



12-1-1865

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 22): December 1, 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. 22): December 1, 1865" (1865). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 118.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/118](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/118)

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.



## AN AUTUMN EVENING.

Is scattered plumes the floating clouds  
Went drifting down the west,  
Like birds that in her haven soon  
Would moor and be at rest.  
The day sank down a monarch red  
Upon Night's sable breast.

The wind was all but hushed asleep,  
Yet now and then it stirred  
A great tree's top, and whispering  
Awoke a slumbering bird,  
Who half aroused, but only chirped  
A song of just a word.

And in the west a rosy light  
Spread out a thousand arms,  
Each with a torch, whose crimson fire  
Stretched o'er the peaceful farms,  
And o'er the yellow corn, that lay  
Unconscious of all harms.

Then changed into a waste of blue  
A desert tract of air,  
Where no red clouds, like Indian flowers,  
Bore blossoms bright and fair;  
And over all, a sense of want  
And something lost was there.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

## A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

[CONCLUDED.]

John found his master still plunged in reverie before the fire, whose attendant genii—the shadows of home flitting to and fro around him in a mystical dance, seemed to promise—for even shadows grow prophetic on Christmas-Eve—something strange and sweet for Bachelor Rogers' Christmas-gift. Poor, lonely Bachelor Rogers! to whom no one brought gifts on Christmas-Eve! So the friendly-hearted phantoms took compassion on his evil state, and danced in prophetic glaze for the "good time coming."

"I think," said the master, "you've been gone a long time—haven't you, John?"

"Waited for an answer, sir," handing—the note.

A little waft of perfume, stealing out from the same, took our friend by surprise. A strange, pleasant sensation—was it oyle?—seemed to fly out from the missive, as he touched it, and tingle along his nerves.

"Light the gas, John"—the tone brisk and alert.

John complying—lingered.

A rose-colored seal, a spice of perfume, a fairy sheet of satin paper delicately characterized.

"Ha! ha! ha! Why, John, upon my word, it's a woman's note!"

Oh! the mellow ring of Bachelor Rogers' laugh! the concentrated emphasis upon the words, a woman's note!—they spoke a volume of yearning, of chivalrous, deep-hearted, deference, that kept a man, "tender and true," could have kept pure and unsullied through all these years of hand-to-hand encounter with life and destiny.

The words that our friend found inscribed on the satin paper, with its scent of spice, were briefly these:—

"Mrs. Lee accepts, with pleasure, Mr. Rogers' invitation for herself and daughters."

"Why, John, bless your heart!" cries his master, "you went to the wrong house. It was gentlemen I expected—not ladies!"

The tone of deference again.

"Well, sir," says John, with solemn demeanour, "I can call back, sir, and say it's all a mistake."

"Call back again and say it's a mistake! Are you wide-awake, John? Take back an invitation to ladies! Not if I know myself. No, John, they're coming—actually coming to brighten up these stiff rooms with their presence. Coming in the place of dull jokes, and stupid wine-draughts, and empty hi-arity, that leaves the heart and soul empty. God bless them for being willing to come! and bless you, John, for being the means of bringing them. It's the luckiest mistake you ever made, John."

Bachelor Rogers threw back his head and walked up and down, alert, vigorous, rubbing his bronzed hands in an effervescence of good-humor and delight.

"Yes, yes, John, we'll get ready for them. Oh! I'll have a Christmas dinner, I promise you! How many are there of them, John?"

"Well, there's a lady, you can't call her old, but she's older than the other one, which is her daughter; and there's a little one likewise, the daughter of the older lady, and her name is May."

"A little child coming, too?" says our friend, with reverence in his voice.

"Yes, sir; and her mother mentioned that maybe you was going to have a Christmas-tree."

"Well, so I am, John, of course. And if you think of anything else, just let me know."

"I will, sir. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, John—good-night. I think—at least something seems to tell me that it's going to be a lucky Christmas for you, John."

And the master contemplates his man with such an expression of complete benevolence, that John retreats in a frame of mind sufficiently bewildered for Christmas-Eve; his last words being, as he takes a thorough warning before the kitchen fire.

"She certainly is the triggest specimen I've seen this year."

"Who's that?" inquires cook, briskly waking out of a doze, and rubbing her eyes.

"Not you, cook—not you," says John, stalking off to bed.

This assertion is not difficult of belief, as cook weighs somewhere near two hundred pounds; and, in the way of figure, gives the general impression of a stout feather pillow slightly compressed in the middle.

Cook, not at all nonplussed at the retort, chuckles, rubs her nose, says, "not me! Oh, no, of course!—though I did have a figger once upon a time," and relapses again into slumber.

The house falls asleep. The fires burn deep into the night, and their tall, genii shadows come and go, weave mystic dances, while to and fro through the brain of one sleeper wander, thoughts of long-ago, joining hands with something strange and sweet that was to be, yet never was—that yet shall be, the shadows promise in their mystic dance.

Once or twice, Bachelor Rogers wakes and ejaculates aloud in accents of remorse, "If my invitation had only been less brusque. They'll think I'm a snappish, snarling old curmudgeon. And if I had only left out 'six o'clock, sharp,' and signed myself, 'yours faithfully, or 'yours until death,' or something of that sort, you know."

And then our friend falls asleep and dreams like a child of Christmas-trees, and holly berries, and mistletoe, and something strange and sweet yet to be.

The little brown house on the block above, where the mantels are wooden, and not marble, falls asleep also. And the princess that was sorrowful when awake, is very happy in her dreams. Oh! lovely dreams she has, wherein, Cuthbert, her lover, comes home, and holding her fast in his arms, says he will go away no more!

The mother dreams also—far back into the years of childhood. A slender stripling, who wears a girl's blushes on his cheek, ever restless when in her company, draws her, a demure maiden on a vermillion sled, barred with gilt, over a crisp expanse of snow-golden lights in the horizon.

## Waterville Mail.

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1865.

NO. 22.

Waking, Mrs. Lee hears the tinkle of snow crystals against the window-pane, and whispers to her heart.

"Yes, he never came back. How could he when all on board perished?"

As for child May, it would have been useless to undertake her dreamings. The story of Aladdin were lame beside a child's dreams on Christmas-Eve. Dear old Santa Claus himself is the only one fit to rehearse them!

"We have heaps of work to do this morning," remarked our friend, the next day; "and you know the stores close early."

But a well-filled purse, especially if it be of the Fortunatus order, can accomplish wonders; and at ten minutes before six our friend, entering his drawing-rooms, was almost satisfied with the result. Not quite, you know, for Bachelor Rogers had remarked a number of times to John, as they prosecuted their labors, "I am expecting ladies! you know, John."

"At six o'clock, sharp"—with what utter contempt did our friend now repudiate that odious phrase, as he called it, to himself—the ladies came.

Jenny, demure-eyed, smooth-haired Jenny, was with them. John led the way up-stairs, and watched her, as she, intent on business, deftly removed wrapping, set away over shoes, etc.

When her task was accomplished the result was radiant. Mother, Princess Alice, and the child May, seemed the lovely and loving spirits of Christmas-time, bringing hope and gladness wherever they might come.

When John, throwing open the door, announced to his master the arrival of his guests, Bachelor Rogers came forward to receive them with the air of a knight paladin. Sir Grandison himself never made a bow half so profound, or so devoutly deferential.

When he lifted his eyes, and the winsome vision of the three stood completely disclosed, our friend became the victim of bewilderment, so profound and complete, as to be beyond words to tell. He seemed like a man walking in a labyrinth, perplexed, however, not by fear, but by some strange, delicious happiness.

"Your invitation was a surprise to us," murmurs Mrs. Lee.

"Oh! I've been acquainted with you all this long time," declares our friend; and his laugh rang out joyous and mellow as the chime of Christmas bells.

Though no one disputed this extraordinary statement of Bachelor Rogers, yet it was noticeable that after that he seemed incapable of uttering one coherent sentence until—His guests, discreetly unconscious of our friend's unnatural writhings with his mother-tongue, from which he always retired worsted, having said the very thing he didn't mean, proceeded to admire everything with the most naive and bewitching enthusiasm.

And truly master and servant had acquitted themselves with credit. Festive garlands of Christmas greenery swung everywhere, the scarlet shine of holly-berries lighted them all with its bright-as; but no one guessed, not even child May, of the stately Christmas-tree, that stood enshrined behind the purple shimmer of the silken curtains.

It were idle to tell of that day's dinner, or of all the singular feasts perpetrated by our friend during his numerous courses. How he called familiar dishes by the most perplexing epithets; how he began a story in the middle, and forgot the ending; and how he persisted, at times, in behaving as if he had been acquainted with his three guests all his lifetime, instead of seeing them for the first time to-day.

When they came back to the drawing-room, there was a brilliant surprise for little May.

There stood a famous Christmas-tree, resplendent with lights, and bearing abundantly the fruit of the season.

"That is for you, *mignon*," says our friend. "For me!"

May stood transfixed, hands folded on her breast, large eyes coruscant, lips apart. Glancing from the tree to our friend, she made a little run into his arms, gave him a squeeze of untold delight, then pounced upon her treasures.

Princess Alice came to the rescue, and turning herself into another child with laughing and amazement, plundered the willing tree.

The elder couple stood apart. Then Bachelor Rogers, putting forth his hand, led Mrs. Lee to a seat, and took his place beside her.

"I have a Christmas story to tell you. Will you listen?"

Bachelor Rogers' manner was quite coherent now; but his eyes were wet, and his voice trembled strangely.

"I will listen willingly," murmurs Mrs. Lee. What strange vibration was it that quivered along every nerve.

"I remember a lovely little child, then, much like your May here—eyes the same, curls the same, rose-bud mouth just the same. She used to let me kiss her then—an innocent little child, you know! She grew older, Mrs. Lee. Your Alice looks like her, only not quite so beautiful—at least I think not. I used to draw her then—we grew up together, you see—on my boy's sled across the snow; the sled was a red one, barred with gilt, and called the Alice. Is that your name, dear lady?"

Mrs. Lee was trembling now. A strong arm closed around her—a voice that held the music of youth said, "Do not tremble, the end is coming."

"The boy almost a man, the girl very near a woman—but she was always that with her gentle, loving ways—parted. He went to sea. The curl she gave him at parting he keeps it still."

"They said all on board perished," sobbed Mrs. Lee; "but I never forgot him—never, never!"

"Do you love him still? Oh, Alice! Alice! Alice!"

Princess Alice and little May turn to look at the outcry. What strange spectacle is this? Their mother sobbing on Bachelor Rogers' breast.

At that moment there is a tap at the door. That excellent fellow John, fearing Jenny was "lonesome," had felt it his duty to take a run up to the little brown house and escort her to his master's house. To his amazement he found her setting forth with a young man so handsome, so self-possessed, so altogether at home with her, that John was posed.

"Oh, Jenny!" whispered poor John, "you never told me you was keeping company."

"No more I am," retorted that damsel, saucily.

ly. "He's Miss Alice's husband that is to be. Do you think I'd lift my eyes to the like of him?"

"Oh!" says John, a lead taken off his heart. So Jenny and her escorts arrive, and she taps on the door, then vanishes with one of them to the realm beneath.

Princess Alice somewhat decorously shocked at the mysterious conduct of her mamma, opens the door, cries "Cuthbert," and follows her mother's example. Poor little May, sorely puzzled, looks from one couple to the other; then discerning in the last arrival a person upon whom she has a decided claim, precipitates herself upon him, and insists upon sharing in his embrace.

Then they all come back to the room. Bachelor Rogers tells his story, winding it up with, "And you never knew me, Alice? I knew you at once—little May is your childhood, Alice here your girlhood; and the woman beside me, your own dear self, my wife that is to be."

Mrs. Lee denies not. Princess Alice, her tender mouth in a quiver, cries,

"Are you going to leave me, Cuthbert, when they are so happy?"

And Bachelor Rogers answers for him a resonant, decided "No," that settles the question, and makes the lovers happy.

Look forward a little. Bachelor Rogers loses his title, and wins the hope of his youth. Cuthbert and Princess Alice find that a wedding is just as joyful on New-Year's Eve as it would have been on Christmas-Eve. In fact, the best beginning in the world for the New-Year, especially when Cuthbert is partner in the famous shipping-house of Rogers & Co. As for John and Jenny—John's Christmas was as good as his word, made it a "lucky Christmas" for him—for the twain found themselves "set up" in housekeeping, and John once more his own boss, as in times past, before a run of misfortune had befallen him, and driven him defeated, but not conquered, into service.

Having thus looked forward, come back again and be content to linger a moment in the happy room where the lovers sit. Fire-light was pleasantest, they all said. So they sit in the sweet light of home and talk of the beautiful future.

May, the discreetest of children, has wisely gone to sleep, her hands full of treasures, her head in her sister's lap. Our friend and the older Alice sit hand-in-hand, and again he says, "You never knew me, Alice."

"Ah! how I find in the bronzed, broad-chested man the boy who blushed so! But I shall learn to find him now, and love them both in one."

Here the shadows that have been dancing feebly, mutely suggesting, "Are we not fine shadows that keep our promise true?" Here these fireside genii show two shadows bending towards one another, kissing one another, as those who have remembered through years and trials have the best right to do. Happy, holy, blessed Christmas-time, when even the very shadows love one another, and prophecy only of hope and joy!

I have written you a Christmas story. There are tears in it, but it ends happily, as such stories should. Yet I forget not how lonely many a heart will be this year at Christmas-time; I forget not how sad the memories we must entwine with our garlands and berries of the holy.

But, oh! hearts that suffer, ye must not be too sad at this holy season. Look up where the Star of the East is shining. Its luster is falling even upon the graves of our beloved, and we dare not sorrow as those without hope!

IMPROVE THE EVENINGS.—Come boys, the evenings are long, the day's work is done, the chores are finished up, supper is over, and there is a long evening before you. Now get out the slate and arithmetic and let us have some of those problems performed. Can you cast the interest on a note? If not, turn to Interest and see how it is done. One of the first things you will have to do when you get into the world to do business for yourselves, will be to cast up interest, and you should learn to do that thing correctly and without confusion. Can you make out a bill of goods? If not, get out your arithmetic and see how that is done. Everybody should know how to do that, yet many do not know how to do it correctly. Can you write a note of hand? We once knew a young man, who lost his whole year's wages by not knowing how to write a note so as to be a legal instrument.

If you will read the histories of the most distinguished men in this country, you will find that they improved their leisure hours in reading and study. There is something very inspiring in the clear air of our fall and winter evenings, which renders them absolutely perfect for the purposes of study. The condition of the young man who loiters about the shops during his winter evenings and the one who spends his time in study will be as wide as can well be imagined in ten years hence. We know a classmate, now President of a University, who worked in a shop all day long, and frequently evenings till nine o'clock, yet he spent all his leisure moments and early and late hours in fitting for college. When we see a young man taking such a course, we can most certainly stamp upon him at once,—"No failure here," and send him out into the world with the assurance that he will succeed.

A large majority of boys, and girls too, at the present day, suffer their minds to be clouded by the trashiest sort of reading. Anything really useful is loathsome to them. Instead of this, young man, read some good history or biography, study some book on Natural Philosophy or Chemistry, Arithmetic or Algebra. We remember once advising a boy to study the principles of draughting and perspective, and now he is one of the best architects in the State. There is no middle ground to a young man now-a-days. He will be something or nothing.—[Maine Farmer.]

The new bridge about to be suspended over the Ohio River at Cincinnati will be the longest structure of the kind in the world, being more than two thousand feet longer than that over the Niagara River, and five hundred and forty feet longer than the Menai Bridge, England. Its total span will be one thousand and fifty-seven feet.

The Liverpool Post, speaking of the pirate Shenandoah, says that many of the crew were Liverpool men, who on landing went directly to their homes.

## THE CROOKED PICKLES.

The sound of brisk steps, directions in subdued tones, the carefully laid tea table with its china and silver, all confirmed Minnie Varen's whispered, "We've got company. Aren't you glad, Dede? Uncle Aaron's come." And fond Aunt Lucy had granted the inmost wish of her little heart by allowing her to think herself useful on this great domestic occasion.

"May I get the pickles?"

"Mind and pick out all the straight ones, dear."

"Yes'm;" and back she skipped with a playful, so green, so hard, so sure to be brittle, that even fastidious Aunt Lucy was satisfied.

Minnie dropped into her little chair, watching for an opportunity "to take a step for auntie," and as she sat, grave lines were drawn upon the serious little face, and drew Aunt Lucy's eyes toward her, busy as she was.

"Why did you tell me to get straight pickles, Aunt Lucy?"

"Oh, because they look a little nicer for company. The crooked ones taste as well."

Minnie fell back, pondering the idea she could not express.

"Aunt Lucy?"

"What, dear?"

"Do you love Uncle Aaron better than you do Uncle John? Didn't you tell me Uncle John was a dear good man. Aren't they both your brothers, just the same?"

"Indeed they are, and I love them both," answered Miss True, quick tears dimming her glasses.

"But—but"—the earnest eyes, the quivering lip asked permission to go on. Miss True's smile granted it.

"You have made toast, and cooked chicken, and put on the prettiest dishes for Uncle Aaron, but when Uncle John was here you said, 'Never mind, the blue dishes are just as well,' and you didn't tell me to get the straight pickles, either. But, auntie, I'm very sure you told me to treat my little playmates just alike."

"Well, Minnie, I knew that Uncle Aaron was more particular about his eating than Uncle John. He is used to having things very nice at home, while Uncle John is not."

"I know," chimed in the flexible, expressive child's voice. "I know why—because Uncle John is poor. But, auntie, if he don't get nice things often, won't he like them better when he does?"

This naive home question, put with moist eyes and deprecating tone, was too much for Aunt True. She would have boxed a pert child's ears, but she answered Minnie (would that all of us could be as wise!) humbly:

"Dear child, Aunt Lucy was wrong; she loves her brothers just alike, and means to treat them so, and when Uncle John comes again, he shall have a nice supper."

"Yes, and I'll get the straight pickles, too!"

"I declare," said Aunt Lucy, shutting herself into the buttery while the four years of experience outside walked away with a happy face, "I declare, Lucinda, that child of yours does ask such questions; did you hear her?"

I shall never see a crooked pickle again, without being ashamed of myself. You must be careful; that pickle jar has taught Minnie more 'a' out the sin of respect to persons than the whole second chapter of James would have done."

IN SEASON.—"I am very sorry to have kept you waiting," said George with a blush, as he took his seat in the carriage for a drive; "I hope you have not been here long."

"Just thirty minutes," said the old gentleman.

Then carefully folding up his newspaper, he gathered up the reins and gave them a little admonitory shake.

"I am very sorry, indeed; but you see I was detained, and could not get off."

He would have colored deeper if obliged to explain the frivolous cause of his delay.

"If it could not be helped," said the other, of course it is all right; but if it might have been avoided, why it is another matter. Half hours are precious things, my boy, and you will find them so if you live long. Punctuality must be a young man's watchword if he ever hopes to make anything of himself or opportunities. I had a young friend once in New Haven, who went into business for himself, just as you hope to this fall, but he had this standard failing, he was always a little behind time."

I remember once he had need of a thousand dollars to make a payment on a certain day. He could have gathered it up easily enough if he had begun in time. But the day came, and he was in a great perplexity. Still there was an easy way out of the difficulty. He ran around to an obliging friend and borrowed the sum for three days. Well, he felt quite at his ease after the bill was paid, and the three days slipped by thoughtlessly, and he was no more ready to pay the borrowed money than he was to pay the other. It could not make any difference with the merchant, he was sure, and he hastened to him with abundant apologies.

"It will make no difference with me at all," said the gentleman blandly, "but it will make much difference with you."

"How so?" asked the other.

"I shall never lend you again," he said as politely as if it were a pleasant gift he was communicating.

I was young then, and I always remembered the little circumstance, and have often been influenced by it. Poor E. did not succeed very well. Business men will soon lose confidence in you, George, if you are not always as good as your word, and every one needs the good-will of his fellows. Perfect punctuality should be your highest aim in this respect. You will lose untold amounts of time for want of it, and cause others to do the same. This is the worst kind of pilfering. Stolen gold can be got back, or replaced, but no power can bring back a lost half hour."

M. Saint-Hilaire, president of the Society of Acclimation, was invited by a member of the Hippocratic Society to taste of a kind of meat undoubtedly new to him. The learned doctor thought his opinion was sought for in regard to some rare and newly-introduced animal; and so, after having duly tasted it, he gave it thus: "In my opinion it is of the utmost importance to acclimatize this animal!" It was horse.

Bishop Simpson favors the payment of the rebel war debt when it becomes due, that is, after "the independence of the rebel States has been secured."

## How to get Rich in the Winter.

"Beneficent Nature converts all her phenomena into so many sources of pleasure to man; and if we attend to her procedure, it will be found that her most common appearances are the most agreeable."—St. Pierre.

The farmer is too little in the habit of looking at life in its varied aspects. He forgets that he is what his mind makes him; that when once in comfortable circumstances—not affluent—the possession of a thousand, or tens of thousands more, can add nothing to his real happiness. All, after that, depends upon his own state of mind.

If he reflects upon the natural phenomena about him, and occasionally reveals his thoughts to the family circle, there will soon spring up the most delightful companionship among them; all will advance in scientific knowledge, books will be introduced and studied, and a sweet serenity and calm contentment of mind will pervade the whole household.

This is true wealth; a wealth of which he cannot be deprived, so long as reason holds her sway. Corporations may refuse dividends, banks may be robbed or withhold their discounts, but these will not reach that mine of wealth locked up in the recesses of the mind. He will not be obliged to roam for subjects of contemplation, for he will find them in his daily walks, ever new, varying and instructive. Thus, he will daily exclaim,—

"My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find."

These are immortal riches,—not the paltry incomes of doubtful six per cent. stocks, that frequently take unto themselves wings and fly away,—but riches that yield some an hundred and some a thousand fold! Riches that bring joy, peace, contentment,—not cancer and care. Riches that multiply themselves the more we use them, and bring us nearer and nearer to God.

The months of November and December are the peculiarly fitting time for the farmer to acquire them, because, coming so recently from the heat and dust of the fields, the change will be a grateful one. Who will fail to secure such treasures?—[N. E. Farmer.]

DR. TYNG OF NEW YORK.—The church in which this able and popular divine officiated, was recently destroyed by fire. "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, speaks of Dr. Tying thus:—

His church, large as a cathedral, was always full. Several buildings were erected for his Sunday Schools and bible classes, and no church equalled his in the Sunday-school department.

Inside of his church he was a thorough, consistent, churchman. Outside he was a liberal Catholic Christian. He was an early advocate of the temperance cause wherever his friends were gathered. He has been an eloquent and courageous champion of the anti-slavery cause. Quite as much sympathy, probably more, has been felt for him by outsiders, than by members of his own denomination. Indeed, he is not popular with churchmen. His Catholic spirit and love of Union is displeasing to many. I have not heard of a single Episcopal Church being offered to his people, while the Baptists, Presbyterians, Reformed Dutch, and 1. Methodists hastened to place their most elegant and largest churches at the disposal of his wandering flock.

HENS.—After all that has been done for the improvement of fowls, not more than one-half of those who keep hens succeed in having them lay through the year. There are some who always do succeed and of course, reap large profits. What is the secret of success? It is neither difficult nor beyond the reach of every family who occupies a few rods of land. The hen-house need not be expensive, but should be so constructed as to be neither too hot in summer, nor too cold in winter. It should be washed with a mixture of lime and salt on the inside. Select the best breeds and put several kinds together; feed regularly, and let them always have sufficient clean water. They should have both animal and vegetable food, plenty of pounded mortar, brick, burned bones, etc. Bones not burned and pulverized make a most excellent food for laying hens. Give them peppers and pickles. They need acids to prevent their becoming too fat. Pickled peppers are better than cayenne. A slight seasoning of salt in their food is good. Sand or ashes should be provided for them to dust themselves in. If they wish to set, let them stand in a tub or barrel with one or two inches of water for a day or two. Above all, they should have regular attention every day. In this way, some do succeed in having their hens lay the year round. We should be glad to find more accomplishing the same thing; as it would contribute not only to the health of the family, but be of great advantage to the pocket.

[N. E. Farmer.]

Two white men, John M. Brown and Christopher C. Reasey, having been convicted by a Military Commission of the murder of a negro named Nellie West, in Taliaferro County, Georgia, were sentenced to be hanged. The President has approved of the sentence and ordered the execution to take place on the first Friday in January.

We advise an easier application of the same principle, and quite as good. The curative power of the tea lies in the tannic acid (tannin) it contains. Now get five grains of tannin for two cents of the apothecary, and a teaspoonful of glycerine. Put them together, and add a tablespoonful of water, or rose water if you choose. Apply this to the sty every two hours with the end of the finger, and it will generally disappear—the sty, we mean, not the finger.

[Boston Courier.]

Punch gives the following as a rule for railway travelling:—"Will you allow me, sir, to offer you a cigar?" "Thank you; but I never smoke." "Have you any objection to my lighting one, sir?" "Oh, no, none in the least." This plan is infallible with the most Puritanical looking fellow traveller. Never think of putting the second question first. The production of the cigar and the generous offer are sure to disarm all crusty objections. Try it.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." Nevertheless, in a conflict with a high-woman, a ten-barrelled revolver makes the result rather more certain.

A SHORT SERMON.—The rebels often liken themselves to the Prodigal Son, and think that they should be received, like



# Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... DEC. 1, 1865.



**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required in this office.  
S. E. RILEY, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 100 State Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required in this office.  
Advertisements 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'."

**WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?**—All parties, as well as all men, claim good names; but actions are the only standard by which they can be judged. Democracy is a good name, and in a government aiming to be democratic the party that carries into its measures the most of its principles is the true national party. We look, then, to see what a party is doing, rather than what it professes. Great claims and loud cries go forth, just at this time, in the name of democracy; and it becomes those whom this effort aims to reach and to influence, to look carefully and see whether these claims stand the proper tests. Americans by this time ought to know what democracy is; they have seen enough of imitations and shams within the past few years. Has it a safer interpreter than Thomas Jefferson?—and he laid the foundation of democracy in the equality of men, regardless of blood or color.

"The National Democratic Party," as it calls itself, has recently triumphed in Louisiana over the National Union Party. Now let us look at their platform and see on what principles and for what measures they propose to act. After declaring that the late issue with the U. S. Government was made "honorably" by the seceding States, and asserting their "unqualified adherence to the national democracy," they lay down the following leading plank in their platform:—

**RESOLVED,** That we hold this to be a government of white people, made and to be perpetuated for the exclusive benefit of the white race, and in accordance with the constant adjudication of the United States Supreme Court, that people of African descent cannot be considered as citizens of the United States; and that there can, in no event, nor under any circumstances be any equality between the white and other races.

Here, then, is the democracy of the great National Democratic Party—the only party, they say, that can restore the government "to its pristine purity and vigor." This is the interpretation they give to democracy in Louisiana. This is the democracy now tendered to the South by the self-styled democrats at the North. Under this banner the rebel party of Louisiana have defeated the loyal Union men of that State; and over this victory the democrats of the North are now rejoicing as a party triumph!

How does good old democracy—the democracy of Thomas Jefferson and his successors—look in this light? Look at it, democrats of Maine, and see if such democracy is your democracy.

**THANKSGIVING,** with its frolic and dancing, its turkeys and puddings, its hunger and surfeit, will come and go before we print another Mail. Next Thursday the people of the nation will eat together. On Friday we shall hear what was eaten and preached in San Francisco and Waterville—intermediate stations included. Never before was this great festival so widely eaten—for all festivals are eaten in this country—and never before were such pains taken to have all Uncle Sam's family sit down, at one table. Even Gov. Cony, obstinate as he had been towards the seceding States, was willing to change his plan for the sake of a good family re-union. Sharp appetites at the table!—Virginia, S. Carolina, Georgia, and other pointing sisters—how they will enjoy it! There is nothing like a good appetite for a Thanksgiving supper!

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—The Boston Advertiser says of the markets at Brighton and Cambridge, this week:—

"The supply, though greater than last week, was hardly equal to the demand. Though there may be no material change in the range of prices for beef, the market favors the seller, as it has done most of the time for the last three months; and on sheep and lambs the advance is equal to 1-2 to 3-4 cts. per pound, live weight, so we presume the approaching Thanksgiving will be celebrated with dearer pie meat than ever before used in this country."

Gideon Wells sold sixty-six cows and young cattle at 10-12 cts., 40 sk; 11 at 12 cts., 40 sk; 10 at 13-12 cts., 37 sk. Daniel Wells sold 33 nice Maine oxen, market weight 1595 lbs each, for 13-14 cts.; 7 at 12-12 cts., 37 sk; 28 at ten cts., 40 sk.

We learn from the Clarion that Mr. A. M. Savage, of this place, has become the landlord of the Elm House Skowhegan. Mr. S. has seen enough of the "travelling public" to know exactly what they want; and the "better half" of the Elm House is surely in good hands.

[For the Mail.]

## A Nat for "Tyro" to Crack.

The gold necessary to effect the exchange of any article with its price, of course. Hence the amount necessary to effect the exchange of the products of a day's work with its price of those products. How absurd, then, to say that it is worth twice those products. This is a first lesson in finance with a vengeance.

SENIOR.

## THE LATE JAMES BURGESS.

The recent decease of this truly venerable old man, so long known to most of his townsmen, and so highly esteemed for his moral virtues and his truly Christian character, is a proper occasion for a brief notice. Mr. Burgess was born in Wareham, Mass., in March, 1772—so that at the time of his death, June 16, 1865, he was 93 years and two months old. He came to Waterville, where he established himself as a tailor about the year '33 or '34; but having bought a farm for a brother, who was afterwards lost at sea, he gave up business in the village and removed to the farm, on Ten Lots, where he continued to reside for nearly sixty-three years. He was first married in 1803, and his wife dying in 1813, he married again in 1845.

"Deacon Burgess," as he was commonly called, though he belonged to no religious sect, was not merely a good man in the common use of the term; but he exhibited so prominently, in all the phases of life, the characteristics of honesty, kindness, and general purity of life, as to win the marked commendation and high regard of all who knew him. He felt gently into his last sleep, surrounded by loving friends, and in the enjoyment of all his intellectual faculties. Having lived in the faithful observance of the duties of life, his death was truly "the death of the righteous."

**WORK FOR WOMEN.**—The Lewiston Journal makes a summary of good sayings in a brief article on this subject. It advocates a radical reform, or rather zealous progress, in the various branches of remunerative labor for which the women of our country are so earnestly reaching. But when the Journal ranks this "among the topics which are to be elevated into absorbing importance the next four years," it forgets that for the last twenty years this topic has been familiar to all classes of persons in our country; and that it has already been "elevated" to commanding importance by the eloquence of many of the best men and women in the world. The subject of "employment for women" is only a branch of what has met so many sneers under the head of "women's rights." We would by no means scare the Journal from a good path by this assertion, but it is true. What other rights have Lucy Stone and her indefatigable associates, male as well as female, been contending for, but those which would open the way for them to compete for the "employments" found pleasant or profitable to men? "We should like," says the Journal, "to see ladies attending the Commercial College branch of the Academy, where persons are taught the theory and practice of business; where a lady can learn to become bank tellers, accountants, insurance agents, clerk, proprietor, &c." So, verily, should we, brother Journal; nor would we object that they should heal the sick, edit a newspaper, preach righteousness, or build houses; provided only that they be qualified. Men do all these without being qualified—why not women with? Indeed, if the Journal is agreed, we are not sure but we will consent that they vote to extend the elective franchise to the freedmen—provided, also, that their "lords" are not magnanimous enough to do so.

We confidently commend to our village subscribers our new Carrier boy. He honestly intends to serve them in good faith; and we will thank those who fail in any instance to get their papers, to give notice at the office.

## OFFICERS OF RISING STAR LODGE.—No. 7 I. O. of G. T. for present term.

H. B. White, W. C. T.  
Miss C. B. Shaw, W. V. T.  
M. C. Percival, W. F. S.  
C. W. Stevens, W. F. S.  
Miss A. Wentworth, W. T.  
James Thorne, W. M.  
Miss Emma Joy, W. I. G.  
Orrin Towne, W. O. G.  
F. S. Clay, W. C.  
Mrs. H. Clay, W. R. H. S.—W. C.  
Miss Anna Golding, W. L. H. S.—W. C.  
Miss Sarah Lowe, C. W. A. M.  
A. P. Davis, P. W. C. T.

**THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.**—A meeting in aid of the freedmen was held on Tuesday evening in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Speeches were made by Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Bellows and General Fiske. The latter gave an interesting account of his interview with the President, when he went to tender his resignation. General Fiske said:—

"The President said to me yesterday: 'We must follow the indications of Providence. Many say, Oh, he was born in the South and taught to do justice to the blacks.' I saw the great tears flow down his cheeks as he said, 'I am determined to do justice to these people.' [Applause.] That good man, President Lincoln made them free, and I am determined they shall be. [Applause.] I am resolved they shall have a fair chance and that justice shall be done them. If the people of the North could know how I am badgered and hampered, if they could know of the difficulties which surround me, they would think I have something to do. And in regard to the suspension of the Freedmen's Bureau, I say it will be discontinued when the people of the South treat the colored people with justice and fairness. Take back your resignation, sir; go back to your work and do the best you can, and I'll stand by you.' [Applause.] I tell you my friends I came away from that interview more than ever convinced of the honest patriotism of Andrew Johnson. [Applause.] And I tell you we must carry him on the pinnacles of our prayers to God, and stand firmly by him, sustaining and encouraging him in his great and good work."

## OUR TABLE.

**THE YANKEE MIDDY;** or the Adventures of a Naval Officer. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.  
This is a sequel to "The Sailor Boy," a book with which many young people are already familiar, and like that, will doubtless prove a great favorite for a story of the war, by Oliver Optic, cannot well be otherwise than popular. It is handsomely embellished and its mechanical execution, inside and out, is very attractive.  
For sale at the new bookstore, by C. A. Hendrickson.

**LITTLE PRUDY STORIES.** By Sophie May. Six volumes, illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.  
Sophie May—a Maine lady, and one of our most popular writers for youth—is no stranger to most of our little folks, and unless we greatly mistake the taste of Young America, a set of the stories recently packed in a box would be a most satisfactory present for any boy or girl in the country. Parents looking for presents for the approaching holidays must not fail to examine these volumes, which embrace the following stories:—"Little Prudy;" "Little Prudy's Sister Susan;" "Little Prudy's Capt. Horace;" "Little Prudy's Cousin Grace;" "Little Prudy's Story Book;" "Little Prudy's Dolly Dimples." Call at the new bookstore—C. A. Hendrickson's, opposite the Post Office—and look at them.

**"COMPANION POETS FOR THE PEOPLE."**—The latest issue of this series of beautiful little volumes for general circulation, published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, contains the "Humorous Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes." (Without daring to write as funny as he can, the doctor has produced many charming little poems that few people can read without laughing; and here we have them gathered into a neat little volume, elegantly printed, with characteristic illustrations. In this collection we find the old favorites of our boyhood. "The Music Grinders," "The Trembling Song," "The September Gale," etc., with his later ones—"The One-Hoss Shay," and others. Price only 50 cents, and for sale by all book dealers; or it can be obtained direct from the publishers, by remitting the price.

**THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE** for December is embellished with a very fine picture of the Kremlin of Moscow. As usual the number is filled with the cream of foreign literature, selected with great judgment and good taste. Among the articles are the following:—"The Great Governing Facilities of England;" "Men of Letters;" "A Fatal Adventure on the Matterhorn;" "Fidelity and True, a continued story;" "Mr. Churchill's Pictures;" "Memoirs of the Authors of the Age—Amelia Opie;" "Lloyd's David the Sculptor;" "Emperor Paul I. of Russia;" "The Forest of Arden;" "Palgrave's Travels in Arabia;" "The Kremlin of Moscow."

A new volume of this valuable monthly, almost indispensable to the literary man—will commence with the next number; and the public are assured that the only change contemplated in this work is to make it better than ever.

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

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**—The December number is a good one, as all the little folks who are favored with its visits have found out ere this, and therefore we will make no enumeration of its contents. A new volume will begin with the next number, and for this the publishers announce that they have made such arrangements for literary and artistic contributions, as will give the work additional value and attractiveness. Among the writers engaged are—Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, "Carleton," Mr. L. Maria Child, T. B. Aldrich, the author of the "Lampbrush," Capt. Mayne Reid, the author of "Farming for Boys." One of the most attractive features of the forthcoming volume will be a series of articles upon "Familiar American Birds," such as the Robin, the Swallow, etc. A fine steel portrait of Mrs. Stowe will appear in the January number. A subscription to this charming juvenile magazine makes a nice Christmas present; and the boy or girl who finds the January number in his or her stocking, with the promise of one more for each of the other months in the year, could not fail to be delighted.

Published at Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2.00 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

**HOURS AT HOME.**—In the December number will be found an interesting article on "Gustavus Adolphus," written by Archdeacon French. "The Story of a Hyman" is concluded in this number, and "Geoffrey the Lollard," continued. G. M. Towle contributes a paper on "France and America," Dr. Gillette one on "William Wirt," and Dr. Allen treats of "Esthetic Culture." "White's Shakespeare" is reviewed by Professor John S. Hart, and a great number of interesting miscellaneous articles also enrich the number. "The Greek Slave," by "My Moonbeam," by Geo. B. Peck, "Hagar's Farewell," by Augustus Moore, and "October," by an anonymous writer, are the poetical contributions.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs.

**STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.**—The December number cannot fail to please the little folks with its interesting reading and numerous illustrations. With the next number, which will commence a new volume, this magazine is to be enlarged to forty pages, and it will continue to be edited by Oliver Optic, who will furnish an original story in monthly chapters. Horatio Alger, Jr., Sophie May, Mrs. P. Hamford, and other popular and pleasing writers are also engaged. Send a dollar and a half to Joseph H. Allen, 119 Washington street, Boston, and you will receive its pleasant monthly visits for a whole year, and a volume that the children will prize as long as it lasts.

**DID YOU EVER?**—No, you never—saw anything before half so pretty as the beautiful album pictures executed in great variety by L. Prang & Co., 159 Washington street, Boston. Two fresh specimens of which, "White Mountain Scenery" and "Language of Flowers," have recently been sent to us. They are perfect gems of beauty—flowers, leaves, birds, scenery, etc.—copied from nature, and done in oil colors. The New York Evening Post says of them:—"To produce his gorgeous tints of autumn foliage, the splendors of a brilliant plumage, the features of a landscape, the hues of a butterfly, upon the plain surface of a white card, and to do all this with a rigid regard to the exigencies of nature as well as of art, requires an artistic mind and a practised hand. The success of Prang's artists is a marvel of patient application and poetic instinct." They also publish a series of beautifully illustrated extension books, justly entitled "Christmas Stocking Library," one of which, the "Story of Hans the Swapper," we have received, with a package of "Magic Cards," which will afford infinite amusement to the little folks. As beautiful Christmas gifts, either for children or adults, we know of nothing equal to these charming publications of this house, especially when we consider their wonderful cheapness. Call at the bookstore of C. A. Hendrickson, where they are for sale, and examine his stock, and look over one of the circulars, which will give you more definite information.

**CORRECTION.**—An error of our type last week made Mr. Barton's crop of corn 41 bushels of corn instead of 111 bushels—so that, by turning back, the reader will be able to see how he raised at the rate of 93 1-2 bushels per acre.

The President, by proclamation, has restored the right of habeas corpus in the loyal states.

## A LETTER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The following simple description of the process of making sugar and molasses, we copy from a letter written by a gentleman in the army to his nieces, (three misses,) in Waterville. We advise all boys and girls to read it.

Now, first—a field of cane looks like a field of corn, just before it ears out, only it is taller, being generally ten feet high, or perhaps more, and standing thicker on the ground. Although standing in rows like corn, it branches out so as to cover the entire ground. The stock is about one and a half inches through at the butt, and is of a bluish color, though one kind is white, which is said to be sweetest. Now as to the way they plant it,—the seasons even here are not long enough for it to go to seed, (it matures in the island of Cuba) and therefore they plant the stock, laying two beside each other. At every joint, which are about five inches asunder, a little bud starts out in the fall, and after it is planted each of these little buds springs up into a stock. They are laid in rows, either in the fall or spring, carefully breaking joints with the buds, that it may come up evenly. When they do not have time to plant in the fall, they cut up, without removing the leaf, what is destined to plant, and "mat lay it,"—that is, place it all together in a pile three feet deep and about six rods square, banking up the edges with dirt. In this manner it keeps well all winter. It has to be replanted once in three years, producing the best crop the second year. The slaves are at work mashing on this plantation now. One acre of good cane plants five. As soon as that is finished they will commence cutting for manufacturing into sugar. When they do that they first strip off the leaves and cut off the top in the joint between the green and ripe, and then cut the stock at the root, haul it to the sugar mill, and pile it up under a shed twice as large as your barn, which stands by the side of the sugar mill. This building is also very large—two hundred and fifty feet long, sixty feet wide, and divided into three distinct apartments, though all under one roof, and one room. In the first are the great steam engine and rollers for crushing the cane, and the kettles, eight put across, for boiling the juice. In the second the coolers, and the third the draining room after the sugar is in hogheads. The process is this:—The cane is placed upon a carrier similar to that of a thrashing machine, only larger and longer, and it is carried from the shed into the second story of the sugar mill, and it is then crushed between three iron cylinders six feet long, and as large as a barrel. The juice passes into a large iron pan beneath the rollers, and the stocks pass through a slide out of the building, upon the side opposite to which it enters, and is taken away in carts. The juice runs from the pan through a spout into a vat, and from the vat into a kettle. It passes through seven kettles, being ladled over from one into the next, and from the last into a vat. From the vat it is carried through a large pipe into another cauldron, heated by steam passing through a coil of pipe covering the entire bottom of the cauldron. It remains here only four minutes, and is then drawn off into a box six feet long, three feet wide and two feet deep, and mounted upon wheels, which is moved along upon an iron track like a railway car, between two rows of large boxes called coolers. There are thirty-six of these boxes, each one ten feet long, five wide, and two feet deep. In these the sugar cools and drains. In the bottom of each is a hole two inches in diameter for the molasses to drain through into a cemented reservoir underneath the whole room. After the sugar is cooled and drained it is placed in hogheads and rolled into another room, under which is another reservoir, similar to the first; here it is drained again through the hogheads, when it is ready for market. The molasses is pumped into barrels or hogheads and is ready for market also; when the molasses remains in the reservoir all winter it is reboiled in the Spring.

An acre of good cane makes one and a half hogheads of sugar, each weighing about one thousand pounds, and as many pounds of molasses as there are pounds of sugar. There are four hundred acres of cane on this plantation. It will make six hundred hogheads of sugar beside the molasses.

How much money would it bring in Waterville, calling ten pounds of molasses a gallon?

**LECTURES ON GEOLOGY.**—We are to have six lectures on Geology at Town Hall, the first of which, *free to all*, will be given next Wednesday evening, and the remaining five on the same evening of each of the following weeks until the course shall be completed. Prof. Gunning, the gentleman who is to deliver these lectures, comes to us well endorsed by men in whom we have the utmost confidence; and we hope for the credit of our village that he will have full houses. Because exhibitions of a low order are often well patronized here, it does not necessarily follow that we may not for once consent to be instructed as well as amused. Lecturers of the Beecher and Gough class are beyond our reach; but if they were not, it is questionable whether more substantial benefit could not be derived from a course of popular scientific lectures by a competent speaker, like those proposed above, than from the same number of intellectual efforts by fashionable, high-priced sensationists. Prof. Gunning delivers these same lectures in Portland, Bath, and Bangor, and in the first named place, where he has already spoken several times, the press commends them warmly. Read the advertisement for further particulars, and be sure to attend the free lecture.

An English paper says of the Shenandoah:—"The whole vessel above and below was in the most filthy condition. It would seem almost impossible for humanity to have degraded itself to such a state of absolute neglect. Capt. Freeman's first letter to Mr. Dudley on going on board contained a requisition for chloride of lime and men for cleansing as it would be impossible for any to remain on board without immediate and thorough cleaning and purification."

Let Brother Littlefield look to his laurels. He has long prided himself on being the biggest editor in the State; but Rust, of the Belfast Age, another mountain of flesh, calls for a decision by the scales upon that matter. "Pass round the porringer, Moses, and add another pumpkin a day to your rations. Let who will champion the rusty Belfast man, we'll bet our pile on you, if your appetite don't fail."

We would call the attention to the advertisement of Haskins & Co., in another column.

They want Agents to sell fine Steel Engravings, and offer great inducements; they are an old established house, and have the reputation of dealing promptly and honestly with their customers. Many of our young men may find it very profitable to employ their spare time in selling for them.

## LINCOLN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This is the name adopted by the new temperance society, which met last Monday evening to complete the organization. The attendance on that evening was not large, many of those interested being unavoidably engaged elsewhere; but a good working quorum was present, and a constitution was adopted which declares the object of the association to be "to put forth efforts to suppress intemperance, and to restrain the illegal sale of intoxicating liquor in Waterville and vicinity." Signing the following pledge makes a person a member:—"We, whose names are hereto appended, pledge ourselves to each other, never to use as a beverage any distilled or malt liquors, wine, or cider." The following officers were elected:—

Rev. A. Drinkwater, President,  
J. Nye, Vice Presidents,  
Rev. F. Maguire, }  
D. R. Wing, Secretary,  
J. P. Blunt, Treasurer,  
M. Lyford, }  
W. Dyer, } Directors,  
C. A. Dow, }

The President will hold his office three months, and until another is elected, and the other officers hold their places one year and until others are chosen in their stead.

To make sure of good music each evening, the several church choirs were invited to be present, and, in turn, lead the singing for the congregation, commencing with the choir of the youngest religious society and going in regular order to the eldest—each choir thus officiating every fourth evening.

The following subject was selected for discussion at the meeting next Monday evening:—"Moral and Legal Suasion." We hope to see a large number present.

Dim prophecy has become solid fact, and we have fared sumptuously on Atwood's oysters. While we were inditing our hint, a swift messenger (Hilton, of the Express—may he call often on such errands!) was then on his way with a keg of bivalves, fit to "set before a king," and therefore he brought them to us. Read Atwood's card again and send for a sample. You'll keep doing so while your money lasts, or we are mistaken.

We ought, last week, to have acknowledged the receipt of some fine trout from our neighbor Mr. J. P. Hill, who, when he catches fish himself or gets them by special favor, in excess of his own needs, is very apt to remember his friends.

**HORRIBLE MURDER.**—Recently a Cuban gentleman named Jose Garcia Otero was murdered and robbed of a large amount of money near the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, N. Y. The murdered man had come to New York for the purpose of purchasing scenery and other properties, and engaging performers for a theatre in Havana, of which he was proprietor. He was accompanied by a man named Jose Gonzales, who with another Spaniard named Pellicer has been arrested as the murderer. Pellicer has confessed to a participation in the crime, and all the money of which the murdered man was robbed, amounting to about \$5000, was recovered.

The first Baptist Church in Augusta have invited Rev. Joseph Ricker, settled over the Baptist church at Milford, Mass., to become their pastor, and he has accepted the call and will enter upon his duties on the first Sabbath in December.

The New York Albion, in view of the recent disclosures from the British Blue Books, brought to light in a late article by Mr. Geo. Bonis in the Boston Daily Advertiser, on the Complicity of the British Government in the Escape of the Alabama, "has the grace to admit that the Liverpool Collector or appears to have been directly implicated in the escape of the Alabama, and that the British Government ought to be held responsible for his malpractices." As the Albion is a thoroughly British organ, and withal well informed on the Alabama question, this is a very noticeable admission. The Albion adds that Parliament ought to take care of Collector Edwards as soon as it meets, and see that he is dismissed;—and that then the Alabama claims shall be recognized and paid! It makes a distinction between the Alabama and other cases, like the *Sherandoah*, which it says are all moonshine, but asserts that the Alabama is more of a case, and has been well argued.

We find recorded the following anecdote of Mr. E. C. Garvey, who once owned a paper at Topeka, Kansas. An old acquaintance of Mr. Garvey in Illinois, a Methodist preacher, having died, he wished a good notice to accompany the announcement of his death. It was written at his request, and the closing words were, "Let us drop a tear to his memory." This was placed on the "hook" ready for the compositor. Soon after Garvey came into the office, and reading the obituary deemed to the last sentence as exhibiting a rather niggardly flow of sympathy—only dropping one tear to the memory of so good a man. A person present suggested that it would appear better to read "a tear or two," and another thought "perhaps three" should be added, so that the sentence would read:—"Let us drop a tear or two, or perhaps three, to his memory." This satisfied Garvey, and so the notice appeared.

**PROTECTION OF THE FREEDMEN.**—Senator Wilson, in a letter expressing regret that he could not attend the reception of colored troops at Harrisburg, Penn., says:—"The faith of the country is pledged to man and to God to protect the liberties of the freedmen, and it will redeem its pledged faith. All constitutional privileges, all laws, all ordinances, all regulations of States, discriminating against colored men, must be made null and void. They must be under the same laws, be liable for the same offenses, be tried in the same manner and punished in the same degree as white persons. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in regard to suffrage for the freedmen, all honest and just men must hold it to be the sacred duty of the Government of the United States to secure to them the same civil rights as the non-white inhabitants of their States enjoy."

A collision occurred on the Mississippi River, near Helena, on Saturday night, resulting in the sinking of one of the steamboats and the drowning of about one hundred deck passengers.

**LECTURE at the Universalist church.** Sunday evening, from the text, "And fear not those who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who can destroy both soul and body in hell." Services to commence at seven o'clock.

Rev. Henry C. Leonard, formerly pastor of the Universalist Society of Waterville, and the popular chaplain of the Maine 3d and of the 1st Me. Heavy Artillery, has accepted a unanimous invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Unitarian Society in Albany, N. Y.

## CAUTION TO DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.—A

Vermont contemporary says the country is at present flooded with circulars of bogus claim agents at Washington, who promise an additional bounty to all men enlisted in 1861 and 1862. The way they swindle is to write to men for their discharges for the purpose of getting them their bounties. Such parties as are inveigled into transmitting them in due time receive a circular stating that their claim is allowed, and the soldier may have his extra bounty by remitting the stipulated fee—\$25; this will be the last of the game. All soldiers should bear in mind that the government has already paid all the bounty authorized by law.

**A FEW QUESTIONS.**—Some papers and people in the north, in commenting on the recent riot in Jamaica, have indulged in comments on the condition of the negro, and in view of that disturbance they have declared against his freedom, and that his only proper condition was that of a slave. The New York Post puts to such persons, a few plain questions. It asks:—

Does it not occur to these advocates of slavery, that this kind of "evidence" cuts both ways, and if it is worth anything would condemn to slavery a good many others besides black men. Have they forgotten that there was not long ago a riot in New York, in which atrocities were committed by white men even more cruel and shameful than those for which the English have hung summarily over two thousand men and women of whom less than fifty were actually murderers? Have they forgotten that there was during the last four years a very large riot in the South, in which the rioters hunted loyal men with dogs, shot them in cold blood, and murdered women as well as men?

The track of the Lacrosse Railroad was torn up and a bridge burned on Monday night. The destruction is ascribed to the farmers along the road, who are dissatisfied with the company, who have failed to make provision for the payment of the mortgages on their farms.

"Mary," said a wise and witty old lady, the other day to her grand-daughter—what do you call that ugly black that hangs down behind your head? "Why, grandmother, everybody knows, it is a waterfall." "A waterfall, indeed!" rejoined the old lady, "It looks for all the world like a land slide."

The November number of Blackwood's Magazine asserts that at the time of the Trent affair Lord Palmerston desired to go to war with the United States, but that he was overruled by other members of the British Cabinet.

The Cincinnati Superior Court decided last week that colored men have a right to ride in horse railroad cars, and awarded \$800 damages to one Isaac Young, who had been ejected because of his color.

In Mr. Collax's lecture in Philadelphia before the Press Club, he gave an interesting account of his interview with Brigham Young, whom he had advised to have another revelation soon, prohibiting polygamy. Brigham replied he would be glad to have such a revelation, but some of his followers were not so disposed.

The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser says that the suit in equity of the old stockholders to regain possession of the P. & K. road can amount to nothing; that the franchise was lost by a regularly foreclosed mortgage, and cannot be recovered.

It has been stated that the President has pardoned John Mitchell. This is not true. Mitchell did not even apply for pardon when here, but took the oath of allegiance at the State Department, which was indispensable in procuring a passport.

Alexander Kincaid, for more than forty years toll-keeper of the Kennebec Bridge at Augusta, has resigned his position and is succeeded by Mr. Sumner Farnham, who has already entered upon his duties.

A despatch from Nashville, Tenn., contains the record of another series of crimes lately perpetrated in that city. General Thomas is said to have rescinded the order prohibiting citizens from carrying side arms.

The London Daily News is indignant with the tone of the military despatches from Jamaica, which, it thinks, proves that the ferocity which we denounce in savages has taken possession of English hearts, and mercy can be forgotten by English officers as thoroughly as by Indians or Cossacks.

## JUDGE OF THE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

A special dispatch to the Press, from Augusta, announces that the governor recently nominated Gen. George F. Shepley for Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court in place of Judge Davis, resigned.

**SOAP! SOAP! SOAP!** The Gold Medal has no equal, but will go further and do much better work than any other soap made. It works as by magic. One trial, and our word for it you will never use any other. Go get a bar and find all we say to be true.

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS.**—Tell your friends what Coo's Cough Balsam has done for you; if it has cured your child of a racking cough, a violent attack of croup, a sore throat, or avoided a threatening fever, which it certainly will do, tell your friends of it, that they may also use it. Old, young, rich and poor, all say it is the cheapest and best cough remedy in the world.

We are in the midst of Revolution! Genuine European perfumes are no longer procurable here. The tariff blockade 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 everywhere.

White children in Savannah have been officially cautioned against stoning the children of the freedmen. To be debarré the exercise of this time honored privilege of the youthful chivalry will undoubtedly be felt severely.

A collision occurred on the Mississippi River, near Helena, on Saturday night, resulting in the sinking of one of the steamboats and the drowning of about one hundred deck passengers.

**LECTURE at the Universalist church.** Sunday evening, from the text, "And fear not those who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who can destroy both soul and body in hell." Services to commence at seven o'clock.







