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Maxham & Wing

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APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Through the wood-paths, with bird-songs about her,
May has come softly, the beautiful child!
Skies that were sullen and joyless without her
Broke into sunshine above her, and smiled.

Green on the uplands the wheat fields are springing,
Cowslips are shining, and daisies are white;
Through the still meadows the waters are singing;
Brooming with melody, dashing with light.

Blooming with clover the orchards are growing,
Flocked by the shadows that tremble and glide;
Round their grey trunks, when the west wind is blowing,
Sways the young grass in a billowy tide.

Slung as the arms of a giant, yet tender,
See what a treasure they lift to the sky!
Take your red robes—adorn them with splendour—
We love the apple trees—Robin and I.

Mark! how the oriole, flashing and glowing,
Trills his clear whistle, so mellow and mild,
Where, o'er his tops, with a lavish bestowing,
Drift upon drift, the sweet blossoms are piled.

Where is the lip that has worthily sung them?
Tinted like sea-shells, or whiter than snow?
Bloss, all the day, as they linger among them,
Drowsy with nectar, are murmuring low.

Pillowed beneath them, I dream as I listen
How the long summer above them shall shine,
Till on the boughs the rough fruitage shall gladden,
Tawny or golden, or redder than wine.

In the bright days of the mellow September,
How we shall stroll as we gather them in—
Holding their wealth for the chilly December,
Heaping them high in the cellar and bin.

Then, when the snow in the moonlight is gleaming,
From the darkness the apples will bring,
Fragrant their scents, where the frostlight is gleaming,
Gloves of rich nectar, a poet might sing.

Tales of the Vikings our lips will be telling;
Yet when the snows are done, we shall say,
"Here's to the land where the summer is dwelling!
Here's to the apple tree! monarch of May!"

—Independent.

[From Peterson's Magazine for June.]

"OUR DOCTOR."

We were in the old kitchen, together, Nan and I—the old, old kitchen, for the house had belonged to grandfather years and years ago, and to his father before him, I believe. I think the furniture in this room must always have been arranged just as it is now, it wears such a settled, comfortable look. I know the tall clock has stood by the window ever since I can remember; and I'm sure the old-fashioned red cupboard, with its glass doors, would never have rested so contentedly in any other corner. All of which has nothing whatever to do with the night we sat there, only that I was thinking about it in a drowsy, wondering sort of way, gazing into the fire while.

Nan finished sewing in her white ruffles, and lo! the pretty crimson was all ready for wear on the morrow. She held it up in triumph a moment, then let it fall upon her lap, and looked over the table at me; and I, for want of something better to do, looked back again at Nan. In truth, she was not unpleasant to look at, this sister of mine. The dark hair; the brown eyes, with starlight in them; the crimson lips, and delicate curve of the pure white throat, made a very pretty picture.

"It's too bad!" pouted the red lips, indignantly.

"Too bad," meaning the six feet of masculine humanity yelped "cousin Tom, M. D.," who has just arrived, self, trunk, and larnin', in high state of preservation, at Uncle George's?" I queried.

"I expected to be deluged with 'our Thomas,' and his sayings, and doings, and perfections," pursued Nan, unheeding; "that's the usual style, and we are all accustomed to it. The children, poor things! believe in it as implicitly as they do in the catechism. I could have borne this; but to have the delectable compound of virtue and drugs appear in *propria persona*, enveloped in broadcloth and glory, is one drop too much! Why couldn't he have tarried in his classic shades until after Christmas, if he must come home at all?"

"Turkeys and plum puddings, Nan."

"Flavored with scraps of Latin, and anecdotes of the dissecting-room. Ugh! I shan't dare to sneeze for fear of hearing a voice from the heights of science, inquiring whether I have experienced a compound fracture of the left branch of my trachea."

"Now, Nan, it is not fair, after all. We haven't seen him; you know, and perhaps—"

"Charity suspects no evil; I believe every man honest till you miss your spouse! Never judge from appearances, etc., etc. I know that lecture by heart, now. Considering the lateness of the hour, and the scarcity of the congregation, I think we had better omit 'sixteenthly; Toot, and go to bed'; and the incensed young damsel flung the crimson merino over her arm, snatched up the lamp, and vanished. Having proper regard for the bumps and contusions that might follow an attempt to run the gauntlet of chairs and tables in the dark, I wisely followed her retreating footsteps.

Such a scattering as there was the next morning! To vary the old nursery rhyme of:

"Twas the day before Christmas, and of all in the house,
Not a creature was silent, not even a mouse."

Such flyings up stairs, and tumblings down stairs; such dashes into pantry and kitchen, and out again, leaving a trail of overturned chairs, pails, and pussy-cats to mark our course, never was witnessed before. Will hurried down with his jacket on wrong side out, and made himself useful by over-turning the cream pitcher. Tad wandered frantically about, sporting bits of patriotic orations, interspersed with touching appeals concerning his wardrobe.

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to—where's my collar?"

"If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed upon my country, I would never lay down my arms! never! never! never!" Nan, what did you do with my stockings? "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

Kitty was calling for volunteers to hook her dress, and curl her hair for her. Mother intent upon the marvel of quince jelly she was packing for Aunt Hannah, and the bunch of "catnip," that must be slipped in somewhere for "Susie's baby;" while father wandered restlessly up and down, declaring it did "take women folks such a time to get ready!" Nevertheless, that time, like all others, came to an end; and we found ourselves "all aboard" the old sleigh, and gliding over the road, while the bells jingled a merry, mocking accompaniment to the wishes that we had not forgotten the other things.

"Toot," said Nan—I was christened Ruth; but my friends, having satisfied their consciences by giving me a Christian name to start with, have insisted upon calling me "Toot" ever since—"what a pity you didn't bring your Latin Grammar with you! We might have 'read up' on the way; and one would like to have a glimmering idea of what that paragon is talking about."

"Positively, Nan, you are atrocious! We haven't seen him for the last seven years, and because uncle George thinks him a paragon, you insist upon—"

"Charity," sermon, No. 2. This congregation respectfully invited to attend," interposed Nan, with provoking indifference. "Just post-

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point it, went you, while I brighten up my Latin? *Materia medica, mulum in parvo, ipse dixit, E pluribus unum*—"

"Erin go bragh!" suggested Toot. "What on earth are you talking about?"

Nan laughed, and nestled her little feet down in the straw, drawing shawl and furs more closely around her. How lovely she looked that day, with the clear frosty air bringing the color to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes! She seemed a new treasure to me, for the old home had missed her for a long, long year, while she visited a distant city, and when she had returned to us, two little months before, I thought her face the loveliest that had ever gladdened the rooms; though I remember Robert Gray said—"oh, dear! What am I thinking of? I'm sure I didn't mean to put that in. Well, Nan didn't like the city. She declared that the great quantity of silver, and the small quantity of weak soup kept her constantly in possession of an 'aching void' in the place where her dinner should have been. Holding cold toes over a register was a miserable substitute for the dancing, gleaming fire-light that she had loved from babyhood. For this people, she averred that young Jones was exactly like Smythe, and Smythe exactly like Jones, and Browne was exactly like both of them; so she had come back to us, and was all our own again."

My thoughts had been wandering backward; but the faithful "grays," and the staunch old sleigh had meanwhile borne us forward. The sudden turning of a corner, a whirl of snow in our faces, a crash and jingle of bells, and we had reached our destination. Everybody, and his wife, and all the children of the Willis tribe, were to spend this Christmas at Uncle George's; and really, the amount of grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, big cousins and little cousins, that made their appearance at doors and windows, was quite appalling.

"Cousins great, and cousins small;
Cousins short, and cousins tall;
Cousins tender, and cousins tough—
Think our stars we've cousins enough!"

parodied the poetic Tad.

I have no idea of the bewildering handshakings, kissings, and exclamations that followed; but suppose we must have passed through them and escaped with our lives; for presently we found ourselves before the fire in the large parlor, and Uncle George was saying:

"Here, girls, this is the young doctor! This is your cousin Tom!"

Not having seen him for the last seven years, it was questionable how we could. I placed my hand in the one extended, and raised my eyes to the face above me. Nothing remarkable—a pair of handsome eyes, a strong, manly face, and pleasant smile, were all.

"Such white hands!" said Nan, contemptuously. "I detest a man with white hands!"

Any one who has ever lived in the land where Plymouth Rock and family gatherings are included in the "by-laws," will understand the arranging of cap-borders, and the settling of spectacles; the click of knitting-needles, and the twisting of bright colored zephyrs over white hands. How Bob tried to help Nettie untangle her worsted; and how both together succeeded in getting it into a mitch worse snarl than one alone could possibly have done; and the "oh, myings!" and "oh, dearnings!" that followed the catastrophe. How the ladies discussed the new baby from his pink toes to his hairless head, and decided whether it looked most like its "pa," or its "ma." How Aunt Mary's new quilt was pronounced the prettiest pattern yet seen. Recipes for the "lightest biscuit," the "best gingerbread," and the "sure cure for rheumatism," flew about the room in astonishing profusion; while the gentlemen, poor things! having no such airy topics at command, waded patiently through a compound of "crops" and "politics."

However, all the diverse roads terminated in one central point, i. e., the dinner table. One scarcely knew whether it was touching of laughable to notice the pride in, and reverence for, his son that Uncle George so constantly manifested. It was, "Thomas, what is your opinion of that?" "Ask the doctor, here; he can tell you all about it." "Our Thomas might give you an idea or two upon that subject." Two of the little boys stole away from the table in company with a plate of nuts and raisins, and presently their voices, raised high in dispute, reached us from a distant corner.

"I don't believe it!"

"Yes, he could—our Thomas could do it! Couldn't you, Tom?"

"Couldn't I do what, Benny?"

"Make a watch, if you had the tools and knew how?"

I dared not look at Nan, but was conscious that her gravity and coffee-cup were nearly upset together.

To our M. D. justice, he was evidently annoyed by the conspicuous position he occupied; and even Nan was obliged to confess that, with all the punching and poking bestowed upon him, this lion of the occasion could not be induced to roar. If he had been some awkward, bashful school-boy, Nan would have been the first to bring all her womanly tact and kindness to the rescue. As it was, she declared herself "not at all inclined to walk in the dust of his lordship's chariot-wheels;" and, therefore, when the gathering of the circle around the after-dinner fire brought her in his immediate vicinity, she soon stole away to a distant window. Good aunt missed her, and, turning around, looked over her spectacles.

"Why, Nannie, child, what did you go away off there for? You'll be cold."

Nan thought not; her "head" was aching slightly, and the fire made it worse.

"Headache, child? Why, a young girl like you ought not to be troubled with headache. You'd better let Thomas feel your pulse. I expect he could give you something that would help you. Couldn't you, Tom?"

I saw a mischievous smile flit over the young doctor's face; but it was grave enough when he glanced toward her.

"I think a shawl might prove beneficial, if she wishes to sit by the window," he answered, coolly; and gathering up a cloud of shawl from a chair near him, he crossed the room and threw it lightly over her shoulders. A sudden glance of admiration flashed into his eyes, for the sweet face bent so low over the troublesome netting.

"Will you be quite comfortable here? I am sorry the heat affects your head."

There was far more of gentlemanly interest

than of professional inquiry in his tones—but she would not understand it.

"It is not so much the heat as the light, I think; sitting near such a blazing light always troubles me. I find it quite too much for my weak head," she answered, maliciously.

"Ah? I must have been sitting in a dark corner, then, for I thought it was expending most of its heat in making a great roaring up its own chimney. I did not think it glaring enough to dazzle any one."

What did the fellow mean? Nan gave a quick glance at his face, and began puzzling her brains with the possibility of his understanding some other things quite as well as he did Latin.

Just then the door opened, and Kitty's curly head appeared, the rosy lips brimming over with an important petition from the next foot.

"Say, we are going to play 'Blindman's-Buff' out there, and we want all you big folks to come and help us. Nan, and Toot, and cousin Bob, and Nettie, and Dick, and—" shyly, "cousin doctor, too."

"Come here, Kitten, said the last named personage.

She slowly advanced until he caught her, and lifted her to his knee.

"Now, little Kitty, say 'Tom!'"

"Tom!" said the child, lifting her blue eyes wonderingly to his.

"Cousin Tom!"

"Cousin Tom!" repeated the little one, still more bewildered. But he only laughed, and placed her up on the floor again.

"You haven't the heart to resist that invitation?" blithely to Nan.

It was unanimously voted that we should go and see what was required of us; and the books and embroidery were speedily disposed of. A pretty sight it was to watch the dithering, tumbled heads of every shade from black to gold; the tripping and gliding of little feet; and now a pair of blue eyes; then brown ones; then black ones disappearing under the dreaded handkerchief. Sweet to listen to the clear peals of laughter that greeted a clever escape, or announced a new victim. Over the chairs and under the table went the merry, active troop, while we stood by watching and laughing.

"Take care Kitty! not so near the fire!" called Nan, suddenly, as, wild with frolic, the little one dashed by. "Oh!"

The warning came too late. The delicate dress swept into the gleam, and in an instant the hot, pitiless flames enveloped the little form. With one terrified scream she sprang toward me; but a stronger arm than mine caught her first, pressed her face close to him to shield it from the deadly breath of the flames, and strove to tear away the burning clothing.

It seemed an age of agony, though it could have been only a few brief seconds until it was all over; the burning dress only ashes upon the hearth, and Kitty in Tom's arms. But ah! our bird! our pet lamb! our darling!—where were the white dimples we had kissed? Where the golden curls we had so worshipped?

The screams of the children speedily brought the inmates of the next room; but cousin Tom would yield his charge to no one, and passing through the pale, bewildered throng, carried her up stairs, leaving others to explain as best they could. I remember the rapid glance that swept the faces around him, and selected those who were experienced and calm enough to render him the assistance he needed, and how distinctly he gave every direction. So calm and self-possessed he was, that but for his pale face, and the memory of how bravely he had fought back the flames for her, we might almost have thought him heartless.

And silent we gathered in the old parlor again—our hopes too faint for speaking, our fears too terrible for words. Occasionally some one of us would steal, with noiseless step, up stairs, and then as quietly descend again; so a long, long hour passed, then the door opened, and Tom came in. Every face turned anxiously toward him. He smiled faintly, and crossed the room to where Nan and I were sitting, with hands closely clasped.

"Kitty will live," he said, softly.

"Thank God!" murmured Nan, burying her face in my lap with a quick burst of tears, while I bent low over her to hide my own. He stood beside us a moment in silent sympathy, and a wordless thanksgiving went up from many hearts.

By-and-by he crossed the room to where aunt Mary sat by the window.

"Can you bind these up for me, aunt Mary?" he asked.

Then, for the first time, we saw the burned and blistered hands.

A brighter Christmas morning never dawned than the one that followed that night of fear. The snow had clothed the earth in robes of bridal whiteness, and the sun, smiling down upon her purity, added gems of matchless lustre. So arrayed, she greeted the birthday of her Lord—her noblest, yet her lowliest, her son, and yet her king. Every breath of the winter wind seemed like the rustling wings of the angels, that brought "glad tidings of great joy;" and every church bell seemed repeating the old sweet song, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good-will to men."

There were older and more experienced nurses to leave with our little sufferer; and remembering how that Christmas morning might have dawned for us, every throb of our hearts answered the call of the church bells. So, with a tearful kiss on the little one's pale lips, we turned away.

Solemnly beautiful sounded the chant, "The Lord is in his holy temple." Sweetly earnest was the quaint, simple language of the silver-haired old clergyman, as he followed the gleaming star of Bethlehem, until it was lost in the darkness that shrouded Calvary; and through the three terrible days that the orphaned earth stood bereft and shuddering, with naught of help or comfort left, save the treasure that lay cold in its bosom, until clear and bright the missing star arose once more above the sepulchre, high in the heaven, fadeless and unwavering, the center of all faith, and hope, and peace forever. Very narrow seemed the bounds of sect and creed beneath its far-reaching life; very natural and easy to give seemed the kindly charity asked for all, and the helping hand to the helpless.

Sotened, grateful, tearful, we vended "our homeward way. I think the service must have touched us all, for I recollect that when, in the course of the afternoon, the question came up for discussion, not one of us had any idea

whether Nancy Jones wore her new green silk bonnet or not.

Our poor little Kitten! that was a weary winter for her. After long days of pain, and when we had hoped she would soon be well again, she caught cold in the tiny foot that had been worst burned, and so was a prisoner between her couch and easy-chair the dreary winter through. "Our doctor" visited her constantly, adding to the physician's watchful care the brother's tender love—carrying her often in his arms when she grew weary; and she always averred that no other arms were at once so strong and tender as his. Yet, with all our care, the trailing arbutus was lifting its pink head in the wood before she was able to run about again.

I don't quite know whether that fiery bath thide Tom's hands any browner, or whether seeing them done up in bandages changed Nan's feelings towards them. I only know that, under the clear June moonlight, she placed one hand confidently in his; and he, not content with that, made a willing prisoner of the other, and, bending towards her, whispered,

"Mine, Nannie!" mine, my darling!"

The year has dropped the months from off his chitit slowly; day by day, "like an old monk telling his beads," and to-morrow Christmas will come again. We shall celebrate it at our own home this year; and it will be a double festival—for Tom, selfish fellow! will carry off our Nannie. I do not know what I shall do, for home went still like home without her; but then Robert Grey says—oh dear! what nonsense am I writing?

LEARNING A TRADE.—It was a wise law of the ancient Jews; that the sons of even their wealthiest men should be obliged to serve an apprenticeship to some useful occupation, so that in case of misfortune they might have something to "fall back upon." The same law still exists in Turkey, where every man, rich or poor, even the Sultan himself, must learn a trade. How fortunate would it be now had it been a law in this country. "Would to God I had a trade!" is the cry of thousands of our returned soldiers, North and South, who find themselves ruined in pocket, with no immediate prospect of gaining a livelihood. It should teach parents that whatever else they may give their sons they should give them a good trade. One of our contemporaries most truthfully remarks that a popular idea among our people is that all their sons should adopt a clerkship, and the adoption of the business of book-keeping as a means of obtaining a livelihood, and every effort is made to give them an education to that end. So far as the education of their children in the science of keeping proper accounts is concerned, the idea is a good one, as every young man should have a sufficient knowledge to properly manage his own books, should he ever embark in business; but to make book-keepers and clerks of all our boys is a great mistake. Better place them in a workshop, mill or foundry, where they can learn independent trades, which at all times will secure for them employment, and the pecuniary compensation for which will be at least as much, if not more, than the business of accounts. We earnestly advise all parents to teach their sons trades, no matter what, so that it is an industrious pursuit; and let us in the future be spared the pain of seeing so many stout, able-bodied young men out of employment, and seeking situations where the pen can only be used. There is a dignity in labor; an honest trade is the best legacy a parent can bestow upon his child, for it will secure his bread where all else may fail. We base our remarks upon the fact that nearly one hundred applications from young men were received by a firm in our city who recently advertised in our columns only twice for an assistant book-keeper. This fact alone, taken in connection with the well known scarcity of labor in the mechanical branches of industry, speak volumes in condemnation of the popular error of making book-keepers of all boys.

PERSONAL NEATNESS.—Some say that it is quite out of the question for farmers' wives and daughters, who have so many duties to perform, to always look tidy. Some do say so, and I have often heard them; but such declarations do not in my opinion, militate against the general principle. A wife or daughter can be personally neat, no matter what duty she may be employed at. Those who allow themselves to be negligently dressed, on the plea that they have something to do—cooking, washing, scrubbing, whitewashing, etc.—are pretty sure to be habitually untidy. A torn, faded, soiled, bad-fitting gown, with a sunbonnet in keeping, worn in the house or out of it, slippers, shoes, etc., no appearance of a white collar—hair squashed upon the head, and plenty straying about the neck—do not give the husband, if he possesses any idea of cleanliness himself, a very elevated idea of his wife's attractions; nor will the daughters, who may be equally delinquent, impress the young men of the neighborhood very favorably. I am a wife and a house-keeper, and have been a daily worker for twenty-five years in my household, but I have never seen the day when I could not take time to attend to my personal appearance. System and a desire to be always cleanly will not only afford the necessary time, but will make the labor one of the highest pleasure. My husband never has had, and never shall have, occasion to tell me or the girls in relation to a matter which every woman's pride or self-respect ought to provide against. Will not then, my sister housekeepers, give this question of domestic propriety or respectability their serious consideration? They should remember that it not only concerns themselves, but especially their daughters, and in no small degree their sons also.—[Martha, in Germantown Tel.]

The Attorney-General of Wisconsin recently delivered an opinion in the case of a man who had served in the rebel army and was afterward elected town clerk in Red River of that State, to the effect that his past disloyalty irrevocably unfitted him for office.

The Richmond Times "ventures the prediction that when that heroic and unfortunate martyr, Jefferson Davis, is brought to this city for trial, fifty thousand tearful and pitying men, women and children will fill the streets through which he passes to his prison, to testify in every way consistent with law and order their esteem, respect, and sympathy for the persecuted statesman."

GEN. CHAMBERLAIN'S VIEWS.—General Chamberlain's opinion upon political matters now in agitation, may be gathered from his letter to Gen. Smith. In that letter he says:—

"If this war has taught any one lesson more imperatively than another, it is that we should be slow to trust those who have been disloyal to the country, and that we should do justice to those who stood by her in the hour of trial and danger. It seems little else than absolute madness to hasten to reinvest with political power the very men who precipitated upon us the horrors of civil war; and little less than cowardly wickedness to turn our backs upon the millions whose humble and despised condition did not prevent them from befriending the country when it was most in need of friends, and yet this very madness and this very wickedness constitute to-day the main features of a policy urged upon the country with the full strength of the party which, pretending to oppose the war during its continuance, did in reality encourage and prolong it by a moral support, and now that the war is ended in triumph so contrary to their predictions, seek to rob that victory of the fruits we had supposed secure."

The high position taken by our congressional delegation on all the great questions growing out of the rebellion, should be and I make no doubt will be, fully supported by the loyal men of Maine, who in the darkest hour of the conflict did not forsake their cause. We must not lower this standard an inch, nor suffer it to be lowered by others. The struggle may still be severe but we have faith in the right; for the hearts of the people are in this cause, and they will stand by the flag till there shall be no doubt of its integrity or its meaning—till triumph through blood and tears, it shall be recognized as the emblem of what is dear to humanity and right before God."

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.—Maj.-Gen. McMahon, in an article on the "Sixth Army Corps," published in the United States Service Magazine for April, thus destroys the romance which verse has thrown about "Sheridan's Ride."

"Cedar Creek, made popular by Sheridan's ride—a circumstance, by the way, which had no bearing on the results of the day—needs no description here. The surprise was overwhelming in the morning. The Eighth and Nineteenth Corps were shattered, and went to the rear. The Sixth Corps alone remained. It was forced to fall back more than a mile. It was then halted, and assumed the offensive in the afternoon, with what brilliant result the country knows. Gen. Sheridan's opportune arrival gave a splendid theme for poetry and praise, and no doubt added somewhat to the enthusiasm of such small portion of the army as might have been aware of his presence. But in justice to Maj.-Gen. Wright, who ordered the attack before Gen. Sheridan came, and in justice to Gen. Getty (commanding the Sixth Corps after Gen. Ricketts was wounded) whose maneuvering and stubborn resistance with the Sixth Corps had already in effect turned the fortunes of the day, and who deserves more credit and has received less than any of the prominent officers on the field, it must be said that the same result would have been obtained if Sheridan's horse, so famous in verse, had foundered by the way. When the advance was made, precisely as Gen. Wright had ordered it, the enemy fled in panic."

POPULAR IDEA OF BATTLES.—The popular idea is derived from certain writers—historians, they call themselves—who have a trick of description, whereby colossal hordes with distended nostrils are made to bear plumed troopers with bloody sabres through agonized infantry and lost batteries, or long lines of gleaming bayonets are brought promiscuously together, while struggling men, with patriotic war cries, are prodding or pommelling each other indiscriminately for hours, around waving flags, where shells are bursting with artistic precision, and slain horses encumber wounded heroes, who still flourish defiant weapons; disabled pieces furnish picturesque couches for slaughtered cannoners, and everything tells of the rage and terrible splendor of conflict, the agony of wounds and suffering, or the beautiful abandonment of death. To the readers of such thrilling things it would seem very tame to tell the story of a great battle without embellishment. They would turn disappointed from the simple story of a line of blue-coated soldiers toiling slowly across a broken valley, or tangled swamp, against a crest or wooded slope, or a scarcely visible line of works; while a few distant knolls are crowned with the smoke of batteries, and men are falling here and there with little regard to artistic effect. Two murderous minutes of the "double quick," and one of close, hurried, and disordered fighting, would not content the myriad readers of the imaginative historians. And yet this, repeated at moderate intervals through the day, is perhaps, all that we could offer in truthful description of any of the great battles of the war.

[United States Service Magazine.]

CARLYLE.—"T. L. C.," in the Evangelist, tells the following anecdote of Carlyle:—

His remarks on democratic governments reminded me of what I heard him say in his quaint, queer way twenty-three years ago, while walking the streets of London. I had been urging him to visit our country, and see the happy workings of republicanism. "Ah," said he, "ye may talk about yer dimocracy or any other cracy, or any sort o' poetical rubbish; the real reason why your Americans are so happy is that ye have got a great deal o' land for vermin few people." He was right in a measure; it is the cheap land and the abundance of work that go so far as our admirable government to make the masses thrifty and contented.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—Everybody hereabouts knows Ben Moss—a steady-going, estimable citizen, and a dry joker. A few weeks ago, when the news arrived that Johnson had turned traitor to the Union party, and that Stewart approved his course, a jubilant democrat, meeting him, hailed him with, "Hallo, Ben! what do you think of this of Billy Seward, now?" "Oh," replied Ben, "just what I've thought for a long time—Seward has never been in his right mind since you fellows tried to murder him. The democrat quietly simmered down, and slowly and easily left the spot.—[Auburn Stars and Stripes.]

THE CAMEL.—Rev. Mr. Dunn, who is now in Asia, in one of his letters in the Morning Star, thus writes in relation to the camel. He says:

But the camels, if less provoking, than their drivers, are not agreeable companions. Not agreeable to the nose, the eyes, the ears, the back, if one has to ride them, or to taste, if one has to get water at a watering place upon the route, for the driver will be sure to water his camel first, and out of the same dish he offered you, and then let his beast lie at the edge of the well. I am thankful, however, for the existence of this animal, for as beauty could only be appreciated by contrast, it is well that that so much ugliness should be concentrated in one animal and be trifled upon by the desert, rather than to have had the horse, ox, hog and donkey all spoiled with its distribution. His moaning, however, is the most horrible part of it. Anger, weeping, laughing, may be endured, but I never could endure a snoring, sickening, complaining spirit in bipeds or quadrupeds. But here we get it to perfection. The camel moans if made to lay down or get up, if loaded or unloaded, and like the Irishman's wife, whom he said complained if he flogged her and if he did not flog her, she was eternally complaining; so if you strike the camel he moans, and if you let him alone he is sure to moan. And so we travelled to the tune of this music, which, lacking the lively laughter of the horse, the shrill bugle tone of the ox, and the strong independence of the dog, key, is a kind of composition of the wail of a starving army mule and a dying calf. I never intend to visit the "caravan of wild animals" again if they have a camel with them.

OUR MISTAKES ABOUT EACH OTHER.—Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self-estimates would, in all probability, be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, not one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy, spectacle and eyes, and utterly prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt, and a still greater number of those whom we put down in our "black books" are no further off from heaven, and perchance a little nearer, than the censors who condemn them.—We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other, and in estimating character the shrewdest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates.

It is not just or fair to look at character from a stand-point of one's own selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his full face agreeable. We once saw a young man, whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning, while his companions stood petrified on the bank. The merchant who gives out answers in his counting-room may be a tender husband and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good-humored person, who is all smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as a nether, mallet in the place where his heart ought to be.

In a recent speech Henry A. Wise used the following language. Our readers can judge for themselves how repentant he is and whether such as he are proper subjects for seats in Congress.

"If I am a traitor, let them make the most of it. If I am a traitor, why don't they try and hang me? I have lost my lands and my property, but I would clean boots on your streets sooner than bow to usurpation. If I had triumphed, I should have favored stripping them naked. Pardon! They might have appeared for pardon, but I would have seen them damned before I would have granted it. For myself the boot being on the other leg, I take no oaths! I ask no pardons!"

Major Glibreth, the officer sent by General Howard to investigate the Memphis riots, has made a partial report on the subject, in which he says:—

"The civil authorities have not taken the slightest notice of these terrible riots, and seem to regard them simply a skirmish between the police and negroes. The citizens have been advised to hold a meeting and denounce the conduct of the mob, but still they either neglect or refuse to do so. The papers of Memphis are at the root of the whole matter. They have incited riot and murder for months, and this is only a legitimate result of their inflammatory and incendiary articles, and these poor whites, between whom and the negroes a feud has always existed, have been but their tools."

The famous Catholic orator, Father Hyacinthe, had engaged to preach during Lent in the cathedral at Lyons, France, but he was silenced by his ecclesiastical superiors, who required him to modify certain portions of his lectures where he dealt with certain abuses in religious affairs, and where also he had dared to look for Christians beyond the portals of his own church, and invoked beneath the vaults of Notre Dame the God of Washington, of Lincoln, and of Johnson, the God that hath blessed the banners of free and Christian America."

Mr. Barnum is credited with a joke apropos of the Senatorial election in Connecticut. After the vote in the House was announced, says the Bridgeport Standard, and seven union votes had been cast against the caucus nominee, a copperhead acquaintance went up to Mr. Barnum and said: "Well, we are raking out your party, we have got out seven members today." "Yes," responded the great showman, "the same number that were raked out of Mr. ry Magdalene!" The conversation was not pursued.

The Petersburg Index thus exhausts the alphabet in denouncing Judge Underwood's charge to the Grand Jury at Norfolk: "We have tried to do justice to the absurd, blasphemous, cowardly, devilish, empirical, fanatical, ghoulish, horrible, ignorant, jacobinical, knavish, filly-livered, maudlin, nondescript, odious, poisonous, querulous, rascally, syncretistic, traitorous, unrighteous, venal, witless, extravagant, yankified zero whose charge we publish to-day, but we despair. The truth is we are not equal to the occasion."

Gen. Granger has been sent by the President to East Tennessee. He stated at Bristol that his first order would be to call upon all persons who have been warned by the loyal league to leave the State to report the same to him, and he will not only protect them, but punish the leaguers. The General says that President Johnson intends to let the people of East Tennessee know that the war is over, and that law and order must be restored if an army has to be sent out there to do it.

The Freedmen's courts have been abolished in East Tennessee, the State law permitting colored testimony in the civil courts having gone into operation.

Waterville Mail.

W. H. MAXHAM, Editor. DAN & R. WING, Editors.

WATERVILLE . . . JUNE 1, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PATTENSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.
S. R. HILLS, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
Advertisements 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, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

"SHEARING FESTIVAL."—Wednesday next, June 6. Sheep should be at the pens, on the Town Hall Common as near eight o'clock as convenient, so that the shearing may be completed in season for the Association to dine together, according to arrangements. Committees will be in attendance, so far as needful. Each owner will provide for the shearing of his own sheep.

This festival is in charge of the North Ken. Wool Growers' Association, and will be, we think, the first holden in the State. It ought to be a success, and will be if the farmers interested in its objects come forward to its support. Sheep of all grades and classes are promised, and if the weather favors there will be a good time—such as will bear repeating from year to year.

In anticipation of cholera, some persons in Lewiston went through all the streets, lanes, paths, and by-ways of that city,—looking here and there for all kinds and degrees of filth that might invite cholera,—and published the result in the Lewiston Journal! What a squirming it made among the careless, may be guessed,—but nobody will doubt that it helped greatly to purify the atmosphere of the city. Somebody proposes the same experiment in Waterville, as soon as a few of the most offensive places have time to prepare themselves for investigation.

RAILROAD ACCOMMODATION.—A special train is now run each evening between Boston and Portland, leaving Boston at 7 P. M., and Portland at 6 P. M. This movement on the part of the managers of the Boston roads shows a commendable public spirit. It is now proposed that the Grand Trunk Road make a connection at Portland to and from Montreal with these express trains to and from Boston.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.—In calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Lewis P. Mayo, (who, it will be seen, offers his services as an instructor upon the piano) we hope it will not be remembered against him that he has grown up among us and does not come from abroad; nor that, instead of being a graduate of some celebrated musical academy, he is simply a born musician—*musici non fit*—holding an unthought diploma, granted only to a favored few taught by the great Master of Harmony. He is a worthy young man and an accomplished musician, and we hope will meet with the success he so richly deserves.

JOSEPH WINKLER, ESQ., of Belfast,—whom we well remember as a Waterville boy—with four of his sons, has given concerts in several of our seaboard towns and cities. His troupe is known by the name of the "Little Ballad Singers," and the newspapers all speak in high terms of their singing. Come over into Kennebec, friend W., and for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, and also because we believe what the papers say, we will try to give you a good house.

A new Freedmen's Bureau bill passed the U. S. House of Representatives on Tuesday, 96 to 83—six republicans only voting against it.

Gen. Whittlesey denies the most of the charges preferred against him by Gens. Steedman and Fullerton in their published report.

President Johnson had the grace to refuse a pardon to Com. Semmes, who came north for one recently.

A SINGING SCHOOL FOR JUVENILES will be commenced in the Baptist Vestry next Wednesday afternoon, by Mr. P. S. Warren, of the College. Such a school is very much needed here, and from what we learn of Mr. Warren's qualifications we have confidence that he will give good satisfaction. See his advertisement.

The late drenching rains have changed the prospect of the hay crop; but the corn crop is waiting for warmer weather.

The bill to reimburse loyal States for war expenses incurred during the late rebellion has been re-committed with leave to report next session of Congress.

Two fires in Pittsburg, Penn., on Saturday, destroyed more than \$150,000 worth of property.

Two more emigrant ships have arrived at New York with cholera on board.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE M. CARTER, son of Mr. J. S. Carter, died in this village, at 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning, May 29th, aged 21 years.

A young man, but a few months over twenty-one years of age, he seemed just started in life when God called him to a higher field of effort, and a higher state of existence.

We have seldom to record a death under sadder circumstances—married but six weeks before the day upon which he died, to one who was in every way fitted to make him a pleasant wife,—respected and beloved by all of our citizens, his death is indeed the blighting of many bright hopes, and the sundering of many ties of sympathy.

On Tuesday evening the village bore a solemn gloom, and when it was announced that he had breathed his last people might, be seen upon our streets shedding tears, or by words expressing as best they could, their feelings of grief over the loss of a good citizen.

Mr. Carter was born in Waterville, where he lived to the time of his death. There can not be found a young man more exemplary in every respect than he; conscientious, obliging, social, of pure speech, he was a model for all young men. At the organization of the Cadets Section in this place, he was chosen to fill its highest office, and in such esteem was he held that his picture now hangs upon their walls. There it now is, where the village youth may, by looking upon it, learn the value of a good name and a pure character. We may drop our tears with the mourners, but let not our tears blind us to the past. God be thanked that a consistent, christian young man was allowed so long to stay among us. May his virtues find many admirers, who shall also be like him in modesty and conscientiousness, and may young men by thousands rise up to be the pride of communities—to be mourned as treasures lost to the earth by all good men.

As citizens, as friends, we offer our sympathy to his heart-broken wife and relatives, pointing their eyes above all gloom and sadness and death, where reigns their departed one in everlasting peace.

He died of typhoid pneumonia.

M.

DEATH OF LIEUT. GENERAL SCOTT.—This old hero, long the idol of the American people, died quite suddenly at West Point, on Tuesday last. He was out on the Saturday previous, but on Sunday he began to fail rapidly. He was perfectly conscious up to the moment of his death, though he had lost his voice some two hours previous. He recognized the chaplain of the post ten minutes before he died, and clasped his hand in silence. The President immediately issued an official announcement of the sad event and gave instructions for appropriate honors to the memory of the deceased through the War and Navy Departments, and for the closing of the public offices on the day of the funeral. The following brief biographical sketch will be of interest at the present time:

Winfield Scott was born on the 13th of June, 1786, near Petersburg, Va. His ancestors were Scotch. At the age of seventeen Winfield was left an orphan, and following his inclination, addressed himself to the study of law; he was admitted to the bar in 1806. Two years afterwards, Government having decided to enlarge the army, he applied for a commission, and was made a captain in the light artillery. When war was declared against England in 1812, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel in the 2d artillery, and ordered to the Niagara frontier. His first battle was at Queenstown, where he was taken prisoner and sent to Quebec. An exchange, however, was soon effected, and he joined General Dearborn, at Fort Niagara, as Adjutant. As a volunteer, Scott headed the successful attack on Forts George and Erie.

After being promoted to a brigadier-generalship in 1814, he fought the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, in the last of which his shoulder was shattered by a musket ball. On the signing of the treaty of peace in 1815, he was offered the place of Secretary of War, but declined on account of his youth. After assisting in reducing the army to a peace footing, Gen. Scott was sent to Europe by Government to recover his health and perfect himself in military science. In 1816 he returned, and was placed in command of the seaboard. The same year he married Miss Maria Mayo, daughter of John Mayo of Richmond, and settled in Elizabethtown, N. J., where he continued to reside for the twenty years following. It was at this period that a difficulty occurred between Gen. Scott and Gen. Jackson, which resulted in a challenge from the latter; Gen. Scott refused to accept it, and the parties afterwards became friends.

In 1832, Gen. Scott was ordered west to put an end to the Black Hawk war, and accomplished the task to the satisfaction of all parties. During the nullification excitement in South Carolina, he thwarted the plans of the disunionists, and seized upon and held the defenses in Charleston harbor. In 1836 General Scott was sent to Florida to subdue the Seminoles under Osceola. In 1837 he went as a peace-maker to the Northern frontier, where Van Rensselaer's invasion of Canada had occasioned much excitement. The General next superintended the removal of the Cherokees, and was then recalled to the North to settle the English difficulty concerning the Maine boundary.

In 1841, on the death of General Macomb, General Scott assumed the entire command of the army. On the 20th of November, 1846, he started southward to open his brilliant campaign in Mexico. The battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Jalapa, Puebla, Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco, and Molino del Rey, the taking of the capitol of Mexico, and the making of a treaty of peace, followed in rapid succession. In view of these successes, Congress honored him with the title of Brevet Lieutenant General. In 1862 he was nominated by the Whig party for the Presidency, but failed of election. At the breaking out of the late rebellion, Gen. Scott saved the national capital from seizure by traitors.

On the 31st of October, 1861, Gen. Scott resigned his commission and retired to private life, being succeeded by General McClellan as General in Chief of the army.

Do not overlook the new announcements in the New Bookstore column.

OUR TABLE.

THE GALAXY.—The third number of this new magazine increases the favorable opinion raised by its two predecessors. We copy the table of contents:—
The Claverings, by Anthony Trollope, continued, with illustrations; Our Homes, by W. F. G. Hastings; The Paper Element in France, by Eugene Benson; Clement, by W. D. Howells; Miss Clare, by Maria L. Pool; The Art of Dining, No. 2, by Prof. Pierre Blot; Flat Faciendum, by F. B. Perkins; The Red River Dam, by Colonel James Grant Wilson; Archie Lovell, continued, by Mrs. Edwards; The Orleans Party, by George M. Towle; The Wonderful Crow, by Charles Godfrey Leland; Nebula.

The Galaxy is a model in mechanical execution, and is an elegant ornament for the centre table.
Published by W. C. & F. P. Church, No. 89 Park Row, New York, at 25 cents a number.

HOURS AT HOME FOR JUNE is a well filled number, and presents a very attractive bill of fare. The opening paper is the first number of "De Rebus Ruris," a series of articles on rural topics, by Ik Marvel, this one describing, in a charming way, an Old Style Farm. Some of the other articles are—"The Patriotic Record of Yale College," by Rev. J. W. Morris; "The Little Preacher," continued; Tischendorf's Biblical Researches and Discoveries, narrated by himself; "The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character," concluded, by J. A. Froude; "The Last Twig on the Tree; Life in a Southern Village; God's Quiet; A Visit to the English Universities," concluded, by Prof. J. M. Hoppin; "The Christian Statesmen of America—John Jay, by E. H. Gillett, D. D.; Jane Grey's Story, continued; An "Advanced Dog" on the Origin of Species, by the author of "The Schenck Cotta Chronicles"; Lieutenant-General Grant, by a late Staff Officer; The Lady of Fernwood, concluded; James Montgomery, the Christian Poet, by S. C. Hall.

We know of no better magazine for the family, and especially the Christian family, than this.
Published by Charles Scribner & Co., No. 654 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for June has an elegant double-page fashion plate, beautifully colored, and other engravings, illustrative of the fashion department, "too numerous to mention," with a full sized pattern of a Spring Patelet, on tissue paper, for cutting, entitled "Two Brides to a Cherry." The miscellaneous department is very interesting, and includes numerous stories, a continuation of "Armada," by Wilkie Collins, the conclusion of "The Lady's Maid," by Miss Braden, etc., etc., with numerous spirited illustrations, including a fine portrait of Gustave Dore, the famous French artist.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 50 a year—making it a miracle of cheapness.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for June is a beauty, handsomely embellished and well filled. The opening picture, "Christ and the Sisters of Bethany," is very good, and the double fashion plate is profusely decked with flowers, as it ought to be in the month of roses. This magazine stands very high in the estimation of the ladies, and rival publications find it a hopeless task to attempt to supplant this old favorite.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—The following musical novelties come to us from Oliver Ditson & Co., the well-known Boston publishers, whose advertisements are found in our columns:—

"Junonia Mazurka." By J. Bellak.
"Village Swallows Waltz." By Josef Strauss.
"Get out of Mexico." Song and chorus. Words by E. B. Dowling; music by J. P. Webster.
"Oh, poor Max, there's no use in talking—so pack up your kit and go." For the Universal Nation says, "Get out of Mexico."
"Annie of the Lonely Dale." A Ballad. Composed and sung by J. Kittredge.
"How so Fair." From the Opera of Martha. By A. Baumann.
"The Fingering, or Down to Eastport town." Written and arranged by Frank Wilder.
"Have you heard about the Fingering?" Skiddy laddy wintum hum!
"The Mahogany and Robertes." Skiddy laddy wintum hum!
"Oh, how they went to Eastport town, To knock the Blue Rovers around—'T was a big time!" Skiddy laddy wintum hum!

For sale by all music dealers; or they may be ordered direct from the publishers, by mail.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The June number has a fine steel engraving, "The Mother's Blessing," illustrating a beautiful story; with a handsome double-page colored fashion plate, and numerous patterns and designs, useful and ornamental. There will also be found a piece of music, "The Old Family Clock," and many good stories, some of which we have marked for our next paper. Other interesting matter—poems, recipes, etc.—occupies the other pages.
Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

THE GREEN HOUSE of Mr. J. P. Wendell attracts hosts of visitors at this season, eager to examine and buy his choice plants and flowers. We found a crowd of carriages about his door, the other afternoon, some of them having come a long distance, and all bore away something useful or ornamental. His tomato plants, of which he has a fine stock of various kinds, are going off rapidly in this favorable time for transplanting, and he has a supply of cabbage, melon, and cucumber plants, with grape vines, pot plants, etc. Give him a call, and among other curiosities he will show you an orange tree in bearing, and many rich and rare plants in bloom.

Here's one-half Pope's and one-half some one else's music:—

"This education forms the common mind."
"And with a stick they whip it in behind."

The wag of the Boston Advertiser will have his joke upon all subjects. The following is his latest effort:—"What the Spaniards found at Callao—that Peruvian bite is quite as efficacious as Peruvian bark."

SMITH, DONNELLY & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Portland, have a card in our columns, to which the attention of our dealers is invited. It comes to us through the advertising agency of Mr. C. W. Atwell, who is authorized to negotiate for advertising for our paper, and whom we commend to public confidence and patronage.

Gilmore's Bitters were destined to make their way to the very top of public favor in the shortest way. Almost everybody is a little out of sorts at this season of the year, and these bitters go to the very spot where this trouble comes from. All bilious persons should make trial of them—and save a doctor's bill.

It seems certain there are two cases of small pox in Winslow—and probably only two at present, though it is said others have been exposed. One of them is near the east end of Ticonic Bridge, and the other a mile from there. They are carefully guarded since they became known.

We call the special attention of all classes of persons to our long list of Boston, N. York and Philadelphia advertisements, under heads of "New Advertisements."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MAXIMILIAN.

A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from the city of Mexico says:—

"The Emperor, a man thirty-seven years old, is one of the largest men in the city,—tall, straight, and well proportioned, an expert in all manly exercises, especially as a horseman and swordsman, and possessed of immense physical strength, which, when he chooses to exert it, has excited the admiration of his staff and the French Zouave officers, nearly all of whom have been raised from the ranks for signal acts of daring, in which bravery and personal endurance were required. His face is broad, refined in its expression, and beaming with good humor; and, above all, there is a look of genuine benevolence and kindness which seldom fails to win those with whom he comes in contact. The large blue eyes are full of intelligence, while the high, expansive forehead indicates a great brain and correct judgment. He is seldom mistaken in his estimate of men, whose character he generally penetrates at the first interview. While Governor of Lombardy several years ago, much as the Italians detested the Austrian rule, their public disturbances could always be quelled by the presence of Maximilian, who was looked upon as an exception to the rest of the House of Hapsburg. He is the author of a number of scientific works which have been printed in three or four languages, and is regarded as among the most accomplished and enlightened of the German princes."

PORTLAND AND BOSTON STEAMERS.

While inviting attention to the advertisement of these steamers, in another column, we think we do our readers a service by copying the following notice from the Portland Price Current:—

The fare by the fine and commodious steamers of the Portland & Boston Steam Packet Co. has been reduced the present season to \$1.50 for cabin passage, and \$1.00 for deck, with a further reduction from the above rates for packages of tickets.

These steamers leave our city and Boston every evening at 7 o'clock, and arrive at an early hour in the morning. After a comfortable night's rest, the passenger awakes and finds himself at the place of his destination. The sail, too, is a beautiful one, along our coast up to Cape Ann, and thence into Boston harbor. The accommodations by these steamers are first class in every respect, and under the careful management of this line and the long experience and skill of the officers, we know of no safer conveyance on any line of travel either for excursionists or business men.

GAIL HAMILTON has in the press of her publishers, Messrs Ticknor & Fields, Boston, a new volume specially adapted to summer reading, and bearing the title of "Summer Rest." Most of the articles in this volume are now for the first time printed, and will be found equal to any of the author's most brilliant essays. *Italicarnassus* appears again on the carpet; and his exploits in the way of gardening and other domestic matters are made very amusing. Gail Hamilton is never dull. Possessed of a sharp and ready wit, speaking boldly, and that too upon topics wherein women have been supposed to have but little interest, she has already gathered about her an audience, which, by its hearty appreciation of her writings, attests the truth of many of her convictions. The success of her various volumes of essays has been without a parallel; in fact, she is the most successful writer of the day.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The news of the bombardment of Valparaiso called forth indignation in England, although the government approved of the neutral course of the British admiral. Resolutions adopted at a meeting in Liverpool expressed gratitude to Commodore Rodgers for his effort to prevent the destruction of neutral property. The financial panic was steadily subsiding, but the rate of interest at the Bank of England continued at ten per cent. Five-twenties were quoted in London on the 17th at 65 to 66. The preparations for war on the Continent were progressing with unabated vigor, but the prospect of a European Congress was considered favorable.

LATER.—In a debate in the English House of Commons it was stated by a supporter of the government that the United States government would not listen to negotiations for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. The feeling prevailed in relation to the German question that a peaceful solution could not be reached. In the presence of efforts to bring about a European Congress the most vigorous exertions to increase their armaments were made by the parties to the quarrel. In financial matters returning confidence was apparent, although the effects of the panic had not ceased to be felt. Five-Twenties were quoted in London at 65 to 66.

They have a civil rights case in Alexandria. A white man is charged with felony, and the State Attorney has asked the privilege of introducing negro witnesses to testify in the case, claiming the right to do so under the provisions of the Civil Rights bill. The judge declined permission, on the ground that he was acting under the laws of the State which forbade that a negro should testify in a case against a white man, except "when the case arises out of an injury done, attempted or threatened on the person, or property, or rights of a colored person or Indian, or when the offence was committed by a white person in conjunction with a colored person or Indian." The judge stated his determination to execute the laws of his State until ordered to do otherwise.

There seems no probability that the trial of Jefferson Davis will take place at the adjourned term of Judge Woodward's court, which meets at Richmond a week from to-morrow. The requirement of Chief Justice Chase that martial law shall be set aside before he can preside has not been met, and is not likely to be at present. Moreover, Judge Woodward himself has declared within three or four days that nothing will be done next week more than to call the case and, by consent of counsel of both sides, put it over till next fall.

It has been decided that no bounty or arrears of pay be allowed to the widow or heirs of any deserter.

CROP PROSPECTS.—Commissioner Newton states in his monthly agricultural report for April just issued, that owing to the backwardness of the season it is impossible to pronounce intelligently upon the condition of growing crops. The accounts received from wheat, he however says, are very discouraging, indicating a short crop over all the country. He advises farmers to give increased attention to the raising of horses and cattle, for the deficiency at the South will keep prices up.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

Assistant Commissioner Scott, who accompanied General Steedman and Fullerton to the Sea Islands, reports that no flaw could be found in the management there or in South Carolina. The planters came forward and upheld his policy, and were panic stricken at the idea of the removal of the Bureau. The Commissioner for North Carolina says the number of destitute freedmen is being greatly reduced. The demand for labor is greater than the supply.

MORE PREMIUMS ON TREASON AND RIOTS.—President Johnson has pardoned three of the Alexandrians convicted of riot on Christmas day and sentenced by a military commission to imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary; and also J. B. Palmer of Tennessee, who was a Brigadier General in the rebel army.

TESTIMONIALS TO MR. GARRISON.—A movement has been inaugurated by the friends of William Lloyd Garrison for a national testimonial of \$50,000, to be presented to him for his eminent services in the anti-slavery cause. A circular in aid of the project has been sent out, which bears many distinguished names, including a large number of Congressmen, Chief Justice Chase, the Governors of several States, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, and other celebrities.

JUDGE OF THE DISTRICT COURT.—The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Journal says that Senator Morrill's name is mentioned for Judge of the U. S. District Court in place of Judge Ware resigned.

MONSTERS.—The Lewiston Journal says that Thursday night some devil or devils in human shape killed, by cutting the throats and stabbing, twenty or more horses and oxen in Durham. The horses and cattle thus killed belong to the most respectable citizens of the town.

A fire in Oil City, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, destroyed half the business part of the city. The loss is estimated at more than half a million of dollars, and 175 families are deprived of their homes.

Messrs. O'Connor and Shea, counsel for Jeff Davis, it is said, found their client in better health than they expected, and K only alive to the important issues involved in his trial.

The order for the arrest of the Freedmen's Bureau officers in North Carolina, was made on the 16th by the President himself. It directed General Howard to at once relieve and order under arrest the following officers: Gen. Whittlesey, Majors Mann and Wickersham, Captains Seelye, Wheeler and Rosecrans, Dr. Rush, Chaplains Glavis and Fitz, and civilians Rev. Horace James, Winthrop Tappan, Mr. Boyden, Mr. Potter, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Rosecrans. They were directed to report to Gen. Ruler, and await further orders from this city. The sole charge against them was that they were engaged in cultivating plantations.

The Washington correspondent of the Tribune states that the people of Richmond are persecuting two or three of the grand jurors who took part in bringing the indictment against Mr. Davis.
DROWNED.—We learn from the Clarion that Mr. Leonard Grover was drowned at Skowhegan on Monday week. While attempting to take a boat around the pier of the bridge on the South side, he broke his paddle and was left at the mercy of the current. He jumped from the boat and attempted to swim ashore, and was swept over the dam. Mr. Grover was thirty-five years old, and leaves one child, five years old. He had recently secured a policy for \$3000 in the Accident company, in addition to a previous life insurance of \$5000.
[Anson Advocate.]

William H. Decker of Danforth, a patient in the Insane hospital at Augusta, threw himself into the Kennebec while out for a walk last week and was drowned, as we learn from the Reporter.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance, meets in Montreal, on Thursday, 21st of next month. Members of Grand and Subordinate Divisions will be admitted as visitors. Passengers over the Grand Trunk Railroad will be ticketed from Danville Junction to Montreal and back for \$10; to Quebec and back for \$12.

GOOD LUCK. Sundry semi-superstitious and lumber-baked folks make much ado about "luck"—as if this was a world of chance! Such is bald atheism. "If ye sow not neither shall ye reap; what ye sow, that shall ye reap;" is the Bible statement of fortune. Man is master of chance. Labor rules the very universe. Diligence is the sacred alchemy that converts earth's ores into jewels. With the farmer, "the philosopher's stone" helps to build a fence. The owl's motto is "luck to-night," as he hopes all day in a hollow tree. Would you have good luck? Then get up early, and mind your own business when up—not your neighbor's; spend less than you earn, earn every cent before you spend one; keep out of debt; especially keep money in your pocket; wait on yourself, for shirking is essentially theft; always heed the counsel of your wife in doubtful enterprises; treat others as you would be treated; display liberality of soul and charity of opinion, with honor and honesty; above all trust in God, and you may properly consider your life a success—a clear vindication of beneficent law, an utter rebuke of visionary "luck."

DEODORIZER.—"T. C. H." asks: "What will deodorize the contents of a privy, as soon as applied?" An abundance of good loamy soil will do it as quickly as anything, and bring the materials into a condition to be shoveled over, and used as manure immediately, though it is better to let it lie in a heap a few days. Dry swamp muck and finely crumbled peat require a less weight to effect the same result—hence make less cartage—but do not act so promptly as fresh soil.
[American Agriculturist.]

A WARNING.

Beware of spurious extracts deleterious. Can frauds compare with pure "Night-Blooming Cereus?"

Phalon & Son, manufacturers, N. Y. Sold everywhere.

Said a crazy woman, of a penurious, stingy man, "Do you see that man? You could blow his soul through a humming-bird's quill into a mosquito's eye and the mosquito wouldn't wink!"

Cholera, Dysentery, Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism are quickly cured by "American Life Drops."

The Hair Restorer that gives the best satisfaction is Pechachine. Used and sold everywhere.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The number of cattle and sheep at market this week was very large, seventy-four cattle being reported from Maine. The quality is represented as having been very good, especially the northern portion, but though it sold well yet the extra high prices of last week were hardly sustained. We copy from the Boston Advertiser:—

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hides, tallow and beef: A few premium bulls, 14 to 14 1/2 cts. per lb.; That commonly called extra, 14 to 14 1/4 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c., 13 1/2 to 13 3/4 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 12 1/2 to 13 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 12 to 12 1/2 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 10 to 11 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sheep, shorn, Northern, 5 to 6 cts.; Western 7 cts. Woolled do.

STORE CATTLE.—Prices for working oxen, \$200 to 300 per pair; steers \$100 to 150; milch cows, \$45 to 70; extra, \$80 to 100; farrow, &c., \$80 to 45.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shotes, wholesale, 11 to 13 cts. per lb.; retail, 15 to 16 cts.; fat hogs, 10 to 14 cts. per lb.; live weight; Hides, best Brighton, 8 to 9 cts. per lb.; country lots 6 1/2 to 7 cts.; tallow, 7 to 9 cts.; calf skins, 20 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$2 00 to 2 50 each.

We distrust those nostrums which are advertised to cure all diseases, and hence we distrust most of the medicines which are advertised in the public prints. Dr. Larokah's Pulmonic Syrup we know to be an unfailing remedy for that class of diseases which it professes to cure—as is attested by many of our friends who have been rescued by its use from untimely graves.

No remedy within our knowledge has been used with such uniform success or has so strongly a hold upon the confidence of the more intelligent classes of the community.

In a recent lecture Prof. M. Blot stated that people who eat enough of well-cooked food look fresher and younger than others. The effect is equally good upon the mind as body. The difference in eating will change the appearance of a family materially in a generation. Food should be prepared according to age, sex, climate and season. In spring we should eat largely of greens, as they purify the blood and drive away bile. In summer eat a little more meat than in the spring. Roast or broiled lean meats are better.

In winter eat much of fat. It is not the amount of food eaten that nourishes the body, more than the amount of money spent makes a good dinner, but the amount digested. He quoted from several eminent men that good things are made for man, and we should use them.

Wisdom without innocence is knavery; innocence without wisdom, is foolery; be ye, therefore, wise as serpents and innocent as doves. The subtlety of the serpent instructs the innocence of the dove; the innocence of the dove corrects the subtlety of the serpent.—What God hath joined together let no man separate.—[Quarles.]

GOOD ADVICE.—A grave Quaker once, passing through a bad street, was astonished to see his son emerge from a den which no decent person would frequent. The graceless youth drew back, hoping to escape observation.—"Nay, Isaac," said the sad, astonished parent, "never be ashamed of coming out of that sort of place; but be especially careful never more to go into one."

The Detroit Post says that all that is left of the Fenian war is "the tug of war" between the factions of that brotherhood.

The "latest style" in New York is said to be different colored stockings. The effect, when the skirt is lifted, is said to be very funny.

Our readers who have been troubled with the shrinkage of their various woollen fabrics in the laundry room, owing to the over caustic and astrigent quality of the soap used, will do well to insist upon the use of The Steam Refined Soaps of Leathe & Gore, which never, if used with any sort of discretion, produce this annoying effect.

SYMPATHY.—Sympathy is a lovely and beautiful thing, for it exhibits the angelic part of human nature. We deeply sympathize with those who cannot obtain Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus, for they are deprived of one of the greatest luxuries the world affords.—But we have no sympathy with any family who will use any other Saleratus or soda, if this article can be purchased. We see most of our Merchants have it. One trial will convince any one. Their depot is 112 Liberty Street, New York.

All the hands in our office propose the Inventor of the Gold Medal Soap for President. Don't they know in this country the ladies don't vote, and true merit is not appreciated by the men. No, no, the ladies don't want him to give up the manufacturing of so valuable and indispensable an article to the household for the sake of being President. Maids and matrons alike would feel the loss of so indispensable an article on a washing day.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.—We notice the newspapers in all parts of the country seem to be going into ecstasies of late over the wonderful medical properties of Coe's Cough Balsam and Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. We are glad to know that these reliable remedies are for sale by every Druggist in the land.

Piano-Forte Instruction.

THIS Subscriber offers his services to

