



6-29-1866

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 52): June 29, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 52): June 29, 1866" (1866). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 148.

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You're dead in form, old Pont, but not in spirit:
Dead is a heathen term, which simply shows
That we for gods, which men and dogs inherit,
Have swapped our earthly clothes.

Each beast, each bird, each germ of vegetation,
Designed for mortal's use,
God's spirit's power shall, in the new creation,
Hereafter reproduce.

The buried Indian, with his bow and arrow,
In some untethered mound,
Thinking to meet upon the coming morrow,
In some new hunting-ground.

His faithful dog, had in his savage dreaming
A faith and truth sublime—
A blessed scintillation and a gleaming
To guide the close of time.

We part awhile, old Pont, but not forever;
For you will meet me with the Boatman pale,
The moment that he leaps me o'er the river,
And wags your spirit tail.

[From the Ladies' Friend.]

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

One evening last Spring I was listlessly looking over some newspapers lying on the table before me when I chanced to take up a small paper published in a little western town where I had once resided. After reading the yet familiar names in many advertisements, noticing the few changes in business houses, and smiling to find that my old friend K— still kept the "corner store," and that "Mike" still took in white-washing, I came across an account of the return of a young man who had joined the army during the first year of the war, and left with many other brave youths from that neighborhood, some, alas, never to return. But "Bob," as I will call him here, made out to get back, "with the skin of his teeth" perhaps, but not with the skin of his head entire. His regiment has been out in Texas, and had known what hard times meant. The account states that while marching in the heat of summer over the parched grass of a large prairie, they were one day suffering very much for water, when "Bob," with ten men of his company, were ordered to go off in a certain direction in search of springs, runs, or pools; while others were to take different routes for the same purpose.

"Bob" and his companions had not been separated from their company more than three hours, and were just about to be rewarded for their warm tramp at mid-day. The grass was becoming greener, and a short distance off they could see a few trees growing, as it appeared, on the bank of some stream. At this sight every man quickened his steps and went panting on, hoping soon to quaff the needed liquid. They set up a loud shout as they neared the bank, when instantly a score of heads appeared from among the trees, and our poor boys were in the merciless power of a party of hostile Indians. They, too, had been seeking water, and resting at noon under the trees on the bank of that sparkling little stream.

The poor young soldiers fought bravely; three of the savages fell at the first fire, but before they could reload they were all hewn down, murdered and scalped. "Bob" was felled with the butt-end of a musket, kicked over the bank and rolled partly into the water. He was perfectly conscious, but, in his own words, he "possumed." Oh, but that water felt good, pouring over one leg and one arm. How he longed to touch it with his lips! But the exultant Indians were yelling on the bank above him, and he dared not stir. He could not see them, but he could hear them gathering up the arms of his fallen companions, and preparing to leave. How he hoped they had quite forgotten him! Alas, such hope was vain! Presently a tall chief sprang down upon him, gave him another kick, then, as if convinced of his death, he seized him by the hair, and drawing the sharp knife round his head, strode up the bank with a victorious screech, bearing the bloody trophy with him.

Was this self-possession, or strong will, or stubbornness? No matter which, it saved his life, for the Indians were gone. The cool water revived our hero, and he managed to crawl out of the water, and lie down under a tree, and either slept or fainted, he never knew which.

And there "Bob" remained until noon the next day, when his regiment came up, glad enough to find water, but sorry indeed to find their slain comrades. "Bob" was the only one left alive. The other ten were lying where they fell, all scalped and mutilated. The savages had made out to remove their own dead and wounded. Well, they buried the poor boys on that green bank, and placing Bob in a baggage wagon moved on again.

"And now," the paper went on to say, "Bob" has got home, without money, unable to work for a time yet, as the whole top of his head is a running sore. Shall we not help him?" "Surely such pluck deserves reward, etc., etc." I sat with the paper in my hand, thinking, and my thoughts wandered back, fifteen years back. And now let me tell you what my thoughts recalled. Only some little incidents in the life of a little child, which I might never have thought of again had it not been for reading that horrid scolding of "poor Bob."

Yes, it is just fifteen years ago this very month, I remember it well. A cold, blustering November day. The snow went whirling through the air, scarcely touching the ground, and it was caught up again and sent wandering in the frosty air. My children were at school, and I was sitting by my own fireside all alone. It was late in the afternoon, and the children would soon be in. With this thought I put fresh sticks on the fire, and was just sweeping up the hearth when I heard a strange, muffled sound at the door. It was not exactly feeling for the latch, (always an unpleasant sound to me), but rather like some large, soft substance rubbing against the outside of the door. I opened it at once, fully expecting to see our great woolly woad dog on the step, but there stood a little object all tied up, head and ears, in an old torn and soiled blanket, or coverlet. Nothing else was in sight, except a country wagon just turning the corner of our garden. But it stopped to look, the little bundle did not, it stalked right in, and when I had closed the door against the driving wind, the blanket stood on the warm hearth, and I could see it had a pair of diminutive boots under it. And soon a little pair of red, half-frozen hands came out of the folds of the wrap, and began clawing away to let out a little round, cunning face, and a pair of light blue colored eyes peeped out over a little pug nose, and a shrill little voice said—"I'm comin', I'm comin'."

"Where did you come from?" I exclaimed, "who sent you here?"

"And the little voice went on. "My mammy's dead, her is, her said I must come here, her did."

Was I awake or not? I could not understand it. But I took the boy upon my lap, and

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did his wrappings, took off the new, stiff boots, and held the poor cold feet in my hands. It was a little boy not five years old, and thus he had introduced himself to me; could any one have done it better?

It all came to me now like a flash. About a month ago, a poor woman living some miles from town had died and left two small children. She had lived with me once in her young days, and I had often befriended her. She married a poor young man, weak and sickly. Everything went wrong with them.

"Their cattle died, and blighted was their corn."

Their first child was named for my husband; a compliment the poor often pay us for, it is a life-long compliment. The second child was a girl, and it would have borne my name had I not urged its poor young mother to call it by her own mother's name. The old lady was not rich, but very comfortable, and I felt that she might have done more for her daughter, but she was "so agin the match," she said, from the first, and this was her excuse for letting them alone.

The young mother never gained strength after the birth of her last baby, and her husband died when it was six weeks old. Then the old grandmother took them all home with her. Before the babe was ten months old the mother died. They sent for me just before her death, but I was not at home and did not receive the message. After her death I heard that she had given the boy to me, and I had been looking round to find a good home for him. I was in no hurry, as the child was comfortable with his grandmother, and quite too young to be placed with strangers.

But it seemed they had settled it all for me. They took it for granted that I was to adopt the boy as my own. They had talked to the child about it, told him of the grand home he was to have, grand only in comparison with their own humble cabin. Robbie was then not more than four years and a half old, a mere infant, but so old in look and manner that one might take him for a little old man. The grandmother had got tired waiting for me to call for my legacy, and so bundled it up and sent it to town by a neighbor, and he had set it down at my gate and drove off.

The little waif made himself at home immediately; he asked me to put on his "new boots," he was so proud of them. He had evidently gone barefoot until that day, and his grandmother had got him the boots that he might make a grand entrance into his new home. His poor little chapped feet had been thrust into them without socks, and although they had rubbed off the tender skin in more than one spot, the little hero would insist on wearing them.

To say that my children were amazed on their return from school, would not express their surprise. They gathered round the odd little fellow, admired his wonderful boots at his request, and laughed heartily at his queer expressions.

From that hour Robbie was the man of the house in his own opinion. He climbed, boots and all, into a chair, from that to the table to reach a bird cage hanging near a window. One of my children told him he mustn't do so. "I will," said Rob, "it's my bird now, granny said so."

And so it was with everything, in and about the house. The child had been told that all was to be his own when he came to us.

He had been with us about two weeks when his grandmother came to inquire after his welfare. I had taken off his old rags and got him a little suit of more suitable child's clothing, and he met his grandmother with a great strut and swagger.

"You're dretful nice, Bob, aint you?" said the old woman.

"Yes, I be; and I've got a horse in the stable," he replied.

Now the weather had been so severe that he had not been out of the house since he came, but he had heard that there was a horse in the stable, and so claimed it.

I told the grandmother that I could not keep the boy, but she made up such a pitiful story of her poverty, and the trouble she had with "cuther young un," that I at last consented to keep Robbie for the winter, and find a home for him if I could. I told her that he was badly trained, and not obedient. "Whip him," she said, "we always did, for he's so awful upish and high strong."

There was evidently no love between the two, she did not kiss him, or even bid him good-by when she left us, but as she closed the door he stood in the middle of the floor with his short legs stretched apart, and placing the thumb of his outspread hand to his snub-nose, gave a loud whistle. There stood young America as we see it in Pouch, thought I, but I reproved the forward urchin, and only got the reply, "Her's a old fool—her is!"

Such youthful depravity I had never met with, and yet it was so ludicrous in such an infant that our sides were often sore with repressed laughter.

The girl who did my work at the time was very kind to him. When she took him up to bed the first night she felt so sorry for the forlorn child that she sat down by his bedside to keep him company for a time, but he soon put an end to her pity by spitting in her face and calling her "old nigger wench." A few evenings after, when preparing him for bed, I tried to teach him a little prayer. He would not repeat the words after me, said he "didn't want to pray," etc.

"But, Robbie," said I, "you must pray. Everybody prays to the good God."

"No 'em don't," said he, "granny don't never pray."

"You might not hear her," I replied, "but she surely does pray."

"No sircs, her don't, for I sleeps wiv her, and I knows."

He was incorrigible; not to be convinced. One day at table he was crumbling his pie on the carpet, when I told him not to do so, and bade him pick up every crumb. He looked me in the face, and said stoutly, "I won't."

"Yes you will, Robbie," I said, and lifting him from the chair I held him down to gather the crumbs.

He turned and bit my hand like a dog. I then put him out of the room; he kicked the door and screamed to me to open it.

What was I to do? I had never whipped a child in my life, nor had one ever conquered

me. While I was considering what course to pursue, his cries ceased. I opened the door, he was not there, but the girl told me he had gone out through the kitchen. We looked out, and there in the snow lay the child, on his face. The girl went to him, shook him, but he was silent. "She raised him up, but he was limp, and fell down on his face again. Now this was laughable, and I told her to let him lie there. After a time he walked into the kitchen, his temper all gone. He walked up to the girl and asked, "Was she start?" meaning me.

"Scared at what?" asked the girl.

"Did her think I was dead?" Grandy did us."

"Did you ever!" said the girl, when she told me of it; "did ever one see such cunning!"

But those crumbs still lay on the carpet; I would not let them be brushed up until Robbie came in, yet I would not call him. He had not finished his dinner, and so soon asked for a piece of bread and butter. I called him to me and said, "When Robbie picks up the crumbs he dropped on the carpet he can have a cake, not before."

He climbed up in a chair and looked out of the window, but said no more about eating until supper-time. When the children gathered round the table Robbie made for his usual seat in great haste, but I held back the chair and silently pointed to the crumbs beneath it. Without a word he spread out his little handkerchief on the carpet, gathered every crumb therein, then rolling it up in a tight ball he put it in his pocket, took his seat at the table and ate a very hearty supper. I had got ahead of him that time.

But scarcely a week passed without some new outbreak of temper; he frightened the children dreadfully at first by pretending to be dead. He would lie in the most uncomfortable positions for half an hour rather than move a limb, or show signs of life. It was the strangest trick for so young a child that I had ever heard of. When he found it no more alarmed us he gave it up and tried storming. If crossed in anything he would scream until he was fairly black in the face.

He seemed to have no love for any one—no gratitude, was not the least thankful for any kindness, but demanded everything as his by right. He was quick to learn anything that pleased him, such as funny sayings, jingling rhymes, etc., but a hymn or prayer he would not listen to.

I would not allow the children, or any one, to tease him, but they had their own fun with him. They would teach him some rhymes, and then send him to repeat them in his own language to me, all following to listen. I remember what a laugh we had over his version of "Little Bo-peep," the closing lines of which are,

"Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And carry their tails behind them."

But Robbie listened and then thus,

"Eaves 'em a-own, 'em 'em trots home,
A tawnting 'er tails behind 'em."

Robbie was excessively fond of raisins. He hung up his little stocking on Christmas Eve with the other children, fully believing that "Santa Claus," or some other good friend to children, would fill it for him. They were all hung up by the fireplace of my room. Long before day on Christmas morning, I was awakened by the patter of bare feet, and whispers, and I knew the children were feeling for their treasures in the dark. So I told the eldest one to light a candle, and let me see too. Never will I forget how funny Robbie looked in his long night-dress; his stiff white hair standing out straight from his round head, his little pudgy hands grasping the well-filled stocking as he sat flat down on the cold hearth, spread his feet out, and emptied the contents into his lap. In an instant his mouth was filled with cake, candy, pea nuts, etc., all at once, but still he seemed to search for something that he could not find there.

Not one word had he spoken yet, while the other children older than he were talking loud and fast, rejoicing over each new wonder, asking to see each other's gifts, and laughing over a "jack in the box" or a quivering serpent, or a wooden hoop-rod. Robbie expressed no surprise at all this, but still munched his goodies and hunted for more, at last with an angry snarl he threw down the empty stocking, and with tears in his eyes said—"There aint a darned resin here!"

Like the man who when he went fishing for catfish would have no others, but exclaimed, as he threw back a fine trout into the stream—"When I go catting, I go catting!"

Thus with Robbie he wanted none of it, but seemed perfectly disgusted with the whole affair. Who could help laughing at the strange child.

I might go on and fill page after page with his queer sayings and doings; tell of his stubbornness, his domineering manner, for never was a poor little cast-away boy so independent. He was under obligations to no one, not he, and he let us know it, too, young as he was. The winter passed, and I must own that we were paid for all the trouble he gave us by the amusement he afforded us. Each member of the family fully expected to be entertained every evening by some of the boy's capers, or by hearing some of his funny sayings. I had him under pretty good subjection by this time, as he was constantly under my eye, the weather being unfit for so small a child to run out of doors. But when Spring came, and the doors were open, I lost all control of him. He would run away in the morning and not return till hunger drove him in; threatening, punishment, did no good. The moment he could slip out of my sight, he went, often causing us great uneasiness. I often had three or four out hunting for him at once, and even when I caught sight of him in a crowd of boys, if he spied me he would dodge out of sight in an instant.

One day I had almost given him up as drowned in the river, as his hat and shoes were found on the bank. As I walked sorrowfully up past the mill, with the little muddy boots in my hand, there, up in the third story of the mill, was that little head stuck out of a window grinning at me! He had made me think he was dead at last, and it tickled him amazingly.

I sent at once for his grandmother, and gave up my charge to her. She pleaded hard for him, but I did not relent. I told her the town was no place for him, she must keep him on the farm. He was not one bit sorry to part with any of us; He was mad, as he called it, for he hated his "granny," and he had never believed

me when I told him I could not keep him unless he was a good boy.

I must say that I felt sad as the poor child walked away with his little bundle of clothing in his hand. "Robbie," said I, "won't you come and kiss me and say good-by?" "No, I shant," he replied, sulkily, and those were the last words I ever heard him utter. And although he lived in the neighborhood for some years, I never met him again. We heard occasionally of him from his grandmother, but she never forgave me for not making a gentleman out of him, as she had expected me to do. She complained of the trouble he gave her, and of his stubbornness.

At last the old woman died, and Robbie lived where he could, sometimes with one farm for a few weeks, then with another.

Then we left the neighborhood, and I heard no more of the lad. Years passed, and his very name had gone out of my memory until I met with that account in the newspaper. Then it all came back to me, and it was all so characteristic of him, his feigning death as of old, his endurance, even his misfortune. He says he has never had luck in his life, so an officer has lately told me, and in place of being thankful that his life was spared by the Indians, he was mad because they took his gun, jackknife, and flask.

Who says the boy is not father to the man?

FOUR YOUR WAY UP.—The many who take the world rough and tumble are prone to envy those who roll through it in cushioned vehicles on patent springs. The toiler, as he stumbles through his thorny thickets, and limps over his foot-blistering thorns, is apt to curse the ill luck that placed him on such a hard road, and to sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that glide so smoothly over fortune's meadimadized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver one which was the birth-right of his do-nothing neighbor.

The more fool he. Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion. Quite the reverse when their uses are properly understood. But the discontented worker, who pines for wealth without being willing to labor for it, regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of happiness.

He has no idea of money as a great motive power, to be applied to enterprise that gives healthful employment to mind and body. All he desires is to live a feather-bed life—to loaf luxuriously. We have no sympathy for such sensuous longings. People who indulge in them never acquire wealth. They lack the energy to break their way to the worldly independence for which they yearn and whine. They don't know how much more glorious it is to tear affluence from opposing fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose than to receive it as a windfall.

There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" in obtaining the golden store that some thrifter had accumulated. Your accidental Croesus knows nothing of the pride of success—of honest exultation with which the self-made looks back upon the impediments he has overcome, and forward into the far future which he has earned the right to enjoy.

PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA, ITALY—Their Strength.—Prussia contains an area of 108,212 square miles, being as large as Georgia and Florida united. Her population is almost as large as that of the Northern States of the American Union, being 19,304,843. In point of administration Prussia is inferior to no other country in the world. Her finances are sound and the discipline of her army is unequalled. Her army on a war footing numbers 700,000, and her fleet consists of 85 war vessels.

The area of the Austrian Empire is 236,311 English square miles, with a total population of 36,795,000 souls. It consists of 12 different nationalities.

Austria is one of the great military powers of Europe and her army on a war footing consists of nearly a million of men. Her navy is comparatively small. The present Emperor Francis Joseph, is 36 years of age and is highly esteemed by his subjects. He commanded in the Italian campaign of 1859.

The Kingdom of Italy has an area of 98,784 English square miles, and a population of 21,703,710 souls. It has a seafaring population of 158,692 individuals, nearly all of whom are liable to the maritime conscription. The Italian navy consists of 113 men of war, carrying 2439 guns. Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, is 46 years of age. His daughter, the wife of Prince Napoleon, was in this country a few years ago.

The smaller states composing the German Confederation contain a population of 19,000,000 souls, with a Federal army of 300,000. Thus it will be seen that the belligerent countries contain a population of almost one hundred millions of souls to draw soldiers from, and if France, Russia and Great Britain get sucked into the vortex, more than a hundred millions more will become belligerent.

A TEMPERANCE MAN.—A master cooper called upon a colored man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave-timber. He inquired for what purpose he wanted it, and received for answer, "I have contracted for so many whiskey-barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and want money; but no man shall purchase a stave from me for that purpose."

Mr. cooper was indignant to meet such a stern reproach from a black, and called him a nigger.

"That is very true," mildly replied the other.

"It is my misfortune to be a negro: I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey-barrels, and I mean to do it."

COME UNTO ME.

Art thou weary? Art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to me, "said One," and coming,
Be at rest!

Hath he marks to lead me to Hind,
If he be my Guide?
In His foot and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

In there diadem as monarch?
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety;
But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear!"

If I fall hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Borrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Tending, following, keeping struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,
Answer, Yea!"

From St. Stephen, the Sabbath.

HISTORY OF KENNEBEC COUNTY.

A General View of the Agriculture and Industry of the County of Kennebec, with Notes upon its History and Natural History. By Samuel L. Boardman, Junior Editor of the Maine Farmer.

We have been favored with advance sheets of the first portion of this work, an examination of which has convinced us that the enterprise of preparing a history of our county has fallen into good hands. Our friend Boardman has evidently entered upon his self-imposed task with much enthusiasm—making it "a labor of love"—and has carefully and industriously explored the whole field, looking up all the facts which are needed to make a work of this kind one of permanent value. We shall look with interest for its completion, when, of course, we shall have more to say of it. For the present we content ourselves with a few extracts:—

In a very interesting chapter on "Rivers, Lakes and Ponds, and Fish Culture," occurs the following:—

It is well known that our rivers, streams and lakes formerly abounded in many kinds of migratory fish, and salmon, shad, alewives, etc., were plenty and cheap. Williamson, in his history of Maine, (Vol. 11, p. 468,) says that in former times alewives crowded together in such shoals in Worumontogus Stream in Pittston, that boats, and even swine, have been known to devour them from the water side.—They were also formerly taken in abundance in the Sebasticok River at Winslow, and salmon were to be had in great abundance in the Kennebec. But it has changed—

The obstructions placed in our rivers and streams, such as dams and mills, have completely broken up the habits of these fish, and they no longer seek the fresh water therein for the purpose of spawning. Dr. E. Holmes, in his very valuable treatise on "Aquaculture," contributed to the Board of Agriculture for 1854, says: "No doubt it is a consequence of these obstructions that fish have left our waters, but it need not be a necessary consequence. I hold that dams and mills might be constructed, and continued, and yet by a little concession on the part of mill and dam proprietors, and a more general diffusion of the knowledge of the natural history of fishes, more intimate acquaintance with their peculiar habits, instincts, and wants of life, the mills might remain and the fish continue to perform their annual pilgrimage to and from their breeding haunts, if not in so great numbers as in former times, yet in such numbers as to afford a vast amount of provisions and even luxury to the communities which are now wholly deprived of them."

The subject of protection to migratory fish and the construction of fish-passages in dams, has been many times introduced into the Legislature, and acts passed requiring fish-ways to be built in dams for the passage of fish; but from the imperfect manner in which these were made, or ignorance in regard to the habits of fish and their wants in this particular, they have in nearly all instances proved worthless. The charter granted to the Augusta Dam Company required that suitable provisions should be made for the passage of fish. When the dam was built, it was thought by the Engineer and others, that a long inclined plane extending from the pitch or brow of the dam to the bottom of the river below, over which the water could flow with a steady, uniform current, would not only allow fish to ascend, but also render a better passage of logs, and make the dam more firm and secure. The results did not meet these expectations. The fish could not go up so long an uninterrupted sheet of water. The logs often in low stages of water grounded and stopped by the way, and the water at the foot of the dam, by its reversion or suddenly checked momentum, dug under and began to undermine, and it was found necessary to remove the apron and allow the water to pitch over perpendicularly. This saved the dam, but no fish-way was provided, and the fish for years kept back, until the matter was again presented to the Legislature, and after much debate, a law was passed requiring the opening of a fish-way near the bottom of the dam. This was built at the west end near the mills, but when the dam was repaired in the winter of 1864, it was torn away.

Attention to the habits of fish show their wants in the matter of passing dams or falls. Dr. Holmes, in the treatise just referred to, says he has often watched the movements of salmon when ascending the Ticonic Falls on the Kennebec, at Waterville, in the Spring of the year. They invariably selected those places on the falls that were most interrupted by breaks or steps of the ledge forming little basins at different stages in the fall. They would fetch a spring and go up a pitch of water almost perpendicular for four or five feet, and then rest themselves some time in the basins preparatory for another spring, and so continued their operations until the last pitch was scaled and they reached the smooth water above the falls. This fact indicates that if a direct passage could not be made in a dam, a series of short falls or steps would meet the requirements of the migratory fishes. By this means

they might pass up the steepest falls. In some remarks before the committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, a few years since, to consider the subject of migratory fish in the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers, Prof. Agassiz stated that fish ways, having cross bars to check the speed of the water and allow an opportunity for the fish running up stream to rest themselves, were common upon rivers in the old country. He stated that in 1859 he visited a friend on the northwest coast of Ireland who had a fishway so constructed. The fall was about twenty feet high, and he stood by it for half an hour and saw salmon rush up in such rapid succession that two men with hand nets threw them out of the trough in great quantities, some of them weighing twenty-five and thirty pounds. He said he had seen salmon repeatedly resting on these ways, and starting the moment they were disturbed. In his remarks at this time Prof. Agassiz further stated that fish ways were only valuable to those who knew nothing about them, and that the difficulties of fish in ascending rivers could be easily overcome. Only a few hundred dollars for building wooden steps were needed, and they should be so made that if carried away by freshets the loss would not be one of much magnitude—over if two or three were carried away in a year. He believed that migratory fish could be restored to the waters of our rivers and ponds, by fish ways constructed as mentioned, and that, too, without much difficulty, and at a trifling cost. In regard to steam navigation on rivers being one cause for the disappearance of fish, he said that the passage of a river by steamboats constituted no obstacle to them. The Reline was constantly navigated by steamers, but salmon were not less numerous in this river than they were a century ago.

Mr. Aubrey Crosby, of Benton—who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863,—was quite an enthusiast upon the subject of fish culture, and spent considerable time in transporting pickerel and other fish from the ponds in the south part of this county to the Sebasticok River and ponds in the vicinity of Benton and Clinton, in the northeast part of the county. The Portland and Kennebec Railroad gave him a free pass, with his hogsheads of water and blatts, over his lines, and although he received little or no compensation for his work, yet he deserves to be remembered as one who endeavored to be useful to his fellow-men. What success attended his efforts, I have not been able to learn, but in all probability the fish transported I thither have increased, and will, before many years, not only become quite numerous in the places where introduced, but extend into other waters, and perhaps by a means of stocking the numerous rivers and ponds in that section of the State.

Mr. Crosby—a Christian hero, if there ever was one—had a broader idea and had entered upon a greater work than our historian gives him credit for. He started with a determination to re-open the Kennebec to the ascent of the fish that once frequented its upper waters, and which he was confident would do so again if a properly constructed fishway—such as was stipulated for in the charter—could be built at Augusta; and having faith that the Fish Commissioners would do their duty and enforce the law, he transported large numbers of shad and alewives to the ponds and streams above, feeling sure that their progeny would in a few years find their way back to their birth place. But the war came; and our friend Crosby—no monomaniac, no man of one idea; as many supposed, but a sagacious, large-hearted man—although exempt from military duty by reason of his age, felt called upon, in a dark period of the contest, when men hung back in dread, to step forward, the first volunteer in his town under that draft.

Mr. Crosby may have transported other fish in a small way, but his main work was as we have stated; and he left the State with a promise from Gov. Coburn, and other officials, that his great enterprise should not be neglected. He was faithful even unto death; they best know how their pledges were fulfilled.

Mr. Boardman falls into an error in regard to Gen. Jesse Robinson. He is yet alive, with a clear and vigorous intellect, at the age of 93. He thinks that no bull was located at Pittston, as Mr. Sanford Howard writes; but from a circumstance that he remembers, he thinks the "Kezer bull" or young Celebs, as he was called, was meant. This bull was purchased in Boston, by Mr. K. J. Robinson, who sent it to his father in Hallowell, by whom it was owned and kept for several years—the first short horned bull, the General thinks, ever brought into the county. It was afterwards disposed of to Mr. Kezer. General Robinson was always active in the promotion of agriculture and the improvement of stock—cattle, sheep, swine, etc. He owned a quarter of the first Spanish Merino brought into Maine. It came into port as part of the stores of a vessel, and was sold by the Captain, who found the sheep fever running high, for \$200. It was a great improvement on the native sheep, but its wool was not nearly as fine as the Merino of today.

The Sheffield (England) Independent relates a case of canine fidelity from which it appears that even bull

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... JUNE 29, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required in this office.

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

FOR GOVERNOR.

Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Kennebec County Nominations.

Senators—GEO. W. PERKINS, Hallowell.

THOS. B. REED, Wayne.

JOS. T. WOODWARD, Augusta.

Sheriff—CHAS. HEWINS, Augusta.

Co. Com'r.—M. ROLLINS, Jr., Albion.

CLOSE OF VOL. XIX.

This number closes Vol. 19 of the Mail. Our advance subscribers increased largely last year, and the few who have not paid will see the propriety of doing so. We want very much to get in the habit of advance payments.

A VISIT TO WINTHROP.—In a little time everybody will see Wintthrop for themselves; just now its attractions must be made known by those who have seen them. It claims no great business attractions, but in the way of amusement, comfort and health, the half has not been told. A party of Freemasons, with their wives and daughters, gathered at Wintthrop on Saturday of last week; some two hundred eating chowder together down at the Island House. The aim was not so much to celebrate the festival of St. John, as to make it the opportunity for a good time socially. No where could better facilities be found. The various roads centering there are fine, and the morning railroad train is just in time for an easy day. The Wintthrop House, by Mr. Stanton, is an honor to the place, in all its departments;—quiet and orderly, even with a crowd, and kind and prompt in the attention that contributes so much to the comfort of a public house. It is one of those good honest hotels that are best liked when best known, at home or abroad.

The object being a sail on the pond, with the incidentals of fishing, chatting and chowdering, a beautiful barge and two or three smaller crafts were taken in tow by the little steam-tug "Cushnet," and after a merry ride of three or four miles their "live freight," in little squads of half dozens and half scores was seen dotting the lake and summit of the pretties little sugar-loaf island in the world. Close upon the arrival of the second conveyance, and when all appetites were fully sharpened by good exercise, fresh air, beautiful scenery and cheerful chat, that great potash-kettle full "chowder" was distributed along the tables of the Island House. The following half hour needs no description. Enough to say that some two hundred hearty men and handsome women spent a pleasant day, and went home in a good "frame of mind" to advise others to go and do likewise.

For small or large parties, no place that we know of has more attractions than Wintthrop, especially from this vicinity; and when the Me. Central Railroad shall clearly see its interest in putting the fare at a moderate point, pleasure seekers will rush there by thousands. Pleasant sailing, good fishing, an excellent hotel, moderate charges and all the incidental conveniences and comforts needful, render it emphatically the place to visit for a genuine good time.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST PERSON IN TOWN.—Mrs. Mary Shorey died in this town on the 24th inst., at the residence of her son, Mr. Henry A. Shorey, at the advanced age of 93 years and 21 days. She was one of the earliest members of the Baptist church in this village, and till age demanded retirement, she was known for her good qualities as a mother, wife, neighbor and Christian.

A REMEDY.—Mrs. Orrison Burrill, of Fairfield, writes under date of "Washing morning, June 25," in regard to striped bugs:—

"Last year we took some shingles and tacks and constructed some boxes in a few minutes, and nailed some old thin shooting over them. This year we took some nail casks and sawed them in twain, and placed them over the vines, and sprinkled them thick with plaster. The result is they (the striped bugs) have sloped to the neighbors' vines that are unprotected."

Mr. Geo. Woods, aged 22 years, was drowned in Monroe on the 21st, while bathing. He did not know how to swim. He was a returned soldier. Thus a man may live through the perils of war, return to his home, and lose his life there; would hardly think of danger.

[For the Mail.] A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

History is an educator, and those who refuse to learn from it are unfortunate. It is a record of practical experience, in which we can see cause and effect painted for the mind and the eye.

Our late rebellion is passing into history, and as it has been a sore experience for every man in the nation, it is worth while to look back and see from what cause it resulted. The common belief is that it was one of the fruits of slavery. That may be in part true; but my belief is that it was substantially the fruit of demagoguism. Now for the historical proof.

Under the administration of John Adams, when difficulties (I think actual war) existed between France and England, and when the French feeling was very strong in this country—French emissaries canvassing the whole United States and forcing upon a people, more than half ready, publications in the French interests to excite them to a war with England in aid of the French, thereby endangering the public peace and safety—Congress passed and the President approved acts called the "alien and sedition laws," authorizing the President to warn dangerous fellow out of the country, and suppress dangerous publications, which were understood to be aimed at French emissaries, and publications in the French interests calculated to press us into a war with England.

The "alien and sedition" laws were very unpopular, though probably just and necessary at the time. Thomas Jefferson, then a leader of the French party in this country, called the Democratic party, seized upon every element of dissatisfaction with the administration, of which the "alien and sedition" acts were the most tangible, to bring this Democratic party into power. Those laws were held up as improper, unconstitutional, and characteristic of the administrative party, as indicating its tendency to consolidation and monarchic power.

The States of Virginia and Kentucky passed resolves of a very ultra nature, taking extreme State rights ground, and sent copies to all the other States, to which replies of disapproval in every instance were returned.

The Kentucky resolves, known as the "Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and 1799," and said to have been drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, contained the most obnoxious doctrine. The latter clause of the first resolve reads as follows: (referring to the relations between each State and the general government and supposed unconstitutional acts of Congress)

"As in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress;—meaning that when a State chances to nullify an act of Congress, she has a right to do so; or, in other words, that she has a right to be in the Union or out, as she may please."

The doctrine of these resolves became very popular at the South; with them the Democratic party came into power, the constitution of the United States was amended, the powers of the U. S. Courts defined and abridged. (See 11th, article of amendments,) and as the Democratic party became popular and strong, those Kentucky and Virginia resolves became engraved upon the original stock. In a committee's report, drawn up by James Madison, made to the Legislature of Virginia in justification of the resolves referred to above, the ground is taken that it is only in extreme cases of wrong done a State, amounting to a justifiable occasion of revolution, that she can assume the right to judge for herself, "as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress." With these plausible explanations these resolves were received as a part of the machinery of the Democratic party, both North and South—at the South in their legitimate sense, at the North without sense, serving to hold the party together; northern Democratic conventions annually in their party resolves, referring in general terms of approval to those Kentucky resolves, when, in all probability, not one in a hundred of those who voted approval ever read the resolves in question. The northern leaders thus deceiving the South, and preparing the way for their own defeat and disgrace when the test of secession should come.

This short sketch of history, if correct, shows definitely when and where the viper egg of secession was laid, and the fowl (foul) that incubated and hatched the bird that has picked out so many of our precious lives and flown away with so much of our wealth. A State, disputing the propriety of a Congressional act, says to the general Government, "as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has a right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress," a demagogical principle, not having any place in our institutions, introduced into party machinery for a special purpose, but finally magnified into a reality in which many profess to believe.

This principle of nullification or secession is what the Hon. A. H. Stevens, in his testimony before the reconstruction committee, terms the "reserved sovereignty of the States." He also asserts that a great majority of the southern people honestly and sincerely believed in such a "reserved sovereignty of the States," and urges this honest conviction as a reason why the Southern people, being willing to let "by-gones be by-gones, and to try their fortunes again in the Union, should be received as brothers, and not looked upon as culprits, and though we all believe in the words of the Constitution (See article 10 of amendments) that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," still we cannot see how any honest, intelligent man can believe a State has the reserved right, in any case short of justifiable revolution, to secede from the Union;

knowing the southern leaders to be intelligent men, how can we look upon them except as culprits?

These historical remarks have been called out mainly by a letter from a celebrated southern citizen, whose suggestions are confirmative of the views here expressed.

Those who wish to read the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions can find them in "Elliott's Debates on the Federal Constitution," Vol. 4, page 540, 546.

THE COUNTY CONVENTION held on Wednesday at Augusta, was most emphatically a tremendous success. In other words, the several town delegations were made of such uncommonly plastic stuff that Augusta had every thing to her liking. Six months figuring had done all the work a month ago. If you don't yield, said they to the young and ambitious members, we shall "choke you when you want something." No doubt they had counted and felt noses, and found that six out of seven were likely to "want something." The North Section of the county yields Augusta her Senator, because so many of the young delegates expect to "want something." What marvellous backbone!—and how likely to get something when they want it! How many promises made to certain expectant delegates will ever be redeemed? When is the North section of the county to expect her share in the Senate if not this year?—and when will she want or need it more, considering her numerous enterprises? But so many delegates "want something," that the great local interests of the county are traded off to meet the demands of the hereditary demagogues of the State capital. Supplanted knees and limber backs are their playthings, and they begin in season to see that the delegates are made of this material. They find glorious success this year, and the North division of the county secures just the nothing which it deserves, and will deserve, so long as the preliminary caucuses are left to the flip of a copper.

The following nominations were made:—

Senators—Geo. W. Perkins, Hallowell;

Thos. B. Reed, Wayne; Jos. T. Woodward,

Augusta.

Sheriff—Chas. Hewins, Augusta.

Co. Com.—M. Rollins Jr., Albion.

NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION held its anniversary last week. The oration before the Alumni, by Rev. Wm. Lamson, D. D., of Brookline, was pronounced a very able and practical production—his subject being, "Professional power." Graduates—Wm. C. Barrows, Waterville, Me.; Geo. S. Chase, East Chester, N. H.; Simon L. B. Chase, West Minot, Me.; Sam'l E. Fitz, Chelsea, Mass.; Henry G. Gay, Lebanon, Con.; Geo. B. Illsley, Limerick, Me.; Addison Parker, Newton Center; Lyman Partridge, W. Medway, Mass.

BOLD ROBBERY.—The National Village Bank, at Bowdoinham, Me., was robbed of about \$75,000 on Thursday morning of last week. \$10,000 only belonged to the bank; and \$65,000 to depositors. Mr. Butterfield, the cashier, relates the facts as follows:—

About two o'clock on Friday morning, the cashier was aroused from his slumber by receiving a blow upon the head, which for a moment stunned him, and upon awaking saw three men, their faces disguised with masks, standing by his bedside, armed with pistols and knives, who immediately seized him and demanded the keys of the bank. To this Mr. Butterfield made no reply, whereupon he was tied with small cords, being bound hand and foot, and a gag placed in his mouth, made of a pillow case which one of the ruffians took from the bed.

Not complying with the demand which was made, Mr. Butterfield was violently choked until he was obliged to tell, which he did by pointing where the keys were concealed. In the same bed lay a little son of Mr. Butterfield, about eight years of age, who was seized at the same time, and bound in a similar manner as his father.

The screams of the boy awoke his mother who was asleep in an adjoining chamber with a sick infant, who, rising up in bed, found that two of the ruffians, who as they entered the room had extinguished her light, and whom she beheld by the aid of a dark lantern they had, were standing over her, and who threatened if she made the least disturbance to take the life of her infant. She was then left in the care of one of the scoundrels who acted as a guard over her, another performing the same service in her husband's room, while the third, who had possession of the keys, descended the front staircase, and joining a companion who was watching outside, proceeded to the bank.

The building was entered at once, and the door of the vault, which is located on the ground floor, was opened, and the outer door of the safe, which was one of Hall's patent locks, they could not unlock; whereupon one of the party returned to Mr. Butterfield's residence, and with the one who was watching him, unopposed his feet and took him to the bank, where they forced him to open the door. After this was accomplished they then rebound him and at once proceeded to clear the safe of its entire contents, which they placed in a bag.

Mr. Butterfield was then conveyed back to his house and placed in his chamber. His wife was then bound and gagged, after which proceeded the robbers decamped with their booty. Great efforts have been made to trace the robbers but without success. \$10,000 reward is offered.

THE 22d annual session of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance convened at Montreal on Thursday of last week. Among the delegates from Maine we notice the names of Joshua Nye and L. T. Boothby, of Waterville. Mr. Nye, among others, was put in nomination for the office of Most Worthy Patriarch, but withdrew his name. John W. Stearns, of New York City, was elected to this office.

NOR QUITE.—Mr. Elmer F. Abbott of Barnard, Vt. writes us that he has just shared a yearling buck, of the age of "Green Mountain Boy," that gave a fleece of 17 lbs. 4 oz. This is a sharp shot,—but he is remembered that Green Mountain Boy is too modest to challenge his native State.

OUR TABLE.

MANUAL OF THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY, for Classes and Private Reading. By Stephen G. Bulfinch, D. D. Boston: William V. Spencer.

The character and scope of this timely little volume is fully set forth by the author, in his preface, as follows:—"It has been thought that, at the present time, when many reject altogether the claims of Christianity, and many who love and reverence it have very indefinite ideas regarding the authority with which it comes to us, a brief statement of the leading evidences of its divine origin might be acceptable and useful, not only to the private inquirer, but as a manual for public seminaries, and advanced classes in Sunday schools. In preparing this little work, the evidences have been carefully re-examined, in the light of recent investigations in natural science and theology. The book will be found to contain a brief examination of the principal theories that have been advanced, in Germany and elsewhere, for the explanation of the New Testament miracles, and of the doubts which have been suggested with regard to the authenticity of the Gospels." The work is dedicated to Dr. Penobscot, of Harvard University, who encouraged its preparation, and it is, no doubt, the best work of the kind to be found. We are indebted to Roberts Brothers, of Boston, for a copy of this work, which is for sale by C. K. Matthews, Waterville.

THE GALAXY.—The following is a list of the articles in the 6th number of this semi-monthly magazine:—

The Claverings (with an illustration), by Anthony Trollope; An American Colony in France, by G. A. Townsend; Pharaoh's Horses, by Maria Louisa Pool; Elements of the Art of Poetry, by E. C. Stoddard; English Parties, by George M. Towle; Frederick Edwin Church, by H. T. Tuckerman; The Harvest of the Sea, by F. B. Perkins; Evening Boat Song, by Edwin Rossiter Johnson; Tormenting the Alphabet (with two illustrations), by George Wakeman; Archie Lovell, by Mrs. Edwards; To a Poet, by Richard H. Stoddard; The Art of Dining, No. 4, by Pierre Biot; Nebulae, by the Editor. This new magazine has already attained a large circulation, which is rapidly increasing. Its articles are spirited, and many of them display marked ability. Published by W. C. & F. Church, 39 Park Row, New York, at \$5 a year, or 50 cents a number.

HOURS AT HOME.—The July number of this excellent magazine, so fittingly and happily named, has the following table of contents:—

De Rebus Ruris, No. 2, English and American Wayside, by Donald G. Mitchell; ("The Soldier's Dream; The Nest of the Humming Bird," by Mrs. H. V. Adams; Benjamin Silliman, D. D., L. D., by the Editor; The Little Frenchman, continued, by the author; "Fred and Maria, and Me," About Lanes, by Mrs. E. E. Du Bois; Recollections of Frederik Bremer, by W. W. Thomas, late U. S. Consul at Gothenburg; Why and How the Federal Capital was Established on the Potomac, by Hon. C. T. Hubbard; The Christian Statesmen of America, No. 7, Hon. Solomon Foot, by G. W. Benedict; Ignatius, by the author of "The House of Bonaventure"; Domestic Life in Cuba; Jane Gurley's Story, continued, by Miss E. Stuart Phelps; Ancient Hymnology, by Dr. Philip Schaff; Sculpture and Sculptors in England, by Prof. E. A. Lawrence; Lieutenant-General Scott, by Col. J. Grant Wilson; Kees Homo, by Prof. Henry E. Smith; Dove's Bible Illustrations; Books of the Month.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADIES' MAGAZINE.—In addition to the usual large fashion plates, one of which is handsomely colored, there will be found in the July number of this magnificent monthly engraving of all the new and beautiful things now in vogue at the head quarters of taste and fashion, with full descriptions and directions for making, and full sized patterns of a light fitting jacket or casaque, for cutting. The literary and miscellaneous department is full of attractive reading, including many interesting stories, with numerous illustrations. Published by Frank Leslie, 557 Pearl Street, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July has a beautifully expressive steel engraving entitled "Summer Joys;" a handsome colored fashion plate of six figures; "Boating on the Lake," a fine wood engraving; and smaller engravings of new patterns and designs in great profusion. The literary department is up to the usual mark, and embraces several good stories. With the present number this old favorite enters upon its seventy-third volume. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

"TO MY DEAD DOG." Yes, we remember—the day last winter, as we took the cars at the lower depot, a beautiful dog jumped from a car to the platform just as his master stepped into another car, at the moment the train started.

"Ponto" turned and saw his mistake; but with the wisdom of an experienced traveller he decided at a wink, and stood thoughtfully wagging his tail at the receding car he had seen his master enter, with a composure that plainly said, "Guess I'll take the next train." The crowd saw the case at once, and a strong fellow seized Ponto and tossed him with full strength for the front platform of the last car. Poor dog! it was no fault of his,—he knew better and had given it up. Strange that foolish men can't let wise dogs have their own way!

Everybody wondered, as the train gathered force, whether that beautiful dog was aboard; and especially when it was found that in "one of the cars was the family of David Barker, himself in their midst, holding counsel for the recovery of Ponto, everybody exhibited so much of the spirit of poetry as to desire the safety of the poet's dog. The train rolled on, and so did time; and after some few seconds we learn the fate of Ponto from the verses on our first page. Turn over the leaf, reader, and see what became of the poor fellow.

GOOD!—A fine rain Wednesday night has refreshed and revived all creation in this vicinity.

INDEPENDENCE DAY is to be celebrated in Lewiston in good old fashioned style this year, and among the attractions will be a prize trial of fire engines. The Ticonic One will be there.

A call has been issued for a convention to be held in Philadelphia, the 14th of August next, which bears the signature of A. W. Randall, president, Senators Doolittle and Cowan and others, members of the executive committee of a so-called National Union Club. The call is endorsed by Senators Norton of Minnesota, Nesmith of Oregon, Dixon of Connecticut, and Hendricks of Missouri. The above mentioned "club" have exerted themselves on various occasions in serenading the President and otherwise affording him opportunities for making speeches; but, until now, they have not ventured upon anything so ambitious as a "national convention."

The Union Congressional Convention held last week in Bangor nominated Hon. John A. Peters of Bangor as candidate for representative in congress. The convention adopted a series of extremely radical resolutions.

The superiority of the Steam Refined Soap of Messrs. Leath & Gore, is due, first, to the scrupulous care exercised in the selection of materials; and secondly, to the pains taking and skill with which each process of manufacture is conducted.

An old lady, hearing somebody say the mails were very irregular, said: "It was so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

FOREIGN ITEMS. The opinion was entertained that no further opposition would be made to the reduction of the franchise in England. The German question remained unchanged. Austria had protested against Prussian occupation of Holstein, but the Prussians continued to occupy one point after another. Prussia had appointed a President over Schleswig-Holstein who proclaimed that the Prussian General could oppose any acts which Prussia regards as illegal on the part of the former government, or of the Estates convoked by Austria. It was the intention of Prussia to convolve the Schleswig-Holstein Estates with a view to unity. The Austrian Ambassador still remained at Berlin. Fiftventies were quoted in London at the latest date at 65 1/4 to 65 3/4.

LATER.—Matters in Germany were rapidly approaching a crisis. The Austrians had withdrawn from Holstein before the Prussians, who occupied every important point, the Austrian commander protesting against the action of Prussia. The Austrian ambassador was at once recalled from Berlin and passports sent to the Prussian ambassador at Vienna by the Austrian government, on the alleged ground that the withdrawal from Holstein was upon compulsion on the part of Prussia. The Prussians in Silicia were intrenching the roads leading from Bavaria. Austria had not declared war up to the date of the latest news. Kossuth had issued an address to the Hungarians, advising them to wait. The German Diet had voted to mobilize the Federal army, contrary to the wishes of Prussia. The English political news is uninteresting. Quiet in financial circles was increasing, although an occasional suspension was noted.

LATEST.—War has been declared by Prussia, and the troops that power have advanced into Saxony and Hanover. There were rumors of fighting.

Those who have not proved the virtues of Dr. Bicknell's Syrup will regret delays, when they have once given it a trial, for it certainly acts the most like a charm of anything we ever tried, affording almost immediate relief. It will be found equal to all that is claimed for it. Don't fail to give it a trial. Advertised in another column.

ALL IN VAIN!—The attempts to palm off upon the American public the bogus parodies on the leading Paris perfumes, while Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," the finest extract for the handkerchief ever produced either here or abroad, is within the reach of every class. Sold everywhere.

FIRE.—We learn from the Skowhegan Clarion that on Friday night, the barn of J. H. Bigelow in that town was destroyed by fire, together with a small dwelling house, about 10 or 15 tons of hay, and some five or six thousand feet of boards, belonging to A. & P. Coburn. The whole loss will not be less than \$800, on which there was no insurance.

Five.—The Skowhegan Clarion reports that the Barrel Factory of John S. Kitter at East Madison was totally destroyed by fire on Monday week, together with a large amount of staves and heading. The loss is not far from \$1000, on which there is no insurance.

In reply to a circular letter from Gov. Fairchild, of Wisconsin, Gov. Cony of Maine, has signified his willingness to convene an extra session of the Legislature for the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, if a sufficient number of States concur in such action to accomplish the same.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.—Liberal successes are reported as follows:—

On the 16th inst., Gen. M. Escobedo captured, near the City of Camargo, a train of the enemy consisting of two hundred and fifty wagons, with teams of twelve mules each, loaded with merchandise worth over one million of dollars. Gen. Escobedo also captured eleven pieces of artillery with ammunition, and over eight hundred prisoners. He considers this victory as the end of the war on the Rio Grande.

Brownsville correspondence says, in the late attack and capture near Matamoros, a regiment of lancers and one large Imperial infantry regiment turned over to the Liberal side. The Austrian regiment lost all their officers and men but two killed. The guerillas lost 100, all killed. Bagdad was evacuated by the Imperial troops and sent to reinforce Matamoros, which was in danger of attack from General Escobedo.

The special committee for the investigation of the assault of General Rousseau upon Mr. Grinnell held a meeting recently. The evidence taken conclusively established the fact that Rousseau formally informed one person of his intention to attack Mr. Grinnell on Thursday morning, and asked him to act as his friend in the matter, but that no less than three persons, were present armed on his side. Two of these persons, one of whom was Colonel Fennobker of Kentucky, admitted that they were armed with loaded pistols. This testimony tended to show that Rousseau and his party were bent upon bringing on a bloody affray, and that had Mr. Grinnell offered the slightest resistance he would have been killed.

It is believed that by the 10th of next month the Great Eastern will be in readiness to sail from Valentia, and once more attempt the laying of the Atlantic cable. There are 2800 miles of new cable on board the Great Eastern, and the machinery, both for paying out and picking up, is said to be the product of the best skill that England could bring into requisition.

A Memphis policeman, who killed a negro a while ago, was tried by military commission and sentenced to nine years in the State Prison. He has now been released, is reinstated in the police force, and the city government is considering the question of paying him for the time of his incarceration, and the amount which he expended for legal advice.

All hail! the inventor of the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap, it leaves all fabrics which are washed with it in a much better condition than any other soap, besides making them much whiter and softer, and is a great saving in quantity as well as temper, and a great promoter of comfort; it makes washing easy compared with any other soap. Try it! all the stores have it. Depot, 112 Liberty Street, New York.

Herriek Allen's Gold Medal Salutaris is clarified and concentrated in such a manner as to render its use much more economical and healthy than any other. For culinary purposes it cannot be equalled in the world. A lady who has tested its merits, refuses to try any other. It is much better than soda, and is perfectly healthy. Try it. Grocers and Druggists sell it. Depot 112 Liberty Street, New York.

An old lady, hearing somebody say the mails were very irregular, said: "It was so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of cattle at Brighton, this week, was quite large, and there were about as many sheep as last week. Prices of both declined, and it was a very hard market for the drovers, and a good deal of stock was left unsold.

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on last week of light, yellow and beef: A few premium calves, 14 to 15 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c., 13 to 13 1/2 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 12 to 11 1/2 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 11 to 12 cts.; Foremost grade of coarse cows, bulls &c., 11 to 12 cts.

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

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, \$25 to \$45.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shots, whitetail, 11 to 12 cts. per lb.; retail, 12 to 14 cts.; fat hogs, 9 to 10 cts. per lb.; live weight; Hides, best Brighton, 9 to 1 1/2 cts. per lb.; country, 8 to 9 cts.; tallow, 8 to 10 cts.; calf skins, 40 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$3.00 to \$3.50 each.

WHO IS TO BLAME?—If people grow thin and emaciated, and fairly die out by inches from the ravages of dyspepsia and indigestion, who will pity such people, in their distress and suffering, when they neglect to avail themselves of the only remedy yet discovered that will cure them, and which we have again and again repeated and recommended as a certain cure for dyspepsia—we refer to Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. It is certainly the greatest miracle of the age, for it cures all diseases of the stomach and bowels.

PIANOS! PIANOS! The subscriber, D. A. BURNHAM, respectfully informs the public that he is about to open

PIANO-FORTE WARE-ROOMS IN MARSTON BLOCK, where he will furnish the public with Pianos warranted to give satisfaction. Please call and examine.

Pianos Tuned and Repaired. D. A. BURNHAM

Waterville, June 26, 1866. [52] D. A. BURNHAM

P. O. M.

PIANOS, ORGANS, & MELODEONS.

FROM the best manufacturers, for sale and to let upon the most reasonable terms. Every instrument warranted for five years. Instruments sent per order, on trial, to any responsible person. Any person buying an instrument can exchange the same with this for any other kind. Any one hiring an instrument, and trying that or some other one of a week, will have three-fourths or more of the full value returned to him. I have an extra organ for Churches, Halls, etc., with a very decided improvement over common organs. Prices from \$125 to \$1500. Please send for Descriptive Price List, etc.

June, 1866. 53 R. M. MANSON, Postmaster, Mt Vernon, Me.

WINTHROP HOUSE.

WINTHROP, MAINE.

In connection with the above House, a STEAM BOAT with large, safe and new boats will be in readiness to convey fishing parties, pleasure parties, and excursions to and from the Island House and fishing grounds on

Annabecook Lake.

during the pleasure season. The Lake abounds in pickerel and white perch, and for beauty of scenery cannot be equaled in this State.

Chowder and other refreshments will be furnished on the Island.

Wintthrop, Maine, June 25th. E. STANTON, Proprietor.

N. B. Sabbath School Picnic will be accommodated at Lov

ates. [52]

A CHANGE.

NOT of business, but of Proprietors.—WM. L. MAX-

WELL, having bought out of S. T. MAXWELL, will continue the

BOOT

AND

SHOE

BUSINESS,

At the OLD STAND,

