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Maxham & Wing

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"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The long who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that;
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hadden gray,"
Was fool and knave and a' that;
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fall and a' that;
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls and a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might feel an ox and a' that;
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that,
And Donald herding on the moor,
Who beats his wife, and a' that;
Be nothing but a rascal, booby,
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that;
The rank is to the gutter's stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that;
And though you'd put a royal mark
On copper, brass, and a' that;
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes a king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that;
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self-respect,
And sets the man for a' that.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

RECOMPENSE.

"Is that Oldtown church yonder, if you please Sir?"

A girl spoke to me, I turned and looked at her. There were women of sixteen, and children of sixteen. This one was a child. She wore the scantiest of cotton dresses, belted at the waist, a pair of leather boots, and a white apron. In her hand she carried a sun-bonnet, and her hair, cropped close like a boy's, curled in black rings about her head. The face was a baby's face in sweetness and in innocence, the little brown hands the hands of toil. No young lady this, yet there was nothing coarse or vulgar about her unless it were those hands.

"That is Oldtown church, my dear," I said.

"Are you going there?"

"Yes sir, to see the wedding. Are you?"

"I was, more fool I, though I did not say so to this child. The bride for whom the bells were ringing was to be mine once, would have been but for the accident which had crippled me and changed her heart. She had done nothing openly treacherous, but I saw the truth and set her free. She took her freedom gladly, and we were two. She had quite forgotten me, no doubt. I believed then I never could forget her."

I knew exactly how she would look in snowy silk and lace and coronet of pearls. I had dreamed of her so often in bridal robes.

I nodded to the little thing beside me trudging over the meadow path with the tall grass almost to her waist, and looking at me wistfully.

"I never saw a wedding," she said.

"No?"

"No, sir. Grandfather said I might come. He didn't care himself. It's a long walk, too, from the tavern, and he's very old."

"Does your grandfather keep the tavern?" I asked.

"No, sir—I wish he did!" said the child.—"He has only his fiddle, and people half the time don't care for tunes. What else can he do though? To-night there's a dance, and he's to play for them. That's why we stopped."

A poor fiddler's untalented grandchild—as poor as decent poverty could be—yet her presence somehow cheered me. Half child, half woman, and all a child at heart. Innocent and beautiful, and kindly. I encouraged her to linger at my side. I said to her:—

"I will show you a place where you can see the bride well. It is in the gallery. Will you like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't often been to church. We pray together in lonely places, grandfather and I. Will you be there, sir?"

"Yes."

"I know I should like it."

"Come with me then," I said, and she followed me.

I had meant to hide myself in the gallery, and see my lost love married quite unseen. This companionship had not been in my *role* at all. But I liked it. No friend, no relation, no my own sister would I have had beside me; but this elfish thing was too innocent to fear. I led the way up the dark old stairs, and toward a spot quite sheltered from general view. Then I sat down and she stood leaning over the balustrade.

The church was full of bonnets. Here and there only a masculine head. The minister was in his seat reading, in a position taken for effect. He was a handsome man, and knew it perfectly well.

Girls whisper and giggled, matrons fanned themselves, and men yawned. Soon the soft roll of carriages on the gravel-path was heard, and the bridal party entered. I saw her at last. Alletta.

"Is that the bride?" half sobbed the girl's voice at my side. "Is it a real lady? She looks like wax. Oh, how pretty, how beautiful! Look! Look!"

She touched me with her little hand, and looked at me, her eyes sparkling.

"Did you ever see her before?" she asked.

"Is she like that in everyday clothes? Oh, how pretty! Now pretty!"

Men have no right to weep. I put my head down upon the cushions of the pew and hid my eyes. I felt the child creep close beside me.

"Poor thing, he's tired!" I heard her whisper, and put her little hand out and patted me softly by stealth.

Soon I looked down into the church again, and saw Grant Stanton kiss his bride.

"Is it over?" asked the girl.

"Yes, child," I said; "all over."

"Then I must go," she said. "Thank you for being so kind to me, sir. Good-by."

"Good-by," I said, and her little leather shoes pattered over the aisle and down the stairs and I had seen, as I thought, the last of her. When she was gone I missed her strangely.

I went home when the church was quite empty. It had not been as hard as I had feared, and oddly enough I found myself thinking of that child's little gypsy hand, and those beauti-

ful long-fringed eyes. I wondered at myself, but it was so.

"I should like to see the child again," I said, and as I spoke I spied a crowd about a tavern door upon the road.

It was a poor place, and poor rough people made up the group. But it was plainly no common quarrel or drinking bout which had brought them there, for their faces were all grave and their voices suppressed. I crossed the road.

"What has happened, friend?" I asked of a tinker near by.

"Only a blind fiddler dropped dead," he said. "But there's a gal there 'vild about it."

"And then I passed him and went in. An old man lay upon the floor, and across his body a girl had flung herself. I knew the gypsy hair and the brown neck, the scant cotton dress and the sun-bonnet, flung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor; and bent over her, touching her little despairing head.

"My child," I said, "he is happier than we are."

And she looked up.

"He was all I had," she said; "all, all!"

So had I thought when Alletta gave me back our betrothal ring. My heart ached for her. I said no more, but led her to an inner room, while two men bore the dead man up stairs. She wept wildly, but my presence seemed to comfort her.

After awhile she drew closer to me, and, sitting on a low stool, leaned her forehead on my knee. Soon my hand rested on it, and in an hour she had sobbed herself to sleep.

I said a few words to the landlady when I arose to leave; and she promised to attend to my orders, enforced by the contents of my pocket-book.

"The girl shant go until I hear from you, sir," she said. "Indeed, I don't know where she would go. She seems friendless, and such a child for her age. Thank you, sir!"

And I went on my way, again, thinking not of Alletta, but of the dead fiddler's grandchild. This sun-browned waif, so simple and so ignorant, so friendless and alone.

I was young yet—not five-and-twenty—a bachelor, and likely to be one my life long. I had no proper home to take her to, and no friend to aid me. At last, in my extremity, I thought of Betty—old Betty, who had once been my nurse, and who loved me as she might her own son—and in the gloaming I made my way to her poor home. I found her trimming her vases in her bit of garden-ground, and had my usual kiss across the fence even before the gate was opened.

"I've been thinking of you, she said. I knew it was you soon as I heard some one coming. 'Tisn't every young gentleman would weary himself to see an old body like me. Sit down, honey, and rest."

"I came to ask a favor, Betty," I said.

"Just name it, Master Bertie."

"Will you take a boarder, Betty?"

"Bless me! In my two rooms?"

"Only a child, Betty."

"A child!—Master Albert!"

"I told her of the fiddler's death, and of the girl."

"I have money enough," I said, "but no female relatives. I can only come to you."

"You always were kind-hearted from a boy," she said. "I'll take the little girl, Master Bertie."

Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

"You haven't fretted, have you?" she asked.

"Fretted?" I asked. "Why?"

"Nay, why, indeed?" said old Betty. "Better fish in the sea than ever we caught you. Then in a moment more she added, 'I've been to see the wedding.'"

I felt my face flush. "Shall I bring the girl to-morrow after her grandfather's funeral?" I asked.

"When you please," said Betty. "But, Master Albert, what do you mean to do with her? You are doing all this in a hurry. Just think a bit."

"I mean to adopt the child," I said. "It will make me happy to have a young thing to care for."

Betty laughed. "You'll have young things of your own, please God, some day," she said. "Why, at your age life is before you."

"I shall never marry, Betty," I said.

She caught my fingers in a close clasp with her ho hard-working hand.

"I wish you was back again a baby on my knee, Master Bertie," she said. "I'd like to sing you to sleep as I did then. Ah! it's a grief to us old women to see the young we've nursed grow up so tall and old, with their troubles so shut up in their own hearts that we can't comfort them. Going? Well, then, good-night! I'm ready for the child when you will. I'm ready for anything that will cheer you, Master Bertie. I ought to say Master Albert always now, I suppose; but the old times do come back so!"

I left her leaning over her gate looking wistfully after me, knowing as a mother might the grief which I had buried in my heart. And if her words had given me a pang, it was like some ointment in its very healing. It was something to be loved so even by my old nurse.

Late the next day I led my young charge from her grandfather's grave to Betty's cottage. She kept my hand upon the road as a little child might. I had no thought but that she was one, until old Betty's cry of "Goodness, Master Bertie, I thought you said a young child! Why this is a grown girl!" startled me into consciousness.

"It doesn't matter, does it, Betty?" I asked.

She turned to the girl.

"Take off your bonnet," she said, a little grimly. "I want to look at you. What is your name?"

The girl obeyed. "I'm only Nellie Hay," she said, and stood to be looked at. Betty looked sternly at first, then pityingly.

"La, no! Master Bertie, it don't matter," she said. "I don't see any harm in her. There's a peg behind the door, child. You can hang your bonnet on that." And I left the two together.

Not long, though; every day found some new errand to take me to the cottage. I put on elderly airs, and gave advice. I had her sent to school, and went through grave examinations on Saturday afternoons. I told Betty that when I was a man of middle age I should take my little daughter home, and she should keep house for us. And I began to fancy, very

soon, that there could be no such happiness as that a parent felt. The girl was growing tall. It is true, and I was only ten years older than she was; but when she checked her light tread to keep pace with me, when the childish laugh bubbled and rippled at something which could only make me smile, I felt that years are not the only things which age us.

I was working hard at my profession, too. I had hands and heart full. In a year I found that I could pass Alletta on her husband's arm without a pang. In a year more I wondered whether she had really changed, or whether I fancied black curls more than I did golden bands, for I found myself thinking my little daughter much the prettiest.

In the sultry summer evenings I used to leave red tape and parchment and go out to Betty's cottage to have tea with her and my adopted child. Then, while she polished up the cups, Nellie Hay and I used to walk down to the river side. Tall as she was growing, I had a way of holding her hand still; and we had such pleasant talks! such odd, unworlly chatter! Those walks and simple tea-drinkings rested the brain, wearied with law business, quarrels, and quibbles, and stratagems, more than I can tell.

The rough hands had grown softer now, the waist taper, the bust full. The sweep of woman's robes, the tread of woman's lightly-shod feet had taken the place of clumping leather boots and scant cotton skirts.

I knew this, but Nellie was a child to me all the same. Was I not by adoption her father? Had not my early grief and the staff on which I leaned aged me before my time? Of course she always would be young to me; and why I felt so angry if by chance some gay young farmer chatted with her over the fence, or some neighbor saw her home from church, I could not tell. "An old man's temper, I suppose," I said, and sighed like a young one.

So three years passed. At the end of that time Alletta's husband died. They had quarrelled, and she had made him wofully jealous, it was said; and all his property, save a mere pittance, was willed to strangers.

One day a lady in black walked into my office; when she lifted her veil I saw Alletta Stanton's face, closer to me than it had been since we parted. My heart gave no wild throbs. I felt as though I were a mere stranger.

Courteously and quite calmly I heard her business. She intended to contest the will and needed advice. I gave her what I could. I referred her to a brother-lawyer as the one who would best espouse her cause. As for myself I told her truly that my time was too completely occupied to undertake anything more, and I wished her success.

She looked at me wistfully, with her great blue eyes full of tears, as she arose to go.

"It was cruel of him," she said, "very cruel to leave me so poor; but he was never kind, never—not in the honey-moon even."

"I regret to hear it," I said.

"I could expect nothing more," she said; "I never loved him—I never loved but one, and that one—"

She paused and looked at me.

"That one I love still."

And Heaven knows no feeling of revenge or petty triumph was in my heart when I looked in Alletta Stanton's eyes as if I did not understand her and courteously bowed her out.

"Did I ever care for that woman?" I thought, "or is it all a dream?"

I took my adopted child to the theatre that night, and we saw the Lady of Lyons together. It was her first play-going experience, and she enjoyed it immensely. She wore a white dress and bonnet, and the coral drops I had fastened a few days before in her little ears. I was very proud of her. I could not help looking into her eyes, touching her hand with mine.—When I left her I kissed her. "Good-night, my child," I said.

"And she answered 'Good-night,' with a cheek dyed on the instant deep scarlet, and ran away as Betty came out to chat with me.

From that night I dated an odd change.—My adopted child seemed shy of letting me keep her hand—she even of chafing as she did. She was graver, more womanly. I fancied she did not care for me as she did. Perhaps some of those farmers who leaned over the gate at sunset, some of those young fellows who so often escorted her home from church, had won her from me. I grew a little moody. I found myself in brova studies when I should have been at work. At last I determined to discover whether I was really to lose my child, and went down to the cottage. I found her there, sitting at work with Betty.

After all, it was no easy task. I could not do it as I had hoped. I tried jesting, and spoke of one and of the other of the young fellows near. "We shall have Nellie stolen from us, I suppose?" I said. "There is nothing so easily lost as a pretty daughter. But who is to have you, Nellie?"

She looked at me as children look before they burst into tears—her chin quivering, her throat swelling—then she dropped her work, and stole from the room without answering me.

"What ails the child, Betty?" I asked.—"Have I offended her?"

Old Betty stood before me sturdy and stern—a look in her face I had never yet seen there.

"Master Albert," she said, "whatever she was when she came here, Nellie is no child now. Oh, Master Albert, I can't believe you've done it on purpose! You couldn't—such a sweet, innocent thing!—but it's done. All I can say is, go away, or let her go, and maybe the wound will heal. I ought to have spoken before. I was an old fool. Oh, how could you, Master Albert?—how could you?"

"What have I done?" I cried. "I would rather die than harm her."

"And yet you've made her love you," said Betty, sternly. "You who knew you would never love her. You've been very selfish, Master Albert."

A new light dawned upon me, a radiance brilliant beyond my hopes.

"Betty," said I, "you are dreaming. She must think me old enough to be a grandfather with my long face and bald crown and crutch. I've had one dream broken; don't let me dream again for Heaven's sake!"

Old Betty looked at me; then caught my face in both hands and kissed me.

"Master Bertie," she said, "I shant tell you a word more. The child is under the grape

vine out yonder; go and find out what you want to know for yourself. You silly, ha, d—some, good-for-nothing fellow!"

I found my child under the grape-vine, her face wet with tears. I sat down by her and put my arm about her waist.

"Nellie," said I, "don't shrink from me. I am your true friend. Your friend, whatever answer you may give me now. I am older than you are. I am not vain enough to think myself a young girl's beau-ideal. But I love you dearly, Nellie. Can you love me enough to be my wife? If you can not, if another claims your heart, do not say yes with gratitude. Tell me the truth, and still retain a father's a brother's, a friend's affection. Nellie?"

I bent over her, and my life seemed in her keeping. Until that moment I had not known myself. I loved her madly. I felt it now better, far better, than in my youth I had loved Alletta Stanton.

She spoke no word.

"Nellie?" I said, "Nellie?" and a brown hand was laid of its own accord in mine, and beneath my gaze the dark eyes dare not lift themselves, but hid their sweetness on my breast. Nellie was mine.

I sat with her beating heart so near my own, and thought it all over. I remembered the child in her cotton gown standing in the gallery of the church on that wedding morn. I remembered the child whom I had taught; the girl with whom I had passed such happy hours. And I felt that this living love, sprung, phoenix like, from the shade, from the ashes of the dead one, was the purest feeling of my life.

So my old fancy of keeping house with my child came true at last; only when she crossed the threshold of my home with me I called her wife. And still the touch of her brown hand brings comfort with it; still her sweet voice is better music to me than all the music in the world. And, as in my youth I fancied myself old, surely in my age I shall believe myself young, for while we love and are beloved youth can never die, and while we live I and Nellie must love each other.

WE DO NOT EXPECT TO BE DRUNKARDS.—I am alarmed to see the prevalence that there is of intemperance. You have known cases in which a fire broke out in a building, and engines came and poured their streams upon it, until at last the flames were subdued, and great clouds of smoke rolled up, and one by one the engines were taken away, and police men were set to watch the place; and by and by the flames broke out again here and there, so that it was necessary to again invoke the engines, although the fire had seemed to be extinguished.

Now, the human heart is so inflammable, the passions are so tempestable, that it is necessary to keep playing upon them all the time—and for that matter, in this particular sin, with cold water! For there is a recurring liability, in every generation, to lapse into intemperance. And there is this about it: the risks are terrible; and the expectations are exactly contrary to the probable results. Men do not expect to be drunkards. The work of their degradation is gradual. At first they take a social glass, then they take a glass for social reasons, not dreaming that the time will come when their appetite for strong drink will be irresistible; and with more and more frequent indulgence, the habit increases, and at last carries them beyond their control. They sip and sip, always declaring that they could stop well enough if they wanted to; but they never stop. They slide down step by step till their step is blighted. Their noble powers are wasted. They have lost the errand of life. And even if men at a late period do reform, still their life is gone.

Thousands there are to-day that are tampering with the cup who feel confident that they are strong enough to do what ten thousand before them were not strong enough to do. It seems the most malignant and fatal thing in the world—this fascination, this intonation that falls upon men in this respect. Should a trumpet call the pell of drunkards, bring up the hideous crew—those that are damned, and those that are to be damned—and assemble them on some vast plain, and go through the ranks, man by man, and find me, if you can, that set out to be a drunkard. Find me, o.e. that did not expect to get clear of drunkenness. You that tamper with the dangerous beverage are putting your feet in the very prints they made, you are repeating the same things that they said, and you are going right straight down to destruction as they went. And I stand to say to you, Watch! Take care! Be vigilant! One thing is very certain: he that lets strong drink alone is safe, so far as this vice is concerned. Who else is safe God only knows.

[H. W. Beecher.]

BREEDING HORSES.—I may be allowed to say that the successful breeding of horses is attended with many difficulties, and to breed after the manner of the large proportion of farmers is poor policy and money lost. My own experience for a number of years taught me that I was going wrong, and that producing now and then a good animal was a mere matter of chance. Science must assist. A knowledge of the laws of reproduction, combined with good judgment, reduces the breeding of roadsters and trotters, or horses of other qualifications, to certainty; and as gentlemen of means and leisure engage, as a let up from business cares, in agricultural pursuits, this subject will afford a field of much pleasure, and as they are governed by science in selecting types, and good judgment in coupling and the management thereof, success will surely follow.—[Thos. S. Lang.]

CURRENT JELLY.—An "Old Housekeeper" sends to the Massachusetts Ploughman a recipe for making currant jelly, thus: "The fruit should be as short a time from the bushes as possible. Pick over the currants to remove any leaves, dirt or twigs; have a square of wool flannel that has been well washed; put as many currants into it as a woman can squeeze dry. To every bowl of juice measure the same of granulated sugar. Put the juice into a china-lined saucepan; let it boil, and immediately add the same amount of sugar as of juice. Let it boil twenty minutes, skim it, and it is ready for the jars or glasses. Let it stand a couple of days, covered with gauze or muslin. Cut paper large enough to cover the sides of the jars. Dip them in white of egg, and cover.—Use no brandy papers, or paper, next the jelly. Set in a cool place.

ONE OF GOUGH'S STORIES.—At a political meeting the speakers and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry, Henry, Henry! I call for Mr. Henry?"

After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform and was soon airing his eloquence in a magnificent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry, Henry, Henry, I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech!"

The chairman now rose and remarked, that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry. Why, that's the little cuss that told me to holler!"

Mr. Gough adds that in telling this story to a man who could never be made to see the "point" of a joke, after studying for some minutes the man asked him, "Well, Mr. Gough, what did he tell him to holler for?"

A PORTLAND MERCHANT.—Mr. John B. Brown, the proprietor of the extensive Sugar House in Portland, whose loss by the fire is a million dollars, only about half of which is covered by insurance, is preparing to rebuild his establishment immediately. A correspondent of the Salem Gazette says he is worth three or four millions, and his case is a striking illustration of the success of persevering enterprise and energy. "He came to Portland in 1825 with no pecuniary means. Experiencing varying fortunes he is now the man of wealth which I have here represented. He owns a magnificent furnished mansion near the Western Promenade, where he has eleven acres of land under perfect and successful cultivation. He has at his house, a fine picture gallery containing some choice works of art. He has given to his children a good education, and several of them are settled about him in neat and handsome cottages of modern style, all situated within a stone's throw of each other. One of his sons married a daughter of Judge Clifford of the U. S. Supreme Court, and his second son, Mr. James O. Brown, married a daughter of Gen. H. K. Oliver, of Salem. He died a year or two since, after having been married four years. He was a young man of much promise and greatly respected. That part of the city where Mr. Brown resides was a huckleberry pasture some twenty or twenty-five years ago."

Cheap Ice Pitcher.—The following simple mode of keeping ice-water for a long time in a common pitcher is worth knowing. We have tried it.—Place between two sheets of paper (newspaper will answer, thick brown is better) a layer of cotton batting, about half an inch in thickness; fasten the ends of paper and batting together, forming a circle; then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stovepipe hat, minus the rim. Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice-water, making it deep enough to rest on the table so as to exclude the air—and the reader will be astonished at the length of time his ice will keep, and the water remain cold after the ice has melted.—[Scientific American.]

One evening at the theatre, John Phoenix observed a man sitting three seats in front, whom he thought he knew; he requested the person sitting next to him to punch the other individual with his cane. The polite stranger did so, and the disturbed person turning his head a little, he discovered his mistake—that he was not the person he took him for. Fixing his attention steadfastly on the play, and affecting his unconsciousness of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle with the other for disturbance, who, being wholly without an excuse, there was of course a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all of which Phoenix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man with the cane, asked rather indignantly, "Didn't you tell me to punch him man with my stick?" "Yes." "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not."

MR. LINCOLN JUST BEFORE HIS ELECTION.—It gave Mr. Lincoln great pain to think that many religious men, even in his own city, were going to vote against him. For himself, he could plainly see God's hand in the conflict. One day, speaking with tears rolling down his cheeks, he uttered these noble words: "I know there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that his hand is in it. If he has a place and a work for me, and I think he has,—I believe I am ready. I am nothing; but truth is every thing. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right; for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself can not stand, and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglass don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down; but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

Ruskin says, with his old pungency, in one of his new essays: "You women of Bogland are all now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL H. WING,
EDITORS.

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JAMES G. BLAINE.

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Senators—GEO. W. PERKINS, Hallowell.
THOS. B. REED, Wayne.
JOS. T. WOODWARD, Sidney.
Sheriff—CHAS. HEWINS, Augusta.
Co. Com'r.—M. ROLLINS, Jr., Albion.

ON THE WING.

To displace a body which has for a long time traversed a deepening groove, a sudden jerk is more effectual than the gradual application of a superior force, to meet which resisting powers can be summoned—a truth strikingly exemplified in our own experience recently. "The woman who deliberates is lost," it is said; with no time granted us for deliberation, and before we could set our objections in battle array, we found ourselves on board of a moving railroad train, bound we knew not whither, only that we were to touch salt water somewhere.

That we might not go wrong we stopped at the capital to make inquiries. The Doctor's first choice was Harpswell. "O, don't go there unless you want to die of ennui," said several kind friends; "there is nobody there and nothing to amuse you for a day; go anywhere else in preference. Finally we met 'Jeff,' that 'steam engine in breeches' whom everybody knows, and to him we propounded the query, "Shall we go to Harpswell?" "Yes, by all means; that's the very place for you. You are sick and tired and need rest; you want to avoid the crowd of fashionable fools who herd together for mutual admiration and to display their fine dress. Harpswell is quiet, it is true; so much the better for you, for you can lay back and take your ease in your own chosen way. The air is pure and bracing; and you can sail and fish to your heart's content. Go there, and I'll join you with my *drive*, and if you feel lonely will give you a *rouse* that will put new life into you. But you won't need us; you'll get along comfortably by yourselves, and thank me for this advice."

That settled the matter, and we put ourselves under the care of Conductor Howard (nice young man that) of the afternoon steamboat train, who safely delivered us in the classical village of Brunswick. This place possesses only one hotel, the Tontine, while we, after burning one, have two remaining; so that it would seem that for accommodation of Commencement visitors Waterville is not behind Brunswick. At this hotel we took supper and hired a team to take us to the Seaside House, thinking this preferable to stopping over to the next afternoon for the regular stage.

The road to Harpswell took us past the College buildings, of which a good view is had; and as our young driver let out the "Lincoln mare" into a brisk trot, our spirits began to rise to the occasion, and flinging the cares of business aside we drank in enjoyment at every pore. A sweet balsamic odor filled the air, and as we rolled quietly along the ringing notes of the swamp robin came to our ears from the lonely depths of the wood. The Doctor, too, waxed jubilant, and very soon protested that he could sniff salt water—more fragrant to him than the spicy odors of the tropics, and suggestive of luscious chowders and toothsome clam-bakes.

Immediately after leaving the village of Brunswick we entered upon a sandy barren, sparsely covered with a scrubby growth of Norway pines, ground hemlock, sweet fern, laurel, and huckle-berry bushes; and in our ignorance we supposed this condition of things would continue, tapering down meaner and meaner, perhaps, until we reached the point. Much to our surprise and pleasure, however, the land soon began to rise and the growth to deepen with a mixture of hardwood; and presently thrifty, well kept farms came into view, with large barns and nicely painted houses, and every indication of a thriving agricultural community. The growing crops were looking finely, in many instances quite equal to the best we had seen for the season. The scenery, too, was very pretty; the view being agreeably diversified by occasional glimpses of blue water on either hand. The road was the smoothest we ever travelled for so long a distance, being very level generally and with barely enough of variety in its inclination to escape a disagreeable

monotony. It was very pleasant, also, to find the red-hot atmosphere with which we started gradually cooling, as we made our way down into old Neptune's dominions, until pretty soon, we were fain to button our coats closely to the chin, and at the very last found our elves wishing for the overcoats we had neglected to bring, and ended our ride in a shiver.

[Harpswell, we may say in parenthesis, is a rich and thriving town, of about 1700 inhabitants, without a pauper, and contains seven churches, three or more of which we passed in our short ride. Many of the inhabitants have "two strings to their bow"—a productive farm and a share in a money-making vessel, or some profitable fishing enterprise.]

We were favored with a gorgeous sunset, wonderfully prolonged with an infinite variety of changes, and some features novel to us who had never seen any but inland sunsets—emerald-hued bands being shot athwart the western sky, and broadening as they rose from their base, the sun. It left the whole heavens aglow long after the god of day had sunk out of sight, and in the course of it the White Mountains came out very distinctly to view, as they did once afterwards while we were at Harpswell on a similar occasion. The withdrawal of the sun brought to our notice the innumerable "light houses in the sky," as well as several in this lower sphere, upon the headlands at the mouth of the Kennebec, Cape Elizabeth lights, etc.

We drove to the point, past the Mansion House, and crossing a little bridge to an elevated, tree-crowned islet, we came at last to the Seaside House, J. T. Smith proprietor, at about half-past eight o'clock. Notwithstanding the supper we had secured at Brunswick, the Doctor declared he must taste of a broiled mackerel before he slept, as his ride had given him an appetite. It was ready in a trice, with the proper accompaniments; and although we were not hungry, we nibbled a little from curiosity, to see how a mackerel would taste that, as the host assured us, had been "alive and kicking" in the bay not an hour before. We found it very different eating from those we get fifty miles inland, even where they make the trunk packed in ice; and forgetful of our dyspepsia, we kept nibbling at the fish until we met the Doctor midway across an empty platter. Our late supper did us no harm in that bracing atmosphere, for we slept quietly through the night, and came out all right in the morning. Before we retired, however, we sat and chatted awhile with our host and hostess, very pleasant people, with whom one feels at home immediately.

The lulling sound of the cool sea breeze breathing through the tree tops, the murmur of waves upon the beach, charmed us to sleep immediately after retiring to bed, and neither nightmare nor horse mackerel crossed our dreams. We were awakened by the early morning song of the birds, and got up to see the sun lay his golden track across the water as he rose above the eastern horizon. A gray mist curled up from the bay; flocks of white-winged gulls circled about the cliffs of an islet close by with discordant screams; and the incoming tide swirled around a rocky point below, with a hoarse but musical roar. We drank in the beauty of nature with rare delight, and felt that it was good to be alive.

After dressing we went out to take a survey of the premises and the surroundings.—The Seaside House we found to be a large building, three stories high, with verandas on three sides, and accommodations for one hundred and fifty guests. It stands upon a knoll, in a grove of spruce trees, which rise straight and tall, with no limbs and but little change of size for thirty or forty feet, their tops towering above the roof. A cool breeze sweeps through the trees almost continually; and at night, while people inland are sweltering with the heat, there an overcoat is needed, and the comfort of the guests often demands a fire. Immediately on our arrival we were compelled to resume the flannels we had found so uncomfortable at home, and this is the experience of every one. The house is new, having been built three years ago, and some of the upper rooms are not finished. When completed according to the original plan, and the grounds laid out with taste, it will be a place of great beauty, and a very pleasant summer residence, as indeed it is now.

A narrow point of land extends several hundred rods below the house in a south westerly direction towards Haskell's Island, but on either hand, as you face in that direction, a man may fling a stone into the water. Off in the direction of Portland numerous green islands are seen, prominent among which is great Chebeague, with neat looking houses and a handsome church; while to the east, across Harpswell Bay, you look upon Bailey's Island, and north of that lies Orr's Island, consecrated by the genius of Mrs. Stowe. Between Bailey's and Haskell's Islands you look out upon the broad ocean, dotted with white sails here and there, from which the cool breezes and the mighty waves sweep in unobstructed.

The great Portland fire has disturbed even this quiet corner—preventing the running of a little steamer between the two places, and cutting off expected company. This does not interfere seriously with the comfort of the guests, however, though it necessitates a change of base, and the most of the supplies are obtained at Brunswick; neither are they cut off from communication with the outside world, for sail boats run to the city almost every day, there is daily connection with Brunswick by stage, and the Post Office is kept in the house. Thus they are enabled to set a good table, and the daily bill of fare embraces a great variety, including fish of all kinds, though the fare is by no means all fish. The force of attendants (mostly females) is large and mindful of your

wants, and a young man at our elbow one day confidentially whispered the opinion that they were very neatly dressed and extremely good looking.

The day after our arrival was devoted almost exclusively to fishing and sailing; and for this purpose we chartered the nice little sloop-rigged pleasure-boat Quickstep, owned, commanded and manned by Capt. W. A. Randlette, of Richmond, by whom and for whom, humanly speaking, she may be said to have been created, for she was exclusively the work of his own hands, even to the stitching of the sails. The Captain was a live boy, we'll warrant, and not so very long ago, as he is, for he is yet a young man, full of life and energy; and he has had a large and varied experience, having been across the Atlantic thirteen times, up the Mediterranean, around the Horn on a whaling voyage, and in government employ in Southern waters for two years or more during the war. His first voyage was as a runaway boy, he believes, but he managed so well that, without foreign aid, his last voyage was made as commander of a large government steamer. We found him a capital fellow, good humored, accommodating, safe and reliable, and a genial companion. He is proud of his boat, and has reason to be, for she is a beauty to look at, and behaves as well as she looks, let the wind blow as it will.

Any one fond of fishing can enjoy it at Harpswell to his heart's content. Right at the wharf pollock and cunners (nice pan fish) and furnishing good sport for the angler are caught about as fast as one can drop them a line, and occasionally a mackerel is secured; while out in the adjacent cove the fish last named are caught in large numbers. A few miles out there are good cool-fishing grounds, and eel are also taken on a reef between the point and Bailey's Island. We fished until we were tired of hauling the poor things "in out of the wet;" and then we did what we liked much better, sailed hither and yon as fancy and inclination led us—now exploring some quiet inland cove, and anon putting boldly out to be lifted by the swelling billows as they roll in from the broad ocean. And so, alternately fishing and sailing, we filled up the day, so we I pleased with our employment, that even the summons to the bountifully laden tables of the Seaside House was reluctantly obeyed.

That night "Jeff" arrived with his household, and the "drive" followed at intervals—"A hearty laugh," it is said, "doeth good like a medicine;" and though our sides ached even now at the recollection of the violent exercise of this sort to which we were subjected during his stay, yet we know that legions of blue devils were expelled in the process, and many a valuable lesson learned from his quaint philosophy. He and the Doctor were well matched, and had many a "passage at arms," cracking jokes and telling tough stories, and in these bouts it was not easy to tell who was ahead.

[The other half of our "game," though in type, is necessarily postponed until next week.]

SALMON are reported very plenty in the river below, this season, and especially so at the Augusta dam, at which place large numbers have been seen attempting to pass that unrighteous obstruction. The Maine Farmer says:—"If means were provided for their passing the dam, we are sure the river would soon again be stocked with this richest of all edible fishes, and that a considerable income would be received from a source now almost wholly neglected."

Why can not the fish pass the dam? Because the corporators refuse to build the fish-way provided for in the charter. Why have they not been compelled to do this? Because the fish commissioners have proved recreant to their trust. Who are those unfaithful servants of the public? If we knew their names we would publish them. Can the Farmer give them to us?

THE KENNEBEC VALLEY has been well named the "garden of Maine," and in no part of the State, probably are crops now looking better. The scenery on the river, too, at this season, is of unsurpassed loveliness, and in a recent trip we thought nothing could equal the delight of an early morning ride down; but when we rode up through the same beautiful scenery, near the close of the day—the slowly sinking sun flooding the whole country with mellow light, and revealing all objects in a glorified aspect—we confess we doubted. The two, however, we will confidently back against the rest of this lower creation.

FRIEND BOOTHBY, the energetic agent of the Travellers' Insurance Company in our village, came very near furnishing valuable testimony to the wisdom of taking a policy in this company the other afternoon, in his own personal experience. He fell between the platform and the cars, and was quite severely bruised, but put a good face upon the matter, for the benefit of the company, and to furnish an example of another sort, "worthy of imitation."

He labors without ceasing for the benefit of his employers. On the morning of the excursion to Portland, not content with insuring every purchaser of a ticket at his station, he got upon the train and canvassed so persistently that if there had been a serious accident the company would have found their losses no trifling matter. In company with scores of others we invested a quarter, for the benefit of our heirs and assigns to the amount of \$5000 in case of death, or \$25 per week if disabled from pursuing our usual employment. The chance for an accident, however, with the agent on board of the train, in league with the officers, was pretty small; and we were about as well secured against a smash-up as though the President of the railroad Company, or one of the directors, had been fastened in front of the engine.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is an excellent number. The illustrated articles are—"More Curious Homes," "Three Months with Italian Brigands," "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," (serial), "National Comestibles." These occupy but a small portion of the number, which is filled with good reading, including several interesting and well written stories, and a well filled editorial department.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

THE GALAXY, for August 1st, has the following table of contents:—

The Claverings, (with an illustration) by Anthony Trollope; Essays and Essay Writing, by Theodore Clarence; Jean Leon Gerome, (with an illustration) by Eugene Benson; Lines to A. Lied Ohm Werke, by Anna M. Crane; The Emerald Beetles, by T. F. Crane; Charles Waterton, by R. D. Carter; The Furrow, by Henry Whitaker; The Story of Ulysses, from Dante, by Dr. T. W. Parsons; The Quarter Latin, by Edmund Gilbert; Archie Lovell, by Mrs. Edwards; Sound and Sense, (with an illustration), by George Wakeman; Polipeli's Island, by John Wiltse Lee; Gateways of the Central Park, by Richard Grant White; An Accident, by Mrs. James H. Williams; Nebula, by the Editor.

The Galaxy is a brilliant magazine and it is rapidly advancing in popularity. It is published fortnightly at 25 cents a number; \$5 for the year (24 numbers); \$3 for the half year (12 numbers). Address W. C. & F. P. Church, 39 Park Row, New York.

HOURS AT HOME; a Popular Magazine of Religious and Useful Literature.—We have only had time for a hasty glance at the August number of this excellent Magazine, and our space forbids enumeration of its contents; but we can say that it is full of good reading—continuations of "Jane Grey's Story," and "The Little Preacher," the third number of Ike Marvel's De Rebus Ruris, giving an account of Mr. Urban and his Fifty Acres, &c. &c. If any one wishes for a substantial magazine for the family let him subscribe for this.

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

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, for August is full of nice stories, poetry, and other matter interesting to youth, with numerous well executed illustrations. We will not enumerate its contents, but there are contributions from Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, Lucy Larcom, Lucretia F. Hale, Mayne Reid, and other talented popular writers.

The publishers of this favorite juvenile announce that in the next number they will introduce a new feature, which will be permanent—a series of full page illustrations, drawn and engraved by the first artists, and printed upon tinted paper. One of these will appear in each number, for the present being "The Wanderers," designed by W. J. Hennessy. The promised colored illustrations will be given in the November and December numbers.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

at Waterville College.

Sunday evening, Aug. 5th.—Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. Dr. Hagar, of Boston.

Monday evening.—Prize Declaration of the Junior Class.

Tuesday, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., at the Baptist Church, the exercises of Class-day.—Oration by F. W. Bakeman, Poem by H. E. McKim.

Tuesday evening.—Anniversary exercises of the Literary Societies. Oration by Rev. J. M. Manning, of Boston. Poem by Dr. S. K. Smith, of Newton Centre.

Wednesday A. M.—The usual exercises of the graduating class, to close with a concert on Wednesday evening by Bond's Band of Boston, assisted by Miss Lucy Carroll, of Waterville.

An unusual gathering of military men is expected to be present, to take action upon some fitting memorial for the sons of the College who have fallen in the war. Altogether a literary festival with more than ordinary inducements is offered to the public.

DANIEL PRATT, known to the world as the "Renowned Traveller,"—the great philosopher, metaphysician, philanthropist, candidate for the presidency, and editor of the "Boston Gridiron"—was in Waterville yesterday on his way to Bangor in response to a very pressing invitation that will probably be given him by the mayor of that city to address the Bangoreans at Norumbega Hall. He addressed the students at Fraternity Hall, greatly to their enlightenment, no doubt; and they, in return, very justly proposed to him the principle of "quid pro quo," by giving him the degree of L. L. D. The General expresses no doubt of the genuineness of the honor, but thinks the students drove rather a hard bargain. He did better at the Continental, where his smiles upon the ladies were allowed to balance all charges.

Gen. Daniel Pratt left in the train for Bangor, where the courtly services of Dea. Pitman will no doubt give him a gracious introduction. We commend him to the good will of the press and the approving smiles of the ladies of that refined city—without both which he confesses himself but "a tingling simple."

THE CROPS at the West are reported to be very good. The quantity of wheat raised may be less than last year, but the quality is every where of unsurpassed excellence. Corn, too, promises to be very abundant and of the best quality. But let no one hope for cheap flour in a hurry; there are too many men greedy for gain, between the producer and the consumer.

THE REPUBLICAN JOURNAL, of Belfast, a democratic paper that suspended publication during the progress of the war, because the people were too patriotic to patronize it, makes its appearance again, looking and reading very much as of yore. Brother Simpson always makes a good paper, bating the political portion. The new issue supports the President, of course.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Thursday evening last a young man by the name of Henry A. Taber, son of Amos Taber of Albion, was drowned while bathing in Puddle Dock Pond, in Albion. He went beyond his depth, and being unable to swim was drowned. He was accompanied by Henry Burrill, who was also unable to swim, and could do nothing to help him.

THE PORTLAND STAR comes to us again, a star of the first magnitude, and shining as brightly as ever. The prompt enterprise of the publishers deserves to be rewarded.

Of course our very frank neighbor of the Hallowell Gazette will excuse us for refusing to believe he intends to misrepresent us;—we know him too well. Nor are we more willing to lend our fingers for coals too hot for his own handling. He ought to be willing to do his share of what has been fitly called "political punching." He says he wants the private details of a political caucus! We might easier analyze the contents of a swill pail. It is enough for honest men to know the results of caucuses, without a hand in their preliminaries. Let him go to Augusta for this kind of information—where all the little political wiggles get their orders. A question or two may help the Gazette. Has it been a rule to give the north, west and south portions of the county each a senator? Was it privately proposed to deprive the north section of its share this year, and to nominate an Augusta man with the pretense that he resided in Sidney? Were all the town delegations trained to this point, west and south, as well as north—and was every man "spotted" long before the convention? Does the Gazette know of any little bargains that run into next year, in order to effect this object? And does he, or does he not, think that it is intended to deprive the north of its senator next year, by claiming that Mr. Woodward of Augusta belonged somewhere else? And does he think all this is honorable, and that the voters of the county would have approved it if they had known what was going on? Of course we don't ask the Gazette to answer these questions; but they may help him to some facts of which he seems consciously in need.

GEN. ROUSSEAU, of Kentucky, who hoped by resigning his seat in Congress to escape a reprimand for his assault upon Grinnell, was obliged to submit to the castigation and then found that he could not withdraw his letter of resignation, which had been accepted.

THE SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, advertised in our paper, is thus endorsed at home, by the Republican:

The Fire and Marine Insurance Company of this city, with its usual promptness, has paid all claims for losses by the great Portland fire, and according to an official statement, has still on hand, in addition to its capital stock of \$300,000, a surplus of \$129,697, after deducting all outstanding claims. The company, which has hitherto been highly prosperous and successful, now propose to increase its capital stock to \$500,000, in accordance with an act of the last legislature, which will make the available cash funds of the company \$629,697. This will put on a still stronger basis what has always been one of the strongest companies in the State.

A few cases of cholera have occurred in Philadelphia, and several deaths per day are reported in New York and Brooklyn from the same disease. There were 29 deaths and 34 new cases among the soldiers on Tybee Island, from Monday to Tuesday evening.

FIRE AT WEST WATERVILLE.—The large Hammer shop of the Dunn Edge Tool Company was totally destroyed by fire, on Saturday morning last, about 4 o'clock. It was found on fire by the employees when they went to their work, and the origin of the fire was no doubt accidental. The loss is estimated at from six to eight thousand dollars, on which there was an insurance of \$2,500, in the Security of New York, a prompt and reliable company.

HAMILL, who went across the Atlantic to have a rowing match with the best man in England, was badly beaten in two matches.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE is once more being reeled out across the Atlantic by the Great Eastern, the shore end having been safely laid at Valencia on the 6th inst. On the 14th one hundred and fifty miles had been paid out.

BAPTISTAL SERVICES will be held at the Bay, next Sabbath morning, at 8 1-2 o'clock.

A young man named Henry Williamson, as we learn from the Farmer, was fatally injured on the railroad track near the depot in Augusta, Monday afternoon. Being intoxicated he placed himself where he was struck by the engine and thrown beneath the wheels. He was a single man about 21 years of age.

HENRICKSON has just returned from Boston, bringing lots of pretty things, including a large stock of fine steel engravings. Call and look at them.

CONGRESS has voted to adjourn to-morrow.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE RUINS OF PORTLAND.—We are in receipt of a copy of this work, from B. B. Russell & Co., the enterprising Boston Publishers, which was photographed from the Observatory, Munjoy Hill, two days after the great fire, by Messrs. Black and Case of the same place. It is an accurate representation and makes a handsome, and just now a very desirable picture. It is printed in black and tint on plate paper, 19 by 24 inches, and the price is \$1. John Hankerson, of Portland, is agent for Maine.

THE PROPOSED ARMISTICE among the European belligerents proved a failure. The Austrian forces in Venetia are being withdrawn from before the Italians, but the fortress remains strongly garrisoned without support from the army. The Prussian forces are pushing forward. If France interferes in the quarrel it is understood that Russia will champion Austria. England has no stomach for a fight, and will remain neutral.

DON JUAN.—We understand that Abram Woodward, landlord of the Penobscot Exchange, Bangor, has sold his "Don Juan" colts, five and six years old, sired by "Don" when he was owned by N. H. Eastman of Exeter, by whom he was raised, for the handsome sum of \$1500, to Allen Lombard Esq., of Augusta. Our Farmers are rapidly learning that it pays to raise good stock in the horse line.

NORTH VASSALBORO' BAND.—Our citizen had very pleasant notice, on Tuesday evening, in the past six months a fine band has been organized and trained at North Vassalboro', under the instruction of Mr. George Ansell, of Gardiner. Some of our early sleepers were jostled in their first nap, while others were "up and dressed," and therefore able to respond in fitting terms. Everybody was thankful for one of the choicest serenades that has embalmed their dreams for years. It was a mystery that could not be solved—and this added to the charm. "What is that music?" was the question of thousands. The Commencement band could not have arrived;—Whitmore and Clark's Minstrels were not due till Thursday;—and our pleasant and genial friends at West Waterville surely had no reason to love us well enough for this! "What is that music?"—and those who sought an answer found "Mr. Lang's big team," of four elephantine horses, with the veteran driver, Crosby, at the reins. Here was a hinge to the secret; and as the kind moonlight revealed some eighteen familiar faces, under the leadership of Mr. James A. Varney, the fair handwriting of North Vassalboro' was beyond mistake. Through our principal streets, and at various favored residences, as well as by our villagers generally, this pleasant compliment—well timed and fitly executed—was received with such tokens of welcome as the surprise allowed. Next time, good friends of North Vassalboro', give us a hint of your kind intentions, and see if our welcome is not more to your liking.

LEARN WISDOM!—Several men were relieved of their money by pick-pockets at the Circus. Among them, as we hear, Mr. Wadsworth Chipman, of this village, of some eighty dollars; Peter Micue of twenty dollars, and Mr. Robinson, Kendall's Mills, of some ten dollars. Money is always wanted by pick-pockets, and those who don't want to accommodate them should govern themselves accordingly.

WHITMORE AND CLARK'S MINSTRELS, who gave a concert at Town Hall, last evening, are talented artists and accomplished musicians. The attendance, we are sorry to say, was not large, but this entertainment was one of the best of the kind we have ever had in Waterville.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.—The number of cattle reported at market last week was 2109; an increase of about 600 over the previous week; while the number of sheep was 7680, about the same as before. The market was a little sticky, favoring the buyer. First quality beef is quoted at 13 1-4 to 13 1-2; second do. 12 3-4 to 13; third do. 11 1-2 to 12 1-2.—Sheep, sheared, 2 1-2 to 6 cents; in lots, \$2 25 to \$5.

This week the cooler weather and a little more moderate supply have turned prices at the live stock market in favor of the drovers. Lambs were sold from 55 to 60 cents per head higher than last week, while on beef the advance was less.

The Amendment to the Constitution has been ratified by the Legislature of Tennessee, and, as a consequence, a resolution has passed both houses of Congress to admit the State of Tennessee to representation.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY for August has not reached us, though we see it is out.

THE GERMAN WAR has subsided into a quasi armistice. The Italian troops are to garrison one of the famous forts of the Quadrilateral; the Prussian armies are to be fed at the expense of the Austrians amongst whom they are quartered; and meantime there is to be no fighting for six weeks,—perhaps six months. The diplomats with their pens afford at least a temporary relief to the generals. The Prussians wear the laurels of victory so far. The French Emperor suggested the armistice and straightway sent an iron-clad fleet to hoist the French flag in Venice.

If Bismark allows Napoleon to reap all the fruits of Prussian valor, Prussia ought to go to the wall, and in the end will go.

A decided effort is making to find an excuse for keeping the copperheads out of the Philadelphia convention.

The President has signed the joint resolution admitting the State of Tennessee. He communicated the fact to Congress in a message in which he stated that he has received no official information of the ratification of the amendment to the Constitution by the Tennessee Legislature, and that unofficial but reliable information goes to establish that it has not been legally ratified.

MR. H. G. O. WASHBURN, an energetic and highly respected business man of Belfast, a native of China, died in that city last week.

One of Bailey & Co.'s performing elephants, attached to the menagerie that recently performed here, died in Belfast Thursday, causing a loss of some \$15,000.

A TREATY BETWEEN MEXICO AND FRANCE.—Letters from the city of Mexico state that Maximilian has signed a treaty with M. Dano, the French Minister, with the following provisions:—Seven thousand French troops will remain in Mexico under Maximilian's service; the Mexican flag is to support them for five years; France will furnish, besides, to the Maximilian Government, \$500,000 every month for five years, to meet Maximilian's civil expenses; Maximilian is to give as security for the money thus advanced, and other claims, the railroad from Vera Cruz to Mexico; Maximilian's revenues are to be collected by French officers.

ARREST UNDER GEN. GRANT'S LAST ORDER.—The Fredericksburg (Va.) News says a man named J. H. Keene was arrested Saturday and taken to Richmond to be detained, according to Gen. Grant's recent order, "in military confinement until a proper judicial tribunal may be ready and willing to try him." The News says Keene gave a negro "a few cracks with a hammer" because he was impatient after Keene had thrown a quid of tobacco at him; that the magistrate to whom the negro complained refused to entertain the charge; and that Keene, "on the negro's testimony, we suppose, was arrested, taken from his business, and carried to military confinement."

WATERVILLE MAIL.
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.
Published on Friday, by
MAXHAM & WING,
Editors and Proprietors.
At Page's Building, . . . Main St., Waterville.
R. H. MAXHAM. DANIEL WING.
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.
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POST OFFICE NOTICE, WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
Western Mail leaves daily at 9:00 A.M. Closes at 9:40 A.M.
Augusta, . . . 9:08 . . . 9:40
Bangor, . . . 9:10 . . . 9:42
Portland, . . . 9:15 . . . 9:47
New York, . . . 9:20 . . . 9:52
Boston, . . . 9:25 . . . 9:57
Philadelphia, . . . 9:30 . . . 10:02
New Orleans, . . . 9:35 . . . 10:07
St. Louis, . . . 9:40 . . . 10:12
Chicago, . . . 9:45 . . . 10:17
San Francisco, . . . 9:50 . . . 10:22
San Diego, . . . 9:55 . . . 10:27
Honolulu, . . . 10:00 . . . 10:32
San Pedro de Macoris, . . . 10:05 . . . 10:37
Santiago, . . . 10:10 . . . 10:42
Havana, . . . 10:15 . . . 10:47
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Matanzas, . . . 45:50 . . . 46:22
Cardenas, . . . 45:55 . . . 46:27
Santiago de Chile, . . . 46:00 . . . 46:32
Valparaiso, . . . 46:05 . . . 46:37
Santiago de los Caballeros, . . . 46:10 . . . 46:42
Havana, . . . 46:15 . . . 46:47
Santiago de Cuba, . . . 46:20 . . . 46:52
Pinar del Rio, . . . 46:25 . . . 46:57
Cienfuegos, . . . 46:30 . . . 47:02
Matanzas, . . . 46:35 . . . 47:07
Cardenas, . . . 46:40 . . . 47:12
Santiago de Chile, . . . 46:45 . . . 47:17
Valparaiso, . . . 46:50 . . . 47:22
Santiago de los Caballeros, . . . 46:55 . . . 47:27
Havana, . . . 47:00 . . . 47:32
Santiago de Cuba, . . . 47:05 . . . 47:37
Pinar del Rio, . . . 47:10 . . . 47:42
Cienfuegos, . . . 47:15 . . . 47:47
Matanzas, . . . 47:20 . . . 47:52
Cardenas, . . . 47:25 . . . 47:57
Santiago de Chile, . . . 47:30 . . . 48:02
Valparaiso, . . . 47:35 . . . 48:07
Santiago de los Caballeros, . . . 47:40 . . . 48:12
Havana, . . . 47:45 . . . 48:17
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Santiago de los Caballeros, . . . 48:25 . . . 48:57
Havana, . . . 48:30 . . . 49:02
Santiago de Cuba, . . . 48:35 . . . 49:07
Pinar del Rio, . . . 48:40 . . . 49:12
Cienfuegos, . . . 48:45 . . . 49:17
Matanzas, . . . 48:50 . . . 49:22
Cardenas, . . . 48:55 . . . 49:27
Santiago de Chile, . . . 49:00 . . . 49:32
Valparaiso, . . . 49:05 . . . 49:37
Santiago de los Caballeros, . . . 49:10 . . . 49:42
Havana, . . . 49:15 . . . 49:47
Santiago de Cuba, . . . 49:20 . . . 49:52
Pinar del Rio, . . . 49:25 . . . 49:57
Cienfuegos, . . . 49:30 . . . 50:02
Matanzas, . . . 49:35 . . . 50:07
Cardenas, . . . 49:40 . . . 50:12
Santiago de Chile, . . . 49:45 . . . 50:17
Valparaiso, . . . 49:50 . . . 50:22
Santiago de los Caballeros, . . . 49:55 .

OPENING.

C. E. WILLIAMS

Respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a

NEW SALOON

Corner of Main and Temple Streets, Waterville, Dec. 21, 1885.

GEN. KNOX

Will stand the ensuing Season at the Stable of T. S. LANG, North Vassalboro.

Terms—Warrant, \$100—Season \$75.

Cash required for all Season Service, and a conditional note with surety if required, for Warranty.

Gen. Knox is black, 11 years old, 15 1/2 hands high, and weighs 1600 lbs. By North Vassalboro, by Hills' Vermont Blackhawk. Dam a Hambletonian Mare; g. d. Hambletonian mare.

Mares will be kept at hay for \$3 per week, and at grass for \$1. No risk taken. Season to commence May 1st, and end August 1st.

THOMAS S. LANG, 401.

NICKAWA.

This fine animal will stand for service at my Stable in North Vassalboro, the ensuing season.

I have been induced to purchase this horse by the repeated inquiries of farmers for a large stock horse than those generally used. I have endeavored to select one whose pedigree, style, color and size would give promise of valuable stock, and who did not cost too much. In addition I may say, that this horse, now new to me, is a fine horse, with a fine blood on both sides; being half brother to Commodore Vanderbilt, Bonner's Lady Woodruff, Rose W. Abington, and many other famous horses.

Breders are invited to examine at their convenience. NICKAWA is of a beautiful chestnut color, 16 hands high, and weighs 2200 pounds.

TERMS—\$15 for Season Service; \$20 to warrant. Season from May 15 to Sept. 15.

T. S. LANG.

DON JUAN.

1866.

This well known horse, who has proved himself in this section by his stock, was sired by Old Don Horse, and let back-weights 1170 lbs.—as trotted his half mile on the No. Ken track in 1m. 19sec., receiving the first premium as a Stock Horse.

DON JUAN will be kept in this vicinity the present season, standing Monday and Saturday at the stable, of Henry Taylor, near the Williams farm, on the No. Ken track, at West Waterville, Thursday at Sidney.

TERMS. \$10 00 SINGLE SERVICE, \$15 00 SEASON, \$25 00 WARRANT.

Season to commence May 1st, and end Aug. 15. For further particulars see posters.

SILAS W. BERRY, 4m-39.

Waterbury, March 27th, 1866.

GILBRETH'S KNOX COLT.

Will remain at Kendall's Mills the coming season. Terms, \$50 dollars to warrant, \$35 dollars the season; commencing May 1 and ending August 1.

Conditional note required for warrant; cash or good note at first service by season. No risk taken.

This Colt is four years old in May, 1866; was sired by Gen. Knox—his mother the Cahill mare, of Messenger and Black Hawk blood, of rare excellence, well known in the vicinity of Augusta; where she was owned by Mr. Cahill, also by George M. Robinson, the former owner of the Stallion Gen. McClellan; also by Samuel Guild, of Augusta, who bred this Colt and sold him to me when ten months old.

For further information of the Cahill Mare I refer to the following gentlemen, who knew her well:—Maj. Wm. H. Chisham, Augusta; Hiram Reed, Augusta; T. S. Lang, Esq., N. Vassalboro.

This Colt is 15 1/2 hands high, weighs 1045 pounds; is black, and very much resembles his sire in shape, color and general appearance; has good style and action; is a fast walker, nice roadster, never in any way hitting one foot against another, and many say that when of proper age he will be a very fast trotter.

He received the first premium of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society at Waterville, in 1866, when exhibited with a large number of colts of his age,—among which was Richardson's "Thunder Cloud," which he easily beat each trial. He also received the first premium when two years old.

Lovers of good stock are invited to call and see this Colt. Please call upon CECIL W. DAVIS, or the subscriber at his Hardware store.

Kendall's Mills, April 29, 1866. 45-tul 31

WARRANTED

BOOTS & SHOES.

The subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to furnish them with WARRANTED Boots and Shoes, of all desirable styles and qualities, giving New Patterns in exchange for all that fail to give satisfaction, either from defect in stock or imperfection in work, after a reasonable trial.

LADIES' Boots and Serge Button Boots, Spring Styles—made by E. C. Burt, New York.

Serge Balmorals and Congress of the best manufacture, will be supplied of any size that is desired, and at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Ladies' Extra Fine and Medium Quality HAND SEWED GOODS, of all varieties of style, constantly on hand.

Also complete line of Men's, Misses' and Children's Sewed and Pegged Goods, many of which are purchased directly of Manufacturers, and at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Orders for LADIES' BOOTS or SHOES, of any style, size and width, not in store will be filled in five days if left at this place.

Ladies' Boots and Shoes Made to Order.

M. B. MILLETT will hereafter be found at

Haikel's New Boot and Shoe Store, opposite the Post Office, and will continue to make to order, and repair, Ladies' and children's sewed work of all kinds, from selected stock. Also Agents' allippers bottomed and repaired.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. 36

NEW GOODS.

A full and well selected assortment of NEW STYLE MILLINERY GOODS will be found at the

FIRE INSURANCE

Meader & Phillips,

AGENTS, WATERVILLE.

Offer Insurance in the following companies:—

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Incorporated in 1810, with perpetual charter. Capital and Surplus, \$1,863,163.62.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.

Incorporated in 1819. Capital and Assets, \$3,500,000. Losses paid in 45 years, \$17,455,554.71.

CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, July 1, 1864, \$408,656.63.

These Companies have been so long before the public, and the extent of their business and resources is so well known, that commendation is unnecessary.

Apply to MEADER & PHILLIPS, Waterville, Me.

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W. A. CAFFEY,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Looking Glasses, Spring Beds, Mattresses,

Children's Carriages, Willow Ware,

Picture Frames &c.

Rosewood, Mahogany, and Walnut Burial Caskets.

Black Walnut, Mahogany, Birch and Pine Coffins, constantly on hand.

Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order.

Waterville, May 25, 1865.

ARNOLD & MEADER,

Successors to

ELDEN & ARNOLD,

Dealers in

Hardware, Cutlery, and Saddlery.

Iron, Steel, Springs, Axes, Anvils, and Vices.

Scrap Plates, Bolts, Nuts, Washers, and Mallocks.

Castings:—Harnes, Enamel and Dasher Leather:—

BUILDING MATERIALS, in great variety.

Including, and Am. Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Carpenters' and Machinists' Tools; Carriage Trimmings;

A Large Stock of

Cook and Parlor Stoves, Furnaces, Registers, &c.

Only agents for the celebrated

WHITE MOUNTAIN COOKING STOVE.

All kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron Work made and repaired.

As through an authorized agent.

No. 4, Bottelle Block, . . . Waterville, Me.

Some Folks Can't Sleep Nights!

Geo. C. GOODWIN & CO., 50 N. B. ST. & CO.,

WEEKS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston,

and DENNIS BARNES & CO., Wholesale Druggists, New York.

Are now prepared to supply Hospitals, Physicians, and the

trade, with the standard and invaluable remedy,

DODD'S NERVE.

This article supplies all known preparations for the Cure of

NERVOUSNESS!

It is rapidly superseding all preparations of Opium and Valerian—

the well known result of which is to produce Costiveness

and other serious difficulties—it always allays Irritation

of the bowels, and induces regular action of the bowels and

secretory organs.

No preparation for Nervous Diseases ever sold so cheaply,

or met with such universal approval. For Elix. Soporificus

Loss of energy, Peculiar Female Weaknesses and Irritability,

and all the fearful mental and bodily symptoms that follow

the use of such drugs, it is the best remedy known to science.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.

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