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Maxham & Wing

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THE STORM.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND," WHITTIER'S NEW POEM.

Unwarned by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
And whirl danc'd of the blinding storm,
As zigzag waving to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the widow-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun
In tiny spherule trac'd with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell!
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own,
Around the glistening wonder-bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of earth
Took unrecognizable strange dunes and towers
Rose up where yare or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A smokeside drift the chimney's soot smoke
Curled over woods or iron-works on a
A solitude more than intense
By dreary voiced elements,
The shrieking of the driving wind,
The moaning, tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of the light
No welcome sound of toll or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the long, high noon,
The buried brook could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drifts its breath before,
Low circling round its southern cone;
The sun through drizzling snow-mist shone.
No bell the hush of silence broke,
No neighboring chimney's soot smoke
Curled over woods or iron-works on a
A solitude more than intense
By dreary voiced elements,
The shrieking of the driving wind,
The moaning, tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of the light
No welcome sound of toll or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the long, high noon,
The buried brook could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship.

Within our beds while we heard
The wind that roused the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsides rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards rattle,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do,
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmur grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
The softened sound of streams,
Low air of waves, and lapping shores,
And lapping waves on quiet shores.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

HOPE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Just outside Mrs. Bell's boarding-house, three little maids, of five, six, and seven, were discussing the approaching Christmas with all the ardor of their years.

"We're going to have a tree!" exclaimed one of the small damels with an accent of triumph, which was very aggravating to the other small damels who were not going to have a tree. But Janey Evans, the eldest of the party, was equal to the emergency.

"Pooh, we've had a hundred trees!" she returned with a cool disdain which quite quenched the triumphant assertion. Her hearers didn't stop to question the overwhelming statement of a hundred Christmas's in the lifetime of a seven-year-old, so Miss Janey had the full benefit of a conqueror.

"It's so much nicer, hanging up your stocking," Janey proceeded, "and to wake up in the morning and find it crammed full!"

"Yes; but then there's the beautiful candles, and the music, and the dancing!" put in the other again, valiantly.

But Janey was not to be routed from her position, and away she went on the full tide of imagination, describing such glories in stocking-lugging as quite dazzled her auditors. Yet Janey was very far from feeling all she said, though she wouldn't have acknowledged it even to herself; for the beautiful candles, the music, and the dancing, had great charms for Janey.

"Isn't it a great deal nicer to hang up your stocking, Miss Hope?" she asked Miss Bell, confidentially, pursuing the vexed question half an hour after at the tea-table.

"A great deal nicer than what, Janey?"

"Than Christmas-trees!" and Janey looked up eagerly in Hope's face, for "Miss Hope" was a famous ally of hers.

"Well, I used to like it better than anything, though Christmas-trees are very nice, Janey," answered Miss Bell, pleasantly.

Janey was radiant, and only wished that May Franklin could have heard the first part of the sentence.

"Shall you hang up your stocking, Miss Hope?" the little girl asked, with animated interest.

"I? Oh, I'm too old for that, Janey. I haven't hung up my stocking for a long, long time."

As she concluded these words there seemed to steal into her tones a sad and wistful accent, which even Janey noticed.

"Oh, Miss Hope, I'm sure you're not too old!"

Hope laughed now at the earnest commiseration the little girl displayed.

"But I'm sure I am, Janey; and, then, nobody would think to put anything into my stocking. It's only the little folks, like you, dear, whose stockings are remembered."

This conversation had been carried on in quite a low tone of voice; for Janey's place was between her mother and Miss Hope, and higher up the table there was a gay, skimming talk, which covered everything else. But just round the corner, at Miss Bell's right, sat Mr. Weymer, and all at once Janey appealed to him in a way that disclosed to Hope that she had another listener than her small companion.

Janey, glancing up after the last remark of Hope's, had caught Mr. Weymer's eye and an amused smile which went sliding round his mouth; so she appealed to him forthwith:

"Mr. Weymer, do you think Miss Hope is too old to hang up her stocking?"

"I don't know Miss Hope's age," Mr. Weymer answered, a little mischievously.

"It is more than three times Janey's," Hope answered, with a faint smile.

"Three times mine; and I'm seven!"

"Now for your multiplication table, Janey," said Mr. Weymer, with his glimmer of fun.

Janey ran it over in her mind, with moving lip, and a knot in her brow, and presently broke out in triumph: "Three times seven is twenty-one. Oh, but how much more, Miss Hope?"

Hope laughed outright at this. "Three more, Janey, now how much does that make?"

"Twenty-four!" almost shouted Janey in her excitement of success. Then in a moment Janey's bright countenance fell.

"Why, Miss Hope, you're pretty near as old as my mother! I heard Aunt Jane say that other day, that mamma was twenty-six, and that is only two years older than twenty-four!"

Hope blushed the least bit at Janey's solemn way, but said, smiling:

"Well, that spoils me for hanging my stocking, doesn't it?"

"No," answered Janey, stoutly; "nothing spoils you."

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"Not even twenty-four years, eh?" Hope replied, a trifle mirthfully. "I can remember when twenty-four seemed very old to me, too, Janey," she concluded, in a musing way, but still smiling.

"And doesn't it now, Miss Hope?"

"Yes, sometimes; perhaps it does now, Janey."

Hope had forgotten for the last few sentences that there was any other listener than Janey, for she spoke as she was often in the habit of speaking with this little companion—half to herself, as it were. Lifting her head she caught the keen gaze of Mr. Weymer, and then she wondered if Mr. Weymer's next neighbor, Mr. Camden, had heard her, and she blushed slightly as she wondered. But she could not tell why she wondered, nor why she blushed. She did not care whether Mr. Camden had heard her conversation or not, yet it interested her to wonder about it. And with those thoughts, which were half annoyance, she was annoyed still more by his suddenly raising his eyes and meeting hers fixed upon him. He smiled pleasantly—and a smile on Harry Camden's lips was certainly one of the pleasantest things you could meet—and, smiling, leaned forward a little and said something. It was a very small something—just a word or two—but it sounded gracious and complimentary, as all his words to women did, and Hope felt pleased to hear it. A while after, she stood in the hall, giving some direction to a servant, and thinking, in a weary sort of way of the bills she must make out for her mother that night, when Harry Camden came stepping slowly down the stairs, dressed for the opera, and whistling absently the drinking song in *Luerzia*, while he leisurely pulled on a pearl-lined glove. He stopped at the foot of the stairs as he saw Miss Bell, made a pleasant remark or two, smiled that old smile of his, all the time looking at her with the handsomest eyes she had ever seen, and then, with a good-night, went out. Hope had noted his elegant attire—quiet, yet perfect in style—his *degagé* hair, and even the delicate perfume, so faint as scarcely to be perceptible, which hung about him as he stood there for that moment; and she smiled bitterly as she went up to her room, and said to herself, "What business have I to please myself, for a moment, even, with that youth's graces? We live in two different worlds." And then she sat down to her task of making out bills for her mother, while Mrs. Bell was busy at the same table over a basket of mending. Mrs. Bell looked up as Hope began her work, and, noticing her weary face, said: "I wouldn't do those to-night, Hope, you look tired."

"Oh, it isn't that; I don't think I'm tired—only a little out of sorts, mother."

"What's put you out of sorts, Hope?"

"Oh, somebody else's rose leaves prove my thorns, I suppose."

Mrs. Bell knew well enough what Hope meant; she was used to Hope's figures of speech when she was a little bitter.

"Hope," she said, after a minute's pause, "I wish you would apply for a school."

"Now, mother, I have made you think I am very unhappy and discontented by my black looks, and my grumbling speech. I'm only cross, that's all; and as for the school—in the first place, I couldn't get one if I should try; and in the second place, I want to stay at home with you. Who's going to make out bills for you, and go shopping, and a hundred other things, you dear little old lady, you?"

Mrs. Bell smiled, but she sighed, too. Presently she began again, in a graver and more determined tone: "Hope, I know you're a help to me, but it worries me all the time. I think every day, if I should die, what's to become of Hope—what would she do? Now, don't turn it off, Hope; we ought to look out for such things."

"Well, mother, I have thought of that, too; and why couldn't I stay on here, with Aunt Hannah or Aunt Nancy for a matron, if—"

"Oh, Hope, it would never, never do. You are too young, and too pretty, and inexperienced."

Hope laughed faintly. "Young and pretty, and inexperienced. Now, mother, I'm neither very young, nor very pretty, nor inexperienced, too. But don't let us talk about it, mother. I can't go away from you when you need me, if I could get a school, and it breaks my heart to hear you talk of dying." Hope's voice was hysterical, and Mrs. Bell changed the subject, as she noted this fact. The Bells had never been very rich, but they had been what is called "well off" before Mr. Bell died; well off, and though neither aristocratic nor fashionable, in a good position. But after Mr. Bell's death it was found that there was very little left, when his business was settled up, for his wife and daughter to live upon. Mrs. Bell was an energetic woman, with a great deal of courage, so she set about what she knew must be done sooner or later—opening a boarding-house. This was when Hope was sixteen; and from that day to this, Hope had been her mother's dependance in all manner of ways. Yet, in spite of this, Mrs. Bell would have been glad to have had Hope in a school long ago; but Hope never would consent to making an application, for besides being doubtful of success, she wouldn't leave her mother. It was a wearing life—the more so, perhaps, that both Hope and Mrs. Bell were proud, and sensitive, and refined.

Proud and sensitive and refined, Hope looked all that when she went out the next day to do some shopping. It wasn't fancies Hope was going to buy, but table-linen, and other house-keeping articles for her mother. As she passed down the street Harry Camden met her, and lifted his hat to her with that charming grace of his and the pleasant smile.

He was always meeting her in this way. It was but that morning that she came upon him in the parlor, and he had kept her talking with him until Mrs. Evans appeared. He had been particularly agreeable and genial in that talk, and Hope had enjoyed it with a pleased sense of flattery; and then there had crossed her a vague doubt which thrilled her with mortification, as she entered. For at that moment Mr. Camden ceased his talk, and immediately addressed himself to the latter lady. Two or three times this same kind of thing had happened; or perhaps Hope wouldn't have noticed it; but now it had begun to give her a disagreeable suspicion of Mr. Harry Camden. It

looked as if he didn't care to be observed (tête-à-tête with his landlady's daughter). And then, ten minutes after, felt ashamed of her suspicion, for she was so naive and courteous. Altogether, perhaps Hope interested herself more than was good for her in the ways of this handsome Harry Camden. She was by no means in love with the young gentleman, but he had touched her imagination with his grace and fine looks, and that air of a cavalier there was about him. Well, this morning she went about her shopping with that glance of handsome Harry's haunting her now and then, and making her a little less heedful of her work in hand. It was near dinner time when she had finished, and as she hurried out to catch her car at the next square she was overtaken by the storm which had been impending for hours. It was a cold, driving rain, and she had no umbrella. A mile from home, one car lost, and fifteen minutes before home. Here was a predicament.

"If I had only an umbrella I would not mind, but I shall ruin my bonnet," she thought, despairingly. But at this juncture who should come round the corner but Mr. Camden and Mr. Weymer? Han some Harry had his arm linked in Mr. Weymer's, and he was walking under Mr. Weymer's umbrella, while he carried his own closed under his other arm. He stopped suddenly at sight of Hope.

"Out in the rain, Miss Bell! How fortunate that I should meet you, for you have no umbrella, and you see I have an extra one, thanks to Weymer! Will you take this?" and he handed his extra one to her, and, bowing with his cavalier grace, turned again to Weymer.

A queer look came into Hope's face at this, and glancing accidentally at Mr. Weymer, she saw her queer look reflected, as it were; and in the next moment the latter gentleman had put his own umbrella into Harry's hands, and approached her with an "Allow me, Miss Bell?" And almost before she knew it he had her arm in his, and he was carrying her two or three troublesome little packages, and holding the umbrella over her head.

Hope gave a little laugh, which was partly embarrassment and partly amusement, and Mr. Weymer met it with a smile which brightened his grave face wonderfully.

She had always liked Mr. Weymer, but had never quite understood him. She had thought him a gentleman certainly, but one who was a little wanting in affability and graciousness. And the contrast between him and Harry Camden just now was curious, if nothing more. And low his face had lighted at her laugh!—Something possessed Hope—I think it must have been her good angel, though she did not know it—to follow up this laugh with a flow of her easiest and happiest talk. Mr. Weymer, to her astonishment, met her more than half way in this attempt. He was so genial and pleasant that Hope was astonished, and she forgot her shyness and pride enough to say gayly, as they approached her home: "Why, Mr. Weymer, I think I never got acquainted with you before to-day."

And he answered, quickly: "It wasn't my fault, Miss Bell."

Hope blushed, for she knew she had always looked the other side of Mr. Weymer when handsome Harry sat there, and it mortified her a little to think of it now. But Hope was greatly puzzled at Harry Camden's demeanor. Shortly after this street encounter she suddenly seemed to have become more valuable in his eyes, and he treated her with much more *empressment*. One day the secret came out. I won't let it come out here, but wait until Hope finds out what was in her stocking Christmas morning.

Only four weeks to that Christmas morning, and Janey talked every day about it, and quoted Miss Hope at every turn. "And you must be sure and hang up your stocking, Miss Hope, for I am going to put something in it," she said, with a great air mystery, one night at the table.

And to satisfy her, Hope promised, laughing as she caught Mr. Weymer's eye, and asking mischievously: "You're sure you don't think I'm too old, Janey?"

"No, indeed! Is she, Mr. Weymer?"

But Mr. Weymer only smiled, yet his eyes looked at Hope as if he might have paid her a compliment, if it was in his way to pay compliments; and Hope blushed at the look more than she would at any words.

Hope was getting better acquainted with Mr. Weymer every day now, and she found him the kindest of friends; and certainly not wanting, as she had thought, in affability or graciousness, though he was not such an *élegant* as Harry Camden. Harry Camden, you see, still held Hope's fancy in a measure; for Hope was imaginative, and he looked so like a hero she couldn't give up the idea that he must be one. Twenty-four years old, and not inexperienced she thought herself, yet Hope was making some strange mistakes.

Mrs. Bell had never got over that worry about Hope's future, though she didn't speak of it again. It was always in her mind what would become of Hope if she should be taken away. And between this worry, and that other worry of pleasing twenty different people, the poor lady actually got sick at last of a fever.

Hope came down stairs the morning her mother gave out with a heart as heavy as lead, and a face that betrayed her heart. Harry Camden met her with his gracious speeches, and never noticed her depression. And when she told him that her mother was sick, with that low, stifled tone of apprehension, handsome Harry was very sorry, very sorry indeed, and he said so two or three times in the nicest phrases imaginable; but somehow he seemed an endless way off to Hope then, and his nice phrases made her impatient. And then it was, when she felt desolate and aching for some sympathetic word, that Mr. Weymer came up, unfolding his morning paper, with his grave face full of serious inquiry, and asked earnestly:

"What is it—that is the matter, Miss Bell?"

"My mother is sick." Four little words, and very quietly said; but Mr. Weymer knew all they meant to Hope Bell. He too said, "I am very sorry." The same words Harry Camden had said, but his tone and manner were so near and cordial, that Hope felt as if a hand had been stretched out to help her over this dark way. And it was so. Through the three anxious, weary weeks of waiting and watching and working which followed, this grave, quiet man, who never made any show or fuss about anything, was of infinite service and

consolation to Hope. Always making her way easier in some manner; always ready with advice, or sympathy, or assistance.

"I don't know what I should have done without you, Mr. Weymer," she said, in a little burst of gratitude, one day, at the end of the three weeks, when her mother began to mend.

His face lighted. "I am very glad if I have been of use to you, Miss Bell, but it is very little I have done."

"Oh, it was everything to me; you have been a real friend, and I can never thank you—never."

"Don't speak of thanking me, Hope. I—"

But just here, through the folding door, Mr. Camden appeared, and Janey followed him.

There were signs of emotion on Hope's face which Mr. Camden did not fail to mark with an inquiring glance, and the interruption might have been awkward but for Janey's childish presence. Janey was in the greatest state of excitement, for to-morrow was Christmas.

"And you'll hang up your stocking, won't you, Miss Hope?" she cried out, as she came running in after Mr. Camden.

"What's that about a stocking?" exclaimed Mr. Camden, glad of Janey's matter-of-fact subject just at this moment.

"Oh, don't you know to-night is Christmas-eve, and Miss Hope has promised to hang up her stocking; haven't you, Miss Hope?" and Janey went on in a voluble chatter, ending up with: "Oh, Mr. Camden, you put something in Miss Hope's stocking, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," declared Mr. Camden, laughing, but looking at Hope as if he meant it.

Janey did not ask Mr. Weymer to put something in Miss Hope's stocking, for she had a suspicion that Mr. Weymer thought she was too old for that.

"But where shall I hang my stocking, Janey?" Hope asked, smilingly.

"Oh, on the door, Miss Hope—then you won't know any thing about it until to-morrow morning. I always lie awake, oh, ever so long! waiting and watching till mamma gets all out of patience with me."

Hope laughed outright at the thought of Janey's allowance for her curiosity; but Janey was unconsciously a truer prophet than Hope was aware, for in spite of herself Hope lay awake a long, long time; and, lying awake, she could not help wondering if Mr. Camden had been in earnest when he said the last thing to her, "Be sure and hang up your stocking, Miss Bell."

And then she remembered Mr. Weymer's earnest eyes bent upon her, when she had colored a little at this, and she remembered it with a great deal of annoyance, and wished as she lay there thinking, over and over again, that she hadn't that foolish habit of blushing at nothing: "What would Mr. Weymer think?"

What Mr. Weymer would think seemed to trouble Hope more than anything that night. But after a while she dropped asleep, and lost all her troubles and weariness and curiosity.

It was a blessed sleep of rest and peace after her three weeks anxiety, and she awoke with a feeling of chilllike refreshment to hear the sweet chiming from the old Catholic tower on the next street ringing in the Christmas morn.

Involuntarily a prayer of thankfulness rose to her lips for the mercy which had made that Christmas morn so peaceful to her. Three weeks ago her soul had been in a tumult of fear and anxiety; now the fear was over. That dear mother was getting well. She thought of nothing else than this for a while; then, all at once, Janey's admonition to hang up her stocking, and Mr. Camden's reiteration of it flashed into her mind. She sprang up softly, laughing, yet curious as Janey herself, and cautiously opening her door, reached out her hand for the stocking she had hung to keep her promise. It was a dainty little stocking, and white as drifted snow—not at all an unfit receptacle for the daintiest gifts, and very dainty indeed was the pretty scarf she drew out first—Janey's gift she knew from the slip of paper pinned on it whereon Janey had printed in round, childish letters: "To my dear Miss Hope, from her loving Janey."

But there was something else. Had Mr. Camden really?—Yes, it must be. Slowly she drew it forth—a long and slender package. What! yes, a charming party fan, such as Hope might have carried once when she was sixteen, for Hope had got out of the way of parties since that time. They were too expensive affairs, even if her friends chose to remember her. She sighed a little as she looked at this pretty toy—white and pearl lid and perfumed—and thought to herself, perhaps, that it would be pleasant to need such a thing; but of course she shouldn't. Wait a moment, Hope; do not be too hasty; you cannot tell what it may be.

She laid the fan down, thinking it was very kind of Mr. Camden, for she knew it was from him by the card lying in the bottom of the box with "Mr. Camden's compliments and a Merry Christmas," written on it. Very kind and graceful of him; but an odd thought stole into her mind, that Mr. Weymer wouldn't have chosen such a gift for her. She lay there thinking of this, when she saw there was a little something else in that little stocking. Mr. Camden wasn't content with his compliments! But that isn't Mr. Camden's writing, and there is something in the note. Another Christmas gift! How fortunate she is! As she opens this note out rolls a ring—an old-fashioned ring of ruby and pearl, and this is what the note says about it:

"This ring was worn by my mother, and her name was Hope—Hope Weymer. For some time I have wished, how ardently I can scarcely tell—but it might be very again by one who would be another Hope Weymer. And with this wish I send it to Hope Bell. Will she wear it?"

As Hope read this note, there came into her eyes a light such as never shone on sea or land; for, before to-day, Hope had made the discovery that Mr. Weymer was of a great deal more importance to her than she would have cared to own. With this light in her eyes, and turning the beautiful old ring round and round upon her finger, she forgot all about Mr. Camden and his gift. But he was recalled a little later. She had stolen softly into her mother's room with her beautiful ring and the story it told.

"Oh, Hope, this is too good to be true!" cried Mrs. Bell. "I couldn't wish any thing better for you; and to think I was so afraid all the time that you were thinking too much of Harry Camden's meaningless gallantries!"

A smile flashed over Hope's face.

"I am afraid I did think too much of handsome Harry's gallantries, as you call them, mother; but when I began to know Mr. Weymer better, I began to see Mr. Camden clearer—I suppose I did the contrast. And I began to see that Harry was more a hero in his looks than in his nature, and that, like a great many vain young men, he valued persons a good deal at another's valuation. He dazzled and puzzled me for a time, till I found this little secret out; but after that—"

And here Hope laughed softly, and looked down upon the beautiful ring that shone upon her finger. Mrs. Bell watched her as she went out, with a great thanksgiving at her heart. She shouldn't worry about Hope any more. And as Hope went out she met Harry Camden upon the stairs, and thanked him for his gift. He was as graceful and gracious as ever, but Hope could see he was a little disappointed that she did not seem more impressed by that gift. How could she, with that beautiful ring upon her finger? And then Janey came flying down stairs.

"Oh, Miss Hope, how lovely of you to give me such a doll!" and with Janey exclaiming upon her doll, and a mutual expression of happy thanks, they went into the parlor together. And there Hope met Mr. Weymer. He came forward a step or two, with an anxious look in his eyes. But when she put out her hand to meet his Christmas greeting and he saw the glimmer of his mother's ring, the anxious look gave place to such sudden joy that Mr. Camden could not fail to see it. He looked at the two a moment, and saw it all—the ruby ring upon Hope's finger, and the shy glancing in Hope's face. In that moment they had forgotten him, but when Mr. Weymer recalled himself and relinquished Hope's hand, Mr. Camden was ready with a graceful, gracious speech of congratulation; and as Hope listened to it, and looked at the gracious, graceful person—though she felt kindly enough toward the young man—she was very grateful for the power that had enabled her to discover the true hero, and still more grateful that this hero should choose her out of all the world; for Hope, with the pretty exaggeration of love, thought the world must be all open to Mr. Weymer.

"Now, ain't you glad you hung up your stocking, Miss Hope?" asked Janey, as she hugged her new doll, and watched the preparations for May Franklin's Christmas-tree across the way.

"Very glad, Janey," answered Miss Hope, looking into Mr. Weymer's face with an eloquent glance.

And then the old Catholic tower sent out the merriest peal you ever heard, and Hope's heart thrilled with thankfulness again; and, altogether, it seemed to her the most wonderful Christmas that had ever dawned.

THE PRUSSIAN CRISIS.—The United States is not the only country that is passing through a crisis which is to have a marked effect on its constitution, laws and civilization. Prussia, a nation which has made immense progress within the last thirty years, is passing through an ordeal, which is severely testing the temper and capacity of its people. The ruling Prime Minister, Bismarck, is the man who is engaged in this reactionary work against the free spirit of the age, and it is to be presumed that he can be only temporarily successful. He possesses great ability, and has managed to get full control of the reigning monarch. This last step of breaking up and sending home the legislative Chambers may result in the destruction of his supremacy. It is the last step in a long and bitter contest between the representatives of the people and the Prime Minister. He has been systematically aiming to obtain entire control of the affairs of the kingdom, a standing army, in short, an irresponsible despotism of the Louis Napoleon type, while the legislative Chambers have sought to shield the constitutional rights of the people and to keep open the path of genuine progress. The public sentiment of Prussia and of the enlightened portion of Europe, is on the side of the Chambers, while Bismarck has the army, the aristocracy, the King and other reactionary influences that usually follow in their wake. The Prussian people are probably better educated than any corresponding number of people in Europe, but they are regarded as wanting in the public spirit and energy to enable them to meet the crisis in a becoming manner. A reasonable presumption would be that the power of the ruling dynasty cannot be of long duration, though the result may not be all that the friends of free government in other countries ardently desire. There is no doubt that the democratic spirit is gaining strength and determination in the old world, and the efforts of the reactionary monarchs and ministers to check its growth will fail.

[Kennebec Journal.]

WATER IN KENNEBEC COUNTY.—Kennebec County is one of the best watered regions in this State. Besides the river and the various streams, there are forty-nine ponds within the limits of the County, nine of which could easily be denominated lakes. These are China Lake and Webber Pond on the east side of the Kennebec, and Snow's Pond between Waterville and Belgrade, Great Pond in the north part of Belgrade, Winthrop North and South Ponds, Parkers Pond between Mt. Vernon and Fayette, Androscoggin Pond in Wayne, and Cobbossee-Contee Pond between Gardiner and Winthrop. Many of these ponds are somewhat famous as resorts for pleasure and fishing parties.

[Hall Gaz.]

One of those nuisances, an itinerant pedlar, who make a practice of calling at people's residences and insisting upon seeing the mistress of the house, asking for her by name and refusing to send their name or message by the servant, was served nicely the other day by a lady whom he had thus imposed upon.

Descending to her drawing room, to her indignation she found an erasive soap pedlar in waiting, and checking his voluble description of his ware, she told him she had no occasion for them.

"But madam, permit me,—you have—"

"Sir!"

"Will you allow me to take out this spot in your carpet?" showing one which was apparent and too conspicuous.

"Yes sir!" and following directions the ser-

vant was dispatched for a bowl of warm water, when down on hands and knees went Mr. Soap-seller, and after about twenty minutes of hard labor succeeded in removing the offending spot, which had more than once suggested the necessity of a new carpet.

Having finished, he rose from his knees triumphantly. "There madam, the spot is removed!"

"Yes, so I perceive."

"Well, and now how much of the soap do you want?"

"I wish for none, as I told you before."

"But, madam, I have removed the spot from your carpet!"

"Certainly, but at your own solicitation, and now you will oblige me by removing yourself. John, show this man the way out."

Mr. Pedlar left, quoting one of Lady Macbeth's speeches,—something about a "damned spot."

[From the New York Tribune.]

A GOOD LIFE.

Should our necrology be confined to men alone whom some special gift or service has invested with a certain amount of fame? The contemplation of distinguished lives is not always elevating or encouraging to the great mass of undistinguished men; but we can never be too often presented with the record of honesty that never swerves, of simple duties always faithfully performed, of steadfast principles that never extended charity, until of Christian love that never grew cold. These qualities always centred in the peaceful, unpretentious and harmonious life upon which I

Waterville Mail.

SPH. MAXHAM. DANIEL WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . APR. 6, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETERSON & CO. Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. HARRIS, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Corner 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 department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

SPRING IS COMING.—There is every indication of an early Spring—though all these signs sometimes fail. The ground is bare, unless we can say it is covered with mud; and we are safe in saying that the mud has reached its climax. The ice is out of the river; earlier, we think, than the average time. Those who ought to know say there is not a great depth of frost in the ground, and we may look for good wheeling earlier than usual. So let us all look for early plowing and planting; and according to our faith so may our works be, in getting ready for the hurry that never yet failed to "spring up" about the time the frost is out of the ground.

ENCOURAGING.—The new Mayor of Augusta advised the enforcement of the Maine Liquor Law in that city, and the Council give it as their opinion that the city Marshal should immediately institute measures for squelching the numerous drinking shops in that precinct. Rum is strongly entrenched at the Capital of the State, where the traffic in liquid fire is countenanced by men of high standing, who will at first make a bitter opposition; but if the friends of temperance will go forward and fearlessly enforce the law, they can eventually subdue that opposition and redeem the good name of their city.

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION, went right though the majority for Hawley, the Union candidate, was not large—only 509. The Senate is composed of 13 Union men and 8 democrats, and the House is largely Union. The friends of the President, including all the old opponents of the war, counted confidently upon the election of English. In Hartford they assembled at American Hall, with a band of music; but after waiting until half past eleven o'clock, on the evening of the election day, they adjourned, as the chairman announced, for the reason that no reliable news could be had!

Gen. Burnside has been chosen Governor of Rhode Island by a handsome majority.

The landlord of the Williams House was brought before Trial Justice Drummond, on Monday, and bound over on a charge of being a common seller, and also on the charge of keeping a drinking house and tippling shop—on each of which, if a conviction is reached, the fine will be \$100. He was also convicted on three cases of sale, and fined in each \$10 and costs. On these he appealed, but the evidence is abundant and satisfactory, and there are more "shots in the locker."

THE UNIVERSALIST LEVER, last week, netted the sum of \$682, the largest, we believe, ever realized from a "love" in our village. This money is to be used for society purposes. The splendid chandelier voted for, it is but just to state, was a present from Jediah Morrill, Esq., a fast friend of the society.

"The Galaxy" is to be the title of a new fortnightly paper, the publication of which will be commenced by the American News Company, of New York City. The prospectus promises well, but we shall have more to say of it when we have seen a copy.

GEN. HINKS, in a recent lecture, suggests that when we hear of a returned soldier being arrested for crime, we would do well to inquire whether the man was a returned soldier or only a substitute for one.

"At a fashionable wedding in New York last week, the bride, a young lady of Worcester, Mass., wore a veil costing five thousand dollars."—[Exchange.]

A friend of ours had a dog that cost him fifteen hundred dollars!—in this way it was; he endorsed his friend for that amount, his friend failed, he had the debt to pay, and the dog was all he got.

F. SCHOOL MEETING in District No. 1 next Monday evening; and as one of the articles in the warrant contemplates the purchase of a new school house and lot, we think we can promise a full meeting.

EDWARD W. GREEN, the Malden murderer, is to be hung, the Court having denied the petition for a writ of error in his case.

Hon. John Ware has presented to the town of Athens, a church bell, weighing 2000 lbs., costing about \$1100.

A change of time has been made upon the Maine Central Railroad. See advertisement.

"THE NEW NATION," a paper recently established at Richmond, Va., by Rev. M. Hunnicutt, a Union man who was driven north by the rebels during the war, is severely denounced by the Richmond *Examiner*, and other kindred prints. One of them says:—

"It is matter is so 'incendiary' that all white men who give it countenance are already damned, and all negroes who patronize it should at once be discharged from the employment of every gentleman who respects himself and the society in which he moves; and if we have any proper means left whereby the stinking nuisance may be abated, let us not fail to use them to their furthest verge."

Mr. Hunnicutt bears up bravely under all denunciations, and we shall soon know whether the old despotic rule of the slaveholder will be allowed to resume its sway. On the 3d inst. a quiet celebration of the fall of Richmond was enjoyed by the loyalists of the city, most of whom are colored, on which occasion they were addressed by Mr. Hunnicutt.

A SOLEMN SCENE.—The address of Rev. Dr. Sunderland in the Senate Chamber, at the funeral of Senator Foote, was exceedingly interesting and affecting. It detailed some of the closing days of the Senator's life, his interviews with his friends and relatives. Among others who called were Secretary Stanton, and Senator Fessenden. The following is the account of the interview with this latter gentleman. Stretching out his hand, Senator Foote said:

"My dear friend Fessenden, the man by whose side I have sat so long, when I have remarked as the model of a state-man, and parliamentary leader, on whom I have leaned, and to whom I have looked more than to any other man living for guidance in public affairs, the grief I feel is that the silver cord which has so long bound us together must now be severed. But, my dear Fessenden, if there is memory after death, that memory will be active, and I shall call to mind the whole of our intercourse on earth." The senator thus addressed, too much affected to reply in words, stooped over and kissed the brow of his dying friend, and turned away in silence. Toward evening, when it was intimated that the senator had returned to inquire after him, and he was asked if he desired to see him, his reply was prompt: "Always; always." With hands clasped they remained for some time, the feeble senator repeating his grateful sense of the friendship so long existing between them, and being in turn assured of its valued estimation by his friend. Some one observed that though parted for awhile on earth they might have hope of a reunion in the spirit world hereafter: "Oh, yes," he exclaimed with great emphasis, "I believe in God and the life eternal," and finally, in a tone of affecting tenderness, he bade his friends farewell, saying, "Good-bye, and may God bless you forevermore."

The funeral discourse, says the reporter of the Boston *Advertiser*, was listened to with close and undivided attention by the entire audience. It portrayed the man in a new attitude, and brought tears from eyes all unused to weep. The Secretary of War, one of the most intimate friends of the deceased, was particularly affected, and the allusion to Senator Fessenden, the model of the statesman, was received with most suggestive murmurs.

FAIRFIELD SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—A correspondent at Kendal's Mills informs us that a meeting of the association was held at the office of Simon Connor, Esq., on the evening of March 31st at which the following officers were chosen:—

Gen. Seldon Connor, President.
Capt. John W. Channing, Vice President.
Lieut. Wm. H. Emory, Secretary.
E. G. Pratt, Treasurer.
William Connor, John G. Gilbreth, Henry C. Newhall, Trustees.

The following gentlemen were chosen a committee to solicit subscriptions in aid of the association, with power to appoint sub-committees:—

William Connor, A. N. Greenwood, Orison Burrill, E. G. Kidcut, Samuel Judkins.
A committee consisting of the following gentlemen was chosen to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the Association: Samuel H. Blackwell, Daniel Allen, Simon Connor.

The association adjourned to meet again on Monday evening, April 2d.

THE STATE TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE of Massachusetts held a jubilee over the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States sustaining the prohibitory law. The friends of temperance were much encouraged and thought a better day was now dawning.

Among the speakers, says the *Advertiser*, was Mr. Chaboudore of Williamstown, of the State Senate, who was called on, and reviewed some of the ingenious arguments advanced by the Public Safety Association. We were told that we could not stop rum-selling, and in the next breath that six licensed rum-sellers in a town would prevent all others from selling. If six rum-sellers could do this, certainly six honest men would prove as powerful for prohibition. The liquor sellers spoke of liberty, but they forgot that those who degraded their fellow men and slowly murdered them, were not entitled to any great amount of liberty outside of stone walls. These people came to us, asking to be permitted to spread their poison broadcast over the community under the operation of a license law, but they would not get such a law until they saw the State House on wheels and rolled down into State street,—no, not then.

EQUALIZING BOUNTIES.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, under date of April 2d, writes as follows:—

In a brief discussion which arose in the House this morning the following facts came out, namely,—that every member of the military committee is anxious to pass some measure equalizing the bounties of soldiers and sailors; that they do not find it so easy to agree upon the form of this measure as outsiders do; that they have had a sub-committee of three at work upon the subject for some time, of which Mr. Blaine of Maine is chairman; that this sub-committee has partially drawn up a bill; that they are not ready to go on with it till the return, about the 10th inst., of Mr. Blaine, called away by the death of a relative, and that they will be ready to report soon after his return. Leave was given the committee to report at

any time. The temper of the House is such that some measure on the subject is very likely to pass. Indications are that the question will not be taken up for action till toward the close of the month.

CHOLERA!—Mayor Frye, of Lewiston—who, by the way, gives evidence of being a man of marked efficiency in office—addresses an appeal to the citizens to take measures against the cholera, in case of its appearance in this country. Some of his suggestions are so appropriate for Waterville that we copy them. "Construct your drains," he says, "remove your filth, take care of your sink water, give proper attention to your vaults, clear your cellars of all water, and decayed vegetables, whitewash thoroughly, use liberally chloride of lime and other disinfectants, drain or fill up the vacant lots, cleanse the alleys, courts and by-ways, and not only will the cholera find here no abiding place, but the list of mortality for other diseases will be decreased." This is good counsel, but the following short paragraph is a temperance lecture in a nut shell:—

"To the citizens generally I desire to say that intemperance in eating and drinking, especially in drinking so called whiskey, gin, brandy and beer, bought cheaply enough to be sold cheap and yet pay the seller sufficient profits to induce him to continue in such a miserable business, and at the same time pay his enormous costs and fines, liquors, as any one can see, honestly entitled to their alms of 'wet damnation,' is the fast ally of the cholera. For this reason, if for no other, the law known as the 'Maine Law' will be strictly enforced. While the weakness of humanity may demand for some who drink, pity, the aversion which makes men sell to their fellow men what they know is really a poison to both body and soul, will receive the indignation and contempt of every good citizen, whether he be a temperance man 'par excellence' or not."

THE WAR AT AN END.—With "Whereas" seventeen times repeated, and filling a column, President Johnson's proclamation declares that the insurrection which heretofore existed in the States lately in rebellion "is at an end, and henceforth to be so regarded." Precisely what the declaration is to carry with it, and what change it is to work, does not yet appear. Some folks suspect a cat under the m.d.

THE PRESIDENT'S VETO.—In discussing the President's veto of the Civil Rights Bill, the Baltimore *American* says:—

"We see nothing in the President's objections that for a moment shakes our convictions as to justice, propriety and constitutionality of the bill. The powers given by the bill were no more extended than those which were given and exercised under the Fugitive Slave law for the return of fugitives. That which was done in behalf of Slavery we think could much more righteously be done in behalf of Freedom. On this point the President is at issue with Congress, and with nine-tenths of the party who elected him. The appeal must now be made to the people, and in their verdict we have the fullest confidence."

GOOD HELP.—Rev. Mr. Winter, of the Catholic church in this place, gave a lecture at Town Hall on Wednesday evening, to a full house, composed mainly of the people of his charge. The subject of the lecture was 'temperance and general morals'; and it was presented in a way eminently calculated to do good. Mr. Winter seems to be laboring to much profit in a field where a good man, as a moral and religious leader, has long been needed.

BANGOR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, advertised in our columns, is a useful institution that is daily giving in popular favor.

ANDREW JOHNSON.—Mr. Baldwin, M. C. from Massachusetts, is editor of the Worcester Spy, and acts as its Washington correspondent. In a late letter he says:—

"Andrew Johnson is an able man, how able I never realized till yesterday. All results are involved in his policy. Had he a cabinet as able and despatch, the dire results which the near future would bring, could hardly be named now. We stand on the verge of a fierce strife, to meet which the country should gather up its loins. This man is no weak Buchanan, and he means to crush Congress or be crushed." The same writer thus describes Mr. Johnson's personnel:—"Mr. Johnson is a man of stalwart mould. Just above middle stature, he is so broad-shouldered, firm set and deep chested, as almost to seem below it. He has a large head. It is a compact head for his fiery will and brain. His face is marked, strong oval outline, powerful chin; jaw well-defined but rather sharp; under a wide, straight mouth, full flexible lips, skin coarse in texture but firm, complexion swarthy, hair coarse black, nose full and large at the nostrils, which expand and lift as he speaks, broad, rosy forehead, beaming bushy eyebrows, beneath which are a pair of the coldest hazel eyes I ever saw in a human head. These are the outlines of Andrew Johnson."

FAST DAY.—Rev. Mr. Magwire will preach on Fast day at the Universalist church. Subject, "The Duties of the Hour."

CHANGED. The "Sheep Shearing," of the North Kennebec Wool Growers Association, originally set for the 13th of June, is to take place on the 6th of June instead, by order of the trustees.

END OF THE SANDERS KIDNAPING CASE.—In the Court of Queen's Bench, Montreal, last week, the Sanders Kidnaping Case was brought up and the defendants, W. H. Blossom and Charles Hogan Adams, were put upon their trial. The same jury which was impaneled for the first case was sworn in, and proceeded, by direction of the Judge and with consent of the Crown prosecutor, to return a verdict of not guilty on each of the indictments.

JESUITICAL.—Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, has written a letter stating that the *Te Deum* sung at Charleston in 1861, when Fort Sumter was taken, was because the fort fell without loss of life. The Bishop disclaims any agency in procuring the letter from the Pope to Jeff. Davis, and regards it and Davis' reply not as a recognition by the Pope of the Confederacy, but a correspondence between individuals, private, not diplomatic. Pickwickian, very.

GOV. BROWNLOW'S POSITION.—Governor Brownlow of Tennessee recently made a speech at Knoxville, in which he expressed his sentiments in his accustomed energetic manner. He said among other things:—

"I announce to you that if Andy Johnson is to lead the way in reconstruction, with the democratic party at his back, I go the other way. I go with the Congress of the United States, the so-called radicals. I do not fear to side with them. The name of radical has no terrors for me. I have been known as a 'damned blue-light whig' and 'damned lunatic,' and I think it cheap if they would now let me off by calling me a 'damned radical.'"

In a subsequent part of his speech the governor told one of the open secrets of the day:—

"I have some secrets to tell of the Freedmen's Bureau bill. I think the bill objectionable, and it might have been proper for me to veto it, but President Johnson ought not to have done it. Gens. Howard and Fiske drew up that bill. They carried it to the President and read it to him, section by section. He favored it. Gen. Fiske thought the expense would be too great, but the President said 'no.' He urged it and promised to sign it if Congress should pass it. It went through both houses. In the meantime he got into a personal quarrel with Sumner and others, and when the bill came before him for his signature he vetoed it, after having promised to favor it. This is a secret, but true."

This statement has already been made from several different quarters, but has met a half-way denial from some of the democratic papers. There can be no doubt of its substantial truth however.

THE EVENING POST AND THE LAST VETO. The New York Evening Post, which is in no sense a partisan paper, and which has been trying hard to see its way clear to a hearty support of what is called 'the President's policy,' comes out square against the positions of the second veto message, and expresses the hope that Congress will pass the bill by the requisite two-thirds vote. This fact is all the more significant, as the Post was disposed to admit the force of some of Mr. Johnson's objections to the Freedmen's Bureau bill. But the disgust inspired by the speech of the 22d of February, and the hostility to any measure of justice to the freedmen which reveals itself in the latest veto message, have been too much for a paper so honestly devoted to the cause of freedom and humanity as the Post.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Last Sabbath evening, after an eloquent temperance address by Mr. Uriac, at town hall, in S. R., a young man came upon the platform and said: "It is a strange thing that I am here. I kept the vilest place and sold the most ruin of any man in this town. I led young men and old men to destruction. A few weeks ago I cursed every man who spoke against my business. I defied God. But soon after I could not sleep. The thought haunted me that some one of the men I had made drunk at night might be dead at my door in the morning. But thank God I am converted." He then raised both his hands and said: "I promise before God Almighty, maker and savior, that I will never sell or use another drop of liquor while God gives me life."

He went on to say that he was born near there; that he had been a soldier, and wounded, and had a little family. "You have a right," he said, "to hate them and me; I know you hate us; but for God's sake won't you love us for the future? I had a good christian mother." Here he broke completely down, the tears flowing freely, and the Irish orator happily took up the tide of feeling in the assembly, by alluding to the tear of penitence by the angel in Tom Moore's "Peri Parlored" as a passport of repentance at the gates of Paradise. [Journal.]

AN EXTRAORDINARY PAPER.—The April number of the *American Agriculturist* contains 44 pages (13x10 inches) instead of the standard 32, and each of the previous three numbers of this, the quarter-century volume, has contained at least 40 pages, with a prospect of continuing at this size. Over 150 engravings have already appeared in the first one-third of the volume. The present (April) number opens with a splendid head engraving of "Baron of Oxford," one of the most valuable animals of the cattle kind of this country, or in the world. Next are 4 pages of "Hints about work" to be done during the month, in the field, orchard, garden, apiary, etc., giving some hundreds of practical suggestions, especially valuable for the opening Spring work. Next are 5 pages of "Basket matter," or some 90 or more shorter items on various topics of general interest, answer to queries, useful hints from correspondents, etc., including an onslaught upon humbugs. Next are 12 pages of topics pertaining to general field and farm work, animals, building, etc., with engravings, including a full page one of a Barn on Fire, and hints as to what is to be done. Following this is the Horticultural, or fruit, flower, and garden department, also finely illustrated. The Household Department comes next, including an illustrated description of the "Pork Worm," or Trichina, and an important article on silver "Plated Ware," showing the deceptions practised. The Youth's Department is certainly admirable for the little folks, and includes a very fine engraving of "The Young Runaway." About Shot Making; also a capital puzzle picture of "An Enemy in the Camp," and other puzzles, and instructive items. The whole number is supplied for 15 cents, and the volume for the year at \$1.50, or four copies for \$5, which will hardly pay for the printing paper used, and the press work. Every family will find it advantageous to take the *Agriculturist*. The April number is alone worth the whole year's subscription price, while the previous three numbers are scarcely less valuable, and the future eight months promise to be even more valuable. Send the subscription price to the Publishers, ORANGE JUDD & CO., 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, CITY, and get the whole volume. A better investment of the money can not well be made.

We would again call attention to this indispensable article of Gold Medal Soap, for the laundries and the ladies. What the dearest treasures will do when the manufacturer, in the course of human events, steps into another sphere of being, we are at a loss to imagine. Make the most of him while you have a chance to do so, for nature, art, or science can never produce a second J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap. We cannot say half enough in its favor. After using, you will say the same.

Mr. Wendell Phillips has issued a call for a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society at Dr. Cheever's church, in New York, May 8. He says "the rights of the negro are to-day in more fearful peril than at any time since the first fire on Sumter."

CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR. We notice that the papers have mentioned the names of several gentlemen who are to be candidates for nomination to the office of governor of Maine, at the approaching republican convention.—Gen. Chamberlain, of Brunswick, Hon. Sam'l Spring of Portland, and Hon. W. A. P. Dillingham, of Waterville. Of the latter gentleman the *Me. Farmer* very justly says, "He is a gentleman of ability and experience in legislative matters, is extensively known for his earnest devotion to the moral and material interests of the State, and if nominated to the office would do honor to the position." And we may say in addition to this, without disparagement to either of the other gentlemen named, that Mr. Dillingham is sound on the great political questions of the day; active and influential in behalf of the cause of education, and temperance; prominent among the friends of agriculture; and an advocate of an enlightened and liberal policy for the encouragement of every branch of industry in the State. We do not know how strong he may be politically, but we are sure that if successful, he would bring no discredit to his friends or the State of Maine.

GOOD ADVICE, which we hope people will heed, is given by the editor of the *American Agriculturist*, in the concluding paragraph of an article on "Humbugs and Swindling Concerns," which we copy:—

There is not an article of gold or silver to be bought in this city at less than its coin value. The great failures described in so many of the circulars, have nowhere occurred. Believe no statement, however plausible and well told, that comes to you by circulars though the mail. There is not a single gift enterprise that is not directly or indirectly a swindle. The fellows that advertise obscene books, instruments, or medicines, are without exception, swindlers. Every watch or similar thing offered to be sent by mail, is not worth sending for, even if you are sure to get it, which, in nine cases out of ten, you will not. Most of these parties, on being followed up, pretend that money sent them has been lost by mail. We know that there is not a single establishment in the country that offers articles or money for distribution by tickets, that is not a downright cheat.

SOFT SOAP—is so often used to the detriment rather than the advantage of men and merchandise, that it has grown into disrepute and therefore we would call your attention to the superior Hard Soap manufactured by Leathie & Gore, and sold by most every grocer. This soap in its various forms is suited to the toilet, being good for the skin, and for the general purposes of washing, cleaning, and scrubbing: there is nothing like it in the market.

A FIGHT IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Advices from Rio Janeiro to March 3 state that on the 31st of January a Paraguayan force, 3000 strong, crossed the Parana at Paso de Patria and attacked the vanguard of the allied armies. After a severe fight the Paraguayans recrossed the river in good order. The loss of the Argentines is estimated at 200 killed; that of the Paraguayans is not estimated. A quantity of timber for making rafts and material for the advance of the allies was captured and thrown into the river.

The Newburyport *Herald* tells a story of a venerable citizen of that city, who while walking in Salisbury, a few days since, was seized violently by four strong and rough men, who ran him some distance to his great fright and no little danger to his wind. When they stopped, the only apology was—"We know you; you're too good a man to be kilt." It seems that he was near where they were blasting rocks on the track of the Eastern Railroad, and without knowing it, was within a few feet of where a train was laid and an explosion was to take place. He would have been blown to pieces in less than two minutes but for the timely interference of the workmen.

The number of young Southerners, of both sexes, who are at present seeking employment in the Northern cities is almost incredible. It is said that in New York alone there are more than fifty thousand of Southern-born and bred persons seeking their fortunes.

PRESENTS AND PRIZES. Everything in the form of prizes, premiums, and presents can be had by addressing American Statesman, 67, Nassau Street, New York. A prize sent free to subscribers and clubs, valued at from \$100 to \$1000. Copies furnished free. Address American Statesman, 67 Nassau Street, New York.

Here is an item which will be quite unintelligible to you Americans: In Berlin, Prussia, there were in the year 1865, no less than two hundred and eighty-five thousand executions levied by the constables on the goods of poor debtors, whereby their furniture and other trifles were seized and sold for the benefit of their creditors. Eight hundred of such procedures a day, and that in the capital where, the king, the aristocracy, thousands of officials and officers, are spending their money! Oh, there is something more than rotten in Europe, and who wonders that millions are looking for rescue from their misery, for help and a brighter future to the blessed shores of our country.

One of the New Hampshire railroads is about to adopt the following ticket system, with a view of insuring a correct return of all fares taken on board the trains. Hereafter a charge of twenty cents extra will be made upon all fares paid in the cars, and the passengers so paying will receive a check from the conductor entitling him to a return of that amount upon its presentation at any ticket office named upon the ticket.

Nor so very long ago, in one of the Western States, there was a certain Baptist church, whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immerson. At a meeting of church officers, on one occasion, a certain person, not remarkable for purity of life, sent in a request for admission into their fold. One of the committee—a rather rough man—on hearing the name of the individual, exclaimed: "That man! Well, if that man is to be admitted to the church he ought to soak overnight at a great dinner given on St. Patrick's Day, at Charleston, S. C., a Mr. Thomas Ryan offered for a toast—"The memory of Preston Brooks."

Efforts are making to establish a law school in connection with Bowdoin College, at Brunswick Maine, and one will be started next fall if twenty students can be found.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The number of cattle at Market last week was about five hundred less than the previous week, and prices advanced; but the number of sheep was largely increased and the market favored the buyer. The reporter of the Boston *Advertiser* thus sums up the result at the close of the second day:—

There is but little stock unsold, but that little appears to be a plenty. We think a comparison of sales will show that prices this week correspond very nearly with prices two weeks ago. The remnants of droves, some of which are bad specimens, and a dull, stupid market to close out. We understand that some drovers have started in haste for Canada, where there are large lots of distillery-fed cattle; Daniel Wells, of good Maine oxen, 1600 lbs each, 13-20, 35 sks; and 4 of 1650 lbs each at 13-12 each at 130, 30 sks.

BEAR CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef: A few premiums, 12 to 18 cts.; fat hogs, 10-12 cts. per lb.; That commonly called extra, 12-14 to 18 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c., 12-12 to 13 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 11-12 to 12 cts.; Third quality, higher young cattle, cows, &c., 11 to 11-12 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 9 to 10 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prices for Sheep and Lambs 7 to 8 cts. per lb. Extra 8-12 to 9 cts; Sheep 5-12 to 6-14 cts per lb.

STORE CATTLE.—Prices for working oxen, \$175 to 250 per pair; steers \$100 to 150; milch cows, \$50 to 75; extra, \$80 to 100; farrow, &c., \$20 to 40.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shots, wholesale, 12 to 11 cts. per lb; retail, 12 to 13 cts.; fat hogs, 10-12 cts. per lb.; live weight; Hides, best Brighton, 9 to 10 cts. per lb.; country lots 8 to 8-12 cts.; tallow, 7 to 8 cts.; calf skins, 25 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$2.00 to 2.50 each.

This week 2457 cattle are reported, to contrast with 1610 last week; and 3005 sheep, against 9012 one week ago. Consequently beef is lower and mutton higher.

The following correspondence will show how the challenge question stands between Waterville Engine Co. No. 3 and Victor No. 1 of Kendall's Mills.

CHALLENGE!
HALL OF WATERTOWN ENGINE CO. No. 3
Waterville, March 17th, 1866.

To the Clerk of Victor Engine Co. No. 1, Kendall's Mills
Dear Sir:—

At a meeting of Waterville Engine Company No. 3, held this day, it was voted
That Waterville Engine Company No. 3 hereby challenges Victor Engine Company No. 1, Kendall's Mills, to a horizontal play on or before the 20th day of June next, for a purse of \$2,000, cash (\$1,000 to be put up by each Company), twenty per cent. of the said \$2,000 to be deposited in Waterville National Bank, on or before the last day of March inst., as a forfeit, and the balance to be deposited in said Bank ten days before the trial. The winning Company to have the purse.
Voted, that W. A. Coffey, E. G. Mander, and C. R. McFadden be a committee to confer with any committee that may be appointed by said Victor Company, with full power to make all necessary arrangements for the trial.
Voted, that the Clerk forward a copy of the above voted to Victor Company No. 1, of Kendall's Mills.

Yours truly,
M. G. GORDON,
Waterville Engine Co. No. 3.

KENDALL'S MILLS, March 28th, 1866.
To the Clerk of Waterville Engine Co. No. 3
Dear Sir:—

At a meeting of Victor Engine Co. No. 1, held at the Engine Hall, last evening, it was voted: To instruct the Clerk to inform Waterville Engine Company No. 3 that we will give them a decided answer on or before the last day of April next, in regard to their challenge.

Very Respectfully,
F. E. McFADDEN,
Clerk of Victor Engine Co. No. 1.

CARD.
TICOTIC ENGINE CO. No. 4 takes great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Fifty Dollars from W. J. MOUTH JONES, Esq., of Winslow, and accept it as a very generous expression of his appreciation of their services at the fire on his premises.

The thanks of the Company are also tendered to the citizens of Winslow for a complimentary subscription.

C. KNAUFF, Clerk.
Stated Meeting, Ticotic Hall, April 4th, 1866.

The Gardiner Reporter says that several of the largest liquor dealers of that city, have voluntarily abandoned the business within a few days; and that a number of others intend to follow their example.

The stock is now being taken up for a railroad from Wiscasset to Richmond. The Bath *Times* would prefer to have the junction at Bath and urges the people of Bath to work for that object.

A frolicsome member of Congress from Daotah the other day bought a snapping turtle, and put it in the desk of a venerable member from Pennsylvania, and then asked the member for a sheet of paper. The unsuspecting gentleman nearly lost one of his fingers by the tick, greatly to the delight of the practical joker.

The London *Times* admits that frightful and unjustifiable cruelties were committed in Jamaica and that there was an abuse of power beyond all excuse or palliation.

Bradley T. Johnson, who was under bonds in Baltimore to answer charges against him for acts done during the rebellion, has been discharged by order of the President.

Governor Dillingham of Vermont has appointed Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Burlington to succeed the late Mr. Foot, in the Senate. Mr. Edmunds will leave immediately for Washington.

The Bath *Times* announces that the establishment of a daily line of steamers from Bath to Boston, to connect with the Portland & Kennebec Railroad has assumed a shape to leave no doubt of its immediate consummation. Two first class boats will be put upon the route immediately.

STEPHENS, THE HEAD CENTINEL.—A Dublin letter says that Mrs. Stephens was attended during her journey from that city to Cork, by no less than six detectives, who imagined she might be going to meet her husband somewhere not quite so far off as New York. The sharp men of the G division who undertook this mission returned very disconsolate to Dublin.

CROUP. Almost daily we are called upon to chronicle the death of some loved one, by this dread disease, which often takes its victim away from loving parents with only very short notice. Every mother should supply herself with Coe's Cough Balsam, for it is no exaggeration to say it will cure ninety-nine cases in every one hundred, if taken in season. There are very many mothers who will tell you they owe the life of some dear one to this wonderful medicine. One very desirable quality is that

