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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 44): May 4, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

SADLY and wearily walk we the desert,  
Mid cares for the living and tears for the dead;  
Around us the darkness and dangers of midnight,  
O'er us the wing of the tempest outspread.

Yes, 'mid the storms, the danger, and darkness,  
Glimpses of glory and flashes of light,  
Down from the region which lieth above us,  
Radiant and beautiful burst on our sight—

Kindling our spirits with holy aspirations,  
Rousing the careless and nerving the weak,  
Clearing our sight from the mists which surround us,  
And beckoning us on to the glory we seek.

Often, when weary with toil and contention,  
Sad and despairing we sit down to weep,  
Then the sweet songs of that beautiful region  
Steal o'er our spirits like oil o'er the deep.

Beautiful region where shall we behold it?  
When shall we dwell in that city of peace?  
Clothed like the angels, and joining their anthems,  
Holy and rapturous, and never to cease.

Hopefully onward, through every temptation,  
Press we, for strength to the weary is given;  
Life is a pilgrimage, death is a portal,  
Soon will it open the wonders of heaven.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

LITTLE MAY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

They had loved each other as boy and girl—been engaged for several years; and in spite of the quiet opposition of friends, had kept their youth bright by the crown of the happiness which should one day crown her devotion, and his patience and energy, amid the struggles which beset a man trying to make a foothold in this hard world.

Then Cecil Raymond's ambitious and intriguing mother took her away to Europe, and Lasley Payne was left alone to fight the battle on toward wealth, distinction, and that most glorious Pentecost of his hopes, the winning of his wife.

But by the time another year went by he was doubly alone, for the dream had fallen in ruins at his feet, and crushed his heart under; and the blasted hopes mocked him as bitterly as if they had been curses returned to the soul that sent them forth.

No answer to his letters; not a word from Cecil; no clue to her movements beyond the vague rumor that she was about to sell her beauty for a coronet—a growing weakness with American girls.

No it ended—he could do nothing more; he had tried every means, nothing was left him now but to preserve at least the dignity of manhood, and let the world separate them, since she so willed it.

I think he hated her for a time—hated her with that horrible bitterness which is only love misdirected. He could understand how it had been—the world had conquered; that deceitful old mother had carried her point. He knew her thoroughly, and knew that, in spite of the blood on which she prided herself, she would only have needed to have lived a century or two earlier, to have deliberately chosen for her child a golden infamy in preference to humble honesty.

He hated the girl with fierce, hot love. He despised and made excuses for her, and cursed himself both ways for his folly—and then went on his course.

Life will not stand still for people. There is no possibility, except in rare instances, of giving up existence to wretchedness. There is a great deal else to do. There is eating, and drinking, and work, and every-day aims; and though hearts may break, most people learn to live comfortably with the fragments. And I suppose they stop aching at last, except when some chance touch stirs up the old pain in a numbing way.

So Lasley Payne lived and prospered in his profession, and made friends; and nobody knew what he had lost under the waves; and it was not particularly romantic; and at last life would do very well—oh, very well!

The second year after—almost three years, perhaps, I am never certain about dates—what we call fate, without ever thinking that it is absolute atheism thus to misname God's providence, threw May Jordan in his way.

Blithe May Jordan! Nobody ever thought of calling her anything but May; and she had not yet lived enough for any one to decide whether the pretty pet name, or the grave, clear-sighted Margaret, which she had been christened, was most in keeping with her character.

It was a match which everybody approved—and he was attached to her. And how many of the marriages which have come under our observation have possessed any better foundation than that?

I can tell you sincerely that he did not think of her money. Indeed, there was no occasion, for he had been successful, both as regarded prosperity and reputation; but he was not a man to have thought about it any way. He thought it odd enough that he should dream of marrying her at all—her or any; he could not explain. She rested him with her pretty ways. Every time he heard her girlish laughter, it seemed to charm the mournful echoes in his soul. She had such caressing, womanly habits. She was so delicate—such an atmosphere of ladyhood hung about her.

He said to himself that she was not a woman of intellect. So much the better! She lived on the surface of life, and would rest contentedly among the outer folds of his heart, without ever passing herself for him by straining after dark secrets. So much the better! She was not imaginative or morbid. She would be perfectly content with what he had to give, and never dream that he had in his capabilities of being different; that, in spite of his gentleness and affection, an impassable gulf swept between their souls.

All this, with a man's insolence of pride, he felt, without acknowledging it to himself. He decided upon her character according to his keen perceptions, and was satisfied that he had made no mistake.

And she? Why she was accustomed to being petted, and treated like a child; his grave, sweet way of doing it was the pleasantest of all. And the time when she spoke the words that bound them for life—the volume words that so seldom receive their full significance in our minds.

He had not really thought to utter them—it might happen some time. But that pleasant spring-day which they were spending out of town; the delicious feeling of rest that came over him; the idea that here alone he could find repose.

Then, too, only the night before that false woman had troubled his slumber. He would not permit even that. This pure rosebud should lie on his heart and guard it from all possibility of her intrusion.

Yet he had not thought to speak, I say; the words were on his lips almost before he was conscious. Sitting there, looking at her face shaded by the bands of soft hair; listening to her voice; feeling the past recede, the future stand aloof; the whole world offering nothing so pleasurable as that strange content—the more pleasurable, perhaps, because he knew how close outside of it watched the old pain.

"Will you stay with me always, May? Will you be my wife, and let your voice be my music? Will you soothe me when the world

galls, and life makes me bitter? Give me your hand, May! Do you love me, little May?" And never knew how his selfishness filled up those holy words—his comfort—his repose! And could not even pity the wild tremor of maidenly bashfulness that shook her very soul, and cried again, impatiently, "Do you love me, May?"

Could she answer! Die for him, yes—that is little! Live for him, suffer for him—but utter a word then! And she was close to his heart, and he felt hers beat; and it was a moment of restful pleasure to him and to her—the kiss on her lips was her life's Eucharist.

Then the bitterness and unrest swept back. Before the first hour was over he began to wonder and think. But it was best. Yes! he was more content. She was a child—would be always! Better so!

"Dear little May! My blossom, my spring-flower!"

Three months of rapturous delight to May; three months of mingled emotions to Lasley Payne; then he grew impatient to end it, to have his destiny settled—and he hurried on the marriage.

He meant to do right. He was certain that it was full and complete happiness for her. He could be content, and he was tender of her. He said that over and over again to his soul. She was a rare flower to him—a very sunlight. She pleased taste and sense, and he never remembered that it was a human soul he took in his keeping, do you understand?

They had been married two weeks—he was so happy that he did not think at all; a season of complete rest, and May—

Don't call me sacrilegious; but I can write no words to express what it was to her, because there is no human one to answer; only the psalm that bursts from the lips of our freed souls, when the higher life opens, could express what I wish to portray.

Lasley had taken a little cottage by the sea. The solitude had been complete—the peace entire; and oh! the golden radiance of the summer days, with the pebbly beach, and the molten glory of the sea stretching out till it seemed to meet infinity! The wonder of the nights, when the moon rose suddenly, full-orbed, from out the waters and beauty became an ecstasy of pain from the very weakness of our human senses.

For the first time their retirement had been intruded upon—only visitors for a few hours. Lasley had gone into the house to write a letter, which he wished to send by one of the gentlemen whose holiday was over, and who found himself obliged to accept the dusty city streets once more.

Lasley's letter was partly written. He sat in the shadowy room, idly holding his pen in his hand, and listening, absently, to the murmur of voices that came up from the beach—May's rippling laugh striking his ears with a pleasant sound.

He was content; he had not thought at all. Surely the old life must be lost entirely—buried worlds out of sight; but he had not thought.

His servant came in with a parcel from the post-office. Absently as ever Lasley Payne took up a letter, opened it, and began to read.

This is not a romance; it is one of the real, terrible things that happen occasionally in this life—worse, oh! so much worse than death!

That letter from Cecil Raymond—written from the North of Europe. Her mother was dead. She had learned the truth at last, she wrote it to him. She had never changed—never married. Her mother had intercepted their letters, convinced her of his falsehood. She had sunk into silence, proud as his own.

She wrote now to ask him to forgive her that she had ever doubted; to tell him with all the abandonment of a proud, generous woman wishing to atone, that she loved him—loved him! She would wait there until her letter was answered.

He read it all. Reflection left his mind—everything was forgotten. He only knew that Cecil called him, and he must go. He sprang to his feet as if to rush away at once. Again the sound of voices echoed up from the beach, and May's rippling laughter struck his ear once more.

The whirl of insane thoughts seemed to consume years in passing through his brain. Anything appeared possible—suicide, murder! Only to claim his stolen happiness—to avenge his murdered heart.

They died; he saw what he had to do—the stern sense of right and justice came back.

He wrote that letter in fragments; he wrote the simple truth—he was married—all was over.

Leave him alone; say a prayer for him, if any experience can give you a perception of that hour.

And then, without any respite, the ordinary tide of life rolled back; the guests were in the room; May was by his side, her hand on his arm, with a right to be there, not for once, but for always—years and years, and nothing, but to be silent and to bear; and then they tell us that death is the hardest thing to endure.

When they were gone, and the pair left alone, May said, softly, "We are together again—together!"

She spoke more gravely than her wont; and oh! what a terrible significance the words had to him!

Together! Yes, and for life; and no sign could be made. Even his dreams to be watched, least that name, written on the fragments of his heart, should escape his lips.

She talked gayly for awhile, then said, abruptly, "Ain't you well, Lasley? You look pale."

"The heat—it often affects me so."

She made him lie down; she would read to him. First she must bathe his forehead, and saturate his pillow with perfume. Once, in spite of himself, he made an involuntary movement of impatience. She did not appear to notice it, and while she sat reading, he thought to himself, though the whirl of agony went on all the same, how fortunate it was that she was blind—a child. She would sit by his side through all coming time, and never dream of the gulf that lay between them.

The days passed. Lasley Payne's line of action was laid out; he would not vary essentially from it. He had the strength to go through with what he had undertaken. He believed, as most men would, that his determination was grand and magnanimous.

But I have my doubts. The older we grow the more plainly we see, that even for our own

daily comfort, the entire truth is wisest. If Payne had opened his whole heart to her when he wooed her, at least he would have been relieved from the burden of an eternal something to conceal.

But he choose his way, and he trusted to his estimate of her character, and believed that he could make her happy, in spite of his own misery; and that she would rest tranquilly in his child-wife—little May, as he was fond of calling her.

The days passed; the ordinary routine of life went on; the intense heat lasted, so there was an excuse for Payne's pallor and lassitude; and May's cheerful voice was cheerful as ever; and Lasley knew that his secret would never be suspected, growing sometimes bitter in his thoughts because the blindness to which he trusted was so complete.

I hold him worthy of all pity and sympathy. I think there must be something grand about a man who could bear as he did, and make no sign. But now I have done with his feelings; for I have but a brief space to tell my story, and it is the character of little May that I wish to make clear to you.

I said she had so far gone through life on the surface; that there had been nothing to rouse the real strength, if such there was. Happiness had been so entire that she never dreamed of the possibility of suffering.

But from the first hour that Lasley Payne's fresh suffering began, she knew it. The beautiful Eden where she had dwelt reeled into chaos, and she knelt amid the blackness praying to God for help.

This is the broken record that was written by her own hand. You will understand her nature by reading the voice of her heart—written at intervals, without date, only meant to be destroyed—the one outlet, except prayer, to the anguish which tugged at the very springs of life.

"He calls me 'always little May, sweetly, with an undertone of pity in his voice that it is worse to bear than harshness would be."

"Little May! A child—a poor, blind thing! A butterfly that he caught unwittingly; and out of the great tenderness of his nature will not crush, though the poor butterfly is a daily torture to his eyes, because it reminds him of some summer forever gone by."

"How did I know this—why do I feel it? Can I tell? But it is the truth. He pities me. He would die to shield me from a knowledge of it. But my husband's heart is a world beyond my reach."

"My husband? Why, God help me! I am not even a wife in the sight of heaven—God's word says heart joined to heart, soul cleaving to soul! And I must make no sign. I must let him press his lips to mine. I must let him believe that my whole being is content, and—"

"I am trying to see clearly. If I were only wise and could form a definite plan; but I can pray; maybe our Heavenly Father will pity me all the more for my weakness and helplessness."

"How did it begin? I can hardly tell. It is like trying to recall some terrible dream. I don't know how I felt it. I don't know what it is even now, this black trouble; but I have not my husband's heart. I say he pities me; he is so good that he would love me a little if he could."

"Oh! what is it? Did I show so plainly that I loved him, that he married me out of his great generosity? Oh! that can't be—that thought is too bold and horrible! I was a child but I was not unaided. I thought he loved me—I never dreamed. Oh, my God! if even his pity is so tender, what would his love be?"

"The days get on. It is all clear to me—each one makes me see more plainly. Why I have grown to understand even the slightest gesture. Oh! I know, too, when the very sight of me is a pang; then I creep away."

"He has loved some woman! Maybe I shall never know the story. If it's right for me, God will set it before me; if it could not help to guide me, better not to know."

"Then why did he marry me? I can't think about that. I only know that he is a good, grand man, and his motive must have been a right one. He might have made a mistake, but he meant all for the best. I am only a poor, weak, little creature; but I think God will show me how to act. I needed the trial, or it would not have come near me."

"If he was like many men, I could tell him what is in my mind; I could free him; but that would only add to his wretchedness. If he thinks I suffer, or even have a gleam of the truth, he will suffer more."

"Only one thing for me to do—I can do it. Not I, but our heavenly Father's strength working in me."

"I must be his child-wife, his unthinking bird, content to sing when it can soothe him, never being conscious of a cloud on his face; not only content, but happy with whatever he can give."

"So his life will not be utterly wrecked, he must; clinging to his profession; he must make himself as many interests as he needs away from me. There may be times when my blindness and lightness can cheer him. When the dark hour comes I must get away; even then I can pray for him."

"I think to-night I understand a little more. Since he married me something has occurred to stir up the old life—for at first he was content; if he had not been I should not have been so blessed. I can't tell what. Perhaps he has learned that if he had waited; if he had not caught his poor butterfly, he might have had his happiness."

"And I can't even pray to die—that would be a sin; only to help him if it be possible—I pity him so. If I had not loved him, I might have daily hurt him in a thousand ways; but I know by my own love what he suffers, and I can guard against that."

"If only God gives me strength, and He will—He will, the years may come and go, and life shall pass for one, or both; and when we meet in eternity—oh! even there he cannot love me—"

"It was winter, and they were settled in their own home; and success crowned Lasley's professional labors, till the very hurry of life left him no time for rest."

When he came home, there was the little May awaiting him, ready to sympathize with every mood; but the child still—all done, he knew, without thought—she was happy. Once she wrote:—

"We are to be very gay. He says I can help him socially—ah, I understand! Less chance for being left alone—less time for thought. Any way he pleases. If I can only soothe one hour, it is reward enough for my life's work."

Before Spring came there was something bitter yet.

"Now he has his rooms in another part of the house; there are things I cannot say even to myself—no words for them even in prayer."

"I knew—I am a woman—I should lie to my soul, if I denied that I knew, sometimes, it was madness to see me where that lost woman ought to sit—in the very holy of holies of home to find the stranger. Oh! my God, help me!"

"How he snatched at the pretext, when I laughingly chided him one morning for having disturbed me so late. Better he should have a room to himself while he was so busy, and most often write all night; and I said yes—and he has it. I made it so pretty; and when he sits there alone, I know the lost woman sits beside him."

"Among the books of his poetry, which I laid on the table, are some always arranged in a peculiar way. I know that is the way she kept them on her table; perhaps those very books—and they once read them together! However busy he may be, since he had that room, he never comes home without a bunch of violets, or some sort of white flower, which he puts in a little vase on that table. Sometimes they wither there—sometimes they are trampled under foot. So I knew she loved those blossoms, and when he can dream he likes to see them. When I find them torn and broken, I know the mad agony has burst all bounds for a season."

Cecil Raymond came home to reside with her relatives. Nobody had known of her engagement to Payne; no allusion could ever meet May's ear. She came home a noble, proud, generous woman. No longer a girl, but still with the bloom of youth on her face, and all her powers of intellect brightened by those years of suffering.

She knew that she must meet Payne—it was inevitable. She could bear it for a time—she would not think.

He heard that she had come. May saw another change in him. She knew that fresh revelations awaited her; but while they bore up with the suileness of pride, she prayed.

It was at a party, where May was lovely as a ray of sunshine, and there was nobody wise enough to read the changed language of her eyes, from whence the soul would look out. Somebody said to her,

"Cecil Raymond was before your time, wasn't she?"

"I used often to see her when I was a child. I thought her so beautiful; why I haven't heard her name in ages."

"She has been in Europe—there she is—How young she looks."

And May, who never forgot her childish enthusiasm, wanted to make her acquaintance over again, and she must needs do it in her quaint, pretty way.

She watched an opportunity when the proud, stately woman was not occupied, and she went up to her.

"Spring has come back," said she. "Aren't you glad to see her, Miss Cecil?"

Cecil looked smilingly at the pretty vision, but wondrously, too.

"I can't think who it is," she said; "but, indeed, it is a lovely spring."

"Oh, Miss Cecil! And the summer at Lennox, and the daisy-chains, and you petted me so; and you said, if it was years after, when we met, I'd only have to say, 'Spring has come back.'"

"Little May Jordan!" cried Cecil, catching her hands; and her heart went back, with a bound, to the summer when they had met in the quiet of the country. Cecil, a young, impulsive girl; and May, a lovely child, who had returned her affection with a positive worship; and since then they had not met, and Cecil had forgotten her; and May had, perhaps, not mentioned her name for years, so many memories were holy to her.

"I am very, very glad to see you," continued Cecil; "you are so much what you used to be, you make me a girl again. This is worth coming home for."

For a few moments they talked only of that old summer, and recalled the walks; and May told her how she had thought her the most wonderful creature in the world; and even in that first moment remembered how sweet it would be in her foolishness to have such a friend.

"And where do you live?" cried Cecil. "Tell me all about yourself; you are not married, are you?"

Just then May saw her husband approaching. She made him a signal—there was no help. On he came, and her own lips spoke the words,

"Cecil, this is my husband. Lasley, I want you to think Miss Raymond for having been so good to me when I was a troublesome child."

Nothing happened—there never is a climax in real life. They shook hands; they spoke. Cecil Raymond said,

"Mr. Payne is an old acquaintance, too."

And thus they met, who had parted betrothed lovers! Cecil Raymond was always pale; Lasley Payne was one of those persons who only grow more quiet in moments of terrible mental agitation.

No pause made May.

"I am so glad; this is better than I used—Mayn't I call you Miss Cecil, just as I used? You may think me a child yet—Lasley does."

And more words from Miss Raymond, and a little contraction of the muscles about Lasley's mouth, that meant for a smile; then somebody rushed up to claim May for a walk.

"Stay here and talk," said she. "I'll come back;" and the last they saw of her was the smiling face as she floated away.

"Always a child," broke involuntarily from Payne's lips.

"And the sweetest, purest one ever placed in a man's hands," Cecil Raymond said.

"I know it," he answered.

That was all. They stood and talked as two ordinary acquaintances would have done; and when other men came up Payne made way, as was proper; and such were to be their meetings hereafter.

When the walk was over May found Lasley. "You are tired," she said. "Well, so am I—let's go home."

"Very willingly. You're a good little May."

"But oh, Miss Raymond! I mustn't rush off so after being so glad to see her. 'Will you come?'"

"Oh! there's a crowd of men—"

"Shan't I go?"

"Oh, yes! I'll wait."

May went up and said good-night, and offered to visit her; and they went home—little May, the child still. And alone in her room that night, she prayed.

"Our Father in heaven, I beseech Thee, have mercy upon us according to our several necessities. I beseech Thee to help and strengthen my husband in his great sorrow. I beseech thee to remember Cecil, and so to fill her with faith in Thee that no farther discipline may be necessary for her. I cannot ask to bear their burdens because that would be contrary to Thy will. I cannot ask thee for death, because it is in Thy wisdom that I am here—only to bless and strengthen them; to make their trials a harvest of exceeding great reward; to guard and guide them always; to be about their steps, sleeping and waking, and to give them the great treasure of Thy peace. Amen!"

This was May's prayer—for she knew that her husband's lost love was Cecil Raymond.

The season glittered to its close. May was just the same, only less strong—but nobody knew that. Lasley was on the full tide to success, and each wave that bore him higher was bitter to the taste; and always he kept to May the same gentle demeanor, and was glad that she was a child, and marveled a little at his own fortitude.

Cecil Raymond published her book, and was the avowed author of two anonymous ones that had made a great sensation; and people courted her, and even the London Athenaeum vowed her a genius; and in her solitude she trampled upon the critiques her friends showed her, with such pride, and rebelled in the face of heaven till she wondered why the worst curses of beauty and genius must be added to her misery.

When summer came, May longed in her heart for the sea once more, but she would not speak lest it should be painful to Lasley; but he wished it, too. He took her there to die. Without much warning—with no pain or suffering, she was passing rapidly away; not dying of a broken heart, she had never been rebellious enough for that—going because her work was done.

It was only a brief space before that Lasley learned the truth. He did suffer; he would have given all his success, his ambitions to have kept her alive. There was not one thought in his mind of the possible future yet in store; but amid all his sorrow, he still had the feeling, "I have kept her from all trouble. She has been happy—perfectly happy." And he believed that he had done a good work; he had acted kindly and well. But when we poor human creatures trust only to our own wisdom, we are very blind.

To the last she was the same, radiant with a new childlike beauty—the beauty of the children of God. It was not like dying; sometimes her face was so glorious, that those who watched felt a thrill of awe, as if the angels were made visible to their eyes. Once in her sleep she sang, in a voice that was like an angel's, a melody no mortal musician had ever composed, and uttered words in a language incomprehensible to mortal ears, only so sweet and grand they knelt in silence about the bed; for they knew that the seraphs were teaching her their hymns of praise.

I have not drawn on my imagination for these details of her last hours. I have related a simple fact, a very solemn one to me.

And on a radiant morning she went forth, her last look fastened upon Lasley's face, her last words,

"I'm going home."

Lasley Payne went away at once; the cottage was sold; the house in town shut up. For two years he did not meet Cecil Raymond.

He married her then. He was right to do so. He had tried to do for the best; he had a right to grasp happiness when it came within his reach.

And they were happy—a noble pair, nobly mated. They had not forgotten May; they talked of her often; their voices softened, and the tears came into their eyes. The loveliest, purest child; but so completely a child, that even before her translation the angels could visit her. No being who had really lived and suffered could ever have been purified enough for such a grace.

Lasley in his grief had never looked at her possessions; it was necessary now. There was a gift, for every friend; for Cecil Raymond there was the old black oak cabinet, where she kept her treasures—priceless from its age and carving.

To the last she had never given way; every line she had written in her anguish had been destroyed, as she believed; but it had pleased a higher wisdom than ours that some of those records should be left, to teach those two a lesson all the pride of intellect had never taught.

Cecil was taking out the drawers one day, when a roll of paper fell to the floor; it had lain under the drawer where it had been accidentally pushed.

She read May's Journal—she read it to Lasley; and before they had finished it they were reading it on their knees, such an awe and penitence came over them they could do nothing else.

They learned the whole truth from those fragments. They learned that the child whom they had pitied, and honored themselves for regretting, had lived a grander life than any warrior that ever wore immortal laurels—a grander life than even the greatest child of genius lived, and "then was not for God took her."

And May's earthly work was done.

Thomas Carlyle, from his own showing in his recent address at the University of Edinburgh, is seventy years old. A correspondent who was present on that occasion describes him as "the homeliest of Scotchmen, whose face looks like a heap of stones grown over with brambles."

TO DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.—When your discharge papers are lost, burned or otherwise destroyed they cannot be replaced. The best way to provide against these risks is to have them recorded in the office of the County Clerk, so that certified copies can at any time be obtained from the record.—[Hallowell Gazette.]

THE HISTORY OF A TORPEDO BOAT.—It is well known that the majority of the many enterprises of the rebels during the war in the way of marine infernal machines were more fatal to the inventors than to their opponents, but the extent to which confidence in them was rewarded by death has hardly been realized.

General Maury, in his report of the defense of Mobile, narrates as follows the eventful history of one torpedo boat. It was a



steer. Her speed was about four knots, and she could be controlled easily in smooth water. General Murry's report thus narrates her murderous career:—

"Soon after her arrival in Charleston, Lieutenant Payne, of the confederate navy, with eight others, volunteered to attack the Federal fleet with her. While preparing for their expedition, the swell of a passing steamer caused the boat to sink suddenly, and all hands, except Lieutenant Payne, who at the moment was standing in the open hatchway, perished. She was soon raised and again made ready for service. Lieutenant Payne again volunteered to command her.

"While lying near Fort Sumter she captured and sunk in deep water, drowning all hands except her commander and two others. Being again raised and prepared for action, Mr. Anley, one of the constructors, made an experimental cruise in her in Cooper River. While submerged at great depth, from some unknown cause she became unmanageable and remained for many days on the bottom of the river with her crew of nine dead men. A fourth time was the boat raised, and Lieutenant Dixon, of Mobile, of the Twenty first Volunteers, with eight others, went out of Charleston Harbor in her, and attacked and sunk the Federal steamer Housatonic. Her mission at last accomplished, she disappeared forever with her crew. Nothing is known of her fate, but it is believed they went down with the enemy."

## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM. DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY 4, 1866.



### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

**EQUALIZING OF BOUNTIES.**—We are glad to see that Massachusetts has led off in a plan for equalizing the bounties of the soldiers. This is an act of justice so evident, and of expedience so plain, that we can hardly doubt its adoption by all the States, sooner or later. A few millions, or a few hundred millions even, constitutes no objection. Our national debt is not the bugbear it was while it could be used as an argument for the rebels; and even the copperheads are now willing to curry favor with the soldiers. That those who stood boldly forth, at the first call of their country, should have the same bounty as those who volunteered when threatened with conscription, is too plain for argument; and the plea of Secretary McCulloch, that the amount necessary for equalizing the bounties would embarrass the government, shames the magnanimity which that government owes, and has always manifested towards the soldiers who sustained it. No such close economy, and no such narrow policy, have been shown elsewhere. We could wish that our own State had taken a bolder look at this matter, and are willing to see the soldiers putting shoulder to shoulder in promoting a measure of so evident justice. Certainly our country is not yet too poor to be just, especially to its best friends.

**A NEW MONOPOLY.**—Consolidation is the order of the day. Railroads double the price of bread; paper makers double the price of newspapers and books; cotton manufacturers double the price of cloths—and quadruple their dividends;—and scores of other interests are doubling the cost of the chief necessities of life, by combining and consolidating for purposes of monopoly. Last of all, the ice dealers of Boston have struck hands and put up the price of ice to a point that nothing short of dog-days can render endurable. Probably it has cost more to freeze ice this year than usual. Wonder what class will next assemble in solemn convocation to resolve prices up instead of down!

**SCHOOL DISTURBANCE.**—They have had a case of this in Lewiston—a termagant who disturbed the school having been duly arrested and fined. She escaped from the constable, when first taken, but was re-arrested; and after her conviction, brought an action against him for using more violence than was necessary in this second arrest. The court thought she was served about right, and gave judgment against her the second time.

**How?**—A correspondent of the Boston Post thinks the New Englanders are going back to the old law requiring everybody to "go to church or to jail." It may look so to men of the Post stamp, who have an instinctive horror of churches, and argue generously for grog shops and State prisons; and the prediction looks awfully as though the Post fears the party it assumes to lead is going backwards. Even in this case its alarm is uncalled for, as it will find it twice as far to church as to jail.

A lady in Oregon, in writing to a friend in New York, says that cattle in that region live to such a great age their owners have to fasten long poles on their horns for the wrinkles to run out on.

**THE ANNUAL PRIZE DECLAMATION** of the Sophomore class of Waterville College took place at the Baptist Church on Wednesday evening, and the exercises, which were very creditable as a whole, were listened to with pleasure by a large audience, the only drawback being the usual nuisance of a noisy gallery. Girls and boys who go to such places simply to gabble and make a noise by which the quiet portion of the audience and the speakers are disturbed, should be summarily ejected by the police. The Augusta Band furnished very good music for the occasion, and afterward serenaded the officers of the College. With few exceptions the declamations were so uniformly good, that the premiums (the second especially) could not have been awarded without some compromises; and several unsuccessful competitors may safely console themselves with the assurance that they "came within one of it." The first prize was awarded to Harry Carlton Hallowell, of Bangor, and the second to John Blake Clough, of Danbury, N. H.

The following is a list of the speakers with their selections:

- 1—ELMER SMALL, Vassalboro', "Democracy"—ANON.
- 2—FRED. RUFUS MEANS GIBBART, Bluehill, "The Child of Baccarat"—BREWSTER.
- 3—GEORGE LANGDON CHANDLER, Waterville, "The Necessity of the Times"—SUMNER.
- 4—CHARLES LEONIDAS CLAY, Andover, N. H., "Lafayette"—EVERETT.
- 5—EDWIN SUMNER SMALL, Waterville, "American Literature"—EVERETT.
- 6—FREDERICK AUGUSTUS WADSWORTH, Buckfield, "Motives to Intellectual Action"—HILLARD.
- 7—EDMUND FRANKLIN MERRIAM, Hallowell, N. H., "Destiny of America"—HILLARD.
- 8—WILLIAM HERMAN CLARK, North Hallowell, "Progress of Society"—CHANNING.
- 9—GEORGE WESTON DAVIS, Alfred, "Popular Education"—EVERETT.
- 10—HENRY MALCOLM HOPKINSON, Fort Fairfield, "The Scotch Protest"—WEEKS.
- 11—DAVID PALMER, Giron, Vt., "Intemperance a Social Evil"—EVERETT.
- 12—JOHN BLAKE CLOUGH, Danbury, N. H., "The Irish Alien"—SHEIL.
- 13—JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR, Winslow, "Death of Napoleon, La Grande"—SEWARD.
- 14—LEONARD DWIGHT CARVER, La Grande, "A Defense of Education"—EVERETT.
- 15—HARRY CARLTON HALLOWELL, Bangor, "McLane's Child"—MACKAY.
- 16—REUBEN WESLEY DUNN, Waterville, "Washington and Lincoln"—SUMNER.
- 17—THOMAS MELVIN BUTLER, N. Hallowell, "The Sufferings of the Pilgrims"—EVERETT.
- 18—WILLIAM OLIVER AYER, Jr., Bangor, "Manifest Destiny"—COWLEY.

**HENRICKSON'S WEEKLY BULLETIN**, in our advertising columns must not be overlooked, and as something new will be found in it each week a continued reference to it will be profitable to the reader. In this connection it may be well to state that at the new bookstore will be found the largest and best stock of miscellaneous books ever brought into our village, to which constant additions are being made. The stock of stationery, pictures, music, quick-winks and pretty things generally, is also very large and well selected, and they are arranged and displayed with great taste, making Henrickson's establishment one of the ornaments of the street. Very seasonably, too, in this time of Spring renovation, when everybody plans to "lick up" a little, he has got in a good assortment of very pretty paper hangings, with which his customers will no doubt be pleased to adorn their walls.

Among the new books which he has just received we may mention "Ecco Homo," a book that is attracting a good deal of attention in the theological world; "Tollers of the Sea," Victor Hugo's new work; J. G. Sax's new book of poems; "In Trust," a sweet (a little too sweet, some crusty old fellows might think) story of domestic life, enforcing good practical lessons and showing the blessedness of self-denial. But we will not enumerate farther. Read the "Announcements," as they appear, and go and examine his stock of useful and ornamental articles, which he will show with pleasure.

Our facetious Vassalboro' correspondent who slily criticizes the expression "In Kendall's Mills," and affects to be pained that our good neighbors should allow any one, much less a woman to die in their mills, is respectfully informed that in fact, there are no mills now belonging to any member of the Kendall family, and that so far the designation is a misnomer; but as it is accepted as the name of the village, we cannot see why we may not as properly say "In Kendall's Mills" as "In Waterville." We acknowledge, however, that our good neighbors are a little unfortunate in the name of their enterprising village, which they ought to change at once—if they can.

**REFORM.**—A New York correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, who seems to be familiar with the moral and social condition of that Christian city, writes that in consideration of the approach of Cholera, "The new Excise Board contemplate breaking up the concert saloons, and licensing no resort of thieves or gamblers, or houses of prostitution." Probably this is a sacrifice to appease the threatened vengeance of the cholera spirit. It is easy to see how the "lower classes" may get along with this bold reform, but how it can be endured in Fifth Avenue, and among the upper tens, is yet to be seen. How the Ketchams and Onderdonks will maintain their positions as bankers and bishops with no "resorts for thieves and gamblers or houses of prostitution," is much easier to guess, than how their humbler imitators will be constrained to submit to the law. Very justly does the correspondent exclaim, "This is sweeping work." Only think of sustaining the moral and political interests of the city of New York without any licensed houses of prostitution!—and without any places where gambling and theft are taught by official authority. Wouldn't it be a dangerous innovation upon her character and habits?

Henry F. Durant, Esq., formerly a prominent lawyer of Boston, is now devoting his whole time to religious matters, preaching to large audiences. He is said to be very earnest, logical and eloquent in his sermons.

## OUR TABLE.

**HOURS AT HOME.**—The May number has a fine steel engraving, "The Little Preacher," and the following articles:—  
How Old is Man? The Lessons of the United States to Europe; Jane Garley's Story; An April Walk; Italy; Midnight on Mansfield Mountain; The Little Preacher; Kaplan, the Hero of Hawaii; Why dost Thou Wait; Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character; A Visit to the English Universities; The Zambesi Expedition; The Way Home; The Lady Fernwood; The City of the Silent; The Decline of Solomon and its Causes; Notes on the Battle of Gettysburg; Books of the Month.

With this number commences a new volume, among the special attractions of which will be a series of articles on "The Moral Uses of the Dark Things of the World," by Dr. Horace Bushnell; a series of practical and suggestive papers on Rural Topics, by "Ik Marvel," which will possess great interest and value to all, and especially to country readers; a series of contributions on miscellaneous topics, by "Timothy Tibcomb," a series of sketches of American Artists, by Henry T. Tucker, et al. Instead of a wood cut in each number, as heretofore, a first class steel engraving will be given in each volume.

Without being exclusively religious, the contents of this magazine are pervaded by a high moral tone, thus making it pre-eminently the magazine for the family, and giving it strong claims upon all the friends of a pure and elevated literature; while at the same time it is not surpassed in the variety of its contents and in general literary ability. Its circulation, we are pleased to learn, is steadily increasing.

*Hours at Home* is edited by J. M. Sherwood, and published by Charles Scribner & Co., 124 Grand St., New York, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs, and valuable premiums for those who get them up.

**FRANK LESLIE'S LADIES' MAGAZINE.**—The May number of this quarterly periodical is brilliantly embellished, containing a handsomely colored double fashion plate, a four-page engraving of the latest fashions in dresses and bonnets, and minor engravings of all the fashionable novelties, more than we can enumerate. In addition to all these there is a charming chromo-lithograph, entitled "The Game of Love," numerous illustrations of the stories and miscellaneous articles, and a full sized pattern of the Gabrielle Dress, for cutting. The literary contents of the number are rich and varied, and include continuations of "Aristotle" and "The Lady's Mile."

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 per annum.

**MERRY'S MUSEUM** for May will delight the little folks, with its nice stories, sketches, poems, etc., and its pretty pictures. "Wild Oats," by that popular juvenile author, "Sophie May," is continued, and there are many other good stories.

This magazine is now published by E. A. Fales, 172 William Street, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

**TICONIC DIVISION S. OF T.**—The following is a list of the officers for the present quarter:

- N. P. Downer, W. P. W. J. Rohlbrugh, W. A. C. L. Clay, R. S. Susie Coffin, A. R. S. G. B. Broad, F. S. C. G. Tozier, Treas. Frank Magwire, Chap. C. W. Stevens, C. W. Washburn, A. C. P. O. Smiley, I. S. J. Nye, O. S. Lady Officers.—Julia Dunbar, Fannie Dunbar, Emma Kelly. L. S.—Lizzie Page. L. C.—Hattie Town, I. O.—  
Visiting Com.—E. Maxham, E. Dunbar, L. T. Boothby, E. R. Drummond. Finance Com.—J. Nye, D. R. Wing, Frank Magwire. Inv. Com.—F. Magwire, G. B. Broad, C. L. Clay. Mail Com.—E. Maxham, S. Keith, C. G. Tozier.

**THE COMMITTEE ON RECONSTRUCTION** have made a report proposing the following amendment to the Constitution:—

**Article.**—Section 1. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privilege or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Section 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but whenever, in any State, the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than 21 years of age.

Section 3. Until the fourth day of July, 1870, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving it aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for members of Congress and for electors for President and Vice President of the United States.

Section 4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation already incurred, or which may hereafter be incurred in aid of insurrection or of war against the United States, or any claim for compensation for loss of involuntary service or labor.

Section 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

An accompanying bill provides that—  
Whenever the above recited amendment shall have become a part of the Constitution, and any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same and shall have modified its laws in conformity therewith, senators and representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, may, after having taken the requisite oath of Office, be admitted to Congress as such; when any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the foregoing amendment to the Constitution, any part of the direct tax under the act of Aug. 5, 1861, which may remain due and unpaid in such State, may be assumed and paid in such State, and the payment thereof, upon proper assurances from such State, to be given to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be postponed for a period not exceeding ten years from and after the passage of this act.

Another bill provides that no person, included in any of the following classes shall be eligible to any office under the government of the United States:—

First. The President and Vice President of the confederate States of America, so called, and the heads of departments thereof.

Second. Those who in other countries acted as agents of the confederate States of America, so called.

Third. Heads of departments of the United States, officers of the army and navy of the

United States, and all persons educated at the military or naval academy of the United States and members of either house of the thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, who gave aid or comfort to the rebellion.

Fourth. Those who acted as officers of the confederate States of America, so called, above the grade of colonel in the army, or master in the navy, and any one who, as governor of either of the so-called confederate States, gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

Fifth. Those who have treated officers, or soldiers, or sailors of the army or navy of the United States, captured during the late war, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war.

**TICONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION** will hold its annual meeting on Monday next. A large outlay of money is called for by the warrant.

**ELDEN & WHITMAN**, we notice, lost a valuable horse and several wagons in a fire in Portland on Saturday morning last. Quite a number of other valuable horses were also burned with a large amount of stable property, carriages, &c.

**A SOLDIER'S AND SAILOR'S STATE CONVENTION.**—The following call is out, signed by several prominent military men:—

Agreeably to the generally expressed wish of those who have served in the Army and Navy during the late War, a State Mass Convention of the honorably discharged soldiers of Maine will be held at Norwobega Hall, in Bangor, on the 16th day of May, 1866, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of taking such action as may be deemed advisable for the protection and advancement of their interests, and to organize a permanent State Union, in accordance with the plan of the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Union.

Let there be a grand rally of Old Comrades in Arms for the renewal of old friendships, and the promotion of mutual interests.

Fares on Railways and Steamboats will be reduced to half rates for those attending the Convention.

A petition for the expulsion of Davis of Kentucky was presented in the U. S. Senate, one day last week. It was referred.

**THE FENIANS** have not added much to their reputation by their foray down east. The most of them retired in disorder; that is, they manage to make themselves very troublesome on the boat and at Portland. How all this boys' play if to effect the liberation of Ireland, the public fail to see, and the feeling towards this organization under its present management is fast subsiding into contempt.

**GRAND LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS.**—The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine was held at Moderation village, Buxton, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 24th and 25th inst. The attendance was large,—about 170 delegates being present, besides past representatives.

The Reports of the Grand Officers indicate a large and vigorous growth since the last session. The number of Lodges has increased within a year from about thirty to one hundred and forty-two, the number making returns at present; and the membership from twenty-five hundred to about seven thousand. Reports from all sections of the State were received, evidencing a healthy public opinion on the subject of Temperance, and showing that a vast amount of good has been done in many quarters through the agency of subordinate lodges, in reforming young men and closing the bars in taverns and corner groceries.

The following is a list of the officers of the Grand Lodge for the ensuing year:

- G. W. C. T. E. A. Sawyer, Portland.  
G. W. C. Wm. Montgomery, Bucksport.  
G. W. V. T. M. C. Mariner, Cape Elizabeth.  
G. W. S. E. G. Rich, Portland.  
G. W. Chap. Rev. E. W. Hutchinson, Bucksport.  
G. W. M. J. K. P. Wilson, Gorham.  
G. W. D. M. A. A. True, Appleton.  
G. W. I. G. P. E. Saunders, Deer Isle.  
G. W. O. G. Granville Davis, Denmark.

A hypocondriac of rank and fortune in Ireland, the papers say, fancies one of his legs of one religion and the other of another. No dangerous heresy in this, that we see, if he keeps his toe nails cut, so they can't scratch one another. What has been, may be.

**A PLEASANT VISIT.**—The members of Rising Star Lodge I. O. of G. T. of this village, made an excursion to Kendall's Mills on the evening of May Day, and were the guests of Faithful Lodge of the same order. They came home with golden representations of their entertainment, and are loud in praise of their brethren and sisters, who, we are pleased to learn, are doing a good work in that village.

The Tennessee franchise bill, which, it is said, will disfranchise nine-tenths of the inhabitants, has passed the legislature and become a law.

It is reported that two men, alleged Fenians, who fired on the English guard at Calais, were tried before Judge Corbett Tuesday, and found guilty of drunkenness, fined fifty cents each and discharged. General Doyle, the British commander at St. Stephens, had requested their detention, and the English authorities were highly indignant at their release. Gov. Cony, however, sent a despatch to the Mayor of Calais, ordering their detention until Secretary Seward could be heard from in the matter. They were accordingly re-arrested.

**SUICIDE.** Mr. Isaac W. Stevens, residing near Brown's Corner, Vassalboro', committed suicide on the 3d inst., by hanging himself in his barn. He had for several months shown indications of a partial aberration of mind, and there can be no doubt that the suicide was the result of insanity. His age was 45 years, and he leaves a wife and seven children in straitened circumstances. [Maine Farmer.]

**THE CHOLERA AT HALIFAX AND NEW YORK.** It appears from the reports of the physicians who have had the cholera cases in New York harbor in charge, that the ravages of that disease have nearly ceased. No new cases have occurred on board the England since her departure from Halifax, and none on the Virginia since her passengers were transferred to the hospital ship. The type of cholera which prevailed was of a mild character and apparently not contagious. Nearly all those who were treated at the hospital station in Halifax recovered, while those who remained on the floating hospital died.

## OBITUARY.

In Dexter, Me., March 15th, J. B. WILSON, M. D., son of Adam Wilson, D. D., late Surgeon in charge of U. S. General Hospital, Fort Gaines, Ala., aged 32 years.

He entered the service of his country in the autumn after the rebellion broke out, as a volunteer. Captain of Co. B, 10th Regt. Me. Vols., which he raised himself. He was sent, with his regiment, to the Department of the Gulf. Reaching here he was appointed Provost Marshal, District W. F. & S. A., and was afterwards appointed Surgeon of the 7th U. S. Infantry, and acted also as Medical Director of all the forces in Texas. He was next appointed Medical Inspector of the District of Florida, and afterwards Surgeon in charge of U. S. forces near Mobile, which post he held until his health forced him to resign, and return to his home. With what acceptance he discharged his various duties may be gathered from the following gratifying testimonials:

DR. J. B. WILSON IN CHARGE,  
Head Quarters, Dist. W. F. & S. A.,  
Pascagoula, Miss., Jan. 3, 1865.

SURGEON J. B. WILSON:  
Dear Sir,—I learn that your resignation has been accepted, and your honorable discharge has been passed through these Headquarters. I know your duty to yourself and your family and the general interest of the service require this step. But I part with you with great regret. I shall miss you as a pleasant, intelligent gentleman, a well read, experienced professional man, and as an intelligent, reliable, prompt, and thoroughly instructed United States Officer.

I am sorry that the government and the soldiers who supported it are to be separated, and that you will be separated from your common interests. I hope that you may soon recover your health, and that long life and continuous good fortune may attend you.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,  
C. B. WHITE, Surgeon U. S. V.  
Medical Director.

The following is from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal:

"Dr. Wilson, though young in years, had won for himself renown in his profession. Leaving a good practice he entered the army at the outbreak of the rebellion, and remained in the service until ill health compelled his return home. He served with credit as Medical Paymaster of U. S. forces in Texas, during the spring of 1864, and at this time contracted chronic diarrhoea, the disease which, after two years of suffering terminated his life. He was regarded as a reliable, prompt, and thoroughly instructed medical officer, and from the soldiers under his care won a gratitude which will long keep him in remembrance."

He returned to his father's farm, Feb. 1865. In May following commenced practice in Dexter, but was soon obliged to abandon it, as he continued to run down gradually, until he became a mere skeleton. But his courage held out to the last, and he continued to express the belief that he should get well.

While in the army his attention was called to the subject of religion as a personal thing, and during his sickness he arrived at the attainment of a good hope, an assurance of adoption into the family of God's dear children. Thus he passed away one from among us, who promised to be very useful as a Christian, a physician, a scholar and a citizen. We mourn our loss, but what is loss to us is gain to him.—[Zion's Advocate.]

## CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of cattle last week varied but little from that of the week previous, but the number of sheep was nearly doubled. Prices declined and the drovers found a hard market, as will be seen by the following extracts from the Boston Advertiser:—

**CATTLE.**—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef: Last week, which has clothed the earth in "living green," and has opened the buds of the earliest shrubs and trees, has brought but little butchery business. Of the warmest days proved disastrous to the meat trade, and the sellers say they were glad to dispose of their loads at various sacrifices—1 to 26 lb. below usual rates. The butcher said that he sold yesterday at 13 to 14 cts. per lb. for good quality, good oxen, best cows, 11 to 12 cts. per lb. for second quality, and good fat cows, 11 to 12 cts. per lb. for third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 11 to 12 cts. per lb. for poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 10 to 11 cts.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Prices for Sheep and Lambs 12 to 12 cts. per lb. Extra 8 to 9 1/2 cts. per lb. The average number of sheep per week last year was 6554; last week there were 7345; this week we find only 6500—little more than the average of the year. The average, or half as many as last week. Still prices are lower and the market dull, and prices are from 1-2 to 1-3 a pound less than last week.

**STORE CATTLE.**—Prices for working oxen, \$200 to \$250 per pair; steers, \$100 to \$150; milch cows, \$45 to \$70; calves, \$20 to \$25. Much cow trade represented as dull. The sellers claim they are worse off in the country than here. The Maine drovers offered some fine pairs of workers, and among the best were some grade Herefords. The Messrs. Wells sold a pair of 6-year-old oxen, 7 ft 4 in, for \$265; 8-year-olds, 6 ft 9 in, \$210; 6-year-olds, 7 ft, for \$260; 6 beef oxen at 13 to 14 cts. per lb.

**MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.**—Slates, wholesale, 11 to 12 cts. per lb.; retail, 12 to 15 cts. per lb. for good quality; 5 lb. weight; Hides, best Brighton, 8 to 9 cts. per lb.; country lots 6 to 7 cts. per lb.; tallow, 7 to 8 cts. per lb.; calf skins, 17 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$20 to 25 each.

The number of cattle at market this week was a little less than last, but the number of sheep was about 2000 larger. Prices advanced about 1-2 cent a pound on most kinds of meat.

**CONFLICT IN KENTUCKY.**—Thursday afternoon Judge Ballard of the U. S. District court at Louisville issued an order for the arrest of General J. C. Davis for interfering with the course of public justice in disobeying the writ of habeas corpus in the case of Henderson. Marshall Merriweather was resisted by General Davis while enforcing the order. An alias attachment was awarded against Davis, returnable in May. Attachments were also made against Major-General W. D. Whipple, A. A. G., and Provost-Marshal of Tennessee, returnable at the next regular term. Separate copies were ordered to be issued against General Davis and Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Cuyler for resisting the United States Marshal in the discharge of his duties, with bail indorsed on each. Marshal Merriweather has notified the President of the position of affairs. Mr. Henderson was taken to Nashville on Wednesday night by order of General Davis, notwithstanding the writ issued by Judge Ballard for his prosecution before the United States Court.

A young man by name of Robert Torrence, about twenty-one years of age, was drowned at Cary's Mills on Sunday last. It appears that he was standing on the platform near the mill dam, and the stream being swollen by recent rains, the heavy bulk of water forced its way underneath, carrying with it that part of the platform on which he was standing, and precipitated him into the flood. The body was not recovered.

The jury in Philadelphia, in the case of the murderer, Antoine Probst, on Saturday brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. There was great excitement, the mob endeavoring to snatch the wretch from the officers, which was prevented by the police.

The Augusta correspondent of The Boston Journal says that General Selden Conner, of Kendall's Mills, will, it is reported, shortly receive the appointment of collector of internal revenue of that district. This will be but a deserved recognition of the services of a gallant soldier.

We learn from Zion's Advocate that Rev. A. J. Nelson has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in Brooklyn, and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the First Baptist church in China, Me.

A Washington correspondent says that the President, in his speech of Wednesday evening, proposed the "conundrum," "Who made me your President?" a wicked construction in the crowd responded "Booth."

The Spanish fleet off Valparaiso on the 31st of March opened fire on the town of Valparaiso, and continued the bombardment until noon, up to which time the principal government buildings, including the custom house, and the entire business part of the city, containing \$10,000,000 worth of neutral property were reduced to ashes. The inhabitants fled to the surrounding hills. The Spanish Admiral on the 27th informed the authorities of Valparaiso that he had been ordered to bombard the city, and that he would do so in four days. All the foreign representatives remonstrated, but the only effect seems to have been loss of time for the removal of neutral property. The British Admiral, it would seem, at the last moment receded from the position taken by him at first, and Commodore Rodgers did not feel that it was his duty to resist the Spanish fleet single-handed.

**FOREIGN ITEMS.** The transfer of the Atlantic cable to the Great Eastern began on the 14th inst. The laying of the cable begins in July. The advices from Germany are of the most contradictory character. The Diet would seem to be divided on the question at issue between Austria and Prussia. A rumor of the resignation of Baron von Bismarck was current in Hamburg. An attempt is said to have been made to assassinate the Emperor of Russia. Five-twentieths were quoted in London at 68 3/4 to 69 1/4.

The steamship Scotia arrived at New York Monday, bringing Liverpool and Queenstown dates to the 21st and 22d ult. The German question had assumed a less satisfactory aspect. It was stated by the London Times that the withdrawal of the Austrian representative in Berlin had been resolved on, and that the Prussian Minister in Vienna would in consequence depart immediately, but the British government had received no information to warrant belief in the statement. A Vienna despatch received in Paris, confirmed the statement of a proposal to disarm having been made by Austria. Five-twentieths were quoted in London at 70 1/4 to 71 1/2.

**LEATHE & GORE'S SOAPS.** The eminent excellence of the Steam Refined Soap is due, partially, we presume, to the steam process of manufacture; but not less to the manufacturers, Messrs. Leathe & Gore, and to their wise and liberal policy of using only the best materials and employing only the most trustworthy workmen.—[Portland Press.]

**AMERICAN LIFE DROPS—**and Asthma has but a name.

Diseased Scapls are by Root's PESTACHINE cured.

The Calais Advertiser says the Fenian movement is destroying the business of the river St. Croix; instead of building it up, as Mr. Killian assured the people there it would do. "Trade," says the Advertiser, "is nearly at a stand still on both sides of the river. Some means ought to be taken by the Government to put a stop to these men congregating in any place to its injury."

Despatches from Washington state that the President having in the Cabinet meeting yesterday, invited an expression of opinion from the members present on the report laid before Congress on Monday by the committee on reconstruction, Messrs. Seward, McCulloch, Stanton and Welles took ground in opposition, Mr. Harlan expressed no opinion, Mr. Dennison favored the policy of the President, but was in doubt as to when the Southern representatives should be admitted. Mr. Speed was not present.

First in peace, as it has been during the war, and first in the estimation of the American people, among all the perfumes of the world, Philon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" is a great staple of commerce in all parts of the United States. Its sale during the past year has been literally colossal. Obtainable everywhere.

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