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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 01): July 6, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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The week of toil is gone,  
Once more, broad streaming through the deeps of night  
Another day, the welcome Sabbath morn,  
Is risen on my sight.

This day my rest shall cease  
The wearying, toiling rounds of life to run;  
But they shall be led forth with joy and peace  
Toward my Father's throne.

My hands shall rest awhile  
From hard and grasping toil for daily need;  
From warping cares, and passions that defile—  
On heart, awhile be free.

My soul shall fold her wing  
In the calm shadow of almighty love;  
My ear shall hush to catch the faintest ring  
Of harmonies above.

My eyes in trust shall turn  
Toward the green pastures of eternal rest,  
The far and shining portals half discern  
Of the mansions of the blest.

I wait, O Lord, the morn  
When from the ev'ry dross of death shall rise  
The heavenly day Sabbath, in brightness born,  
Upon my loving eyes—

When no dark web of toil,  
Its day of calm shall follow or precede—  
Wherefrom all pain, unrest, and wild turmoil,  
Shall heart and hand be freed.

And when my ear, that now,  
Dumbfounded by earthly discordant noises,  
Hearts but so faint and far, while listening low  
The deep, eternal voices,

Shall open to know the songs,  
The fullest depths of harmony divine,  
When holy hymns that breathe of seraph tongues  
Shall find a place on mine.

When to those fields of rest,  
Where death shall cease, and life and love begin,  
When passed the portals, to the mansions blest,  
My feet shall enter in.

WARWICK, N. H., E. L.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

## "GOD DOES NOT FORGET."

A good many years ago I went out to Western Pennsylvania, to teach a district school. The country was but sparsely settled, the land poor, the people poor—one of the few barren tracts in that region. It was a hard, ungenial life; but I had not gone there for happiness, and did not expect it.

I boarded by turns with the small farmers whose children I taught. My own range of experience or knowledge had been as limited as their own, though of a different kind; they were narrow and bigoted in their western notions, I, perhaps, in mine. New Englander though I was. In short, there was but little sympathy or intercourse between us. I was a homely, quiet woman—an old maid of many years standing, hard of hearing, too. When I left one house to go to another, I was forgotten as soon as out of sight.

Yet I saw and noted down some crude, half-phases of human nature and life out there, set in the monotonous frame-work of the dull, daily round of work.

I settled down finally into one family, remaining with them for the several years that followed before I returned home. I think they liked my still, quiet ways, and grew used to see me about the house, as they would a favorite cat; trusted me—made a favorite bit of furniture of me. I think their liking for me amounted to so much as that. For me, my interest in them was deep and lasting. I was desolate, friendless; Meg Mayfield's hearty, vigorous power of forcing life into wholesome channels, put new strength into my blood many a day, although she never knew it.

They had been a quaker family a generation or two back, still retained the dress, and the occasional use of the plain apparel, yet, oddly enough, the young girl of the house was the only one who remained a strict Friend in action, and sincerely at heart. There were but three of them—mother, daughter and son. They were poorer, apparently, than even their neighbors on the back hill-side, and swampy river and creek bottom. Their strip of land ran down the back of the mountain, including only a stony peak, dark with old cedars and hemlocks. The field on which the house stood, and below, a lonely delf of boggy ground, overgrown with bush, ferns, and creepers, down to the bank of a slow stream—Dunkard's creek, the country people call it; a picturesque, romantic place, but not one out of which bread-and-butter for three months could be extracted. If it had been possible, Meg Mayfield would have done it. She washed, brewed, plowed, dug, foddered the cattle by herself—a short, stout girl of twenty-five, when first I knew her, dressed always in coarse, quaker garments; a thin, white cap half hiding her red cheeks, and shining brown hair. She went about her work whistling, I remember, or crooning some old jolly ditty or other, ready, at any minute, to give or take a joke with the first comer. Her voice was not unmusical; it pleased me like the unreasoning melody of a musical box. I used to think, too, her warm-blooded, animal cheerfulness a wholesome thing to have in the house near one, though it put me in mind of the good humor of Rover, wagging his tail in the sunshine, yonder. I could not understand how a human being could be so unconscious of all of life's cares and duties. But it pleased me, as I say.

In fact, when I used to watch the girl at her old man's work in the field, or busy with the milk in the dairy, I had always the same feeling for her as for a favorite and well-disposed dog, or horse. She plodded on in such apparent blindness to all below or beyond her milk-pans or her hoe, coming from a region of eternal question-asking, her incurious dullness delighted me. She cooked my meals, poured out my tea with the same bright morning face every day; but, farther than that, I was Turk, ghost, or fire-worshiper, she evidently never cared to inquire.

I wondered at the affection of the boy, James, to this older sister, following her about, day after day, in his anxious, uncertain way, trying to help her. He was a lame lad, of scrupulous habit; a weak, mild-tempered, courteous-mannered boy, with one vague, misty idea of a great genius within him—a talent for sculpture. The cow-house, I remember, was filled with his yellow-clay moulds. Somebody had given the boy this notion, through which, in the future, some pleasure or pang, alien to his work—a life, should creep into it, perhaps.

The mother—old Rachel Mayfield, as the Friends called her—had a more human interest for me, at first, than any of the others, though she did little else than sit by the window, reading some dog-eared books of poetry and fiction, which I had found in one of my trunks and given to the poor creature. I fancied a look of annoyance passed over her daughter's face when I brought them out; but, apparently, it was only fancy, for, every day after breakfast, she would adjust the little stand, with its green baize cover, by the window, and put the book, ready open at last mark, with the old lady's spectacles beside it. There she sat for the rest of the day, the outline of her thin nose and receding chin sharply defined against the dim panes, devouring the bombastic stuff. She had a natural hankering after dress and display, and a weak, mawkish sentiment; wore a faded pink ribbon about her throat; had her spectacles parcel-gilt. One of the first traits that attracted my more special scrutiny to Meg was

her recognition and indulgence of this point in her mother's character. She came up one evening to the bench where I sat, near the well, busied about her work, and, after drawing the buckets full of water, put her hand to her back, suddenly, her lips turning blue.

"You put your strength to too great a strain," I said, half angrily. "Surely, Margaret, there must be some way to avoid this man's drudgery."

She said nothing, trying to control her face, which the pain had contorted, back into its ordinary jolly dullness.

I pitied the woman so much that I went on, breaking the ice, for the first time, of our usual silence. "I see you sewing late into the night. I know you do it for pay. It is too much."

She looked at me, dazed, surprised, as if the thought of how hard her lot was had never occurred to her before.

"I must have money," with a half laugh, shouldering her bucket.

"Does it need so much to keep you three, then?"

"No." She stopped a minute, flying her steady, cow-like eyes full on mine, as if my interest in her had touched and moved her, and then changing her mind, apparently, turned off her words into a cough, and plodded up the walk to the stable. James had been an eager listener.

"She need not work, Meg needn't," he whispered, as she walked away. "This land's hers, did you know? She's been offered good sums for it, but she'll not sell."

"Hers?"

"Mother was married twice, you see. Aaron Mayfield was Meg's father. My name's Birkitt. But mother goes by the name of Mayfield, generally—so do I. My father was never in these parts. She married him in Delaware, when she was on a visit there, and he died, I think, when I was a wee chap. So she, coming here, goes by her old name of Mayfield, and I, too. But the land's Meg's."

"And she will not sell it?"

He shook his head. "Jacob Aylott, Abby's father, you know," his face growing red, "wants to put a mill here; and he'd give her enough to make us all snug, with no more work for her; but Meg says my mother loves every inch of the ground, and while she lives it shall never go from us. She lived here, mother did, with Aaron Mayfield, when they were first married, and—"

"Yes."

By the change in the boy's face I saw he was old enough to understand why the marshy flat black peak meant something to the poor old woman in her faded ribbons yonder, which all Jacob Aylott's money could not buy.

I looked at Meg Mayfield with a new interest after that day. Presently I discovered another fact which brought her more into the likeness of other and reasoning women. She had a lover. When John Bradburn, the fresh-cheeked young miller down at the Point, brought up Meg's flour, and stopped for supper, which he did once in every fortnight, I noticed that the blue china was always down, the waffles fleecy with lightness, and Meg herself attired in her soft drab dress, and the clear, snowy muslin folded over her white throat and bosom, had a softer look in her brown eyes, and a new flash coming and going in her face. John, himself, talked of the crops to "the missus," and, to me, of the far-off events of the day as they were echoed by the county newspaper; but, seemingly, took but little notice of Meg, other than by a sheepish word now and then. There was no regular "company-keeping" as yet; but I watched, amused, the trouble Bradburn had with the Mayfield's small lot of corn and wheat, necessitating weekly, and at last thrice-weekly, calls for explanation. Matters were reaching a crisis. What could hinder the course of this homely but true love? Old Rachel was beginning to wake delightedly to a knowledge of it—a bit of romance outside of her tattered novels. Bradburn was a Friend, well-to-do in the world, with a snug brick house, well-planned, down at the Point, but within sight of the old place.

A comfortable, easy-going life opened before the girl, with hard work in it, doubtless, but sterling affection to sweeten all—a good, glowing, commonplace summer's day. Other women—men—but I choked down all bitter thoughts, and tried to come closer to Meg in her new aspect.

It was about this time that I noticed a singular change in her. She whistled and sang her old songs, her cheeks were as red, and her heart was not in it; there was a vacant look in the eye, a stern compression of the mouth, new to poor Meg's good-natured visage. She began, too, quietly to absent herself on the evenings of John Bradburn's visits, making grunts to the farms on the other side of the Ridge; the young man, every time this occurred, watching uneasily for her all the evening, and going away with a sullen, lowering face. Meg's whistling and singing, too, were only kept up when in her mother's hearing; away from her she was silent, going through her round of farm-work, sowing later into the night, with a face as dull and torpid as that of some old hack-horse in a tread-mill. I noticed, too, that she grew more anxious every day to save money, stripping the family of even necessary comforts, trading in every petty way with the neighbors that could bring in a few cents. I could discover no motive for this, other than pure miserly love of hoarding. The money went into her cupboard-drawer, and never emerged. It was spent neither on herself nor her mother, though the old woman sorely needed it, as her thin gowns and patched shoes told.

One dull October evening I left the little attic room where I slept, and wrapping a shawl about me, went out to try if the cold night air on the hillside would clear away a sick headache, from which I had suffered all day. As I passed the inner kitchen, the firelight blazing up cheerfully into the dark passage, lighting up the wide room with its rows of shining tiles, and the figure of the old Quaker, sitting in her bickory chair by the hearth, her hands folded, while Jimmy crouched close by the firelight, reading one of her favorite books aloud. Meg, I supposed, was still out in the stables. Passing quietly out, I loitered a few moments, in the twilight, by the garden-gate, and then walked slowly, without any particular aim in view, down toward the glen, where the shadows lay deep, even on a night as clear as this.

They were heavy and sharply cut shadows that night, I remember; the peak behind the house rising gray and ragged with dark cedars; the building itself throwing but one red beam of light out into the gloomy thicket at its side; down in the glen the cold, full wind whistling, with one or two sharp and dreary minor notes round the abrupt turn of the creek, giving the sombre night a voice of discomfort and pain.

Arriving, at last, at a heap of stones near the bank, concealed by the thick undergrowth, where I often sat in summer afternoons, I stood a moment to watch the water in the starlight before returning to the house. I had no fear in remaining so late; the Mayfield place was in a lonely nook of the hills, and besides the carts of the butcher and miller, no passengers ever used the old road that led to it.

When I heard a hasty step, therefore, close at hand, and a crunching of the sand, denoting that the step was that of a heavy man, I turned, frightened, to retrace my way. It was no good errand that brought a stranger there at this hour.

I was too late, however. Through an opening in the bushes I saw the man, leaning idly against the stump of a scum-over, not ten feet from me, his hands thrust into the pocket of a shaggy overcoat. I knew him at once to be a stranger; the broad, brawny build of his body, the sensual, dull-eyed face, the jaunty set of his beaver hat, were all at variance with the sober exterior of the Quaker settlers. I stooped under the rock by which I stood, and, afraid to move, waited for him to weary of his scrutiny of the water.

Half an hour passed; then I heard a quick, sharp whistle, and a woman's stifled call in reply. He stepped rapidly forward, the haw-bushes closing behind him as he went a few paces farther from me, so that the figure of the person whom he went to meet was concealed. But I had not been mistaken. It was a woman's voice I heard with his; the tones eager, supplicating, then angry and threatening as they talked. I dared not escape, the movement of hand or foot would have betrayed me. I knew not to whom; convicts, I fancied, escaped from the county prison; and so, woman-like, waited, accumulating vague fears together until a louder word sobered me.

The woman was Meg. My blood chilled. Dull and stupid though I thought her, I had come to look on the girl as pure and truthful as a child. What was this? In all my life I had seen no face so low and sensual as this man's.

They came nearer; their faces turned toward me now. There was a new meaning on the girl's face which I could not read: her hand was on her arm.

"I'll give you two weeks," he said, savagely, following each part of a sentence with an oath. "You'll do that as I wish?"

Her hold of his arm tightened unconsciously. "How can I do that?" she said, looking at me, as if I were a witness. "Look at my mother, she and the child are helpless as babes in my arms; they have no chance but me between them and starvation."

"Sell the place," he growled.

She dropped her hand, a steady look of obstinate determination coming into her face. "Thee knows that that I will never do. It would kill Rachel Mayfield to be rooted from the old ground. She shall have her home till the last."

She stopped; the man leaning on his folded arms on a fence, peered with an insulting smile into her face—a mocking, mastering smile. Meg's eyes flamed into a strange defiance.

"No," quietly. "Thee must stop here, Daniel. Not one step farther. I will not sell the farm where she lives."

"Then—"

"God knows," her whisper, shrill and acrid as a cry, "if there were crime in that love for thee long ago, I have paid the punishment. These ten years I have been a drudge, a slave to pay it. If it were not for that, I might be now as well, loved as other women. It's hard! I'll throw her arms over her head, and sobbing heavily without tears."

The man lit his cigar coolly, and waited for her to control herself, the jeering smile still on his mouth. She saw it when she looked up, and, quivering herself, stood erect and firm.

"You will not sell it? It would make the old woman easy for life; besides—"

"I will not. I can work for her. I know what the loss of her old home would be to her." "She lived with Mayfield here," with a sneer.

"They were the one or two years when she did live. Some women never know such years."

The unspoken bitterness of the words touched even this man's calloused heart. "By G—, I'm sorry for you, Meg. Between me and the old woman you've led a devil's life of it."

A flush rushed to her face. "Would—Is there any hope in asking thee once more to go—to let me drag out the rest of this life in peace? I'm not strong. There's some of them think me as of an ox or horse; but I'm broken more in their know. Betimes, I think I'll not last long—not long. It was the hard work done it, an' the hiding, hiding these many years."

Her words dulled down into silence, her head going down, the old hopeless vacancy coming back into her eyes.

"Well, well," impatiently, "I'm sorry Meg, but it can't be helped. I'm a bad lot, I know; always in ill-luck. But the world owes me a living, and you're the one as signs the bills—so no grumbling."

A sudden gust of wind drowned her reply. "It blows sharply here," he said; "come farther down the bank." She obeyed him, and as they turned, the branches rustling in the air hid the noise of my foot steps, as I retreated through the dead cedar grove and behind the out-houses to the farm-house.

I went into the kitchen and stood by the fire, cold in body and sick at heart, unable to answer old Rachel's usual patter of questions. I wished myself clear of this secret I had learned against my will; the disgust and pity I felt for the girl oppressed me. I had so deceived myself in her, thinking her a good-humored, innocent animal; she who had doped us all, carrying about with her the shame of this old crime, whatever it was, robbing her gray-headed mother of the comforts belonging to her years to keep it secret. Yet there was a redeeming point in her still, remembering her obstinate determination to hold to the old ground her mother loved.

She came in as I stood there, carrying a hal-

ter and some gear that needed mending; stopped to pour out a glass of beer and bring it to Rachel, her usual custom in the evening, laying her thick and stumpy hand carelessly on the old head as she did so.

Curiously, with all the new feeling of repugnance rising strong in me to Meg, I never had thought her so girlish or pretty as to-night. The cold wind, or her excited feeling, had called a clear color to her cheek; her dark eyes held a new intelligence, a quiet sadness, that touched even me, who knew its foul cause.

Well, let me be brief. It is not an easy story for me to tell, that of Meg Mayfield's, trial and its end. It was not difficult for me to avoid, silent as my habit—and I did it; shunned her as I would any of God's creatures that to my fastidious judgment seemed unclean. There was no womanly thought of pity for a woman no Christy tenderness in my breast for this tempted soul, for whom Christ died; her coarse secret was alien to my nature—so I drew my skirts daintily back, and let her creep slowly down her miserable way, to what end a God of justice pleased. I remember the look the poor creature used to give me, sometimes, in those days that followed, wondering, appealing, hopeless, as one going down into deep waters, seeking some kindly glance to bid good-by. I never returned it.

There is one of Christ's words, of which I, of all his creatures, have proved the meaning. "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

The autumn passed by quietly. Meg's cheerfulness partly returned. I believed her tormentor had ceased, for the time, to annoy her. But her manner toward Bradburn remained unchanged. The young man, rough and ignorant though he was by education, was a strong, sincere, earnest-hearted fellow at bottom, with no notions of shyness and coquetry. He meant his love, and meaning it, was not afraid to put it in plain words. He stopped her, therefore, one evening as she was leaving the kitchen soon after he entered it, catching the skirt of her print dress that was tucked up about her waist.

"Meg!" he said, and then paused to clear his throat.

The girl stood flushed and trembling; old Rachel laid down her book, and looked up with an amused pleasure. Jenny touched my arm to listen.

"Meg, I'm a plain spoken fellow. There's no use of keeping things secret, especially when they're open as day already. Your mother and Jem, and even our friend Jane here, knows why I've hung round this place a year or more; and they've watched you turning your back, and shutting your eyes, and trying not to see me. It's time to end this here. If I was a cold-blooded chap, and did not love you, 'twouldn't matter. But I mean what I say, and I don't care if the whole world hears me. It's the reallest thing to me now whether you care for me or not."

He had risen while he spoke, and stood looking down at her, his burly, kindly face hot and in thorough earnest.

"It hurts me living this way. If you love me, Meg Mayfield, speak it out, bold and true, like an honest girl, and I'll make you the snuggest, happiest home in C— county. But if it's so as you'll say no, don't be afeared. I'll care none the less for you. I'll—"

He stopped, watching her face eagerly, chewing his underlip; she had covered her head with her arm. When she looked up, I thought that whatever was the crime to be atoned for, she was bearing the punishment now in its utmost measure. Even I felt a strange thrill of pity at the face.

John Bradburn caught it in his two great hands. "Why! what's afeared you, Meg? Don't be afeared. Only speak true."

"Yes, I will," very slowly. "I'll not lie on myself to thee, John Bradburn, come what will. I can't be thy wife; but as these loves me, so I— I've thought of none but thee these many years," looking up with a quick smile.

He put his arm round her with a delighted laugh. "If that's so, why won't you keep us apart? Not be my wife? What'll come between us, Meg?"

"I spoke true," drawing herself away. "I might have said thee was nothing to me, and so ended it; but I spoke true. It's want of money that'll keep us apart, John Bradburn."

The young miller reddened. "I'm not rich," he said, with a rough pride; "but your mother and Jem yonder, I'll never want a meal while there's grist comes to my mill. You never shall work as you do now, Meg, my girl."

He waited a moment; but when she made no reply, added dryly, "I did not think you would crave a rich man, or maybe I'd have worked harder and had a better show to make."

"Thee's bitter, John. I do not deserve it." She drew away from him, a d stood by the fire, looking into it without moving. I tried to pass her to reach the door, but she put out her hand.

"There's not one of ye but blame me wrongfully," she said, with a certain dignity and assurance of tone of which I would have believed her incapable. "Miserly and hoarding, that's the word for Meg. It's hard I can't right myself now, when I'm giving up all that's good in the world for me."

"And for what is thee giving it up?" cried her mother, querulously.

Meg faced her suddenly, an inexplicable look flashing over her countenance. For a moment she did not speak—then, "I think it will come right in the end. I've tried so hard."

Bradburn came toward her. "Don't worry," he said, in his bluff, hearty way to old Rachel.

"Meg's got some sickly notion in her head; I'll soon drive it away."

I left the room. I think the girl, even then, standing so alone in her great trouble, was hurt by my want of womanly interest in her. The discussion was waged quietly for many days, but I knew how it would end. Meg held her secret, and stood firm. The young miller disappeared from the house, and we fell back into our old dull routine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Counterfeit National Bank notes and fractional currency to the amount of over one thousand dollars were detected at the Treasury Department last week. This is the largest amount ever received at the treasury in any one week, since the issue of government paper, and leads to the belief that the currency is being extensively counterfeited.

[From the Farmington Chronicle.]

## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE ONE WHO WROTE

"I'LL MARRY NO MAN IF HE DRINKS."

"I'll marry no man if he drinks! You are right! Here's my heart and my hand I will pledge you this; Come, let us be friends, henceforth and forever! I'll marry no man if he smoke, chew, or swear!"

What though his fame be as great as Ulysses— For smoking or glory, pray, what do I care? If one must forever be chewing or smoking, Their "fragrant Havana" polluting the air!

'Tis the charm of their life—the "Delectable mountains," When they catch a bright glimpse of the future in store, And fancy that they have been heroes and nobles, And the wreaths of blue smoke are the laurels they wore!

And as for chewing, oh I hate, I detest it! But that's a frail word to express my disgust, For that loathsome, that vilest of all the vile habits, Which eats like a canker, consumes like a rust.

Though I forget the friendship of every smoker, I still am in earnest; I'd marry a mite, As deaf as a lump-post, before I would marry A man who could make himself less than a brute!

M. Vernon Post Office. ROSA.

A FEMALE GENIUS.—It is said that Miss

Harriet Hosmer is receiving an income of \$15,000 a year from her labors as an artist in Italy. The St. Louis Dispatch gives the following account of her remarkable career:

"When we first knew Miss Hosmer she was but a child, who, having an indulgent father and no mother, was allowed to roam about the fields like a young fawn, unrestrained by parental authority. She was at that time an only child, and was the life and light of a doting father, who loved her more than life itself, and, having but little time to care for and instruct her, allowed her to shape her own course. Out-door sports were her especial favorites, such as riding, walking, fishing, shooting, swimming and chasing butterflies. She had a room in the old mansion house, that was situated on the banks of the Charles River, in Watertown, Mass., that was set apart as her museum, and the first portion of her collection she made was of butterflies, bugs, flies, and every manner of insect that she could procure. These were stuck fast to the wall by pins, until the walls of the room were covered. Her next effort was moulding in clay, first of her own hands and feet; afterwards she attempted to form the eye, and after making collections of feet, hands and arms, she commenced to form a head. Having made one that partially satisfied her, she procured a block of Egyptian marble from a neighboring grave-stone cutter, employed him to do the first chiselling, he striking where her finger pointed, until she took charge of it herself;—and after several months labor she succeeded in bringing out a very acceptable bust.

This was the first step towards the \$15,000

yearly income. Miss Hosmer was noted for her skill in riding, shooting and swimming, and many a boy has been obliged to acknowledge her ability as a swimmer; and many a time has she borne off the palm in a race with a dozen boys in Charles River. At a female seminary at Lenox, Mass., she was for a time the companion of Fanny Kemble. She was always more at home in the company of boys than of girls, owing to her taste for out-door sports. Many a prank has she played upon her unsuspecting neighbors; at one time dressing in male attire, going to the city on the cars, and uncoupling the train on a down grade, leaving one car far behind the train, much to the annoyance of its occupants.

TRAINING COLTS.—T. S. Ingersoll, Berea, Ohio, a practical man now more than eighty years of age, but who has broken a great many colts writes as follows:

Colts are taught in the first place, while I am their friend I must be their master and they must obey. This lesson is sometimes hard for them to learn, especially as I used to break colts in former years, when a young man. Then if the colt did not come "right up to the chalk" the first time, it was washed by the whip. I was most unmerciful in my dealings, exercising no reason nor good judgment which are the most necessary attributes of character to be called into requisition by the trainer of colts. These two talents, together with patience, I have made use of in my later years in training colts, till I think I have them in pretty good use, when required. Many friends often say to me, "You are too old to break colts. Why a man near eighty years of age to think of breaking such wild colts it seems quite absurd, you'll get killed by them by and by." My reply has been, I am better qualified to break colts, as you term it, than when I was young. It is not half the work now that it was forty years ago. I don't break any colts now; I train them; I don't like the term of breaking colts; I use the term of training or educating them;—treating them something as I would a young child, never punishing them for ignorance. I seldom use a whip in my early training. The first exercise with a colt after he has carried the harness till he is not afraid of it, is to put lines to the bits and over the buttocks and running the colt through the breeching, so as to keep them up; I go behind and attempt to drive him. This sometimes makes awkward work; but patience and reason and good judgment must be exercised, for the colt will cut up all manner of pranks, sometimes rearing or kicking up. Do not hold the reins too tight; humor him till he finds he cannot get away or rid himself of his harness; and as he gets a little tired he will begin to yield. I get my colts accustomed to the bits by drawing them around with the harness on. Always let the traces dangle about their legs as much as possible, to get them used to having anything hit their heels without being frightened at it. I should have said before that while driving them I talk to them a great deal. They will soon learn my language. If they seem inclined to back, I gently pull on the lines and say back, back, Charles, if that is his name. When they choose to go forward, I say go on. When I want to turn round, I gently pull this line on the side I wish them to turn, and say come round, Charles, always speaking his name.

When I think it is safe to put him between a pair of rails, with two wheels, I first let him see it and smell of it, leading him round it, lifting up the rails and letting them fall till he sees that it will not hurt him. Then I put him between the rails and let him stand awhile before I attempt to drive him. By driving awhile in this vehicle until I think it safe, I put him

before a lumber wagon, and he will soon be manageable at ordinary work.

DARK DAYS NEEDFUL.—On Sabbath morning there was a great rain; gentle in its manner, but vast in its quantity. There had been no rain for many weeks; the ground was parched and the floods were welcome; but in the meantime an unspeakable dullness pervaded the air, and communicated itself to human spirits. The heavens were very dark, and men's hearts seemed sad; at any rate mine fell down to zero, as I sat in my chamber that dreary morning. But it was then and there that, if not for the first time, at least much more vividly than at any former period, the thought presented itself, that when the scorched ground obtains at length its needed refreshment, the landscape is always dark, never smiling in the sunshine. No man is so foolish as to complain, while the thirsty land is drinking in the rain from heaven; that he cannot enjoy at the same moment the comfort of bright skies overhead. In the spiritual sphere I suspect the line runs close and parallel. While a Christian is getting what he often asked from God, a refreshing by the Spirit from on high, I think he is not ordinarily light-hearted and cheerful. I suppose, in grace, as well as in nature, the times of greatest refreshment at the root are not times of greatest brightness overhead. We do not fret under the cloud that hides the sun, while it waters the earth; neither should the children of God think that all is going against them in the time of sadness. Our Father, the Husbandman, does not often water his garden while the sun is shining. From causes known fully only to himself, the water is more precious to the ground if the sun is veiled during the process. Only thoughtless children would complain that they cannot get the garden well watered from the sky without an interruption of the sunbeams. After long drought over a continent, the day in which rain comes is a dark, dull day; in this aspect, God's doings in grace, are like his doing in nature.—Sunday Magazine.

AMUSING SCENE.—A CONFEDERATE IN A RAGE.—It seems that Ex-Senator Toombs has been foolish enough to repeat his vain-glorious boast that he would yet call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. This empty threat took place at Havana, where Toombs is now residing, and was made to an American lady, who thus describes the scene:

"At the table of the hotel, I was introduced to Mr. Toombs of Georgia. I inquired, *sotto voce*, of the nearest gentleman, if it was the former Senator of the United States. I think he saw that I was asking about him, for he at once began to tell the English captain (naval) next to him that he had been thirteen years in the Senate of the United States; that he was a Confederate General, and Confederate gentlemen were gentlemen, &c. Captain L. remarked: 'This lady is not of your way of thinking; she is for the Federals; looking over at me. So appealed to, I said: 'Yes, indeed, I am for the Union—I am a Yankee to the marrow of my bones.' 'Ah!' said Toombs, 'I have trampled on the Yankee flag many times (gentlemanly, was it not?) I have trod upon eighteen of them at one time.' I replied: 'It seems to have done very little harm, since it floats triumphant now.' 'O, I shall do it again; it has got to be brought low yet.' 'I think there is no immediate danger, replied I, either of that or of your calling the roll of your slaves on Bunker Hill.'

Such an expression of friendship as his countenance assumed I cannot describe; the corners of his mouth curled up, showing his long, tobacco-stained teeth, and he lisped out: 'I'll count them there yet—I'll count them there yet.' 'You may,' said I, 'but with the tables turned, you in bonds and they free.'—'Oh!' said he, the North has not done with us yet.' 'Indeed,' said I, '



## Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JULY 6, 1866.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTENILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required of this office.

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

Sheriff—CHAS. HEWINS, Augusta.

Co. Com'r.—M. ROLLINS, Jr., Albion.

## WATERVILLE.

Not only her own citizens regard Waterville as one of the most attractive villages in New England, but every stranger coming here in summer remarks the natural beauties of the place, the facilities it possesses as a place of residence, and its unsurpassed opportunities for becoming the leading manufacturing city on the Kennebec river.

The "village," as it is termed, is situated on a beautiful and extensive plateau, about one hundred feet above the level of the river, and is capable of furnishing ample residences for fifteen to twenty thousand people. The river, the charming Emerson stream, and the adjacent hills covered with forests, give natural beauties to the place which can never be impaired even by a dense population.

The surrounding country is one of the best agricultural sections in the State. The farmers about Waterville raise the finest specimens of cattle. The rich pastures are the domain of the lordly Durhams, intermingled with Ayrshires and Jerseys. The attention of farmers has been given not only to cattle, but also to the breeding of the best families of horses, sheep and swine.

As an evidence of the agricultural wealth of the country surrounding Waterville, we can ride in half an hour down to Mr. Lang's establishment at North Vassalboro, the best breeder of horses in New England, who has done so much within a few years, to add to the wealth of North Kennebec, which has its center in Waterville. An hour's drive will take us to the large estate of Mr. Warren Percival, who is breeding intelligently and profitably as fine Durhams as any breeder in town, or New York. Within a radius of ten miles from Waterville may be found the farmers who have the choice Spanish Merinos, the Cotswold's and the South Downs, equal to any in the country.

It is certainly an important fact in connection with the anticipated growth of Waterville to become the manufacturing center of Kennebec county, that it is so generously supplied with surrounding agricultural wealth. It is essential to a manufacturing community to have in its vicinity rich and productive farms; and nothing adds more to the value of the best farming lands than proximity to a city of spindles.

Next to Bangor, probably, this is the largest shipping point of potatoes in the State; many of the farmers providing annually for the market hundreds and some of them thousands of bushels. In the "potato season" it is not unusual to have our streets crowded with teams all loaded with potatoes, for which the farmers receive remunerative prices.

The wool, grain, hay, apples and horses shipped to Boston from this point by our two railroads have no means at hand for estimating, but the aggregate of sales is very large.

CONVENIENT.—Who would doubt, that a very neat and tasteful hack, with a pair of good horses, in charge of a good steady Waterville boy—say, "Charley Bacon," for instance, who was one of our faithful soldiers—would be well patronized in our streets? Always ready for persons or parties—picnic parties—fishing parties—funerals—railroad passengers, &c. &c.—who would not think it a public convenience? Just such an enterprise "Charley" has undertaken, and in proportion as he proves accommodating, careful, and honest, he has a good prospect of success.

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD will be paid to any man or woman, or to their heirs or assigns, who shall have the cholera within one month of the time of using a bottle of Gilmore's Vegetable Bitters.

DIVIDENDS.—On Monday last the Banks in our village made semi-annual dividends as follows:—Ticonic, 4 per cent.; Waterville, 5 per cent.; People's, 4 per cent.

**CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**—I notice by the papers that the law for prevention of cruelty to animals has been put in force in New York, by a society of gentlemen who have formed a club for the special purpose; and they have gone so far as to cause the arrest of the Captain of a vessel, plying between that port and the West Indies, for bringing turtles in the hold of his vessel lying on their backs. In this instance, perhaps, they have allowed their zeal to carry them away, but no doubt these great number of arrests for cruelty to horses will have a wholesome restraint upon some of the brutes who drive.

I could not help thinking that such a law, if in force here, might have been well applied in the case of three brutes whom I met upon the road to Kendall's Mills last Sunday, driving a poor horse in a chaise, (who should have had a decent burial long ago, as he had evidently lived the allotted time of the horse), with a stick of wood at least six feet in length, and by repeated applications of the stick the poor horse was kept on the trot up hill, although the road was heavy with mud and the drivers apparently heavy with something worse.

**JUST THE THING WANTED!**—Those who read the advertisement of "Boat on Snow Pond," will wonder how it is that our generous, social, pleasure loving and chowder loving neighbors at West Waterville have so long done without the luxury of just such a boat as Capt. Bowman has put upon their beautiful pond. It was due to their citizens, and especially to this village, that one of the prettiest opportunities in the whole State should be improved. So handy will it be for parties from the region around, who have no pond of their own!—Winslow, Fairfield, Benton, Clinton, Sidney, and a dozen other places—this cheerful village in particular, never forgetting "The Neck" and "Ten lots,"—to fill their baskets, and go out together for a 2 o'clock luncheon some pretty little island of as beautiful a pond as ever.

It makes us hungry, the very thought!—how we shall eat with the clever Captain's christening party! He's an "old salt," the Captain—as safe as a rock above high tide; and a face so kind the very look would help you out if you fell over the "right hand larboard stern bow." Any time after Sunday next the new and very neat sail boat "Lill," will be at her wharf subject to orders.

**THE FOURTH AT LEWISTON.**—The city of Lewiston entertained an immense multitude on the 4th. The programme embraced, as every body might know, fire-works, firemen, firing guns, fire crackers, and fire water. The item of main interest to this locality was the trial of five engines, in which the Ticonic Ones of Waterville won the first prize. The playing was in the face of a strong wind, so that the winning machine made but 154 feet and five inches. No other engine from this section entered the lists. Ticonic had repeatedly made 200 feet before the trial, and needed only a fair chance to repeat the performance. The following "tubs" entered the contest:

Ticonic, Waterville, 155 feet and 5 inches.  
Torrent, Bath, 146 feet and 3 inches.  
Excelsior, Auburn, 151 feet and 9 inches.  
Washington, Gardiner, 147 feet.

Two silver trumpets were the prizes, the Ticonic taking the first, and the Excelsior the second.

Waterville Threes received the Ticonics, on their return, with a collation at their hall, and with such manifestation of sympathy as their own recollection of similar (?) victories suggested—proper abatement being made for the lateness of the hour, the weariness of the victors, &c.

Jos. T. Woodward, Esq. nominated for senator in this county, informs us that his residence is Sidney, and not Augusta, as we put it. We very cheerfully make the correction on his authority. The clown of an old play says his name is John, which he spells J-i-d on account of his mother being a poor speller. Mr. Woodward resides in Sidney, which we spell A-u-g-u-s-t-a, on account of his having a law office there, boarding there, sleeping there, spending all his time there, and having no interests anywhere else. Having studied legal as well as political tactics in Augusta, he is doubtless able to make this appear plainer than we can. It gives us pleasure to add, however, that we think Mr. Woodward eminently qualified to represent his legitimate political locality, wherever that may be found out of Augusta; and that while he is worthy the position, we hope he will be found proportionately unworthy the means by which he reaches it.

The Lewiston Journal makes out a pretty strong case against certain travelling picture dealers, suspected of complicity in the Bowdoinham Bank robbery; but the Portland Argus says those persons have been through the hands of the detectives, since the robbery, and that they pronounced the story all moonshine. The same men were here the day before the burglarious attempt at Mr. Percival's house, and visited all three of our banks, ostensibly to sell pictures, but were not seen afterwards.

A pocket book, containing a portion of the stolen property—notes, bonds, coupons, &c.—was picked up in Portland on Monday last, which may possibly lead to further disclosures.

**STRANGE!**—Mr. Drisco, of the Machias Union, by his own confession, makes a tour in which Waterville is a point, and goes home to waste four of his precious columns between Anson and Bath, without a line for "the most beautiful village on the Kennebec."

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

## OUR TABLE.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW** for April has the following table of contents:—  
Grote's Plato, Muses Britannica. Water Supply. Correspondence of Marie Antoinette. The Irish Church. Autobiography of Prince Charles of Hesse. The Recon. struction of the American Union. Diary of right Honorable W. Windham. The Reform Debate.

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 discount 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 66 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.

**MR. HATHAWAY'S SABBATH SCHOOL** had a quiet little celebration of Independence Day at the Shirt Manufactory, Wednesday afternoon, which proved a very pleasant occasion to the scholars and teachers, as well as to the friends who were invited to participate. The room occupied was the one in which our first soldiers were gathered a little more than five years ago, to receive a parting gift from the liberal and patriotic proprietor; and as this was remembered no doubt many a grateful prayer went silently up to Him who had led us safely through that dark period and had again given us a united country, with peace and prosperity in all our borders. The programme embraced religious exercises, with vocal and instrumental music, and scriptural and miscellaneous recitations by the scholars—the company adjourning to the grounds after while for out-door exercise, where old and young played ball, swung, or walked quietly about, pleased to witness the active enjoyment of the others. On their return to the hall they found that in their absence a bountiful collation had been spread—the wholesome bill of fare including a plentiful supply of luscious strawberries, best of natural luxuries—of which, after brief addresses to the school by several gentlemen present, the company were invited to partake. Lingered for a little pleasant social communion after the collation had been disposed of, the company finally slowly separated, grateful to their host for the opportunity afforded of observing our national festival in a manner at once so fitting and agreeable.

**THE NEW CHURCH.**—The staging (or what a little girl called "the crinoline") has been taken from the spire, and it stands out in its chaste beauty, a prominent feature in the view anywhere in our vicinity. The fresco painters have finished their labors, and the inside staging having been removed, the eye can measure the size of the spacious nave room and appreciate its beauty. A large force will be immediately engaged in finishing the inside, putting up the pews, etc. Mr. Blunt is confident that in four weeks the church will be ready for occupancy. The lot has been handsomely graded, and trees set upon the street, and gravel walks constructed; and even now, by a little aid of the imagination, one may measurely appreciate the improvement which this enterprise will make in the appearance of our street, when it shall be completed, and the lot clothed with verdure and beauty.

One incidental improvement has come from this enterprise, that our old Commencement visitors will not fail to notice. The old tumble down building, that for so many years has stood out so disagreeably prominent in the field directly opposite the Baptist Church, has been removed, and the lot on which it stood, immediately in rear of the new church, has been neatly fenced, leaving a passage way on the north side, from Elm to Main street, which will be open on Sabbath days.

The Grand Trunk Railroad Co. defy the bondholders, and direct their employees to resist all attempts to take possession of the road. A process issued by Chief Justice Appleton has been served, and a hearing will be had in Portland next Tuesday. The impunity with which these monopolies are permitted to defy the laws of the land and override the rights of the people, is one of the alarming signs of the times; and through the mad folly of their managers the tyranny may become so odious that a violent bursting of their iron shackles will be demanded.

**BAPTISM.**—Three persons were baptized at the Bay, last Sabbath morning, who with two others were admitted to the Baptist Church—Rev. Dr. Wilson officiating, as the church is at present without a pastor.

**THE AMERICAN STATESMAN** published by House, Bristol & Co., 67 Nassau St., New York, which we have advertised recently, pays no attention to repeated letters from us.

Will the *Agriculturist* inform us if it is to be classed among the mischievous humbugs against which the public are to be warned?

**BITTER SWEET.**—Mr. J. B. Wendall, Steward of Ticonic Engine Co. No. 1, had the bad luck to jam his foot severely while at Lewiston, on Wednesday, but he had the good luck to hold a policy in the Accident Insurance Co. obtained of the agent, Mr. L. T. Boothby, just before starting, which enables him to draw \$25 a week while he is getting well.

**DROWNED.**—Mr. C. Augustus Fournier, who has been at work at West Waterville for some time past, left for a visit at North Wayne Thursday, June 28. Saturday morning, while bathing, he got into deep water, and not being able to swim, was drowned. Surely, "There is but a step between us and death."

Senator James H. Lane, of Kansas, committed suicide by shooting, on Sunday night. No cause assigned.

## Great Fire in Portland.

Thursday morning, July 6.

A fire broke out yesterday afternoon, about half past 4 o'clock, and has raged fearfully up to this time. The wind has continued to blow quite hard, spreading the flames in all directions. It has already extended from one and a half to two miles!

All the Public Buildings, with but few exceptions, are already destroyed!

All Exchange and Middle Streets are destroyed!

The Custom House—the Post Office—Fox Block—Brown's Sugar House—the Casco House—the new City Hall—Telegraph and Express Offices—Wood's New Hotel—Bookstores—Printing Offices—Banks—impossible to give many particulars.

All gone from Silver to Free Street, and all Fore Street!

Over two thousand families turned out of doors!

Two thirds of the business portion of the city is already destroyed, and the flames still rage with unabated fury.

Provisions, aid, etc. are being collected in adjoining towns to help destitute families.

## LATER.

Half the city is destroyed, and that half includes nearly all the business portion, excepting the heavy business on Commercial Street.

The fire commenced a little below the foot of High Street in a boat shop; next burnt Upham's flouring mill, then Brown's Sugar House with all its surroundings, then Staples & Sons' and Richardson's foundries—and nothing else on Commercial Street of consequence.

It next swept what is called Gorham's Corner, composed of small wooden buildings, clean; burned up as far as the old Varnum House on Pleasant Street, one third the way up Centre Street, half way up Cotton Street, completely up Cross Street, Union Street, Temple Street, Plumb Street and Exchange Street.

It swept down the northerly side of Fore Street to India Street on the east, while on the west it moved along diagonally, across Middle Street and down to Cumberland, taking the Elm House, but sparing the First Parish Church.

Then from Chestnut Street to North, it made a clean sweep on the southerly side of Cumberland Street, to Congress Street, and everything else to Fore Street as far east as India Street.

All the banks are gone, all the newspapers, all but three of the printing offices, all the jewellers, all the wholesale dry goods stores, several churches, the telegraph offices, nearly all the stationery and the majority of nearly all the business.

## LATEST.

The Upper side of Fore Street is swept clean to India Street, excepting a few buildings on the corner of Inila Street. Wood's marble hotel, Freeman House, International House, American House, Elm House, Commercial House, Sturdevant's House and Kingsbury Hotel all destroyed. Congress Street from Chestnut Street to the Observatory cleaned on both sides; not a building standing on Exchange Street; Federal Street entirely destroyed; Cumberland Street from Pearl Street to the hill on both sides, Union, Plum, Temple, Lime and Silver Streets entire, Franklin from Fore to Oxford, all the wholesale and most of the retail shoe stores destroyed.

Eight churches are burned. The 2d Parish, 3d Parish, Pearl Street Universalist, 1st Baptist, St. Stephens and Episcopal, Bethel, Swedenborgian, Catholic Chapel and Bishop Bacon's residence and convent school.

**GEN. CHAMBERLAIN'S LETTER** of acceptance of the gubernatorial nomination is a model for politicians—especially for its brevity and directness. For example—

"We cannot go back to gather up the fragments of the Union as it was; we must recognize the Union as it is and make the constitution what it should be. The constitutional amendment proposed to the country by the two Houses of Congress, is a step in this direction. The position of the Union majority in Congress on the questions of reconstruction assures us that the cause of human rights is safe in their hands. Above all, the hearts of the people are in earnest in this matter, and they mean that no step shall be taken backward. This is no innovation; it is but carrying forward to their completion the ideas and intentions of the Fathers. Theirs as well as ours is the motto we emblazon on our banner; equal civil and political rights to all men. This I understand to be the spirit of your resolutions, and these receive my most cordial concurrence and support."

Dexter won a purse of \$2000 on the Fashion Course, on Monday, five heats being made in the twenties, and the last in 2:24 1-4.

An attempt was made to rob Mr. Samuel T. Raymond, of Westbrook, while on his way to Portland, last Monday evening, in a wagon. The robber waked up the wrong man, however, and although he fired a pistol and drew a knife, he escaped capture only by lively running.

Officers of Waterville Section No. 5 Cadets of Temperance.

Charles, Hill W. A.  
D. McCallis Scribner, V. A.  
Fred H. Caffrey, S.  
A. C. Gower, A. S.  
Ned. Meader, T.  
Fred Hill A. T.  
Herbert J. Philbrick, P. W. A.  
Hattie Low, Chaplain.  
Mury S. Irish, 1st Visitor.  
Nettie Wheeler, 2d Visitor.  
W. H. Kelley, Guide.  
Robert Keith, Usher.  
F. W. Downer, W.  
John S. Scales, S.

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

**A SAD AFFAIR.**—A most heart rending accident occurred near Plum Creek, twenty-five miles west of Fort Kearney, Kansas, on the 1st of last month, the particulars of which we gather from a letter placed in our hands, which conveyed the sad intelligence to friends in this vicinity. In the Vassalboro party which left here this spring for Montana, was Mr. Geo. W. Stanley and wife, (Nellie M., daughter of Joseph and Jane McCarrison of China.) When at the place above mentioned, Mrs. Stanley went into their wagon to arrange the bed clothes, and a rifle which had been left in the wagon was accidentally discharged by her movements, and the whole charge entered her right breast and passed through her body, coming out near the spine, killing her almost instantly. Her husband and his brother were in a tent near by, and hearing the report rushed to the wagon in time to take her out and her last words which were: "I am shot, George I love you—I am killed." Her remains were interred in a cemetery at Plum Creek. Mrs. Stanley was only seventeen years of age and had been married but a short time. This is a most severe affliction to the family and friends of the deceased, who under their present deep sorrow, will receive the sympathy of all who have ever experienced similar grief. [Maine Farmer.]

**FOREIGN ITEMS.**—The war in Germany had not progressed beyond the movement of large bodies of troops by the parties engaged. Prussia, having occupied Dresden without opposition, pressed forward, and on the 21st of June entered Austrian Silesia. The Austrians were seemingly inactive beyond vigorous preparation for future hostilities. The minor German powers were much dissatisfied with the hesitancy of their ally, finding themselves apparently unaided against Prussia. The King of Italy on the 20th of June declared war against Austria, and officially announced that in three days he would begin operations. Accordingly, on the 23d, a body of Italians crossed the Minio, numbering, it is stated, 80,000 men. The actual encounters appear to have been mere skirmishes of outposts, although one report says a regiment of Hessians was annihilated in an affair with Prussians. The English Ministry were defeated on the 18th ult. on an amendment to the Reform bill by an opposition majority of eleven. It was believed that a dissolution would be granted to the ministry. The cattle disease had reappeared in Ireland, but was diminishing in England. The Great Eastern begins to lay the cable on the 8th of this month.

The past fall, as a lady, modestly attired was on her way to the city of New York on board one of the Hudson river night boats, she sat quietly reading in the ladies' cabin, when a flashy dressed dame, mistaking her for a servant, rather rudely accosted her with: "Do you know this cabin is for the ladies?" "Certainly I do," was the answer; "and have been wondering for some time why you were here!"

The Baptists of Maine held their anniversary at Saco last week. From a report in the Biddeford Journal, we learn there are two hundred and seventy-two churches in the State, 137 of which have pastors, others are partially supplied. Several interesting revivals are reported.

**GOVERNMENT BONDS.**—Says the Portsmouth, N. H., Chronicle: "We think that there is but one opinion among the best financiers of the country, as well as among the disinterested masses, with regard to the continued non-taxation of the government bonds, and that is, that this exemption should be removed just as far and as fast as it can be done legally and equitably, faith being preserved toward creditors and due attention always being paid to the current financial interest as the Government."

The police court report of the Richmond Enquirer sometimes contains food for reflection. Two women complained of a third for pushing them into the gutter and throwing stones at them. Of the commission of the offence there seemed to be no doubt. The defendant simply alleged that the others were negroes. This the court at first refused to believe, as they were entirely white; but evidence of their African descent was produced, and the judge at once discharged the defendant, and ordered the complainants to give bonds to keep the peace.

The Universalist State Convention met in Auburn, Tuesday. The attendance was very large. The session continued three days, closing Thursday.

Advices from Mexico state that the city of Matamoros was surrendered to the Liberals on the 23d ult., the Imperials embarking under the protection of the United States flag.

The committee in the Rousseau-Grinnell investigation reported in favor of expelling the former and reprimanding the latter. A minority report suggests a reprimand at the bar of the House, instead of the expulsion.

General R. K. Scott, the Assistant Commissioner for Freedmen for South Carolina, has written an official letter to General Howard which shows that the report lately made by the President's commissioners with regard to the affairs of the Bureau in that State is of the same loose and unreliable character as their first report. A person who accompanied Generals Steedman and Fullerton in their inspection of Edisto Island gives this account of it. The party landed about eleven o'clock in the morning, took a lunch, attended a horse-race, visited two plantations and left at four o'clock in the afternoon, satisfied that the Bureau was a failure.

General Howard has received information from different points in North and South Carolina, to the effect that outrages on freedmen, by ex-rebels, are of daily occurrence. Planters, now that the negro is no longer valued in dollars and cents, do not hesitate to shoot him down on the slightest provocation. The murderers when arrested, in the majority of cases, are held to bail on their own recognizances, but the grand juries generally fail to find indictments against them, and the result is that they go scot-free. As the report of an officer connected with the Bureau in South Carolina says,—"The negroes are worse treated today than they were when they were slaves. Nobody cares for them beyond the service they can get out of them."—[Bost. Adv.]

**BE PREPARED.**—How often are people, both adults and children, attacked at the dead hour of night with cholera morbus, cramps, colic, vomiting and purging; a doctor cannot be obtained till morning; the case grows worse; perhaps death has already claimed its victim; a few doses of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure would have relieved the cramps and pains, and soon completely cured the sufferer of his troubles. Mothers, have it ready for your children! Fathers, provide it for your household!

## CATTLE MARKETS.

Being Independence week, the market was rather light; and though trade was tolerably brisk, there was a slight decline in prices, less on good lots, however, than on poorer ones. The following are the Boston Advertiser's figures:

**DEER CATTLE.**—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef. A few premium bullocks, 14 to 15 cts. per lb.; That commonly called extra, 14 to 14 1-2 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c., 13 to 13 1-2 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 12 to 13 1-2 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 11 to 12 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls &c., 11 to 12 cts.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Sheep, sheared, Northern, 8 to 6 1-2 cts; Western 7 cts.

**STOCK CATTLE.**—Prices for working oxen, \$200 to 300 per pair; steers \$100 to 150; milch cows, \$45 to 70; extra, \$80 to 100; farrow, &c., \$30 to 45.

**MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.**—Shotes, wholesale, 11 to 12 cts. per lb. Retail, 12 to 14 cts.; fat hogs, — 12 cts. per lb.; live weights; Hides, best Brighton, 9 to 1-2 cts. per lb.; country lots 8 to 9 cts.; tallow, 8 to 10 cts.; calf skins, 125 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$2.00 to \$2.50 each.

**OUR LADY READERS** Should try J. W. Bradley's Justly Celebrated Duplex Elliott Skirts, Justly Pronounced by Fashion Magazines and the Press the Most Durable, Economical, and Graceful Skirt ever produced. The "Empress Trail" is the Latest Fashion, and "Pride of the World" are the Most Popular Styles in Use.—See Advertisement.

Barnum, in his *expose* of modern humbugs, will, it is understood, apply the lash to the counterfeiters of foreign perfumes in this country. They are fair game, but of small account, as Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," the great floral extract of the day is rapidly driving their trash out of the trade. Sold everywhere.

**DR. BICKNELL'S STYR** advertised in another column, is an article that cannot be too highly recommended, for it is really all that it claims to be, and no family should be without it. Don't fail to give it a trial. Advertised in another column.

**STUCK BY LIGHTNING.**—We learn from the Portland Advertiser, that on Wednesday afternoon last, the lightning struck a building in Windham, at Baker's Corner. The fluid passed into the house and struck a Miss Allen, knocking her from her chair with a force that sent her under the bed, killing her instantly. A niece of Miss A., was also struck and injured; it is feared fatally.

**EUREKA.**—We met Jones, the broker, on Washington St. this morning, but instead of clasping the hand of the grizzled, wrinkled Jones of the present, we grasped the digits of the fresh and buoyant Jones of twenty years ago. We could not account for the change. Experience, alas, admonishes us that neither a new file from Aborn's nor a new suit from Messinger's, will make an old man young.—After a few words of congratulation my friend explained. He had tried the thousand and one preparations for restoring gray hair to its original color with discouraging results. A friend recommended Knights' Oriental Hair Restorer—he gave it a trial, and now stood before me, a walking advertisement of its matchless virtue.

S. M.

A convention of ladies dissatisfied with the present mode of female dress was held at Syracuse, New York, last week. Miss Dr. Mary E. Walker presided, and made an address, in which she remarked that Jefferson Davis might be adequately punished by being arrayed in hoops and long skirts and made to do the woman's work of a four story house, but that such severity of torture was suited only to such great criminals as he.

There is, we are confident from actual experience, no other article of soap manufactured, can compete with the Steam Refined Soap of Messrs. Leathe & Gore, in active cleansing quality, in reasonableness of price, and in the important property of spending well.

**TRUTH.**—"Truth is mighty and will prevail." So will Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus over all others, notwithstanding so many in the trade are trying to imitate it and deceive the public with a spurious article. Our advice is to use no other, try no other, call for no other, and be put off with no other, for we know there is no other as good. It takes less in quantity; it is far superior to soda to use with cream tartar; it is free from all deleterious substances; you can obtain much better Biscuits with it than with any other saleratus or with soda; we have. Try it, and speak from experience.

Speaking of the reported slacking of Jeff. Davis, the Mobile Register says: "The outrage was committed upon the eight millions of people whom he professed to regard as brothers. The iron entered into their souls." "Ah!" rejoins the Portsmouth Chronicle, "Plantation manners don't suit, when the planter gets into the iron! Did it never occur to these people that there is some truth in the maxim, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,'—and is there not some poetic justice in slacking the representative man of a Great Empire which was designed to fasten the shackles on thousands of men from generation to generation?"

Among the great wonders of the world is the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap, and a greater wonder is that any sane person would make any other as long as it is to be had; it makes happy wives, happy daughters, and happy husbands, and washing day more like a gala day than a working; it is a perfect panacea, and will go farther and do better than any other soap made. Try it.

Gens. Steedman and Fullerton have reached Mississippi, and a newspaper correspondent accompanying them represents that Forrest's guerrillas are killing citizens, freedmen and officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, in a portion of the State.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION is not merely an ornament, but is a token of sound health. This cannot be secured by the use of washes and lotions. It can only be gained by keeping the system in a healthy state. This is the effect of *Marsden's Vegetable Sanative Pills* which thus remove the effect by striking at the cause. Depot, 457 Broadway, New York.

Late advices from Brownsville, Texas, state that the liberals had demanded the surrender of Matamoros, and seem to indicate that the imperialist commander contemplated giving up the city. The citizens were leaving for Texas in anticipation of an assault.

The little tax of one cent upon every box of matches netted the government \$1,500,000 last year. According to that estimate, 100,000,000 bunches or boxes of matches must have been used in this country during the year, or five bunches—equal to five hundred matches for—every man, woman and child.

The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper, has gone to St. Louis to marry a woman who has never looked into a looking-glass. [Portland Advertiser.]







