him; and the Christmas-Eve shadows all came back again, glided to and fro; old memories came with them; a soft touch fell on Bachelor Rogers' hair; a tender, clinging palm slipped in and out of his, and again the cry of "Alice!" startled the silence.

John set his teeth when he got outside, and walked briskly for it was nipping cold.

"Block above, third house from the corner. 'Tain't quite close enough directions for a fellow."

And John, drawing the note from his pocket, stopped under the corner lamp-post to read the address; blank whiteness, nothing more.

"Where?" said John, "suppose he forgot the direction. Well, I'll trust to my wits; went go back and bother him, for I see he's got a mood. And when a man like him gets a mood on him, better leave him alone."

"Third house from the corner." John took a view, then marched up the stoop of a little brown cottage house nestled in between two aspiring mansions of brick.

The door opening, showed as trim a vision of a servant-maid as one might expect to find anywhere—demure-eyed, smooth-haired, a touch of coquetry breaking forth in a wicked little apron braided at the corners.

"I am shocked to state, that John, in view of this vision, nodding his head approvingly, remarked,

"For your folks, my dear."

"Oh!" ignoring the dear. "Will you walk in and wait for an answer?"

"With pleasure," quoth John.

He had not expected to wait for an answer; neither had he expected such a vision of a servant-maid to come to the door. But nobody is surprised at surprises on Christmas-Eve!

John walked into the hall, and servant-maid into the parlor. A small room, very plain, but altogether homelike; here, also, a fire burned brightly; but it was under a wooden mantle, not one of marble carved with lilies.

A lady sat there, nursing a pair of scarlet snowshoes, just small enough and dainty enough for a child, with a flower-soft face, that lay fast asleep on the rug beside her, her head resting on a great Angola cat purring away with all its might.

"Well, Jennie?" questioned the lady.

"A note, ma'am, for 'our folks,' the young man what brought it said it was. And he's waiting an answer, ma'am."

"Take him down in the kitchen, Jennie, and let him get warm."

Jennie vanished.

"My missus says you're to come down in the kitchen and get warm, sir."

A very saucy "sir," that last word was, for the coquetry that lurked in Jennie's wicked little apron, with its braided corners, had dictated it.

"So your name's Jennie, is it?"

"How did you know?"

"I guessed it," solemnly, (mem. he heard it through the door left on a crack.)

"How?"

"Oh! Jennies always wear aprons like yours, and has smooth hair, and nice eyes, like yours."

"Do they?" asked the damsel, demurely, as if the fact were a new and astonishing development in the matter of names, then added, "Since you know my name—what's yours?"

"Plain John, at your service. You see both our names commence with a J, and has n's in 'em."

In consequence of this coincidence John shook hands with Jennie, then followed her lead, kitchenward.

In the meantime Mrs. Lee, glancing at the note, had found the envelope blank, and surmising patent-needles, or a petition for charity, drew out the folded sheet within, and read—

"MY FRIENDS—I shall of course expect you to take dinner with me to-morrow, Christmas day. Six o'clock, sharp. ROGERS."

These were the words that met the eye of the reader.

"Alice, Alice! come here and tell me what this means," said Mrs. Lee, in flurried accents.

The window-curtains parted, and from behind them came out something between a young lady and a very sweet princess—out of some sweet fairy-tale that ripples like music through our remembrance of childhood.

"Did you want me, dear? I was only—only looking to see how fast the snow fell."

"This seeing 'how fast the snow fell' must certainly have been a very doleful process for the young lady princess made this statement in a voice that quivered oddly, and the long-lashed eyelids were wet—not with casual tears.

The princess made a brave stand, however, and, rubbing her hands hard, gave a wee little laugh; then dropping one knee before the fire, held out both palms toward the blaze, murmuring,

"It was very cold work seeing the snow fall."

Yet, for all this pretence, a very sorrowful little princess looked Alice kneeling there—the tender mouth in a quiver of mute distress.

Mrs. Lee forgot the note with its curious invitation, and, leaning forward, took Alice's hand saying,

"Oh, my child! You have been worrying about Cuthbert. What shall I do with you?"

It was a mother's voice that spoke, yearning, loving, longing to shield her darling from the rough winds of the world's highway. Until then you had fancied them sisters.

The mouth gave way then—the eyes rained tears.

"Oh! I had fancied that Cuthbert would have done with this miserable business of traveling for other people by this Christmas Eve! He said last year it would be so; and we were not to part ever any more; and you and May were to live with us, and we were to be as happy as the day is long. But now I could cry my eyes out, for Christmas will be here to-morrow—and, oh! not Cuthbert!"

Mrs. Lee drew Alice into her arms, and, nestled there, she sobbed out her grief. Happy, happy eyes, however, ye weep that have a mother's heart to weep in!

Not for long did Alice yield to this distress. Lifting her head, she smiled and chid herself, saying, "Selfish girl. I know that Cuthbert loves me wherever he is. And I have you, my best, sweet darling, and little May."

Then the princess, very much cheered up, fell to kissing the sleeper on the rug beside her, and she woke up with scarlet cheeks laughing, prepared for a game of romp with "sister Alice."

"But you wanted to show me something, dear," said the latter.

"Oh, my! we're all dreaming here! And the young man waiting for an answer, too!"

And Mrs. Lee handed the note to her daughter.

"How queer! And who is Rogers, pray?" asks Alice, all the woman alive in her face now.

"Let's ring the bell for Jennie. Who brought this, Jennie? Is it meant for us, I wonder?"

Jennie, thus questioned, acquits herself with credit.

"Bachelor Rogers' man brought it, Miss. Bachelor Rogers is a gentleman what lives on the block below, Miss, in a beautiful house, and his man says there never was such a master. He said the note was for 'our folks,' Miss, when I let him in. Shall I bring him up, Miss?"

"Decidedly."

John being brought up and questioned, declared that there was no possibility of a mistake. But that "master had an odd way of doing things sometimes," and that "somehow or another people always did get confused-like and do out-of-the-way things at Christmas."

And John finished up his statement by glancing at Jennie, who stood attentively examining the braided corner of her apron.

"Alice," said Mrs. Lee, thoughtfully, "I think we had better accept the invitation. Suppose you write a few words, and say we should be happy to come. Perhaps Mr. Rogers is going to have a Christmas-tree, and wants May to come. You know we are strangers here, and maybe it's the custom to invite one's neighbors."

Alice, nothing loath, did as she was told. And little May, catching the magic words, "Christmas-tree," danced about meanwhile in an effervescence of delight.

Now John—arch-traitor that he was—what ever doubts he had on the subject kept them to himself. If this were the wrong house, he had no objection to calling back and ratifying the mistake. Indeed, John, remembering who would be likely to open the door, contemplated the same as a desirable contingency.

John, with solemn demeanor, took the delicate missive Alice tendered him, put it with devotion in his breast-pocket, having carefully wrapped it in his handkerchief first, then started homeward.

HANDS OFF.—The utility of placing this notice on goods is well set forth in the spirited paragraph subjoined, cut from the Minneapolis State Atlas:—

"The people are very curious, and inspection is the order of the day. The great pleasure-handle not, might as well have been turned

wrong side out. You can never keep the hands of a braicrean public off anything. They were on the delicate embroidery and snowy quilt; they left the furs with a new gloss; they fumbled the stockings, the pin-cushions and tanned skins; they dirtied the picture glasses, and felt all the rough spots in the oil-paintings; if the book covers were lifted once, they were lifted a million times; the bright stoves soon got dingy faces, and the oil on the machines was carried off on a thousand fingers. How many digits were punctured by the needles on the Grover & Baker, and Wheeler & Wilson, would be a hard sum for Greenleaf himself. The vegetables had to 'take it' hard potatoes got soft; fresh melons went rotten under the pressure, and the smell of onions was upon all. The only real iron-clad was the pumpkin, which couldn't be dented except by a hammer. Cigars are much sought after, and apparently, the awarding committee on these articles was very large.

## HOW TO CURE SCALDS FROM STEAM.

All readers of the *Scientific American*, but more particularly engineers, should read and remember the simple remedy here given for a most painful affliction. Engineers are often exposed to burning by steam, and it fortunately happens that the materials here recommended as a sovereign cure are always at hand. The Medical and Surgical Reporter says:—

"Mary S., aged 30, was scalded a few days ago with the steam from hot ashes. The scald is on the middle of the chest, and about one foot square. The surface is raw, and covered with lymph. It is only a superficial scald, embracing the cuticle, and at some points, the true skin. It is covered with granulations. The pain she suffered for a few days was intense; she could not sleep at all, but when the ordinary white lead, mixed to a thick cream, with linseed oil, was applied, in her own words, 'it took her up to heaven.' She is doing well under its use. No danger exists from lead-poisoning, and if it did, sulphuric acid lemonade would be the only prophylactic needed."

Sulphuric acid lemonade, we take to mean water slightly acidulated with vitriol.

READ ALOUD.—Reading aloud is one of those exercises which combine mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. To read aloud well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should hear his own voice, and feel within him that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding which modulates the voice to the number and distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to tell whether he is distinctly heard by the furthest listener in the room; if he is not able to do so, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

Reading aloud helps to develop the lungs just as singing does, if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of a long breath every once in a while, oftener and deeper than of reading without enunciation. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice.

Common consumption begins uniformly with imperfect, insufficient breathing; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts the short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspirations is curative to that extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment by reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will show itself. This reading aloud develops a weak voice, and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency, also, in making the tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and clear away, to the confusion of himself as much as that of the subject.

This loud reading, when properly done, has a great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that muscles are strengthened by exercise—those of voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the arm of the Hindu devotee at length paralyzes it forever. The general plan, in appropriate cases, is to read aloud in a conversational tone, three or four times a day, for a minute or two, or three at a time, increasing a minute every other day, until half an hour is thus spent at a time, three or four times a day, to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus, there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result.

As a means, then, of health, of averting consumption, of being social and entertaining in any company, as a means of showing the quality of the mind, let reading aloud be considered an accomplishment far more indispensable than that of smattering French, or hisping Italian, or dancing cotillions, galloppades, polkas and quadrilles.

## [Hall's Journal.]

MAGNIFYING BEAUTY.—The New York Herald states that a beautiful and accomplished young lady, residing up town, has eloped with a clerk in the employ of her father. It has made quite a sensation in fashionable circles. If a young lady wishes to have herself published as "fascinating, beautiful and accomplished," let her pack up her best clothes in a dirty towel, crawl out of the back door-stairs window, some dark, rainy night, and elope with the man that feeds and carries her father's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments; but it will bring them just as certain as a dirty rain barrel will bring mosquitoes. In fact, we never knew a woman to make a very decided fool of herself in any way, without enhancing her charms two or three per cent. by the time her case got into the papers.—[Albany Knickerbocker.]

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 fairs and trets?

A man named Jameson, in Cincinnati, wishing to curtail household expenses, adopted a novel mode to effect his object. He kissed the servant girl one morning when he knew Mrs. J. would see him. Result—discharged servant girl and \$12 per month saved.

## MR. FARNSWORTH'S TUBS.

I remember one evening last summer, just after I came home from—not the war exactly, but a two years' cruise in the Pacific as surgeon of the U. S. Steamer *Waterloo*—that all of us bachelors were enjoying the cool of the evening and the fragrance of our pipes on the flat roof of the ell attached to the old boarding-house.

Lying about in various attitudes one after another had told stories, made remarks, and subsided.

Lewis raised himself on elbow, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and asked if I had ever heard of old Burbank, of Wingfield.

If I had, I had forgotten it.

"Burbank," said Lewis, "was one of those old fellows whose sole business in life consists in looking after other people's affairs, and who seemed less with any amount of time to do it on."

"Burbank button-holed me one day in Washington street while I was waiting for a stage. How he ever got so far from home I don't know, but there he was, in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' suit, and insisted on telling me all about his row with Mr. Farnsworth."

"I started out the other mornin', he said, 'an' when got I outside the house I see it was goin' to be a pleasant day, an' I thought I'd walk down to Parmelee's shop an' see if them tubs of Mr. Farnsworth's was done. I hadn't got nothing to do, and I kinder thought Mr. Farnsworth would like to know if them tubs of his'n was done. So I started and an' got down to Parmelee's, an' I see the door was locked. So I went round behind the shop, an' looked in the back window, an' there I see them tubs of Mr. Farnsworth's, an' I see that they was done. Then I looked in again, an' I saw that the shop was afire. Well, I thought Mr. Farnsworth might kinder like to know that them tubs was done, and that the shop was afire, so I thought I'd walk down to Mr. Farnsworth's house an' tell him that they was done, an' the shop was afire."

"By this time," said Lewis, "my stage had gone by, and I found I was in for the whole story of Burbank's troubles. I told him to go on, inwardly wishing him and Mr. Farnsworth to the d—, and thinking of my chances of reaching home before dinner grow cold."

"Well," said Burbank, "I walked along a piece, an' I see Mr. Deming's coming down street. 'Good morning, Mr. Deming,' says I. 'Pleasant day.' 'Yes,' says he, 'good growin' weather. What's the news?' 'Wall,' says I, 'I started out arter breakfast this mornin', an' I see it was goin' to be a pleasant day, an' I kinder thought I'd go down to Parmelee's and see if them tubs of Mr. Farnsworth's was done. So I started down street, and when I got to Parmelee's the door was locked. So I thought I'd go round the shop and take a look in the back window, an' when I looked in I see them tubs of Mr. Farnsworth's, a stannin' there, and I see they was done. An' then I looked in again, an' I see the shop was afire. Wall, I thought Mr. Farnsworth might kinder like to know that the tubs was done, an' the shop was afire, and tell Mr. Farnsworth about it."

"Wall, I'd gone along a little further, an' I see Sam Pulsifer leavin' over his picket fence in front of his house. 'Good morning, Mr. Burbank,' says he, 'what's your hurry?' 'Wall, nothing,' says I, 'only when I got out of the house arter breakfast, I see it was a pleasant day, and as I hadn't got nothing particular on my hands, I kinder thought I'd walk down to Parmelee's shop an' see if them tubs of Mr. Farnsworth's was done. Wall, when I got down there I see the door was locked. So I thought I'd go round and look in the back window, an' I see them tubs of Mr. Farnsworth's standin' there, and I see that they was done. An' then I looked a little further, an' I see that the shop was afire. Wall, I struck me that Mr. Farnsworth might like to know that they was done and the shop was afire, so I thought I'd go down to his house and tell him that them tubs was done and the shop was afire. And I kinder guess I'll go right along, Sam," says I, "so's to tell Mr. Farnsworth."

"Wall, just afore I got to Mr. Farnsworth's house, who should I meet but Maria Jane Peters, she that was a Williams. 'Good morning, Miss Peters,' says I, 'how do you do?' 'Good morning, Mr. Burbank,' says she. 'Why, what a stranger you be! Whereabouts you going this mornin'?' 'Wall,' says I, 'when I started out this mornin', I see it was goin' to be a pleasant day, and I sorter thought I'd travel down to Parmelee's shop an' see if them tubs of Mr. Farnsworth's was done. Wall, when I got down there I see the door was locked. So I thought I'd go round the shop and look in the back window, an' when I got there I looked in the back window, and there I see them tubs of Mr. Farnsworth's, a stannin' there, an' I see they was done. And then I looked in again, an' I see that the shop was afire. Here Miss Peters she gave a scream, and says she, 'Why Eben, ezor Samuel Burbank, how you talk!' 'Yes,' says I, 'an' I kinder thought Mr. Farnsworth might like to know that them tubs of his was done, an' the shop was afire, so I'd go right down to his house and tell him that they was done and the shop was afire. 'Well,' says she, 'I would if I were you.' 'Wall,' says I, 'I guess I'll go right along now an' tell him the tubs is done and the shop is afire. Good morning, Miss Peters.' 'Good morning, Mr. Burbank,' says she.

"Wall, then I went right over to Mr. Farnsworth's. Miss Farnsworth she comes to the door. 'Why,' says she, 'Mr. Burbank, how do you do? Come right in and set down!'"

"So I went in and sat down. 'Wall, how's Miss Burbank and the children?' says Miss Farnsworth. 'Middlin',' says I; you see when I started out this mornin' I see it was a pleasant day, and I thought I'd go down to Parmelee's, as I hadn't got nothing to do, and see about them tubs of yours. Wall, when I got down to Parmelee's I see that the door was locked. Wall, I thought I'd go round behind the shop and take a look in the back window, an' when I got round and looked in I see them tubs of yours a standin' there, and see that they was done. By the way, Miss Farn-

worth, where's Mr. Farnsworth?' Just then the door opened leading into the bedroom, an' Mr. Farnsworth, he comes out. 'Good-mornin', Mr. Burbank,' says he, 'how do you do? I heard you telling Miss Farnsworth that them tubs of ours was done.' 'Yes,' says I, 'they be done. 'Well,' says Mr. Farnsworth, 'I guess I'll put Billy inter the wagon and go after 'em.' 'I hadn't more'n got the words out of my mouth afore Mr. Farnsworth, he jumped for the door, and says he, 'Perdition!' why didn't you say so?' 'Wall,' says I, 'I was coming to it.' By that time Mr. Farnsworth was running down the street powerful. I sot there talking with Miss Farnsworth. Bimeby Mr. Farnsworth come back. 'Wall,' says I, 'did you get them tubs of yours?' He begun to swear, and says he, 'when I got to Parmelee's, the hull thing was burnt, tubs an' all.' And now Mr. Lewis, said Burbank, 'Mr. Farnsworth, he blamed me!'"



and ability, and spend on the paper all the money we receive for it, still we feel that it is not all that we wish. It is hard work making a daily paper, and to those who never were in the business, vastly harder than they think for. But there are some ways in which our patrons can aid in the work. First, by prompt payment, so that we may not be embarrassed in our operations, or be obliged to leave our special work of preparing matter for the paper, to make out bills, adjust accounts, or go about trying to collect subscriptions. Second, aid can be rendered by our friends commending the paper to others, and thus getting us new subscribers. A little effort in this direction would greatly strengthen and encourage us. Third, we can be helped if our friends in different places would send us items of news in their respective localities, such as they themselves would like to see in a paper. Notices of a fire; dedication or erection of a church or public building; the launching of a vessel; meetings of associations educational, religious, or political, in fact whatever is of interest in other towns. If our friends were to do this, they would be gaining themselves, and the paper made more attractive. Who will help us in either of the above ways?

## Waterville Mail.

RPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 24, 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. H. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements 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'."

**TEMPERANCE MEETING.**—There was a good response, on Monday evening, to the call for a meeting to organize for temperance work. It was encouraging to see so much of the Washingtonian spirit still pervading the community, ready to commit itself to earnest labor. Most of the evening was spent in remarks, the tone of which indicated very distinctly that a little associated effort in active work for temperance would beget important results. Arrangements were made for such effort. Committees were appointed for the purpose of completing the organization of a society on Monday evening next, to which time the meeting was adjourned.

It may encourage those who feel interested in this movement, to know that in various places, all over the State, there are signs of a revival in the work of temperance. The melancholy record of the war upon this cause is to be wiped out, and a process of regeneration to take its place. The time has fully come, and both friends and opponents are looking for a renewal of such efforts as embrace both the legal and the salutary principle. The present is emphatically an opportunity in this great reform, and it remains to be seen whether our citizens possess the zeal necessary to secure it. Let all the energies called into exercise by the war be turned into this channel, and present another instance of the wrath of man praising God.

Monday evening next, should witness a largely increased audience.

**APPLES DOWN.**—It is gratifying to find that the deficiency of apples, in this State, is in some measure to be made up from abroad. The Portland Press says they are coming in there from Canada and the Western States in such quantities that prices are already very much reduced. It says the quantity in that market on Saturday last was greater than ever before known. They were sold at auction in lots—one lot as low as three dollars a barrel. This is encouraging to those who have been unable to buy except at such unmerciful prices as would take away all desire to eat them. How long does it take a Kennebecker to learn, that if apples can be sent from Waterville to Liverpool, they can of course be brought from New York or Ohio to Maine? When apples sell for seven dollars in Maine, and for seventy-five cents in Missouri, it takes no very shrewd Yankee to see that something can be done. The Hallowell Gazette notes the arrival in that place of a lot of apples from Indiana. Who will undertake to supply Waterville from abroad?

**BEST CROP HEARD FROM.**—Ashur H. Barton, Esq., of Benton, informs us that he raised this season 41 bushels of ears of corn on 95 square rods—or at the rate of 23 1-2 bushels to the acre. Two cart-loads of pumpkins were gathered from the same lot. This is the best crop we have heard reported this year in this vicinity. Has anybody beaten it?

**REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE,** formerly pastor of the Baptist Church in this village, has accepted the call of the Free Street Baptist Church in Portland, and entered upon his duties.

**ANOTHER SALE.**—Hon. W. B. S. Moor has sold his residence on Silver Street—formerly the Samuel P. Shaw place—to his son, late of Montreal, who proposes to make it his home.

(For the Mail.)

### Elementary Principles in Finance.

Messrs. Editors.—Since reading in your paper, an article headed as above, I have been trying to get from it my first lesson in these Elementary Principles; but being, like a few others among the doctor's pupils, a little slow to apprehend and still slower to comprehend what is at all abstruse, I have come to a point where I am obliged to call for help.

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

This being the case, he will wish to exchange some of his surplus products with others who may have a surplus. But in attempting to do this he experiences a good deal of difficulty in finding another man who, at the same time, has what he wants, and wants what he has; so that, to exchange to his liking a bushel of corn, for instance, will cost as much labor as to raise it. If, now, he can find anything which every one wants and will take in exchange for any article, and hence will enable him to make an exchange without the loss of time or labor, the possession of enough of this article to effect the exchange will save a day's labor, and hence be worth a day's labor to him."

Now I got along finely till I come to this last clause—and hence be worth a day's labor to him. Here I am puzzled. This is the rock on which I split. If the doctor had said—the possession of enough of this article to effect the exchange will save a day's labor besides procuring the same article as the bushel of corn, and hence will be worth to him a day's labor more than the bushel of corn, or what is the same thing, will be worth to him two bushels of corn, I think I should have understood him; and this, I at first supposed must be his meaning; but, on reading further, I found the same expression repeated in such connection as to compel me to believe the doctor had not committed an error in the use of language, but had conveyed just the meaning he intended. Am I then to understand that a dollar in my hands is worth to me only what it will save me in exchange? If so, I must try to rid myself of an old notion which I must confess clings to me with considerable tenacity, viz.: that money is worth to me what it will fetch, and not merely what it will fetch in excess of what it cost me.

There are some other points in this first lesson, which, at present, seem a little obscure to me; perhaps they will all become clear when this one is made plain.

Now, Messrs. Editors, if you or the doctor will be kind enough to help me out of this little puzzle, I will do my best to master what follows.

THRO.

Messrs. Editors.—Please to publish the following, and permit me to say, in addition, that I have long and intimately been acquainted with the author. He served in the United States Army during the late war as captain in the 10th West Va. Infantry, and has won a high standing both as a soldier and a citizen. I have also known Mr. William Rohrbough for some ten years past, and I fully concur in the following statement. Having formerly been a citizen in your vicinity, and having for a long time cherished a high regard for Waterville College as a seminary of learning, it may not be inappropriate for me to state that Mr. R. was induced by my suggestion to make choice of that institution for the purpose of acquiring an education.

It would be congenial to the wishes of Mr. R.'s many friends, in this vicinity, to see him a restored member of the college, provided right and honor would permit.

WM. MEIGS.

Urshur Co., W. Va., Nov. 4, 1865.  
Editors Waterville Mail, Gents,—  
Having noticed in your paper, under the heading of "Almost a tragedy," the affair of Rohrbough and Benson, of Waterville College, I deem it a duty to Mr. Rohrbough and his friends to say that I have known Mr. R. since he was a small lad, as a straightforward, upright boy, who attended to his own affairs, not meddling with the business of others, or mixing in broils and affairs of any kind.

I knew him as a soldier, true, earnest and faithful; brave, spirited and independent, but not impudent, insulting, or quarrelsome.

His friends here very much regret the unfortunate affair in which he was engaged, and while they would not exonerate him from the blame of his haste, stubbornness or imprudence, they would feel proud to defend his character as a citizen and soldier heretofore.

J. LOOMIS GOULD.

**LECTURE.**—The course of Sunday evening lectures at the Universalist Church, by Rev. Mr. Maguire, still continue. They are generally upon radical points of doctrine, and attract good audiences. "The subject of the next lecture is 'The Hell of the Old Testament'—from the text, 'The wicked shall be cast into hell, and all the nations that forget God.'"

**GOOD NEWS, INDEED!**—By referring to the proclamation of S. W. Atwood, one of the Portland Oyster Kings, it will be seen that the blockade of the bivalves has been broken, and that he is now prepared to answer orders to any extent.

So abundant is the supply, and so large is Atwood's heart, that even a hungry printer may possibly be enabled for once to fare sumptuously. *Quien sabe?*

**SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.**—The meeting notified for last evening, was postponed to next Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th inst.

**ANOTHER SALE.**—Hon. W. B. S. Moor has sold his residence on Silver Street—formerly the Samuel P. Shaw place—to his son, late of Montreal, who proposes to make it his home.

### OUR TABLE.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**—"Making the Magazine," the opening article of the December number, is one of our best stories and most interesting reading, with a well filled "Easy Chair," "Monthly Record of Current Events," "Editor's Drawer," etc., etc.

The number contains a new volume, and ample arrangements have been made to ensure that it shall be in every respect fully equal to any volume which has preceded it. "Porte Crayon" (Gen. D. H. Strother) will furnish a series of papers, illustrated by himself, describing scenes and incidents, of which he was a witness or participant, during the late war. Mr. J. Ross Browne will continue the illustrated narrative of his Journeys and Adventures in Nevada, Idaho, Salt Lake City, and other parts of the Far West.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, at \$4.00 a year, and sold by periodical dealers everywhere.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—The December number of this foremost of American magazines comes to hand just before we go to press. The Boston Advertiser, with abundant cause for examination, has the following enumeration of its contents:—

The Atlantic Monthly for December is a number of such extraordinary attraction and variety that its fame has gone before it, and its publication is looked for as eagerly by the public as any number since the magazine was started. The first part of Mr. Charles Reade's new story, which is entitled "Gentlemanly Gentry," begins the number, and is followed by William Cullen Bryant's translation of the famous text passage in Homer, "The Parting of Hector and Andromache." Mr. John Neal continues a rather egotistic reminiscence, with a sketch of William Blackwood, the founder of the magazine which still bears his name. The 17th number of Mrs. Stowe's "Climber's Career" series discusses, like the last one, the problem of the employment of women. Gail Hamilton has a paper headed "King James' First," not historical, as might be fancied from its title, but a sketch of a merry and mischievous household monarch two years and four months old. Dr. Samuel Osgood has a readable contribution on "Books for our Children," and Mr. Alexander Agassiz, the author of the treatise on Radiates, which we noticed a few days ago, one on the "Mystic of Catechizing Jelly Fishes." Charles Dickens appears, we believe for the first time, as a writer for the Atlantic, in a characteristic sketch of Adelaide Anne Procter. Mr. Sumner's Essay on "Clemency and Common Sense" is further described in its title as "A Curious Study in Literature with a Moral." The power of the number are three—"The Sleeper," by Bayard Taylor, "Dios To De," by C. C. Cox, and "Beyond," by J. T. Trowbridge. The anonymous serial, "The Forge," is continued with Mr. Mitchell's "Dr. John," which will last three or four months longer. The literary notices criticize Higginson's Epitaphs, Mill's Review of Hamilton, and Andrew Johnson's Speeches.

The prospectus of the Atlantic Monthly for 1866 announces that it will contain passages from Hawthorne's "Dirge," Reade's novel and Mrs. Stowe's essays, continuing through the year, stories by Bayard Taylor and Mrs. L. M. Child, and reminiscences of Landor. Mr. Longfellow will contribute to the January number.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

**GONBY'S LADY'S BOOK.**—The December issue of this old favorite is truly a Christmas number, containing four capital stories adapted to the season, and numerous charming characteristic engravings, besides an elegant title page, colored double extension fashion plate, and minor embellishments of the fashion department "too numerous to mention," as the advertisements say. Marion Harland will commence a new novel in the January number, in which will be re-published Mrs. Leslie's old favorite, "Mrs. Washington Potts."

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

**THE LADY'S FRIEND** for December has a very fine steel engraving illustrating the text—

"Children's children are the crown of old men,  
"And the glory of children are their fathers;"

with a beautiful title-page for the volume just completed; a double colored fashion-plate, and numerous engravings of fashionable novelties. The reading of the number is well up to the usual mark, and it includes many good stories.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.**—"Christmas Eve," and "Bringing home the Christmas Tree," in the December number, are two beautiful pictures for the season, and the same is true of "Winter." Miss Townsend concludes her story, "Whether it Paid," in this number, the sequel to which, entitled "Petroleum," will be commenced in the January number.

As we have often remarked, there is no better magazine for the family than Arthur's, and we are glad to learn that its circulation is rapidly increasing.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 per annum, a liberal discount being made to clubs.

**"THE WATERVILLIAN."**—A sheet, with this title, is issued once a year by the students of Waterville College, mainly filled with lists of the officers and members of the different organizations of the institution. No. IV., for 1865, which has just come to hand, indicates a prosperous condition of things in that worthy institution. The Roll of Honor is one to which the friends of Waterville may point with pride. In introducing it the editors say—

One hundred and fifty of the Sons of Waterville (alumni and students) have been engaged in the service of their country. They have been found in every rank from Private to Major General. They fought at Bull Run; and the last charge of the war was led by a member of the class of '64. They have suffered from wounds, from loss of health, from imprisonment in Southern dungeons, and eighteen have given their lives for the cause, but not one has faltered or hesitated to answer the call of duty. Well may their Alma Mater, not venerable in years nor richly endowed like her sisters, exclaim with the Roman matron, "These are my jewels."

We dislike to criticise our brethren of the press, but have they not some things in their handsome sheet that would have been more in place in a mock order?

**GYMNASTIC.**—We are glad to know that Miss Ford is succeeding finely in interesting her classes in gymnastics, though the number of pupils is much smaller than it ought to be. The adult class has reached but the fourth lesson, so that there is yet time to receive, probably, a full course. We earnestly advise our young ladies and gentlemen to improve the opportunity.

**SONS OF TEMPERANCE.**—The official report of the recent session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, held at Rockland, states that the number of Divisions in the State is 88, being 12 less than at the annual meeting last year, of which 68 made reports. Four new divisions have been chartered during the year. The initiations in the divisions which made returns, were 544; whole number of members 5341; lady visitors, 8921. The next quarterly meeting will be held at Bath on the 28th of January.

**A WONDER.**—Rev. Alexander McKenzie, pastor of the South Parish Congregational Church in Augusta, declines to leave his charge, although tempted abroad by an offer of a salary twice as large as he now receives.

The French are really evacuating Rome, the movement having commenced on the 5th.

### CATTLE MARKETS.

The number of cattle at market was about the same this week as the last, while the number of sheep fell off nearly four thousand. Prices were well sustained, rather to the disappointment of the buyers. Beef commonly called extra sold for 13 and 13 1-2; first quality, good oxen, beef steers, &c., 12 and 12 3-4; second quality, or good fair beef, 10 1-2 and 11 1-2; third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 9 and 10. Old sheep 6 and 6 cts. per lb. Sheep and lambs in lots, \$3 and 5 a head. In his remarks upon store cattle, the reporter of the Boston Advertiser says:—

Milch cows sell "like hot cakes." We have seldom, if ever, seen the yards of the retailers at Brighton cleared out so early and as entirely as to-day. Working oxen, especially those thin of flesh, have found a duller sale, we think, than any other stock at market.

The pirate Shenandoah turns up at Liverpool, and has been surrendered to the British authorities, the men being released unconditionally. The vessel will of course be turned over to the United States. An English paper says:—

"Since setting out on her work of destruction the Shenandoah has destroyed 37 vessels, the majority of which were whalers, and these were destroyed after the cessation of hostilities. To show how the operations of the Shenandoah affected the sperm oil market, we may state that her depredations amongst the whaling fleets has caused sperm oil to run up from £70 to £125 per ton, and it is likely to advance still further, as, until the news of the surrender of the Shenandoah is known in the ports from whence whalers depart, the Arctic seas will certainly be bare of the customary amount of whaling vessels."

Our readers will remember that several months since we stated that the steamer Laurel sailed from Liverpool for Modina with arms for the Shenandoah. Though this statement was promptly contradicted by the owner of the Laurel, yet in a very few weeks afterwards the homeward West African mail steamer soon confirmed the statement, for, while lying at Modina, the Laurel and the Shenandoah met, and the cargo of the former vessel was transferred to the latter, and the cruiser commenced work."

**PRICES.**—From Richardson Brothers & Co's. Price Current, for Nov. 18, we quote a few wholesale prices, that buyers here-about may guess what they ought to pay at retail:—Beans, medium, 2.25—Butter, good, 40 to 44—Cheese, good, 17 to 18—Eggs, 37 to 40—Flour, western-superfine, 7.75 to 8.00—Hay, prime shipping, 12 to 13.00—Round hogs, large, 16—Mutton carcasses 8 to 10—Kerosene Oil, best 80—Potatoes, Jackson, 2.00—Chickens, dressed, 20—Turkeys, extra, 21: fair to good, 16 to 18—Geese, fair to good 17—Wool 57 to 60—Apples, common, 2.50 to 3.50 per barrel—Dried apple, 17—Onions, 1.75 per barrel—Coffee, from 48, Rio 30—Sugar, granulated, 20.

Seven missionaries and twenty-nine thousand gallons of rum went out from Christian Boston, the other day, in the same vessel, bound for Monrovia—offering salvation with one hand and dispensing liquid damnation with the other.

**CAN IT BE TRUE?**—It is related that Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, was so disheartened by the destruction of his splendid church by fire, that he said to a reporter of one of the dailies, who endeavored to procure information from him, "All is gone; the labor of my life is ended; that church will never be re-built, and I wish you would let me alone." Poor man! having devoted his whole life to the building of a costly idol, he suddenly finds it shattered. He may well question the wisdom of his course, and submit to the wholesome correction.

**WESTBROOK SEMINARY.**—The sum of \$10,000, necessary to secure the grant from the State, in aid of this institution, has been secured. Gen. Hersey, of Bangor, has also subscribed five thousand dollars, on condition that others will do as much more; in response to which, Mr. Goddard, of Boston, has subscribed twenty-five hundred, and others seven hundred, leaving only eighteen hundred to be raised to secure the liberal donation of Gen. H.

**LEVEE.**—The Unitarian Society, we are informed, are making arrangements to hold a levee, for the purpose of raising funds to furnish their house.

A gentleman just from Appomattox Court House states that "there is nothing left of the apple tree under which General Lee surrendered but a hole in the ground, and it is feared that unless the hole is fenced in that also will be removed by curiosity seekers." A liberal sample of this famous tree was sent home by Capt. George Scammon, of our village, which is in the possession of his parents.

**GEN. GRANT** is en route for Texas. Some, in consideration of his well known opinions and other significant indications, prophesy that mischief is brewing for the newly established empire of Mexico.

**ALL RIGHT.**—A good, well conducted, orderly and consequently well deserving Saloon, where good things can be found in good hands, is that of Mr. THORNE, nearly opposite the Williams House.

**WELL STATED.**—The Springfield Republican thus forcibly contrasts the two political parties of the country:—

"The Republican party was the agency which the people used to carry through the war and save the nation. It did its work triumphantly. The Democratic party was the political agency which the rebels used to stop the war and dismember the nation. The people, in their rage, ground it to powder at the polls. There is nothing in the history of human audacity and folly so audacious and foolish as the demand that the people do now resurrect this Democratic party and commit it to the interests of the country which it labored to destroy!"

**NOISY BOYS.**—The editor of the Cleveland Herald, whom we will bet was a "good boy" takes up the cudgel in defence of noisy boys, as follows:—

Noise is a safety valve; physically and morally. Noisy boys seldom are the bad boys of a village; the quiet, demure, reticent, still boys, are those who sneak around dark corners, and slip into back rooms of the village nuisance—the grocery; who rob melon patches, lift gates off their hinges, shave horses' tails, and on moonless nights trip up good people by a rope stretched across the walk. A noisy boy, is usually a frank boy; overflowing with animal spirit, ready to hop, skip and jump, play "gould," tag, snap the whip, or leap frog. But such a boy is not dodging in and out of back alleys, such a boy does not creep out at his chamber window to the kitchen roof, thence to the shed roof, thence to the ground, for a night expedition, after the rest of the family are asleep.

Noise is not "good" for headache, noise disturbs weak nerves, but noise steals nothing, noise sets no barn on fire, noise never gambles; therefore we say if boys do nothing worse than make a noise, for humanity's sake do not confine them for that.

Dr. Raleigh, in giving his report to his Congregational brethren in England of what he had seen in this country, said:—

"From what he had seen in his travels, he was more than ever sure that slavery was the real cause of the war, that in its defence the South drew the sword; and if it was not expressly to uphold slavery that the North so vigorously resisted, they felt slavery beneath the whole conflict, and they struck at the vile system as public law and constitutional honor and fairness would allow them; and when the end came there was a general sigh of relief, and an exclamation at any rate felt by all, 'Thank God it is now gone!'"

**PREMIUM CROPS.** Among the statements submitted with applications for premiums on crops, at the late fair in this place, is the following from Mr. Obed Emery, of Fairfield:—  
On 100 square rods, 30 bushels wheat, \$37 50  
230 pumpkins, 9 20  
4 1-2 bushels beans, 11 68  
Vegetable for family, worth 3 00  
Corn and bean fodder, 5 00

Expense of cultivation, 66 38  
Profit, 24 75

Mr. Ephraim Hatch, of Clinton Gore, raised, on five acres and sixty-six rods of new land, 212 bushels of rye, 57 pounds to the bushel—the estimated worth, including ten tons of straw, being \$274. The average per acre was 39 bushels. He estimates the cost of raising and harvesting at \$98 50; leaving a profit of \$175 50.

Mr. Hatch also reports 84 bushels of White Winter Wheat from two acres and 128 rods; being at the rate of 31 1-4 bushels to the acre. Estimated value of crop \$256, including straw; expense \$32—profit \$224.

**J. FREEMAN**, of Portland, so long, so widely and so favorably known to dealers in and eaters of oysters, has put his rakes into a real bed of giants for the coming campaign. Our annual "reminder," brings us samples big enough for pancakes. Direct your orders to J. Freeman, 85 Federal-st., and hand to our kind and polite friend Hilton, at the Express office, and if you don't get oysters No. 1, we promise to eat them for nothing.

**RIGHTS OF RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.**—It will be remembered that a verdict of guilty was rendered against Mr. Thomas O. Gould, the veteran conductor on the Grand Trunk Railway, for assault and battery in ejecting a passenger from the car, who refused to pay the rate required from those who do not purchase tickets before entering the cars.

Exceptions to the ruling of the presiding judge were taken and the case was carried up to the full bench, where it was argued by Attorney General Peters for the State, and P. Barnes, Esq., for defendant. The Court, in an opinion drawn up by Judge Kent, sustained the exceptions and granted a new trial. The opinion of the Court is as follows:—

"It is a reasonable regulation for a railroad corporation to fix rates of fare by a tariff posted on their stations, and allow a uniform discount on these rates to those who purchase their tickets before entering the cars."

A passenger, who has thus neglected to purchase a ticket, has no right to claim the discount; and if he refuses to pay the conductor the fare established by the tariff, the conductor is justified in compelling him to leave the train at a regular station."—[Port. Press.

**ENGLAND'S RESPONSIBILITY.**—The following extract from an editorial in the New York Times, considering that paper's accredited relations towards Secretary Seward, has no little significance:—

"No nation less arrogant than England would dream for a moment of being allowed to dismiss all responsibility for such wrongs by a haughty assertion that her honor and good faith must not be brought into question. Her honor and good faith are not involved unless she chooses to drag them into the arena. It is not a question of good faith or bad, but of right and wrong. Was her conduct in accordance with international law? Was it consistent with her obligations to a friendly power? Was it the fulfillment of the duties of a neutral nation? If it was, very well; she has nothing then to answer for. If it was not, then she is responsible for the consequences of her own wrongful acts, whether they were committed in good faith or not. And to that responsibility Great Britain in this case will be held. She has never been asked to submit the decision of these questions to arbitration, nor will she be. The United States government understands the requirements of international law, and the reciprocal relations and duties of neutrals and belligerents, quite as well as England does, and will be quite as tenacious and peremptory in enforcing upon others conformity to their requirements. She may not be as peremptory in asserting the infallibility of her own understanding of them, but neither will she be any more easily daunted or deterred from resisting arrogant assumptions than the part of others."

According to the address of the State Teachers' Association of Tennessee, there are 83,000 adults in that State who can neither read nor write, and 300,000 children without school advantages. It seems that one-quarter of the adults are totally illiterate.

A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, who signs himself "Radical," says President Johnson is allowing the unrepentant Southern rebels to "spin their own hemp, to hang themselves." It looks like it surely, and copperheads may hang in the same string.

So complete was the consumption of the wood along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad by the opposing armies, that it has been found necessary to adapt the engines now in operation there to coal-burning.

**FICTITIOUS PRICES FOR SHEEP.**—Our readers cannot have failed to notice and remember the reports of large and extravagant prices said to have been paid for sheep, particularly of the merino breed during the past year, until, in some cases it would seem as if the animal was almost literally worth its weight in gold. We have always considered that all such stories, should be taken with a great many grains of allowance, and now it seems that, in many cases at least, the prices reported as received are fictitious, and only reported for the purpose of inducing those who are "not posted," to pay a large price for an animal. In other and plainer terms, it is downright cheating and swindling, or obtaining a price under false pretences. The modus operandi, or how the process is carried on, is thus described in a letter to the Rural New Yorker:—

"I bought a buck; the price agreed on was \$75, but I received at the same time one ewe as a present. I was offered \$10,000 for my stock buck last winter, but I was to hand back all but a small sum—less than the buck was worth. I went to Ohio to get some Leicester. He asked \$20 for a buck lamb. I would pay him but \$10. I was about to leave, when he said it was all it was worth and he would let me have it, but he would keep up his price. I said, I, how? Says he, give me \$20 and I'll refund \$10. Another case was that of—  
of Shelby Co., Ohio. He bought a buck of the Canada Leicester breed for \$100. So he told me when I went to see the sheep. My brother, who lived in the same town with him, told me he paid for the said buck in this way: \$10 in money, and one common blood ewe, which was called the other \$90. One Dr. ——— of La-grange Co., Ind., said in my hearing, that he paid \$3000 for a Merino buck. One of his neighbors told me that the man he bought of made the doctor a present of 30 ewes of the same breed at the same time."

This letter was from a reliable man and a dealer in sheep. It shows the other side of the picture. By giving place to this letter and offering these remarks, we would not be understood as asserting that all reports of sales at large prices are fictitious. Not so. Too many of them, we know are true, for as we stated in a previous article, people will run their hobbies, and high priced sheep are now all the rage, to the detriment of many a purse.

The Vicksburg Herald thus speaks its views:—"If any radical was ever black enough in his views to suppose the people of Mississippi would endow negro schools, for their ilk to teach the rising ebullition hatred of his former master, but his best friend, then such chaps had better take to marching on with John Brown's soul; they will hardly reach the object of their desires short of the locality where John is kicking and waiting. The State has not opened them, nor has she the slightest idea of doing any thing of the kind."

In giving the substance of a conversation between the rebel General Joseph E. Johnston and a citizen of New York, the Herald says, "speaking of the question of slavery. Gen. Johnston said very warmly: 'But for that institution Virginia would have been a richer State than New York to-day.'"

There are now altogether thirty-seven States in the Union, the ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths, or twenty-eight, of which is necessary to make the amendment a part of the national constitution. In twenty-five Legislatures it has now been rejected; but one at least of the latter—New Jersey—was secured by the late election for its ratification this winter, and it will also pass in the Legislatures of California and Oregon at their next sessions. These will comply to the requisite number of twenty-eight.

**COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.** There is no need of any one's having the dyspepsia, for it has been demonstrated beyond fear of contradiction that Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will certainly cure it. Constipation, the most prolific cause of ill health, is surely cured by the Cure. Sick-headache, cramps, pains, or cold in either stomach or bowels, instantly yield to its power.

We are in the midst of Revolution! Genuine European perfumes are no longer procurable here. The tariff blockades our ports against them. But in their place stands Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," the superlative of all floral extracts, and every American lady wonders as she inhales its odor, how she could ever have tolerated them. Sold every where.

The Pittsburgh Commercial concludes that the "Tylerizing" of Andrew Johnson has been postponed indefinitely. We presume so, and the Johnsonizing of the Democratic party is likewise at an end.—[Buffalo Express.

**C. L. Vallandigham** visited Eaton, Ohio, one night recently, to transact some business. It was reported in the town that he proposed to make a speech, whereupon a mob of young men gathered to prevent him. They chased Mr. Vallandigham over fields and fences, and succeeded in knocking him down just as he reached the railroad train, but he finally got away without serious injuries. It would appear that Mr. Vallandigham is not very popular in Eaton.

A clergyman who was stopped by a highwayman named Pitohole and Titusville, in the oil region, said







