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Maxham & Wing

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THE BACHELOR DREAMS.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The world is dreary; I am growing old;
Wife not mine makes glad my chamber still;
The winter season cometh with its cold;
The heart is dark, and the wind without is shrill;
Yea; twilight glooms around me—hush! and power
Depart, like scent and color from a flower—
Yea, where I sit, sweet music floats to me;
The falling, falling, of a silver shower
Around a forest tree!

Ah! can I hear the scattered rain into?
Can I hear the leaves that stir and sigh?
Or heard but the movement of the moon
Of busy folk that hurry daily by?
Nay—where I sit, sweet music floats to me;
The falling, falling, of a silver shower
Around a forest tree!

And can it be so many years ago?
Since I clasp'd her, dear, the leaves that summer day?
And were there words of love and joy?
Sits she among her children far away?
Can she hear the sweet and melancholy sound?
Doth she see the shining dewdrops on the ground?
Doth she flutter like the leaves and dream of me?
To the falling, falling, of the rain around
The murmurous forest tree?

The city closes round me faint and old;
Yet I'm lonely from country lanes I hear;
The winter season cometh with its cold;
The heart is dark, and the wind without is shrill;
Yea, where I sit, sweet music floats to me;
The falling, falling, of a silver shower
Around a forest tree!

IS SHE A HEROINE?

That is the question I wish to put before the public. I have puzzled over it from morning till night, have dreamed about it, and grown thin upon it, and can find no solution thereof.

Her name was Minnie Blake, and she lived among the hills. No matter what hills. There are a great many in this country unknown to fame, and she lived among them. She dwelt in a rough frame house, and there were plenty more like it among those hills. The situation was bleak, and the soil so poor that the old men and small boys did all the farm work, while the rest of the people worked in the mines under the hills, or in the factories of the smoky, dingy town that lay near them. These last were the aristocracy, and they looked down upon the miners, who were "foreign" and "low."

The people never carried their lives about them like clogs, hard labor was not a "dull pain" to them (unless they were rheumatic); they did not look at strangers with "pitiful dumb animal eyes;" they did not stalk along with hands over their brows and hearts, "pressing down their miseries to keep them silent." Nothing of the kind. For relief to their physical miseries they resorted to intoxicating liquors; and as a soother of mental miseries, opinions were pretty equally divided between the bible and the tavern. They did not "strive to make out the problems of their lives," for they had extremely vague ideas in regard to problems, and life to them was a simple thing enough.

They got pretty fair wages, and ate, and drank, and slept, and talked politics, and some said prayers, and some did not, and they all expected to go to heaven when they died. They shuffled along through life, half educated, sooty, and conceited, got married and died, and that was the end of them. Let them go; for it is clear that such unnatural specimens of the laboring class can be of no manner of use in a story.

Minnie Blake worked in a factory. She was not in the habit of standing by the looms, and thinking how they were crushing the beauty and sweetness out of her life. (She did not know that they were, she was so stupid.) nor did she wonder if they were "weaving the web of her destiny;" nor did she walk among the whirling wheels with great thoughts whirling through her dizzy brain. If she had done these things her wages would have been docked, and she knew it.

Neither did she live on fruit and cream in the summer; and in the winter on "corn cakes tinted a delicate brown, and spread with golden butter." The fruit that grew on the hills was scraggy and sour, and the grass thin and poor, and half the year Minnie saw no butter. Marsh and molasses, bacon and brown bread, constituted her ordinary food. When the war broke out she did not urge her only brother to go, and pack his knapsack with smiling lips and tearful eyes, nor she. For when at last he was drafted, she hid him in the hay in a neighboring barn, and when he was dragged out and marched off, she nearly cried her eyes out. And, after his first battle, when he was reported "missing," she did not go into a state of musing melancholy, and fancy him lying in a lonely spot in a far-off forest, with his musket resting at his side, and the waters of a still brook rippling gently over his still feet. The picture that filled her mental vision was a room in a Canada tavern with the "missing" one seated at a table with other choice spirits, playing the instructive game of poker, and with still other choice spirits in junk bottles on the tables. And so she dried her eyes, and was content.

It was plain enough so far that Minnie was no heroine, and so different was she from any other factory girl who ever lived or breathed—in books—that if I had not seen her last week, I should be disposed to believe that she never did exist at all, but that I dreamed all that I am going to tell you.

One pleasant Sunday morning, some two or three summers ago, Minnie went to church, arrayed in her best. She wore a blue dress, not because it was "the color of truth and heaven," nor because it was "the outward symbol of the deep, liquid purity of her soul;" nor for any other reason of this kind, which factory girls have for wearing blue; but simply because it cost ten cents less on a yard than any other of the nice goods at Pook's store. She also wore a straw bonnet trimmed with green rosettes, a black silk shawl, and pink kid gloves. This was Minnie's idea of elegance. I know that working girls who have any claim to be heroines, have an intuitive perception of what is refined and harmonious, and it grieves me much to be compelled to admit that Minnie had not.

I have been very particular in describing her dress, not that it has anything to do with the incident I am about to relate, which would have happened all the same whether she wore baze or broadcloth, but because a heroine's dress is always described when anything is going to happen to her. Minnie had a bright, active face, in spite of the conjunction of pink, blue, green and black upon her small person.

When she arrived at church she found nearly all the congregation assembled, but the service had not begun, so after setting her dress and opening her fan, she looked demurely around to see what was to be seen. And the first sight that met her eyes so arrested her attention that she knew nothing more. Tom Harris was looking at Kitty Smith! A young man gazing at a young girl is not a wonder upon earth; but this young man was Minnie's property. They had been engaged for some time, and, until the Smiths came into the neighborhood, he had been a very attentive lover. Kitty was the prettiest girl in all that country. She had red lips and pink cheeks, and great innocent brown eyes, and the loveliest golden brown hair that

was always kept short and curled itself into shining rings all over her head.

Minnie knew that Tom had an unbounded admiration for Kitty Smith. It cut the poor girl to the very heart; but she did not neglect her work, and go wandering about the woods in an insane manner, nor was she consumed by a "dainty, leafless sorrow." No. She gave Tom two or three good round soundings about the matter, which he always answered by asserting that he cared nothing whatever for Kitty, but that he wasn't going to be such a slave that he couldn't look at a pretty girl; and then Minnie would take a cry, and then they would "kiss and make up."

But Tom had not been to see her now for two weeks, and in that time Minnie had thought over the matter a great deal, and had begun to see the right way through it, as she would have expressed it. Some of these thoughts were in her mind now, but the minister gave out the hymn, and Minnie tried to put such thoughts away; for she was a good, religious girl, and believed in everything that was proper and orthodox. I know that factory heroines are perpetually wondering why the All-Powerful permits sin and then punishes it—why they are cursed with inherited vices—they that are sentimental infidels, in short—fearing to trust themselves to a gloomy and cruel faith. None of these doubts and fears had Minnie.

The congregation were accustomed to spend the intermission in the graveyard, where they gathered in groups to eat their lunch and to gossip. Minnie stole away to an uninviting spot where the old tombstones were half sunk in the earth and the graves overgrown with weeds. Here she thought she would not be followed, for she now wanted to think of Tom.

She had been there but a few minutes when she saw him coming slowly towards her, with eyes bent upon the ground.

"He is sorry, poor fellow!" she thought; "I know he is sorry."

Tom started on seeing her. "How you startle a fellow, Minnie!" he said. "And you look like a ghost. What is the matter? Does anything trouble you, Minnie?" he asked in a more kindly tone.

Minnie did not lean her head against the tombstone, and say, "God knows!" or look at him reproachfully, like a dumb animal being led to slaughter, or do anything else she ought to have done. She took him with contempt, and exclaiming, "Tom Harris, you are a fool!" walked away as fast as she could, for fear she would cry, which was a weakness of hers.

She did not go far. The thoughts that Tom's unlucky question had dissipated, came back to her; turning suddenly round she went back to the place where she had left him. He was leaning against the fence, looking at the hill in the distance with a sad and troubled face.

"Tom," said Minnie, kindly, laying her hand on his shoulder, "I know what you are thinking about. Don't grieve over it. It can't be helped, and you are not a bit to blame for it, and I guess it will all come out right in the end, somehow."

And she was gone before Tom quite comprehended her words.

Tom did not intend to walk home with Kitty Smith, but when they went out of church and she looked at him with her great brown eyes, he was drawn to her side by a magnet, and they walked away together. Minnie said it and it made her angry. Angry that he had so little consideration for her after what she had said to him in the graveyard, and more because he did it in the sight of all the congregation, who knew and wondered at it and pitied her.

Her road was the same as theirs, but she went round a longer way to the quarry, so as to avoid walking behind them. The quarry was half way home, and when she got there she sat down to rest in a thick growth of young pines, upon the summit of a breezy hill. But she was destined to find no repose that day, for she had been there but a few minutes when Tom and Kitty came in sight. They had loitered along the road. They should have been home by this time. Minnie watched them as they seated themselves on the grass near her place of concealment, and she noticed Kitty's coquettish ways, and Tom's increasing admiration.

"I wish she would slip down into the quarry and break her neck!" thought Minnie.

At last, on Kitty's expressing a wish for some wild gooseberries, Tom went off in search of some. He was gone a long time, and Kitty began to yawn, and Minnie wished most heartily he would come back, so they could go home and she could get away. Kitty spied a turf of columbines nodding on the very edge of the hill, and true to natural instinct of gratifying a present pleasure without a thought beyond, she ran to them and plucked them up. The ground here was sloping, and the grass dry and slippery. She felt herself swiftly gliding down the hill, and, clutching wildly at the air, she caught hold of a birch sapling as she swung off, which had quivered away until its rocky sides were almost smooth for a descent of some forty feet. And there she hung—her only support the sapling which she had grasped with her left hand, and which bent so low with her weight that its plumed top touched her head. She knew it must break soon, and she looked at the jagged rock far below her, and cried and shrieked for help.

If she had had any presence of mind she would have seen that she had one chance for her life. Minnie saw it in a flash, and called out to her:

"Swing yourself a little to the right, Kitty, and put your feet upon that little point of rock. Don't you see it?"

"I see it," shrieked Kitty, "but I can't do it. Help me! O help me!"

Minnie ran to the spot. There was no friendly rock or bush to hold on to—nothing but the shivering bank, and slippery grass, and the one sapling which was the frail support of poor Kitty. She threw herself upon the ground, as far from the edge as she could, and seized hold of Kitty's wrist.

"Now Kitty, do let go the sapling, and swing yourself upon that rock—you can easily do it."

"I can't do it! I shall fall if I move! Pull me up, Minnie, pull me up!"

"I can't," said Minnie. "The grass is slippery, and there's nothing to hold on by, and I haven't got the strength. Get on the rock! Tom will soon be here."

But the terror-stricken Kitty began to struggle, and Minnie felt herself moving towards the edge of that awful precipice.

"You are pulling me off, Kitty. I can't hold you if you struggle. The rock is your only chance."

But Kitty would only scream and struggle, and now Minnie was drawn so near the edge that she could see far down into that fearful depth.

"I will let her go," she thought, "she will kill me if I don't." But her next thought was, "What shall I tell Tom when he comes back? No, I will save her, or we will die together."

She saw a root of the sapling was above the ground. This was a little thing, indeed, but it gave her some hope. Still keeping hold of Kitty's wrist, she raised herself on her knees, and working herself slowly and carefully along that treacherous bank, she fixed her knees firmly against it. Then taking off her shawl she lowered it to Kitty's hand. Kitty clutched it with so strong and despairing a hold that Minnie shook and tottered. She recovered herself, and closing her eyes for an instant to summon all her courage and command herself to God, she exerted all her strength, and swinging Kitty round, landed her in safety on the little rocky ledge. And now some of Kitty's sense returning to her, she managed with the help of Minnie and the shawl, to scramble upon the hill, where the two girls had a brief struggle yet to keep from sliding off, until with blanched cheeks and bloodshot eyes they stood firm upon the ground and looked at each other.

At this point Minnie should have fainted; but, instead of that, she gave Kitty a good shaking.

"You silly baby!" she exclaimed, "you came near putting an end to both of us. Why didn't you do as I told you to?"

And then Minnie sat down on the ground and cried. Kitty cried, too, and between her sobs she said, "Oh, Minnie! you've saved my life—and you are so good—and I've been so naughty—and I've tried—I've tried to steal your heart!"

"I know it," said Minnie, shortly choking back her tears. "And that isn't the worst of it, Kitty."

"There can't be any worse," said Kitty. "Yes, there can," said Minnie. "And then they both fell to crying again, and Kitty put her arms round Minnie's neck, and kept sobbing; "O what shall I do?" To which question she got no answer.

And thus the amazed Tom found them, and Kitty told the story; and Tom trembled to think how near death Kitty had been, and he knew he ought to have thought of Minnie, and that he ought to say something, but he only stood twisting the ends of his silk handkerchief, and wishing he was a girl so he could cry too.

But Minnie dried her eyes, using for that purpose a pink kid glove instead of her handkerchief, for she was in some trouble.

"Tom," she said, in a thick and husky tone, "you love Kitty, and she will love you some time—if she doesn't now. And I won't stand in your way. And so it's all over between us, and you mustn't feel sorry for me. I know that you wouldn't feel broken with me, and that you meant to stand by your promise; but it wouldn't be right, you know, to marry me with love for another woman in your heart. And now I will go home by myself. I would rather, and you had better wait till Kitty feels better."

Here Tom should have delivered a speech clothed in that tender and simple language, and with that beautiful pathos and refinement of feeling for which we all know poor young working-men are so remarkable. But he was an exception to his class, and so he only twirled his handkerchief the harder, and looked foolish, and I was dreadfully afraid he would cry, and only managed to say, "Don't, Minnie, don't break with me in this way. We will talk it over."

"No, Tom," said Minnie, "there's no use in talking it over—I know it all. Don't feel sorry for me. You couldn't help being pretty. And now don't you be feeling sorry for me."

And so she left them, and the two stood watching her in silence, and shame, and pity, while she went her way across the field until she seemed to them to melt into the crimson glories of the west.

And now it would seem that Minnie had established quite a claim to be considered a heroine; but then you see, she did nothing in the orthodox way.

And, moreover, after these events she did not pine into a "beautiful and luminous shadow," and she placidly and serenely at sunset or sunrise, (never by any possible means in the middle of the day; shadowy heroines, and especially "luminous" ones, being governed by different laws from other shadows) after giving Tom her blessing, and Kitty her Sunday clothes. No, indeed, I am not sorry to say she still persists in keeping alive and well. And, worse than this, (if anything can be worse) she bought a cow with the money she had put aside for wedding fiery; and now, having plenty of buttermilk to drink, is getting rather stout.

And now I am sure the public will take pity on me, and solve the puzzle I cannot, and which has robbed me of rest and pleasure, and answer the question: Is she a heroine?

The Columbus (Miss.) Sentinel abuses the women of that place for having placed flowers on the graves of the Union dead, at the same time that they decorated the graves of their own friends. The Vicksburg Herald, on the contrary, which is edited by an ex-rebel soldier, says:

"We envy not the narrow-heartedness of journals that can find fault with so noble an action. To our mind, it speaks volumes for the purity of women's character. Our ladies are not politicians—they are Christian women. And while engaged in decorating and preserving the graves of our soldiers, they thought not of warlike strife, nor of vengeance against the dead. They only knew that they viewed those solitary graves of strangers in a strange land, that they were sleeping far away from home, far from mothers and sisters, and as they dropped the Spring roses of our own sunny clime upon their silent resting places, it was with the Christian hope that some fair sister in the North, in a like charitable spirit, might not overlook the silent graves of our Southern sons which are scattered among them."

A boarder at one of the hotels, recently, was observed to shed tears when the cheese was passed. Upon being asked the cause of his agitation, he replied, that "the cheese was a very moving sight."

THE FIRST TOOTH.

There once was a wood, and a very thick wood, So thick that to walk was as much as you could! But a sunbeam got in, and the trees understood.

I went to this wood, at the end of the snows, And as I was walking I saw a pine-tree; Only one! Shall I show you the place where it grows?

There once was a house, and a very dark house, As dark, I believe, as the hole of a mouse. Or a tree in my wood, at the thick of the bogtigs.

I went to this house, and I searched it right, I opened the chambers, and found there a light; Only one! Shall I show you this little lamp bright?

There once was a cave, and this very dark cave Or a day took a gift from an incoming wave; When the water was lowest, and in a recess In my cave was a jewel. Will nobody guess?

I took a lit torch, I walked round the mess When the water was lowest, and in a recess In my cave was a jewel. Will nobody guess?

Oh, there was a baby, he sat on my knee, With a pearl in his mouth that was precious to me, His little dark mouth like my cave of the sea!

I said to my heart, "And my jewel is bright! He blooms like a primrose! He shines like a light! Put your hand in his mouth! Do you feel? He can bite?"

A HUSKING FROLIC.

The rustling of the corn-stalks re-commenced, and the teated lines of shocks slowly fell as the huskers worked their way over the brow of the hill, whence the ground sloped down into a broad belt of shade, cast by the woods in the bottom. Two or three dogs which had accompanied their masters, coursed about the field, or darted into the woods in search of an opossum trail. Joe and Jake Fairthorn would gladly have followed them, but were afraid of venturing into the mysterious gloom; so they amused themselves with putting on the coats which the men had thrown aside, and gravely marched up and down the line, commencing the rapid and threatening the tardy workers.

Ere long the silence was broken by many a shout of exultation or banter, many a merry sound of jest or fun, as the back of the night's task was fairly broken. One husker mimicked the hoot of the owl in the thickets below; another sang a melody popular at the time, the refrain of which was—

"Be it late or early, be it late or soon, It's I will enjoy the sweet rose in June."

"Sing out, boys!" shouted Mark, "so the girls can hear you! It's time they were coming to look after us!"

"Sing yourself!" some one replied. "You can out-bellow the whole raft."

With-out more ado, Mark opened his mouth and began chanting, in a powerful voice:

"On yonder mountain summit My castle you will find, Renowned in annals of olden times— My name is Bismarck!"

Presently, from the upper edge of the wood, several feminine voices were heard, singing another part of the same song:

"Beware of meeting Rinar! All on the mountains high, All on the mountains high."

Such a shout of fun ran over the field, that the frightened owl ceased his hooting in the thicket. The moon stood high, and turned the night haze into diffused silver. Though the hollows were chill with gathering frost, the air was still mild and dry on the hills, and the young ladies, in their warm gowns of home-made flannel, enjoyed both the splendor of the night and the lively emulation of the scattered laborers.

"Turn to and give us a lift, girls," said Mark.

"Beware of meeting Rinar!" Sally laughed. "Because you know what you promised him, Sally," he retorted. "Come, a bargain's a bargain; there's the outside row standing—not enough of us to stretch all the way across the field—so let's you and me take that and bring it down square with the others. The rest may keep my row a-goin', if they can."

Two or three of the other maidens had cut the supporting stalks of the next shock, and overturned it with much laughing. "I can't hush, Mark," said Margaret Deane, "but I'll promise to superintend these, if you will keep Sally to her work."

There was a little running hither and thither, a show of fight, a mock scramble, and it ended by Sally tumbling over a pumpkin, and then being carried off by Mark to the end of the outside row of shocks, some distance in the rear of the line of work. Here he laid the stalks straight for her, doubled his coat and placed it on the ground for a seat, and then took his place on the other side of the shock.

Sally husked a few ears in silence, but presently found it more agreeable to watch her partner, as he bent to the labor, ripping the covering from each ear with one or two rapid motions, snapping the cob and flinging the ear over his shoulder into the very center of the heap, without turning his head. When the shock was finished there were five stalks on her side and fifty on Mark's.

He laughed at the extent of her help, but, seeing how bright and beautiful her face looked in the moonlight, how round and supple her form, contrasted with his own rough proportions, he added, in a lower tone:

"Never mind the work, Sally—I only wanted to have you with me!"

Sally was silent, but happy, and Mark proceeded to overthrow the next shock.

When they were again seated face to face, he no longer bent so steadily over the stalks, but lifted his head now and then to watch the gloss of the moon on her black hair, and the mellow gleam that seemed to slide along her cheek and chin, playing with the shadows as she moved.

"Sally!" he said at last, "you mustn't see over and over again, that I like to be with you. Do you care for me at all?"

She flushed and trembled a little as she answered: "Yes, Mark, I do."

He husked half a dozen ears rapidly, then looked up again and asked:

"Do you care enough for me, Sally, to take me for good and all? I can't put it into fine speech, but I love you dearly and honestly; will you marry me?"

Sally bent down her head, so choked with the long delayed joy that she found it impossible to speak. Mark finished the few remaining stalks and put them behind him; he sat upon the ground at her feet.

"There's my hand, Sally; will you take it, and me with it?"

Her hand slowly made its way into his broad hard palm. Once the surrender expressed, her confusion vanished; she lifted her head for his kiss, then leaned it on his shoulder and whispered:

"Oh, Mark, I've loved you for ever and ever so long a time!"

"Why, Sally, deary," said he, "that's my case, too; and I seemed to feel it in my bones that we was to be a pair; only, you know, I had to get a foothold first. I couldn't come to you with empty hands—though, faith! there's not much to speak of in 'em."

"Never mind that, Mark—I'm so glad you want me!"

"And indeed she was; why should she not, therefore, say so?"

"There's no need of broken speeches or true-lovers' knots, I guess," said Mark, giving her another kiss. "I'm a plain-spoken fellow, and when I say I want you for my wife, Sally, I mean it. But we mustn't be settin' here, with the row unhusked; that'll never do. See if I don't make the ears spin! And I guess you can help me a little now, can't you?"

With a jolly laugh, Mark picked up the corn cutter and swung it above the next shock. In another instant it would have fallen, but a loud shriek burst out from the banished stalks, and Joe Fairthorn crept out on his hands and knees.

The lovers stood petrified. "Why, you young devil!" exclaimed Mark; while the single word "Joe!" which came from Sally's lips, contained the concentrated essence of a thousand slaps.

"Don't—don't!" whimp red Joe. "I'll not tell anybody, indeed I won't!"

"If you do," threatened Mark, brandishing the corn cutter, "it isn't your legs I shall cut off, but your head, even with the shoulders. What were you doin' in that shock?"

"I wanted to hear what you and Sally were sayin' to each other. Folks said you two was a courting," Joe answered.

The comical aspect of the matter suddenly struck Mark, and he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Mark, how can you?" said Sally, bridling a little.

"Well, it's all in the family, after all. Joe, tarnation scamp as he is, is long-headed enough to keep his mouth shut, rather than have people laugh at his relations—eh, Joe?"

"I said I'd never say a word," Joe affirmed, "and I want. You see if I even tell Jake. But I say, Mark, when you and Sally get married will you be my uncle?"

"It depends upon your behavior," Mark gravely answered, seating himself to husk. Joe magnanimously left the lovers and pitched over the third shock ahead, upon which he began to husk with might and main, in order to help them out with their task.

By the time the outside row was squared the line had reached the bottom of the slope, where the air was chill, although the shadows of the forest had shifted from the field. Then there was a race among the huskers for the fence, the girls promising that he whose row was first husked out should sit at the head of the table, and be called King of the Cornfield. The stalks rustled, the cobs snapped, the ears fell like a shower of golden coins, and amid much noise and merriment, not only the victor's row but all the others were finished, and Farmer Fairthorn's field stood husked from end to end. [Bayard Taylor's "Story of Ken net."]

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

TWO OR THREE STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF HIS PECULIARITIES.

The first time I saw the General after the beginning of the war was on a Sunday morning in August, 1861,—the second or third Sunday after the first Bull Run, I believe. He was in those days a regular attendant upon the Episcopal Church—rarely missing a morning service, even when he was hardly able to attend office during the week. Indeed, there was a story current here about that time to the effect that some one had gently ventured to remonstrate with him for exposing himself to the needless fatigue of going to church when he had such important work on hand. The General responded in such a way that his adviser was led to observe that the country needed all his powers.

"How dare you say that, sir—how dare you!" broke out the old soldier, "what is man without God!" Whether this story be true or not is more than I can say—I only know I heard it from several sources during that summer and fall. I do know, however, that I have reason for believing it, as you shall see.

As I was going on to say, he was a regular attendant at St. John's Episcopal Church—more commonly called Dr. Pine's Church; and strangers went there to see General Scott just as they went to Dr. Gurley's to see Mr. Lincoln. A knot of perhaps twenty persons stood about on the morning in question, evidently waiting the arrival of the General. Presently his well known low-bodied carriage drove up, and his grand figure and stern face soon appeared. He walked with some difficulty up the steps, and paused an instant before entering the church. I arrived at that moment, and was passing in at the door when I heard one of the young men standing near say, "Well, we've seen him, —come, let's go." The General must have heard every word, for the young man evidently spoke louder than he supposed. Quick as thought he turned upon him and exclaimed, "Young man, go in and say your prayers to God, who made the old soldier!" He accompanied his words with a commanding motion of his hand, and there was in his eyes and firm-set lips such decisiveness of meaning that the young man passed into church without even a glance to his companion.

That General Scott was of hasty and irascible temper in those latter years no one knew better than himself. That he was as ready to recall as to utter an unjust rebuke is not, perhaps, as well known to the public as it should be. I was witness, accidentally, to an incident illustrative alike of his impatient spirit and real gentlemanhood. It occurred while he was yet commander-in-chief, though I cannot now fix the exact time. His office was on Seventeenth street, opposite the War Department. His carriage stood at the door one afternoon as I passed, and discovering at the instant that he was coming out for a ride, I paused to see him. Kind enough at heart, and thoughtful of his troops when in service, he permitted no undue familiarity on the part of his soldiers, and required proper observance on all occasions of his rank and position. The regulars knew this well enough, and were not likely to offend in

this regard. His peculiarities were a very little known, however, to the volunteers. As he came out of the door of the building in which headquarters were at this time, an orderly stepped up with, as it appeared afterward, a letter from one of the bureaus of the War Department, which he had been directed to deliver to Gen. Scott at once—of course to his adjutant-general or chief-of-staff. The willing but not well-informed volunteer interpreted his order literally, however; and carelessly giving the salute, began: "O, General, here's a paper I want you to look at before you—"

The laughing veteran of nearly four score seemed dumfounded for one or two seconds, and then, straightening to his full height, and raising his cane, with a sudden sweep of the arm—I think he had a cane—he exclaimed in a weighty voice, "Clear out, sir—clear out!" The astonished orderly sprang away, and the General passed to his carriage and was driven off. The letter was taken charge of by the orderly on duty at the office, and the orderly slowly walked on. The carriage was driven no more than twenty or thirty rods before it turned about, and the driver called to the unfortunate orderly. He, of course, met it with hat in hand and fear in every quivering muscle. He was beckoned to the door, and the general asked his name and regiment—as he told two or three of us immediately afterwards. He gave both, and the general answered, "Well, sir, report to your colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to General Scott, as an officer, and that General Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. General Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir."

One of the last occasions on which I saw the General was at a Saturday afternoon instrumental concert in the White House grounds by the Marine Band. It was quite a custom for Mr. Lincoln to appear for half an hour or so on the southern piazza of the Executive Mansion during these concerts. Happening to be there, on this afternoon, with some Illinois friends of the President, I was included in the invitation to accompany him to the portico. We had been out there a quarter of an hour, perhaps, when one of the servants came to say that Gen. Scott was at the door. The President immediately went to meet him, and directly returned with the lieutenant-general in full uniform leaning on his arm. It was a sight worth something to see. The crowd in front of the house saw it, was hushed in reverence a moment, and then

Waterville Mail.

KPH. MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JUNE 15, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 10 State 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 departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERTOWN MAIL OFFICE."

"STRATTON SPRING SLATE COMPANY" is the name taken by a few men who have associated together for the purpose of opening and testing a quarry of slate on the banks of the

Stratton Spring, just on the line between the farms of Messrs C. C. Stratton and Edwin Spring.

The name may have been taken in compliment to these two gentlemen, who have given them very accommodating terms for developing their enterprise; or it may refer only to a well known mineral spring close by, called the "Stratton Spring,"—or perhaps to both.

The gentlemen who lead in the undertaking are a part of those lately engaged in a similar one on the farm of Mr. Richards, as mentioned in this

paper several weeks ago. In that case they purchased too limited a patch of land to carry out their best expectations, and were cut off by parties who secured a bond of what surrounded them. Thus hemmed in, they stopped work at that place and removed to their present locality.

What at the time seemed a misfortune promises to turn out to their advantage. We visited their quarry a few days ago, and we hardly know what better indications of success could be given than are already found. A large quantity of the slate, already manufactured into roofing by an experienced workman, looks as well as any we ever saw, and is pronounced of first quality by much better judges. It has already been spoken for in considerable quantities by men proposing to build. Everything so far as the best judges can tell, indicates a boundless quantity of material of the very first quality. It is soft, of good rift, free from iron or quartz, and apparently as good, in all respects, as the well known Brownville slate.

These gentlemen seem to have taken the right course, in proving their work as they go. Here is the boundless ledge, and there is the roofing ready for the builder. There is no doubt in regard to the quantity of the material, but the quality may change for the worse on further development. Of this, however, the chances seem all the other way—that the quality will continue good, and even improve, as the explorations progress. They seem very careful of their hopes, and unwilling to excite in others expectations that are not well warranted. They even caution us to speak moderately of their prospects. They will apparently want soon to associate themselves with capital for extensive operations; but they seem determined to do it only on the most positive basis.

The prospects of this company seem indeed highly promising, and with our limited knowledge on the subject we should hardly know in what direction to look for danger to the complete success of their important enterprise.—To this end they certainly have our best wishes, not only for their own benefit, but for the advantages their success must surely bring to this community.

"Banvard's Holy Land," a Panoramic Exhibition of established reputation and acknowledged artistic merit, is advertised for this place on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week, and on Wednesday afternoon for the children. Aside from the healthy moral influence of the entertainment, the emphatic commendation of such men as Rev. Dr. Stone and Bishop Bourget ought to ensure it a good audience. Lovers of the Bible, and especially of him whose life these pictures delineate, should not fail to patronize this exhibition.

Is it true, as the Farmington Chronicle asserts, that the number of productive apple trees in this State is diminishing? With all the solicitations of nurserymen, all the warnings of the press, and the pungent hints of extravagant prices, such a suggestion is alarming. We know it to be true that here and there a man is wise enough to strike out boldly for orcharding; and we supposed that in a smaller way there was a slight increase in this most productive department of farming. Perhaps this is true only in respect to two or three years past, and that though there is an increase of fruit yet, the effect is yet to be seen. We will not believe otherwise till apples cost more than three dollars a bushel.

The papers say there is considerable stir in the wool market. An Elmira, N. Y., paper says good lots in that section are held at 70 to 75 cts.

Messrs. Editors:—Your readers are perhaps

aware that they have a very flourishing society of Good Templars at North Vassalboro. Much good has been accomplished by this organization in the advancement of the cause of temperance in this community. This had led to the inquiry, What shall be done for the children not received by that Order?—for children often receive many lessons, and take many steps in temperance before the age of fifteen. If children are trained up to total abstinence, the crop of drunkards in the next generation must be very small; hence the importance of beginning with the youth, in order to make temperance men and women. Here is the foundation of all good habits and principles. We rejoice that the good people of Waterville are beginning to comprehend and appreciate the noble work Mr. Nye is accomplishing among the youth of your village. May he long live, and triumph completely over all the foes of temperance that he has to encounter in that community. Last Monday afternoon, taking a large number of his cadets, accompanied by some of their parents, he went to North Vassalboro and formed a section of Cadets there, under the name of the "Nation's Hope." The day was delightful; the Waterville Cadets performed their part nobly, and those who witnessed the ceremonies were much pleased. The fraternal interview between the Sections of Cadets was very cheering and pleasant. The officers of the new section were elected as follows:—

Rev. J. Dinsmore, W. P.; L. C. Bean, W. A.; J. Phillips, V. A.; D. Fuller, P. W. A.; A. P. Robinson, W. S.; L. N. Bush, A. S.; E. Goodspeed, W. I.; O. Palmer, A. I.; A. M. Parker, W. C.; M. K. Nelson, W. V.; A. E. Weston, W. G.; F. Jepson, G.; J. Goodspeed, S.; A. C. Dow and E. E. Wyman, Visitors.

The Section numbers thirty-two members, and will soon double its numbers. Let other places go and do likewise, and soon we shall have a noble temperance army among the youth that will drive King Alcohol from the land, and plant the temperance standard in every school district. D.

The Maine Baptist State Convention will be held next week at Saco, commencing Tuesday, June 19th. A Ministerial Institute will follow the Convention, continuing in session until Tuesday, 26th inst. Free return tickets will be furnished over the Maine Central R. R. to those attending the meetings, by the station agents where tickets are purchased. The Portland & Kennebec and Grand Trunk R. R. also extend a similar courtesy.

CONCERT AT N VASSALBORO.—A vocal concert, by Misses S. P. Gould and C. P. Lincoln, assisted by several musical friends, is advertised for Wednesday evening, at North Vassalboro. The programme is a very choice one, and we have no hesitation in warranting a first class entertainment to all who make an excursion from neighboring villages on that occasion. We advise a good delegation from this place.

The Senate reconstruction amendment passed the House on Wednesday, 120 to 32—six more than three-fourths. The absentees were twenty-three Union men and ten democrats. It was agreeably noticeable that every member present who was elected as a Union man, including all those of this character from the so-called border States, voted in the affirmative, while the negative vote was made up entirely of out-and-out democrats. The joint resolution will not be sent to the President for his signature, but goes at once to the State Department.

It reads as follows:—

Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the States wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without the 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 according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians, not taxed; but whenever the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Section 3. No person shall be a senator or representative in Congress, or elector of President or Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof; but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each house, remove such disability.

Section 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States authorized by law, including debts incurred for the payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States, nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave, but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

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

OUR TABLE.

YEA AND NAY! A Discourse on Christian Firmness and Courtesy, delivered in the First Unitarian Church, in Albany, N. Y., April 23, 1866. By Rev. Henry C. Leonard.

We are indebted to our old friend and neighbor (formerly pastor of the Universalist Society in this village, and afterwards Chaplain in two Maine regiments) for a copy of his excellent and beautifully printed discourse. Its elegant typography is evidence of its appreciation by his new parishioners, who have thought it fitting that "apples of gold" should be presented in "pictures of silver."

THE GALAXY.—The fourth number of this new magazine, just issued, has the following table of contents:—

Archie Lovell, continued, by Mrs. Edwards; In Absence, a poem, by Phoebe Cary; The Disappointed Sister, by John A. Church; A Day of Days, by Henry James, Jr.; The Art of Dining, No. 3, by Pierre Blois; Paul Quatre Dore, by William L. G. C.; The Mother's Prayer, a poem, by Theodore Tilton; Roman Notes of Fashion, by H. Malan; The Claverings, continued, by Anthony Trollope; The Skeleton in the Closet, by Thomas J. Burrah; Day and Night, a poem, by Bayard Taylor; Nebula, by the Editor; The Fancy Ball, a poem, by Sarah M. B. Platt.

Good—better—best, would fittingly apply to the three previous numbers, and the present number is an improvement upon the last. This work is making rapid progress in popular favor, and may be safely commended to the better class of readers.

Published by W. C. and F. P. Church, No. 89 Park Row, New York, at \$5 a year, or 25 cents a number, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for April has the following table of contents:

Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds; The Judges of England; The Children's Employment Commission; The Science of Language; Coal and Smoke; The Early Irish Church; Female Education; Eke Homo; The Reform Bill.

The article on "Eke Homo" will be read with especial interest, as it denounces that work unsparingly.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 88 Walker St., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$15—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 55 cents a year.

For 1863 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The May number of this "dear old hateful" has the following table of contents:—

Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence, part 3; Gipsies; The Negroes and the Negrophilists; Sir Brooke Fossbrooke, part 12; Burdett's Ass, or Liberty and Necessity; The Lost Sales of Miletus; Miss Marjoribanks, concluded; Scamps of Verse from a Tourist's Journal; The Abacus Politicus, or Universal Suffrage made Safe and Easy; The Reform Bill.

The war record of the garrulous and self-glorifying old "Von" is very interesting, and at times quite amusing; and by its help we are enabled to supplement our story of the battles of the late war by a description of them from a Confederate standpoint. The article on the Negro shows that the aristocratic party of England and the negro-hating democrats of America are identical in opinion upon this social and political puzzle, as they were in sympathy during the war.

NEW MUSIC.—The following pieces of new and choice music come to us from Henry Tolman & Co., 291 Washington St., Boston:—

"I've Ballads Gay and Sad" Crispino e la Comare. English and Italian words, by Ricci Brothers.

"O, my Pietro, I have a loving heart," from the same. English and Italian words.

Sylvio Pellico. Romance. English and Italian words, by Ricci Brothers.

"Call me not home." Song. Words by W. Dexter Smith, Jr. Music by Charles A. Tennyson.

Rememberance. Song. By Charles A. Tennyson.

"Take back the heart." Song. By Charles A. Tennyson.

The Age of Wonder. A Song of the Times. Solo and chorus. Words by H. F. Greene; music by W. F. Walker.

"What a wonderful age 'tis we live in!"

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Information has been received by the War Department that the report telegraphed to the newspapers that the British troops had crossed to the American side of the border, had killed some Fenians, and captured others, is not confirmed, and no foundation can be discovered for its origin. Gen. Meade threatens to drive the remnant of the Fenians from the border by force unless they disperse immediately. The leaders are loud in their denunciation of President Johnson for his prompt interference for the preservation of the neutrality laws. Mr. Roberts has issued a proclamation advising them to return and await patiently the renewal of the campaign, which he promises them will not long be delayed.

A jewelry peddler is traversing the State, gulling the flats by pretending to give away money and trinkets, and finds plenty of fools to swallow his bait, notwithstanding the many warnings of the papers.

A new smoking car, a model of elegance and comfort, has just been added to the Maine Central line. It was made at the repair shop in Waterville.

BOYCE & MUDGE, negro minstrels, having failed to come to time and pay their bills, are receiving complimentary notices (over the left) from the papers of our State.

Lost—probably on Main or College St., a bosom pin—a gold arm, with the hand grasping a serpent. The finder will be rewarded on leaving it at this office.

A PREMIUM will be paid for the name of any respectable man or woman who has used "Gilmore's Bitters" without decided benefit. Apply at the Mail office.

BOYS, DO YOU HEAR?—The Great International Circus—two circuses rolled into one—will exhibit here on Wednesday, June 21st. The company is praised very highly by those who have witnessed its exhibitions, and the performers are quiet and well behaved, in marked contrast to some of their predecessors. Their entertainments are said to be very pleasing, nothing being introduced to trouble the most fastidious.

MASONIC FESTIVAL. An excursion of the Masonic Lodges of this vicinity to Winthrop, in observance of the festival of St. John, takes place on Saturday of next week, 23d. Tickets for the round trip at reduced prices.

An excursion on the Lake, in Stanton's little steamer,—chowder at the Island House—fishing—these are no secrets in the programme.

An officer of the War Department writes from the central part of South Carolina detailing the inhuman murder of a freedman at Abbeville. He says since the attacks on the Freedmen's Bureau began in Northern newspapers, and particularly since Steedman and Fullerton's report has made evident the President's hostility to the Bureau, outrages on freedmen have largely increased. The whites are in high glee at the prospect of its discontinuance, and blacks are proportionately depressed.

Governor Patton of Alabama has written a letter in which he says that the Freedmen's Bureau is now furnishing 25,000 rations per week to the starving population of that State, a majority of whom are whites. He says there are 100,000 people in the State, more or less dependent upon the bureau for support, considerably less than half of whom are negroes.

The President has signed the West Point Academy Appropriation bill, the last section of which declares that hereafter no one who served in the rebel army or navy shall be admitted as a cadet either to the military or naval academy.

Another fatal case of cholera has occurred in the city of New York.

The union State ticket, it is said, has been elected in Nebraska, with a union majority in both branches of the Legislature.

Several of our exchanges speak of a new smoking car just added to the Maine Central line as one of the most elegant and comfortable cars ever put upon an Eastern road, and a great attraction on the route. Its ventilation is perfect—an improvement upon the common style of car building.

EATING URINE cucumbers and fruits often produces sudden turns of colic and cholera morbus. More especially amongst children, where it is often attended with violent vomiting and great distress. Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will immediately relieve the pains, stop the vomiting, and cure cholera morbus without fail, if taken promptly and according to directions. It is also a sure cure for indigestion and dyspepsia.

Figures will not lie, and the statistics of the sales of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" during the last two years show that it has attained a popularity never reached by any of the French, English, or German perfumes previous to their exclusion from the country under the present tariff. Sold everywhere.

We have found that the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap so far superior to any other in the market, that we have long since ceased to wonder at its great popularity, in all that comprises superiority for the matron or the maid. No one soap in the market begins to possess one half the washing qualities this soap has; the ladies all say it is the best they ever saw. Call on your grocer and get a few pounds and try it; it stands without a successful rival.

He is the happiest who does the most to make others happy. The inventor of Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus must be the happiest man in existence, for we hazard nothing in saying that the use of the Gold Medal Saleratus cannot fail to make a happy household. Our better half says she does not fear of our ever frowning, as long as she can get the genuine Herrick Allen's. We say success to the inventor, and if anybody knew how good it is, no other would be used. A good many of our merchants have it. Their depot is 132 Liberty Street, New York.

The business men of Boston began on Tuesday refusing to receive the notes of all of the State of Maine banks. These bills are rapidly being returned to the banks, and by the first of July the national bank bills will very generally take their place.

The brain of Antoine Prost, who was executed at Philadelphia last week, was found to weigh thirty-six ounces, or two ounces less than that of Green, the Malden murderer.

CATTLE MARKETS.

There were some good lots, says the Boston Advertiser, which were taken by the wholesale butchers, at a cost a little above last week.

On more ordinary grades they are buying a poorer quality for the same money.

On Wednesday the market closed dull.

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef: A few premium bullocks, 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 1/4 to 14 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 12 to 13 1/2 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 12 to 12 1/2 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 11 to 12 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sheep, shorn, Northern, 5 to 6 1/2 cts; Western 7; woolled 8c.

STONE CATTLE.—Prices for working oxen, \$200 to \$300 for pairs; \$100 to \$150; milch cows, \$45 to 70; extra, \$80 to 100; fat cows, \$30 to 45.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shotes, wholesale, 11 to 13 cts. per lb.; retail, 15 to 16 cts.; fat hogs, 9 to 10 cts. per lb.; live weight; Hides, best Brighton, 8 to 9 cts.; country lots 6 1/2 to 7 cts.; tallow, 7 to 8 cts.; calf skins, 20 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$2.00 to 2 1/2 each.

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

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

The following testimonial, taken from the Biddeford "Union," tells its own story. Dr. McKenney, to whom it refers, has established himself in the office over Alden's jewelry store, where he may be consulted by those needing his services. His system of practice has some ardent advocates in this vicinity.

BIDDEFORD, May 16, 1866.

MR. EDITOR:—Prompted by feelings of gladness in recovery of health and hoping that it may be of benefit to the afflicted, I desire to make it known to the lady readers of your paper, that they may avail themselves of my physical benefit. I want to give a short description of my disease and the unexpected cure which I obtained from Dr. McKenney.

For many years I have been troubled with a weak back and severe pain if I attempted to do any heavy work, and have suffered severe pains through other parts of the system, and continued so till the first of January, when I was taken with a severe cold, and my physician I recalled so that I was able to sit up and walk out a short distance. But my old complaints were about me and troubled me very badly, so badly that I was not able to labor at all, and I did not obtain any relief until I employed Dr. McKenney. He pronounced my disease chronic inflammation, accompanied, with falling of the womb, and I am happy to say that I am free from all suffering, and am able to labor as usual, and I consider myself well, and I would recommend him to ladies troubled with any of these complaints, believing as I do that he is a true man, and that you will gain relief from the sufferings of those severe complaints that we have to suffer with.

I write this without the knowledge of the Doctor, as a voluntary testimonial to his worth, and for the benefit of the suffering females in this place, hoping that all who avail themselves of his services, will obtain relief and health. Any lady wishing to know my name can ascertain it at the Journal office. A RESIDENT.

Judge Underwood refused to admit Jeff Davis to bail.

We can assure our readers that in

WATERVILLE MAIL.
An Independent Family Newspaper, Devoted to the Support of the Union.
Published on Friday, by
MAHAM & WING,
Editors and Proprietors.
At Fry's Building, Main St., Waterville.
TERMS.
Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.
Single Copies Five Cents.
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.
POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
Western Mail leaves at 5:30 A.M. Closes at 9:40 A.M.
Augusta " " 5:30 P.M. " 5:00 P.M.
Bangor " " 5:30 P.M. " 5:00 P.M.
Newburgh " " 5:30 P.M. " 5:00 P.M.
Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 A.M.
On Saturdays and Sundays at 12 M.
Office Hours—From 7 A.M. to 6 P.M.

NOTICES.
TRANSFORMATION!
The supernatural of antiquity are only "food for laughter" at the present day; and yet this is an age of miracles, accomplished with the aid of science. For example, grey, sandy and red hair is
CHANGED IN A MOMENT!
to the richest conceivable black or brown, by a simple application of
Christador's Hair Dye,
as announced by J. CHRISTADORO, 5 Astor House, N. York. 50. Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.

QUEST.—Having read and witnessed the beneficial effect of **PAIN KILLER**, I take great pleasure in recommending it to the public as the very best family medicine with which I am acquainted. In this establishment are employed nearly one hundred persons, and your Pain Killer has been used with the most astonishing results. For four years not a single severe case of Cholera, Summer Complaint or Dysentery, but has yielded like magic to the curative powers of the "Killer" and for cure, bruises, etc. It is in constant daily use, and with the good effect of the **JOHN TAYLOR** Foreman of Wrightson & Co's Printing Establishment, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists and all dealers in Family Medicines.

To Consumptives.
The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, he desires to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.
To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription and (free of charge) the **WATERVILLE** and **WATERVILLE** and using the same, which will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung Affections. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he believes to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Parties wishing the prescription, may, by return mail, please address **JOHN TAYLOR**, 15-23 Broadway, New York.

AMERICAN
Have saved more than 60,000 persons from death, for they cure in a single day Cholera, Dysentery, all Summer Complaints, Fever and Ague, and Neuralgia. Also a cure for Diphtheria, Coughs and Rheumatism. All Druggists will sell them.
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Proprietors, Springfield, Mass.

LIFE DROPS
Root's PREPARATION preserves the life of the Hair; changes it from gray to its original color in three weeks; prevents the hair from falling; is the best article for dressing the hair ever found in market; will surely remove dandruff and cure all diseases of the scalp.

PESTACHINE
scaly; is delightfully perfumed; cures baldness, and will not harm the hair. It is a single day Cholera, Dysentery, all Summer Complaints, Fever and Ague, and Neuralgia. Also a cure for Diphtheria, Coughs and Rheumatism. All Druggists will sell them.
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ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
WHEATON'S OINTMENT
Will cure the itch in 48 hours.
Also cures Salt Rheum, Urticaria, Chertains, and all eruptions of the skin. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending 50 cents to **WHEATON'S**, 170 Washington Street, Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.
Oct. 15, 1865.

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Cures Kidney Disease.
Cures Rheumatism.
Cures Urinary Diseases.
Cures Gravel.
Cures Stricture.
The BEST FLUID EXTRACT BUCKU now before the public. It is SMOLANDER'S. For all diseases above, and for **WHEATON'S** and **WHEATON'S** and all other complaints, and disorders arising from EXCESSIVE USE OF ANY KIND, it is perfectly INVALUABLE. PRICE ONE DOLLAR. BY MAIL, TAKE NO OTHER PRECAUTION. Boston, General Agents, W. W. WATKINS, 15-27 Broadway, N. York.

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THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.
These Drops are a scientifically compounded fluid preparation, and better than any Pills, Powders, or Rostums. Being liquid, their action is direct and positive, rendering them the most speedy and reliable of all the remedies for all obstructions and suppressions of nature. Their popularity is indicated by the fact that over one hundred thousand bottles have been sold, and the demand is still increasing. They are sold by all druggists, and by mail, without which some are genuine. Prepared by Dr. JOHN L. LYONS, 105 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn., who can be consulted at his personal, or by mail, (enclosing stamps) concerning all private diseases and female weaknesses.

Deaths.
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OF MAINE.
(Organized in 1849.)
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Resident Directors—Hon. J. H. Williams, Ex-Gov. of Me.
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Assets over \$1,700,000!
Being more than \$355,000 in excess of the liabilities for the re-assurance of all outstanding risks.
Paid for Losses by check, \$944,042!
Also, \$419,032 in Dividends!
6565 Policies in force.
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Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and women, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Loss of Blood, etc., supplying all the wants of the afflicted. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable suffering. By enclosing a post-paid envelope, single copies, or the whole, may be had of the author, **NATHANIEL MATFAIR**, Esq., N. Y.
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The Great Family Medicine of the Age.
Pain Killer, taken internally, should be accompanied with milk or water, and sweetened with sugar or water if desired, or made into a syrup with molasses. For a cough a few drops on sugar will be more effective than anything else. For Stomach, gargle the throat with a mixture of Pain Killer and water, and rub it on the throat and chest.
It should not be forgotten that the Pain Killer is equally good to take internally as to use externally. Each bottle is wrapped with printed directions for its use. Please read the printed directions.

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Contains more vegetable extractive matter than twenty boxes of any pills in the world. Brandreth's Pills are sold by all respectable physicians as one of their practice, to the exclusion of all other popular purgatives. The first letter of their value is yet scarcely appreciated. When they are better known sudden death and continued sickness will be of the past. Let those who know them speak right out in their favor. It is a day which will save life.
Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season of the year, and this is the cause of all the diseases of the bowels, and of the head, and of the stomach. Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use we prevent the collection of those impurities which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the body's health. They soon cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Loss of appetite, Pain of the Liver, Heartburn, Pain in the Breast, Sudden Faintness and Constipation. Sold by all respectable dealers in medicines.
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At the beginning of our enterprise, more than ten years ago, it was our first object to make a thoroughly good piece of watch for the million, to take the place of those foreign impositions—the refuse of foreign factories—which were entirely unsuitable at home and perfectly worthless abroad. How well we have accomplished this may be understood from the fact that after so many years of public trial, we now have MORE THAN HALF of all the watches sold in the United States, and that not others have given such universal satisfaction. While this department of our business is continued with increased facilities for perfect work, we are at present engaged in the manufacture of watches of the very HIGHEST GRADE KNOWN TO CHRONOMETRY, unequalled by anything hitherto made by ourselves, and unsurpassed by anything made in the world. For this purpose we have the amplest facilities. We have erected an addition to our main buildings expressly for this branch of our business, and have filled it with the best workmen in our service. New machines and appliances have been constructed, which perform their work with consummate delicacy and exactness. The choicest and most approved materials only are used, and we challenge comparison between this grade of our work and the best imported chronometers. We do not pretend to sell our watches for LESS MONEY than foreign watches, but we do assert, without fear of contradiction, that for the SAME MONEY our product is incomparably superior. All our watches, of whatever grade, are fully warranted, and this warranty is good at all times against us or our agents, in all parts of the world.
CAUTION.—The public are cautioned to buy only of respectable dealers. All persons selling counterfeit watches to be prosecuted.
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Dysentery.—Take a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water every half hour for two hours, and rub the abdomen and extremities well with the Liment. To-day the third take a lump of ice in the mouth, about the size of a marble, every ten minutes. It is warranted perfectly innocent to take internally. Sold by all Druggists—price 40 and 80 cts. Depot at 60 Courtland Street, N. Y.

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It is made on the best principle. Its frame is composed of SOLID PLATES. No jar can interfere with the harmony of its working, and no sudden shock can damage its machinery. Every piece is made and finished by machinery, (itself having been made as well as its effectives), and is therefore properly made. The watch is what all mechanics should be accurate, SIMPLE, STRONG and ECONOMICAL.
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